

Poetry Series

Charles McMullen

- poems -

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Charles McMullen(24th March 1955)

Born in Eastleigh, Hampshire.

Secondary Modern Education, Wyvern, Fair Oak.

Sheet Metal Worker, Tinsmith & Welder. British Rail.

University of Southampton, Romantic Poetry.

A Country Outing

We set off for Lee,
On our journey of glee.
We saw the fishing lakes as our minds awakes.
We counted the bird flights,
Such wonderful heavenly sights.
The vegetation was green,
None better to be seen.
The lanes opened out,
And we followed our route.
Onwards to Romsey our wheels did turn,
Passing the violets and the fern.
Onto Goodworth Clatford - we bought some fags,
As our energy slowly lagged.
Round to Longstock - a walk up the lane,
Dreamt at the river - we couldn't complain.
Trout and swans ruled the water,
In that beautiful, shady, quarter.
The journey was benevolent,
The skilled driving, excellent.
A restful run for all of us,
Much better than a run on the bus.
Three chaffinches were spotted on route,
And they didn't need no parachute.
Their flight was so graceful on the wing,
It was joyous to behold when they did sing.
Quadrophonic sound could not touch,
The beauteous melodies as Ivan declutched,
Changing gear so many times,
To get us home before three of the chimes.
Everything stops for tea - ah gasp!
As our hot mugs, our hands did clasp.
Marvellous sights we had seen,
King's Somborne's view was so perfectly clean.
Russell and Bromley's mansion so grand,
A gorgeous estate on plenty of land.

Charles McMullen

An Honest Answer

How do I feel?
May I answer in a prayer.
Sick in the heart but well in the head
Why sick in the heart, pray tell, I ask.
For this is such an arduous task.
Then go for a journey and fill a flask
Go their quietly, but do not ask
For man does many a thing from his soul
That's money well spent, on the whole.
Come back and return with a smile,
But tell no one of your miles.
For no one will ask
No one will tell
No one but yourself of your lonely hell.

Charles McMullen

Angel On The Isle Of Wight

Why did Superboy play in the doorway,
Of number 11 up from the slipway.
Then on down the road another boy asked,
'What number comes after 110? ' then,
My Angel helped me to say '111' then...
I recall my prompt on the digital clock,
11: 11 means my Angel's like 'Hitchcock'!
No matter what road I may walk along,
The presence of Angels sings like a song.
It feels like living in the Twilight Zone,
Like a good conversation on the telephone.
Sailing back from the Island was a grand tour,
I must go back to receive some more.

Charles McMullen

Beechwood Balms

Here I came to learn love again
To relieve a passion which became a pain
Living with others in their solitary state
Softly easing a burdensome weight
The sound of the leaves mimics the rain
To ease the pain of the fluxing brain
Comforting ambience all around
Safe in the company which abounds
Rivers and parks all nearby
Let your soul fly for it to espy
Everyone misses a soul passed on
And we hope that we'll join them
with the serenity of a swan
Oh God! Who gave us being
Pray give it us once more
Whether we're rich, downtrodden or lazy
Or oppressed and poor
Just like the chess set's pieces
Let us be equal when life ceases
But may we tease one another
And not disdain our brother
As the petals on a flower thrive
If some are dead while others live
After a downpour the sun will dry
Moisture from the tree will go to the sky
Without it life on this planet would not exist
And there'd be no beer and no-one pissed
So everything goes around in a cycle
Then later on pass the "Gate of Archangel Michael".

Charles McMullen

Cherish

People at ease,
Coming and going as they please,
Why this longing to be near the sea?
Missing having you with me,
To share our feelings about the world,
And why the seashells are so pearled.
But alas your alone in your home,
While I'm here to see the foam.
Is it fair the car must go back?
Or is it courage I lack?
Surely my health is important too,
And your caring for me has made us two!

Charles McMullen

Constitutional

Where shall we go, what shall we do?
Something to please both us two.
We could go to the park,
Just for a lark.
Or sit in the garden
And watch the birds then.
Forget about our worries,
'N turn a deaf ear to the lorries.

