

Poetry Series

Colin Ian Jeffery
- poems -

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Colin Ian Jeffery(20th May 1942)

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1. What age were you when you first became interested in poetry?

Seven - I was a choirboy when I heard the vicar in church read out the twenty-third psalm -
It struck my soul with lightening and my Muse began to sing.

In childhood
A voice called to me
And I hear it calling still.

2. How many years have you been writing poetry?

Since the green and easy balmy days of Childhood when summers seemed so long, full of adventure, magical and teasing with promise. As a boy I loved listening to Dylan Thomas reading his poems on the BBC radio Home Service.

3. What things inspire you to write?

I write best in spiritual pain - my poems are forged white hot and hammered out upon the anvil of anguish. Aspects of love - being in love - finding love - losing love. Searching for God and a meaning to the mysteries of the Universe. My world rests upon the belief of a loving God.

4. What do you think of poetry?

Poetry is the best of mankind's literary achievement. Timeless and appealing down the ages as the imagery of a poet's personal experiences. Poems are the spiritual children of the poet.

7. Who are your favourite poets?

Dylan Thomas, William Shakespeare, John Keats, Oscar Wilde, Rupert Brooke, Lord Byron, John Betjeman, Wilfred Owen, Philip Larkin, Ted Hughes,

Alfred Lord Tennyson, Walt Whitman, T.S. Eliot, Spike Milligan.

8. Who has been your greatest inspiration? You may choose more than one.

Dylan Thomas. William Shakespeare. Spike Milligan, Vicar Paul Dunn and my father Frank Jeffery.

9. Do you think poetry still has a place in our culture today?

Mankind without the imagery of poetry would spiritually be like the sun perpetually eclipsed - leaving souls in darkness never to glimpse the light. Poetry best expresses the excellence and the worst that the human heart can achieve. The Muse expresses thoughts pondered upon within the secret landscape of the heart. Poetry is as important as the beating of a heart.

No more will I ramble free
Sensuous and wanton
Over butterfly meadows of your heart.

10. What does poetry mean to you?

Poetry is the language of the soul - my daily bread, sweetest joy and occasionally the most tormenting rendering of unhappiness and grief. Poetry is the flickering candle within the darkness shielded against the blows of the wind.

11. Do you have a favourite poem?

'Death shall have no dominion' by Dylan Thomas

12. Do you do any other writing besides poetry?

I make my living writing books, articles and columns. My fourth book ' Fangs for the Memory ' was published recently.

13. Have you been published anywhere else?

Poetry - Blackwood's Magazine, Home Words, The Lady, Punch, New Yorker, The Month, Contemporary Review, Day by Day, Reform, Poetry hurch, Africa, The British Chronicle, Catholic Pictorial, Best of British, Irish Tatler, Country Life, Outposts, Spectator, Yours, Daily Telegraph, Saint Austin Review, Evergreen, Poetry Monthly, Carillon, Earth love, Reflections, Poetic hours, Dandelion arts magazine, Linkway, Cauldron, Inclement, Poetic Hours. plus included in anthologies.

Colin Ian Jeffery was born 20th May 1942 in Caterham, Surrey, England, during World War Two. He is the youngest of two sons, Anton being two years older, of Frank and Betty Jeffery. Frank served in the artillery with the 8th army (desert rats) in North Africa. Wounded in the knee he was in the invasion of Sicily and Italy, and returned home shell-shocked.

Frank drove a bread delivery van for a year then became a taxi-driver for Catax, in Caterham, driving a cab until his death from cancer on 10th May 1978. He is buried with his wife in 's churchyard on Caterham-on-the-hill.

Frank and Betty separated in 1949 when Colin was seven. The sons remained with their father.

Colin was educated at St. John's Church of England school in Caterham, and at seven went to the Modern School for Boys in Purely, and then on to Clarks College in Croydon. He grew up in the Church of England where he was choirboy and server. In 1964 he became a Roman Catholic.

Colin was baptised and confirmed in both Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church.

He was accepted for the Roman Catholic priesthood by bishop Cashman of Arundel and Brighton in 1969, and offered a place in a seminary in Spain. But Colin had met the great love of his life and was racked with indecision. He chose his soulmate and returned to the Church of England.

Aberfan

On the morning of 21st October 1966, 116 children and 28 adults died in a sea of slurry engulfing a school after the collapse of a coal-tip in Aberfan, South Wales.

What greater grief
Anguish and despair
Than loss of precious children?

Weeks of heavy rain
Drenching mountainous coal-tip
Creating slurry of Black Death.
Ominous, forbidding, destroyer
Lurking hidden above the town
Threatening unwary school.

Children sitting at desks
Teachers supervising innocence
Minutes pass with the lessons soon to end.
Avalanche of slurry gushes down
Black wave engulfing school
Crushing, suffocating and burying.

There is a press picture - - soul searing
Policeman with helmet missing, covered in dust
Carrying a dead child from the ruins.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Airgunner

My Uncle Stan was a sergeant air-gunner on Wellington bombers during the Second World War. He was a tail gunner and flew twenty-three missions over occupied Europe, and six over Berlin. The life expectancy of a rear-gunner was seven missions.

Wellington bomber's engines roar
Stench of burning oil
In darkness heavy plane rises.
There is no moon or stars only inky darkness
An icy cold chilling the soul.

Flying over the white cliffs of Dover
Fires guns - - testing them
Ready for German fighters
Swooping like hawks against the bomber
Darting from darkness guns blazing.

Over Holland joined with other bombers
Flying formation towards Germany
Searchlights seeking them
Ack-ack shells colouring the night
Trying to bring the bombers down.

Fighters like angry hornets sweep in
Bombers reach Berlin
Path-finders have lit-up the target
Below all seems a sea of fire
Hitler's punishment for London's blitz.

Bomb-aimer takes control of the plane
Guiding pilot over target
Where he presses the plunger
Bombs dropping screaming as they go
Exploding a factory making tanks.

Bomber makes two runs
Turns for home caught in searchlight glare
Illuminated for fighters and gunners
Too slow it tries climbs beyond the light

Swept with machine gun fire.

Burning bomber reaches England
Pilot dying, crew bloody and afraid
Crash landing on the airfield
Rear-gunner pulled from his turret
Weeping, he has survived another mission.

Colin Ian Jeffery

All My Days

I thank you for this day
Almighty loving God
And for all the days
Enshrined within my heart.

You are truth
Light for all souls bedazzling
Way to life everlasting
Loving father in Heaven.

I will follow all my days
The footsteps of the Lord Jesus
With no fear of darkness
For his love strengthens my soul.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Anderson Shelter

The British Government in 1939, at the outbreak of World War Two, issued the Anderson Shelter to its population, costing £5, 6ft 6ins by 4ft 6ins. It was made out of six sheets of curved corrugated sheets of iron, was half-buried and heaped over with earth. The shelter saved thousands of lives.

Siren screams warning
German bombers are coming
Death will fall from the sky
Mothers rush in deadly panic
Gathering children and grandparents
Hurrying them with the dog
Down the back garden into the shelter.

Families in terror huddle together
Bombs come raining down
Houses explode into rubble
Hours pass within the shelter
People sleeping fitfully in bunk beds
Waiting for the siren's all clear

Emerging from the shelter
Weeping mothers hold children
Delighted the house still stands
No one in the street has died this time
Family's safe with the dog
All thanks to the Anderson shelter.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Auschwitz

Nazi death camp)

In Poland, during the Second World War, 160 miles south-west of Warsaw the Nazis built their most notorious death camp. At one time over ten thousand were passing through the gas chamber daily, and not less than three million died there. Above the main gates was a scroll 'Arbeit macht frei' (work makes you free) . It was a Nazi joke. Only death could make those who entered free.

Chimneys billowing white smoke
Ovens fired and ready
For the train arriving
Cattle wagons packed with Jews.

Orchestra of prisoners
Weeping as they play Mozart
Performing the Nazi scheme
Calming people in the trucks.

Guards with snapping dogs
Herd people from the wagons
Shouting for them to hurry
Moving them towards the camp.

Haughty SS officers waiting
With doctors in white coats
Ready to select and divide
Choosing who lives and who dies.

Fit and strong, mostly men live
Worked until they drop
Then sent to the gas chamber
Bodies loaded into ovens.

Sick, weak, elderly and children
Sent directly to the showers
Told to strip to be deloused and bathed
Not knowing it was the killing place.

Some women try hiding children

Under clothes hung upon pegs
But the prisoners' Kommando
Search clothing supervised by the SS.

Standing naked and embarrassed
Shower doors are closed
Gas hisses through a ceiling vent
Panicking they scream in terror.

Choking gas overcomes them
As they fight desperately for air
Building up a human pyramid
Almost reaching to the ceiling.

When the doors are opened
Bodies are removed
By the prisoners' Kommando
With gold teeth and rings removed.

Death takes ten minutes
Bodies are carried into lifts
Then fed into the ovens
White chimney smoke turns black.

The Kommando work quickly
Another train is coming
Cattle wagons packed with Jews
Ready to be selected who lives or dies.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Baptise My Soul

Baptise my soul in the holy river
Strengthen my resolve
I walk the valley of shadows
And my steps are faltering.

Jesus Christ is my truth and strength
His saints show me the way
But my sins are a heavy load
And I fear Heaven lies beyond my reach.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Battle Of Britain

"Never before in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Winston Churchill 1940

Siren scrambles the spitfire squadron
Young pilots mostly in their teens
Run to clamber into cockpits
Engines roar, planes race down the runway
Rising skyward in battle formation.

Fear grips and some pilots want to vomit
Flying upwards seeking advantage of height
Above slow droning German bombers
Targeting England's cities and ports
Guarded by darting M109 Messerschmitt fighters.

"Here we go, " radios an Aussie squadron leader
"Let's give the blighters hell."
And out of the sun with cannons roaring
Spitfires attack like deadly hawks
Twisting and turning as savage dogfight ensues.

Sergeant-pilot Peter Duncan trapped
Tries frantically to free his jammed cockpit cover
But flames engulf him melting hands and face
Spitfire spirals to the ground
Exploding fireball ending his suffering.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Battle Soldiers

Fighting in far off lands

Suffering bloody hell of battle

Facing the country's foes.

For country and flag

Standing with comrades

Fighting protecting the homeland.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Because Of You

Because of you

No darkness
Only light
Abides within my soul.

Because of you
I soar with eagles
Embrace the joys
Looking at the stars.

Because of you
I climb life's mountain
Hearing skylarks sing
Seeing love everywhere.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Best Friend

Always close to my heart
Support against engulfing waves
Sharing joys and grief
Strength when steps falter.
Lighthouse battered by purple storms
Supporting when sorrow overcomes
Cheer leader for my triumphs
Giving encouragement for success.

I walk the road of shadows but not alone
For you are with me, trusted friend
Leading me towards the light
And reason for all I have achieved.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Best Of Me

You are the best of me

Light within the darkness
Your unyielding love my shield.

When storms rage fierce
You keep me safe
Supporting and protecting.

Time has been hard on you
But still you stand tall and strong
Giving love and guidance.

You are the best of me
Love that is timeless
And because of you I survive.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Best Of Men

He was the best of men

Helping the sick, poor and needy
Standing steadfast against oppression
Dazzling light within darkness
Loyal trusted friend to everyone.

Forgave those against him
Spoke of love and happiness
And of his father's kingdom in Heaven
Teaching joy of living
And is the friend that I value most.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Billy

He never speaks

Trapped within a damaged brain
Body twisted, limbs trembling
Sitting in a hospital yard
Humming tunes without melody.
But in his bright soul he stands tall
Articulate with mind intact
Singing melodious songs of love
Only God and he can hear.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Black Rabbit

Under hedgerow

Black rabbit pauses
Eyes bright as diamonds.

Fur black as coal
Surviving sharp vision
And hunting skills of predators.

Rabbit hops away
As slender stoat appears
Relentlessly following the scent.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Blood Red Poppies

During the battle of the Somme, France, 1916, the British sustained 60,000 casualties on the first day. Torrential rains turned the battlefield into a quagmire. In one month the Allies advanced five miles at the cost of 450,000 German, 200,000 French and 420,000 British lives. I lost two uncles

Blood red poppies sway
Over silent fields
Where birds no longer sing.

Once big guns roared
And young men
Suffered terror in the mud.

Chaplains searched the carnage for God
Finding him gassed and bloody
Crucified upon the wire
One poppy lost among the thousands.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Bloodsports

(The despicable in pursuit of the defenceless)

They claim it as a right to maim and kill
Resplendent in hunting red riding coats
Galloping over fields through woods
Horn blaring riding after baying hounds.

They say the hunted enjoy the chase
Kill swift and clean
But how can death by dogs ripping living flesh
Be but a sport for the insane?

Colin Ian Jeffery

Bones At Dying

Bones at dying shall not quake
Nor decay with feasting of the worms
For the spirit of this God loving soul
Shall never harbour in the ground.

Breaking free with that force
Which drove each flower up into the light
Soul tossed by furies from purple storms
I shelter where the mind creates visions.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Boris

There is a scream within my head
Only God and I can hear
My heart bleeds
Never healing from his loss.

Gone loyal beloved friend
Away into the darkness
Beyond this vale of tears
Oh, but how I miss and need my Boris.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Boxer Dogs

Boxer dogs are my pride and joy

Full of bounce and life

Scampering joyfully through woods

Sniffing roots and trees

Cocking-legs to mark the spot.

Churchilian face with big baleful eyes

Paddy paws and floppy ears

Man's best friend personified

Boxer dogs so full of glee

Making my life so bountiful with love.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Bright Star

You are

Only light
Within the darkness.

Truth
No lie can conquer
Nor time fade.

