

Poetry Series

Della Perry
- poems -

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Della Perry()

I am a teaching assistant who writes poems and stories for adults and children. I am married with two grown up boys.

A Black Cloak

A black cloak
A black heart
Black mascara war stripes
Painted on pale, waxen cheeks
Were all the widow had remaining.
A black castle
A black steed
Black thoughts mingling
Within her deadened dreams.
With lowered eyes
Downcast soul
Arms clung to the elm for support
To steady an aching
Body, mind, soul.
As seasons changed around her
Stagnant stance
And Autumn leaves
Buried her.
One by one
They fell
and danced.

Della Perry

A Thin Poem

Thin
Skinny
Bony
Slim
Tiny
Small
Petite
Skeleton.

Della Perry

Adoptive Home

Smooth, black pebbles adorn warm salty sands
Along the bay we prefer.
Placid sea laps at a peaceful beach
Disguising its ruthless strength.
A jutting rock face reaches out, touching milky waves
As they ripple around stone feet.
Enclosing the beach guardians of broken stone stand unmovable
While seagulls sing out their joy.
A bronzing sun stared down at children, families, playing, having fun.
For the winds have blown storm clouds away, if only for today.
Stretching far, a wooden pier
Legs steady, unwavering, strong.
Bright lights glistening out to a carefree sea.
Our enchanting adoptive home
Where the urge to return must not be ignored
Each year as summer dawns.

Della Perry

Alliteration - Teacher's Table

Pens, pencils and plain paper
Pencil case and paper clips
Desk with a dictionary
Cup of tea and stripy ties
Chalk covered cheese sandwich, crusty cob,
Carrier bags and warm bagel
Banana amid a bunch of books
Computer and mouse, a real mouse in a cage,
Dead moth and Marmite smudge on the marking
Sketch of a skeleton
Ball of string
Feather and his false teeth!

Della Perry

Angry

I am so angry all the while
I drive my wheels for mile upon mile
Trying to find my head, put it right
I can't sleep one wink in the night.
This anger is eating me alive
I'm struggling just to survive
This anger, this rage is killing me
All I want is to be free.
I see no way out from this
It's just a sick game, a near miss.
A long corridor leading nowhere.
People who know but don't care.
So the anger eats away at me
Never leaving or letting me be,
The chance of being sane is no more
For the anger has slowly been closing the door.

Della Perry

Animal School

I moved to a new house and went to a new school
The Head was a mouse and the Deputy a mule
My form tutor was a rat
The Secretary a dog
The caretaker was a cat and
The dinner ladies were all hogs.
The children were buzzards, a kind of bird
It's not the strangest thing she had heard,
Said Gran in a letter sent through the mail,
But then you see Gran has got a tail!
I know it sounds quite funny and
it may sound strange
But Gran is a monkey,
It happened when she was my age!
I don't know what happened
I don't really care
After all
I'm big and furry
I'm a brown bear!

Della Perry

As Usual!

I asked Dad to take the ironing up the stairs
Dad asked Ian to take the ironing up
Ian asked Sean to take the ironing up
Sean asked Jake to take the ironing up
Jake is the dog!
As usual I took the ironing up the stairs!

I asked Dad to let the dog out into the garden
Dad asked Ian to let the dog out
Ian asked Sean to let the dog out
Sean asked Peter to let the dog out
Peter is the budgie!
As usual I let the dog out into the garden.

Della Perry

Autumn Trees

Drizzling, cold Autumn tears
Dampen concrete paths
Sullen shadow crows
Puffed up feathers
Shiver on their bare perches.
Like a blaze two trees
Stand in the grey, glowing
Coral, orange, hints of peachy reds,
Bright, beautiful in the gloom
Of an October afternoon.
Flickers of thin, brown branches
Weave their way through
Reaching out to pull the winter in
Laying out the red carpet
For the VIP of seasons to arrive.

Della Perry

Baby Cried

Baby cried
She wanted love
Baby cried
She needed care
Baby cried
Mother was there
But she was absent.

Baby screamed
She needed love
Baby screamed
She wanted care
Baby screamed
Mother was near
But she refused to hear.

Della Perry

Beast

They call you 'Beast'
Angry, manic person
They say you are bad
Naughty, trouble
They shake their heads
Expect tantrums, so you deliver!
Wait, I see an angel
Stuck, frustrated
I see a small child
Frightened, insecure, unsure.
I offer a friendly hand
I expect nothing. I wait.
The beast in you will be tamed
When you grow as a person.
When you are ready.
I have patience
I can wait for you
When you are ready.
For you do deserve
Your angel wings just need nurturing
To unfold and dry out in the sun
To be given time to grow strong.

Della Perry

Bells Chimed

When two hearts converge
and join together as one,
Two souls have been searching
and found,
The bells of a future filled
with love,
Will chime in melodic rounds.

When two hands hold
and fingers entwine in faith,
Two rings are exchanged
and respect is found,
The smiles of a family
full of pride,
Will sing out loud.

Della Perry

Best Friends

Me and him, him and me,
We clicked even that first day when he was the new boy,
Even though there was something I never knew
Till we spoke so much later when we were adults.
I missed him later in life,
Thought of him often.
We would dance and sing as children
He sang good but I was dreadful!
Stood at the rear in choir!
We made our own raps and songs, I was okay at writing.
And our dance moves were to die for
Before I became a shadow.
He loved Prince, so did his friend
They were close, I was jealous
She knew him for real.
She loved smurfs.
He drew me a picture of a lady,
She looked like a sister from Sister Sledge
I've still got it in my memory box
Along with my memories of bonfires, fish and chips,
Handsome brothers, dancing, songs,
Hiding in the school library,
Laughing at teachers, being sarcastic,
Teasing the popular ones,
Cheekiness, picking on the big heads!
All in my memory box.
Best Friends.
I miss him.

Della Perry

Black Dog

The Black Dog has been with me today
Following, stalking, growling
I am terrified, so tired
To crawl into a fetal position
Bury myself, hide
Would be such relief.
Grief kills me everyday
Tortures, I die each time
Each rhyme, just a little more.
I thought I was rid
Lost in the maze
Put up my high hedges for walls
Escaped it's wrath
I haven't, I had hope you see
I fooled myself.
It has been sneaking up slowly
So quietly I had no idea
And today it pounced
Sank sharp canines into my neck
Bit down hard, ripped my flesh
Left me for dead.
I cried today,
I sliced today
A little piece chipped away today.
I will never be free
I know that now
I finally understand
But I refuse to accept it.

Della Perry

Blossom

Blossom is so dainty
Beautiful, tantalising
As it showers us within the garden.
The children dance in the shower
of light pink petals.
But beauty doesn't last
Slowly it fades.
Like the blossom petals
Whole and wonderful upon the tree,
Shimmering elegantly as they fall.
Then brown and dull
Upon the floor.
Trodden upon on the ground.
As the seasons pass,
As the world goes round.

Della Perry

Books Of Unread Poems

There are books of unread poems
On my dusty shelves
That no-one reads
Many don't know they exist at all.
I will leave them
In my will,
With my Gothic antiques
To the Dead Poet's Society Museum.
Where they will sit
Unread, unloved,
On a dusty shelf.
As in life
So in death.
A poor poet's life in print.

Della Perry

Bottom Step

A shivering child on the bottom step
Tears on red, sore cheeks
Shattered childhood
Unspoken words
Parents love ripped apart
Cruel fate of death.
A wet tender nose
Sad big brown eyes
Sloppy lick of salty tears
A whine of shared sorrow
Timid wag of a black tail
Warm and musty smell
A comforting touch of fur against skin.
When nothing was fair
No human was there
You were my friend
My solace
My brother
My chum.
Your animal magic helped me to smile again.

Della Perry

Bounce, Bounce, Games

Bounce, bounce
Tennis ball, bounce,
From the house wall,
Monotonous sound
Glaring, fixation, catch and fall
Hours, minutes, seconds would pass
Nothing around mattered
Just the sound, bounce, bounce,
Throwing with my Godly right hand
While all along I favoured the Devilish left
For writing, drawing and throwing that damned ball.
Sometimes for a change I would use a 20 pence power-ball instead,
That would bounce so hard from my house
To next door's,
Upsetting the neighbours immensely
Especially when it hit their windows
But then mom would be a real, legitimate mother
One who stood up for her kids
'She's just a kid, ' she'd yell at the neighbour
'Give me a break! '
The only time she actually understood me.
The ball would continue to bounce
Even with the neighbour staring from behind net curtains angrily
The sharp tang on my palm
Sore shoulder aching
But still it carried on
Fixation, glaring, thinking
Tennis ball on the wall.

Della Perry

Bouncy Bug - Alliteration

Bouncy Bug likes the letter B
He bounces up and down
And sings this bouncy ballad;

Baby baboons and babbling bachelors
Boring books and back-benchers
Backgammon and badminton
Bad bacteria and baffled badgers
Bagfuls of bacon and beans wearing badges?
Baking buns and banishing banjos
Barbarians, bards and bad barbers
Barking mad barons, bashful bats
Basins and baths
Black bears, brown beagles barking on park benches
Batman and Bobbins?
Beaks and beards on bloated beasts
Now for the C's...

Della Perry

Burying The Hamster

Today we had to bury the hamster
He was cold and stiff, the children cried
He was a lucky creature for he had been loved.
They prodded and poked him, he didn't revive
His balding fur (for he was three years old, which is old for an hamster) was
damp with their tears.
We placed him in a tiny chocolate box,
I had to eat those!
With pretty tissue paper for a bed,
We made a tiny plaque and stuck it by where his head lay.
I dug a small hole by the tree, beside the pond,
Where our dog loved to lie in the summer,
We buried him slowly, even I shed a tear.
For three days he had flowers put on his little grave
And tears fell upon the disturbed soil.
But on the fourth day, quite a shock for me,
Inquisitive boys minds
Had dug him up, to have a look,
Prodded and poked, then buried him all over again.

Della Perry

Busker

City Square he sat, shoppers busied around him
Scarcely glancing his way
No second thoughts of how the poor fellow paid his way in life
He played the instrument wonderfully
Upper class paid high price for tickets to this kind of performance
Alas, he had been invisible all his life
You could tell by his clothes
He smiled a whimsical smile
Nevertheless, he greeted each eye that caught his
A pleasant nod of his gratitude when pennies landed in his hat
I stood and listened to his upbeat tune for a while
As shadows rushing past me,
Invisible me, pushed past, nudged in their hurry
He caught my glance, through hardship he smiled
I saw him today, a tiny frame of a man,
With ripped, torn clothes
Sat in the corner of City Square
With just one possession
Compared to the ones rushing by.
He played so wonderfully, sweetly
It was truly a gift.
But his humility was astounding.
His kindness in adversity to the ones who cared none for him.
When he finished playing
I walked by, placed notes into his hat
'Thank you, ' he nodded his head.
His eyes were sad close up,
'No, thank you, ' I replied.

Della Perry

Canvas

Blank canvas, as wide as outstretched arms
Sparkling white, clean, virginal
Spent pounds on two- for one is never enough
They stood adrift
Like two drunken men in the junk room
A junk house
They could be heard rudely burping into the air
Guffaws of laughter
How long they will roam there, I'm not aware.
Will they sober up and reveal something
Realistically I doubt it.
There is some desire in their blankness
Gazing at nothing that could become a great piece of art
Depends who purchases them blank, I guess
Whose masters hands gets a hold of their throat
Or caresses their pallid skin tenderly
With strokes of the brush
The best they can hope for
In my junk room studio
Is to get wet with oils.

Della Perry

Cheated Childhoods

Cheated of childhood
Sharks ripped a toddler to shreds
Screamed at the paternal threads were sliced.
A tiny egg, cracked apart,
Blood seeping around an unformed bird
One large, grey eye
Minute body
A little tail.
So much like the human fetus, unborn
Cheated of childhood.
Regrets abound, a prayer
Teenage years untold
Unread, unedited.
An adult weeping in bed
So much left unsaid.

Della Perry

Church Bells

Church bells chime
I find myself cringing from the sound
The echoes of unkind memories.
Uneasiness creeps under my cool skin
Close the windows
Close my eyes.
Is it a sin? To loathe the din
of those bloody bells.
Church bells chime
I pen a rhyme
Perhaps they remind me I will soon be out of time
They remind me of my fight
To visit the house of Christ
Yet I never do.
While I write the next line
The sound has ceased
Except in my mind
It carries on its beat
A concept that won't leave me
And still they chime
I cringe.

Della Perry

Clock

The wrinkled, rigid fingers,
Those of a blind man, search across the face,
Feeling and probing as each second passes
He has lots of patience
He has time to slowly tick away, those minutes
Until his fingers find the correct combination of digits.
We are all counting down the time
Then he will sing out loud
This is the hour
This is my time
Chiming his joy for all to hear
That old, blind man
Big Ben
For his time has come.

Della Perry

Cooking Letter

Dear Mum,

I'm writing to say I am going on strike from my chores, because of your cooking!

Until you cease to keep making peas with everything,

Chips and peas, pie and peas, pork and peas!

I am refusing to do any of the following;

Place my clothes in the wash

Tidy my room

Walk the dog

Feed the hamster

Brush my teeth.

I leave the next step up to you.

Yours sincerely

Very fed up of peas!

PoetryPez

Della Perry

Couplets Of Hurt

I once was a cadaver, but now I live
I realised I do have much to give.

Beautiful creature, silken trap
Terrified fluttering, dark death's lap.

A good man was taken, tears were shed
No more sunshine, just days ahead of dread.

Children just the same, faces and no names
Help for them is needed, such a shame.

Della Perry

Crazy

Cavity

The abyss

Echoing thoughts bounce

Around padded walls

No escape from this cell

Too well hidden

Steel, concrete, cold flesh

Beneath a frozen ground

Blocks of ice built for a defense.

Repugnance survives well here

Wrinkled noses; smell of craziness repulsive

It seeps through tiny cracks

Revealing the growing weeds

Stifling screams

Outbursts of remorse and shock and stupidity and hurt.

No escape.

Della Perry

Cup Of Tea

Cup of tea,
Chai,
Green,
Earl grey,
Milk,
Sugar,
Cream.

Della Perry

Daffodils And The Council

Bedraggled, forlorn
Broken idols are rotting
in huddles on the verges.
Shadows now,
Murky brown masks
Bent over, aged
Leaf-veined arms drooping
Somberly.
Spring has sprung
Daffodils head are hung
The Council mow them down
With revulsion.

Della Perry

Daffodils Dance

Beautiful, yellow daffodils
They dance to the music in the breeze
Their one long graceful leg sways to the rhythm of the trees
Their feet are hidden, sunken in soil
Green, veined arms held out wide
Balancing a huge, head of golden locks
Flowing around, up and down
Their eyes opening wide to the blazing sun,
Large, wide, yellow ochre with scented pupils
Perfume sprayed generously on elegant necks
The daffodils in flimsy frocks
Dance in the breeze.

Della Perry

Dandelion

Dandelion clock,
White perm of seeds
Alone on the verge
Parallel to the road
Breathing in hot fumes
Amazing egg yolk yellow flowers long gone
Sphere of seeds
Escaping with the wind
As it caresses the grass
Floating to new destinies
Miracle of life
That represents beauty
in all its simplicity and complexity.

Della Perry

Day Off

Rains outside
Hum of traffic is slight
No breeze stirs any of the trees today
I see from the diamond window.
No birds do I hear
No usual song of thrush or blackbird today
They huddle beneath the leaves today.
Just one, solitary crow
Doing what solitary crow's do.
An odd car will make that whooshing sound
As rubber tyres part the rain in the gutters of roads.
Grey clouds are gathering
Don't they always in England?
Especially on your day off.
Industrious Britain awakes.
I don't give a damn
I'm on a break.

Della Perry

Deja Vu

I'm sure I've been down this road before
I recognise that street sign, that green house door
I've seen your face within my dreams
It feels so strange or so it seems.
Things appear if you can read the signs
Or maybe it's just a trick of time
Then again it could be fate
The fact that I am always late.
Maybe it's a distant memory duplicated
Or a hidden thought that's imitated.
But no denying that I do know you
You feel the same, it's Deja Vu.

Della Perry

Diary Of A Dog

Monday;

Woof, woof, keep reading it gets better!

How dare that man keep putting his rubbish through the letterbox.

I tried really hard to bite his fingers but he's too fast. Maybe tomorrow!

Tuesday;

Walkies, walkies! Why do they persist in talking to me like I'm a puppy? I'm three years old now, honestly! Wearing the collar and lead, where do they think I'm going to run off too? China.

Wednesday;

I'm so sick of eating 'chum', they're eating chicken tonight, but I've got 'original' instead, whoever named it never tasted it, there's nothing original about that slop!

Thursday; or thirst-day!

Water, water, water! Is this all I've got to drink, honestly?

Why couldn't I have been adopted by a posh family, like those Housewives of Beverly Hills?

Friday;

If I have to fetch that ball one more time I'm going to howl!

