If love were like water
I'd build you a fountain,
And if love were like stone
I'd bring you a mountain.
If love were like air
I'd set whirlwinds free,
But as these are not love
I'll just give you me.

(1995)

Charles Wiles
When I wake up every morning
I always watch you for a while
Then I kiss you very lightly,
Watch you lips turn to a smile.

Then you ask me what the time is
And I whisper in your ear
That the hour hardly matters
When you're lying warm and near.

Your smile grows slightly wider,
But you turn your face away,
Hide your head under the pillow,
Try to cheat the break of day.

Your hair wisps round about you,
Flows like water to your hips,
But your neck soon bare before me
Feels the pressure of my lips.

Then I touch you very lightly,
Run my fingers down your spine,
And your body gently waking
Turns till eyes gaze into mine.

And in that very moment,
As your mouth seeks to entice,
When I wake up every morning,
I am lost in paradise.

(June 2007)

Charles Wiles
You ask how much I love you
And then you ask once more
And so my love I'll tell you now
As I did once before.

I love you more than flowers love
The rising of the sun
I love you more than horses love
The plains on which they run.

I love you more than eagles love
The currents way up high
I love you more than rainbows love
The droplets in the sky.

I love you more than fishes love
The sea in which they swim
I love you more than sea birds love
The waves on which they skim.

I love you more than moonbeams love
The planets as they turn
I love you more than starships love
The gases that they burn.

I love you more than Paris loved
Fair Helen when in Troy
I love you more than any girl
Has every loved a boy.

I love you more than Shakespeare loved
The muses in his verse
I love you more than rich old men
Love money in their purse.

I love you more than lollipops
I love you more than cheese
I even love you somewhat more than
Than honey made by bees!
I love you more than yesterday,
And every day before,
But I think that when tomorrow comes
I'll love you even more.

I love you quite a lot you see
But this I must impress
I love you more than any words
Could ever help express.

(April 2013)

Charles Wiles
Did I say that you're amazing?
Did I mention how I knew?
See how angels watch in wonder
Each time I think of you.

Did I tell you how you move me?
Perhaps you had a clue.
Watch how Cupid breaks his bowstring
Each time I think of you.

Did I say that you're so special?
I'm sure you know it's true.
Look the Gods themselves stop fighting
Each time I think of you.

Did I tell you that I love you?
Perhaps you knew this too,
For all the hosts of heaven stumble
Each time I think of you.

(July 2008)

Charles Wiles
I'm trying to write a love song
But the words won't come out right
My heart is breaking painfully
Yet I'm lost for words tonight.

I'm trying to find some lyric
That would make you turn around
My heart cries out in agony
But my voice makes not a sound.

I'm trying to say I'm sorry
As I watch you walk away
My heart hurts so unbearably
So much more than words can say.

(October 2008)

Charles Wiles
Tell me softly, my sweet love,
Of how I won your heart.
Whisper now the gentle tale
Of how our love did start.

Tell me how we met by chance
One rainy day in June.
Tease me now of our first kiss
Beneath a summer moon.

Tell me where we said 'hello'
And watched the dying storm.
Remind me how we huddled close
To keep each other warm.

Tell me, love, before I sleep,
Of how I won your heart,
Let me hear your voice once more
Before, at last, we part.

(May 2009)

Charles Wiles
The Moment I Saw You (Best Love Poems)

The moment I saw you
I could barely contain
All the butterflies jumping
It's hard to explain.

My coolest persona
Just melted away
And my words came out jumbled
I forgot what to say.

I felt rather foolish
And thought you would leave
But the smile that you gave me
I still can't believe.

The first time I saw you
You blew me away
But your smile still disarms me
When I see you each day.

(October 2008)

Charles Wiles
...An Angel's Face (Best Love Poems)

When I was young I had a dream
A vision of perfection seen
A miracle of female grace
Heaven sent, an angel’s face.