Maybe listen to our special songs,
Choose our favourites - our singalongs.
Then have a nice meal together,
Maybe outside permitting the weather.
Get that down while having a rest,
Then chat with each other 'cos that's the best.
Even have a little nap
Or a daily recap.

Then would you like to go for a drive?
That's what really helps us live.
Go to a town or go to a village,
Exercise that kneecap's cartilage.
Have a nice cup of tea,
Somewhere down by the sea.
Tell me of your thoughts and desires,
While we slowly melt our tyres.

Charles McMullen

Destination Upwards

My 'ol green mug of tea steams on the table
Among many other things it will move, for I am able
To stow carefully away every item of treasured content
To transfer to a special place where I will be more content

Each piece is caressingly wrapped and packed
Until I'm feeling rather whacked
Then I find box upon box filling the room
Later on in a van they'll va va room

The addresses are changed
The carpet-fitter has ranged
The food's going down
But I do not frown

I am leaving behind four walls which have sheltered me
To four more where the wind will not blow free
But the heart of the home I must build again
From sorrow, laughter, pain and ease from life's rain

"The Spirit of Home" will arrive within a soft Spring breeze
It's refreshing fragrance abundant with calm and ease
Those hallways and chambers I've swept with brooms
Even in the new place there just 'other rooms'

Different shapes and different colours I may feel and see
Somewhere nice for a chat with a friend an' a cup 'o tea
Rough hew fate how we will new neighbours will soon be known to us
For very similar people have been seen 'an 'eard on vee bus

'People are the same but different' wherever we go
So is the landscape marked by blisters and snow
It's just a matter of size, temperature and clime
Then there's the angles of the sun, we call time

So a move is just another circadian rhythm
Which must not let disturb my 'ol diaphragm
I must be strong and sure to feel
"The journey of a Thousand Miles starts with the first turn of the wheel"

Charles McMullen

Elevated Passions

I wait for inspiration to envelop me,
And then I find I'm on a spree.
Where it comes from I don't know,
I just follow like footsteps in the snow.
The ideas flow down through my arm,
Out of my pen comes my inbuilt charm.
Word after word the sentences make,
Mimicking Keats, or even Blake.
Looking up rhymes on my 'Kindle Fire',
I find the ones that suit my desire.
During the write, I ponder for a while,
To find a word to suit my style.
Onward ever the poem forms,
To calm the thoughts of those in storms.
N'er a dull word written this day,
Is like the breeze in the seas' fine spray.
Or a thunderstorm's lightening strike,
Or Hitler's nasty old Third Reich.
Calm and serene is the mood I seek,
Just like a soft kiss on the cheek.
Where it all comes from, I don't know,
Yet still it arrives even so.
The words speak meaning to the heart,
Just like a menu's a la carte.
If it were a meal it would sure taste good,
Especially if every word was understood.
My pen is itching to write some more,
Like an explosion in a powder store.
Then all is still at the end of the day,
And I can safely put my pen away.

Charles McMullen

Excursions

Holidays come and holidays go,
Some in the summer and some in the snow.
Travelling to and travelling fro,
Out on a whim wherever the wind doth blow.

So pack up yer gear and tak a ride,
Hurry up, quick! or you'll miss the tide.
Enjoy yersell to tell yer kin,
Cos' they'll be a wondering' where ya bin.

Awa' frae yer folks the heart will yearn,
Frae kith 'n kin 'n e'en tha' bairn.
So gae alang noo and fret ye not,
Fer ye'll be a while awae frae yer cot.

Enjoy the scenery and nature too,
Fer awae is such a beautiful view.
The locals are friendly wi' there different ways,
Enjoy yer time made up of days.

'N if yer like it ye can go there oft',
To espy the scenery - with it's corsets off.
We're all born free ta' tak a walk,
But where we tak' it alters the talk.

Nabody need ken where ye are,
Alang a towpath or up on a scar.
Ye can go on a bus or in a car,
Or stick yer boots on 'n walk to a star.

Follow a map or follow your heart'
Ye dinna need ta get back to the start.
But if hames where ye love
Donna mind ta turn aroon!

