Poetry Series

F R Wills
- poems -

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F R Wills was born in Ilkley, West Yorkshire and is inspired by the beautiful scenery of the Dales. She loves to write poems and short stories and to read fiction.
A Future Yet To Come:

I loved Victorian rooms as a child,
They made me think that the Good Old Days were.
But love back then was seen as truly wild,
And complications would often occur.
I used to say I was born the wrong time,
But now I know that this is not the case.
Although the way I feel was never crime,
I can't accept oppression based on race.
Not gender nor class nor the tongue you speak,
Should dictate anything about your life.
A world in which my friends would be called freak,
Is not a place to wish to spend a life.
So my childhood fixation has now gone,
And I dream of a future yet to come.

F R Wills
A Mark That Can't Be Erased-

When thoughts can be punished and history
Changed with a few hastily typed alterations
What is existence? Why does war matter
If it is a perpetually occurring event?

If the world believes four is five
Then is it? What is history but
Pages in a textbook and centuries
Old skeletons? - conjecture is all

We have as proof. No fossils can
Provide the concrete evidence we
Crave. So we trust. Did we not believe
That Boudica was called Boadicea?

And did that change the fact that she
Died fighting for our country? But
Boadicea has ceased to exist. Just as
The dinosaurs who have been found

To be two halves jumbled together
Have ceased to exist. But the question is
If we believed them to exist then do they?
Is existence in memories and the mind

Enough? To be the sole enlightened person
In a society is insanity. So what is morality?
Who are we to distinguish right from wrong?
Left from right? A colourblind person would

swear that blue is red. And what I think
Is green is different to what you think
How strange that makes our art teachers.
When they say mix this colour or that.

If in the end, you can be erased from the world
With simply the burning of a few documents
You know you have not lived, only existed.
So make your mark, a mark that's impossible
to erase. Because every life should be remembered. We may only be cogs in a Vast machine. But we are individuals. We Are entitled to our thoughts and feelings.

When thoughts can be punished and history Changed with a few hastily typed alterations What is existence? Why does war matter If it is a perpetually occurring event?

If in the end, you can be erased from the world With simply the burning of a few documents You know you have not lived, only existed. So make a mark that's impossible to erase.

F R Wills
Absolution's No Solution

Voices raised
Sinners praised
Finally-
Screw purity
Religious mass.
Think I'll pass
Eyes betray,
So you pray.
God loves you;
I swear it's true.
Just live,
god will forgive.
But she won't have to.
Because?
There's nothing whatsoever wrong with you.

F R Wills
All My Pieces Are Cliché

Absolutely gazeboed and drop dead gorgeous,
I won't bang on about bad blood.
I've got a monkey on my back,
But that's just the tip of the iceberg.
Drown your sorrows, keep it under your hat.
If I'm not broke, don't fix me.
Yes, I eat like a pig. But in my mind's eye,
There's a chip on my shoulder. It keeps me on
My toes, I suppose. I've got cold feet. I'm
Dead as a Dodo- you're barking up the wrong tree;
So call it a day, don't bite your tongue.
I'll have you for breakfast- so you can eat my dust.
But only if you must. And I'd like to say.
All my pieces are cliché.

F R Wills
Am I The Enemy?

Gunshots pierce the peace
Tanks trample the track
They came with their loaded guns,
Forced us out of our homes

They threatened me – what could I do?
They shoved me down the road
The gun’s cold steel against my back
They threatened me – what could I do?

I heard the screams of my friends
Innocents like you
I wanted to save them
But, they threatened me, what would you do?

I see you- your eyes cold as ice
You wear their uniform
You pull the trigger
Watch without a shred of remorse as I fall

The blood pours from my gaping wound,
My life flashes through my eyes- I see my daughter,
My body drops,
You’ve slain an enemy,
Am I the enemy?

Will you remember me?
As the light faded from my blue eyes?
Will the memory of my scarlet blood pooling haunt you?
Or will you never give me a second thought?
The man who you murdered in cold blood,
Am I the enemy?

