

Poetry Series

duncan wyllie
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

duncan wyllie(19.10.68)

Someone who has been in so much trouble in the past, someone who realised only when he was at the very bottom that there was a rope and that it wasn't there to hang him, but to be climbed

* Children *

Every pulse of life
That melts into a heart
Brings forth a love that's true,
A Child's new birth
Untold it's worth

Every eye that's open
Every ear that hears
Shall share the joy
Of Heavens lift
As Angels sound
The greatest gift

Every circle turning
Again it has no end
The life that stretches ever forth
The Heavens that descend
New joy found among us
A Child, from God above
Who reaches through our darkest hour
The greatest gift of loves true power

The bless'ed soul cries out
Know me, that you may say
My tears and pain are not in vain
That we might find the way again

Love can conquer all
When man and woman too
Direct their hearts in better ways
To Gods own blessed
Eternal days

The sun it shines forever
For none can end the flame
It lives in eyes of new born light
For there it shall remain

love looks on from Heaven

Whatever happens, seen
For far beyond the clouds above
The keeper holds the dream

Parents, know your Children
Carefully show the way
Be slow to anger also
And greater lead the way

Show them only love
A family means so much
And don't forget to let them know
That words of kindness
Are seeds that grow

And when they grow much older
Look back, at things you've done
The Random acts of kindness shown
Repeat them every one

duncan wyllie

: : : : ~~~ Children Of Tomorrow ~~~: : : :

We, our plans, in yesteryear
Unknowing real decisions,
Consequences –lead-
We who came before you,
Can only offer what is left,
A Hope through shining out our last,
Pray that we in history’s learning, ask, you-
The Children of tomorrow, take heed
There is much loss learned
Through selfish greed
Live and love and act loves will
Such delicate dreams that truth for fills
Unless such acts and truths be known
Then you, ideas, just overgrown
You disagree? So then -
What will there be
If it’s empty words and acts and deeds?
So let the beauty, live ever on
Through Hopes make acts
Then act its song
The dreams of life
A world, that’s better
May live through words so carefully lettered
You
Speak kindly from a kindly heart
Let acts of love none could depart
Words Of love, instead of war
Then words of war shall be no more
You Are -
The Children of tomorrow
I pray that you may brighter shine
Within that day, I pray divine
You -
The Children of tomorrow
Through visions in Ernest, may pass it on
That those may know an open heart
May also now
Know of its song
You –

The Children of tomorrow
Hold loves seed within your soul
Set it forth,
Let it grow, for
You-
The Children of tomorrow
Live life throughout your family
The whole of lifes humanity, you-
The Children of tomorrow
Not a dream without a cause
Not just ideas, but something more – for
You-
The Children of tomorrow
I pray for love – and –
Love only~~for you

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Chocolates And Tears And Crazy Years

What about tonight I said?
The big box in the window
My mum is short on money again
I feel that it's a sin though

We'll go tonight,
Stand outside shops
You're on guard
Incase of cops

I burst through the door
Elderly couple, surprise
Fall from step what a blunder
Grab the box noise like thunder

Turn to see if couples gaining
Disbelief, faces remaining
Turn handle wrong way
Fight with it until I stray

Where's my school friend lookout
Half way up the hill
Wait for me I start to shout
Couple, still at till

We ran and ran, fools us both, up hill
Regret and relief set in
My Mothers Birthday tomorrow
Regret and relief turn to sorrow

Next morning I awake
To see mum eat evidence
How could you afford such a gift?
I feel it's far from providence

Oh if I could turn back the clock
And tell that boy 'No Way'
Or teach about a conscience
That might keep him from going astray.

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Emmy's (Senryus)

I went to the shop,
To buy some nice yellow paint,
For my living room.

I walked home from school,
It was foggy there that day,
I saw a rabbit.

I went to my gym,
I go there when i'm active,
After, I feel fresh.

Emily Wyllie (9)

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Ernestine...

A friend, A true friend does not forget,
So there was she, over the tumbling years

Ernestine

Not too little, never too late

No promises needed

No regret

Ernestine

A true and loyal friend

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Farleigh Castle

Site manager, whom story fell
Of a beautiful castle of old
The stories she could tell
Of pain in life she'd hold

Then one night when all alone
Into the chapel she crept
To pray now for, relief, her own
From pain in life she wept

As she knelt on cold stone floor
A hand touched her on the shoulder
She turned to see who was there
Who was it there to hold her?