Charles McMullen

Inferno In Shirley

Into the hellfire you scrambled for us,
You went in with a ferocious cuss.
Flames all around you searched and found,
You did not do it for the Sterling Pound.
Onwards you struggled through the searing heat,
So many would say an Heroic feat.
However, you were trained to do your job,
You'd rescue the frail; and even the yob.
Your hearts were on the task that night,
Residents and you were given a fright.
You lengthened the lives of many a man,
In the smoky building that you did scan.
Your colleagues around supporting the team,
But you felt your job had become a dream.
Now you're at rest and your family thrive,
And many are pleased that they are alive!

Charles McMullen

Missing You

I felt so alone.
As the moon shone.
I yearned for your voice,
As the world rejoiced.

I longed for your touch,
The memory so much.
I searched for your eyes,
Hidden like spies.

I wanted my voice to be heard by your ears,
To help us wipe away our tears.
To help me face my fears,
Which we've shared for years.

Soon you'll be with me again,
In sunshine or rain.
We'll relive our old loves,
And make peace as doves.

Motivating one another we'll play life's games,
Sparking off adjectives and remembering names.
I'll do my best so as we both win,
All's fair in caring - it's not a sin.

So I look forward again to our meeting,
We'll fill our day with fun after greeting.
And if you've had enough after "snap",
You just have a well earned nap!

Charles McMullen

Mr Dolce Vita!

Over and above the fear of death,
Is the sweetness of drawing breath.
Stay with me oh spirit of mine,
Help me follow the straight and narrow line.

I will loose my humility and crawl,
But I will always listen to nature's calls.
Try not to falter when I fall,
Hold me up that I may stand tall.

Man does not live by bread alone,
But by something deep in the marrow of his bone.
By delving an empty chamber in his heart,
Silently he may, of his emotions, chart.

As some grow old their words are less,
They cause less ripples - worth a bless.
So better to live the calmer life,
Than to carry on with storm and strife.

Over and above the fear of death,
Is the sweetness of drawing breath.
Stay with me oh soul of mine,
Help me follow the straight and narrow line!

Charles McMullen

Ode On My Mother's Passing On

As I wander down life's fateful road,
My thoughts are like a birthing Surinam toad.
Born in the middle then coming out right,
Out to the back but hold on tight.
Awake the morn with feeble inspiration,
To the promise of honest perspiration!
Yea e'en your blood shall reek 'o it,
Though its dust be part of your spirit.

Lost be ye for words,
Your thoughts need not be as swords.
For when the poet lays down the above,
He then must only exude love.
Why does man fight till death for God?
Then cry out for his/His mother.
Is this promised womb the same,
In parent and His name.
Nature gave us hope,
Like a yellow forsythia,
Through an early morning mist,
If we approach and accept, there is no twist.

When not in jest a father would not lie to his son
Of something serious and not in fun
So if we believe him and all our grandfathers too,
We'll trust in the creation of the human zoo.
We're all not so different from each other's hearts,
E'en the Vicar and all his tarts.
We're all so busy making money,
Then going out to enjoy some honey.
But if life was heavy with many a pram,
Then just stay in and enjoy some jam!

But where is the truth 'tween mortals on earth?
In trust we hope from many years' friendship
Developed through joys and sad,
Nurtured through good times and bad.
Listen to the Mother scolding the child,
Inside her soul is far from wild.

Littlin' should develop a respect for her future 'child',
Well by then have tamed the 'savage-wild'.

I took my aging mother, poet laureate for to see,
She adored the royal family exactly as did he.
For they set an objective target to which we can but strive,
To keep up all our standards which help us stay alive.
The copper on the beat wears not just his feet,
The politician in the dock wears not just his seat.
For of the people they help the people,
And not just by but of the steeple.
The soldier in the war,
Gone far from his family's door.
To rid us of a foe that would end us of our sighs,
If we were not made of stronger, compassionate eyes.

But the Muse whispers on to poets all around the world,
To bring about new meaning; from the straight to the curled.
So many people have suffered from teeming their own brain,
To save the souls of others, for it takes such a strain.
E'en the doctors search but the coastline sands,
Only to miss the Ocean's deepest bands.
The whales come up with barnacles to show us we our foul,
As the wolf cries out in agony when he doth howl.
For nature's a very gentle thing when she chooses to be,
She can also be a ferocious force when a raging, drowning sea.