Saturday;

They called me a 'Mutt' today, cheek of it, I tell you I am a pedigree! My mother was a pedigree Alsation and my father a pedigree Bull Terrier - it was love at first bite!

Sunday;

They are all laying in bed! Thank goodness I am sick of looking after these lot!

Della Perry

Doorways

Many doorways are open to us
Always follow your own voice
Take inspiration from others tones
To help you choose the correct doorway
But remain true to yourself along the way.
You will never go wrong
If you trust your instincts
But never close those doors behind you
Keep them ajar, for
Many friends will be made on your journey
Along those corridors called life
Many friends that will always wish you well.

Della Perry

Dudley

Yow dow alf spake funnee
That's what they say to me
Those posh people at work
Weir yow from?

Actually they say;
You speak strangely
Where are you from?

And I say, A'rm from Dudleee ay I?
Pra' ard of me heritage I am!
Y' ow know air accent is weird!

They tell me to speak the Queen's English
You can obviously write it
You are quite educated, so why don't you speak properly?
It would make people take you so more seriously. oooh aaah!

But I ay from that place the good old Queenie is from am I.
I cor put no airs and graces on, am yow kiddin?
I'm praird of weir I'm from
Good ole workin' family us lot am!
A bit of the Priory, bit of Cradley Heath,
A bit of Tipton and a bit of that posh plairce Kingswinford!
Yow am impressed by that I see!
We ay all as rough as the road!
But you know, I'll write nicely
I'll work hard and be a decent sort
But I'll never forget my roots, my heritage
My accent and heart will be forever The Black Country.
Blow my bugle at the top of Dudley Castle's turrets
Ate our Gran's faggots and pease,
Sup our ale
And race my beloved pigeons.
Cause like our Lenny Henry, our proud son of Dudley
I'm forever proud
Forever Dudley
Forever our Black Country.

Dudley's Heart - Dudley Zoo

It is Dudley's heart
Beating hard and fast
On top of the hill
A part of the past.

Dudley Castle and Zoo
A sight to behold
A day out for you
For young and the old.

For Dudley folk it's a vital part
Holds a special place within our heart.

Dudlian's are extremely proud
Of you standing firm and tall
We tell everyone about you loud
We visit you big or small.

There's other places roundabout
Museums and parks and such
But the one to make us loudly shout
The one we love so much.

Take a visit, you'll love it too
It's Dudley Castle and Zoo.

Della Perry

Echoes Of Ridicule

The voices echo around
Bounce off the nerve endings
Hurt so much
Constant ridicule
Constant sneers.

Derision is your friend
Satire and scorn your parentage
Taunting and mockery your kin
But it is wearing thin.

The voices echo around
Bounce off the nerve endings
Pain, difficult to endure
Constant ache
Constant tears.

Anarchy is my friend
Turbulence and pandemonium cover my skin
I know I will NOT echo in my child's mind
A free spirit now, I WIN!

Della Perry

Eclipse

Once the sun shone brightly, warmly,
Embracing each new day with utter delight and charm,
My friend indeed.
Young and vibrant like the rays of light.
Then it happened;
The Eclipse!
Suddenly life was driven into darkness,
Lights extinguished into oblivion, my mind
Thoughts in a pit of hell
Disgust, revulsion, guilt,
My enemy indeed.
Dark and gloomy like the eclipse of that evening
When I lost it all to the darkness
And it has never been found.

Della Perry

Empty Words

Here for you - on holiday sorry!
Phone me - doesn't answer
Pop in to chat - text first
Come around - not in; hiding behind sofa
Anytime - except if the day ends in a y
I'll help you - I only look after my own
I understand - not listening
I'll go with you - going with my other friend sorry.
Do it together - I want to win!
Family - When i want something. Money?
Talk to me - When it suits
Keep in touch - only if you make the first phone call
Empty words
Empty minds
Empty sentiments
Empty friendships
Leave you even emptier.
Be real.

Della Perry

Enjoy

I enjoy writing rubbish poetry
I like Larkin about!
I enjoy dotting down idiotic poems
And following the winding Plath.
I enjoy jotting down ideas
And acting a little Wilde.
I enjoy trying to win competitions for poems
I ought to win a Rosetti.
Trouble is I'm not good enough
So Ill stick to Larkin about.

Della Perry

Entertainment

So I must settle for being the light entertainment
Nothing serious
Nothing vital
Just the one who is there
To help others feel better
While I fade away inside.

Della Perry

Faces

Brooding, grinning faces, stare from hidden places,
Lightning flashes of what?
Impatience, hatred, jealousy?
Smiling, laughing faces,
Warm words, warm embraces,
Glinting flashes of what?
Enjoyment, liking, wanting?
Faces; sad, angry, childlike,
Faces; happy, pleased, euphoric.
Faces, faces,
Varied, all around us.
Watching, waiting, expecting,
Anticipating faces.

Della Perry

Faith

Faith walked out that evening, disgusted
Ran through the long, cold, white corridor
Of the death place
It has never returned.
It's like a shadow lurking below the bridge
I doubt I will never open my arms wide
Never embrace it back into the fold
Not even when I wear purple, am old!
I may live to regret that decision
But I doubt it!
Faith hurts, faith kills
Faith can be so over-rated!
Now, you, dear father, you believed
Even through the worst of times
Your spirit was free.
My belief, only just growing anyway,
Was concealed in anger the night you passed
I fear there is no hope left for me
No point trying to believe once more
For the damage was done
Or am I just scared
A little girl still hiding, crying below those stairs?

Della Perry

Five Minutes

Sat in the cold car
Outside the store
Cried for five minutes
Not a minute more
Released it all.
Life is not easy
Shakes you senseless
Cruelty, lies and death
Hurts.
Wiped eyes, sore, red
Messy hair, bra-less
Who cares?
Depression's ghost for company
Sad songs, frozen.
Outside the store
In the cold car,
Released it all,
Cried for five minutes
Not a minute more.

Della Perry

Flower

Fragrances, gentle swaying
Like dancing ladies cavorting
On slim, elegant limbs
Washing, arms aloft, in the showers
Enjoying the warmth of the sun as it dries
Resting in the breeze.

Della Perry

Football Widow

That time of year again
When ladies lose their spouses
To the beautiful game.
No-one cares the doors hang from their frames
Or windows are covered in filth
The lawn can grow as high as the roof
The football army has beers to drink
And chair arms to squeeze tightly
Chanting doesn't get shouted by itself love
Come on, me babbies!
He'll be back when the season is over.

Della Perry

Forest

His arms reach down around us
Big, bulky and terrifying
His feet are rooted to the spot
Swaying slightly in the breeze
His friends live all around him
And his enemies!
Tall and solid, unmoving
A bunch of brothers akin
A family tree.
To the earth, the ground, the breeze
His coat is of the finest ivy green
Reaching up to his crown
Falling down below gnarled knees
He is the King of the Forest
He is the oak tree.

Della Perry

Fred

A cat and a mouse in a shed
Were being watched by a bloke called Fred
Said the mouse that is that
I'm to be eaten by a cat
But he was trodden on by Fred instead!

Della Perry

Fred Is Dead

There was a man called Fred
Who loved to be in his shed
A hammer hit his head
And sadly now he's dead.

Della Perry

Friend

My friend

I think of you often my dear

Sometimes I even sense you near

When I am in need of relaying my fears.

I visit occasionally, Kneel down and chat,

Leave you flowers and talk

Say I miss you as I walk

Away but even though a dimension apart

Know I have you forever in my heart.

As long as we remember you each day

That friendship will never ebb away.

You were such a lovely lady, completely free,

You made a deep impact on many, on me.

Della Perry

Future

The future seemed a safe place
Safer than the present.
But then I realised that the future
Is the present to be.
When you arrive there
Next, week, next month, next year,
Nothing will change.
I will still be wishing for the future to be better than now.
Nothing changes.
Nowhere is safe.
Not the past
Not the present.
Not the future.
The world is a scary place.

Della Perry

Gem Of The East

Camels and oxen, silhouettes
Ripples in golden sands
Whispers of abundant harvests
In a prosperous land.

Peaceful throng, market trade
Samarkand shines, sellers' calls
Blue ribbed cantalope domes with
Turquoise, mosaic walls.

Glades of wild jasmine
Mountains of scented flower
Trickle of fresh water, clear
This the place, this the hour.

Grains, silks, glass, skins;
Scents of pleasing spices
Stones, tea, flax, rugs, cattle
Pilgrims faith, no vices.

Della Perry

Georgia

Her dance is outstanding.
Beautiful, like butterflies dainty wings.
Daddy's princess just shimmers,
Pink tu-tu skirt swirls around.
Eyes, mouth just beams in delight.
Proud, elegant, a swan's stylish grace,
Arms held aloft
Above shiny, jet black hair
Hanging by her waist.
Sweet song surrounds the air.
Daddy's little princess.
our Georgia.

Della Perry

God Bless

God Bless
Thank the Lord
For you keep me alive
Your patience and love
Undeserved
Are what keep me going
So, God Bless
Your words of wisdom
Save me
You are heaven sent
To care
To share your love
I thank you.

Della Perry

Gone Too Soon

Sixteen summers is not much time to fit a lot into a life
But you managed to with excellence.
Memorial words were so fitting
Life was not easy coming, difficult times had enthused,
Times that loved ones regretted.
But you never know what is coming,
How much time you have left to say sorry,
You were just a typical teenager
Getting up to teenager things.
There were so many memorable years too, so many
There were more friends than foes that was for sure.
The mourners, young and old, were lined outside the church.
Each held a memory wrapped in a tissue in shaky hands
A tear to water it, a thought to feed it, a mind to care for it,
Those thoughts would grow and survive forever.
Like your parents, lovingly treasured, they would never forget you.
Regrets abounded of course, arguments had made you live apart,
But is there ever any ending without them?
No-one can outrun the embrace of regret!
But one thing has emerged
Others like you, will change and live life to the fullest,
Never wasting a second of theirs.
You will be thought of as young and adored forever more
By so many people who loved you in this world
Until the days you are reunited.

Della Perry

Gooseberry Picking

Quiet woods was our haunt
Below the gooseberry bushes
Where we found out we were in love
Gooseberry picking our pretense
from prying, eyebrow-lifting parents
Whose disappointment and disapproval would have killed us.
Dappled light shone on our first tentative kiss
Giggles echoed along the corridor of tree trunks
We touched thin, undeveloped bodies tenderly, shyly.
Prohibited love, we were both just fifteen
On hugging our long curls interlocked, yours blonde, mine mousy brown
Our lip gloss; yours bright red, mine pink, joined like glue.
Best friends became lovers in the silent woods
There was nothing wrong with our love
Yet we hid it for so long.
We carried gooseberries in our hoods on the way home.

Della Perry

Grans

Myriad of features remain still
Framing memories of lives
Copious traits were altered
Hues were brightened
Contemporary fittings squeezed between antiques
Mixtures of old and new
Reflecting a new era
With shadows of the past.
Gran would be proud
Her pride and joy; glass fronted cabinet
Stands still
Frozen in time
China cups and saucers
Still reside on the bottom shelf
Just as she left it before she died.

Della Perry

Green Peas

Guess what I've got for my tea,
I tell you I'm not best pleased, yes,
You've guessed it, nasty, small, green peas!
I hate them with a vengeance, they really are quite nasty,
Mom, Mom, please no more,
I'd rather eat a pasty!

When you are not looking, as soon as I am able
I'll flick those green things underneath the table,
When I leave school I make sure I am late
Cause I can't stand the moment I'm faced with my round plate!

I like to see my Mom with a friendly smile
But then I spy my dinner, I want to run a mile!
Fish and chips WITH peas, chicken and potatoes AND peas, liver and onion, and
yes, you've guessed it PEAS!
I feel like dropping to my knees
And screaming out 'Oh, please! '

You know what you need, Mom, a Delia cookbook!
When I visit the library I'll be sure to have a look,
It's not really funny, it isn't a joke
How about an egg for tea?
I'll even eat the yolk!

I think Dad feels the same, 'I like corn on the cob! '
But you just answered smugly, 'You are just a snob! '
We came home one day you'd cooked something new!
We looked at each other and inside shouted 'Yahoo! '

'I've made you both a very tasty pie! '
I got so excited I jumped up high
On my plate no green things to be seen
This really must be a dream.

As I cut what do you think fell out of my pie?
I am not joking, I do not lie!
There it was, a horrid green pea
Sitting there, shiny, grinning at me!

I looked at my Dad, he looked at his plate,
On our faces were expressions of hate
Dad asked politely, 'What sort of pie did you make me? '
'I found it in Delia's cookbook,
It's made out of pea! '

Dad's face turned to pea green
'Haven't you heard of cabbage, carrots or beans! '
Mom got sad and started to cry
'Why are you so horrid, why oh why? '

'We really are sorry, we do like your pie.'
Dad and I had no choice but to lie.
Mom ceased crying and began to smile
Then lots more peas on our plates did she pile!

So you see, we still eat peas at nearly every lunch,
But Dad and I keep quiet because
We both love Mom a whole bunch!

Della Perry

Guitar

A lonely six string guitar
Sits in the dark corner
Of a once tidy bedroom
Dust-caked, missing the vibrations of once heard tunes.
A ukulele box to keep it company
Empty cold cardboard
Lost it's soul
For the ukulele is loved; for now.
They look at each other
Mirror images
Reflecting each others mourning song
For the sounds that make them alive
For the notes that will never be played.

Della Perry

Halloween

Have you ever walked through a graveyard in the dead of night?
I tell you if you try it you will get a fright.

One night it was Halloween and no stars were in the sky
Just a large full moon watching like a gigantic eye!

I had to rush home, the hour was getting late
Probably a load of bloody peas piled on my plate!
Just half an hour ago I had left my mate.

As i walked along, there were sounds, I was scared,
I was beginning to wish the taxi I'd shared.

I heard a swoosh, a cackle, in my throat came a lump
Then a bang and a bump! Boy did I jump!

I thought I saw a tail of a wolf on the prowl
I could smell a foul stench then came the howl!
HOWL! !

I stopped in my tracks next to a gnarled old tree
I wondered if that demon wolf were looking for me.

I squinted my eyes to help see in the mist
My stomach was turning, beginning to twist!
I saw two yellow eyes, round the bushes they peered
Calm down, I whispered, this is just weird!

If I hurry, be quick, I can run and flee
Maybe get home in time for my tea,
Glad to eat those nasty green peas.

Thinking of food if I didn't beat the beast
I might end up as main course in his feast!

I started to run, I started to cry
I felt like I was trapped in a web, I was the fly!

I caught my foot, on the floor I fell,
The ground was damp, had a terrible smell
I looked up and yellow eyes were up in the tree
SCREAM!

But as it came closer, it was just a black cat looking at me,
Wondering why I was covered in wee!

Della Perry

Halloween Night

I went for a long walk with my dog
We saw across the street a green frog
He waved and as he started to retreat
We noticed he had fluffy feet.

We carried on walking down the road
When we spied a big, fat toad
He smiled at us and said Hi
We noticed he had a bulging eye.

We thought it funny but carried on
We saw a cat with a tall hat on?
He hissed at us as we walked by
On his nose was a bluebottle fly.

Things were strange, we didn't have a clue
Then over our head a broomstick flew
On it a witch yelled, 'Trick or Treat,
You standing down there in the street.'

We carried on faster than ever
Someone thought they were being clever
Trying to scare us out our wits
With cloaks and masks and scary bits.

We would not be fooled we knew that
But then we saw a flying bat
We looked up at the bright moon
I was so scared I almost swooned.

The dog was barking and howling away
I wished that I had stopped in that day
The dog stopped for a sniff at the post
That's when I spied the horrible ghost.

I screamed, I shouted, I was so terrified
Ghosts did exist, my mother had lied
Then off their heads kids pulled off their masks
They had excelled in their scary task.

'Trick or Treat, Halloween night
We are here to give you a fright
We will scare and we will dare
Terrify you cause we don't care! '

Just then the dog looked up at the moon
Oh, no I heard him howl a tune
Those kids shouldn't have come out that night
For Wolfie hadn't eaten yet, not a bite!

HOWL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Della Perry

Hate Is A Cup Of Tea

The vile ones, love it
Enjoy to stir it up
Watch from across the table
To sip it burns your lips
They don't make it sweet
It has no milk or cream
Tasteless and weak.

Pour the water of peace
Boil it, kettle red
Till it is dry and dead
Teabags of hatred, lies, fear and dread
Stir it in a pot till it stinks, scolds
Is heavy as lead.
Pour from the hatred pot
Little streams of brown
Rotting your aspirations in china cups of minds
If it's not enough to fill
They boil it and refill again.
Offering mostly to the teens
Who laze in cafes, parks or by streams
Thinking of what is to become of their broken dreams.