You are
Bright star
Guiding my ship to harbour.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Britain's Feral Children

BRITAIN'S FERAL CHILDREN

(London's street riots 2011)

Savage packs roam and terrify
Lording over housing estates and city centres
Gangs with knives and guns.

Hunting from shadows with hoods up
Preying on weak and elderly
Taunting, abusing, stabbing and shooting

Who passed laws letting hunting packs loose
Taking away parents right to punish
Stopping teachers taming feral children?

Colin Ian Jeffery

Brother Africa

Aids rages out of control savaging the continent of Africa

He lies near to death
Dying in the dust
Broken and forgot.

Now his children
Once mighty tribes
Fall before the setting sun.

His women - young and old
Dead and dying
Host the killer AIDS.

He calls for help
To rich brothers in the West
But his cries fall upon stone-deaf ears.

For they can find no profit
In supplying HIV drugs
To those who cannot pay.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Brother John

Brother John, an old monk

Frail, crippled with arthritis
Sitting in the monastery orchard
Sleepy on bench of stone
Content among the fruit trees.

Retired from life of toil
Working for God in Africa
Shepherding souls for the mission
Obedience, poverty, and chastity
Wearing White Father's habit.

Never faltering in his calling
With prayers and self-sacrifice
Enduring the hardships
Taking fierce blows
Satan rained upon him.

Loving with unwavering faith
Giving soul to God
Without doubt or question
Now, sees a bright light among the trees
Dies with smile on his lips.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Butterfly Meadows

Memories remain aflame

Each one

Building upon my loneliness.

No more shall I ramble free

Sensuous and wanton

Over butterfly meadows of our love.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Cat

Pussy cat, pussy cat

Serene and so relaxed
Sitting on human lap
Purring softly, being stroked
Soothing words spoken.

Pussy cat, pussy cat

Hunting in the garden
Seeking mice and birds
Creeping through the long grass
Queen of her domain.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Chernobyl

Dying so the world would survive
They did not flinch in duty to humanity
And we weep for lives cut short
Grieving for those yet to be born.

Cities, towns, villages evacuated
Millions moved from radiation pollution
Fallout covering half the planet
Nowhere safe from deadly fallout rain.

Sacrifice of the Liquidators
Dying to cap Reactor Four
Supreme effort of human endeavour
Giving lives saving millions.

Still they die the children of Chernobyl
Born broken, deformed, cancer ridden
Dead and buried before teenage years
With exclusion zone to last three thousand years.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Children Of Ward 8

I placed friendship

Upon you
Saw brilliance in your sunrise.

If only
We were as we thought
Not formed
From unbridled fantasy
Dreamt within enchantment
Of noble ideas and ambiguous hopes.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Christian Love

CHRISTIAN LOVE

Christian love
Truth among a sea of lies
Firm never faltering
Taking the blows
Turning the other cheek.

Speaking with compassion
Never judging giving love
Keeping faith ablaze
Ever striving towards God
Knowing Christ's teachings
Will bring the soul to Heaven.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Christians

(Christian creed is love)

As rocks within stormy sea
Standing against pounding waves
Without fear or pride
Turning a cheek to take the blows.

Jesus Christ
Suffered death upon the cross
So that all who believe in him
Shall never die.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Christmas Alone

When I was a child

Christmas was a loving joy
Sweetly enhancing the soul
With memories of smiles and laughter
Wearing paper hats, pulling crackers
Golden times with parents and brother.

Late on Christmas Eve
Close to the midnight hour
My father crept silent as a mouse
Into the bedroom I shared with my brother
Filling our pillowcases with toys
While we pretended to sleep.

At noon, we sat around a laden table
With turkey crisp and golden
Ready to be carved; legs for my brother and me.
Sage stuffing, roast potatoes, brussel sprouts,
Luscious flaming Christmas pudding
With hidden three-penny pieces to bring us luck.

Now, alone and frail in white-haired old age
Parents and brother long gone
I eat alone and watch the Queen on TV
Doze awhile dreaming of other Christmases
When I was a child sitting at a laden table
Hearing my family's laughter sharing in their joy.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Christmas Cards

Christmas cards spill through the letterbox

Postman's feet crunching on snow

As he walks away sorting through his bag.

Fumbling through cards for your handwriting

Seeking the most important card of all.

Finding your card and feeling Christmas joy

Senses reeling like a child with Santa's visit

Opening the envelope pulling out the card

There is it, signed by you, "with all my love."

Your most precious gift these words

You never use the word love except on cards

Greeting cards for my birthday and for Christmas

I keep them all, each one a declaration of your love

Words to keep my heart content and joyous.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Colin Ian Jeffery

COLIN IAN JEFFERY

I would die a poet
Pilgrim from a burnished land
Remembered for humour, compassion and love
Claimed by many as a friend.

Let those who share my bread
Also drink from my chalice
Seeing the truth of God
And knowing the joy of salvation.

In childhood
A voice called to me
And I hear it calling still.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Comrades In Arms

During the First World War 1914-18, the British raised many 'Friends Brigades' from cities and towns. The brigades were made-up of men, friends from childhood or who had worked together. The recruiting sergeants promising they would be home by Christmas.

Our parents called us the jolly boys
And being friends, we sang our songs of childhood
Played in woods and ran through golden cornfields.
For we were country boys, bright stars of promise
Little Jimmy, Fred, Alfred and me.

We left school to work on farms
Had girlfriends, planned marriage and babies
Then came the country's call to arms
And full of pride we answered
Four mates together for king and country.

Out in France and onto the Somme
We marched heads high to the front
Thinking ourselves invincible
Living in trenches ankle deep in mud
Infested with lice and scampering rats.

The order from the general came
For the Brigade to go over the top
And in terror we stood with bayonets fixed
Waiting for our officer's whistle blasts
And most of eye shook hands and said goodbye.

Whistles blew up and down the line
And we clambered up the ladders into hell
There was chatter of German machine guns
Screams of wounded dying men
As our Brigade fell like new mown hay.

The last post bugle call shivers the soul
And in neat rows the dead lie side by side

Marked by thousands of white crosses
Brothers in arms of the Friends Brigade
And among them, Little Jimmy, Fred, Alfred and me.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Country Churchyard

Here dwells grief

Sly behind grey stone walls
Standing guard over beds of clay.

Dates, names inscribed
Biographies of the dead
On crumbling headstones
Smudged green with engulfing moss
Obliterating carved records of a life.

Grass overgrown with weeds
Covering the lonely plots of eternity - -
Time reigns but death abdicates.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Cry Havoc

Cry havoc and let loose the beasts of war

For the enemy's at the gate wanting our people dead
Trampling upon our culture and freedom of speech
Subjecting women as second class citizens
Without voice in law or education and servile to men.
They think to bow our knee and humble us
With outrageous acts of brutality against mankind
But do not know the heart and spirit of our people
Who stand and face barbarians never flinching
Until the threat is ended and victory won
Women and children are safe from them
Evil men thinking only of selfish pleasure
Hate filled barbarians who will not succeed
For we do not enslave, murder, and destroy other faiths.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Dark Angel

He watched the dying of the light
Overwhelmed by darkness
Alone in torment
Grieving for the loss of God.

Death the dark angel
Hidden in the darkness
Snuffed out the last flickering flame
Taking the soul he was hunting.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Dark Caverns

Within dark caverns of the mind

Fearsome creatures abide

Demons tempting with praise and bribes

Offering false hope from Hell's fires.

Do not falter nor let the spirit weaken

When walking twisting tunnels

Terrifying dark labyrinth

Fearful of hearing Satan's step.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Days Of Thunder

Days of thunder roar and rage
Holding each memory
Howling down the wind's furies.

Once when I was young and bold
Chasing dreams and love
Never faltering in my step.

Days of thunder seemed endless
As I outran each purple storm
Never breaking pace nor denying God.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Dear John Letter

My best mate Tom got a dear John letter

From Mary Jane making him groan and weep
Tears flowing down his cheeks
Heart broken asunder
Shattering future hopes and dreams
Taking away his will to live.

Next morning we stood at dawn in the trench
Rifles ready bayonets fixed
Hearts terror-stricken
Wondering if we would live or die.

Officers blew whistles and over the top we went
Running terrified into no-man's land.
Tom fell wounded in the mud
I held him dying my arms
And he whispered hardly audibly
'When you get home tell Jane Mary I love her'

Colin Ian Jeffery

Dear Lord

Dear Lord, I thank you for this day
And all your blessings
Giving joy and sweetness.

Dying on the cross
Saving us from the dread of sin
Making the blind see and raising the dead.

Teaching of your father's love
Kingdom in Heaven
Where saints and repentant sinners abide.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Death Of A Soldier

He fell and died

Bloody on a foreign battlefield
Thinking himself forgot.

In flag draped coffin came home
Back to his beloved country
Where crowds lined the streets
Giving homage as the hearse drove by.

He will never be forgot
With his name inscribed in glory
Upon the roll of honour
For the sacrifice which he made.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Death Of A Sperm Whale

With her calf she dives

Into the darkness a mile below the waves
Where the great squid abides
Ferocious Goliath monarch of oceans deep.

Singing a lilting lullaby to her calf
In darkness she swims in playful mood
And for an hour remains down in the deep
Swimming side by side with her son.

Largest of the toothed whales
The sperm whale comes to the surface
Spouting water through her blowhole
Smacking her great tail upon the waves.

The Japanese harpooner takes aim
And deadly bolt plunges home
The explosive charge detonates
Mortally wounded she calls to her calf.

Hauled up dying by her tail
Against the side of the whaling ship
In agony she dangles head in the sea
Bleeding slowly to death.

Her calf calls out in anguish
Following the ship for hours
But there is no lilting answering lullaby
Only blood in the water.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Death Of Rupert Brooke

Soldier poet, died April 1915, aged 27)

He lies silent
No more to know
Cream teas shared on manicured lawns
Flirting young women
Creating rich flow of poetic imagery.

That rich dust which England shaped
Made aware and was his peoples pride
Now dwells grave deep
Far from beloved country's shores
Marked by marble slab on the Isle of Skyros.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Death Shall Overcome Me

Death shall overcome me
As the circle of my life completes
And then my flesh will free my soul
Seeking love among the angels.

Fear shall never break my spirit
Nor the great darkness overwhelm me
For I know the truth of God
And his love for the children of Adam.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Demon's Stalking Tread

Should love like some wondrous dream

Upon our waking vanish lost forever
With visions of sweet fancy crushed
Then only each day's loneliness would remain
With terror echoes of the stalking demon's tread.
Preying on love's high and rich ideals
With purpose of turning beauty into ugliness.
Shadows of desolation come to engulf
Darkness overwhelming grieving spirit
With purple fears the mind cannot tolerate?
Where ride king Authur's knights of old
Gallop on white chargers in the sun
With sword and shield to rescue
Lost lovers chained in dungeons of despair?

Colin Ian Jeffery

Do Not Weep For Me

Do not weep me

Grieving over my fall from grace
For he forgave me
And I have outpaced the echoes
Of each demon's stalking stride.

Once upon a time
I shared the bread he broke
And sipped the wine he blessed.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Dog Called Wiggy

(White boxer)

Eight weeks old
When he came to live with me
Changing my life, filling it with joy.

I called him Wiggy because of his ears
One white the other brown
Which swept back when he ran.

Boisterous and adventurous
Loving other dogs and cats
Delighting in human company.

Loving to run and fetch a stick
Enjoying daily walks in ancient wood
Sniffing scent trails, running fit to burst.

Sitting on my lap as I watched TV
Whimpering with delight as I stroked him
Licking my face showing his love.

Dying in my arms in his fourteenth year
How I miss my grand old Wiggy
Who made my life so sweet and such a joy.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Down Among The Deep

Down among the deep

Miles below within an inky darkness
Abides monarchs of the sea.

Giant squid and octopus
Blue whale hunting in the dark
Ferocious battles with snapping jaws.

Wrecks of ships lost in storms and war
Now, cemeteries of sailors lost over centuries
Litter the seabed giving fish homes.

What mysterious unknown creatures
Dwell miles down among the deep
Where man cannot reach them.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Dream

I dreamed a dream

As a naïve boy in innocence
Seeing beyond the mountain I must climb
Finding a land of milk and honey
Where freedom reigns supreme
Love is not fable but life's strength.

I dreamed a dream

As a callow youth who lost his way
Wanting to understand God's magnificence
His love for the children of Adam
Seeing light within the darkness
Knowing faith is the shield against evil.

I dreamed a dream

As an old man finding God
Knowing his mercy, love and salvation
Following his footsteps from the cross
Into the shining light
Knowing it was the everlasting glory of Heaven.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Dylan Thomas

(Died from alcohol abuse)

Welsh genius took the short hard way
Miming drunken clown to amuse
Playing whisky poet to perfection.

Fearing his muse was lost
Alcohol consoled
Soaking imagination asunder.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Electricity

Civilisation hangs perilously

On slender threads of electricity
Providing needs and luxuries
But if it should cease
With no means for regeneration
Cities would be plunged in darkness
Engines have no spark to run them
Food could not be transported.

Trains and buses would not run
Farmers not plough and sow
There would be no crops
To feed starving masses
Evil would lurk in shadows
Waiting to prey on the helpless
Police would never secure the streets
Mayhem and chaos would reign.

Without electric power
Mankind returns to the Stone Age
Where brute strength is authority
Darkness feared and food hunted
With spear, bow and arrows
The strong controlling the weak
Tribes in animal skins
Fight for lordship over slaves and land.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Endymion

Quietly he endures

Without anger or reproach
Suffering for my sake.

Taking my hand
He leads me forth
Safe from each burning place.

Colin Ian Jeffery

England, My Beloved England

England, my beloved England

Emerald Isle of heart and joy
Home of scholars and dreamers
Men and women with purpose
Standing fast against oppression.