My eyes our burning and sleep just cannot be,
For I must pen this wordy, lengthy ode to thee.
For my Mother lapses in and out of Heaven,
All day long from seven to seven.
Father is tending, soft by her side,
Both feeling each emotion full length of the tide.
Wondering how the day will last,
N'er too pessimistic a mood to cast.
Floating twixt the Devil and the deep blue waters,
Blessing all the help from their three daughters.

Now she lays semi-conscious focusing on her bright light,
Wondering whether to go to them, or carry on the fight.
Sister and I have embraced and wept,
And close by Mum's side a vigil kept.

The tartan blanket reminds us of our own Dad,
Praying not one of the family shall be left too sad.

We play her favourite music, a gentle harp,
As she drifts in company along life's final narrow scarp.
Surely a woman as strong and loving cannot just disappear,
Her sublime energy must manifest and somewhere reappear.
We talk about the things she used to like to do,
A cup of tea, no sugar, a day out at the zoo.
She loved to see the elephants and babes,
Umbilical trunks as grabs.
To swim in the sea at Solent, to dance the pier in Town,
To enjoy the Movies at The Odeon and never be out on her own.
To cook a hearty meal for her three wain's
And n'er to complain of the cause of her pains.
Wrote letters to Scotland four decades long,
And each one up and down came back as a song.
But alas Mum is now long gone
But her special charisma lives on.

Charles McMullen

On Writing

What is it in rhyme I want to say,
That's in my head nigh every day.
How is it I let myself feel this way,
When in my home - I cannot stay.
Nobody else can help me feel
The way I do like a turning wheel.
Homely chores must be done,
The answer's not always on the end of a phone.
Publishing a book is an honourable thing,
People read it and begin to sing.
Like a lark on the wing
The emails go ping.
The Royalties come into my purse,
So on with life and curse the hearse.
Writing is so good for the soul,
Whether your'e rich or on the dole.

Charles McMullen

On Writing Poetry

I can write a poem true
And it can come from out the blue
Words that rhyme, that's my game
And I don't do it just for fame
I will write a novel song
Maybe it's right, or maybe it's wrong
Some read it, others sing it
For them I pen and bring it
Make 'em laugh and make 'em cry
This is hello and not goodbye
Write into the night
And damn my eyesight
For I can see clearly
What I mark dearly
My quill scribes on
The bet's odds-on
It's time to finish
As I diminish

Charles McMullen

Resettling

Drear aged place the old home was,
Splendid is the new home.
Beautiful 'tis now because,
Full of freshness it has become.
Directing me what to purchase,
Creative and inventive.
Everything in the right place,
Giving much incentive.
To rejuvenate one's vigour,
And economise on space.
Very tiring the shift has been,
But all the time worthwhile.
It's now a joy to be seen,
'Tis the best home within
a square mile!

Charles McMullen

Sea Going Ditty

The liner gushes softly through the waves,
Designed with contours so it saves
Kiddies in paddlin' pools,
Old men on bar stools.
The evening sun illuminates its path,
Whilst jolly sailors have a laugh.
Rolling up a cigarette,
Perhaps there's something they'll forget.
A loved one left ashore,
They'll long to reunite - that's for sure.
Off toward sunnier climes,
But at this moment it's Netley time.
The man with binoculars sees the clock
As the waves gush in and out with each tick-tock
As he gazes forward toward the Solent gap
He's reminded of his birth, this very lucky chap.
For out she widens East & West,
Probably either way is best.
Hair blows back to mimic the wash,
As you aboard this liner so P.O.S.H.
Hythe's such a special place to see,
Pictures of the world and you & me.
There is always movement in the ocean,
Peace & Harmony - no commotion.
So if you want somewhere to go before your dead,
Tickets are now £20 per head.

Charles McMullen

Seven Foot Angels

Seven foot high Angels guard my door,
They let in the good, the rich and the poor.
In health or in sickness, still, they come,
And animate my body and alive I become.
They call on me at 11: 11 'cos thats their time,
That's how they show their presence
With no smell of incense.
I know they are there 'cos the timings just right,
They encourage my life to hold on tight.
So I do not give up the desperate fight,
But sleep in peace throughout the night.
Seven foot high Angels guard my bed,
And give solace to my weary head.
They are not there to talk to,
For that would not work so,
So I keep the faith,
Against my wraith.