But the customers, had all since gone
As did the crying and pain
A light now inside her truly shone
As she felt new hope again.

Dedicated to Barbara (Babs) she probably can't remember the Red Cross guy
Who listened to her wonderful Duncan

duncan wyllie

Fear Not

Your moment, his might ,
Fear not, the King-
For he that sends his own
To stand your side
Shall brush aside
For now there is not folly
For now there is no fool
Fear not
For he is with you

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Gently~~~~she Sleeps ~~~~~

gently~~~She Sleeps ~~~

Where do all the good girls go?
Perhaps it's easier~~~ say -
That when you feel your heart
A-light
An Angel passed your way
Some, they stay a little while
Some, a little longer
But every day, come what will
We grow a little stronger
A smile may come across your face
A feeling ~~~undefined
A tiny Child
An infant girl
Whose name just crossed your mind
There are no easy answers
Except to say one thing, that-
When a soul returns back home
It gently~~~

~~~~~ Sleeps....again....

, , , , , , , , Written for a wonderful Mother and Friend  
, , , about the loss of her infant Child, , ,

\*\*\*\*\* Danielle Cara Turner \*\*\*\*\*

duncan wyllie

# Going Home

Solid as rock, Six feet or more  
Punch like a hammer that  
Never would fall  
Scars like a trellis  
His drinking's no gain  
Cigarette's hanging  
Life's just the same  
Nobody knew him  
Man of the street  
One day, was different  
Old lady, seems  
Sweet  
Blinded since birth  
The market square,  
Flowers  
Perfect in sunshine  
Burning for hours  
Please sir, draw-  
Nearer  
This one's for free  
I know that you're hurting  
So I'll comfort thee  
Fighting back fears  
Was always your game  
But fighting back tears  
Can be quite the same  
Sit by my feet  
A story, unfolds  
I've come from a place  
That never grows old  
Where Sunshine is measured  
By beauty it's true  
Now close your eyes gently  
Feel wings around you  
Take a deep breath  
Angels  
They sing  
Voices from Heaven  
Find you again

Morning, alone  
People would gather  
To witness a sight  
None could easily utter  
For there in the market square  
A hundred white roses  
Where before lay a man  
Now a hundred  
White poses

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# How Many Knocks?

A moment of quiet, in this frozen house,  
Breathe it in, while you can.  
He's coming back at about 4: 05pm,  
To punish, an innocent lamb.

If he could feel the pain he was inflicting,  
He would never raise a hand.  
And all the shouting would return to him,  
Louder than any band.

Each time he slapped or kicked us,  
He would have instantly returned,  
His own hand or foot coming back at him,  
The lesson being learned.

I'd like to take him through the desert,  
Actions getting slower.  
Frustrations paling into sand,  
His resistance getting lower.

Alone without a soul to taunt,  
Nothing there to beat.  
Only the company of his thoughts,  
There with him..... burning in the heat...

I would not take advantage though,  
By leaving him there to rot.  
I'd wait for his confession, patiently,  
One without, the scheming plot.

I'd have his conscience watered,  
And fed without fail each day.  
And nurture a green oasis,  
In his withered heart of grey.

I'd make sure he was healthy,  
So that he could really see.  
It was an answer I was looking for  
Not to hurt humanity.



Then I'd ask a wondering group of Nomads,  
If the stars can really tell.  
Can I look into his eyes yet?  
Or will I fall into the well.

We have a way where we come from,  
And it always works best at night,  
If it's direction you are looking for,  
Then we'll help you with your plight.

That man over there was brought here for a reason,  
Like the changing of our maps we read.  
Everything moves in a time and season,  
Now take a seat, listen and.....Take Heed!

It was not your love that made him that way,  
But a chain of specific events.  
We are lucky out here for we carry our maps,  
And store our pain in life, outside our..... tents.

Ask yourself a simple question,  
What keeps you from running free?  
The Sahara is an open ocean,  
Just stop and look, you'll see!

Instead you wait here with him,  
Like a fistful of sand you'll see.  
The harder you try to hold on to it,  
The more you set it free.

It slips through your fingers yet you know not why!  
And all it did was leave you for dead on the floor,  
Take yourself and your Children FAR away from this place,  
So you can find love in your own way once more.

I listened closely, advice of this Nomad Sheikh,  
But as he stood there, his vision and sound paled.  
Few more gentle words now for him to speak,  
An answer soon will be with you..... unveiled

3: 35pm A knocking at the door..... ripped into full consciousness,  
