

Poetry Series

Dale Hall
- poems -

Publication Date:

2020

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Dale Hall()

I was born in Apedale, a small Staffordshire hamlet in the Newcastle District.
I enjoy fly fishing, keyboards, designing, computers, poetry/lyrics and drawing etc.

A Fishy Tale

A Fisherman's Tale

To awake in a morning birds singing in tune
the sun starts a new day giving rest to the moon
I'm almost invited with each intake of air
as Mother of nature dispenses her flair.
Perhaps she resents rod and net by my side
please allow me this pastime lay rules to abide.
Down by the river though alone I must go
to the greatest fulfilment on earth that I know.
Fish feeding on insect's leap up to the sky
in perfect conditions I cast out a fly.
A hungry fish rises to learn its mistake
in taking my fly its meal to be fake.
With a fish of a lifetime worn out in the net
no witness to find is my only regret.
As a tender mist rises from the fast waters flow
to lurk in the depths I'll let this one go.

ABailiffs Tale

A buzz from my bed told me it's time to go
off to the factory with a heart sinking low
I knew along this was never for me
like a Siberian tiger, I was born to be free.
Work had no pleasure until this job came along
in maintaining the fish where they belong.
Patrolling the rivers morning and night
to save mother nature's most beautiful sight
Slimier than slugs that crawl from the ground
with no conscience of guilt, poachers abound.
Greed beyond reason that no amount could fulfil
leaving fish by the score caught by their gill
From eggs long ago in redds that were laid
nature evens her balance the rest are unscathed
With poachers mistakes caught in the past
the balance will stay because the onslaught won't last
I'm a poachers worst nightmare night and by day

inevitable to them are fines they will pay
Fishing birds aren't condemned neither should be
a poacher who takes one home for his tea
his life may depend and for this I'd condone
with no more than a warning before sending him home
my dreams are fulfilled in the most possible way
when a buzz with a difference starts a new day...

APoachers Tale

A poacher I'll be till the day that I die
or as long as the rain falls from the sky
I awake every morning by nature's alarm
a choir filling the air with all of its charm

Using eyes and ears that detect every sound
from rare birds to animals I'll never be found.
No bailiff would ever compete against me
my life is the rivers and always will be.
For the reasons above are all reasons why
a poacher I'll be until the day that I die.

Dale Hall

Apedale Hall

A magnificent building stood, overlooking a beautiful dale
Its presence has captured my heart in which I write many a tale.
Apedale Hall was demolished long before we entered the scene
Its cellars remained in our garden, to inspire many a dream.
Some have actually been written be them fake or factual recall
in hope to be glimmer outstanding, written by poet Dale Hall.

Fireball XL5

They put some string on puppets to make them come alive
and blew the mind of every kid in launching Fireball XL5.

Elms in a row (The Drive Alsager's Bank Primary School)

I often admired the Elms in a row
outside the school in which I did go.
Their leaves displayed a spectacular show
throughout the autumn a long time ago.

Sadly the Elms are no longer there
A cruel disease cut short their flair
Still often I think of the Elms in a row
to this day over half a century ago.

In memory of Stephen John

When I think of Stephen John I just choke up inside
he was my younger brother whose future was denied.
Although it was an accident he was killed by a car
his absence from the age of 16 has left a lifetime scar.

Dale Hall

Boon Hill Bear

Two miners went to work on the most disastrous day,
sharing random thoughts until a bear got in the way.
Left with either choice to turnaround or face a dare?
in first witnessing the presence of the Boon Hill Bear.

Halmerend Mini pit miners went work to earn a buck
on a day of the mine disaster when lives ran out of luck.
The day would be the saddest day of the young and old
Staffordshire's heart was broken when the news was later told.

Whatever happened to the Boon Hill Bear?
Does anybody know or even slightly care?
As rumours feared a Bear could end a youngster's day
with fewer sightings of the Bear they began to fade away.

The miners felt distraught that their friends had lost their lives,
they were later plagued by guilt for returning to their wives.
The Boon Hill Bear story remains authentic to this day;
the miners had the Bear to thank for keeping them away.

So should you walk alone, the Boon hill road at night?
the chances are you'll feel a chill in getting through alright.
When hunters heard the news they went searching for the Bear;
though locals kept it from the kids in fear it still roamed there?

Dale Hall

Dreams Of Tomorrow

Meadows of perennial colour dispense a natural flair,
delicate petals gracefully open as vixens hunt the hare.
Pollinating insects forage amongst a welcoming bloom,
a nectar gut filled gratitude toasts the bride and groom.
An orchestra in the atmosphere maintains a tender beat,
accompanied by machinery as farmers thrash the wheat.

Amid the perennial colours petals of war unfold,
dishes from the poppy seed are temporary placed on hold.
Man's armoury shows no mercy as outbursts often maim;
the poppy takes no side in war as relieving soldiers pain.
Evil has no place on earth through God it will be shown
in laying to rest our hero's sending brave soldiers home.

Meadows of spectacular colour burst with vigorous bloom,
annual petals of admiration are pinned to mourn the gloom.
The vixens hunt the hare in meadows filled with sorrow,
where our soldiers bravely fought, for dreams of tomorrow...