Children from an empire
That once the sun never set upon
All colours, creeds, religions
Mingling to forge the Nation's heart
England, my beloved England.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Family Of Man

All races, creeds, colours and beliefs

Walking upright with growing intellect
Reaching for stars and beyond
Peopling and dominating planet earth.

In billions they flourish
Spreading out inhabiting the earth
Each one different from all the others
Unique, with face and fingerprints

Farming and abusing other species
Building cities, destroying green lands
Giving birth to fatal global warming
Heralding all life's destruction.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Field Of Blood

(Judas betrayed Christ for thirty pieces of silver)

Judas Iscariot
Christ's twelfth disciple
Despised down the ages
History's most notorious traitor
Selling Jesus for thirty pieces of silver.

Among the twelve disciples
He loved Jesus the most
And was the treasurer of the twelve
Zealot, and freedom fighter.

Knowing Jesus was the Messiah
Believed he would set Israel free
From Roman tyranny
And sold him to the temple priests.

God did not send an army of Angels
As Judas thought he would
For Jesus was to be sacrificed
Sacrificial lamb, the Salvation of Mankind.

Overwhelmed with guilt and remorse
Judas hanged himself from a tree
In a field he purchased for thirty pieces of silver
Christians call the field of blood.

Colin Ian Jeffery

First Love

When I was young, free and easy
Innocent and sweet
I walked golden fields of wheat
Dreaming of what love would be.

She was my first love
We kissed walking hand in hand
Vowing never to part
Whispering joy in each other.

But she married another lover
And for me, other lovers came and went
But my heart always yearned
For my first love lost within the mists of time.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Following The Lord

I follow the Lord

And my footsteps shall not falter
For he is my strength
Purpose, greatest joy and glorious truth.

I walk the valley of shadows
Without fear because of him
For his love sustains me against all perils
And loving him is my aspiration.

I will rest at journey's end
In land of milk and honey
Drink of sweet waters
Soul rejoicing in the Lord's creation.

The Lord guides me through darkness
Raises me when I stumble and fall
He is light of the world
Forgiving sinners who repent.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Footsteps

Echoes of his retreating footsteps
Stark and forbidding
Drum down my salt-rubbed wounded days.

I betrayed my prince with a lie
Making love a pauper
Breaking asunder a sublime heart once mine.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Four Compass Points

Beauty lies frozen in death's embrace
Reclining within a coffin
Four compass points of my life
Now still and silent like cold stone.

He was my daily road, the route to light
Seed of love's wondrous flowering
Rock within a stormy sea
Sweetest truth death cannot deny.

Time has stopped hard and cruel
With stars, sun and moon no more
For he has gone from me
Leaving my Universe lost in darkness.

He was my morning, noon and night
Beginning and ending of everyday
Soulmate - - beat of my heart
Greatest love I shall ever know.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Foxes In The Garden

(For John and Tina Selley)

Bushy tailed red vixen in her trust
Returns each year for protection here
Giving birth and raising young.

Cubs bright-eyed and boisterous
Full of fun playing on the lawn
Guarded by wary vixen
As human friends look on
Watching from kitchen window.

She trusts the humans here
Knowing in the back garden
Within the Den below the shed
Her cubs are safe from foxhounds
And she abides valued family friend.

She has no terror here of Man's cruelty
And when summer ends
Goes away with young all safely raised.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Freedom

In chains they cry for freedom
Bloody, beaten, enslaved
Roaring against oppression.

Standing proud and free
In city squares with spirits unbroken
Roaring against tyranny.

Lands invaded, people slaughtered
In terror they flee from homelands
Chased by a ruthless enemy without mercy.

Good men will bring the oppressor down
Breaking the chains of tyranny
Giving back the right to be free.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Freedom Of Speech

('Je suis Charlie')

Pen is mightier than the sword
And they shall not subdue
Nor bend our knee to deny
Truth enshrined within our hearts.

People must speak out
Have right to question
Never accepting without examination
Claims by those who would silence them.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Friends

(Acquaintances are legion but true friends rare)

Friends are our strength and joy
Light within the darkness
Steadfast against each storm's fierce blows
Always supporting without question
United with a bond time cannot break.

Friends stand beside you
Facing all that life can bring
Ready for your call to arms
Never flinching
While life's battle rages all around.

Colin Ian Jeffery

From This Side Of Truth

From this side of truth

Lies fall twisted at the gate
Sweet cradle songs
Wayward mothers sang to soothe
Now blistered upon their tongues.

Four square and high
All sides come tumbling down
Truth is a broken ship
Floundering upon a distant shore.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Ghost Ship

Ship emerging from the mist
Sea still as a millpond
Sails rigged and flapping
But, dear God, there is no wind.

I hear a sailor's forlorn hornpipe playing
Shrill and piercing to the soul
And see only the helmsman on board
Standing defiant at the wheel.

He has no face but bony skull
Dark eye sockets and decaying teeth
With skeleton hands to steer the ship
Brown and dark with age.

He waves a bony hand in salute
Calling out to me with chilling voice
Which echoes through my soul
'I shall return for you.'

Colin Ian Jeffery

Go Tell The Sergeant Major

(Soldier's lament, France, World War One)

Go tell the sergeant major
Private Jones is dead
Lying in the mud with all his mates
Shot down in no man's land
And hanging on the wire.

Go tell the sergeant major
That all the brigade is dead
Machine-gunned walking no man's land
Ordered by the General not to run.

Go tell the sergeant major
Safe back home in England
Parading raw recruits
Fresh fodder for the killing grounds
They each need a coffin when they come.

Colin Ian Jeffery

God

God is the dawn
Pregnant with promise
Casting light into the darkness.

God is truth
The thought brighter than the sun
Wider than eternity
Seed within every soul.

Colin Ian Jeffery

God Concealed

God concealed everywhere
Sent into the world
His Son to forgive sin.

But we denied him
And between two thieves
Crucified the love of God.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Golden Eagle

High above a Scottish glen

Drifting on outspread wings
Eyes searching heather far below
Feathers caressed by cooling wind.

Nervous hare nose twitching
Stands on hind-legs
Looking for danger
Not seeing death above.

Folding wings the eagle drops
Talons open
Hooked beak to rip and tear
Taking the hare to survive.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Granma

Little old lady

Rotund and jolly
Shawl draped over frail shoulders
Sits eyes closed
Resting in favourite fireside chair.

Life was hard
Full of woe, toil and worry
Worked long hours
Husband
Not returning from the war.

Never doubting
Strength and love
Guiding family
Steering them on paths of light
And smiling taught of God's love.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Great Darkness

I will not go easy into that great darkness
Where no light ever glimmers
But will roar and rage, never tremble nor cower.

Remember me when I am gone
Lost within an engulfing darkness
Your companion who rejoiced in you
Cried tears of joy and grief, laughed and sang
And because of you stood proud with head held high.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Great Fire Of London

The great fire of London occurred on September 2, 1666, in Pudding Lane. At one o'clock a servant woke to find the house aflame, the baker and his family escaped, but the terror-stricken maid perished. In the fire 13,000 houses, 89 churches and 52 Guildhalls were destroyed. The flames claimed sixteen lives.

Spark from baker's oven
Sets blaze with hellish fury
Timbers dry from sweltering summer
House after house bursting into flame.

Human chains with water buckets
Passing hand to hand
No hope of quenching such a blaze
Engulfing streets within its path.

Panic near to madness
Screams of terror, billowing smoke
People fleeing before the flames
Seeking sanctuary in the river.

Enraged mobs roaming the city
Seeking victims to blame
Hunting down Dutch and Catholics
Hanging them from shop signs.

James, Duke of York, the king's brother
Went into the streets with soldiers
Rescuing Catholics from the mobs
Putting them in the Tower for protection.

Diarist Samuel Pepy's watching
From across the river before fleeing
After burying in his garden
Costly Italian Missoula cheese.

King Charles took command
Ordering the mayor to blow up houses

Fire breaks trapping the fires wild rush
Finally bringing hell's flames to heel.

London in smoking ashes ruined
Most buildings forever gone
But not the Tower, St Paul's and West Minister
Still standing among misery and despair.

Out of the ashes grew another London
Free from slums and pestilence
Buildings and churches giving hope
With faith in greatness yet to come.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Great Lionel

Wanting to be a lion tamer

'The great Lionel' star of the circus
Daredevil of the sawdust ring
No more the red-nosed clown.

Ringmaster introduced him
And into the ring he boldly stepped
Wearing red satin tights and vest
Polished black leather boots.

Cracking whip with pistol on hip
Haughty and proud was he
Entering the cage with a contemptuous smile
Facing three lions and grumpy old lioness.

Three lions jumped onto barrels
But the lioness she refused
Wanting dinner and she ate the Great Lionel
Leaving only his black leather boots.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Green Symbols

Wounded in the mind

Pressed and chased from shelter
Blasted with purple storms.

Green symbols cracked and broke
Suffering torments of the heart
Exposing all before the eyes of Heaven.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Grief

Death comes sly and cunning

Taking love away

Leaving memories

Which are not enough for me.

Within me there is a scream

Only God and Heaven hear

Which time can never silence

Now you have gone from me.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Guardians

(God bestowed intelligence to save not destroy)

We are guardians of our planet
Playing the role of God
Selecting which species survive
Polluting atmosphere
Burning forests and laying waste
Speeding faster global warming.

We factory farm stocking our larders
Hunting endangered wildlife to extinction
Breeding human kind beyond control
While insisting on culling other species
Man is the only creature on this planet
Waging war and killing for pleasure.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Hanging On The Wire

(trench warfare, France, World war 1)

Tommy's hanging on barbed wire
Shot by a German sniper
Out in no-man's land in the moonlight
When he tried to cut his way through the wire
Making way for the brigade's bayonet charge at dawn.

The captain asks for a volunteer
To go and bring Tommy back to the trench
Tommy's best mate Joey goes
And now he hangs beside Tommy
Shot by a German sniper.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Happiness

Happiness is elusive like the wind

Coming and going like migrating birds
And sound of echoing peals of church bells.

I would keep love safe and strong
Held fast within my heart
Never lost to furies of a purple storm.

Once, I was happy and royal with my lover
Not knowing it was supreme
And through folly have lost all to loneliness.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Helen

(For my goddaughter, July 2006)

Radiant pregnant loveliness
Glowing with beauty personified
New life within her womb

This is her sweetness and joy
And brightness shines
Showing love's true purpose.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Hell Comes To The Western Front

The machine gun in the First World War turned no-man's land into a slaughterhouse killing thousands. At the battle of the Somme 10,000 British soldiers fell to the deadly hail from machine-guns... within minutes of leaving the trenches. British troops were called Tommies.

Chitter chatter, chitter chatter
Melody of machine-guns
Spaying death into no-man's land
Cutting down solders
Like harvester slicing through wheat.

Chitter chatter, chitter chatter
Nowhere to run and hide
Men calling for their mothers
Some dying alone in the mud
Others tangled upon the wire.

Chitter chatter, chitter chatter
Gunnars want to stop the dance of death
But the Tommies keep on coming
And with new belts of bullets
Hell comes to the Western Front.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Heron

There was a heron
Standing beside a goldfish pond
Motionless and quiet
Eyeing darting fish
Streaks of dashing gold.

There was a heron
Who flew away
Slowly on flapping wings
Leaving an empty pond
Carrying goldfish in its belly.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Highlander's Farewell

Alone in darkness he stands
Unseen behind rocks on a beach
Washed and worn by salty tides
Bidding adieu to his bonnie prince
Who fled from the bloody battlefield
Leaving crushed the flower of Scotland
Men and boys - youngest only nine
Massacred among the heather.
Small of stature, immense in clan pride
Blood-splattered kilt in tatters
The Highlander waits for dawn.
Men like shadows creep across the shingle
Huddling against the cold in a rowing boat
As they pull away from the shore
Into a hazy mist hiding a French warship
With sails set for France.
Only the Highlander remains on the beach
As in tears he raises his claymore in salute
Shouting into the howling wind
"Will ye nay come back again? "

Colin Ian Jeffery

Homeless

Sheltering against the freezing cold

Huddled under cardboard in a shop doorway
Teeth chattering, he prays for the coming dawn.
Penniless and homeless, hungry and thirsty
Wondering when he will eat again
Hear kind words, be given money for food.

He left home when life became too much
With pressures his parents did not understand
Now pride prevents his return.
Snow falls and the midnight hour chimes
And thinking of friends and family
He weeps for those he left behind.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Hondon's Heart

(Terrorist attack Friday 7th July 2005)

London's heart lies bleeding
Citizens grieving
Again she takes the blows
Remaining steadfast, spirit unbroken.

Londoners suffered horrors of the blitz
Nazi Doodlebugs and V2 rockets
IRA terrorist bombers
Surviving united never broken.

Terror will never crush her heart
She will not surrender to infamy
But stand firm for Freedom and Democracy
Against those who would dominate the world.

Colin Ian Jeffery

How I Delight In You

How I delight in you

This surging love
Overwhelming ecstasy of your touch.

You are reason
For joy and happiness
Soulmate, and life's navigator.

I hear your voice
Thrilling and enthralling
And again time stands still.

Lover and best friend
Brightest star within my universe
There is nothing but darkness without you.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Howl Down The Screaming Wind

Howl down the screaming wind

Stem gushing flow of innocent blood
Rescue lost souls from whirlpool's trap
Floundering lost amidst thunderous waves
Dashed and broken on jagged rocks.

War mongers cries surge out of control
Silencing prayers for peace
Lies told to quell the panic
With inmates running the asylum
Giving madness birth to destruction.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Humans

Humans are too many

Flooding the world
Draining all resources dry.

Breeding without restraint
Polluting everywhere
Creating deserts where rivers flowed.