Della Perry

Have You Ever

Have you ever shouted but no-one listened?
Have you ever screamed but no-one heard?
Have you ever yelled but no-one heeded?
Have you ever balled but no-one paid attention?
Have you ever bellowed but no-one observed?
Have you ever called out but no-one noticed?
Have you ever cried but no-one perceived?
Have you ever hollered but no-one minded?
Have you ever ranted but no-one bothered?
I have. Have you?

There's no point talking loudly or putting across my point of view,
You see it is worthless to you
You don't listen to the words anyway even if they ring true,
So, why bother talking, I'll keep my knowledge to myself
Maybe just share it with a few!

Della Perry

He Hides

He hides sometimes, sneaks up behind me,
Glimpses of his shadow stalking, bullying, vile and corrupt.
He offers me bad thoughts,
Whispers in my ears, prods my brain stem.
Like a demon he haunts me, hurts me.
I exorcise him often, but he often returns stronger.
I hate him!
He tears at my heart
He pokes my eyes
He picks out bad thoughts and multiplies.
Each time we meet he nearly kills me
But I resurrect
But each time I am smaller.
I hate him.
I close my doors
I build up thick walls
I hone my defenses.
I call him names, I beat him with sticks and blades
I wish to cut this unhealthy bond
But once I remember he was my only friend!
He will not win
Depression is a bully.
I don't wish for that friend
I wish to be lonely.

Della Perry

Healthy Food Hero

I like fruit, I'll eat it all day
My Mom says it keeps the doctor away
I like vegetables, I have them for tea
My mom says they are good for me, even peas!
I like meat, fish and cheese
My mom says they make muscles like these!
I like bread, cereals and rice
My mom says they are starchy
But I think they are nice!
I like yogurt and milk at home
My mom says they are good for your bones.
I like chocolate and cola for a snack
My mom says that they contain too much fat!
The Doctor advises eat a balanced diet, Deano
Then you will become a
Healthy Food Hero!

Della Perry

Hide And Seep

My sister's gang played
Hide and Seek in the dark street,
The ginger boy was always kind to me
None of the others noticed me
All having eyes for my teenage sister
Cropped hair, black and white checked clothes, slim, pretty,
We had to hide, run for the den.
I was little, I always got caught!
We hid in next door's porch
While we hid this guy farted
I felt sick, he laughed, got us found.
Another time we hid in our shed
With the corn barrels, bikes and mouse droppings
My sister wouldn't let me leave to use the toilet
No way could we be found!
Urine seeped down my legs, she laughed,
Got us found,
They all laughed,
Mother was fuming as usual!

Della Perry

Hideaway

Me and D were only young
Nine or ten
Sometimes we fell out and I dated R instead
But I always went back to D
He break danced, he was cool and hilarious.
R was smart, good looking but a bit of a bore.
Me and D would ride our bikes to the park
There were massive tree groves
We would duck the branches
Underneath was like a tent, under the leaves.
We would play house and marriage
Sit on cardboard and laugh.
As we grew older
He wanted to do what mom and dad did
I didn't want to.
So we fell out again, I went out with R and watched as
D went to our hideaway with clare,
And Sue, and Jill and... many more.
We drifted apart.
R moved house, too far to keep in touch when you're 11,
Grief shook me hard.
My best friend, T, moved school.
It was tough being a kid!
But I got to admit
D and R are still in my childish heart.

Della Perry

Holiday Cocktails

She was allowed to buy the alcoholic drinks from the bar
She was eighteen, England is lower to buy booze,
She held the tall glasses with a multitude of colours in front of my jealous eyes
each evening in the club,
She, smiling falsely, teasing me,
She sipped through the black straw
She crooned in delight at each new flavour on her tongue
She swirled the plastic sticks with little animals on the top
She was collecting these as mementos,
Wouldn't even give me one!
Little monkeys with long tails, parrots, cats,
She placed the little umbrellas in her hair
Flicking her head around, all grown up,
Giggled and smiled at the men
Who smiled in return or leered,
She showed off, she made me fume.
Back at the caravan
I laughed hysterically
A twelve year old taunting her eighteen year old, hot head sister,
As she spewed up her fancy cocktails
Down the toilet and groaned
'Never again...'

Della Perry

Home Same Home

The same animal print cushions lay on the couch,
The same hound reclines beside the patio door,
The same laughter of children echoes around the house,
The same wood-pigeon couple sit on the window ledge,
The same rhododendrons sway in the summer breeze,
The same thoughts and dreams drift upon the white clouds,
The same sun shines down upon the many friends,
Then when the day is done,
The same moon and stars gaze down upon the many homes.

Della Perry

Honey Bee

I am like the honey bee at the bay window
Focused on the beautiful, yellow chrysanthemums in terracotta houses
Beyond my reach, inside on the sill, basking in sunlight.
I buzz, buzz away then return
But even though the garden outside,
Available to me is full of the same fantastic buds
The most spectacular, the ones I require, are those beyond my reach.
So becoming more frustrated with each flap of my wings
I keep bouncing myself against that pane
Peeved that what I madly require is beyond my gain.
What a shame, I can't just stop... look around me,
Appreciate the gorgeous blooms around me,
Take in all the goodness, the positives
For there are many in my short life
Enjoy what I can have and can do,
Rather than regret what I haven't got and can't do.
Stop banging my head against that pane of glass!

Della Perry

Hope

As winter's darkness encroaches the light,
A black lid upon the coffin of day,
It brings a regret on a chain of steel,
An iron anchor that weighs one down.
Outside it is cold and bleak,
A body that is frail and weak,
Mind and thoughts in such turmoil.

But under the snow, beneath the soil,
Lies life in abundance waiting a while,
For the thawing light and warmth of rays,
Will once more return, those summer days,
Those little buds will spring right back,
Bury those chains in the wintry haze,
Lift the lid up to the warmth and sun,
Defeat regret and up and run.

Poetrypez 30.12.19

Della Perry

Human Race

The human race
Speculate, pro-create
Science, philosophize
Make.

Discuss a future
Where their designs
Reach the end for us.
Certain, determined
This is the case!
Yet, still they create,
Speculate,
They make...

Della Perry

Hunger For Knowledge

Hungry all the time
Starving, ravenous,
Unrelenting hunger pains me.
Needing knowledge, release,
Continuous waiting for more.
Can't cease this, it grumbles
and rumbles for more.
Can't relax, can't sleep,
Hungry all the time
Repeat.

Della Perry

I Am At War

I am at war with my self esteem
Wolves smiling, falsity, lies
Want me to stand against the wall
To blend in to the background of their selfish lives
So they can stand tall.

I am at war with my confidence
They want me to remain small
To hide behind fear, make me extremely clear
That I do not fit in to their idea of it all.

I am at war with my inner soul
I will devour them whole
For I am not that mole, who will continue to live in darkness
Or allow them to smother me in soil
I have reached the boiling point.

I am at peace, I am I
As good, as worthy, as kind
As mean, as jealous, as mindful,
As smart, as pretty, as ugly, as trustworthy,
As appreciative, as loving.
The balance is within me
Not lowly, beneath you
Not above you, as you tried to be to me
I am learning to be in balance.

I don't want war, I want peace
A piece of history
Where I was allowed to be as good as you thought you were
Confidence, self esteem grew rapidly
It showed you the door.

Della Perry

I Grieve Too

I see the sadness,
I feel the pain,
Without any explanations
I empathize, understand.

I see the grief,
I feel the loss,
Without those fallen tears
I know, I grieve too.

I am here,
I feel too,
Without any questions, or answers,
I can hold your hand, a friend.

For I was once that sadness,
I once felt that pain,
Without any words
I grieve too.

Della Perry

I Should

To fly far from here
I wish I could
To soar above the clouds
I wish I could
To hover and observe
I know I should
To sing out loud
I know I could
To escape far from this life
I wish I could
I know I should.

Della Perry

I Should Have Screamed Too

To rage, scream, yell, bellow
From the pit of a hellish stomach
Shake punching hands in the thick atmosphere
Stare that alien down, snake eye, glass him in the pie hole
Blow a gasket, blow my top,
Flip my insanity lid
Hit the roof, rant, rave, rail
Go berserk, go mad
Seethe, shout, swear!
For you were all there, without a care
And not one saw me
Or offered a friendly hand
When my childhood rocked in the storms of madness and grief.
These are the emotions I should have shown
Related to you all
For false smiles, and little mouse squeaks
Never helped me at all!

Della Perry

Identity

I have a name, I exist,
I have a birth certificate to prove it.
I'm sure I'm alive?
I feel pain often enough, Oh I do feel the pain, the angst!
But maybe I'm wrong, I mustn't exist for;
You, you look right through me
Like a pane of glass, an open door.
You even talk over my head or shush me with a palm
And talk louder over my voice.
I am confused, I see a reflection in the mirror,
It hurts if I pinch my cheeks, my arms!
You are so rude
Trying hard to be nice gets you nowhere
You don't give an ounce about me or us.
You see nothing, feel nothing
But you are the same as me.
You have a family that loves you,
You are a son, daughter, brother, sister.
I know who I am,
I'm proud of my identity of course.
I do not hate, I encompass all.
I you will see what is within me, not without.
I'm not that much different to you
You would see if you tried.
I cannot help that I am poor
That my parents had to toil so hard for me.
That my trousers are short and worn.
But I was lucky for I was loved and taught to love.
Each of us is a jigsaw piece that fits together
Making our mother earth a beautiful place,
Rich and poor,
We could be friends
Be unique, do not be a clone,
Allow the love to flourish around us.
Enjoy our identities, acknowledge each others attributes
Admire each others' identities
Push judgements to the side
For within most of us is a loving person that is striving to survive.

Insomnia

Midnight insomnia
Gaze at a starry sky
Moon the slit of a sleepy eye
Shivers, frosty air
Shadows of bats swoop by
A moment
To speculate
To wonder
Why?

Della Perry

Jigsaw Pieces

The two were like jigsaw pieces
Missing pieces
Unless they ever admitted their feelings for each other
The picture would never be finished
The whole would never be fixed.
A thing of beauty never seen,
Never shown to the world.
Sadly, both knew that it would never be possible
Too much hurt, too much pain,
The astounding beauty would remain shelved
For eternity.

Della Perry

Kenning - Dad

Lawn trimmer
Tv watcher
Football player
Monopoly winner
Nose picker
Bum scratcher
Car washer
Dog walker
Fun sharer
Mum teaser
Joke teller
Bill payer
Beer drinker
Curry fanatic
Film lover
Film collector
My Dad.

Della Perry

Kenning - Dogs

Bone crushers

Tail waggers

Wet noses

Four feet

Sharp teeth

Soft fur

Short fur

Prickly fur

Long fur

Large ears

Small ears

Pointed ears

Ball chaser

Cat hater

Feet licker

Best Friend.

Della Perry

Kenning - Grandma

Love hugger
Sweet giver
Film watcher
Flower lover
Scarf wearer
Massive knickers!
House cleaner
Cat stroker
Magazine reader
Budgie keeper
Kiss giver
Rule breaker
Pocket money!
Super Gran.

Della Perry

Kenning - Mum

Breakfast maker

Tea stirrer

Bed maker

Room tidier

Washer upper

Taxi driver

Clothes washer

Shirt ironer

Poem writer

Pet feeder

Pet walker

Pigeon lover

Bill payer

Home maker

Working Mum.

Della Perry

Kenning - Teacher

Pencil pusher

Rule setter

Education sharer

Quick thinker

Continuous learner

Care giver

Inspiration giver

Knowledge feeder

Praise giver.

Della Perry

Key Stage 2 Poet

Its truth glares from the mirror
Hanging crippled on the wall
I'm not a 'Blake, Eliot or Plath'
Not educated enough to follow that winding path
I'm just a Key Stage 2 Poet.
My silly jottings mean so much to eleven year old philosophers
But not a lot to the more mature generation
Who tend to roll their eyes of disapproval.
Never mind, thought my heart be down-trodden by its failure
It is also uplifted by fragile, wide-eyed, proud children
Who think that I am a thinker too.
A dreamer like them.
My new dream is not to be a famous poet
But to inspire a younger generation
Who will be 'Blake's, Eliot's and Plath's with influence and encouragement.
My ambition is for them to succeed where I could not
To show them the opportunity is there if they want it.

Della Perry

Koi Carp

Sitting, arms crossed, staring
Into the rippling pond
Past the beautiful lilies
Into the depths
At the slow, moving
Rhythmic Koi Carp.

Thinking, arms crossed, looking
Concentrating on a thought
The dark pond, alive
With gold, orange, reds
Adding colours, rainbows
To the elegant pond.

Watching, arms crossed, waiting
For your life to slow
Moments to consider beauty
Of this world, wonderment
In a different way
In the world of the Koi.

Della Perry

Ladies Unite

Ladies Unite

Though life is hard

Through it's ups and downs

Celebrate womanhood

Cheer each other on

Lift each other up

For we are all in the same boat

Heading Northwards

On stormy seas

On calm seas

Together

We can make

The sailing so much easier.

Della Perry

Le Vampyre

Ancient elms and oaks
Stood like hell in the darkness
That enveloped the earth.
No creature dared to stir
Candle light flickered aging shadows
Across a dead leaf carpet.
Swollen ivy draped in a deathly hanging grip
From blackened limbs.
Piercing gaze, mascara stains
Manicured talons gripped the rose of death
Black as dried blood.
Crushed petals seeped fluid
Thorns dripped with wine.
A tiara for the blood princess
Made from thorny stems of rambling roses
Perfectly formed curls flowing over strapless shoulder of cream
Virgin white wedding gown and lace gloves
Violated with delicious blood.

Della Perry

Letter To The Sweet Owner

Dear Tin of Roses Owner,
Hello, just a post it note to say
You shouldn't leave your sweets lying around,
Someone could steal them
So just to prove my point
As I feel it is an important lesson for you to learn
And they say you learn better from experience
I have eaten most of your sweets
I have left you the wrappers as a reminder.
p.s. Only to prove the point mind you!

I will not sign this for obvious reasons!

Della Perry

Life Carries On

Magpies continue to chat across rooftops
Mice still hide from dug out holes
Starlings sing in noisy crowds just as they always have.
Children play and scream in excitement in the gardens
Telephones ring in the distance
Films on TV continue to be repeated
People I see continue to live, eat, drink, work, reproduce, excrete, sleep, repeat.
Think and produce
Thoughts do not stop
They roll around loosely like marbles in a tin.
The sun rises, sun sets, the moon watches.
I miss you, you are gone
But life still moves on around me.

Della Perry

Life Finds A Way

Even through adversity
Through the most difficult of times
Life finds a way.
Through the tangled thorns
Through the wildest woods of time
It winds its way, searching
Through dimness
Through the bog, to find light
Life finds a way.
Through the darkest of hours
Through the sorrow
It seeks a better tomorrow
And life does find a way.

Della Perry

Life Swap

Don't you think it funny
How one man's dream
Is another man's hell.
How we all want something else
Never pleased with our lot
Always after another's life or lover.
How many settle for second best
More than I can count, no doubt.
Unaware that some would love to be in our shoes
Second fiddle their image of heaven.
Don't you think it funny
We'd make tons of money,
Selling our lives on the internet.
Swapping our identities, our dreams.
Life swapping.

Della Perry

Light Finds A Way

What fears reside in darkness?
Shady chasms of phobias
Where air dissipates, hearts thump
Bottomless, depths of despair
Echo calls, no-one there
She can only imitate your fears,
The terrified cries.
Blackness shrouds the eyes,
Ugly shadows tease, loiter, faceless shapes
Monsters of minds and dreams.
Bravery absconds, nerves reach the brink of madness
At these despairing times
Sweeping fog envelopes, tightening, suffocating,
Wait, breathe, pray
For the mist will evaporate,
Light, impassioned goodness
Will inseminate the blackness
As it has eternally
For as long as Gaia spins
Thrusting the shadows into illumination
Establishing the radiance
That saves you from the darkest fears
The light will always find a way.

Della Perry

Live

Chill out, relax, chillax,
Enjoy others,
Cease retribution,
Cease the judgments of others,
Falling into the trap of indecision and depression.
The weight of the leaden duvet is lifted
From my flattened lungs
To breathe again is amazing.
An awakening, a rebirth
A wonderment of life and how good it could become
If you open the door wide.
The white walls have now become painted
With hues of beautiful acknowledgment
And they are painted by me
And only me
Because I can be me at last.
I can paint my future bright.

Della Perry

Living

Magical ladies are nowhere
Second best, hidden away.
Morning song,
Others sneak along.
Mayhem marries the lonely.
Hard to change.
Strange moments appear too often.
Secret missions are often failed.

Della Perry

Look After Your Own

It all makes sense now
The selfish, the mean spirited.
They think they are doing the right thing
'Look after my own.'
But they don't realise
The meaning behind kindness,
Is to care for the weak, the timid, the lonely, the old,
The unlovable, the ones who aren't blood,
The world may be so much better
If we all changed a little bit.
To not be so selfish,
To not turn a blind eye
To put yourself out
Some don't help anyone
Not even their own blood
Well, that just makes it worse!
'Look after my own'
We are all our own
You have to get old and frail yourself
And you would be glad of that kindness from someone.