Charles McMullen

Smoking (Ashes To Ashes)

Do they really need a nipple,
While they quaff their tippie.
Even though the barmaid tries'
She gets a cloud puffed in her eyes.
The smokers artificially mellow,
Whilst the curtains slowly yellow.
The sixty a day oaf coughs up his guts,
As into the tray he squeezes his butts.
I'll giv ya a fag for one of ya jokes,
But ya'll not gi' me back one of yer yolks.

Even the high priced pisswater is only rented,
To help a lame mind be temporarily reinvented.
The stench is all around the pub,
Surely there's another type of club.
Pickle your brains if ye must,
Even the earth's got a feeble crust.

Old friends are fine for what they are,
But nicotine fumes keep them afar.
A glass or a fag in the hands will they always last,
Dominoes, Chess and Shuv hapenny were games of the past.

Charles McMullen

The Abyss

I wait in the cavern beneath the falls,
Whilst you are locked up between the walls.
My mind is skating o'er the top,
But sure 'tis a very long way to drop.
The rocks are beckoning at my feet.
But they'll not see me there - for you're my sweet.
My mind floats o'er the calm water above,
To feel the steadiness of our love.
You wait in your alcove for me to see,
And we'll meet again full of transient glee.
Whilst nature goes on all around,
We'll keep our feet firmly on the ground.
The yo yo of life will ne'er stop,
Our love will last an eternity - not a flop.

Charles McMullen

The Birth Of Christ

Late upon a winters night,
There became a wondrous sight.
The angel of the Lord shone around,
To all amazed upon the ground.
It led three Kings to a stable,
To a crib under a gable.
Amongst the animals there stood by,
They didn't witness a birth nearby.
To John and Mary, a special son,
The miracle of life was humbly done.
The King of all Kings, born that day,
That no man should feel dismay.
For if he to believe, makes a sacrifice,
After death his home will be eternal paradise.

Charles McMullen

The Creative One

Oh where is God when we need him
Where is God when we doubt?
Sometimes He is in
And sometimes he is out.

He made the trees
To withstand the breeze
Of a cold icy draught
On a lonely hilltop.

Don't they look fantastic
With the snow draping them white
Don't they look forlorn
As the thaw drips off in teardrops.

But the whole landscape
Seems like a dream
But its made up of many minute parts
That's the work of God - His astounding Art!

Charles McMullen

The Flight Of Pegasus

Pegasus flew through my window this afternoon,
M'thought he'd never come, but he came quite soon.
There'd been a tiny silver wet element on a lash of my eye,
T'id not mean t'was I forlorn or t'would die.
Nay meant contrawise for 'twas but the twinkling of a dream,
A dream yet to become an idea, yet to become a physical scheme.
'Twas telling me I was free for a while from that 'old foe lethargy's pine,
'N I was now released to follow free thoughts of mine.
But those thoughts have to be put into action,
With a correlated compaction.
Can't always find the optimum labour to follow,
But any 'ol task'll do till the morrow.
The next sunrise will find jobs of it's own,
And faith in ourselves will shepherd us 'round town.
So I was rejuvenated by a bright light on my seer,
Which helped me grasp the day with endear.
I am but a pedlar in life's thoughts: - a pioneer,
So what is your magic remedy that helps you persevere?

Charles McMullen

The In Patient

So your soon to have your operation,
Thanks to the teams kind dedication.
Let's us hope they will do their best,
And prove they've passed all their tests.
While you rest in your comfortable bed,
Hold a positive outlook in your head.
Sometimes the nurses will be a pain in the neck and elsewhere,
And if you feel like it - you bloody well swear.
The food'll be nice 'cos the cooks 'aint bad,
And don't offer me any 'cos I'd 'ave already 'ad.
I'll keep you informed of the local gossip,
And may e'en hold your hand while you have a kip.
Later on you'll be needin' a breather,
So we'll nip down the canteen together.
And you can buy any items in the shop,
While you talk to me non-stop.
There with the public you'll learn to go home.
Then we'll be back to the car, the sea, the foam.