Trees, the world's lungs
Cut down and burnt
Allowing other species no home.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Hunchback Of Notre Dam

Quasimodo in weeping anguish of heart

Despised for twisted hunchback ugliness
Needs the ecstasy of a woman's love
But knows he will never father a child
Nor kiss sweet lips of a love that is true.
Deformed, limping ugliness sublime
Children flee from him screaming in terror
Dogs howl at his grotesque shape
As he limps miserably from place to place
Trying to hide among the shadows
Face turned towards the darkness.
He swings clinging onto the great bell
Deafened by thunderous peals
And for a brief moment of happiness
Forgets the agonies of his loveless life
As his spirit soars like a dove over Paris.

Colin Ian Jeffery

I Believe

I believe in Almighty God

Miracles and saints
Good overcoming evil.

I believe in love

Divine truth, everlasting light
The Devil and fires of Hell

I believe in a childhood dream

Free, innocent, uncomplicated
And Jesus saying we shall never die.

Colin Ian Jeffery

I Knew A Woman

I knew a woman

Who sustained within her heart

Love

She would not own.

Denying us

Pretending with wistful smile

We were only lovers

Hearts never merging as soulmates.

Colin Ian Jeffery

I Met A Man Out Walking

I met a man out walking
One windy day in chilly Autumn
When leaves began to fall.
He talked of life and death
Of times I fell from grace
Walked in shadow instead of light.
He said he was Christ
And for me to have faith in him
Believing with a child's love.

For those who believe in him shall never die.

Colin Ian Jeffery

I Once Dreamed

I once dreamed a wondrous dream
As naïve young boy in innocence
And saw beyond the mountain I climb
The land of milk and honey
Where freedom reigns supreme
And love is each soul's strength and purpose.

I once dreamed a wondrous dream
As callow youth, lost and still finding my way
Coming to understand God's magnificence
And his love for the children of Adam
Seeing light glowing in the darkness
Knowing my faith is a shield against evil.

I once dreamed a wondrous dream
As an old man finding God
Knowing his mercy, love and salvation
Following his son's footsteps from the cross
Moving towards the shining light
And seeing there the everlasting glory of Heaven.

Colin Ian Jeffery

I Shall Go Fierce

I shall go fierce into the great darkness

Taking hammer blows

Knowing my spirit will not break.

For a voice betrayed the silence of death

Echoing a Saviour's promise

Circling the mind's frail entrances.

Enemies shall be friends

The lamb shall walk safe among wolves

Protected by God's love.

The dead will rise again.

Colin Ian Jeffery

I Shall Love You

I shall love you sweet and true
Bright as a summer's day
Glorious as each lover's lingering kiss.

Within your bright presence
There are no shadows
Only certainty love is invincible.

Without you
There would be only icy winter
With chilling barren snow covered landscape

Colin Ian Jeffery

I Shall Not Fear

I shall not fear
The ebbing of the light
Nor dread the engulfing darkness.

For I have seen
The face of a loving God
Within a child's eyes.

Colin Ian Jeffery

I Shall Not Yield

I shall not yield

Nor turn aside from you

If this love ends
Melancholy and despair
Would shatter my soul asunder
Giving madness reign.

The dead seed a barren land
Where solitude is king.

Colin Ian Jeffery

I Think Of You

Amazed with this love I think of you
And my thoughts are poised
Upon some golden height
From where I see the eternal dream.
Yes, I think of you
And beauty is everywhere.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Icarus

Poor youth trying to fly to Heaven
Flapping wings of wax
Boy above the clouds
Warned do not go near the sun.

Heat from sun melting wax
And to earth he plummets
Never to rise again, body broken and crushed
Remembered by those who dream.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Images Of Fire

On August 6, 1945, the Americans dropped an atomic-bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima. Over 250,000 died. Three days later a second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki.

Flying one mile high
American B-29 bomber Enola Gay
Opens bomb doors over Hiroshima
Pilot Paul Tibbets becomes the king of death.

The bomb
 Called 'Little Boy'
 Drops to earth.

Hell bursts asunder engulfing the city
Blinding flash and heat wave
Mushroom cloud rising thousands of feet
Tongues of flames devouring life.

Colin Ian Jeffery

In Days Gone Bye

In days gone bye
The flow of life was slow
With time easy and not hard pressed.

Love and truth
Were compass points to navigate bye
With happiness being the route.

But all is dust
And nothing lives forever
Except God and eternal space.

There was once a child's cry
Swept away by the purple storm
Calling for the immortality of man.

Colin Ian Jeffery

In Times To Come

In times to come
There will be a lasting peace
With no more hate for race or creed.

Love shall reign supreme
And only truth spoken
With no more lies to break the spirit.

Colin Ian Jeffery

In Your Eyes

In your eyes

There is a light
Which age shall not extinguish.

In your kiss
There is a truth
Which eternity shall not defeat.

Colin Ian Jeffery

It Was Christmas Eve

It was Christmas Eve at the midnight hour
And snow was falling thick and fast
When in the stillness of the night
There was heard the faint jingling of bells.

Tucked warm and cosy in their beds
The children slept so happy and content
With stockings hanging at foot of bed
Dreaming of a world of love and peace.

The reindeer with hooves a gleaming
Leapt from roof to roof pulling a laden sledge
Reins held by a jolly fat red-suited man
So much loved by all that knew him.

Down chimneys, large and small, he went
Filling stockings with fruit and sweets
Piling up the presents beside each child's bed
Thinking of the joy they will bring.

He smiles and chuckles as he works
Eats a mince pie and drinks a glass of milk
Which was left out by the child to refreshment him
And laughing he takes the apple for the reindeer.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Jingle Of Bells

Midnight hour chimes
All is quiet in the cold night air
When from far off in darkness
Comes sound of the jingle of bells.

Asleep in beds children are dreaming
About Christmas morn with presents
Family and friends with love overwhelming
On bedside tables a mince pie for Santa.

Jolly red suited Santa laughter like church bells
Urges on the reindeer pulling his sleigh
With so many children to visit with presents
Before the night's work is done.

Colin Ian Jeffery

John Keats

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water"

John Keats

Foul relentless death
Sly and cunning
Oft comes
When least expected.

Keats died young
Fearing endeavours of his Muse
Would never be his monument.

Thought cruel death
Would eclipse elusive fame
Skylark never inspire
Echoing down the years so sweetly.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Keeper Of My Heart

Keeper of my heart

Love abundant
Moon and Sun of night and day
Strength of each dawn's purpose
Navigator, and the best of me.
Through hard times keeping me sane
Never questioning or demanding
Picking up the broken pieces
Always speaking of a bright tomorrow
Urging my faltering steps forward
Giving love and sanctity
And when we stand before God
You will know our unflinching love
Was never secret from the Angles.

Colin Ian Jeffery

King Of Kings

God's most holy son

Teach me of your love
So through its wonder
I might immortal come
And have no fear of death.

O Lord Jesus, sacred king
Embrace me within your light
Forgive my sins dark as night
Baptise my soul
So a star within the darkness glows.

Great King of Kings
Give me thoughts of Paradise
Keep me safe and true
Forgive all my wasted days
Lost without thought of you.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Last Farewell

My heart is broken

And my soul in darkest anguish
Must languish and abide
For Time has stopped so cruel and hard
And with your passing
My remaining days
Shall know no repeal.

No laughter will be heard again
Within the shuttered room of my soul
And no sunlight shaft seen to brighten the heart
For now alone and in despair
I can only grieve and think of you.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Let There Be Peace

"Dear God, please let there be peace, "
muttered the dying young teenage soldier
who had never been kissed nor known a woman
His mouth caked with blood
face pale as wax, eyes beginning to glaze.
'I want to go home."

His comrade held him cradled in his arms
keeping his head above the mud
With tears streaming down his face.
"Don't go, " he whispered, "Mary's waiting at home.
She wants to marry you and have your kids."
With a sigh the soldier died and the battle raged on.

More wars followed with each one more horrific
devastating young men on battlefields
The nation's precious flowers
leaving families to weep and wail
with wreaths of poppies placed each year
remembering the dead with names inscribed in stone.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Libido

Stubborn and wanton
He chased elusive happiness
Hidden mysteries
Of the female supple seductive body.

Naked and thrusting
Knighting all dragons down
He inherited that questing need
Which enslaved him to her gender.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Little Hill

We climbed a little hill, unsure and afraid
Trembling in our innocence
Naked and easy upon the grass
Explored our curiosity of desire.
She whispered: "I love you."
We kissed and I entered her.
It was so wondrous that we wept
Wanting to remain forever entwined
Souls fused so briefly into one.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Long Goodbye

Alone, I walk fields and woods we loved

Seeing you with every step I take

Hearing your gentle laughter

Smelling you sweet as a flower

And I keep you safe within my heart.

Years slipped bye so fast

Old age slowing down my pace

My hair has turned white as snow

But still my thoughts are focused

Upon the memories we shared

And I keep you safe within my heart.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Longest Way Of Dying

When love was lost

Time was not and broke me fierce asunder
Blinding me within the soul's darkest night
With heart ripped by broken promises
Cutting me so deep and fatal.

Sorrow and grief engulf me
And I endure the longest way of dying.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Love

Love is never boastful

But patient, steadfast and honest
Moving mountains in its path.

Love is never jealous, wicked or envious
Never keeping records of wrong doings
But smiling walks the extra mile.

Love is never self-seeking or proud
Never delights in evil
And has no price to be bought and sold.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Love Is Like A Rose

Love is like a rose

In full bloom

Inviting, enhancing

Entrapping, overwhelming the heart.

Beware thorns

Giving pain, drawing blood

Inflicted on unwary lovers

Never healing nor forgot.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Love That Goes Astray

Love that goes astray
Breaks asunder
All a lover thought was safe
And knowing the agonies of separation
The heart must grieve.

The wind must blow
Time tick on
When love has gone lost forever
No more kisses and making love
Only overwhelming misery of loneliness.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Lovers

I would be your lover
Oh, sweetest lady of desire
Giving such pleasure
Eclipsing all other lovers.

Naked sublime
Whispering words of joy
We move together in ecstasy
I see your face radiant, so beautiful.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Love's Sweet Echo

Love's sweet echo of rich passion
Memories of laying easy in your arms
Naked and orgasmic
Overwhelmed with pleasures of making love.

Your love has spoilt me for other lovers
And my heart will remain entrapped
Enshrined by the thought of loving you
And this need to kiss your honey sweet lips.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Making You Happy

Making you happy is my resolve
Seeing you smile
Hearing your laughter like tiny bells
Which delights and makes the day so joyful.

Love holds me sway with your sweetness
Your face which thrills my soul
Words you say giving each day reason
Showing bright promise for tomorrow.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Man Who Walked On Water

Tomorrow will be better

My father said to me

When I went to him hurt and crying

For childhood tears to be kissed away.

Darkness gives way to light

Banishing terrors of the night

Tomorrow is full of promise

And smiling, he told me of a Jewish man

Who taught of love and peace

Walked on water and raised the dead.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Mass

Sweet precious Lord

In whom my faith is placed
I kneel before your altar

The priest recites the consecration prayer
I bow my head in homage
Taking bread and wine of truth.

Glory be to the Holy Trinity
Peace to a sinner's ravished soul
And a love that is everlasting.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Matriarch

Great grandmother

Matriarch of an African elephant herd
Mostly female
Daughters, aunts and cousins
Bull calves too young to fend for themselves.

She has led them from place to place
Throughout the seasons of the years
Wise, gentle and compassionate
Knowing where to find waterholes and food.

Poachers after ivory
Creep with the dawn
Shooting the Matriarch with poison arrows
Trumpeting in panic she leads the herd away.

Dying, she stands supported by two daughters
Waiting to revive her
She sinks down upon her belly
And distraught elephants group around her.

She is dead and the herd grieves her loss
As daughters struggle to raise her
Hours pass and the elephants refuse to leave
Mourning for the great Matriarch.

Days pass and finally the herd move on
Led by a daughter, the new Matriarch
Leading them to waterholes
Finding food throughout the seasons.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Mermaid

Senses reeling, unsure and chaste

She embraces the first wave of consuming love
Raising him from drowning depths
Down where gigantic squid is king.

Three-Mast sailing ship was smashed
Hauled by goliath squid beneath the waves
With all hands lost save the mate.

One day and a night she supported him
Head above the waves resting on her bosom.
Swimming him safe to shore she waits far off
For people to come and carry him away.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Midnight Hour

This midnight hour

Allowing grief to reign
Breaking all asunder
Which had kept me sane.

Ravenous wolves howl fiendish
Snapping at my heels
Chasing after blooded prey
Down dark tunnels of the mind.

Oh, come back to me
For you are the best of me.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Mile Stone

On my way to God
I rested at a mile stone
Ancient, worn with pilgrims touch
Knowing truth had made me strong.

I had travelled far
Through forests, over grassy plains and deserts
Climbing mountains never climbed before
Following the way to Heaven.

I follow the footsteps of Jesus Christ
Heeding his promise
All who believe in him shall never die
His Father has many mansions.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Monarch Of The Glen

Proud Highland stag hears howling hounds
Turns fleeing for his life
With huntsmen spurring on horses
Hunting horn blown at full gallop.

Terrified he runs and runs
Through woods, over fields, wading rivers
Until he can run no more
Heart pounding, lungs near to bursting
He turns at bay facing the hounds.

What was his crime for being so cruelly hunted
Chased by hounds and ripped apart alive?
Only that he was Monarch of the Glen
Trophy for a rich man without conscience.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Mountain Gorilla

Gentle giant of the great apes

Close to us in temperament
With compassion and love of family
Mighty vegetarian walking the Congo
Hunted and endangered species.

Silver-backed male
Father and protector
Too heavy to sleep in trees
Sleeps on the jungle floor
While his family sleep safely above.