The image filled my heart and mind
And through my life I longed to find
The woman of that holy night
When I was blessed with such a sight.

The world I searched and breathless saw
Steep mountain peaks, cruel jagged shore,
Harsh highland hills, white river’s run,
Cool arctic moon, hot desert sun.

Dry planes so wide, lush valleys deep,
Rich palaces and ragged keeps,
Night sky so black, fresh snow so white,
Deep caverns dark and cities bright.

Fair beaches warm, fierce oceans cold,
Wild orchids young, great forests old,
New widows’ tears and new borns’ cries,
Pear shaped pearls and burning skies!

Yet nothing took my breath away
Quite like your smile that golden day
For there at last, my vision true,
That angel’s face belonged to you.

(May 2005)

Charles Wiles
...Do The Oceans Rise And Fall Each Day? (Best Love Poems)

Do the oceans rise and fall each day?
Do the skies fill all above?
For if these be not true, my dear,
Then so be not my love.

Do the dark nights turn to light each day?
Do the mountains fill our view?
For the laws that bind the world, my dear,
So bind my love to you.

(May 2009)
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Charles Wiles
...Heaven Sent (Best Love Poems)

Before that day I saw you
I never looked with true love's eyes,
But angels are revealing
And shine through all disguise.

Before that day I heard you
I never thought true love would call,
But angels are enthralling
And so you made me fall.

Before that day I touched you
I never knew how true love felt,
But angels are embracing
And so my heart did melt.

Before that day I kissed you
I never tasted true love's pull,
But angels are all giving
And let you drink your full.

Before that day I met you
I never knew what true love meant,
But angels are for loving
And you are heaven sent.

(2009)

Charles Wiles
In The Garden Of Delight (Best Love Poems)

I was busy smelling roses
In the garden of delight
When the wind picked up a moment
And my eyes picked out your flight.

You fluttered round the tulips
So pretty in your way
So lovely in your movement
So wonderful the day.

You danced with me a moment
Then wrapped me in your wings
And in a breath I loved you
With all that loving brings.

So beautiful your colours
So lovely were your eyes
So much I came to love you,
Of all the butterflies!

You dreamed of distant gardens
Where the butterflies fly free
And asked me to go with you
To an island in the sea.

I couldn’t go there with you
So hard it was to stay
So much, in pain, I loved you
So sad you went away.

You danced with me a moment
Then fluttered through the sky
And in a breath... you left me...
My beautiful butterfly.

(May 2004)

Charles Wiles
Let me go back to the days I once knew
When the weight of my worries
Was how to court you,
And the seconds like snowflakes
Just melted away
And the hours like starlight
Turned night into day.

Let me remember
The things I dreamed of
When I spent the nights seeking
The words for my love,
And the rhythm like raindrops
Fell swift on the page
And the verses like moonlight
Lit up a new age.

Let me recall now
How true love felt then
When the first of my feelings
Escaped through my pen,
And though slow years like snowflakes
Have melted away
Our deep love like twilight
Still touches each day.

(Oct 2009)

Charles Wiles
...So Much To Miss (Best Love Poems)

You have such looks
Eternal grace
The prettiest smile
In any face.

You have such style
A model's walk
The sexiest eyes
Seductive talk.

You have such charm
A candid light
The cosiest touch
Each winter night.

You have it all
So much to miss
But loveliest is
Your tender kiss.

(November 2009)
-

Charles Wiles
...Thank You For The Days (Love Poem)

Thank you for the days you talked a while, and
Thank you for the days you made me smile.
Thank you for the days you believed in me,
When I was blind you helped me see.

Thank you for the days you blew me kisses, and
Thank you for the days you granted my wishes.
Thank you for the days you helped me fly,
When I was low you lifted me high.

Thank you for the days you gave me flowers, and
Thank you for the days you waited for hours,
Thank you for the days you spent with me,
When I was trapped you set me free.

