Poetry Series

Dominic Windram
- poems -

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Dominic Windram()
'Globalisation'

'Globalisation':
Loaded term used by the rich
To exploit the poor.

Dominic Windram
Oforums
Are like conversing with a
Brick wall...no response!

Dominic Windram
21st Century Shaman

Art can caress, but cannot heal.
Words cannot tame the teeming wilderness.
Yet people need connectors:
Poets, prophets & painters
To soar above the abyss like lovers;
To provide life with ardent form.
New dreamers are needed:
That will speak to modern hearts & minds;
That will transform the consciousness
Of contemporary, disengaged tribes.

Dominic Windram
A ' Free' Press

O a 'free' press of
Embedded journalism:
That's democracy!

Dominic Windram
A Barrage Of Snow

A barrage of snow:
Covering the hills & fields
With a winter cloak.

Dominic Windram
A Beautiful Realm Of Dreams (Inspired By The Cocteau Twins: 1990)

Deep between the sunset and the sunrise:
A beautiful realm of dreams: o the sounds!
O the colours; O glorious moments!
O sunbursts of joy; O blaze of flowers!
Azure rivers and dewdrops glistening!
Exotic forests; fields of green and gold!
All these things are an eternal delight.
They will remain in my heart 'til the end.

Dominic Windram
A Belated New Year's Resolution

I will patiently and gently let things go,
And like a river, move with life's constant flow.
I'm tired of pursuing lonely, dark paths.
I want to find something pure that will last.
I shall no longer seek out mere novelties.
I shall no longer follow nebulous dreams.
I will endeavour to use my skills and gifts,
And embrace the light wherever I find it.

Dominic Windram
A Blueprint For Poetic Work

O photograph the first fall of snowflakes!
Capture the sad, softened light of the moon.
Let the inner realms glow and radiate.
Let dreams unravel from the unconscious.
Let plain particulars breed rich metaphors.
Embrace not the lightning flash of chance.
Balance structure with improvisation.
Avoid angelhood and emotional flows.
Forget well honed techniques at your peril!
Watch pale shadows transform into bright flesh.
Focus singularly on the details.
Focus on the seed and not the flower.
Wipe the sentimental from memories.
Erase the persona from the poetry.

Dominic Windram
A Calm Universe

A calm universe:
Soft refrains of feathered sleep:
After daily stress.

Dominic Windram
A Capitalist World

O I have marvelled at your kingdoms of beauty.
I have frequented your cathedrals of commerce.
But I'm bewildered by the marked inequality,
That you leave behind; yet it inspires my verse.

Dominic Windram
A Change Of Direction

I'm not looking anymore for wisdom's roses.
Their keen fragrance no longer seduces me.
Worldly knowledge is but a shadow of the real.
I'm not looking for verdant gardens of beauty.
I'm now searching for something else, hinted
At by profound poetry and art: A frail, yet
Significant light at the centre of dreaming:
That calls me softly from the other side of night.

Dominic Windram
A Change Of Direction 2

I will now follow the strange pathways of
The sun and moon. My poetry will be
Rich and will have a surreal feel.
I want to hear the very heartbeat
of the universe. I want to mirror
The radiance of the stars in dark skies.

Dominic Windram
A Christmas Sonnet

The splendid tinkling of sleigh bells in snow;
The glow of roaring fires far and wide;
The reindeer's hoof beats measure the flow;
As frozen hearts melt slowly by and by;
The meadows, woodlands are silent and bare;
Rows of bleak, black branches on frosted trees;
Yet birds are floating on the wind kissed air;
Angels are descending from abstract heights.
New worlds of wonder from visions and dreams;
The Christmas spirit radiates in white.
I glimpse the presence of a precious light.
(One star glows in the icy realms of night.)
Love's subtle symbols are searched for their worth.
Spring's promise is buried deep under earth.

Dominic Windram
A Cold, Grey Morning: December 23rd, 2019

A cold, grey morning:
Light will not come out to play.
I'd best stay indoors!

Dominic Windram
A Curious Witch Hunt

The dark agents seek
To crucify n:
Zionist deceit.

Dominic Windram
A Cynic's Mask

I often wear the mask of a cynic. 
My being is tuned into lampooning. 
Perhaps it's because I've come to despise 
The pale light of monotonous actors. 
I'm not content with shadow plays. I want 
To feel the shining presence all around me.

O how long must one endure the futile 
Choruses of hysteria or, worse, 
Still, the platitudes of empty praise? 
The artist's boundless, sovereign soul is crushed, 
Under society's cold steel, stifling wheels. 
The prophet's burning words cannot be heard.

Dominic Windram
A Deep State Of Disorder

A deep state of disorder at the heart of things;
As the gross, disfigured dawn lolls its bloodied head
Against my window. Then the light begins to fade.
I perceive the deadly plague of swarming insects.
Morning's vibrant birdsong seems almost out of place,
Amidst the sordid cries of withering spectres:
' O my God, my God: why have you forsaken us? '
Their dry, broken voices drift on the wind & clouds.

Dominic Windram
A Dream - 23/7/2013

The rock of the world
Is founded on a butterfly's wing

Dreams glare at each other
In vast mindscapes.

The tigers of Babylon
Eat the pure flesh of Zion.

A profusion of champagne
Flows In the house of decay.

The radio is buzzing
With the sound of ancient Sirens.

A modern Orpheus
Descends into the unconscious.

He brings back pearls
For sacrilegious psychologists.

Beauty is reborn
In a golden age of science.

Fresh, green beasts are stirring
In the metal forest.

Dominic Windram
A Dream Vision

I travelled far and wide
Through many different times
I saw the bright Truth,
Behind the veil of Death's bride.
I saw wisdom devalued
And all knowledge destroyed.
I saw blank generations
Desperately clutching their toys.

I saw money rot
The souls of financiers
And presidents burn
With the fires of their vices.
I saw a mushroom cloud
Turn a city to ashes.
I saw Tsunamis, earthquakes
And stock market crashes.

I saw needle and vein
Engage in a kiss,
That would lead to ruin,
Not permanent bliss.

I travelled far and wide
Through Stations of the Cross.
I saw the power and glory of kings,
With the mark of Cain on their sins.
I saw the blood of Christ
On the frenzied prophets' skins.
I saw the cruel one sided show trials
And death row's ragged strangers crucified.

I saw soldiers display
Their precise killer's art.
I saw poets & artists
Weeping; torn between
The light & the dark.
I saw the holy Buddha
Meditate to end needless
Suffering & cruel fate.

I travelled far and wide
through the gates of Heaven & Hell
I endured the pain of loss
And enjoyed temporary thrills.
I glimpsed aspects of
The eternal design;
As they appeared in fragments,
On plagued, dead end streets at midnight.

I watched the human struggle,
Both demonic & sublime.
From Eden to Golgotha;
From Auschwitz through to Palestine.
I saw the face of fear
Escape into the void
I saw the face of love
Embrace the rose of union.

Yes I travelled through
Many different times:
In a dream vision
Far and wide.

Dominic Windram
A Dream Vision (December 2008)

As I wandered along life's dark streets,
A thousand kinds of spectres I did meet.
I stared into eyes of love and hate.
Yet most carried the cross of cruel fate.
Some ghosts with radiant light did glow.
Others shrunk under the weight of woe.
Some wore the gilded masks of the vain.
Others bore the bloody mark of Cain.
Some of them were filled with joyous tears.
Most of them were wounded by cold fears.
Some were afflicted by crude madness.
Others bore strange fruit from great sadness.
Each one evoked either heaven or hell.
I had to read the flashing signs to tell.

Dominic Windram
A Dream Vision 3

Like cotton wool clouds my soft dreams drift by.
Fragrant odours are floating on the breeze.
As fragile cherry blossoms fall gently,
The April rain heals in verdant springtime.
Like the poignant whispers of love sublime.
O the shining, silver rivers of life lead
To the eternal sea; to the clear Light:
Where the bitter wounds of hatred are healed
The Dove descends from deep sapphire blue skies.
All is one consciousness & all is free.

Dominic Windram
A Dream Vision: June 6th 2019

In a dream vision I was caught between
Two warring factions; clad in different colours:
Of similar tongues and of the same blood.
I wondered why they had split far apart.
After witnessing the disturbing scenes,
It seems like the conflict was mainly due
To the same old flaws in the human realms:
The quest for power; tribal jealousies
And unjust laws. Yet one thing stood out most:
Both factions had made money their Idol.

Dominic Windram
A Few Words Of Advice For An Internet Troll

Your vile views and opinions
Are of no importance at all.
O you are a loathsome creature!
Indeed, I think that you should crawl
Back under the rock from whence you came.
You're a waste of time, energy and space!
So return to your sad, little life;
And do try to think of something nice
To say, next time you decide to engage
With your fellow traveller beings,
On the splendid internet highway.
A kind word or two costs nothing.

Dominic Windram
A Gradual Awakening

I am mesmerised by the candle flame.
It makes me think of long forgotten days:
When I was busy searching for a guide
Who'd expose the grand theatre of lies.
In time, I was awakened to the facts.
Since then I've seen through all the masks & acts
Of the vain elites and their loyal servants.
Now I'm an expert; not a dilettante.

Dominic Windram
A Hard Vocation

Once there was bold childhood vision:
Memorable light & colour.
Then there was icy darkness,
That lasted for many years.
Then there was you with your dreaming
That melted the frost of the past.
But that itself is now long ago
And I realise in the rose pink dawn
That you were only a brief light
Between two dark eternities.
My vocation is my refuge:
To put germane words to my pain.
My only claim on consciousness
Is but the shadow of a rose.

Dominic Windram
A Kind Of Rebirth

I knock on the door
Of the fabled house of Love.
And I'm welcomed back.

Dominic Windram
A Kind Of Rebirth 2

O I used to think there was something missing
In my life. But in recent times, I've closed ranks,
And removed myself from society's clowns.
Despite solitude's trials and tribulations,
I'm experiencing a kind of rebirth.
Now I'm tapping into creativity's
Warm, fresh springs on a regular basis.
I feel so inspired, and indeed, complete.

Dominic Windram
A Lament - 2016

If we were to have all the wisdom of ages
Explained to us in detail; it would take too long.
All we know is the flash of lexicons in passing,
And the dying embers of Autumn's plaintive song.
The great presences that emerge to expand our
Collective consciousness, from generation to
Generation, are so rare, we can only skim
The surface of their profoundest significance.

If we could find warmest, holy sanctuary
In somebody else's arms we would not fear
The deadly spears of night. But the kind of deep
Communion we seek so long to embrace, seems
Impossible. As creatures of habit we tend
To objectify The mysterious other:
Whose ethereal essence cannot be captured.
Hence, the blue eyes of love are tainted with sorrow.

Dominic Windram
A Lament - 2019

The latest designs of the digital breed
Bury our poverty; our scars & woes.
O wanton world indifferent to our needs.
I clutch the withered remnants of a rose.

Dominic Windram
A Lament For The Slow Death Of The 1960's Counter Culture

O you were once wild and beautiful
When summer's rays reclined in your hair
And your Being blazed in valleys and hills.
O you were a force so vital and rare
When brief flashes and fragments of Grace
Pierced the warm, feathered air
And the light of love lit up your face.
When crude flesh and fiery spirit were
Wedded in deepest communal bliss
And your youth's blood morphed into roses
In the sweet Garden of Promise
That once seemed so fruitful and endless.

O you were once wild and beautiful
But now you're a ragged recluse
Degraded by the needle chill;
Lost in a twilight world of absence;
Removed from a world you once infused
With colour and art and consciousness.
Now Innocence has been badly wounded
And Despair corrupts our Sacredness.
Yet I still cling tightly to the vast scope
Of your Vision; in the spectral seas
Of prayer; in the righteous rage of hope
In plagued streets placated by prophecy

Amids the glitter, neon and concrete;
Amidst bleached ruins of modernity.

Dominic Windram
A Little Knowledge Is A Dangerous Thing.

He claims he carried out in depth research,
By constantly watching random YouTube videos.
O he sought expert opinion by watching
CNN, Fox and BBC News. What a fool!

Dominic Windram
A Little Solace

A little solace,
Now and then: in a sea breeze;
In a flesh pink dawn.

Dominic Windram
A Matter Of Perception

O the love filled whispers of light
Punctuate the darkness of night.
The spirit of grace radiates,
In a world scarred by tribal hate,
And division among nations.
O the oneness of creation
Still eludes us. Yet some perceive
It, and it guides their hopes and dreams.

Dominic Windram
A Modern Dilemma

Bright, virtual worlds
Of tainted information.
Truth is elusive

Dominic Windram
A New Day Dawns

The new morning sun,
Pleasant laughter in the streets,
Hope springs eternal.

Dominic Windram
A New Prayer - 2018

May snowflakes of Grace
Fall gently on battered, cryptic kingdoms.
May the denigrated Spirit stir
The misty realms of recollection.

May we discover the firm root,
And forget the weathered fruit or flower.
May we find solace in the sheltered flame,
And trace hope to the unbroken Word.

May we redeem the prodigal flesh
With the glistening bones of truth.
May we transcend idle distractions;
That disturb the pure pools of silence.

May we defy the skeletal chatter of cyberspace.
And resist its distorted shadows. May we resist
The constant cravings for a counterfeit light,
That brightly shines but cannot guide.
May we seek instead the blazing faith
That moves the moon and stars.

May those who reject the higher grounds of glory:
Who fervently weave wanton worlds of their own devising
Return to Light and relinquish cold domains of darkness.
May we still recognize Love amidst modern iniquities;
Amidst digital fragments; amidst obscure symbols;
Amidst fragile lullabies of the lost.

Dominic Windram
A New Year Of Hope: 2020

O ignore the mad despots of despair,
And live your life without a single care.
Ignore the media's constant shrieking.
And listen to bold, new songs worth singing.
Ignore the vain politician's pointless creeds.
Look to create flowers from longing's seeds.
Take a step back from this roaring world.
Wait for a golden future to unfurl!

Dominic Windram
A New, Deep Blue Day

A new, deep blue day:
Of oceanic feeling;
Of endless dreaming!

Dominic Windram
There are those who wait and there are those who worry.
There are those who accept their place in the system.
And there are those who speed like sports cars towards death;
Via drugs or other wild, yet futile, pursuits.
There are some who sharpen the teeth of the tiger.
And some who indulge in animal ecstasies.
There are those who don't bare their souls to anyone.
They just partake in trivial conversations.
They drift through life like ghosts; not really
Feeling, or seeing, or hearing. Yet there are
Others among us who have not postponed their plans
And their dreaming. They are quiet, free spirits and
Are most content with the beauty of the moment.
They're keen to simply be; without reservations.

Dominic Windram
A Plea For Rebirth (May 2014)

I've broken the black mirror
That told me that the world was absurd.
I've begun to light candles
To receive the blessings of a higher force.
Please no more crooked shadows!
Please no more starless, brutal nights!
Let me be gently reborn.
Let me smell the sweet roses again.
And if I escape this self imposed prison,
I shall plough my life gracefully like
A draft horse blended with a saint.
I promise to honour the harvest.

Dominic Windram
A Poem Inspired By The Genius Of Oscar Wilde

I'm channelling the blithe spirit of Oscar Wilde,
As I fashion a fresh style out of dusty rags.
I'd like to combine a sense of pure grace with
Cold, cynical remarks; so elegantly phrased.
I'd like to blend Christ's teachings with Moliere's wit.
O I'd like to add a sprinkling of panache to
The political. I'd like to renew a sense
Of the magical in a disenchanted age.
O I would like to merge the mystical and the
Secular in seemingly effortless verses.
I'd like to create new modes of beauty for the
Connoisseurs of crass, modern day monotony.
I'd like to celebrate cerebral, nuanced ways.
For primitive grunts and groans are now so passé.

Dominic Windram
A Political Donkey Derby: January 2020

O watch out for Labour's leadership election!
Here are some of the risible contenders
In this donkey derby: the charmless Keir Starmer;
The teary eyed Lisa Nandy; the narcissist Jess Phillips;
The sanctimonious 'Lady Nugee' and the
Duplicitious David Lammy. If you fancy
A bet on an outsider, there's always the cold,
Calculated Yvette Cooper: yet another
Loyal Blairite. There's sure to be a swing to the right
Whoever wins. I couldn't care less as I'm now
Completely finished with the ridiculous, pointless
And pompous political class: that stabbed that true
Socialist Jeremy Corbyn in the back; and
So I won't be voting Labour ever again!

Dominic Windram
A Prophecy

Lies & propaganda proliferate
Across today's wayward, peregrine world.
Yesterday's suffering's soon forgotten
As we bask in the glow of neon gods.
O we still worship spurious totems
As absurd as they are irrational.
All of the perennial games we play.
To mask the pure pools of silence we fear,
Can't absolve us of responsibility.

We cannot escape the terror of the Void,
Via myriad idle flights of fancy.
We cannot transcend this mortal Vale of Tears,
By vain pursuit of animal ecstasies.
We need to embrace all life's joys & sadness.
We can only be still and pray for pardon.
Please be still and penetrate the Light within.

Dominic Windram
A Prophecy: 2

The moon and the sun spoke to me last night
In a language I could not comprehend.
What strange dreams navigate the febrile night?
What alien gods dwell amongst the stars?
Perhaps we'll know a thousand years from now;
When bold technology is at its height,
Space ships will explore distant galaxies
And neon architecture will displace
The old, crumbling buildings of yesterday.
Will Utopia be achieved on earth
Without a vainglorious revolution?
Will society at large be organised
In terms of survival of the fittest?
Will there be endless wars with other worlds?
Or will there be a profound peace on earth;
That will make Heaven's angels weep with joy?!

Dominic Windram
A Question Of Lights

Modern cities at night are a blaze of neon lights. Yet what is their worth compared to the one light that guides The troubled ship in the midst of the raging storm? How do they compare to the pure Light of the Word? That's rarely spoken of these days, and thus unheard. How does the fierce glare of millions of lights, Across a nation's soulless and cold, empty streets, Compare to the warm flame in the quiet, cosy home?

Dominic Windram
A Ragged Prayer: May 2019

I pray for a tender light
That will reveal hidden realms of beauty.
I pray for a change
In the absurd, arbitrary order of things.
I pray for healing summer rain,
In an arid age where flowers of Truth cannot grow.
I pray for you in your last desperate hours:
Now that faith and conscience are dead... so much is left unsaid.

Dominic Windram
A Rebirth Of Sorts At Midnight

Okay my friend I'll compose a poem
In the brief hours before darkness falls.
I will paint a vivid picture of life reborn.
Hopefully, it will reflect the former radiance
Of an age that's been gradually rusted
By crude contemporaneous concerns.

The clocks will turn silent
At that interminable moment,
When what you consider to be
implacable emptiness & icy despair
will be transformed In the twinkling
Of an eye into teeming, holy vision.

O you'll learn to weave light
Into the fabric of your being.
You'll allow red needle suns, in peregrine flight,
To burst the obscene, obese balloon of now.
You'll watch it explode into a million fragments
And then see the violets of hope scatter,
And the universe explode with laughter.
In this new moment -the ghosts of longing
Will be released from the machinery of night
You will be lost in their enchantments.

Dominic Windram
A Report From The Outside (An Alien's Perspective On Planet Earth)

I have never really adjusted
Or adapted to the strange colours of exile.
Indeed this world, and its citizens,
Constantly baffle me.
O these peculiar creatures
Bow down before crosses & other
Symbols of ancient suffering.
Pity pervades the human condition.
However, wars are still waged
All over the planet.
Perhaps it's because
War is very good for business.
Although religion is waning,
Its remnants remain
Partly obscured;
Partly deformed.

Millions live in cities.
They rush around all day long.
Many seem to lack, any kind
Of real purpose, in their lives
People are now addicted to gadgets
And attached to small phones.
They are constantly
Reminded of time:
Via constant deadlines.
In love, these creatures
Are irrational chameleons.
Tragedy & heartache abound.

People are part false; part true
In their social interactions.
They work for money to buy things
They need and dress well.
Fashion is more of creed than a fad.
Shopping is increasingly becoming
The most popular leisure pursuit.
Pretty pictures adorn
The walls of their homes.
Via art, music and poetry,
Or in rare moments of ecstasy,
They are briefly lifted
from the world's habitual weight.
They admire pop/ rock and sports stars.
Most are happy to spectate,
Rather than participate.

Their schools train them
To be compliant & obedient.
By the age of seven
Their imaginations are dead.
And mind expanding drugs
Are still illegal.
They age too quickly
To understand their true purpose.

They seem to think
That they are a species apart.
The animals are their slaves.
People like to eat their meat.

They need leaders;
Popes, kings & presidents
To tell them what to think.
I find this notion so naive and quaint.
Despite their considerable wealth,
They have not eradicated poverty.
Indeed, the gulf between rich and poor
Seems to be exponentially increasing,
They are forever polluting
Their beautiful, fragile blue/green planet.

Their opinions are formed mostly
From T.V, movies and the internet,
Although a significant number
Of them still read books.

They've flown to the moon,
But distant galaxies
And exotic life forms
Remain a mystery to them.

At night, when the lights go out,
They all seem to sleep like babies.
In vivid dreams they learn
About themselves and the world of spirits.
Their minds are still
Essentially primeval.

Dominic Windram
A Secular Future?

These newly empowered secularists,
Like to play, at being bright, modern gods.
O I do not doubt their fervent passion,
But I do question their integrity.
I think they like to stir controversy.
They seem not only keen to kick against,
The time honoured, trusted bones of wisdom,
But to devalue sweet visions of Grace,
And the sacred. O their nonchalant sense
Of crude relativism, not only
Astounds me, but disturbs me, and makes me,
Deeply worried about the world’s future.

Dominic Windram
A Slow Descent Is Necessary

I feel as though I’ve lost touch
with the warm familiar world.
I fear I will pay a heavy price
For soaring like a comet,
Through distant skies & stars.
I need to slowly descend.

Dominic Windram
A Slow, But Necessary, Recovery

I was reticent at first to come
To the renowned house of healing.
I was weary from hunger & habit.
Yet here I was warmly received.

Slowly I retreated from the poetry
And the prose & the radical politics:
My joy & my cross; my passion & my dread

Slowly I recovered from the fever;
As I oscillated wildly,
Between boredom & joy.

Gradually I received blessings
From those whom this cruel world
Seems to scorn & marginalise.

Gradually I became aware
Of a deeper consciousness
That moves between myself and others;
From which jewelled wisdom gently unfolds.

Dominic Windram
I was reticent at first to come
To the fabled house of healing.
Yet it was necessary given
The awkwardness of my circumstances.

I felt like a feather blown along
By the cruel, bitter winds of Fate.
I was weary from hunger & habit.
Yet here I was warmly received.

Slowly I retreated from the poetry
And the prose & the radical politics:
My joy & my cross; my passion & my dread

Slowly I recovered from the fever;
As I oscillated wildly,
Between boredom & joy.

Gradually I received blessings
From those whom this cruel world
Seems to scorn & marginalise.

Gradually, I became aware
Of a deeper consciousness
That moves between myself and others;
From which jewelled wisdom gently unfolds.

Dominic Windram
A Snapshot Of Summer

The sun sheds its light:
On teeming fields of daisies
And sweet buttercups.

Dominic Windram
A Society Of Snowflakes

They fold like deckchairs,
And sulk, when anyone 'dares'
To criticise them.

Dominic Windram
A Sonnet For All The Poets & Prophets

"The One remains; the Many change and pass...'
(Shelley, Adonais, 1821.)

As flesh pink Spring turns to golden Summer
I contemplate the rare beauty of the Word.
Though prophets of fire are in slumber
And pilgrims are lost and cannot be heard,
The flaming phoenix of faith will arise
From the ashes of crude modernity.
Crowns of thorn will cease to afflict the wise
And we'll be free from trial by novelty.
Yet it will not be like the ancient ways
When fixed binaries coded our lives.
We shall be free from the dogmatic haze;
From the extremes of Lazarus and Dives.
We will see everything as pure oneness:
No more creed or tribe; race or sex - God bless!

Dominic Windram
A Sonnet Of Sorts: For All The Seekers

Life's surreal procession moves on.
My words are now seasoned by time,
Vivid rituals...occasions.
I've tried to search for the sublime.
I've mined Vision's fertile soils.
I've dug as deep as souls can go.
I'm still seeking, despite my toils,
For Beauty's frail, singular Rose
Still I've unearthed hidden treasures,
Amidst the dross of the ages.
I've juxtaposed pain with pleasure
And made my mark on pure pages.
Yet this cruel labour I will cease,
When I create my masterpiece.

Dominic Windram
A Stagnant Old Town

A stagnant old town:
Cursed by the slow drip of time.
Nothing seems to change.

Dominic Windram
A Stark Realisation

If we'd never departed down dark paths, from
The original source, we'd have been okay.
If we'd never deviated from Love's warmth,
O we would have experienced brighter days.

Dominic Windram
A Stately Garden (Raby Castle 24/07/2019)alternate Version

The garden abounds with butterflies & flowers:
A profusion of purples, pinks, reds, greens and golds.
The grand fountain sprinkles silvery blue water.
The air is warm and still save for a gentle breeze;
That seems to whisper lush nursery lullabies.
I'm dumbfounded by delightful daisies growing
From verdant grass. I wonder at weeping willows.
It's a perfect post card picture of passing time.

Dominic Windram
A Stately Garden (Raby Castle: 24/07/2019)

The garden abounds
With butterflies & flowers.
Fountains are sprinkling.

Dominic Windram
A Strange Kind Of Resurrection.

Once I retreated from the roaring world.  
It took some time to heal my mental scars.  
And now I feel that I am born again,  
I will never follow Night's eerie paths.

Dominic Windram
A Sun Burst Of Summer: Alternative Version

The sun sheds its light:
On meadows of buttercups,
daisies and willows

Dominic Windram
A Sunburst Of Summer

The sun casts its light
On meadows: filled with daisies,
Buttercups and willows.

Dominic Windram
A Time Of Universal Deceit

When Truth's blazing sunlight is eclipsed by
An abyss of deceit, you realise
That you can trust no one and nothing but
Your own ragged conscience. And when the dogs
Are left to roam, and pick up discarded bones
On darkened streets, you know you're in for trouble!

Dominic Windram
A Tired Old Horse...

A tired old horse chews
Away at young tufts of spring
In the lush green fields.

Dominic Windram
A Warning - 2019

The hyper real sirens are singing wildly
Waiting by the proverbial rocks
To bring us to wreck & ruin.
Don't be distracted by the fake, neon gods.
Don't be distracted by their shining pathways.
Don't be distracted by shrieking idiots.
Don't be distracted by superficial signs.
That lead to nowhere in particular.
Don't be distracted by worldly desire;
By idols that masquerade as love's sumptuous promise.
Remain ultra literate & lion willed.
Lament the fact that the precious ways
of the rich, vibrant green age have passed
Although its now well hidden from curious eyes,
There's still the original sun of Truth & Beauty
That cannot be eclipsed;
For Ideal Forms can never die.
We creators should search for
The fragments of a broken culture;
Reassemble them with due diligence
(And more than a little patience.)
I hang on to this fleeting glimpse of hope.
In a rudderless, wayward world
That lacks a significant frame of reference
To unify the listless, modern tribes.

Dominic Windram
A Welcome Change Of Season

For many months now, I have been worn down
By the bleak wintry darkness. But today
I can feel the welcome approach of spring.
The trees are now covered with pink blossom.
O I shall throw open all the windows
In my house and let the warm, fresh light in!

Dominic Windram
A Wild Universe

A wild universe,
Of dark forests & spectres,
Emerges in dreams.

Dominic Windram
A Winter Memory

A flock of grey geese,
Emerging from the snow fall,
Under the moonlight.

Dominic Windram
A Winter Prayer

When autumn completes its final fables,
When its rusted red and golden brown dreams
Have passed. Like the wise animals, I will
Hibernate and wait for the first snowflakes
Of winter to will cover
The earth in a soft, feathery carpet.
O I shall pray and give thanks and praise to
The Creator, for all the bright colours
And intricate shades of the four seasons.
In winter, they terminate in quiet,
Ghost white sleep; and begin again in spring
With a sumptuous flash of pink and green.

Dominic Windram
A World In Need Of Gaia's Green Ways

O perhaps we'll rediscover Gaia's green ways?
Perhaps we'll revive Springtime's warm and sacred blood;
And cultivate gardens amidst deserts and waste:
To prevent the dark coming of fire and flood.

What shall we do with our brief but precious days?
Will we balance primal needs with our modern wants?
Will we set ourselves free from pollution's haze:
Before the dreaded coming of fire and flood?

Dominic Windram
There are many delusions under the sun.
There are too many fragmented puppets.
There are too many trolls and grotesque fools.
There is the foul magic of marketing.
There are too many jesters in the court
Of consumerism. There are many
Obsequious politicians and agents.
There are many dark roads to oblivion.

Dominic Windram
Acedia

Wounded soul of night,
Glints of light on broken glass,
Can life be redeemed?

Dominic Windram
Action Not Just Words

Action not just words:
Justice for the Ninety Six!
Now not tomorrow!

Dominic Windram
Acute Perception

O I know of secret entrances and exits.
I know of elaborate roles and hideaways.
I know of the profundity of social masks.
I know how to close ranks and cut all the fools off.
Now I am free from the frenzied fears and moves
Of the amorphous crowd, and I watch from the wings,
I know what the dark, stubborn prophet and mystic
sche meant by mere 'flies in the marketplace.'

Dominic Windram
Ad Astra Per Aspera.

When this cruel, prolonged winter is over,
Spring will burst out in spellbinding beauty.
There will be a resurgence of the Arts,
And Love will take on epic proportions.
Time will be condensed into soft minute
Particulars of glorious moments.
O we will move from dire circumstances;
From adversity's prisons to the stars!

Dominic Windram
Ad Buster

O I'm so pleased to have, quite recently,
Installed an ad buster on my P.C
It means that I now don't have to watch all
Of the glossy, but irrelevant dross!

Dominic Windram
Ad Meliora

Here I am so safe and snug in soft asylum.
Even though I cannot venture out, I can read
And write to my heart's content. Although the darkness
Is growing rapidly; although life's pure magic
Has temporarily departed, I glimpse
A bright future where better things will come our way.

Dominic Windram
Add Salt

I will salt my poems,
With a tinge of bitterness,
To add to their taste.

Dominic Windram
Advantages Of The Internet

Instant access to
Vast libraries of knowledge
And pearls of wisdom.

Dominic Windram
Advent

The new winter poems I write
Are cloaked in frost and moonlight;
Not the glitter and tinsel
Of vain shadow festivals.
They speak of ancient fable:
Of Love born in a stable;
Of the Kingdom of Mercy;
Transcending frayed history;
Of a star in deepest night;
Of a different kind of light;
Radiating Innocence
And peculiar stillness.

Dominic Windram
Advent: 2019

The bitter wind has flayed the trees to bone.
The old leaves have been torn off and condemned.
In this Advent season we remember,
The one lowly born; yet rarer than gold.
In these bleak, darkening days we remember
This symbol of light; who still radiates
Despite the endless din of distractions.
In this wanton world, He's a calm centre:
Whose birth was a sunburst of new meanings:
Whose love was adorned with flakes of beauty;
Whose grace was as soft as snow & flowers;
Whose ultimate sacrifice set us free.

Dominic Windram
Adverts

Adverts invite us,
To fervently consume,
Their colours and forms.

Dominic Windram
Advice For Aspiring Poets

A poet should renounce the empty world
Of glittering appearances and
Hackneyed decorations. Rather he or
She should embrace the inner flame; the light
Of Being and not be distracted by
Mere should focus hard
On sowing the right seeds and quietly
Cultivating their body of work. They
Should not be seduced by their status. They
Should not exalt the fruits of their labours.
They need to balance form, structure
And colour. They need to blend light and dark
In a nuanced way. For presently there
Are a plethora of works that their keen
Creators claim to be true poetry.
When in fact, a closer analysis
Does reveal, that they are mere painted
Skeletons: lacking in content and substance.

Dominic Windram
Advice For Climbers

Before you attempt to 'conquer' Everest. 
You might consider conquering yourselves first. 
Too many of you are dying recklessly. 
What for? To prove something in the name of pride?

Dominic Windram
Affluenza

In these strange times, we
All seem to be afflicted
with affluenza!

Dominic Windram
African Relics

These relics are odes to creation:
From planets to fragments of atoms.
Certain turning of the sun; crooked fork
Of the trees and their sprawling branches;
Flowering knot, water curve, living roots;
The stern murmur of ancestral spirits;
Divine drumming that once boldly declared;
The radiant, resplendent rose pink dawn;
That once proclaimed the tribe's soul blood,
But now sealed up in solemn glass cases,
A vibrant universe lies paralysed.

Cold, colonial eyes framed and reined in
This continent's abundant mysteries;
Where black was once the scorned colour of sin.
Unruly, ferocious flames of conquest,
Created a spurious enigma.
Now we continually interrogate
The tainted beauty of the wreckage.

These relics are not merely icons to
Be righteously revered and worshipped,
But precious prayers to the elements.
Although they have been brought closer to us
They remain as remote as evening stars,
We might want their mute eyes and mouths to glow;
Speak directly to us like oracles.
Yet they will never submit their secrets
To our crude, secular consciousness.

I sense the vital dance of life traduced
To grey, utilitarian matters
In the guise of curious inspection
I sense obscure mysteries
Trapped in an expedient age
Where we freeze their grace and power.
I sense the murmur of ancestral spirits:
“Yamaya - mother of tender blessings
Yamaya - boundless womb of creation

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Your poetry is lost in translation.

Dominic Windram
After False Visions

After false visions,
The real world reawakens:
More stark than before.

Dominic Windram
After The Fall

After estrangement,
Love's secrets remain hidden,
Inside Eden's womb.

Dominic Windram
After The Strange Rain

After the strange rain:
The yellow plague of sun.
The gnarled, black branches
Of skeletal trees
Are dripping with blood.

After the strange rain:
The ashes in the streets
And the valleys & fields.
There's no one left to weep;
Diurnal time has died.

Dominic Windram
Against Dogmatism

O strict, routinized theology,
And stony, steadfast morality,
Can guide at times, but they cannot heal
The soul's angst & liquid laments.

Dominic Windram
Age Reflecting On Youth

The old keenly remember when they were once young:
When time seemed ripe with endless possibilities;
When the angels were the guardians of the clouds;
When Love sang its lovely melodies just for them.
With age, they often have regrets for wasted moments;
Now that their green and golden days have turned to grey.
Despite all the wisdom amassed over the years,
The sweet glories of their prime will never return.

Dominic Windram
Airstrike

Fear the F-16s:
That strike the marked villages
And sleeping children.

Dominic Windram
Alexa Of Echo Dot

Alexa may claim
To know everything, but not
Alas life's meaning,

Dominic Windram
Alienation

O it's so cold and
Lonely, when you don't belong,
In your own lifetime.

Dominic Windram
Altered States

The stars are melting
Into the swollen night skies.
The moon is weeping.

Dominic Windram
Amazon's Slave Labour

Amazon's so called fulfillment centres
Don't recognise unionised labour.
Indeed, they are now so draconian,
That they should be entitled: workhouses!

Dominic Windram
An Absurd Age

O bovine creeds prevail in the ignorant night,
For no one seems able to resurrect the pure light
The keen, noble matadors have gone underground.
It's a world of furious sights and deafening sounds.
Now there is only the shrieking of futile songs.
No one is able to decipher right from wrong.
Flowers and fields are replaced by steel and concrete.
Clowns and jesters proliferate on absurd streets.
In the East and West madmen grow obese with power.
We're drawing near to that dark, fateful hour.

Dominic Windram
An Artist In Exile

I feel like a remnant of something that has passed,
In this crazed modern age that races by so fast.
I feel like I'm watching a play within the world:
Where the seasoned actors are constantly misheard.
These days I seem to find solace in solitude.
Shrieking, amorphous crowds are so sullen and crude.
And modern relationships are so fleeting and vain.
It seems preferable to go against the grain.
So I'll labour by the warmth of inspired light,
And slowly... patiently try to sculpt, paint & write.
Perhaps one day, I might even get lucky and
Create a gleaming masterpiece or something grand!

Dominic Windram
An Autumn Hymn

Although the tender light is fading fast;
And summer's hallowed flowers are dying;
Although the precious lark is descending;
And her sweetest songs are now in the past;
I sense subtle shades & colours of art.
I will gather in Time's golden harvest;
And circumspectly translate the secrets;
The eternal alphabets of the heart;
In the rusted, brownish autumn of life.
Quelled is the once furious, youthful rage;
Scent of burnt leaves; smoky regions of age;
Now crowd my fragile, dislocated mind.
I'll seek to craft a deeper consciousness.
For this is a season of stoic remembrance
Despite modernity's rank decadence.
I want to trace Nature's hidden circles;
Til I hear winter's frozen warnings;
When the life force & the senses are dimmed;
When Love's carousel turns with solemn hymns;
'Til the unknown, darker realms come calling.

Dominic Windram
An Autumnal Grove (October 20th, 2019)

This grove is covered
In a cascade of colours:
Reds, greens, golds and browns.

Dominic Windram
An Autumnal Lament (October 25th: 2019)

The colours of the leaves, in the cold October
Dawn, permeate my consciousness. They seem to tap
Into long forgotten memories from youth and age.
I'm filled with immeasurable sorrow as I
See them scattered liberally across my garden.
Five decades seem to have passed in no time at all.
O Love breaks so easily! The world weighs us down.
How to connect intangible strands of warm faith
And cold reason? How to penetrate the heart of
Darkness without losing one's vital inner light?
What is to become of those who persistently
Strive to kill time in the circus of distractions,
Or those who prize the hollow idol's golden eyes?
O we're merely pale shadows of what we could be.

Dominic Windram
An Autumnal Sonnet

In this season of memories,
Dreams unravel their strange secrets.
All's a haze of gold, brown and green
Between the sunrise and sunset.
In dreams I see myself fading
Like a trembling, withered flower.
All the sweet birds no longer sing
Of summer's melodic hours.
I cry out in the cold, October dawn.
Then watch the clouds as they drift by
And the fragile leaves as they fall.
Light no longer glints in my eyes.
Life's subtle glories are too brief.
Time deceives. It is a cruel thief.

Dominic Windram
An Easter Hymn

Nature's rhythms reveal the primordial Word:
That communicates the gifts of Love and Mercy
They flow like teeming rivers to celestial seas.
O the Word speaks, with lightsome grace, to our deepest needs.
In secular festivals, it is now unheard.
For we're distracted, by endless colours & sounds:
That only serve to mask crude regions of darkness,
Or to ease the symptoms of the amorphous crowd.
O we need once again to embrace rootedness.
We should consider the seed; not just be aroused
By the cornucopia of fruit or flower.
We need to listen closely to intricate powers:
That constantly shape creation with boundless Love.
We need to grasp the ways of the Lamb & the Dove.
I hear rhapsodies and odes to strange suns & moons
I hear voices sing of gilded domains of sin.
Yet who will reflect Silence's wise & pure pools:
Who will compose redeeming modern poems & hymns?

Dominic Windram
An Island Paradise

Surrounded by a shallow coral reef,
Lies a lime green island garden; in the midst
Of turquoise ocean. Its pure powdered beach
Is strewn with parched light brown palm trees & quaint huts.

Hear the sound of the surf; see neatly tendered crops.
Here fruit gatherers, farmers & fishermen abound.
Their core belief's Uropa meaning: 'To give thanks'.
To Godhead supreme. They adore the holy ground
Of ancestral spirits & the whitened realms of
Coconut milk; part of Nature's myriad gifts.
Everyone shares in Life's rich bold doves
These natives sing radiant songs of love. Then they shift
To offer quirky nose kisses for the tribe's chief!
Hear the roar of the waves in the silvery night!
Smell the scent of seaweed mingling with roasted fish!
Watch the meeting of the Elders by candlelight!

Morning arrives with warm ocean breezes;
All ages emerges from diamond dust dreaming;
Thirsty for pineapple juice that seizes
The senses: an elixir so refreshing.
They float on rafts, canoes on cloudless days.
Wide eyed, they taste the salty sea fresh air;
And soak up the sun's streaming saffron rays
They laugh and shake the wetness from their hair.
Next, prayers are sent for sweet brotherhood and
Sisterhood. Gleaming razor shells are blown
To summon acolytes to service: hands join hands.
 Afterwards, the natives are free to roam.

This tribe is so serene & self contained.
On their flesh, natives paint rainbow colours.
The stars are their guides: & sun, moon & rain.
They are Heaven's children; Nature's scholars.
Nurtured to spear fish and capture sea birds,
Their primal blissful beauty is beyond words.
No crude capitalist could value its worth.
O this place is truly paradise on earth!

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Dominic Windram
Ancient voices are calling me
From the other side of midnight:
The voices of angels & prophets.
I figure they represent Truth
Amidst vast tapestries of lies.
Although my eyes are blinded by
Artificial lights and my ears
Are deafened by discordant shrieks,
I can still perceive and hear signs;
Which others are barely aware of.

Dominic Windram
Angelhood

Her gnarled fingers caressed
The faded rosary beads
Like a long lost friend.
Like the violin virtuoso,
Of a more enlightened age
She played with them
Until her hands bled.
Unlike her contemporaries,
Wracked by hydra headed neuroses,
And myriad discontents,
She was not obsessed
by the meaningless meanderings
Of decidedly lesser gods.
Or distracted by the enticing
Patterns & designs
Of trivial particulars.
Concerned only with the seed,
And not the redolent glow
Of flower or of fruit,
She crafted prayers
In perpetuity.
Until they began to resemble
The glorious form of an
Otherworldly beauty;
Beloved by the angels;
Unexplored by modern minds.

Dominic Windram
Angels & Dreamers

Angels & dreamers:
Often mistaken for fools;
Too weak for this world.

Dominic Windram
Angels Come And Play

Angels come and play.
The demons have fled away.
The new dawn is here.

Dominic Windram
Animal Antics (One For The Kids)

Chat with a rat; dance with the ants.
Have a laugh with a giraffe.
Go for lengthy walks with a stork.
Go and shoot some pool with a mule.
Listen to punk rock with a skunk.
Play very slow games with a snail.
Why you may even like to smile
And a sly, scaly crocodile.

Drink orange juice with a mongoose.
Take cups of tea with keen monkeys.
Share a sandwich with an ostrich.
Share your birthday cake with a snake.
Enjoy a steak with a great ape.
Give bags of sweets to parakeets.
But remember that you should
Never ever feed the lions!

Dominic Windram
Animated Cartoon Heaven

O how I wish I were a character
In an animated cartoon feature!
I'd love to enter such a wondrous world
Of unceasing laughter and great joy;
Of endless, teeming possibilities;
Of brightly coloured, magical travels;
Of exotic adventures in a flash;
Of manic car chases; all fun... no pain!

Dominic Windram
Annoying Advert

The guy in the cap
Is bellowing out nonsense.
I wish he'd shut up!

Dominic Windram
Splinters of rainbow and aluminium
in the mind's eye. Discordant sounds
Are killing me. I need stillness; tranquillity
The eternal conflict is inherent in nature and culture.
The Dionysian defies; the Apollonian protects.
In an age of excess, there is a grave imbalance:
Impossible connections; widespread anomie.
Icarus flew too close to the sun.
All the fallen angels; inverted Christs
Are corrupted by the world's vices.
Infernal ageing process requires new flesh.
The pursuit of novelty leads to despair.
Woe to those who create iron cages.
And scorn the greater offerings of the spirit.
Woe to those who steal the light from
Azure skies of grace and innocence.

Dominic Windram
Anomie 2

O these sons and daughters of anomie
Are so lacking in colour, form and shape.
They are directionless. They merely chase
The wind it seems. Unlike their ancestors,
They have no notable frames of reference
To rely on. They simply drift through life.
They greedily devour the darkness,
As the light is now out of bounds for them.

Dominic Windram
Another Day Drowns

Another day drowns, in a vast ocean
Of illusion. There is too much confusion,
This side of paradise. I sketch notions
In hope of a warmer communion.
Yet the spirits of darkness drag me down.
I cling to a frail light on the horizon.
I think of the artists of great renown.
I praise their visions with each rising sun.

Dominic Windram
Another Green World

Another green world
Lies beyond the pale horizon.
It's merely a matter
Of reaching out for it.

Another pristine world
Is not only possible
Like an angel she is on her way;
Drifting through the ether.

Dominic Windram
Anticipation: (Early March 2020)

O The cold March winds
May blow, but soon precious Spring,
Will bloom once again!

Dominic Windram
Ape Kingdom

No one deviates
From the established pattern.
In the land of apes.

Dominic Windram
Appearance Versus Reality

The Light has been concealed from us
For hundreds of millennia.
We are like hungry prisoners;
Trapped in a dark cave. We can trace
Images, but the reality
Of things constantly confounds us.

Dominic Windram
April's Tears

April's tears soon appear as rainbows.  
They radiate brightly against the grey;  
Across this humdrum town. O how they glow!  
And then Saturday's sun comes out to play.

Dominic Windram
Aquiesce

Slumber is my name:
Several soft syllables;
Two cushions of air.
In which to recline
While the rampant, roaring world
Speeds by like a plane.

Dominic Windram
Art Heals

In an age of rampant indifference,
I'm buoyed by Art's subtle compensations.
They bloom slowly like flowers so deep
In the heart of me. I'm grateful for that.

Dominic Windram
Art Versus Insularity

This old town is filled with ghosts & shadows.  
I'd rather leave and converse with flowers;  
Just listen to the trees and the grass grow.  
I'd like to tap into higher powers.  
And not be dragged down by trivial talk.  
It would be great to contemplate beauty  
Not routine greyness; step outside for walks  
Amidst Nature's endless, verdant bounties  
I'm sick of ape men and their weak women  
I'm so tired of merely passing time  
In a place that the world has forgotten  
I would like to create something sublime.  
That would illuminate prosaic pages  
That would survive the miasmal ages.

Dominic Windram
Arte Et Labore

This poem was forged
From the deep silence of prayer.
I labored long in solitude
To realize its form.

It's a longing for insight
In an age of indifference
It's an awakening to the Light.
It's a hymn to moon, stars and sun.
It's the angel's lament in the fevered night.
It's the soft embrace of lullabies.
It's the profound kiss of wedded bliss.
It's the peace that passes mortal cares.
It's a sun burst of devotion
To sweet visions of Eternity.

Dominic Windram
Arte Et Labore 2

'A man's work is nothing but this slow trek to rediscover, through the detours of art, those two or three great and simple images in whose presence his heart first opened.' Albert Camus

Deep within the heart of my world,
Is a heavy grey burden
Which I have to shoulder and carry;
Like Sisyphus chained to futility.
I inhabit the shadow realms
Of bleak, routine existence.
I trip over every obstacle.
Yet I continue to caress
And shape the marble and stone
Of my incessant dreaming.

My eyes are averted from the sky
And all of the teeming spaces.
Unlike certain carefree painters
I'm not concerned; not at all
With pretty postcard pictures
Of sumptuous, Utopian living.
Rather I rummage in the darkness
To collect faithful symbols
Signs & images; hidden amidst
The vast debris of consciousness

Creation is painstaking adaption
To an indifferent climate;
It is not verdant mystery or magic.
Mozart's withered, editing hand
Belies the myth of sweet, unfettered genius.
It's not the soft embrace of lullabies;
Nor sunbursts of blissful devotion:
It's not a hymn to hackneyed idols.
It's a longing for insight in an age
Of rampant day glow surfaces.

My poems are forged in the silent,
Icy realms of ragged prayer & doubt,
Before I pour out my gnarled presence
Onto pristine white pages:
Between crude notion & wrought conception
Lies a lifetime's unacknowledged labour.
Like fabled Jacob rapt by lucid visions
I have to wrestle perennially
With Art's writhing, disturbing angel.
It's a slow awakening to the Light.

Dominic Windram
Artificial Age

True Faith is frozen.
Beauty's wings are now broken:
No more transcendence.

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: A Counterfeit Kind Of Love

Quick fix culture
Terrified to face itself;
Terrified to discover
An empty shell

Ashes to ashes; dust to dust
Love is reduced to animal lust.
Love is now just an exchange of fluids
Love is now just a fashion accessory.
It's about what's compatible, (seriously!)
Between well matched sets of personality packages

Where is the love that is real in space and time?
And yet which transcends space and time;
Which is fully conscious of itself
And longs to embrace the divine.
We can only regret our failure to achieve;
That which the mystics claim is both real and transcendent;
That which is within our reach; within our grasp.
Some cannot regret as they know no better.
They eat and sleep and go to work and fall, in and out, of love
And engage in a wide range of leisure pursuits.
And live their lives within a narrow frame of reference
Because they know no other way of being.

Quick fix culture;
Cold and numb,
Born of frustration,
Built for fun.

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: Disney Land

Welcome to Disney Land
A children's dream world
A play of illusions
A play of preposterous pirates

The Frontier; Future World;
A microcosmic America
Revelling in celluloid Eden;
In its delights and its Idols;
In its cosy, cartoon delusions;
An escape from the malaise
Of a world in denial
And drowning in confusion.

Welcome to Disney Land:
A refuge from our fallen state
Pseudo paradise - we try in vain to reach
No sense of inner calm:
Just a series of distractions
Mad parades and fireworks.

Phantasmagoria
In the faceless crowds
In the special effects
A deep frozen
Infantile world
Like its creator
Now cryogenized
Mr Walt Disney
Who lies as dead
As a dodo
Embalmed and pacified;
Awaiting resurrection.
Welcome to Disney Land;
A children's dream world;
An artificial simulation;
A theme park hyper reality;
Electronically annexed;
Anaesthetising; soulless
A multi media experience:
No guns; no homeless people;
A far cry from the mean streets
Of real, urban America.

But is this really paradise?
Or just papering over the cracks:
The new model for public space
Sanitised, safe and sterile.

These sterile streets
Make me want to weep.
These sterile streets
Are too dead for dreamers:
A scrubbed clean replica
Of Main Street America.

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: Future Shock

Schizophrenic culture:
Culture without memory;
Culture torn between
Agony and ecstasy

Can we ever experience again
The subtle delights of nature?
Or did we ever, will we ever embark
On deep, fulfilling relationships?

This global village of instant access
Cannot dissolve the boundaries between us.
The vast universe of mysterious Presence
is no longer sought out; no longer explored

Now we're satisfied
With this virtual world
That sustains and entertains
Within our four walls;
But we can't deny
The existence; the cries
Of a deep seated absence
That demands attention.

In such a solipsistic universe,
The schizophrenic prefers
The electric aura of the virtual.
Its radiance beats mundane reality.

Perhaps we're experiencing
A collective schizophrenia;
A normalised pathology
Of illusory reality.

Endless amnesia,
sound byte psychosis;
Zapping or zero consciousness;
Recession of reality
Impatience without depth
T.V reveals everything
But has nothing to say.
The infinite variety
Of classical music;
Literature and painting
Seems unable to relieve
Our current malaise

Even newer art forms boldly mixing styles,
Which can be vital and exciting,
Are drowned out by the daily blare
Of asinine advertisements

Idly scanned material:
Switch from news to soap opera;
From sports to documentary;
Trapped in a permanent present
Without reference point,
Or historical perspective.

Counterfeit culture;
A culture of denial.
Everything is destined
To reappear as simulation:

Anarchism as street smart fashion;
Landscapes as photography;
Perfect male and female forms perverted
By the cheap lustre of pornography.
The bleakest human face
Of tragedy and disaster
Is rendered meaningless.
It becomes just another
Freely floating image
Competing for attention.

The media is like a black magician;
Who dares to create graven images;
Who inverts reality:
Who defies all deities;
Who tries in vain to conjure up
A spectre of authenticity

Which always ends up removed from reality
This is the world's strange, dark destiny;
The world reappears as pure artifice
An advertiser's copy of its own totality.

What we can still
Ostensibly call human
Is quickly receding.
An in built death wish,
Thanatos in over drive
Could wipe the slate clean.
A cybernetic civilisation
Awaits on the horizon
Ready to rear its monstrous head
A silicon gorgon so obscene
Schizophrenic culture:
A culture torn apart;
A culture on the brink,
Of permanent destruction

As this Artificial Eden we have foolishly created,
Sinks further into a twinkling, babbling quicksand;
We live dominated by and addicted to gadgets.
And yet we have qualities sadly unused:
Of creativity and spirituality.

Tied by a sense of common humanity;
We share a rich, vibrant vocabulary.
Now our sense of who we are, or thought we were
Appears to be dragged down and dictated
By futile consumer dreams and demands.

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: Kari Ann

Kari Ann of Fashion TV,  
Seduced by her new found fame;  
Surrounded by flatterers and  
All the glitter and glamour,  
Every young girl desires  
Carries out her daily routine;  
Casually unaware it seems  
Of the barbed wire of excess;  
Which will blur her sense of who she is  
And mutilate her perfect skin.  
The latest face for chic designs  
With high cheek bones and wide set blue eyes:

"My skin's gotta be perfect  
There's no doubt about it.  
I'm totally the girl  
Who adores attention!"

A Barbie doll on benzedrines  
A million dollar contract queen  
Waif like, vain, commodified  
Depersonalised and distanced.

She offers another empty, programmed pose;  
To the camera on the catwalk of her dreams;  
A photo shoot follows; then 'it's party till dawn'  
Catch a few hours sleep then do it once more.  
In love with the lie that 'blondes have more fun';  
There seems to be an air of cruel disdain  
About her measured, 'calm demeanour'.  
To present herself to the eyes of the world  
As a deluxe darling - surly, sleek and cool  
Is an ideal which can become so mundane.

Only when she breaks down and cries  
Does she reveal a human side;  
Behind the faint, erotic guise  
Of logo and style.
Like a thousand 'Femme Fatales' before her;
Like a thousand other nameless angels;
Who parade their flesh for the multitude
Of web cam voyeurs & screen diseased slugs;
She is just another code or number
Signifying the manufacture of desire.

"I'm the kind of girl who you identify
With brand new cars and the very latest styles
Your gaze constructs me; you reduce me with your eyes.
I'm so tired of wearing this mask,
It doesn't fit. I feel out of synch;
Body distorted; I fear decay;
Don't wanna end up wrinkled and old!"

Anorexic culture; a culture of expulsion:
Born of longing; cold and numb
Brand name culture; a culture of denial:
Disposable, crude, carefree and dumb.

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: Lament Of The Dreamer

"The greatest revelation is stillness." (Lao -tzu)

Prologue

Endless neon entertainments:
Distraction follows distraction.
There's no sense of stillness
In this land that has not been blessed.

Between you and I there was once a deep blue sky.
And there once flowed a river of such sweet sounds.
It was a pleasure to be with you and 'fully' alive
Now the brief affair is over; there is no more to say

No flower strewn thoughts to tease and delight;
No magical walks by the bridge at night;
No romantic interludes; no moonlight sonatas;
No troubadour to serenade his gentle, coy mistress.
No more shall the blood red rose blossom it seems
In the sacred garden of visions and dreams.
But is it just another illusion?
A deluded, romantic ideal?

True love is two solitudes
That meet and greet
At the heart of silence:
The still centre of life.

Modern lovers now form
Effective, economic partnerships,
Aligned to liberal bonds and creeds,
But they do not seem to experience
The shining presence of the other
For them the physical encounter
(Subject to object; as 'I' relates to 'It')
Is their only refuge; their only sanctuary.
Retreating behind our facades,
We find ourselves intolerably alone.
Where is the scorned sister of solitude?
Whose strange, unearthly presence could penetrate
The flowing veils of darkness;
Whose warm tears of sorrow could replenish
And redeem this burnt out landscape.
The pale ghost of her fondly treasured memory
Seems to whisper to me softly.
Her words reproach the pitch-black horror of the Void
And reverberate across this urban hell,
To the outskirts; to the long, forgotten wilds:

“Why are these flowers crushed by the doorway
That leads to a new day?
Where is the light and where is the key?
Where is the love that was promised to me?
Love is a white dove with broken wings.
Its fragile heart of sorrow bleeding.
The moon and stars have lost their spark.
The streams of life are frozen
But out of this winter a new spring time
Of fresh promise will slowly arise
Amidst the ruins of ancient custom
And nature’s cycles which we deride
Lovers! Don’t harden your hearts to the Light!
For the Divine Sun shall eclipse this Night.”

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: Numb Narcissus

Vanity of vanities - all is vanity" (Ecclesiastes)

Another numb Narcissus -
(Or archetypal Adonis)
Works out each and every day;
In front of a myriad of mirrors;
In his one room apartment;
On the outskirts of town.

Pumped full of steroids;
Filled with dumb bell delusions
Of action hero physique.
He glances in mirror 1,
At his muscular body
Of steel and raw iron.

The glint in his eye
Reveals a kind of cold splendour
For he only ever sees
The image he desires,
But never the Truth
The nature of his obsession.

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: Post Metropolis

POST METROPOLIS

a. Viva Las Vegas!

Prologue

A neon metropolis illuminates the desert
A modern Mecca or Jerusalem
Where pilgrims are merely tourists
Their worship idolatrous

Drive through by night
Its cityscape reveals
A blaze of billboards; Flashing signs
Bright casinos; hotels and bars

Viva Las Vegas! Drive through the strip
To the centre of its brazen heart
Dazzling gold and silver boulevards
Skyscrapers and the slowly swinging
Tower cranes dwarf replicas of lands
And cities - New York, Paris, Venice
Egypt, Camelot where jewel like -
Neon lights so joyfully proclaim
The attractions of garish night spots.
Blitzkreig of blazing colours
Lady Luck/ Stardust/ Flamingo's
Shocking pink - ravishing delights
Blinking like a million eyes.

Viva Las Vegas! Glittering ribbon
Stretching towards the distant mountains
Zig zagging wildly - red and aloof
Against the cloudless, dry azure sky
El Dorado; The Holy Grail in
The blessed age of the spectacle
Luxor resort's - black glass pyramid;
A monument from another time
A light shoots skywards from the top
As if to reach out to Heaven!
Beacon to swarms of bats and insects
A ten storey sphinx squats by its side.

Viva Las Vegas! Modern life rules!
Desert climate - barely surviving
On air conditioning - and
Endless, artificial lights
Clattering slot machines in mundane,
Carpeted and windowless blue rooms,
Banal background muzak; but no clocks.
For time here has no real meaning
Oxygen rich air keeps customers
Alert, addicted and ready to play
Life's a roulette wheel - so play the game!
Seedy, sinful mafia moved out long ago
Replaced by dull corporate, conveyor belt mentality
Now all the dark Angels have fled
The true King's Elvis Presley
And his clone army ghoulisalsh and ghastly
In their diamond studded suits;
In their cheesy show biz glitz.

b.) The Garden of Love

"Do you think you shall enter the garden of bliss without such trials as those who come before you?" (The Qu'ran)

Like modern, ecstatic Adam and Eves
Celebrities and sheep like 'wannabees'
Rush frantically like moths to a flame
To shiny Eden; by another name;
To the Garden of Love; not to kneel and pray
But to get hitched 'quick' for they have no shame

Engage in gaudy, plastic ceremonies
To consummate their tainted love; so feral and free!
Pink cadillacs escort them to paradise
Of dazzling flowers, cherubs and twinkling lights
Drive- in chapels; with white cleric columns
But it's fun on a whim; nothing solemn
Draped with silk roses and hearts
And lush, forest green carpets

Inside the shrine the 'Holy Spirit' flows
In the form of a butter cup yellow glow
Emanating from white taper candles
Perched upon huge, golden candelabras

Awe struck couples can't believe it's real.
It feels like something out of a dream.
Barbie clutches Ken's hand and says:
"Hey Ken, this just has to be real!"

c.) I consumer hallelujah!

Pseudo Buddhists pray for porsches
I consumer Hallelujah
Bulbous gleaming golden arches
I consumer Hallelujah!

Shopping is the new religion
I consumer Hallelujah
I -me - mine - that's the manta
I consumer Hallelujah!

"I followed my heart through the night
Past a thousand windows yellow with light...
Down down it fell and it landed
In the window of an L.A hotel."

c. The City of Quartz

Carceral city
Sun lit mortuary
Where you can rot
Without feeling it

Phallic skyscrapers
Penetrate deep blue skies
Glass hotels by the freeway
Reflect the frenzied outer world
Of target driven insanity
No time to kill; no time to breathe.
Mazes of shopping malls
Cathedrals of commerce
Where eerie, new gods dwell
Exhilarating interior spaces
Of escalators and elevators
People like to flock here
They're like kids with new toys
Going around in circles
Like goldfish in a bowl
Going nowhere fast.

Commuter belts coldly disclose
Their dark, salacious underbelly
Urban slums; vicious gangland crime
Wide spread industrial decline
High tech, zero tolerance policing;
New repressions imposed daily
On mean streets ruled
By merciless drug dealers

Explosions of uzi fire;
The constant scream of police sirens:
The whirr and buzz of helicopters
Over blood stained concrete jungles
News flash - the latest headlines
"Ruthless killer wipes out rival!"

d. Gated Communities

Gated Communities - tranquil - tree lined bill board free
The ravages of real life are not allowed entry
No more public parks and squares where we can roam free
Just private Empires and theme parks built on gree

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: Superficial Kingdoms

PROLOGUE -

Dropped from the eternal realms, submitted to time and death, human beings continue to believe in their own separateness and in the present. Modern life seems to nourish and inflate the spectacular; distracting us from developing ourselves emotionally and spiritually. Only by means of great suffering can we, as individuals, liberate ourselves from the control of time and return to eternity, leave darkness and return to light.

SUPERFICIAL KINGDOMS

"Be on your guard against all kinds of greed. A man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions (The Bible)

So many distractions;
More Idols than Realities.
Diminished awareness
More illusions than allusions
To symbols and archetypes
From a vast, cultural past;
Which seems to have been forgotten
Which seems to have been replaced
By endless sounds and images
Crammed full of tension, conflict and fear
Colourful but caustic;
Loud, diffuse and bright.

Behind this shrieking of image and sound
A stark, empty silence
Is all that remains
Of a cultural past
Imperious perhaps,
But organic, rich
And expansive.

From African origins
To Ancient Greece and Rome;
From the Eastern wisdom
Of Tibetan monks
To Sufi mystics
Transcending space and time;
From great biblical scribes
To prophets and priests;
From lofty Renaissance
To Romantic ideal.

Claustrophobic culture;
Cracked up creeds and rank confusion.
Iconic Christ is purely a cipher;
For current market needs and false desires.
Little better than a bride stripped bare;
Little better than a cartoon character;
Little better than, "Reality T.V"
Crudely sponsored by Coca Cola

Claustrophobic culture;
No time to pause or catch one's breath
The chaos is all around; Of images:
Images recycled and repeated.
Give us our daily bread, we pray;
Fast food (KFC): Nike trainers
MP3 players; DVDS
Big Macs; 7UP; Starbucks:
"Share coffee, community, camaraderie; connection!"

Rolex watches; computer games
high tech gadgets and designer jeans;
A plethora of God and Shopping channels
An advertiser's glimpse of Heaven.
What's the 'genuine' article?
What's real or make believe?

Interactive TV; phone in surveys;
Songs, ads and self help manuals
Which implore us to find ourselves;
To unlock the door to 'perfect' peace.
The real is no longer what it used to be;
The image now exceeds the reality;
The real is now an official fiction;
The real has disappeared from view.
Txt culture of interruption;
Human dialogue defunct.
It's like the last crazed act
Of a malnourished tribe.

"Txt me; txt me; please txt me
I'm independent
Yet always in demand
Busy but not tied down
So txt me; please txt me;
And I'll get back to you later."

Corporate interest culture
Of rampant materialism;
Born without conscience
Driven by the American dream

Look at all the phony people!
Where do they all come from?
Look at all the phony people!
Where do they all belong?

These days Beauty is created by prosthetics
Urban beauty by landscape surgery
Opinion by opinion poll surgery.
Genetic research offers a perverse kind of progress;
Plastic surgery for the whole human species.
And the birth of purified 'brave new' beings
Like designer brands made to impress:
Cute carbon copy; blue print babies.

An unrelenting hedonism
Comes sweeping into view:
The cult of vain celebrity
Of cut price kings & anorexic queens.

Fake plastic trees and
De rigueur designs adorn
The palatial 'pleasure domes'
Of the nouveau riche.
Their status assumes
A warped normality
As they seem to embody
Everything we'd like to be

Our fascination
With their lifestyles
May sell millions
of magazines
But it expresses
A deep sense of absence
As they seem to live out
A thousand dreams for us

Superficial saturation of T.V;
Private lives going public
In titillating talk shows;
Horrors are regurgitated
And sanitised in 24 hour

News programmes & documentaries.
Forced extroversion of our interior lives:
No halo of private protection surrounds us.
The end of intimacy and inner growth
Does it also mark the death of love?

A creed of profiteering
Is driven like a callous nail
Through the heart land
Of this Artificial Eden,
With its vast, sprawling kingdoms
Superficial and insidious
Built on the Puritan work ethic
To improve each shining hour

Still falls the cold, stinging rain
On the columns of the stock exchange
Where slick, deranged financiers
Are out of their minds on cocaine

Maggot infested heart
Of the famed 'Big Apple':
Rotten to the core.
Corporate run culture
Air brushed dreams and desires;
Commodity signs abound;
The logo symbolises status;
The divine Logos is now defunct;
The Artificial rules over the Real
Consumers not true citizens,
Only desiring machines.

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: The Pleasure Principle (Addiction Theme)

Quick fix culture - born of frustration
We're perched headlong on the fast lane
Of burn out leading to boredom.
The desolate places within each of us
Cannot be filled, refreshed or soothed by
The relentless pursuit of one night stands

Prozac prescribed to millions of persons
To numb the pain of existence
But it never heals the inner kingdom
Just scratches the outer surface
Of the ravaged ego's deadly -
Hydra like symptoms

All our lives we seem to move
Back and forth from dark to light
From light to darkness
From the cradle to the grave
We are the eternal seekers
Expectant and self - serving
But the search for new sensation
Leads to the threshold of despair

Invasion of the pure pools of silence
By the endless noise of desire
Addictions that sidetrack and eclipse
The hallowed energy of our higher selves
Addictions that deaden our truest desires
From tranquilisers to angel dust and heroin.
If its ecstasy that you crave
Desire creates more desire
If its escape you crave
Desire feeds off desire
Mainlining smack
The ultimate fix
When needle and vein
Engage in a kiss
That will lead to
Closer communion

The rush of blood
The sheer thrill
When the brain
Receives the hit
Of rapid, small
Explosions
Oh the feeling!
Oh the ecstasy

And then the swan dive slow
Like falling flakes of snow.
Words turn to dreams
Flesh to phantoms.

The precious spark
In all of us has died
Fragments of beauty
Lie paralysed.

Quick fix culture
A tortured procession
Of addictive personalities
The desert grows within us all
Woe to those who hide
The wastelands of the heart.

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: The Void

"Everything that is given to you is only the material of this life and its vanity. What is with Allah is far better and everlasting." (The Quran)

We cannot escape the Void through idle flights of fancy.  
We cannot escape the Void through animal ecstasies.  
We can only be still and pray for absolution.  
We can only be still and penetrate the Light within.

I hope and pray that the hidden face of God  
Will finally emerge from its seclusion.  
And the Veil of illusion will slowly lift,  
From this artificially inseminated Eden

Only such a seismic event will  
Reveal to us the emptiness  
Of our times; only then will  
The fleeting pleasures of this world;  
Of vanities and virtual phantasms  
Pale into insignificance and dissolve  
Like evening shadows into an abyss  
Of perpetual and nullifying darkness.

It seems that the worldly delights of this hedonistic 'paradise'  
Cannot bring us the divine peace that 'passeth' understanding;  
Cannot bring us into a deep and joyous presence with the Other;  
Cannot remove this Vale of Tears; part of life's rich fabric.

The hidden God; the fabled Holy Grail  
Is ours to uncover  
It is the purpose of suffering  
In the face of the Void;  
To teach us grace and warm humility  
Despite our anguish.

We should not deny it  
By a thousand desperate kinds of flight.  
For the fruits of suffering
(healed by Love's gentle caress)
As they grow from tender vine:
Are wholeness, compassion,
A deep sense of awe and wonder;
A heightened sense of spirituality;
A sense of belonging;
Of human solidarity
From which we have been distracted
From which we can recover.

Dominic Windram
Artificial Eden: Torn Between Light And Dark

O my aching heart;
Torn between light and dark
Perhaps tonight I might feel
The pure light descend on me.
Perhaps tonight I might see
The darkness that's inside of me.

Refuse to die - drift with the wind;
Refuse to fade away.
Let me glimpse the rays of sunshine
On a rainy day.
Let me touch the earth and hold it close.
May sweet violets of Spring bloom and grow.

Perhaps tonight that I might feel.
The flashing light come down on me.
Perhaps tonight I might see
The bleak darkness depart from me.

We must stand still in the chaos
Of our shattered pieces;
Feel the pain of our brokenness;
Before we can return to Light;
So lost are we in the soul's dark night.

Dominic Windram
Artificial World

O we've lost a sense of life's mysteries.
We are now content to watch cheap, empty shows.
We cannot decipher the meaning of dreams.
We're now content to bask in the neon glow
Of artificial lights. Nature is merely
The next screen saver on our glossy gadgets.
We may be satiated; but we're not free.
For our lives are marked by deep seated regrets.

Dominic Windram
Artists/ Poets Versus Bureaucrats

While you sleep, we are awake.
While you are pontificating
We are busy: realising our dreams.
While you are procrastinating,
We are doing things moment by moment.
While you are stagnating,
We are evolving and
Expanding our consciousness.

Dominic Windram
As I Retreat For A While

As I slowly retreat from the world's sweet madness,
I shall gather in all the emblems of beauty
And innocence: from fresh spring flowers to the meek
Lamb's white  I shall hibernate, like
The animals in winter, and compose countless
Odes to the earth, and hymns to the glory of stars.

Dominic Windram
As I Walk Alone... (March 25th, 2020)

As I walk alone along the seafront,
I can hear the mournful voice of the wind.
It seems to sing of long, forgotten things.
It gently whispers its secrets to me.
It knows of ebbing tides and distant shores.
It has witnessed the turning of centuries.
Although the future now seems uncertain,
The sea wind will carry on and guide us.
We just have to listen closely to its songs;
As we walk slowly along the sands of time.

Dominic Windram
As The Virus Continues To Spread....

We are still waiting for miracles to occur  
We would like to live amidst perpetual spring.  
I guess we are all searching for warm asylum.  
We still have faith that everything will be alright.  
But alas, the world tragically weighs us down.  
In these tenebrous, mortal realms, winter still reigns.  
The wild, passionate flowers of youth are too brief.  
Summer's carefree, innocent songs soon fade away.  
Autumn's solemn ceremonies makes us reflect  
On existence. Yet there's no hint of redemption.  
Time corrupts us and steals our precious hopes and dreams.  
O we are all heading towards a shallow grave!

Dominic Windram
As Winter Turns To Spring (Early March: 2017)

As the snow drop stirs under the still, white season,
I contemplate the silence that creates tender faith.
Although it is still cold and the wind is howling,
And the streets are wet with interminable rain,
I sense that a frail, warm light is drawing near.
O I sense the soft glow of promise and surprise!
I hope the spring will bring fresh possibilities.
I hope this manic world will turn a little slower.

Dominic Windram
Astronaut

I'm an astronaut.
I visit alien worlds.
I miss the birdsong.

Dominic Windram
Astronaut Blues (Inspired By David Bowie)

Moon dust glowing in my fractured mind:
Still dreaming of strange, distant green worlds
Beyond the reach of familiar Earth.
It's so awfully lonely in here:
Weightless - in this accomplished spaceship;
Floating amidst a phalanx of stars.
Family & friends are receding
Reduced to intermittent screenings.
It is just me and technology
For company. I guess that's progress.

Dominic Windram
At Bochum's Fair Park

At Bochum's fair park,
The sunlight streams through tall trees;
Flowers are smiling.

Dominic Windram
At Christmastime

At Christmastime, weather beaten houses
Are lit up to disguise the wintry gloom.
At Christmastime, new promise is aroused
In the hearts and minds of both young and old.
At Christmastime, we should reflect and listen
As the picturesque, falling snowflakes glisten.
At Christmastime, Love's fire is rekindled:
Rich or poor we're one body; one spirit.
At Christmastime, we give and receive blessings.
For these are our most important presents.

Dominic Windram
At Midnight

At midnight, when all is quiet,
I hear the softest voices.
Are the pale ghosts of yesterday
Murmuring in the deep green trees?
Are they hiding amidst leaves?
Are they whispering on the breeze?
About wondrously subtle things?
Is there a light that never dies?
At midnight, when all is quiet,
My worries & fears dissipate.

Dominic Windram
At The Airport

Fractured voices;
Labyrinthine corridors;
Dizzying images:
A blaze of gaudy colours;
Consumerist paradise:
Bewildered herds of buyers;
Cattle like in their movement.
Confusing check in desks;
Constant surveillance...
And then packed like
Sardines in a tin
We fasten our seatbelts
And prepare for flight!

Dominic Windram
At The Allotment (Summer 2018)

O wondrous, colourful flower,
How I'm entranced by your power;
To charm even the most pitiless souls:
A joyous distraction from worldly woes.

Dominic Windram
At The Crossroads

Fragmented signs are scattered
Across this stony wilderness.
A harvest of stars hangs heavy
In the purgatorial night.
The heat is sickly and oppressive.
I feel no cooling winds of fortune.
I see no angels of sweet mercy.
I only hear temptation's whispers.
I can almost taste bitter fruit.
I sense the putrid scent of death.
Nagging spectral forces seem
To await my decision.
Yet I cannot choose a path,
For all roads lead to Golgotha.

Dominic Windram
At The Food Market

At the food market,
Bananas are resplendent
In their golden skins.

Dominic Windram
At The Fringe Festival (Edinburgh: Late August, 2009)

At the Fringe Festival, it is always the same.
Ex private school and Oxbridge twits prancing around
The stage, like cut price primadonnas; beguiled by
The misconception that they are comedians.

Dominic Windram
At The Old Headland

At the old Headland:
The roar of silver blue waves;
The cries of seagulls.

Dominic Windram
At The Poetry Retreat (Late August 2015)

At the poetry retreat, we tried to master
The subtle meanings, rhythms and flows of language,
So that we could better describe our dreams and
Our secret longings. We're still working hard at it!

Dominic Windram
At The Supermarket

The supermarket contains a veritable
Cornucopia of delights: from vegetables
Fruits and meats of all kinds to fizzy drinks, beer, wine
Clothes and toys. Its bright colours are simply divine!
I can see how it inspired Warhol's Pop Art:
From tins and assortments of sweetsto cakes and tarts;
From canned and frozen foods to pasta, bread and rice;
From dairy to poultry; from heavy food to light;
From kitchen appliances, DVDs,
And computer games to books and stationery.
There are always offers, sales, vouchers and coupons
To tempt hungry customers looking for bargains.
The modern supermarket fulfils all our dreams!
For this vibrant place has everything one needs.

Dominic Windram
Atrophy 2

In dreams I see you quickly decaying.
O there are solemn tombstones in your eyes.
And your hair is dripping with acid rain.
And all the signs along life's pathways say,
That you will never experience or taste
The sumptuous joys & fruits of love again.

Dominic Windram
Augusta National: Home Of The U.S Masters

O it's like the Nineteen Sixties never happened!
Here everything is frozen in time. It's so
Damn perfect! There are the pristine fairways and greens;
The sapphire waters and the azaleas
In constant bloom. Yet something is amiss here.
Behind this gleaming artificial paradise,
Lies a history of ugly bigotry and
Reams of downright dirty, despicable racism!

Dominic Windram
Autumn Leaves

I have imbibed October's vintage blood,
And I'm drawn to Autumn's solemn presence.
I'm inspired by its eerie, fallen leaves;
In all their rusty coloured variety.

O they lived with such purpose and keenness;
With vitality in shining summer.
Yet now they possess a profound, dream like
Beauty and quiet dignity in death.

Dominic Windram
Autumn Moonlight

The river rippling
In the bright Autumn moonlight:
The calmness of night.

Dominic Windram
Autumn Musings

Watching the leaves fall:
Notions sketched but not pursued.
Light filters through trees.

Dominic Windram
Autumn Poem

Rusted leaves gather:
Autumn scene at my window
Of red, gold and brown.

Dominic Windram
Autumn Poem 2

Autumn has arrived
In a heap of coloured leaves:
Reds & golds & browns.

Dominic Windram
Autumn Sketches

The cold, dark November dawn brings the rain.  
It splashes, splutters on window panes.  
The wind, as if in despair, moans and howls.  
The rusty coloured leaves are scattered around.

Dominic Windram
Autumnal Moments (October 20th, 2019)

Autumnal moments:
October's rich blood flows through
The veins of crisp leaves.

Dominic Windram
Autumnal Remembrance - 2014

Time's rusted leaves
Gather in the garden
of my autumnal dreams.
These scattered remnants:
Burnt browns, reds and golds
Are like Death approaching;
Yet clad in a tarnished beauty.
Deep within their vibrant colours,
I glimpse the vague traces
Of loved ones long gone.

The scent of bonfires,
Lingers like an old friend
In the crisp evening air.
The blood of October
Is like a vintage wine:
So rich: both sweet and dry.

Autumn is all light and shade;
offering more dimensions
To the heart of our grief.
This is a time to reflect,
Before the bitter coming,
Of the certain frost and snow.

Dominic Windram
Autumnal Winds: (September 2019)

Autumnal winds stir
The trees in the dream like park.
The leaves are rustling.

Dominic Windram
Avoid Distractions!

Don't be distracted.
Avoid the fruit's aroma.
Focus on the seed.

Dominic Windram
Awaken Sleepers!

Sleepers in the twilight world,
Awaken from placid dreams.
It's the moment you must seize
And let the future unfurl.
Wrestle with inner angels.
Give form to fleeting beauty.
Though the storm of life rages,
Cease to see through a glass darkly.
Sow sacred seeds that will reap
A golden harvest of stars.
Dive for precious pearls that lie deep
Within the Being you are.

Dominic Windram
We still have to pay for the 'privilege'
Of being submitted to constant state
Propaganda 24 hours a day.
I think it's high time we had pay per view.
At least it would surely provide these bloated,
Overrated presenters with something to
Think about. I'm not at all interested
In massaging their huge egos. I just
Want to be presented with the facts.
O surely that is not too much to ask? !

Dominic Windram
The news reader stares at me from the screen,
In a calm, authoritative manner,
Buttressed by a brightly lit studio.
Then he addresses amorphous viewers,
Yet speaks to no one in particular.
Although he spouts Queen's English verbatim
He's mouthing things I can't quite comprehend:
Something strange about our current crisis;
Something absurd about the Middle East;
Devoid of the necessary context.
Then the machinations of Parliament:
Do these mandarins really speak for us?
Next celebrities merge with sports items
And then the 'humorous'story at the end.
No significant communication
It's all a game; just polished performance.
I feel so powerless; I cannot act
Only deconstruct the propaganda.

Dominic Windram
Back From The Dead (The Incredible Escapades Of John Darwin: The Canoe Man)

In the old, crumpled town of Hartlepool:
A place that's filled with its fair share of fools:
From Andy Capp, monkey mayor & mad knaves,
To dull ape men still grunting in their caves,
There lived a con man: name of John Darwin.
Who was last seen frantically paddling
Out to sea in an old, battered canoe.
Then soon reported missing on the local news.
This seemed serious not the usual twaddle.
For the very next day a double edged paddle,
Was discovered among some rocks nearby.
A dark shadow was cast over the Seaton skies.
A week later came the rest of the wreck.
But no news of the man who was in debt.
Mr John Darwin was nowhere to be found.
"Presumed dead," but the truth had sneaked out of bounds.
Right under the noses of careless police inspectors,
The canoe man was headed in another direction.
For wily John had simply moved to sunny Panama;
Using a false name he found in a local graveyard.
Meanwhile his vile wife claimed on his life insurance,
For a tidy sum in excess of ten thousand.
Unbelievably, canoe man returned
To his abode in monkey hanger land,
And he now lived in an adjacent flat,
Behind a wardrobe with a false back.
Why he'd even walk the streets in a dodgy disguise
With woolly hat & beard; but was spotted despite the lie.
"Aren't you supposed to be dead?" whispered John,
As he feebly pretended to limp along.
Then back to Panama he fled,
This crude faker of his own death.
Years went by; but he began to worry.
The spies were out; he though he'd been seen:
Courtesy of a picture that had
Been carelessly posted on the Internet.
But devious John had one more trick up his sleeve,
And what he did next is difficult to believe.
He returned to London to a police station
And boldly declared himself a 'missing' person.
Crossing his fingers, he said that he
Was suffering badly from amnesia
And had no memory of the past five years;
Didn't know who he was, why or where?
Perhaps you can guess what happened next
In this far fetched but sadly true story
Of back stabbing, lengthy jail sentences,
Public mirth and private misery aplenty.
To us it's just another chapter in our town's
Preposterous legacy: John Darwin
The canoe man: international celebrity!

Dominic Windram
Backward Town

Painted trash dig apes:
That is the way of the world;
Better leave this place!

Dominic Windram
Bad Trip

A terrible sickness,
Too vague to comprehend,
Has entered our dreams.

Warning signs emanate,
In the pits of our stomachs:
Burning sensations that will not relent.

I'm moved by your presence
As we cling to fading remnants of Beauty.
I value small, consoling mercies.

I note the gradual collapsing
Of every texture & surface.

Familiar objects become eerie & obscure.

O this unholy condition of atrophy!
O this marked change in the weather!

The wind is now howling!
The black dogs are barking!

The stars are dead.

Time is disjointed.
Time is a terminal disease.

As we gaze into the dark mirror,
We see ourselves ageing,
Moment by moment.

The future is a chasm.

Dominic Windram
Balloon Dogs

These metallic purveyors
Of kitsch optimism,
Glitter like cartoon gods
In day- glow yellow, blue, green and red.