Babies cling to mothers' backs
Carried through the jungle
With silver-back on guard for danger
Loving family group of nine
Moving peaceably from place to place.

Villagers of the Congo
Hunt and kill gorillas for meat
Selling skins on the black market
While hunters kidnap the young
Selling them to zoos for public display.

Days of gorillas in the wild are numbered
Soon only to be found
Gentle giants caged in zoos
Paraded for human entertainment
Great apes so close to us in temperament.

Colin Ian Jeffery

My Best Times

My best times are with you and you alone
When all my woes depart eclipsed by joy
And when again I see your face and transcending smile
Which stormed my heart long ago when our love began.
I am beguiled and amazed you are lover and friend
Always beside me standing unmoveable like a rock
Within a stormy sea with waves smashing down
Standing undaunted taking each hurricane's howling force
Unafraid of fierce blows rained from purple storms.
It was you who raised me up from darkness
Providing light for me to see and find my way
And all that I have achieved is because of you
When all seems lost, broken scattered by the wind
I think of you and call your name and all is right again.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Never Thought

Never thought

Any day would last so long
With torments overwhelming
Dark minutes never ending.

Never thought

You could break our crystal cup
Shattering all between us
Leaving grief to reign supreme.

Never thought

To walk this valley of despair
Where jealousy torments me
And madness is my due.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Night Prayer

NIGHT PRAYER

Almighty all loving God
I thank you for the good things in my life
And ask your forgiveness of my sins.
Let me walk safe within your light
With no terror of the dark
Speaking truth for the Lord Jesus Christ
With no fear and ready to turn the other cheek
Loving my neighbours as my own family
Standing firm against Hell's demons
Take my soul this night into your loving care
Let me awake in the morning
Fresh and ready to walk bathed in your light
Safe from the dark tides of sin.

Colin Ian Jeffery

No More

(When told of my mother's death)

No more
Knowing that you are there
Giving unquestioning love.

No more
The gentle guiding hand
Voice of calm and resolve.

No more
Smiles so beguiling
Kisses sweet and joyful.

Colin Ian Jeffery

North Star

You are my North Star
Which I follow
Braving all stormy seas.

Navigating me to harbours
Safe from hurricanes
And fierce winds blowing all asunder.

You are the love
Which keeps me sane
Giving reason for each new day.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Nothing Without You

I am nothing without you

But soul loose upon the wind
Buffeted by fierce purple storms.

You are my rock
Steadfast within stormy seas
Love beyond understanding.

My lord you are truth
Glory everlasting light
I shall follow your footsteps to Heaven.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Old Age

When I was a boy, innocent, lively and joyful
I thought and acted as a child without time
Hard riding me, tick tocking away the hours
Life seemed endless and death a defied stranger
And I thought old age would never embrace me.
Summers of my youth were sunshine, love and laughter
With young lovers thinking themselves immortal
Untouched by fears of becoming old and feeble.
But old age came creeping sly and full of stealth
Slowing heart, lungs, brain, and stopping legs from running
And yet I still think with a young man's mind
Feeling steadfastly in love with cherished memories
But the body is fast failing, bent and slow, skin wrinkled
And death is no longer a stranger knocking at my door.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Old Apple Tree

There is an apple tree

At the bottom of the garden
Where my brother and I would play
Swinging on branches
Climbing high and low.

Tree has stood a century
Giving September crop of apples
And in my old age has become a shrine
Remembering a childhood of long ago.

There is an apple tree
Where I often go and sit beneath
And if I listen very hard
I hear the happy cries of my brother
As we climbed high and low.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Old Man

When I look in a mirror

Seeing an old man's face
Wrinkles, snowy white hair
I wonder what happened
To the young man I used to be.

Old age is not a joy
But fight against pain
With legs no longer walking a mile
Bladder playing false
Arthritic joints slowing me down
With shadow of death close behind me.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Old Sailor

The old sailor sat on a sea wall
Watching heaving swell of dancing waves
Crowned with foam of swirling white
Hearing shrill cries of seagulls.

Feeling salty spray on weathered face
Closing his eyes he remembers
Times long gone of his seafaring youth
Spent beneath mast and billowing sail.

Friends lost overboard in raging storms
Climbing slippery rigging
Pulling in sails, lashing them to yardarms
As monstrous waves broke over the ship.

Shore leave with girl in every port
Getting drunk and spending all his pay
Returning to the ship and hard life on board
Sailor with unruly sea as his home.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Olympian

Mind focused

Body hard trained for years
Formidable arduous sweating work
Directed by a coach.

Strenuous training schedule
Overwhelming every day
Toning muscles
Ambition set on the games,

Selected for your country
With only one thought
Making parents proud
And winning an Olympic medal.

Standing proud on the podium
Weeping as your country's flag is raised
Medal around your neck
In gold, silver or bronze.

Hero of the games
Role model for the children of the world
Wrote your name in Glory
Made your country forever proud.

Colin Ian Jeffery

On Christmas Eve

Christmas Eve at the midnight hour

Snow falls thick and fast
And in the stillness of the night
Comes faint jingling of bells.

Tucked warm and cosy in bed
Children sleep innocent and content
Stockings hanging at foot of bed
Dreaming of opening presents.

Reindeer, hooves gleaming in moonlight
Leap from roof to roof pulling laden sleigh
Reins held by jolly fat red-suited man
Much loved by children everywhere.

Down chimneys, large and small, he goes
Filling stockings with toys, fruit, and sweets
Presents are piled at each child's bed
Santa knowing the joy they will bring.

Working fast with so many children to visit
Eats mince pie and drinks glass of milk
Left by a child to refreshment him
And chuckling takes an apple for the reindeer.

Colin Ian Jeffery

One By One

I stand tall and free
Without Death
Terrorising my soul.

For those who die in faith
Shall rise again
And the dead are not forgot
Sleeping in quiet fields of repose.

God's love makes them free
And they enter Paradise
Blessed as angels... one by one.

Colin Ian Jeffery

One Christmas Morn

One Christmas morn
Two thousand years ago
A son was born to Joseph and Mary
In a town in Israel called Bethlehem.

In the manger in the stable of an Inn
Was born the babe, the king of peace
Lamb of God, the joy of mankind
And he was called Jesus.

Above the inn in the night's sky
Was the brightest star of all
And following its sign from far away
Came three wisemen bearing gifts.

At last the promised Messiah was born
The Son of Almighty God to save the world
Who would die nailed to a cross
Dying for the sins of the children of Adam.

Colin Ian Jeffery

One Planet

When earth's span is done

Nothing will be lost

But one diminutive planet circling a sun

Lost like a grain of sand within a desert storm

Blown away into the great darkness.

One planet among the trillions

Home of the pretentious children of Adam

Who thought themselves unique

Finding out too late they were not Gods

But ruinous for all species they dominated.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Oscar Wilde

(A prophet is without honour in his own country)

Jesus

Christ

Oh, lover of sweet honeycombed boys
Lost within turbulent love
That dare not speak its name
Imprisoned two years hard labour
In Reading Goal with only small barred window
Giving patch of blue to keep you sane.
Dying disgraced and alone in Paris
Crucified without your lover's farewell kiss.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Over The Top

Going over the top in World War One was when soldiers climbed from their trench to attack enemy trenches. At the battle of the Somme a British general ordered his men to walk towards the German trenches and not run. "We don't want the enemy to think we British are cowards." Thousands died because of his command.

Birds no longer sing
Where young men cower in trenches
Rifle with bayonet fixed
Wondering if they will live or die
Wanting comfort of a mother's kiss.

Officers blow whistles
Brigade clamber out of trenches
Walking over shell craters and through barbwire
On towards waiting machine gunners
Surmounting terrors that make men mad.

There is no sound
But beating of each soldier's heart
Stepping forward into hell
Trying to control terror and panic
Thinking of loved ones back home.

Machine gunners open up
Chatter of bullets raking the ranks
Deafening noise, screams as men are hit and fall
Wounded struggling in the mud
And for the dead grieving mothers to mourn.

Colin Ian Jeffery

People

Too many people

Flood the world
Draining resources dry.

Breeding without restraint
Polluting everywhere
Creating deserts where rivers flowed.

Trees, the world's lungs
Cut down and burnt
Allowing other species no home.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Piper Of The Trenches

The bloodcurdling swirl of bagpipes boosted the morale for men of the Scottish regiments, and intimidated the enemy during World War One. Unarmed, drawing attention to himself the piper would lead the men 'over the top' of the trenches and into battle. Over 1000 pipers died.

Up and out of the trench he goes
Regiment's piper alone with his pipes
Standing exposed he plays
Walks along the top of the trench.

Soldiers hearing the swirl of the bagpipes
See the piper facing enemy fire
Rise up and swarm from the trench
Following him out into no-man's land.

Over shell craters and through barbwire
With German machine guns raking the lines
They go, still hearing swirl of the pipes
With many falling never to rise again.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Poet

POET

Within landscape of the mind
In solitude the poet walks alone
Composing with language of the soul
Creating images, inspiring thoughts
Bright and dark colours, tapestry of human life.

Questions on how, why and when
Death, love, joy, misery, all senses revealed
Searching for truth walking purple storms
Taking blows, turning the other cheek
Looking at the stars and seeing God.

Making beauty touching other souls
Memories sweet and bold, lovers not forgot
Time and space no barrier to the questing mind
Grief and loss given words letting tears flow
With the poet fulfilling his role for mankind.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Polar Bear

Majestic hunter on snow and ice

Roaming frozen seas
Polar bear prowls its domain.

Hibernating hidden under snow
Sleeping winter away alone
Mother bears give birth.

Emerging with cubs
Teaching them to survive
The harshest land on the planet.

Hunting over chilling landscape
Seeking for seals
Basking warily beside ice holes.

Man is the greatest enemy
With unbridled global warming
Melting away the kingdom of the bear.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Politician Birds

(Members of Parliament)

Politicians are such unruly birds
Flocking together on Parliament benches
Trying to chirp loudest.
But are cuckoos in the nest
Making promises to be elected
They will never keep.

Oh, the effrontery of politician birds
Empty-headed, pompous, self-important
Squawking nonsense as they prance.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Pope Francis

Jorge Mario Bergoglio elected Pope on 13th March 2013. Born December 1936 in Buenos Aires of Italian descent. Known for humility and love of the poor, he is a Jesuit and the first Pope from the Americas.

Standing alone
Facing dark shadows
Taking blows
The Devil rains upon him.

With unwavering faith
God's shepherd of love
Caring for the poor
He is truly the peoples Pope.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Praise The Lord

Praise unto the Lord

He is my way and truth
Love everlasting.

The Lord is my strength and purpose
I shall follow him
Taking all blows to bring me down.

He is my joy and comfort
Light shining bright against darkness
And his love will protect me.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Prayer Of Salvation

I look towards the cross

From whence comes my salvation
The Lord Jesus Christ is my redeemer
And my soul rejoices in him.

I shall no longer fear death
For the Son of Man leads me
And I shall follow him
Into the land of milk and honey.

Oh, Lord Jesus Christ
I praise and thank you with tears of joy
For the uplifting of my soul
And your perpetual love guiding me.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Precious Words

All those precious words

Which you spoke
Telling of love and devotion
Are enshrined within my memory.

For you and no other
Touched my soul with such delight
Making each day worthy of its measure
With all the goodness in me coming from you.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Pregnant

In radiant bloom she sits in the garden

Eyes closed, kissed by the sun

Thinking of the life within her womb

Boy or girl, it does not matter

The baby was conceived in love.

Nearby, her man sits watching

Heart quickened by her beauty

Loving her and the life within her womb

Boy or girl, he does not care

Knowing baby was conceived in love.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Puppy

Taken from mother and siblings

Moved to new strange home
Living with two-legged ones
Reluctantly house-trained.
House and garden exciting places
Sniffing, exploring with wonder
Wetting and messing on carpets
Gnawing furniture, ripping wallpaper.

Precious puppy so much loved
Wagging tail with squeaky barks
Trying to please two-legged ones
Greeting them with excited gusto.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Purple Storm

Storm clouds gather

Thunder booms

Lightening zaps across the sky.

Truth seeks shelter

As lies come beating down

Mingled with cries from the doomed in Hell.

The purple storm

Holds sway with hammer blows

Crushing souls lost to God.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Rarest Love

You are that rarest love

So cherished
Beauty of a soul
Happiness and joy in abundance.

With you my heart is strong
Not grieving for what might have been
But ever joyful
Amazed that you love me.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Religion Introspective

God gave his cherished son

Lord Jesus Christ
Spirit of Sacred Spirit
Who suffered death for us
Nailed to a cross, crowned with thorns.

Saving souls of Adam's children
Questioning the existence of God
Dead brown leaves fall
From storm-blasted trees
Winter proclaims a chilling reign.

Prophet in loneliness
Banished by those he served and loved
Cries from the wilderness
Imploring scattered broken people
Wanting compassion and tolerance.

They raged against him for answers
Provoking question
Why God remains hidden
Never banishing their fear or pain
Allowing the insane to prey upon the sane.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Richard The Third

(1452—1485)

Shakespeare falsified Richard's memory
Appeasing Tudor royal line with lies
Claiming him unfit king and bloody tyrant
Crown taken on bloody Bosworth Field.

Richard was not a hunchback
With withered hand and dragging foot
But was of pleasing appearance
Charming, generous, gracious prince.

Goodly king for his dark times
Reigning two years, brave warrior of the rose
Brother of a king, uncle of two young princes
Both murdered and smothered in the Tower.

Betrayed by Baron Stanley on Bosworth Field
Turncoat traitor to Tudor cause
His Welsh army defeating Richard
Who was butchered and buried in a dung heap.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Sacrificial Lamb

After supper with his disciples
Jesus went out alone to pray
And in the garden spoke to his Father
The Lord God Almighty.