Thank you for the days you touched my soul, and
Thank you for the days you made me whole.
Thank you for the days you took my part,
When I was cold you warmed my heart.

Thank you for the days you dried my tears.
Thank you for the days, and for all the years.
Thank you for each day that you gave to me.
Thank you for the days, a sweet memory.

Charles Wiles
...When Angels Walk (Best Love Poems)

Today was much like any other
I did not plan to stop and pray
But what on earth are men to do
When angels walk on by their way?

Your beauty was unlike another
Your smile the brightest summer day
Your eyes turned greying skies to blue
Thank heaven for your golden ray.

Today was much like any other
Except my world stood still today
I wonder if you noticed too
As you divinely walked my way?

Charles Wiles
..African Beauty (Best Love Poems)

The sea is painted in her eyes
And sand is sprinkled on her skin
Her waves of hair so soft to touch
Her mouth a cave they wisp within.

Her body lithe as leopard limbs
Whose spots adorn her cape of hope
Her arms that wrap like swaying grass
Her style and grace of antelope.

The broken skies show fickle winds
That warn of rains as thunder forms
And when her lightning spears the night
It drowns the plains in ocean storms.

But wrecking cliffs are turned to roosts
Soothed by the calm of summer lulls
And love so warm it dries you out
And lifts you with the wings of gulls.

(1988-1996)

Charles Wiles
..Counting On Starlight (Best Love Poems)

One day fate will find us
Two hearts will be sure
Three words I will whisper
Like none did before.

Five oceans will bare us
Six moons we will date
Seven seas to sail over
One love to create.

Nine planets will chase us
Ten worlds we'll unshelve
Eleven will love you
And mine will be twelve.

One burning beside us
One billion above
Each star that I count on
Will light up our love.

Charles Wiles
..Hold Me (Best Love Poems)

Sometimes I feel a little anxious
I wonder if the days with you will last.
You are the kind, enduring heart,
Banish all my fears, don't part,
Hold me 'til the darkest hour has passed.

Sometimes I feel a little helpless
I wonder if the strength you give will stay.
You are the rock on which I stand,
Steady me, please take my hand,
Hold me now until the break of day.

Sometimes I feel a little lonely
I wonder when you next will hold me tight.
You are my world, I need you near,
Wrap me in your arms, come here,
Hold me close until the morning light.

Sometimes I feel a little broken
I wonder if you'll heal me with your love.
You are my kiss, sweet remedy,
Press your lips to mine, mend me
Hold me breathless 'til the sun's above.

Charles Wiles
I cannot find a single flower,
That looks as fine or smells as sweet,
As you, my one and only love,
Each time we kiss and touch and meet.

(April 2006)

Charles Wiles
..Live Well And Long (Love Poem)

When you are standing by my grave
Don't ask the children to behave,
Let them run free and shout out loud,
The living joy of which I'm proud.

When I am lying six feet deep
Don't sadly hang your head and weep,
But let my final epitaph
Be tales of life that make you laugh.

When you are talking at my wake
Don't chat politely eating cake,
Instead buy champagne by the crate
Link arms with friends, dance, celebrate!

When people stop and say 'too bad'
Don't reminisce and then feel sad,
But raise your glass up high and toast
The joys of life you love the most.

When all are shaking hands at last
Don't hold a grudge from years long past,
But face each other, then embrace,
Forgive, let love spread from this place.

And finally, when on your own,
Don't think that you are all alone,
But sing out loud so I can hear
And wipe away that foolish tear.

For I lived well
And I lived long
And none shall soon forget my song,
And all I wish,
From high above,
Is you live well and long, my love.

Charles Wiles
..So Many Times (Best Love Poems)

So many times I touched your hand,
As mornings woke and day broke in.
Long arms the tone of finest sand,
My fingers grazed the softest skin.

So many times I heard your voice,
As midday sun rose high above.
To lie with you, I had no choice,
Seduced in full by words of love.