They may not be the real thing;
These large, fluorescent structures;
These bold, bloated reminders
Of our cuddly canine friends.
Yet they do depict an Age
That worships cozy surfaces.

Meanwhile back in the cold steel
World of hard fact; devoid of gloss
Of starless nights and empty days
The feral animals are howling.

Dominic Windram
Baptism

The Light christens us,
In desperate days, when we are
Looking for a guide.

Dominic Windram
Baudrillard's Beach

Piles of cool random objects of desire:
(Watches & cans & bottles & gadgets)
Are washed up on so called civilized shores:
Driftwood of debt ridden economies.

Dominic Windram
Baudrillard's Vision.

Millions of people are constantly dreaming
Of sumptuous superstars & grand spectacles
Beyond their reach. Each one repeats mindless mantras.
From the office to the gym they sing the same hymns.
Like infants snug in their cradles, they are still swayed
By sweet illusions. Their gadgets have replaced toys.
They're seduced by glossy adverts of happiness.
O monotony breeds spurious fantasies.
Every epoch has entertained distractions:
From bread & circuses to T.V & movies.
Today's world provides a plenitude of pleasures.
It's just that right now things have gotten out of hand.
No one wants to perceive the worms at the fruit's core.
Millions of us are content with our dreaming.

Dominic Windram
Be Thankful For Small Mercies

Better to be human,
Than to be lonely & blue
Like the gods & angels -
Forever imprisoned
In heaven's solitary realms.
Better to be human,
In the truest sense,
Rather than succumb
To raging animal ecstasies.
Better to be ordinary,
Than a creative genius -
Burning in their own fires;
Torn between Eros & Thanatos.
Be thankful for small mercies.

Dominic Windram
Be Yourself

I've no ace of spades to play.  
I'm saddled with a useless deck.  
I'm no action man on the front.  
I'd much rather paint fresh flowers.  
I'm no fitness fanatic.  
I'm so pale and out of shape.  
I'm not into mundane health food,  
Just stuff that tantalises my taste buds  
I'm not a rampant go getter.  
I like to sleep long, pillowed hours.  
But at least I'm not a regimented sheep.  
And I thank the good Lord for that fact!

Dominic Windram
Beauty Among Ill.

Beauty among ill:
Wondrous wings of a wild bird;
Lullabies of Spring.

Dominic Windram
Beauty is wounded.
She's breaking into pieces.
The butterflies have
Been drained of their bright colours.
Tyrants are sneering
Within this cold kingdom's realms.
For Love is confined
In the darkest of prisons.

Dominic Windram
Beauty's Rare Gifts

Delicate & rare

Are Beauty's fleeting flowers:

In this world of thorns.

Dominic Windram
Becoming Whole

We find sanctuary in myriad guises;
In imagined Edens before the Fall;
In endless, green emblems of Innocence;
In luxury items that lure us like Sirens.

Nursery lullabies & guardian angels,
Once kept the miasmal darkness at bay.
Now they seem to mock us intermittently.
They can become grotesque when we turn to pray.

The distorted image in the black mirror
Coldly reflects our fragmented nature.
Lacan perceived the hard facts of the psyche;
Behind this crude world's fragile mask of beauty.

O what blind, leech-like half formed creatures are we!
We dwell in shadows; we're afraid of the Light!
We must face life's long, arduous journey,
Before we reach the asylum of insight.

Dominic Windram
Begin Reading Books

Begin reading books.
You're ignorant of the facts!
You petty bigots!

Dominic Windram
Behind Beauty's Veil

Behind Beauty's veil:
A realm of hidden treasures;
Eternal delights!

Dominic Windram
Behind Rituals: Christmas Eve, 2019

Behind rituals, we'll find the spiritual,
And open our hearts to Love. We'll be as free as birds.
We'll see that the sacred realms are perpetual.
O we can bring into being the holy Word!

Dominic Windram
Behind The Wall (Israel - Palestine)

Behind the wall:
The burning shrapnel flows.
Buildings lie in ruins.
Freedom's flowers cannot grow.

Behind the wall:
Grey streets of sadness;
A suffocating silence;
An Apartheid fuelled madness.

Behind the wall:
They don't really exist.
They're hidden from the tourist's gaze.
Yet they still boldly resist.

Behind the wall:
What the eyes of the world
Refuse to perceive; but slowly
The light is unfurling.

Dominic Windram
Behold The Keen Light

Behold the keen Light
That transfigures creation:
Frees it from decay.

Dominic Windram
Being A Poet

If you want to learn about loneliness
Become a poet. If you want to learn
About solitude and sorrow become
A mystic. In my time I have explored
Both paths. I've stuck with the former. And now
I build worlds that I cannot inhabit.
For wild dreams are transitory things.
O the taste of freedom would be so sweet,
If it wasn't for the perennial
Weight of the intolerable ages.

Dominic Windram
Belief

I don't believe in current flags of hate;
Only the radiant banners of tomorrow.
I don't believe in vain elites;
Only the ostricised, ragged stranger.
I don't believe in archaic monarchy;
Only the supreme power of all people.
I don't believe in stale religion or cold dogma;
Only genuine spiritual interaction.
I don't believe in fake, arbitrary order
Only chaos that engenders a flux of stars.
I don't believe in nebulous illusions,
As I've awoken from the dream.
I don't believe in grand spectacles;
Only wild, raging voices at the margins.
I don't believe in the bogus leaders
Of servile, sheep like human kind.
I don't believe in novelties;
Only the substance not the style.
I don't believe in crass gadgets;
Only bold, elementary art.
I don't believe in the system;
Only the cries of the oppressed.
But I believe in the bright flame of justice
That will never ever be extinguished.

Dominic Windram
Beneath The Bridge

Beneath the bridge the stream of blue and green
Dances so dreamily; soothed by sunlight.
I feel so free in this abode of peace:
So far away from all the endless strife.
This life has golden moments if we glance
Beyond the ghostly grey, diurnal dread.
Alas it seems cityscapes don't enhance
The soul's natural hunger to be wed
To pure sources of eternal bliss.
But I will keep this splendid spot of time
In my memory, despite the viper's kiss
Of modern life and all its sordid signs.
As you are here faithful, bright and bold
In faithless Age of surfaces so cold.

Dominic Windram
Better To Be...

Better to believe in yourself
Than crave a court of flatterers.
Better to learn a lesson in humility
Than give yourself ridiculous airs & graces.
Better to be true to your art,
Than indulge in shameless self-promotion.

Dominic Windram
Beware Of The Bride Tribes (And Stag Doos Too)!

Please be very wary of the fabled bride tribes:
Sadly coming soon to a city near you.
Watch them empty all the streets with their inane shrieks!
Watch them trample all over style and etiquette!
Watch these painted fools as they drink themselves stupid!
As for all the crude stag dos, they are even worse!
Could we perhaps put these people on an island?
And then we can all breathe a huge sigh of relief!

Dominic Windram
Biased Broadcasting Corporation

O your vain Oxbridge brain is so blinkered!
You really do not know what's going on
In the putrid streets of austerity;
In the dank domains of the dispossessed.
You may try to patronize the public
But discerning viewers see right through you.
You merely echo state propaganda,
Despite your baffling claims of balance.
I think that you're in need of a real job,
Far away from the concerns of elites,
And obsequious, conformist culture;
That's become your modus operandi.

Dominic Windram
Biding My Time

Love's heartfelt whispers linger in my ear,
Even though, she is no longer here.
Yesterday's ghosts still crowd my consciousness.
I'm longing for another chance at bliss.

Dominic Windram
They blinded him because Of the boldness of his vision. They crippled him because of his Consciousness raising activity. They clipped his wings because He dared to dream and soar Like a bird to unknown heights. But the force of his spirit Tore through the dark cloak Of their injustice and oppression.

Dominic Windram
Birds & Clouds & Angels

Birds & clouds & angels
Are the sky's lexicon
For me they symbolize
Transcendence from cold facts
And freedom from the world's
Intractable confinement.

Birds & clouds & angels
Represent childhood's
Innocent yet vivid
& expanded perception.
Sometimes I wish that
My troubled soul could float
From this mortal body,
And join them forever,
Among the blue heavens
In blissful communion.

Dominic Windram
Bitter Experiences With Elites

Just like Byron’s bear, I am rather bemused;
By your ridiculous airs and pretensions.
For I’m too feral for ethereal heights.
I’ve too much of the wilderness within me.
Although I like to digress, I know my place,
Like the peasants, pirates and knaves before me.
I don’t need an education in manners.
For I deconstruct you. I can see right through
Your refined, yet preposterous, rigid masks.
Your academic walls and high brow fronts are
A form of intellectual castration.
I’m au fait with psychological warfare.
I will drive your crucifying traditions
Right up your pompous, proverbial backsides!

Dominic Windram
Bitter Irony

Bitter irony
Of poor, crucified Christ in
Bloated Vatican.

Dominic Windram
Bittersweet Memories

The memories of love, they just linger on.
The blithe spectres of the warm breeze gently
Stir tender flowers in the womb garden.
The frail sunlight still filters through the trees.
I long to trace places we used to hide.
The fresh scent of roses drifts in the air;
Warm, knowing glances roam from eye to eye;
Fleeting glimpses of the grace of presence.
O I still wait for a sign on the wind,
That points to the path of pure angelhood;
That frees us from the solitude of sin.
Golden moments burn brightly in the blood.

Dominic Windram
Black Friday

Those who stare into the hollow idol's eyes;
Those who glitter with the garish glory of fashion & fame;
Those who bless the bones of the carcass;
Those who consume the swill from Modernity's trough;
Those who call the darkness light;
Those who raise the flags of fanaticism;
Those who sharpen the tooth of the tiger;
Those who chase futile, fleeting shadows;
Are all lost in the murky realms of endless night.
They can never awaken to the true source of Light.

Dominic Windram
Black Friday Bargains: A Song For The Sisters.

Today we go for our Mulberry bags,
Our Mulberry bags, our Mulberry bags.
Today we go for our Mulberry bags,
So early in the morning.

Dominic Windram
Blessed

Blessed is the love
That kneels before eternity.

Blessed is the light
That purifies the earth.

Blessed is the poet
Who retains her dreams.

Blessed are the graves of the dead
That the sweet summer rain falls upon.

Dominic Windram
Blessed By Nature's Long, Silent Hours

I prefer the quiet ways of the countryside,
To the roar of the city's incessant traffic:
Where the deep, textured realms of beauty are denied;
Where time speeds quickly by; life's clock constantly ticks.

I'm at peace when I see trees abound with blossoms;
When I hear murmuring bees amidst the flowers.
I awaken to the soft light of the morning sun,
And bathe in the mirthful summer's long and drowsy hours.

Dominic Windram
Blessed By The Light

Saved by the Light,
In the hour of madness.
Blessed by the Light,
With new born awareness.
Warmed by the Light,
For my flesh is cold & weary.
Awakened by the Light,
For life has become hazy.
Redeemed by the light,
In an age of apathy.

Dominic Windram
Blessing (December 2008)

O the prophets, the thinkers & the rule breakers;
The poets, the painters & the music makers;
All of the blessed, sun kissed creators light the way
To a brighter dawn of such joyous, golden days.

Dominic Windram
Blissful Moments

The birds are soaring
High in the gold tainted skies:
Such blissful moments!

Dominic Windram
Blood Moon

Blood moon in the sky:
Curious prophecies breed.
Doomsayers arise.

Dominic Windram
Blood Or Money

What is it that you want from me?
Is it blood or is it money?
Is it love or is it cruelty?

I can never live up to the ideal
You want be to me, Do you have
To bring it up incessantly?

I'm no Jesus Christ;
No holier than thou.
I'm no King of kings;
No sacred, Eastern cow.

All the true feelings
You've denied will return
To haunt you sometime.

I refuse to entertain
All the lies you hide behind.

O you claim that your faith is strong,
But to me it's just another crutch,
You use to lean upon.

Dominic Windram
Blue And Green Dreaming

Blue and green dreaming:
Of bright rivers, hills and fields.
Nature's wild and free.

Dominic Windram
Bochum - Late August 2019: The Sunflower

The fair sunflower reigns supreme;
Amidst an array of colours.
She is Summer's glorious queen:
A showpiece of Nature's powers.

Dominic Windram
Bochum: August 29th 2019

Moments in Bochum:
The sun dissolves in my glass;
As time passes by.

Dominic Windram
Bochum: August 30th 2019

In the beer garden:
The first leaves of autumn fall.
Summer is fading.

Dominic Windram
Bochum: August 31st 2019

Late summer morning:
Roses of red, pink and white
Adorn avenues.

Dominic Windram
Bochum: September 1st 2019

Sitting on the balcony at Haus Vocke;
Between the violets and the orange tree:
Waiting for the gift of magical words;
Waiting to imbibe the colour of dreams.

Dominic Windram
Bonfire Night: Fireworks!

On Bonfire Night a thousand bright lights
Explode in November's autumnal skies:
Moon Shadow, Crackling Glitter, Comet Bomb;
Deadly Dragon, Pearl Shots and Flaming Sun;
Clustering butterflies, Opal Orchids,
Shanghai Surprise and sparklers of chrome and gold.
Wondrous colours of saffron, silver and green;
Scarlet, violet and short blasts of deep blue dreams;
The Tomb of Treasures, The Flower of Spring;
The slither of Shining Serpents that sting
The air - and dazzling white snow lingering;
There are so many dancing, delightful things:
Ruby Red Storms, Summer Fountains, Orange Feasts
And the whirling magic of the Catherine Wheel:
Scenes that briefly extinguish our woes
Until all that's left is a haze of smoke.

Dominic Windram
Brief Encounters

Brief encounters recur in time.
Two incongruent worlds collide:
Mine into yours; and yours into mine.
Fragile lives exposed & scrutinized.

Eternity's blood red rose opens
Petal by petal. And it oozes
With the bitter scent of betrayal.
It radiates for all the losers.

O what has become of the seeds;
We nonchalantly tried, in vain, to sow?

Dominic Windram
Bright New Horizons

Colours and sounds crash
Through my fading consciousness:
Bright new horizons!

Dominic Windram
Bright Prophecies

Bright prophecies are
Written on the city's walls,
Yet no-one reads them.

Dominic Windram
Broken hearts and minds:
The black clouds are gathering.
The light is buried.

Dominic Windram
The river no longer echoes,
With the voices & laughter,
Of nymphs and a thousand
Other nameless creatures.
Its crystal blue waters:
Once the symbol of a
Keener sense of beauty,
Now seems rather prosaic.
The trees have shaken off
Their ancient, teasing ghosts.
As I have now; weathered
By the cold winds of Time.
I have long abandoned
My deep, childhood dreaming

Yet our eyes avert themselves
From the ordinary.
And I still can recall
Drowsy summer days here;
Where the scent of Nature's
Sweet perfume drifted,
And then lingered in the air,
For a jeweled eternity;
When time was measured in moments
Not in days and months and years.
Thus Time has no hold here.
..And still I can recall
Searching amidst dark woods,
Brimming with mysteries,
Alongside my cousin,
For dock leaves to ease,
The nagging sting of nettles.
All we could hear, moving deeper
Into the heart of stillness
Was the sound of our footsteps.
We explored ever green dominions,
That whispered their secrets into our ears;
While the river's heady scent
Burned in our nostrils.
Alas Time is a cruel thief!
The robs us of our former glories.
But as its steady clock has ticked by
My soul has grown deep like the river.
The blood that flows in my ageing body
Predicts the dark days of flood.
Yet now I feel that I can face
The flashing madness of
The interminable present;
Reconciled with these memories.

Dominic Windram
Burn Out

Derelict mindscapes:
Love's an exchange of fluids.
No day glo future

Dominic Windram
Burned by time and pain:
Waiting for the summer rain's
Gentle redemption.

Dominic Windram
Burning Questions

Can the old, vibrant symbols be revived
In an age that's seduced by garish signs?
Can the sacred blood still cure Adam's curse
In this prosaic world that lacks vital verse?
Can the buried light be rediscovered
Amongst the ruins of post-modern dread?

Dominic Windram
Butler Service For Every Suite

We are the heavenly hoteliers sprinkling fairy dust
We are here to please. Your every wish is our command.
We are here to make your dreams come true.
We provide a butler service for every suite.

Your butler will cater for your every whim.
He will be unobtrusive and most attentive.
He will be immaculately dressed at all times.
He will ensure your suite is pristine at all times.
He will be your guiding light in a world of darkness.
He will make all of your dreams come true.

He will be most courteous at all times;
Because he likes to serve; he likes to please.
He will never ever let you down.
He will always be punctual.
He will chill your preferred assortment of beverages.
He will suggest options for your breakfast orders.
He will robotically serve your breakfast orders.
He will make all your dreams come true.

He will serve your afternoon canapés.
He will polish and condition your shoes.
He will replenish your ice bucket on a regular basis.
He will unpack your luggage in the blink of an eye.
He will waggle his ears when you pat him on the head.
He will dance on the table for a reasonable fee.
He will always serve you with a smile.
He will make all your dreams come true.

Dominic Windram
By The Deep River

By the deep river:
Watching the sunlit ripples
Gleam on the water.

Dominic Windram
By The Fireplace

By the fireplace,
Oak logs crackle, and the flames
Of gold, softly glow.

Dominic Windram
By The River

We're sitting so peacefully by the river,
On bucolic banks bursting with green willow trees.
This truly is a magical place for lovers.
We're flanked by buttercups, birds, bees and daisies.
What joy to hear the warm summer breeze whisper!
We are imbibing this morning's sweet fragrances.
The sun on the water is glinting and gleaming.
Silvery fish delight in deep blue blissfulness.
Patient anglers are now all drowsily dreaming.
We kiss and give each other such knowing glances.

Dominic Windram
Call Centre Asylums

Call Centre workers:
Battery hens with headphones:
Revolution please!

Dominic Windram
Calvary Of The Mind

There is a Calvary of the mind
Where the sufferer can trace neither
The familiar light of sun or moon;
Nor the vast blue empire of sky.
O it is a starless place where one
Can only feel the incessant heat;
And perceive the endless dusty road;
And implacable contours of bone.
In nightmares we drag our crosses there
Like lame, ragged beggars dying of thirst.

Dominic Windram
Can we poets consecrate diurnal hours;
That nowadays speed by ever so rapidly?
As for discarded particulars of beauty,
Can we still help them ripen into perfection?
Can we poets transmogrify this wayward world;
That cries out in its troubled sleep for redemption?

Dominic Windram
Capitalism

Capitalism
Spawns dry kingdoms of corpses,
Across the third world.

Dominic Windram
Capitalist Delights

Fantasy homes by the dazzling ocean;
Bucolic cottages in the country;
Carefully constructed capitalist
Delights that draw us in, and take hold, of the
all advertising,
They distract us from the pain of living
Many dreams and desires are satisfied:
That is true, but all for the right price of course.

Dominic Windram
Carpe Vinum

Praised be Dionysus! O I'm drinking lots of wine,
To relieve the boredom; just like in former times.

Dominic Windram
Cartoon Paradise

Cartoon paradise,
That lies amidst perfumed clouds.
Illusions prosper.

Dominic Windram
Casino Blues

In all honesty,
I'm not here to be
Hypnotised by Lady Luck.
I'm not here to salivate
Slavishly like a Pavlov's dog.
I'm only here as a favour
For a most misguided friend.
This place is so absurd.
This place is pure purgatory.
It's a million miles from reality!
It's like a brightly lit prison
That allows a modicum of freedom.
Addiction is the sentence here:
No one gets out unscathed.
The hours pass by mechanically;
Where there is no day or night or hour.
I wish I could melt like plastic into
The garish greens & reds of the carpet.
Punters treat money so casually.
It's like spitting in the wind.
As golden tokens spew from slots
I sense the aimless, uniform frenzy.
As for me I'm keeping my head on
Just in case I should lose it here
Like my most misguided friend.
Another gin & tonic should suffice.
At least it will get me through this nightmare;
Before the soft embrace of feathered sleep.

Dominic Windram
Caste System; Class System, , , It's All The Same.

The caste system is
Just like our class system.
It condones elites.

Dominic Windram
Censorship

They censor references
To alternative worlds
From time travel to metaphysics:
From Romanticism to Rom coms,
Because the sovereign state
Will provide everyone
With all they require.
Other worlds are not necessary.
Here the colours bleed into one.
Here the uniforms fit perfectly.

Dominic Windram
Censorship By Omission (Gaza 2009)

Black burnt remains of doll child:
Countenance: blank; expressionless.
Now merely like fragments of porcelain:
Rendered a worthless object.

Orphan of the wilderness:
Otherness denied;
Reduced to a News item
To prick the world’s dwindling conscience.

Yet T.V image censored:
Considered too stark;
Too graphic; too brutal
For 'refined' public consumption.

The media's silence;
The world's silence
Speaks louder than words
And louder than bombs.

Dominic Windram
Ceremonies

Ancient ceremonies of birth and death
Add meaning to our tawdry existence.
They embrace life in all its light and shade.
They provide form amidst primal chaos.

Yet sumptuous ceremonies of love
Elevate us to a god like status!
When two beings come together as one,
Love's force vibrates across the universe!

Dominic Windram
Channel Zero

O I would rather watch blatant
Stalinist state propaganda
Than the so called entertainment
Of the BBC & ITV.
I would rather eat my own flesh
Than watch the risible Ant & Dec,

Dominic Windram
Charting Our Progress Beneath The Stars

The world began in Eden
And ended in Las Vegas;
From beautiful garden
To dazzling morgue.

The world began
Snug in the soft feathers
Of holy innocence;
Now it hides its needle marks.

The world began
With Adam, the first poet:
Naming the animals.
Now words are used
To sanctify advertising
And other disreputable arts

The world began
With waves of hope.
Now there is only
Garish forms of lesser light;
Amidst the infernal darkness.
As we close our minds
And caress our smart phones
Like rosary beads,
We live like strangers
To one another.

The world began in Eden
And ended in Las Vegas.

Dominic Windram
Cherry Tree Cottage

By the old cottage;
Contemplating Spring's blossoms:
Rose pink & snow white

Dominic Windram
Childhood Memories

Childhood memories:
The scent of incense & the
Colour of the streets.

Dominic Windram
Childhood Perception

The child does not decipher the world, like we, who
Are wracked by Time's invariable sores & wounds.
For he or she experiences, a glowing.
colourful oneness, that we compartmentalise.

Dominic Windram
Childhood Vision

As a small child I dreamt of sailing to
The fantastical shores of fairy isles.
O I would dream of sailing oceans blue
And boundless; under diamond studded skies.

Now such exotic dreams are rather rare.
Kingdoms of the mind are harder to find.
Childhood offered freedom without a care.
Yet it still spawns my poetic designs.

Dominic Windram
Childhood Visions

Childhood visions are present in these streets.  
They're filled with a profound, yet playful light;  
That will never die. My senses run wild;  
When I revisit this place of lost youth.  
The houses and gardens are like things from dreams.  
There's a blurring of illusion and truth.  
It is a bright world which is frozen in time:  
My secret world of fables, symbols and signs.

Dominic Windram
Christ Versus The Church

Jesus Christ, was for the poor, not the rich.
I wish my church would acknowledge this.
But it is too concerned with petty rules
And dogma. It treats us like paltry fools.

Dominic Windram
Christ Versus The Vatican

Jesus Christ poured out His life blood for the oppressed:
That is the meaning of the venerated Cross.
He sought to liberate animal consciousness.
Throughout the ages, pure Love is crucified whilst
Crude, unchecked power extends its dominion.
The Vatican's repressive, retrograde orders
Grow obese & corrupt amongst their great riches.
The lost, ragged strangers are hidden far from view.

Dominic Windram
Christmas Cards

There are pictures of baubles, mistletoe and snowmen. There's Santa Claus, reindeer and stars that glisten. Yet the one picture, that's often curiously missing; That really matters; that gives the season true meaning Is that of the Christ-child born in a humble manger. In these times of secular glitter; He's a stranger.

Dominic Windram
Christmas Markets

Christmas markets keep tradition alive:
From the waft of grilling beef and mulled wine;
To gleaming gold stars and silver bracelets
From wooden toys to tankards and trinkets;
To fresh flowers, art, crafts and antiques.
They've got whatever it is that you seek.
They're a thriving riot of sounds, colours,
Smells: a wild world of wonders and splendours.
They're an Eden of cheeses, cakes and sweets.
Thousands of bright stalls fill the winter streets!

Dominic Windram
Christmas Not Yuletide

Because I'm not a heathen or pagan;
Because I'm not inclined to worship trees
Or stones, I take issue with those who refer
To Christmas as Yuletide. For I'm inclined
Towards a higher light that respects the
Human form while pointing to the divine.

Dominic Windram
O Christmastime is colourful lights and mulled wine!
It is the warmth of log fires on winter nights.
It's the scent of pine trees and the sound of sleigh bells.
It's a manic time of shopping: of buy and sell.
It's the sublime taste of turkey, sweets and puddings.
It's the joy of giving presents and receiving
Them. It's about the birth of a heaven sent child.
We often forget; as we hide from the divine.

Dominic Windram
Christ's Sacred Blood

Christ's sacred blood,
Burns right through the heart and soul,
Before it can heal.

Dominic Windram
City At Night (Newcastle Upon Tyne: August 2017)

O this fair city seems to be singing tonight!
O love is in the air; it's swarming in the streets!
It's all ablaze; a passionate flame burning bright.
We'll share much laughter & drinks in this blissful heat.
O this enchanted city is like a drug. It
Desires to provide me with the highest of hits.
O there are beautiful dancers with bright blue eyes!
It is summer's last hurrah, before the light dies.
I love the deep neon glow of silver and gold.
My heart's as light as a bird's and I'm feeling bold.
There's a full moon and a myriad stars are gleaming.
I'm not certain whether I'm awake or dreaming.

Dominic Windram
City Of Neon Lights

Neon lit city:
The endless flow of traffic.
Where are we going?

Dominic Windram
Clarity

At first, I was blinded by the Light, but now
I can see clearly. The past and all of its
Disenchantments are a blur. O I will compose
Bright odes to beauty; that are beyond compare!

Dominic Windram
Close Encounters With The Third Way

They're the new improved hollow men:
Such obsequious mannequins.
They are purged of all doubt & sin.
They are pathological liars;
Yet left dumbstruck when faced with Truth.
They're duty bound never to stray
From the cool, slick, airbrushed message.
They parrot sound bites for a living.
They're the new improved hollow men:
Such metal headed mandarins.

Dominic Windram
Clovelly Fishing Village: North Devon, England: July 2019

Drowsy, summery days; dreaming by the bay:
Where soft sea breezes merge with bucolic ways.
Gulls and terns glide over deep set, jagged cliffs.
Deep blue waters are pregnant with silver fish.
O donkeys dawdle along old, cobbled streets.
Time is frozen here; cottages are pristine.
Their facades are filled with the freshest flowers.
I savour the bright moments of each passing hour.

Dominic Windram
Cold, Calculated World

Our lives are shadowed
By the cold stare of a star:
In a regimented age
Where we are governed by gadgets.
It's like Plato's apt cave image
In which we're shielded from the sun.
And seduced by simulacrums:
Conditioned from the cradle to the grave.

What role is there for the artist
In a world of shiny surfaces
And meaningless day-glo symbols & signs.
Other than to repeat the mantra?
Perhaps bold creative types should
Exist outside of the crude system
And work with base materials:
To construct new worlds of mystery.

Dominic Windram
Cold, November Wind

Cold, November wind
Blows so hard: scattering leaves
Across avenues.

Dominic Windram
Colourful Tranquility

A most pleasant afternoon by the water's edge:
Reading a book and sometimes simply observing
The foliage's softness and the rippling river:
Such colourful tranquility...such indolence!
How I wish all aspects of fleeting time could be
Condensed into these precious moments of wonder.
Then perhaps their brief rareness could last forever.
O sometimes it's so marvellous to be alive!

Dominic Windram
Comedic Genius Versus The Critics

O you made him into a caricature:
A kind of second rate clown; a hollow man.
Yet he was unique; a comedic genius;
A bold chameleon: changing styles all the time.
His timing was impeccable. The laughter flowed.
He was the king of improvisation, for nothing
Worth commenting on, would pass his curious eyes.
You dour, constipated critics should shut up!
You excel in mediocrity. I see right
Through your fake because you lack
Talent, does not offer you the God given right,
To put others down; especially the great ones!

Dominic Windram
Comfortably Numb

He can be considered comfortably numb.
For nowadays he doesn't drink so often.
But has Prozac prescribed sporadically.
He takes regular exercise at the gym.
How he loves to attend that secular shrine!
He's a 24 hour news & sports junkie.
A keen consumer of the latest products,
He adores wearing anything with brand names.

He cannot be described as a citizen
In the more traditional sense of the word.
For he's a rather passive floating voter:
Wooed by slogans and big personalities.
He doesn't seem concerned about policies.
Distracted by enticing lifestyle choices,
He goes on many holidays in the sun.
He likes to bet in casinos from time to time.

He avoids fatty foods; stocks up on yoghurt
But still relies heavily on pre packaged meals.
He frequents night clubs, when he is in the mood,
But doesn't read fancy novels much these days.
He prefers to go on line and surf the Net.
And on Ebay, he buys and sells lots of junk.
He likes to laugh aloud at surreal adverts
And the classic comedy repeats on 'Dave.'

He gets on okay at his brand new work place.
He is most at ease with fellow employees.
And detached but still in tune with the rat race.
He sleeps like a baby; so snug as a bug.
And no longer experiences nightmares.
Now he knows how to deal with all the madness.
He has a certain interest in stocks and shares.
He's no longer religious but humanist.

He is not in love but enjoys one night stands.
He is adept at filling in forms like a
Lobotomised monkey, for all manner of things.  
For he's now very well adjusted to the game.  
He accepts the fact that he is truly trapped  
Like the proverbial hamster on a wheel  
Or a goldfish in bowl circling around  
Aimlessly but still functioning...just drifting.

Dominic Windram
Comforted

This September morn:
And the scent of fresh flowers
Seems to fill the air.

Dominic Windram
Comic Book Heroes

Comic book heroes:
O come and be real for us.
For we're truly lost!

Dominic Windram
Communication...What Communication?!

To those who overuse modern gadgets,
Let me remind you all, that effective
Communication is a two way process.
And not a kind of mumbling monologue.

Dominic Windram
Communion

Sacramental wine,
Fragments of mystical bread,
Feast of compassion.

Dominic Windram
Communion Now

I will not burden you with the weight of my love,
Nor judge you harshly for your all too human faults.
I prefer to embrace the fragrant flowers of forgiveness,
Rather than draw from the darker realms that often consume us.

I know your eyes do not glimpse the same stars as mine,
But I know we breathe the same air and feel the same rain.
I know that life's blood red roses will wither,
And I know that desire is inevitably fleeting.
But I do not care about such meagre matters.
For I shall build a home for you in my heart and soul;
Not for some complicated ploy devised in private;
Not out of pity or some pious sense of duty;
Not out of some petty, puerile need for conquest;
But for an older, wiser sense of communion
That lies dormant within us, like a bible truth.

In this age of disposable pleasures;
Amidst its instant access to animal ecstasies,
I seek a more profound, pellucid angelhood;
That exudes the warmth of grace;
That is secure in itself; that recognizes
The primal need to be acknowledged.
I shudder at these self absorbed times.
Yet you confirm the sunlight deep within me
And for that reason I am truly grateful.

Dominic Windram
Company People

Now that I'm working on my own, I have to say,
I don't miss the juvenile camaraderie
Of company people. Quite frankly they
Don't share my sense of high culture or irony.
Nor do I miss the dumb, drunken office parties.
I'm glad to breath in a more refined, rarefied air
And study; read books; view art works; write poetry:
Anything to avoid the company people!

Dominic Windram
Composing Poems

Composing poems is like submitting to a storm.
You just have to suffer and wait so patiently;
Until the metaphorical rain, in frantic
Downpours, soaks you to the bone and the writing flows!

Dominic Windram
Compromised

So now you're inclined to turning
Tricks for the vain glitterati;
Just jumping through hoops like a seal,
For the proverbial pay packet.
Chasing paper rather than dreams;
Shacking up with all and sundry.
So what's it like there in Purgatory
Now Poetry's sweet angels have all fled?
To be frank I can't say I'm shocked.
I suppose it was good while it
Lasted - however temporary.
I've met your type so many times.
It has become kind of hackneyed.
I feel like a modern Tantalus.
Yet it's still so hard to commune
With someone who's reaching for the stars:
Just to resign & throw it all way;
To surrender to the status quo.

Dominic Windram
Consider

O consider the weight of innumerable
Dark centuries on the backs of the dead and
The living. Consider the distance between us
Now that the fragile flowers of love have withered.
Consider the plight of the artist or poet:
Who constantly pour out their dreams and visions in
A world of great indifference. They die a little
Each day. O they speak from the heart and bleed for it.

Dominic Windram
Constant Reveries

Constant reveries of our connected world:
Our bright screens provide a million delights
Why even Buddhist monks have stopped meditating,
And are now busy with messaging and tweeting!
Should we even bother with reality, when
Illusions are infinitely more appealing? !

Dominic Windram
Consume Don't Question

'Consume don't question! ':  
Proclaim impious elites.  
Nothing is sacred.

Dominic Windram
Consumer Dreaming

O consumer dreaming saps our being.
Like fabled magpies we are preprogrammed
To scavenge wildly for glittering junk.
For advertising burns brightly through our veins.
And it contaminates our consciousness.
We are now conditioned to scanning screens
For intermittent flashes of offers;
Linked to a vast range of brand new products.
As Christ once opined: ‘does it profit to gain
The whole world; whilst losing our sovereign souls?’

Dominic Windram
Control

I can navigate
These constantly teeming dreams.
The night is still young.

Dominic Windram
Conversion

Now the scales have been
Removed, in conversion's flash,
I can see with fresh eyes.

Dominic Windram
Cornucopia

Cornucopia:
Of endless, dreamlike delights;
In sacred moments.

Dominic Windram
Corporate Control

Corporate control
Of every living being:
Resistance futile.

Dominic Windram
Corporate Culture

Corporate culture corrodes consciousness,
As one has to submit to the workplace,
Like an obedient puppy. There is
No room for misfits. One has to accept
Prevailing beliefs and behaviours;
Put on a mask and ignore one's conscience.

Dominic Windram
Corrupt Stock Market

Corrupt Stock Market:
It is a modern Moloch.
We are its victims.

Dominic Windram
Cosmic Evolution - (2001: A Space Odyssey)

Jawbone to spaceship:
Fron Übermensch to Star Child:
Reincarnation.

Dominic Windram
Creation

Traces of wild stars.
O the lifeblood of flowers!
Nature's disclosures.

Dominic Windram
Creation Weaves Wonders

Vibrant Creation weaves constant wonders.
A phalanx of stars ripens like fruit in
A distant, dream like, milky galaxy.
O how many worlds lie beyond our sun?

Dominic Windram
Creation's Rich Tapestry

O I'm inspired by the colours, the forms and
The textures of life's inexhaustible painting.
I marvel at the diamond studded stars at night
They radiate more than any fake, neon light.
The beauty of the moon is more vital than art.
The sun's primeval power is more profound than
Our pale truths. Nature's rivers, hills, valleys and streams,
Resonate in the memory, more vividly
Than mimetic music or poetry's frail words.
In Nature's hands, ethereal and earthy blend.
Fluffy clouds float like angels in deep blue heaven.
From Spring's first blossoms to bleak winter's sleet and rain,
There's an immaculate contrast of flame and shade.
The sweet miracle of verdant flowers, plants and
Animals: in all their endless varieties
Gives me pause for thought and further contemplation.

Dominic Windram
Creativity Versus Bureaucracy

O to all you meddling micro managers;
To all you petty, pedantic pen pushers;
And to all you crass, corporate bean counters;
To those with the imagination of fleas;
I'd like you to know that I possess a soul,
And I will not be subject to your cold plans
And idiotic strategies, in any way,
Shape or d, I'll paraphrase what the
Great poet/ prophet William Blake proclaimed:
'I need to create a system of my own
Or be enslaved by another's. My business
Is not to merely analyse but to create!' 
I spit upon all of the mediocre schemes:
Spawn by anally retentive committees:
Who can't appreciate pearls because they're swine.
O I spit upon all pointless paperwork.
And portfolios are for the philistines.
God willing, there is a special place in hell;
Reserved for all those who sanctify order and
Conformity, and crucify true artists!

Dominic Windram
Creativity Versus The Conservative Order

Sparks of originality and roots of compassion
Are often contained in the dark secrets of wounds.
We should never try and build walls around our hearts.
We can only receive grace when we are broken.
The repressive systems, that are forced on the world,
Are created by those who simply cannot bear
Existential pale creatures of fear;
These reducers of consciousness continue to
Run our societies, and callously stifle
Creative spirits and cultural alchemists.
They invariably connect and glibly speak
To the fascist within us all. 'Obey orders!'
Is the crude mantra implicit in their message.
They are now ubiquitous; as they dominate
Our screens and our minds. They prefer the cold,
Telescopic eyes of surveillance to the warm,
Vibrant heart of universal communion.
They cannot hear the angels' lamentations.
They are doomed to fail. And because they will not look
Deeply into their own souls, they cannot hope
To transcend the worldly desires that confuse them.
Hence, the mystical rose will always elude them.

Dominic Windram
Creativity/ Destruction

All creative acts are marred by decay. 
O the bold dreams that we actualise 
Turn to nightmares and soon become ruins. 
The blazing light of hope soon turns to ash. 
When the child in us dies, we begin to 
Demand proof; no longer do things seem so 
Colourful and boundless. Warm innocence 
Is replaced by experience's cold fears.

Dominic Windram
Crude Authority Versus Creativity

Crude authority,
Can often crush, wild flowers
Of creative thought.

Dominic Windram
Crusing Along The River Ouse 2: York, September 13th, 2019

Such sights to behold;
Cruising along the river:
Light ripples on blue.

Dominic Windram
Crusing Along The River Ouse: York, September 13th, 2019

A most peaceful day:
Cruising along the river.
Watching time drift by.

Dominic Windram
Cultural Wasteland

O culture is a forbidden word
In a dead end town where life resigns.
How lonely are all the sweet caged birds?
And how slow is the passage of time?
Why are these flowers crushed by doorways
That could lead to sunbursts of new days?
Where is the light, and where is the key?
Where are curious spirits like me?

Dominic Windram
Culture, Sweet Culture

Culture, sweet culture,
Is what separates us from
The animal world.

Dominic Windram
Cyberspace

O cyberspace's ethereal realms are so dense
With images and information of all kinds.
They seem so vivid and alluring to us that,
Nowadays, even reality appears
Grey and mundane compared to our bright, gleaming screens.
It's merely cyberspace's distorted shadow.
Yet these burning, pertinent questions still remain:
How far have we evolved? How far have we progressed?

Dominic Windram
Daily Constraints

Daily constraints of
Straight jacket society:
Freedom is a myth.

Dominic Windram
Dark Star Of Decay

Dark star of decay:
Cold eyes roam from face to face;
Keen senses expire.

Dominic Windram
Darts

Once it was spit and sawdust;
Now it's champagne and stardust.
Once it was a paltry pub sport;
Now it packs out huge arenas.
Once it was about averaging 90;
Now it's a smattering of 9 darters.
Once it was the butt of jokes;
Now it's a cool, soaring sport.
Once it was dropped by the barmy BBC;
Now it certainly thrives on starry eyed Sky!

Dominic Windram
Dead Zone

Frozen metal skies:
Fractured media message:
Truth is a carcass.

Dominic Windram
We can terminate time with a warm kiss.
We can travel beyond time with a book.
We can escape time with music's caress.
We can freeze time with a long, patient look
At a sunset or a surreal painting.
We can feel time's rampant flow by writing.
We can release time by slowly breathing.
We can transcend time when we are searching
For the eternal design; that's revealed
Sometimes in soft burning visions and dreams.

Dominic Windram
Dear Father (1995)

In dreams, I'm driving along endless roads
Of mangled red flesh and dry, sterile bone.
Driving along as the body decays:
O there is nothing left for me to say.

I regret the things I should have said.
I regret the things I could have been
In your eyes; just for you dear father
This is the cross that I have to bear.

Nightmares collide with cold reality.
Feelings I thought, had long since died, now seem
To flood back in waves of grief. How can we
Resolve the immense weight of the past. These
Intense, vivid dreams cannot help us move
Ahead, when one step forward is the truth:
That's all we've ever known. Life is precious,
Yet broken hearts are hand to mend in time.

I regret the things I should have said.
I regret the things I could have been
In your eyes; just for you dear father
This is the cross that I have to bear.,

Dominic Windram
Death And The Maiden: In Memory Of Egon Schiele (1890 -1918)

Watching from the wings as desire dissolves
On bulbous land. Brittle bones poke through the pale white flesh.
This is the devil's bleak crossroads where attraction
And repulsion meet. Contorted bodies: attached
Yet so ng anguish of the torn world
Behind illusion's veil; Behind the frozen masks
We vainly hang on to dreams as they fade
The artist knows his paltry acts of rebellion
Are futile in an indifferent universe.

These eyes I have seen in dreams: wild, blank, blood shot eyes
That have glared at the heart of the void for too long.
O these twig like arms; hands and lips cannot connect.
They would break into pieces with a mighty clap.
Clinging and cleaving in despair to fractured flesh,
The two figures writhe around like restless reptiles
On a rucked fling of white fabric. O they are caught
Between longing's rose and the dark kingdom of lust;
With no shimmering deceptions of Love's warm light.

Dominic Windram
Death Draws Closer

Death draws closer,
To Summer's children of love:
Ill fated murmurs.

Dominic Windram
Death In Life.

In the shadowy world where we reside,
The angels of mercy are receding;
The clowns & monsters have taken over.
Love is usurped by superficial signs.
The clothes we wear reveal the scars of war:
Cut price souvenirs for cognoscenti.
Who said that the search for novelty leads,
In the end, to the threshold of despair?
The rain keeps pouring; it’s never ending
We haven't seen a hint of sun in months.
Too much chaos! I need a change of scene.
For I have seen the writing on the wall.

Dominic Windram
Decades

O life's strange procession moves on,
The summer is almost over.
The air's heavy with nostalgia:
With the scent of fading roses.
I recall the tainted glories
Of beloved ones now gone.
O praised be the peace that passes
Ordinary understanding.
Its a design of rare gold
Etched in the silvery night.
The pale mystery of moonlight:
Its sense of serene seclusion;
Seems to remove the trails of doom.
The ethereal beauty, of
Mozart's piano concertos,
Seems to fill this room's emptiness.

I cry like a child although I'm old now.
I remember being young and carefree.
I can still hear vague traces of laughter
Of lovers & friends & acquaintances
That float freely on the freshening breeze.
I stand by the gate at the garden's end.
Six decades have passed in no time at all.
I see the children of morning's new face;
Casually plucking flowers as they play.
I think of all the time that's passed me by.
Each inevitable turn of season.
Between the primal, warm, green spark of birth
And the mid summer of my tender youth;
Between the pathways walked a thousand times
In search of shining Truth and the time
Spent alone as starry eyed creator.
Between sketchy notion & the honed craft
Of conception lies a lifetime's labour.

O I've so much work still left to complete;
Many heavy burdens still to carry.
O I'm haunted by unearthly figures.
They're half in soft light; half in shade;
Always desperately calling out my name.
Each evening I watch the leaves as they fall:
Red, gold and brown on Autumn's solemn ground.
I try to cry out in the cold October dawn.
For I'm still moved by strong passions that burn
Like slow, consuming fires deep down inside
The time has come to retreat from this world
Of fleeting shadows and embrace silence.
I'll merely observe the birds as they nest,
And watch the clouds as they drift by and die.

Dominic Windram
December 1st: 2019

Frost covers the trees.
The winter's here again.
I shall hibernate!

Dominic Windram
Deconstructing Bruce Willis

Have a go/ Diehard 'hero':
An apologist & ambassador
For Stars & Stripes Empire.
His earliest memory was
Observing flags all around
The mighty Washington Monument.
Quick flashback to ground zero:
Bald headed Bruce is the avenger.
Via trials of blood and fire.
Hollywood movies enact rituals
Of violence as American as
Homemade apple or cherry pie.
He claims that he most admirers
The brave soldiers fighting overseas
In the name of liberty...while others
See it for what it is...blood for oil
Is it any wonder then
That I cannot stop smirking
When bold Bruce proudly proclaims that
He believes in artistic integrity? ! !

Dominic Windram
Deconstructing Media: In Memory Of G.S.

Some call it News, when it's propaganda.  
Some call them journalists, I call them hacks.  
Some label truth tellers as subversives.  
Are dissenters really unpatriotic?  
Some call social reformers: Communists.  
Some call murder: collateral damage.  
Some call brutal occupation: democracy.  
Some call bold freedom fighters terrorists.  
Some call wild genius: insanity.  
Some call it poetry when it's mere prose.  
Some call pointless bureaucracy: progress.  
Some call the shots, even though they're useless.  
Some call it light when it's really darkness.  
Some call it heaven when it's really hell.

Dominic Windram
Deconstructing Romantic Dreams

Some say that Nature's red in tooth and claw,
But for the Romantics things are different.
Thus they create odes to birds and flowers.
They refute notions of brutish progress,
And drift through life as if possessed by dreams.
They idolize trees and valleys and streams.
Indeed at times I'm inclined to be one
Myself and embrace an ideal world that
Radiates with a reassuring light.
But I observe too much darkness these days.

Dominic Windram
Deep Blue Days: (The Profound Effects Of Meditation)

Deep blue days of calmness flow through my veins.
There are no black clouds in my inner skies.
There seems no real reason to question why.
At night, clusters of stars illuminate
My consciousness. I hear the softest sounds.
Waves of oceanic feelings abound.
There seems no reason to pontificate.
My dreams are decidedly heaven bound.

Dominic Windram
Deep Sea Diving

O the measured flood of surf;
The cosmic rhym of tides!
The world rolls like a pearl
Through gulleys in the mind's eye.

The wind reports on a wreck'
Breaking upon a reef.
Its hull is dilodged and dragged
Over a coral steeple.

Its sunken cabins are sequined
By luminous shoals of silver fish.
That I can only describe
As resembling aquatic butterflies!

A myriad of shells are filched
From watery caves by divers
Amidst mutli coloured pockets of the sea.
O observe its vrilliant fauna and vermillion
And saffron praires of weeds!

The deep sea diver extacts mollusks
From shells with corkscrew twist of knife.
Many times he has listened to the great roar
Of the sea from the vast deeps of the shell's insides.

The waves unroll a white hem of lace
On the soft pure sands.
The sapphire water discloses
A sea floor of zebra stripes.

A nervous cloud of pink fish
Takes off into deeper water.
Observe a heap of ink black pebbles
And the sanded drag of smoke.
Observe the blue dazzle of light above.
O what dreams this undersea world evokes!
Deep Within My Heart

Deep within my heart:
A vivid universe is
Slowly expanding.

Dominic Windram
Deep Within My Soul

Deep with my soul,
A vivid universe, is
Slowly expanding.

Dominic Windram
Defiant To The End

O I will never beg for praise
From cold, faceless institutions.
I prefer alternative ways.
For I'm happy on the outskirts:
Remaining true to my visions.
I'm not impressed by fake outbursts,
From the many fevered egos,
That dance to corporate demands.
Fashion inevitably goes
Wherever the current wind blows.
Yet so few seem to understand:
There's nothing new under the sun.
One has to see beyond the haze.
I resist all crude distractions.
I shall spend the rest of my days;
Creating worlds to kill boredom.

Dominic Windram
Delusions Of Grandeur

You claim the right to free expression,
But I only hear the cacophony of words.
You worship at the altar of the secular
Whilst pouring scorn on the sacred.
You revel in your spurious rebelliousness,
But you don't suffer the birth pangs of creation.
You blindly strengthen the status quo,
As you caricature the culture of the other.

You crave immortality in the blink of an eye
But to me you are mere insects reaching for the stars.
You believe in a shining happiness for all,
But you will not share the bread and wine.
You believe that your purifying love will save the world
But you don't see the worms at its core.
You proclaim a 'brotherhood' of man
But exclude those that are not born into 'light'

You extol the fruits of democracy,
While you bless the might of the military.
You like to preach that the pen is mightier than the sword
Indeed it is: the poison of propaganda spreads far and wide.
You weave wondrous worlds from myths & dreams,
But you never stir our critical faculties.
You may think that you are gilded guardians of peace
But you are not fit to proclaim the prophecies of the Dove.

Dominic Windram
Delusions Of Grandeur 2

You crave a court of constant flatterers,
Rather than a critical readership.
O what ridiculous airs & graces!
You abound in decorative nonsense.
Your poetry's a painted skeleton.
You can't get your head around a concept.
You use diction no one can understand.
I will never pander to your demands.

Dominic Windram
Delusions Of Grandeur 3

Vile of tongue and lacking in wit;
Talk the talk; but cannot commit.
Dull of mind and heavy of foot;
A preening bunch of pampered mutts;
With image rights and private jets,
For laddish foibles: no regrets;
With plastic WAGS to stroke their egos,
Their self delusions just grow and grow.
They'll blame the ball, the pitch, the ref.
They'll blame VAR; constant stress.
O they may beat their chests and try and
Point so proudly at 'The Three Lions'.
O they may even attempt it seems
To display their marks, wounds and bruises,
But to me the current England team
Are a bunch of glorified losers!

Dominic Windram
Denouncements

I denounce the vast war machine of teeming male testosterone
And plagued patriarchies that discredit the Eternal Feminine.

I denounce the deadened minds that dominate in the corridors of power
And the regimented rhetoric that reduces consciousness.

I denounce the tribal deities that require constant sacrifice to maintain their
control over fragile psyches.

I denounce the false preachers and prophets of hatred who proliferate in the
shadow lands.

I denounce Mammon in all of its myriad forms and I despair of its devoted
disciples.

I denounce the crucifiers of pure Imagination in callous, cut throat economies.

I denounce the mandarins of mainstream media whose task is to distract not to
inform.

And I denounce the pitiful propaganda that propagates imbecile illusions of
happiness.

Dominic Windram
Despair

Despair is a disheveled moon;
Whose blurred light corrodes heart & soul.
It's night breaking through mundane day.
It is the darkness of the Fall,
After Eden's bright innocence.
It is the starkest of meetings
In the mirror; where one sees scars
But never traces of beauty.

Dominic Windram
Despotic Leaders

O the 'Free' World's crazed, despotic leaders have
The machines, the media & the masses
At their disposal. They rely heavily,
It seems, on their cult of personality.
Democracy is merely a game to them.
Image, like items/ products, is everything.
And we, the people, just spectate. We never
Really participate. That's the way the world works.

Dominic Windram
Diana, Princess Of Wales, Memorial Fountain (2004)

The fabled followers of fashion are drawn here
To mourn the Princess of Hearts; England's modern rose.
O they surround this 'sacred' site in their thousands.
They are attracted like mad moths to a light bulb.
Why are they here? Why do they need this granite shrine?
To converse with the spectres of trite sentiment?
Perhaps they've assembled to prove they still exist;
By making the ground wet with their crocodile tears.
Yes...they are here for something that is evident:
Yet it's a something they can't quite articulate.
Perhaps some kind of Holy Grail that is not here.
It never was. And deep down, I think they know that.

Dominic Windram
Diatribe Against The Poetry Slammers!

I'd much rather be considered antediluvian,
Than pursue the trite novelty,
Of the preposterous poetry slammers.
It's truly pathetic that they prefer pantomime
To vital, radical art that edifies.
I have watched these painted zombies,
prancing around the stage, so many times,
And I find them vile of tongue & slow of wit!

Dominic Windram
Digital Communication

The endless chatter
Across cyberspace's vast realms.
It is mind boggling!

Dominic Windram
Digital Culture

Digital culture:
Social atomisation;
Designer labels.

Dominic Windram
Disconnected

O these bright fragments, leftover from childhood,
No longer provide pleasure. They've lost their worth.
As for Youth's brief arena of distractions,
Its vivid colours used to arouse me, but
It lacked substance and form. And now life's pressures
Weigh heavy upon me. O there seems to be
No escape from the all consuming rat race!
It will take some time; but I will heal my mind.

Dominic Windram
Disguising Despair

The comic mask you 'effortlessly' wear,
Tells me nothing about your deep despair.
It is your habitual persona.
I'm afraid it has now become frozen.

Dominic Windram
Disgust

As I look around this wanton world of today,
I see everything that I once believed in fade.
All I feel is a deep seated sense of disgust.
What's happened to ethics? What has happened to trust?
O why are the righteous prophets hidden from view?
What has happened to me? What has happened to you?
The dark agents still proliferate in the West.
For them it's dog eat dog; survival of the fittest.
O I've watched them crush all the creative flowers,
And I know they'll continue to cling to power.

Dominic Windram
Dismal Days

Slowly the light drags
Across the dark, dingy room.
Fear hides in sheets.

Dominic Windram
Dismayed By These Redundant Times

Ignorant of divine origins,
Yet familiar with spiritual hunger,
This blank generation stumbles on;
Making the same old mistakes;
Such as referring to the darkness as light;
Or sentimentally wishing upon dead stars:
That are as cold and as bleak as night.

We cling on to brightly painted bones,
That we assume will bring us luck.
We are truly lost. We can’t seem to see
The verdant woods for the gnarled, black trees.
We may assume that we are civilised,
Yet our lives are plagued by superstitions.
Like our ancestors, we still live in fear.

Dominic Windram
Disney World

This is a thriving, perfect world
Where golden dreams dance into life;
With technology's magic wand;
Sanctuary from today's strife;
A cool, commoditized Eden
Of story book fantasies,
And clockwork pictures of living,
Before the Fall's bitter coming.

Quaint symbols are replaced by fresh signs;
Where one shalt always follow arrows;
And where one shalt always stand in line;
Directed by warm currents and flows.
Blasts of hyper reality,
At affordable rates for all,
With wondrous waiting worlds to see;
Childhood digitally recalled.

A world of great progress and perks:
Of journeys to stars that dazzle;
Of mad parades and fireworks;
Of bright, pink fairy tale castles;
Of hot dog and pop corn pleasures;
Of reckless, preposterous pirates;
Desperately hunting for treasure;
Of heroes that pluck love from hate;

Of cartoon images made flesh,
Providing plastic transcendence;
Where's there no putrid scent of death;
Just a blurring of the senses -
(Just taste the sweet, swirling madness!)
Of immaculate scrubbed clean streets;
Of holidays all the year round;
Of grand, exotic mysteries;
Of international renown.

Compliant performers in costume
Radiate such rainbow tinged fun,
Like bold spring flowers in full bloom;
As cheerful as the summer sun.
There is always a song to sing
In swell, delightful Disney World.
There is always a neat ending
Where evil doers are defeated;

Where Mickey Mouse never ages;
For time has no meaning here.
The light of love shines on all faces;
For fairy dust removes all fears.
It's the perfect place for us dreamers;
(The price we pay is merely pride.)
For we are passive consumers
Who like to be taken for a ride.

Dominic Windram
Disney World 2

Disney world - is a world
Sprinkled with fairy dust:
Where dreams do come true;
Where the colours are so bright;
Where you can smell the popcorn
& taste the sweet, swirling madness;
Where pink plastic palaces penetrate the sky
& thousands of fireworks explode in the night;
Where the fleeting moment's celebrated
& the troubled past is buried;
Where the technology's amazing
& the rides are so exhilarating;
Where the experience hypnotises
& the critical faculty sleeps;
Where cleanliness is next to godliness
& everything runs like clockwork;
Where the staff are always smiling
& having fun is mandatory;
Where the brand is beautiful;
& the image is everything;
Where the products are cool
& radiate with meaning;
Where money is not the root of all evil
But the enabler of all desires;
Where the future is American
For America is the land of liberty;
Where the lights never go out
& the magic never ends;
Where time has no meaning
& Mickey Mouse never ages;
Where no one is excluded
If they're willing to pay the price.

Hence the gates are open for the lucky ones
Who are enticed by the dazzle of illusions.
And illusions seem to carry great weight these days,
While ugly, ragged reality is kept out.
Disorder

The bruised, frosted dawn:  
There's blood in the fingernails;  
White lines on the floor

Dominic Windram
Disposability

'Everyone and everything is disposable!':
That's what the corporate moguls would like us all
To think. O they can turn warm hearts of innocence
Into cold steel! O they want us all to consume
Their latest creations and discard the rusted
And the old! Indeed, they require us to reject
The holy flame of conscience: that lies deep within
Our sovereigns souls. We must try to resist them!

Dominic Windram
Disrupt The Order

Disrupt the order
Of routinized existence.
Create novel forms.

Dominic Windram
Distillation

Let me gather up all the flowers you refused.
Let me trace the star that gleamed on that fateful night.
I don't expect any easy answers from the gods.
I don't wait in patient awe like martyrs or saints.
I don't believe in drugs or herbal remedies,
Or engage in gambling as I don't have much luck.
I don't do horoscopes for reasoned principles.
I don't expect Love to find its way through wastelands
Of despair. I only have faith in the power
Of poetry to drive a bold light through the darkness.

Dominic Windram
Distorted Mirrors

Distorted mirrors:
All artificial Edens
Disguise their dark ghosts.

Dominic Windram
Do Not Alter Your Love.

Do not alter your love.
For it should not be distorted
By myriad darker things:
That cling leech like to the soul.
Do not alter your love.
Let it flow freely.
Let it open petal by petal
Like a violet emerging in Spring:
Fed by the breath of warm breezes
And the soil and the silvery rain.
Do not alter your love.
It should not be distorted.
O allow it to radiate
With an innocent kind of light.

Dominic Windram
Do Not Disturb

Do not disturb the profound silence of mystics
With your superficial, unholy bourgeoisie ways.
Do not bore radical thinkers with statistics,
For they can see right through you with their righteous gaze.
Do not think that you can outdo the keen artist:
Who can paint things that you can only imagine.
And do not seek to patronise the dispossessed,
Who know their plight and desire to begin again.

Dominic Windram
Do You Dream In Multi Colours?

Are your dreams multi coloured or just black and white?
Perhaps you perceive precious hints of sacred light;
Even amidst the darkest, wintry realms of night.
Perhaps you're a prophet blessed with profound insight.

Dominic Windram
Do You Dream In Multi Colours? Version2

Do you dream in multi colours
Or just in mundane monochrome?
Do you live your days in fear
Or do you like to wildly roam?

Do you reach for the golden stars
Or are you bound by crude habit?
Do you explore strange, exotic worlds
Or are you anchored by creed & tribe?

Dominic Windram
I document wastelands of endless sadness,
For I feel adrift amidst the swarming madness.
Angels have fled the desecrated garden.
The Light's buried under illusory worlds:

We are mired in codes and absurd systems;
In stale, mindless routines like frightened children.
Butterflies suffocate in the poisoned air.
The fake, plastic roses refute transcendence.
The last trace of beauty struggles to survive.
Paradise is a perfumed pipe dream for sale.
There's no wild struggle of will, passion or faith.
In a world of narcissists fame is the prize.

O I recollect Kierkegaard's caveat:
That novelty's fruits turn bitter so quickly!
We should look beyond masks for flakes of silence.
We should search for wisdom that yet bears no name.
The sword of Damocles hovers overhead.
The prophets recede in the lengthening shadows.

Dominic Windram
Don't Follow The Fakers

The pied piper poets are courting
The sweetly singing sirens by the rocks.
In time they will both lead their acolytes
To wretched oblivion; for they can
Only offer the allure of novelty
Not the potent wisdom of the ages.

Dominic Windram
Don't Follow The Fakers 2

The pied piper poets are courting
The sweetly singing sirens by the rocks.
In time they will both lead their acolytes
To wretched oblivion; for they can
Only offer the allure of novelty
Not the potent wisdom of the ages.

The true artist court no sycophants.
His light emanates from deep within
The vast, ethereal realms
Of his self contained soul.
He deplores dewy eyed disciples,
And the doggerel of deluded amateurs.

Dominic Windram
Don't Give Up

I know that you feel that the world is going mad.  
I'll bring you roses; now you are lonely and sad.  
O try not to worry, for it will soon be spring:  
When once again the blossoming flowers will sing.

Dominic Windram
Don't Lose Hope

Don't let sweet hope grow old and grey.
Let it sing within you like Spring.
Let it guide you from day to day.
Let it breed a thousand bright things!

Dominic Windram
Dream Consciousness

I'm seeking sanctuary on the outskirts of words:
Amongst the sweetest melodies of spectral birds.
I want to grasp the Light that transcends the senses.
O I want to embrace the moon's subtle caress,
And depict the endless weeping of pregnant skies:
Where grief & sorrow are mirrored myriad times.
I would like to perceive the potent roots of Spring
And portray the birth of a plethora of things.
I would like to experience Creation's oneness.
Crude symbols cannot capture its' teeming essence.

Dominic Windram
Dream Operators

Dream operators,
And unhinged, ruthless hucksters,
Run this wanton world.

Dominic Windram
Dreamers

The ways and the wanderings of dreamers
Are decidedly idiosyncratic.
For them the gleaming moon and stars are guides.
They decline detailed, obligatory maps.
Dreamers are perhaps careless, but they have
Unlimited access to bright, inner worlds.
There are those who critique such quirky folk,
Yet, it's not a perfect world; hence we need them.

Dominic Windram
Dreamers & Idealists

Flowery dreamers,
And angelic idealists,
Add colour to life.

Dominic Windram
Dreaming Of Eden

I shall pack my poems with plentiful rhymes
And adopt a plethora of different styles.
Renewed by the greater, pellucid Light;
With a sense of firm purpose and power,
I shall create garlands of poetic flowers.
I'll pluck them from this vibrant genesis:
This teeming green age of my dreams.
I intend to reap all the benefits.
I will aim to merge, what is with what seems,
And I will put a stop to lesser schemes.
Although there will be struggle, it will look like
All was performed in the twinkling of an eye!

Dominic Windram
Dreaming Of Eden (Alternative Version)

Poetic flowers:
From this vibrant genesis;
This teeming green age.

Dominic Windram
Dreaming Of Escape

I'm tired of work and the heavy earth.
I'd like my spirit to float in blue skies.
O I'm tired of measuring my worth,
Via my possessions and my lifestyle.
I'd like to retreat from this absurd age
Of wantonness and greed. I'd like to write
Of magical things and wild, wondrous days,
And escape the clutches of dreadful night.

Dominic Windram
Once we stumbled upon a dream landscape.
It was all the colours of the rainbow:
The blithe fairies and elves came out to play:
Where life was pure as the driven snow.
O it was permanent summertime there!
The satyrs and centaurs played their pipes.
Then they warned us of the great dragon's lair.
We heeded all their wisdom and advice.
We visited some strange, exotic lands:
Filled with unicorns, goblins and wild sprites:
Many creatures we couldn't understand.
We roamed the valleys and soared mountain heights.
We stayed for what seemed like eternity.
Yet when we awoke it was merely hours.
Clearly we shared an enchanting dream.
O we were called there by magical powers!

Dominic Windram
Dreams

Dreams are wild flowers
Illuminating my days.
No more thoughts of sorrow.

Dominic Windram
Dreams & Visions

Dreams and visions:
Of pleasant moonlit rivers
And calm blue oceans.

Dominic Windram
Dreams 2

Dreams blessed by the Light,
And nurtured by night's silence,
Dissolve in the dawn.

Dominic Windram
Dreams Are Descending

Dreams are descending,
Like glistening flakes of snow:
Magical moments.

Dominic Windram
Dreams Are Piling Up

Dreams are piling up;
Like the late December snow:
Crisp and sumptuous.

Dominic Windram
Dreams Flow

Dreams flow through the night.
Will their light unlock my mind?
Will I be wiser?

Dominic Windram
Dreams Of Angelhood

I dream of angelhood and Love's promise; despite
The desolation of the desecrated night.
O the anguish of all the ages endlessly
Recurs in need to be so vigilant.

Dominic Windram
Dreams Transcend The Mundane.

I walk empty streets,
Still holding on to rare dreams:
Deciphering signs.

Dominic Windram
Dreams Turn To Nightmares

Dreams turn to nightmares:
Spectres crowd pale egg shell skulls;
Serpents writhe around.

Dominic Windram
Drink Coca Cola!

Drink Coca Cola:
Delicious & refreshing;
Live the dream always!

Dominic Windram
Dumbfounded By A Day-Glo World

The snow falls with supernatural slowness:
As surreal as ceremonies of dying;
As stark yet serene as a seer's presence;
O mid winter's malignant spell is binding!

The soft spirit of grace fades from the world's face.
I'm moved by the crescent moon's subtle caress,
Not the dazzling, febrile glow of cyberspace;
Where the blare of the counterfeit displaces,
Our time honored notions of noble Truth.
And floods the senses with miasmal confusion.
In the fashion house of fleeting youth
Sparks spatter from the anvil of illusions.
Airbrushed models leap from magazines & screens.
Their skin is as smooth & deluxe as vinyl.
Symbolic myths are pasted onto tomorrow's dreams.
Sentimental surfaces mask the violence.
I watch, with august judgement from the wings,
As the heady, hackneyed scenes are replaying

This is the era of the passing impulse.☐
Ironic dissipates in the desperate light
Of a phantom sun that mesmerizes us;
While the frail human subject's shadow declines.
Slyly parasitic in our 'cozy' homes,
Like preening cats we crave supine asylum.
We are content to embrace shadow kingdoms.
We no longer seek a transcendent domain
Of fire & air; that stirs the stars & seeds.
We lack a profound hunger for higher needs.
There are only intermittent murmurings
- Lullabies of the lost that sing through the cracks.
We're content with the cut price in sensation's quest
Not the fresh miracle of warm surprise that's blessed.

Glittering fragments adorn our cave walls.
We are far removed from ultimate concerns
And the contemplation of Platonic Forms;
The pure pools of silence, in which we once
Dwelt, are now polluted by the endless din
Of distractions that deny the source of things.
The Word is strangled by syllogisms.
It is wrecked on the vast shore of sophistries.
This is the age of tainted information.
It's replaced the richness of ancient wisdom.
An abyss now sneers at verdant creation.
A brand new form of bigotry has begun.
I detect it in the marked decay of doves.
It can be deciphered in the death of Love.
The halo is now outdated & defamed.
Poets are ciphers writing metallic verse.
And 'activists' reek of narcissistic aims:
What manic, translucent clowns of dissidence!
We seek an arbitrary sense of order.
There are no more prophets or passionate pilgrims.
Only starry eyed tourists crossing borders;
There's no seamless coat of divine harmony
I can only trace the warped patterns of those
Who weave coarse fabrics of their own devising.
I sense the power of the vainglorious.
There are no reference points of virtue or sin.
We are left with mere remnants of beauty
That only the refined artist can perceive.

I gaze knowingly at black, skeletal trees;
For their gnarled, ice laden branches plague my dreams.
In these bleak mid winter moments - dark spots in time.
I await the coming of spring & its' vital wine.

Dominic Windram
Dystopia

Behind the gleaming skyscrapers,
The silent screams from the ghetto
Behind the bowers of flowers,
The dry bones of penury.
In the shadow of luxury hotels
The graffiti & the slow burning rage.

Dominic Windram
Dystopian Visions

O Love cannot hope to survive
In a wilderness of stale lies.
Mercy evades the stern judges
Of humanity who never budge
From their rusted old perspectives.
They always take and never give.
Innocence hides from crude search lights
In the cold corridors of night.

Dominic Windram
Each One Dreams

Each one dreams, in their
Small, private cells at night time,
Of glorious escape!

Dominic Windram
Each Snowflake

Each snowflake is unique.
Each one’s a beautiful world
Of wondrous design!

Dominic Windram
Early Spring

Sun rise, and a rose pink dawn is emerging.
It is waking sound sleepers from their dreaming.
Warmer light is now filtering through windows.
Outside, a much calmer wind gently blows.
O there is dew on the grass and the hedgerows,
And white blossoms point to a bright tomorrow!
In verdant fields, we hear the lambs soft bleating.
Fresh in every detail, are the signs of spring

Dominic Windram
Easter - Children's Poem (For Lucy Windram)

Easter is such a special time of year.
It brims with new life, love and light so rare.
Sweet birdsong floats on the warm, April breeze.
Pink & white blossoms scatter on the streets.
The lambs & chicks play in fields of deep green.
Once again the people begin to dream.
The tulips & daffodils gently bloom;
After winter's harsh reign of icy gloom.
The shops are filled with all kinds of goodies;
From colourful eggs to fluffy bunnies.
O Easter's a magical time of year.
It brims with new life, love and light so rare.

Dominic Windram
Easter 2019

Nature's rhythms reveal the primordial Word.
It flows like a river to celestial seas.
O it speaks, with lightsome grace, to our deepest needs.
In secular festivals, it is now unheard.
For we're distracted by endless colours & sounds:
That only serve to mask the regions of darkness
Or to ease the symptoms of the amorphous crowd.
O we need once again to embrace rootedness.
We should consider the seed; not just be aroused
By the cornucopia of fruit or flower.
We need to listen closely to intricate powers:
That constantly shape creation with boundless Love.
We need to grasp the ways of the Lamb & the Dove.
I hear rhapsodies and odes to strange suns & moons
I hear voices sing of gilded domains of sin
Yet who will reflect Silence's wise & pure pools:
Who will compose healing modern poems & hymns?

Dominic Windram
Easter Dreaming

Lamb like lullabies,
Dreams flow like rose pink blossoms.
Easter's warm surprise.

Dominic Windram
Easter Musings

Every Easter, I think hard about life,
I think of human suffering; the Word
Made flesh and Christ's redeeming sacrifice.
Yet there's still so much that I have to learn.
We poets, are conversely: flesh made word.
The seasons and the elements shape us.
We seem to dream of impossible worlds.
We are, at times, the essence of stardust.
We are linked to the sweet songs of wild birds.
Each fresh syllable we stress is heart felt.
And often our very beingness burns
With an eerie fire that is transcendent.

Dominic Windram
Easter Time 2015

It's Easter time again
And there's sod all to do.
It's raining cats and dogs
And I'm frozen to the bone!
I see that ITV are putting on
All 31 'Carry On' films
For our viewing pleasure
How considerate of them:
What depth of vision!
What supreme imagination!
O how I wish I was elsewhere,
Maybe sipping coffee,
In a cafe on the Champs-Élysées;
With other arty types;
Talking about Baudelaire & Bresson
And the surreal blossoming
of strange exotic flowers.
Such joie de vivre!
But back here among the grime
And the philistines,
It's Easter time again
And there's sod all to do!

Dominic Windram
In order to fully commemorate
This significant sacred time of the year,
When we recall, with due deference,
The poignant meaning of the Passion,
And the promise of a new life in Christ,
We strongly recommend that you purchase
The following items. Have a nice day:

A vine berry Bunny
Wreath with burlap bow;
A Blue beaded foam egg
Placed in a white pot;
A vintage true faith
Resin egg;
A fluffy ba ba sheep
Designer bag;
A lamb sun catcher;
A metal chick in an egg kit.

A pink floral cross
With green chevron;

And a ceramic fairy flower girl.

A Palm Sunday puzzle;
A Last supper saucer;
A saints & martyrs
Sticker pack;
A cream floppy eared
Welcome sign'
A crown of thorns
Crayon set;
A pastel praised
Gypsum word;
A crucifixion key ring;
And a plastic wind up
Swimming bunny.
A red fluorescent Christ;
A light of the world lamp;
A hop hop hop
Bunny head with hat;
A saffron jute with tulips;
A 'we are blessed'
Black wood board;
A blood of the lamb,
Ketchup bottle;
A purple 'ice cream
For Jesus 'onesie;
And a 'He is risen'
Paper bookmark.

Have a very happy Easter!

Dominic Windram
Easter Vigil

The hard frost of Lent
Has gradually thawed.
And we calmly await,
The subtle miracle
That gives significance
To life's shadowy forms.

This is a night of strife,
That scans the centuries,
When deliverance and despair
Stake their claim on the psyche.

O Lady of Mercy,
Bless us in our brokenness,
As we offer bread and flowers,
As we discard the old, habitual ways.

O Lady of Grace,
Radiant heart of the Dawn,
Accept our human flaws,
May the spirit sanctify the flesh.

In this dreamless, cosmetic age
Of endless distractions,
We are lost in labyrinths
Looking for guidance.
We tend to inspect the air
For the scent of permanence.
Thus we cling to time worn rituals:
The flickering of a candle flame,
To symbolize His Presence,
Emerging from the veil of darkness;
Pure water and fresh fire
To caress the scars of Time.
We must prepare ourselves
For the moment that merges
With teeming Eternity;
When the frail, battered self
Retreats and a clear world
Of Being is born.
When even in old bones
The pith is gently stirred
And purpose is rekindled.

Easter is the year's ascension.
For at the stroke of midnight,
Spring time's revelation
Will herald the coming
Of a Greater Light.

Dominic Windram
Easter Week: Version 1

This week, eternity descends from wounded skies,
And crashes like lightning into our humdrum lives.
We are forced, at length, to decipher seemingly
Obscure symbols, hymns and signs; which indeed, in
Our glazed, modern eyes, belong to some other time.
Flesh equates to bread; blood is conflated with wine.
For this solemn week speaks of profound human pain,
And life's redemption, like the healing April rain.

Dominic Windram
Easter Week: Version 2

This week, eternity descends from darkened skies,
And crashes like lightning into our humdrum lives.
We are forced, at length, to decipher seemingly
Obscure symbols, hymns and signs; which
Our glazed, modern eyes, belong to another time.
Flesh equates to bread; blood is conflated with wine.
Yet this solemn week speaks of profound human pain,
And life's redemption, like the healing April rain.

Dominic Windram
Easter: April 2020

Easter is spring's crown.  
It adds to the fresh light with  
Its symbols and hymns.  

Dominic Windram
Ebay

Explore ebay now.
We can sell you anything,
Your heart desires.

Dominic Windram
Eco - Warrior

Nature is on the brink of extinction.  
I sense the darkness mocking creation. 
I sense the suffering of innocent things 
I lament the butterfly's broken wings. 
Love’s been sacrificed; the Lamb has been slain 
On the altar of monetary gain. 
I anticipate the days of fire & flood. 
A burning anger flows within my blood.

Dominic Windram
Ecstatic Communion

Ecstatic communion:
When the blood burns through the veins;
When the world's weight is dissolved;
When the universe expands;
When the light is pellucid
When all the colours collide;
When all the flowers explode,
When wild heaven emerges.

Dominic Windram
Edvard Munch (1863 - 1944)

Nature's dark angels
Kept watch over his cradle.
He was tormented.

Dominic Windram
Eerie Easter Dream

The dark green agony
recurs in Gethsemane.

The lizard is writhing
On the blurred rock

The sun's blood burns
In my Catholic veins

Golgotha's skull
Leers in the savage light

Dominic Windram
El Salvador

White hand on black paper
Meant death for Romero -
Revered archbishop.
Yankee dollars were behind
The mass executions;
The rapes & electric shocks.
The cameras recorded
The vivid colour of blood.
Armed dark angels still prowl
The crumbling city streets.

Dominic Windram
Election Day

We're requested by the elites,
Every five years, to mark an X
For our preferred candidate.
It's a perfunctory task:
Requiring little thought or effort.
We're like B.F Skinner's rats
Conditioned to pressing levers
For small rewards it seems.
Unfortunately, that's as far as our
'Noble' democracy stretches.

Dominic Windram
Elegant Gardens

Elegant gardens:
The church spire stands aloof
And peeps through tall trees.

Dominic Windram
Elites Appease Us

Elites appease us
With new 'bread and circuses'.
We've got to resist!

Dominic Windram
Embedded Journalists

O embedded journalists thrive on illusions,
Limos and lunches. O they know how to avoid
The facts at all costs. O they serve their dark masters
Very well; it has to be said. I ignore them.

Dominic Windram
Emptiness

Intoxicated by worldly pleasures,
And bitter sweet odours of faux flowers,
The lost, feral children of the dust,
Drift aimlessly & chase after shadow dreams.
The neon gods they worship distract them
From the blessed realms of ultimate concern.
Their hearts prefer to dwell in the house of mirth
Rather than the house of wisdom & sorrow.
O the deserts grow deep within their souls.
Novelty's futile pathways lead to despair.

Dominic Windram
End The Licence Fee Now!

O I'm so sick and tired of paying a licence fee,
For the 'privilege' of watching the barmy BBC.
O why on earth should we pay for what's ostensibly state
Propaganda or face imprisonment? ! I'm so irate!
Even Joseph Stalin never came up with something like that!
It's a corporation of the pompous and rich fat cats.
Its general tone is patronising; it's so out of touch.
O it provides very little; yet promises so much.
Its programmes never point out the elephant in the room.
And when someone does, they're labelled as mad, subversive fools.
Personally, I think that the weary British public
Have had quite enough. So move over BBC and quit!

Dominic Windram
End Times

The modern world worships idols of gold:
From Vegas glitz & Disneyland theme parks,
To crude celebrities who sell their souls.

Quick fix culture: torn between light & dark
We now need prescribed drugs to cure boredom.
The rampant rat race madness leaves its mark.

We have lost the keys to inner kingdoms.
We cannot find our way through the labyrinth.
We will pay the price like fabled Sodom.

Dominic Windram
Endless Distractions

People's lives are invariably traces of
Debris; distractions that try in vain to defy
Inevitable death. There are those who indulge
In animal ecstasies; until they are left
Satiated, but inconsolably alone.
And there are those who meditate from sunrise to
Sunset. Yet they can only glimpse a fragile light.
There are those that seek myriad novelties,
Yet all they discover are the dregs of despair.
And there are those who gamble obsessively,
Yet so often 'Lady Luck' is not on their side.
There are those who glitter wildly with fame's glories.
Yet they can't face themselves in the clear mirror.
There are those who stagnate in rooms of contentment.
They keep death in its place on a daily basis.
There are those who need conflict to feel more alive.
Yet thrills of endless wars can't fill their empty souls,
Yet there are some who face death; look it straight in the eye.
And create something precious; that's worth living for.
For they are the true prophets, poets and artists.

Dominic Windram
Endless Possibilities

Too many choices!
Which symbols should I select
To paint Life's patterns?

Dominic Windram
Enlightened Artists

Your colour & craft
Increase our consciousness
Like angels dreaming.

Dominic Windram
'Enlightened' Humankind.

Humankind is now so enlightened,
That it can send spacecrafts to other worlds,
And glimpse the most distant light in our
Teeming universe. Yet often it seems,
That vain, distracted humankind, cannot
Perceive the pure light within its own heart.

Dominic Windram
Enlightenment

An enlightened trance
Of glowing inner heaven.
Sun filters through dreams.

Dominic Windram
Ennui

I walk along these paralysed streets;
Vainly searching for something precious.
Like a faint blast of exotic music
Or a preacher with a golden throat:
Something soulful in this plastic age:
Where everyone seems to act out a part.

Dominic Windram
Enraptured

I am enraptured:
Now that strange, magical winds
Have entered my world.

Dominic Windram
Enter This Broken World

Enter this broken world,
Light that knows no limits;
Reality beyond all words;
Mystical glory of the teeming universe.

Enter this dark house of sorrow,
Life creating Art; Vessel of Eternal Joy;
Indescribable treasure: subtly
Transcending summer's hazy transience.

O Holy Queen of the Angels,
Our sweet Lady of Solitude:
Transfigure the scattered fragments
Of tainted matter & ghost.

Comforter of The Afflicted; stranger to sameness;
Enter through the cracks in our dreams.
For we shall praise & crown you with flowers:
Light pink & snow white roses.

Enter my broken world:
Firm Throne of Wisdom;
Mother of Mercy;
Gleaming Star of The Sea.

Guide us who are lost:
Tossed & torn & shipwrecked
By life's cruel
& turbulent storms.

Refuge of Sinners:
Calm translator of
The Spirit's unsettling
Yet healing fire.

Guide us through this Vale of Tears.
For in our exile from Innocence's garden,
We see through a glass darkly.
Make us whole with thy grace.
Entropy

A curious trail
Of tenebrous connections:
The death of angels.

Dominic Windram
Epiphany

Praised be - the rebellious gestures of Christ echoing through time
& the dialogues of dreamers in the potent bliss of Spring.

Praised be - the ripening of stars in the fertile night
& the diaphanous words that glide with the birds on the wind.

Praised be - the peace activists railing against the vast, intractable machinery of war
& the so called mad who've broken out of capitalism’s metallic ways.

Praised be - the wounded children of the dust who lie weeping
In the graveyard of frozen vision; may this curious age address their suffering.

Praised be - the unknown saints so humble in their utter ordinariness & the most fragile of flowers barely surviving amongst neon & concrete.

Praised be the angelic artists scratching at the heart of life; searching for a pulse behind the plastic
& the wilder ones with wandering, fevered minds who cannot rest.

Praised be - those who sip the liquid light from the vital sun of longing & those who proselytize in plagued streets at midnight.

Praised be - those who find a dwelling place in the soft embrace of imagination & who oppose its strangulation in the crucible of calculated education.

Praised be - the non conformists refusing to follow regimented consumption & the debunkers of myth & fairy tale & all those who deconstruct the caustic kingdom of advertising.

Praised be - the poetry - a flash of light in the midst of a dark, discordant universe.
& the revolutionaries buttressing the burning question marks of these times.

Praised be - The flesh & the fire of genius thought which reinvigorates leaden lexicons & the mellifluous music that heightens critical consciousness.

Praised be - The saviours of wanton humanity who sacrifice themselves so that
we may live
& the mystics and the monks who repeat their mantras to end all pain.

Praised be - The holy ocean of infinite wisdom in an age of tainted information
& the immensity of joy that refuses to be crushed by fear monger Pharisees.

Praised be - the fruits of eternity sweetening in the gilded gardens of existence
& the secular prophets who denounce hierarchy but pronounce the Word’s
gleaming reality.