In deep anguish he prayed
And sweat on his brow was blood
For he knew torture and death awaited him
When Judas betrayed him with a kiss.

He did not ask his Father
For an army of angles to save him
But for the strength to give himself
As the sacrificial lamb for the sins of Man.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Saint Peter

Hard working Galilee fisherman

Chosen by Jesus

Rock within a stormy sea

Upon which to build the Church.

When Jesus was arrested

Peter was asked, "Do you know this man?"

Three times as cockerel crowed

He denied him and fled away into the night.

Peter went to Rome, hub of the world

Where Nero tried to eradicate the faith

Crucifying, burning, killing Christians

Peter fled Rome meeting Jesus on the road

"Where are you going, Lord," asked Peter.

"I go to Rome to die in your place," replied Jesus.

Ashamed, Peter returned to Rome to be crucified

Upside down in the arena before a howling crowd

Dying the first bishop of Rome for the truth

And almighty God's everlasting glory.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Sanctify The Dying Of The Light

Sanctify the dying of the light

Last bastion against engulfing dark
Fierce shadows from the mind
Eclipsing love's final glimmer.

Lovers blinded in their ruin
Broken within each circle's spin
Cradled without mercy
Hearing the martyr's dying cry
Spiralling from the centre of God's rage.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Satan

Satan holds sway
Over greed and selfishness
Waiting patiently
For each sinner's fall from grace.

Pretending love and concern
Offering pleasures of flesh and spirit
Richly rewarding mortal sin
Then contemptuously claiming the fallen soul.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Savage Skies

(The great storm, England,2012)

Fury unrelenting storm breaks asunder
Cascading rain and battering winds
Hurricane force sweeping all before it
Giant trees bending and snapping, uprooted
Rivers swelling overflowing banks
Houses flooded, sewers bursting
Drains too full to function.
Seas churning waves high as houses
Whipped by winds battering the coastline
Smashing down walls and defences
Railway lines under water, no trains running
Hundreds of miles of flooded farmland
People panicked and in despair
Waters rising with wildlife drowning.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Schindler's List

Dark tide of evil swept over Europe
Eclipsing light and truth
Nazi jack-boots stamping down
Upon necks of innocence oppressing
SS and Gestapo spreading terror
And for Jews... Hitler's Final Solution.

German businessman Schindler
Successful, enjoyed wealthy lifestyle
Wining and dining in best restaurants
Making love to beautiful women
Driving fast cars, a friend of SS officers
Using black market to make huge profits.
When he saw the treatment of Jews
Forced to wear the yellow Star of David
Humiliated, beaten in the streets
Living in ghettos, caged like animals in zoos
Transported in cattle trucks to death camps
Divine light flicked on in his heart.

Seeing the evil he tried to rescue Jews
Bought a factory to employ Jewish labour
Saving them from the gas chamber
Making list of names, bribing the SS
Risking torture and execution
Trying to save as many Jews as he could.

Jews saved called themselves 'Schindler's Juden'
And the war was over Israel honoured him
With title of 'Righteous Person.'
He planted a tree in the Avenue of the Righteous
Sign of one man's morality against oppression
Acclaimed Oskar Schindler was buried in Israel.

Colin Ian Jeffery

She

She is my sweetness and joy
Flower never fading
Beauty enrapturing desire

She is lover, wife and mother
Strength and purpose
Companion on life's journey.

She is reason for each new day
Bringing love and passion
Queen, and ruler of my heart.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Shroud Of Turin

'Who believes in me shall never die.'

Jesus Christ

I have seen the face of Christ
Imprinted from his blood
Upon the shroud that wrapped him
Evidence of agonies suffered
Crown of thorns puncturing flesh
Nail wounds in wrists and feet
Body covered, front and back
Embedded with marks from Roman lash
Face, struck many times
Nose broken and lips lacerated
Swellings, contusions below closed eyes
Shoulders covered with bloody bruises
From carrying heavy wooden cross
On the right side, between two ribs
Wound of a spear thrust to the heart.
I look upon the face of Jesus Christ
In awe and wonder that love
Suffered so much for you and me.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Singer Not The Songs

She loved the singer
For his sweet charming ways
But not for the songs he sang.

His songs made her sad
And his fans to weep
Hearing songs of a broken heart.

She lived with him
But he loved another girl
And she knew the tragedy of love.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Sinking Of The Birkenhead

The Birkenhead, an iron hulled paddle steamer, was a British troopship carrying reinforcements to regiments serving in South Africa. On 26th February 1852, the ship struck a reef off Simon's Bay on the South African shark infested coast. There followed one of the most heroic displays of courage and bravery to save women and children that astonished the world. Of the 634 people on board 193 survived. Not a woman or child perished. The soldiers stood fast and silent on deck as the ship went down.

With churning paddle wheels
Pushing through crested waves
HMS Birkenhead approaches the rock
Hidden below churning sea
While most on board are sleeping
All but the sailors on duty watch.

Sailor with rope and lead
Cries out "Sounding twelve fathoms";
Ship ram's the uncharted rock
Shattering hull like egg shell
Water flooding forward compartments
Drowning more than a hundred soldiers.

Surviving soldiers, three hundred souls
Assembling on deck standing in ranks
Many barefoot, dressed in night clothes
Others naked, some with injuries sustained
When clawing up from flooded quarters
Each man afraid but courageously standing fast.

Colonel Seaton summoning officers
Telling them to keep order among the ranks
Calming the frightened troopers
Most young raw recruits
Facing the greatest fear of dying
While standing silent and determined.

The ship's cutter lowered away
With Ensign Russell in command
Taking women and children to safety

Standing off from sinking ship.
He knows he can take no more survivors
With cutter so heavy in the water.

Horses are thrown overboard
Giving them the chance to swim
Three miles in shark-infested sea
Neighing in terror they thrash the water
As sharks come gliding in to feast
No horse will make it to the shore.

Captain Salmond orders boats lowered
But most of the lowering equipment
Fails through lack of maintenance
Paint clogging mechanisms
Only two cutters and a gig are launched
As the soldiers stand bravely on parade.

Soldiers stand fast so cutters and the gig
Will not be swamped and sunk
With lives of women and children lost
They did not move as the ship broke in two
Huge waves crashing in upon them
Nor was a cry heard as they were engulfed.

Ensign Russell saw a man drowning
Gave up his seat in the cutter
Helping the man on board
Then swam towards the distant shore
Shark's fin briefly glimpsed
Scream heard and Russell was gone.

They were the very best of British men
Standing firm against death
Without thought for themselves
When England heard of their heroism
Queen Victoria and Prince Albert wept
And a proud nation mourned lost sons.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Sinner

Too late

He fell to his knees
Begging forgiveness.

But had lived a wasted life
Debauched, self-centered, all for pleasure
With any regard for man or God.

Pleading for mercy
He beat bloody fists on Heaven's gates
But no Saviour came for him.

Wringing his hands
Terrified of the coming torments
He entered Hell's threshold.

Finding within perpetual agonies
And torture from Satan's demons
Dancing grotesquely among the flames.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Slavery

Taken in war or kidnapped

Shackled in irons and sold
Crushed humans in despair.

Sold as property to be servile
Classed sub-human
Living out a life of misery.

Treated as unruly dogs
Worked from dawn to dusk
Breeding more slaves.

In captivity they sing of freedom
Spirit never wavering
Praying humanity will set them free.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Soldier

(Iraq and Afghanistan)

Far from home
Fighting an enemy wearing civilian dress
In sweltering lands of a desert people
Fighting shadows
Fearing the next suicide bomber.

There is no glory only death
With snipers on rooftops
Landmines on lonely sandy roads
Exploding under army vehicles
Terrors playing cruel mind games
Breaking the mind asunder.

There was a promise made
Whispered to a weeping mother
While held within her farewell embrace
Promising to return home safe
And not within a flag draped coffin.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Soldier's Death

He fell dying

Bloody on a foreign battlefield
Thinking himself forgot.

In flag draped coffin he came home
Back to his beloved country
Where crowds lined the streets
Giving homage as the hearse drove by.

He will never be forgot
With name inscribed in glory
Upon the roll of honour
For the sacrifice of blood that he made.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Some Pilgrims

Some pilgrims take the high road
Walking sunlit butterfly pastures
Over sweet grass meadows
Never doubting, firm in faith
Stepping closer to Paradise by the day
Protected by the love of God.

Some pilgrims take the low road
Passing through forests dark and menacing
Bloody and bruised by raging storms
They enter the valley of shadows
Cursed with doubt and uncertainty
Trying to keep faith with God's love.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Son Of God

Nails hammered into wrists and feet

Roman soldiers raised-up the cross

On which Christ hangs crowned with thorns

Between two crucified thieves.

Sky is dark as night

People believing the world is ending

While at the foot of the cross the disciple John waits

Giving support to Mary the mother of Jesus

John is the youngest of the twelve

Only disciple to witness the crucifixion.

When Jesus died the curtain in the temple

Ripped asunder as lightening zapped across the sky

Terrified centurion in charge of the crucifixion

Panic-stricken, cried out, " This is the Son of God."

Colin Ian Jeffery

Song My Mother Sang

When I was a babe in arms

My mother sang to me
Soft and lilting
Voice precious to my heart.

Long since gone
She is beyond sight and touch
Grave deep, never woken by my tears.
When I hear the wind's whispering tones
Again I hear her song
Touching my spirit with undying love.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Song Of Songs

Lucy Dominique Dunn. Born March 9,1994

Most precious Lucy
You are your father's Song of Songs
Which he never thought to sing.

But God blessed his priest
With a melody so sweet
Making life wondrously complete.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Song Of The Wood Beast

Come walk with me, Colin Ian Jeffery

This is your hour darkly born.

Be not afraid of torments

All agonies cease within my embrace.

Once you were an innocent boy

Beautiful, sweet and pure within the mind

Dancing sublime naked through woodland dells

Hearing Magi's lilting songs.

Imagination quaked bold and rich

With memories of stolen scarlet kisses

And love more precious than life

Overwhelming your heart with purple praise.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Soulmate

Should I proclaim the one thing
That gives life meaning
Making all worthwhile
Then it is the knowing of you.
Soulmate, dearest to my heart
Bright light within darkness guiding me
Heroic friend of dreams and hopes
Purpose making my poetry flourish.
Always inspiring and encouraging
Loving the poet in all his chaotic moods
And when my steps falter and I fall
You carry me until my strength returns
I never heard you complain or question
And my poetry exists only because of you.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Souls

Souls I have known

Family, friends and lovers
Many long since gone
Still abide within my heart.

In times of darkness
When spirit weeps
They are strength and purpose
And I take the blows.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Space

Once upon a time
There was nothing but inky black space
Infinite emptiness of darkness
Until the Great Bang exploded
Creating galaxies and universes
Stars in billions, bright suns and planets.

Who created limitless black space?
Was it the hand of almighty God?
Scientists say life came from the Big Bang
And for us, the planet earth
Noah's Arc of life among the stars
With mankind to people the universes.

Astronomers study the heavens
Peering through powerful telescopes
Claiming space is a vast circle
With the Great Bang exploding at its core
But if that is true then what lies
Outside, and beyond the circle of space?

Colin Ian Jeffery

Splendour Of Love

I never knew before you

True splendour of love
So overwhelming
Filling my life with such exquisite joy.

Time pauses in your presence
Happiness you bring in abundance
Kisses are a heady wine
Now I cannot be without you.

You are the splendour of love
Stronger with the passing years
And knowing and loving you
Gives purpose to my life.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Stag At Bay

Standing forlorn

Alone hiding in a thicket
Bloody and weary
Defeated for his harem
Taken by a young stronger stag.

No longer king
Waiting for wounds to heal
He will fight again
Bringing down the young pretender
Chasing him from the herd.

Hunting wolves howl
And he lifts his head in dread
Knowing they have found his scent
Stepping forward to meet them
Ready to fight his last battle.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Steadfast In Love

Steadfast in love

Throughout the years
Walking serene beside you
Singing songs lovers rejoice to sing.

The years make bone and muscle frail
Hair sparse and snowy white
But still love flourishes
Coming stronger with each passing day.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Stranger At The Door

'Sinner's lament'

There came a knocking on my door
And a stranger with dark piercing eyes
Familiar to my mind asked entrance
And yet I could not name him.

I gave him food and shelter
And he sat at my table
But no words did he speak to me
Until we sat before the fire.

He talked into the early hours
Speaking of many secret things
I thought that only I did know
Dark deeds shameful to the soul.

Taking my hand at dawn
He led me out into the twilight
And then I knew him to be Death
Come to take my soul to Hell.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Sweet Voice

When first I saw your face I was overwhelmed
With emotions beguiling and overwhelming
Never experienced with other keepers of my heart.
Over forty-three years we have been together
And your hair is now white as snow.
My heart still leaps when you arrive at my door
And sinks when you leave returning to your other life.
My days and hours are counted to your next visit
Precious hours snatched from your busy diary
When we sit and talk, laugh and speak as best friends.
Your daily phone call makes each day worthwhile
Hearing your voice still makes heart tremble
With thoughts soaring like a Golden Eagle
Gliding high above the majesty of creation

Colin Ian Jeffery

Sweetness Of Your Presence

You are the love of my life

Beat of my heart

Reason for these tears of joy

And I rejoice in the sweetness of your presence.

Happiness comes from your love

And I need to please you

Seeing you smile and hearing you laugh

And to rejoice in the sweetness of your presence.

Colin Ian Jeffery

The Lie

Lost for telling a lie

He fell from grace broken on the wheel
Blinded in the great darkness.

She would not rescue him
And went on alone to mount Olympus
Seeking a new lover who would not lie.

Colin Ian Jeffery

The Long Goodbye

Alone, I walk fields and woods we loved
 Seeing you with every step I take
 Hearing your gentle laughter
 Smelling you sweet as a flower
 And I keep you safe within my heart.