So many times I watched your face,
As evenings faded into night.
And always I, entranced by grace,
Was moved to kiss your lips so bright.

So many times I breathed your scent,
As midnight moon seeped through the veils.
The purest drug, my life is spent,
In a love with you that never fails.

(2004)
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Charles Wiles
..Why Do I Write This Poem, This Day? (Love Poem)

Why do I write this poem, this day,
With the morning sky bright, and the world on its way?
Do I not have, better things I should do,
Than sit here and idle this poem for you?

The answer, my love, is whenever I write,
My heart is on fire and my soul it takes flight;
My senses are heightened, and my dreams become real,
And the beauty of you is so easy to feel.

So take up your pen, please give me your view,
As the world is much less when I don't hear from you,
Share with me now your passions and dreams
For writing is wonderf'ly more than it seems.

Charles Wiles
.apadana Palace (Best Love Poems)

Last night my dreams were vivid
The sky was emerald green
And in ancient Persopolis
You danced a smiling queen.

Your gown of vibrant colors
Swirled through the splendid walls
And round a hundred columns high
You danced in palace halls.

Each man who saw your movement
Was captured by your grace
A legion fell at your command
You danced to my embrace.

Your dreamy eyes entrapped me
Your kiss made me obey
And as the stars spun round our heads
You danced the night away.

(March 2009)

Charles Wiles
For seven days and seven nights
The sun rose up and fell again
But while the stars spun round our heads
The moon was always on the wane.

For seven days and seven nights
The tide came in and fell away
But while the ships sailed in and out
The geese were leaving every day.

For seven days and seven nights
The wind blew strong then weak once more
But while the gusts swept round the trees
The leaves kept falling to the floor.

For seven days and seven nights
Your hand held tight in mine did spend,
But moon and geese and leaves foretold
That two would part at Autumn’s end.

(October 2007)

Charles Wiles
I stand, I wait,
By the windswept shore
My eyes are closed
Like the days before.

I hear your call
On the waves you cry
'Run to the cliff
To the lookout fly!'

I run, I climb,
To the point above
'Neath the tower high
I reach for my love.

I feel your breath
From the west you come
My arms open wide
As we join as one.

We rise, we fly,
Over cliffs we soar,
One with the wind
By the windswept shore.

(2005)

Charles Wiles
You kissed me on the beach one day
And told me I must understand,
Then smiled and watched the children play,
They built tall castles in the sand.

You said we'd always be together
And so I thought we'd always be!
My God, does nothing last forever?
Must castles fall into the sea?

(September 2006)

Charles Wiles
She is like water
Calmly she goes
With a touch that knows
Gently pressing
Light caressing
As she flows.

She is like air
Slowly she drifts
With a breeze that gifts
Softly smiling
Long beguiling
As she lifts.

She is like fire
Deeply she cares
With a warmth that bares
Passion burning
Lust returning
As she flares.

She is like earth
Firmly she beds
With a love that spreads
Tightly holding
Limbs unfolding
As she weds.

Charles Wiles
In Keller grows a flower
The rarest of its kind
Its most exquisite beauty
The like you'll never find.

It comes from deepest asia
Caught by a western breeze
A seed of eastern flavor
Blown far across the seas.

Its legend is like fever
And pilgrims seek the site
For just one hint of essence
Will make your soul take flight.

The garden is a secret
And few will ever know
The summer lane in Keller
This bloom does choose to grow.

One day I'll go to Keller
And this you can believe
That once I've found that flower
I'll never, ever leave.

Charles Wiles
.island Girl (Love Poem)

Each of your eyes is like a priceless pearl
Of midnight colour smoothed by ocean swirl
Held to the sea on a cloudless night
With a full moon halo of reflected light.

Each of your lips is like a passion fruit
With garnet red skin on a mouth made mute
By a hungry kiss and a craved embrace
The sweetest juice of exotic taste.