Praised be - the redeeming rain pouring through the cracks in our elaborate
designs
& the healing days when limitless Love soars over the abyss.

Praised be - The rebirth of wonder in deadening democracies
& the Spirit that remains as fleeting illusions fade away.

Dominic Windram
Epiphany 2

O these febrile nights of birth
Are draining my lifeblood!
Each wrought syllable
Seems to sigh
With deep longing.
Eventually,
A tender beauty
Is laid bare across
Burnt, weathered pages:
The profound laments
Of lonely dreamers
Radiating amidst stillness;
Angelic wisdom,
Phrased in crude animal yelps;
A small rage against
The grinding ubiquity
Of machine consciousness;
The soft air of grace
In these arid times;
A harvest of stars
In all their spectral radiance;
The scent of violets
In an odourless age;
A hint of moonlight
On the shadow lands;
A passionate prayer
Amongst cool objects.
Then dawn arrives cloaked
In rose pink splendour:
A blast of birdsong
Suddenly awakens me.
Despite the fresh pain
& the stinging rain,
Perhaps it's the slow
Resurrection of love
From emptiness.

Dominic Windram
Epiphany: The Three Kings

Although they did not know his name, they sought Him in the bleak darkness of wintry night. It defied all the wisdom they’d been taught, Yet they were drawn to a mystical light. With pilgrims’ keen eyes that see beyond stars, They followed the light until they found Him. They offered gold, frankincense and myrrh To the new born King of Kings without sin; In a humble stable of hallowed ground. They wondered how such bright glory dwelt there. Yet through it all, He slept without a sound. They realised their riches weren’t so rare, Not compared to divine innocence’s worth. That blessed night they perceived heaven on earth.

Dominic Windram
Epiphany's Secrets

As Epiphany's secrets flow through my mind,  
I shall decipher rare symbols and signs.  
For truth is so complex and multi layered.  
Endless streams of distractions make us wayward,  
We must focus on the original source  
Of things. And feel the warmth of a greater force.  
The mystics have taught that throughout the ages.  
We need to write new words of light on Time's pages.

Dominic Windram
Escape

I'd like to leave the constant urban grime,
And the modern, manic merry go round.
I'd like to escape to verdant valleys
And meadows fresh with bright sun & soft rain
I would like to breathe in the country air
And the pleasant aroma of flowers.
The raw, unspoiled life is perfect for me;
Not the rampant artificial designs,
Of the ubiquitous corporate powers
That supplant our vital consciousness.

Dominic Windram
Escape 2

Scarred by the city:
I retreat to rural realms;
Paradise at last!

Dominic Windram
Escape From The Rat Race

I can't keep up with this mad rat race pace;
So to the countryside I'll escape.
There amongst sweet birds, fields & flowers,
I'll regain my poetic powers.

Dominic Windram
Escape: March 28th, 2020

O in these times of grave uncertainty,
I like to escape by thinking of things,
Like the vast, bountiful oceans and seas,
Or the fragile beauty of butterflies' wings.
Or verdant fields and hills and drifting clouds;
That are far removed from amorphous crowds.
I like to think of colourful delights,
That inspire my mind through long days and nights.

Dominic Windram
Escapism

How I’d like to lie
On some vast, faraway beach:
Where dreams are woven.

Dominic Windram
Essence Of Angelhood

O I want to grasp the essence of life;
Despite the dark paths of the heart's turmoil.
In my dreams I still pursue fleeting shadows.
I cannot find the fabled Holy Grail.
Recently, waves of madness have broken
Through the rock of habit.O I will try
To extract long, forgotten phrases from
The shimmering lines of ancient wisdom.

Dominic Windram
Establishment Stooges

Every day and every night they shine
With pellucid, patriotic light.
Pulled by strings; governed by the divine.
They boldly proclaim that might is right.

They proliferate in the crude press.
They are prone to spouting platitudes
Across social media; across
The tainted items of mainstream news.

As for me I tend to switch channels,
For they're vile of tongue & slow of wit.
They perform like circus animals.
I've no time time for their games & gimmicks

Across the crinkled airwaves I hear
The febrile, rabid skeleton chants
Of bought talk show hosts rehashing fear.
Even sports reports are full of cant.

I anticipate that things will get
Even worse as time speeds quickly by.
Better take some Prozac and forget,
As Truth submits to hearsay & lies.

Dominic Windram
Estrangement

We are far removed from Nature's rich cycles.
The elemental forces escape us.
We are now more familiar with the
Odourless scent of artificial worlds.
We ward off fears of death's finality,
By inhabiting bright illusory realms.

Dominic Windram
Eternal Essence

Eternal essence
Of all things; known and unknown:
Hinted at in poems.

Dominic Windram
Eternal Outsider

In dreams she hears the butterfly's silent screams.
She has lost the keys to her secret kingdom.
All too aware of the world's endless labyrinths,
And the myriad games the populace plays,
She extricates herself from the swollen realms of delirium.
Everyday objects appear eerily unreal.

Sometimes it feels like she's been here forever.
Life is like a withered leaf; condemned by the clockwork seasons.
All the vivid colours have faded.
All the frozen certainties have melted.
In dreams she hears the butterfly's silent screams.
She has lost the keys to her secret kingdom.

Dominic Windram
O how wretched and broken am I:
Lost in this dire town of hostile hordes.
O how alienated I am,
Amidst the bovine, conforming clans.
O they cannot comprehend my words,
And they sneer at my dark poetry.
Although my voice is now weak and worn,
And Romance's flowers have withered,
I'm still blessed with gifts of prophecy.
I'd like to purify perception.
I seek to reclaim consciousness from
The violent grip of the crudest of tribes:
Whose foulest poison pollutes the air.
I see things that they don't want to see.
Like the proverbial ostrich they
Place their heads in the sand. But I see
Far beyond this absurd place and time:
Of bright logos, flags and uniforms;
Of endless chatter; devoid of meaning;
Of bleak 9 to 5 existences:
Where real freedom is illusory.
Yet still I will continue to plant
The seeds of my visions... perhaps in vain.
For, as Oscar Wilde once cleverly quipped:
'Society often forgives the
Criminal, But never the dreamer.'

Dominic Windram
Eternal Recurrence

Sometimes I feel I've been here before,
As detached as an angel from on high.
Love's carousel seems so familiar.
The seasons come in glory then they go.
History repeats itself in colour.
Symbols of the prophets regurgitate:
Spat out into facile, glossy slogans.
Crude desires breed & thrive like maggots.
All salient forms are mere vanity.
There is nothing novel under the sun.
All is meaningless like chasing the wind.
The centre of existence is missing.
Sport & leisure themes are but surrogates.
Festivals mark the time between birth & death.
Sometimes I feel I've been here before,
As detached as an angel from on high.

Dominic Windram
Eternity

Sometimes behind the door of dreams,
I perceive sweet eternity.

Dominic Windram
Even Profound Poems...

Even profound poems, can only hint, not define
The vast, inexplicable ways of the divine.
They can be compared to the remnants of a dream:
Mere shadows of multi layered reality.

Dominic Windram
Even the X-ray, 
Could not display, the thing that 
Caused me so much pain.

Dominic Windram
Everything Soon Fades

Everything soon fades.
Time's weight crushes innocence;
Brief blossoms of spring.

Dominic Windram
We don't need to hear about  
The prophets' revelations;  
The despair of philosophers  
& the ravings of revolution.  
For we are seemingly content  
In this cosy, artificial world  
Of remarkable, cool gadgets  
& of instant communication.  
We stare with the cold eyes of cats  
As the world unfolds on our screens.

Dominic Windram
Evolution Please!

Hartlepool is a backward town of fools.  
It doesn't respect those of us who're schooled.  
It drags down anything that attempts to  
Transcend the provincial mindset. It's true  
That it's well known for hanging the monkey.  
Well that just sums up its stupidity.  
Here it's merely football, chavs and beer:  
No surprise that it's the butt of jeers.

Dominic Windram
Evolution Versus Ignorance

If the matador symbolises the artist,
Then rival bulls represent crude, brutish nature.
It seems that the battle between them continues
In modern times: the battle between brawn and wit.
Although it seems, in this troubled life at least, that light
Cannot endure and that ultimately
Darkness and ignorance prevail, there is always
An evolved consciousness that keeps on breaking through.

Dominic Windram
Exhuming Pinochet

You trampled on the radiant dreams of the weary children of the dust.  
You armoured yourself against compassion and wonder.  
You created the iron cage to incarcerate the singing birds.  
You devised perfect systems to cure the deviants.  
You silenced dissenters in the twinkling of an eye.  
You ripped out the flowers and desecrated tender earth.  
You drilled through the flesh of Beauty and Innocence.  
You masterminded the machinery that broke the bones of paradise.  

In memory of Salvador Allende and Victor Jara.  

Dominic Windram
Existence

For some, this life is strange; absurd even.
While for others, possessed with warmer frames
Of reference, it's fairly purposeful.
For some, this world is grey purgatory;
Or even, on occasions, sheer hell.
While for others it's fairly heavenly.
Whatever one's perspective might be,
Existence is certainly a mystery.

Dominic Windram
Exorcising Ghosts

Although I once eloped with you
I now prefer to sleep beside truth.
Yet in the house of decay
Dreamy melodies still play.
O Dawn's rose pink daughter:
She once brought me fresh water,
Sweeter than vintage wine.
The summers have passed us by.

The sweet birds no longer sing
Since the cruel gods burnt their wings.
We will never wander again
In meadows filled with gentle rain.
We can't revisit the sacred place;
The once flower strewn oasis.
So I think I shall drift with the tide.
There is no point keeping ghosts alive.

Dominic Windram
Exorcism

Exorcise dark ghosts.
Let the healing process start,
In the soul's desert.

Dominic Windram
Expedient Escapades

You're all the comfort that I need,
(For the time being at least)
As I turn towards the deep suburban gloom,
As I rail against the dying of the light;
As I gently weep beneath a ghostly moon;
As I piece together these fragments of grace;
As I cease deciphering bright visions of prophecy;
As I try to redeem my tortured style;
As I pluck a tune from this time of discord;
As I roll the dice and pray to Lady Luck;
As I invent new jokes for the prisoners of boredom;
As I turn to face you in the crepuscular realms.

Dominic Windram
Exposed

Beneath the slick, airbrushed surface skin,
The wild, rebellious blood rages.
Behind the world of staged appearance,
Lies the bitterest reality.
Beneath the contrived illusory light
Lie the cold, hidden realms of darkness.
Behind the commercialised designs,
The dishevelled truth of poverty.

Dominic Windram
Extricate

I've cut out all the deadwood from my life.
And now finally I can focus on
My art. For too long, I have put up with
Futile, energy draining dramas and
Distractions. I guess that's the modern vibe.
But to hell with that. It's time to move on!

Dominic Windram
Facebook

The dense fog pervades
Realms of social media.
Such idle chatter!

Dominic Windram
Facebook's Community Standards

You have the right to free speech, as long as
You use it for endless palaver and trivial dross.
Once you start asking pertinent questions,
About the state of the world, then we get concerned.

Dominic Windram
Facing My Nightmares

All is out of synch, and not what it seems;
As I toss and turn in the fevered night.
No one, but me, can hear my silent screams.
I awaken ghost white from such a fright.
There are things, I've left undone in my dreams.
I must return to sleep and put them right!
Although I fear the unknown, darker realms,
I want to spread some light where danger dwells.

Dominic Windram
Fading Consciousness

All the butterflies of my dreams
Have lost their precious, fragile wings.
And the wildest birds are screaming,
As they've lost their pretty colours.

The old guardians of beauty
Have been deposed by the vulgar.
And the bright rose has been disrobed;
Replaced by the simulacrum.

In these caustic, indifferent days,
I long for higher consciousness;
That will soar to unfamiliar skies.
I pray that I remain wide awake.

Dominic Windram
Faith

Darkness engulfs us.
I share light with those who know
That faith is the key.

Dominic Windram
Faith's Warm Light

Faith’s warm light will burn
Brightly; even in darkest
Depths of dreadful night.

Dominic Windram
Fallen Angel (For Dylan Thomas)

He fell from the heavens like a comet;
That darkened angel with broken wings.
O he will never ascend again to his
Former glory: gliding across versed skies.
His being will not be reassembled
In ethereal factories of clouds.
O his bones will not be resurrected
But perhaps they are still singing in hell:
Bellowing out their raw 'bible black' truths
That only the anguished can comprehend!

His strange, fevered mind bred a myriad
Of feral similes & metaphors.
He captured the pulse of a blood red sun
And the canarin mysteries of moon.
He perceived the spark that spawned creation
His genius is lost in the mists of Time.
Yet his blazing poetry will remain:
As long as stars illuminate the night;
As long as there are readers who adore;
The surreal power of vital beauty.

Dominic Windram
Fallen Angels

Granite grey cities in the pale dawn light:
Birds circle overhead in rose stained skies.
Love lies bleeding; dripping down dead end streets
Where spectres prevail and faith's obsolete.
Fallen angels, clutching their broken dreams,
Starve in cold subways-scarred with graffiti.
All alone; so far from the sun kissed heights
Of former golden glories - fading lights;
Ragged refugees of the state machine
Spat out by a system of obscene greed;
Oblivious of the commuters' ebb & flow;
Needles in their arms where the lucre goes.
The hit's worth it as every junkie knows;
In the modern world the emptiness grows.

Dominic Windram
False Consciousness: (Drugs For The Right Occasion)

We work hard, and when we come home, we want to relax.  
We adore our smart phones and our wide screen T.V.s.  
We can phone up for pizzas whenever we wish  
We don't need to cook; so we don't have to wash up.  
We don't like to plague our minds with politics.  
For we're free to do what our government wants.  
We don't like radical we don't require  
Revolution. We simply want someone to love.  
We don't want to think; we want to be entertained.  
Reading heavy literature is such a drag!  
It seems certain drugs are very useful for us.  
They are the ones featured in the advertisements;  
In between the sports and the music programmes.  
It's merely those mind expanding ones that are bad.  
We don't want or care to expand our consciousness.  
O we imbibe caffeine from Monday to Friday;  
To make us productive members of society.  
And then we consume lots of alcohol from Friday  
To Sunday; so that we will remain blissfully  
Ignorant, of the brightly lit prison, in  
Which we're living. O the scales will never fall from  
Our eyes! We adore our 'comforting' servitude.

Dominic Windram
False Worship

I will not worship
At the feet of fallen gods
Or tainted idols.

Dominic Windram
Fashion House Beauty

Fashion house beauty:
Her eyes are like an angel's,
But her heart is cold.

Dominic Windram
Faux Democracies

Faux democracies:
They will never cease fuelling
Their vast war machines.

Dominic Windram
Fear

Dark forest of ghosts,
The haunted trees at midnight,
Whisper their secrets

Dominic Windram
February Winds (Storm Dennis: 2020)

How the mighty wind roars & wails & shrieks!
How it sings and whistles throughout the night!
How it shakes the very structure of dreams!
It's accompanied by the driving rain:
That pelts and rattles on my window panes!
I'm so glad I'm snug by the fire's warm light.

Dominic Windram
Finally At Home

For many years I have wandered
From pole to pole and never felt
Comfortable in my own skin.
But now sweet angel of mercy,
In the blessed light of your presence,
I recognise in your deep blue eyes;
The warmth of true communion
And a flashing glimpse of heaven.

Dominic Windram
Finally The Light Of An Idea!

This cold, starless night seems to last so long!
I'm so tired, and yet I cannot sleep.
I drift through the days and later I write.
Yet now my thoughts will not flow like rivers
They've hit a huge metaphorical wall.
I wait patiently for waves to break through.
Finally, the light of an idea
Appears amidst my crumpled paper.

Dominic Windram
Financial Risks

Financial risks in
Debt ridden societies,
Lead to a great fall.

Dominic Windram
Finding Oneself

Lost in this fractured world, we tend to look
To mythologies to satisfy our needs.
The moon and stars take on arcane meanings.
Fate consumes the deepest realms of our psyches,
Rather than the idle winds of mere chance.
O we're obsessed by the bloated lives of
Celebrities and the 'accomplishments'
Of sports stars: all the heroes and heroines
That seem to provide a purpose to existence.
We seem to be addicted to noise and
Violent colours: that pollute pools of silence.
We're drawn to anything that keeps our gaze
Away from the distractions, rather than involved in finding
The courage to simply be. Because of
Modern circumstance and habit, we have
A tendency to neglect our own souls;
And the necessary exploration
Of their vast, inner realms. We're still afraid.
We are a long way from the sacred garden.

Dominic Windram
Finding Peace And Stillness Within.

O there are many pathways to the grave:
Via drugs or through other wild pursuits,
Or violent means. There are some whose minds are wrecked,
By imbibing obscure ideologies.
There are others who cling to rusted idols:
That are empty of feeling and meaning.

Yet there are those who've learned to tap into
An inner fortitude; a deep stillness
At the heart of silence. They're far removed
From the incessant roaring of the world.
Sometimes, I am one of them, when my pen
Pursues the silence of the morning light.

Dominic Windram
First Class Service For Every Suite

We are the heavenly hoteliers; sprinkling fairy dust.  
We are here to please; your wish is our command.  
We are here to make your dreams come true.  
We provide a butler service for every suite

Your butler will cater for your every whim:  
He will be unobtrusive and most attentive.  
He will be immaculately dressed at all times.  
He will ensure your suite is immaculate at all times.  
He will be your guiding light in a world of darkness.  
He will make your dreams come true.

He will be most courteous at all times:  
Because he likes to serve; he likes to please.  
He will never ever let you down.  
He will always be punctual.  
He will chill your preferred assortment of beverages.  
He will suggest options for your breakfast orders.  
He will robotically serve your breakfast orders.  
He will make your dreams come true.

Dominic Windram
First Light

The first warm light that the young child absorbs,
On her first, flower strewn day in the world,
Is composed of calm, gentle, gliding birds.
It's such a soothing light that slowly pours
From the tender skies of a flesh pink dawn.
Where dewdrops glisten on freshly cut lawns.

Fluffed clouds drift by like sly, muffled creatures,
Amidst a deep blue marble world so bright.
She observes the divine day's feathers fall,
Before the light fades and then pillowed sleep;
Where eerie, starry dreams merge with the real
And she hears the magic spirits' call.

Dominic Windram
First Love Often Fails

First love often fails.
Time's blood red roses wither.
Life turns to despair.

Dominic Windram
First Snow Fall At Dawn

First snow fall at dawn:
While its spectral beauty fades,
The spirit awakes.

Dominic Windram
Fishermen Sages

Their long stares, towards
The blue horizon, mark them out
From the modern, aimless crowd.
They are dreamers in a dreamless world
And they dread the weight of land.
They ask the world for so little:
All they ask for is pure calm:
Small miracles of wind and wave.

Their primal philosophy
Is born from the elements;
And their gnarled hands
Evoke an ancient art.
They are more aware of greater powers
Than financiers & marketers:
Whose gods are gold and silver
Not the ultimate ground of being.

They are more aware of their human frailties
Than those from more removed, sanctified orders.
For they are forced to confront death daily,
Rather than coldly contemplate its mysteries.
They patiently cast their nets for long hours
Within & without for watery darlings.
They don't bemoan their shoddy, rusted equipment,
But focus instead on the thriving points of the significant sea.

Dominic Windram
Flashing Blissfulness

Flashing blissfulness:
A golden eternity;
Enclosed in brief hours.

Dominic Windram
Into the blue heavens I gaze,
As buds of cotton clouds drift by.
On this lazy, languid summer's day,
Reason's fled; no need to question why.
The sun is a great, golden god:
Pouring out its radiant light;
Bestowing its beauty upon
This garden of endless delights:
From the miniature waterfall's
Cascading, soft silvery flow;
To the dark green, moss covered walls
And the perfumed scent of the rose.
From oceans of violets in bloom
To painted wings of butterflies.
Blackbirds descend by the rock pool.
A jet leaves its trails in the sky
In a ribbon of wispy white;
Amidst the blue infinity
For a fleeting moment in time.
This world brims with delicate dreams.

Dominic Windram
Flickers Of Eternity

Flickers of eternity
Permeate the mind's eye.

Truth is not a golden god,
But a seed blown by the wind

Beauty is not an angel,
But a mirror polished by a child

And Love is not a blazing flame,
But a desperate hand reaching out to us
From the depths of darkness.

Dominic Windram
Flickers Of Eternity

Flickers of Eternity
In the mind’s eye:

Truth is not a golden god
But a seed blown by the wind

Beauty is not an angel,
But a mirror polished by a child

And Love is not a blazing flame
But a hand reaching out to us
In the darkness.

Love bridges
Howling distances.

In love the forbidden
Is abolished.

Love is perfect freedom.

Dominic Windram
It's the beginning of yet another season,
And the football supporters are out on the streets
In their droves. Clearly, sartorial splendour
Is not their thing. They proudly wear their branded shirts
With beer bellies poking out. They're spectators
With regard to their own lives. The sport is perhaps
One great object for their huge appetites. O they
Consume all the expensive paraphernalia.
They purchase the latest strips with superstars'names
Emblazoned on their backs: courtesy of sweatshops.
I could refer to this phenomenon as false
Consciousness, but I'm afraid of their aggression.
They are very well versed in arcane, sporting facts.
Rich or poor, they travel to watch their prized teams
All over the globe. While tellingly the players,
From the big clubs they worship, are worth millions!

Dominic Windram
For A Friend

May grace & wonder warm you with their wisdom.
May joy replenish your soul's empty vessels.
May you translate abstract contours of light.
May you be transformed by an inner brightness.

Give colour and shape to your wildest visions.
Provide a receptacle for childhood dreams.
Imbibe the summer's potent, consecrated wine.
Affirm your devotion to Love's higher laws.

Dominic Windram
For A Friend 2

Although you may find yourself
Lost, among the dark realms of your being,
Your pain will soon be but a shadow in time.
Although the bright, precious flowers of youth,
Will inevitably wither and die,
The fruits of your long labours will ripen.
Although teeming dreams are lost among sorrows,
You will be warmed by poetry's soft flames.

Dominic Windram
For All The Modern Cave Dwellers

Painted zombies dig
Obnoxious Neanderthals.
Nothing seems to change.

Dominic Windram
For Creative Spirits

The artist hurls spears of light
As he soars over the abyss.
He refuses to submit
To dark forces forged by fear.
He longs to capture
The beating heart of the sun.
And return it to earth
In glints of silvery incandescence

The artist desires order
In a fractured world.
She explores the realms
Where dreams are woven.
She praises beauty
As fragile as angel's wings.
She searches for pearls
As perfect as the moon.

Dominic Windram
For D.B

O he was a man of the most exquisite taste;  
Unlike most of the bovine, tawdry human race.  
He was highly advanced in all aspects of the Arts.  
He was adept at expanding his consciousness.  
O he created worlds of incredible bliss!  
He was a cultured pied piper; changing minds & hearts.  
He wore myriad masks, as he was so profound.  
In many ways, he was both a prophet and clown.  
He possessed, in spades, both substance and style.  
And retained the immaculate dreams of a child.  
I wonder if one like him will ever rise again?  
He was truly heaven sent; an angel among ape men.  
He remained apart from all petty minded tribes.  
His unique vision could never be compromised.  
I think of him when I'm among amorphous crowds,  
And I always spot silver linings in the clouds!

Dominic Windram
For Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)

To be born for beauty
Only to reflect sadness;
To be born of genius
But live like a pauper:
O it all seems so cruel.
It all seems so tragic.
There are so few of us
Who can embrace this life;
With all its turbulent storms;
In all its flashing madness.
Alas dear Franz Schubert,
One of the most sublime,
Yet frailest of all souls,
Was not of those rare breeds.

Dominic Windram
For My April Love

Malignant winter's sullen spell
Has finally been broken.
Even in old bones the pith is stirred
By warm gusts of wind;
Brimming with the scent
Of fragrant spring flowers.
Birds' wings are sprinkled silver
In the sudden downpour,
Of refreshing, healing rain.
While I am busy gathering
Splendid pink & white blossoms,
To scatter liberally before your feet.

Dominic Windram
My most beautiful one time friend,
The distance between us has grown.
Different seas and suns have changed us.
Perhaps we'll never meet again.
O we'll never look into each
Other's eyes again with the same
Warm innocence and tenderness,
As we once did in Youth's Spring days
And blazing, flower strewn summers.
That vibrant time has surely passed,
Now darkness has tainted the light.
Yet the immaculate dream born
From our love and freely shared
Will never fade or die. For its'
Force is woven into the vast
Folio of my elusive,
Wounded heart of poetic fragments.
It transcends cyclical seasons.
It will survive all bleak ages.
For it is written in the stars.
It flows like rivers endlessly.
It is sweet eternity.

Dominic Windram
For Nietzsche

All this sin business is getting me down.
I am for the noble and proud of heart.
Better to grow and flow like a wild flower;
Blessed by the sun and rain's primal power,
Than to lead a pale, pious, spotless life
Of utter misery. Don't you agree? !

Dominic Windram
For Now I Am Content

I'd like to create a poem
Of such translucent beauty,
That it could melt the stars
And make the moon bleed.
I'd like to discover imagery
That would make the gods weep!

But for now I am content
To carry on with my craft
In the hope that a slither of sun
Can be caught in my net;
In this shifting world,
Where Ideal form is so elusive.

Dominic Windram
For The Oppressed

O in this war torn world of greed and division,
We poets need to share our bread with everyone.
We can be Christ like conveyors of compassion.
So we should plant the sacred seeds of righteousness:
That shall bloom into the fiery flowers of
Love, mercy, transcendence, truth and liberation.

Dominic Windram
For The Philistines

Look closely at this world so potent;
You crude falsifiers of beauty.
Embrace the wonder of the moment.

It's the frozen past that you lament,
But Time's sea ebbs and flows most freely.
Look closely at this world so potent.

Your hearts are dumb to fresh sounds and scents.
Awaken from the sleep of apathy.
Embrace the wonder of the moment.

Artists and poets never relent
In their pursuit of hidden glories.
Look closely at this world so potent.

And why do you take care for raiment?
Be like the lilies - bloom lazily.
Embrace the wonder of the moment.

Why do you grow so grey and silent?
Life's a multi coloured mystery.
Look closely at this world so potent.

As you drive out all that's transcendent,
You cling to superficial kingdoms.
Look closely at this world so potent.
Embrace the wonder of the moment

Dominic Windram
Forget All Troubles

Forget all troubles:
Dreams are dipped into each night.
Angels merge with stars.

Dominic Windram
Fortune Is fleeting

Fortune comes quickly and fortune soon goes.  
And we are not prepared for fate's cruel blows.  
In the depths of your eyes: the fading light.  
We're left defeated in the sagging night.

Dominic Windram
Fragile Blue World

The world is a fragile blue marble;
That hangs in the vast, inky darkness.
Amidst chaos it is so stable.
It swims in a plethora of stars.
It brims with the glory of Creation.
Some view it from the moon or high heavens.
It causes immediate elation.
In terms of God's design - faith is strengthened.
O it is a rare, sublime sight indeed.
It makes the angels & astronauts weep.

Dominic Windram
Fragile Empires (The Personal)

Fragile empires not built to last  
Soon shatter like sheets of glass.  
O fragile hearts that beat so fast  
Cruelly break in love's desperate grasp.

O we play endless, futile games  
To mask the stillness & silence.  
We fabricate faux lives every day;  
To distract ourselves from the darkness.

O how our fragile empires rise and fall  
Until we cannot build them anymore.

Dominic Windram
Fragile Empires 2 (The Political)

The fragile empires and the cold steel systems,
That you have devised over many centuries,
Will, in time, eventually decline and fall.
You may say you possess your Pentagons and your
Grand Palaces. You may possess deadly weapons.
You may distract us with your dazzling spectacles.
You may lull us into sleep with your opiates:
Manufactured for the 'good' of all the people.
Hidden deep within gleaming glass towers, you may
Monitor us closely twenty four hours a day.
You may hide behind your frozen masks and cover
Up your mounting crimes with vast tapestries of lies.
O you may control the obsequious servants
Of the press: the so called 'embedded' journalists.
You may control our modern, sanitised screens
And the crinkled airwaves with frenzied rhetoric
And curious mind may pull the levers
Of power, and manipulate and command your
Mercenary armies, as you crush dissenters;
And all the fresh flowers of Utopian dreams.
Yet we are the watchers, the witnesses to all
Of your cruel, dirty wars: done in your Deity's name.
And even you, cannot prevent, the rampant march
Of Progress. And, in the end, you will be brought down.

Dominic Windram
Fragile Light Of Dawn

Fragile light of dawn:
Wounded by the broken glass
Of acute longing.

Dominic Windram
The garish glitter
Of fallen Modernity: ☐
The old gods have fled.

Shadow plays of signs;
Alphabets of the absurd:
The light is fading.

Diamond studded skulls
& artificial roses:
Lines of angel dust.

Cool operators;
Gadgets for every season
Media dreaming.

Scarecrows & scapegoats:
The cold eyes of surveillance;
Widespread social compliance.

The double coding
Of constant advertising;
The death of symbols;

A harvest of stars
Over the collapsed centre:
Circus distractions.

A labyrinthine world:
That we can never access;
Only imagine.

Dominic Windram
Free Jazz

Free jazz is liquid & fire.
It is sheer ecstasy.
It is vital, primal force
As wayward as the wind.

Its wild improvisations
Transcend mundane melody.
It's a longing for the moon
It's a longing for the sea
It's a longing for life's essence
In all its multi-layered radiance.

Dominic Windram
Freedom

Chrysalis unfolds.  
A butterfly emerges  
To taste freedom's air.

Dominic Windram
Freedom & Perception

My freedom manifests itself poetry,
As I try to blend the light & dark of being.
Words don't dictate, but suggest possibilities.
Poems explore an entire new way of being.

Dominic Windram
Freedom 2

Viva Zapata
And viva Palestina.
Freedom breaks the chains!

Dominic Windram
Freedom 7

Better to be footloose and fancy free,
Than be at the mercy of cold, sullen gods.
Better to be an independent craftsman,
Than work like a slave for a big company.
Better to be a living, breathing thing
Than a shadow on someone else's wall.
O it's better to feel pain and sorrow,
Than to be numb and feel nothing at all!

Dominic Windram
Freedom Of Speech (Inspired By Noam Chomsky)

When the elites exalt 'freedom of speech'.
They basically mean the right to post
Innocuous, infantile gibberish.
Those who ask relevant, burning questions
Are usually silenced by omission.
As the parameters of debate are set
Within certain talk about standards.
Yet we all know that they have no standards.

Dominic Windram
Here is a modern tower of Babel:
A monolithic steel & glass structure
That so proudly reflects the deep blue skies.
A nerve centre of capitalism,
Buttressed by bold billion door dreaming.
It looks down on its skyscraper rivals
And is fit with cloud bursting antennae:
To receive keen signals from lesser gods.
It's sentimental, but eschews the tragic.
Born of hubris; deliberately detached
From the world's perpetual sorrows & pain;
For progress must continue unabated,
In spite of contemporary hindrances.
O this modern tower of Babel:
This steel phallus that penetrates the sky
Is illuminated intermittently,
With the splendid red, white & blue of a
Peculiar kind of freedom & justice.

Dominic Windram
Delicate angels,  
& butterflies, permeate  
My fresh consciousness.

Dominic Windram
Fresh Fragment Of Love

Fresh fragments of Love
Are now cascading down from
The heavens above.

Dominic Windram
From Darkness to Light

I don't want to end up writing dirges
Of brokeness, pain and suicide.
For I want to compose odes to beauty
And freedom. I want to walk in the light.

Dominic Windram
From Eden To Agape

Dreaming innocence in Eden:
The oneness of God's creation
Humanity before the curse.
Verdant Nature before the Fall.

Searching for a new life in Christ:
To transcend this worldly domain.
Agape is the star of life
Above the chaos of the abyss.

Dominic Windram
From My Window...(Lockdown)

From my window I watch the stars of night;
As they glisten. I pray for a long time.
O I pray for a greater, healing light:
To emerge from this wasteland of broken signs.

Dominic Windram
From the blue heavens,
A subtle light appears:
So soft and graceful.

Dominic Windram
From Winter To Spring

From winter's dryness,
To the freshness of springtime,
And the healing rain.

Dominic Windram
Futile Longings

By sundown they will be gone:  
The shadows of my longings  
Idle flights of fancy,  
From potential inner harmony

Plato's cave allegory  
Warns us not to seek answers  
In the blueprint of images.  
We should look to the eternal forms.

It's loss that teaches us  
The worth of things.  
Superficial meanderings  
Lead nowhere.

Thus, I will paint hymns  
To land; sky and star  
Forged from the core  
Of deep lamentation.

Like the nomad in the desert,  
I'm not afraid of not belonging,  
And not having a language  
To live and breathe in.

In affairs of the heart,  
We are like refugees  
In our wild wanderings,  
We ultimately seek sanctuary.

We look for that one flower  
That is more bright & precious  
Than any other flower.  
We seek the spiritual.

The flesh hates its finitude.  
It seeks permanent union  
In the arms of another  
But alas; this is impossible.
Future Days

O I feel the weight of the centuries
Upon my meagre sholders. I perceive
A winged, bright future that will soar above
These mortal realms like an innocent dove.

Dominic Windram
Future Days (September 8th 2019)

I sense deep blue waves of new possibilities.
For poems are flowing like oceanic dreaming.
I sense a time when the Arts will reign supreme:
A time that will perfectly blend thought and feeling.

I sense an end to crude power and cold control.
I see the doves of freedom gliding on the wind.
I sense the wondrous wedding day of heart and soul:
When humanity will transcend its mortal sins.

Dominic Windram
Future Shock

The child surrenders to myth & nightmare.  
While frenzied adults fear their own shadows.  
High tech prying eyes mark our every move.  
Yet, in many ways, we ourselves are blind.  
Paradox prevails with global exchange.  
For there's no noteworthy interaction.  
Among the expensive junk & flowers,  
I sense the darkest spectres lingering.  
Modern life's so impeccably deranged.  
It consists of commuters & consumers:  
Endlessly regurgitating hackneyed  
Motifs & styles; chanting mindless mantras;  
Irrevocably chasing their own tails.  
O I guess I'm chained like a beaten dog  
To this wanton world of sweet madness;  
To this absurd vale of endless tears.  
O it's to late to scatter fresh violets  
In order to redeem the deadened Time.  
Better drink till we're intoxicated.  
Better to draw the blinds on tomorrow.

Dominic Windram
Future Shock: Prologue

The sadness in your pale blue eyes:
The distance between you and I.
These sordid scenes of madness,
Deny the pure light of the Word:
That's hardly uttered nowadays
And thus remains widely unheard.

This empty world of surfaces,
Betray the still heart of silence.
Its coldness kills warm embraces.
In the end it will replace us.

Dominic Windram
Gated Community

O there is a gated community
On the outskirts of an old Northern town:
Where the rich & the wannabees reside.
They live removed from ragged poverty.
They are kept safe by surveillance's cold eyes.
They are possessed by their possessions.
They are keen on image, health & fitness;
Rather than the finer points of culture.
They may think they are better than the rest.
Yet it's clear that their hearts & minds are dead!

Dominic Windram
Genesis Or Nemesis?

We should be on good terms with the fragile green earth. We should recognise Nature's inherent beauty. Yet the rapt pursuit of 'progress' has seduced us. Machinery is scattered across our world like coins or confetti. It is ubiquitous. From deadly weapons of war to elaborate domestic gadgets, o we seem to endlessly pollute the pure pools of stillness and silence! We lack a refined sense of the spiritual. The secretive ways and truths of the holy Dove elude us, as we cling to the shadows of things. We need to change our current narcissistic ways before the desperate days of fire and flood. We need to forge bold, new symbols from the fragments of ancient schemes and their subtle words of wisdom. We must be on good terms with this fragile green earth.

Dominic Windram
Genius feeds from another kind of light:
Not the secular light of accepted wisdom;
Not the familiar, diurnal light
That regulates circadian rhythm;
That compensates for swollen, dissonant nights;
Not the surreal, violet light of twilight;
Not the neon glow of shadow kingdoms;
Not so novel under a lesser sun;
Not the monk's small light of sanctuary;
Not the lyrical light that punctuates
The vast, azure abodes of sky & sea;
Not the solitary light of candle flame
Flickering in archaic cathedrals
To complement obscure liturgies;
But the light that purifies lexicons
That streams, wave like, from unknown galaxies;
That burns through brittle illusory realms.
An invisible presence from afar
That impregnates spectral, alien forms
And most rare, incomprehensible stars;
The light that traces the contours of dreams
That doth plummet thousands of fathoms deep.
Genius feeds from another kind of light
Which for crude corporeal vision, is too bright.

Dominic Windram
Genius Is Pain

John Lennon quipped that: 'Genius is pain.'
Indeed, poetry's despair is profound
It is a dark, surreal form of wisdom:
It's relieved when a little light enters.

Dominic Windram
Gethsemane: (The Agony In The Garden)

Something terrible occurred in that garden.
Night like a black sun disfigured His being.
It cruelly drained away His dream like beauty.
In His anguish, He sweat blood from every pore.
He who was Nature's most immaculate flower.
He who had stared too long into human eyes,
And perceived the perennial conflicts there:
Between the legions of angels & dark beasts;
Now knelt stripped of certainty's consoling cloak.
Although His prayers tried to split the sky apart,
Suffering's cup would not be taken from Him.
The Heavens that had moulded His miracles,
Now seemed to be as stark and silent as the grave.
They were oblivious to His inner screams.
They offered no shelter: no calm asylum.
Something terrible occurred in that garden.

Dominic Windram
Ghost People

These days, there are so many ghost people
With nebulous presences and secrets.
It seems as though they cannot be redeemed.
They walk around like they're lost in dreams.

Dominic Windram
Ghosts

What is a ghost:
A spirit free from mortal constraints?
A flash of light across the abyss?

Is it an emotion suspended in time?
Like a blurred photograph
Or an insect trapped in amber.

Is it a mere fable?
Or just pure fantasy born from
Our febrile imaginations?

Perhaps ghosts are memories
That cling to us; that we can never forget;
Like the voices & gestures of loved ones long gone.

Their place in sweet eternity,
Is guaranteed, as long as
We remember them.

Dominic Windram
Gibside Hare: Late August 2017.

Walking deep inside wild woodland; 
Far from modernity's crude sheen, 
We came across a light brown hare: 
A pleasure so rare given the gloom

We glimpsed its stone still silhouette; 
Half sunken in wizened heather; 
Trying hard to forget the pangs 
Of primal fear; its ears 
Had most acutely 
Mapped out our coming.

One may surmise, that its' racing heart 
Willed the wind to whisk us far away, 
From its half baked hideout in the heather. 
Then suddenly... exploding into life, 
From its tiresome attempt at statue, 
It fled to play a game much more satisfying.

We watched in wonder as it disappeared 
Over the horizon to be with creatures: 
Blessed with a similar free born nature; 
Sunned by the spirit of fresh greening fields;

Dominic Windram
Glittering Advertisements

O these constantly glittering advertisements,
Are seemingly designed, to confuse and reduce
Our consciousness. They crack, like luminous whips,
Over bruised retinas. I’m so tired of them!

Dominic Windram
Global Networks

Vast, rampant networks
Of unreal circulation.
The centre's missing.

Dominic Windram
Goats & Sheep

Goats & sheep come in many forms.
They pervade all social classes.
O they baa & bleat on command:
Follow orders; never complain.

Dominic Windram
Goats & Sheep Extended

Goats & sheep come in many different forms.  
It seems they pervade all social classes.  
They internalise societal norms.  
They acquiesce and eat their leaves & grass.  
All they do is baa & bleat on command:  
Always follow orders; never complain.  
O they can never hope to understand  
Crucial things; in ignorance they remain.

Dominic Windram
God's Presence In Advent

O during Advent's wintry season, God gently
Whispers His profound secrets into our ears.
And If we listen closely to His wondrous words,
Our hearts will be as light and free as wild, blithe birds.
O fear not the raging winds of rampant change,
Nor the icy claws of grief and silent despair.
Fear not the ragged, infirm realms of old age.
We should live out our lives fully; without a care.

Dominic Windram
Golden Rod (Overlooking Colden Valley)

Noble flower; glory of the garden:
Attracting swarms of insect acolytes
To its fluffy, saffron surprises.
With its long, slender green stem it looks down
On its less fortunate pale pink neighbours.
It bends its head in the soft, summer breeze
Like a gentrified giraffe and surveys
The scene which is more than favourable.

Dominic Windram
He was a good old American boy:
Draped like an idol in the stars & stripes.
He was a firm believer in freedom
And the grand power of progress.
He was a bright, comic book Buck Rogers:
Made flesh & blood; stylish, cool & cocky.
O he dreamed of scaling heavenly heights
Like Belief's kind angels...o how he dreamed!

Yes he was born to roam the galaxy!
O if you could picture him in his prime!
With his bulky suit and bubble helmet
Dragging His N.A.S.A space cart behind him
To collect the random, lunar rocks;
Wearily climbing significant craters:
All in the name of cold, calculated science.
O but he is most fondly remembered
As the first man to hit a golf ball on,
The crude media saturated moon.

In that same crucial mission, he swung hard
And true with trusted, rusted six iron
At a teed up, miniature pock marked moon.
O yes it shot out of a spray of dust
And it traveled for miles & miles & miles...
Our hero would become immortalized!

Dominic Windram
Good Friday

Humankind's saviour:  
Nailed to the black, bitter tree  
Broken & bloodied.

Dominic Windram
Good Intentions

I'm going to drag these repressed feelings
Within my darkened heart, out into the light.
I'm going to call on all the angels
To help those who're lost in endless night.
I'm going to spread a little happiness
Rather than cynically attack everything.
I'm going to fuse my art with my life.
O I shall have some bold, new songs to sing!

Dominic Windram
Google - Inspired By ge.

Google like to shape
Our perception of the world.
O it steals our souls!

Dominic Windram
Goya It Aint!

I went to the Exhibition at the Tate,
To view the latest in artistic outrage.
O one 'objet d'art' was just splashes of paint.
It might create headlines but Goya it aint!

Next...I saw a huge pile of bricks alongside
Some sticks, cow dung and straw. I noted that it
Was entitled: 'The Decay of Life Amidst
An Abyss of Lies'. It really blew my mind!

To my amazement one of the walls was left bare.
I stared but couldn't spot anything I swear.
It was entitled: 'The Emperor's New Clothes'.
So that's why the pseuds had turned up in their droves!

There may be those who proclaim that it is great.
To view such novel works right now in this place.
Well if this is the Zeitgeist- it's so third rate.
And I hope and pray it sinks without a trace!

Although it may please Mr Charles Saatchi
And make him tons and tons of easy money,
I'd much rather view work by those who can paint,
Like the old Masters, who some now class as quaint.

I'm sure this base stuff will soon be out of date.
' Tis the deeds of dilettantes...but Goya it aint!

Dominic Windram
Grab Your Umbrellas!

Grab your umbrellas!
For it’s raining dazzling deals!
In cut price Eden.

Dominic Windram
Gratitude

O release me from this coat of darkness
Noble Spirit - who subverts the seasons;
Who fuses all of daylight's elements;
Who transcends pale, a priori reason.
It was you who planned my very being.
And built me cell by cell in the warm womb.
The exalted flesh and bones are singing
Odes to creation that defy the tomb.
Though its' eerie, cold silence engulfs me,
I know that Love's wisdom shines brightly.
Even in the midst of profound ennui
I can find a place of sanctuary.

Dominic Windram
Great Artists & Mad Clowns

Great artists hover between light and dark.
Their inner turmoil permeates their work.
The mad clowns of culture balance between life
And death. They're like nervous acrobats who,
Although they taste fear, are addicted
To danger. They're certainly no strangers
To controversy. And it only takes,
One mistimed step to fall, and end it all.

Dominic Windram
Greek Myths And Legends

Greek myths and legends were once the crowning glory
Of Western culture. They were multi-layered and
Informed our consciousness. O they were not only
A great influence on the likes of Shakespeare,
Shelley and Keats, but Freud and Jung as well: so rich
With meaning. Now they've been abandoned: replaced by
The dumbed down, bargain bin monstrosities of the
Media age. O how long will we stand for this
Squalid state of affairs? We need a revival
Of the Arts: from poetry, painting to music.

Dominic Windram
Greeting Card Poems

O greeting card poems
Are truly sentimental.
But they don't question.

Dominic Windram
Guilt

O guilt runs like blood
Through my stern Catholic veins.
I aim for release.

Dominic Windram
Gun Control

I've heard the mindless mantras
Oft repeated & I'm not convinced:
'The guns provide us with protection!
The guns represent our freedom!'
The 'Wild West' metaphors now
Seem rather hackneyed & outdated.
And given the current lay of the land:
Deeply troubling & insidious.
It's easy to trace the grisly connections
Between cartoon cowboys & so called rights
& the chilling trajectory: from macho toys
To testosterone fueled destruction.
Yet the deadly bullets & the bleeding are REAL,
Everything else is pure baloney!

Dominic Windram
Half Way To Damascus

Half way to Damascus:
My back pack is heavy;
Slowly weighing me down;
With every step I take.

Half way to Damascus:
Now glimpsing a faint light
On the blue horizon,
And feeling slightly dazed.

Dominic Windram
Halloween

The beating of wings,
Under a bright harvest moon.
I can taste the fear.

Dominic Windram
Happy Meal Culture

Happy meal culture,
For the happy go lucky.
No need for dissent.

Dominic Windram
Harvest Moon (September 2019)

The magical light
Of a gleaming, harvest moon:
Glittering night sky.

Dominic Windram
Harvest Time

For the conniving wheeler dealers,
It is harvest time in the city.
For the poor & the marginalised
It is the same old hackneyed story.

Dominic Windram
Has Christmas Lost Its Meaning?

Do we still possess the same awe
And reverence towards distant stars
That the ancients did in their time?
It seems that we do not, given
The secularised territory,
And the marked retreat from nature's womb
Can we still offer the supreme gift
Of love to the other in good heart?
Or do we prize the glitter of icons
That pervades our swollen media?
Do we remember the ragged child
Who gave a name to this famed season?
Who held the vast universe in his hands;
Whose divine innocence was richer than gold

Dominic Windram
Haunted By Time

We die a little,
Each day in our dreaming.
We are bound by Time.

Dominic Windram
Heady Childhood Days

Heady childhood days:
Of burning gold memories;
Of fields and sunshine.

Dominic Windram
Hear The Music!

Hear the music!
We poets shape this fractured world.
Art crowns consciousness.

Dominic Windram
Hearts & Flowers

Hearts & Flowers
Cannot redeem the present's
Significant crimes.

Dominic Windram
Heaven Is Here

Heaven is here.
The blinding love of bluebirds
Quells the world's fears.

Dominic Windram
Heidegger

His ghastly notions slowly descend
Like grey ashes after an explosion;
Suffocating & extinguishing minds.
That could prosper freely
In rarefied realms of beauty:
Which his tarnished 'philosophy'
Seems to completely deny
And will never recognise.

Dominic Windram
Help..Please...S.O.S!

Help...please...S.O.S.
I'm marooned in monkey land!
O it's sheer hell!!

Dominic Windram
Here I Am - Lost & Broken (2011)

Here is a glimpse behind the mystery.
I court surfaces to hide the tragedy.
Here's the scars behind masks of comedy.
I dwell in shadow kingdoms. I seek release.
Perhaps you would like to drop me a line
With regard to artistry's vital wine?
I'll show you realms of darkness and of light.
I'll reveal to you the rare ghosts of night.
I have profoundly sad stories to tell
Of power struggles in heaven and hell.
I'll show you all of the bitter heartbreaks.
And all of the hollow, hackneyed outtakes.
I'll hint at crude tribal allegiances
That leave no room for the stranger's stance,
Despite inspiration's lightning flashes,
And the plentiful poetic caress.
Here's a penny to patronise the prophets;
Courtesy of the bloated, corporate sects.
Yet they can never kill the bright concepts,
Born from fevered minds that fathom the depths.
I'll speak of bold exits and entrances
At the heart of a cultural desert.
I'll speak of infinitely suffering things:
Of the plucking of a butterfly's wing;
Of the coldest steel that apathy brings;
Now I truly know why the caged bird sings.

Dominic Windram
Here In This Darkness

Here in this darkness:
My forced prayers are futile.
There's only the ashes
Of yesterday's dreaming.

Here in this darkness:
The spectres of beauty,
Continue to call me,
But my Muse has fled the scene.

Here in this darkness:
I sense my lifetime's scars
And all those I've dismissed
From my cold kingdom of curses.

Here in this darkness:
Where love is a fable
And faith is a bad joke,
There's no hope of a new dawn.

Dominic Windram
Here, With You

Here, with you, in this small, benign realm;
Where the roars of the town cannot enter,
We gently contemplate new worlds of light.
For we share a deep distaste of darkness.
May Love's sweet flowers continue to bloom.
Did my eyes first meet yours; or did yours mine?
O it seems such a long time ago now.
All I know is that you're my saving grace,
In a restless age, that has forgotten
How to kneel, and forgotten how to pray.

Dominic Windram
Hey You!

Hey you! Take a course
In philosophy today:
Because you're worth it.

Dominic Windram
Hibernation

I feel the coming
Of winter's frozen warnings;
Time to hibernate!

Dominic Windram
Hidden Treasures

I recall the sweet remnant of a dream:
The ruins of a church on an ancient street.
Inside its weeping walls were worn and grey
And old stone statues seemed to grimly stare.

Although its columns were cold and broken
And where we stood shadows seemed to lengthen,
It was filled with a gentle, mystic light:
Healing our hearts with its radiance white.

And in that most solemn of sanctuaries,
A cross of gold was shining so brightly.
In that humble abode eroded by time:
A flashing glimpse of the eternal design.
How sad to think that such a wondrous place
Is disdained in this rampant, modern age.

Dominic Windram
Hidden Treasures (Revised For Notre Dame: Easter 2019)

I recall the tragic remnants of a dream:
Of cathedral ruins on an ancient street.
Inside its weeping walls were worn and grey
And old stone statues seemed to grimly stare.

Although it columns were cold and broken
And where we stood shadows seemed to lengthen,
It was filled with a gentle, mystic light:
Healing our hearts with its radiance white.

And in that most solemn of sanctuaries,
A cross of gold was shining so brightly.
In that mighty abode eroded by time:
A flashing glimpse of the eternal design.
How sad to think that such a wondrous place
Is disdained in this rampant, modern age.

Dominic Windram
Hold On To The Light.

Although Death's shadows
Linger in this Vale of Tears,
We cling to the Light.

Dominic Windram
Holding On To A Light Within

A dark, starless night:
Nothing but a fragile light;
Glowing within me.

Dominic Windram
Honest Labour

I labour long hours
Cloaked in a halo of light:

Not for commercial gain
Or for the raised flags of the faithful.

I write not for the reluctant applause
Of pedantic critics.

I create not for gods or idols
Or for ubiquitous tribal creeds:

Nor for the glory of eternity
Long after my bones are ash.

But only to communicate honestly
With the heart of common humanity.

Dominic Windram
Hope

Hope springs eternal!
Deep in the dark realms of life,
Our dreams still gleam.

Dominic Windram
Hope 2

There is no despair;
Whilst night's stars are still gleaming.
There is always hope.

Dominic Windram
Hope And Despair

O hope and despair,
Seem to feed regularly,
On one another.

Dominic Windram
Hope Springs Eternal

O it's almost the end of another decade.
And alas time is not on my side. Too many days
Have been wasted on the margins; licking my wounds.
For too many years, I have fraternised with fools.
I'm slowly picking up the fragments of a bleak
December. I'm trying to forge new hopes and dreams
Out of the ashes and rags of the spectral past.
I still desire a deeper Love that will last.

Dominic Windram
Hope Springs Eternal 2.

A ruined grey wall:
Where coloured ivy still clings.
Hope springs eternal!

Dominic Windram
Hopes & Dreams Deconstructed.

O I no longer put much faith in dreams
They are too lavish and must be controlled.
I have seen too many expectant springs
Mercilessly smothered by fog & rain.
As for hope, it's for Dopey & Dumbo
And their deluded disciples & fans.
As far as I'm concerned these doubtful days.
There are too many cracks in the pavement;
And too many warped phantoms in the machine.
So try cynicism; bin sentiment.
As Woody Allen once acutely quipped:
' I felt much better when I renounced hope! '

Dominic Windram
How Can I Begin Anything New?

How can I begin anything new?
When yesterday burns deep within me
My eyes have become accustomed to the habitual.
They have armoured themselves against wonder

I've traced the holy word in the dusty book
And I've salvaged the light from the dying sun,
But beauty does not stimulate me these days
And it rarely flashes its flowers my way.

Dominic Windram
How Can I Compose New Poems..?

How can I compose new poems when I'm afraid
That I might stain the pure realms of beauty! 

Dominic Windram
How Can I Describe?

How can I possibly describe,
The way the sunlight swims in your eyes.
Words are too weak to ever convey,
The blissful silence between you and I.

How can I possibly describe,
The beauty of your smile's design.
Poetry can only hint at
Flashing glories between you and I.

How can I ever hope to describe?
The softness of your snow white skin.
Your kisses are blue oceans deep.
Your beauty would make the angels weep.

Dominic Windram
How Quickly...

How quickly Love's warm promise turns into
Cold, sharp glass fragments that threaten to tear
Us apart. How quickly ideals and dreams
Are broken; then cynicism takes hold.

Dominic Windram
Human: All Too Human

Slow burning moments in Time:
Of scarred epochs well lit with signs.
From Eden to Golgotha;
From Auschwitz through to Palestine.
Was the Word made flesh for nothing?
Did pure Love die only in vain?
Is the frail light now extinguished
Only for darkness to remain?

O crude, blind & vain creatures are we!
We crawl around in purgatory.
We stumble over potent symbols;
Words & concepts we can't decipher..
Human all too human...and yet..yet
There is still a hope that never fades:
A peculiar primal longing
Groping awkwardly towards the sun.

Was the Word made flesh for nothing?
Did pure Love die only in vain?
Is the frail light now extinguished
Only for darkness to prevail?
Despite this world's cruel thorns I know that
The blood red rose will blossom again.

Dominic Windram
Humanity At A Crossroads

O this modern world has yet to solve suffering.
Despite it’s golden promises, it’s empty, dark
And cruel. Its neglected animals are howling;
While its once verdant fields and meadows are parched.
All of the sweet flowers of Love are now disgraced.
Perpetual wars maim the flesh of Innocence.
Entire cities are ruthlessly laid to waste,
While multimedia screens dazzle the senses.
The burning question is: will we submit to Grace,
Or will we remain lost and sink without a trace?

Dominic Windram
Humankind cannot commune directly
With Nature's beauty as in ancient times.
Distant from this fragile world of blue and green
It schemes to create utopian designs.
Behind elaborate social masks it hides
Within artificial sanctuaries.
It's fixated with rampant technology,
And the faux, arbitrary order of
Reified market forces, that perceive
Not the whirling dust of catastrophe.
It cannot live side by side with death's domain.
It consoles itself with monetary gain
And clings to cold, systematic science.
It is divorced from rituals that once
Embraced the power of sun, moon and rain.
In order to forget its profound pain,
It chases myriad pleasures endlessly.
It no longer needs the mystical creeds.
It no longer shares the sacred bread and wine.
It courts the secular and shuns the Divine.

Dominic Windram
Hundred Acre Wood

Hundred Acre Wood:
Ablaze in the febrile night.
Childhood's vision dies.

Dominic Windram
I Always Question...

I always question
Prevailing orthodoxies;
From left of centre.

Dominic Windram
I Am A Dissenter

I am a dissenter.
I prefer not to conform.
The system's uniforms
Don't fit me. They never will.
I prefer the wild plants
And flowers off the beaten track.

Dominic Windram
I Am Returning

Still reeling from the shock,
And the lightning flash of the new,
I am returning
Stumbling back through
The stinging rain and the darkness,
I am returning.
Pulsating like night's impeccable stars,
I am returning.
I feel alive for the first time in an age.
I'm returning,
With something precious,
Like the gods' secrets;
That will replace what went before.
I am returning.
Emboldened by a batch of small miracles;
Set free from Time's plagues and wantonness;
I am returning.
The world is now ablaze with colour,
And a plethora of different meanings.
I am returning.

Dominic Windram
I Am Still Here

I am still here:
Dreaming in a certain way,
Like a rapt prophet.

Dominic Windram
I Beat The System!

O I broke the unwritten, golden rule;
And decided to work away on my own:
No more wasted time with liars and fools.
Now I sit back and marvel at new seeds sown.
No more shall petty micro managers
Or bovine bosses tell me what to say
Or do. No more shall I have to concern
Myself with pointless paperwork. Now days
Are so much freer, joyous and lighter.
And the future seems a great deal brighter!

Dominic Windram
I Believe

I believe in love that's constant:
That concentrates on the essential;
That doesn't seek to dazzle the eyes,
But that is comfortable in its own skin.

I believe in love that defies the solitude
Of the heart in its most frozen forms:
That sees beauty in joy & in sorrow;
That doesn't reduce the stars to atoms.

I believe in love that doesn't age:
That doesn't worship the fleeting moment.
But glows endlessly from within
With the assurance of warm communion

I believe in love that has faith
In the other's blossoming:
That is concerned with higher laws
Not with its own desiring.

Dominic Windram
I believe in the belittled and the benumbed:
Gazing like dumb beasts in the wounded night:
Not knowing or caring where they are going.
For they know only refusal and constant flight.
I believe in chaos that gives birth to stars.
I believe that God resides in the mad;
And that the pious are way off the mark.
I don't believe in the sermons of the rich
And the wretched rhetoric of elites.
I believe that Love abides in a diaspora of dust

Dominic Windram
I Call On The Angels

O I call on all the angels to bless the earth.
I call on them to reveal soft worlds of sadness.
O let it fall and dissolve like fresh flakes of snow!
I call on them to bring joy that flows like rivers.
I call on them to announce peace throughout the nations.
I call on them to provide a pure, warm light to
Liberate all of the long forgotten souls from
The coldest regions and the darkest kingdoms of
Dreadful night. I call on them to deliver mercy.
O I call on them to pray for us; who are lost
In these mortal realms. I call on them, to
Return sweet fragments of Eden, that went missing,
After the Fall.I call on all the angels to
Redeem these godless times and mend what is broken.

Dominic Windram
I Can Imagine (Inspired By John Lennon)

I can imagine a world of wonder
That would be as clear as a crystal.
I can imagine a world without the
Constant need for war. I can imagine
Love’s sweet promise take the beauteous form
Of radiant rainbows in deep blue skies.
I can imagine the warm winds of change
Direct small sail boats to exotic lands.
I can imagine these things because I'm
A dreamer. And I'm not the only one.

Dominic Windram
I Consumer Hallelujah!

I consumer hallelujah!
Bulbous gleaming golden arches:
Pseudo Buddhists pray for Porsches.
I consumer hallelujah!

I consumer hallelujah!
Shopping is the new religion.
O I - me - mine: that's the mantra.
I consumer hallelujah!

I consumer hallelujah!
I adore the sweet elixir
Of Fanta & Pepsi cola.
I consumer hallelujah!

I consumer hallelujah!
O I'm up to my neck in debt,
But I must spend more; what the heck!
I consumer hallelujah!

Dominic Windram
I Dare To Dream Big!

I dare to dream big!
And I am determined to
Achieve all my goals.

Dominic Windram
I Denounce 4

I denounce all the conspiracies
Of cold, calculated bureaucracies.
I denounce the many fashion victims:
Who claim they are progressive artists.
I denounce those who speak of freedom & light,
Whilst they continue to propagate their lies.
I denounce the role of mainstream media:
In spreading fear, hatred & hysteria.

Dominic Windram
I Denounce....

I denounce all those who persecute subversives.
I denounce all those who ridicule true artists.
I denounce all those whose souls are arid wastelands.
I denounce all those who worship golden idols.
I denounce all those whose gods are money and fame.
I denounce all those who bow down to vain elites.
I denounce all those who'd rather spectate than act.
I denounce all those who promote war over peace.

Dominic Windram
O you want me to believe in your grand visions;  
In your slick, preposterous systems! But I can  
Only feign interest. To be frank, they bore me  
Rigid. I'm unwilling to play your phoney games.  
For I've placed my sights firmly on higher pursuits.  
Your drab uniforms don't fit me. Your trumpeted  
Slogans are discordant shrieks to my refined ears.  
You may possess all the riches and the power.  
But they're merely shadow plays compared to Truth's Light.  
I'm the proverbial round peg in a square hole.  
I prefer ragged prophecies to your conceits.  
I will resist your inhumane plans to the end.

Dominic Windram
I Dream Of New Worlds

I dream of new worlds.
I await the sweet coming
Of keen, tender times.

Dominic Windram
I Dream Of Noble Orpheus

I dream of noble Orpheus.
Like a ravaged, wingless angel
I can no longer venture alas
Into unchartered skies & realms.
I'm too burdened by mortal cares,
To carve art from marble & stone;
To collect the sea from the sun's rays.
I'm left to ponder fragments of bone.

I dream of noble Orpheus.
In this half lit purgatory,
Beauty's broken into pieces,
And I need new ways to perceive
The warm heart of life that shimmers
Under cold, elaborate surfaces.
In my veins still burns the summer.
I seek Nature's knowing caress.

I dream of noble Orpheus.
There are agonies of the mind,
Conceived in the depths of silence,
Where no marked wounds or bruises lie.
O it is cruel to pour out one's
Spirit into this wanton world;
Where no one takes care to listen;
As we dive like beggars for pearls.

I dream of noble Orpheus,
Whose music soothed the wildest souls,
And transmogrified pale distress.
Praised be poets who become whole.
I sense the promise of fresh forms,
Drifting innocently on the breeze.
I'm so tired of well worn norms.
These jewelled moments I will seize.

Dominic Windram
I dream of a silent, star filled heaven;
Far away from this world of decay.
I dream of true beauty that radiates,
Like an eternal form amidst darkness.
I dream of gardens bursting with fresh light:
Where flowers of all colours bloom and grow.
I dream of an inner happiness that
Cannot be dissolved by crude distractions.

Dominic Windram
I Feel Like A Worn Out Boxer

Lately, I have poured all my energy
Into creating reams of poetry.
I feel like a boxer: desperately
Flagging on the ropes and almost beaten
Into submission by the writing gremlins:
Who want to break my I'm patiently
Waiting for a second wind, so that I
Can, at last, deliver the fatal blow!

Dominic Windram
I Have Awoken.

I have awoken
And returned from bright dream worlds
Of inspiration.

Dominic Windram
I Have Faith

I have faith that the flowers of tomorrow,
Blessed by sacred light and water, will gently
Bloom and grow in consciousness' royal garden
They'll prove to be the splendour of creation.
They'll radiate with such beauty and colour.
They'll redeem this pale age of disenchantment.

Dominic Windram
I Have Found The Key

I have found the key
To the garden of soft light
And wild mystery.

Dominic Windram
I hope that these pure poems of mine
Will outlive these cruel, sordid times.
For they detect divinity
Within the mundane. And they speak
Of inner kingdoms of wonder.
They embrace the prophets' thunder;
Whilst drawing out profound moments
Of Beauty: often soft and silent.

Dominic Windram
I Lament

I lament the passing of the golden age,
When bold dreamers once glared
Longingly, at the moonlight on the water;
And thrived in their wild summer madness.

I lament the loss of belief in a higher force:
Once teeming creation was thought
To be charged by a divine spark:
That gave meaning, form and drive to life

Dominic Windram
I Lament...

I lament the passing of light figures:
Whose flashes of genius help the world
To evolve. I lament the loss of their
Spirit: from which new creations unfurl.
I lament the darkness that destroys dreams.
I lament the darkness that seems to breed
Ignorance and bigotry. I lament
These times when no one will dare to dissent.

Dominic Windram
I Love A Challenge

If you provoke me,
I will relish the challenge.
So please bring it on!

Dominic Windram
I Must Learn To Focus

O I must learn to focus and avoid
Trivial distractions! I must complete
My work before it piles up. Furthermore,
I must stop composing poems; for a while
At least. When all the many tasks are done,
I'll patiently wait for the precious gifts
Of vision and inspiration. I will
Then draw deeply from creativity's well.

Dominic Windram
I Must Learn To Let Go

O I must learn to let go when the anger brews
Inside. I must learn to gently appreciate
The finer things of life like love and art; sunsets
And spring's blossoms. I must learn to let go of all
That belongs to the past: all of the heartaches and
All of the mindnumbing, mundane hours working for
Those whom I came, in time, to despise. I must learn
To let go to regain my sense of sanity.

Dominic Windram
I Need To Escape From The Rat Race!

I'm worn out by clocks,
crude consciousness and gossip.
I need to escape!

Dominic Windram
I Need To Slow Down

It's hard to pin down and fix this roaring,
Chaotic world. One is need of new frames
Of reference in these perplexing times:
Where constant information is brought to
Our attention and speed is of the essence.
There is too much pressure. There's too much stress;
Too many futile deadlines to address.
Perhaps, it would be wise to accept things
The way they are and just go with the flow.
Yet I cannot help but wonder, what it
Would be like, to live in a world that moved
Much more slowly and allowed time for us
To breathe gently; that allowed time for us
To absorb the Light and then let it be.

Dominic Windram
I Pray For...

I pray for light, because my mind is blurred,
By the darkness of fear and despair.
I pray for the gift of wise, warming words:
That will transcend all rampant, mortal cares

Dominic Windram
I Pray...

I pray for the kind and noble spirit,
Of divine Love, to revisit us and
Reclaim our hearts. For they have turned bitter
Within the crucible of crude commerce.
Now all values... principles have their price.
O kind and noble spirit, set us free.
Judge us not for our complacency.
Bring us healing rain in a dry season.

Dominic Windram
I Recall A Dream

Moving like a restless ghost, between twilight worlds,
I wandered back through childhood's bright, treasured realms.
I visited the places where we used to play:
All the verdant fields & the rivers & gardens.
I saw the face of Youth bathed in Beauty's soft light.
I saw my friends immersed in myriad delights.
Back then, the sun seemed to pour down like liquid joy,
And the stars in the night sky glittered like diamonds.
I remember the sweetness of my first kiss one spring:
When life seemed ripe with endless possibilities.
Knowing that I could watch these fruitful, former days,
Like an angel from afar, but never return,
Filled me with immeasurable sadness. I still
Don't whether I've truly awoken from that dream.

Dominic Windram
I Remember

I remember fragrant moments in time:
Of wild flowers on the lush hillside;
Of sunlight on water; the first fleeting kiss,
And the fresh, cascading flakes of Christmas snow

I remember well those rose tainted days
Of childhood dreaming; the spring time of life:
When the world seemed as innocent as doves.
It was like a perpetual playground!

Dominic Windram
I Remember 2

O the house where I once lived now looks like
Something out of a dream. I can perceive
Ghosts of yesteryear; playing happily
In the garden. I remember those times.
Places we used to go when we were young
Look so different in the dark. Perhaps
It is because they shone so brightly in
Childhood days of seemingly endless summer.

Dominic Windram
I Remember 3

I remember when we were young and the light
Played on the lawns and fields, for what seemed like,
A golden eternity. Sadly,
Sweet innocence has slowly turned into
Bitter experience. And all the bright
Colours of childhood and youth have faded
Into grey. Hope's frail flowers have withered.
Guardian angels seem like pale ghosts.
All of life's vital gloss has been removed.
Now the days speed by and we chase shadows.

Dominic Windram
I Remember Summer Days

I remember summer days,
Before the pain of mortal troubles.
I remember jewelled moments,
Just after the gentle rain;
When the air was soft & warm;
Tinged with the scent of roses.

And I recall that we would count
The diamond like evening stars,
As the day grew dark and
Time's shadows lengthened.

I remember summer days,
When I catch myself dreaming:
Days when the world seemed
To burst with light,
When death & despair seemed
Like distant fictions.

O I remember summer days,
When the grass seemed greener,
And we would make daisy chains
Without a care under the sun.

Dominic Windram
I Scatter Flowers

I scatter flowers
That contain, the frail remnants,
Of matter & ghost.

Dominic Windram
I Sense The Despair (January 6th 2020)

It's the beginning of a new decade.
I sense the despair of once great cities;
Now liberally littered with bones and
Broken walls. In the end, will we all be
Consumed and destroyed by fire and flood? .
Unless things change, in a dramatic way,
A grave silence will descend upon the earth.
Life's sweet flowers will no longer blossom.

Dominic Windram
I Shake Off The Ghosts

I shake off the ghosts,
And call out to the angels;
To redeem these times.

Dominic Windram
I Try To Hold On

I try to hold on
To soft moments of beauty;
But time slips away.

Dominic Windram
I Try To Hold On...

I try to hold on to
Gold tainted moments of time.
But they slip away.

Dominic Windram
I Try To Possess

I try to possess
Vibrant moments of beauty;
But time slips away.

Dominic Windram
I wandered through a dream of many realms;
Where I comprehended symbols and signs,
That previously, I couldn't discern.
I was struck by the indescribable
Beauty of bright inner landscapes and worlds.
I was aware of a balance between
Light and shade: which even the great artists
Could not conceive. I was aware that Love
Is the force that guides the universe. It
Radiates in molecular structures.
I was aware that life's but a shadow,
And that death is not the end, but merely
The beginning of a lengthy pathway:
That leads to sweet, golden eternity.

Dominic Windram
I Want To Awaken...(London: 1994)

I want to awaken from black dreams of despair.
I want to live my life freely; without a care.
Although I'm still entrapped in icy solitude,
I can glimpse a way out of my incessant blues.
O it shall be a long, hard road towards the light!
But I will make it, before my days turn to night.

Dominic Windram
I Want To Hold On...

I want to hold on,
To the warm hand of healing,
And never let go.

Dominic Windram
I was never really there.
I was just a casual tourist,
Searching for shiny signs of novelty.
I never established firm ground.
Like a spectre clinging
To the crumbs of other people's dreams,
To fill what it lacks in substance,
I was never really there.

I walked the streets a thousand times
Looking for a guide.
But all I found were faceless crowds,
Scurrying aimlessly through life.
I never let my mask slip.
I never got close to anyone.
Like a bit part in a play,
I was never really there/

I tasted love's fleeting thrills.
But they lacked colour and shade.
Love lacked a deeper purpose,
It all seemed to be in vain.
I watched them form paltry unions
From the vantage of the wings.
But I was not impressed,
I was never really there.

I sought hackneyed information;
Not the fruits of knowledge
I wasted my time with horoscopes
And other disreputable arts.
I was a shadow chasing shadows;
A blind man without a crutch.
Now all the roses have turned to dust.
I was never really there.

I looked into the mirror,
And was confronted
By my own emptiness,
And age old fears.
I watched the world on T.V,
As the great events passed by.
I never raised a flag or fist.
I was never really there.

And now I recline on my winter throne:
A cynical king without a crown.
Like my kind father before me,
Old but, unlike him, not so wise;
Counting the days and hours left;
Before the dark departure;
Before the senses expire.

And pray that I may be reborn,
As I was never really there.

Dominic Windram
I Will Keep My Focus On The Poetry.

O I'm tired and weary. For too long now
Have I wasted my energy on wingless
Trivialities and dead end, bankrupt schemes.
Yet my one saving grace is my poetry.
So I must concentrate on distilling and
Refining it. I must pluck bright metaphors
From the depths of my being and my dreaming.
O I shall focus hard on the poetry.

Dominic Windram
I Will Paint A Poem...

I will paint a poem, that lies deep in my dreams,
With wild, vibrant colours. I will seek
To bless and beautify the common word.
I'll make it mellifluous like the song of birds.

Dominic Windram
I Will Seize The Day

There seems to be no point in chasing the wind,  
As I've still got so much to offer and say.  
Others may spectate and passively  
I intend to seize each moment; every day.

Dominic Windram
I Will Still Be There For You

O I will still be there for you
When the ocean is no more blue;
When the darkness blots out the light;
When the rich bloom slips from the rose;
When the gleaming stars become cold;
In icy depths of endless night;
When nature is a mere ghost
When the husk devours the host
When the pale moon turns to blood red
When Love itself is pronounced dead.

Dominic Windram
I Will Submit

O I will submit
To feathered grace and mercy.
This world is too harsh.

Dominic Windram
I Would Like To Dream...

I would like to dream
Of heavenly seraphims:
No more bleak nightmares!

Dominic Windram
Ian Curtis R.I.P

He was a dark soul.  
Unlike the second rate goths,  
He wore no clown clothes.

Dominic Windram
I'd Like To Capture...

I'd like to capture,
The colours & forms of dreams,
In poetic works.

Dominic Windram
I'd Rather Be...

O I'd rather be a poet,
Imbibing the sunlight and rain,
Than a bored soldier on parade.
I'd rather be a bold prophet
Than a poor office worker.
I'd rather be a creator,
Than a politician canvassing
Like a huckster, to gain your votes.
I'd rather be a fine artist,
Painting things in colourful ways.
Than a meddling entrepreneur.
I would rather raise consciousness
Than conform to absurd diktats.
I'd relish my new found freedom!

Dominic Windram
Idiot T.V

Idiot T.V:
That has no discernible
Purpose anymore.

Dominic Windram
If I Were The Only One Left Alive...

If I were the only one left alive
I would compose poems till the day I died.
If I were the only one left alive,
The teeming elements would be my guides.

Dominic Windram
If There Was At Least...

If there was at least a light within our hearts:
To shelter from the pervading darkness.
If there was at least something sacred between us;
Rather than fleeting desire and monetary gain.

Dominic Windram
If You Do Not Dream

If you do not dream,
Angels will cease to guide you.
Poems will turn prosaic.

Dominic Windram
I'll Have My Revenge

I'll have my revenge on all those dumb idiots
Who've betrayed me. For I don't mind my food served cold.
I see they're still mired in parochial gloom,
While my work's being published all over the world!
O they may greatly prosper as pantomime clowns,
But they're soulless and lacking in integrity.
My oeuvre will survive when they are mere dust.
I'll have my revenge on the petty North East tribe!

Dominic Windram
I'll Have To Close Ranks

I'll have to close ranks,
As I sense the fast approachment,
Of deadly, new storms.

Dominic Windram
Okay my long time friend. I'll paint a new poem,
One brief hour before the darkness creeps in.
I hope it will reflect the former radiance
Of a golden age that's gradually rusted.
The clocks in the hotel will turn silent
At that interminable moment in time,
And what you now consider to be a crack
In consciousness; an immutable emptiness
Will be softly transformed into holy vision.
Light will be woven into the fabric of
Your being. Red needle suns in peregrine flight
Will quickly pierce the obese balloon of now.
You'll watch it explode into a million pieces
And then you'll see how the dream like violets scatter.
And you'll hear the universe burst into laughter.
In this new moment in time, the angels and ghosts
Will be released From the machinery of night.
You'll be lost in the poetry of becoming!

Dominic Windram
Illusion Versus Reality

I am not enamoured by fragrant promises.
I deride all the hackneyed comments about hope.
I've no time, these days, for nebulous illusions.
The vivid drugs of contemporary media
Fuel such baseless visions, dreams and demands.
I'm more inclined to the stubborn and the bizarre:
In reality's stark irregularities:
In darkness that dwells behind artificial light.

Dominic Windram
Illusory Realms

T.V images:
Muscular & beautiful;
Worlds of fantasy.

Dominic Windram
I'm A Poet...

I'm a poet, a misfit, a dreamer,
A thinker, a rebel and a schemer.
I'm part time prophet and educator.
I'm a system hating liberator.
I love the Romantic and the surreal.
I'm inspired by my most vivid dreams
I'm guided by a peculiar light:
That helps me make it through the darkest nights.

Dominic Windram
I'm bored by this world
Of crass games & pantomimes:
Futile endeavours!

Dominic Windram
I'm Comfortable In My Own Skin At Long Last

O it does seem such a long time since we last met.
The person that you once knew no longer exists.
He is now like a shadowy stranger to me.
I've moved on since, via many different masks.
Yet it's only fairly recently that I feel
I can truly be. And I say, "Amen to that!"

Dominic Windram
I'm Free To Think My Own Thoughts

I'm not tied to any rigid school or system.  
I'm intellectually promiscuous.  
I say: 'Let a thousand bright flowers bloom! 
For this world, has multiple textures of meaning.

Dominic Windram
I'm Going Out To Vote Today (December 12th, 2019)

I need to vote today, to stop the Brexit brutes
From taking control of my town. For their rancid
Bigotry and racism has no place here.
I fear the worst as the dark clouds of hatred
Are gathering and storms are surely on their way.
O I need to vote today! It's so important.

Dominic Windram
I'm In This Game For The Long Haul

I'm always busy writing to create
Some kind of art. Certain things I inflate;
That others refer to as voice & style.
I have walked ten thousand poetic miles,
Yet I still feel as though I'm just starting
To get a feel of things. My words should sing
Rather than sound like discordant shrieks.
Like in sports, I'm trying to reach my peak.
Yet it's so hard to balance light and shade.
The old masters knew how to blend the grave
And the joyous. I've still got time to learn.
While the inner flame continues to burn,
I'll defy the boredom of daily life.
I shall transcend this wanton world of strife.
Although it's getting darker in the West,
The prophets can see beyond the unrest.
They have heard bleak winter's frozen warnings.
But they have glimpsed the warm coming of spring.
Although there are many who value nothing,
And who know the market worth of everything;
So dazzled are they by cut price souvenirs,
There are still sacred realms that are revered.
I'd like to document the mood of the times;
Whilst hinting at signs that point to the sublime.
I'll attempt to forge beauty from doubt and pain.
I'll call on the gods for healing summer rain.

Dominic Windram
I'm Just A Number

I'm just a number
In the modern scheme of things:
Better to be dead!

Dominic Windram
I'm Just Planting Seeds...

I'm just planting of them will grow
Into blazing fruits and flowers. And yet
I know that many of them will never
Flourish because they fall upon deaf ears.

Dominic Windram
I'm Losing My Patience....

I'm losing my patience with administrators.
O they communicate by uttering jargon!
They are forever chasing pointless paperwork.
They possess the creativity of insects!

Dominic Windram
I'm Opposed...

I'm opposed to the narrow ways of the tribe:
That label and ultimately crucify,
All those who seek a different path in life.
Believe me, I've lived it, and it is a curse.
It's crap. I cannot think of anything worse!
Yet being ostracised has many plus points.
I feel it means, that you can say what you want.
I'm for beauty that resides on the outskirts.
The mainstream, corporate consensus has no worth.
I'm against the false church, I only seek Christ.
I'm against establishment hypocrisy.
I only look to potent visions and dreams.
I'm against obsequious Queen and country.
I'm for a Republic where we can be free.
I'll always support justice for Palestine.
All those who oppose it are Gadarene swine.

Dominic Windram
I'm So Bored Of Television

I flick idly through
All the usual channels:
Nothing worth watching!

Dominic Windram
I'm So Tired!

I'm so tired! Tonight, I will gladly
Welcome the soft, silky embrace
Of soothing dream coloured sleep.
Let it cover me in light & grace!

Dominic Windram
I'm So Tired...

I'm so tired of your insane demands:
Of your vain, elaborate strategies
To divide and conquer. For they lead to
Places that are cold, dark and dangerous.
Simply put, I want to feel free enough,
To compose my poetry, ideally
In silence; far away from the bright realms
Of shrieking madness. I don't want to be
A mere slave of fortune. For I seek
Full control of my destiny. Unlike
Many, I like to look before I leap;
So to speak. I hate this current chaos.
I prefer peace of mind. I don't want to
Be caught up in the whirlwind of these times.

Dominic Windram
I'm So Tired; Yet I Sense A Change.

I'm tired of chasing after the wind.
I'm bored of merely marking tender time;
Trying to find 'truth' amidst stony fragments.
I want to glimpse aspects of the eternal.
I'd like to capture life's ethereal glints;
Transcribe strange sunbursts of consciousness.
I need to feel the vital blood flow through me,
And seek unconditional communion.
Yet I shall not compromise colour & shade.
I'd like to detail the seed's potential;
Not be distracted by the flower's fragrance.
I want to know the myriad ways of the moon;
Convey its spectral, canarin mysteries.
O could I disclose nature's verdant secrets,
In a language soft & pure yet knowing?
We poets, prophets should not seek asylum
In some lustrous, imagined Eden, rather
Decipher the writing on the wall: the signs
Of the times: that blurt out bleak contingencies.
We should stir the cold cinders of memory;
And revive the soul's multi foliate rose;
Confront the wind - blown struggles over meaning.
And enable leaden lexicons to breathe.
We should ignore the world's discordant music,
And seek guidance in ancient plainsong or prayer.
We should brace ourselves for spiritual battle
Against the dark agents that proliferate.
Haunting me always are grave, dreadful voices.
They warn me to withdraw in desperation.
Although the pure fountain has shattered;
Although the new gods are but rusted idols;
Although Love now dons Vanity's grotesque mask;
Although we're still engulfed by evening's shadows;
I sense fresh light breaking through the heart's cracks.
Acedia's malignant spell is breaking.
I sense the coming of a bejewelled dawn.

Dominic Windram
I'm Still Searching

I'm still searching for my lost heart
In a bleak, indifferent world.
I'm still searching for the flowers
Of truth amidst ruined gardens.
I'm still reaching out for lovers
In an age of narcissism.
I'm still searching for golden words
To describe this modern malaise.

Dominic Windram
I'm Still Working At My Craft

I'm working with a profound inner glow, 
Now I'm no longer chasing mere shadows. 
Although I'm getting older, and my days 
Are numbered, I'm exploring different ways 
To express myself. I'll never submit 
To the status quo. I will never quit 
My duty to subvert & enlighten. 
And I'll never receive this chance again. 
I'm still imbibing summer's vital wine. 
I'm still ripping up the fabric of time.