Della Perry

Lost Childhood

Locked in the attic
Sat in the dark
While other's voices
Are heard in the park.

Knees by the chest
Huddled up tight
Tears on the face
Frozen in fright.

No-one is searching
They think she is dead
The forgotten child
Lives a life of dread.

Sometimes he comes
The Demon in flesh
He twiddles his thumbs
She wished he was dead.

She sits in the dark
Locked up tight
Her soul has been pillaged
She's lost all the fight.

Della Perry

Love

Revealing bare shoulders of virginal lace
A shawl around nature, pure white.
Wonderful sight as day chases night,
Branches, silk, in loving embrace.
Frosting of snow around the land,
Painted by the masters hand.

Della Perry

Love Bomb

Wow, you are the bomb
You attack my senses
You charge my soul
When you're near I'm set on fire
You are the bomb
I'm bombarded with love
I'm blitzed with emotions
You are explosive
You are my love bomb!

Della Perry

Love Disappears To Hidden Dreams

To love, hidden, screened,
Nets of silk, coverings of sheets,
Look, but not to touch.
Smooth, real but not to ever possess.
Will time ease the pain?
Hours are gone,
No sight, no interaction,
Building up the force.
Love, hiding, is an early death,
A lie, falsity, living an untruth.
Hurt, pain replaces,
Blood in the heart is cold,
These forces allow brilliance to appear
As love disappears,
Humour turns to dreams
Hidden,
Screened.

Della Perry

Love Is...

Needing no words
The look in your eyes
Stomach fluttering
Angels wings
Glowing cheeks
Knowing smile
Damp palms
Strong bonds
Beauty beholden
Deep knowledge
Laughing together
Living a dream
Dancing as one
Sharing a soul
Best of friends.

Della Perry

Love Mocks

Love mocks

Laughs heartily in your face

Poppet, Sweetheart,

Hilariously frolics upon the lawn

Dancing dirtily, taunting foolishly

Alas, foolish never was in the vocabulary

Love is never where it appears to be

It is never forced, pushed into your face

Shoved under your nose

It doesn't need to be, not true love.

Flashing fluorescent lights!

Open your eyes, love

Lust can lure you into its abyss

The terrible place from which ghosts of hearts crack broken and limp.

True adoration is subtle in its approach

It has no price tag

Names in sands are washed away easily in time

It reveals itself in short, sharp bursts of respect

Kindness, warm tingling

Happiness and trust

A touch of a hand,

A wink of an eye,

A kiss on a nose.

Della Perry

Love Of Winter

Revealing bare shoulders of virginal lace
A shawl around nature, pure white.
Wonderful sight as day chases night,
Branches, silk, in loving embrace.
Frosting of snow around the land,
Painted by the masters hand.

Della Perry

Love Of Words

You had gone without the knowledge
I owe it to you
I never had chance to give thanks
The love of words
Power of the book
You enticed me to it all
Sadly you passed on
I'll never get to tell
Just how much I actually do love those words
Just how right you were
Taking me to the library
Joining in my childish glee
Reading to me on your knee
I'll love you forever Aunty
I'll always think of thee.

Della Perry

Love's Arms

Love opened his arms, he welcomed me
Into that warm embrace
But it wasn't enough, not enough for me
I was still part of the race.
I slipped through the fingers, running solidly
Into the darkness ahead.
I didn't look around me
I didn't see my feet
Just days ahead of dread.
Love opened his arms, he welcomed me
Even though I scoffed
He remained there, he took away the fear
He showed he cared.
Yes, love opened his arms, welcomed me into the embrace
The warmth of that love
And I cling on still
With all my might
Thanking the Lord above.

Della Perry

Ludlow's Busking Twins

Costa coffee, cup large than the table
Steam rising into the warmth of the day
Pleasant chatter, narrow lanes of old
Blue plaques on terrace walls
Historical town, stone, wooden beams
Mingled with charity shops, boutiques, easy-going little place, castle walls,
friendly faces.
Artist's palace, poets dream, quaint and serene
Relaxed to the whimsical
Busking twins, played up-to-date tunes
Like the Beat poets, did their own thing
A young holidaymaker sat on his suitcase
Lit up a cigarette
Listened for a while
Clapping at the end.
Few people dropped coins
into a red butter tub
A beautiful pointer sat by its owners feet
The pint of coffee made me want to pee
So I walked on by, dropped in fifty p.

Della Perry

Madness Is Normal

Madness walks among the average
It dances between the people
The normal, the everyday drones.
It lingers like shadows from the daylight
Stalking the minions, the robots, the controlled
Uncontrolled.
For it is the true supreme, it grows stronger and stronger,
The longer we allow it's crazy dance,
The truth
For we are all mad in some way or another.

Della Perry

Magic Wand

My sister was playing with her toy magic wand
When swoosh, swish, swoosh
There was a hippopotamus in our fish pond!
He popped up his head and gave a loud groan
He stood up and stretched, gave a loud moan
My sister in panic she waved her wand
And in a puff of smoke that hippo was gone!

My sister was playing with her toy magic wand
When swoosh, swishy, swoosh, swish
There was a crocodile in our fish pond
He opened his mouth, there were large razor teeth
He winked his eye and he stamped his feet
My sister she cried and she waved her wand
And in a puff of smoke that croc was gone!

My sister was playing with her toy magic wand
When swashy, swishy, swooshy, swish
There was a shark in our fish pond
He swam around fast his fin in the air
He ate almost all of the goldfish in there
My sister she yelled and waved her wand
And in a puff of smoke that shark was gone!

My sister grew bored with her toy magic wand
So with a swing and a swoop, a swoop and a swing,
She threw it in our fish pond
Lucky the Goldfish found the magic wand
He thought for three seconds, then he made up his mind
And SWISH, SWASH, SWISH, SWOOSH,
There were more fish in the pond,
But no hippos, crocs or sharks!

Della Perry

Maisy The Daisy

There was a lady called Maisy
Whose favourite flower was the daisy
She'd sit and she'd talk
And weed with a fork
Everyone else thought that she was crazy.

Della Perry

Many Things Make Me Sad

Many things make me sad or cry,
A You Tube video of Palestinian school children being hit
And grabbed by their hair
Absolutely terrified of their carer
While someone recording this laughs at their sobs of fear.
A photograph of a drowned refugee child on the sand
Face down and cold.
The poet, a homeless man whose brothers found him
Through social media
Because one lady cared enough to converse with him
A lonely, dirty old man on the street.
Puppies dragged from a river
Who were thrown in to be disposed of like rubbish!
So many, cry for sadness,
Cry for happiness too
Sometimes there are good times.
But my favourite reason today
Was the rainbow that appeared
Through shadowy clouds
Through the darkness
As dusk developed
With a special band of pink light
I have never seen before
Next to the sun's last rays of light
Shooting it's hues to the earth below.

Della Perry

Marriage

She stood as an angel
Swathed in white
Halo glowed on hair, golden
As the sun it shone.

He stood as a prince,
Proud in armour
A suit, with tails, black
As the starry sky.

Their hands joined together
Two became one
A lifetime of love and joy
Was to become.

Bells chimed out their joy
Souls became as one.

Della Perry

Melancholy Love

Love can have a hold
An unwanted hold on you
Despondent individual
Downcast heart
Love is hidden, deep, deep below
That glum exterior.
But it is there, hidden well
That is why he stays,
Why pity remains
Hanging around like a drugged up thief.
Yours is a melancholy love
Of that I am certain.

Della Perry

Missing You

Her beauty was outstanding
Although somewhat pale, white
Inside as well as outwardly.
She had an air of release about her
As though all her worries had washed away
In the foam of the tide.
Her skin was wrinkle free,
Clear, smooth, like new,
So relaxed, free?
It had been what she had wanted to do,
But had it made her happy?
Who knew?
She had been so beautiful
Inside and outwardly.
It was this world
Its' harshness, cruelty, ugliness
That had forced her hand
Forced her to dive into the abyss, the unknown.
For the angels, the good,
Find it hard sometimes
She could see no other way
And I miss her every day.

Della Perry

Mission

On a mission, that I am, to right the wrongs that I see
To change the world, the evil I see
I can't do much, I can change that which is near.
I'll try to relay those old fears that I know so well.
I changed, I was strong, or maybe I'm the one who was wrong?
I don't really know, all I do know is I'm surviving
In this wasted world.
I just want to show it can be done, you can better yourself,
There are lights at the end of those tunnels
But you must dig deep inside yourself, pull yourself free.
Stop being the victim, for there will always be an abuser of some kind, fight them
off, let's right the wrongs,
Not add to the list, let's change the world, bit by bit,
Part by part, the evil we meet,
All of us abused together, you and me, let's be free,
It is my mission, my vision,
For us all to be free.

Della Perry

Monsters

This world is creating monsters
Forming our children into the very thing we feared
Lurking below our beds.
The demons from the darkness are winning,
And we, the human race are allowing them access,
Allowing them to beat us past the post,
Allowing them to run passed us.
Leaving the doors unlocked for unrest
Molding the children's inquisitive brains like clay
into these worrying statues
With no emotions.
This world needs to open its' eyes.
Have we truly evolved?
Have we truly become the intelligent creatures we profess?
Whatever we are,
Creed, colour, religion, country,
We are humans, the same,
Why keep sending our babies to the grave?
For we all feel the pain.

Della Perry

Moon On The Sea

They fly above me in the darkened sky
The moon lighting their eerie way
They are strange and indifferent
They take without asking
The sand man upped and left long ago.
The shimmering mirage of moon on the sea
Is like standing in the middle of a lightning storm to me
The electricity, the fear, the atmosphere,
So exciting, yet so fearful.
You will never be free from them and their kind,
You will never leave them behind,
You cannot change what is in your blood.

Della Perry

Moon's Watchful Eye

Eyes wide
Unspeakable vision
Words flitting in the mind
Beauty
Too amazing for immature poetry
Black expanse of night
A giant eye floating in a blanket of sky
Watching me, us.
Eyes blinking with salty tears
Vision of such intensity
Of such awe-inspiring poetry.
Motionless, I stared through damp lashes
Shivering at the moon's watchful eye.

Della Perry

Mother Is Old Now

She is old now, frail, weak now,
Her mind occasionally flits
back to her hard, smart self
The selfish self that few cared for!
Yet now her limbs are gnarled
Bent, twisted, like her mind once.
They rebel against her wishes,
Slow and hesitant to obey as her children were, once.
She feels hopeless,
The control has gone,
I look on;
My emotions are not what were expected,
I have sympathy and love.
For I see the little girl that once was so
Fragile and terrified,
In a world that forced her to be hard and unkind.

Della Perry

Moths In The Louvre

There are moths in The Louvre
A curious prison
Flitting insane faeries
Smacking tiny, furry wings
On the mounds of oil
Ochre, sienna, cobalt,
They don't care
Still they slap the paintings of faces.
Each line, each brush stroke so clear
But with no idea what they gaze upon.
The Mona Lisa, gathers dust
Fed up of being looked upon
Scrutinized
Her wan smile disperses when all eyes are gone
And in the spotlight of the night
Only the moths in their furry straight-jackets
Are privy to her true expression
Of caged sorrow.

Della Perry

Mountains High

From mountains high to valleys low,
A beautiful inspiring sight.
Sprinkling of unsullied white,
Yielding, soft, dusting of snow.

A frosting on earth as you sleep,
Children excited, through curtains peep.

Della Perry

Mrs Anonymous

I am Mrs Anonymous
I am obscure to you
I am not there
I am not here
I am incognito
I am a term
I am but a title
I am Mrs Anonymous.

I am nameless
I am dreadful
I am unutterable
I am not here
I am not there
I am a term
I am but a title
I am Mrs Anonymous.

Who are you?

Della Perry

Music

Melodious notes floating on the air
Uncovering emotions, smiles, tears
Sounds so wondrous, quivering smiles
Inside your heart, a soul lies
Cavorting, dancing to the music.

Della Perry

Music Of Love

There's a lullaby playing on an acoustic guitar
There's a slow rhythm playing within my heart
A lovely sound vibrating in my mind
A melody that's keeping me alive.

There's a base beginning to give me feeling
There's a tune that's making my body hum
A lovely song that's making my feet tap
A concert of love making me feel on top of the world.

Della Perry

My Tranquil Garden

Never such a moving sight to behold than the honey bee upon the flower,
The stem sways in the breeze as the bee flits from flower head to another,
The cooling wind pleasing to the mind,
Respite from the heat of the glowing sun overhead.
The twinkle of the chimes from a neighbours garden
Reminds me of chinese days and tranquil waters.
The fountain from the koi carp pond calms your soul,
The hound reclines on the lush lawn
Lazily stretching out his long, black limbs.
The heat warms my back and shoulders
And pages from my notebook glow beneath my inky words.
A butterfly, dainty white angel flits upon the asters,
Tasting their sweet delights
He allows me to get close to admire his beauty
But as I admire him further he teasingly flits away.
The flowers and shrubs are all different
And yet make the one next to them look even more splendid,
Complimenting each other in their diversity,
Much alike God's impression of man,
Helping each others beauty to shine.
Some may be rough with thorns
But in the eyes of the insects they are magnificent,
The nettle is the nectar for the bee and ladybug
And yet a pain in the fingertip for me.
Some are smooth and glisten i the rays
With droplets from the pond on their leaves
Small insects sup on the delicacy.
Through the arches the iris grows tall
Then cascade down into a watery home,
Beneath the wood and stones and cones from the oak
Hide snails and woodlice and damp loving folk.
They scatter and flurry if you move the rotten wood
A giant has come to watch their lives.
Freshly cut lawns wafts to your senses
And buzzing of cars in the distance are hardly heard,
A bluebottle sits on leaves that are warm,
Looking around before flying elsewhere,
The fish in the pond glide around lazily
Awakening from their dormant winter.

The wings on the pigeons can be faintly heard
As feathers float down from whence they flew,
The hum of an aeroplane breaks the silence,
A reminder of how far the human race has come
But is it for the best this technology?
I think not as I look at the wonder of nature in my tiny garden,
That needs no human intervention apart from the giving of water
When mother nature gives no rain.

Della Perry

Nettle Power

You'll never believe it
But I'll tell and anyway
That my favourite flower
Is the nettle.
It strives to survive
And struggles back
Even after it is dug out.
It feeds the butterflies
And the insects
Who in turn feed the birds
And tries to keep them safe
Using its prickly power.
In the garden I give it space
To thrive and to grow
Against my shed, below the arch
With snails and slugs its friends.
The beautiful white
Of its flower
Is so breathtaking
It stands up tall
Against them all
My favourite fantastic flower.

Della Perry

No Distance

No distance, no miles or kilometres,
Will ever be too much
Can never keep us apart.
No motorways, no roads, or lanes
Will ever be too much
To stop us being close.
No planets, no space or galaxies
Will ever be too much
Can never keep our souls apart.
No clouds, no rain or thunder
Will ever be too much
To keep you from my heart.
No heaven, no hell or purgatory
Will ever be too much
To keep us apart.
For as long as memories replay
You will be in my mind, my soul, my heart,
No distance can ever pull our souls apart.
For love will travel through eternity
Wherever it must
and you know
I will always love you for eternity.

Della Perry

Nonsense Letter For Kids

Dear Mother,

I am writing to you from Hullabaloo, where I have been staying of late, up as late as I want to!

I send my love to you, within this letter,
As I cannot be there in person because frankly,
I don't want to.

I just wanted to tell,
I hope you are well,
And I suppose I will stop writing rubbish poems
And visit you soon.

Love

Sue x

p.s. I don't like peas!

Della Perry

Nostradamus

Where, what, when, who, why?
The noiseless noise drifts by
My tilted ears open wide
A silence that deafens my wounded pride
Loneliness tightens around its prey
Choking sobs of the ones that pray
Clambering darkness that threatens the day
What heralds this madness
I heard them say.
Who or what would be so bold
Why were such events not foretold?

Della Perry

Note This:

Humans, people, talk too much,
Converse and persuade, speak aloud,
Thoughts and feelings, white noise,
Blah, blah, blah, what for?
Experts, Doctorates, Professionals?
Just talk the talk,
Walk the walk; expected, taught!
A scroll to prove they are robotic,
Followers of the Bookish before.
Note this: they bore us to death,
Until death, they just talk.
Nothing gets resolved.

Della Perry

Nothing Is Set In Stone

Nothing is set in stone
You don't have to be alone
Forge your own destiny
Change, be yourself not a clone
Don't heed relentless voices
of mistrust and deceit
Listen to your soul
Revolve around the sound of hope, love.
Nothing is set in stone
Times can alter
Dance to the beat of your dreams
The melody is so soothing
Follow the path that you feel is right
Keep to it with all your strength and might
For nothing is set in stone.

Della Perry

Now Is A Silence

Now, is a silence,
A splendid peacefulness,
An uncertainty that grew,
A frenzied purpose is
replaced with calm solitude.
It is a grasping grief,
A guilty relief.