Years have slipped by so fast
Old age has slowed my pace
My hair has turned white as snow
But still my thoughts are focused
On memories we shared
And I keep you safe within my heart.

Colin Ian Jeffery

The Promise

Alfred was a cockney barrow boy
Bright and cheeky
Who went to war at fifteen
Telling the recruiting sergeant he was seventeen.
And promising his weeping mum he would return.

In France he faced the hell of battle
Living bitten by lice in rat infested trenches
Ankle deep in squashy mud
Trying to control his overwhelming terror
And determined to keep his promise.

He went over the top at the Somme
And with his mates bayonet charged the German trenches
Fell wounded into a shell crater
And drowned alone in the mud.

Telegram boy on his bike
Called to see Alfred's mother
She read the awful news and distraught with grief
Cried out, 'It's the only promise my Alfred ever broke.'

Colin Ian Jeffery

The Road That You Take

The road that you take
Be it high low in light or dark
I shall tread beside you.

When you stumble
I will hold you safe
Never forsaking your side.

And when you can no longer walk
I will carry you
Never faltering in my love.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Thee Was A Time

There was a time

When an hour did not matter
Truth could be told another day.

There was a time

When Spring would come
Love was mine to embrace

There was a time

When old age did not inflict
Such weariness slowing the mind.

Colin Ian Jeffery

There Is A Place

There is a place beyond the sunset

Where departed love ones dwell

Safe in butterfly meadows serene

Where the birds chorus songs of joy

Praising God's and his creation.

Gentle breezes dance sublime

Among trees laden with fruit

Leaves whispering of Paradise.

Sweet waters flow clear and sweet

Sparkling into bright mirrored lakes

Reflecting the divine love

From Jesus Christ the Son of Man

Who forgives sin and is calling us home.

Colin Ian Jeffery

There Was A Man

There was a man

My father said
Who walked on water
Saying he was the Son of God.

There was a man

My father said
Who taught of peace and love
Healed the sick and raised the dead.

There was a man

My father said
Who gave his life for you and me,
Dying nailed to a cross.

Colin Ian Jeffery

These Tears

These tears

Are for the happiness you give
Creating the sweetest love beyond compare.

You are my rock within each purple storm
Truth of my heart beguiling me
Brightest guiding star within the heavens.

When fear and darkness overwhelm
You come and take my hand
Leading me forth into the light.

Colin Ian Jeffery

They Who Sang The Son

They who sang the song loved the singer

Promising light from darkness and life ever lasting

His glory making fathers and mothers proud

As music played on whispered by the wind

Endless lilting delightful serenade

Joyous depth of scale and gentle beat

Making trees sway to sweetest melody

Seas churn with waves tossing giving homage

Nature knowing truth everlasting

Sun, Moon, and stars in chorus

Singing tribute to creation and a loving God

Time began with the song and on it plays

Giving truth and understanding

Teaching of a Universe with love supreme.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Think Of Me

(Jesus Christ)

In darkest night
When all seems lost
Fear overwhelms
Think of me.
I will be there
Close as the beating of your heart.

When you loose your way
Frightened, crushed and in despair
Think of me
I will be your strength and shield
Light within the darkness
Believe in me and you will never die.

Colin Ian Jeffery

This Boy

This boy

Once kingly proud
Impatient to knight each dragon down
Chased after manhood
Over butterfly meadows of the heart.

But like moth to flame
Could not resist each lover's lure
Embracing love's burning
Trying to appease a relentless hunger
Before perishing alone and forgot.

Colin Ian Jeffery

This Day

THIS DAY

This day never ending
Overwhelms the heart.
Breaking all dreams asunder.

The dead once proud
Seed a barren land
Where loneliness is king.

Come speak to me
For I am he... who truly loves you.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Thunder Road

I stormed the thunder road from Hell
With sword and shield
Over bloody fields of war
Fighting hordes of warrior demons down.

I stand at my Lord's side
Beneath his battle standard
Never to retreat
For he restored my soul to glory.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Tic Toc

Time, relentless and hard
Sweeps me swiftly forward
Moving onwards without pause
Each lover so soon a memory.

In childhood time was paused, a friend
Bright summers never ending
Holidays of happiness and adventure
Shared with family and friends long dead.

How can I embrace time and hold it fast
Trapping the wind within my fist?
Now each year slips so rapidly away
Chaining me within a dungeon of loneliness.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Tiger

TIGER

Tiger, tiger, fierce and silent
Prowling through shadows of the jungle
Camouflaged in strips of yellow and black
Blending with nature's symmetry.

Endangered by the hand of man
Poachers selling skin, flesh and bone
Used as medicine by oriental people
Tigers hunted to extinction.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Time

Time pulls hard and fast
Moving me relentlessly forward
Tic tocking away with each passing second.

When I was young
Time was slow and sweet
With long bright days never ending.

But how do I pause the passing days
Pushing me forward with increasing pace
To where I fear to harbour?

Colin Ian Jeffery

Time And Tide

Time and tide
Regular as night and day
Wait for no man.

Space has no limit
With stars, suns, galaxies
Universes flowing outwards.

The great mystery of emptiness
Eternal darkness
With no beginning or end.

Is that where God abides
Pacing the darkness
Seeding the heavens with stars.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Time Weighs Heavy

I miss you

From the moment
You leave my presence

Time weighs so heavy
Until you return
When love enflames my heart once more

Colin Ian Jeffery

Towering Stone

Sorely wounded in the soul
 Pressed and chased from shelter
 Struck with blows from purple storms.

He fled from the dark land
 And when safe on distant hill
 Saw demons come prancing forth
 Smashing with hammers his towering stone.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Tribute To The Fallen

Blood red poppies
Cascade down a battlement
Like a waterfall
Flooding out the moat.

Each poppy represents a soldier's life
Lost upon some foreign battlefield.
A son, brother, father, uncle
Never to return home to those he loves.

One hundred years has passed
And still their sacrifice is remembered
Given in blood to keep the world free
Creating this land safe from oppression.

As long as the wind blows
With Sun and Moon in the heavens
They shall be cherished with pride
Names not forgot, these men who died for us.

Colin Ian Jeffery

True Love

Love must be set free

For this I know

The caged bird sings for flight

Dying captive

Looking through the bars.

Love must be free

Coming and going as the heart does please

Without chains and bars

Remorseful for what might have been

Before made captive by a lover's heart

Colin Ian Jeffery

Two Boys Fishing

Two little boys fishing

Cheeky lads in short pants
Sitting on a river bank
Sharing sweets and fizzy drinks
Wondering what life will bring.

Two teenage boys fishing

Sitting on a river bank
Talking of girls and kissing them
Excited by what love may bring
Both keen on Mary Jane.

Two young men at a wedding

Hard working, best friends for life
One the groom the other his best man
Waiting for the bride Mary Jane
Who arrives looking radiant in white.

Two middle-aged men

Abundant with family love
Sitting on a river bank
Talking of mortgages and school fees
Son and daughter soon to wed.

Two old men fishing, old and grey

Grandfathers looking back at life
Sitting on a river bank
Each grateful for the other's company
Sharing life's highway to God.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Two Little Girls

The Nazis exterminated over six million Jews)

Little dark-haired Jewish girl
Too young to go to school
Strips naked quietly beside her mother
Frightened eyes gazing all around
Seeing women and children stripping
Friends and neighbours from the ghetto.

German soldier hardened to his task
Opens shower doors with a curse
Shouting for women and children to enter.
Pushes the weeping girl as she passes
Slams and bolts the door behind her
Oblivious to her mother's desperate pleas.

Gas hisses from hidden vents
As terrified mothers hold their children
Cradled dying to their bosoms
Trying to hide death from their eyes
Whispering soft words of love
As Hitler's barbaric Final Solution kills.

Tall blond SS officer in black uniform
Proud husband and father
Supervised burning of the bodies
Goes home with a smile to his daughter
Same age as the dark-haired Jewish girl
And lovingly rocks her to sleep on his knee.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Two Mothers

Israeli and Palestine conflict

Prostrate with grief
Rachel weeps for a dead son
Killed by a suicide bomber.

Prostrate with grief
Sarah weeps for a dead son - -the suicide bomber
Who believed blood would set his people free.

Blood begets blood
Reprisal follows reprisal.
But there is no honour in death
Only tears of mothers for dead children.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Until There Was You

Never thought such passions

Would overwhelm me
Becoming focus for living
Until there was you.

Thought life complete
With no more love to come
Arousing the heart to love again
Until there was you.

All joy and happiness
Comes from you
Before you life had no direction
Days were a desert without end
Until there was you.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Vampire

Last train has come and gone

While hidden in the darkness
Down a midnight leafy country lane
On this melancholy moonless night
Waits the vampire hungry for prey.

Pools of pale light
Small islands within the dreaded dark
Glow from gothic street lamps
But there is no protection
Without crucifix and garlic.

Footsteps echo down the lane
As the solitary passenger from the train
Heart quickened with knowing dread
Walks with rapid nervous steps
Fearing what is lurking within the darkness.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Vicarage Garden

In vicarage garden sitting on a bench

Frail old vicar sits caressed by autumn breeze
Overcoat, scarf, hat and gloves against the cold
Pondering on many gifts God bestowed.

Gifts of wife, children, friends, goodly neighbours
And he gives thanks for his life
Given in service for others without complaint
Toiling in his Lord's vineyard harvesting souls.

Feeling sharp pain in his chest quickly passing
Life like sunlight at dusk begins to fade
From shadows steps two familiar figures
Cherished parents long since passed into Heaven.

Smiling, they hold out their hands to him
"Your time has come, my son, " his father says
Gently they take the old vicar by the hands
Leading him towards a bright dazzling light.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Visitor

There came a knocking on my door

From a stranger with dark piercing eyes
Who seemed so familiar to my mind
And yet I did not recognise him.

Asking for food and shelter
He sat at my table and I fed him
No word he spoke until he finished eating
Then we sat before the fire warming ourselves.

He talked into the early hours of the morning
Speaking of secret things about myself
Which I had thought only I did know
Things that burdened and shamed the soul.

He took my hand saying it was time
And led me out into the darkness
I knew him now to be Death
And trembled afraid of where he was taking me.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Wagtails

Paired for life
They return each year laying eggs
Rearing young, nesting in a flower basket
Inches from the cottage front door.

But where have they been
For the rest of the year
Immigrants far from England's shores
Seeing sights astounding to the eye?

The heart soars at their return
Little feathered friends
Yellow chests, chirping the morning's chorus
Greeting the sunrise. welcoming the day.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Walking On Water

Tomorrow will be bright and joyful
My father said
As he wiped my childhood tears away.
The darkness will drift away
Taking terrors of the night
Giving birth to a resplendent day.

Tomorrow will be full of promise
And smiling, he took my hand
And told me of a Jewish man
Who walked on water and raised the dead.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Walking The Dogs

Set free from the lead they dash into the wood
Seeking for thrills, adventure, new smells
Through undergrowth they rush
Barking when they see rabbits and deer
Cautious when confronting badgers
Returning seeking my protection.
Greatest joy meeting other dogs
Friendly greetings, sniffing rear ends
Dashing away together into the undergrowth
Barking with the joy of being a dog.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Walking The Storm

Thunder of his words

Echo the truth he spoke
Moving my steps forward.

Lightning strikes the darkness
Showing where he walked
My soul longs for his Kingdom.

He said God the Father is love
And we are his children
Cherished, and forgiven of our sins.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Wall Of Glass

For Mike Selley, musician and song writer))

Could there be a price
That I would not pay
Carving my name
Upon the wall of glass
Smiling as I made the sacrifice?

But how can I hold the wind
Held captive within a fist
Making my dream come true?

Colin Ian Jeffery

Wally Gog

(When I was a small boy I feared the Wally Gog)

There is a Wally Gog hiding under my bed
Waiting to creep out and steal me away
While beneath the quilt I lay in dread
Quiet as a mouse and pretending to sleep.

Frightful Wally Gog in the darkness
Bone crunching jaws, claws sharp as razors
One swish from scaly tail
Sweeping me from the protecting light.

Daddy said there is no Wally Gog
But I know one hides beneath my bed
Patient and deadly waiting the chance
Wanting to munch and crunch upon my bones.

Mummy put a nightlight in my room
Holding the terrifying darkness at bay
While in a small pool of light I lay trembling
Listening for the Wally Gog hiding beneath my bed.

Colin Ian Jeffery

War

War, despicable, is insanity

Knowing no mercy
Indiscriminately killing innocence
Plundering harvesting lives.

Since civilising of mankind
War has raged
Fought for greed and empire
With bloody sword of conquest.

War is Hell let loose upon the earth
Screams of mothers losing children
Innocence raped and brutalised
Wickedness defying God.

Colin Ian Jeffery

War Horses

Shrill neighing of horses

Terrified on the battlefield
Harnessed to big guns
Eyes wide with fright
Whipped to pull through deep mud.

Proud animals with spirits broken
Treated as beasts of burden
Moving ammunition, guns and shells
Abused without compassion
Supplying the trenches of hell.

No respite or mercy
Slaughtered by enemy fire
Dreaming of lush green fields of home
Cantering free and joyful
Without terror of Man's war.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Warlord

Standing on palace balcony

Watching troops go marching bye
Sanity long since gone asunder.

Feared by his broken people
Controlling them with iron fist of terror
With maniacal disregard for life.

Seeing himself as the hand of God
Greatest warrior the world has known
Revelling in madness, the beast of war.

Secret police torture and murder
Hiding bodies in secret graves
Quenching in blood all opposition.

People snatched from off the streets
Bundled into cars never seen again
Prisons running red with blood.

