

Poetry Series

Hamilton Macrae
- poems -

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Hamilton Macrae(April 4th1958)

Another Day

Another day.

To stretch and breathe this air.

To see my limbs move.

To walk upon this earth again.

Another day.

To reach out and touch my kids.

To see them smiling back at me.

To hear their voices loud and clear.

Another day.

To look up and see the sky.

To feel the cold.

To watch the trees move in the wind.

Another chance.

To get it right this time.

To say the things I truly feel.

To be who I really want to be.

Another chance.

To heal the pain.

To start again.

To love.

Thanks for another day.

Hamilton Macrae

First To Fall

What madness drives us on each day
we're doomed - or haven't you been told
No matter who you are or what you say
some day you will grow old

So where's the mark or starting post
and when does the race begin
Does it matter how we fight or play
or even if we win

Who judges us, who'll referee
in this greatest game of all
Who's in my team or on my side
and who'll be the first to fall

I heard the whistle in my dream
and ran towards the light
I stumbled breathless to my knees
and lost without a fight

Come on you bastards, show yourselves
give me something there to kill
You can't hide for ever
and I won't always have the will

Hamilton Macrae

Just Another Life

It was in the heart of winter
when I was called to the river side
The night was dark the air was cold
the Clyde was at high tide.

Somewhere near the Casino
two young men had stripped to swim
across the filthy mass of water
then they both dived in

When we arrived with sirens loud
and lights that cut the skyline
The lads were somewhere in the dark
splashing, shouting, crying

We rushed to the south side
and tore through a security fence
then ran with our medic bags to the quayside
hoping to find something that made some sense

I jemmed a lock off a seven foot steel gate
while a police woman called for firemen
We could hear a voice in the darkness
but it was drowned out by screeching sirens

Then all at once there he was, a cold and huddled youth
climbing, scrambling up slimy steps into the cold air
half laughing half choking unconcerned about his mate
I reached and grabbed his hand and pulled him clear

We wrapped a survival blanket round him
as he shivered and shook with the cold
I looked into his eyes and saw a lad
barely eighteen years old

He never asked if his friend made it
he didn't seem to care
He was more concerned that he'd swam the Clyde
and had won his deadly dare.

We didn't find his mate in the water
though search boats looked all night
They found him 3 weeks later
a drowned and bloated sight

Just another life.....

Hamilton Macrae

One Heart

Walk with me in my dreams
where both of us are free
There our memories are intertwined
and we are who we want to be

Come with me and hold my hand
and roam the places we both know
Where the Rhins are kissed by the Irish Sea
and the Luce Bay waters flow

Take my hand and smile that smile
and let me hold you near
To feel our one heart beating
where our souls can know no fear

Lets sit and watch the sun go down
behind the Emerald Isle
Then fall asleep wrapped in my arms
and rest there for a while

In the morning we'll awaken
and once again we'll be apart
But you're never far from me my love
you're always in my heart

Hamilton Macrae

Please

Stumbling, fumbling, falling
onto my knees in pain
Wretching, writhing, gasping
for air to breathe again.

Desperate, distraught, deceived
but hoping that I'm wrong
Doubting, blaming, berating
everyone who comes along

Standing, looking, listening
to the sound of my beating heart
Surprised, alone, amazed
that I'm not torn apart

Maybe, somehow, surely
I'll get over this some day
Please, please, please
take this pain away.

Hamilton Macrae

The Lonely Time

Sometimes hazy, fading from my minds view
mostly clear, vivid to me, as I lie and think of you
Almost tangible but never quite close enough to touch
colourful and bright but not too much

Your hair is long and flowing, in my darkness
my hands reach out to steal a soft caress
Stolen moments, knowing it's a crime
prepared to suffer, to do the lonely time

Our day may never ever come again
will never be the same, would be insane
The longings never wane or ease
my love for you, it seems, may never cease

Hamilton Macrae

What If....

What if the could have been's and maybe's
had happened like we'd hoped
And the Junctions where we staggered down
had all been blocked and roped

Then our paths would be diverted
to that place wherein we dream
Where everything is wonderful
but nothing's as it seems

Protect me from those sometimes
when my reality implodes
And walks me down those lonely lanes
to explore those mine field roads

Where the should have been's are endless
there's nothing to be gained
By wishing for what might have been
can only leave you maimed

No matter where your mind runs free
or what your heart desires
Don't be fooled by that golden glow
you'll burn in hells hot fires

So stay your hand and rest your mind
the past can't be unwritten
Love each new sun that lights your day
and don't ever think you're quitting

You're not. You're just a dreamer like all the rest of us.

Hamilton Macrae