Now, is a silence,
An unknowing,
A future un-showing,
A new purpose to life
Needing to be nurtured.
It is a hidden sadness,
A quiet madness.

Now, now is a silence...

Della Perry

Ode To Music Playing

Jerk at the metal of a six string
like a monkey fractures nut shells on rocks
Strike manically at the keyboards teeth
like an author edits on an ancient typewriter
To generate soothing sounds on a violin
like the mythical Holmes could
Oh, to decant my soul
My heartfelt reflections into such melodies
I endeavor,
I have no commitment to learn the instruments avidly
As the notes merge into a black mass
I get bored, I sigh
The words keep floating on the chords of why
So I pen sometimes
And even that is inadequate.

Della Perry

Ogre Minogue

Where have all the board rubbers gone?
The teacher shakes his head.
Where have all the chinks gone?
The assistant shakes his head.
Where have all the pencils gone?
The children shake their heads.
But secretly everyone knows where
They have been hidden from sight in the deep, dark place in the art cupboard
The place they call 'The Tardis'
Where no-one dares reach in their arm.
The place we dread to peer into when the teachers tells you to retrieve the
paints.
For inside those cupboard; He lives!
The creepy, vile, ugly gremlin,
His name? You must whisper it;
Ogre Minogue
BEWARE!
Ogre Minogue is a terrible creature like from the fairy tales
He is sly and shifty,
Smelly and naughty
A bit like the children but he is green and bogeys drip from his nose!
His favourite game is to hide everything
How many times have you heard the teacher moaning that things have gone
walkabout?
'It was there only yesterday, where have the rulers gone? '
'I can't believe there isn't a sharpener in that box, only yesterday I put in two
new ones! '
How many times have we put in our History homework, all finished, into our tray,
and it just disappears!
Ogre Minogue creeps about the rooms at night
Yes the doors are locked but he is like a shadow
He slips between the cracks, he sneaks through the keyholes
He steals everything in sight
He hides them in the most silliest of places too.
He hid the dictionaries in the Math cupboard, he's such a card!
He hid the dinner money in the Science cupboard but,
To be honest, if you tasted the dinners,
You'd think it was an experiment!
I'm glad that Ogre Minogue is scared of daylight

Because I wouldn't come to school if he came out in the day.
We all talk about him in the playground
One boy said he saw glowing eyes below the stage
But I have never seen him and boy am I glad
But he must really exist because
One day we went home
And when we returned there were
whiteboards instead of black!

Della Perry

Old Lady Trolley

I bought a trolley
An old lady shopping trolley
So that I could carry my heavy food
Without my arms aching
Since I crashed the car
Because of a cat
£130 cheque in return
Car squashed into a metal cube!
But just my luck
My new trolley has a wonky wheel
And to top the week from hell
I've caught nits...

Life is the pits!

Della Perry

Old Lady Wheels

Always awaiting the visit
Patiently expecting the child
Eyes lit up with glee
A hug from a babe
A kiss on the cheek
Lovely old lady wheels.

A big smile on her face
A lovely perfumed embrace
Tips on how to make things
Shown love and respect
A knowledge of most things
My old lady wheels.

A strong commitment
A bond that was true
The child loved you too
As an adult misses you
You were always my friend
My old lady wheels.

Della Perry

Opening Doors

The door was ajar
Light gleaming through the crack
Tempting your inquisitive mind
After knocking on the door for so long
It is a surprise to find it open.

Only the courageous will open the door wider,
Peer around it,
Although somewhat tentatively,
A change can be so rewarding
For those who are brave enough.

There are many doorways that can be open to us
Only our voice can tell us to go through those doors to a new life
Always follow your own voice,
Take inspiration from others tone
But stay true to your own and you will never go wrong.

But remember, never to close those door behind you
Keep them ajar, for
Many friends will be made on your journey
Along the corridors called life
Many friends that will always wish you well.

Della Perry

Our Class

An elephant came to our class
I tell you he was the top brass!
He wasn't too good at ICT
His feet were too large for the keys!
But the large trumpet he had for a nose
Came in handy in choir as he struck a pose.

A monkey called Jim couldn't find his forte
But lithe and supple he was quite sporty,
Teacher put him in the team of basketball
You should have seen him running round that hall!
And hanging from that white net?
The league champs this year is a sure bet!

Cranky the Croc is in my form year
He's as grumpy as a croc with an achy ear!
He gets straight A's even though he isn't a clever chap,
What do you expect? Would you like to see him SNAP!

Dicky the Dog is good on the track,
You see he used to practise with the pack,
A marathon to him is just a jog,
But it's easier with four legs like a dog!
But make your course miss out the park
Or every few minutes he'll stop to make his mark!

Now Frederick Frog, he was a bit dim,
But no-one else could swim like him,
Every year he won lots of medals
But look at those legs he used as pedals!

Slimy the Snail was good at French
You'd usually find him below the bench
He liked to study in the wet grass
In his exams he's usually pass
But he kept well away from Harry hippopotamus!
For reasons you probably know why!

Our Dog Is A Werewolf

Our dog turned into a werewolf,
His fangs grew really long,
His eyes turned to yellow,
I just knew something was wrong!

Our dog grew really tall,
He gave a fearful roar,
He reared up on to two legs,
We pegged it out the door!

Our dog had the body of a man
He changed so very fast,
He howled up to the moon,
Would this day be our last?

Our dog turned into a werewolf,
We hid in our shed,
He hunted for us everywhere,
We didn't want to be dead!

Our dog was a werewolf,
The sun began to come up,
He whimpered, cried and changed
Back into our pup.

Our dog used to be a werewolf,
He's not a poodle; they lied,
Next time there is a full moon,
We're locking him outside!

Della Perry

Pandora Lost Hope

A box lay on the floor
Opened only once
Now covered in dust.
Scratching came from within
No air, oxygen used, stale.
Diseased, sullen, dying,
Pandora opened the lid
Hope fluttered crazily,
Flapped into furniture,
Flew manically into the lights,
She watched its insane dance
For a time,
Before splatting the moth
Against the window pane.

Della Perry

Patience

When patience wears thin
You'll find me upon the moon
Among the stars and shining
Far, far above your head.
But, don't try to see me
For I won't wave a farewell.

For when patience wears thin
The air will be no more
And the faraway moon
Of which I speak
Will be spinning around in oblivion.

Della Perry

Penny For A Thought

If I had a penny for every thought
I'd be a millionaire.
Can't prevent the mind from rolling
Gathering knowledge like a stone gathers moss.
Understanding? Only a few will understand.
Revelations keep revealing themselves
But I leave them on the shelves
Not knowing what to do with them.
Why are they my constant companions?
Why are they sometimes my only friend?
Questions are what make great scientists,
But I am an amateur philosopher, for
Even though I enjoy the puzzles I'm not so
Determined to find the answers.
Like I once said, If I had a penny for every thought...
If I had a pound for the answers
I'd still be skint!

Della Perry

Phantom

He is a phantom
He is but a memory
He means the world to me
He plagues my mind
He never leaves me be.

He is a ghost
He is a shell of the past
His face invades my mind.
His soft caress cannot be forgot
His love is forever mine.

His memory abides with me
His beating heart is mine own
His caring force flows within me
His eyes continue to search through mine.
He is my phantom, eternally.

Della Perry

Phantom Pirate

When the pirates roamed the seas
A long, long time ago
Legends were told, long stories
Of the dark, phantom Joe.

He was like an apparition,
Lurking below the deck,
Skulking around the galley
Of the pirate ship.

A mask covered his features
For he was peculiar, so odd.
A long, shabby cloak he wore
With a large, black spirit dog.

The sea-bandits; they would tremble,
If they spied the spook,
As he prowled around the ship
With that evil look.

He would loiter, he would linger,
Leave a rotten smell,
Knock and bang on the deck
From once he had fell.

So, why is the phantom here?
Nobody really knows!
They say to all who will hear
'No-one found his bones! '
Underneath the sea
Is where he roams
In the deep, dark locker
With the Captain, Davy Jones!

Della Perry

Philosopher

Therefore, I have no answers
No reasons echo in my empty cavity of mind
Solutions are hidden in complexity cupboards
Doors jammed shut with rhyme
Responses ran away in opposite directions
Like will'o'wisps disappearing in little clouds of haze.
An unidentified woman
Nameless; retorted air
Just questions;
They mean nothing
Just unanswered
Questions.

Della Perry

Pirate

Plunder and pilfer
In the oceans and seas
Raging winds and storms
Await
The ships of pirates and thieves
Enter the parrot!

Della Perry

Pirate, Cut-Throat Jack

Cut-Throat Jack was a nasty crook,
He never did anything by the book!
He pinched and plundered, bold as brass,
He was shameless and brazen with his cutlass.
He was almost bald; an eye patch; tattoo of a skull,
He'd drink bottles of rum 'til his bell was full!
He had odd strands of black hair, was bawdy and crude,
He was always cursing and was extremely rude!
He was hostile and nasty, and he would howl,
He'd bellow and cry, his manner was foul!
But he was clever, sharp, cunning was Jack
He could have done well but his heart was black!
He wasn't a nice man, cause he was a pirate,
With a million reasons for being irate!
He'd blag his way to get onto a ship,
Then he'd pull out his sword with a whip, whip, whip!
He'd steal everything, even the galley's sink,
Then leave the ship to sink in the plink!
So if you see Jack, with his rum and his gun,
My advice to you is,
'SET SAIL AND RUN! '

Della Perry

Pirate, One-Eyed Willy

The X marked the spot
Forty paces from the tree
The heat was really hot
The island, Willy and me.
One-eyed Willy, the crook
You had better beware!
Ripped clothes was his look
That is what he'd wear.
A red sash about his waist
A patch upon his eye
Running with greedy haste
He could almost fly!
Gold coins found in a chest
Necklaces og gold
Treasure was the very best
A sight to behold.
One-eyed Willy cried
We were the only two who knew,
It had been a tough ride
We hadn't told the crew!
'Inside my heart I must delve, '
Willy said in jest,
'We'll keep the treasure for ourselves,
We will not tell the rest! '
As for the crew, we didn't care
We are the scourge of the sea,
Anyway, who said life was ever fair?
Not One-eyed Willy or me!

By Deadly Del

Della Perry

Pirates Crossbones

I saw a ship a-sailing
Out into the fog
The flag was a -flailing
High above the smog.

The crossbones and the skull
Flying in the breeze
Pirates hanging from the hull
Ready to board with ease.

Everyone is shouting
All are very scared
As we catch a sight of him
That pirate with black beard.

He raises up his cutlass
We try to turn the ship
But we've NO chance, as
The Pearl comes on us quick!

The pirate lifted sword
I whispered 'My, oh my! '
The last thing that I ever saw
Was the Jolly Roger fly.

Della Perry

Pirates, Bandits Of The Sea

Coward of the sea
Worked in a crowd
Robbers and thieves
Not one proud.

Traitor and crook
Rotten and poor
Brazen and brash
When ashore.

Conspire and plot
Sharp they think
Swagger and strut
Rum they drink.

Bandit of the sea
Bellow and rant
Pirate's ditty
They all chant.

Della Perry

Pirates, Coins And Gold

The treasure chest
was open,
Within was
Coins and gold.
Rings of jewels
and emeralds.
Sights to behold.

Necklaces of
Silver
It's what we
Thirst for,
Gin my hearties
Don't forget,
We always need more!

Coins and gold,
Landlubbers,
Keep your eyes
on the sea,
Watch the lasses
and yer treasure
For we be after thee!

Della Perry

Pirates, What Would You Like To Be?

I would like to be a pirate
and sail the seven seas,
Be dirty and filthy
and do as I please,
Curse and shout
and make a din.
Plot and scheme
Drink lots of gin!
Use our ship to ambush and trap
Jolly Roger flying! ATTACK, ATTACK!
I'd have a tattoo, a ring in my nose,
I'd strut about, swagger and put on a pose.
I wouldn't have a parrot, but a big, black crow,
To scare the other pirates that I know!
I'd chant and sing a cool pirate song,
What do yer mean, I'd be doin' wrong?
So what, I would be a soulless dog
So watch yer back in that thick fog!
A pirate's life is the life for me,
But I might just wait 'til I'm older than three!

Della Perry

Places

I have traveled places
I've seen different faces
I've lived in many a neutral abode
I've discovered cities
I've traipsed through towns
I've even eaten in that place called Wales,
But no matter where I go
I can't forego
The intense desire to be home.

Della Perry

Playmates

Once, she tied the lad from across the street
To the cherry tree with a skipping rope
Until he cried for freedom, we laughed,
I didn't want to laugh but I did,
We urged the timid black dog
To bite his trouser legs
The dog didn't really want to, but he did.
When she set the boy free
She coaxed him into her shed to play nicely
Where she made him sit on the bench, eyes shut,
She whispered, 'Do this! '
I pretended to cry out as she
Pretended to hit my bottom with her Dad's belt.
When she told him to open his eyes
I rubbed my bottom and thighs
Looked down at the floor sadly.
His turn came
She hit him for real
He cried out in agony
That silver belt buckle was sharp
Shocked I opened my eyes to watch
Slightly sickened
But also macabrely interested as he writhed in fear
She smiled all the time, unflinching
And winked at me.
When I got home later
I knew I wouldn't be playing with her ever again and neither would the boy.

Della Perry

Poem Or Pipe

A poem has meaningful words
That touch a nerve
Or stir your soul
Rhyme or don't rhyme
Some think it's a crime.
Emotions will stir
What is a poem?
Does it consist of this?
A thought?
This isn't a poem,
It's a pipe!

Della Perry

Poems

Poems, what are these words?
Someone's memories or dreams
A person's thoughts or needs
Man's wants, desires or misdeeds?
Sights of a distant land
Smells from a different world
Tastes of the sweetest herbs
Feelings, emotions of maidens fair?

Poems, what are these words?
A painting from word-artist's
Reminders of loved ones missed
Aspirations of youth?
Lives led of the frail
Lusts of the weak
A reflection for each new day
Just what are these words?
Poems.....

Della Perry

Poetry Widower

The kitchen is rank
Dishes soaking in cold water
Tea stained spoons, coffee stained mugs
Carpet is dusted in dog hair, a snowfall of white
Cobwebs, spiders and dust live in crevices
Floors need mopping
Sides need some elbow grease
Drinks would be nice?
Or maybe some supper?
After a hard days graft!
How about some kisses, or a bit of loving?
The kids seem okay, they think it is heaven
Toys and games strewn around rooms.
Poetry has kidnapped the wife
'Poems don't write themselves, you know! '
She says with a happy grin.
Maya has a lot to answer for!

Della Perry

Postcard From The Pioneer Activity Camp

Dear Mom and Dad and Little Joey,

Hi, it's freezing!

I'm cold all the time, and I'm bored!

I hated abseiling, it was scary!

The food is terrible, peas, all the time!

My clothes are all splattered with mud!

I got soaked canoeing.

I smell of smoke because of the stupid camp fire and the singing!

I'm sharing with Smelly Nelly whose feet stink! The instructors are crazy! My legs ache from the five mile hike in the dark!

Anyway, we got to go now, we are having a picnic.

Having a lovely time!

Love Tom. x

Della Perry

Pretender

Bluff it, feign it, stimulate it
I'm the pretender
My appearance hidden behind the mask.
Deceit and deception were always my friends.
Posing in my masquerade,
Actor in my pantomime
The writer, the editor, the lead, the producer.
The the curtain falls
Truth is revealed to all
I can quit the pretense
Be myself once more.

Della Perry

Proof Of Life

My world is like a sphere
A globe of atmospheric love
Given freely from a few special beings.
An occasional hawk scanning overhead
For those hours when I feel like a tiny vole
Blind and feeling small, hunched like a victim
Awaiting the attack.
But the sun will shine, the warm embraces
Will help me to grow strong
Tall as a majestic sunflower,
Until the icy frost returns
And I will droop
My chin lowered, eyes closed
To the hatred that resides in this world.
My world spins like the earth
Light, then the dark.
But, I am grateful for difference,
Love then hurt
For both just prove that I am alive
And surviving.

Della Perry

Queen Of Fake

She is the Queen of Fake
Lovely and thin, sick in the bin
Every hour without fail.

Men think her great
Long blonde hair, stuck on with glue
Three hundred quid a go.

Ladies envy her grace
Beautiful figure, silicon bosom
All covered in lace.

Stunning from afar
Fancy clothes, fake tan
Expensive sports car.

She is the Queen of Fake
Close up, false tan, nails, caked on makeup and wrinkles.

But the funny thing is
Inside that plastic shell
She IS as charming as hell.