Dominic Windram
I'm Talking In Tongues (July 2007)

I'm talking in tongues, now that I've fallen in love
I feel like I've witnessed the fiery coming
Of the divine dove. But this has happened many times
Before. And it usually turns quite ugly.
Nevertheless, I shall try to give it my best shot.
At least it's a release from everyday boredom.
I shall wine and dine my beloved. I shall dance
And sing and shake the perennial blues away.
I shall pluck flowers from the garden of dreams and
Hope Lady Luck favours me, as I roll the dice!

Dominic Windram
I'm The Matador

I'm the matador and they are the bulls.
I'm too quick for them. They are too slow.
For they are the proverbial numbskulls.
I sow seeds of poesy that will grow.
I have all the skills, as well as the moves,
While they are attached to base desires.
Although they prosper, they'll be removed.
I want to rekindle inner fires.
I want to see humankind's spirit glow.
While they rot in the sty of contentment,
I'm still adding vital strings to my bow,
And I refute their mawkish sentiment.
I challenge and subvert cold steel systems,
While they are happy with the status quo.
They offer no substantial resistance.
Like dead fish, they seem to go with the flow.
I think they are the quintessential herd.
They prefer bigotry to basic facts.
They resist the blazing light of the Word.
Crass consumer items fill what they lack.
They are hypnotised by their gleaming screens.
O they do not lead but simply follow.
I intend to burst their impotent dreams,
Before I deliver the final blow.

Dominic Windram
I'm Trapped

Like many in this modern world,
I'm trapped between contrasting worlds:
The secular and the sacred.
I'm torn between the light and dark.
I can't seem to forge a balance
Between the rose and the fire.

Like many in this modern world:
Will I submit to base desires?
Will I remain snug in Babylon
Or raise a hand to aid the wounded?
Will I be true to my conscience,
And be saved by Christ's healing blood?

Dominic Windram
Imagination's Gifts

Our consciousness sets us above the fixed form of things.
O we can illuminate dark kingdoms with our minds!
Equipped with imagination's fertile powers,
We can create wondrous worlds in our own image.
O we can compose veritable empires,
Of poetic significance and endless delight!

Dominic Windram
Imagine

Imagine a desert,
Without sanctuary,
As dry & hard as bone.

Imagine a river,
Ceasing to flow,
As it changes
from azure to mud.

Imagine black blanches,
Dripping with blood,
Devoid of birds.

Imagine the spirit:
The vital force of life;
Extinguished from the mortal flesh,
Like a rose turned to ash.

And then imagine,
A world that has lost
Its boundless gift for dreaming.

Dominic Windram
Immaculate Angel

Immaculate, all seeing angel;
Perfect among all God's creation;
Beyond rational conception;
Beyond narrow perception.

Form beyond all forms; beyond mortal notions;
A being untouched by human corruption.
Her eyes shine forth with the purest white light;
That blinds the creatures of the dust,
And raises the faithful to phoenix heights

Unmoved by the despair of the world,
Within her presence the future unfurls.
Her presence speaks of infinite joy & pain
Of divinity's bright redeeming flame.
Her compassionate tears fall like rain,
Into the darkest abyss that brutally devours
The holy, white flesh of pure Innocence.

Dominic Windram
Immanuel (God Is With Us)

All around, we can hear winter's bitter moans.
O the icy wind has flayed the trees to bone!
The old leaves have been torn off and condemned.
It's a time to reflect; to make amends.
In this Advent season, we keenly recall,
The one lowly born; yet rarer than gold:
He was as pure as the coming of spring.
A symbol of light; amidst suffering:
He was a world shaker; a dream weaver;
Who boldly confronted our howling days.
Whose kingdom is beyond all mortal power;
Whose love is adorned with flakes of beauty;
Whose grace is as soft as snow & flowers;
Whose crucifixion was a new beginning.

Dominic Windram
Immanuel (God With Us)

Three small words; only one syllable each;  
Less than ten letters to convey meaning.  
How can such simplicity; concision  
Convey such profundity of wisdom?  
God with us: King of kings and Lord of lords;  
God with us: Love that guides the universe;  
God with us: in snow fall and wild sunbursts;  
God with us: in skies and seas; moon and stars;  
God with us: who created the heavens,  
And the earth, and every living thing.

Dominic Windram
Impressions Of The Lake District

Late October's brown, red and golden bliss;
Flashes, fragments of cottages and trees;
Small islands afloat in the smoky mist;
Unmarred by the blasts of the centuries.
A shaft of soft light penetrates the gloom,
And points at a solitary sail boat.
What has brought me to this place? Is it fate?
Amidst the world's troubles, a glint of hope?
Sunset turns the lake to liquid scarlet
A swan transforms into a silhouette.

Beneath mountains and stars I feel so small,
At odds with these bloated times so near;
Yet so out of reach; with too many walls;
Where artificial things hide our fears;
I watch the water cascade tumultuously,
Over rocks, under overhanging branches.
Everything flows like silver studded dreams.
I'm at one with a Spirit that enchants.
Here, the putrid spectres of the past
Can't haunt me as I'm blessed by Nature vast.

Dominic Windram
In A Deep Dream

In a deep dream, I glimpsed an ancient house:
Where the raging tribal elders once met.
O they seemed eerily familiar.
I watched them perform ceremonies
Of birth and death. I watched on
Intrigued, as their servants took to the stage
In masks of comedy & tragedy.
The poignant play, they performed, was concerned
With the most profound events in heaven.
And in hell. It was a revelation.

Dominic Windram
In A Rather Strange Dream

In a rather strange dream I travelled along
Subtly coloured paths of an autumn wood.
I observed the seasonal fall of red,
Gold and brown leaves. Ghost like they stuttered
Their way to earth. O they were akin to
Broken syllables; half-lost in the wind.

Dominic Windram
In An Old Town By The Sea (Llastres, Asturias, 2001)

In an old town by the sea.
I am strangely moved by
The plangent cries
Of a Spanish guitar.

Stray dogs hungrily roam
The cobbled streets;
With wild, searching eyes.
They seem to mirror my state.

In the bustling marketplace,
The locals gather for warm connection:
Absorbed among the fish, the meats and spices;
And fashionable garments and bracelets
Some older, but wiser, withered faces
Look to night's stars for guidance

I came here to escape the fevered city,
Now I find myself in this torpid town.
But I am far from here; my mind
Still fixed on a million trivial things

I'm so tired of all the futile games
We're forced to play under the sun.

What is it that I'm looking for
On this retreat from routine life?
Perhaps Nature will open her arms
And embrace me like a long lost son.

In this toxic age of doubt
I desire the dreams of flowers.
I want to learn ancient joys and laments
That will bind me to the earth.

I understand in my bones
That there is no paradise;
Only fleeting illusions;
Fragments of childhood visions.
Some say that love is the answer.
But in the teeming, chaotic world
That we call love. there is no guide
And the archers are seemingly blind

Dominic Windram
In Anticipation Of Spring

I can't wait to awake in the midst of spring's light,
And know the months of cold are gone. Still the March winds
Rage on. O I can't wait to awake to the sight
Of bright violets, tulips and golden daffodils!
Soon frozen joints will loosen. Nature's blithe spirit
Will course, like rare blood, through our frail veins once again.
Life's magic abounds; if we can but perceive it.
Praise be warm breezes and the gentle April rain!

Dominic Windram
In Bygone Epochs

In bygone epochs,
Life shimmered with mysteries.
Poets dreamed of angels.

Dominic Windram
In casinos, no one tells you the time.  
You're locked into an illusory world.  
O they offer you the moon and the stars!  
These crude places are a confusion of  
Bright lights and existential emptiness.  
The intention is to gradually  
Strip clients of their consciousness; until  
There's nothing left but an empty wallet!

Dominic Windram
In Defence Of Art And Poetry

Like butterflies trapped in jars, art and poetry:
These symbols of profound beauty, need to be freed.
For they're treated like strangers in a hostile world:
Where love and grace have been replaced by the absurd.

Dominic Windram
In Dream- Visions 7

In dream visions, the angels are calling:
' Forget mortal cares. Come with us and sail
Across rivers of light and celestial
Oceans and seas. Sail with us endlessly.'

Dominic Windram
In Dreams

In dreams, I often
Find my other self drowning;
In a black river.

Dominic Windram
In Dreams 11

In elegant dreams,
I glimpse vast gardens filled with:
Flowers and fountains.

Dominic Windram
In Dreams 14

In dreams, violets and snowflakes are falling
Through the night. Freedom's sweet angels are calling.
In dreams, Love extricates itself from darkness
And seemingly implacable realms of sadness.
O it is reaching out to a higher light!
In dreams, I glimpse a divine radiance white;
That seeps through this world's bitter, broken fragments.
The heart's verdant life force will never relent!

Dominic Windram
In Dreams 16

In dreams, I see Heaven's angels crying.
I see discarded, wanton worlds on fire.
I see hypocrites deny their desires.
I see blood flow from land mines and barbed wires.
I see Love sacrificed on pleasure's altar.
I see vile tribes persecute 'the other'.
In dreams, fascists are burying the light.
I see them call on creatures of the night.
I see Christ like figures nailed to crosses.
I see weapons bring about great losses.
I see the future and it's an abyss.
I see the darkness of the serpent's kiss.
I see bold art and poetry dying.
In dreams, I see Heaven's angels crying.

Dominic Windram
In Dreams 2

In dreams, I can sense
A warm, gentle breeze; that melts
Cold metal & steel.

Dominic Windram
In Dreams 3

In dreams I'm blessed by your sweet kiss:
A sign of soft divinity;
Another flashing glimpse of bliss.
Only in dreams are we set free.

Dominic Windram
In Dreams 4

In dreams I float, in
Vast seas of silvery light:
Guided by the moon.

Dominic Windram
In Dreams 5

In dreams, I move like a ghost between worlds.
In dreams, I am young again: striding through
The corridors of knowledge; the hallways
Of the imagination: desperately
Searching for answers to burning questions;
Looking for meditative remedies;
Clutching at crucifixes & candles;
Scattering flowers in hazy summer.

In dreams, I perceive the bright sun of joy
And the pale moon of madness & sadness.
In dreams my former self is enraptured
By the sheer beauty of the seasons.
I'm looking through fresh eyes that were once mine.
And despite brief liaisons it seems that,
I never really did get to explore
The endless labyrinth's of another's soul.

Dominic Windram
In Dreams: 15

In dreams, I watch the playback of life's key stages
From fiery youth to the curious quell of age;
From verdant, carnivalesque scenes to the dark heart
Of solemn ceremonies; From cold solitude
To wild wanderings into unknown realms; From stark
Reminders of mortality to joy's newness.
From the weight of wisdom and knowledge's suffering
To inner stillness and the soul's flame rekindling;
From art's magic and poetry's vitality;
To the innocent dance of trivialities.
From autumn's sadness and winter's frozen warnings
To spring and summer's sweet, melodious singing.
From microcosmic Edens to their eerie Falls;
I see it all clearly and remember it all.

Dominic Windram
In Every Age...

In every age, there are sorrows
That cut through our hearts like knives.
In every age, there are rare angels
To guide us through this Vale of Tears.
In every age, there are joys
To behold in the blossoming of spring.
In every age, there are lovers
Who walk and talk like dreamers.
In every age, there are new idols
And cold tyrants to be revered or feared.
In every age, there are prophets
Who question prevailing orthodoxies.
In every age, there are rigid tribes
And reducers of consciousness.
In every age, there are mystics and poets:
Who are expanders of consciousness.
In every age, there is the human condition
Of light and dark; which never changes.

Dominic Windram
In leafy suburbs,
All is not quite what it seems;
As psychopaths prowl.

Dominic Windram
In Limbo (Glasgow: 1993)

My thought patterns waver wildly
Between the seen and the unseen.
Where are the guardians; the guides
In this strange, fuzzy realm of dreams?

Dominic Windram
In Love's Brief Hours

The Rose is fading,
As fragile hearts are breaking:
In Love's brief hours.

Dominic Windram
In Love's Golden Realms

In Love's golden realms:
Stars burn so sumptuously
And Time seems to stop.

Dominic Windram
In Lucid Dreams

In lucid dreams that seem
To translate themselves,
Stringless kites hover across the heavens.
The spectres of care free artists
Sing madrigals to the sun.
In forests filled with dewfall,
The bright leaves & birds
Broadcast their longings;
In the sweetest of lexicons.
Death has no hold here.
A kind of subtle glory endures;
That enlightens diurnal consciousness.

Dominic Windram
O in manic times, we do not reflect.
But scatter our seeds under the sun.
We desperately search for connections;
To transcend the brokeneness of this world.
O we reject empty rituals that
No longer provide meaning. We search
For lost treasures, while we move in circles.

Land fills are crammed with disillusioned hearts.
The manic birds in anxious flight shatter
Modern windscreens. The matador suffers
And yet finds pleasure in a ring of blood.
The nomads trace their tracks in the desert.
Urban commuters closely guard their dreams;
As they try to survive these bankrupt times.

Dominic Windram
In Memory Of Bob Paisley (1919- 1996)

His words of wisdom were so much softer
Than his daring deeds. His philosophy
Was not bawled out, but hidden snug beneath
The ordinary, flat cap that he always wore.
He, the Master, desired no other crown.
He was the first manager to conquer
Europe on three occasions and his teams
Dominated the top league in England
From the mid Seventies to the early
Eighties. Yet he was very underrated.

O he understood the profundities
Of paradox: the meaning of silk and steel.
He could sum things up in a telling phrase
Or gesture. There was nothing flash or pompous
About his didn't need to
Riddle, a simple, yet beautiful game
with cold, senseless complexities,
Or unnecessary, overblown tactics.
It was basically about movement,
Great vision and keeping the ball rolling.

His tender heart wrapped itself in the warmth
Of human affection. The fickle spotlight
Of insufferable celebrity
Was not for we miss that quiet,
Humble man! Indeed, Paisley’s absence is
Particularly striking, when one considers
This crass, current era: where flawed egos
And petulant prima donnas demand
Money & praise. Yet evidently do
So little to deserve it. God bless Bob!

Dominic Windram
In Memory Of Nick Drake (1948 - 1974)

He was a fragile angel
With wings of paper:
Who dreamed of other worlds;
Who sensed the moon's phantoms.
Too weak for earth's weightiness,
He sought sublime transcendence
But like Icarus before him,
He flew too close to the sun.

Dominic Windram
In Memory Of Nietzsche

The preachers of death transmit an
Emaciated, trembling, pale divinity.
Their piety kills creative life forces.
Their beliefs & dogmas are outdated.

Some need a crutch while bolder others
Are looking for a ladder to the stars.
I await the birth of a new god:
A roaring Dionysian genius.

The fragile power of cold institutions old or new
Are no match for the prophets or poets' fiery words.
For the former enforcers are involved in reducing consciousness;
Whereas the latter creators are inspired to expand it.

We need to worship the beauty of the rose;
Not the steely merits of the skyscraper.
We need to breathe in fresher air;
Not Modernity's stale poisons.

We need to be reborn and thrive
In green hills, wild woods and pastures
And leave soul destroying, decadent,
Grey urban centres far behind.

Dominic Windram
In Memory Of Thomas Spence (English Political Radical & Reformer - 1750 - 1814,)

I believe you will not disappear.
You will not die in children's hopeful eyes;
In every living human heart,
That dares to dream beyond its scope;
Beyond the gratified peasantry
Of this compliant Kingdom.

The old, rampant tribes are beating their chests
Raising their flags and fists against the tide;
But I still cling to the singular rose of your vision,
Amidst the ruins of tainted modernity.

If you were with us now you would surely
Advocate vital insurrection; in the name of love;
In the righteous spirit of Christ's radicalism
Surely like a raging prophet you would call us to:
Awaken from the deep sleep of self servitude;
Awaken from gleaming crass consumer dreaming
Awaken from the media's mad circus of distraction;
Awaken from the spell binding delusions born from
The pitiless minds of sordid symbol manipulators;
And arise blessed by the sun of new born awareness.

Dominic Windram
In Memory Of Vincent Van Gogh (1853- 1890)

O he dragged the weight of dark centuries
Up towards the Light. O he plucked cold stars,
From the vast, solitary realms of night,
And reanimated them on his canvas:
In fiery golds and bold oranges.
Although he was thunderstruck, and indeed
His blessed powers were curtailed by raging
Bouts of madness, he was a trailblazer:
A comet charting unknown galaxies
Of vision. His swirling brushstrokes and his
Vibrant colours electrified consciousness.
He was an original, master artist.

Dominic Windram
In Memory Of William Blake (1757 - 1827)

A wild, easily shattered flower
Is more precious
Than a million modern gadgets.

Eternity's presence
Can be discovered
In molecular structures.

Nature's infinite yield
Cannot be measured
By gross economics.

And pure, universal love
Cannot be diminished
By the rise of globalisation.

Dominic Windram
In My Dream Home

In my dream home new rituals unfold.
I must open all the windows to let
In the fresh light of serendipity.
Then I must tend to the dense garden of
Memory and vision. I must pluck and
Prune to unleash vibrant colours and sounds
Not yet the seeds that I sowed, so
Long ago, have bloomed into bright flowers.

Dominic Windram
In my mind, light dances relentlessly.  
It cannot rest. O colours, signs & symbols  
Infiltrate my consciousness! I will try  
To capture their teeming fragments of magic;  
In words that, are perhaps, imprecise. I'll  
Edit and refine in a lifetime's labour.  
Then, I will gently bless them, before I  
Gather them into a single folio.

Dominic Windram
In Our Exile

In our exile, we try desperately
To cultivate the wastelands of our souls.
We build huge towers that pierce the skies.
We make great leaps of creativity.
O We have now invented cyberspace!
Yet we seem to lack a profound sense of
The spiritual. O we need wisdom.
For it's not measured by worldly success.

Dominic Windram
In Pale Blue Futures

In pale blue futures, no one can connect;  
No one can communicate. There's only  
The vague shrieking of nothingness. There are  
Only fragmented voices, coming through  
The airwaves, like spectres of dreadful night.  
There is no redeeming light there. There is  
A profound absence at the heart of things.  
It's as solitary as distant stars.

Dominic Windram
In Praise Of Autumn

Spring nor summer can compare with Autumn's
Ripening beauty; its subtle colours:
Rusted reds and browns; greens, golds and ochres
Cover the trees; and are liberally
Scattered over groves in late October.
It is indeed a solemn season. Yet
There's a perfect blending of light and shade.
Where life's joys and sorrows intermingle;
Where we gather in the harvest of our
Annual gains and losses so patiently.

Dominic Windram
In Praise Of Carl Jung

O there are those who would banish the mystery
Of the world with their crude microscopic mind sets,
And their wilful denial of the greater light;
Had they the chance to fully enact their theses.

I'm much more concerned with the vital connections:
Between Buddha like awareness and Spring blossom;
Between the blood red rose and the lily white dove;
Between symbols, archetypes and teeming creation.

Dominic Windram
O there are those who would banish the mystery
Of the world with their keen microscopic mindsets;
By their complete denial of the greater Light
Yet they can never fully enact their theses.

Like Jung, I'm more concerned with vital connections:
Between Buddha like awareness and spring blossom;
Between the blood red rose and the lily white dove;
Between the rich symbol and teeming creation.

Dominic Windram
In Praise Of Ordinary Lives

I don't wish to lavish gifts
On the world's fabled leaders & heroes,
Or those blessed by the divine light of genius.
I'd rather beautify the common voice
Of the poor and the marginalised:
Of those whose lives are not recorded in history's pages;
Of those whose names don't appear in gilded obituaries.
No honours & titles elevate their status.
And no monuments are built for their service.
I want to compose a folio of longing.
That will contain new hymns in praise
Of the communal kingdom of justice:
I shall renounce ornamental verse.
For poetry, like bread, is for everyone.

Dominic Windram
In Praise Of You

O it is so dark and lonely where I wander,
But you shelter me in the deep warmth of your grace.
O I think of many years I have squandered,
But I'm emboldened by the beauty of your face.
Your sweet whispers are as pure as the driven snow.
And your lips are as red as roses or rubies.
When you with me my heart and soul are all aglow.
You'll always be the Muse of my visions and dreams.

Dominic Windram
In Quiet Hours

In quiet hours:
The soft humming of a bee;
Amidst the flowers.

Dominic Windram
In Search Of Some Peace

Too much speed & noise!
Nature’s sure remedies are
Sun, rain & birdsong.

Dominic Windram
In Search Of True Joy At Christmas.

During Advent we see the word joy everywhere
It is plastered on department store walls. It hangs
In lights over town squares. It is embossed in gold
On the cover of greeting cards. On our screens
It is ubiquitous. Pure joy seems to be
The mascot emotion of Christmastime.
And it should be. For Jesus wanted us to be
Joyous. He made it possible for us to know
The true meaning of joy. So why then is there so
Much loneliness, emptiness and despair in our
Plentiful modern world? We seem to search for joy
Via selfish means. We clamour for attention,
Material possessions and recognition.
Yet we can discover true joy by loving God,
With all our hearts, and by loving other people
As we love ourselves. This Advent season we need
To listen closely to the Word and give praise to
The profound joy and glory of the holy birth.

Dominic Windram
In Silvery Dreams (October 2nd: 2019)

In silvery dreams, wild rivers and streams
Seem to flow through me with an eerie ease.
And then I find myself gently merging
With the spirit of exotic flowers:
In lush fields where dewdrops are glistening:
Fresh with such radiant force and power.
Have I at last found the key to the Light;
Beyond the bitter realms of fractured night?

Dominic Windram
In Solidarity With Edward Snowden

Power remains strong
When it is hidden in the dark.
Yet when you expose it
To the sunlight it will evaporate.

If you are courageous enough
To carry this out,
They will hunt you down
To the far corners of the world.

Dominic Windram
In Summer's Garden

In Summer's garden:
Frail beauty of butterflies;
A joy to behold.

Dominic Windram
In Summer's Garden: (July 2019)

In summer's verdant garden, a profusion
Of wonderful flowers: from blood red roses
Of passion; to milk white ones of innocence.
From bluebells soaked in the colour of the seas
And oceans; to the pink glow of carnations.
From the golden radiance of sunflowers;
To the enchanting sight of sweet buttercups
And daisies. All's a veritable Eden!

Dominic Windram
In The Birthing Room

In the birthing room of the heart,
I nurse and coax tender art.
Here I work hard at my craft:
Setting out reams of mental drafts.
Here I detail light and shade,
And create in uncommon ways.
Here I blend form with content;
Until flashing notions relent.

Dominic Windram
In The Birthing Room...(Haiku)

In the birthing room:
The spluttering of spring and
The splash of colour.

Dominic Windram
In The Death Throes Of Winter

In the death throes of winter, dark angels
Announce implacable realms of sadness:
That come to us with icy blasts of wind;
That depress the tender Christmas spirit.
They linger in the air like swollen ghosts.
They’re deep in the frost and the falling snow.
They embed themselves at the heart of things.
We pray in hope for the first bud of spring.

Dominic Windram
In The Healing Light

In the healing light
Of the Spirit we gather
Up our brokenness.

Dominic Windram
In The Presence Of Spring

Flashing pink splashes; budding promises;
The hard, wintry heart is surely softened
And present troubles are briefly halted.
Even in old bones, the primal pith is stirred
And a deeper purpose is rekindled.
Fresh petals strewn across the dew stained lawn;
The trees flourish with rose and milk blossoms.
Precious purple stars of tulips unfold;
A spirit, pure and joyous, fills the soul;
Where time lets us be in warm, winsome ways;
Where love is a dove newly inspired;
The hour of the lamb and the leveret;
The hour of Hyacinth's ascension;
Sweet scents whisper their secrets in the air
Like a hallowed ritual now so rare.
O the colours, the textures, the magic;
The bright, lyrical sunbursts of surprise;
The sheer ecstasy of grand design;
A hint of Eden's bloom before the Fall.
The lingering presence of gold tinged bliss;
Miracles of forgotten symphonies;
Resurrected in radiant repartee.
Twinkling birdsong buttresses the dawn,
Laying claim over our consciousness.
Lush lexicons of nursery lullabies
Comprise this season's murmured choir,
To add a sprinkle of fairy dust so
That forgotten memories are revived.
I hear, I sense its subtle rhythms
And its elegant, ornamental rhymes.
It's a sanctuary from emptiness.
It is redemption from spectral kingdoms.

My April dreaming is bold and boundless.
I pray for pellucid light to pour through
The cracks in our fragile empires;
To silence the rebirth of bigotry,
Forged from pungent tribal orthodoxies
And coarse patriarchal hierarchies.
In febrile visions I select symbols
From the insistent turning of the year.
The cuckoo's first plaintive call is my guide
It points me to this life's very essence.
I pray for fiery fruits of the vine
To dispel contemporary inertia.
I pray for a flower strewn leveling.
An archetypal need for harmony
Spreads through this most abundant occasion;
It's not a strained transcendence; just a change
In the general direction of the wind.
The force that flows through root and branch and stem
Moves me. I can trace its wild, strident cries.
I can hear, in the loins of the earth,
The rowan launch its radical agenda.
I embrace warm, vibrant blood bursting through
Veins of antiquated ceremonies.
Lovers of very different persuasions
Walk like dreamers in madrigal measure,
Hungri ly towards azure horizons.
They turn away from stifling centuries;
Finally free from the absurd burden.
For Spring's the season of insurrection;
Of Nature's verdant, teeming willfulness.
I hear rumblings of the first thunder
And anticipate the crisp rush of rain.

Dominic Windram
In The Sweet Remnant Of A Dream

In the sweet remnant of a dream,
The pure light settles on the heads
Of the poets & the prophets;
As they translate teeming visions.

Dominic Windram
In The True Light

In the superficial light of sordid pleasures,
The soul is briefly distracted from its sorrows.
But in the tender, warm light of Grace & Mercy,
The soul is redeemed & cleansed by Love's endless seas.

Dominic Windram
In The Twilight Realm Of Dreams

O in the eerie, twilight realm of dreams,
Verdant spring days turn to a wintry white;
Flowers turn to rocks and stones; blood to dust.
And the teeming world of light turns silent,
Like a grave, in the darkened realm of dreams.
O how pleasing it is to awaken!

Dominic Windram
In These Cold Subways

In these cold subways,
Long shadows are lingering.
The dark spectres prowl.

Dominic Windram
In These Golden Years

In these golden years,
Beauty floods through every vein.
Warm promise abounds.

Dominic Windram
In These Times

O in these times, cartoon and advertisements
Are sets of symbols and signifiers,
For a whole manner of things which don't exist.
They inhabit imaginative worlds.
They're only 'alive' in a commercial sense.
For they help to sell a vast range of products.

Dominic Windram
In These Twilight Realms

In these twilight realms,
I hear the music of long forgotten fables
& the slow, burning glimmer of fading stars.
I smell the potent scent of pinewood on the breeze
As I see the deep green forests glowing in mystery

In these twilight realms,
Dreams watch each other so curiously.
Blue merges with violet in Monet skies.
Spectres whisper their secrets to the wind
Where memory and repressed desire meet.

In these twilight realms,
The sporadic rain is studded with diamonds
& the crescent moon is a chimera.
The soul is trapped between two dying worlds.
I sense that the wounded light is getting fainter

Dominic Windram
In These Twilight Realms 2

In these twilight realms:
The music of long forgotten fables
& The slow, burning glimmer of fading stars.

In the twilight realms:
The potent scent of pinewood on the breeze
& the deep green forests glowing in mystery.

In these twilight realms:
Dreams watch each other so curiously
& blue merges with violet in Monet skies.

In these twilight realms:
Spectres whisper their secrets to the wind
& memory and repressed desire meet.

In these twilight realms:
The sporadic rain is studded with diamonds
& the crescent moon is a chimera.

In these twilight realms:
The soul is trapped between two roaring worlds
& the wounded light is getting fainter.

Dominic Windram
In this age of excess, there are those who
Always reap a golden it's
The opposite case for many, who're forced
To live so cheaply, on the cold, plagued streets

In this age of excess, there those whose dreams
Always seem to come true; while others try
To desperately escape from the pain of
Living, for a brief time, in drug fuelled haze.

Dominic Windram
In This Brief Moment

In this brief moment,
Love's pure light emphasises,
Your ocean blue eyes.

Dominic Windram
In This Corporate World

In this corporate world,
We’re like dogs begging for scraps.
Is there no exit?

Dominic Windram
In this cruel world of constant suffering,
We need to keep on creating something
That is pure, precious and transcendent:
Something that can evoke great wonderment.
We poets possess that higher power:
That can transform wastelands into flowers.
We adore the magic of creation.
We can be guiding lights of salvation.

Dominic Windram
In This Dark Hour

Speaking to you
In this dark hour
Isn't easy for me.
For I have lost
The softened words
Of feathered poetry.

Now the bleak rains
Of separation
Surround us, all the wise blood
Has fled from my forehead.
I pick golden fragments
From time's ruins.

O Time is a malignant beast:
Pitiless in its passing!
Each moment seems to be
A hell of our own making.

In this dark hour
It is not your body
I want; but your dreams
And your quiet company.

Dominic Windram
In This Dark Hour Alternate Version

It's such a relief to speak with you again.
In this dark hour when I have discarded
The feathered heaven of poetry.
For all the words have lost their meaning.
Although the bleak rains Of separation
Surround us, I'm pleased that your here.
All the wise blood has fled from my forehead
O I guess Time is a malignant beast.
It is pitiless in its monotonous passing.
Each moment seems to be a hell of my own making
In this dark hour, it is not your body
I want; but your dreams and your quiet company.

Dominic Windram
In This New Century

In this new century,
Softened by simulacra,
Revolutionaries are stripped
Of their wild symbolism.
Poets, prophets & angels
Are cut price souvenirs.

In this new century,
We are imprisoned by
A plethora of images.
Ideal form is as distant
As stars in a debased culture.
'Reality' has slipped from view.

Dominic Windram
In This Red Sunset

In this red sunset,
I await the coming of night;
And endless dreaming.

Dominic Windram
In This Twilight Hour

In this twilight hour,
I labor by the soft fire,
To capture in breathing symbols.
All the sorrows of the ages:
Minor chords out of sync
With these ecstatic times.

In this twilight hour,
I long to create a lexicon
For the lost world of the heart;
Not for the routine applause
Of indifferent crowds;
Nor for crude ambition.

In this twilight hour,
Dream-visions come in waves,
Like an alien god,
Set adrift in space and time.
And consciousness runs
Like a celestial river.

In this twilight hour,
The deadening life
Is briefly suspended.
Then ever so slowly,
Out from the ether,
Image and form emerge.

Dominic Windram
In this world of darkness,
The wild birds have lost their wings.
I see the fading dawn and I hear
The cries of myriad suffering things.

In these realms of madness,
Ennui flows endlessly like a stream.
Within the world's wanton kingdoms,
The heart of poetry bleeds.

Dominic Windram
In Violent Dreams

In violent dreams:
I'm troubled by the spectres
Of past enemies.

Dominic Windram
In Violent Dreams (Alternative Version)

In violent dreams, I'm troubled immeasurably,
By the lingering spectres of past enemies.
In violent dreams, I cannot reach out to you
For help, because it seems you're so lost, cold and blue.

Dominic Windram
In Your Pale Blue Eyes

In your pale blue eyes:
A wilderness of cold stars;
The ghost of a rose.

Dominic Windram
Inconsolable

Although the moon and stars are glowing,  
The eyes of humanity are closed.  
Although the rapt birds are still singing  
Elites reject the signs of the Rose.  
Although the Word's power still resounds,  
The prophets have lost the sacred ground.  
Although communication's thriving,  
Christ like communion is dying,  
Although the sovereign light still shines,  
The darkness corrupts pure designs.  
Love is crucified by seduction.  
Faith is reduced to mere function.

Dominic Windram
Inconsolable 2

The sadness in your pale blue eyes
Marks the distance between you and I.
This current age of distractions
Pollutes the purest pools of silence.
There is only the neon glow
Of unfettered, rampant illusions.
I can hear the Seraphim sigh,
As the love between us all has died.

Dominic Windram
Infantile Meanderings

Infantile meanderings in virtual kingdoms;
Where Truth & Beauty are but painted skeletons.
I perceive endless chatter but no real awareness.
I sense the futile ecstasies of insects.
This is the era of spurious claims.
I hear the contrived cacophony of conspiracy theories.
Keyboard warriors wage war against nothing in particular.
Applause is sought by those who seek to fill a void.
Where is the trace of Nietzsche's bold endeavour
To craft a deeper consciousness; to will a self?
Is there no light here? Is there no mirror
To reflect the swarming madness of unfounded fears?
Meanwhile in the 'real' world; devoid of gloss.
The feral animals are hungry & cold & howling.

Dominic Windram
Injustice

The wronged ghosts cry out,
In the septic realms of night.
No one hears them.

Dominic Windram
I want to dismantle my machine mind;
That makes me so rigid, stubborn and blind.
Via sacred techniques of meditation,
I will light the way to liberation!

Dominic Windram
Inner Worlds

Bright inner landscapes:
Vast caverns of secret joys;
Revealed in a poem.

Dominic Windram
I'm lost in labyrinths filled with
The lamentations of angels.
The flashing signs & warnings
Evade my weary consciousness.
The spectral animals howl
In the vast desert of my soul.
In dreams I seek the curves of
Aphorisms & metaphors,
Yet I'm forever confined by
The syllogisms of straight lines.
No bold troubadour or wounded saint
Can capture Being's cryptic design;
They can only craft ornamental rhymes,
Or compose paltry hymns dipped in darkness.
No mortal artist or poet
Can trace the tortured genesis
Of the teeming realms of creation;
They can only weave frail fabrics
From the coarsest of materials.
This world's bleak limits weighs them down.

Dominic Windram
Insight 2

O to observe a thousand, precious flowers
And not pluck one: that's the warmth of compassion.
To question the cold conveyors of power:
That is true wisdom; the hard eye of Vision.

Dominic Windram
Insight?

Something is bathed in light
That I cannot comprehend:
Perhaps it is a vision of beauty
That the world has suppressed?

It evokes in me joy & pathos
And a rebirth of wonder;
That I thought were long banished
Since the brief days of childhood

Perhaps it is the spectre of a rose;
In a dreamless age that merits
Only its material aspects.
Perhaps it's just the remnant of a dream?

Words can only trace the effects
Of this something bathed in light:
Not the splendour of its essence.
I do not know how to interpret it.

Dominic Windram
Inspiration

Wild flashing colours
Permeate my consciousness:
Inspiration's dreams!

Dominic Windram
Inspired By Shelley

The sweet, flowing verse
Of Shelley sings like the birds.
O it soothes my soul!

Dominic Windram
Instant Reactions

Instant reactions,
Not considered responses,
Seem to be the 'norm'.

Dominic Windram
Institutionalised Religion

A crutch for the weak:
A vast mansion for the strong.
The Spirit has fled.

Dominic Windram
Institutionalised Religion (Inspired By Marx)

Institutionalised religion:
It is a crutch for the weak.
Yet it is a mansion for the strong.
For the poor it is a lifeline.
For the rich it justifies
Their power and control.

Dominic Windram
Insurmountable

Light cannot redeem
Darkness & rarest flowers
Will not grow again.

Dominic Windram
Is Nothing Sacred Anymore?

Junk culture prevails.
The sacred has expired.
Money reigns supreme.

Dominic Windram
Islam: The Direct Word Of God

Islam's the direct
Word of God. While certain faiths
Rely on hearsay.

Dominic Windram
It Has Stopped Raining In My Heart

It has stopped raining in my heart.
Perhaps a rainbow will appear:
Beautiful and frail.
Its' spectral radiance
Will perhaps pointing to new horizons:
Beyond this city I call a prison.

Listen to the forest.
Listen to the wind that blows
From clusters of faraway stars.
A garden's silence is formed from subtle sounds.
Press your ear to a tree and listen
To the universal heartbeat.

Dominic Windram
It Was In My Sixteenth Year

It was in my sixteenth year,
That the poetry first flashed my way.
I saw the sky of dreams unlock,
And pour out its secrets.
The world appeared afresh:
A plethora of pulsating spaces.
My soul was gripped by a kind of fever.
I've never quite managed to shake it off.

Poetry has been my placenta.
It has nourished me all of these years.
Although memory has stained time with mist,
I can still recall my first vague sketches;
When I was still a seed dwelling in shadow;
When I was still beautifully unlearned.
The subtle electricity flowed through me.
It engendered the blazing fruits of my labor.

Dominic Windram
It Wasn't Love

Whatever you may choose to think,
It wasn't 'love'; whatever that means
In these crude, modern times. I guess
You could say it temporarily
Satisfied a primal urge.
But no more or less than that.
It wasn't love because, please understand,
I felt nothing. I was just going through
The motions. I was playing a part
In a ridiculous, overrated game:
The kind of game that's so colourfully
Promoted in countless, glossy magazines
It wasn't love, notwithstanding,
All the faux, misty eyed sentiment.
It wasn't love; because true love
Is, in essence, pure communion.
It wasn't love; it was just another
Convenient crutch to lean upon.

Dominic Windram
It's A Curse!

Lately I've become jaded. I feel cursed!
I'm so tired of political life.
Since Brexit, it's gotten much worse.
O these bigots get their kicks out of strife
And division. Although they're on a mission,
They don't possess one ounce of true vision.
I'd like to move to another country.
Preferably one that values poetry.
England has far too many philistines
For my liking. I'll go out of my mind
If I stay any longer. Flashing signs
Are warning me to leave it all behind!

Dominic Windram
It's a sunny day.
There's not a cloud in the sky.
And I'm feeling fine.

Dominic Windram
It's Getting So Dark, Yet There's Still A Frail Light

Although I hear the rumbling of thunder,
And the moans of solemn winds approaching,
I still have hope in life's little, bright things.
Although power still works vertically,
And Freedom's fresh flowers are often crushed,
I do not look to cold, stone monuments to
Provide grand, authoritative answers.
I still believe in small, silent prayers.

Dominic Windram
It's Too Hot! (July 2019)

The sun beats down heavy
On creatures of flesh & blood.
It's good to cool down.

Dominic Windram
I've Heard Enough

I hear all the vain politicians proclaim
Sanctimonious platitudes; in relation
To the glory of democracy. Yet I see
Our hard fought for freedoms being erased daily.

Dominic Windram
Jazz versus the K.K.K:
Bebop beat the bigots.
Dazzling Dizzy G. in his heyday
Silenced all the critics.
Coltrane crushed the Tin Pan crew:
Made it cool to improvise.
Miles concocted his 'Bitches Brew':
It was a hybrid mix of styles.

Dominic Windram
Jesus Of The Streets

The ragged beggar prowls the frozen streets.
He smells of whiskey & miracles.
His bright eyes speak of a greater love
Beyond the sadness of this wounded night.
His beatific, Buddha like smile,
Suggests ancient, hard won secrets,
We will never get to know;
In our cool, regulated world,
Where life is as airbrushed, smooth and crass,
As the surface of a magazine.

Dominic Windram
July 30th, 2015

I try to connect
These scattered fragments
Of tainted memories:
Withering roses
Drooping like sloughed skin
In the heart's desert;
Half glimpsed suns and moons
Of sweet enlightenment.
Futile attempts to
Fix meaning on the
Incomprehensible.
Long, cold exiles from
The plastic kingdom,
And feathered words
Teeming with beauty
Defying metal ways:
Drifting on the breeze
Of sacred longing.

Dominic Windram
Just Another Day In Dear Old Blighty

It is not true our lives
Pass before us
In rapid motion.
Our culture of overly keen
Ticking machines
Creates this illusion.

Our 24/7 media
Also magnifies the impression
That time is speeding by.
O this rampant age
substitutes pearls of wisdom
For tainted information.

I prefer the slowness
Of long, drowsy hours
Especially in soft summer days.
I like to contemplate Nature.
My living room is a veritable
Sanctuary from today's madness.
Littered with books; DVDS
And piles of scribbled paper.

From my window,
I scan the plagued streets;
The traffic is snarling
There's a flag at half mast:
Sure sign of some
Disturbance in our weary world.

O we still have not learned
From the follies of our forefathers:
That violence begets violence.
Thus we are perennially condemned
To live amidst terror.
It just keeps on breeding.

As I glance at the news
It seems my fears are well founded.
And the cheerful morning sun
Suddenly turns eerily away from me.

Dominic Windram
We still seek justice for the 96.
We will not rest until it has been achieved.
We see behind vast tapestries of lies.
We know that the vain elites serve themselves.
We can clearly perceive that grieving
Families have been betrayed by the courts:
They've turned logic and law into an ass!
We still seek justice for the 96!

Dominic Windram
Keep A Little Sunshine In Your Heart

Everyday contains a soft measure of sunshine.
I always like to keep in my heart summer days
Of yellow glories; of buttercups and daisies;
Of beatific smiles and fresh dew on garden lawns.

Dominic Windram
Keep On Moving.

O whether it is
Summer bright or winter bleak,
We must keep on moving!

Dominic Windram
Know Who You Are At Every Age

O know who you are at every age.
Express yourself in every season.
Add your light to history's pages;
Blend warm emotion with cold reason.
Listen to the whispering angels.

O know who you are at every age.
Fear not the most dreadful realms of night.
Fear not the icy wind's bitter rage.
Embrace this world of sublime delights.
Be blessed by all redeeming angels.

Dominic Windram
Knowledge And Belief

I seek full knowledge;
Not belief's fleeting shadows.
Yet I seek in vain.

Dominic Windram
Labour's Billy Bunter

Labour's Billy Bunter fled his party
Because he was just a spineless coward.
He carried out witch hunts regularly
Yet it seems for him things really soured,
When the progressive movement exposed him
For the Zionist shill he truly is!
O he was a constant threat to Corbyn
With all his lies; but now he's a has been!

Dominic Windram
Lacking Spiritual Sustenance (July 2015)

I am lost in the twilight realms of creation:
Desperately trying to reignite the old,
Rusted mechanisms and the battered structures:
That once gave bright form to lifeless particulars.

Another summer is passing me by. I watch
In wonder as the birds blend with drifting clouds
In the blue distance. How I wish I could rise high
Above this tainted world of tenebrous shadows.

Dominic Windram
Lady Darquiss' Banquet

Lady Darquiss held an annual banquet
At her enormous mansion in the woods:
In honour of all those poor, desperate souls
Who nobly fought and died in the 'Great' War;
In her view, they were the noblest dead of all.
It was said, that all those who attended
Always had a spiffing, thoroughly good time.
They wined and dine and everything was just fine.
Some talked reverently about historic
Victories that marked the 'End of all War.'
O they recalled battle after battle,
As bottle after bottle of red wine
Was eagerly consumed. It flowed freely
As thick and red as poor soldiers' blood,
In Lady Darquiss' mansion deep in the woods.
Glasses were all raised to those long departed.
"They shall never ever be forgotten!"
Exclaimed the dear, noble Lady Darquiss.

Lady Darquiss soon became a figure
Of national renown. Indeed she was praised
And honoured by Parliament many times.
She was held in high esteem in every
Major city and every major town
Across England's fabled green and pleasant land.
Every year, thanks to her, the dead were born again.
"Never to be forgotten; the noblest dead of all!"
Unfortunately one dark day Lady Darquiss
Passed away and left her mansion and all its rich remains
To her young niece and her latest fling:
Who typically, and promptly, sold it to
A rock star and his supermodel wife.
Currently, they use it as a holiday home
Which they visit several times a year.
Now the banquet is over and only shadows remain.
But I'm sure someone, somewhere will raise a glass
And reminisce about that dear old soul: Lady Darquiss.
Lament Of The Dreamer

O where's the love that once did bloom
Like the red rose in summertime?
Now silence fills this empty room.
Now that you're gone the light has died.

O where's the love that we once shared?
No more bright flowers for the spring.
Now tears stain the frosted ground.
There are no more new songs to sing.

Dominic Windram
Crushed flowers & broken dreams are littered
Across time. The vital, healing blood of
The prophets & the poets has dried up.
We inhabit superficial kingdoms.

Dominic Windram
Las Vegas: (Two Haikus)

Cut-rate Babylon:
Where you can experience
Infinite pleasures.

O one armed bandits
Populate its casinos.
Cash flows like water.

Dominic Windram
Last Chance For Humankind.

We, unhinged by, our modern predicaments,
Should create sanctuaries of unbroken light.
For our hearts are now closed in stifling darkness.
We risk becoming shadows of our former selves.
We need to transcend the utter meaninglessness
Of these, increasingly contrived, blasé times
We need to maintain vital connections with the
Verdant realms of Nature and each other. We need
To keep on cultivating a small plot of land.
We need to develop constant communion.
We need to reap harvests of our own devising,
Or all our efforts and all that we hold precious,
Will prove to be futile: an elusive pipe dream.
All will be ultimately irretrievable.

Dominic Windram
Last Night.... (February 10th 2020)

Lat night I observed
The majesty of the moon;
Drifting through the clouds.

Dominic Windram
Late Autumn Visions

Late Autumn visions:
Outside the ruined old house,
The wind is howling.

Dominic Windram
Late February Blues: 2020

Birds have stopped singing. The snow is falling.
The wind is rain is pouring.
I'm so glad I don't have to venture out
Today. I'll stay indoors by a warm fire!

Dominic Windram
Late March Magic

O the season's first scent of freshly cut lawns
Delights all my keen senses. It set me up
For the day ahead. And I get the feeling
Something magical is about to happen!

Dominic Windram
Lately, I'm plagued by dreams in which I am dying.  
I fall into unfathomable darkness. And  
Clearly no one can hear my silent screams.  
Is this a bleak omen of things to come or the  
Usual effects of way too much alcohol?  
It's, after all, that season of making merry.  
I worry that excess creativity tends  
To go hand in hand with death and blind destruction.  
It seems that, through my pain, at times, I can compose  
Myriad forms- worlds of beauty in the twinkling  
Of an eye. I've noted that the more detached I am  
from ordinary ways, the greater is the harvest.  
I'm haunted by regrets for past misadventures;  
For severe judgements I've made that didn't bend.  
Although I've remained true, and suffered, for my art,  
In many ways, I've closed myself off from thriving life.  
I'm beginning to pay a heavy price for my  
Self imposed isolation. These dreams trouble me.  
Perhaps they're a warning sign that things need to change.  
In the New Year, I intend to embrace the Light.  

Dominic Windram
Learning's End

O the long, torturous path of learning
Leads to the gentle, unfolding of Grace;
When obscure, abstract notions become flesh.
The speculation about distant stars
Is piecemeal compared to dark inner kingdoms:
Illuminated by His profound presence.
When we share common yet blessed bread & wine,
We transcend the limits of this crude world.

Dominic Windram
Leaving Memories Behind

Memories are filled with flashes of years & tears;  
With brief roses of burning desire & cold fears.  
Yesterday's ghosts have lost their power & meaning.  
Now it's time to add colour & flesh to dreaming.

I'm searching patiently, for love & truth, in a world  
Of doubt. Tired of striving, I'll let things unfurl.  
O as the bitter winter sorrows fade and die,  
I'll wait for spring's blossoms to finally arrive.

Dominic Windram
Lenny Bruce

He was the king of comedy,
With eccentric tastes to subtle,
For their dull minds and prying eyes.
He was a free wheeling satirist;
An iconoclast; a verbal gymnast;
Who soared like a comet amidst the stars;
Who was like a bomb in a museum
Who would have preferred to keep on gliding;
Rather than beat his broken wings,
Rather than die naked; overdosing on smack.

Dominic Windram
Let It Be

Let the dewdrops of blessing; the snowflakes of grace;
Fall lightly upon you and sweeten your nights.
Let the mysteries unfold in the softly burning moment.
Let new worlds grow from you like grapes in a cluster.
Let the light enter through your broken kingdoms.
Let the hidden radiance of the Word dwell gently in you.
Let the Mystical Rose bloom in your inner garden.
Let not the husks that surrounded the host distract you.
Let the angels' joys and lamentations guide you.
Let not the darkness engulf you all the days of your life.

Dominic Windram
Let the spirit be.
Let it dwell in the wild light;
That transcends this world.

Dominic Windram
Let The Teachers Teach!

Let the teachers teach and let the bean counters count!
The middle managers may keep on meddling and
Irritate like midges at a campsite; but hey
Who cares about them? Just allow teachers to teach,
And things will work out just fine. You will see in time.
So let the teachers teach; while those bean counters count!

Dominic Windram
Let Us Build A Light

Let us build a light
On the edifice of being.
Let us make new roots
In disputed earth.
Let us build a dream,
With the fragrance of fresh vision,
That stirs all the senses.
Let our spirits guide us
Past the blunt edge of silence.
Let us taste freedom's fruits.

Dominic Windram
Liberate Your Minds

Liberate your minds
From rigid orthodoxies:
Seek freedom's fresh light.

Dominic Windram
Licht Und Blindheit (Light And Blindness)

Ich suche das Licht
aber ich bin verurteilt
die Dunkelheit ertragen
von Schattenkönigreichen.

Ich suche das Licht
aber die Gespenster von gestern
klammer an mich
und halte mich zurück.

Ich suche das Licht
aber die helle Parade der Liebe
ist jetzt eine krasse Beerdigung.

Ich suche das Licht
aber die Engel werden zum Schweigen gebracht
durch die materiellen Ablenkungen des Lebens.

English translation:

I search for the light,
But I am condemned
To suffer the darkness
Of shadow kingdoms.

I search for the light,
But the ghosts of yesterday
Cling to me,
And hold me back.

I search for the light,
But Love's bright parade
Is now a stark funeral.

I search for the light,
But the angels are silenced,
By life's material distractions.

Dominic Windram
Life

Life is like a crude
Claw crane grabbing machine:
That can be found
In any provincial arcade.
It promises to deliver
Us many delightful gifts,
But invariably crushes
Our dreams and hopes.
It often makes us bitter.
It's rigged from start to finish

Dominic Windram
Life 2

In time, Life sucks the blood out of
Youth's tender, familiar flesh
And it darkens the sun fuelled realms
Of innocent childhood dreaming.
That's the tragedy of this world.
Whoever created it does
Not seem to possess compassion,
Or the intricate surgeon's art.
The dying moth with crumpled wings
Creeps towards a smear of light.

Dominic Windram
Life In The U.K - 2019 (Where Food Banks Are The Norm)

We are marked as modern malcontents.  
We have to suffer the threat of sanctions.  
We are fed the stale bread of bitterness.  
We are the invisible majority.  
We're the inconvenient truth that festers.  
We're the carcass that contrasts with your bright flesh:  
Ragged strangers that mock your day glow deceits.  
We're the despair that counters novelty's dreams.  
We're the disease that should remain hidden.  
We are the blight on the Union Jack.

Dominic Windram
Life Is Becoming A Soap Opera

O modern life is
Starting to resemble a
Bad soap opera!

Dominic Windram
Life Is Precious

O we poets should concentrate on things
Of wonder: like a rose pink sunset or
The blissful beauty of a bluebird's wings.
For it's seemingly easy to ignore,
Nature's subtle magic in manic times.
We should seek out moments that are sublime.
Although life often becomes torn and frayed,
Everything is filled with a certain grace.

Dominic Windram
Life Is So Easy These Days.

Contemporary houses are invariably
Filled with all kinds of garish gadgets & junk.
Sentimental ornaments and framed pictures
Still adorn mantelpieces, tables and walls:
To add a touch of colour and homeliness.
Thanks to technology passivity is
Now a luxury everyone can hope to afford.
and various screens of all shapes
And sizes sing and drone endlessly on in
A language everyone can hope to understand.
These modern oracles help to form
Views & opinions. From today's far off wars
To yesterday's cute nostalgia industries;
From parliamentary concerns & matters:
Pertaining to the provincial; to the
Various goings on of royalty and
The rich and famous: necessary distractions.
They keep us lost, listless home dwellers informed
And entertained from the cradle to the grave.
They manage to keep death & decay at bay.

Dominic Windram
Life's A Brief Span

Life's a brief span of
Sweet songs & bitter heartaches:
Realms of light & dark.

Dominic Windram
Life's Fragile Moments

This fragile night is now shattered
And the stars have disappeared.
Long ago, she once filled this void.
All that remains is to withdraw,
From the fake, yet revered spectacle.
All that remains is to meditate,
And contemplate life's scattered fragments.
Love is brief; yet memory lingers.

Dominic Windram
Life's Not Black And White

Life's not merely black and white binaries. It is a series of subtle lights and shades. Yet there are still those among us who don't seem to comprehend this fact. Indeed, everyday they deal with things via rigid absolutes. For them, a bold judgement made can never bend. They dictate the terms that serve what suits their prejudices. O they prefer to send out rather than receive. They spew out their bile, rather than engage in fruitful dialogue. Indeed, some of them are incredibly vile. O why should we tolerate these demagogues?

Dominic Windram
Life's Strange Procession

Life's strange procession moves on,
Although the flowers have withered
And the great fountain is shattered.
Praise to all the Prophets now gone.

New, sun-kissed clowns come out to play,
Yet Love lies wounded in the shade.
We're bound by Power's rusted chains.
We must break free; and seize the day.

The artists pour out their lifeblood,
While gold plated Neanderthals,
Boast of billion dollar deals.
How soon the Fire & the Flood?

Dominic Windram
Life's Tapestry

Life's tapestry is part shade; part colour.
This world's woven from contrary elements.
We have to face the shadow & the storm,
Before the gleaming, crimson roses bloom
We have to labour long into the night,
Before the dawn arrives in streams of light.
We have to taste the strange ice of fear,
Before we absorb the joy of living.
We have to suffer a thousand heartbreaks,
Before we can unfold like rare flowers.

Dominic Windram
Light Bringer

When night time arrives
The stars seem to shine
Softer than satin.
And we pray for a time;
That there will be a sign
From the heavens above;
That will fill us with love
and light and all that
We know deep within
Our hearts to be true.
For this impatient world
Is waiting to be born anew.

Although we may think
We have made progress
By sending rockets
To distant stars,
And have developed
In terms of science
And the scholarly arts,
Still when we call upon
The holy, humble presence
Of the light bringer,
A primal joy is rekindled.
Fresh hope sets us free

And we begin to feel that
what we now know is merely
Where the journey starts.
For we all still seek
The sweet fulfilment
Of our secret longings:
Whether we be adult
Or child at heart.

Dominic Windram
Light Enters When We Are Wounded

My words are weeping twilight and sunset
As I pick at fragments of my general ruin.
Days and nights speed by so fast it's surreal.
I can't seem to get a firm hold on Time.
I think, that the glittering veil of Mammon,
Hides the bleakest of truths from our eyes,
And only when we are burnt by
The black sun of despair, can we be reborn.

My heroes are the biblical prophets:
Who knew the dryness of bones in the desert;
Who knew that holiness had to be earned:
From bitter trials by fire, locusts and flood.

What I've learnt from them is crystal clear:
What is torn or broken lets in the light.

Dominic Windram
Light House 7

Under stars, beguiled by seagulls' cries,

A tall, hollow tower at cliff's edge;

With its faded paint of spectral white;

With its walls drenched in battered sea mist;

Blessed beacon of the bleakest night.

No neon shrine or crude symbol:

Born of restless modern dreaming.

Yet iconic and immovable;

As it fulfills its time honored role,

Of guiding lost ships in troubled seas.

Dominic Windram
Light Is Expanding

Light is expanding;
As winter turns to spring once more:
A time of rebirth!

Dominic Windram
Limitless Language

Language is not akin
To the coldness of distant stars.
Rather than leaves us awe struck,
It is a light that guides and is accessible to everyone.
It is a living, breathing flow of symbols
And a silvery cascade of cadences.
Language is not prescribed order,
But a wild dance of signifiers.
It's not august certainty,
But Dionysian revelry.
Language is not monolithic.
It is not rigid form nor rusted monument,
But a teeming seam to be mined perennially.
It offers us curious, eager poets,
Such a wealth of jeweled meanings,
And infinite possibilities.

Dominic Windram
Limitless Language 2

Language is not an icy, distant star:
That is intended to leave us awe struck.
Rather it's a living flow of symbols.
And a shining cascade of cadences.
It is not pedantic, prescribed order;
Rather a wild dance of signifiers
It's not Apollonian certainty;
Rather it's Dionysian revelry.
Language is not merely grey, settled stone
It's not a rigid, rusted monument.
Rather it's a teeming seam to be mined.
It offers us keen, curious poets,
A rich treasure trove of jewelled meanings,
And such infinite possibilities!

Dominic Windram
O when they gleefully advertise and tell you
That your 'dream' job is closer than you imagine.
Don't be fooled, it's like a mirage in the desert.
Anyway, I don't require the services
Of the corporate sector and their glossy ilk.
I have my dream job. I created it myself.

Dominic Windram
Lions On Fire

Lions on fire:
In the bright jungle of dreams.
The call of the wild.

Dominic Windram
Live The Dream Now!

Live the dream now!
In consumer paradise.
Nothing else matters.

Dominic Windram
Liverpool F.C

Liverpool F.C:
Klopp is the King of the Kop!
We'll win all trophies!

Dominic Windram
Living Room Factories

Living room factories:
The new products being made
Are you the viewers.

Dominic Windram
Lockdown (April 1st, 2020)

Only by the ticking of this old clock,
Do I know that Time is still alive and
Well. Only by the moon's enticing glow,
Do I know that Nature's gifts still abound.

Dominic Windram
Lockdown 2: March 25th, 2020

I'm walking on my own through streets that are dead.
And I can't even hear the murmur of the birds.
I'm only going out for some wine, milk and bread.
I'm tired of listening to all the empty words.
Of the politicians and their ilk. I think I'll
Try and compose something new. It might take a while,
But hopefully, it will perhaps reflect how I feel.
I won't allow my aching heart to turn to steel.

Dominic Windram
Lockdown: (March 25th, 2020)

O I'm looking at this meagre stream,
But I'm really thinking of the sea.
I'm searching hard for something arcane,
But I'm surrounded by the mundane.
There seems to be no way to escape.
I suppose I'll still try to create.
O my dreams are large, but my days and nights
Are short. I can't grasp the healing light.
Now fresh spring blossoms are arriving.
Yet I feel my life force is fading.

Dominic Windram
London - July 2018

Pinhead President,
In the midst of mass protests,
And quaint pageantry.

Dominic Windram
London's Gated Homes

These days, it seems that London's gated homes,
Seek to replicate the dry, modern soul.
They're an exclusive archipelago
Fortress of distance, coldness and control.

Dominic Windram
Longing For The Emergence Of A New World

O I denounce all those who sell their souls
For money, fame & social advancement.
I denounce all archaic class systems.
I denounce the modern tendency of
Apathy. I denounce celebrities.
I celebrate flowers blooming in spring.
I celebrate expanded consciousness.
I celebrate those who create themselves.
I celebrate radical solutions.
I celebrate the birth of a new world.

Dominic Windram
Look!

Look where the light is purest!
Look there among bright cornfields!
Look deep into eyes of azure.
Look closer at each passing hour.

Dominic Windram
Looking Ahead

I see beyond winter's cruel, sterile kingdom.
The wind's adverse discord won't defeat me.
I look to a green spring of fresh promise.
I look to vibrant, teeming symbols;
In which the bright future is encrypted.
I seek obscure insights and new words;
That will emerge, like rare flowers from earth
Laid waste, into wilder, deeper meanings.

Dominic Windram
Looking Back...

Looking back, I was just going through the motions,
I was distancing myself from deep emotions.
I was treating the world as though it was a prop.
Only lately, so to speak, the penny has dropped.
Now I can clearly see the error of my ways.
Now I want to embrace the joys of precious days.
We're only here on earth, for the briefest of times.
Now I'll celebrate each burning moment in style.

Dominic Windram
Looking For Sanctuary

I'm so repelled by these callous times.
I can't keep up with the constant buzz
Or the manic turning of the wheel.
I'd like to move away from the dregs
Of this boorish, bargain basement world.
Perhaps I could rent a cottage deep
In the woods - far from compliant crowds:
Write poetry to my heart's content.

Dominic Windram
Looking For The Right Words

Looking for the right words, to make a poem,
Is akin to waiting to catch a fish.
I think it's quite an apt analogy
As I will endeavour to explain: for
It can take several or many hours.
Firstly, it pays to be prepared and next,
You have to be ever so patient. And
Then suddenly, you can reel them all in!

Dominic Windram
Lorca (1898 - 1936).

O his poems were more precious than silver or gold;
His pen more powerful than a thousand rifles!
He was a fiery flower at odds with cold steel.
A surreal innovator: magical with words.
He was killed for his culture fuelled rebelliousness,
Yet his spirit remains: a brave light in dark times.

Dominic Windram
Lost

I seek the light, but I trapped in a dark cave
Of fleeting desires and illusions.
I seek a place of tender sanctuary,
But I cannot find the keys to the kingdom.
I seek Christ's love in other fragile beings,
But I only see the worst aspects of them.
I seek heaven through simple acts of kindness,
But I'm still distracted by Babylon

Dominic Windram
Lost Daughter Of A Frozen Generation - 1991

Lost daughter of a frozen generation,
Born of suffering & cruel degradation:
All the wondrous colours & the subtle shades,
That bought you the luxuries of wealth & fame,
Are now just shadows of your wounds & your pain;
Merely pale spectres without sanctified names.
O free yourself from the rusted chains of Time
And focus on the most sublime, sunlit sign.

Throw yourself into the devouring Light,
Lost daughter of the bruised, wanton, starless night.
Fill your empty veins with Summer's vintage wine;
Dissolve your keen mind into the mists of Time.
As the mental clouds of doubt disappear,
The Eternal Forms gradually appear.
Hosts of Angels gather 'round your saintly eyes,
Inside their pale blue depths the harsh winter dies.
Hold onto the Vision; the encircling flame.
Look to the sacred Kingdom that calls your name.

Dominic Windram
Lost In The Labyrinth

Lost in the labyrinth of words:
Waiting for the light's descent
Waiting for water to gleam
On my bone dry Calvary.

Lost in the ragged realms of night:
Without a wise guide to lead me.
I cannot connect the fragments
Of a swollen, dreamless culture.

Waiting for summer's blood wine:
To cleanse me of wintry sins;
That freeze the flowers of love;
That cage the withered spirit.

Lost in the labyrinth of time;
Of tedious ticking clocks:
Waiting for the miracle
Of the rapt eternal now.

Dominic Windram
Lost In The Labyrinth 2

Lost in the labyrinth of words:
Waiting for the light's descent
On my bone dry Calvary;
In the ragged realms of night.

Waiting for summer's blood wine
To cleanse me of wintry sins:
That freeze the flowers of love
That cage the withered spirit

Lost in the labyrinth of time
Of tedious ticking clocks:
Waiting for the miracle
For the rapt eternal now.

Dominic Windram
We are lost in the miasmal darkness
With inadequate tools to help us find
Our way to the unbroken kingdom.
We're guided by a garish profusion
Of fleeting, neon lit symbols and signs.
We are lost in the labyrinth of words.
For we are incapable of naming
The essence of blood or fire or star.
We are far from hearing wise voices
Or deciphering the fabled burning bush
That illuminated the wilderness.
Instead we follow arrows on treadmills
And resign ourselves to fragments of bone;
To obscure purposes that cannot
Be placated by the pale light of reason.
We pretend that we have made progress with
Our secular, elaborate designs.
We cling to opiates of all kinds and
Lexicons that cannot comprehensively
Describe the sheer fullness of Being.
Yet there's a reassuring, spectral wind.
From Time's distant, long forgotten shores; that
Still sirs intermittently through the cracks
In the frail and all too human structures.

Dominic Windram
Lost In The Twilight Realms: July 16th 2019

I am lost in the twilight realms of creation:
Desperately trying to reignite the old,
Rusted mechanisms and the battered structures;
That once gave bright form to lifeless particulars.

Another summer is passing me by. I watch
In wonder as the wild birds blend with drifting clouds
In the blue distance. How I wish I could rise high
Above this tainted world of tenebrous shadows.

Dominic Windram
Lost In Translation For Now

I attempt to translate
Soft visions of eternity:
Gleaned from meditation.
But like a paltry part-time painter
I can only transcribe in vain
Mere shadows on reams of paper.
For the slippery yet profound truths
Emanating from the translucent light of being
Are seemingly beyond the scope
Of mortal earthbound expression.
Perhaps I should take heed
Of wise Mr Wittgenstein;
Who once pronounced that we should
Remain silent about all the things
We cannot speak about.
I know that frail words are
Imprecise tools: Conveying
The bare bones of symbols & signs.
But I simply cannot rest
Until I have mastered
My art; so that I can convey
In my own idiosyncratic way
Life's flowing textures of meaning
Like spring flowers in full bloom.

Dominic Windram
Lost Inside These Twilight Realms

I'm lost inside these lonely, twilight realms:
Half way in soft flame and half way in shade.
The saffron moon mirrors my feathered sorrow.
It seems I've been here for such a long time.

I'm lost inside these surreal, twilight realms:
Looking for a guide to take me by the hand.
I'm a soul out of time and out of season.
I'm searching for someone who will understand.

Dominic Windram
Love

Love soars above the abyss.
Love's the kiss of consciousness.
It's vital communion
In an age of delusion.
It's the bread & it's the wine,
It's the mark of the sublime.
Love subverts the status quo
Love is life's radical flow.

Dominic Windram
Love And Beauty

A sweet array of kisses float across the years
O what bright modern masks and costumes Beauty wears!
Red roses look delightful in your long, dark hair
It's all about finding magic in moments rare.
Everything perishes, but Love's power always
Seems to prevail. I'm spellbound by its subtle ways.
Hang on to wondrous dreams for the rest of your days.
If you don't you'll regret it, when you're old and grey.

Dominic Windram
Love Cannot Blossom

Love cannot blossom
In this age of masquerades:
No communion.

Dominic Windram
Love Is A Drug

Love's a drug I can never do without.
It's like violets exploding in the sun:
When eyes meet eyes in joyous communion;
When the beauty of the other's revealed.
The world seems tinged with glorious meaning;
As though blessed by a more profound magic.
O moments burn with a soft, summery light.
Grey existence melts into rainbow dreams.
Yes love's a drug I can never do without.
O it's like violets exploding in the sun!

Dominic Windram
Love Is A Game

Love is a game that I have no pressing urge to
Play these days. There seems to be, as far as I can
See, not much in the way of class, style or culture.
It's more of a choice between the cheap, the nasty
And the vulgar. And anyway I haven't had
Much experience in the preposterous ways
Of amateur dramatics! I think they should leave
The histrionics to Hollywood actresses!

Dominic Windram
Love Is To Be Found

Love is to be found
Amidst the scent of flowers:
Blooming in springtime.

Dominic Windram
Love Is...

Love is an explosion of light
In a cold, inert universe.
How it brightens the starless night!
It blends with Beauty's countenance.

Love is a constant, driving force.
It is buttressed by dream visions.
It never wavers from the source.
It outlasts Time's sordid fashions.

Love is like the lotus flower:
Opening out into the world.
Petal by petal, it unfurls.
Softness is its subtle power,
As it spreads its divine fragrance.
It's a gift for all the Ages.

Dominic Windram
Love Island: 2020

Love Island 'celebs':
O let them swim with the sharks!
Terrible programme!

Dominic Windram
Love Prevails

In each slow, tortured century,
Of the poets’ sowing & reaping,
Love's pure light is the guiding force.
It connects rusted, darkened fragments.
Although bright, youthful dreams descend
Into self destruction, Love prevails.
It heals crude hearts that have turned to ice.
It soars above the abyss of nightmares.

Dominic Windram
Love, Grace And Mercy

Love, Grace and Mercy dwell in the sacred garden:
Where the children of Light are forever playing.
True conversion will happen all of a sudden.
O the heart's transfiguration is a wondrous thing!

Dominic Windram
Love's Alchemy

Love transmogrifies being & matter:
From the erotic union of rain
And earth to the fecundity of fire;
From the green fusion of flowers & plants
To simple romances of rock pools & shells;
From love affairs of chemicals & stars
To corresponding human realms: where things
Get decidedly more rarefied & complex.

Dominic Windram
Love's Fallen Nature

Love's fallen nature:
Darkness corrodes the spirit;
Hubris clouds the soul.

Dominic Windram
Love's Flashing Madness

Love's flashing madness:
A golden eternity;
Encased in brief hours!

Dominic Windram
Love's Light Creates Shadows

Love's light creates shadows.
Moments in Mozart's music
Hint at birth and death.

Dominic Windram
Love's Long, Patient Road

Love's long patient road
Leads to sweet Eternity:
Where faith's flowers bloom.

Dominic Windram
Love's Tears

Love's tears are pouring
Down over this burning ground;
This modern wasteland.

Dominic Windram
Love's Warm Blood

Love's warm blood rises
Up to blend with the roses;
In summer's garden.

Dominic Windram
Ludwig The Second Of Bavaria - The Moon King

The Moon King was a great, restless spirit
Who teetered on the verge of madness;
Who knew the joy of verdant creation
And the icy solitude of dark stars;
Pale, mysterious brother to the sun;
Swan feathered dreamer in a prosaic world.

His troubled legacy remains despite
The mists of time and the twilight shadows.
His fairy tale castles were forged from legends;
Where picture book rays of beauty abound:
Opulent statues and chandeliers;
Porcelain peacocks of permanent bliss;
Ivory candelabras with dozens of branches;
Sumptuous carpets spun from ostrich plumes;
Crystal mirrors, vast silk and velvet drapes;
And marble rose petals gleaming with dew.

O fabled kingdom of colour and light
Built on cruel earth of decay and despair.
Archaic diamond studded dynasty;
Where illusion confounds reality;
An artificial paradise removed
From life's unceasing change and sorrows

Dominic Windram
Lux In Tenebris

The distances of stars; the depths of space;
Cannot compare to the heart's dark places.
They're hinted at in poetry and art,
But even the most skilled of masters can't
Ever hope to transcribe their vast sorrows.
How can one convey the layers of grief
Caused by cruel Time's deadly, piercing arrows?
How can one decipher Death's winding sheets,
Or the raging, inner realms of madness?
Easier to describe crass sentiments;
Than try to trace the deep roots of sadness.
Easier to focus on the ornamental;
Than depict the wounded soul's bleakest nights.
Or to draw darkness out into the light;
Where it can be confronted and conquered
And, to a certain extent, comprehended.

Dominic Windram
Mad Drivers!

I don't wish to moan or shout about it,
But is it too much to expect careless,
Frenzied drivers to slow down at junctions
Or when they are approaching roundabouts?

Dominic Windram
Mad World

Nobody listens.
In the mad, modern circus
It's just dog eat dog.

Dominic Windram
Mad World 2

I will sleep in peace until tomorrow,
When the shrieking world breaks through the silence,
And it's brightly coloured chaos again:
All the political machinations;
All the striving to serve economics
All the pointless celebrity gossip;
All the endless chatter about nothing;
Surely there is much more to consider.

Dominic Windram
Magic And Wonder Versus Sterility.

There's a profound magic in the creative mind. For certain wild artists and poets, it washes over them suddenly, like a tidal wave or it strikes them instantly like lightning. They absorb Nature's sublime power. Yet for others it is a very different matter. For those ones of a more pedantic persuasion, their view of things is blinkered by custom and habit. For they see the world, as bereft of magic and wonder, as deserts are of water. Dryness claims their souls!

Dominic Windram
Mainline Connections

Mainline connections:
In a dark world of absence
And disenchantment.

Dominic Windram
Mainstream Media: Oh How We Love It!

They tell us that they want to make programmes
That everyone will watch and like. Really? ! !
Well if that's the case then I think that they
Should take a hike, as that's impossible!
Their cheap bargain basement shows are surely
An affront to entertainment. Their News
Bulletins are blatant propaganda.
As a person of exquisite taste,
I'd like to make a quick suggestion to
The powers that reign supreme in T.V land.
Let's have more of Bergman and Tarkovsky!
Let's have more of Bresson and Fellini!
And much, much less of the usual diet
Of moronic, Americanised crap!

Dominic Windram
Maintaining The Status Quo

The hackneyed, old machinery targets
Those still willing to question the sickness.
The austere officialdom that drives it
Is incapable of comprehending
The consciousness of Mercy's warm kingdom.
For the blood hardens in its metal heart;
As it devours the devout resistance
Of fresh, fluid philosophies;
As its' hired media mercenaries
Extinguish Utopia's hopes and dreams.

Dominic Windram
Make Me A Mask

Make me a mask to hide from the world's pain.
May no lamentations dampen my eyes.
May all black clouds, filled to the brim with rain,
Drift from view and be replaced by deep blue skies.

Dominic Windram
Malls Are Here To Stay

O these malls are vast climate controlled domes:
Where it is permanent, joyous spring time
And the fragrances are always so sweet;
Where one can pleasantly shop till one drops
While breathing in the warm, micro waved air;
Where the looped pop music must always play;
Diurnal Time is of no real concern;
Where calendared holidays and seasons
Have been so carefully commodified,
And airbrushed for our total pleasure.
These bright malls have replaced the old town square
And the quaint yet earthy outdoor market
They're modern cathedrals for consumers.
They glow with a soft, artificial light.

Dominic Windram
Manic Modern World

As I drive through the city streets at night,
All's a blaze of billboards & flashing lights.
I speed past fast food outlets & cheap stores.
I notice beggars brace the cold by shop doors.
This manic, modern world is dog eat dog.
It now worships idols and lesser gods.
I'm so tired of this bankrupt nation
Of postindustrial alienation.
So many are trapped by the nine to five.
Who knows what it means to be fully alive?
We need to slow down, and take time to reflect.
That goes for me too, as I'm feeling wrecked!

Dominic Windram
Manic World

No backward glances.
There's no time for reflection:
Just propaganda.
Blame your government!
And compliant media.
We need to keep moving on
No back stage moments.
"Life's not a dress rehearsal":
But a rudderless boat
Adrift on a vast ocean.
Nothing is certain.
So one needs to 'improvise'
At every moment;
On a regular basis.
No thinking allowed:
Just vaguely follow one’s heart.
Prepare for the fight
And peg on a persona.
Just pass the Prozac.
There's no time to meditate.
No thinking allowed:
Doing nothing of great note.
Go with the sweet flow
Of the bland, amorphous crowd.
No lions just sheep;
No visions just edicts.
Art & music are
Now all out plagiarism:
Just an ad man's dream.
The locusts are descending.

Dominic Windram
I denounce the frozen metal certainties
Of the faceless machine; I refuse to pray
To primitive totems adored by elites.
Leech like passion clings to crude idols of clay.
I will keep on wrestling with my angels,
To create feral forms of vital beauty
I'm tired of paltry, painted skeletons!
I'll compose vast sketches of reality.
And utilize the hard - bitten bones of Truth
To sustain and order bold layers of flesh.
I will plot profound dreamscapes of Age & Youth.
I will mine mortal seams of hope & distress
And gather them into a single folio.
I shall reclaim the prodigal rays of light
That flood through imperious stained glass windows.
And via Art I shall filter and refine.
My heart will throb to a different rhythm.
Transitory matters shall be transcended.
I know my gifts are girded & God given.
I will capture sordid things and make them blessed.
And they shall become sweet hymns of devotion.
I will speak of molecules, moon, flower, star.
I will praise deep mysteries of Creation.
I will pour my life's blood - my peculiar,
petulant essence onto the pure white page.
Until the precious light of words leaps like flames!

Dominic Windram
Manifesto 2

We need drive, wisdom and vision. We must escape
The inertia of so called art institutions.
We must always seek to inspire, transcend and
Stimulate. We need to help others to perceive
Realms of pure light; that are hidden from us by
Ubiquitous media commercialism.
We must transform humdrum lamentations into
Songs and hymns of rapture: beautify consciousness.
We must plant seeds in the minds of the populous;
In the hope that a million flowers will bloom.

Dominic Windram
Manifesto 7

Let us begin to expand consciousness.

Let the bleak deserts of war be replaced by fields of fresh flowers.

Let life take on the form of a more refined poetic beauty.

Let true democracy arise so that people will not rely on self-serving leaders and their obsequious acolytes.

Let ragged justice be released from its dank, dirty prison.

Let grey, archaic institutions of crude power be transformed into lush playgrounds of love.

Let authentic freedom reign supreme, so that it is not just an ideal to be discovered in a textbook or glossy magazine.

Dominic Windram
Manifesto: 2019

Let the vast deserts of war be replaced by fragrant fields of flowers

Let life take on the form of poetic beauty.

Let true democracy arise, so that people will not rely on leaders.

Let justice be released from its dank, dirty prison.

Let archaic institutions of crude power, be gently transformed, into playgrounds of love.

Let freedom reign supreme, so that it is not just an ideal to be found in textbooks.

Let us provide everyone with the tools to experience holy, Infinite consciousness.

Dominic Windram
Many Times I Walked The Streets With Visions (Glasgow, 1993)

I walked the streets with bold, electric visions.  
I sensed instinctively the cold steel machinery  
Behind ungodly, urban designs.

I walked the streets with lucid visions.  
I saw the skull beneath the skin;  
In the face of the frenzied crowd.

I walked the streets with nightmare visions.  
I beheld the sons and daughters of  
Contemporary acedia. They were  
Wearing ancient crowns of thorns.

I walked the streets with sorrowful visions.  
I heard the cries of the dispossessed;  
Rotting in their ragged poverty.  
I witnessed the desperate junkie fix:  
In the swollen, starless night

I walked the streets with tenebrous visions.  
I watched the sweet flowers of love  
Shrivel up: in an arid desert of lust.

I walked the streets with toxic visions.  
I smelt the stale aroma of modern living;  
Wafting aimlessly through the air.

I walked the streets with prophetic visions.  
I passed countless shops of consumer dreams;  
Glittering with a thousand lights.  
Yet how quickly they turned to dust  
In the twinkling of an eye.

I walked the streets with apocalyptic visions.  
The sky was ablaze with white seraphim  
And black devils in eternal battle;  
Over the dominions of earth and heaven.
I walked through the streets with redeeming visions
I observed pugnacious yet poetic protests
against the vast, iron tentacles of intractable war.

I walked the streets with golden visions:
Warmed by a feeling, that despite all the blight,
There are still spaces within this broken world;
That cannot be infiltrated by its dark agents.
For holy is the power of pellucid, limitless imagination.

Dominic Windram
Mark Rothko (1903 - 1970)

He captured Beauty's blurry edges
With soft colours; evoking stillness.
Some people have broken down, and
Wept, when confronted with his work

Dominic Windram
Marketing Tactics

Marketing tactics:
A thousand ways to distract
The conforming herd.

Dominic Windram
Marooned In Monkey Land

The lone poet grieves.
Angels bleed in purgatory.
Life is a lead weight.

Dominic Windram
Mask Of Vanity

Remove the vain mask,
From your scarred, embittered face,
And look me in the eye!

Dominic Windram
Mass Murderers

For seasoned killers,
Bombs are like budding roses;
Bullets are like rhymes.

Dominic Windram
He's the master craftsman of soft burning bliss:
Who's concerned with the seed and not the flower.
He captures the light and shade of joy and loss;
He's blessed with a subtle, discerning power.

He's aware of extremes that spoil the effect:
Such as when one object obscures another.
He discovers then creates; never dissects.
His palette abounds with vivid, fresh colours.

He is so self assured in his wisdom that
The slow arrow of beauty will hit the mark.
From purple tainted skies of evening twilight
To rich golden cornfields and silver strewn stars.

From his pristine dove whitened winter landscapes
To his surreal meanderings; genius prevails.
He's a painter who portrays, but doesn't preach.
The detail in each brushstroke is so complete.

Dominic Windram
Maths' Dream

Hovering between
Twenty six & twenty nine
Maths dreams descending!'

Dominic Windram
Maths Help

O I have got numerous solutions
To those tricky quadratic equations.
I want to eliminate all confusion;
And face the problem; not seek evasion.
I can make surds and trigonometry
Seem rather interesting and quite easy.
Don't let Pi and Pythagoras stagger you.
Don't allow algebra to give you the blues.
Don't get entangled in questions on angles.
There's really nothing that you cannot handle.
I've got lots of papers and topic tests.
You see with Maths, your brain can never rest.
Please remember to set out your work neatly
For if you don't, you'll fail your G.C.S.E!

Dominic Windram
Mausoleum Smiles

Adverts are always overtly optimistic:
Filled with shiny, happy, youthful faces.
Nothing that suggests sorrow.
Or hint at darker aspects of life,
Is allowed to enter the airbrushed
Sentimentalised world of their dreams.
Yet there's something odd & perverse
About these saccharine smiles;
Like the contrived smiles of corpses,
In flower strewn, fragranced funeral homes.

Dominic Windram
May I Never Cease To Wonder

May I never cease to wonder:
At the cascading crystal blue waters
Of the waterfall; at each new dawn's
Sweet sunbursts of flesh pink magic.
At the moonlight flashing in the mirror;
At the night's stars gently vibrating;
At the jellyfish swell of oceanic dreaming;
At the sheer joy of eternal becoming.

Dominic Windram
May We Remember M.L.K Every April: (April 4th 2020)

When we think of Love's insights, we recall his name.
In the face of inertia, he represented change.
The wisdom of the centuries flowed through his veins.
The power of his epic speeches still vibrates.

Dominic Windram
Media Control

Media control is ubiquitous.
Like bacteria & beetles,
It breeds exponentially.
Images crack like whips
Over bruised retinas until we acquiesce.
The contrived colonization of concepts
Renders us blind to those who endure
The ragged indignity of occupation.
Collateral damage - is the euphemism
That covers a multitude of sins.
Digital screens mask the silent screams
With perpetual theatrical spectacles.
Artificial barriers compromise
The teeming essence of humanity.

Dominic Windram
Media Control 2

Thousands of channels,
Yet mainstream media seems
To speak with one voice.

Dominic Windram
Testing times in Trouble land!
News flash: some people heard a bomb explode this morning and saw shrapnel fly out in all directions. We do not yet know the numbers of casualties or fatalities.