Each of your arms is like an ocean breeze
A mermaid’s caress and a siren’s tease
A cooling touch on the beach by day
A beguiling pull in the evening spray.

Each of your legs is like a secret road
On a cliffside ledge to your warm abode
A heavenly place of immortal sin
A secret cave with a fire within.

(February 2005)

Charles Wiles
My New York girl,
So sweet and kind,
I cannot keep you
From my mind.

You came to me
Near every night,
And stayed with me
Till morning light.

Through silent words
I heard your voice
And pursed lips
Kissed sweet and moist,

You made me laugh
You made me cry
You made me smile
You made me sigh.

You made me strong
You made me weak
You made me bold
You made me meek.

You made me hope
You made me feel
You made me love
You seemed so real.

But every night
We could not touch
I needed warmth
You craved it much.

So then one night
Like none before
You turned away
And came no more.
The New York dawns
Are cold and grey
And daylight...
Washes dreams away.

Charles Wiles
Do you remember the morn
When our love was born
By the clear stream long ago?
We were young and free
When you first kissed me
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the place
Of our first embrace
Where the river starts to slow?
And the grass grew long
While our love grew strong
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the boat,
Where the lily pads float,
And I took the oars to row?
We made love all day
In the tall reeds' sway
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the field
Where I stopped and kneeled
In the evening's amber glow?
And the poppies blushed
And the songbirds hushed
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember my hand
Held a diamond band
As the sun sank down below?
Then you whispered 'yes'
And our lips did press
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the moon
On that eve in June
As we dreamed about the morrow?
Then you smiled and said
We should make our bed
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember that night
When I held you tight
'Neath the limbs of the old willow?
You stayed close and warm
Through that summer storm
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the dawn
And the fragile fawn
Waking up by the sleeping doe?
Then the mist did clear
To a hundred deer
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember we smiled
As the mother and child
Wandered off to the fields below?
And we both believed
We had just conceived
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the days
And my funny ways
As the months and years did follow?
You became my wife
And fulfilled my life
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the way
That we laughed all day
By the clear stream long ago
Now you're lying here
'Neath the grazing deer
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Charles Wiles
.summer Rain (Love Poem)

That day it rained
You made me smile
And for a while
I belonged to you.

Soaked to the skin
You kissed my lips
And moved your hips
I felt a love so true.

And then you saw
A rainbow high
You said goodbye.

-

Today it rained
It made me smile
And for a while
I remembered you.

Soaked to the skin
I missed your lips
And your sweet hips
Then the sky turned blue.

And then I saw
A rainbow high
I said goodbye
As the sun broke through.

Charles Wiles
visiting Cambridge (Love Poem)

There's something lovely in your eyes
That wander to and fro,
Light hazel brown in winter sun
As we to Cambridge go.

There's something lovely in your smile
A big, flirtatious grin,
We sneak into old college rooms
And make our love within.

There's something lovely in your hands
So soft and warm to hold,
November nights can chill the air
But I don't feel the cold.

There's something lovely in your arms
But soon we have to part,
The taxi leaves, and though you're gone,
I feel you in my heart.

(2006)

Charles Wiles
.waterloo Station (Love Poem)

There is something amazing about Waterloo Station,
A world is unraveled at this destination.
I arrive at 8: 20 to find I am late
For a train that departed at a quarter past eight.
What wonderful luck, for now I can spend
An hour exploring my erstwhile old friend!

I amble along the concourse and see
That wherever I look there are people like me
Who simply are there to go on their way
And travel straight home at the end of the day.
But looking more deeply the wonders are there
In people that kiss and simply don’t care
And in couples who stand with their arms wrapped around
As they watch for the platform of trains homeward bound.

I really can’t say why this place makes me smile,
But next time you visit, just wander a while.
And maybe, like me, you will feel some elation,
When missing your train at Waterloo Station.

(September 2007)

Charles Wiles
.where The Occident Meets The Orient (Love Poem)

I.