Della Perry

Quiet Afternoon

A roar above in a windless sky
An engine sounding an alarm goes by
A quiet afternoon of peace?
A chorus of birdsong to release
A car braking slices the calm
An ambulance rushing with alarm.
A flutter of wings from a dove
A buzzing of bees, my head, above.
A hammering from the garden next door
A bit of sun, D.I.Y is the law!
A cooing of pigeons cooling in the heat
A bird bath splashes with their feet.
A spraying of water from someone's hose
A tantalising fragrance accosts the nose.
A slight, cooling breeze moves the leaves
A sparrow sits silently within the trees.
An ant scurries by followed by four
A glance to the left reveals many more.
A white, little dog sniffs with his nose
A strut round the garden, he strikes a pose.
A hot sun beats down, a quarter to three
A poetry book sits open on my knee.
A thought pops into my mind
Memory of a loved one, one of a kind.
A friend who loved to cherish the sun
A friend who adored her only son.
A friend who I will never forget
A friend like none I have ever met.
A voice from afar awakes from daydream
A loss that just didn't seem real, didn't seem...
A friend who when I hear 'Moon River'
Memories stir, they make me shiver.
A quiet afternoon of peace
How I long for slow release...

Della Perry

Rage

Ability to think is stolen away
Thoughts are in a mess, a muddle.
Calmness drowned in a red pool.
Commotion and chaos were friends.
Rage rode on the escalator
Until it reached the peak,
Grinding and growling,
Screaming and shaking.
An uncontrollable anger
That feeds on the adrenaline.
Greedy frustrations.

Della Perry

Raven Claw Prints

Raven claw prints
Adorn the snow
Sullyin the virgin hue
Crow, magpie, jackdaw
Watch the show from high perch.
A figure, black lace
Bodice of ribbon
Red bows, high breasts
Blonde wild hair
Piercing eyes, weird glare
of manic depression.
Raven like wings
Colour of night
Then flight
No glimpse, no sight
Just...
Just; raven claw prints
Sullyin the virgin white and
Two maiden boot prints
A left and a right.

Della Perry

Red Balloon

You are the red balloon whose string broke free from the seller,
Leaving the others to crowd together,
As you lift above the air currents gracefully
A floating dance,
What sights you will see in your flight, your life
The others terrified of change,
Clinging to what they know,
Afraid to let go or maybe already home.
Maybe they will be taken by excited children
Played with for hours part of a loving family
Or left, like I was to deflate in a corner of a damp bedroom,
Or popped with a pin or red hot cigarette end!
But red balloon will see such sights
An unknown exciting life,
Floating within the clouds
A fresh life
Until you too decide to settle in a place called home.
I wish I was the red balloon
That had floated far away.

Della Perry

Referendum

Vote to stay
Vote to go
It's all up to EU!
The propaganda is rife once again!
The lies float around like clouds
Raining down on our confused brains.
Flooding us with information
As confusing as our weather.
Half is lies, half untruths
They don't know either.
They sit in suits and mumble
And stutter
People shake their heads
An audience of disillusion.
Vote to stay
Vote to go
It's all up to EU!
Use your vote wisely...
Know what the hell to do?

Della Perry

Rehearsal

It's okay, I can screw up, didn't you know son,
This is just a rehearsal, I can make mistakes
And cock up, cause next time I'm reborn
I'll have learnt from them
A lovely life will then be had.
So, don't worry, smile son,
Life is a rehearsal
For the big finale.
I will be the leading lady
You can be the leading man.
The opening night could be a sell out!

Della Perry

Release Your Mind

Release your mind
Be free from distant memories
For they bring you down
Down so low, beneath the earth
Trodden by the million souls
Hundreds of minutes and hours
Before you even took a breath.
Dreams in footprints
Souls in layers
People now dust;
Floating around the living, unseen
Joining with us once more.
Ghosts in a shell, grief;
Release your mind
Let it be free.
Freedom for those that choose
It is so rewarding
A new dawn, a new day
So make that change today;
Release your mind, be free.

Della Perry

Remembrance Robin

I remembered you well within my heart
You were always the best, that will never part
On a winter's morn, looking out into the wood
Recalling your face, your unyielding love
Sat on a bough, in his best dress
Was the little brown bird with a red breast
I can't deny that you are gone
But within that robin I know you live on.
For every time I hear his tiny wings
I remember you and your quirky things.
Sometimes he lands on my windowsill
And with a wink of his eye
I know you're with me still.

Della Perry

Reminders

I played guitar once
It was my soul mate before I found the words
As a kid sat on the edge of the bed
My fingers would sting
Reveal deep lines from metal strings
I played 'Beatles' tunes
I obtained one song book
That's all my mother could afford
What with us being 'free dinners'
On account a Doctor's mistake killed my father
Anyway those songs, I never liked them
Still don't
I was more hard rock and roll baby!
But now I let it be
The guitar
It lives in a dark corner
A shadow of itself
Reflecting the dark times in its dusty coat
A reminder of how far
A mind can travel from out of the darkness.

Della Perry

Riddle - Look At Me

You can look at me
But you won't see yourself.
You can look past me
Maybe see someone else.
You can wipe me clean, up and down,
You can dress me, but not like a clown.
(I like lace)
I can live in a door
In a car or a house
But not on the floor.
I can be many shapes, round, oblong or even square,
You can open me wide
I'll give you fresh air.

Window.

Della Perry

Riddles - I Am

I am full of words
But I utter no sound.
I am full of meaning
But I do no deeds.
I may be pocket-sized, small or very thick.
I am a poet's friend.
I can have many languages.
I am like a magician
For I can keep you under my spell.
What am I?

Dictionary.

Della Perry

Riddles - What Am I?

Sometimes I am you
But I don't move as you do.
Sometimes I am the beauty of nature,
Maybe the seaside or
A forest of emerald green.
I hold what is past,
Never the future.
I can make you smile
I can make you cry
I can make you laugh
Or wonder why?
I remind you of things you have done
I can remind you of the good times and fun
I live in the loft, attic or under the stairs
Or sometimes just hang about within the house
Sometimes I reside in a bag or a purse.
Occasionally in a locket or wallet.
What am I?

Photograph.

Della Perry

Riding With The Horses

Wind rushes past my face, I feel so free; so alive
I can feel the rush running through my veins
My long hair cascades away from my face
My back arched in excitement.
A whoop from my lips, cannot hold in my joy.
I decide to shout out loud, the breeze carries my voice away.
I stand up, holding tightly to the reins
Feeling the rhythm as we ride those waves.
The strength is magnificent, yet I'm in control.
I have never been so alert, so alive.
Yes, I know that I am running with them
That when I am riding those majestic creatures
Along the crest of the waves
That I will be gone.
I will be on my journey to the next life,
My dream, dreamt a million times, taking me there.
And even though a life has ended
A new existence will have begun.

Della Perry

S.A.D Winter Depression

As cold as ice she rebuked me,
Azure eyes would cry frozen tears.
Pallid, as far as could see,
I'd lived with her during my fears.
Then one day she just left me,
Warmth returned, and I was free.

Della Perry

Schoolchildren

The kids attempt to push boundaries, see how far they can go,
I remember doing exactly that myself,
How droll to watch hot tears from a flushed art teacher,
What a scream! A sob, hot tears,
Red puffed cheeks, smudged lip gloss,
A smirk from my friends, (and my foes) .
Now, I am the authoritarian,
The 80's kids would never believe it, me, the naughty girl?
Rules and regulations - mine, itching to be broken
(by me most of the time) .
But, I mustn't laugh at their futile attempts to upset me,
I shouldn't crack a smile, (until after Christmas at least) ,
I mustn't give even an hint of amusement,
Definitely show no distress or weakness,
For then the little darlings have got you good and proper!
It's funny, cos they're just not so good at it as I was back in the day,
What's that old Black Country saying, 'Never kid a kidder! '
Maybe with practise, they will beat me,
But not for a very long time yet.
I have my armour on ready.
Meanwhile, I'll just sit back and enjoy the show,
While I work on my colleagues in the staffroom.

Della Perry

Searching

Gazing below, the jade water is as clear as a pane of glass
Golden, shimmering sand spreads like butter across the land
Noisy, busy birds fly over above white clouds
Soaring high then low on the wind
A new story told in every grain of salty sand.

The calm, cobalt sky, a blanket above the caged world
White figures dancing across the blue, like a shroud
Birds free, alive on warm air
A most beautiful land of white and blue
Lifetime's hidden in every storm cloud.

The wonderful, rolling meadows crocheted across the land
To live outside in this beauty for always I would
Chattering, winged angels fly from branch to stem
Nature's Eden, wild garden
A dream with each creature of the wood.

To flit between each part of the world
Free from the cage
And seek myself from above
I know I would if I knew I could!

Della Perry

Secret Garden

Come into my garden, my secret garden
Where you can be what you always wanted to be
Or just be yourself, relax, feel at home.
The secret garden where dreams come true for me and you
Just tell me your dreams; I'll hold your hand;
We'll run into the ocean's tide together,
We'll drift upon the clouds,
We'll dance on the mountain peaks (people will hear our echoes)
We'll run with the antelope,
We'll swim with dolphins,
We'll leave the sharks far behind us!
We'll help each other
We'll dream in the garden.
The sun will shine, skies will be blue,
We'll be in peace in the secret garden,
Me and you.

Della Perry

Self Destruct

Mountains tower above
Sheer drops that terrify
All I want is to love
But life gets in the way.
No wings of a dove
To help me fly to safety
So I teeter on the ledge
Waiting to self destruct.

Della Perry

Senryu -

School life
Teachers throwing chalk
And chewing gum.

Della Perry

Senryu - Car Park

Car park
Beeping horns
Angry gestures.

Della Perry

Senryu - Farmyard

Farmyard
Chickens chasing
Farmers.

Della Perry

Senryu - Hamster

Hamster cage
Cute tiny vermin
Watched and prodded.

Della Perry

Senryu - Horror Movies

Horror movie
Nasty man chasing
Screaming girls.

Della Perry

Shadows Are Relentless

What do they know
Out there in the light
We're in the dark
No sights to see
The shadows are relentless
Sky is black
Life is gone
Just living remains.

Always something to say
Some opinion voiced
To ruin our day
Can't leave us be
Voices are relentless
The echoes are loud
Listening is done
Just opinion remains.

Della Perry

Shadows Of Winter

When heaven releases candy cotton tears
In the middle of winter bleak,
Night encroaches on the working week
The shadows can bring unforgiving tears.
Enchanting ponds where swans would glide,
Rimmed with ice while the fish they hide.

Della Perry

She Was Like A Rainbow - Rainbow Girl

She was like a rainbow
A delight after a storm
Shimmering so elegantly
And vibrant against the backdrop of sky
Everyone gazing towards her magnificence
Delightful and dazzling like a summer bloom
But alas, gone too soon
For the arc of the rainbow
It slowly fades into the blue
Leaving us saddened, numb in the gloom.
She was like a rainbow
She shone so wonderfully, then
Faded and left us all behind.
Olivia, she will never be forgot.

Della Perry

Shells

Stepping along the golden sands
Stooping to collect pink and beige shells
Took me straight back to my youth
When we did this together.
It always seemed sunny when we were on holidays
It was always a joyous time
Mostly because you were there too.
What changed?
We grew to adulthood
With our own families and jobs.
No time for each other anymore
Not because we don't wish too, but time isn't enough.
The sun doesn't shine so often anymore
We are preoccupied with surviving to see it shine.
The sand smells putrid nearer the sea
But it feels like coming home
It is familiar to me.
I miss our laughter as we ran through the froth
Young and carefree.
I pick up the shells, run sand through my fingers
Place them in a tiny bag.
I watch my own boys playing, laughing as we did once,
Carefree, young, and I am slightly jealous of them
I hope they keep in touch.
I wish we didn't have to grow up
But we do, time rolls in like the ocean's tide
Pulling us along with it
Now it is their time
Ours is but memories.

Della Perry

Signs

Winter weather turns around,
Ice glitters all over the place,
No tiny creatures can be found,
There are no signs, no trace.
Even humans hide away,
Returning with the light of day.

Della Perry

Sink - A List Poem

Washing up bubbles
Wrinkly fingertips
Squashed potato
Carrot
Gristle from the chops
A teaspoon
Some cauliflower chunks
A piece of onion
Some globs of thick gravy
Oil and fat
And yes, you guessed it...
A PEA.

Della Perry

Sinkhole

A sinkhole
Swallowed the dog
Now I hear barking
Whenever I'm on the bog.

Della Perry

Ski-Ing

Ski-ing...

Flying down mountain slopes

without

wings.

Della Perry

Sleepover

One reminder was the tent in the garden for my boys;
Years back before he died, he took hours putting the steel frame skeleton
together
Slipping the camouflage skin over it's rattling bones
The admired one, but a complete xxx, was staying over
To see if I could be a friend for longer than a couple of hours.
It was exciting; I wasn't sure if I could stand her snootiness for that long but I
was eager to find out for she was popular.
We filled the tent with pillows, blankets, teddies; we were only eight or nine at
the time; food, a torch from my room.
We laughed, we had fun, the popular one liked the naughty one.
The time come, nightfall.
Then the heavens opened their black trap door
and all hell broke loose; thunder, lightning, the rain fall was deep in the tent,
blankets did the back stroke!
Sadly, it dawned on us, feet wet, the old tent from the attic was no longer
waterproof.
Father made us come inside to sleep in my spider web ridden room instead
The popular one didn't seem impressed
I still spent the night with my not-so-liked friend but I still cried because without
the tent for the setting it wasn't the same story that I had imagined in my head,
And I do love to make up a story.
The next time me and her were in a tent together
In her backyard
Her brother zipped us in, a cell, a jail, from the outside, no escape
With his best friend who fancied us both, he was eleven,
It was awkward, uncomfortable
We didn't hang out after that!

Della Perry

Slithery Sean

There once was a boy called Slithery Sean
Who got into trouble from the day he was born
His tantrum's were worse than an angry gorilla's
He smashed up his room including the mirrors
Don't get me wrong sometimes he would be nice
But I think this miracle only occurred twice!
He enjoyed being bad, it was really a shame
Cause even if he was innocent he still got the blame!
The trouble you see is once branded a brat
It will follow you always and that's a fact!

Della Perry

Slumber Awaits

Silently, slumber awaits,
Serenely patient,
Makes a change.
Tired and weary,
The lion's roar receded.
She sleeps.

Della Perry

Snow

Snow fluttering silently
Nymphs dancing daintily
Orbiting the land beautifully
Winter crept in rapidly.

Della Perry

Soaking In The Rain

Possessed with sadness and pain
Monsters are found to be real
Parents totally insane
No empathy,
No teaching to feel.

Creatures throng around in disdain
There is nowhere to hide
So, soaking wet in the rain
Drowning,
In the rip tide.

She hides the only way she knows,
Too scared to utter the word No,
Like an actor in the show,
Nowhere,
Left to go.

Della Perry

Solitary

Silence can be unrelenting
Punishing and brutal
To look inside yourself
Is a difficult thing to do.
Deflated and broken
However, without knowing yourself
In the silence
How can you be yourself
In the midst of the noise
And chaos of this world?
Be yourself
Know yourself
Love yourself.
Do not be afraid of the silence
Embrace it.

Della Perry

Some Day

Dear, you are so far away from us
Are you thinking of home?
The busy Dudley town adorned with stalls
Do you miss the sellers chants and calls?
Our street, the houses and bungalows so neat
Gorgeous gardens, so petite, it was always your favourite retreat
Do you think of hot dinners, smell Sunday roasts?
Oh Nanna, she so loves to boast.
The faces of people, known, unknown,
Pleasant folk seen all around.

Dear, you are so far away from us
Are you thinking of home?
The busy, bustling Dudley pubs
The empty glasses, the cigarette stubs
The cheerful, friendly Dudley folk
The sound of laughing from the hilarious joke
Oh, child we wish you were home
Not far away all alone
We understand you are making your own way
We pray homely thoughts will bring you back someday.

Della Perry

Somebody

I've always felt like Somebody
But I'm actually a Nobody
Who else feels like a Somebody?
And has found they are Nobody.
We are all Nobody really
Striving to survive in a nothing world.
What does it mean in the end?
What exactly is achieved?
A new child, smiles, who will be a Nobody wanting to be Somebody.
Another cycle of wanting, of flesh, blood and water
Needing to be
To learn to read and understand the truth
The truth that we waste our time
Finding we are Nobody
Trying to be Somebody.

Della Perry

Songbird

Ivy drapes the gravestones of the forgotten while
Flowers adorn the remembered ones
Within the church grounds
Towering oaks stand guard as rooks cry out in anguish, lost souls
Who float far on warm currents of air.
Kneeling down in sodden grass I feel you there
A subtle smell, faint touch of my hair
Fallen teardrops mix with the dew from sad eyes
There were never any proper goodbyes...
Hark, a flutter in my broken heart
Wry smile on thoughtful lips,
Is that a calming hand on my shoulder blade?
Gazing from the perch amongst heart-shaped leaves
A tiny songbird seems to save the day
He cocks his head in recognition, sings a melody so sweet,
Just for me
The dawn chorus, just as we listened to it so many times together
At the kitchen table across hot cups of sweet tea.
I felt as though you were there today,
Maybe that little songbird was you?
And though you are gone, from touch, I thanked God that I knew you
That I held you in hot embrace and loved you
I placed a kiss on your headstone and nodded a 'Thank You' to the songbird
As I stumbled slowly away, until next time my love
Until another day.