Charles McMullen

The Leaf

Oh pretty fragile leaf of red and brown,
most splendid of all out of town.
Copy of a Zulu warrior's shield,
handsome thing of nature's yield.

Symmetrically oval, but naturally ragged,
that crimson - red, so blazonry vivid.
I plucked you from your dying bush,
and thus gave nature a gentle push.

Long stem, so thin, gave you life;
soon to join you in afterlife.
As a butterfly you dazzled for a while,
and brought a sure smile in your style.

Skeleton of wood holds you a pose,
tries till the end to hold you close.
Does not loose you in a gentle breeze,
but gives you up in winter's freeze.

In the wind and sun you'll dry and curl,
you'll spread around in an icy swirl.
Inspiration for my poetry you have been,
soon no longer will you be seen.

You will metamorphose to a golden crisp piece,
and your colourful life will begin to cease.
You'll mould into the soil under our feet,
then next year greet us, as something else neat.

Charles McMullen

The Road

The road spans out long and wide,
Trees and fields on either side.
A way to the future it does scan,
A sheet of tarmac for many a man.
Birds in the trees,
Feeling the breeze.
Tractors in the fields,
For what the crop yields.
Berries and bushes on either side,
All part of nature's wonderful pride.
The track bends, the gradient dips,
Hold on fast as your tyre's grip.
Sunshine lights the terrific view,
As it melts the mystical dew.
Trees shed their leaves,
Farmers build their sheaves.
Autumn colours radiate hues,
To blow away all your blues.
Uphill you drive to the very top,
Keep on going, do not stop.
For there is such a beautiful view,
Another panorama opens anew.
Miles to go before your destination,
But you ease off the acceleration.
'Cos this is such a lovely season,
Take your time, it's a good enough reason.
Drink in all the discovery's you see,
Don't miss a view, I'm sure you'll agree.
A nightingale sings from the trees above,
Below there grows a purple foxglove.
An owl hoots from the barn yonder,
And you are filled with joyous wonder.
Like an angel the cat's eyes guide you,
Advancing safely as you ensue.
Now your headlights spread their beam,
All you see is like a dream.
Fog wafts around in an icy swirl,
Each little droplet is like to a pearl.
You career onward through the misty air,

Each movement is a calculated dare.
But you and yours are safe within,
Your strongly well made box of tin.
The night is dark, the road goes on,
Your stop you'll arrive at anon.
The journeys been a treat, that's for sure,
Now look forward to your next good tour.

Charles McMullen

The Storm

Out of the still the thunder roared,
Out of the dark the lightening soared.
Two powers of nature heavenly made,
That God is angry is often said.
The rain it cools our sun drenched ground,
And saturates all around.
The streaks of electric fire the sky,
So we can breath a worthy sigh.
As the rain pours we're given negative ions,
As ferocious as a multitude of lions.
For these strobes are the kings of the heavens,
They whisk us all into sixes and sevens.
Giving headaches and easing as well,
While the ocean rises in a tremendous swell.
Humidity now has had it's day,
As white out conditions come into play.
Ultra violet fills the void,
The roar so loud as the sky is toyed.
Eventually the raindrops tap more sparsely,
As the sun returns, softly, gently.

Charles McMullen

The Very Good Friend

Now Simon is a poet chef,
He rhymes with all his food.
On the plate is none left,
His nosh is all so good.
He helps people along their way,
And shows them mercy too.
Each and every day
He assists the human zoo.
So close to Gaynor he is
As each of a twin they be
Their personalities effervesce like fizz
I feel so honoured to know them, me.
Simon you help to keep my soul intact,
And journeys are the better for you.
We prove that like minds attract
When we both enjoy the view.
Long may we prosper my dear young friend,
Our friendship is fresh, we've only just begun.
May our comradeship go on to the end?
And we'll still be strong as one!