Are you an informed citizen or a casual spectator?
Where do you stand on the deployment of tasars?
What do you think of the inevitable proliferation of nuclear weapons?
What is the will of the people with regard to Trump and Brexit?
Now the powers that be have paved verdant life away and turned it into a wasteland, what is your opinion?
What has happened to standards in public life I hear you say?
But no matter...not to worry we still have bright illusions that will dazzle you.
We've polished up plastic fragments and created new get ready for a wonderful world of non stop fun.
Believe us you'll start seeing things differently:

Deep cleaning is easy, fast and fun.
You can sanitise your home from top to bottom.
We have turbo charged workouts
To get you into the best shape of your life.
What do colours taste like?
Find out with Rainbow Riot fresheners.
Go see a gig. Grab your tickets now!
We have comfort and support for a great night's sleep.
We have pillows that look and feel luxurious.
Wake up feeling fresh and revived.
O that was so soothing wasn't it?
We've gotta get the world off our backs.
We have wireless headphones for free.
They are brand spanking new.
We have unlimited films and
Lot and lots of sports
Live with no irritating interruptions:
Our programmes abound with incisive commentary.

We have thousands of websites to suit your needs;
No need anymore for ideas scribbled on scraps of paper.
Deworm your dogs in case of internal parasites.
For they are wonderful pets
There's no sitting back anymore.
You have to regain control of your life.
These products are game changers.
Absolutely nothing else will do.

O Love is in the air!
You might meet someone special tonight.
Modern love will pull you up from the underworld.
You will feel like a Greek god or goddess!
Don't go chasing crooked shadows.
We have everything you need right here...right now.

Dominic Windram
She was a wild girl: she was freedom's daughter,
But look at her now confined to corporate controlled Hades;
Selling random products with such inane glee.
Without the faintest hint of irony,
She says that you have to order via free phone:
You receive 50% off your first purchase apparently.
Still one never knows; the gods might yet call out her name...
He was growling at her like a grizzled bear.
But all in all he's a good egg...'a real nice guy'.
He just feels he has to prove himself from time to time.
O they could be so much more than part time lovers.
But couldn't he, just for once, buy her something that doesn't remind me of her recent past...

We casually flick through channels;
In a mind numbing state of zero consciousness.
O what words of wisdom the media voices are mouthing today:
'Being an astronaut is possibly the coolest thing in the world.'
'When starting a business you sometimes need to improvise.'
'There must be some way to retrieve that data!' 
Nowadays we can travel to iconic landmarks anywhere in the world:
'Hey you guys..it's as hot as hell over here! '\n
Industry experts and business leaders are as irritating
As midges at a camp site. How I'd like to swat them all away!
Endless labyrinths and mazes of colour and sound.
Lost values and creeds wither away in the heart's wastelands;
Unnecessary intrusions into private lives
By the overtly curious modern generation...
I have profound visions of many things
But I feel that happiness is merely an illusion.

The tennis star is saying that he just kept on going point by point.
O he played such lovely strokes and timed them really well!
Of course, it seems he's happy as long as he's making plenty of Wonder Core
exercise guide tells me that its fine brand
Will get my entire body working effectively
And that I will be in the best shape of my life.
The ageing politician is utterly untrustworthy. 
Indeed, he is a compulsive liar. 
Now he faces a highly charged legal challenge. 
One in ten of his countrymen are openly racist.

Woe to those who bless the bones of the carcass. 
Woe to those who sow seeds of dissent and confusion. 
We need miracles more than ever in this wayward world. 
Got to keep hanging on. According to the glitsy God channel, 
The key is prayer. Prayer is required. 
So pray, pray, pray...have a nice day!

Dominic Windram
Meditations (The Headland, Hartlepool, November 2017)

The red and white boat goes gliding by
Under a golden, autumnal sky;
Searching for the silvery treasures
That the sea provides in vast measure.

Life's like a boat in which we recline,
From smooth sailing to great storms sublime
We should not dwell too much on dark things,
But we should embrace all that joy brings.
Surely we can turn discord into rhyme
As we 're only here for a brief time.

Dominic Windram
Memories Endure

Youth's sun is setting:
Photographic memories
Of enchanted days.

Dominic Windram
Memories Of A Music Festival (2008)

All the 'cool' tribes were assembled there
Musos, ravers; extras from the cast of 'Hair'.
Goths, trendies and punks; new age travellers;
All sorts of rapt, pleasure seeking revellers.
O they spouted such nonsense while on the 'grass':
Not so peaceful after the stupor had passed.
I witnessed such wild, surreal antics from everyone;
Under a blazing sun, as the music played on (and on and on...)
I never did return after that
I guess I still wonder what they meant
When they said, 'Hey man this is where it's at!'
It seems I see right through all the misty sentiment.

Dominic Windram
Memories Of Spring

Memories of Spring:
The vivid blossoms remain
And their keen fragrance.

Dominic Windram
Mental Chess

Be warned. I'm aware
Of every key move you make.
And then it's check mate!

Dominic Windram
Mephistopheles (Dedicated To T.B.)

Even though you invoke God's name,
You cannot fool us anymore.
Although you still cloak your black desires
With the superficial gloss of sound bites.

You cannot fool us anymore
With your Cheshire Cat grin;
With the superficial gloss of sound bites.
We perceive your forked tongue.

With your Cheshire Cat grin,
You still haunt the hallways & corridors of power.
We perceive your forked tongue.
The blood money still pours down to you.

You still haunt the hallways & corridors of power,
Despite the ragged prophecies.
The blood money still pours down to you,
In hell's dark basement where you now dwell.

Despite the ragged prophecies,
You're still a media darling;
In hell's dark basement where you now dwell;
With all the police protection.

You're still a media darling;
Backed by corporations.
With all the police protection.
The angels have fled the sordid scene.

Backed by corporations,
You set fire to the Middle East.
The angels have fled the sordid scene
Because of all your lies.

You set fire to the Middle East
In the twinkling of an eye
Because of all your lies
We no longer believe a word you say.
Metamorphoses

The soft light that captures a rose in bloom
Transforms the stream into sapphire blue.
It caresses the delicate wings of birds;
Transfigures poets as visions become words.
O it seems for brief, flashing moments of bliss
To enlighten & enlarge our consciousness.

The sovereign Light that shines gently forth from
The still heart of the world, redeems kingdoms
Hidden from the eye. It punctuates dreams
And turns despair into silvery streams.
It seems to resurrect our mortal clay
From the darkest realms of doubt and decay.

Dominic Windram
Micromangers

Micromangers:
Like midges at a campsite,
They're so annoying!

Dominic Windram
Mid September Dreams

Mid-September dreams,
Of bright, birthday surprises,
And then the silence.

All the wasted years,
Come flooding back frequently,
Like unwelcome guests.

Dominic Windram

I'm at a preposterous party
In a ruined mansion by the woods.
Let me describe the absurdist scenes:
Educated airheads with bright green
Fingernails are chain smoking cigars
And cigarettes in the hazy hallways whilst
Swooning over Leonard Cohen & J. B Corbyn.
The pseuds & dracs are drinking gallons
Of home brewed beer & cider:
Bullshit stories are abounding.

Dreams dance wildly in the dining room.
There are poets & pantomime clowns
Dangling from broken chandeliers.
In the lounge self congratulation
And self abasement compete for attention.
Barmy boffins & retro beatniks
Gather near the billiard table:
Ruminating about roundness.
And there are vast trays of vegan treats
For those who have gotten the munchies.

The air is thick with incense smoke,
Cannabis & coriander.
I'm becoming slightly dismayed
With constant blasts of nothingness
& idiotic middle class masks;
That fail to hide deep neuroses.
I've got to take some pure air
Outside of this pretentious purgatory;
And listen wisely, intently
To nature's sweet & soothing music.

Dominic Windram
Middle Management Disease

O those meddling, middle managers!
They are of no real significance.
They’re mere flies in the marketplace.
Their presence is as thin as credit cards.

Dominic Windram
Midnight

Midnight's deep silence:
The moon and stars are glowing
Over the grey streets.

Dominic Windram
Military Might

Military might:
Torturous processions of
State sponsored power.

Dominic Windram
Mind's Flowers In Bloom

Mind's flowers in bloom:
The great gift of consciousness;
Inner worlds emerge.

Dominic Windram
Miracle Worker/ Miser

There was once a bloke from Leeds
Who did miraculous deeds.
He could make it rain at will.
He could make the rivers still.
But he couldn't control his greed!

N.B Yorkshire men are known for their tightfistedness with money! .

Dominic Windram
Mirrors

I stare in mirrors
To decipher my dark soul;
But it evades me.

Dominic Windram
Missing You

When I wandered down to the hallowed place,
Where we once used to love and laugh and play,
I thought I caught a flashing glimpse of your ghost:
Among the roses where the summer breeze blows.
How I miss your smiles and your shining presence!
Now there's only the darkness of absence.
Perhaps we'll be reunited in eternity
With the elegant angels for company.

Dominic Windram
Model Railway Enthusiasts

Cranky collectors and creators
Of a curious miniature world;
Dedicated to correct design;
Disciples of detail; colour and shade;
Driven by a childlike wonder of
Scaled down stations and handmade wagons.

Pedantic problem solvers engaged
In this surreal, microcosmic world;
Of cool, clockwork regularity;
Of quiescent tracks bordered by trees;
Of steam, diesel, electric engines;
Where finely painted passengers are
Always gently (ever so gently)
Depicted browsing newspapers;
Where commuters with stiff upper lips;
Patiently wait on pristine platforms;
Where sheep are forever grazing;
Fluffy white in evergreen fields;
Where the sun streams from the blue heavens;
Bathing everything in golden light.

Lost steam age of Albion that throbs
Longingly in fading memories;
Nostalgic dreaming for a time;
That never really was in truth;
A semblance of order for those so
Woefully out of tune and out of step
With the spirit of modern times.
It's a chance to play God for a while.

Dominic Windram
Modern Apathy

Modern apathy:
Who will trace the lost voices
Fading in the wind?

Dominic Windram
Modern Britain (August 2019)

Junkies & beggars proliferate in plagued streets.
Poor families have to feed their kids from food banks.
While the rich still feed like swine from golden troughs.
Austerity for the many; tax cuts for some,
In a callous land where elite Tory boys rule.
Is it the 51st state of the U.S.A?
Pointless paperwork to keep teachers and nurses in line;
While hospitals and schools remain underfunded.
The vain establishment papers over the cracks;
while a dwindling few try hard to expose the truth.
Some want to resurrect old, imperial ghosts;
While others just want to make it to the next day.
Some are 'Little Englanders': their false consciousness masked
By tales of former glories and lots of flag waving.
Modern Britain: it's a complete hell hole for most.
Better get out quick before the whole place subsides!

Dominic Windram
Modern Circus

Mad, modern circus:
Angels & artistes have fled.
Only clowns remain.

Dominic Windram
Modern Communication

People have two ears
And only one mouth. I wish
They’d remember this.

Dominic Windram
Modern Day Circus (Inspired By Guy Debord)

Modern day circus of bright distractions:
Replete with clowns and crude celebrities
Witness the wondrous acrobatic feats
Of rhetoric and disinformation!
Witness strong men of action hero fame.
Witness jugglers replace social critics.

The Media run this multi coloured show.
Citizens are content to acquiesce.
Power is concealed. For we never get
To know the shadowy ringmaster’s name.
There is still a way to break the cycle.
Simply wake up and smell the coffee!

Dominic Windram
Modern Day Crucifixion

I've observed the crucified sons
Of countless, dead end Northern towns.
All the glamour & the sparkle
Has slowly faded from their eyes.
They're merely twenty four hour servants
To a corrupt system they despise.

Trapped like caged rats from cradle to grave
Cold, grey ghosts now crowd the ruins of
Their lost selves. Strange thoughts of suicide
Betray the search for real meaning.
And nebulous thoughts of Utopia
Betray the need for real living.

Slow death; the evil stench of lies:
Something terrible in the air
That always pollutes the pure pools
Of profound stillness and silence.

Night like a black sun smears the sky.
O fear the warm pistol behind,
The cold embrace. And curse the day
You were ever born. O burn down
The frayed house of vain illusion
You cannot live there anymore.

Love lies wounded among the thorns;
Bleeding afresh. The ruined flesh
Of Innocence has lost touch with itself
And all that held it close. Despair's cancer
Is terminal. Starved off affection,
Love is now just an exchange of fluids.

Something in all of us has died.
Something in all us has died
Needle & vein engage in a kiss
That will lead to closer communion.

New horrors unfold at the break
Of each day; at the turn of each page;
In bold newspaper print; In some
Shelter or abandoned home.
In solitary confinement,
We are holding on for dear life.
For, it seems, we know nothing else.

Dominic Windram
Modern Day Delinquents

O they are attached to their smart phones,
Like moths to light bulbs or candle flames.
O they play infantile games;
Seemingly twenty four hours a day!
They've the attention span of goldfish;
And are abysmally lacking in:
The noble art of conversation,
Common courtesy and compassion.
How I wish I was a million miles
From here; on a more evolved planet!

Dominic Windram
Modern Day Hamlet (Soliloquy)

O they were my cursed, former friends:
The bland Rosencrantz & Guildenstern;
Such superficial fools; blinded by
The spurious light of crude custom:
Of gimmicks & gadgets & fashion.
O they were unreconstructed sheep;
Mere lickspittles of the status quo;
Poor players in life's profound pageant.
They reckoned that I would not succeed.
O where are they now? Where are they now?!

Dominic Windram
Modern Day Masquerades

What guises shall we wear to engage in
Society's modern day masquerades?
Shall we just play it safe or go for broke?
Will we be classed as left wing radical
Or perhaps conservative conformist?
Will we be classed as trendy liberal?
Will we be labelled as hero, villain,
Dilettante, gambler, cynic or crazed clown?
It all depends on mainstream media
And tainted, titillating tabloid press.
Just be careful they do not turn you into
A caricature, as they've successfully
Done with Mr Corbyn, who is in fact,
A warrior for the working classes.

Dominic Windram
Modern Goddess: (Love Is A Drug)

O she is a goddess sublime:
Of many light & shadowed aspects.
From time to time, I glimpse her signs.
Her countenance is powdered perfect.
She takes the form of crystal white
And purifies my darkened mind.
She scatters angel dust at my feet
As soft and white as snow; bitter sweet.
She quickens the blood in my veins
And stirs illusions in my brain.
She makes me feel like soaring high
Into the sun kissed, deep blue skies.
She's gently sculpted beauty rare:
An arch seducer beyond compare.
I dream of her every day & night.
O I fear the descent from such heights.

Dominic Windram
Modern Life

O Modern life seems to nourish the trivial
And inflate the spectacular! Celebrities
Assume a warped normality; as they seem to
Live out a thousand dreams and desires for us.
We witness the superficial saturation
Of our screens via private lives becoming
Increasingly public in titillating
Talk shows and ridiculous 'Reality'
T.V programmes. Tragedies and horrors are now
Regurgitated and sanitised in rampant
Twenty four hour news programmes and documentaries.
The bleakest human face is rendered meaningless.
It has become a mere freely floating image
Competing for attention; amidst myriad
distractions: information collides with advertising.
With the exponential rise of social media,
There is now the forced extroversion of our
interior lives. No halo of protection
Surrounds dity signs abound. We are
Drawn to the faux beauty of plastic surgery.
The logo symbolises status in a shrinking world.
Yet, the once revered, divine Logos is now defunct.

Dominic Windram
Modern Living

The clothes that we wear:
High fashion to hide the scars
In these banal times.

Dominic Windram
O we have become hollowed out creatures.
We're like shadows: lacking colour and form.
We are strangers to one another.
We work in silence behind glass counters.
We've become accustomed to the mundane.
O we drift through the days, as though we had
All the time in the world. We're not present
In the true sense of the word. For we need
To be fully present to receive love.
For currently, we only seem to glimpse
A flicker of sun; the spectre of a rose.
We cling to obscure objects of desire;
But soon find them nebulous... meaningless.
Occasionally, a frail light flashes
Across our consciousness. And we are once
Again reminded of life's preciousness.
We dream of what we could be. Yet if we
Are to remain in the presence of grace,
Moment by moment, we need to let go
Of our fears, and embrace the ways,
Of warm communion. And if we can
Manage that, the light will grow stronger.

Dominic Windram
Modern Man In A Hurry

For the modern man,
The clock ticks by so quickly.
There's no time to breathe!

Dominic Windram
Modern Mystic

Hidden away in a house on the hill,
The modern mystic ponders the world's woes.
He studies all the infantile games
That the people perenniially play.
O from the cradle to the grave they go
In their merry, care free way and recline
In the sty of spurious contentment.
He avoids ape men & their painted zombies
And shuns the company of useful idiots.
He sneers at the all too human systems
That only function to frustrate and curtail
The noble artist's pure visions & dreaming.
He is at one with nature's rhythms and cycles.
He has no need for disposable items.
He declines the rampant, febrile offerings
Of social media. He firmly believes
That it's function is to distract not enlighten.
For him it is merely idle chatter;
Not teeming primal communion.
That seeks the fruits of mystical union.
His gaze pierces the skull beneath the skin.
In deepest meditation he's seen it all.
He knows that fragile empires rise and fall.
And that history's blood stained lessons have not been learned.
He has no need for disposable items.
He abhors conventional creeds, clans & tribes.
He pities the profound petty mindedness
Of his contemporaries; those who are too blind
To read the bright symbols & signs
That flash across consciousness from time to time.

Dominic Windram
Modern Prophet

I shall walk through the city streets of dreadful night,
Until I find a small sanctuary of light.
I shall pass through vast modern dwellings of dry bones,
Until I find kindred spirits and sovereign souls.
I shall be met with a million banal signs,
Yet the vital force within me shall be my guide.
I shall keep venturing amidst death's dark vale,
Until I discover the fabled Holy Grail.

Dominic Windram
Modern Surveillance

O I dream of dark towers of hidden power.
I can imagine that someone is constantly
Watching over us. Unfortunately it is
No fairy godmother, or guardian angel.,

Dominic Windram
Everyone seems so near; yet in many ways, we're
Still as distant to one another, as the stars.
O Facebook's convenient, airbrushed ways cannot
Ever hope to extinguish our primal fears.
We merely tread lightly on we
Never explore the inner depths. For that would mean
Surrendering and trusting in the warm arms of
Love and relinquishing control. Can it be done?

Dominic Windram
Modern Versus Old (From The Perspective Of A Millenial).

I prefer to pluck Modernity's fresh flowers,
Rather than sanctify Tradition's solemn mould.
I like the neon lights of buzzing cityscapes
More than quaint, deserted villages drenched in green.
I'm transfixed by Technology's bright teleos,
It sure beats the decrepitude of yesteryear.
Yet most of all I adore the bold democratic vision,
That levels out all rigid hierarchies.

Dominic Windram
Modern Wastelands

Once there was a warm sea of faith to bathe in;
Now it has all but dried up. Modern life has
Turned to worldly pursuits and yearnings.
A certain darkness has claimed our sovereign souls.
Everyone's so busy in the market place.
Woe to those who know the price of everything
And the value of nothing! Woe to those who
Stagnate in spurious sties of contentment!
Woe to those, who substitute grace and mercy,
For sordid pleasures and drug fuelled ecstasies!
O woe to those who engage themselves in the
Rapt worship Of spurious golden idols!
Darkness penetrates beyond the city walls;
To the subways, offices and factory floors.
Although the sacred sun's eclipse seems final,
Surely the spiritual will rise once more.

Dominic Windram
Moments Of Beauty Slip Away

I try to keep hold
Of beauty’s vibrant moments,
But time passes by.

Dominic Windram
Money Isn't Everything

We may not be rich,
In monetary terms, but
Our love is pure gold!

Dominic Windram
Money Makes The World Go Round

Money, it seems, may make the world go round,
Yet there are some that say it's the root of
All evil. I have come to believe that.
The frenzied pursuit of it, often drowns
Out, the more refined music of the soul.
And it can crush Art and Beauty's flowers

Dominic Windram
More Donkey Derbies

More donkey derbies:
Courtesy of the elites.
They treat us like fools!

Dominic Windram
More Mayhem And Madness At Christmas!

O furious families fight at Hamleys
Over toys for their kids! Unfortunately
This kind of madness is becoming the norm
Not the exception. The sacred has been torn
To shreds by the secular - so it seems.
We're lost in a world of consumerist dreams.

Dominic Windram
Moribund Monarchy

Pomp and pageantry
Disguise repressive forces.
Revolution now!

Dominic Windram
Morning Star

It is twilight and the Morning star is shining.
The new Empress of the East is meditating.
She wishes to remove all of the sombre ghosts
That guard the gate to the inner realms of her heart.

As she gazes from her balcony she perceives
Pagodas & temples adorned with precious stones.
She observes the moon sink below the great mountains.
She feels the flow of the universe expanding.

As she enters the sweet sanctuary of stillness:
Gentle breezes penetrate her room & the first
Soft rays of sunlight punctuate her fine features
And the intricate rose pink patterns on her dress.

As calm and elegant as a revered goddess,
She's a Persian design of divine symmetry
She mirrors fabled lotus flowers unfolding.
The light caresses her like a long lost lover.

As she gazes into the azure blue heavens,
She thinks of all her subjects: starless & unblessed.
She prays that they will all receive the Spirit's gifts.
Her dreams like angels seem to hang on the crystal air.

O Morning Star: precious & patient redeemer:
The sublime sign of the new day's divinity.
O Morning Star: illuminator of consciousness:
The certain sign of the sacred, enchanted hour

Dominic Windram
Mortality

Sip the liquid sun as it gleams:
Before the light fades from your eyes;
Before the redness slips from your lips;
Before your golden hair turns to grey.

Weave frail rainbow dreams of wonder:
Before evening casts its shadows:
Before the moon turns into blood:
Before the stars fall from the skies.

Dominic Windram
Moving On

Although memories are deep; with roots entwined,
This time I'll leave the ruined old life behind.
Since the future's reborn in every new spring,
I'll wait for flowers to bloom & birds to sing.

Dominic Windram
Mr Billionaire

His stars glisten like gold.
He is arrogant and aloof.
He is so cold & high above
The hot struggles of the poor.

Dominic Windram
Mr Misunderstood

He wrote night and day.
Then he placed pearls before swine.
What a waste of time!

Dominic Windram
Mrs Rosary Beads (1990)

O you are so pious Mrs Rosary Beads!
It is not just for your sake that Jesus Christ bleeds.
Just ponder that before you make the sinners feed,
Upon your 'service' and your high and mighty creeds.

Dominic Windram
Murmurings Of Autumn

Murmurings of autumn: look out for leaf fall:
Stuttering colours of gold, brown & crimson;
On their way to ground like broken syllables;
That once formed part of summer's enchanted words;
Now blown by the high wind; stirring the senses.
They're like crazed dancers in life's final flourishing;
Soon to be condemned by winter's austere reign.

Endeavour to walk along woodland pathways:
Where dreams merge with this sombre, rusted season:
Listen to the crunch & crinkle underfoot.
Smell the acrid scent of mourning in the air.
Remember all the wild & gentle souls;
Still half - lost in the labyrinths of memory.
They once, like us, travelled through this strange, roaring world.

Dominic Windram
December: the seasonal snow is coming soon;  
That's according to the latest weather forecast.  
If that is the case then it's time to hibernate  
And reflect perhaps on a strange, frantic decade.  
O it seems that old certain symbols have now been  
Discarded. Currently, obscure codes define us.  
I think that there's a distinct poverty of language  
And a general degradation in terms of art  
And beauty. New neon signs, that have never been  
Present previously, pervade the early part  
Of this century. Instant communication  
Is everywhere: at all times of the day and night.  
Yet do we really find the time to engage in  
Meaningful, in depth conversation anymore?  
Do we listen attentively? Is anyone  
Really moved by the warm presence of another?  
It seems that many are constantly on the make.  
There are more deceivers than enlightened healers.  
I feel there are too many brash talkers and not  
Enough genuine builders. It's rather tragic.  
When the snow finally arrives, I'll close my blinds  
And curtains, and pour myself a strong drink or two.  
I shall raise a toast to grace, mercy and silence,  
And shut myself away from the world from a while.

Dominic Windram
Mutton Dressed As Lamb

You paint your face and switch off your troubled mind,
But you don't seem to perceive the warning signs.
You frequent the trendy restaurants and bars,
As you seek a free ride in life's flashy car,
You may dye your hair and consume fashion's fruits,
But you won't disguise the wrinkles and the roots.
You may sup deeply from the fountain of youth,
But you're growing old and grey - and that's the truth!

Dominic Windram
Mutual Visions

Last night I caught a glimpse of your dreaming.  
It seems we share a refined consciousness.  
Now let's capture life's teeming mysteries.  
In all our poems, our songs and paintings!  
Let us now provide colour and form to  
Thousands of lingering thoughts and fancies!

Dominic Windram
My Beliefs

I believe in the stubbornness of stones
& the fragile beauty of flowers.
I believe in the mystery of trees
& the wisdom of light.
I believe in the passion of martyrs
& the madness of dreams.
I believe in the solitude of saints
& the sweet miracle of stars.
I believe in the ubiquity of grace
& the abiding warmth of communion.

Dominic Windram
My Beliefs 2

I don't believe in fixed predicaments.
I believe in the warm, fresh winds of change.
I don't trust in monarchs or presidents.
I believe in transformation from
The bottom up. O I denounce all forms
Of idolatry! For I believe in
The oneness of creation. And I hope
That this notion's reflected in my art.

Dominic Windram
O my childhood lies there, among the grand houses
And the lush gardens, in the dream-like part of town.
O there the bright spectres of love and laughter still
Linger, in the blithe, verdant places where we played;
So long ago now. For me it will always be
Spring there: pulsating with colour, light and freshness.
In darker moments, I often think of that time,
And wish I could return; but alas I cannot.

Dominic Windram
My Computer

My computer is so slow; it's remedial!
It never follows my considered instructions.
I would much rather watch a snail exert itself
Or maybe a tortoise or perhaps watch paint dry!

I swear that it's decidedly irrational.
It refuses to burn; doesn't resume
After it's switched off! Indeed, I think it's a case
Of deliberate, authorised obsolescence.

Dominic Windram
My Days Are Now Ripe

My days are now ripe with poetry's plentiful
Fruits & flowers. The songs of the seasons seem to
Flow through me. And currently, the keen power of
The elements, is transforming my consciousness.

Dominic Windram
My Dreams

My dreams glide upon a silvery sea.
A fresh wind guides them like a long lost friend.
Then they drown in deep blue waters of sleep.
Suddenly, I awaken to the light
Of a new day: wishing for something
More substantial than fragments of transience:
Wishing for Love's promise to set me free;
Wishing for golden realms of eternity!

Dominic Windram
My Eternal Rose

My eternal rose; my most faithful valentine:
Your smiling face is as sweet as heavenly wine.
Your ruby red lips are the fruits of paradise.
And your milk white skin is every dreamer's delight.
May the flowers of love never wither and die:
As long as the bold light illuminates your eyes;
As long as the blue heavens remain in the sky;
As long as myriad stars continue to shine.

Dominic Windram
My Feathered Dreams

My feathered dreams are
Taking flight: into the depths
Of this star filled night.

Dominic Windram
My G.P

O when I visit his surgery, my G.P
Never listens, and he has his backed turned away
From me? ! O he might be a medical expert,
But I think he needs to be taught some people skills!

Dominic Windram
My House On The Hill

My house on the hill is filled with light.
It's a domain of artistic delights.
It's not too far from teeming, daily life,
To be considered remote, yet it strikes
A nice balance as it is ideally
Situated in a most quiet, tree
Lined grove. It is a great place to compose
Poetry. It's where I like to repose.

Dominic Windram
My Hunger...

My hunger for a flash of holiness
Is lost in the cold light of a metal dawn.
For the sovereign flesh of Christ like wisdom
Was ravaged & left gravely wounded,
By the black beast who devours dreaming.
In the ragged realms of the fevered night.
My desperate search for communion
Withered in the arid desert of false needs.
Endless warm visions of undying love
Are swiftly replaced by bleak needle chills.
The glory of angelhood, that once spoke
To me so tenderly, is now mere dust.
And the last fragments of faith & mercy
Are aimlessly scattered in plagued, dead end streets.

Dominic Windram
My Journey Of Faith

Over the slow course of this past three years,
I've moved from casual observation,
To thresholds of devout worship & prayer.
It began with an outbreak of wonder,
And ended after long, tiring travels,
Through the soul's darker realms, in gratitude.
With Love that unites both rose & fire
With warm remedy & rich fulfillment.

O now I've witnessed the complete collapse
Of twilight idols & sterile kingdoms,
No longer shall I bind myself to objects
Of desire or the latest world crisis.
I note, after this summer's first downpour,
The evidences of creation sprout.
Before my eyes, between paving stones,
In potent moments of the here and now.

Dominic Windram
My Mind Is A Blur.

My mind is a blur:
Too much confusion; many
Burning illusions.

Dominic Windram
My Poems

My poems document these turbulent times. My poems are lamentations to the death Of the Spirit in the West. Yet they seek To revive a sense of the vintage blood; That pulses wildly through the veins of trees, Flowers and leaves. Sometimes they burn brightly With the fires of ancient prophecy. Other times, they hint at peace and silence. My poems are small epiphanies amidst Great, raging institutions. They cannot Be quelled by the rampant powers that be. For true poetry, it seems, sets us free.

Dominic Windram
My poetry is a subtle ploy
In the cold machinery of now.
My love of rich, flowing textures
Subverts all rigid convergence.
My metaphors are wild flowers
In an unweeded garden of words.
My concerns are multi-versed
Not narrow, tribal laments.
My heart is with the oppressed
Not the cold, corporate elites.

Dominic Windram
My Poetry 2

I have written over a thousand poems
But so few have been read or understood.
In an age where images are highly prized,
And the sovereign Word is now unheard,
My blazing sermons & hymns & sonnets
Have a certain power but no prestige.
They delve into the heart of vital matters:
Which this wayward world tries in vain to silence
Of course I have high hopes for my poems that like
Vintage wine a welcoming time will arise.

Dominic Windram
My Poetry's Lethal...Figuratively Speaking Of Course!

'For all those dissenters who are engaged in cultural/ artistic wars: '

My poetry's lethal.
My words are my bullets.
My work is outspoken.
It's louder than a bomb.
I'm an army of one.
I march to the beat of
My own drum. I never
Bow down to anyone.

Dominic Windram
My Sanctuary

O I like to bask by the fireside;
In the warm glow of familiar flames.
O I like to watch classic, old movies,
While it is windy and raining outside.
I'm happy in my safe sanctuary.
Here I compose my essays and my poems.
Here I willfully create strange, new worlds.
Here I'm so snug and very self contained.

Dominic Windram
My Sanctuary (In The Woods)

I love the warmth of my sanctuary,
In the dark woods away from prying eyes:
Alongside love that flows naturally.
Alongside a light I know that is mine.

I love the warmth of my sanctuary:
Writing poetry by the knowing fire;
With you as my Muse. At last we are free
From the modern world's miasmal desires.

O I do not miss the rampant rat race.
I'm relieved to avoid the constant stress.
I'm looking for something akin to Grace.
I'm longing for Nature's healing caress.

Although I hear the harsh winds beat against
My doors; although the skies are turning grey
And we'll soon be flooded by mocking rain,
I'll endure all; as there'll be brighter days.

Dominic Windram
My Seaside Home Town

My seaside home town
Struggles to survive & thrive;
In austere times.

Dominic Windram
My Shadow On Your Wall

My shadow on your wall
Tells me I lack flesh and blood.
What I could have been!

Dominic Windram
My Spirit Has Been Set Free

My blithe spirit has been set free.
I now drift through enchanted days:
That are bathed in a calming light.
I haven't a care in the world,
And the poetry just keeps on
Flowing, like a gleaming river.

Dominic Windram
My Spirit Still Burns

My spirit still burns,
Throughout these bleak, wintry times;
With a fiery passion.

Dominic Windram
My Springtime Colours

My springtime colours
Are green, flesh pink and milk white.
They are a delight!

Dominic Windram
My Valentine (2009)

O I glimpsed Heaven's light when your eyes first met mine.
My soul was filled with soft dreams & visions.
My heart of ice melted in the briefest of time.
In that jewelled moment, the darkness dissipated:
When I first glimpsed your eyes as blue as the ocean:
When I first glimpsed tender light beyond illusion.

Dominic Windram
Mystical Longings

Mystical longings:  
Innate in our blood & bones:  
Written in the stars.

Dominic Windram
Nature is my Muse.
Her bright colours and forms flow
Through my consciousness.

Dominic Windram
Nature's Boundless Bounty

O Nature's rich, profound language abounds
With verdant metaphors & similes.
We poets are seduced by her sweet sounds
And subtle, perpetual mysteries.

Dominic Windram
Nature's Hunters

The birds of prey stare
Into the heart of the sun:
Red in tooth & claw.

Dominic Windram
Nature's Mask of Beauty

O Nature's verdant mask of beauty
Is worn for bright, young lovers' pleasure.
From season to season it reveals
An array of heart warming treasures.
From summer's deep greens to autumn's flames;
From winter's whitened, frozen warnings.
To Spring time's subtle rhythms & aims
And the ornamental rhymes it brings.

O Nature's verdant mask of beauty
Is worn for the eyes of Innocence.
For in childhood's magic light, dreams
Flow like rivers in blue crystal bliss.
And when blackbirds sing in apple trees
For glorious, brief moments in time
Their sweet songs of longing seem to be
Potent signs expressing the divine.

Dominic Windram
Nature's Mysteriousness

Anyone who thinks,
That Nature is a system,
Is most mistaken.

Dominic Windram
Nature's Power

Waterfall cascades:
Nature's sheer vitality.
The sound of thunder.

Dominic Windram
Nature's Remedies

Nature's remedies
Are raindrops, sun and birdsong.
They revive our souls

Dominic Windram
Necessary Change

I want to experience a sea-change
In my poetical style, content and form
That will bear exotic fruit: rich and strange.
I'll have to plant new seeds and be reborn.

Dominic Windram
Necessary Diversions

They can divert us
With their dazzling spectacles
Of hysteria.

Dominic Windram
Neon Gods

Neon gods are all
Around us. I'd rather pray
To old ones instead.

Dominic Windram
New Actors Required.

We require new actors to occupy
Contested spaces. We need poets/artists
To create myriad alternative worlds.
From dark forest to bright beach, the wild roses
Shall be liberally scattered, like angel fire.
Spiritual content will be wisely fused
With base materials of necessity.
The symbolism of the hammer is as,
Pertinent as the metaphorical flower.
We need to reclaim the corporate owned terrain.

Dominic Windram
New Dawn

Angel come and play.
The demons have fled away.
The dawn is here.

Dominic Windram
New Dreams For A New Year

I observe the dying embers of the old year:
As bleak winter sets everything to waste & silence.
The new year, offers promise: a golden chance to
Rekindle the blazing fires of hopes and dreams.

Dominic Windram
New Gods

Now the tribes worship
Bright lava lamps on the beach.
The old gods have fled.

Dominic Windram
New Horizons

Follow the drifting star of beauty.
Follow the heart’s slow burning longings.
Not so long from now it will all be over,
And you'll be chastised for wasting the dawn.

Follow the dream that references its workings.
Follow the intangible trail of the sun.
Forget the remnants that you could not put together,
They have nothing left to offer you.

Dominic Windram
New Horizons 2

I'm aiming to bask in this town's bright lights:
To hide all of the darkness and sorrow.
I'm searching for stars that pierce the night.
I couldn't care less about tomorrow.

I'm waiting for Lady Luck to arrive.
For it's been a long time chasing shadows.
I'm looking for a new reason to strive.
So I'll have to watch which way the wind blows.

Dominic Windram
New Love

Between the rose and fire of new love,  
Regular, diurnal time is suspended.  
Each moment bursts into golden blossoms,  
And eternity's sweet realms are revealed.

Dominic Windram
New Possibilities

I am searching for the heart of my dreams. I'm looking at a time when I was free.
I'm so bored of old, familiar ways.
I want to embrace rare beauty these days.
Although the joys of youth have passed away,
I still have time to escape age old pains.
I'm not scared to let go of past glories,
For they are a confusing blur to me.
My mind's open to possibilities.
I want to achieve new goals clearly.

Dominic Windram
New World Disorder

History is doomed to repeat itself.
Empires are built over blood and bones.
Crude power is the ego deified.
Some like to bless the ribs of a carcass.
Others sharpen the teeth of the tiger.
The microcosms of grave disorder
Permeate this world that breeds black flowers.
Flotsam & jetsam; cracked mirrors, dead birds
Ancient superstitions arise in droves,
For nature abhors a vacuum.

Dominic Windram
Old dreams and desires melt with the snow,
On this day that brims with significance.
As I look deep into the world's eyes aglow;
Blessed by the sun of new born awareness;
I look beyond tarnished symbols and creeds,
That span the somnambulant centuries,
To the fragile radiance of a leaf
Or flower...fruit born from knowing seeds.
Redeemed by a force so light and rare; by
Winter's frosted miracle of surprise,
I look towards the altered twilight sky,
And glimpse the rose and flame of paradise.

Dominic Windram
New Year's Eve: 2019

 Tonight, as frost conglomerates outside,
 We can leave the absurd world for a while.
 We can dwell amidst the soft light of grace.
 The deep orange glow from the fireplace
 Hints at contentment: of new hopes and dreams.
 Of myriad bold ventures, plans and schemes.
 As the old year dies, in its seasonal way,
 This room's darkness is pierced by candle flame.

 Dominic Windram
Nietzsche's Lonely Room (Sils Maria)

Nietzsche's lonely room:
What profound, world shaking thoughts
He must have had there.

Dominic Windram
Night Clubs

Night clubs are for those
With no imagination:
Too crude, bright and loud!

Dominic Windram
Night Of The Blood Red Moon

Creatures are stirring
Under the bright blood red moon.
So strange is this night.

Dominic Windram
Night Time Meditation

Moments before sleep:
Miracles of warm surprise;
Sunbursts of magic.

Dominic Windram
Nightmare

On gnarled black branches,
The bird’s blood drips constantly.
Nature is dying.

Dominic Windram
Nightmares

I dream of spectral figures with ashes
On their breath. Do they symbolise my death?
In dreams, I walk solemnly along a bleak,
Deserted beach. I cannot seem to find
My way back home. I am forever lost
Among the labyrinthine caves and rocks.
O I pray but my prayers are not answered.
I meditate but find no inner stillness.
I am cursed, like Sisyphus, to endure
The sheer monotony of futile actions.

Dominic Windram
Nightmarish Nature

Nightmarish Nature:
Visions of evil flowers;
Screams of butterflies.

Dominic Windram
Nightmarish Visions

Nightmarish visions:
Fractured bones turn to ashes:
The fading voices.

Dominic Windram
No Dialogue

There's no dialogue.
Hence, there is no real friendship.
Goodbye forever.

Dominic Windram
No Entry

I wish I had a current passport
To enter your secret, untainted world:
Of exotic flowers & hexagrams;
Of love endlessly flowing & forgiving;
Of rosaries as delicate as snow.
But in any case, I'd never make it past
The border police that patrol your soul,
I guess they would refuse a leper like me.

Dominic Windram
No Exit

Another gnarled night.
Love is a mental illness.
Faith's a forlorn dream.

Dominic Windram
No Exit (Inspired By Wim Wenders' Paris, Texas)

The sadness in your eyes; the distance between us;
Now the ravens of dark desire have slain the doves.
I lament the endless roads that lead to nowhere.
O I must scan urban wastelands for beauty rare.
O I lament the rise of the digital at
The expense of the spiritual. I think that
Neon & steel have terminated our dreaming.
We're now at the mercy of corporate scheming.

Dominic Windram
No Future

O take a drive through the city's limits.
It's all crass billboards, neon & cracked glass:
Where corporations control hearts & minds;
Where plagued poverty & crime breed like lice.
It emanates with crude false consciousness.
No future: I need to escape from here.

Dominic Windram
No Guiding Lights

O there are no guiding lights anymore.
There is only monotonous darkness.
There are no wise gurus or true sages.
Life's merely the lies of marketeers.
There is nothing that we can call sacred,
Now it seems the profane is glorified.
There's no trace of the radical in art.
It's all elaborate decoration.

Dominic Windram
No Horizons

No horizons in
Brittle democracies of
Empty rhetoric.

Dominic Windram
No Justice; No Peace: (Palestine)

We're less than human in your hateful eyes
And you treat us as you did your prophets.
We're flowers crushed by your cold steel machines.
We're the profound otherness that you deny.
We are condemned to a life of servitude.
We're your hewers of wood; drawers of water.
You only want 'peace' on your rigid terms.
As you hypnotise the world with your lies.
While the real problem screams of injustice.
We are a stain on your glorious state.
We almost feel that we should apologise,
For having the temerity to live here.
But it is you who are the occupiers,
And it is you who will leave in the end

Dominic Windram
No More Am I A Sentimental Fool

Flowers cover up,
The horror and the bloodshed,
Of tyranny's reign.

Dominic Windram
No More Wars

Winston Churchill quipped:
That jaw jaw is better than
War war. It's so true.

Dominic Windram
Hegel saw the world spirit
Gradually unfolding,
Via precise dialectics.
I do not share this notion.

I only glimpse a frail light,
Glowing in the eyes of the forsaken,
That does not speak of progress
Moving beneath the stars.

I only hear fading voices,
Carried by the wind,
That are lost amidst the grey clouds
Of this, eerie skeleton dawn.

Dominic Windram
No Reply

All alone: so far from the sun kissed heights;
I knelt down to pray in the church of Love;
Hoping that God's grace would fall from the sky.

I pictured him dwelling in clouds above;
With flowing beard on a golden throne;
Surrounded by angels & snow white doves.

But he would not reply to my moans & groans.
All I heard was stark silence; nothingness:
No light was cast on the Great Unknown.

Dominic Windram
No Room For Difference

There's no room for troubadours on paralysed streets.
There is no place for Karl Marx or Utopian dreams;
Among the current glossy ideologies.
There is no room for Love in a world ill at ease

Dominic Windram
No Sanctuary

Nowhere left to hide:
When all the angels have fled:
Just drown one's sorrows.

Dominic Windram
No Sense Or Purpose

No sense or purpose:
Crude settlers despoil the land
Where the green ants dream.

Dominic Windram
Noble Lord Craig (London, 1994)

You stand above us all: so smug and vain
O most noble Lord Craig: long may you reign!
Are you the Chosen One sent down from above?
Are you perhaps the most immaculate Dove?

Are you here to enlighten us all?
Will you help us stand up before we fall?
Will you take away our heavy burdens
Or perhaps help to lighten our loads?

Can Jesus Christ or Buddha even compare
With your status: wisdom and knowledge so rare?
O forgive me Lord Craig but it has to be said.
Your false view of yourself is all in your head!

Dominic Windram
Nocturnes

Nocturnes brimming
With the glory of moonlight;
And the murmur of insects;
And the beating of wings;
And soft layers of sadness;
Nocturnes studded with stars;
In the blue black immensity;
In my mind they are
Shadows, shapes
That won't stay fixed.
Light clouds transforming
Into fantastic beasts
And filling the sky.
Chopin composed 21.

Dominic Windram
Non Communication

Mask encounters mask,
In chat room mausoleums:
Dialogue defunct.

Dominic Windram
Normalised Violence

Normalised violence
Of the state apparatus:
Resistance futile!

Dominic Windram
Nothing Ever Changes

I'm tired of tradition's arcane ways;  
That merely keep everyone in their place.  
I'm tired of the archaic monarchy.  
It is now merely empty pageantry.  
I'm sick of a class system that divides.  
I'm sick of a privileged elite that lies  
Through its teeth. I am bored of the petty  
Conservatism of voters. They resist  
Any change, so stubbornly, at every  
Opportunity. And O how I wish  
The press and media were much more balanced.  
It's always the case, that dissent is silenced.

Dominic Windram
Nothing Is New

Plato would not allow poets or artists
Into his Republic. They were subversive
In his eyes. Certain regimes still hold this view,
In our current world; it seems nothing is new.

Dominic Windram
Nothing Is Permanent

Summer's roses fade.
It seems nothing's permanent.
Treasure Time's moments.

Dominic Windram
Nothing is permanent.
We spend our lives
Trying to retrace
The lost moment;
The stolen kiss.
A shaft of light
On the water's surface.
And the flesh pink
& snow white blossoms
That briefly entice us
Every Spring,
Are perhaps our only claim
On consciousness.
Nothing is permanent.

Dominic Windram
Nothing Left To Lose

The garish glitter
Of fallen Modernity: ☐
The old gods have fled.

Shadow plays of signs:
Alphabets of the absurd.
The light is fading

Diamond studded skulls
& artificial roses;
Lines of angel dust

Cool operators:
Gadgets for every season;
Media dreaming

Scarecrows & scapegoats
The cold eyes of surveillance:
Social compliance.

The double coding
Of constant advertising:
The death of symbols.

A harvest of stars
Over the collapsed centre:
Circus distractions.

A labyrinthine world
That we can never access:
Only imagine.

Dominic Windram
Nothing Moves Me These Days

I want to be moved by something
Much more substantial than what's currently on offer
In the preposterous post modern pageant:
Where the shadow fruits have turned bitter;
Where the ironic gesture has become absurd.
I want to be free of ubiquitous screens
& their frivolous illusions.A kind of chaotic emptiness
Currently hangs over me like a black cloud.
I'm tired of absorbing digitalised schemes.
I want to experience something ablaze with life.
I'd like to be redeemed by strange, primal gods
That evoke nature's sheer vitality
It would be great to bathe in their inspired light
And decipher their esoteric symbols.
I would want them to leave me picked clean,
But invariably asking for more.

Dominic Windram
Nothing Seems To Change!

O I'm simply astounded that people
In this, the 21st century, still
Swallow the sordid propaganda of
The tabloid press & mainstream media!

Dominic Windram
November The 5th

Burning effigy,
Wild colours light up the sky,
World of distractions.

Dominic Windram
Now...

Now that there is sweet clarity in my mind,
I shall dive into dream oceans to find pearls.
I will strive to create bold symbols and signs;
That mirror the joys and sorrows of this world.

Now that there's balance within my heart and soul,
I will blend vital aspects of light and dark.
And then I shall add new flesh to old, tired bones.
I will refine my poetry and my art.

Dominic Windram
Numb Narcissus

Another numb Narcissus
- (Or archetypal Adonis)
Works out each and every day,
In front of a myriad mirrors
In his one room apartment
On the outskirts of town.

Pumped full of steroids;
Dreaming dumb bell delusions
Of action hero physique,
He glances in mirror 1
At his hypertrophied body
Of steel and raw iron.

The glint in his eye
Reveals a kind of cold splendour.
For he only ever sees,
The images he desires;
Never the truth;
The nature of his obsession.

Dominic Windram
Nursery Lullabies

Nursery lullabies
Of love gently unfold us.
They weave sweet fictions.

Dominic Windram
O all the stars, in my febrile night time visions,
Drip down like syrup. Yet the taste is not so sweet.
There is something amiss in the remote heavens.
The centre is missing. Everything seems to be
Falling apart. I lie here on the strangest ground
Waiting for a sign; for the clear light of day.

Dominic Windram
O Deep Is The Silence...

O deep is the silence all around at night.
Dark is the path that we tread in our dreaming,
As we stumble towards the redeeming Light.
A new dawn of hope within us is burning.
For, sometimes in dreams we may experience
A profound awakening that shakes our world:
It may take some time to make a difference.
Yet in that moment, we feel as free as birds.
The bright star of faith adorns life's lonely realms.
Although our hearts are often wrapped in sorrow,
And we're haunted by place where fear dwells,
We pray for the sweet promise of tomorrow.

Domnic Windram
O Eternal Creative Force...

O eternal creative force, of the teeming universe:
Bless the vibrant light that flashes across
The blue heavens of my consciousness.
Restore my faith amidst dark hours of doubt.
Provide me with the time and energy
To realise my innermost dreams.

Dominic Windram
O Express...

O express the flesh and spirit of poetry;
In flowing lines of metaphor and simile.
Punctuate it with splendid alliteration.
Let it breathe with soft assonance; and look upon
It as adding vibrant colour to Creation.
O complete what the spellbinding gods have begun!
Structure every essential word bone and highlight
Every pertinent syllable to keep things tight;
But allow for imagination's feral light.
Deploy all your senses; from sound and taste to sight.
Be a world - shaker; fiery prophet; dream weaver!
Make your poem enjoyable for curious readers.
Accentuate its music and its meaning.
Emphasise its grand themes, but make sure that it sings!

Dominic Windram
O Great Creator

O great Creator
Of sun & moon & stars;
Of all possible worlds;
Guide us as we are frozen.
Give us time to nurture
& perfect our higher selves.
Redeem disturbed objects.
Straighten crooked pathways.
And set us free from prisons
Of crude conformity.
Free us from the allure
Of surface appearance.
Free us from tribal patterns
Of perpetual war.
Help us to see beyond
The miasmal mists of rusted Time.
Help us to see beyond
The spurious light of idols.
Help us to recognise
The writing on the wall &
All the sordid distractions
That dominate our lives.
O great Creator
May our prayers be heard.

Dominic Windram
O Great Creator Of Being

O great creator of Being,
Grant me time to perfect my art.
Provide me be
Guided by your gentle, healing Light.
Help me in my endless solitude.
Help me in my mundane, aimless tasks.
Help me to purify and sweeten
The common word. Help me to survive
In this soulless, modern wilderness:
Where all the dark hucksters seem to thrive.

Dominic Windram
O Great Creator....

O great creator of being  
Provide these pale spectres with tears.  
So that they move from nothingness,  
To sorrowful realms of softness.  
So that they can become humane:  
And be redeemed by sun & rain.  
Let them know the caress of light,  
As well as the bleakness of night.

Dominic Windram
O He Will Return

O He will return,
Like soft snow white Spring blossom.
He will rise again.

Dominic Windram
O heavenly realms:
Where roses spill from blue skies,
And Love is boundless.

Dominic Windram
O holy, infinite consciousness
I've tried to be faithful to your subtle commands.
O holy, bird of words,
You soar swiftly towards the sun of your deepest longings
O holy desire,
I feel you slowly, blossoming into fulfillment.
O holy stream of light,
I am humbled by your presence.
O holy Buddha,
Teach us not to be distracted
O holy, transfigured art
Shimmering with multiple layers of meaning.
O holy is each person
Wounded by suffering, singular, unique!

Dominic Windram
O Honest, Calm Saints

O honest, calm saints,
I pray to you for guidance.
For I'm truly lost!

Dominic Windram
O How I Wish!

O how I wish I could create a poem
As significant as a prayer or hymn:
That would blossom like a beautiful, bold
Flower with a power drawn from within!

By blending noble thought and warm passion,
It would transcend the world's fleeting fashions.
More precious than countless, verbose pages;
O it would echo throughout the ages!

Dominic Windram
O I Dream

O I dream of green
As I roam these plagued, grey streets:
This concrete jungle.

Dominic Windram
O I Often Dream....

O I often dream of an idyllic cottage
Deep in the woods: Where I could take time to compose
A plethora of poems. Fragrant with aged herbage,
It would be a perfect blend of wood and stone;
Solid enough to withstand any raging storm.
It would be surrounded by precious rose gardens.
And it would contain a small hearth to keep me warm;
In bleakest winter when fingers are frost bitten.
Each season would provide me with inspiration.
My little cottage in the woods, with its delights
Would endlessly feed my potent imagination;
Whether, in times drained by darkness, or bathed in light.

Dominic Windram
O I Remember

O I remember,
All those precious moments, that
Will never return.

Dominic Windram
O In This Spring....

O in this spring of verdant joy, our hearts lighten.  
We have discarded the heavy weight of winter.  
And now we look for the buds of our dreams to bloom.  
So often we're dismayed by mundane days and hours;  
But blessed by April's pure, warm light we are reborn.  
In this season of subtle magic, we notice  
Vivid colours and sweet sounds; that we'd forgotten  
Existed. Such is the power of icy winds;  
That contribute to winter's white and grey bleakness.  
Now we feel Creation's essence flow through our veins.  
Flashing pink and purple splashes punctuate our  
Newly inspired consciousness. We're uplifted!

Dominic Windram
O Joy And Wonder!

O joy and wonder:  
Let a thousand flowers bloom!  
Resist the darkness.

Dominic Windram
O Just Set Me Free!

O just set me free!
Please extricate me gently
From your beauty's web.

Dominic Windram
O Light A Candle

O light a candle,
And carry it like a god,
Across dark waters.

Dominic Windram
O Lord

O Lord soften my cold and stony heart.
Please make it warm and innocent again,
Like in golden days when I was a child.
For the passing years have taken their toll.

Dominic Windram
O Master Artist

O master artist:
Instruct me how to employ
My sorrow and pain.

Dominic Windram
O Music & Art

O Music & Art:
How many of us depend
On your nourishment?!

Dominic Windram
O Music And Art!

O music and art  
Can sooth and heal all heartaches!  
They can cleanse the soul.

Dominic Windram
O Mystical Rose

O Mystical Rose you once appear to me
Clad in your long, flowing gown of blue and silver.
Guide us as we are frozen in time's wintry haze.
Guide us as we try to give life colour and form.

Dominic Windram
O Nature Is...

O Nature is endless delight & joy.
It cannot be grasped by cold steel systems.
It cannot be measured by microscopes.
It can only hinted at by metaphor.

Dominic Windram
O No More...(April 4th 2020)

O no more will my life be a mere play
Of flowery poetry and blithe art.
O when this pandemic has ended,
I will continue with blessed rituals
Of prayer. I shall turn my attention to
Matters of ultimate concern.I shall
Seek symbols of light in the everyday.

Dominic Windram
O noble spirit:
Bringer of redeeming rain
in a dry season.

Revisit our hearts.
We praise thy great fortitude.
We praise thy wisdom.

Dominic Windram
O Numberless Worlds

O numberless worlds
In glistening galaxies:
Teeming with beauty.

Dominic Windram
O Pour Out The Wine...(Saturday 15th February: 2020)

O pour out the wine
And put on the pop music.
Let's have a good time!

Dominic Windram
O Superficial World

O superficial world of trash T.V culture
And cheapened universities: where no one
Communicates anymore. I predict a time
When all wisdom and knowledge will vanish into
Thin air. Perhaps there will still be ragged prophets,
Existing on the margins, who can decipher
The writing on the I do fear that
Radical change will prove to be impossible.
O when I think of the future it resembles
A chasm; while sweet freedom's an empty slogan.

Dominic Windram
O The Angels....

O the angels are longing to take me
To the sacred garden. I'll embrace death
Like an old, long lost friend when it arrives.
For grace & warmth will replace cold fears.
While I wait, I will try to create works:
That reflect the world's long standing concerns,
And it's current spiritual malaise.
I'll dredge up the light from the darkest realms.

Dominic Windram
O the codes of poetry are broken
By those who want to desecrate the Word.
All I hear now is doggerel or
Even worse: crass, sentimental bullshit.
I hate to see such wilful destruction
Of what was once deemed such a noble art.
It seems that we now live in a doomed age,
That courts the popular, but not the great.

Dominic Windram
O The Frail Beauty!

O the frail beauty
Of a bluebird's wondrous wings:
A joy to behold!

Dominic Windram
O The Moon...

O the moon is an enchantress! An eerie light
Emanates from her. She weaves her magic, amidst
Drifting clouds, in secret dominions of night.
She is a vital source of deep poetic bliss.

Dominic Windram
O The Poet...

O the poet hovers between what is hidden
And what is revealed. He merges truth with illusion.
He is intensely curious about the world:
Which would be so much poorer without his presence.

Dominic Windram
O These Long Shadows...

O these long shadows breed a kind of strange remorse. Sometimes the world seems so pregnant with emptiness. O some are more carefree: filled with golden delights; While others are forced to roam ragged realms of night.

Dominic Windram
O We Are Merely...

O we are merely
Creatures of flesh and fancy;
Waiting for rebirth.

Dominic Windram
O What A World!

O world of constantly flowing distractions:
Of crass cartoons juxtaposed with tragedies;
Of farcical plays produced by popinjays;
Of noise pollution and myriad bright screens
We are like lost children in neon lit lands.
We still seek a guide to take us by the hand:
To escape all of the labyrinthine madness.
We have forgotten noble ways of wisdom

Dominic Windram
O What A World! 2

World of noise and speed:
Vain-glorious inventions
And endless chatter.

Dominic Windram
O What Do We Do?

O what do we do now the angels have all flown
Away? O lamentation's cold seeds have been sown!
What do we do now that the glory of our prime
Has passed? Should we spend our days merely marking time?

Dominic Windram
O Woe Is Me!

O woe is me! O what am I to do?
For I cannot compete with the crazy
Performance poets. Should I dye my hair blue;
Make it very spiky and then simply
Refer to myself as 'Dommy Rotten'?!
Then I suppose I would be really 'cool'
Perhaps, I could make a pact with Satan
Or play the part of a pantomime fool?
O I despair of this current, plagued age,
Where the act is considered sacrosanct;
Not the gleaming, golden words on the page.
That's why there's so much doggerel and cant.
Thank goodness, I now perform my poems
Solely on the radio: my natural home.
Where diction and clarity are everything
O radio allows my poems to sweetly sing!

Dominic Windram
O world of wonder;
O world of bright enchantment,
Let joy reign supreme!

Dominic Windram
Observe the poet's
Brilliant track record and
Appreciate it!

Dominic Windram
Ocean Drenched Dreams

O ocean drenched dreams:
Of exquisite starfish
And blazing coral!

Dominic Windram
Ode To A Pine Tree

Hidden pine tree:
Concealed in dark woods on a high hill
Here the soft summer air is so still.

Secluded pine tree,
She does not need to overdress;
No, not this immortal goddess.

Ghostly pine tree,
Her floating fragrance abounds,
In a white river of sounds.

Tranquil pine tree,
Her sumptuous song; a mysterious thing;
Gently touches & plucks the heart's strings.

Dominic Windram
Ode To Beauty

You are Spring's first bloom
Opening petal by petal,
Your sweet perfume,
Is carried by the wind.

Dominic Windram
Ode To Beauty 2

My soul is inclined to beauty
In all its bright myriad forms:
From vital art to poetry
To music that defies all norms.

O my soul is wedded to beauty,
Not to the crude allure of gold,
Or to the cold order of machines.
Creation is a joy to behold.

Dominic Windram
Old Eccentrics Versus The Fake New Breed Of Poseurs

I like the old eccentrics,
With their extravagant talk,
And their outdated ways.
They are far more preferable
To me than the designer breed:
Who converse in clichés;
Filled with a thousand fancies;
Blown by the winds of fashion;
Devoid of any real meaning.
How I despise their kind.
Give me nuance and style,
Rather than garish colour.
Give me wit & wisdom,
And the art of conversation,
Rather than bovine grunts
Give me subtle recognition,
And finely honed philosophy,
Rather than fake hysteria.

Dominic Windram
On Art

Art is the fountain
And source of joy in the world.
It enriches us.

Dominic Windram
On Halloween Night

On Halloween night,
A thousand ghouls and monsters
Emerge from their graves.

Dominic Windram
On Retreat In An Old Town By The Sea

Plangent cries
Of a Spanish guitar.

Stray dogs roam
The cobbled streets;
With wild, searching eyes.

In the bustling marketplace,
The locals gather for warm connection
Absorbed among the meats and spices
And garments and bracelets.
Some older, but wiser, withered faces
Look to night's stars for guidance.

I came here to escape the fevered city
Now I find myself in this torpid town.
But I am far from here; my mind
Still fixed on a million trivial things.

I'm so tired of all the futile games
We're forced to play under the sun.

What is it that I'm looking for
On this retreat from routine life?
Perhaps Nature will open her arms
And embrace me like a long lost son.

In this toxic epoch of doubt
I desire the dreams of flowers.
I've come here for reassuring answers
And to learn an ancient lament;
That will teach me compassion;
That will bind me to the earth

I understand in my bones
That there is no paradise:
Only fleeting illusions;
Fragments of childhood visions.
Some say that love is the answer,  
But in love the archers are blind.  

Dominic Windram
On Saturday Afternoons...

On Saturday afternoons, I put the racing on
The T.V and listen to the commentary.
It's a peculiar ritual that I've been
Religiously observing for the past three years or so.
O I like the way they announce and phrase
The horses' poetic names. I also like all
The bright colours and pageantry. Then I slowly
Drift into deep sleep, in my favourite armchair.
I guess you could say it is the time of the week
That I look forward to more than any other!

Dominic Windram
On That First Christmas Eve

On that first Christmas Eve, many aeons ago
Angels appeared to humble shepherds. They filled
The skies like radiant clouds; singing glorious
Praises about the newborn child: The Son of God.
Their songs have since inspired countless hymns, carols
And symphonies. Although this beautiful chorus
Undoubtedly Illuminated the world, it
Wasn't the melody, the chords or the joyous
Harmony that provided this pure song with
Its timeless appeal. It was its divine message.

Dominic Windram
Once I Was Lost, But Now I Am Found.

For a long time I felt lost; without style or grace.  
I wore the system's drab uniform for my sins,  
And a frozen mask slowly formed around my face.  
The world appeared to me to be bleak and grim.  
But now that I've escaped from the darkest of fates,  
I've discovered a real, potent sense of freedom.  
Incessant trivia rarely makes me irate,  
Now that I'm born again under a bright, new sun.

Dominic Windram
Once My Dreams...

Once my dreams were close:
In reach. Now they're faraway;
Just like in the movies.

Dominic Windram
Once Upon A Time

Once upon a time, when I worked so aimlessly,
At the local college of spurious knowledge.
We had to develop things called ILPs: that's
'Individual Learning Plans' for those not so
Familiar with so called ' educational'
y, to cut a long story short,
Like lesson plans, they were a real pain in the neck.
So I decided, in my wisdom, to refer
To them, rather cynically, as 'Incredibly
Laborious Paperwork', since I considered
The whole enterprise to be nothing but a sham!
O it was like teaching with a straight jacket on!
Now that I'm free, from this most repressive system,
I can plan and teach so much more creatively.

Dominic Windram
Once We Were Free

This is the place of forgotten youth:
Where music once redeemed starless nights;
Where blazing flowers of love once bloomed;
When we were guided by greater light.

This is the place of discarded youth:
Former idols have begun to rust.
We once believed we were free to choose;
Now fragile empires turn to dust.

This is now the place of fractured youth:
Smear of sun across Time's abyss;
Love's sweet realms ripped apart at the roots.
Now fear has usurped our bliss.

This is now the place of spectral Truth.
The crazed street prophets are now silenced.
For the neon gods control the minds
Of the anaesthetized populace.

This is the place of discarded dreams.
Take a drive through the city's limits.
See today's cool, multi-coloured themes.
See the junkies looking for a fix.

This is the place of forgotten dreams,
Now the spectacle has supplanted,
Sheer vital force of playful forms.
The sacred carnival has ended.

I see faces in the candle flame;
Some are dead; some are barely living.
I cannot recall all of their names;
Only the glory of their giving.

Dominic Windram
One Consciousness

All matter is merely a form of energy;  
That's condensed into a very slow vibration.  
The mystics and the shamans know this to be true.  
They suggest, we are all in fact one consciousness;  
But we experience ourselves subjectively.  
We're not, in essence, separate, Cartesian selves.  
We should leave the dark domains and return to Light

For those noble, enlightened ones who have access  
To deeper Truths, there's in fact, no such thing as death.  
It's just a gateway to the other side; beyond  
These troubled, fleeting realms. This world is but a stream.  
Eternity is a teeming ocean. We should  
Liberate ourselves from Time's diurnal cycle.  
We should leave mundane domains and return to Light.

Dominic Windram
One Day I'd Like To Write An Epic Poem

One day I'd like to write an epic poem.  
That could mirror the fragility of life  
It would be as light as a butterfly's wing  
And as sublime as a crimson sunset:  
Radiating with the beauty of the Word,  
And capturing all the sorrows of the world.  
It would be as clear as purest crystal  
Yet as elliptical as a distant star.  
It would face the monstrous, raging darkness  
With matador like skill and elegance.  
Its great power would lie in its gentleness  
And its sense of grace as soft as snow flakes.
In time it might slowly expand consciousness.  
And I hope it would make the angels weep!  
One day I'd like to write an epic poem  
That could mirror the fragility of life.

Dominic Windram
One Hell Of A Party! (Glasgow, 1993)

As we sneaked into the student party,
All kinds of hell seemed to break loose in there.
The details of which, I'm not prepared to
Disclose... probably because I was so wasted.
But it must have been rather exhilarating,
As I recall, that we didn't leave until dawn!

Dominic Windram
One Trick Pony

One trick pony boy
So ignorant of the facts:
Petulant & spoiled.

Dominic Windram
Only God Can Provide Us With Peace.

The loudspeaker blares out the words, of 'Silent night'
Yet 'Sleep in heavenly peace!' sounds so ironic,
As the crowds surge forth in a crazed quest for presents.
Although Christmas is now hailed and branded as a
Holiday of joy and peace, it seems anything
But peaceful! Yet, we know deep down in our hearts, that
Christmas is clearly not about a peaceful
Shopping experience or an idyllic snow
Covered holiday. It really has nothing to
Do with the weather, or the music, or the gifts.
Rather Christ came to provide us with lasting peace.
He left his heavenly throne so we could find peace
With God. Although this wayward world can be incredibly
Noisy, crowded and cold, God can place peace in our souls.

Dominic Windram
Organic Intellectuals (Inspired By Gramsci)

We need creators...connectors who build
Solid bridges of understanding across
Communities; across the class divide.
We need their presence now more than ever:
To piece modern culture's fragments together;
In an increasingly polarised world.

Dominic Windram
'Originality'

It is not that the artist discovers
Something new, rather he detects something
Old, that was once familiar, but that
Has now been forgotten; at the edge
Of the world: like wildflowers in the desert.
It's usually to be found in a
Desolate place; where nobody can perceive
Any sign of life or bright promise there.
Yet the keen, curious artist sees it,
And then claims it. He brings it back into
Focus, and it commands our attention;
So that we can marvel at its delights.

Dominic Windram
Our Art

O our Art cannot transcend
This most wanton, mortal of worlds.
It can only touch the surface;
Only smooth the marble & stone.
It cannot penetrate darkness.
It cannot identify light.
O it cannot communicate
Our deepest secret fears.

Dominic Windram
Our Hymns & Prayers

Our hymns & prayers
Proclaim a deeper glory,
Beyond earth's limits.

Dominic Windram
Our Modern Dilemma

There are too many talkers
And not enough builders.
There are too many pilgrims
And not enough prophets.

And there are too many artists
With limited self awareness.
Seduced by the aroma of the fruit;
Not the possibilities of the seed

Dominic Windram
Our Modern Malaise

Some are keen to adorn themselves in the Latest fashions; for weekend revelries. Some seek atonement in worldly fame. Others cling to obscure mysteries. Many read nothing but the sports' reports. Some use speech for endless trivia. Others seek refuge in dazzling dream worlds. Some pursue material possessions. While the intellectually lazy, Endorse crazy conspiracy theories. Others hide the emptiness within them; By wearing the well worn social masks of Conviviality. There are those who Have constant need for novel ecstasies. Some turn to drugs to distract themselves; From this life's apparent meaninglessness.

Dominic Windram
Our Modern World

Our modern world values youth & beauty;
To a ridiculous extent it seems.
For everywhere we look these days we see,
Perfect, airbrushed bodies and smooth faces
Radiating on our screens and leaping
From glossy magazines. They are plastered
On billboards and on the sides of buses.
Young celebrities have their own talk shows
And are constantly promoting their books.
O it doesn't seem to matter a jot,
If they have any age old wisdom or
Life experience. They're modern emblems
Of beauty; so we feel a deep need
To listen to them. It is most foolish!

Dominic Windram
Our New Gods

Gone forever are the days of gold & green.  
For the old gods are new gods create  
Bleak skyscrapers. These cold steel & glass towers  
Serve the vain interests of rampant power.  
Our new gods devour mountains & forests.  
And regurgitate endless sterile quarries.  
They spit out multitudes of polluted cities  
And motorways, supermarkets & factories  
They mould assembly lines of human robots:  
Who're obedient workers; mere automatons.  
Our new gods are fleeting & fragmentary;  
Devoid of vital spirituality.  
These new neon idols seek to dazzle us.  
For they function to distract us from ourselves,  
And from the genuine possibility,  
Of connection; of solidarity.

Dominic Windram
Out Of The Shadowlands Into The Clear Light Of The Sun

I don't believe in apathy;
In the endless treadmill of days.
I believe in compassion that casts
An ever widening pool of light.
O I don't want to spend too much time
Brooding in the bruising darkness.
I want to embrace the world again
With my full being - unrepentant.

Dominic Windram
Out With The Old; In With The New!

O I want to create a lyrical light  
That will outlast the dull, prosaic mind set  
Of the bigoted and the ignorant.  
I'm so tired of the aimless ways of  
Bureaucrats and their ilk. I would rather  
Explore rare beauty at the edge of the world.  
O I want to see a marked change in the  
Political weather. From my perspective,  
Things have swung too far to the right over  
The last four decades. It's time to transform  
The way things are run. It's time to embrace  
New flowers in bloom, and discard the old!

Dominic Windram
Overload

I cannot reach out across this great void.
There's too much noise and confusion here.
Our hands cannot embrace; nerves are jostled.
Communion's a distant memory.
Everything is near yet so far.
I'm tired of talking to mere masks.
Spectres gather in the virtual world.
Serpents uncoil in the mind's darker realms.
You say you're free but you love servitude.
You once spoke the truth but now you deceive.

Dominic Windram
Oxbridge Blues

O this course is full
Of dead reactionaries.
It's getting me down!

Dominic Windram
P.C Politics

PC politics?
Another token gesture
Of middle class land.

Dominic Windram
Painted Zombies

Hard faced; with no class:
The painted zombies run wild
Across Northern towns.

Dominic Windram
Palestine Is Still The Issue

The stars are dead over this fabled land.
Beauty is bleeding; her light is fading.
Everything human is drifting from her face.
As she breaks like porcelain in the war torn night.

After the metal birds have breathed out their deadly fire;
After the media have moved on to other matters,
Others will surely carry on the struggle;
Among the ruins and the awful daylight.

Dominic Windram
Panopticon (Inspired By Foucault)

We inhabit a polished, carceral world.
We are passive creatures that court the absurd;
Merely docile bodies controlled by
Power's cold, feline, telescopic eyes.
Eyes that burn through us like needles in dreams;
Eyes which do not glow with a greater light;
Only the flicker of neon emanates
From ever watchful eyes that remain unseen.

Yet the scales will not fall from our own eyes.
Unlike Saint Paul we will not be reborn.
There shall be no sudden flash from heaven;
No immersion in beatific vision.
We only see the surface procession.
We adore our patterned servitude.
We move like cattle along the treadmill
Of living, but the source remains concealed.

Dominic Windram
Pan's Labyrinth

The horrors of war
Darken the colour of dreams.
She's trapped between worlds.

Dominic Windram
Pantomime Poets (Stockton, February 2006)

We are the artless ones:
Who stare blindly into space.
We chatter aimlessly in the wind.
Our heads are filled with sawdust.
If you are not part of our gang,
Then you will be cast aside.

We prefer popular doggerel
To snobby Shakespeare,
Because in truth we don't
Really understand his work.
We are full of sound and fury:
Signifying nothing.

We are pantomime performers.
We drink like fish.
We are conceited clowns:
Conglomerating in a mad circus.
We like the wild applause
Of the semi-literate.

Our colloquial expressions,
Are strongly emphasised,
For maximum effect.
Our stanzas are liberally littered
With pointless profanities.
So sit back and let us entertain you!

Dominic Windram
Paradoxical Products

Bottled water is invariably
Branded with beatific images
Of deep blue, pristine lakes
And gleaming snow capped mountains.
Yet it seems that this
Faux green age worship
Is rather nonsensical
And patently paradoxical.
One just has to consider
The carbon dioxide
Emissions generated;
From the making, filling
And shipping of millions
Of plastic bottles.
O how advertising distracts
From elementary logic!

Dominic Windram
Paranoia

Why are these flowers,
Crushed by the doorway;
That leads to a new day?

Where are the lovers,
Whose tears of remorse,
Once spawned rainbows?

Where are the poets,
Whose words once soared above,
The abyss of this burnt landscape?

Why are the prophets,
Still locked in their prisons,
Sleeping like babies?

Where is the light
& where is the key?
Where is the life
That was promised to me?

Dominic Windram
Paranoid

I sense voices, but perceive no angels.
I smell violets, but only glimpse spectres.
I crave sweet fruit but its taste is bitter.
Where are the lost, sovereign kingdoms of light?
Where's the guide that will take me by the hand?
Where's authentic love in a sordid age?
Why are these flowers crushed by the doorway
That leads to a new dawn? I wish I knew.
O I wish I cared! But lately life's torn,
Dishevelled circus leaves me cold and scared.

Dominic Windram
Peaceful Moments

Ships of fluffy clouds
Sail on an ocean of sky.
Such peaceful moments.

Dominic Windram
Peacekeeper Missile

Peacekeeper missile:
What a chilling example
Of oxymoron!

Dominic Windram
Peel Me From Your Wall

O peel me from your wall and then calmly ask me
Who I am! For these days, I still find it so hard
To wear key social masks in the real, roaring world.
Please tell me how to change my wretched circumstance.

Dominic Windram
Pentecost

The dove of the divine streaming with light,
Comes like a wind that stirs the torpid air;
With courage, risk, disturbance, enterprise;
That reignites the weary, sovereign soul;
Spreading its profound parables of love;
Amidst summer's flowery transience.
Born from ancient words on dusty pages
Yet transmogrified in pregnant moments;
A symbol of peace in prodigal times,
That does not travel through the well marked tracks
Of the all too human; of complacent
Creeds & conjectures; of vain plans & schemes;
Of worldly hopes & fears and does not deal
In cheap grace amidst the vast sea of faith,
But shines in a welter of conversion.
Essence of sun pouring from azure skies;
Rekindling, refreshing the inner flame;
Swooping heavy with fiery promise
And calling us to awaken reborn:
From the quietus of mundane hours;
From rabid twenty four seven treadmills;
From crude, obscure signs that divert us;
From a digital age that cannot serve
To acknowledge our primal concerns;
Only bombard us with endless distractions;
Colourful processions of the trivial.
Detached from life's counterfeit carnival;
It is us for us to lift our eyes
Heavenward in awe, and scan eagerly,
For those flesh pink segments that daybreak brings
And feel the stress of the focused spirit,
At the thriving heart of the turning world.

Dominic Windram
Perennial Failures

O they're so vile of tongue & slow of wit.
They're lacking in class and are heavy of foot.
These jerks are overpaid & proud of it.
What a preening posse of bovine mutts:
Replete with image rights & private jets!
For their laddish foibles they've no regrets.
What with plastic to stroke their egos,
Their crude, self delusions just grow and grow.
They will blame the ball, the pitch and the ref
Or the fact that they're under constant stress.
They may point proudly at the 'Three Lions'
While showing off their wounds, lumps & bruises
But to me the current England squad are
A sad bunch of perennial losers.

Dominic Windram
Perhaps Love Can Redeem

Perhaps love can redeem; like dreams
It can inspire. But currently
It seems, for various reasons:
Out of date, and out of season.

Dominic Windram
Perhaps...

Perhaps I should wear a fancy space suit;
To protect me from the nasty virus.

Dominic Windram
Petty, Jumped Up Bureaucrats

Petty, jumped up bureaucrats
Can go and take a hike. These mere
lickspittles will never psych
Me out. O I could steal their souls
And they wouldn't notice. I can
Do things they can only dream of.

Dominic Windram
Philosopher King (Inspired By Plato)

O I am a philosopher king.  
I can achieve almost anything!

Dominic Windram
Philosopher King 2

I am a philosopher king.
In time, I will achieve great things!

Dominic Windram
Pieta

The cold marble is caressed with fiery grace;
In sculpted textures of figurative skin.
She holds the body lost in grief's solemn place.
She cradles Him as though he was a child still.
And calmly surveys His bruised and mortal flesh
In a cool ocean of soft folded garments;
Cradles this broken figure transformed in death
Who will inspire Art's most blessed moments.

One whom she bore in the ragged light of faith;
Who is the sacrificial, bloodied fulcrum
Of creation's sacred fulfillment...some say
Not a glittering god of the moon or sun.
Her repose dissolves the driving, brutal nails
Of suffering in this wayward, wanton world;
Where the howling beast not the angel prevails
Where the primordial Word is seldom heard.

Yet in the redemption of diurnal time
The crude particular courts the Eternal;
And a profusion of new symbols and signs
Are prepared to transcend the all too human.

Dominic Windram
Plato

He was like Apollo: god of sun & light.
He was blessed with wisdom: so lucid & pure.
Cold, stern perhaps; yet eternal & secure:
The first one to see beyond fleeting shadows.
Unlike the disciples of Dionysus,
He was not a wild instigator of change.
Today he'd be considered conservative,
In this war torn world: that's not such a bad thing.

Dominic Windram
Pleasure And Pain

O pleasure and pain,
Seem to feed regularly,
On one another.

Dominic Windram
Poet In Turmoil

Poet in turmoil.
She's harbouring dark thoughts in
The house of decay.

Dominic Windram
Poet, Prophet, Visionary.

He's lion willed and ultra literate.
He is poet, prophet, visionary.
For he has access to secret, sovereign worlds;
Beyond the reach of limited mortal sights.

Dominic Windram
He who salvages the forgotten word
From the dark catacombs of history:
Who captures the sacred, golden moment;
Otherwise doomed to fade into obscurity.

Who paints flesh pink the pale skeletal bone
Of squalid life: adding form & beauty;
Who speaks for the voiceless: all the caged birds
Singing sweetly, longingly, for the right to be.

Who traces the sordid particular
And endows it with soft divinity;
Who anticipates the future age in verse;
Formed from fiery trials of experience.

Who liberates thought dreams from their prisons
Of rigid mind set & prescribed duty;
Who charts the rise and fall of human gods
And murky trails of idolatry.
He alone who documents the dull groans
And silent prayers of flawed humanity.

Dominic Windram
He whose senses stir the heavens:
Who sees the stars and moon on fire;
Whose pen scratches at the heart of life;
Who mirrors universal tragedy;
Whose love is a banquet for everyone;
Whose restless dreams create worlds;
Who turns sea foam into crystal;
Who glimpses beyond the veil of illusion;
Who walks beside the down trodden
Through the valley of ashes.

Dominic Windram
Poetry Cannot Change The Scheme Of Things

I stand in the liquid light by the water's edge;
Wondering what's happened to my childhood dreams.
So far I've built my life on poetry. Yet it seems
As though I've raised nothing but a house of sand

I thought that I could heal our contaminated consciousness.
With radiant, transcendent words But I have been rather naïve
It seems. I didn't take into account
People's desire to dwell simply in shadows.

Some say that art is the proper task of life
That might be the case. But to do it right,
You have to adapt to the conditions
Imposed by rampant post modernity.

Or live in a state of permanent exile,
While others shut their eyes to truth and prosper.

Dominic Windram
Poetry Displaced

I'd like to proselytise passionately
About violent oppression on a grand scale,
But I end up merely regurgitating myths
And reporting on the absurd routines of
Ragged circuses: run by dark dream operators.
I cannot crack conspiracies of silence!
I'd like to wax lyrical about the blood
Of flowers & creation's profuse green age
But I cannot get past the scent of paltry petals
& the fluffy clouds of misty sentiment!

I want to glorify the fabled Godhead
But I can't catch a falling star from heaven
And put it in my proverbial pocket!
No flames of transcendence burn in my blue veins.
Instead, I'm bewitched by a crucifix on the wall
With a leaden Christ that stares blankly back at me!
I want to echo the lush lamentations
Of angels, like the raging prophets of yore;
I'd like to write about the joy of living;
Instead, I'm left searching like a wretched beggar for
Signs of a pulse to check if I'm still breathing!

It would nice to testify, like a mystic
Or a scribe, to the teeming, holy progress
Of the endless, oceanic universe
With such imagery to make the gods weep.
I'd like to describe the mysterious realm
Of inner beauty with its' vibrant melodies
& its' warm, intricate honeycomb centre;
But I end up pontificating about
The preposterous allure of plastic idols!

I cling tightly to the golden horns of truth
But I cannot capture its potent essence.
I try to resurrect radical consciousness
But I end up blessing the bones of a carcass.
I'd like to study & record in detail,
The redeeming power of romantic love;
& the blossoming of exotic colours;
But I’m end up revealing repression & hunger!

I want to write of softly burning insights;
Of wisdom traditions that span the ages.
Not plumb the depths of my perennial woes.
Regrettably, I represent my scars
In tainted symbols of scribbled graffiti;
Rather than plant profound seeds of poesy
And embrace the enchanted order of art.

It would be great to create hymns of Oneness.
But I cannot leave the stifling, tribal grounds:
Where I am condemned like a rat in a cage
To perennially play the part of Hamlet:
King of endless space bounded in a nutshell
Heckled by the same old superficial creeps:
The archetypal Rosencrantz's and Guildenstern's
Of this soulless, vaguely human world.

Dominic Windram
Poetry Has Gotten Hold Of My Soul

In the ancient church:
Stained glass windows
Like butterfly wings;
Sprinkled with gold,
Used to inspire my fevered
Catholic imagination.

But I now belong
To the twilight realms of poetry:
Where alien gods and demons
Adorn me with strange gifts:
Serpents & wild flowers
Dust & melting roses.

In my time I've wandered
From the prescribed path,
And looked beyond the dark glass,
That the world equates with truth.

How I long to return to
The simple but unexamined life:
That childhood confers on us.
Of course some remain children,
While others walk the tightrope
Between the mysteries of life & death.
With poetry I'm sure of nothing,
And in this lies a sad kind of freedom.

Dominic Windram
Poetry Is A Kind Of Kite (Inspired By Joan Miro)

Poetry is a kind of kite
Blown this way and that
By the unpredictable winds of time.
It is forced to seek out strange,
indescribable skies,
As it charts the vastness
Of new experience.
As it hovers longingly
Like a trained bird turned wild;
Caressed by the sun,
Over verdant fields
& sapphire rivers.