Dale Hall

Filled With Magic (Keele Hall)

A diversity of magic emerges the surroundings of Keele Hall
most captivating lies between the lakes via a tranquil waterfall.
The ground secures a squirrel's larder as mushrooms appear
in serenity amongst lakes that whisper so softly in my ear.

Dale Hall

Hillsborough 15th April 1989 In Memory

Sombre was the mood of a tragedy that occurred
in a stadium full of voices as no one spoke a word
Hillsborough's load in structure failed to support
the many devoted fans inside as the stadium ought.

Tearful was the mood of a tragedy that occurred
as the minute silence was placed on the word
in remembrance of the 96 who fell inside the ground
a waterfall of teardrops made the only sound.

Peaceful is the mood of the tragedy that occurred
the stadium full of voices united every word
In memory of the fans who never made it home
having stood beside us you'll never walk alone...

Dale Hall

Kenn Dodd

Ken Dodd

8th November 1929 - 11th March 2018

I didn't realise until you passed away
all the happiness and laughter that you brought this way.
I watched you with an audience and was blown away,
then I began to understand what you were trying to say.

Happiness is pleasantness we feel inside
you had so much in your heart it overflowed with pride
you'd tell a joke or two until they almost cried
while keeping them in stitches until it hurt their side

Your Happiness reached places only dreams could go
you obliged an obligation filling hearts aglow
When people switched their TV on to watch your show
they'd see the finest entertainer they could ever know.

So good bye to you sir may peace remain with you
I'll catch up on your past and watch a show or two
No doubt along the way I'll start feeling blue
until once again such happiness starts shining through.

Dale Hall

Llwyngwern Farm

In visiting Llwyngwern campsite when nature was having a bad day
with a frame and thread of material facing a daunting night stay.
The owner showed much compassion to cushion a washed out plan
by kindly allowing us to accommodate his hilltop river view van.
It was disused hence lacking star ratings in hygiene / cleanliness,
but it kept us dry throughout the night and his sheep never the less.

My son and I later returned to a sun beating down from the sky,
in hearing a storm took the caravan, opened a duct in my eye.
I find Wales truly inspiring, recommending you give this site a stay
it has more than basic one need's, while senses feel farther away.
I'll return to Llwyngwern farm site when midges perform in the sky;
to be further inspired by the dragon, I believe that's living close by.

Dale Hall

Love Of My Life

She simply looks lovely though more I can say
if looks were the wind she'd blow you away.
Her eyes surpass stars of shimmering light,
Northern lights rejoice with utter delight.
The sun also performs a spectacular show
as her hair reflects rays from a beautiful flow.
Her lips are as sweet as the fruit on a vine,
she truly looks in every way so divine...

Dale Hall

Merthyr Cyfarthfa Ironworks

I could picture myself in a valley of tranquillity thumping the ear
to be earning a wonderful living as the river Taff carved a career.
But more to truth must be said, work was hard graft and unkind
leading to early departures, with the majority in deafness or blind.
The dragon of Wales could be seen, puffing out flames to the sky
with ore liquefying in the furnaces, leaving the landscape to cry.
Merthyr Tydfil had all the ingredients to furnace a future revolution
creating jobs for the community, while clouds absorbed its pollution.
Now the Cyfarthfa Ironworks returns, slowly back into the ground
local kids litter the landmark, oblivious of their past so profound.

In reference to The Taff: The River That Made Wales-BBC1

Dale Hall

Penny's From Heaven

I've seen a Penny shining in the Isle of White
Shining was a Penny sore for any sight
Penny is no coin that's used to flip a tail
Penny is a Goddess of the Holy Grail
I'm not sure if Penny fell into my dream
Penny's from Heaven the one I have seen...

Dale Hall

Sarah Jane Kajaki

When I look into your eyes they take me far away
to an unforgiving land where dying soldiers lay.
Where such a cruel crop would be denied by God
explosive farmers seed their land to feed our squad.
Chinooks stir up a storm by their rotary blades
the fierce battles rage where anger never fades.
Brainwashed by angered parents of a primitive few
in the name of some religion that's so evil to be true.
A British soldier sang a new song as he painfully lay
all for the love of Lancashire that was miles away.
In doing some research I came across a name
noting Geoffrey Lancashire registered Sarah Jane.

Sarah Jane, Sarah Jane

There's a war in Kajaki that's linked to your name
When I look into your sparkling eyes of crystal blue
I see a war in Kajaki and a beautiful you.

Such desolated countries the UN should ignore
their people have no morals they just feed the war.
They are born to fight a battle to the bitter end
peace cannot prevail however much we spend.
Humans have no rights it's made it perfectly clear
there's a code of conduct to which they adhere.
To take out anyone in any way that they can?
In the most barbaric way known towards man!
Do people in Afghanistan ever have a dream
that's worthy of a canvas to portrait the theme?
Or do they sing a new song when they're miles away?
In guessing by the way they fight, there can be no way.

Dale Hall

Your Desires

When your eyes are softly closed whilst you gently sleep at night
may dreams be of the sweetest to fill your heart with pure delight.
Then may you take from within your slumber all your heart requires
so as your days may be fulfilled with what your heart desires...

Dale Hall