The Warlord proudly puffs out his chest
Raises hand in salute
Mind set on conquest and extermination.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Water

The world bank in America decided the poor of the world must pay for water. But water sources are drying up, lakes and rivers turning into deserts.

Man cannot live by bread alone
Water is more precious than gold
Balance between life and death.

Global warming bakes dry
Streams, rivers, lakes, and melts glaciers
Turning forests into desert.

Crops fail and animals die
Africa and South America are in peril
With villages becoming cemeteries.

Colin Ian Jeffery

We

(Inscription on my father's headstone 1979)

We
Are a love
Which
Has no ending.

We
Are a truth
Like
A shooting star
With God remaining.

Colin Ian Jeffery

We Are

WE ARE

We are
More than lovers
Conquering
What death denies.

We are
That golden truth
Once thought to fable
Love forging two souls into one.

Colin Ian Jeffery

We As Boys

We as boys laughing in our innocence
Bare-kneed playing kiss chase
Shy and saucy behind school bike sheds
Kissing giggling bright-eyed girls.

Puberty spread our limbs and minds
We dreamt luscious fantasies of desire
Dreaming of fresh-faced girls in throes of passion.

And as men we courted women with enticing smiles
Sweet bodies with breasts beguiling
Explored and learnt of love's orgasmic passions
Forging the man from the boy he was.

Colin Ian Jeffery

We Stood

We stood fingers entwined
Drenched by falling rain
But did not notice
Thinking ourselves love's perfection
Passion's luscious first flowering.
We did not speak
There was no need.
Hand in hand we strolled along a beach
As waves crashed and rolled.
She was naked and beautiful
Hesitantly I touched her
My soul rejoiced with exquisite rapture
Such wild trembling of sensuous love.
Down into the depths we fell
Washed from that rocky shore
Down into a mysterious ocean of delight.

Colin Ian Jeffery

What Hours

Would I not sacrifice from life's span
Being your lover once more.

There is no other but you
Beguiles me
With such overwhelming need.

Colin Ian Jeffery

What Is The Measure Of Love

What is the measure of love?

New born baby's first breath
Lover's kiss, a promise kept
Mother comforting weeping child
Overworked Father supporting family.

Helping hand in crisis
Support in grief and loneliness
Child lost and found
Kiss given and promise kept
Truth told and always putting others first.

Colin Ian Jeffery

When First I Saw You

When first I saw you, face intoxicating

I dreamed but did not think my dream would be
Flesh to flesh, lips to lips, love infinite.

But time played true my heart's desire

Walking with you through each passing day

My heart is seeded brightly flourishing

With love's flowers I never thought to see

Woven in a garland decking our hearts.

Your beauty entrances me to compose sonnets

Proclaiming the joy I have found in you

Voice, soft and lilting putting skylarks to shame

Echoing within my mind when I am alone

Whispers of your love, my own true soulmate

God bless the woman who gave you birth.

Colin Ian Jeffery

When I Am Gone

When I am gone
Six foot deep
Beyond touch and sight of eye
Sometimes think of me.

You were the best of me
Love, strength and purpose
Fearless against engulfing terrors
Bright light within the darkness
Never questioning nor doubting
Steadfast rock within storm lashed seas.

Colin Ian Jeffery

When I Was Young

When I was young and my soul slate-clean
I was immortal to the mind
With long hard icy winters
Freezing landscapes lasting months
Snowmen carrot nosed with eyes of coal
Kids tobogganing screaming with delight
Racing downhill on upturned milk crates.

Long bright summers full of wonder
Never seeming to end.
Tree camps hidden in the woods
Playing cowboys and Indians
Thinking girls were silly
For not liking football, frogs and mice
And wanting to play kiss chase with boys.

Sixpence pocket money on the mantelpiece
From dad for Saturday morning cinema
Where we sucked ice lollies in crowded stalls
Cheering Hop-a-long Cassidy and Roy Rogers
Booed black-hatted villains
When Sweets were rationed, gobstoppers, fizzy saucers
Bulleyes, sticky toffee, chocolate bars, all one penny.

Home in a street with no doors locked
Friendly neighbours ready to help
Bank holidays to Brighton to sit on pebble beaches
Paddling in warm sea, building sand castles
Eating fish and chips from newspapers
Chewing sticks of pink peppermint rock
Seeing the Brighton's name ran all the way through.

Cinema with family on Wednesday nights
With hot meat pie on the way home
Carried on my father's shoulders
Over the field at the back of our house
And my mother's kisses and hugs
Stories read by my father at bedtime

These were precious things when I was young.

Colin Ian Jeffery

When I Was Young And Easy

When I was young and easy
Lying naked with her on a summer's day
Hidden among swaying corn
Whispering our promises of love.

There were no thoughts but of my lover
With heart rejoicing hearing her voice
Making the soul tremble, giving life reason
Every kiss a giddy taste of wine.

Colin Ian Jeffery

When Love Falls Broken

When love falls broken

We must weep
Memories inflamed
With wounds sorrowing the mind.

Suffering and broken, love gone
With heady kisses sweet as wine
No more touching lover's secret places
Sharing surging ecstasy of orgasm.

Colin Ian Jeffery

When Love Goes Astray

When love goes astray

Breaking asunder
All you thought was safe
Agonies of separation
Bleed and grieve the heart.

Wind must blow
As time ticks on
With lover forever lost
No more kisses and making love
Only overwhelming misery of loneliness.

Colin Ian Jeffery

When Love Spirals Away

When love spirals away
Grieving and plundering the heart
Love cuts sharp as a razor.

Memories fall broken
With no more bright images
Only dark thunder clouds.

My need for you
Has not lessened with your going
But is ripping my soul asunder.

Colin Ian Jeffery

When The Wind Blows

When the wind blows

All comes tumbling down
They thought could not be moved.

Lies told will be revealed
Crimes committed held to count
Nations unchained and set free.

Dictators humbled
Religion no more cause for war
And love prevailing all hearts.

When the wind blows
There will be peace and freedom
And all men shall be brothers.

Colin Ian Jeffery

When They

When they

Hard as nails with hearts like iron
Filled my sleep with nightmares
Memories breaking all asunder
I stood and endured.

When they

Forced my step towards Hell's gates
Fierce tongued with lies to break the shell
There was the song my father sang
And I stood and endured.

Colin Ian Jeffery

When Truth Calls Out

When truth calls out

Like mighty trumpet blast
We rally to the sound.

When evil overwhelms
Like mountainous tidal wave
We float against the force.

When all seems lost
Life sweet and precious
We trust in the love of God.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Where Have All The Days Gone

Where have all the days gone

Slipping away like a rushing wind
Months quickly becoming years.

When I was young and easy
Days hardly seemed to pass me by
With each minute slowed and precious.

Time in old age speeds up our step
Rushing us towards that great darkness
From where no man returns.

Oh, golden days of my lost youth
Memories of kisses sweeter than wine
When lovers were in abundance.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Wiggy

(White boxer - - my first boxer)

Eight weeks old
When he came to live with me
Changing my life, filling it with joy.

I called him Wiggy because of his ears
One white the other brown
Swept back when he ran.

Boisterous and adventurous
Loving other dogs and even cats
Delighting in human company.

Loving to run and fetch a stick
Enjoying daily walks in an ancient wood
Sniffing scent trails, running fit to burst.

Sitting on my lap as I watched TV
Whimpering with delight licking my face
As I stroked and spoke to him.

Dying in my arms in his twelfth year
How I miss him my grand old Wiggy
Who made life so sweet and such a joy.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Wild Horses

They race across the prairie
Stallion in the lead
Chasing the wind
Hooves sounding like thunder.

Prey animals of flight
Running from danger
Seeking somewhere safe
Hiding from predators.

They rest in a valley
Gathered together protecting foals
While the stallion stands guard
Ready to lead them away to safety.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Wilfred Owen

Wilfred Owen

(1893-1918)

An Englishman and greatest British soldier poet of World War One. Served in the trenches as a Lieutenant and was awarded the Military Cross. Hospitalised with shell shock back to England in April 1917, and returned to the trenches in October. On November 4th 1918, before sunrise, led his platoon to the West bank of the Sambre and Oise Canal. They came under German machine gunfire and Owen was killed. In Shrewsbury, England, the Armistice bells were ringing when his parents front-door bell sounded heralding the telegram they had feared for two years.

, Young and joyful
 Stirring his Muse to sing
 Lilting songs of beauty and love
 Enjoying afternoon teas on luxuriant lawns
 Life was melodious
 Rich, and full of promise.

 Then came the call to arms
 His Country's need for soldiers
 And he endured Hell within the trenches
 Seeing things that broke his mind asunder
 And with soul ripped and bleeding
 Returned home on sick leave.

 Back again within the trenches
 His Muse roared against the gore
 And he penned the folly and madness of war
 Plight of boy soldiers dying in the mud
 Thousands slaughtered like lambs
 Sweetest flowers of a Nation destroyed.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Winter Of My Years

WINTER OF MY YEARS

Now has come the winter of my years
Made bold by age
And as I wait for death
There is no regret, fear or sorrow,
For around me laughing in play
Are my children's children
Hearts and minds good and strong
And I thank God for them...everyone.

Colin Ian Jeffery

With A Kiss

You raised me
From the fiery pit
Where nightmares ebb and flow.

Lakes of molten lava
Everlasting torments of demons
And with a kiss have set me free.

Colin Ian Jeffery

With You Gone

WITH YOU GONE

With you gone time plays hard upon me
And I walk through a dark forest
Where misery bedecks the traveller
Forbidding reason to the mind.

Through the valley of shadows
Where demons lurk to bring me down
Wolves come hunting after me
Eyes blood red glowing in the dark.

I never thought parting would be such sorrow
With thoughts transfixed on your return
With each hour a mountain to be climbed
And a week an endless desert of despair.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Within My Heart

Family, lovers and friends
Many long since gone
Abide sweet within my heart.

In times of darkness
When my spirit weeps and falters
They are my strength and purpose
And I can take the blows of life.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Woe To The Forsaken Child

Woe to the forsaken child

Floating off a distant shore
Lost among crested waves of a dying sea
For all was blooded
Before God scattered the first seeds
As he paced the edge of eternity.
Broken children, tears and misery
Huddled naked against the cold
Calling out for a love that does not come
Only the darkness of the final night
When death sets all souls free
And God reclaims creation.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Woodbine Willie

Woodbine Willie's has come to see the boys

Giving out cigarettes
Going from soldier to soldier
Bringing God to frightened Tommies.

Whistles blow

And up from the trench rises the Brigade
With rifle and bayonet charging over no-man's land
Wondering if they will live or die
On through the mud they desperately run
Pushing through barbwire facing enemy guns.

Many fall bloody and wounded
Screaming for mothers terrified of dying
Woodbine Willie brings them God
Helping to carry them back and out of hell

Colin Ian Jeffery

Words Of Love

There were words I should have said

Whispered for you alone to hear

But I think you always knew them

That you are the very best of me

Keeping me true and strong.

My protector within the raging storms

Shield against the burning places.

Once, you said, "I just want to make you happy, "

And those words esteem my thoughts

Echoing through the corridors of my mind.

Words never came easy for you

Revealing how much you love

But your smile always spoke volumes

Like your kiss, so sweet and reassuring.

Colin Ian Jeffery

World Crisis

President George Bush declared World War
America and her allies must fight
Ferocious enemies fighting without mercy
Refusing final surrender.

Evil and murder lurk in terrorist groups
Within hearts and minds
Of those wanting world dominance
Claiming right to destroy for religion.

Two hijacked planes flown by terrorists
Flew into the Twin Towers in New York
Thousands died without knowing why.
There is no honour in war only rape of innocence

Colin Ian Jeffery

World Peace

Time will come
When peace reigns supreme
And war is forbidden.

And no man of aggression
Will rise up against his neighbours
Coveting riches from other lands.

The strong will protect the weak
And the meek inherit a world
Where love and truth abides.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Wounded Knee Creek

Crazy Horse, War Chief of the Sioux Indians of the North American plains, was murdered by white soldiers on September 5th, 1877. He was 35 years old.

Soldiers from Fort Robinson
Pretending friendship for Crazy Horse
Offered the Sioux a lasting peace treaty
If the War Chief return with them.

Trusting the soldiers
Crazy Horse rode unarmed into the fort
Gate was closed trapping him
Arms held and he was bayoneted.

Parents of Crazy Horse came to the fort
Took the body of warrior son
Secretly burying majestic heart
At place called Wounded Knee Creek.

Note: American history records the Indian nations were finally defeated by soldiers at a place called Wounded Knee Creek on December 29, 1890. But it was a massacre. The Indians had surrendered. They were unarmed prisoners when the soldiers opened fire. 300 men, women and children were killed - - 4 men, and 47 women and children survived.

Colin Ian Jeffery

You

I pause from my perilous journey
Safe within your love
Sheltered from the stormy sea.

Here they shall not injure me
Nor wilt away my dreams
Turning sweetness into bitterness.

You are the beating of my heart
Very breath I take to live
Reason for tomorrow's dawn.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Young Soldier

The young soldier's gone
Forever lost
To a mother's kiss
And sibling's playful taunt.

He held the line
Stood fast without retreat
Controlled the fear
And faced the enemy.

When they heard
In the town where he was born
They lined the streets
As his hearse drove by.

With heads bowed they wept
For a young soldier
Who for flag and country
Fell into the eternal arms of Glory.

Colin Ian Jeffery

Your Face

How I long to see your face

Intoxicating loveliness

Which brings such exhilaration

Enrapturing my heart

Making absent spring bloom

With rich resplendent colours

Treasured memories of a woodland dell

Safe from autumn's chilling embrace.

Oh, see how my contented Muse

Does linger with sweet fancy

With grandeur of noble purpose

Composing this sonnet

Showing dedication and desire

For me to languish in your love.

Colin Ian Jeffery