Della Perry

Sons

When you are old, my sons, and reminiscing on youthful whims,
I will definitely be long gone
With the late family gone before me, forefathers, fore-mothers,
Realize then,
I tried my hardest all my life, I wasn't perfect,
I loved, lived, cried, grieved and laughed
I embraced those I loved often
Even though I was never one to show affection
I even hugged the ones I didn't love
Because if it made them feel good and gave them peace
I felt better for it.
Some things I wanted so much
I couldn't have, like everyone else in life.
I prayed for the good
I prayed for the bad.
Life is an accomplishment as long as you try your best
In everything you do.
To love, to learn, to live, to smile
Remember;
I loved you when I was living
And I love you both now in death.

Della Perry

Soul Poem

My soul, you must understand
Is within these poems
Truth is hidden within the lines of verse
I have to write my life, my worth onto blank paper
Those feelings have to be set free
Or I will explode with emotions
Guilt, sadness, grief
Happiness, elation, confidence
They burn inside my chest, erupting
As those words tumble from the pen
Telling my life with prose.

Della Perry

Soul Poem 2 - Drunk

My soul, you understand, lies in the bottom of this bottle
This vodka bottle, I'm sure it is in there
I have to drink the contents, you understand
To find my soul again
For it has been missing
For a long time now.

I must find what has gone, you must understand
This is the second bottle, the first was a sad joke
My soul wasn't in there as promised on the label
You understand, so now I must drink the next one
For now I am certain it presides in the bottom
The soul that will make me whole again
The spirit I have lost.

Della Perry

Spider

Spinning delicate webs of lace
Planning each strand with care
Intercepting the unaware fly
Devouring its very soul
Eating its prey, before
Returning, bloated, to a silky home.

Della Perry

Spinneys Of Snow

Spinney's of snow,
Snowflakes a-twirling,
Slight breezes swirling,
Thickets aglow.
White virginal robe
Wrapped round the globe.

Della Perry

Ssshhh Be Quiet....

Sssh be quiet...

Don't speak

Don't let the cat out of the bag

Don't let the secret escape.

Sssh be quiet...

Don't hurt the adults

Suck it up

Shut the xxxx up!

SSssh be quiet...

Don't utter a sound

Don't let it get around

Don't let the truth be told.

Sssh be quiet...

Don't speak

No-one will believe

I will still be relieved

While I carry on and deceive.

Ssshh sssshhhh sssshhh... I say.

Time, time bangs louder and angrier each second, each day,

Time, time shouts louder each year in my ear.

No, you sssshhhh, and listen to my story...

Jackanory, a true story...

Shut your mouth instead

Not scared of you anymore

Not scared of those closing doors

Finally it will all be said.

I will never sssshhhh-ed again!

Della Perry

Starwars

Spaceships flying through the stars
Training Jedi fighters
Annakin and Luke Skywalker
R2D2 and C3PO
Wars between good and evil
Also Obi Wan and Chewbacca
Romances, Princess Leia and Han Solo
Stormtroopers and Darth Vader.

Della Perry

Stimulation

The children in class are quite impressed by the fact that I write poems
They don't give two hoots that they aren't perfect
Or '100 Best Loved Poems' material
They just enjoy to read them
Not caring about similes, punctuation, metaphors or alliteration one dot!
Although can't say that for the teacher!
I get quite a buzz from their smiles, laughter and eagerness to share them
But the feeling is fantastic, when they return the next day with their poems
Faces lit up with pride
The togetherness is unimaginable, the pride I feel
A family of young bards
Who will be so much better than this amateur poet could ever aspire to be,
Acting out their poems like Shakespeare
Smiles, enjoyment, eyes lit up with fire.
We make a fuss, give lots of praise
Give their poems pride of place in our library corner.
You see, even an amateur poet can use the power of words
To inspire those that can be better than ourselves.

Della Perry

Streetwise Kid

The streetwise kid
It's a way of life
A cold childhood
Cares for himself
No other choice
He's good at it in fact.
Strong and stalwart
Rarely scared
Angry sometimes
But it is hidden well.
You see the bond is forever
Even through the hard times
Through adversity
He still loves
He still has compassion
He'll survive
The streetwise kid.

Della Perry

Stronger

Angrily, that life grew
into a lion with toothache,
Growling and grumbling,
Snarling, old snarlio,
I don't know
Let me go!

Icily, that life froze
into a covered lake
That slowly cracked and
creaking and snapping
Sucked me gasping into it's
suffocating depths.

Surprisingly, that life allowed me
to squeeze through the dark, damp, tight tunnel of pain,
To reach the end, the never-ending end,
But I did, I survived it all, only just mind you,
I am the survivor,
That life...
I am stronger for it.

Della Perry

Suicide

Do they feel the same as me?
Is the Black Dog following them also?
Growling in their ears
'End it all here! '
They have a cause, I fear.
Myself, I have a different calling
Sacrifice is okay with me
It implores me, I quite like it's company.
But I have no wish to take another's soul with my own
I prefer to be alone
It is my truth, no-one else's.
There's no cause, no minds to change
No-one I hate or wish to harm, to frighten
No-one to intimidate and shake till they believe the same as I.
Live and let live.
Die and let die.
My conscious is too strong
The waves of death are enticing
But no so much as to use your last breath
To kill innocents
I see no honour there
I see only their misguided thrill.

Della Perry

Sunday Morning

Curtains gap reveals
Singing starlings
No breeze
Still trees
Wood pigeons call
No cars at all
Faint hum of rain fall
Grey skies
Sleepy eyes
Children sleeping
Peaceful
Sunday morning.

Della Perry

Sweet Fairy Queen

I catch a glimpse, a shimmer of light
A dainty figure of white, fluttering
Fusion among the summer blooms, blending
Swaying, rhythmic in the cool breeze
A cavorting carousel of tiny beings beside the falls
Rippling reflections, silent calls.
Who, what are these miniature nymphs?
Who does abide with me?
An epithet for these free spirits is so challenging
For what term would ever do them justice?
Dancing, prancing, graceful coy beauty
Charming deity of my garden
Disguised beneath the trees.
I will name you
Sweet Ophelia
My Fairy Queen.

Della Perry

Talk Less, Smile More

Talk less, smile more
Gossip and chat get you in deep
Disturb the sleep
But a smile says more
It opens doors
Magically it makes them smile in return.
So, as middle age arrives
I suddenly see
Talk less, smile more, missy!

Della Perry

Tanka - Cat

A cat on the prowl
Sneaking upon his belly
To catch the small bird
He stares ahead not blinking
Thinking about his small prey.

Della Perry

Tanka - Sparrow

Sparrow on a branch
Hopping about on his toes
He sings a nice song
He dances a pretty dance
While he's looking for romance.

Della Perry

Texts

Never does my mobile beep
To say I've a text expressing love and passion!
Hi, how are you, love you, need you,
I'm on my way to visit you;
Can't wait to see you!
But, it does beep when;
My friend decides she's not going to be in,
Or when my mother needs some more bird seed,
Or the spouse will be late from work because he is visiting the pub!
Or my son has vomited over the gym floor,
Or my sister needs a lift into town,
Or my older son has swore at his teacher (again) .
Or the Doctor thinks I need a checkup,
Or my mother-in-law has locked herself out,
Or another friend needs her kids dropped off at school,
Or my next door neighbour has been run over by a train,
Oh yes...
Then the texts beep at me, when they need me for something,
BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!

Della Perry

The Bedroom

Crocheted blankets for babies, times three
Never finished the one for the Christmas fetus
Why was he not born?
Pile of soiled clothes in a sprawled piece of art on the rug
Boots with mud caked soles
A lamp, murky brown, no bulb, useless, ugly,
A lonely six string
Favourite book on bedside table, spine bent,
Slimer, Harry Adam Knight
The Tarot book, The Fool comes to mind
Library books picked and read fervently
Oranges are Not the Only Fruit, Jeanette!
Snot covered tissues
A clean sanitary pad
Germoline
Black Country Dialect book for Welsh Carys
Butterfly adorned writing pad
The remote
And a jammie dodger faux biscuit bracelet.

Della Perry

The Black Horse

The black horse will be waiting for me
Below the damson tree,
The day will flow into evening,
Dusk will fall over the living.
The black horse will shake his mane,
His tail will twitch.
The girl will stroke the sleek beast,
A smile plays on her lips.
The black horse will look her in the eye,
Below the damson tree.
The lightning tree, full of life,
Swaying in the breeze,
Taking the girl away from it all,
Away, where she knows she truly belongs.
The old gentleman, the black horse promise
and the lost, little girl,
Together again, as one, once dreamed by all.

Della Perry

The Bricklayer

Now here was a man as rough as they come
You'd be surprised, he wasn't from Brum
He wore baggy trousers with no shirt
He was always brown, he never burnt.

He was born at home, eldest of three
Middle of town, historic Dudley
He'd three kids and he was wed
He made sure his koi carp were fed.

Yes, Jack, he was a really good bloke
Just like the next he loved a good joke
He was a Brickie, he loved his job
But he only ever made a few bob.

Now Jack he loved to have a race
Not horses, but pigeons put a smile on his face
He'd give his lucky bald head a rub
But he won nowt at the Old Park Pub.

Everyone in Dudley all knew Jack
He'd give you the coat off his back
Don't be sad, he hated doom and gloom
But aged 54, The Brickie was gone too soon.

Della Perry

The Flightless Hummingbird

The corporation want him as a Case Study
Enjoy the dialysis of his emotions
Wean him from the breasts of destructive habits
Tired of his unenthusiastic rocking.

Jamboree drumming of peers causes confusion
He is hostage to the evil of his past
A flightless hummingbird, whose powerful wings
Have no power, no control, are slow, not fast!

We both embark on a journey of survival
Unruffled, the phlegmatic drink coffee - black!

Della Perry

The Good People

The good people, you can see them
They are the ones lining up by the pearly gates
Before they are even dead!
Banging with fists, anxious, often depressed.
The good people, trying to stay nice
Trying to be patient
As the devil's leeches suck their blood from their eyes.
The good people; aching inside
With the pain others inflict upon their gentle natures.
Used, abused, falsely accused.
The good people.

Della Perry

The Jack Russell

He reclines at the rear of the grey sofa
Imprinting his shape into cushions that will never regain their shape
Exhausted from stressful howling at the view
of workmen smoking on driveways
Blowing smoke nonchalantly into the cold, February breeze
Pointing and laughing at the dog show.
Earlier he crazed himself into a manic frenzy
So much so that now he cares not that the same men stand there
His breathing is slowing
He has stretched out against the warm radiator
Heating his tiny paws
His rough coat lifting up and down as he breathes steadily
Tail tucked beneath the dark spot on his bottom
The television drones
A Dali type melting clock ticks loudly from the mantel
The wind shakes the trees outside
As the workmen's smoke drifts through the branches
The hound sleeps.

Della Perry

The Kiss

Adonis stood, a heroic angel of passion
Masculine and taut
Strength of a thousand thoughts, memories
Knowing smile, melting every woman's heart
He stood before her
Cupped cheeks in huge warm hands
Eyes the hue of slate locked with hers
She felt light-headed, dizzy
Heartbeat raced
He lowered an unshaven chin to hers
'Red lipstick today,
Shall we kiss? '

Della Perry

The Park

When I was young
Say nine or ten
I'd rush to the park
At the end of our road
On my black, rusty bike
Pedaling so fast to get away, yet
I never fell off.
On the park I'd jump on a swing
Heave my arms
Stretch my legs
To and fro, to and fro
Oh how high I'd go
I felt so free!
Then just as I'd reach the sky
I would loose and fly off it.
I'd swing through the air like an acrobat
I never felt so alive
Then land with bent knees
My face lit up in
Childish glee.

Della Perry

The Pawn Piece

I'm sick of being a pawn
In this chess game of life.
The one who gets sacrificed
Like I haven't got any worth.
Pushed off the board of life
By those selfish and eager to win.
Shoved to the side
Knocked over once used.
I'm not that pawn anymore,
I'm turning into a Queen
And they hate it, for,
No matter what moved they make
I'm going to win, checkmate!

Della Perry

The Pool

The Pool is;
still
and
calm
deep
cold
mysterious
dark
wet
silent
flowing
softly
the
pool.

Della Perry

The Prince Of Hearts

The future King
Born from the Goddess of empathy
Eldest prince of the isles
Will be father to one of upstanding bravery
With kindness of heart
Loyalty and morality
He will reign from an aged times
With wisdom and respect and faith.
A lost mother will be proud
From the dimension above
Guiding him in his dreams with love.

Della Perry

The Same

We are the same
Deep down inside
When awkwardness disappears
Look at what appears.
We have become friends
Albeit unusual ones.
We are the same
Events similar
In our separate lives.
So many occurrences we endure alone
It is only when we trust
The thing we fear
Appears
Then we realise
Yes, we are the same.

Della Perry

The Tale Of The Titanic

The Titanic sank because of me
At the time I was only three
I've got to get it off my chest
I did a bad thing, you know the rest
I've never told a single soul
Of my involvement, my starring role
I've often heard people wonder
If only they knew of my blunder!
It became of anger and terrible wrath
That I sunk that ship within my bath!
It's for forgiveness that I strive
Remorse now I'm older, now I am five!

Della Perry

The Violinist

Tombstone tunes vibrate the air
Candles glow reveals ivy grow
Sizzling wax melts solid hearts
Lacy frocks sweep across solid stone
Marble shines while flames burn discreetly
Violin curse rings through eternity
No-one listens but the ghosts of rhyme
Backdrop, castle defences,
Towers of rooks sleeping, dull, black, dormant
Eerie sounds slither stealthily
among boughs of bare limbs
Reaching to touch the notes as they float
Sweeping teasingly on eager clinging leaves
Still, Gothic Maiden plays on
Cemetery ghouls listening in gloom
To the echoes of notes in their deathly rooms.

Della Perry

The Wolverhampton Wanderer

Where it is cold and damp
Where it is dark
Where smell is dank and old
Where the birds no longer sing
Below the knowing clouds
Where I dream of that place I once called home.

Where the faces are unfriendly
Where the atmosphere is thick
Where my senses itch with unease
Where there are echoes of unspoken words
Below the burning stars
Where I yearn for that place I once called home.

Where there is no air
Where there is no warmth
Where no family does exist
Where the sun refuses to ever shine
Below the raging skies
Where I return to that place I once called home.

For when life is hard
I know I can never leave it behind
That special home town of mine.

Della Perry

Those Eyes

Their eyes interlocking with mine,
What do you see?
You look so deep
I see your faces in my sleep.
I see into you, into your dreams.
They make me paranoid, your thoughts,
Your desires, they invade my ind.
There are so many I think I know
I swear I have been here before.
The knowledge of them pervades my thoughts
Thoughts I do not appreciate,
I'd rather not be aware of.
Past experiences keep revealing in my head
Scared of these feelings, So much I hate,
Those eyes boring so deep, too much to keep,
So much is hidden,
So much is revealed
Those eyes...

Della Perry

Tiddles

How terribly sad that the elation is great
When the awaiting feline meows
Pleased at your arrival
How it leaps to greet you
Bouncing across lawns of corn
Rubbing small heart shaped nose against your ankles
Purrs like it's in love.
I retract that statement.
Not sad at all,
It is wonderful to feel so wanted, needed, awaited
Missed in your absence
Even if it is just by a cat
That waits by your door, wanting meat and refreshment.

Della Perry

Tiger

The tiger crouches, hiding
In the long, dry
Grass, waiting for its prey to
Eventually capture it, eat it, before
Resting in the sweltering midday heat.

Della Perry

Time

Days are long, days are short,
Years are long, years are short,
Time is a funny old thing,
Can make you cry or even sing.
Smile in laughter or utter retorts.
Seconds are long, seconds are short,
Minutes are long, minutes are short,
Time is a cantankerous man,
Time is a happy soul,
It lets the sadness eat you whole
It allows the good times to roll.
Time....

Della Perry

To A Visiting Poet

Dear Poet,
We really enjoyed you reading out your poems
Especially the funny ones about our stupid teachers
And the way you poked fun at them
Especially that Mrs Perry wannabe poet woman!
I just wondered, I'm not being rude,
But why are your legs so hairy?
I had to sit right by your legs
I couldn't help but notice
I was thinking, Miss, that because writing poems
Is probably a mans job, that you stopped shaving them to look like one.
They were all squashed beneath your tights like wriggly worms
How about that for a simile?
I'm not being rude, but I also noticed when you were reciting
your wonderful poems that you had a mustache!
It must be hard being a lady poet!
P.S Your poems were fab!

Jimmy Smith Age 7 and 3 quarters.