F R Wills
Arthur Sr And Charles:

A valet should not capture all his dreams.  
His fate should lead him to a wealthy bride.  
But no one could deny the fact, it seems.  
Love had taken a quite different side.  
He kept him by his side for his whole life,  
Charles meant so much to him, he thought it right  
Forsaking both his children and his wife  
To be with him who made Arthur feel light.  
The obsolete servant- and a true love;  
Occupied all of Arthur's waking days.  
He seemed as though from the heaven above  
With a smile brighter than all the sun's rays.  
The man was his and no one could deny,  
That Charlie made him soar, as in the sky.

F R Wills
Bigger Than The Box

Books lead me to poems and then singing but then there's history and Bonnie Prince Charlie and Fassfern and the Gothenburg. Perhaps Weymouth at Summer and the sea, you see-séance. The Séance Royale of the French Revolution- I'm Yorkshire born 'n bred and a Sagittarius. There's the Power of Three and friendships; the Wills' and the Sharps'. Lovers and Saumur, Cancer Research and British Heart- hearts not parts and books and my community- LGBT and Ilkley. On Ilkley Moor Bah Tat and all that. It's bigger than the box.

F R Wills
Blank Magic:

It was his eyes that he had noticed first,
Across the crowded bar- not his fangs.
He only noticed them after- in the alley,
But he was too caught up in the moment

He did not care. He had waited so long,
To feel this wanted. He simply wasn't
going to let go of it now. So he leaned in-
willing the vampire to devour him whole-

Almost. But still in his subconscious
wishing that the kisses would be ash
coated instead of copper tinged. But,
at the front of his mind was desire. A

Desire that triumphed over all love
and devotion to a boy who'd never love
him back. And even if he did-
with the passion that the vampire possessed

at that moment. A fire unable to dwindle
fuelled by years of isolation hiding from
daylight. The nameless vampire would bleed
him dry; or at least Charlie wanted to see him try.

An hour later, they lay- on the cold wooden
floor of Clarence Renning's attic flat-
Charlie propped up against Clarence's chest
hardly conscious of the lack of a heartbeat.

Due to the icy cold arms that were holding
him and the too red lips that were brushing his neck.
Meanwhile James sprinted downstairs,
pulled open the front door and flung himself

Into the open arms of his girlfriend.
Sapphire Rose. Her bright blonde hair
spilled across his leather jacket and as
She pulled away from his lips, she grinned
Said, "I thought you quit- you liar";
But James' lips had always tasted of ash
Unlike her ex Rence's who tasted,
As she did- of faint blood.

She craved for the taste of
his blood on her lips but railed against it.
She could survive without it for now,
She would do it for her love, for James.

In another room entirely was Karla James,
fooking her so called undying love,
for Stan Morton for a stranger with ice
blue eyes and white blonde hair.

They had met outside James and Charlie's flat.
Karla deciding to lend her coat and heart
to the girl with the bright red lipstick.
As she pressed a forbidden kiss onto those lips.

For that was the real Black Magic.

F R Wills
Bubbles Fill Our World

We must remember that we are nothing
Compared to stars, we are just a speck
And that's calming as we move steadily on our course
Like the planets orbiting a ball of gas and dust

We oft' forget the worlds
That surround us- seeming
As they do to be interwoven with
Ours and yet they are so distant from us

Microcosms are everyday life
For most as they wake surrounded
By familiar faces, the same old town - view
Never changing like the sea as it crashes on stretching sands

Some claim to be the centre of
The universe and while improbable
It's easy to believe it when, in your eyes
The world does seem to revolve around you

Bubbles fill our world
Houses of stone and mortar
That enclose sleeping loved ones
Or the planets orbiting a ball of gas and dust

We must remember that we are nothing
Compared to stars, we are just a speck and that's calming
Like watching the sea move eternally and feeling small in comparison
It's easy to forget worries or fears if you think wider, nothing really matters at all

We oft' forget the worlds
That surround us- seeming
By familiar faces, the same old town - view
To be ours and yet they are so distant from us

Some claim to be the centre of
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We must remember that we are nothing
Compared to stars, we are just a speck
And that's calming as we move steadily on our course
Nothing really matters at all.