When we creators gently tug it back:
To finally rest on familiar earth.
It lies irrevocably transformed:
Fresh, shimmering and lyrical.
It enables us to see things,
From an entirely different perspective.

Dominic Windram
Poetry Is A Reassuring Guide

O it's so hard to relax in these crazed,
Impatient times. I'm lost in endless mazes.
Yet I know of a reassuring guide.
I will look to poetry's gentle light.

Dominic Windram
Poetry Is Dead

The wild spirit of poetry is tamed,
By customary, hackneyed, mundane prose.
Creative forces bow to the functional.
It's not about art, but slick portfolios.
It's getting worse in this world of today:
Where love has been replaced by cold fears.
The vultures of constant surveillance are
Undermining our rights and our freedoms.
There is no light here. There is no key.
It is only the darkness that prevails.

Dominic Windram
Poetry Is Dead 2

Poetry's pure fire
Has turned to dust and ashes:
World of philistines!

Dominic Windram
Poetry Is Like An Orchestra

Poetry is like an orchestra
It marks the rhythms of the centuries:
In swirls of joy & sadness;
In symphonies of hope & despair.

Dominic Windram
Poetry is a kind of refined consciousness.  
It shines a light on unfamiliar particulars.  
Poetry cuts through the crude machinery of now.  
It is akin to vintage wine: it matures with time.  
Poetry quickens the senses and delights the soul.  
It is everything and nothing. It is paradoxical.  
Poetry is an exploration of the kingdom of the mind. 
Its symbols span the centuries and many lifetimes. 
Poetry is a turning away from the amorphous crowd. 
It is best composed in the deep silence of solitude. 
Poetry at its finest provides a voice for the voiceless. 
In the ragged realms of night, it is a constant source of solace. 
O may sweet poetry always burn brightly throughout the ages, 
In spite of the dark powers that strive in vain to bring it down.

Dominic Windram
Poetry Mirrors Painting

Like vibrant paintings, poetry can be
Dense with rich textures of profound meaning.
It is condensed language; layered with keen
Phrases and brimming with small miracles.
Colours and sounds can bleed into notions.
Poetry can sumptuously highlight complex,
And dream like inner kingdoms and landscapes:
That remain invisible to the eye.

Dominic Windram
Poetry On A Precipice

I put out my poetry on the edge
Of a precipice. If it stands or falls
Is down to the reader. Personally,
I'm thrilled by the sense of fear & danger!

Dominic Windram
Poetry Reviews

Poetry reviews,
Are just a matter of taste,
And perception.

Dominic Windram
Poetry Season.

Grab your umbrellas!
It is raining metaphors;
Pouring similes.

Dominic Windram
Poetry's Meanings

Poetry's meanings
Are reliant on readers;
To decipher signs.

Dominic Windram
Poetry's Purpose

I do not think that poetry can change the world.
or that it can ever subtly transform consciousness.
I even doubt that treasured work last forever.
Yet I'm certain that it serves a special purpose.
Perhaps poetry like butterflies or flowers
Or lullabies can leave a light mark on the mind;
That clings to memory and can soon be recalled,
When occasions or situations demand it.

Dominic Windram


Poets & Artists

Poets & artists painstakingly chart
The heart's vast, inner landscapes. Yet their work
Often remains unnoticed among the
Listless, modern throng. That's a tragedy.
While all the fashionmongers celebrate
The nebulous & the superficial,
Somewhere there is a poet or an artist
Exiled from the world; working in solitude.

Dominic Windram
Poets & Painters

Poets & painters
Merge into one great spirit.
They transcend their time.

Dominic Windram
Poets Sing Your Songs!

Poets sing your songs!
Dream away all the heartaches!
Love with bright passion!

Dominic Windram
Poets, Artists: Sail Forth!

As poets, artists of a certain solitude:
That stays with us; that spurs the bold, creative act,
We should not dwell in the modern house of false mirth.
We should not participate in the narrow realms
Of smirking rituals and superficial signs.
We should forget the limitations of the tribe.
Like restless adventurers of noble spirit,
We should be searching for the fragrant, magical,
Undiscovered land in the most distant ocean.
May the winds of serendipity guide our sails!

Dominic Windram
Political Correctness

People express their views in shrouded forms.
But often the bigotry still remains.
Some pay lipservice to societal norms.
Yet the darkness dwells within them all the same.

Dominic Windram
Polluted Planet

The sacred garden
Has become a wilderness.
Grey has replaced green.

Dominic Windram
Pondering The Postmodern

We are now exposed
To a plethora of new possibilities.
Yet this bountiful banquet of life
Is often without taste or aroma:
No sweet juices flow from spectral fruit.
It's like chasing mirages in the desert.

Dominic Windram
Post Millenium Tension (2010)

We seem more or less content, these days,
With the given in sensation's quest.
Spectacles of sweet madness seem
To mock our deeply entrenched inertia.
Words are becoming impoverished,
By the sheer ubiquity of flashing signs.

We communicate like solitary commuters.
We are like wayward ships that pass in the night.
Hauling our hearts around circular tracks,
We put on our worn out masks and compromise daily.
Items and possessions burn our fingers;
Like power, want and greed, know no bounds.

We remain hypnotised by glittering icons,
Yet the image we most desire always escapes us.
Yet Art can still awakens deep longings
Within us. We're currently mere shadows
Of what we could be. Once our eyes have been
Opened, we can no longer return to sleep.

Dominic Windram
Post Millennium Apathy

False consciousness breeds
In call centre asylums,
Revolution please!

Dominic Windram
Post Modern Culture

A plethora of bright symbols & signs
Arise from mere cartoons & illusions.
So called 'factual' news wraps itself up
In entertainment. Truth is subversive.
Indeed, it's hard to distinguish between
The real and the fake, across the vast realms
Of sites and social media;
In a relentless post modern culture.

Dominic Windram
Scentless day-glo seasons breed
A plethora of exotic, commercialised themes.
All that's on offer are cut price gestures in the face of the void.
The garish light of innumerable icons drains consciousness.
Marketeers are complicit in the wholesale perversion
Of colour and sound. Incongruous, sneering symbols and signs
Are now disconnected from the original source.
Adverts squeal hysterically like choirs of swine.
We're now hard wired to vivid fantasies
And the insolent silicon of circuitry.
All I see are pointless liaisons and junk parodies;
Regurgitation of bovine designs and bloated billboards;
Complete cannibalisation of previous codes and styles
And vast constellations of digitalised cartoons.

Hidden networks weave intricate webs of deceit
The obese public sphere intrudes on frail private realms:
Violent exposure of the heart's secret wounds.
The blood runs cold in the veins of dark stars.
The sun's radiant dreaming is dwindling.
Veritable armies of health crazed, treadmill obsessed sheep
Are constantly on the march; to nowhere in particular.
O implacable solitude of empty city streets!
O all the fake news. and viruses of all kinds!
I can almost hear the silent screams.

Dominic Windram
Post Modern Society

You call it Eden.
Yet it's so artificial.
It should be called Hell!

Dominic Windram
Post Modern Terrors

I'm aware of terrors that lurk behind
Surface realms of light. I'm now becoming
Aware, that dark actors and agents, are
Being deployed to conceal things from us.

Dominic Windram
Postmodern Blues

We used to believe
In the hallowed aura
Of authenticity.
Now the recycled
Is all the rage.

Now we travel through forests
Of ironic gestures,
And formulaic retorts,
But sometimes it's fitting
To call a spade a spade.

We have armoured ourselves
Against the sacred.
We have reduced this world
To spiteful fragments.
Now relativism reigns supreme.

Dominic Windram
Postscript: A Report Into The Aftermath (Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya, Syria)

The cities break up.
The earth is dust.
The animals
Are in mourning.

The few drops of rain,
That rarely fall,
Have become tears
On heaven's cheeks.

The tribes are displaced
From their sacred places.

The killing has changed
The country's shape.
The rocks are bones.
The mud is thick with blood.
The smoke is the people
Slowly breathing...

The wilderness is vast,
But not as vast,
As the spaces that now exist
Between the populations.

Although they remain hidden,
Invisible to the eye,
The deserts of the heart are widespread.
It will take a long time,
And new form of warm communion,
To connect the spirit's fragments.

Dominic Windram
Power

Power is the Way, the Truth, the Light.
Power is the proud ego on steroids.
Power dresses smartly on formal occasions
Power is the great deceiver.
Power is a bloated business man in suit & tie.
Power hypnotizes via media.
Power breaks the fragile wings of the Dove.
Power crucifies Christ & His creed of Love.
Power spits upon ragged, dispossessed strangers.
Power resides in search lights; barbed wire.
Power is the flag that always flies at full mast.
Power is the blood that boils in bigots.
Power likes to pit nation against nation.
Power feeds from the ravages of war.
Power rejoices in warped destruction.
Power scorns the splintered bones of children.

Dominic Windram
Power & Control

Power & control:
Surveillance of the spirit;
Dreams are devalued.

Dominic Windram
Power Deploys Masks

Power deploys masks:
Myriads of images;
Endless distractions.

Dominic Windram
Praise Be 2

Praised be:
Flashes of insight
Amidst transient things.

Praised be:
Oceans of infinity
In minute particulars.

Praised be:
The fragile beauty of butterflies,
In a disenchanted world of steel and glass.

Praised be:
Sweet miracles of Grace
In a cold, godless Age.

Praised be,
The Rose of Mercy
Amidst the thorns of hate.

Praised be,
The radiant glory of angels
Amidst the desperate howls of animals.

And praised be:
Those who glimpse the sovereign sun;
Although they still dwell in the shadow lands.

Dominic Windram
Praised Be - 10

Praised be the sweet, redeeming summer rain:  
Replenishing the last remnants of green  
In a monotonous age of neon and steel.

Praised be the vivid colours of rainbows:  
A hint of light amidst the urban greyness of the purely functional.

Praised be the infinite ocean of consciousness;  
In which we poets swim in holy ecstasy.

Praised be the great symbols of Love;  
Still radiating within outdated institutions.

Praised be the slow awakening of humanity  
From the long, deep sleep of mass conformity.

Praised be the glorious scent of flowers  
In bone dry desert landscapes.

Praised be the union of flesh and spirit,  
In the midst of social atomisation.

Praised be Art that is too perceptive  
For the machinations of the market place

Praised be the prophets that proclaim the trembling beauty of the Word  
Amidst the media driven circus of impoverished semantics.

And praised be the multi layered wisdom of the ages  
In a digital world of gleaming but tainted information.

Dominic Windram
Praised Be The Light

"And the darkness could not extinguish the Light." (The Gospel of John: Chapter 1)

Praised be the consoling light that protects:
The light of sanctuary from the darkest fear;
The light, that glows for those, who meditate in the midnight hour.

Blessed be the singing light that beautifies:
The light that fractures through figurative stained glass panes;
The light that punctuates the pure womb of blue; of sky and sea

Praised be the profound light that guides:
The light that inspires the genius of creators;
The light which is invisible to mortal vision.

Blessed be the warm light that unites:
The light of grace; of silent communion
The light which dissolves the boundaries between us.

Dominic Windram
Praised Be: Original

Praised be: the rebellious gestures of Jesus Christ echoing through time & the dialogues of dreamers in the potent bliss of Spring.

Praised be: The ripening of stars in the fertile night & the diaphanous words that glide with the birds on the wind

Praised be: The peace activists railing against the vast, intractable machinery of war & the so called mad who've broken out of capitalism's metal ways

Praised be: The wounded children of the dust who lie weeping
In the graveyard of frozen vision; may this abundant age address their suffering

Praised be: The unknown saints so humble in their utter ordinariness & the most fragile of flowers barely surviving amongst neon & concrete

Praised be: The angelic artists scratching at the heart of life; searching for a pulse behind the plastic & the wilder ones with wandering, fevered minds who cannot rest.

Praised be: Those who sip the liquid light from the vital sun of longing & those who proselytise in plagued streets at midnight.

Praised be - Those who find a dwelling place in the soft embrace of imagination & who oppose its strangulation in the crucible of calculated education.

Praised be: The non conformists refusing to follow regimented consumption & the debunkers of myth & fairytale in the caustic kingdom of advertising.

Praised be: The poetry - a flash of light in the midst of a dark, discordant universe & the revolutionaries buttressing the burning questions of these desperate times.

Praised be: The flesh, the air and the fire of genius thought which reinvigorates leaden lexicons & the mellifluous music that heightens critical consciousness.

Praised be: The saviours of wanton humanity who sacrifice themselves so that we may live & the mystics & the monks who repeat their mantras to end all pain.

Praised be: The holy ocean of infinite wisdom in an age of tainted information &
the immensity of joy that refuses to be crushed by fearful philistines.

Praised be: The fruits of eternity ripening in the gilded gardens of existence. Shame on the secular prophets who refute the Word and deny its gleaming reality.

Praised be: The redeeming rain pouring through the cracks in our elaborate designs & the healing days when limitless Love soars over the abyss.

Praised be: The rebirth of wonder in deadening democracies & the Spirit that remains as fleeting illusions fade away.

Dominic Windram
Prayer To A Newborn Child (1990)

Come out sacred star child:
Enter into the lightning dance of life.
Don't fear this world
with all its flashing madness.
Don't be afraid to endure
The fiery trials of youth
And the slow decay of wrinkled age.
In springtime bloom like the flower.
Rejoice in summer's passionate hours.
Yet don't be afraid to tread
The bitter realms of doubt and darkness.
Embrace this world in all its flashing madness.

Dominic Windram
Preachers Of Darkness

Preachers of darkness
Refuse to embrace the Light.
They are scaremongers.

Dominic Windram
Princess Marina (Stratford Upon Avon -July 2016)

Sunlight on the river,
The day's softest feathers
O how gently they fall!
Firmly anchored under
Deep green weeping willows,
The 'Princess Marina'
Now lies freshly painted,
In bright red, white & blue.
She's ready and waiting
For another journey,
On the pure, sapphire
Waters of Avon.

Dominic Windram
Profound Poetess

Profound poetess:
She wears a myriad masks:
Hints of light & dark.

Dominic Windram
Progress?

Our marked 'progress' towards the stars
Is littered with failed experiments.
And although we are now comfortable
Navigating through cyberspace,
We are losing kudos in terrestrial terms.
We are still paralyzed by unfounded fears
Like children afraid of the dark.
And the spiritual has been filtered out
From the infotainment of existence.
Woe to those who unknowingly hide
The parched wastelands of their souls!
Perhaps we need to reconsider
The blueprints of our elaborate designs:
Reflect on their innate purpose,
Rather than seek supine asylum
In a plethora of glistening gadgets.

Dominic Windram
Prolonged Nightmares

In fevered dreams & visions, my soul's madness
Is juxtaposed with the purely functional.
On plagued, wintry streets in the skeletal dawn
There's only the flicker of grave neon signs.

The flowers turn to ash in acedia's dark fields.
Machine consciousness creates cold steel empires.
Incessant noise pollutes the pools of silence.
The warm heart of the universe has frozen.

Dominic Windram
Propaganda

They close the curtains
On dialogue & debate.
They're puppet masters.

Dominic Windram
Pros And Cons Of The Internet

A certain consciousness has now expanded
From sparks elevated to a great Light.
That is what occurs when one researches
Intently into the great scheme of things.
Yet vivid distractions often hold sway.
And so many of us prefer to view
Preposterous cats on trendy youtube,
Than search for jewelled edification.

Dominic Windram
Pros And Cons Of The Internet 2

The wonders of the internet offer
Bright realms of easy access. It seems like
I've got the whole world at my fingertips
Yet it's very much my joy and my cross;
It's indeed a double edged sword of sorts.
As endless annoying adverts and pop ups
Compete for attention with pure gems
Of edifying information. Too
Many crass distractions for my liking.
Take a look at this site for example....

Dominic Windram
Psychological Warfare

The poet versus
The cold hearted bureaucrats:
O who will prevail?

Dominic Windram
Pulchritude

Fragments of beauty:
Angel & butterfly wings;
The fresh light of dawn.

Dominic Windram
Punch & Judy Politics

Punch & Judy politics now proliferate
In England's green and pleasant land. Whether they are
Remainers or Brexiteers, all behave
Like pantomime clowns. The opposition have now
Renounced democracy; while the P.M
And his trite ministers are bumbling buffoons.
We now await a General Election in
Bleak December. O we should vote all of them out!

Dominic Windram
Purification

O purify the realms of love
with soft fire & fresh water.
Make summer's vigour permanent.
Don't let the flowers decay there.

Dominic Windram
Quaint Home In The Woods

Quaint home in the woods:
Where I can think, paint & write;
Away from mayhem.

Dominic Windram
Quick Fix Culture

Broadband speeds serve to realize our needs.  
For now our half closed eyes seek little more  
Than the radiant 24/7  
Procession of enticing images.  
The sacred doesn't move us anymore.  
Today's technology has replaced grace.

Dominic Windram
Quick Fix Culture 2

Quick fix culture where
Everyone's disposable;
Just like plastic bags.

Dominic Windram
Quietly Suffering

Quietly suffering,
From the deep-set needle chill:
Longing for escape.

Dominic Windram
Radical Poets/Artists

Our art & our words;
Our freedom of expression
Our only weapons.

Dominic Windram
Rainbows

The thunders cease. April showers fall.
Then the transient gleaming.
Colour christens heathen skies.
Rainbows are clear metaphors
For a kind of transcendence.
They soar and span in spectral
Radiance: beautiful, frail:
The poet's inspiration.

Dominic Windram
Raise No Monuments For Him (In Memory Of M.L.K)

Raise no monuments
For him: who was a restless soul
Struggling towards the light
Amidst a corrupt, decaying nation.

Raise no monuments for him.
For he was not like the rest.
Those chiselled portraits
Of power may stand proud;
Removed from reality.
Yet they're exalted by
Those revisionists with
A tainted view of history.

Raise no monuments for him.
For they're hard and cold and grey
They will, in due course, erode in time.
But the soft flowers of grace and mercy
Shall bloom and grow eternally;
In Truth's serene garden.
There the heavenly birds of Light
Shall Sing their praises to him.

Dominic Windram
Rampant Marketing

Rampant Marketing
Of nostalgia industries
Preserves the status quo.

Dominic Windram
Rare Moment In Time (July 2019)

Rare moments in time: when the spirit feels free,
And the welcoming scent of freshly cut grass,
Fills the summer air. And birdsong is so sweet
To the ears. We relax and watch time pass.

Precious moments in time; when what we perceive
Unfolds like a dream and life's weight is untied
From our weary bodies. At last we can breathe
In the silence and gaze into deep blue skies.

Dominic Windram
Reach Out For The Stars

Reach out for the stars!
For blue heaven is here.
It's within our grasp.

Dominic Windram
Reasons To Be Cynical

O I prefer the slow wisdom of the ages,
To the ruthless speed of rootless technology.
O I prefer to listen to poet-sages,
Than listen to those who seem so vain and empty:
Like slick politicians, garish celebrities,
Or those who strut around like beautified zombies!
I'd rather read, than watch the garbage on T.V.
I'd rather be free, than just follow the money.
I'd rather remain on an island and eat my own flesh,
Than be forced to be a dumb fashion victim like the rest.
But most of all, I like to listen to Nature's sweet sounds.
I've little time for the crude, the obnoxious and the loud.

Dominic Windram
Reasons To Rejoice

Reasons to rejoice:
Love's light shines throughout the night:
Hope springs eternal!

Dominic Windram
Rebirth In September: 2019

O recently I've felt fresh and reborn.
I have achieved a kind of transcendence.
Although it has taken such a long time,
The wounds and the scars in my heart have healed.

Like Saint Paul, the scales have now fallen from my eyes.
I perceive the future not as a dead end,
Rather a realm of teeming possibilities.
I'm so grateful for the chance to live once again.

Dominic Windram
Rebirth Of The Poet

I am like a saint tonight,
As I resist habitual animal urges.
I'm as pure as the white dove,
As I leave the dark ravens to their prey
I am a link between the stars,
As I deny stale, earth bound rituals.
I’m the solitary candle flame,
Amidst shivering cathedrals of darkness.

Dominic Windram
Rebirth Of The Poet 2

I'd like to move away from established patterns,
And stale routines, that stifle creativity.
I'd like to develop new, wild forms of beauty
That can articulate the human condition.

Dominic Windram
Rebirth Of The Poet 3

With each fresh bloom,
Of spring's vibrant abundance,
I am born again.

Dominic Windram
Reborn In The House Of Joy (For All My Fellow Poets & Artists)

O enter the sumptuous house of joy;
You who are weighed down by pain & sorrow.
You who've looked too deeply into the eyes
Of the world, O prepare to be reborn!
A cornucopia of sweet, flowery
Delights awaits you; as in the great days
Of the golden age. Bitterness will dissolve.
For the darkness will pass away from you.
It will seem like a fleeting shadow play.
Your hearts & souls won't be frozen by fear.
Here the soft flame of youth still burns brightly.
Here the wine & laughter flow like water.
Here you'll be healed by the warm light of friendship.
Here there are no masks, but pure presences.
Here you'll be one with the gods and angels.
Here your singular gifts will be welcomed.
Your art & poetry will always glow.
Here you will experience miracles.
You'll not be heavy burdened, but given wings.
Where there was once only wilderness, there'll
Be verdant gardens of permanent spring.
Here you'll find yourself & your true purpose.

Dominic Windram
Reckoning

Grandiose dreaming
Turned to nightmarish visions.
Did know one warm them

Of Greed's nemesis?
Billionaires' toys & playgrounds
Now engulfed in flames!

Dominic Windram
Reclusion

I long to be tied like
An umbilical cord
Of pure gold
To nourishing nature.

I'm cut off from this wanton world
Of cut price souvenirs; I'm a man
Out of time and out of season.
I'm okay with being ostracized by oafs.
I'm satisfied with my small plot of land.

I reject society's subtle systems of control.
I reject its banal optimism.
I reject its hollow idols.

It breeds asinine monsters.
It kills creativity.

Dominic Windram
Reclusive Stars: (In Memory Of Scott Walker 1943 - 2019)

Reclusive stars glow
With an eerie kind of light:
Gifts of solitude.

Dominic Windram
Redeeming Love

I'll love you until
The moon turns to blood.
I'll love you until
Heaven falls from the sky.

For you are my guiding angel
In an age of doubt and fear.
You create magic in my world.
You redeem me with your love.

Dominic Windram
Referencing...

Referencing is clearly necessary.
But it's a veritable minefield. There are so
Many different kinds: that it's most confusing.
The more I research and read about it,
Paradoxically, the less I understand.
I feel that common sense should be applied.
For it could be considerably simplified;
Although I doubt it. Indeed, I'm impishly
Wondering to myself how many academics
It would take to change a standard light bulb?
Perhaps it's a subtle form of pedantic authority
Deployed to make one neurotic? Or perhaps
It's designed to weed out the free thinkers
And to stifle renegade genius via
Creative and intellectual castration?
For them it takes up too much valuable time,
Which could be better spent on dynamic debate.
For those who are resplendent in divergence,
It's a considerable pain. Sometimes rules are for fools!
Neat and tidy; clear and concise reigns supreme
Over imagination's wild and wayward powers.
It's the same old story: from nursery through to school;
From college to university... and beyond.
E.g. some people seem to get through it all
By regurgitation and later by slavishly
Quoting 'important' sources; without one
Original thought ever entering their heads!
Many merely internalise the norms;
Clearly self-reflection is not their thing
Perhaps, that's why we're stuck with the status quo.
As for me, I just play along with the game;
No point rocking the boat...for the time being at least.

Dominic Windram
Regret

Whispers of regret:  
The cold cinders in my heart.  
The emptiness grows.

Dominic Windram
Regret 2

It looks like we managed to destroy each other.
O you couldn't remove yourself from your entrenched,
Parochial ways. And as for me I couldn't
Relinquish rabid, quirky eclecticism.
Yet you badly needed poetry & culture;
Whilst I needed a connection with the wild world.
Inevitably, we lost out to all the brutes
And philistines who populate this backward place:
Where there's not the slightest chance of evolution.
Now there's only silence and the passing of years.
You're bored out of your mind amidst the nouveau riche:
Where to possess a soul is most unappealing.
Whilst I'm treading water with jesters & fraudsters.
We've most certainly angered the gods & the saints.
We wasted precious moments, that won't come again.
It's only now I wish that we'd never parted.

Dominic Windram
Regrets In November

Wind scatters the leaves.
The autumn dusk is here.
Waves of loneliness.

Dominic Windram
Rejecting The Status Quo

I reject the following modern obscenities:  
Firstly, the preposterous possibilities of the selfie.  
Secondly, the sycophancy of so called radical comedians.  
Next, the acquiescence to power of mainstream media.  
Then, the nauseating retreat into bovine nationalism.  
Finally, the narcissism of shameless fame seekers  
And the endless cacophony of fake hysteria.  
So turn off the T.V & the internet... and relax.

Dominic Windram
Release

His vast realms of silvery Mercy
Rain down on me in the house of decay.
This time I will extricate my soul
From the cold tentacles of Moloch,
And the twisted wires of machinery,
At the heart of consumer dreaming.
I need to escape the faceless crowds
Of the rampant marketplace:
Where the fake, plastic flowers
& the billionaires bloom.
I could live with rocks and silence.
I could live in awe not comfort.

Dominic Windram
Release That Weight From Your Shoulders.

Day in day out; stone upon stone
We build monuments to our woes.
O the Light is buried deep inside.
It cries to break out from time to time.
We need to seek new forms of release:
Discover wise ways to profound peace.

Dominic Windram
Remain In The Light

We seek the things of wonder in our wildest dreams.
We are bored by mundane routines; cold plans and schemes.
We know that art/ poetry expresses the soul.
In acts of creation, we connect with the whole.
We move away from separation/ division;
As long as we remain true to our bright visions.
Although we're tempted by the dark agents of night,
We should seek wondrous things and remain in the light.

Dominic Windram
Remembrance

Sunlight on the skin.
Ethereal murmurings
In the rose garden.

Dominic Windram
Remembrance Day

Solemn processions,
Praise to the 'glorious' dead;
The laying of wreaths.

Dominic Windram
Remnants

The fresh dawn's light is a remnant of childhood days.
Poignant, troubled songs are the remnants of lost love.
Religion is but a remnant of the sacred.
Miracles are the remnants of God whispering.
Heartfelt hymns are the remnants of eternity.
Every poem is merely the remnant of a dream.

Dominic Windram
Requiem

O in these brief, solemn hours by candlelight
True faith, hope and warm desire fade from your eyes.
O once your lips were the colour of blood red wine,
Now they're cold and pale as we say our last goodbyes.
Once we were lovers in the summer of our youth,
When skies always seemed so blue and the roses bloomed.

In this solemn, moonless night our visions and dreams;
Our paradise; our future schemes have flown away,
And turned to dust, as I suppose they surely must.
Now the vital gods have fled this desolate place,
As the stars of wonder have drifted from your face.

Bitter sweet is the scent of flowers. In this room
Dwells the darkest of hours. For with each passing
Moment, the distance grows between us. Time stumbles
On in its fashion, and we're left lost and broken

Dominic Windram
Requiem For The Nameless Ones

In fevered dreams I sense the heavy scent
Of incense and flowers at the funerals;
Of all the nameless ones who dared defy,
The prescribed paths of routine existence;
All of the mind numbing mortal trappings:
Like feathered Icarus of legend they,
Flew too near to the devouring sun.
In plagued dreams I wrestle with dark angels.
I sense the skeleton beneath the flesh
And the frail beauty behind hardened masks.
I sense the vague poetic traces of
Innumerable scattered souls, as I wander
Aimlessly along the treadmill of life.
In blessed dreams I'm still touched by their presence.

Dominic Windram
Resilience

Hartlepool: I hate every inch of you!
O you make me feel so alone and blue!
O you are such a boring, backward place!
You're so lacking in refinement and grace:
Filled to the brim with petty, little tribes.
You act glibly as precious flowers die.
Your conception of culture, I fear,
Is rather stone age: just 'birds' and beer.
I'll wave the white flag and admit defeat.
You hold all the cards. You cannot be beat.
Yet the anger and resentment I feel,
Helps fuel all my efforts at poetry.

Dominic Windram
Resist Settler States!

The sacred power,
In my heart and in my soul,
Will drive them away.

Dominic Windram
Resist The Corporate Sharks!

The compliant corporate instructors
Have no time for renegade genius.
They only require fawning yes-men.
That's the problem with today's bankrupt world:
Too many donkeys; not enough lions!
Too much bureaucratic jargon; not much
In the way of pure creativity!
It's a wanton world where: having refined
Taste and a strong sense of social conscience
Is decidely unhip. To hell with that!

Dominic Windram
Resist The Rulers Of The World

Our hearts and souls should be plentiful:
With the grace and mercy of the Spirit.
Because the conductors of our world,
Rely on our utter emptiness.
They rely on our passivity.
For they've utilitarian designs.
We need to focus on the poetry:
That will confound all of their dreams & plans.

Dominic Windram
Resist!

We're living in a crass age of distorted facts: 
Courtesy of embedded journalists and hacks; 
Courtesy of governments and their dark actors. 
It's a wanton world, where noble whistle blowers 
Are now criminalised, and crucified like Christ. 
Truth is incarcerated; lies proliferate. 
And consciousness is slowly being corroded. 
The mainstream media merely confirms people's 
Deep seated prejudices. We must awaken 
From our prolonged sleep, and turn against our jailers.

Dominic Windram
Resisting The Prevailing Orthodoxies

I will cultivate
A small plot of new land, as
Often as I can.

Dominic Windram
Resurrection

Sweet Spring resurrects
In April's flesh pink blossoms;
Easter's healing Light.

Dominic Windram
Retreat

O I shall retire for a while at least;
Until I feel I can craft new notions;
'Til they can be neatly framed as poetry.
I know that, between thought and expression,
Lies a lifetime's labour. With Vision's guide
I'll search amidst dark kingdoms of the mind.
Many are called; but few are chosen.
I'll swim in metaphorical oceans:
To find lost, abandoned; yet rich treasures.
O I want to discover unknown pleasures!

Dominic Windram
Revelations

Elegant angels,
And hard, mean spirited beasts,
Battle endlessly.

Dominic Windram
Revelations 2

Heaven's gates remain closed to us earthlings
In all our, often wayward, wanderings;
Until: we are redeemed from Adam's curse;
Until we are healed by Grace's kind nurse;
Until we have erased the mark of Cain;
Until we have merged Love's rose with desire's flame;
Until the full moon turns as red as blood;
Until the world is consumed by fire and flood.

Dominic Windram
Revenge Is Sweet!

I would like to salute the connoisseurs
Of culture; the guardians of beauty:
Here in the bleak North East of England,
For unintended opportunities,
They unknowingly provided for me.
They made my life a sheer, living hell due
To their profound ignorance on matters
Pertaining to art and poetry. Now
I've risen like Lazarus from the dead
And am thriving on U.S radio.
Moreover, my work has been published in
Numerous, world wide magazines. Henceforth,
I'd just like to say to all my critics,
Doubters: 'Put that in your pipes and smoke it!'

Dominic Windram
Revival

I will rekindle
The fire in my heart and soul.
Inner stars will blaze!

Dominic Windram
Revival 2

Although the world is becoming darker,
I will fill my days with joy and laughter.
I will fill my poems with rare emotions,
And the flowers of glorious notions.

Dominic Windram
Revolution Now! (Inspired By J.L. Godard)

I know it's not discussed in the refined realms of Polite society, but it's the people who Have the power! If only they could realise. Although we need robust discussion, it's clear That change cannot be fashioned at dinner parties. All kings, queens & puppet presidents are tyrants. They're the fools kept in office by obsequious Servants, court jesters and by the perennial Purveyors of false consciousness across mainstream Media. With this in mind, I raise my glass to All dissenters who defy repressive systems. I shall raise my voice for instant insurrection. Imperialism is a paper tiger. O I pray in hope for speedy revolution!

Dominic Windram
Revolution Please!

False consciousness breeds,
In call centre asylums:
Revolution please!

Dominic Windram
Revolutionaries

Revolutionaries,
Hold on to the unbroken light.

Revolutionaries:
Hurl bold, burning questions at the moribund status quo.

Revolutionaries:
Pour scorn at inept, repressive authority.

Revolutionaries:
Bring a thousand flowers to bloom.

Revolutionaries:
Feed from the hot energy of the oppressed.

Revolutionaries:
Reject the wounded world's grey inertia.

Revolutionaries:
Sacrifice themselves for jewelled ideals.

Revolutionaries,
Turn imperial paper tigers into mere confetti.

Revolutionaries:
Are the polar opposite of cool celebrities.

Revolutionaries:
Awaken communities from complacent dreaming.

Revolutionaries:
Rip up the rule book and invent new ways of being.

Revolutionaries:
Hold on to the vision of unbroken light.

Dominic Windram
Rich Versus Poor

You might feel you have a right to all your riches,
You might like to engage, in cathartic acts of
Phony philanthropy, to ease your troubled mind.
But be warned: the poor see right through all of your
Elaborate disguises, and they're busily
Preparing to wage war, against you and your kind.

Dominic Windram
Robotic Customer Service

Customer service
Is becoming robotic.
It is such a drag!

Dominic Windram
Robots & Sheep

Crude robots & sheep,
They act, move & think alike.
They grow in numbers.

Dominic Windram

Tonight the late summer breeze is warm and fresh.
Tonight the potent seaside air smells of nostalgia.
It invigorates the senses - sharp & salty light.
The rock pools are pure, primal delight!
To more discerning eyes, they are ancient
Intricate patterns of earth's strange pageant,
Set cyclically by sun, sea and moon.
They are a cornucopia of aquamarine dreams;
Of microcosmic life & death dramas.
They spin sea breezy tales of love and doom;
Known only to anglers, fish & birds.
Who habitually trace the rich, wild embroidery.
Who know deep within their bones
The rock pool's textures & sheen.

We hint at such mysteries with mere words.
We observe the way its restless rhythms ripple out,
In a mini universe of ebb & flow.
This is a surreal realm which confounds the common place:
Where small pearls glow with a silvery light;
Where velvet crabs, blue beadlets & limpets
Emerge from bulbous black bubbles of seaweed;
Where deadly dog whelks devour and mate;
Where pristine pink anemone vibrate;
Where neat clusters of grey barnacles feed;
Where star fish spread their salmon coloured hands.
I'm struck by a sharp, sudden fragrance
Like that of plants left too long in vases;
That now seems to linger across the sands.

Dominic Windram
Roll With The Punches!

Roll with the punches!
Patience prevails in the heat
Of intense battle.

Dominic Windram
Ruins Of Power

Ruins of power:
Broken bodies & scorched souls;
Frozen personas.

Dominic Windram
Safe And Secure? Surely Not!

Mister 'Safe and Secure', in your dirty blue van,
Please explain to me, so that I can understand:
Why you're driving all over the bloomin' road mate!
You are such a make me so irate!

Dominic Windram
Same Old Story

O in the name of Jesus; in the name of love
Why do we have to crucify all the sweet doves
And let the vicious hawks and ravens run amock?
When will we ever learn; when will we ever stop?

Dominic Windram
Sanctuary

O don't cloud the mind with unnecessary things!
I dwell in the calm realms of love where the stars glow;
Where stillness blends with joy in perfect symmetry.
I wrestle flecks of magic from the clutches of
The abyss. Then I create fragrant bouquets of
Poetry to revitalise inner kingdoms.
To offer one's lifeblood for the bright, precious Word;
In these crude times, seems right now, like a noble goal.

Dominic Windram
Sapientia

As night jostles
With its wayward stars,
Sapientia is sleeping.
Her dreams are as vast
As the universe and as bright
And tender as rainbows.

She awakens to a rose pink dawn.
She is beauty that never ages.
She is singular flame that never fades.
She is wisdom beyond mortal cares.
She is divinely feathered spirit that
Illuminates this fractured world.

With skin as white as alabaster;
With lips of rose red and teeth of pearl;
With eyes of pure light; hair of wood fire;
And firm throat of wide, golden valley

As wondrous as the moon and the sun
All creation is inspired by her.
For she is the eternal feminine;
Beyond this fleeting veil of illusion.

Dominic Windram
Satire Is Dead

Satire is dead.
Now we have Trump & BoJo,
What more can be said?

Dominic Windram
Satnavs

Satnavs are the ideal
Companions; for many
Lonely commuters.

Dominic Windram
Satori

O holy creative force
Of the teeming universe:
Bless these words dipped in light.
Give us time to perfect our art.

Give us time for revelry.
We who are formed from stardust;
Nurtured by significant soil
& bathed in ethereal streams.

Give us a simple creed to believe
In a world of decadent idols;
Allow sensual pleasures to breed
But let the rose guide the fire.

Give us colours of every shade & hue
From damask & saffron to sapphire blue.
And we shall compose new hymns & prayers,
In praise of a deeper union.

Dominic Windram
Save Gaza - Free Palestine

These things I have noted
From dream saturated consciousness:
A trickle of lacerated light,
In the smoking ruins of deceit;
Bleak, belligerent symbols,
Freed from the tyranny of language;
Splinters of repressed memory,
In a glazed, perpetual present;
The pale, ravaged spectre of the real,
Amidst the graveyard of illusion

Dominic Windram
Sculpting Dreams In Time

Sculpting dreams in time:
Angels take on human form;
Love's birds are set free.

Dominic Windram
Searching For Lost Moments In Time: (Inspired By Marcel Proust)

I am searching for lost moments in time:
Where the absurd mingles with the sublime.
I'm looking for the very heart of Light:
Amidst teeming visions of star filled nights;
Amidst the debris of dark memory;
Amidst childhood's forgotten ceremonies.

Dominic Windram
Seaside Of Delights

Seaside of delights:
See the break of frothy waves
On a crystal shore.

Dominic Windram
Seeing Rather Than Believing.

Save 50%
On prescription glasses that
Help you see the truth.

Dominic Windram
Seeking Sanctuary

Now that we are lost,
And wounded, in these dark times;
We should hide away.

Dominic Windram
Seeking Silence

Mad urbans terrains
Of flashing lights & noises.
I pray for silence.

Dominic Windram
Seize The Day (Carpe Diem)

I intend to live out the rest of my days
By rejoicing in every fleeting moment;
By courting love & beauty not dark despair;
By praying that vital gods will bless me.
For I know not the day nor the hour
When death will hover over me and beat
Its terrible wings and it will all end.
In a heartbeat; in the twinkling of an eye.

Dominic Windram
O I do not trust the pious or the Pharisees.
I don't admire smug born again wannabees.
I tend to be drawn to those whose souls burn with passion,
And to those who are not swayed by fleeting fashions.
I'm for the sheer oneness of verdant Creation.
I've precious little time for petty tribes and factions.
I am for small, but fruitful, plots of land and light:
That shall endure, despite the threats, of dreadful night.

Dominic Windram
Self Deceit

I disguise my flaws with flowery words.
My metaphors are grand sublimations.
I hide amidst cloudy skies with the birds.
I don't really marvel at Creation.
I don't want to walk down rain soaked, darkened streets:
Where the light of hope is a sickly moon;
Where love is but a putrid piece of meat;
Where this life is meaningless, endless gloom.
Perhaps, Art is merely pretension;
Cloaked in copious colour & glory.
O it's a deluded kind of ascension
That vainly symbolizes our poetry.

Dominic Windram
Sell Out!

The record company is rubbing its hands with glee,
As its cult star has decided to become mainstream.
No longer shall he write dirges about despair,
Instead he has promised to breathe in fresher air.
For he shall relinquish his obscure image,
And produce shiny, plastic pop hits verbatim.
He will be sponsored and preened by Pepsi Cola
To the tinkling tune of ten million dollars.
Alas, he has sold his soul to corporate Satan,
And now it seems that his true fans truly hate him!

Dominic Windram
Serial Daters

They are well groomed but so devious.
Women are their prey; they've no conscience.
They tend to look for painted zombies;
(Types that abound in many a town).

They try to mimic love's sweet language,
But they end up sounding like parrots.
They boast about driving fancy cars
Because they fall short on other things;
As one can easily imagine.
Those seduced by them must be brain dead!

Dominic Windram
Serpentine Road: Hartlepool

O Serpentine Road, and its verdant gardens,
Slither and wind around the heart of the town.

Dominic Windram
Servants Of Smurf Land (2001)

Sunny Smurf men peek out of mushroom shaped houses:
With permanent grins pasted on their bright blue faces;
Only too happy to serve and entertain us,
Now that the real jobs are jettisoned and there's no
Hope or sign of a unionised labour force.
O these trivialised spectres of leisure time
Are left stranded with their zero hours contracts.
Such blatant exploitation is the unsettling
Reality, behind the colourful facade
Of the sentimental. Indeed, the whole world is
Now beginning to resemble a kind of bland
Bargain basement. It's cartoon themed absurdity!

Dominic Windram
Shake Off All The Ghosts

Shake off all the ghosts,
In a New Year ritual,
And return to Light.

Dominic Windram
Shakespeare

His words in rich verse
Flower like fresh Spring blossoms,
On the trees of Time.

Dominic Windram
Shameful! : (London, February 12th, 2019)

O the cold, empty subway stations are haunted.  
Neon icons illuminate the dreadful night.  
Far for the glitz of the fabled West End; far from  
The sumptuousness and splendour of the Palace,  
I sense the lamentations of the heart's wastelands  
In every alley way; in each plagued, lonely street.  
Rough sleepers are just like broken angels: clutching  
Desperately to fading dreams of former glories.

It's twenty years since I was last present here.  
Little has changed; but now you can taste the fear.  
Undoubtedly, this can be a thriving place to  
Live for the rich: dirty money flows like water  
for the poor it's sheer misery.  
O they constantly have salt rubbed in their wounds, as  
The advertisements dazzle from all directions.  
It will be some time before I return again.

Dominic Windram
Sheep & Goats

Goats & sheep come in many forms.  
They pervade all social classes.  
O they baa & bleat on command:  
Follow orders; never complain.

Dominic Windram
Sheep Skulls

Sheep skulls are scattered.
They're bleached by the awful rays
Of a tyrant sun.

Dominic Windram
Sheltering From The Storm (Inspired By Kurosawa's Rashomon)

As we sheltered from the raging storm,
We told our tales of love and loss.
It seemed like many hours passed by,
While outside the rain kept pouring down.

Then we discussed karma and rebirth.
We discussed dogma and Christology,
And other types of religious matters.
While outside the rain kept pouring down.

Since we suspended our sense of judgement,
We now saw things from many perspectives.
We planted new seeds in each other's minds,
While outside the rain started to cease.

Dominic Windram
She's An Angel

The darkness cannot quell her blithe spirit.
She's an angel floating through a wanton world.
Her immaculate poetical mind
Is a dance of daisies; a whirl of rainbows.
It's a constant sunburst of blissfulness.
Vital forces of creation flow through her.
Sapphire oceans lie deep within her eyes.
Her dreams are punctuated with profound truths.
The darkness cannot quell her blithe spirit.
She's an angel passing through this wanton world.

Dominic Windram
She's The Greatest Dancer (For Lucy W)

When she dances, Lucy moves like music.  
For she is filled with elegance and grace.  
O who can tell what forces make her tick?  
The softest light emanates from her face.  
She's always trying hard to raise the bar.  
O she is a bright star who will go far!

Dominic Windram
Shoddy Patriotism

O those who want others to die for the bright flag
Of a nation, should be gently reminded, from
Time to time, that shoddy patriotism is
Considered by the wise, to be the last refuge
Of the scoundrel. Yet how many will listen as
The body count invariably increases?

Dominic Windram
Shoddy Times

Increasingly we are moved by the shoddy
And the garish. Given this state of affairs,
A new form of plastic beauty has emerged.
We see its curious development on screens.
It is contrived in neon lit studios.
And we spectators emerge out of shadows,
Like the wounded or the dying, and wait
For its vulgarised 'magic' to revive us.

Dominic Windram
Silent Suffering

Silent suffering:
Night's demons, like a black sun,
Absorb my being.

Dominic Windram
Since this pandemic, the scales should have fallen
From our eyes; so that we can now see clearly
That the political elites just don't care!
They may claim that we're all in this together but,
Now their words are sounding like empty rhetoric.
Some of us are still being forced to go to work
Or else wait days, or weeks, or months for benefits.
Our health services are now showing the strain,
As they have been underfunded for many years.
If we come out alive, God willing, we should vote
Most of them out! Here, the cold hearted Tories
Have tried to kill off the old and the infirm.
I'll never forgive these vermin if anything
Happens to my mother. We need revolution!

Dominic Windram
O the hue of the sky is a deep azure blue.
The budding roses are still wet with morning dew.
A dazzle of elegant butterflies emerge
Over quiet country lanes' lush green grass and ferns.
In the hedgerows gleaming fox gloves stand proud and tall,
As a lone blackbird trills out its welcoming call.
Poplar trees sway gently in the soft summer breeze.
While the sharp crow cries echo through golden cornfields.
In the haze of the heat, bees are buzzing around.
The scent of fresh, fragrant pollen has them aroused.
The forests, valleys and hills flourish with new life:
Nature's drunk on drowsy summer's rich, vintage wine.

Dominic Windram
The July sky is a deep azure blue.
Budding roses are wet with morning dew.
A dazzle of keen butterflies emerge,
Over country lanes, lush green grass and ferns.
In the hedgerows, fox gloves stand proud and tall,
As a blackbird trills out its welcome call.
Poplar trees sway gently in the soft breeze,
As the crow cries unsettle the cornfields.
The golden sun's a bold god: pouring light
Upon the streams that glisten diamond bright.
In the haze of the heat, bees buzz around.
The scent of fresh pollen has them aroused.
The forests and hills flourish with new life:
Drunk on drowsy summer's rich, vintage wine.

Dominic Windram
Sleep

Sleep is sacrosanct
In this mad rat race world of
Constant speed & stress.

Dominic Windram
Sleepers Are Dreaming

Sleepers are dreaming
Of endless wishes & rainbows;
Of boundless journeys.

Dominic Windram
Small Epiphanies

Small epiphanies at the silent heart of things:
The soothing light of the Word in the verdant garden;
Calming colours in the warm domain of dreaming.
These items extinguish the dark realms of sadness.

Essential oils soften the pain of existence.
Love's indescribable magic is rekindled.
Beauty's splendid roses dazzle the senses.
The sweet flowers of longing will never dwindle.

Dominic Windram
Small Miracles In Midwinter: (January 2020)

Although it's midwinter and the world is getting darker,
And grave News channels issue their frozen warnings,
Love and hope and light still break through the cracks in our
Insufficient designs. Hence, we should be grateful.
O the spiritual wind blows against billboards,
And carries pure snow like grace through neon lit streets.
O the eternal design can still be found amidst
The modern chaos and all its sordid details.

Dominic Windram
Snap Shots Of Life

I believe in poetry
That captures completely
The innate grace & magic
Of faces along casual streets.

Dominic Windram
Snapshot Of A Heron: Chapman's Well Durham 2018

Heron: grey and white, long legged predataor:
Is now standing, most icy and motionless,
Amidst the stream's silvery blue waters;
Waiting for its prey to come into range.
And then suddenly...and o so swiftly,
With a dart like, laser precision, its
Sharp yellow bill spears a surprised fish:
Its first significant catch of the day.

Dominic Windram
So Called Suburban Bliss

I've read all the signs,
And it seems you're bloated, and
Bored out of your minds!

Dominic Windram
So Many/ So Few (Saturday Night T.V)

So many nonsense acts;
Some in poisonous, puerile pacts.
So many pantomime performances;
Ostensibly from the heart.

Such preposterous posing;
Such coming and going
Such dazzling lights;
O they are way too bright!

So many sycophants
And sickly genuflections;
Before the 'guardians of culture'
i.e..baffled, big head judges.

So many fake affectations.
O and such histrionics,
On third rate versions,
Of songs I really like.

So many hopeless triers
So many falsifiers;
So many downright liars.
So few genuine poets,
Musicians and artists.
So few raisers of consciousness.

Perhaps there's some like me
On their fourth or fifth drink;
Now turning of this crap,
And wasting their time in ink.

Dominic Windram
So Near; Yet So Far

I am a small pocket of existence:
Surviving in the shadow lands
I have tasted the exquisite delights
Of poetry's potent honeycomb.

Yet I cannot enter the world's
Exclusive club of chosen ones.
For it's reserved for those who have
Played the cherished game oh so 'valiantly'!

Dominic Windram
So Now I'm Free; Then What?

I have set myself free from the system,
Only to discover more illusions.
Although the light on the water still glistens,
I'm aware of darkness breeding confusion.

I have set myself free from the bigots,
Only to discover more prejudice.
Although I have awoken from clocks,
Time's rampant march cannot be dismissed.

Dominic Windram
So Red Is The Rose

So red is the rose, in summer's most potent hour.
O its rich fragrance fills the warm afternoon air.
Nothing can compare to its beauty and power.
Except for you, with your features: graceful and rare.

Dominic Windram
Social Media

Social media:
It make us feel important.
Yet it's a mirage.

Dominic Windram
Social Media 2

Social media:
Everyone is within reach.
Yet as distant as stars.

Dominic Windram
Social Media 22

Social media is like a minefield;
Someone's always trying to trip you up.
You're always waiting, in anticipation,
Of an ill conceived verbal explosion.
God knows what certain, lower forms of life;
Who vent their vile garbage, get out of it.
It's certainly beyond my comprehension!
As for the standard of discussion, well I'd say
That it's invariably infantile.
The level of sentimental bilge is
Simply staggering! Hysterical reactions
Are not my bag. What happened to logic
And reason? Have I missed something here?
With this in mind. I would like to offer
A sensible suggestion. Next time you
Care to post, make sure you do your research;
So you're in possession of pertinent facts.
Then again there are very few who will
Bother to listen, because most are so
Wrapped up in themselves, and in their oh so
Important lives. I can do without it!
These days, I have very little to say
To most people; yet, perhaps surprisingly,
Lots to say to a significant few.

Dominic Windram
Social Media 3

It seems like somewhat of a double edged sword.
Is it a novel way to communicate,
Or just a playground for rambling narcissists?
Curiously, it reminds me of a circus;
Overrun with two bit clowns & fantasists.
What kind of conveyor belt mentality
Ponders the lurid lives of celebrities?
There's lots of information available
To satisfy pseudo intellectuals.
At times, it's a blurring of fact & fiction:
Where research surrenders to absurdity.
Do we need a plethora of puerile jokes
Juxtaposed with crass political intrigues?
Does social media fabricate events
Or allow the 'peasants' to participate?
Perhaps, it is a form of passive protest
That takes away the need to actually
Do anything of merit in the real world.
As for me, I take it with a pinch of salt,
For in truth, it's really not that important.

Dominic Windram
Social Media 4

Social media:
Garrulous gossip mongers
Are thriving!

Dominic Windram
Social Media Circus

Social media
Is a circus of endless
Asinine chatter.

Dominic Windram
Millions of people are constantly dreaming
Of sumptuous superstars & grand spectacles
Beyond their reach. Each one repeats mindless mantras.
From the office to the gym they sing the same hymns.
Like infants snug in their cradles, they are still swayed
By sweet illusions. Their gadgets have replaced toys.
They're seduced by glossy adverts of happiness.
O monotony breeds spurious fantasies.
Every epoch has entertained distractions:
From bread & circuses to T.V & movies.
Today's world provides a plenitude of pleasures.
It's just that right now things have gotten out of hand.
No one wants to perceive the worms at the fruit's core.
Millions of us are content with our dreaming.

Dominic Windram
Socrates

Gadfly sent by the gods,
To sting in the name of truth;
Killed by the cold state.

Dominic Windram
Solemn Human Hymns

Solemn human hymns about perennial wars,
And grinding poverty, mirror the darkness
That surrounds us. The greater light is now buried.
Nothing seems to change. Time rolls on indifferently.

Dominic Windram
Solemn Moonlit Night: (Halloween)

Solemn moonlit night:
The pale ghosts of October
Linger in the skies.

Dominic Windram
Solitude

My dream visions are drenched in blue.
I'm lost in my own solitude.
The days are long and filled with fears.
I can feel the dark spectres' sneers.
The wild gods have abandoned me.
I'm left with fragments of novelties.
Where's the key to unlock my mind?
O where does the hallowed light hide?

Dominic Windram
Some Of Them...

Some of them walk where angels fear to tread,
While others are filled with the upmost dread.
Some of them are creative and well read,
While others resemble the living dead!

Dominic Windram
Some Of Them...2

Some of them walk where angels fear to tread;
While others drift among the living dead.
Some of them are like beacons of pure light;
While others are lost in the depths of night.

Dominic Windram
Some People...

Some people are saying it's the end of the world;
While others carry on in the usual fashion.
Some people are waiting in hope for Jesus Christ;
While others have to get on with everyday tasks.
Some people would now like to escape from this world;
And live on space stations in artificial worlds.
Some people are storing up tons of food and drink;
While there are others who get by with what they can.
Some people get depressed and turn to drugs and vice;
While others want to educate themselves further.

Dominic Windram
Some Poets

Some poets contain the wilderness within them.
They boldly seek out stranger skies, seas and climates.
They are not so enamoured by the provincial.
Even the whole world is somewhat of a prison.
They are not swayed by the whims of fashion.
They don't pursue novelties, but inner visions.

Dominic Windram
Someday I'll compose a poem in an e-mail;
As my correspondences are mainly mundane.
It doesn't have to be anything flowery;
Just something that concisely mirrors my dreams.

Dominic Windram
Something Is Missing

I see all the young lovers
As they go about their day;
Forgetting all their troubles
Absorbed in their joyous ways.
How I wish I were like them.
Alas it seems I'm condemned
To play the part of Hamlet;
As life piles up deep regrets.
Spring's flowers have now withered.
I have no faith to face dread.
I've no love or light to lean upon:
O it seems time waits for no one!

Dominic Windram
Something So Cold (London, 1994)

Something so cold, here in your presence.
Something unreal, that will not relent.
Something unspoken, a brooding discontent.

Although I only met you yesterday,
I feel as though I once knew you long ago.
Yesterday in that darkened room,
Your skin was so pale,
Your eyes were so deep with ruin.
Yesterday, I saw the corpse like beauty
Of one so young, so lost and doomed.
Across the room as the fires faded out;
The serpents of fear seemed to loom.
But you seemed not to notice;
You seemed not to care.
Your voice was weak and worn
As you ran your fingers through your hair.

Something so cold belonged to you there.
Something so cold returned to me there.

True beauty is cruel or so they say.
Your beauty lies in solitude;
Night's stars breaking through each day.
As I look into your eyes,
I sense a deep blue mystery there,
As the grey mists try to hide.
Yet I cannot reach out to you.
There's something cruel
About your eyes so strange and icy blue.

I shall never know you.
And you shall never know me.

Is there true sanctuary
Behind this darkness
Which divides us?

Is this shattered glass
On the carpet, an omen?

You know we shall never meet again.  
You know we must never meet again.

Something so cold belongs to you here  
Something so cold returns to me here.

Dominic Windram
Sometimes 'true' love fails.
Time's blood red roses wither.
Life turns to darkness.

Dominic Windram
Sometimes...

Sometimes I feel like I've been here before.  
Sometimes I have rather eerie notions.  
Sometimes I feel as though I don't belong  
In my own lifetime. And on occasions  
I'm overwhelmed by the darkest sorrows.  
I can't be revived by soft persuasions.  
Sometimes I can't glimpse a bright tomorrow.  
Sometimes truth's a bitter pill to swallow.

Dominic Windram
Somewhere Between

Somewhere between the slow birth of consciousness
And the emergence of soft, radiant words;
Between twilight realms invisible to the eye
And the solid world of static certainties...

Somewhere between the glow of the first star,
And the butterflies fluttering about the bloom of flowers,
Lies the hidden place where the ego dissolves;
The unblemished realm of profound, pellucid light.

Dominic Windram
Sonnet - July 2018

I have glimpsed love but it is a mirage.
I have tasted pleasure's infinite ways.
Bitter shadow fruit is all that remains.
All is vanity till the end of my days.
I have tried to exorcise nagging ghosts
But they cling leech like to my tortured mind.
Deceived by the husks that surround the hosts,
I cannot decipher symbol or sign.
I have profoundly sad stories to tell:
Of frail flowers dying; starved of sunlight;
Of wild struggles in heaven and in hell;
Of angels' laments in the fevered night.
Life's veneer of enchantment has passed.
Now I know nothing of value can last.

Dominic Windram
Sovereignty

O the sovereign blood that flows through my veins
Creates all the possibilities for
My poetry. I don't want to harden
My heart. I want to remain open to
New experiences. That is why I
Welcome the spring rain and the splendour of
The sky and sea. That is why I welcome
Wild, exotic strangers to life's banquet.

Dominic Windram
Spellbound

O dreams drip so quietly and slowly.
In the deep heart of midnight, I'm spellbound
By their myriad wondrous, glowing worlds.
Reality's bleakness seems a mere
Shadow play, compared to these radiant
Inner kingdoms; that seems to whisper to me
Softly like kindred spirits: to have no fear
But to come and play in strange, twilight realms.

Dominic Windram
Spellbound 2

As I wandered through the dark, wintry streets,
By heart was gladdened by the starry glow,
Above me in the night skies. The moon seemed
To whisper its secrets, as its light flowed
Across my path. And despite feeling cold
And lonely, I felt as though I was blessed
By a higher power, if truth be told.
O I felt like I was strangely possessed!

Dominic Windram
Spirits Out Of Time

Spirits out of Time;
Haunting deserted beaches;
Until the Judgement.

Dominic Windram
Spiritual Dryness

The ancient hunger, that has persisted
Throughout the ages, is ubiquitous.
O it can never be satiated
By the remedies of new, neon gods!

Dominic Windram
Splintered Messages

Splintered messages:
We only communicate
Like cold, distant stars.

Dominic Windram
Spring Awakening

The light is slowly expanding
After winter's prolonged shadowy reign.
The perfumed aroma of hyacinths
Floats on the fresh April breeze.
Rose pink & snow white blossoms are scattered
All over expectant avenues and streets.
Vibrant tulips are sprouting profusely
And there are violet strewn blessings
To spring's prodigious Muse.
Rejoice in Easter time of redemption
After the heartrending sorrows of Lent.
Spring's subtle awakening brings:
New lifeblood for the ancient ritual;
Vital wine to uplift the sovereign spirit;
And warm, transforming communion
After the time honoured, solemn ceremony.

Dominic Windram
Spring Cleaning: 2020

O this spring I shall clean the rooms and paint the walls
Within my heart and soul. I will begin again.

Dominic Windram
Spring Offensive

From dark, lonely knight of resignation,
To a newly inspired troubadour;
Who celebrates the oneness of creation.
I have gladly opened perception's doors.
I'm finished with rigid doctrines and schools.
Now, I'm preparing for a cultural war.
I say let a thousand blazing flowers bloom!
Let spring arise in my old heart once more!

Dominic Windram
Spring Sketches

April's silver rain enriches dull earth.
Green shoots emerge from tender, wounded ground.
They announce the return of Spring's bright mirth:
The season of soft light, warm tones and sounds.
Soon sweet violets will bloom, and avenues,
Will be covered in pink and white blossoms.
We will recover from the winter blues,
And awaken from bitterest boredom.

Dominic Windram
Spring Time Offers

'Spring time offers are in full bloom:
Twenty percent of all products.'
O the imminent debasement
Of the seasons' symbols & signs.
No irony - just the hard sell
Of decorative distractions.
It's just a random array of
Garish colours & wild shapes;
That form our modern consciousness.
Life is increasingly puerile.

Dominic Windram
Spring's Healing Dominion

It's hard to find a metaphorical bandage
For mental scars. Yet I will look amidst the heart
Of spring's warm, healing dominion for something
Precious, rare and life affirming; that will soothe them.

Dominic Windram
Spring's Promise

Grey mists are fading.
Sunlight filters through the trees.
Spring's birth is a joy.

Dominic Windram
Spring's Sacred Symbols

Spring's sacred symbols
Are imprinted deep within
Primal consciousness.

Dominic Windram
Spring's Welcome Blossoms

Spring's welcome blossoms:
Explosions of pink and white
Cover trees and streets.

Dominic Windram
Spurious Acquiescence

You might say that you have settled down
To lead a regular life. But I know
You all too well. I think you have too much
Of the wilderness within you for that.
Remember that summer when you gladly
Abandoned all your brittle safety zones?
You wanted a change in the scheme of things
So badly. I guess that's why you found me.
In the end, you surrendered your hopes and dreams,
But they cannot really be extinguished.

Dominic Windram
Spurious Liberation

Cold commands are issued.
Blue skies are ripped open.
Here come the fighter planes
From the land of freedom.
Here come the bringers
Of truth & liberty.
Here come the bringers
Of modern democracy.
Here come the planes
And the metal rain.
Here come the planes
And the stinging rain.
Here come the planes
And the children's screams.
Here come the planes
And the death of dreams.
Here come the planes
And collateral damage.
There go the planes...
And then the silence.

Dominic Windram
Star Glitter

Star glitter relieves
The bleakness, and stark silence,
Of this wintry night.

Dominic Windram
Step Inside The Dream

Step inside the dream although you feel afraid.
Enter the unknown realms free from space and time.
Then you will be unchained from wintry warnings
And frozen metal certainties. Your blithe spirit
Will be released from tedious, mortal constraints.
You will be set free to discover and roam
Other bucolic green worlds beyond the stars
And dissolve into endless streaming summer.

Dominic Windram
I agree with William Blake when he proclaimed
That he would create his own system in order
That he could not be enslaved by another man's.
I want control, yet I only experience
Paltry half measures. I want complete access to
Inner kingdoms. Yet what I perceive is opaque.
I want to be master of my own destiny,
Yet I'm always brought down by fools & popinjays.

Dominic Windram
Still Dreaming; Still Hoping.

It's a dream I carry in secret;
That something miraculous will happen;
That closed hearts will let in the light;
That clenched fists will release,
And finally embrace the other.
That the hawks will be transformed into doves;
That the doors will open for dissenters;
That pure love will rise from the grave;
From the desert of non communication;
Amidst civilisation's discontents.
And that one day I will glide easily
Into some warm sanctuary I didn't know was there

Dominic Windram
Still In Denial

You never stray from your silly, middle class world.
You'll never comprehend Reality's hard edge.
You're content with the sycophants & flatterers.
You should interrogate yourself in the dark mirror.

Dominic Windram
Still Seeking

Jesus Christ are you there?
Behind surreal smoke screens
Of incense and theatre.
Or are you hidden deep
Within the inspired words
Of serious scripture?

Are you perhaps concealed
By mumbling, pious tongues?
Are you weary of worship and praise
And the thick, dusty verbiage
of claustrophobic committees
And cold ecumenical councils?

Are you happy to be
Presented as an icon:
A cultural commodity;
A mere caricature?
Are you hiding behind
The kitschy statues of
Touristy Lourdes and Fatima;
Deploring the pilgrims' blindness?

I offer a heartfelt prayer,
Shorn of all pretension.
Will you reveal yourself
To those who truly seek you?
For I believe you do exist
But it's just so hard to see you!

Dominic Windram
Still Thinking Of You

I'm doing well in knowledge's revered realms.  
I'm at the peak of creativity, and yet  
I'm afraid that lately I've become a slave of  
Boredom. I would like to hear from you again.  
O I miss your voice, your smile, your singular ways.  
Although we have been separated through the years,  
I still feel that divine magic draws us near.  
O it is hard to define in terms of logic,  
But sometimes, it seems, cold reason runs warm and wild.  
Alas, I only possess the cards I was dealt,  
And they aren't all aces. Yet, I have still got the  
Romantically mischievous Jack of Hearts to play.  
Make of that what you will. But solitude's ugly.  
And true love soars like a bird over the abyss.

Dominic Windram
Still Waiting

In this cynical age of crumbling faith,
I cling to sacred objects blessed by light.
Although the bold lightning flash of the new,
Has now replaced the thunder of the old,
We have not yet reconciled the wisdom
Of the heart with technology's telos.
Are we about to witness the birth of
A more altruistic epoch? Will we
Reveal our brokenness? Will we allow
Ourselves to be healed in communion
With the other? I lie patiently, amongst
Modernity's ruins, waiting for a change.

Dominic Windram
Still Waiting For Spring

Still waiting for spring
To blast away these grey days;
With its fresh magic.

Dominic Windram
Stop The World. I Want To Get Off!

The days speed by so fast.
I seek the profound stillness
Of nameless mystics.

Dominic Windram
Stranded

Stranded between the rocks and the desert:
Condemned like a burnt red leaf in Autumn;
An ocean of knowledge & wisdom,
Cruelly rejected by his puerile peers.

O now he performs minor miracles
At night, in order to keep himself sane.
Not for him the glory of shared moments,
Just the monotonous treadmill of time.

Dominic Windram
Stranded 2

Lost in this old town:
A shadow of my former self:
Ghosts observe ruins.

Dominic Windram
Strange Enchantments

I draw from strange enchantments from the past;
That linger like worlds: beauteous and vast,
Or bright memories of good loyal friends of old.
As poetic inspiration, they're pure gold!

Dominic Windram
Strictly Prohibited

Counterfeit Botox;
Ketamine tranquilizers;
Cohiba cigars.

Dominic Windram
Structure And Form Before Magic

We poets should study
Structure and form, before we
Consider magic.

Dominic Windram
Structure And Form Enable Magic.

Always be clear and precise when constructing Words of magic. Think of the intricately Woven spider's web. Think of the form and structure Of a sonnet that contains flashes of beauty.

Dominic Windram
Subtle Miracles

Subtle miracles
In the early light of dawn:
Nature's remedies.

Dominic Windram
Success Deconstructed

No glory for thee.
I put no trust in milestones;
Just bare survival.

Dominic Windram
Such Bankrupt Hours

Such bankrupt hours:
Bureaucracies of boredom
Now rule this crude world.

Dominic Windram
Such Beautiful Dreams

Such beautiful dreams:
Of sweet sounds: of rare flowers
Slowly unfolding.

Dominic Windram
Such Sumptuous Dreams

Such sumptuous dreams
Of stars, moon light and rainbows:
Lightning flash of hope.

Dominic Windram
Sultry Afternoon

The afternoon is overripe
It's as if thousands of strange fruit
Are about to fall into our laps
The summer sun is like a beast
Draining us of our very life-force
I feverishly contemplate
How these sultry, wearisome hours
Will influence my dark, tenebrous art.

Dominic Windram
Summer (Longing)

Rose scented sadness;
Red summer sunset;
Puzzling circles;
Projects discarded.
Where has the time gone?
Why can't I connect
With this world that speeds by
So indifferently; so fast?
Summer's now fading
And leans upon Autumn.

Dominic Windram
Summer Days.

It was the height of summer and we lived
In a quaint cottage by the winding stream.
It seemed like the sun was always shining
And the flowers' scents were always fragrant.
It was like a dream! I always like
To recall that time to alleviate
My darker hours; when time seems to drag
And the light of hope seems to be dimming.

Dominic Windram
Summer Has Arrived

Summer has arrived.
Slow down and embrace the dreams
Of sun & roses.

Dominic Windram
Summer is fading.
Absorb the sun's golden rays.
Soon days will shorten.

Dominic Windram
Summer is fading.
I can sense it in the breeze;
Announcing Autumn

Dominic Windram
Summer Senses Autumn.

It seems that Summer senses Autumn:
In the soft dying light of its sunsets;
In the darkening of its flowers;
And in the cadence of its birdsong.

Dominic Windram
Summer's Rose

Although one day your tender beauty,
Will surely fade and wither like a rose,
Your inner light will always shine brightly
As lovely summer's weary eyelids close.

Dominic Windram
Summer's Warmth Is Here

Summer's warmth is here;
Amongst the fields & flowers:
In your deep blue eyes.

Dominic Windram
Summertime Dreaming

Summertime dreaming,
New worlds of light & flowers,
Form in the mind's eye.

Dominic Windram
Summery Daydreams

Summery daydreams
Permeate my consciousness;
As the cold wind blows!

Dominic Windram
Summery Moments (July 2019)

Summery moments:
The soft humming of bright bees
Among the flowers.

Dominic Windram
Summery Moments 2

The scent of the sun;
Mingled with freshly cut lawns
Is so sharp, yet sweet.

Dominic Windram
Sunlit Avenues: Bochum- September 1st 2019

Sunlit avenues:
Roses of red, pink and white.
Adorn neat houses.

Dominic Windram
Sunrise (January 17th 2020)

Darkness turns to pink;
With hints of aqua blue hues:
Winter's cold beauty.

Dominic Windram
Sunset In The Park: (Ward Jackson Park: Hartlepool, December 7th, 2019)

From the pond's calm waters, the brightness slowly drains.  
The flowers and the trees turn to a darker shade.  
I recall all the wild summers I spent here  
As a child; before the coming of cold fears.

In this surreal sunset, I perceive such strange things.  
The fountain, the bandstand, the roundabouts and swings  
Are now populated, in my mind's eye at least,  
By the blithe spectres of yesterday. They're released.

These dream like moments in time, I'll never forget  
Even in old age; as the sun will never set  
In the same way again. As the light fades from view,  
I'm glad that I shared this enchanting sight with you.

Dominic Windram
Sunset In The Park: Alternative Version

Sunset in the park:
Memories come flooding back
Of long summer days.

Dominic Windram
Superfast Broadband

Superfast Broadband?
You must be having a laugh.
It's slow as a snail!

Dominic Windram
Superficial World

Superficial world:
So many empty vessels;
So many robots.

Dominic Windram
Surely...

Surely, the scales have now fallen from people's eyes.  
Surely, we can now clearly see the light of truth.  
Surely, this is a time for significant self reflection.  
Surely this is a time for acute political awareness;  
Rather than, perhaps well meaning,  
But ultimately empty, sentimental gestures.

Dominic Windram
Surreal Ruminations

The force of nature
Creates symbols for poets:
The blood of flowers.

Dominic Windram
Surrender To Truth's Light

O great creator of Being; of galaxies:
You who transcend our limited understanding;
Ensure that the gleaming beams of truth fall across
Our small joys as well as our bitter dilemmas;
So that we can accept life's precariousness,
With the sacred assurance that all will be well.
From the cradle to the grave, let compassion reign.
Although our hearts and souls are often distracted,
Fleeting darkness shall not eclipse the sovereign Light.
The eternal design outlasts shadow kingdoms.

Dominic Windram
Surveillance States

O we are seen by cold camera eyes,
Yet we are unable to perceive them.
We are the objects of information;
Never subjects in communication.
O we are passive creatures. We are pawns
Of social control. The puppet masters
Are hidden far from view; planning their next
Moves. O we need global revolution!

Dominic Windram
Swallows

Welcome signs of Spring:
Brave little swallows twitter
On telephone lines.

Dominic Windram
Sweet angel of night:
She plucks the darkness from dreams.
Her wings are gold tinged.

Dominic Windram
Sweet Angels Of Night

Sweet angels of night:
Asylum from Adam's curse.
Life without regret.

Dominic Windram
Sweet Marie

If I could slay the ghosts & monsters
From a thousand bad trips & dreams
I swear I'd do it for you sweet Marie
Just to be with you again.

If I could make the diamond studded stars
Fall from the skies and place them one by one
By your side. I swear I'd do it;
Just for you sweet Marie.

Dominic Windram
Sweet Suburbia

Sweet suburbia offers domestic bliss:
All kinds of creature comforts to quell emptiness.
What with several fancy cars and 2.4 children
Who could possibly ask for more? - it's God given!
Facebook's bucolic postcard pictures of living
Convey a cut price paradise: pristine... shining.
I sense the careful masking of unconscious fears;
While serpents lie in wait in modern day Eden.

Dominic Windram
Symbols

Rich, vivid symbols:
Hint at the greater Light of
Teeming creation.

Dominic Windram
T.V Hell

Welcome to T.V hell:
Where crude choirs of swine
Are squealing their brains out
On the typically
Asinine, redundant
Saturday evening show.
My God - it's so awful!
O Lord - please lift me from
This world of illusion!
I'd rather eat my own flesh.

Dominic Windram
T.V Repair Man

He proudly sports an 80's permed mullet
And a tacky ear ring; slightly eccentric
With bits of stubble on his double chin.
He drives a rusted white van; now looks grey.
He is known to exceed the speed limit
In built up areas & town centres.
He greedily gobbles greasy fish & chips
On weekdays; out of newspaper wrappers.
He watches Sky Sports; reads the Daily Star.
He has recently quit smoking but still
Likes the lagers while he's out on the lash.
He's quite stocky and 5ft six; although he
Has a stomach that bulges through his T Shirt.
He's an ardent fan of the Toon army
And likes a Kitkat with a cup of tea.
He's divorced but would like a brand new wife;
Likes AC/DC & Guns N' Roses;
Plays air guitar at the club on Sundays
He takes his time on jobs for what it's worth.
And makes damn sure that he charges the earth!

Dominic Windram
T.V Spectacles

T.V Spectacles: .
Opiates of the masses
Watch now - pay later!

Dominic Windram
Bottled water is invariably
Branded with beatific images
Of deep blue, pristine lakes
And gleaming snow capped mountains.
Yet it seems that this
Faux green age worship
Is rather nonsensical
And patently paradoxical.
One just has to consider
The carbon dioxide
Emissions generated
From the making, filling
And shipping of millions
Of plastic bottles.
O how advertising effectively
Distracts from elementary logic!

Dominic Windram
Taking Teesside By Storm (And Strategy)

The reclusive poet Kevin Jones
Was incredibly hacked off,
With compliant media
& crappy government plans.
He was so sick and tired
Of brand new business types:
Abounding in his local region
With their smarmy smiles and smart phones.
So he decided one day
To become Commandant Kev.
Then he went out & recruited
Jaded 'Job Seeker' renegades.
At first he looked aghast at them:
With their tattoos, jogging bottoms
And Middlesbrough football shirts.
Yet he moulded them as best he could
And transformed them meticulously
Into a piecemeal, militant army.
As he stood splendidly dapper; clad
In Maoist cap and slightly creased jacket,
He provided them with an aim
And named them his 'Jogging Bottom' brigades.

After a few rudimentary discussions,
They assembled at a remote base
In the gloomy Cleveland hills:
Where devious Commandant Kev
Coerced them with cans of cider
And boxes of Regal King Size.
His aim was to take Tees - side
By storm & by strategy;
And impose his great vision
Of mass collectivism.

But he was thwarted by sneaky spies:
Who poisoned the minds of his gang.
So there was no need to send in,
Bovine police or brute army,
As guerrilla tactics never

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Got off the ground. There was
Too much talking about trivialities
Like football, cars, darts
& birds who they had been with.
There was not much in the way of
Dedication & discipline;
Not much discussion about Marx;
Just scapegoating of foreigners.
Kevin's Jogging Bottom Brigades
Were permanently drunk
And when our Kev ran out of supplies
Of bog standard booze & fags,
It was inevitable that
His recruits deserted one by one.
Still he cursed them for their
Profound, petty fickleness.
O he cursed them loudly night and day!

Yet although he was disillusioned,
He vowed to rise again:
With stronger purpose & plan;
To fight corporate greed & power
Wherever and whenever it sprang.
But he has yet to emerge
From a decade's hibernation.
When he does you can be sure,
He'll take Tees side by storm...
And perhaps with better strategy!

Dominic Windram
Taking Time Out (From Creative Work)

O the fires have faded from my dreams.
I'm trapped once more by the mundane it seems.
I'm suppose it's okay, as now I know,
How to handle darkness and its hard blows.
I will wait patiently for Vision's gifts:
For pure insights and rapt poetic riffs;
As the thick, black clouds continue to drift
Across my consciousness. I think I will shift
My perspective slightly; and look at life
From a different angle. Despite strife,
And its accompanying sense of despair,
I will endeavour to look for beauty rare.
O I will seek the soft embrace of sleep,
And glide through the days; not thinking too deep.
I'll return redeemed from pale lethargy:
Brimming with bold sunbursts of energy!

Dominic Windram
Tangled Up

I'm so tangled up in vain illusions.
I cannot perceive the pure light of Truth.
O my mind is a maze of deep confusion
As I ponder on Age and recall Youth.
Where is Faith amidst this Vale of Tears?
Where is one who will not bend or break?
Who will not submit to worldly fears?
Who'll sacrifice all for another's sake?

There's a thousand signs in plagued streets of sin.
Yet not one of them has any meaning!
There are those that crave the sacred Kingdom,
But they will not let Love & Mercy in.
In these manic times none of them listen.
Yet they all have something to say.
I want to stand tall and face life head on,
Yet all I seem to do is run away.

Dominic Windram
Teeside Park

Killing energy
Of sharp plastic designs:
Ominous Feng Shui.

Dominic Windram
Television Hell

Television hell:
Constant fake hysteria
Pours through our plush screens.

Dominic Windram
Text Messaging

Text messaging is now ubiquitous.
It appears as strange as hieroglyphics
For those who're still uninitiated
In this ritual of the modern tribe.
In the future perhaps all known language
Will be reduced to elementary ciphers.
Then the noble art of conversation
Will be dead...a truly sad state of affairs!

Dominic Windram
Thank God I'm Free From Bureaucratic Tyrannies!

All those bureaucrats and so called liberals;
All those who castrate creativity;
All those who desecrate the intellect;
All those connoisseurs of culture; all those
Guardians of 'Beauty' create obstacles
And unnecessary diversions. They manage
To pollute the clear waters of Truth.
They fawn over two bit celebrities;
Hyped actors and washed out comedians.
They wax lyrical about all kinds of
Obscure nonsense, while significant
Matters and issues always seem, somehow,
To elude them. Well... that is their problem.
Thank goodness, I have parted ways with them.
Now I can focus solely on my art
And yes..now I can dream big once again!

Dominic Windram
The Absence Of Communion

Sound bites; fractured speech.
Cold, disembodied voices;
No communion.

Dominic Windram
The Advent Wreath (December 2008: For Hannah)

Four candles we shall light
To brighten this starless night:
A violet candle for penance:
To prepare us for His blessings;
A blue candle for hope:
For times when we can't cope;
A rose pink candle for joy:
In the midst of life's turmoil;
And a white candle for peace:
For redemption; for release.

Dominic Windram
The African Madonna

The African Madonna:
A compassionate mother;
Tends to her silent son:
He who is slowly dying
With washed out ribs
And blown out belly.
She combs the boy's hair
So softly it is as though
She is putting flowers
On a tiny grave.

Dominic Windram
The Aim Of Prayer

It seems that, prayer is primal longing
For a bright, yet ordered universe:
Ablaze with birds & stars & flowers;
Always teeming with Mercy & Grace.

Dominic Windram
The Amazon Way

It's the Amazon Way:
One click of a button
And you can purchase
A fragment of your dreams.

It's the Amazon Way
Customers are kings & queens;
Living it up everyday:
In consumer heaven.

It's the Amazon Way:
All light & shiny surfaces;
Designed to conceal
The company's dubious workings.

It's the Amazon Way:
A unionised work force not allowed.
Rather an assembly line culture of modern slaves;
Constant surveillance & new forms of Taylorism.

It's the Amazon Way:
Warehouses are re-branded as 'fulfilment' centres
Yet there is sporadic lighting
And no air conditioning.

It's the Amazon Way:
Workers don't steal precious time:
Three strikes and you're out!

It's the Amazon Way:
Make a huge profit anyway you can
The ends justify the means every time.

Dominic Windram
The Ambiguity Of Art

There are those who know in their bones that life
Is a joke. and there are those who feel that,
There is some deeper purpose to it all.
As for me I prefer not to reveal
My cards. For I like to move between light & dark;
As I'm concerned with the scope of my poetry

Dominic Windram
The American Dream

I see traces of the American dream
In power centres; where hawks devour doves.
I see it as a form of propaganda,
As it pursues its globalized agenda.
In its' broken backyard, blood flows like water.
In the Middle East, regime change reigns supreme.

I see traces of the American dream
In celebrity playgrounds governed by greed.
To be honest, I'm so tired of dreaming.
I'd rather frequent a hard headed chemist's:
Who would listen to my plethora of woes,
And prescribe a strong dose of reality.

Dominic Windram
The American Flag

What is the American flag?
A floating chain of signifiers
From light seeking liberty
To pug faced patriotism?

Some say they'd die for
This flag - or rather the ideal
It seemingly represents.
Others have angrily burnt it.

Its colours are revealing:
Red stands for hardiness and valour.
White for purity and innocence.
Blue for vigilance and justice.

Some say its famous stars and stripes
Symbolise imperial glory
But at what expense
To less ‘civilised' nations.
Others suggest that they represent
Unity and freedom from tyranny.

As for me, I prefer Jasper Johns'
Less striking, ghostly, monochrome version.

Dominic Windram
The American Flag 2

What is the American flag?
But a floating chain of signifiers
From light seeking liberty
To pug faced patriotism.

Some say they'd die for
This flag - or rather the ideal
It seemingly represents.
Others prefer to simply burnt it.

Its colours are revealing:
Red stands for hardiness and valour;
White for purity and innocence;
Blue for vigilance and justice.

Some say its famous stars and stripes
Symbolise imperial glory
But at what expense
To less 'civilised' nations
While others suggest that they represent
Unity and freedom from tyranny.

I find Jasper Johns' less striking,
Ghostly, monochrome version intriguing:
Where many voices of dissent
Seem to be eerily silenced
With stars and stripes submerged
Under thick paint and beeswax.

Dominic Windram
The Angel Call

The Angel call is beyond our grasp,
Now we are drawn to a secular sty.
We think we've gathered in golden harvests,
But we dwell in dry realms of mould and stone.
We believe we live in an Age of Progress,
Yet we are spiritually inert.
We are like children lost in a dark wood;
Afraid of spectres & their own shadows.
Hence the refuge of the psychiatrist's couch,
And the contemporary cult of counselling.
For we are trapped in a labyrinthine world
Without richness of rarefied reference points
Without the pellucid Light to guide us.
This era's colours and sounds are deafening.
Have we forgotten the still, pure pools
Of silence that flow through verdant creation?
Have we forgotten that ancient wisdom
Transcends fleeting, digital information
Have we forgotten that Love soars above
The abyss of social atomisation?
Do we no longer seek the fabled Keys
To the vast, unbroken, azure kingdom?
The Angel call is beyond our grasp,
Now we are drawn to a secular sty.