Where the Occident meets the Orient
A tumbling stream does spring
And smiles through snowflakes falling
Do warmth to winter bring.

Soon the stream becomes a river
With the thawing of the snow
And the cherry blossoms mingle
With the lillies in the flow.

Here the incense from the temple
Is carried on the breeze
And the lovers whisper promises
As they lie beneath the trees.

II.

Now a scarlet sun is rising
Over tiles with yellow hue
Where the emerald phoenix dances
With the dragon’s golden blue.

And the white ghost he is laughing
With the princess from the East
In the palace once forbidden
On the bridge in summer heat.

Here the last dead emperor watches
From his shallow wartery grave
And smiles when they are kissing
Remembering better days.

III.

Now the lovers they go cycling
Then climb as time stands still
For the world’s laid out before them
As the sun shines through Moon Hill.

And the river there below them
Is far longer than they knew
For the twists and turns of water
Bring the village into view.

Here the cormorants go fishing
When the moon is out of sight
And the lovers go love making
In the coolness of the night.

IV.

Now the dragon boats are racing
As the drums beat out the pace
And the lovers beer are drinking
In the Mekong evening haze.

And the moon cakes they are eating
Carry secrets they now know
As the lantern light reflected
Beckons on the river flow.

Soon the cyclo driver listens
To the crickets as they ride
For the lovers they are sleeping
Dreaming deeply side by side.

V.

Where the Occident meets the Orient
Is a tumbling stream no more
For the river, it’s still flowing,
But much deeper than before.

Charles Wiles
A Cow In A Field

I saw a cow in a field,
It went moo,
Most doo.

(1992)

Charles Wiles
A Hole In The Road (Inspired By The Gruffalo)

A mouse took a stroll down a long leafy road
Whistling to himself after visiting toad.
Lunch had been tasty, with his favourite food,
Acorn soup from the deep dark wood.

He was making good time when he came to a stop
For there in the road was a rather big drop.
An enormous gap was barring his way,
A hole in the road, well what can you say?

Mouse scratched his head and was about to go on
When his good friend hare came bounding along.
'Good evening mouse, I say, are you stumped?
Just follow my lead! ' And over he jumped.

Mouse called to his friend as he bounced away
'Many thanks dear hare, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse raised one foot and looked round about
As there in the ground mole's head popped out.
'Good evening mouse, this hole looks big!
Just follow me down! ' And he started to dig.

Mouse called to his friend as he tunneled away
'Many thanks dear mole, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse checked left and right, then took one pace
And found he was staring right in otter's face!
'Good evening mouse, I have water on tap! ' And he filled up the hole and dove into the gap.

Mouse called to his friend as he swam fast away.
'Many thanks dear otter, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse tested the water, it wasn't too bad,
When frog leaped out onto a broad lily pad.
'Good evening mouse, let's test my new raft.
Just hop on board.' And he pushed off his craft.
Mouse called to his friend as he paddled away.
'Many thanks dear frog, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse gazed at the pond and almost fell in
When beaver crept up and quite startled him!
'Good evening mouse, let's build a bridge.
I'll gather some branches from that nearby ridge.'

Mouse called to his friend as he beavered away,
'Many thanks dear beaver, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse looked around and who did he see,
But squirrel with a rope scuttling down an oak tree.
'Good evening mouse, are you at a loss?
Just hold on tight.' And he swung straight across.

Mouse called to his friend as he swung away,
'Many thanks dear squirrel, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse asked himself 'Who next will come by?'
When pigeon dropped down from the sunset sky.
'Good evening mouse, do you need a ride?
Just climb on top, we'll fly from this side.'

Mouse called to his friend as he flapped away,
'Many thanks dear pigeon, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse looked to the left and then to the right
He didn't want to wait for the next small fright.
The hole was deep, but it wasn't very wide,
So mouse just walked around the side.