Charles McMullen

The Wait

How is my love when she's alone?
Miles apart and doesn't phone.
Where is the justice that lets us pine?
Is the pain hers and also mine?
Why does distance keep us apart?
One from t'others counterpart.
When will our meeting, time, allow?
Fate and action, mixed somehow.
The passion of action forces this:
To enjoy a worthy, heartfelt kiss!
Lovers must feel both pain and pleasure,
Which time nor distance cannot measure.
Expect love it may not be there;
Run from it and it will dare
To chastise and win you back,
It goes like that it has this knack.
When it flows smooth as a valley's stream,
Sly destiny knows its cunning scheme.
Ethereal threads bond it together
To sway around in all types of weather.
Love can return with a sparkle,
Like Mr Hyde and Dr Jekyll.

Charles McMullen

The War To End All Wars

Inside that handsome face
Waited a skull ready
To be exposed to the air
That wretched mother's son
One moment to breath
In native air
Then instantaneous
Annihilation
Just to get a flag
Atop a mountain
Of their foes
Goodbye blue sky
The air is mixed
With a gaseous emanation
Of sulphurous blood!
Each and every man
In the field
Is a target
The prey
Of a luckier man
Than he
Even the birds were gassed
And fell from
Their trees
We had no right to deliver
Them from there
The morning
Presented the sight
Of frozen
Horses gassed
With their saliva
Solid down
To the ground
We set the lethal gas
Out onto Gerry
But somehow
The wind
Decided to change
And blew it back on us

What a fuss!
So gasping for a fag
We smoked
Horse shit and
Tram tickets
And never
Gave a cuss
Till the arrows
Of peace were fired
By that lovely
Lady of Mons
She was not a Tommy
For she was
Of somewhere unknown
To remind the men
Of Hell
That they could,
If they found it in their hearts
Build Heaven
For there families
Back in
Jolly Old Blighty

Charles McMullen

Truth

Where is the truth we often ask,
This is usually a strenuous task.
People deceiving with there big black lies,
Even though they wear smart neckties.
'Highway Robbers' lurk on the streets,
Of many it's a game of terrible cheats.
Bottled water, £1: 80 on ferry,
This to some is very scary.
So fill up your bottle in the loo,
And hope you can make it to Waterloo!
Cheats abound all around -
Penny pinching and pinching a pound.
'Highwaymen Robbers' are out for the kill,
Are they really mentally ill?
Or is their soul sold to the Devil
Will they ever be honest and level?

Charles McMullen

Wake Up And Smell The Coffee

When we're apart: -
There's an artery shares our heart.
When we're together: -
We enjoy all weather.
Others around: -
Our loves abound.
In silence, or chatter,
Neither does matter.
Twixt the madness and sanity there lives a wise mind,
Rest awhile, don't let it be lost to the wind.
Capture and treasure the meditative you,
And enjoy the beautiful heavenly view.
Often what one searches is under one's nose,
A pink, red, or white one, maybe a rose.
Stodge, pills and porridge we may feast upon,
The guinea pigs in a phototron.
He provided in His way our lives to endure,
He sends us on missions to be sure of our tour.
He supplies all our needs, puts cripples in cars,
Then takes us on journeys that leads to the stars.
Guardian angels above, sending us souls to cure,
They send such tricky problems: from their hearts so pure.
To widows bereft of their husbands united by the Lord
Doing the best they can, by Destiny's sword.

Charles McMullen

Well

Coleridge in your day they were Surinam Toads,
Today they are Nanoprobes.
For they are such beautiful globes,
Where new they wear robes.
The water still trickles over the stones,
This is now given to our similar ones.
I came back full of blisters,
Having talked within one of your sisters.
The journey was good,
And so was the food.
The History phenomenal
The future so comical
The clouds were amazed
That they were ablaze
The fly past was whoosh as we stayed in the centre,
But as we ran on we were ready to enter
The Kingdom of God is not far away
It's just the fear of another day!

Charles McMullen

Words

Looking for words I cannot find,
Searching for some so refined.
Look in the Thesaurus to find some more,
Words to inspire and to cheer.
Tip of the tongue some may be,
I'm lost in a gale in the North Sea.
This poems not turning out so good,
I must write it clear and understood.
Thank God for poetic licence,
Or this old poem would not make sense.
What shall I make the next line be,
To set my knotted emotions free.
Write on boy and make some verse,
Make it worse and make it terse.
Phew that was an effort with a blank mind,
But it's surprising the words you can find!

Charles McMullen