Dominic Windram
The Angel Of The North: (An Elegy) .

Bored of the obtuse mutterings
Of the amorphous crowd;
Tired of the familiar greys & greens
Of her immediate surroundings;
She ventured into twilight realms,
And scanned the potent air,
For rare, inscrutable treasures;
Which she'd weave into arabesques.
Her profound poetry glowed
With a kind of fiery glory.
It fed on obscure symbolism.
And abounded in Grace.

Beauty reclines in molecular structures.

Her art was punctuated
By strata of paradox.
The themes were portentous:
Tenebrous; often funereal.
Yet her style was as mellifluous
As birdsong and as delicate
As a butterfly's wing.
Like a modern Columbine,
Playing many a part
In life's strange pageant,
She simulated surfaces,
In order to communicate,
Her radical philosophies.

Everything profound adores the mask.

Dominic Windram
The Angels Of Mercy

All night long they listen to my prayers.
They affirm me in my darkest hours.
They purify the cold, secular air.
And proclaim that Love's a higher power.

O those wise, swooping Angels of Mercy:
Who turn nightmares into radiant dreams!
O those sweet, sacred sisters of Beauty:
Their Visions unfold in silvery streams!

Dominic Windram
The Answering Phone

The answering phone:
The anti social plague of
Modern gadgetry.

Dominic Windram
The Art Of Perception

Can we still perceive the first murmurings
Of Easter's teeming, violet agenda;
Pouring through the cracks of this stifling world?
Or have we been conditioned to accept
The surface gloss of lesser festivals?
There are many trivial distractions
That feed the secular imagination.
Can we still perceive spring's fresh plethora
Of lush colours blossoming all around?
Can we still embrace this life's deeper realms:
The profound things of ultimate concern?
Can we still brave the wintry heart of darkness:
Betrayal, torture & crucifixion
And the hard-wrought yet tender redemption?

Dominic Windram
The Art Of Propaganda

The Russian is an enemy
Iran is also an enemy
The government of Iraq
Is now no longer an enemy.

Saudi Arabia is a kingdom
And therefore a friend.
It provides us with our oil
And helps us out from time to time.

Israel is our little friend
And it is often bullied.
We need to protect our little friend
And pat it on the back every once in a while.
America is our greatest friend.
Its light shines brightly all over the globe.

Our government promotes capitalism.
For capital is still the pride of the country.
Wealth creators increase prosperity
And it trickles down to the poor.
Our leaders despise strikers,
As strikes are bad for our economy.
Strikers and dissenters are cancerous.
They represent the enemy within.

We live in a democracy.
We are allowed to vote for our leaders.
We live in a democracy;
Where minorities are tolerated.
We live in a democracy.
We have so many choices.
We live in a democracy.
Our media is free to express itself.

There is the BBC.
There is ITV.
Sky TV, Channel 4
And Channel Five;
The Daily Mail,
The Guardian,
The Independent,
The Times;
The Telegraph;
The Mirror & The Sun

We are revered by lesser nations for our liberty.
It's our great hope that one day they too
Will realise our noble are very lucky to live
Under the fine colours of the Union Jack.
And the splendour of a constitutional monarchy:
Where all subjects are equal under the law:
Where we are all working together for a common purpose.
God bless the Queen and her may she reign over us!

Dominic Windram
The Art Of Surrender

I have wept at sunsets of red and gold.
I have felt the sublime force of oceans.
I've trembled at the sight of bright starfall.
I've heard the ethereal angel call.
I've dragged fragments of splendour, love and light
From fading shadowy worlds and kingdoms.
I have experienced profound moments,
By surrendering to the infinite.

Dominic Windram
The Artist Is An Alchemist

The artist is an  
Alchemist: turning base form  
Into pure gold!

Dominic Windram
The Awakened Ones

I believe in all the dreamers:
All the poets & prophets;
All those who despair
At the rigid claims of the tribe:
Who refuse to worship
At the altar of its hollow idols;
Who refuse the call
To work under systems
That discourage
Studied contemplation
Of a deeper beauty;
Who labor long hours
To create wondrous flowers,
Despite the degradation
Of rich, sacred realms
By crude commerce;
And all those who connive
To promote indifference.

I believe in all the dreamers:
All the poets & prophets
Whose vision reaches
Beyond familiar skies
To incomprehensible stars;
Who cannot be controlled
By dark agents & actors;
Who are not afraid
To hurl burning questions
At the frozen centers of power;
Whose beatific creeds
& Christ like ideals
Drive their courage to be
& cannot be broken
Whatever the cost
To heart & soul.

Listen to the prophets:
To the awakened ones;
Who disturb the sleep
Of the easily satisfied;
Who proclaim the beauty
Of the Word even in
The midst of suffering;
Who reveal the Truth's light
In the land of shadows;
Who sing of the angelic
Despite the great depths of sin;
Who are rooted in the world
But know the sovereign
Ways of the winged spirit;
Who are not weather vanes
Moving mechanically
With the wind of the Times,
But signposts for the centuries.

Dominic Windram
The Beauty Of Spring

From winter's drabness
To a riot of colours:
The beauty of spring!

Dominic Windram
The Bicycle Boy (For Bobby W.)

Bobby is riding on his bicycle today
O what wild dreams he has in his heart - who can say? !
He'll have a taste of the wind and the open sky;
Around Ward Jackson Park: watch him as he speeds by!
O pleasure belongs to him and the glowing sights
Of tree lined groves and avenues of great delight!
He rides with adventures and a feeling of joy.
For he is our bright Bobby: the bicycle boy.

Dominic Windram
The Blue Lagoon (Seaton Carew: Hartlepool)

At the magical blue lagoon:
Amidst the powdery sand dunes,
We can escape and find release.
O we can search, for shells so freely
Along the lonely beach. Sometimes
We may find driftwood that the tide
Brings in. Here, there is such peace.
O we can watch the sea and dream!

Dominic Windram
The bold business types are always sun tanned,
And incredibly well groomed. They like to
Purchase obligatory, expensive
Sports cars, and must always be seen wearing
Flashy designer clothes. And they must have
Typical trophy girlfriends to cling to:
Who hang on to their every golden word,
To compensate for their own emptiness.
These smooth narcissists have many goals
Yet all their money can't buy them a soul!

Dominic Windram
The Book Of Love

The book of love has many intriguing chapters.
O it travels from light and dark, and back again!
It describes the secret, hidden realms of the heart;
In minute detail. It speaks of heroes and heroines:
Who venture into places where angels fear to tread.
It brims with images of fairytales and rainbows.
It speaks of labyrinths & mazes & flowers & death.
Indeed it is a must read, It is filled with joy
And sorrow. It revels in human folly.
Yet it's profound. It's a tale as old as the world.

Dominic Windram
The Brain Dead Brigades

O the brain dead brigades are now running our schools
And our hospitals. They are such ignorant fools!
To call them incompetent would be a compliment.
Their petty, pedantic ways are to the detriment
Of all of those whom they are supposed to serve.
O how they have the brass neck and the very nerve
To criticise conscientious workers astounds me!
They do nothing but add to the general misery.

Dominic Windram
The Bride Of Spring

Out of the bleak, wanton winter a new Spring
Of possibilities slowly arises.
Bold signs emerge from ancient custom's ruins;
Which are now conveniently derided.

Here the Bride of Spring will provide guidance.
And calmly reveal her learnèd wisdom.
She holds the keys to Nature's secret realms,
And to long discarded inner kingdoms.

As she walks tall; yet so serene and slight,
In a bright, flowing gown of purest white,
She scatters violets across gravel paths,
And quietly creeps towards the sacred light,

Then she kneels down to pray and clutches
A silver crucifix in her sweet hands.
Sunlight filters through the trees and bushes
Making intricate patterns at her feet.

She softly murmurs to those whose child like hearts
Have not yet hardened. Her words seem to drift on
The warm breezes and echo like tinkling bells
Within the walls of her fragrant rose garden:

'Love's a profound dip in the ocean of dreams.
It cannot be measured by diurnal hours.
It transcends all the grandest of mortal schemes.
It is a gift bestowed by higher powers.
It's soft & gentle: an eternal delight.
It is the heart of Light; between you and I.'

Out of the bleak, wanton winter a fresh Spring
Of possibilities slowly arises.
Bold signs emerge from ancient custom's ruins;
Which are now so cruelly derided.

Dominic Windram
The Business World

The business world
Has corroded/ corrupted
The liberal Arts

Dominic Windram
The Case For Art, Music And Poetry

We have our art, in order,
Not to die of sheer boredom
We have the warmth of sweet music,
To escape the world's cold sorrows.
We possess poetry, so that
We can purify consciousness.
Although they're not as practical
As bloodless science, we need them.

Dominic Windram
The Cephalopod Saint

A broody octopus kept a vigil.
For four years and five months she bravely clung
To a rock, and guarded her ripening
Eggs from predators. She starved to death to
Give life to her young. One may regard this as
A reproductive flesh
Was consumed by ravenous angel fish.
She was obliterated in a flash.
Perhaps her death is symbolic of Nature's
Altruism or is just a matter
Of primal instinct? That said, whatever
One's perspective happens to be, it seems
That if she had been human she would now
Certainly be revered as a saint.

Dominic Windram
The Changing Of Seasons

Summer's faint spirit senses Autumn:
In the dying light of its sunsets:
In the darkening of its flowers:
And in the cadence of its birdsong.
O it laments its blithe transience!
Yet it will burn long in the memory
And return fresh, lyrical & blessed.
After the glorious surge of next Spring.

Dominic Windram
The Chosen Ones

They're God's chosen sons and daughters:
Full of rhetoric; full of grace.
Carrying briefcases full of faith;
Innocent as doves; already saved.
Well groomed; very nicely attired.
They think that they are wired to wisdom:
These keen followers of a plastic 'God'
That illuminates cartoon skies
They claim they're well read messengers;
Not deceived by secular lies.
It appears that they are well prepared
For Armageddon, should it soon arrive.

Dominic Windram
The Christ Like Artist

O they offered him all the kingdoms of the world.
And they promised to make him a media star,
If he would just bow down and worship their idols.
Golden Oscar awards were guaranteed for him.
But he remained true to his ultimate purpose,
And he steadfastly refused their profitable
Enticements. For he was the true Christ like artist:
A thorn in the side of the corporate sectors.
Although he is now ostracised, he is happy
To create his bold, worthwhile works on the outskirts.

Dominic Windram
The City At Night

The city at night: a blaze of speeding cars;
The constant flashing of frantic lights and
The eerie white glow of spectral faces.
What ecstatic dreams and visions pour out,
From the hearts and souls of the ragged
Urban prophets, under wild, starry skies!

Dominic Windram
The City At Night 2

The city at night:
Streets are ablaze with billboards
And colourful lights.

Dominic Windram
The Collector

He has amassed a vast collection
Of Elvis memorabilia.
He keeps it all in pristine condition:
Presley's mint records and glittering costumes;
Golden telephones and mini pink cadillacs;
Golf buggies and other assortments of junk.

And one day he'd like to visit Graceland:
The decadent home of his tainted idol.
For him this would be akin to dying
And going to heaven. Why this obsession?
Perhaps it's because this super fan lives
Such a hum drum, routine existence in Hull.

Dominic Windram
The Colour Of Dreams

The colour of dreams;
The mysteries of beauty:
Life's bright carnival.

Dominic Windram
The Colours Of Autumn...

Autumn's subtle colours
Have been replaced by winter's
Pervasive whiteness.

Dominic Windram
The Coming Of Spring

Trees are fresh laden
With blossoms of pink and white.
Welcome to springtime!

Dominic Windram
The Conscientious Objector

I won't fight in your dirty war.

I will stay at home

And cultivate plants & flowers instead.

I will paint & write guided by

The blessed light of a higher consciousness.

I will compose epic odes to Beauty.

I will pray for your wanton soul.

I will not be part of a conspiracy of silence.

I will denounce your war from the roof tops.

I will disseminate sweet Visions of beatitude

On the paralysed streets.

So hand me a white feather,

And call me a coward.

I really don't care at all.

Dominic Windram
The Crazed Conductor

In a sudden fury, the conductor
Unleashes the mighty collective force
Of his orchestra; with wild, improvised
Gesticulations and deranged movements.

Dominic Windram
The Creative Spirit

We need to create.
To exist is not enough.
Transcend mortal cares!

Dominic Windram
The Creative Spirit- 1990(To Van Gogh, Hendrix, Dylan Thomas)

You are Nature's blazing flower
Charged by summer's sovereign power.
The dark serpents of desire coil
Around your writhing, restless soul
Never satisfied with partial dreams.
You're forever searching for the whole.

Both beast & angel dwell within
The chambers of your love struck heart
The destroyer & creator
Always driving your frantic art.
Like a comet with a brilliant tail,
You pass through galaxies unrestrained.

Through the swirling, roaring colours
Of starry midnight; through sweeping clouds
And sudden flashes of electric sunlight,
The bold gestures of genius,
Shine forth from your work.

O you can turn kingdoms of ice
Into softest flakes of snow.
Like a phoenix from the ashes
Only wilder, stronger do you grow.
Like a dark creature of creation
You walk the finest of lines
Between stillness & disturbance;
Between beauty & decay.

Dominic Windram
O a thousand rivers run into the sea;  
On to the crystal ocean that flows through me.
The soft light of joy flows through the faint blue veins,  
Beyond prayers and Prozac that only numb the pain.
Love’s certain communion slays all the ghosts,  
Of yesterday’s long shadows, and fading hopes.
Despite suffering, radiant Grace still abounds.  
Although blood stains the wren bone on stony ground,
Spring’s green roots emerge at the chosen hour.
The elements contain a matchless power.  
The funeral lament, of winter’s bitter songs,  
Cannot freeze the Spirit’s sustaining wells:
Where pure water cleanses the heart’s ageless wounds;  
Where there is rebirth in a warm womb of blue.
O a thousand rivers run into the sea;  
On to the crystal oceans that flows through me.

Dominic Windram
The Cultural Alchemist

The keen cultural alchemist
Can turn base metal into gold,
And chaos into thriving stars.
For he is a master of the Arts.

At key times, he can create wild,
Surreal worlds in the blink of an eye.
He disturbs the compliant dreams
Of those who propagate crude systems.

Dominic Windram
The Current State Of Things: March 2020

Now the fountainhead of things is broken,
And life's deep wounds and scars cannot be healed.
Even Spring's promise seems like a mirage.
We are like shadows replaying old scenes.
We place our trust and faith in brand new gods.
O at times they seem to mirror our dreams!
Yet they cannot replace our emptiness.
They can only further its symptoms it seems.

Dominic Windram
The Darkness Shall Not Eclipse The Singing Light

The darkness shall not eclipse the singing light. 
Though dream visions have been stripped of their colour, 
Still the slow winter chrysalis unfurls. 
And brief butterflies of this faithless Age 
Emerge in Spring to flaunt their crumpled wings; 
That will pulsate in the passion play of life. 
Though the world is now shadowed by a strange cloud, 
The hard rain won't fall while the white roses bloom. 
The Word won't be torn while the patient still breathes. 
And the darkness shall not eclipse the singing light.

Dominic Windram
The Days Are Long (July: 2019)

The days are long, and tainted by sorrow and pain.  
Summer's brief butterflies provide a glimpse of hope;  
As our dreams escape and become lost in the haze.  
May these sweet flowers refresh my heart and my soul

Dominic Windram
The Death Of Genius

The creators of stars
Have all perished.

There's no one left
To guide the slow arrow of beauty.

There's no Orpheus,
To tame the feral beasts,
With the sweetest of refrains.

No one to caress
The marble and stone;
No one to carve the perfect form.

No one to collect the sun
from the sapphire sea.

All that remains is to
Cannibalize old styles.

All that's left for us artists
Is to trace lines of light in the desert.

Dominic Windram
The Death Of God

Nietzsche - that dark, daring prophet -
Was the first to proclaim God's death.
As Nature abhors a vacuum,
He offered the stern ubermensch
To the tenebruous, lonely crowd.

When God's sudden death was announced,
The obituaries were blank,
And others weighed in with further,
Fresher, free form philosophies.
At last we were to discover
Our original selves; stripped of
ornamental superstition.
And choose finally unfettered
Our unique human destiny.

Yet the more perspicacious ones
Hearing it; wept bitterly;
Knowing with complete certainty of
Beating pulse just how pitiless
The brand new, 'improved' gods would be.

Dominic Windram
The Death Of Innocence

Nursery dreams fade,
As cotton wool clouds drift by,
Soft eyes of sorrow.

Dominic Windram
The Death Of The Soul

The death of the soul:
In callous, cold steel systems
Innocence is crushed.

Dominic Windram
The Deep Wounds Of Love

The deep wounds of love:
Invisible to the eye;
Silent, hidden pain.

Dominic Windram
The Defeatist

O you once told me
That you wanted why
Did you surrender?

Dominic Windram
The Demise Of Comedy

The U.K’s current crop of so called comedians
Acquiesce to power. They are like court jesters
As they flatter Lords like creepy Alan Sugar.
I remember a time when bold satire was
At its height and subversive acts flourished,
Sadly those days are now gone, and we're left with all
The lickspittles and all the mediocrities
Who appear on our screens; seduced by money!

Dominic Windram
The Desecrators (Addressed To The I.D.F)

O the desecrators of humanness,
Grip tightly to their guns and hoist their flags;
With prescribed, 'God given' authority.
Yet they only rule over the chaos and
Decay they have cynically created.
Their marching songs are just discordant shrieks,
As they wage constant war against Mercy.
On the streets, the brutish mercenaries,
Are a mirror of the general malaise.
As they bark out their crude monosyllables,
They are fuelled by hatred and hysteria.
They're a phalanx of search lights & barbed wire.
Their covenant's broken and dishonoured.
O they have turned justice into wormwood;
Their ancient crowns of beauty into ashes.
They shall be mere carriers of water.

O the desecrators of the spirit,
Believe in the laws of their great nation.
They employ religion for their own ends.
And emphasise its empty rituals.
Unlike Jacob, they do not wrestle with
Their angels. In time they will decompose
Behind their masks; their flimsy deceits and
Rigid uniforms. They coldly want
Generations of 'lesser' beings to
Pay for their exodus in the wilderness.
Their paranoia strikes at the heart of love.
They present a picture to the waiting world
Of a pure, glorious and noble land;
Poisoned by the 'illegitimate' other.
O the truth seems to be lost in translation,
And endlessly mired in mythologies.

Dominic Windram
The Development Of Weapons

From jawbone, flint & fire to steel
And uranium; from frenzied
One to one combat to the cold
Detachment from reality;
And the mere pressing of buttons:
The long trail of a killer's art.

Dominic Windram
The Disciples Of Light

The disciples of light
See the nobility of nature
Everywhere they roam.
Thus the verdant fields
& flowers & stars
Are the sweetest of things.

The disciples of light
Love the whiteness of purity.
For them a virgin birth
Is the highest attainment.

The disciples of light
Are often oblivious
To the shadow
Lurking within the psyche.

Indeed, the disciples of light
Have never created
Anything but a ripple
On the surface of things.

The disciples of light
Have never got their hands dirty.
Thus reality's varied contents
Will always elude them.

Dominic Windram
The Dove Descends

The Dove descends:
Baptisms of fire;
Transfiguration:

Dominic Windram
The Dove Of The Divine (Poem For Pentecost)

O the dove of the divine streams with light!
Like a rare wind that stirs the stagnant air,
It reignites the tired, sovereign soul
And spreads its profound parables of love.
It is born from ancient words on dusty pages,
Yet transmogrified in pregnant moments,
Amidst summer's flowery transience.
It symbolizes peace in prodigal times,
As it counsels the original curse.
It is the lightning flash of conversion
That does not follow the familiar paths
Between this dreamscape of birth & dying.

O the dove of the divine is the sun
That pours profusely from azure skies.
O how it rekindles the inner flame!
It swoops heavy with fiery promise
And boldly calls us to awaken reborn:
From the quietus of mundane hours;
From rabid twenty four seven treadmills;
From crude, obscure signs that divert us;
From a digital age that cannot serve
To acknowledge our primal concerns;
Only bombard us with endless distractions;
Colourful processions of the trivial.

Weary of life's counterfeit carnival;
We are inclined to gently lift our eyes
Heavenward in awe, and await the coming
Of those jewelled moments shining in time;
Blessed by the breath of the buoyant spirit,
At the thriving heart of the turning world.

Dominic Windram
The Dream Is Over

The figurative has engendered fatalities.
The words cannot redeem anymore. They are
Laid out flat in the mausoleum of language.
Forget the mantra of the old weathered script,
The ornamental rhymes are now bankrupt.
Draw precise lines not fabled flowers.
For they don't attract attention to themselves.
And beauty is in the eye of the beholder.
We need to purge ourselves from the sentimental,
And heighten the spare and the stark.
So darken the colour of each syllable
To mirror these tenebrous times.
Don't eulogize sun, moon or stars.
There are too many cracks in the visionary bone.

Dominic Windram
The Dreamer

I am somewhat of a dreamer.
I don't believe in clockwork time.

For what is Time? It's surely nothing else
but regulation's simplification.
Rather I am content to embrace
The warm expanses of eternity.

I am a boneless creature:
Born of soft visions.
I can assume the form
Of anything in my dreaming.

I find it hard to attain
The flesh of the everyday.

Dominic Windram
The Earth Is Dying

The earth is dying.
Plastic prospers; flowers wither.
We need to change now!

Dominic Windram
The Educational Gestapo

O the educational Gestapo
Don't want us to think freely for ourselves.
For we must conform to the status quo.
These servants of arbitrary power
Are not concerned with creative flowers.
They're icy cold and abominable.
They promote paperwork and the prosaic,
Whilst denouncing the profound poetry
Of the soul. They are the state's dark actors,
And they'll use all means at their disposal.

Dominic Windram
The Elephant In The Room: For Simon: (Inspired By Noam Chomsky)

O you can talk about justice, rights and freedoms,
Within certain prescribed limits, of course Simon.
But whatever you do (for it will spell your doom),
Don’t ever mention the elephant in the room!

Dominic Windram
The Enemy Within

A Manichean world:
Outlined in black & white.
Once it was great Satan
Now it's the socialists.
Once it was the miners
Now it is Muslims.
Once it was the I.R.A
Now it is refugees,
Or even the homeless
Or perhaps the disabled.
The enemies change
But the agenda remains.
All in the name of
State sponsored propaganda.
The mainstream media internalize it.
It make me sick!

Dominic Windram
The England Football Manager

The England football manager, who is
Typically a 'yes man', is always
Planning for a sumptuous future that
Never becomes present reality.

Dominic Windram
The Eternal

The soft light of joy flows through the faint blue veins:
Born of Beauty's splendour; beyond brittle words;
Beyond the transient concerns of this age;
Beyond the darker regions of Adam's curse.

The hard eye of Vision penetrating dreams,
Guides us towards a deeper communion;
Beyond the senses' shadowy images;
Towards the stillness at the heart of the Sun.

Beyond the silvery sounds that stir the soul
For a brief time then drift into the ether;
Beyond the narrow creeds & earth bound goals,
That fade forever like fleeting illusions.

For currently we see through a glass darkly,
Yet Beauty's infinite textures remain.
Its' design burns golden in the memory;
A glimpse of the Eternal beyond these days.

Dominic Windram
The Falling Snowflakes...

The falling snowflakes
Seem to mirror all the world's
Sorrows and heartaches.

Dominic Windram
The first sign of spring:
A snowdrop is emerging
From the wintry ground.

Dominic Windram
The formal rituals of life
Destroy the creative spirit.
They censor the feral promise
Of the bold, aspiring artist.
And these days it's getting much worse.
Everything is so prescribed.
When piecemeal portfolios thrive,
The vivid imagination dies.

Dominic Windram
The Frost And The Snow

The frost and the snow
Have a strange kind of beauty:
Winter's cold symbols.

Dominic Windram
The Futile Search For Sublime Similes

I write for long hours
In semi darkness,
Until dreams are descending;
When my fingers are
Searching frantically
For a hint of magic.

I attempt, always in vain,
To create art
As profound as prayer,
As fragile as a bird's wing,
As fresh as the coming of Spring,
As innocent as first love.

Dominic Windram
The Future Is Already Upon Us

The digital architects are
Busy mapping the near future
Of garishly coloured conurbations:
Teeming with buildings and boulevards;
Blending neon, glass and concrete
In increasingly exotic, innovative ways.
Gleaming advertisements now abound
And encode us in every street & home.

Endless, pointless entertainments
Now distract us from harsh reality.
And malcontents do not escape
The cold steel eyes of surveillance.
The aim is neat, cosy, customised living
As soft and glossy as magazines.
There are now satellite dish societies
Of perfect compliance without creed;
With a surplus of gadgets from which
We can choose and mark our social status.
It seems the old, serious quaint world
Is gradually being eroded.
Our very notion of space
Is challenged by the virtual.
Nuclear families frozen in time
Still cling to secure, time honoured symbols
Of precious Sunday Roast & Sabbath.
But things are changing at lightning speed
In this rampant, best buy Babylon:
Where the surface is always shifting
There are already 24 hour
Shining, drive thru, fast food establishments
In every major city; in every minor town.
Crudely served cheap crap has replaced culinary delights.

Deluxe casinos and shopping malls
Will soon eclipse grey, dusty churches;
Whose relevance ceased long ago.
And rows and rows of wrecked, junk den
Terraced houses will be demolished;
Along with creaking, archaic town halls
Where the public once communed
To articulate their concerns.
Teams of educated hypnotists
Are always at hand to lull us. Although they are
Well trained to gently extinguish
All of our burning questions, I'm still perplexed.
Does the modern world really have to resemble
A cool, simulated Las Vegas

Dominic Windram
The Ghost Of Maggie Thatcher (2014)

The ghost of Maggie Thatcher is at large and well:
In the form of my girlfriend. She's a living hell!

Dominic Windram
The Gifts Of The Gods

The gifts of the gods:
Strange textures of sun & moon;
Wild colours and forms.

Dominic Windram
The Global Village

'Things go better with Coca Cola! '
So say the vivid, beaming billboards.
That overlook pyramids of crap.
Families are squeezed into make shift shelters.
While keen consumers discard the old ways
And cling to modern, alien gods.
The ravens of commerce mock frail doves.
Flowers for the West; ghettos for the East.

Black, skeletal dogs chew at nothing
While the streets are ruled by drug barons.
Nobody listens; no one comprehends
As shiny gadgets continue to sell.
Toothpaste commercials of pure whiteness
Still weave their seductive illusions.
While real hunger doesn't murmur but screams.
Flowers for the West; ghettos for the East.

Dominic Windram
The Golden Age Of Coaches - 1950's

Coaches of bright blue, red & green:
Symbols of adventure, freedom;
Safe, comfy capsules on wheels;
Following the path of the sun;
From slow moving, sleepy villages,
And spluttering, chimney choked towns,
Into the big wide world beyond average
Backyards & backwater sights & sounds;
Golden days of radiant movement,
Glimpsing wonders - such magic moments!

Dominic Windram
The Gospels Of Grace

O the gospels of grace are called for in the streets:
Where there are many lost, desolate souls in need.
Yet who among us will answer their constant prayers
And cries, in this broken world, where mercy is rare?

Dominic Windram
The Graceful Dancer

The graceful dancer.
Moves like a swan, and reflects
Creation's beauty.

Dominic Windram
The Grand National

One horse wins and is soon immortalized.
Another horse falls and is 'retired'.
That's the way of this ruthless world I guess
We honour winners & forget losers.
There are no grey areas; just black & white
When it comes to 'sporting' competition.
We crown the great with flowers & glory.
The weakest ones are confined to the dust.
While somebody always profits richly.
For money is the root of all evil.

Dominic Windram
The Great Artists

The great artists pass through this life
Like stars of different seasons;
Like comets that span the centuries;
Like broken messiahs bloodied by doubt;
Like flowers barely surviving in frost.
They have a primal need and purpose,
To reveal the glory of their gifts,
As they patiently carve out precious forms,
From the marble and stone of their dreams.
Yet they are rarely comprehended,
Or regarded, until long after their deaths;
In a world content to live amidst shadows.

Dominic Windram
The Great Forms Of Life

When we grapple with the great Forms of life
We often appear enthused at first.
But end up bewildered by the vastness
Of the task, like owls squinting at the sun.

Dominic Windram
The Great Noam Chomsky

O these historians and scholars are patsies,
Compared to the great intellect of Noam Chomsky!

Dominic Windram
The Haunted Castle

As we approached the spooky castle,
We heard the moans of numerous ghosts,
And the eerie flapping of bats' wings.
O we were cloaked in a whirling, white mist.
It was like something out of a grave dream!
Our very souls seemed to be hypnotised.

Fear enveloped our senses on
That fateful night; under bright starlight.
The moon looked pale and weary with yellow dread.
Even the wind seemed to whisper warnings
To stay away! How I wish we'd listened.
For now our lives are greatly troubled..

Dominic Windram
The Healing Power Of Laughter

We construct, with laughter, a glorious
Dwelling place: where the world's turned on its head
And the daily gloom is lifted. We are
Thankfully restored once more to our
Natural state of grace. We are at one
With an inner light that will never fade.

Dominic Windram
The Honours System

The Honours system is a remnant of Empire.
It is a pompous pantomime for flatterers and fakes.
It is a ridiculous charade. It is designed
To keep people in line. To me, it wreaks of class divide.

Dominic Windram
The Human Condition

We are always seeking sanctuary,
Under the warmth of an innocent sun,
But dreadful desires will not let us rest.
The fabled descent of the star & the dove
Hasn't changed the discord of lamentation
And the skeleton ways of constant war.
We are tied like prisoners to the dark earth:
Where fertile redemption is a distant light.
The fabled Wings of Love are too frail
To soar above this broken world of shadows.

Dominic Windram
The Human Zoo (Reality T.V)

It's another purgatorial summer.
The crude exhibitionists
Conglomerate to entertain us
And learn something new
About themselves:
In a journey of sorts.

Some plod round and round
The small garden pool:
Grunting like their
Hairier but nobler
Common ancestors.
Some snarl and screech
About nothing in particular.
Others engage in puerile
Conversations about
Drinking and sex.

They're docile bodies
Under constant surveillance;
Fed treats
Like chimpanzees
If they play
The absurd, preset games.

And of course there are
The usual suspects:
Insomniacs who
Roam like zombies
In the artificial night;
Smoking like troopers;
Obese buxom blabbermouths
Who eat out of boredom
Like grizzled, old bears;
And scantily clad
Sun tanned, anorexic Barbie dolls;
Desperately hoping to become
Models in the gleaming future
With the opposite problem.
Welcome to
The neon lit asylum
Of matted plastic grass:
That bakes in the sun.
Half eaten meat & crisps
Are scattered liberally
& soggy towels
Strewn everywhere;
Like discarded
Nonsense rhymes.

Hoe I'd love to pin one
Of these petulant poseurs
Against a wall and ask
The burning question:
Whether it was all worth it;
For a fleeting glimmer of fame
In a slowly ticking lifetime;
Where many no longer need
To dig deep to find treasure;
Yet so few discover rare gold.

Dominic Windram
The Hyena & The Lion

The grinning, imbecilic hyena:
That constantly courts the superficial;
Can dance on the grave of the
It will never be, not in this lifetime,
Nor in the passing of a thousand years:
A noble, ultra literate lion.

Dominic Windram
The Ideal Consumer

I am immeasurably moved by McDonald's;
Particularly it's delicious milkshakes.
O I'm naturally inclined to Nando's.
And I am simply potty for Pepsi Cola.
I am besotted by Dolce & Gabbana.
And I'm addicted to Amazon and eBay.
Just like a magpie I collect shiny objects.
I always have to shop: constantly spend, spend, spend.
O yes I am the token consumer junkie:
A gift for all those involved in advertising.
Because I am really easy to hypnotise.
Because in truth I'm never ever satisfied.

Dominic Windram
The Idiot Known As A.J

O he is tattooed, bulbous & useless.  
He's a bigot with a bad attitude.  
I'm so relieved to be rid of him and  
His dumb plans. O he is a parasite!  
It is all about the money with him.  
O he thinks at he is so important;  
When in reality he is vermin!

Dominic Windram
The Ignorant Ones

The ignorant ones possess the subtlety
Of sledgehammers! They've no sense of culture.
O they praise their own nation's Queen and flag;
Whilst they spit upon unwanted 'foreigners'.
They know nothing beyond their petty tribes.
They are decidedly vile of tongue and
Slow of wit. Indeed, they make me feel sick!
They can only converse about sex, beer
And sport. These philistines seem to thrive,
In provincial towns, up and down the land.
They massively outnumber us artists
And poets. That is why I still dream of
Faraway places, where perhaps one can
Just be, and express oneself without fear.

Dominic Windram
The Image & The Reality

Do you know we embrace
The image not the reality?
We say we're free,
But our freedom's prescribed.
We live in the shadow lands;
Blind to the sun of original design.
We are like prisoners in the dark:
Carving idols out of stone;
Creating images on the walls
Of our 'civilized' caves.
Culture keeps us safe; keeps us warm.
A magic lantern box of tricks, flickers on
Perpetually, to keep us entertained.
We are living a lie from day to day.
From the cradle to the crave,
Everything here is pure fantasy.
It smacks of deep repression.
It is a gross denial of self hood.

Dominic Windram
The Incomparable Radiance Of Love

Love redeems as it renews;
Defies all icy solitude.
Love transforms us
From vain creatures of night
Into pure angels of light.
Love is the affirmative answer
To every troubled question mark.
It is the greatest of gifts.

Love is the blood red rose
In a cruel kingdom of thorns.
Love is the Word made flesh;
The sacrificial Lamb.
From its spirit new life
Is continually formed
Within the empty vessels
Of this wanton world.

And the longer we strive,
The more we may find
That Love is the force
With which we all seek to defy
The dark realms of the abyss
Which lie within each one of us.

Dominic Windram
The Ingenious Creators

Ingenious creators are rare among us.
O they possess a fiery joy in their hearts;
That's stimulated by the seasons' vital blood.
The sheer force of their labour expands our crude,
Earth bound consciousness. They defy the ancient norms.
They cannot be controlled by the codes of the tribe.
They proclaim the cosmos; beyond the world's limits.
Yet they are all too familiar with the icy
Depths of inner kingdoms and their implacable
Sadness. Thus they are torn between the light and dark.
Within this desperate struggle, we find the fuse
That sparks and fuels their teeming creativity.

Dominic Windram
The Inner Light

The inner light is so near,
Yet often out of reach, in a
Wayward world: that drives people mad
With all its dazzling distractions!

Dominic Windram
The Ipad Junkies

The iPod junkies:
They pursue their dreams on screens.
Life passes them by.

Dominic Windram
The Iron Cages Of Capitalism

Trapped in their 'iron' cages,
The birds of forgetfulness;
The birds of longing
Are singing sweetly:
Some in ignorance
Of their captivity.
Some enraptured
With their own voices;
Some for the shiny objects
That they are bred to adore.
Some merely beat their wings
Monotonously against the bars.
Some sing to mask their hatred
Of life denying systems.
While others are still dreaming
Of their right to be free.
And as they see the beauty
Of the world beyond them
They are devising plans
For their eventual escape.

Dominic Windram
The Joy Of Artistic Creation

Flowers are in bloom,
For all those that work within
Kingdoms of the mind.

Dominic Windram
The King Of Rock N' Roll

He was the Voice made flesh;
The King of rock n' roll.
He was a secular Christ in
A diamond studded jumpsuit;
A plastic poltroon so regal,
In a gleaming pink limousine.
He had a flabby belly; full
Of burgers and barbiturates,
And an iconic mansion filled
With piles of expensive junk;
With a prized telephone made of gold
He was the American Dream made real;
From scarred realms of ragged poverty,
To the bovine light of bloated riches.
Now a thousand clowns impersonate
His gilded, gluttonous legacy
He was the Voice made flesh;
The King of Rock N' Roll.

Dominic Windram
The King Of The Court

The sheer force of
Federer's forehand motion
Is like a profound liquid whip.
And he's as graceful as a swan.
He moves like a ballerina.
His slice backhand
Is indeed a thing of beauty.
With such fluid style of play,
He caresses the ball,
As though he owns it.
He's a master artist:
A genius of his era.

Dominic Windram
The Land Of Creation

You are indeed wise
To promote the best features
Of your brand;

As you invite us
To ride the vibe
Of fabled Tel Aviv.

I can smell the fragrance
Of your dreams and desires;
Where new fruits grow from disputed soil;

Where the stilted light
Casts no wild shadows
Upon your pristine streets;

Where the ragged strangers
Are hidden far away
From your gleaming facades;

Where the legacy is glorified
And the present airbrushed;

Where selective memory
Is always kept alive.

But I won't allow myself
To be distracted or bribed
By the souvenirs of your deceit.

Dominic Windram
The Last Traces Of Love

O the last traces of love are now scattered,
Over this darkened room, and pale ghosts whisper
Falsehoods into our ears. O this room
Was once adorned with all the fragrant flowers
Of the seasons, and glowed with a magical
Light. But Time's shadows seem to be lengthening,
And it now provides no comfort for the wounded;
And no warm shelter from the incoming storm.

Dominic Windram
The Leader Of The Opposition

The press create a caricature of the man.
They ridicule and malign him anyway they can.
They get their bovine readers to hate him and what
He stands for. O how they would like to see him rot!

Dominic Windram
The Legend That Is Link Wray

I adore Link Wray!
His wild, primal guitar sounds,
Cut through mainstream crap.

Dominic Windram
The Light Cannot Be Extinguished

The Light cannot be extinguished,
By descendants of Adam's curse,
Or by modern, idiot sins.
It will continue to shine forth,
In the East and the West, until
The false mirrors have been broken.

Dominic Windram
The Light Of Knowledge And Wisdom

If I had limitless time, to ponder
And penetrate the knowledge and wisdom
Accumulated over the centuries;
Even then I would only be able
To scratch the surface of significant
Consciousness. Perhaps I might be able
To perceive key elements of design,
But not the origins of its pure light.

Dominic Windram
The Light Of My Muse

She creates the words that I might write down.  
Her soft embrace cautions my fevered soul.  
She, who guides the slow arrow of beauty.  
She, who seeps quietly through the heart's cracks.  
Her light is not familiar, diurnal;  
That regulates circadian rhythm.  
It is not the surreal, violet twilight  
Beloved of dark, eccentric artists.  
Nor is it the neon glow of shadow kingdoms.  
Hers is invisible, hallowed light:  
That punctuates obscure mysteries;  
That traces the contours of visions & dreams.  
Her light is solitary, lyrical.  
Her fire purifies leaden lexicons.

Dominic Windram
The Light Of Solitude

The solemn monk is praying
In the old church at midnight.
He contemplates silent things;
Bathed in a halo of light.

Though darkness has engulfed him,
His devotion has strengthened.
The blazing Word will save him,
As Time's cruel shadows lengthen.

Dominic Windram
The Light Of The Spirit

The Light of the Spirit
Flows through verdant creation.
It heals and renews.

Dominic Windram
The Lighthouse

Tall, hollow tower at cliff's edge;
With faded paint of blue and white.
Its walls drenched in battered sea mist:
A beacon in the bleakest night;
An ancient, eyeless monitor.
Crass neon shrines or crude symbols,
Cannot weigh its intrinsic worth.
Modernity's fabled angels,
In their frantic ubiquity,
Can't decipher its coded beams.
Yet it still stands: intransigent;
Iconic & immovable;
As it fulfills its trusted role
Of guiding ships in troubled seas.
It represents wisdom's triumph,
And nobility's sovereignty.

Dominic Windram
The Lightning Flash

The lightning flash of
Heightened consciousness makes me
Feel more heavenly.

Dominic Windram
The Living Dead

At Tesco’s car park it’s like the movie
'The Night Of The Living Dead.' People walk
Like zombies with neither rhyme nor reason.
My five year old niece has more awareness.
At least she knows how to look around for danger.
Yet these fools are seemingly oblivious
To anything that stirs their consciousness.
I have to rev my engine to remind
Them of my presence. Some are on their phones,
While others are simply ambling by without
A care in the world. O I ask in deep
Despair: 'What the hell is going on here? !'

Dominic Windram
The Loss Of Magic & Wonder

The vibrant myths no longer have any meaning,  
To a world that's focused on rampant progress.  
Yet superstitions still linger. We're still afraid  
Of snakes and the dark. And no amount of novel  
Technology can dissuade us from our fears.  
The powers that be have tried to bury the light.  
They've attempted to drain away life's mysteries.  
Beauty has collapsed into digitals and dust.  
Only in our dreams can we feel completely free.  
For our consciousness has not yet been colonised.

Dominic Windram
The Loss Of Wonder

The faint scent
Of old, familiar skin
Lingers in the cold, October dawn.

The day job seems
Never ending.

The gradual freezing
Of child like emotions
Accompanies ageing.

Light recedes
In the mind's eye.

Protean words
Are lost in the autumnal sun.

Time is built
Around scars.

The habits of a lifetime
Die painfully.

We have armoured
Ourselves against wonder

We have forgotten
The ways to the kingdom.

Dominic Windram
The Mall

Rabid shoppers don't seem perturbed
By the mall's humid microwaved air.
In this cathedral of consumption
The new gods are glossy items;
Cut price souvenirs not ancient relics.
The glassy eyed worshippers here,
Kneel before miracles of mass production;
Genuflect before inflated jeweled junk.
These acolytes are vaguely connected
By a shared fetish for branded idols.
They do not come here to converse
Or communicate soul to soul
For this is the way of the world now.
There's no place for obscure mysteries;
Only the allure of desirable objects;
Only deluxe rituals of ornamental order
Can assuage the perennial, mortal despair.
Yet no one is to be redeemed it seems,
Although this curious, secular congregation,
Is bathed in a halo of cool, artificial light.

Dominic Windram
The Man Of Steel

O mighty superman do we still need you now?
The platitudes that drip from your cold steel lips
About Truth, Justice and the American way,
Now seem somewhat lame, bloated and misconceived.
You and your cartoon ilk represent a fading
Era: a crude, brutish ideology;
That is neatly wrapped up in the Stars & Stripes.
We no longer need your airbrushed, mawkish visions.

Dominic Windram
The Matador As Artist.

The cool matador
Beats the bull: with elegance
And inventiveness

Dominic Windram
The Meaning Of Life

We are not here:
To merely pursue the feral fires of desire;
To consume the darkness via animal appetites.

We are not here:
To follow well worn formulas; to bleat like lambs;
To mouth sentimental lullabies to plastic angels.

We are not here:
To create novel kingdoms or to resurrect
The symbolic traces of ancient ceremonies.

We are not here:
To bless the scattered bones of the carcass
Or to stare too deeply into the hollow idol's eyes.

We are not here:
To invent a junk culture of distractions;
To escape the Void via myriad flights of fancy.

We are not here:
To strengthen the fangs of the serpent,
Or to sharpen the weapons of metal tigers.

We are not here:
To raise the tattered flags of our forbearers;
To filter out all of the disagreeable colours

We are not here:
To clad our innermost fears
With inelegant uniforms that do not fit us.

Rather we are here:
To fulfil the sovereign needs of heart & soul;
To rein in our wanderings & nobly refine our primal consciousness.

Dominic Windram
The Military Industrial Complex

Whether it be Hawk or Dove in charge,
It's always business as usual.
The too well oiled war machine rolls on.
For brute power seeks to represent its
Depraved form in bloodshed & crushed bones.
Perhaps it's a primal drive nurtured
By repressive patriarchal designs.
Perhaps it's merely a distraction
From more pressing domestic matters.
It's easy to wrap ideology within
The dubious patriotism of a flag:
'The Stars & Stripes' logo is a most
Notorious form of marketing.
It's easy to create convenient scapegoats:
Perpetual enemies: old & new.
Perhaps it's because money is now
The main god: ubiquitously worshipped:
Never really questioned or investigated:
The main concern of Western discourse;
Propelled by a peculiar 'democratic' impulse.

Dominic Windram
The Military Industrial Complex 2

War mongers remain;
Whichever actor happens
To be President.

Dominic Windram
The Miraculous Swan

O wondrous swan,
When I gaze upon,
Your graceful presence;
Your snow white plumage;
Your sense of promise;
Your air of stillness;
I marvel at nature;
At sweet creation.

Dominic Windram
The Modern Airport

The modern airport:
A glitzy shopping centre
With runways attached.

Dominic Windram
The Modern Cave Dwellers

Moving along in our, bright modern ways:
What shall we do with our time today?
Shall we visit the familiar sties,
And stuff ourselves with burgers and fries?
Perhaps we could frequent the new shopping Centre and purchase more expensive things?
We will probably discuss the weather
Or the latest disaster... whatever.
Perhaps we'll invest in the Stock Exchange,
Or travel to the seaside for a change.

O what shall we do; o what shall we wear?
Which tribe should we cling to in our despair?
Perhaps we'll mingle with the nouveau riche?
These days they seem to be so out of reach.
To be quite frank, I don't know how they dare!
Who shall we vote for and who really cares?
It's so confusing these days! We should choose Carefully and pick the one who'll not lose;
With the best suit and cleverest catchphrase.
O what shall we do with these pointless days?

Dominic Windram
The Modern Malaise

Some absorb the blatant media lies
Others are addicted to exercise.
Some are now seduced by fads & gadgets:
So many elaborate ways to forget.
Some consult the stars to trace their destinies.
While there are many who identify
With the daily lives of celebrities
Some kill time in brightly lit casinos.
Some are motivated by constant gain.
Others indulge in drugs to ease life's pain.
Some like to shop in overcrowded malls.
There are those who find Jesus and are reborn.
Others follow sports of all kinds; played by
Man boy millionaires, snug in their sties.
Some satiate themselves with crude fast food.
Some deal in conspiracies - idle fools.
Others decipher obscure meanings
From the bones of a controversial king.
Some prefer to proudly raise their nations' flags
Others salivate about designer bags.
Some are just content with the status quo.
Like modern peasants; they go with the flow.
As for me I'm quite happy to reside
In quiet realms away from prying eyes.

Dominic Windram
The Moon King

Sleigh rides in the snow,
Under bright, saffron moonlight,
Winter's strange magic.

Dominic Windram
The Murder Of A President

Flags unfurling
Beneath crystal blue skies.
Cheering crowds
& docile birds.

Snakes hiss in the grass.

The wind whispers its warnings.

Suddenly a shadow descends
& bullets jostle the skull's quietus.

Screaming crowds & screeching birds.

These fragments stain the memory.

Fear grips God's ' anointed' nation.

The ' sacred' is shattered by the profane.

Even now the eyes of the world
Are still watching closely; frame by frame.

Dominic Windram
The Mystic Poet

The mystic poet can turn funeral laments
Into hymns of rapture. For he's blessed by the gods.
He emphasises verdant creation's oneness.
He is driven by the light of faith in dark times.

Dominic Windram
The Negotiating Table

They talk in sound bites
To the amorphous masses.
They drone on and on
Around the fabled table;
About conflict & peace.
But nothing ever changes.

Same as it ever was.
Same as it ever was.

They like the sound
Of their own voices.
They've designed
A blueprint for the future:
To seal their names in history.
But the body count just gets higher.

Same as it ever was.
Same as it ever was.

Dominic Windram
The Neon Boneyard

Washed out greens and blues; dirty pinks and whites; 
Signs with broken bulbs; scorched regal purples 
And scandalous scarlet lights stripped of notoriety; 
Garish signifiers of bold billion dollar dreams, 
Now reduced to faint whispers 
Like the fleeting fires of sun drenched fame. 
Think of bloated Elvis in drug addled haze. 
No vibrant splashes; just weak hues and shades. 
Rusted gold lettering that once proudly 
Adorned a world of decadence: 
Now forlorn; inverted - rendered obsolete; 
Rotting and peeling in the severe desert heat. 
All that appears to remain amidst 
Mammon's conspicuous ruins 
Are sprinkled fragments of stardust 
Frozen glyphs in the ashes of time.

Dominic Windram
The New Dawn Fades

The new dawn fades before it can offer,
Any hint of hope or sign of promise.
We still trudge along the treadmill of life.
We're chained to work and prescribed leisure.
While the homeless stammer, cough and stagger
From one doorway to the next; such is life.
The light's buried under cold steel structures.
We all know deep down in our weary bones;
That there will be no road to paradise:
Just prolonged treks of meaningless miles.
I select fragments of art & poetry
From modernity's vast landfills and ruins.
Times are dark, but I can still appreciate
The inherent beauty of hymns or flowers.
The new dawn fades before it can offer,
Any hint of hope or sign of promise.

Dominic Windram
The Next England Football Manager?

What can be done with our national team?
Einstein proclaimed that insanity is
Doing the same thing, over and over
Again, and expecting a completely
Different forth, true to form,
The F.A should appoint Kermit the Frog
As the next England football manager.
As every other muppet has had a go!

Dominic Windram
The Old Faith Still Flows Deep Inside The Heart Of Me

I can sense the rich scent of incense in the haze
Of incomparable, sacred yesterdays.
Bold metaphors of pure gold still
Burn through my Catholic veins like vital blood.

I hear the Angels' prolonged lamentations
In the fevered realms of faithless night.
I perceive the abyss' countenance as it sneers at creation.
Profound symbols disintegrate into mere signs.

Where is the deep communion
In an age of instant access?
Where are the noble Beatitudes
In a world of wanton excess?

I await the coming spring time
Of a greater light that will seep
Through the cracks in our dreams;
And our elaborate but superficial designs.

Dominic Windram
The Old Houses Of The Headland: Hartlepool 3rd Of March 2020

These old white- washed houses contain secrets.
Sometimes their ancient ghosts seem to whisper
Of strange dreams and sailors' bold adventures;
Of the warm light of love that never fades.

These old white- washed houses always stand firm.
They have outlasted Time's fleeting fashions.
Battered by wind and covered in sea mist;
They ache with the passing of centuries.

Dominic Windram
The Old Masters

O the old masters composed Haikus of the seasons. 
I think of them, as most humble, patient and wise. 
I think of them, when I'm attempting to condense
My endless flow of thoughts, into a few brief words.

Dominic Windram
The Old Mystic

The old mystic glows like a source of light.
O he has endured dreadful realms of night.
Yet he has remained patient through it all.
For he still hears the ancient spirits' calls.
He glimpses God's presence in fields and trees.
He hears summer's whispers on the warm breeze.
He has no need for austere churches and
Dogmatic creeds. For he now understands
The oneness inherent in all Creation.
He sees the hope in human situations.
He doesn't judge; just contemplates life, death
And rebirth. Spring's fresh scent lingers on his breath.
His presence is always so warm and bright.
The old mystic glows like a source of light.

Dominic Windram
The Old Prophet

The old prophet smelt strongly of the wilderness.  
He didn't disguise his hatred of convention;  
Nor his deep loathing for ludicrous modern ways.  
Yet his unutterable grasp of truth and beauty  
Marked him as a wise, enlightened one; far removed  
From all the glaring vicissitudes of his time.  
He had traversed all the kingdoms of light and dark  
And knew all the temptations contained in the soul.  
He wished to obliterate rigid ritual,  
And expand the reach of Love's sacred consciousness.

Dominic Windram
The Old School

This old place echoes
With childhood dreams forgotten;
With yesterday's ghosts.

Dominic Windram
The One And Only Scooby Doo! (For Bobby & Lucy Windram)

Cowardly canine:
Who adores sumptuous meals
And delicious snacks!

Dominic Windram
The Only Hope

The only hope is,
For you and I, to commit
To a noble cause.

Dominic Windram
The Originality Of George Stephenson (1781 - 1848.)

George Stephenson was the one:
The gleaming soul of all motion;
Whose gnarled, hard, coal picking hands
Became soft & graceful with magic,
As he tinkered with primal machines,
Turning base metal into gold.

Stephen's Blucher drove at a snail's pace;
Compared to contemporary, speedy designs.
Yet still it was a giant stride
For evolving, human kind.

In 1814, in a monochrome world,
The first drowsy steam engine set off:
Puffing, hissing, spluttering up a steep hill
And easing with a sigh down the tracks;
Heroic in billowing clouds of smoke
With fire belching from its stomach;
Bold, black beauty of a restless Age;
Life would never be the same again!

Dominic Windram
The Paradox Of Poetry

Tenebrous notions and heavy thoughts, are
Often lightly expressed, in dream like verse.

Dominic Windram
The Passing Of Time

The passing of time:
Spring's bright blossoms come and go.
O world of sorrow!

Dominic Windram
The Passion Of Dreamers

The passion of dreamers
Sets fire to the halls of injustice
And the false evidence burns
To a sumptuous whiteness

It rattles the Houses of Parliament,
And forces the windows wide open
So the fatuous speeches can fly out.

The passion of dreamers wipes away
The mist from the spectacles of the old.
It infects their creaking bones with new desire
And they laugh as if they were children again.

Even prisoners in totalitarian states,
And the scorned whistleblowers
Of the 'democratic' West,
Imagine they see daylight,
When they remember
The passion of dreamers.

It runs across caustic systems that divide
And it reconciles rival regimes.
It longs for a time that unites all the tribes:
When all colours & creeds will blend into one.

What a curious thing it is; the passion of dreamers
High - flying and subversive: flexible & idealistic.
Long before rigid regulations; long before iron law
And the dusty, well worn pages of scripture
We felt the passion. Now we need to forego platitudes
And empty rhetoric. We need to differentiate
The spurious from the true. For we must understood
In our hearts the real meaning of freedom but alas so few do.

Dominic Windram
The Past Is A Blue Note Inside Of Me

The past is a blue note inside of me
For life’s joys have passed me by endlessly.
Black's in fashion for this winter's passion;
So I try to create sonnets & ballads
For the living dead; for the silent ones:
Who never know comfort or happiness.

Some say that time is the great healer.
But what if time is really the disease?
Psychologists speak of learned helplessness.
I can't erase sorrowful memories
And the so called future is a chasm.
The past is a blue note inside of me.

Dominic Windram
The Perennial Struggle Between Culture And Ignorance

I'm the matador; the true creative spirit;
For I have thwarted many dumb bulls in my time.
I'm in this for the long haul.I'll always persit.
I will do everything in my power to resist.
With my flair for words, and constant movement,
I will keep the cretins guessing. I will create
A series of brand new notions, symbols and signs.
I will not allow crap to replace the sublime!

Dominic Windram
The Place Where I Grew Up

The place where I grew up, now looks so small and quaint,
O but what bright, vivid memories it still paints
In my consciousness. The houses and the gardens
Remind me of a blithe time of fairytales: when
I was content to play and dream the days away.
Although I know I can never return again,
I will always cherish the treasures I found there.
For sweet childhood visions are so precious and rare.

Dominic Windram
The Poet Dwells Among Them

Among grey rocks of bigotry,
I am the protean one.
Among weary flesh and bone,
I am the spirit of enchantment.
Among gnarled trees and thorns,
I am the blood red rose.
Among authorised answers,
I am the bold, burning question.
Among perfect skin,
I am the fresh wound.
Among the blazing light of technology,
I am the shadow of doubt.

Among power,
I am the lamb.
Among flags,
I am the purifying flame.
Among wars,
I am the deserter.
Among family,
I am the recluse.
Among august gods,
I am the iconoclast.
Among great, raging religions,
I am the small, silent prayer.

Dominic Windram
The Poetry Slammers - Version 2

I'd rather my poetry
Was considered antediluvian
Than pursue the trite novelty
Of the preposterous poetry slammers.
Fads will come & fads will go
And it's amazing what they reveal.
Their maddening masquerades
Are full of fury signifying nothing!
These clowns are pure pantomime
But they don't make me laugh.

Dominic Windram
The Poet's Fire

The poet's fire:
Alone in secluded woods;
Burning so brightly.

Dominic Windram
The Political Class (September 2019: U.K In The Midst Of Brexit)

Who among you cannot but admire the political class?
Who believe that Britannia still rules the waves;
Who weep crocodile tears and disrespect democracy;
Who stink to high heaven on all sides of the debate;
Whose narrow visions allow for no kind of awakening;
Whose truths are hot air balloons floating in the breeze;
Whose elite schooling distances them from cold steel reality;
Whose speeches are epics of empty rhetoric;
Whose point scoring would be better suited to game shows;
Whose egos are obese and in need of counselling;
Whose blood is decidedly bureaucratic;
Whose world view is shaped by doubt & fear;
Whose allegiance to the Queen is laughable;
Whose honours system is a relic from some bygone age
And whose hearts and souls are as bleak and grey as tombstones.
Who among you cannot but admire the political class?

Dominic Windram
The Postmodern Jukebox

The postmodern jukebox is a mishmash
Of musical styles. It blends Johnny Cash
And Elvis Presley with new techno beats.
It serves up a lot of surprising treats!

Dominic Windram
I want to create wondrous worlds
That cannot be replicated by machines.
I'm keen to experience
Sun bursts of new madness.
I'm so bored of the plastic flowers
Protruding from blasé bouquets.
I'd like to embrace the elements
& bask in their molecular beauty.
I'm keen to describe the subtle
Textures of the seasons:
O how miraculous are the colours & shades of autumn!
I'd like to taste the violet fragrance of spring.
I await the smell of fresh summer rain;
That transfigures the grey, concrete streets of apathy.
I'm prone to ridiculing
The rampant neon & steel designs
Of the dreamless ones.
I'd like to hear the golden hymns of angels.
I want to compose a pure poem
That can redeem the ravaged night.
I'm keen to capture
The utter mystery of the moment;
Wrap it up like a birthday gift,
And cherish it like a long lost friend.

Dominic Windram
Nightmares may sap our substance, but sumptuous dreams
Enable us to transcend these mundane, mortal realms.
They represent a kind of flight from the physical.
There are as many, as there are, migrating birds or
Flocks of angels; assembling in pure blue skies.
O dreams are like gleaming stars spread across the night!
They are perhaps, the only heaven we'll ever know.
O they are pinpricks of hope in desolate times!

Dominic Windram
The Power Of Love

O she came into my world with magic meaning.
She arrived brightly; with the summer sun blazing.
Her radiant beauty was such a sight to see.
The freedom she brought with her was gold dust to me!

Dominic Windram
The Power Of The Mask

O everyone, who is profound, adores the mask.  
And that is why the philosopher king, often  
Appears, in the guise of a comedian.  
For, to be understand, he has to appeal to  
The crowd and mirror common surface behaviours.  
Yet he sometimes gives himself away, as there is  
Perhaps too great a display of light in his eyes,  
And a reckless, sardonic smirk that speaks volumes!

Dominic Windram
The Powers That Be (In Solidarity With J.A)

O we will no longer follow your cold commands,
Now that your wretched, swollen plans have been exposed.
O we will no longer believe in your fake creeds
And your crass mantras. Power to all the people!

Dominic Windram
The Presidential Election: 2016

O there's no sign of life here.  
There's merely the power to sway.  
It's like a postmodern take on  
Punch & Judy shows but less quaint:  
With the spouting of platitudes;  
Lots of flag waving; fist pumping;  
Flashes of cartoon like debate,  
That flood and distort the senses.  
It's a brightly lit distraction  
From issues that really matter.  
Do they really consider this  
Circus to be democracy?

Dominic Windram
The Proverbial Elephant In The Room

O they pretend that they cannot perceive
The proverbial elephant in
The room. But the more discerning viewers
Among us can see passed their spin and lies.

Dominic Windram
The Psychiatric Ward

Keep them in line - they must take their pills
Religiously. Keep these malleable objects,
Of Freud's apocryphal vision,
Constantly active, constantly busy.

Keep them tied to the womb; don't let them be born.
Deter them from thinking strange thoughts.
Keep them drawing aimlessly with crayons,
And cooking barely edible cakes & biscuits.
Please remember, that for some, flower arranging
Entails the very meaning of existence.

Timetables, with a vast array of tasks,
Produce obedient dummies;
And with clockwork precision
Dissolve a fuzzy kind of freedom.

Dominic Windram
The Pure Light

It is the pure Light
That silences the babble
Of desperate voices.

Dominic Windram
The Queen Of Green

She's the Queen of Green; she wants to save the planet!
Her solar powered house is built entirely out,
Of recycled stone & wood. She grows organic
Fruit & veg... and being so P.C there's no doubt,
She's very kind to animals: taking care of
Two cute dogs and two cute cats; she rescued from harm.
She's also in possession of four cute horses.
And they all live so happily on her ranch farm!

Yes she's the Queen of Green; she wants to save the world.
She drives around in an eco-truck that runs on
Cheap sun flower oil and the waste grease from fast foods.
It's converted to bio diesel...huge engine!
She's the Queen of Green; she appears so perfect.
Before she built her dream home she lived in a tepee.
She still camps out in summer surrounded by elks
...as well as deer, owls, eagles, brown bears & coyotes!

She loathes waste so much: particularly packaging.
That's why she always carries a stainless steel bowl
And idiosyncratic bamboo cutlery.
She knows pollution's effects can corrode her soul.
Yes she's the Queen of Green; the coolest girl in town!
Her goal is to be completely self sufficient.
She relies on Nature's plentiful womb - o how
It sustains her on her noble, saintly mission.

Dominic Windram
The Radiance Of Love: (Wedding Poem)

Love redeems as it renews. It defies all icy solitude. 
Love transforms us from vain creatures of night 
Into pure angels of light. Love is the affirmative answer 
To every troubling, burning question. It is the greatest of gifts. 

In this cruel kingdom of thorns, Love is the blood red rose. 
It is the Word made flesh; the sacrificial Lamb. 
From its primal spirit, new life is continually formed 
Within the empty vessels of this wanton world.

Love is freedom's Dove. It cannot be constrained 
By crude conveyors of power. It is as soft as snow and flowers; 
Yet resilient; unyielding. Indeed, the longer we strive, 
The more we may find, that Love is the force 
That drives verdant Creation. And it seeks to defy 
The bitter realms of the Abyss; which lie within each one of us.

für Lukas und Franziskas Hochzeitstag; 
31/8/2019.

Dominic Windram
The Realm Of Culture

The realm of culture
Is now the place where we wage
Our secretive wars.

Dominic Windram
The Return Of The Repressed

Fascist forces are on the rise again
In ultra modern, 'civilised' Europe.
Spurious democracy's been abandoned.
Hear the hackneyed blood & soil narratives;
The clenching of fists & the flying of flags.
Now the abject has reared its ugly head;
Amidst the planned, pristine conformity.
Could this have stirred the dark beast to action?
Nietzsche prophesied the future's heartache.
And I'm sure Sigmund Freud would have ruminated
About its wild, horrifying occurrence,
If he were still alive today. It seems
The return of the repressed is here.
O I have seen the writing on the wall!

Dominic Windram
The Saint And The Sinner (London: 1994)

The white monk and the black monk embraced each other. 
In truth they were much like Siamese twin brothers. 
O they could recognise each other's brokenness. 
They were tuned to one another's joys and sadness. 
Then they both knelt down together to pray in awe, 
In the Almighty's house, on the cold, marble floor. 
They prayed for tolerance, love and peace; and then 
They prayed intensely for the living and the dead.

After several years had passed they realised that 
They were inseparable and most exact. 
O they were undoubtedly made for each other. 
It's just like I said they were much like twin brothers. 
It's not one's half of two, but two maketh the one. 
Light has no meaning without dark to muse upon. 
There is no calm heaven without fiery hell. 
There is no joy without pain as Blake said as well.

The two wise monks knew that life contradicts itself. 
From the beginning to the end: disease courts health. 
With their combined gifts they passionately believed 
That they could attain the Lord's kingdom. For you see 
One would live fully; while the other would reflect. 
One would visit brothels; the other gain respect. 
One devoted to spirit; the other to flesh. 
They imagined their different attributes would mesh.

They lived for ten decades with no doubts or regrets 
Well... the white monk had a few: lack of drugs and sex! 
On the day they both died (at the same time in fact) 
Their two great spirits arose: one white and one black. 
Straight up to heaven they went happy together: 
united at last as spiritual brothers. 
At long last they came face to face with their God: 
Beyond dualisms; beyond evil and good.

Once inside, the brothers could not believe their eyes: 
Eternity's indeed a playground in the skies! 
But things began to turn sour when the Lord spoke
From his gold throne surrounded by misty white smoke.  
He said, ' Indeed you had a most promising scheme  
Which included both sacred and sensual themes.  
But it seems you've each only lived half of your lives  
And in my book, this scheme was somewhat of a skive'.

God sighed and then suddenly summoned his angels.  
'Take this saint and sinner back to my earthly realms.  
One will become a snake and the other a rock.  
Since they are clearly not twins but of different stock! '  
The saint and the sinner protested but in vain.  
They were soon whisked away as it started to rain.  
So please take note all ye who try to tempt your God;  
Behind that kind disguise lies a cynical sod!

Dominic Windram
O the scorpion is a rather strange creature:
A deadly member of the arachnid species;
Associated with evil in common myth.
Unlike us mammals, it dwells in warm, dry regions;
Which many would consider inhospitable.
Its fine tail comprises of five prismatic joints.
It can emit a poisonous, barbed sting and its
Pincers pierce enemies with cold precision.
A friend and natural lover Of unholy
Darkness, it burrows slyly under rocks and stones
To avoid the glare of the sun. I'm curiously
Attracted and repulsed by this puzzling creature.

Dominic Windram
The Scream (London - 1994)

I hold my spectral, skull like head
In desperation and unleash:
A gut wrenched scream for sanity;
O it's an empty debt to faux liberty!
I have imbibed the bitterest poison;
I have endured the darkest angst,
Yet I cannot break free from the past.
It hover like a solemn, black cloud
Draining all that I feel and am.

I long for holy resurrection!
I long for new distractions!
I long to commune with
Verdant nature's teeming spirit!
I long for love that exudes,
The essence of fiery passion!
I long for insight/ deeper visions.

Dominic Windram
The Seasons' Textures

As I grow older, I'm just beginning
To appreciate, Nature's verdant richness.
Its vivid colours are a delight to
Behold. On long walks in the countryside,
I perceive its endless realm of treasures.
I'm inspired by the seasons' textures:
From Winter's crisp whiteness to Spring's bright blooms;
From Summer's splendour to Autumn's solemn flames.

Dominic Windram
When at last the diurnal light dies
And the skewed, spectral shadows lengthen,
Slowly a profound stillness arrives
Cloaked in a velvet gown. Birds settle
In their nests of twigs and thistledown.
And flowers close their drowsy petals.
There are only lullabies of sound:
A time of sweet repose so subtle,
Where in wild woodland nooks and crannies,
Only small, surreal creatures gently stir.
In leafy murmurs of summer's breeze,
They dart between bush and conifer.
Under a harvest of stars, the owls
And bats have taken flight on noiseless,
Beating wings; softly nurtured and crowned
By the moon's mysterious caress.

My spellbound pen is inclined to transcribe
The deeper beauty of this potent night;
And the secret realms where dreams are woven;
Which our ordinary senses suspend.

Dominic Windram
The Secular Gods

The secular gods
Are worshiped in their thousands.
Yet lack grace & light

Dominic Windram
The Signs Of Secret Lives

Although, these days, we rarely remove our
Elaborate masks, such is social pressure;
The signs of secret lives that we create
From hour to hour; from day to day
Permeate our dream worlds and infiltrate
Our waking consciousness. You could say
That they are remnants from childhood's sweet haze.
Is the rose in summer's garden more vivid
In the memory than in actuality?
Is our faith in the bright fables of Eden
Merely a sham? These signs are rather fuzzy.
They straddle the line between light and shade.
O they move freely between what is real
And what is imagined like a soft breeze.
Intermittently, they pierce the cracks
In our frozen masks and we're uplifted.

Dominic Windram
The Silencer

He works for the Bald Eagle,
In its disheveled backyard.
He believes in order
And crushes wild flowers

As he deals with the 'sinners'
He is blessed by the state.
As he issues electric shocks,
Their bold dreams quickly fade & die.

As he drills through the flesh.
Their poetry is silenced.

Dominic Windram
The Silencing Of Dissent

These dark agents employ many forms of torture.  
They gather where solitary light bulbs flicker;  
In places far removed from everyday conventions.  
O they have the necessary instruments and  
The cold steel appliances at their disposal.  
They can silence dissent in the twinkling of an eye.  
But these sadists prefer, the much crueller, waiting game.  
They can break down the most resilient of wills.  
They can reduce human beings to shrieking ghosts.  
O they can dissolve Mercy's rose into ashes!  
They have slashed the poets' tongues. O they have broken  
The limbs of artists for painting ' obscenities'.  
They work incognito; they cannot be traced or tracked.  
The source of the power behind them is always  
Concealed from us. O their work is never complete!  
They are not content until the 'crooked' is made  
Straight; until the flowers of compassion are crushed,  
And the pure light of liberation is extinguished.

Dominic Windram
The Snouts

O Snout the Elder passed on his pig ignorance
To Snout the Younger. O they lived in a great sty
And guzzled and gorged from weighty troughs night and day.
They were incredibly fat, uncouth and lazy.
They got their dozy, brain dead wives to do all the work.
They were decidedly parochial and they
Were not concerned with international affairs.
They revelled in their petty seems
They believed everything they watched on T.V
And everything they read in the crude tabloid press.
How they hated progressive, liberal education,
Immigrants as well as social security,
And a tax funded health service for the poor.
Yet how they worshipped the archaic monarchy:
Who deemed them low lives and obedient peasants;
Occasionally patronising them with honours
In order to reinforce the cold status quo.
You see the Snouts were incredibly ignorant!

Dominic Windram
The Snow Is Coming: December 19th, 2019

The snow is coming.
It will be a white Christmas;
Like in the movies

Dominic Windram
The Snow Is Now Melting

O yesterday's pure, gleaming, snow that covered
The streets like a blanket, is now melting.

Dominic Windram
The Son Of God

So you thought that you were glimpsing the Light,
When all along you were chasing shadows.
You thought that you were connecting the dots,
When you were really weaving illusions.
You state that the British Royal Family
Are really reptiles: lizards to be precise! ! !

It must have been one hell of a trip
That blew your brainwashed BBC mind.
But you never returned from cloud 9.
And you sound like a broken record;
With your crazy, half ass conspiracies,
And your inability to mock yourself.

Dominic Windram
The Soulless Ones

They close their doors and their minds to difference.
O they watch lots of sports and junk T.V!
For they are their only frames of reference.
They believe everything they read and see.
Although it's hard to be me, I'm so glad
I'm not like them. I think I would go mad!

Dominic Windram
Within this crude body of flesh & bone,
My spirit is like a flimsy curtain:
Swept this way and that by the slightest breeze.
Like a world weary traveller, it is
Often lost among strange lands & surreal skies.
It seeks soft sanctuary. Yet among
Amorphous shrieking crowds it is drowned out.
It's forced to dwell high above in the wings,
As it patiently watches life's futile,
Pantomime scenes unfurl like shadow plays
And pale dreams from another time and place.
It's like a troubled ghost; never finding
Peace with itself; always doubting the worth
Of what it creates. At times, it's joyous:
Warm and snug in the singularity
of its utterly cosmic solitude.
And that's invariably productive.
Time is suspended and one is immersed
In a golden eternity of bliss.
And that's when I feel the best work is made.

Dominic Windram
The Spirit Of Darkness

I am the spirit of darkness.
I am the desecrator of light.
I am the embodiment of envy.
I am the forked tongue of deceit.
I rejoice in wrathful vengeance.
I am the plague of all the ages.
I am your worst nightmare.
I delight in destruction.

Dominic Windram
The Spirit's Light

The Spirit's Light seeps,
Through Life's mortal flesh and blood,
Like a mighty flood.

Dominic Windram
The Splendour Of Love

The splendour of love:
Slowly transforming to gold
In the depths of night.

Dominic Windram
The Splendour Of Spring

The keen April rain descends from the skies
Like a silvery god. It signifies
The flow of fresh redemption from winter's
Cruel, habitual, frozen ways; as it
Heroically leaps to the rescue of
Dry roots in great peril. The light of love
Is now slowly expanding over hills
And streams. Everything is so beautiful
And dream like. Youthful, warm blood is revived
In the cold veins of the aged. I feel
At one with the tenderness of flowers:
In a soft universe of spring blossoms.

Dominic Windram
The Spoilt Child Of Capitalism

O he wants it all
And he wants it this minute.
It's never enough.

Dominic Windram
The Spooky Castle

As we approached the spooky castle,
We heard the moans of numerous ghosts,
And the eerie flapping of bats' wings.
Fear enveloped our senses on
That fateful night under bright starlight.
Even the wind seemed to whisper warnings
To stay away! How I wish we'd listened
For now our lives are greatly troubled...

Dominic Windram
The storm won't relent.
The wind howls and the rain pelts.
I'll remain indoors!

Dominic Windram
The Strange Case Of Nietzsche's Umbrella

Why did F. Nietzsche
Forget his new umbrella?
Was he being profound?
Or perhaps witty?
Was he alluding to things
Beyond our grasp?

Dominic Windram
The Style May Change, But Certain Things Remain.

O I have changed my style so many times,  
That now I no longer know who I am.  
And I've played around with symbols and signs.  
I guess you could call me chameleon.  
Yet one thing that seems to remain constant  
Is my planned pursuit of Truth and Beauty.  
I guess I have still got a lot to learn,  
But for now the wind seems to blow my way.

Dominic Windram
The Tabloid Press: U.K General Election; December 9th, 2019

Rather than proclaim the pure light of truth,
You spread your poisonous propaganda.
Rather than present the actual facts,
You hypnotise with wicked illusions
And lies. You perpetuate ignorance.
You distort and exaggerate. You create
Caricatures and men of straw. You drain
The vital blood from reality's flesh.

Dominic Windram
The Task Of Poets

The task of poets
Is to give birth to themselves:
Turn chaos to stars.

Dominic Windram
The True Artist's Work

The true artist's work opens out into
The world: gracefully, petal by petal,
Like a fresh flower blooming in spring time.
Its textures brim with multiple meanings

Dominic Windram
The True Poet Of Her Age

The true poet of her age is fire born.
She embraces this dream crossed, roaring world
In all its vibrant light and dark aspects.
She feels a kinship with the moon, the stars
Hills, rivers and streams; the wind and the trees.
Her visions transcend this bleak modern age.
She finds no refuge nor comfort in houses
Of decay; where grey spectres of boredom dwell.
She prefers the wild beauty of the open road
For there she feels that she can be truly free

Dominic Windram
The Truth Will Set Us Free

We seek refuge
From an exhausted world,
By way of a thousand distractions
Not elementary visions;
By way of hallowed hierarchies
Not sceptical, secular prophets
By way of 'necessary' fictions,
Not by bruised, hard won truths.

Dominic Windram
The Turning Of The Seasons: (March 28th, 2020)

The seasons' steadfast clock is now slowly
Ticking in time with spring's flickering light:
Which soon will pour out in myriad streams:
To reveal green kingdoms of sweet delights.
Winter's long shadows are fading from view.
Bitter winds are gradually ceasing.
For a desolate world is being renewed.
Soon the birds will begin to softly sing.

Dominic Windram
The Ubiquitous David Beckham

His 'divine' image is everywhere:
Much to the delight of silly girls.

Dominic Windram
The Ubiquity Of Images

O a flash of well phrased, poetic words
Cannot make much of a mark on this world
Of crass, regurgitated images.
Like the iconoclasts of yesteryear,
We need to focus all our efforts on
Preventing their sordid ubiquity.

Dominic Windram
The Ultra-Rich

Barricaded in their gated communities,
It seems that the ultra-rich are not as happy,
As we perhaps, imagine them to be. You see
Like many of us, they're consumed by anxiety.

They are a rather disgruntled clique: constantly
In and out of detox clinics; relentlessly
Seeking 'comfort' from crude plastic surgery,
And solace from psychics, shrinks and gurus. Get real!

Dominic Windram
The Unreliability Of Modern Gadgetry

We are forever being sold the lie,
That modern gadgetry, makes things so much
Easier. Well here's what's happened to me
In the course of a year: my printer's broken
Down twice and also the damn ink never works.
My 'superfast' Broadband is as slow as a snail.
I now use OpenOffice, and when I
Send documents no one can open them.
It also takes an age to remove unwanted
Bullet points and footnotes. I have a naff
Video recorder that records things
For 10 seconds only. Thank God I
Don't use a smart phone, O I can just
Imagine the frustration! And last month,
My university card refused to swipe.
So I had to wait some time in the cold,
For someone to help me open a door.
It seems like when I use Skype it freezes.
I can get audio, but no visuals.
Yesterday, true to form, voice mail failed to
Function on 'fabulous' Facebook Messenger.
O I must have wasted hours, of useful
Energy and time, on so called labour
Saving devices. Now, perhaps it is
The case, that technology has something
Against me. Who knows? It is not beyond
The realms of possibility perhaps.
But by applying elementary logic,
To my soul destroying situation.
I've decided that I'm a victim of
Planned obsolescence. In the end, I guess,
It's all about making lots of money!

Dominic Windram
The Varying Fortunes Of Poets

One stood among the sunflowers
Listening to vibrant birdsong.
Rare delights now flow like
Sparkling streams through his blood.
Another was particularly struck by
The inherent beauty of moonlight
In the febrile realms of night.
One was lost in despair,
For a dry, ungodly season.
And then the thunder & lightning
Arrived and she was reborn
Blessed by silvery shards of rain

Another was plagued by madness
And was sectioned. Now he is just
Another sad spectre locked inside
A gleaming white, sanitised ward:
It turned out that words were no help.
It was just like chasing the wind
As for me, I'm hooked to magic
And attached to the number 7.
I now stand upon the precipice
Bursting with fresh dreams & visions,
With one hand on my horoscope,
And one hand on the edge.

Dominic Windram
The Vatican

You have reduced Christ to a cold, golden idol.
O you seem obsessed with tedious rituals,
Ornamental processions and regalia!
Your acolytes wear habitual, pious masks.
You're so short sighted, archaic and out of touch.
There's a putrid scent emanating from your dogma.

You are content to clip the thriving spirit's wings.
How you crushed your bold prophets of liberation!
Your riches are obscene in the eyes of the oppressed.
To them you're the crucifier of their ragged truths.
Christ dares us to dream, and love beyond ourselves, yet
All you seem to desire is to cling to power.

Dominic Windram
The Vision Descends

The vision descends
Like strange, heavy, silent snow:
Slow awakening.

Dominic Windram
The War Machines

O the cold, calculated war machines,
That unleash the fury of war, are now
Flashing through my consciousness; as I watch
The latest news reports. I can only
Assume the worst in 'collateral damage'.
The death count will be unimaginable!

Dominic Windram
The Waterfall

Between the setting sun and the sudden light
Of the evening star; I came across a waterfall:
A sparkling jewel: cascading, tumbling down
From ragged rock & silver mist that bore
The fragile beauty of rainbow glitter.
The leaves in the valley seemed to whisper
Of Nature's gentle music; the soothing flow
Of crystal blue, where awe & mystery grow.

Dominic Windram
The Wedding Party In Witten: August 31st 2019

O the wedding party in wonderful Witten
Was like a vivid story book or fairy tale,
As the late summer sun poured out its golden rays,
From deep blue skies, across the wide, verdant gardens.

It was a blaze of colours; of light and flowers!
It was a sweet lullaby of love and laughter;
A warm domain of songs, fireworks and friendship.
It will remain in my heart and mind forever.

Dominic Windram
The Weight Of The World

I feel the weight of the world upon my
Feeble shoulders. Like Sisyphus, I keep
On pushing boulders, up the hill of life;
Just to see them roll back to me again.
I'm tired of this absurd existence.
I'd like to retreat from society's
Collective madness. For I don't wish to
Waste the rest of my days chasing the wind.

Dominic Windram
The White Van Man (For Bobby Windram)

O beware of the white van man!
For he seems to do what he can
To break every single rule that's
Ever been carefully devised
And set out in the Highway code.
O he never ever signals.
And ignores all the speed limits
In and out of town. Because he's
The white van man. He does what he likes!
He doesn't seem to comprehend
The concept of a mirror. And
He leaves no room for bicycles.
O he moves in and out of lanes
In a decidedly dangerous
And haphazard manner. Indeed
As a matter of fact, he has no manners!
So beware of the white van man.
He's such a pest & a bloomin' prat!

Dominic Windram
The Whitethroat

They skulk in bushes;
Then emerge like kings to sing
Scratchy, frantic songs.

Dominic Windram
The Wild Ones

The wild ones of summer catch the sun on their tongues. They're emboldened by Dionysian revelries. They get drunk on wine and life's teeming mysteries. At night they wrestle with the moon and their angels. They reject all contrived manifestos and masks. For they are at one with primeval creation.

Dominic Windram
The Wind's Wintry Songs

The wind's wintry songs,
Are now whispering to me
Softly, like snow fall.

Dominic Windram
The Wise Among Us

Elegant words can outlast empires.
Pure faith will transcend base desires.
For 'love' is only ripe for a season.
Compassion is greater than cold reason.
The wise among us know this to be true.
They focus on the seed and not the fruit.
They draw from inner strength not outward masks.
They communicate esoteric facts.

Dominic Windram
The Worst Aspects Of 1980s Pop & Rock Music

Bros were absolute dross!
Wham! was a complete sham!
Shakin' Stevens was Elvis;
Without the voice or talent.
Stock, Aitken and Waterman
Produced Kylie & Jason;
Mel and Kim; Rick Astley,
And all that was ghastly.
Poncy, permed haired 'heavy metal'
Poseurs like Bon Jovi prospered.
Most so called rock stars sold out
For big bucks; of that there's no doubt.
M.J became a ghoul: so creepy;
Thanks to lots of plastic surgery.
Even Bowie was at his worst.
O this decade was truly cursed!