Mouse smiled to himself as he strolled on past,
'That wasn't so hard, I can eat at last.'

A mouse took a stroll down a long leafy road
Whistling to himself after visiting toad.
It was time for tea, with his favourite food,
Acorn soup from the deep dark wood.
Now watching from the hedge was an old gruffalo
Who said out loud, 'Why didn't you know?
There's an easier way to reach your goal'
And in one great stride, stepped over the hole.

(December 2007)

Charles Wiles
A Morning New

First awake
Already bright
Canvas sheets
Let in the light.

Chilly air
As I crawl out
Rub my eyes
And look about.

Morning mist
Across the camp
Hanging towels
Already damp.

Underfoot
The grass is wet
Ancient oaks
In silhouette.

River sounds
Somewhere near
Fleetest glimpse
Of running deer.

Sycamore
And bales of hey
Paint the vale
In shades of grey.

Hazy sun
Sweet apple dew
Rising now
A morning new.

(April 2004)

Charles Wiles
A Riddle, A Riddle, For You, For You!

I'll give you a clue
I'll give you a clue
Listen carefully now
As I tell it to you.
Without mouth or ears
I can sing out loud
Yet silent I am
When noone is around.
I hide in caves
And can never be seen
Though double I am
When you hear me scream.
I jump of cliffs
And fly through the sky
Though without legs or wings
I must fall and die.
Let me tell you again
Let me tell you again
For I always tell twice
As I come to my end.

(March 2005)

Charles Wiles
Antillean Moon

My feet are dancing tonight,
To the beat of a merengue tune.
Under the glistening light,
Of a rhythmic Antillean moon.

Charles Wiles
Cheeky Monkeys

My son's a cheeky monkey
And my daughter, she'll tell you,
That monkeys come in pairs, you see,
So lucky me's got two!

My daughter can be sweet, sometimes,
And occasionally my son,
And so my daughter's right, you see,
For luck gave two, not one!

(December 2007)

Charles Wiles
Down some river gently flowing
In a small boat cruising by
Stands my father gently smiling
Underneath an English sky.
And if you listen really closely
You may hear him ask if you
Would like to coil the rope up
As a member of his crew.

And the water lilies blossom
Where the weeping willows sigh
And the swans look up in wonder
As my father passes by.

Through some woodland gently blowing
Along path and over log
Walks my father gently talking
To his ever faithful dog.
And if you listen really closely
You may hear him ask if you
Would like to help him look for
The small ball he overthrew.

And the bluebells bow their faces
Where the thrushes sing up high,
And the sycamore drop seedlings
As my father passes by.

In some garden gently growing
On a lovely summer's day
Lies my father gently resting
While the younger children play.
And if you listen really closely
You may hear him ask if you
Would like to brew some tea up
While the sky above is blue.

And the roses show their colours
Where the blackbirds love to fly,
And the silver birch grows taller
As my father passes by.

In some far place gently knowing
Where the twilight never ends
Sits my father gently watching
Sharing tales with long lost friends.
And if you listen really closely
You may hear him call your name,
Near the rivers, woods and gardens,
You may hear him just the same.

And the judges sit in silence
And the captains wonder why
And his friends bow heads in honour
As my father passes by.

Charles Wiles
Flakes Of Snow

Flakes of snow drift in the breeze
And falling so are caught with ease
By little hands that love to play
A game of catch and melt away.

But most fall light upon the ground
Where footsteps shallow wander round
As little feet do love to tread
On virgin snow in boots of red.

