duncan wyllie
- poems -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

love looks on from Heaven
Whatever happens, seen
For far beyond the clouds above
The keeper holds the dream

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

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

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

duncan wyllie
We, our plans, in yesteryear
Unknowing real decisions,
Consequences – lead –
We who came before you,
Can only offer what is left,
A Hope through shining out our last,
Pray that we in history’s learning, ask, you-
The Children of tomorrow, take heed
There is much loss learned
Through selfish greed
Live and love and act loves will
Such delicate dreams that truth for fills
Unless such acts and truths be known
Then you, ideas, just overgrown
You disagree? So then –
What will there be
If it’s empty words and acts and deeds?
So let the beauty, live ever on
Through Hopes make acts
Then act its song
The dreams of life
A world, that’s better
May live through words so carefully lettered
You
Speak kindly from a kindly heart
Let acts of love none could depart
Words Of love, instead of war
Then words of war shall be no more
You Are –
The Children of tomorrow
I pray that you may brighter shine
Within that day, I pray divine
You –
The Children of tomorrow
Through visions in Ernest, may pass it on
That those may know an open heart
May also now
Know of its song
You –
The Children of tomorrow
Hold loves seed within your soul
Set it forth,
Let it grow, for
You-
The Children of tomorrow
Live life throughout your family
The whole of lifes humanity, you-
The Children of tomorrow
Not a dream without a cause
Not just ideas, but something more – for
You-
The Children of tomorrow
I pray for love – and –
Love only~~for you

duncan wyllie
Chocolates And Tears And Crazy Years

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emily Wyllie (9)

duncan wyllie
Ernestine...

A friend, A true friend does not forget,
So there was she, over the tumbling years
Ernestine
Not too little, never too late
No promises needed
No regret
Ernestine
A true and loyal friend

duncan wyllie
Farleigh Castle

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

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

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

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

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

duncan wyllie
Fear Not

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

duncan wyllie
Gently~~~she Sleeps ~~~~

gently~~~She Sleeps ~~~

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

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

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

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

duncan wyllie
Going Home

Solid as rock, Six feet or more
Punch like a hammer that
Never would fall
Scars like a trellis
His drinking’s no gain
Cigarette’s hanging
Life’s just the same
Nobody knew him
Man of the street
One day, was different
Old lady, seems
Sweet
Blinded since birth
The market square,
Flowers
Perfect in sunshine
Burning for hours
Please sir, draw-
Nearer
This one’s for free
I know that you’re hurting
So I’ll comfort thee
Fighting back fears
Was always your game
But fighting back tears
Can be quite the same
Sit by my feet
A story, unfolds
I’ve come from a place
That never grows old
Where Sunshine is measured
By beauty it’s true
Now close your eyes gently
Feel wings around you
Take a deep breath
Angels
They sing
Voices from Heaven
Find you again
Morning, alone
People would gather
To witness a sight
None could easily utter
For there in the market square
A hundred white roses
Where before lay a man
Now a hundred
White poses

duncan wyllie
How Many Knocks?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'd make sure he was healthy,
So that he could really see.
It was an answer I was looking for
Not to hurt humanity.
Then I’d ask a wondering group of Nomads,
If the stars can really tell.
Can I look into his eyes yet?
Or will I fall into the well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I listened closely, advice of this Nomad Sheikh,
But as he stood there, his vision and sound paled.
Few more gentle words now for him to speak,
An answer soon will be with you......... unveiled
3: 35pm A knocking at the door............ ripped into full consciousness,
There they are bolted, all 9 locks.
I peer through the spyhole viewer,
Wisdom from previous knocks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I broke down in tears, told him all that had happened,
He could barely believe what I’d said.
“If you hadn't rescued me tonight my dear uncle
I think surely that we would be dead.”

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

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

duncan wyllie
I Am Ordinary

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

duncan wyllie
Keep Your Aim In Sight

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

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

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

"Keep your aim in sight
Sever darkness from the light"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

duncan wyllie
Kym's Fantastic Bombastic (Haiku's)

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

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

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

Kimberley Wyllie (12)

duncan wyllie
The Calm

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

duncan wyllie
The Beech Tree

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

duncan wyllie
The Feeling

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

duncan wyllie
The Prayer Of St Francis Of Assisi

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

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

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

The Prayer of St Francis of Assisi

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But the rocks were slippery
And Tommy cried out
But nobody heard him
There was no-one about
He fell in the river
His chances were slim
He'd been trying to learn
But couldn't yet swim

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

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

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

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

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

duncan wyllie
Two Beautiful Flowers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

duncan wyllie