Dominic Windram
The Wren

O the wren is so boisterous and bold
For such a small brown bird. O it flitters
And flutters across my flowered garden
Singing its eerie, wild & complex songs.
Hear its rich continuous trills ascend:
So beautiful, melodious and clear.
Yet it’s so loud, it makes itself tremble.
O the wren is so enchanting and bold.

Dominic Windram
The Wren (Alternative Version)

O the wren is so boisterous and bold
For such a small brown bird. O it scuttles
And flutters across my flowered garden
Singing its eerie, wild & complex songs.
Hear its rich continuous trills ascend:
So beautiful, melodious and clear.
Yet it’s so loud, it makes itself tremble.
O the wren is so enchanting and bold.

Dominic Windram
The Year Of The Sheep

This is the year of the sheep:
A title which is quite apt
When given all of the facts.
We're still living in a dream.

Although we often bleat about it,
We still follow our trusted shepherds,
Even when we suspect that they mislead us.
We do not want to burst the spurious dream.

O we allow our precious rights
To be stolen from us daily.
We allow the press to invert truth
And then boldly claim that we are free.

Have we lost that critical faculty
To wisely discriminate between things?
Are we content to be just passive pawns
In a game played out by our 'good' masters?

This is the year of the sheep.
We're still living in a dream.

Dominic Windram
Their Comfort....

Their comfort rests.
On the bleak poverty, of
The majority.

Dominic Windram
We are told that we are oh so 'civilised'.
We are taught that it's always 'us' versus 'them'.
They live the dream, while we plan maps.
They dance with joy, while we procrastinate.
They are not tied to rigid concepts.
They do need to classify everything.
They're not interested in building empires.
They don't require a ridiculous monarchy.
They feel the gods' flow, while we kneel in cold churches.
They seem at one with bountiful Creation.
They play and create while we dissect.
They live the dream, while we plan maps.

Dominic Windram
There Is A Presence There.

I've interminable doubts about God.
Yet when I focus my gaze, intently
On the brown veins, of brittle autumn leaves,
I experience a sense of wonder;
At Creation's incomparable design.
And when I feel the pulse of clusters of stars,
In my night time dreaming, I sense that something
Is moving through myself and the universe.

Dominic Windram
There Is A Wild World

There is a wild world
Of artistic endeavours;
That we can't yet grasp,

Dominic Windram
There Was Once A Saviour

There was once a saviour rarer than gold,
Who emerged from ancient prophecy's dust.
He was a voice for the voiceless: a bold
Angel man who defied deep injustice.

His Truth was too much for this broken world:
Where each man is scarred by the mark of Cain.
And so he was condemned to brutal death.
In every epoch, it's sadly the same.

Political elites prevail in the end;
The consciousness raisers are always martyred.

Dominic Windram
There's A Light That Can Never Die

O the world's incessant machinery
Is just too much for me. I feel the need
To cultivate a fresh flower garden
Of consciousness. I desire a change
In the weather. I desire a change
In the scheme of things. Although the darkness
Seems endless, there's a light that can never
Die. And it glows brightly within our hearts.

Dominic Windram
These Dark Leaves...

These dark leaves, add a
Measure of vital restraint,
To bright yellow blooms.

Dominic Windram
These Days

These days the world crashes
Into our sweet, cosy homes,
Like a great, speeding train.
There's no escape it seems
From the constant barrage
Of crass advertisements
And other alleged
Forms of mass entertainment.
Perhaps we should switch off
Our smart phones and screens;
Just sit back and read some books.
It seems it's best perhaps
To ignore the buzz of the Zeitgeist;
For it invariably leaves us
With feelings of profound emptiness.
It is constantly perplexing!

Dominic Windram
These Days 2

These days, there is far too much reliance
On technology and gadgets. There is
Certainly not enough of the purely
Personal touch or the creative flame.

Dominic Windram
These Days 3

These days, everyone seems distracted by their
Portable universes; their cool, handheld phones.
Nobody seems inclined to engage or converse
With anyone else. O what a sad state of affairs!
What the hell's going on? ! What have we become?
Are we now mere servants of corporate control?
Apathy should be classed as a social disease;
Not something to be worn like a badge of honour.

Dominic Windram
These Days, I Feel Reborn.

These days most of my time is occupied
By creative tasks and challenging games.
These days, I'm enamoured by the seasons.
I see beauty in all manner of strange things.
Where one time, I only perceived decay.
These days, I feel like I have awakened
From society's vast, contrived nightmares,
And been set free from its cold, dark prisons.
Now I'm focused on the undying light,
And all obscure objects bathed in it.

Dominic Windram
These February Days

These February days keep on postponing the spring.
O They seem to be a strange conflict of light & wind.

Dominic Windram
These Ghosts...

These ghosts hide behind the creeping sunlight.  
They always linger in my dreams at night.  
They’re a creation of my troubled past.  
I cannot exorcise them. Perhaps, they last  
Because my memory cannot let them go.  
They’re deathly silent; yet they tease me so.  
Perhaps, they’re an omen from the spirit world:  
A symbol of something beyond mere words.

Dominic Windram
These Longings

These longings still continue to haunt me.
They loom over me like eerie shadows.
They are like lost birds in winter: who are
Freezing to death on icy, black branches.

Dominic Windram
These Media Images

These hallucinatory media images
Bleed into each other. They blur the lines between
Illusion and reality. These days, there's no
Distinction between the public and the private.

Dominic Windram
These Poetic Works

These poetic works
Aren't fashion accessories.
They are for all time.

Dominic Windram
These Tribal Idols

These tribal idols:
Club, nation and religion,
Still rule the planet.

Dominic Windram
They Still Cling Desperately To Conspiracies

Your denial of the facts astounds me.
You still cling to stupid conspiracies.
With vision's hard eye, I see right through you.
You are intellectually lazy.
Power is still unchecked & triumphant;
While you pontificate about shadows.

Dominic Windram
Things Are Out Of Joint

O these howling days
Beg to be blessed! They are dark
And so oppressive.

Dominic Windram
Think For Yourself

I try to think clearly and freely,
But everyone else seems to want me to
Think like them: which is so ridiculous
And impossible for me! Although it's
Hard, it's much more rewarding living on
The margins, than being part and parcel
Of this society's wretched mainstream.
I try to stay away from conflict; yet
It seems to follow me. So, I thank God
For poetry: it's a perfect release.
It's my natural home; my idea
Of heaven: my flower strewn sanctuary!

Dominic Windram
Think For Yourselves

Think for yourselves.
Don't depend on the' wisdom' of the state.
Demand your right to exist!
For Truth is being straight jacketed
While we remain distracted:
Lost in a hyper real haze.
Politics is so much window dressing.
'Democracy' is just another form of church:
With secular hymns and slogans;
With its elaborate dogmatism;
With its hierarchy unchallenged;
With its liturgy so meticulously prescribed.

Dominic Windram
Thinkers

The thinkers sit alone; howling at the moon.
They look so scarred, as they grow old and bitter.
They reach out for faintly glowing distant stars,
But essential subsistence is out of reach.

Dominic Windram
O I am still searching for the source of Mercy
At the very heart of this battered, broken world.
And I'm hoping for a marked change in the weather,
As these political storms are getting me down.
As I work in subdued silence by the soft flame
Of candle light, I am deeply concerned about
The world's future. Will it descend further into
Chaos, or will it be saved by a profound sense
Of Grace? Will humanity be able to prevail?
I pray that sweet moments of clarity will be blessed.

Dominic Windram
This Battered, Old Town

This battered town is
A most peculiar place:
Spectral; half asleep.

Dominic Windram
This Blank Generation

This blank generation,
That surfs virtual worlds,
Are so untalkative and tense.
They cling to their iphones
Like they were rosary beads.
As though they were keeping
Death's ardent symbols at bay.
They cherish glittering images:
That flood the senses,
Like swarms of mosquitoes.
It seems that we are breeding
A new race of high speed nomads:
Solitary commuters that
Avoid the keen light of communion.
Everything moves so fast.
Neurotics & narcissists
Are in their element.
Stillness is a pipe dream.

Dominic Windram
This Bleak Night

This bleak night has stolen
The soft glow from my eyes.
This fevered night has grabbed
Vivid dreams from my sleep.
I toss & turn like a drunk
Or madman: the stars are dead.

Dominic Windram
O this country is so conservative!
Any talk of change is deemed 'subversive'.
It has been like this for hundreds of years.
It still retains an archaic monarchy.
It acts as though it is still an empire.
Its Honours system is, quite frankly, a joke!
It refuses to go with this new century's flow.
O the political elites are so
Privileged! They do not seem to care for
Ordinary workers or the masses.
They always condescend the lower classes.
They rely heavily on an embedded
Press and media to boost their ratings.
Yet to more discerning readers and viewers,
Their rhetoric is cheap; as they lie through
Their teeth. Bring on the revolution please!

Dominic Windram
This Digital Age

This digital age,
Of hypertext conundrums,
Is claustrophobic!

Dominic Windram
This Digital Age 2

This digital age,
Moves by, like a high speed train.
It's time things slowed down!

Dominic Windram
This Fractured World Cannot Be Fixed

I sense the broken cries of millions across
This purgatorial world of constant sorrow.
The metal rain pelts the oppressed from wounded skies.
There are stones at hand for every bigot to throw.
There are prisons that cause a poet's heart to bleed
And cages that corrode the colour of flowers.
I see love and mercy turn into pale shadows.
I hear the raven's triumphant shriek of laughter.
I feel the weight of the gods' wrath and angels' grief.
I refuse to be distracted by the Zeitgeist.
I refuse to be seduced by gaudy idols.
I refuse to be coerced by corporations,
While digital eyes watch us from every angle.
I'm so out of tune with the fashions of these times.

Dominic Windram
This Fragile Green World

This fragile green world is slowly dying.
We can't turn back the clock to days of bliss:
Of lush flowers & forests & mountains:
Now time is short; the ice caps are melting.
Fear ancient prophecies of fire & flood!
This fragile green world will soon become grey.
It is now looking old and polluted.
O it is being stripped of its beauty!

Dominic Windram
This Is My Latest Poem.

This is my latest poem:
Conceived & nurtured in boredom.
It is a flash of ghost for the atheist;
A mirror for the most maligned;
A spanner in the works of machine consciousness
A singular rose to decorate the septic night.

Dominic Windram
This Is The Age

This is the Age of the ironic gesture.
This is the Age of the contrived sentiment.
This is the Age of the knee jerk reaction.
This is the Age fueled by hysteria.

Dominic Windram
This Life Is But A Shadow Play

This shadowy world will seem like a dream;
Until we're reborn and return to Light.
These mortal realms are not what they seem.
Real insight is denied and cloaked by night.

Dominic Windram
This Modern World

This modern world is now dominated
By technologically advanced gadgets.
It is organised by executives:
Who work in crystal towers and devise
Bloodless systems of systems
Are deceptive, in that they conceal their
True nature, and their marked intent.
For they appear to us as dazzling,
Enticing illusions. We can observe
The patterns from movies to 'democracies'.
These executives are dark agents like
Plato's allegorical puppet masters:
The cave operators. O they promote
Voluntary servitude and call it freedom!
They are intent on hiding Truth's pure Light,
And keeping us focused on mere shadows.

Dominic Windram
This morning seems eerie. It's almost out of place.
The sun filters through my dark room in different ways.
And symbols and fables, that I have never been
Able to decipher, burst through my mind like dreams.
I light candles to exorcise nagging demons.
For I need to hold on tight to hard won freedoms.
Although consciousness is derailed for the moment,
The power and magic of words remain potent.

Dominic Windram
This Sleepy Old Town: (Headland, Hartlepool, August 12th 2019)

This sleepy old town:
Where seagulls' cries resound;
Where time is frozen.

Dominic Windram
This Time Of Year (Advent, 2019)

This time of year, the cruel sleet pelts and the wind howls.
Day is a brief flash of light between bitter realms
of darkness; when birth and death are closest to one
Another. In Advent, we look to a bright star,
In the wintry night skies, to guide us. O We pray
By our firesides, for the softly flowing streams
Of the spirit to enlighten us. We pray for
The grace and mercy of the Christ child to heal us.
For we are lost and broken. We constantly bear
The heavy weight of mortal pains. Don't forsake us
O eternal, life bearing mother without sin.
Let us gather together, in this coldest of
Seasons, and bask in the warm glow of Him you brought
And always bring to birth. For holy is His name.

Dominic Windram
Those Were The Days!

It seems like, looking back. we were just killing time.
We were drunk on love & laughter & poems & wine.
O now those days are long gone, And we've left behind,
All of our hopes and dreams by that old fireside.

Dominic Windram
Thoughts At Dawn

April day dawning,
Raindrops gently beat on leaves,
Flowers offer hymns.

Dominic Windram
Thoughts In Time And Out Of Season

As I drive slowly past the school,
I hear children's laughter floating,
Upon gentle summer breezes.
Then I pass the cemetery gates:
Where death's shadows seem to beckon me
For the briefest moment in time.
O the traffic is so manic,
As I drive further into town.
Will this mad rat race never cease?
I would like to contemplate more,
But these days speed by so quickly.
Everyone seems disengaged.
Everyone's busy doing nothing!
Even birdsong here is haunting.
The seagull's cries are deafening.
The billboards display their daily
Illusions of happiness.
I wish I were in the countryside;
Marvelling at fields & flowers.
But I guess that's a mere pipe dream,
Now I'm chained to work and daily tasks.
O life is eternal recurrence.

Dominic Windram
Thoughts Of A Horse At The Trooping Of The Colour

How I wish I was in a field chewing grass
Than in this stiff, regimented parade.
I prefer the murmur of a gentle breeze
To all of this absurd noise and colour.
O to perform unnatural movements
To satisfy this crass, archaic order!
Surely it should be long deceased by now.
O I find these humans rather crazy
With all their screaming and flag waving.
Don't they know of profound animal ways
Of our primeval, inner stillness?
I guess they're way too civilized for that.
I know that I'm not very wise or learned,
But I detest this stupid spectacle.
How I wish I was in a field chewing grass
Than in this stiff, regimented parade.

Dominic Windram
Thunder & Lightning

The thunder of war;
The lightning of capital.
We are screwed all ways!

Dominic Windram
Tiger, Tiger!

Tiger, Tiger burning bright;
Hits a golf ball out of sight!
What precise hand & eye contact;
What sublime symmetry!

Is it futile to reason why,
Such ambition burns in his eyes.
To what great new heights does he aspire.
Phoenix like, he is now rising
Once again from the fire.
It was once said that he had a wise head
With the perfect swing; he competed from the heart:
With an iron will that could not be beat,
And an athletic build from head to feet.
Unlike mere mortals his heart never fluttered,
When he stared at the hole and drew back his putter.
The Claret Jug & the Jacket he has clasped;
Indeed every Major he has grasped.

O Tiger, Tiger, a force
even now at forty three.
Did He who envisioned
The Ideal conceive of thee?

Tiger, Tiger burning bright,
Prowls the fairway in delight!
What precise hand & eye contact;
What sublime symmetry.

Dominic Windram
Time

O time future has no image in space.
But time past is substantial and can weigh
Us down with its plethora of sorrows.
Nevertheless, time present is still ours
To shape. For we can create a life that's
Unique; that inspires others to be.
Perhaps we will slip and allow ourselves
To be swayed by still born fantasies or
Be mired in ruins of memory.
Whatever happens next is down to us.

Dominic Windram
Time Ebbs Away

O time ebbs away.
Our sun lit souvenirs
Will soon turn to dust.

Dominic Windram
Time For A Change

When all the dark angels prosper and prevail;
When Love disintegrates under a severe sun;
When the people's eyes are filled with dollar signs;
When crass, secular gods are worshipped daily;
When the rose of beauty becomes a plastic idol;
When flowers only have meaning at funerals;
When justice only make sense in a text book;
When the light is reduced to a candle flame;
When prayers and poems cannot communicate;
When wisdom is replaced by tainted information;
When words are twisted and turned into harpies;
When soundbites become living, breathing symbols;
When democracy is a farce and not fit for purpose...

Then you know that it's time for radical change.

Dominic Windram
Time's Fluid Harvest

Time's fluid harvest:
The wild blood of October:
Autumn's vintage wine.

Dominic Windram
Time's Golden Harvest

Time's golden harvest.
Summer's brief yet precious hours
Before the darkness.

Dominic Windram
Our passions play to tribal idols,
Like proud love of nation, creed or class.
We prefer to dwell amongst shadows,
And confirm each other's prejudice.
We are soothed by the sweetened music
Of dream operators & and their ilk.
Their madness is reflected in
The dark mirror of distortion.
No one will consecrate the wine & bread
And share it with the ragged stranger.
In the East & the West the stars are dead.
The world plummets deeper into danger.
We're chained to our fears at night,
Anything to avoid the Platonic Light.

Dominic Windram
To Have Or To Be?

To have or to be?
Is the burning question
Of the times.

In today's digital age
Our collective consciousness is
Contaminated by consumer dreaming.

We're like magpies
We like to collect
Bright and shiny things.

While we dwell in Mammon's murky realms
We can lose ourselves; our heart & souls.

Dominic Windram
To K.

It's a long time since we last spoke.
The gods of light abandoned us;
Since we parted in acrimony.
Now if you have a tragic story
That you'd like to relay to me
I wouldn't coldly turn away
Like the old cynic you once knew.
Although I'm a bluffer poet,
With a heart that sighs for yesteryear,
I could weave the magic again.
I'd guide the slow arrow of beauty.
I'd turn pathos into pure sunlight;
Nightmares to silver tainted streams.
I could chase the crude demons away.
I know secret entrances/ exits.
And I know your moves and your mind.

Did you ever stop to consider
Where you were going those curséd days?
Drifting in and out of existence
Like an angel caught between worlds.
O we could have shaped the scheme of things.
We could have glimpsed eternity;
In each particular that we crossed.
O how you must look back and wonder
What visions could have been realized.
Now I'm living on the outskirts,
While you are dying in your dreams.
Perhaps there's a way to end the pain.
Remember whispered words when we hid
From the summer rain - an age ago?
I still have the keys to your secret realms.
Only I know your moves and your mind.

Dominic Windram
To M.S

You weren't really interested in friendship
Or dialogue. You were just being nosy
As per usual. You always were somewhat
Of a sheep, as well as a cowardly sneak.
That's why I unfriended you from Facebook.
And you can pass the message on to your
Creepy pal..another stone cold loser.
Well I say... good riddance to bad rubbish!

Dominic Windram
To My Valentine (February 2020)

O my love, when I first met you it was like I'd
Wandered into a fragrant dream world. My heart was
Indeed gladdened, and I was newly inspired!
O may the blazing flowers of our love never
Wither and die, as long as the tender, sweet light
Shines in our eyes. O may your beauty never fade.
For it brims with meaning, like summer's bright roses.
O it is a soft, warm flame in times of darkness!

Dominic Windram
To Thy Ownself Be True

I need to promote new manifestos,
Or else crude ads will get there before me.
I need to proclaim vital dream visions,
Or else I'll b governed by others.
I need to extricate myself from fakes,
Or else my rich blood will be tainted.
I need to stay the journey: the long haul
And not be distracted by novelties.

Dominic Windram
Tomorrow's Brands

We will soon be swamped by tomorrow's brands
Last year's models will soon be obsolete.
It will be more of the same shiny junk;
But things will certainly be slightly improved.
For the advertising machine will keep
Regurgitating wants disguised as needs.
O it's surely not possible to resist;
Now our consciousness has been colonised.

Dominic Windram
Tony Blair Is Back

Tony Blair is back.
The devious warmonger
Is so deluded!

Dominic Windram
Too Much Information

The world constantly
Pours out to us through our screens.
It's too much with us.

Dominic Windram
Too Much To Dream

I had far too much
To dream last night. I'm afraid
My mind's running wild!

Dominic Windram
Torn Between The Light & Dark

I am for a subversion of all systems
That crush the wild, surreal flowers of beauty.
I have no time for the pious or the blind.
How I despise the squalid preachers of death
Who deny the vital life force that shines.
I refute machine consciousness that limits
The scope of our immaculate perception
And oppresses our divine angelhood
That denies lucid prophecies & visions.
I'm only interested in those who're torn
By the primal horn; those who are caught
Between the pure rose and desire's bright fires
I'm only interested in those sweet souls
Who sing like birds and play with pregnant words.
Whose inner conflict creates poetry
And art that will echo throughout the ages.

Dominic Windram
Torture Of The Innocent

Cigarette burns to
The body & castration
For the truth tellers.

Dominic Windram
Toxic Trolls

Toxic trolls pervade
The Internet's glowing realms.
Such gutless cowards!

Dominic Windram
Tracing The Remnants Of Truth

The lost Word's fragments:
Fading biblical phrases;
Flirt with Mysteries.

Dominic Windram
Training & Development

When I was once unemployed, many moons ago,
They decided, in their infinite wisdom, to
Send me on my merry way to study at the
Local college. I had to attend a rather
Spurious and, most certainly, instantly
Forgettable: basic customer service course.
I guess they thought it would bolster my confidence,
As well as my thread bare C.V! ' We are here
to make a difference' their bright advertisement
Boldly claimed. To this very day, I still wonder
To myself, if this measure was born from saintly
Compassion, or merely to place more bums on seats!

Dominic Windram
Tranquility

O beautiful fish
Abound in crystal oceans:
In deep blue dreaming.

Dominic Windram
Transcendent Ceremony

O I know of strange secret rituals
Where poetry reading forms a part
Of the initiation ceremony.
For poetry provides the heart with wings!

Dominic Windram
Transcendent Cinema: The Red Balloon (1956)

Vibrant, red balloon:
Juxtaposed against grey streets.
Transcendent moments.

Dominic Windram
Transcending The Tribal

Hail to the death of patriarchal creeds!
The brutish, alpha male is a reduced breed.
Rigid hierarchies are on the wane.
Let a myriad of rich colours reign!
For Love is a dove with feminine wings.
I hear the holiest choirs sing
The sweetest songs of joyful harmony.
Praise to Light that transcends tribal decrees!
Praise to the new communion of faiths!
In a wanton world that pleads to be saved.

Dominic Windram
Transitoriness

The spectres gather
Amidst withering flowers.
The Light is dying.

Dominic Windram
Transmogrification

Genius fire,
Purifying lexicons,
Burning illusions.

Dominic Windram
Trapped Inside The Modern Nightmare

The neon and concrete ubiquity of now,
Rides rough shot over our very hearts and minds.
Imperious steel and glass prisons; gleefully
sponsored and propagated by the CEOs
Of mega corporations, to the tune of millions
Of dollars, devour our dreams and stifle our souls.
In this modern world of slick efficiency,
The casualties are our sovereign selves.

Dominic Windram
We're trapped inside this modern carnival
Where everything here, it seems, has its price:
Where narcissists proffer their flesh for sale.
The dollar signs are burning in their eyes.
Simulacra are sacred; false gods reign.
The punk prophets are incarcerated.
T.V is designed to drive us insane.
The vile words of bigots are inflated.
Wile old war mongers prosper on young blood.
Crude processions of flags & theatrics
Are obscene when bones are buried in mud.
Freud labelled 'civilization' as sick.
Businessmen in chic suits get rich quickly;
On arms deals & other sordid exploits.
These days, money's the guarantor of dreams.
Better get radical & raise your voice!

Dominic Windram
Trapped On The Manic, Modern Merry Go Round

O life on the modern, manic merry go round
Is decidedly monotonous and empty.
Part false, forged mask; part true, we present ourselves
For the cold, cut throat world of capitalism.
There seems to be no escape; no easy exit,
Unless one is able to extricate oneself
Completely from the system. For most, it's just the
Ebb and flow of 9 to 5 routine existence.

Dominic Windram
Treasure Each Moment

Treasure each moment:
Like a flower's brief beauty.
Forget the darkness.

Dominic Windram
Tree Lined Avenues

Tree lined avenues:
Flowers of purple, pink, white
Blooming in Spring time

Dominic Windram
Triumph Of The Will: (Inspired By Nietzsche)

From heavy, dark clouds of despair:
The rumble of thunderous words,
And the pouring out of feelings.
Then the lightning flash of genius!

Dominic Windram
Trivial Soundbites

Trivial soundbites:
No real communication:
Endless palaver.

Dominic Windram
Troubadour

Through sun, wind and rain,
The lyrics flow through his veins.
He is so inspired!

Dominic Windram
Troubled Poets

Troubled poets are searching for sacred sainthood.
They long for vital forces to flow through their blood.
Like mantras, they keep repeating their hackneyed rhymes.
They always fumble over half remembered lines.
They were once confronted like Christ by demons in
The wilderness. Like Him they were tempted to sin.
When Lucifer urged them to turn stones into bread,
They turned them into exotic flowers instead!

Dominic Windram
True Faith

I don't rely on I don't need tricks:
Not when I walk in the angel light at the source;
Not when I go along with nature's constant flow;
Not when I'm at one with the universe dreaming;
Not when my words conjure up the stars and the moon;
Not when true inner faith is my strength and my guide.

Dominic Windram
True Freedom

True freedom is like birds soaring high in the skies. It should be as common as the bread we share, and as clear as the water in streams. Those who claim that it's more complex than that, are curiously, those who do their very best to discourage it. We should pay them no attention. And continue as we mean to go on: as the bearers of new light. We should dissent against all systems that deny our voices; we should defy all those who strip away our rights on a regular basis.

Dominic Windram
True Love

True love outlasts the brief lightning flashes
Of desire. It is formed & softened by
Grace & mercy. It is patient and does
Not draw attention to itself. The warmth
Of its light penetrates life's brokenness.
In this desperate, wanton world, of crude
Symbols & signs, it restores hope & faith
In innocence & the spiritual.

Dominic Windram
True Poets

O true poets must face their myriad demons
In the darker realms. And give birth to bold, new forms
Of light. They must cast aside elaborate masks
And costumes. Moment by moment, they should gently
Reveal the white radiance of their inner selves;
Like the lotus flowers of the East that blossom
Petal by petal from the deep, muddied waters
Of attachment. For beauty transcends desire.

Dominic Windram
True Poets...

True poets mature
Like the finest vintage wines.
They don't disappoint.

Dominic Windram
Trumpty Dumpty

Trumpty Dumpty built a great wall.
Trumpty Dumpty had a great fall
From power after mass revolt.
It was a time of joy & hope.
All the Hispanics, Mexicans
Joined with the Afro Americans,
To rejoice across a mighty land.
O how they hated that boorish man!

Dominic Windram
Truth

Truth is decidedly bitter.
It is not adorned with jewels
Or accompanied by angels.
It doesn't heal our wounds & scars.
Mystical ointment won't stop the pain.
O we must all carry our crosses
On the long, dusty road of life.
We must sacrifice our egos
In order to be born again.

Dominic Windram
Truth Lies Behind The Veil Of Illusion

I will weep and wail for the broken ones;
For the children of the wilderness:
Whom the world always hides its eyes from:
A world that glitters with idolatry;
Where silver and gold are worshipped;
Where values have been turned upside down;
Where war is often glorified;
Where images govern reality;
And truth is reduced to a sound bite.
I'd like to remove the veil from people's eyes

Dominic Windram
Try Not To Despair

Try not to despair.
There shall be a new springtime,
For humanity.

Dominic Windram
Trying To Get Poems Published

It seems that trying to get poems published,
Is like struggling to walk up a hill backwards,
Or attempting to eat an elephant!
It's often a painstaking and futile
Exercise. Yet there is light at the end
Of a long, dark tunnel. For if one 'keeps
On keeping on' like Nolan Porter's song
Says, and perseveres, someone will like them!

Dominic Windram
Turn Off The M.S.M

O mainstream media and tabloid newspapers,
May offer a tawdry kind of entertainment.
But they clearly don't edify or enlighten.
Indeed, their main purpose seems to be to reduce
Consciousness. O don't watch them; don't read them! For they
Merely serve to confirm one's worst prejudices.

Dominic Windram
I must stop reading
The daily tweets from the twits
on.

Dominic Windram
Two Young Lovers

This tale of mine, is old, but it is one
That's constantly renewed and rewritten.
Two young lovers sitting on a park bench;
Held hands in the yellow glow of moonlight.
Their knowing looks and kisses were fleeting
Flashes of bliss, for them, at that moment.
There was a deep silence between them.
So profound was their love for each other,
They required no words to express it.
They had reached a realm where the physical
Merges gently with the spiritual:
Where two strange solitudes become as one.
It's the eternal origin of all art.
The love between them was most authentic.
It was something precious, that cost them nothing;
In an age that puts a price on everything.
They were connected with teeming Nature;
Free from Modernity's rampant madness.
The weight of the world passed from their shoulders.
The day's troubles drifted away in their
Warm embrace. They were just content to be.
The stars seemed to shine for them that evening.

Dominic Windram
Tyrants

Tyrants of the closed fist
And the clenched heart are driven
By a darkness which destroys
Innocence. Tyrants have
The cold steel at their command.
They prey on primal fears;
Promote themselves as idols.
Under their dominion,
There is absence of freedom.
And without freedom's bright flame,
There is no warmth, love or hope.

Dominic Windram
U.K - 2019

Now food banks abound.
Poverty's tired, blood stained eyes,
Cannot face the dawn.

Dominic Windram
O I see you've formed a certain picture
Of how things have to be. Well I've got news
For all you compliant peasants. We need
Radical change. And if it won't come from
You the voters, we'll form alternative
Forms of media, and take to the streets!
For we need a marked change of consciousness
In England's so called green and pleasant land.

Dominic Windram
Under childhood's Magical Light

Under childhood's magical light:
White horses emerge from sea foam.
Ghosts prowl empty streets at night time.
And gardens spawn fairies & gnomes.
Life abounds with bright symbols & signs!

Fuelled by the joy that childhood brings:
Fact and fiction intermingle.
How divinely the black bird sings!
Look - dewdrops are silver sprinkles!
And forests are filled with dark things!

Under childhood's ethereal glow:
Each new sun is a golden god.
Love is as pure as driven snow.
For Life's paths are yet untrodden.
And seeds of fortune always grow.

Dominic Windram
Under Moonlit Skies

Under moonlit skies,
The snow falls down like pure dreams;
From days of childhood.

Dominic Windram
Under neon suns:
The cold steel machinery
Of a restless age.

Dominic Windram
Under The Bright Harvest Moon (October 31st, 2010)

Under the bright harvest moon; late this evening,
A myriad memories seem to be present;
In a pile of autumn leaves. O this grave season
Is filled with too much sorrow for me. Although I'm
Drawn to its vibrant, vintage colours, its spectres
Haunt my days, and strangely, tonight is Halloween.

Dominic Windram
Under The Light Of The Mystical Moon

Under the magic light of the mystical moon
We tell each other stories & secrets 'til dawn.
Under the spectral light of this full, harvest moon
Something feral & eerie in us has been born.

Dominic Windram
Under This Moonlight

Under this moonlight, I'm plagued by despair.  
My life's pregnant with profound emptiness.  
I pray hard for a way out of madness,  
Yet night's implacable silence mocks me.  
Now, there is nothing left to cling on to.  
The guides and the angels fled long ago.

Dominic Windram
Underneath this grand weeping willow tree,
I contemplate life's profound mysteries.
I still wonder at Nature's woven dreams:
Coloured pebbles at the bottom of a stream;
The veins of leaves; the waterfall's cascade;
The first drops in Spring of silvery rain
And the magical light of a harvest moon:
Fleeting impressions of bright things gone too soon.
Although I'm in a crowd; I remain alone.
I still feel free; my heart has not turned to stone.
And as this warm late summer evening fades,
I wonder to myself just how many days,
Months, years and fair seasons are left before.
I can no long hear the world's thunder roar.
Or see wild lightning dance along the wires.
Or feel the force of strange, teeming desires.
When I depart from life's surreal yet vibrant play.
When I finally pass from light into shade.

Dominic Windram
United We Stand

United we stand.
Welcome to occupation.
Never move alone.

Dominic Windram
Up In Azure Skies

Up in azure skies
The airplane glides like a swan,
Trailing smoke behind.

Dominic Windram

Use the rope-a-dope; use your stamina:
When you're dealing with bigger opponents;
When you're dealing with the constant taunts of,
Your sworn enemies. Be prepared; be mindful.

Dominic Windram
Useful Idiots

Like obtuse dogs that
Have just been shown a card trick.
They cannot grasp Truth.

Dominic Windram
Useful Idiots 2

O they nonchalantly ignore the hard facts.
They cannot see the elephant in the room.
They follow the diktats of media hacks.
Yet they never question from cradle to tomb.
They follow scripts; they cannot improvise.
They see flowers blooming where there is decay.
They consider themselves moderate & wise.
O they sleep well at night and drift through the day.
They seem harmless but I don't see things that way.
They parrot propaganda perennially.
O they are seduced by the neon light's rays.
And worst of all they believe that they are free.
They burn incense for corrupt idols/ elites.
They oil capitalism's rusted machine.
They're so deluded; they call the darkness light.
They crucify the heart of Utopian dreams.

Dominic Windram
Utopia

A warm miracle conquers the cold streets.
Bleak nightmares surrender to bright dreams.
Artists and poets replace bureaucrats.
Creativity usurps mundane facts.
Love prevails; whereas sordid detail fails.
Modern day knights have found the Holy Grail.
The spirit has escaped the rigid rules
Of religion and dogma. Long live truth!

Dominic Windram
Vain Creature Comforts

Vain creature comforts:
Darkness that lurks in the heart
Takes the form of greed.

Dominic Windram
Valentine's Day

Dreary bouts of icy cold weather. 
The last traces of love lie scattered 
Monotonous echoes haunt the hallways 
Of twilight's inconsolable kingdom. 
Life waits patiently for renewal 
For Spring's fresh, enlightening blossoms. 
Whilst I bury the past and await 
The coming of cool, oceanic freedom.

Dominic Windram
Verdant Avenues

Verdant avenues:
Roses of red, pink and white
Adorn trimmed gardens.

Dominic Windram
Vertigo

Watching the cars dart through the city streets,
In this manic, modern merry go round:
Where everybody has to be somewhere,
I think of other worlds beyond the sun:
Where life's parade drifts by so easily;
Where Love is Creation's crowning glory;
Where there's no trace of atomisation;
Just the bright waves of warm communion.

Dominic Windram
Virtual Prisoners

Trapped in this novel, digitalized world,
We are just like goldfish going around
And around the absurd, stifling bowl.
O intermittently we may glimpse
The fabled Holy Grail beyond the glass.
It entices us... gets under our skin.
But it's always somehow just out of reach.
And so we're left to gently lick our wounds.
Like sullen beggars barred from the banquet.
We continue to commune with our machines.
We are compelled to float in spectral space
Along with the overflow of strange debris.
Intelligent evil dust is everywhere.
It's scattered liberally like confetti.
There's the illusion of communication.
Yet profound primal communion is rare
There's a curious sense of greater freedom.
Yet cold eyed surveillance corrupts all systems.
There's more access to light than ever before.
So why do I detect cravings for darkness?

Dominic Windram
Vision Required

Poems that lack vision:
Can never hope to take flight:
Chained to rusted Time.

Dominic Windram
Visions And Dreams

Blood red moons arise in visions and dreams. 
Death's bride hides in molecular structures. 
The children of light wait so patiently. 
For the fresh, redeeming April rain, as 
The old world of glory sighs and crumbles. 
Although symbols and fables have now lost 
Their power to charm, a new age stumbles 
Into being. Will it survive the frost?

Dominic Windram
Visions Of One World

I still have visions of the oneness of 
a world: that's devoid of injustice;
That's not consumed by war, or the endless 
Raising of infantile flags and clenched fists.

Dominic Windram
Viva Las Vegas!

Viva Las Vegas! It's a labyrinth of blazing billboards; endless hypnotic advertisements of the 's an artificial realm of eternal dreaming where time stands still within its windowless and clockless 's the allure of Lady Luck: a cut rate, cut throat Babylon. It's a flash of golden yellow taxicabs and rose pink limousines; hustlers, hookers and junkies lurking on shadowy street 's a veritable play ground for red eyed boozers and perpetual losers gathering up the last remnants of their sunken dreams in 24/7 bars; drowning their sorrows with swimming mermaids to humour them.

Viva Las Vegas! It's a surreal, eccentric notion of hotels as incongruous sphinxes; flamingos; gondolas; Eiffel towers and imperious Romans. It's a riot of up market call girls and masseurs leaping out from gleaming cards and flyers scattered all over the Strip. it's the sound of power and sex; clanging together like a slot machine pouring out a jackpot. It's the sound of fireworks and the smell of canon smoke from a novelty pirate ship. It's the buzz of themed spaces where thousands assemble. It's the neon glow of the synthetic. It's the constant electric flow of hysteria. It's the sound of police sirens screaming in the distance....

Dominic Windram
Viva Palestina!

O all wars result in bloodshed and splintered bones.
This one has been going on for many decades.
The lightness of the children's hearts has turned to stone.
People have been driven from their land. So we say
This brutal occupation has to end right now.
I'm sure you've seen it on slogans and signs.
We world citizens want 'Justice for Palestine'.
We know that mainstream media always cow tows
To government and big business; it never changes.
We cannot rely on it to strengthen our cause.
So let our resistance echo throughout the ages.
Our mission is simple; we want to end this war.
Gaza is the biggest open air prison camp
In the world: where food, water and resources are scant.
We must try to put a stop to the bigotry;
Which, in time, has created untold misery.
O we must take time to explore the history:
The ethnic cleansing of the late 1940's
We can take to the streets; we can express ourselves via
Art, music and poetry: 'Viva Palestina!'

Dominic Windram
Now I’ve extricated myself from all
Petty tribal longings, creeds and doctrines;
And created a new sense of selfhood,
I’ll set sail in my imagination
And hope that the winds of fortune are kind.
I seek sumptuous, undiscovered realms
In the farthest oceans of time and space.
Beyond the scope of wounded centuries.
Beyond the reach of familiar worlds.
It will be a toilsome journey via
Seemingly endless darkness towards light.
It might break me, but I vow to return.
With poetic treasures beyond belief:
That will heal and redeem the heart and soul.

Dominic Windram
Waiting For A New World

I shiver at night in an indifferent world:
Where elites violate the poets' harvest;
Where newspapers continue with their careless stories:
Targeting the dispossessed and the voiceless.

I'd like to tear this Age into intricate shreds
And put it back together again: imbue it with rich patterns.
I'm obsessed with objects that are dipped in light;
That counteract the darkness of these times.

My poems add form to life to compensate
For an inner emptiness and longing.
My poems are for the unseen & unborn
I await a new world that will receive me

Dominic Windram
Waiting For An E Mail Response

Waiting for an e-mail response,
Or a message on 'fab' Facebook,
Is like fishing in a river.
One has to be very patient!

Dominic Windram
Waiting For Inspiration

Cumulus clouds drift across my consciousness. Then suddenly flashes of sunlight break through. It is often like this when I wait for fresh Ideas to strike. They arrive pure & true.

Dominic Windram
Waiting For Miracles

O we are still waiting for miracles.
Yet the stars are seemingly not aligned.
These communications are so piecemeal;
As they only impact on the surface.

O they control the distance between us.
Our wounds do not show up in cyberspace.
We're in exile from the centre of things.
A solitary light glows in our eyes.

Dominic Windram
Waiting For Spring

Frost hardened branches:
Bleakest winter marches on.
Spring's roots lie dormant.

Dominic Windram
A bitter wind blows across the North East.
Winter's frozen warnings lie in the streets.
O the ominous sky grows darker still.
The cold numbs the mind, the heart and the will.
The short day terminates in dreadful night.
Henceforth, we cling to fragments of light.
O how long do we have to wait for spring,
To arise with her many splendoured things?
When will she come to melt our hearts of ice?
It will be a glorious rebirth when she arrives:
When the fields, the forests, the streams and lakes
At her verdant, life giving touch awake!
How long must we wait for the end of grey days;
Until her subtle colours come out to play?
Not long, it seems, for in a sheltered place,
I discovered a snowdrop's slender grace.

Dominic Windram
Waiting For The Day (1995)

O I'm still hiding away in the twilight realms:
Waiting for a wise guide to take me by the hand.
I am still counting the cost of unanswered dreams.
I'm storing the pain in tight mental containers.
I shall wait until the right opportunity
Arises and on then I will let it all out!

Dominic Windram
Waiting For The Gods To Whisper

The breath of life will always linger
While monuments fall and crumble.
The poets know this to be true.
They wait for the gods to whisper
Strange stories and rumours to them.
They listen to the wind that comes
From far are simply
Not concerned with empty routines.

Dominic Windram
Waiting For Words To Ripen

Poetry's like a precious, tender fruit.  
O it can take a long time to ripen.  
As does the apple in solemn autumn,  
After summer's blissful, frenzied hours.  
Yet it is worth the wait, as we gather  
The sense and sweetness, gleaned from a lifetime's  
Experience. We mould them, with the tools  
Of form and structure, then reap the harvest.

Dominic Windram
Waiting So Patiently For Serendipity

In my heart and soul the black dogs of doom still howl.  
I'm surrounded by mirrors and screens that deceive.  
I dream of brief escape from this wild, roaring world.  
I dream of winding, ethereal, azure blue streams.  
I dream of a hidden garden bursting with light.  
I pray that angels will sanctify starless nights.

I write to exorcise my incessant demons.  
Most of my poems are buttressed by some kind of pain.  
The ones I prefer are wounded odes to freedom.  
Some are frail attempts at balancing light and shade.  
While others are born from the fragments of love.  
I'd like to claim the rarefied consciousness of doves.

Dominic Windram
Wandering Angels

Wandering angels
Explore hidden realms of night.
They watch us sleeping.

Dominic Windram
Wandering Angels - Alternative Version.

Wandering angels
Explore eerie realms of night.
They watch us dreaming.

Dominic Windram
The brutal pattern keeps on repeating
The dark primal impulse knows no restraint.
Great birds of prey pierce the wounded skies.
The earth is scorched & the buildings blown up.
Children die; cradled in their mother's arms.
Love weeps over Innocence's ruined flesh.
Hymns..lamentations fall upon deaf ears.
For the price of human life is dirt cheap.
Rarest flowers are mercilessly plucked
From tender soil in chaotic carnage.
The lifeblood runs as swiftly as water.
The crosses grow on Golgotha's grey hill.
Worst of all, the cold, digitalised eyes
Do not register interest anymore.
From iron to modern, metallic forms,
The wanton ways of war are remoulded,
The tribal ritual regurgitates.
The dark primal impulse knows no restraint.

Dominic Windram
War 2

War turns the water
To the colour of blood red.
It scars the landscape...

Irrevocably.
O it spawns a stark silence
That always remains.

Dominic Windram
War Operators

They employ innovative vocabulary:
Designed to disguise the sheer rottenness
At the core of their cold blooded operations.
They speak glibly of collateral damage:
Especially when the death count gets higher.
From Vietnam to Iraq; from Libya to Syria,
The media friendly faces may change,
But the mission remains the same.

Dominic Windram
War's Good For Business!

War's good for business!
Invest your sons & daughters:
Oil & gas for blood.

Dominic Windram
Wasted Time

Why did we waste those potent nights
With our pretentious gibberish?
Indulging in puerile drinking games;
While the wanton world got darker:
& the flag flying became prouder;
& News produced more propaganda;
& the garish light of celebrity grew brighter;
& once rarefied relationships turned rancid;
& radical Marxism was marginalized;
& crass marketing gained credibility
& higher consciousness was crucified.
O why did we waste those potent nights?

Dominic Windram
Wasted Years

O now, as the evening sunlight flickers
Across your forlorn features, you lament
The wasted years. You claim it could have been
So different; if you had been born in
Another time and place, or if others
Had understood you, and your precious gifts.
Now you wander, like a pale ghost, from pole
To pole. O I empathise with your plight!

Dominic Windram
Watching From The Wings: The Lament Of The Dreamer

I watch from the wings as the rampant scenes drift by.
O I sense the sadness dripping from the moonlight.
I can't hear the whispers of prayers on the wind.
All I can grasp is the solitude of my sins.
The wastelands of fear are growing in the West.
Some find it really hard to connect spirit and flesh.
Time is out of joint. The dark days are closing in.
I'm searching for signs with which to begin again.
I'm waiting like a child for the healing Spring rain.
Everything that's beautiful is tainted with pain.
Bright novelties lead to the threshold of despair.
O how to live a life without worries or cares? !
Yet I know that there's nothing new under the sun.
All my heroes are now ruined, or dead and gone.
All I seem to do these days is collect rare junk.
All my dreams and desires are well and truly sunk.

Dominic Windram
Watching The Blue Waves

Watching the blue waves,
I decipher dolphin ways,
By the cool ocean.

Dominic Windram
Watching The River

When I watch the silver river as it
Endlessly flows. All my thoughts are silenced:
My thoughts of trouble & woe. How I would
Like to be like the river and just be!

Dominic Windram
Watching The Seagulls

Watching the seagulls,
In wintry dusks, fly over
The turbulent sea.

Dominic Windram
Wayne Rooney And His Ilk

O Wayne Rooney and his ilk, perfectly sum up,
The quintessential English so called 'football star'.
They're decidedly vile of tongue and slow of wit.
In fact, it has become so bad that nowadays,
Current Captain: Kane, makes David Beckham, of all
People, look like Albert Einstein. It is a joke!

Dominic Windram
We Are Floating In Cyberspace

We are floating in cyberspace;
Finally liberated from the weight
Of the past and its rigid tribal claims.
We are dazzled by advertising
As we surf over reams of chaos.
We no longer need to decipher
Ancient symbols and signs.

We are floating in cyberspace:
Images chase each other like reflections on water;
Illusory worlds glitter like diamonds.
Lost amidst distorted shadows,
We crave a counterfeit kind of light.
We caress our smartphones like rosary beads;
Detached from Nature's stifling bonds.

We are floating in cyberspace.
The endless transmission of ideas
Across oceans and borders ought to unite us.
We're free to dream forever;
Free to construct new identities;
As the omniscient eyes of surveillance
Chart our progress under the stars.

Dominic Windram
We Are Like Snowflakes

We are like snow flakes:
We are all different; of
Intricate design.

Dominic Windram
We Are Proud To Be Peasants

O we are so proud to still be peasants!
We believe in our good old monarchy.
We voted for Brexit because we can't
Stand foreigners. We are an island race.
And we always drape ourselves in the flag.
And we stand for 'The National Anthem.'
We adore our beer and our B.B.C;
Despite its alleged 'liberal' leanings.
You might say that we suffer from a kind of
False consciousness. But you're wrong; we are right!

Dominic Windram
We Can Find Wisdom

We can find wisdom:
Hidden in Nature's endless
Bounty of wonder.

Dominic Windram
We Can Ignore Signs

We can ignore signs
Of divinity. Yet we do
So at our peril.

Dominic Windram
We Can Still Resist

I like to confuse corporate power
By purchasing bold, subversive flowers
In forms of music, poetry and art;
And all that speaks directly to the heart.

Dominic Windram
We Can't Trust Them

We can't trust them:
Just by virtue of their flags;
Just by virtue of their rhetoric;
Just by virtue of their creeds;
Just by virtue of their authority;
Just by virtue of their ideology.

Dominic Windram
We Never Decide

We never decide.
We are a target market
Moulded to consume.

Dominic Windram
We Poets

O we poets are poor creatures:
Scratching around amidst life's ruins;
For Time's worn out, discarded details,
Like that famed scavenger: Rauschenberg.

We try to sow seeds of deep longing
And nurture them with the sun and rain
Of our labours. Yet seldom are
We likely to reap a rich harvest.

Sometimes we may strike tainted gold,
If we're lucky, and discover
Curious, resonant things; which
Glimmer with the faintest of lights.

We have no gods or idols to serve;
Only our troubled, nagging visions.
And our vague hints and guesses at form
Are often mocked by smirking critics:

O we poets are poor creatures:
Fluttering around on the margins.
Yet the world would be somewhat lost
And so much the poorer without us.

Dominic Windram
We Poets 2

We poets can name things;
Which for others remain invisible to the eye.

We poets can form a dream life
From mere shadows.

We poets can create sumptuous landscapes
For the angels to dwell in.

We poets can take our practised powers
And stretch them out into the cosmos.

We poets can penetrate
The heart of suffering & sorrow.

We poets can extract light
From the darkest of particulars.

We poets can create magic
In the harshest of environments.

We poets catch blazing stars
As they fall into oblivion.

Dominic Windram
We Poets 3

We poets are menders of broken words.
In a hardened age, our hearts are light as birds.
Our presence can melt frozen metal deceits.
We can see beyond the crass counterfeit.
We monitor shed a ray of light
On shadowy highlight the signs
And the symbols that others don't perceive,
Because they're too entangled in life's dream
Like procession. We are needed now more
Than ever, in a world that's closed Love's doors.

Dominic Windram
We Poets Communicate In Code

O we poets communicate in code:
In a strange language that hints at dark stars.
Rigid tribal dogmas don't concern us.
We're seduced by warm arrows of beauty.

O we poets communicate in code:
In a language of profound lullabies.
Conventional ceremonies cannot
Satisfy us. For we have higher needs.

Dominic Windram
Welcome To 2020!

O all the fallen angels are now in power.
They are preparing to crush precious flowers.
I can feel a chill that is out of season.
The darkness is being dragged up by demons.
Absurdity has replaced calm reason.
Bleached jawbones crack under a severe sun.
Truth tellers rot in solitary confinement.
Everywhere there are conspiracies of silence.
Blood spurts stain the walls of closed off consciousness.
Torture is normalised. There is no resistance:
Electrified limbs in dark, dirty cells.
Is this purgatory or is it really hell?
I sense excessive flash points in forbidden zones:
Endless surveillance, psychic warfare, deadly drones.
The West's still intent on ravaging the East:
Fire in the air and carnage on the streets.
O this current age is wanton and unblessed!
Love's elixir cannot heal; only caress.
The wild, cold eyed beasts are about to awaken,
For the Covenant's structures have been broken.

Dominic Windram
We're Trapped On Treadmills

We're trapped on treadmills
Of deceits & lies. we're duped!
The truth evades us.

Dominic Windram
We're Waiting For Spring

We're waiting for spring
To blast away these grey days;
With its warm magic.

Dominic Windram
Westbrooke Avenue

Westbrooke Avenue was the hallowed place
Where I grew up. It was a wild sunburst
Of constant play and bold adventures.
It was long, drowsy summer hours spent
Kicking a ball; climbing trees and painting.
I was free as the wind; light as angels.
It was cotton wool clouds; rainbow dreaming.
It was deep blue days; lasting forever.
It was the scent of violets; Spring's perfume, .
It was rows of houses from fairy tales;
Where the small gardens always seemed so green;
A symbol of childhood's warm, assuring eyes.

Dominic Windram
Western ' Values'

One dresses in a dignified manner, 
While another dresses herself like trash. 
Yet the latter is classed as 'civilised.' 
While the former is labelled 'primitive'. 
One advocates the collective good, while 
The other exalts the narcissistic 
Cult of the individual. Media 
Manipulates and applauds the latter. 
O what brainwashing goes on under a 
Bright, Western sun that discards its shadows.

Dominic Windram
Westminster Palace

Monolithic monument that cannot
Be queried by the crude, quarrelsome ones;
That stands high above the common discourse;
That basks so brightly in its own glory.
Like a modern Babel it feigns omniscience,
And omnipotence beyond objection.
Its ministers are angelic forces,
Who desire the well being of all;
Who wax lyrical about liberty;
For them patriotism is paramount.
They proclaim their nation's pure virtues.
Yet deny dubious foreign adventures
And world wide distribution of weapons.
The manic media echo chamber,
Communicates their gracious gallantry,
And profound commitment to great causes.
Yet their words are cloaked in spurious light;
In a language that doesn't speak to me.
I feel like I'm inside a cathedral:
Here, so prostrate before lesser gods;
Here, in this proud palace of poodles;
You can smell the pungent hypocrisy.

Dominic Windram
What Do I Care? !

O whole worlds of vibrant dialogue have been lost,
Because of faulty communication. I blame
It on the so called 'information' age. But that's
Too easy. I put the blame on the narcissists:
Who have renounced deep seated solidarity.
But now I'm a mercenary what do I care? !

Dominic Windram
What Happened To Us?

The cult of youth dominates our age. 
What has happened to the noble notion 
Of maturing slowly like a fine wine? 
What has happened to the art of romance? 
Now that everything is sold so cheaply, 
On the garish market place of base desire. 
And do we really require all of these 
Trivial items that are constantly 
Pushed down our throats by maniacal 
Modern day, marketers. Despite all of 
These bright obscenities I still believe 
In the saving grace of art & poetry.

Dominic Windram
What I Once Valued

What I once valued
Is no longer a pleasure.
I have lost the will.

Dominic Windram
What Is? (For The Brainwashed).

Q. What is love?
A. Difficult to say, but currently it is a pinprick of light, here in the shadow realms.

Q. What is wisdom?
A. To see behind the veil of appearances.

Q. What is belief?
A. Not to see behind the veil of appearances.

Q. What is virtue?
A. When the inner self unfolds like a lotus flower & opposites are united.

Q. What is power?
A. That which listens only to itself.

Q. What is evil?
A. The hand that coldly signs the orders or the deal then hides behind power.

Q. What is fear?
A. To be lost in the labyrinth; to feel impotent in the face of power?

Q. What is courage?
A. To gaze into the dark mirror and state I am; I will.
Q. What is justice?

A. Power kneeling at the feet of the oppressed.

Q. What is beauty?

A. The human form transfigured by the soft light of grace.

Q. What is pleasure?

A. A fleeting joy. A temporal flight from the Void

Q. What is happiness?

A. It's to be self contained; snug in the womb of the universe.

Q. What is God?

A. It has yet to be fully defined, but it is not the monolithic 'Father' born of childish fears. It should not be regarded as a mere crutch.

Q. What is religion?

A. That which still clings to the ancient claims of the ly, it should reveal the mystery of the whole.

Q. What is reality?

A. It cannot be discussed until we have awoken from the dream.

Dominic Windram
What On Earth Are We Doing?!

The dehumanising effects of mass surveillance:
The camera's cold, calculated eyes become
The hunter. And the objects of its incessant
Omniscient gaze, invariably, are the prey.
In this crude manner, our ubiquitous scanning
Technology precisely mirrors the, 'Red in
Tooth and Claw' nature of the animal kingdom.
O I ask myself, ' What could possibly go wrong? ! '

Dominic Windram
What Shall I Be This Halloween? (One For The Kids)

What shall I be on this most dreaded night
Of Halloween? Shall I look ghostly white?
What mask or costume shall I choose to wear?
Should I copy a werewolf's weird stare
Or perhaps I could look like an evil clown?
Or dress in Dracula's long, flowing gown?
I'd also need a set of sharpened teeth
And would have to dye my hair black it seems.
Could I be a cold eyed vampire bat;
With deadly wings that continually flap?
Could I be a lost, wandering zombie,
Or a terrible, wailing banshee queen?
Or how about Frankenstein's ungodly
Creature or maybe a bandaged Mummy?
Or a cackling witch with broomstick and spells?
Or a wild demon from the depths of hell?
Or The Grim Reaper with hourglass and scythe?
Or a shrieking scarecrow with bloodshot eyes?
Or a devil: with fork, horns and face painted red?
Perhaps, I could put on a creepy pumpkin head?
Whatever I wear on that dreaded night,
I'm certain to give someone such a fright!

Dominic Windram
What Will It Take?

O what will it take to revitalise
The anguished prophet's jaded disciples?

Dominic Windram
What Will It Take? (Expanded Version)

What will it take to reinvigorate
The anguished prophet's jaded disciples?
O what will it take to boldly create
New forms from fragments of bone that stifle?

Dominic Windram
What's Behind The Mask?

Masks of comedy; masks of tragedy;
Bright masks of illusion and fantasy,
Are perhaps ancient forms of catharsis
But what kind of presence lies behind them?
Timid, shallow or deeply profound souls?
Elegant messengers of joy or woe?
Those who require audience applause?
Those who seek some release from rigid laws?
What I do know is, that brief on stage moments,
Rarely reflect the angst of back stage moments.

Dominic Windram
What's Going On? (Masterchef 2018)

What is going on?
Music hacks turned food critics?
Barmy B.B.C.

Dominic Windram
What's It All About?

O there go the frenzied human parades;
Shouting their hackneyed slogans in the rain!
For what purpose? To prove they're alive I guess.
Or to prove they're 'special' and not like the rest.
I often wonder what life's really about.
As my mind is plagued by myriad doubts.
At times, only poetry's flow makes sense,
Or phrases of ironical intent.
I'm still drawn to obscure mysteries,
That cold, rootless science cannot really
Grasp or indeed explain. I prefer art
That still hints at the secrets of the heart.
I'm increasingly drawn to feathered silence.
For that's where I discover sweet asylum.
These days I do my upmost to avoid
The faux joy of aimless crowds. O they're buoyed
By their gadgets and toys. But they're not for me.
I'd rather make use of time creatively.

Dominic Windram
When culture is dead,
Technology will prevail.
Art will be silenced.

Dominic Windram
When Does Life Begin? (1990)

I often hear: 'When does life begin?'
It's the burning question of our times.
Although scientific research is key,
When does it constitute a moral crime?
Are we now living with faux liberties:
Where a deep sense of duty has no place?
Where designer babies are de rigueur?
Is 'progress' the new god of the human race?
This brave new world seems to leaves no room for
Difference. O it wants us to ignore
The plight of the helpless; the sighs of the meek.
O what kind of justice can we hope to seek?
I read 'How useful is this human life?
Will it provide pleasure or provide pain?
Will it be a burden to society?
Will it be impaired: damaged in the brain?'
What value do we now place on human life?
Does everything need to have a price?
Is nothing sacred anymore? We need
Clarity; so that virtue is not denied.
It seems there are no easy answers to these
Burning questions, but we need some honesty.

Dominic Windram
When Great Comics Die

When great comics die,
Echoes of distant laughter,
Revive the senses.

Dominic Windram
When I Awaken...

O when I awaken from teeming dream - visions,
I weep at how far we are from eternity.
I weep for this world: lost in perennial night.
I weep because it's hard to glimpse any light.
I weep for all the ridiculed, rejected ones.
O I weep for the hungry, weary and wartorn.
I weep for all the young blood that keeps on pouring.
I weep because the prophets' words go unheeded.
I weep because Nature's green kingdoms are dying.
I weep at the disfiguration of beauty.
I weep because the angels have abandoned us.
O I weep for us all: trapped in mortality!

Dominic Windram
When I Behold You

When I behold you
In the rarefied light,
Small joys are magnified.
When I behold your face,
In magical moments of bliss,
The spectres of the past retreat.
When I gaze into your eyes,
The dark centre of my world dissolves.

Dominic Windram
When I'm Blessed By This Light

When I'm blessed by this light,
Words lose their meaning.
They are too frail & imprecise
To describe the experience.

When I'm blessed by this light,
The world loses its power
To narrow my perception,
And hide the truth from my eyes.

Dominic Windram
When I'm Dead And Gone.

When I'm dead and gone,
My vibrations will live on.
That's a certainty!

Dominic Windram
When I'm Touched By The Fiery Light Of Genius

O when I'm touched
By the fiery light of genius,
I perceive all things
With a million eyes.
I can glimpse worlds
Beyond our certain sun.
I can easily connect
The seemingly unconnected.
At times I possess the keys
To infinite kingdoms.

Dominic Windram
When Love And Beauty Die Before Their Time

When the flowers of beauty are plucked out
From tender earth, before they reach their prime,
Nature's moans are heard in booming thunder.
When sweet love is terminated before
it has chance to bloom. The universe cries out
In constant waves of deep lamentations.
When love and beauty die before their time
The world's deprived of fresh symbols and signs.

Dominic Windram
When Masks Become Frozen

We can wear myriad masks and faces.  
We can be kings, queens, connoisseurs or clowns;  
Cool comic book heroes or troubadours.  
Yet when our masks become rigid; frozen,  
We might bury the warm, precious light of  
Our real selves; deep down in the psyche's  
Hidden, shadowy realms. O we can lose  
This light and never hope to recover it.

Dominic Windram
When The Twilight Gods And Idols Fall

When the twilight gods and idols fall,
Days of green and gold will return.
We will be reborn and reap a rich harvest.
A new communion will connect us to creation.

When love and light break through
The self imposed prisons
Of a frozen generation,
This regimented age will be redeemed.

When the preachers of death and the lords of emptiness
Are consumed and destroyed by their own hubris.
They will no longer control us with their constraining creeds.
We will be able to build a new, more harmonious world.

O when the twilight gods and idols fall,
Days of green and gold will return.

Dominic Windram
When Two Become One

As the sovereign light emanates
From the room into the garden,
Your face so young & ancient,
Is transfigured in the moment.

In the midst of this grace filed presence
Eyes meet eyes as if for the first time.
The boundaries dissolve between us.
Two become one as solitude dies.

Dominic Windram
When We Were Young

When we were young angels kept guard over us.
We were winged & wedded to wishes & dreams;
So snug & innocent wrapped in cotton clouds;
The world seemed to brim with possibilities.

When we were young each Spring seemed like a fresh pink dawn;
Each blossoming flower - a bright world of wonder.
The night skies were diamond studded; when spirits soared
Wild on the wind; then were lost in distant thunder.

When we were young we traced twilight's strange kingdoms
Where illusion oft confounds reality.
We followed the paths of the moon & the sun.
We transfigured the hills & valleys & trees.

When we were young teeming Nature reached out to us;
Blessed by her verdant age we ran footloose & free.
Now we are older and can only glimpse such bliss.
The life force that was then survives in memories.

Dominic Windram
When Words Fail

How can I describe in mere words? :
The sadness of light dying in the dusk;
The dust of the stars scattered within us;
The teeming ocean of fresh desire;
The cloud swells and sun bursts of consciousness.

How can I convey in meagre verse? :
Such delicate flowers blooming in spring;
Such vast bloodshed in war's dominion;
Such mourning in winter's frozen graveyard;
Such mystery in everyday living.

Dominic Windram
Where Does Magic Lie?

O in what strange abode does magic lie?
Although we look for it in dream kingdoms,
It remains elusive. Sometimes we might
Catch a brief glimpse, but then it seems to run
Away from us, and quickly fades away.
Even though it hides from us, it brightens
Our days and warms our nights. It lightens
Our being. O it guides us through life's haze.

Dominic Windram
While We Sleep They Hypnotize Us.

The designers of modernity are at work
While we sleep. We're so easily satisfied.
Yet they depend on our complicity.
They rely on our emptiness so they
Can pour all kinds of tainted junk into us.
While we sleep, many conscientious dissenters
& whistle blowers are now being crucified,
By the dark agents & actors of the deep state
And its obsequious media servants.
O how they crush sweet butterflies
With their sledgehammers of hatred!
They desperately need us to acquiesce
To the machinery of bloated power.
They hope we surrender to spurious dreams;
So we revere their vain, gratuitous visions;
So they can take full control of our hearts & minds.
If we remain awake we can stem the tide,
And eventually seek to overthrow them.

Dominic Windram
Whispering Pine Trees Of Peace

The fragrant scent of winter's whispering pine trees,
Has a calming effect on our souls at Christmas.
In our homes we decorate these trees and form wreaths.
From their boughs. They symbolise peace we hope will last.
While much of life on earth seems to bring briars and thorns,
God wants us to walk in a path of whispering pines:
A pleasant path of peace that does not spite or scorn.
For we're mere pine branches and Christ is the Vine.
In this season of Advent, we need to take time
To contemplate life's meaning; blessed by the divine.

Dominic Windram
Whispering Wind

As I walked slowly,
Through the woods, the wind seemed to
Whisper of old gods.

Dominic Windram
Whispers Of Winter

Whispers of winter:
Feathery, snow covered trees;
The whistle of wind.

Dominic Windram
Here come the comedic clowns & clones:
Caricatures of what could have been
With a great deal of patience & faith;
And of course a smidgen of talent.
I guess they're savvy in mind games,
But not artistic integrity.
It's the way of the world now I guess;
Where all the dross rises to the top.

Dominic Windram
Why Did We Waste Those Glorious Nights?

Why did we waste those glorious nights
With our pretentious gibberish:
Indulging in puerile drinking games?
While the wanton world became darker;
& the flag flying became prouder;
& the News produced more propaganda;
& the celebrities grew ranker;
& relationships turned rancid;
& Marxism was marginalised;
& marketing gained credibility;
& higher consciousness was crucified.
Why did we waste those glorious nights?

Dominic Windram

Fear devours consciousness. O it steals time!
So why wait to make your mark on life's blank canvas?
Why do you wait to become god like: to create
Bright, new worlds in your own image. Why do you wait?

Dominic Windram
Why I Detest Thatcherism!

O the children conceived in Thatcher's womb,
Metaphorically speaking of course,
Are so blind & vain. It is so tragic
That they chose garish style over content;
Shameless self promotion over conscience;
And of course buried their heads in the sand.
I pretend that I don't know them. Indeed
I hate their guts. O how I wish I'd been
Around in the radical Sixties &
The raunchy, experimental Seventies.
Rather than suffer the indignity
Of the gross, yuppyfied nineteen eighties;
When beads, long hair, beards & dope were replaced
By clean cut sycophants in suit & ties;
When a groovy, laid back society
Turned decidedly stark & cut throat;
When greed was considered good and sadly
Prized culture was consigned to the dustbin.

Dominic Windram
Why I Prefer Poetry To Cold Science.

Bloodless science won't save us in the end.
Although it is truly miraculous
To observe the keen splendour of Nature
In most acute microscopic detail,
Or carefully chart the birth of a star,
All those who indulge in the dark art of
Crude things like frog dissection leave me cold.
It's a kind of heresy to my eyes.
Perhaps it is more worthwhile to capture
The pink spectre of rose beneath the frost.

Dominic Windram
Why I Won't Be Backing U.K.I.P

I still fear the rise of UKIP.
Observe the same old bigots
With slick logos: in brand new guise.
How they self righteously stroke
Their dearly loved flags. How they wax
Lyrical about the good old days;
In the monochrome 1950's.
They cling to patriotic ideals
Whilst polishing their brute jack boots.
How they obscure the basic facts.

O they employ heightened rhetoric,
From their lofty towers, with regard
To immigration and the alleged
Habitual laziness of
The lower orders. They proclaim
That England would be such a green
And pleasant land if it wasn't
For the presence of foreigners
And other 'undesirables'.
Please don't waste your vote on U.K.I.P!

Dominic Windram
Why I Write.

Honours or institutional rewards
Do not interest or inspire me at all.
For I simply create to communicate
Life experiences of joy and pain:
Secret inner realms of my heart and mind
To those feral souls who are still 'alive'.
I'll always march to the beat of my own drum.
I denounce all cold, repressive systems
That seek to claim, classify and control.
I'm a polymath with no prescribed role.

Dominic Windram
Why I Write

I write so that I can think more clearly.
I write to establish a certain kind of freedom.
I write to transcribe the tender light of dreams.
I write to try and achieve a distillation of feeling.
I write, to gradually extricate myself,
From society's complicated machinery.

Dominic Windram
Why Micro Management Sucks!

They asked me to work much faster.
And my stress levels got much higher.
They told me that I was not to deviate
From their inept systems. which made me irate
Because they defied logic and common sense!
They favoured the flatters. They would not relent.
They asked me to fill out more pointless forms
And jump through more hoops. I was so bored.
In the end, I told them to stick it all
Where the sun don't shine! I also can recall
That I told them to WORK HARDER, as clearly
They were being paid so much more than me!

Dominic Windram
Why Silence Is Golden

Some say that it's rain not thunder
That causes great flowers to grow
If that is so I'll raise the power
Of my poetry not my voice.

There's so much in the world
To raise a clenched fist against.
But I will learn to unclench
My heart and all its sorrows

A hymn in praise of silence
Is better than a war of words.
In silence truth and beauty
Find their proper place.

For silence is the language of God
Anything else is muddled translation

Dominic Windram
Why Silence Is Necessary For Poetic Composition.

I do not require the faux buzz, of the sordid
And the spectacular, in order to feel more
'Alive'. For now, I'm content with the long, slow
Hours of silence where the fresh ideas breed.
I do not need a torrent of distractions, for
The warm poetry, behind elaborate masks,
Speaks so knowingly of endless interiors.

Dominic Windram
Why Snooker's Not So Loopy Anymore.

The life force is spent.
It's like flogging a dead horse
Or watching paint dry.

Dominic Windram
Why We Must Transcend The Mundane.

Where there's no vision, 
Poetry or consciousness, 
Culture perishes.

Dominic Windram
Why We Need Beauty.

We need beauty to feed the sovereign soul.  
Gadgets and gold are simply not enough.  
It seems some deep eternal need is filled;  
When Art's textures sweep our spirits away.  
Music's mellifluous power to charm  
Is beyond the reach of any distant star.

Beauty soars like birds over the abyss.  
It's the bright spark of divine consciousness.  
Poetry's vivid, potent portraits of life  
Distract us from endless, bleak, wintry nights.  
It seems we need beauty or we decay  
Like all the withered roses at Summer's end.

Dominic Windram
Why? !

Why do these starry eyed backpackers, usually Students, insist on travelling to war torn zones: Where even courageous angels would fear to tread. Is it because they are quite literally mad? ! !

Dominic Windram
Wild, Drunken Voices

Wild, drunken voices:
Carried by the wind; through the
Streets to the suburbs.

Dominic Windram
Winter (Longing)

The cold claws of grief.
Winter's whining, bitter song.
The grey silence.

Dominic Windram
Winter Equinox (December 20th: 2019)

O may my prayers awaken long lost feelings,
May they melt my heart which has become frozen.
May they bring about a gentle inner healing.
O may they bless all those who have been chosen.
May they add firm substance to nebulous dreams.
O May they merge together what is and what seems.
May they create fresh thoughts; that sing like the wild birds.
May they contain the sweet mystery of moonlight.
May they continually beautify the common word.
May they reach out to those lost in bleakest night.

Dominic Windram
Winter In The U.K: 2017

The hills and fields are bedded down with snow, 
Like immense white blankets that softly glow. 
It is as if the world has gone to sleep. 
The silence and stillness are strangely deep. 
And yet I know that springtime is near. 
Although bitter winds are to be feared, 
The sky is bluer and the snow will soon 
Begin to thaw, and bright flowers will bloom 
Once again; with the changing of seasons. 
I love the sweet wonders of Creation!

Dominic Windram
Winter Light

I perceive the patterns of winter light,
When the ground is covered with flaky snow.
Surfaces are illuminated that are
Shaded in summer. When the sun sinks low
And its rays are almost horizontal,
There is a dream like beauty to tree trunks;
A gleam to the bottoms of twigs and boughs.
O I can trace Nature's subtle magic!

Dominic Windram
Winter Sights

See the glitter of stars in the night skies
And the bridal whiteness of mid winter.
See the dance of snowflakes in the moonlight.
See the fragile beauty of moment's rare.

O the wren, is so bold, in fleeting snow:
O it's treasured by the clear winter light.
Ice laden trees and fields set hearts aglow:
Captured by the camera's steady eye.

Dominic Windram
Freezing sleet, like shards of glass pelt the ground,
With a fury that would stir the Norse gods!
The birds struggle to fly as the wild wind
Batters their wings. O when will it all end?!

Dominic Windram
Winter Surprise

Diamond glints of ice
In the blurred splendour of dreams
Scent of pinewood trees.

Dominic Windram
Winter Time Blues

Under skies- heavy & pregnant with snow
Spring’s promise seems to be forgotten.

O when will the streams frozen and silent
For so long melt and run wildly again?

And you my lifelong friend - lying by
the glowing fireside of memory.
Why do you look so old and distant?
Could it be that you are slowly dying;
Lying there - so lost and cold and silent.

Yet your eyes like evening's studded stars
Are still burning bright and glistening.
And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow,
Your weary heart still dreams of spring time.

Dominic Windram
Winter Time Blues 2

The days are shorter.
Winter wears an icy frown.
Trees are skeletal.

Dominic Windram
Winter Time Blues 3

O the days are brief.
The silence is tinged with frost.
Trees are skeletal.

Dominic Windram
Winter Wandering

Through the drifting snow,
And the howling wind, we search
For fragments of light.

Dominic Windram
Winter's Approaching

Winter's approaching.
I can feel its icy breath
On the morning wind.

Dominic Windram
Winter's Blues

Winter's bleak landscape:
Skeleton branches of trees;
Frozen rivers; ponds.

Dominic Windram
Winter's Last Rose

Winter's last rose; rose of regret:
O how once your radiant beauty
Shimmered in summer's potent hour.
Now your faded petals offer,
Only a glimpse of that power.

Now diamond points of ice cruelly
Surround your flesh pink, Christ like presence.
The whine of winter's bitter song;
The cold claws of grief; the grey silence:
The landscape scorns its chosen one.

Neglected rose; rose of regret.

Dominic Windram
Winter's Robin Redbreast

Winter's robin redbreast,
Sits on a branch laced with snow:
What joy to behold!

Dominic Windram
Wintertime

O the wild winds howl
In bleak days of wintertime.
I'm dreaming of spring!

Dominic Windram
Wishing

O I would like to
Be healed by the first, sudden
Rainfall of springtime!

Dominic Windram
Wishing I Were Somewhere Else!

In old beer taverns, the light is buried;
Under a myriad plagued distractions.
Although it's seen as escape from worry,
All the faux joy is undermined by woe.
Although the bright lights must never go out
And the music must always play, still we
Are bored out of our wits, as we cling on in
Frustration to the trite, mundane hours.
We’re consumed by gossip & News items:
That dull the heart and freeze the sovereign soul.

Dominic Windram
Within This Shell

Within this shell:
A vibrant universe
Of churning waves;
Of seagulls' calls.

Within this shell;
The salt rich sea;
The sandy bay;
The rising cliffs.

Within this shell
Of ghostly white:
The roaring winds;
The whispering gods.

Within this shell:
The broken world's woes
And night time fears;
The sweet angels' songs.

Within this shell:
My eerie souvenirs
Of an enchanted,
Yet haunted season.

Dominic Windram
Woe Unto America! (Part 1)

'Woe unto to America!'
Exclaim the urban prophets:
In rapt graffiti visions.

Woe unto America,
With its Wild West delusions.

Woe unto America,
With its serpentine systems of surveillance.

All hail America,
And its search lights forever focused on the human insect mound.

All hail America,
And its global, mass marketing monopolies.

All hail America!,
And its endless narcissistic dreaming.

God bless America,
And its bovine Super bowl chauvinism.

God bless America,
And its angelic exceptionalism.

All hail America!
And its hypnotic media:
That strives to control the public mind.

All hail America!
And its sound bite psychosis.

All hail America,
And its mindless, mercenary armies
Of talk show hosts & quick fix therapists.

All hail America,
And its atomisation of sacred consciousness.
Woe unto America,
As it silences the messengers of the redemptive Light.

Woe unto America,
With its lost, bloated pilgrims devouring the rose pink splendour of the dawn.

God bless America,
And its day glo democratic circus.

God bless America,
And its elaborate pantomimes of self pity

God bless America,
And its cartoon illusions of the good life

God bless America!,
And its celluloid fantasies of fake heroes & villains

All hail America,
And its rank hypocrisy.

Dominic Windram
Woe Unto America! (Part 2)

Woe unto America,
With its gun toting troubled souls.

Woe unto America,
With its privatised prisons of mass incarceration.

Woe unto America,
With its cynical endorsement of the electric chair.

All hail America,
And its tribal idols of war.

All hail America,
And its turbo charged military mindset.

All hail America,
And its swift drones & F.16 birds of prey.

All hail America,
And its made for T.V wars of terror.

All hail America,
And its cool indifference to collateral damage.

God bless America,
And its electronic heart that bleeps emptiness.

God bless America,
And its neon lit madness.

God bless America,
And its rampant, casino culture

God bless America,
Where Lady Luck services millions of lonesome losers.

God bless America!
And its starless, tenebrous nights: illuminated by mind obliterating mainlining.
All hail America,  
And its swollen empires of glass & steel. 

All hail America,  
And its phallic skyscrapers penetrating the blue heavens. 

All hail America,  
And its febrile worship of money. 

God bless America,  
And its lame Elvis Presley clones. 

God bless America,  
And its epic, ever green golf courses. 

God bless America,  
And its petty suburban paranoia. 

God bless America,  
And its crass consumer driven paradises. 

God bless America,  
And its absurd plastic beauty. 

God bless America,  
And its fast food fascism. 

All hail America,  
And its changing fashions in a Godless Age of fabrication. 

All hail America,  
And its planned obsolescence 

God bless America,  
And its dread of red, compassionate socialism. 

Woe unto America,  
Whose elites own this wanton world. 

Woe unto America,  
Whose plagued streets are not paved with gold.
Woe unto America,
Whose malls are cathedrals: glorifying Mammon.

Woe unto America,
Whose Mickey Mouse watches will melt come the blazing sun of revolution.

Woe unto America,
Whose presidents are brands of business networks.

Woe unto America,
Whose spectral CIA pulls the strings of puppet dictatorships.

God bless America,
And its Fundamentalist Christians:
Bulging with bigotry.

Woe unto America,
With its Zionist zealots
Pursuing their racist, imperialist agenda.

Woe unto America,
With its opulent Disney lands:
Built on native Indian burial grounds.

Woe unto America,
Until the rebirth of the Dove in tongues of fire.

'Woe unto America! '
Proclaim the urban prophets:
In rapt graffiti visions.

Dominic Windram
Wondrous Moments In Time

The wild ghosts whisper love songs into my ear,
As the sweet scent of roses fills the morning air.
I keenly remember all those precious moments
That we shared; that were bathed in a warm, clear light.
We were so young, way back then, and lost in wonder.
We hadn't yet discovered stranger, darker realms.
Now, I'm familiar with the ways of the world,
And know such moments can never be found again.

Dominic Windram
Wondrous Things

We all want the things
Of wonder; that we can find
In our wildest dreams.

Dominic Windram
Words

O words can build, heal or destroy.
They can be tinged with light or shade.
Words can add colour to sparse thoughts.
In poetry they can be profound.
They can connect us to the source
Of the heart's longing. They can hint
At realms and kingdoms of silence;
Hidden beneath distraction's din.

Dominic Windram
Words Fail

Words fail; under strain
From bright images & sounds;
Pouring from our screens.

Dominic Windram
World Of Confusion

This is a world of confusion:
Where tribal conflicts are enhanced,
By Media's constant fear mongering.
This is not computerized Utopia,
But a mawkish series of endless distractions.
It is a hellish realm of disinformation;
Of blood spattered digitals,
That only register silent screams.

Dominic Windram
World Of Wonder

Wonder is woven
Into the world's structure.
Mystery brushes us
With her wings:
Softly, gently, pointedly
When we least expect it.

Sometimes life brims
With a kind of dappled glory:
Like the certain pulse
Of a perfectly beating heart.

Dominic Windram
Wounded Galaxies

Wounded galaxies:
Lamentations of black suns;
Dying blue green worlds.

Dominic Windram
Yesterday; Today & Tomorrow.

Yesterday, the empire building
And the taming by silver crosses.

Today, the struggle for meaning,
In the face of vast, amorphous forces.

Tomorrow, the disappearance of the Real:
Lost forever in the abyss of cyberspace.

Dominic Windram
Yesterday's Flowers

In the dark days of turmoil,
I moved in and out of grace.
I savoured the aromas
Of wild, exotic flowers:
Of every hue and shade;
Blessed & shaped by sun & rain.
I cruelly cut them down;
Desperate to claim their secrets.
Their fragile beauty faded.
So I crushed them with my bare hands.

Dominic Windram
You Are A Wonder Of Teeming Nature

You are a wonder of teeming nature:
You are a fragile form of beauty that
Changes subtly with each certain season.
I have studied the world's complex design
And never before have I encountered
Such a delightful mystery as you.
Even the angels in the blue heavens
Would hold you in the greatest of esteem.
You're the light to my pervasive darkness
In you, I can finally be myself.
You actualise my dreams and visions.
You are a wonder of teeming nature.

Dominic Windram
You Are The Emblem Of Beauty

You are the emblem of beauty.
You are the dream space where I reside.
You create meaning in moments;
That linger like the slow tick
Of eternity's clock.
I sense your presence
In every glint of soothing, soft light.

Small flowers bloom in your eyes.
The universe breathes when you speak.
You are bright star fall at midnight.
You are are heaven made real for me.

Although Time's roses may wither,
The memory of you will outlive all
Fleeting, earthly particulars.
You are heaven made real for me.

Dominic Windram
Christ proclaimed that you cannot serve God and mammon.
He also stated that, 'What profits a man if
He gains the whole world and loses his sovereign soul?'
The calm mystics scorn material possessions.
Rural bucolic types are concerned with being,
Whilst fevered urban consciousness wants more and more.
How it worships tarnished gold and silver idols!
How it glorifies the crass and superficial!
How it mocks the cold, ragged realms of poverty!
How it boasts of its perennial 'successes'!
How it adores its own reflection in mirrors!
It seeks gleaming novelties that end in despair.
As it warns in the Tibetan Book of the Dead:
' O nobly born, let not thy mind be distracted.'

Dominic Windram
Zero Culture

Here come the pretty fashion victims,
Here comes one with a Cheshire cat like grin.
Yet another walking, talking cliché.
She just breezes through each and every day.
O here comes the preening, new football star:
Driving past in his latest, flash sports car.
What has happened to the world I once knew?
Now money is worshipped and fame is too.

Dominic Windram
Zurbriggen - Calgary 1988

He glided like a god;
As smooth & clinical
As a knife through butter.
He was as quick as a gazelle:
A master of challenging turns,
Shallow dips and flats.
I still see him shining,
Through the grey mists of time.
In bold red and gold
A solitary superstar
Straining to the limits,
Amidst the vast whiteness.

Dominic Windram