Charles Wiles
Haiku #1 - A Purple Shower

A purple shower
Falls silently about me
Spring Wisteria

Charles Wiles
Haiku #2 - A Dappled Ocean

A dappled ocean
Waves of shaded blue in spring
A wild bluebell wood

Charles Wiles
Haiku #3 - Clear Gushing Water

Clear gushing water
By a budding mountain path
Spring air cool and fresh

Charles Wiles
Haiku #6 - Choosing Just One Star

Choosing just one star
That will make my dreams come true
Choosing a lover

Charles Wiles
Haiku #7 - Love That Lasts For Just

Love that lasts for just
One kiss, one breath, one moment
Never forgotten

Charles Wiles
I Wish I Was A Better Man

I wish I was a better man,
I know that I fall short
For all the things that I have done
Have so far come to naught.

Though I failed not for trying
And none could rightly say
That all the things that I have done
Were worthless in their day.

So yes, I’m not the best of men
But I can rightly see
That all the things I’m yet to do
Will show the best in me.

Charles Wiles
If I Could Write

If I could write
My words would pour
Like melting snow
In springtime thaw
To meet in rhyme
That magnifies
The flowing verse
Beneath the skies.
My words would leap
Off rocks below
Then thunder back
Into the flow
Till currents mix
Sweet syllables
That tumble down
Great waterfalls.

(November 2008)

Charles Wiles
**My Children's Shoes**

When I was a child
My father would come home each day
And shout
'How many times do I have to tell you?
Put your shoes away! '
He never said 'I love you.'

When I get home each day
My children's shoes are scattered on the floor.
I usually shout at them too,
Long days at work can make you short of patience.

But sometimes I remember,
And seeing one shoe lying on another
I call to them
'I love you! '
And they think it a little strange and look at each other.
'We love you too, Dad.' one of them will say.
Then they will return to watching TV or eating or playing with trains
And I will put away their shoes.
I never told my father I loved him.

Charles Wiles
Seven Ways To Skin A Cat

There are seven ways to skin a cat
And not a lot of people know that.
Let me explain the ways and means
It's not as easy as it seems.

The first way is to ask politely
For his skin shining so brightly
And if he gives it straight to you
Show gratitude with a kind thank you.

The second way is slightly smarter
Bring something along with which to barter
A fair exchange may pass with ease
A shiny coat will both you please.

The third way for a fur of honey
Is to pay for fur with paper money
He may be well prepared to sell
A bargain deal will serve you well.

The fourth way is to challenge him
To a game of cards at which you win!
A polka dot you may by chance
Acquire to keep and so advance.

The fifth way is to exploit his pride
Tell him he needs a brand new hide
Present him with the latest fashion
And take his trendy fleece of passion.

The sixth way if you are so brave
And it is a lion's mane you crave
Is to steal it from the sleeping cat
But wake him not, don't make him fat!

The seventh way if truth be told
Is to wait until that cat is old
And hope that when his will is read
That skin you're taking in his stead.
(2001)

Charles Wiles
Sometimes

Sometimes it rains in deserts,
Sometimes it snows in June,
Sometimes a burning sun
Is cooled behind the moon.

Sometimes a classic's written,
Sometimes a poem's sung,
Sometimes the wisest words
Are spoken by the young.

Sometimes the treasure's golden,
Sometimes the victory's won,
Sometimes the road not taken
Is where the path begun.

Sometimes when all is rotten,
Sometimes when hope is gone,
Sometimes your foe is worthy
And helps you carry on.

Sometimes a miracle happens,
Sometimes the fear's misplaced,
Sometimes the hope that's lost
Is once again embraced.

Sometimes our tears are happy,
Sometimes the hate undone,
Sometimes the chains are broken
And the world stands up as one.

Charles Wiles
The Warrior's Cry

Hand me a sharpened blade, brother,
Lend me your golden shield.
Follow me now into the fight,
Our fate is not yet sealed!

Stand! Stand by my side, brother,
This day as warriors true.
Stand! Back to back my brother,
We fight, us lucky few!

We shall not die today, brother,
We shall not lose this fight.
Our battle cries, like lions' roars,
Shout courage over might!

Hand me a sharpened blade, brother,
Lend me your golden shield.
We fight! We fight today, brother!
We take the bloody field!

Charles Wiles