There they are bolted, all 9 locks.  
I peer through the spyhole viewer,  
Wisdom from previous knocks.

I could see a man standing, A taxi driver.....Why?  
"You need to hurry up" he said  
"Grab the Children, for we gotta fly! "  
Take them quickly now from their bed

Jimmy and Louise half asleep half awake,  
Back of taxi light was defused.  
I could still see the hurt in their faces,  
Dreams twisted and visually bruised.

"Your Uncle phoned" the driver said,  
He was shaky in his voice.  
"He'd had a dream that shook him up;  
He had to make a choice."

I didn't understand,  
What the driver was conveying?  
The message was vague to me,  
What was he really saying?

We pulled up at my uncle's house,  
Scottish Highlands,7 hours later.  
An old man in the mist appeared,  
Dressed smart just like a waiter.

"You're alive! Your Well!  
Bring the children in from the cold.  
I had this dream that seems so real,  
A message I fear it told! "

As he started to talk my skin felt like ice,  
For he dreamt that we were in danger.  
Jimmy and Louise and myself included,  
From my boyfriend who'd become now, a stranger.

I broke down in tears, told him all that had happened,  
He could barely believe what I'd said.

"If you hadn't rescued me tonight my dear uncle  
I think surely that we would be dead."

"You are welcome to stay for as long as it takes  
For your lives to be healed from this pain  
My niece and her children, who would have thought it?  
Come in from the wind and the rain"

Funny thing though, did I tell you?  
This sheikh in my dream that I saw,  
Who mentioned I'd see close family again,  
Once they'd trusted and opened a door.

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# I Am Ordinary

I Am Ordinary

I have no great skill  
For I am not a learned man  
No great feat to share  
None other than ordinary  
I have no real talent  
What I've ever shown  
Was never really mine alone  
So why is then  
That when the wind blows  
I feel it too  
When a flower, flowers  
I also bloom  
When A tree sways  
Or an infant sings  
My ordinary becomes  
Everything  
In all the things  
I never Knew  
It mattered not  
When I saw true  
No great skill  
No degree  
To see beyond  
The ordinary

duncan wyllie

# Keep Your Aim In Sight

He stood there with the force,  
Of heavens strength around  
Face of child, with true light,  
Upon this rocky ground

Guided towards a cavern  
So dark he could not see  
Then a shaft of light pierced the clouds  
This Saint was sent by thee

His white horse brayed and nodded,  
With anticipation  
Ready for the fight  
This Chosen revelation

“Keep your aim in sight  
Sever darkness from the light”

One last deep breath in  
Banished now his fear  
Right arm branding sword, held close,  
Shed not a single tear

Shield in left hand flashing  
As lightning led the way  
Horses eyes of blue fire  
A cross now on display

The Gallops sound like thunder  
But the silence contained within  
He'd come to rescue those captured  
And the dragon waits for him

Shards of glass -like rain  
He draws nearer to the cave  
They fall but, there is no pain  
Not touching Saint so brave.

He approaches then dismounts

He can smell its fiery breath  
Then opens up a scroll  
Release captives from their death! ! !

The Dragon came at him  
But the Saint He did not move  
And a host of heavenly angels  
The circle can't be moved

They opened up their hands  
Added light to the firey sword  
As it raced to the dragons heart  
Captive's life now restored

The dragon disappears  
Flowers pave the way  
And back into the shaft of light  
This Saint now born new day

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## Kym's Fantastic Bombastic (Haiku's)

That monkey's swinging,  
In the branches way up high,  
Then he waves goodbye.

I scream for ice-cream,  
Everybody loves ice-cream,  
I scream for ice-cream.

I love gymnastics,  
Balancing on the beam and,  
Swinging on the bars.

Kimberley Wyllie (12)

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# The Calm

an'd where the waters meet you'll find my peace  
a rested so deep as in a winters home retreat  
No shadow no fear accompanies me there  
no loss or un wise words of -  
Should have done this, should have done that  
all that is no longer  
For the greater flight is carried on unseen wings  
in unseen dreams  
on an air of summers warming haze  
You'll find my peace

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# The Beech Tree

This beauty that stands before me  
Unchallenged by the light of day  
Or the four winds that surround her  
For she has stood her own for so long  
Offered her strength and shelter  
For so long,  
Become part, yet set within the  