Della Perry

Toffees

Toffees
are
my
favourite
sweets.
I chew
and
chew
and
chew
and chew
and
when
it's
gone
I
pop
another
in
my
mouth
and
chew
and
chew
and
chew!

Della Perry

Tragic Love

Loneliness pushes to the edge
A yearning that I cannot hide
Sad death that grows from deep within
On this silent hillside.

No birds sing around me now
Grief envelopes me like the tide
Afflicted by a tragic love
My life is deathly-pale inside.

Della Perry

Transgress

Reaching the benchmark was easy
I transgress, excelled at the art
Was rehearsed in transgression
Prepared from birth one may say.

It was peddled, bartered
A fueled transaction from one crazed
Manic woman to another
In a spell of zealous, jealous stupor.

I consistently misbehave
A leakage of ruinous badness
Because I can, because I know no other,
Because I want to?

I carry the yardstick high above my head
And shoulder the weight well,
Vehemence, vigour eclipses all
Intensifies and escalates to a thunderous roar of outrage.

A yearning, a desire
To covet the truth
A culmination of attitudes and hatred
A denouement, ending, climax of rage!

I transgress with reluctance
Occasionally,
As what was learned is
Difficult to unlearn
No matter how learned
One may become.

Della Perry

Travelling Poet Dreams

When camel silhouettes, black against orange sunsets
Form ripples on the sands
Across vast, mysterious landscapes
Laiden oxen make haste to the 'Gem of the East'
Visions, whispers heard of exotic elegance
Where sparkling turquoise abounds, facades, glazed brick,
Carved marble, beautiful mosaics.
When rich soil births abundant harvest, fruits
Lush forests are watchers, warm sands blankets
Mountains protect their scented children.
Where a throng of prosperous markets, with brave
Energetic people survive in peaceful commerce
Grains, silks, glass, skins
Extravagant hues, reds, blue, yellow, greens
With delectable fruits, scents of pleasing spices
Wool, rugs, jade, semi-precious stones
Tea, flax, ivory cattle sometimes slaves.
Bronzed ladies, tunics shimmer, black plaited hair
Drawn on eyebrows, dance, chatter, yarns told and sewed.
Where blue ribbed cantalope domes tower
How the sand tastes salty on the lips.
Sounds of sellers chants and calls
Trickle of fresh water behind chalky walls.
Camels reins, tinkle of bells
Songs of birds as dawn approaches.
Pilgrims faith, promises of terracotta Cities.
Glades of wild jasmine, sweet smelling lilies.
Where a place of wonder awaits me
A poet awakens...
Samarkand smiles.

Della Perry

Vampire Lover

Aching loins called out his name
Raspy ragged breath, steam on the pane
Lips frozen in a sigh
of volcanic proportions
As sharp incisors sank into the flesh of my nape
His flickering tongue raping my lobes
Exquisite copper tastes of red wine
As his lips sought out mine
Parting them with the ease of a God
Parting the seas.
Scent of wanting was all I could breathe
As eager hands cupped breasts to gently tease
Was this Heaven or Hell
I could not tell
I did not care which.

Della Perry

Vegetables

Vegetarians can't get enough of them
Eating them every day
Growing them fresh in their gardens
Enjoying their super taste
Turnips, onions, carrots
And
Beetroot, cucumber, cabbage
Lettuce, potatoes, much more
Except for dreaded
SPROUTS! You can keep them all!

Della Perry

Video Monster

Video monster opened a wide, gaping mouth,
Sucked the tape into its jaws like a giant lizard
Grabs a fly with its tongue.

Video monster snaps its lids shut with a dull thud,
Swallowing the plastic coated tape
Then, with a whir and a grumble of a hungry stomach
He starts chewing it all up into a large ball
of video monster grub.

When realization sets in that it doesn't taste so good,
After all, it is just another 'Rocky' film
It splutters and chokes
And spits it out like overcooked, sticky, stringy spaghetti.

Della Perry

Vip Birthday For A Secretary

I hear there's a celebration going on
A shindig for a star
For a lady who is champion
A VIP by far.

We all agree you're beautiful
Go on, take a bow
I couldn't believe it were true
Be proud, the big 6 O.

You are always bright and breezy
Full of charm and smiles
You make beautiful look easy
As you put away the files.

I'm sure we'd learn a thing or two
(Why not write a book?)
We'd all love to be like you
(We'd all take a look) .

Flower you are like the rose
A stunning, vibrant bloom
Respect for you, it just grows
For you brighten up the room.

You are always very kind
This is truly rare
We sure hope you don't mind
A poem to show we care.

I must tell you one important thing
We all want to say
Before the telephone starts to ring
Have a fantastic day.

Della Perry

Wanting More

She wore him like an embellishment
His masculinity aided her femininity.
She needed all the help she could muster.
Self centered, selfish, narcissistic.
No problems leaving loved ones behind.

She wore him like a diamond necklace
Sprawled around her neck for all to see
But when she got down and dirty
She had no problem hanging him from the jewellery stand
Dangling coldly alone.
Got down on her knees for a new man.
Who reminded her of expensive golden bands
Adorning her greedy fingers
So much more she wanted, needed,
Never satisfied.
She offered her hand once more.

Della Perry

Wasted Life

No life is ever wasted
No matter how long they have lived
For every life has touched another
Made it better
Taught a valuable lesson
Helped someone in someway.

Of course these souls are missed
They are thought of every day
But without angels sacrifices
How would we ever find a better way?

So celebrate those gone too soon
Thank them every day
For they taught us valuable lessons
Our love will never fade away.

Della Perry

Watch The Clouds

Sometimes I sit and watch the clouds
Doesn't matter to me if it rains or is dry
If the sun shines I wonder why
Sometimes I just want to get away
Be somewhere, a better place
But that place only exists within my mind
Within my thoughts, within the clouds.

You can dream... you can be... you can see...

I see a land, a land of white and blue beauty
A moving landscape of vastness that calls to me
That calls to my soul
That reaches deep inside my heart
But I know it is only dreams
But what have we if not dreams?

Della Perry

We Are But Ants

We are but ants
Destined to scuttle around
this dusty landscape.
Working
Striving to survive.
What is so great about survival anyway?
Maybe the longer you live the wiser you become?
Maybe wisdom, knowledge is actually substance we would be better off not
requiring,
I was informed once that Fools and
The Innocent would inherit the earth?
Unfortunately I'm neither!
I still believe
Crying, war, death, life,
I still believe
I believe we are but ants
Destined to scuttle
Destined to die
Destined to just be....

Della Perry

We Are The Same

We are all the same
Deep down inside
When awkwardness disappears
Look at what appears
We have become friends
We are the same
Some events similar
In our separate lives
So many occurrences endured
It is only when we trust
The things that we fear
Appear
That we realise
Yes, we are the same.

Della Perry

We Are The Seasons

We are the seasons
The changing seasons, always different
Always changing.
Sometimes we are the summer
Bright and warm, eager to rise
Glowing with happiness and pride.
Other times we are the autumn
Drooping, dying, falling apart
To the ground like hard, crumbling brown leaves.
A cherry blossom without the show.
Some days we are the winter
Cool, cold, impervious to others.
Sometimes we are the spring
Reborn with love and hope
Opening like the elegant daffodil
Tall and proud, changing
New and excited.
Changing seasons.
We are like the seasons

Della Perry

Weep For Nature

Weep for the plants
that grow in awkward places
Weep for the so-called weeds
Who just attempt to survive beneath concrete slabs
Between crevices in rocks and stone
Who attempt to regain their lost lands.
Weep for nature
Weep for the creatures that eat those plants
Weep for the homo sapiens
Who breed
Weep for the human weed
Who grow in awkward places.

Della Perry

What Do You Dream?

What do you dream?
Are they nice, scary or funny?
What do you dream? Are they sitting, flying or runny?
Do you get chased,
Or fly to another planet?
Do you climb mountains of cheese?
Or fight with a girl called Janet?
What do you dream?
Do you drive a fancy car?
Do you forget who you are?
Move to another town
Then dress up like a party clown?
What do you dream?
Do you dream of being a cat?
Eating mice for a tasty snack?
Fetching water like Jill and Jack?
Or just eating cheese from the mountain?
Tell me,
What do you dream?

Della Perry

What Maggie Did?

Maggie Hambling,
Sketched her mother in the coffin,
Suppose that's something that artist's do!
Me, well, I'll play cello and paint her face like a clown
And squirt her with a novelty flower,
Before taking a selfie for prosperity,
(With my mother, that is,
Not with Maggie) ,
Before she's even dead.
That's just what weird people do.

Della Perry

When Tomorrow Comes

It's been a bad day
Full of hatred, full of fear
But don't fret, don't cry
I'll always be near.

Don't worry about today
Nastiness was here
But shut your eyes, be clear
I'm always near.

It's been a bad day
Full of evil thoughts
When tomorrow comes, dear
I will still be near.

When tomorrow comes
I will still be here.

Della Perry

Whistling Man

Whistling man, in a doorway
Brown paper bag hiding his soul
Drinking - to do or to die!
Whistling tunes from a happier time, when he occupied himself,
A life; what happened to you, man?
Why are you so forlorn?
Life is hard, got to get tough,
Not hide behind the empty bottle
Don't you know you can see through the glass?
Whistling a tune nobody knows the title of, nobody cares.
Whistling man, put the bottle down, step away from that life,
Regain your pride, your life, rebuild yourself from scratch,
Live again, whistling man.
I'm not saying it's easy, blimey, it's not! What is?
But do it before it's too late, pretend like you're reborn
Throw away those sweat filled rags, try again, man,
There's no right or wrong, ask for help
Hold your arms above yourself,
Forgive yourself.
We all make mistakes, human is as human does,
We all deserve a second chance.
But you got to want it to whistling man,
Stop whistling and listen...
It won't get better unless you want it to.

Della Perry

Who Is Gonna Cry Over You?

Who is gonna cry over you?
You are my teacher, my guide,
Albeit not the best one!
I reflect, I judge, I condemn,
Too rapidly, time releases truths to me.
A small hidden gateway reveals your intentions, thoughts.
There was no malice, just survival,
The only way you knew how,
The only way that you were taught.
To be rough and tough and hard as nails!
I'm sorry I judged recklessly,
It isn't easy on the other side of the mental abuse you know!
But of course you did know!
I see that now; you weren't smart enough to change.
Compassion, never left my side,
Hatred, I hid behind it well.
I will cry over you, when the time comes,
So will the others if they dare to admit it.
To love isn't a weakness.
You are just yourself,
As I am just me.
We can't change the past,
We can't change the hurt deep down,
But we can love now anyway
We can learn to forgive each other.

Della Perry

Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?

Who wants to be a millionaire?
Sitting in that tall swivel chair
You've got a choice; A, B, C or D?
One is correct but not the other three!
Maybe you'll use phone a friend
Get the answer wrong that is the end!
Maybe you'll choose fifty fifty?
To win the lot you must be nifty.
Ask the audience is there also
Let's hope the answer they all know!
You need to be extremely brainy
To stop your days from being rainy.
So have a go on millionaire
And own a throne instead of a chair!

Della Perry

Wind

Sitting on the hilltop
He enveloped me in loving arms
Caressing my skin gently
Ruffling my hair with unseen fingers
Forcing a smile with loving tenderness.
A breath, freedom to roam
Sighing with delight.
He brushed past tall grass
Sat beside me for a long time
Flowing love, whispers, energy.
He danced within the shadows of trees and shrubs
His fingers rippled the water from the lake
He lifted up the birds with loving hands
Blew soft clouds across azure skies.
Then, like a father, returned to my side
Held me in soft embrace
Comforted his grieving daughter.
I knew that I loved this place
A place of dreams
Among the wilderness.
I loved to sit alone on this hilltop
With my only friend
The breeze.

Della Perry

Winter Compilation

Meandering paths covered in snow,
A dormant, quiescent, beautiful show.
Unsullied sprinkling of dazzling white,
A dramatic and inspiring sight.
Yielding, soft, dusting of snow,
From mountains high to valleys low.
Kissing the peaks, pale and clean,
Mystery of silence, soundless, serene.
Palms of snowflakes caress the globe,
Surrounding the body like silken robe.
Garland of white adorns all around,
A membrane of snow around the town.
Bleak and cold outside, while fires roar,
Inside, so cozy, behind homely door.
Spritely fairy flakes they dance,
Warm enough inside for romance.
Frosting of soft snow as you sleep,
Children at dawn, through curtains they peep.
Flurries of snow across the land,
Painted by the artists masterful hand.

Della Perry

Winter Wanderer

A winter wanderer did roam,
Drifted through the night air.
While others cosy in their homes,
Had no idea he was there.

He wrapped icy arms around the ground,
Not until the morning was he found.

Della Perry

Wintery Senses

My wintry friends were out today
Waving cold, bare arms in the breeze,
'Hello friend, ' whispered the trees.

Above them black crows danced in the air,
Swaying, up and below grey clouds,
Singing sweet songs so proud.

I stood still and listened hard,
Factory hammers growled and groaned,
While cars sped by and moaned.

In the air I could smell the Spring,
Trying to push through the ground
Daffodils tried to be found.

Upon the ground a feather flew,
I wonder if the bird knew
of a missing, soft feather now by my shoe?

I tasted an icy, clear dew drop,
Cold and damp upon my tongue,
A wonderful feeling that didn't last long.

I feel so lucky that I can hear,
Smell, touch, taste and I can see,
I am so lucky to be me!

Della Perry

Wintry Evenings

Bleak and cold outside, while fires roar,
Kindling crackles, flames of red,
Children cuddled warm in bed,
Inside, so cozy, behind closed doors.
Chocolate drinks and sweet hot tea,
A time to relax from reality.

Della Perry

Wintry Whispers

Meandering paths, covered in snow,
Bleak, cold outside, while fires roar
Inside, so cosy, behind homely door
A dormant, beautiful show.

Kisses of snowflakes caress the globe,
Surrounding its body like a silken robe.

Della Perry

Wolf

A wolf lies in wait
Within everyone
Lurking, prowling,
Instincts alive, alert.

A lion hunts
Within us all,
Crouching, chasing,
Alive, hunting.

How much longer can we tame our true selves?

Della Perry

Women's Weather

It was so humid today
That the clap of thunder
Was like the start gun
In a horse race.
I ran to the patio
To dance in the cooling rain
That followed the cracking
of the clouds above.
It felt so good
To dampen sticky hair
I didn't care
That my neighbour watched
From the window upstairs.
She just smiled
She had been middle-aged once!

Della Perry

Woody The Terrier-Ist

His hate is vile
He barks out little spittle of bile
Over clean windows, brand new
Breath so rancid, the steam
The terrier-ist hates that man in red
Running by with news of dread
Black bag flung over his shoulder
Staring at the dog with wide eyes in a scared head
He laughs sometimes, is it any wonder
That the hound wants him dead.
The dog bangs the glass with a paw
Scratches the wooden shelf with a snarl
Lets out a whimper of anger
Resumes his howl once more
It's a good job there is a strong door.
For he would devour that man rushing by,
that white van, that feline, the woman from next door,
The lady with the pram, the screeching youths, the motorbike roar,
He'd kill them all,
If it wasn't for that strong door
Woody the Terrier-ist dog.

Della Perry

Wordsley Hospital R.I.P

The hospital has passed on to
Rubble and ruin, gone the clinical clean
Corridors and baby units,
No more children of the future proudly saying,
'I was born in Wordsley Hospital! '
Pregnant ladies are now crammed into
Russells Hall; like suckling sows on farms,
While first time buyers houses occupy
Where once crying babies suckled.
With perfect shrubbery and crazy paved driveways.
Clinical white windows and solid wooden doors
Fitted kitchens and tiled floors.
And no signs of life, for no-one round here can afford to buy.
No sounds of children, for no-one can afford to start a family these days.
Meanwhile local schools close too,
The Public Houses where father's wetted their child's head shut,
Boarded up with wood,
And a ghost town emerges from the rubble
Where once generation after generation of Black Country fellows grew.

Della Perry

Worship The Weekends

It is Sunday, the day of worship
So welcome to the church of McDonald's
Where we will pray to the Burger King
All that is in heaven and Kentucky Fried Chicken
Walk through the car park
Eat the fries of life
And drink the milkshake of the Lord Ronald.
Thoroughly read the menu
Until you know it by heart
Get on your knees for the worship of twenty Nuggets
Hallelujah to the BBQ sauce
Wipe your mouth
Put your rubbish in the bin, amen
Come back in seven days
Worship the weekend all over again.

Della Perry

You'Re Nothing Like...

You're nothing like your brother
He was the Head Boy.
You're nothing like your sister
She got straight A's.
You're nothing like me
You must be like your Dad!

Well, good, because;

My brother WAS the Head Boy
But he was really ugly.
My sister DID get straight A's
But she stole the exam papers.
I'm nothing like you
Because you are always angry.
Yes, I must be like my Dad
For he saw through your rubbish mouth!
I shrug my shoulders
Because Mom,
You are nothing like my Granny
For she was truly lovely.

Della Perry