F R Wills
Chocolate Bar

Aeroplane wings sweep me away-
My body soars like an aeroplane-
Up high in the sky; aeroplane.
I feel like a chocolate bar-aero plain.

Hunger wings sweep me away.
My body soars like hunger.
Up high in the sky; hunger.
I feel like a chocolate bar- hunger.

Jealousy wings sweep me away
My body soars like jealousy
Up high in the sky; jealousy
I feel like a chocolate bar- jealousy.

F R Wills
Christmas Is Not Christmas..

Christmas is not christmas
When you are alone
Christmas is not christmas
Without a family or a home

Christmas is just a day
Another gruelling day
When you are under threat
And those you love have gone away

Christians all around the earth
Are facing fear and disease
Not thinking of the birth
Christmas Day is lost to these

Everyone deserves to be happy
At the best time of the year
Don't bomb people at christmas
Don't make them feel fear

It wasn't them who did it
Not these innocents that lay
Craving a peaceful 24 hours
For their christmas day

Christmas is not christmas
When you are alone
Christmas is not christmas
Without family or a home

F R Wills
Cocooned:

Cocooned or larvae, and a leaf hanging off a stem.
That's what life felt to me back then.
It wasn't certain- a fine line between safety and insecurity.
The unifying and protective force was -as usual- me.
I felt as though the blue of the sky was the grounding element
Of a feeling that was at once frightened and jubilant.
Because you would both learn to fly away and leave me here alone,
I'd pray
That it would not be so.
And I'd cocoon you so as to let you grow.
I'd shield you from things you needn't know.

But at the end of it all,
I'll have to let you go.

F R Wills
Daisy And Charlotte

She was her new Lady's Maid and her eyes,
Shone like the summer's rays on morning dew.
There was a kind of wonder in her sighs.
And between them a strange new longing grew.
She had to be by her side just to smile,
And all past suitors of hers were forgot.
Hours and hours together would they while,
As she combed out her hair of every knot.
Daisy's brown hair cascaded down her back,
Charlotte's straight locks wound round her fingertips.
One had pale skin, the other's skin was black,
Love beat the odds at each touch of their lips.
Society would not condone their love,
But it was sent from the heaven's above.

F R Wills
Danger-Deep Water Ahead

The thought of my God's people,
sends my skin peeling. I tread
silent footsteps on the stairs
towards my blissful sin.

It's hard to reconcile passion
with faith while everybody's
spitting holy water down on me-
darkness; smoke seeping from

A hole in a rotten log.
Ambience is nothing but grass
and fire. What about diversity?
A hanging basket of daffodil yellow

Sometimes beats heather purple.
Do you see? I feel walked over-
I cannot do my duty- I stumble
on edges of labels and faith.

I am lost-not found.
Danger- deep water ahead.

F R Wills
Distance Murder

Stolen glances
Forbidden fervour
True love lances
Distance murder

Three letters
To define
'Peaceful faiths'
To despise

Closet doors
Mocking phrases
Societal flaws
Talks of phases

Pain invades
Hopeful feelings
Hate crusades
'It's just leanings'

The glinting knife
Hateful relief
When a life
Fills with grief

Blood pooling
Forbidden fervour
Hatred ruling
Distance murder

It's not they,
who take their life.
But those who fill
their life with strife.

Blood floods from veins,
Like hateful refrains.
It can be stopped.
If hatred is dropped.
Until then, it will not end.
Don't be a murderer,
Be a friend.

F R Wills
Do You Still Write Just Like This?

I don't think, just write.
Then she's there-
full stops and speech marks.
It's not a conscious thing,
I can't explain it- a trance.

When I stop and don't
Think but just listen.
The barrier clears away;
And she's there- my voice.

Maybe- transformed to another,
I can't help but love her.
She only exists in
the pages- so she'll stay.

Until new minds see her,
and those deep brown eyes.
Is that how it happened- or is it just lies?
Do you still write just like this?