Ever changing feilds of time  
This beauty that stands before me  
She has grown through the ages  
Held secrets never to be told and  
Yet her wisdom seems to seep through  
Every heartfelt hue,  
Roots set deep and spreading  
Branches that stretchout like hands  
A comforting sight for onlookers  
Who smile as they  
Understand

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# The Feeling

May in the moment you stand in the sun  
As the four winds surround you  
An bless as they run  
May in the moment you feel more alive  
Than each had before you who often would strive  
May in the moment, the moment, more real  
And a million more blessings  
And a million you'll feel  
May in the moment, your maker will be  
There in the moment  
And there set you free

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# The Prayer Of St Francis Of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace,  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;  
where there is injury, pardon;  
where there is doubt, faith;  
where there is despair, hope;  
where there is darkness, light;  
where there is sadness, joy;

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console;  
to be understood as to understand;  
to be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive;  
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;  
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

□

## The Prayer of St Francis of Assisi

St. Francis was born at Assisi in 1182. After a care free youth, he turned his back on inherited wealth and committed himself to God. Like many early saints, he lived a very simple life of poverty, and in so doing, gained a reputation of being the friend of animals. He established the rule of St Francis, which exists today as the Order of St. Francis, or the Franciscans. He died in 1226, aged 44.

duncan wyllie

# Tommy By (Gina Maria Ann Lux) Or Mum For Short

The Children were playing  
On a hot summers day  
In a field near the river  
Among sweet smelling hay

They shrieked and they laughed  
And had so much fun  
Then got tired and thirsty  
Beneath the hot sun

Race you home, shouted David  
Will meet you by the den  
He was always the leader  
What a great age to be ten

His sister Jemima  
Had just turned eight  
And Tommy was five  
And their very best mate

They ran through the meadows  
And their laughter rang out  
Not one of them noticed  
Tommy wasn't about

He'd gone down to the river  
Co's he couldn't run fast  
When the three were racing  
He'd always come last

So he took of his shoes  
And he took of his socks  
Then splashed in the water  
And climbed on some rocks

But the rocks were slippery  
And tommy cried out  
But nobody heard him  
There was no-one about

He fell in the river  
His chances were slim  
He'd been trying to learn  
But couldn't yet swim

He went under and thought  
He was going to die  
And a silent prayer rose  
From the deep like a cry

Please lord this is Tommy  
And I'm only five  
Please send me an Angel  
To keep me alive

There was a flurry of wings  
And a very bright light  
And a hand reached out  
And pulled Tommy in sight

Layed him down on the bank  
So gentle and kind  
He was cold-he was wet  
But he sure didn't mind

His prayer had been answered  
He was still alive  
Oh thankyou my Angel  
Love Tommy-aged five

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# Two Beautiful Flowers

I saw you yesterday with that brave smile on your face, and it cut  
I tried to look your way with a reassuring smile, but still it cut into me  
Both of us now, you with the tears fought back, me with a heart that could so  
easily crack, as I saw you yesterday with that brave look upon your face

I shall miss you, in ways that I may never find easy to say  
And I will cry from a very deep part of me inside  
But like the phoenix, though mythical in story  
In truth, a simile, I cannot hide

For in your smile my darling, I see something that is born of hope  
Something had to die in-order for something to be fixed that was too easily  
Broke

But sometimes just as winter has taught me of it's cold  
, I shall try hard to numb the feelings that take such a strong hold

I will shake them off with laughter and tears and shout to the heavens.  
'Please Lord Keep them well and stand, their side  
These two beautiful Angels

duncan wyllie

## Year Four Play (In Aid Of Wateraid) 13/12/06

Tonight as I speak  
They'll be doing their play  
Year four take the stage as their own

The parents so proud  
As their little ones shine  
Facing the stage, some alone

They've practised their lines  
And rehearsed a few times  
But now they give all that they can

We're so proud of you all  
Amazingly brave  
Standing where, others have ran

duncan wyllie