F R Wills
Durdle Door

Soldier
Brave; bold
Defying the waves
Rising from the depths

Deadly
Sea serpents
Patient lies
The ocean's wake

Web thin cracks
Aqua abrasion
Faults trembling
Beautiful destruction

Hollows expanding
Persistent pressure
Cavernous cave
Water whiles away

Scenic sight
Archway to Atlantis
Mythical mermaids
Realms out of reach

Doomed doorway
Fated to fall
Crumbled crag
Solitary stack

Broken stone
Litters the seabed
The dull stump
A faded memory

F R Wills
Helpless

Sitting there helpless,
'cause there's nothing
you can do.
When they're crying.

Wanting to stop
Those silent tears,
wrap them up;
In loving arms.

Shaking with laughter;
But their cheeks
Are wet. It hurts
and I can't help.

Useless—what kind
of person are you?
Can't help them,
Can't even hold them.

So you clench your fists.
Make yourself busy.
Wishing to tell them,
How perfect they are.

In your eyes.
They can be so strong,
but crumble at
the slightest thing.

And all you want to do,
Is scream and shout.
Make them stop,
'cause they're tearing you apart.

Sitting there helpless,
Because there's nothing
you can do
To heal them.
Hope Is Just A Word; That Melody Makes My Spirits Soar

The gunshots still ring;
Like sirens wailing
Inside my mind
They fill my senses

The sound takes me back
To the shrapnel
And churned up mud
Of the battle field

My throat burns
At the memory
Of myself, shouting:
Until my throat was raw

No use,
They couldn't hear me
And then I felt it
Like a bubble bursting

Suddenly everything stopped
The world kept spinning
We kept charging
And all I could hear was the gunshot

The gunshots still ring;
Like sirens wailing
Inside my mind
They fill my senses

When I came home,
I skipped the celebrations
They sent the medal in the post
It's lost in some drawer or other

I lost it all
And they gave me this
This scrap of metal
Carved with a name that I barely recognise

I lock myself away
From friends; family
No one can see me
Like this

The gas burned my throat
Flames that licked
My voice-box
Leaving it dry

When I try to speak
It comes out like I'm coughing
Every breath I take-
Catches in my throat

I used to sing
I sometimes wander down
The twisting alleyways
Of my memories and hear my favourite song

Or at least
I think that I do
It's only faint,
But the tune is so familiar-

That it could be nothing else
It fills me to the head
With morning sunrises
And glistening snow

Hope is a word
That I have long given up on-
But that melody,
Makes my spirits soar

And anything seems possible-
I'm back there
Next to the record player
Just letting the notes wash over me

I bask in them
Like they are sunrays
Warming my soul-
Pulling out of practice lips into a smile

I try to reach out-
To grasp the notes,
Hear them
Feel hope again

So, I go -
To the record player
And I put on my song
And let it spin

It turns and turns,
So constant-
That it's comforting
And I feel my body sway

I can't hear the beat,
But in that movement-
That constant turning,
Somehow- I can feel the rhythm

And I open my mouth
And I’m singing
And my lungs are on fire
But I don't care

I have to stop-
To drink-
But I start again
And suddenly I can hear it

I can hear my voice
And for once, the sound
Of gunshots and sirens-
Fades to silence

Replaced by the melody;
Replaced by hope,
I find the medal -
It may be just a scrap of metal:

But it's hope
And I just sang again,
And the silence-
That deafening silence-

Is finally over
Hope is just a word,
But that melody
Makes my spirits soar.

F R Wills
I Should Not Pretend:

I saw someone today who looked just like she had done;
It was as if my memories had re-formed into a new being.
The truth is that I understood it then, like I never had before-
Why people move on without really doing so.

She was everything that I loved about you
Without the hatred I now feel mixed in.
A reminder of a forgotten history of heart racing,
Touches of skin and the woman whose feet I'd kiss if she only asked.

She even smelt like you did or maybe that was just a fabrication
Like Christmas and home and beauty and longing.
I swore to myself that I wouldn't think of you
now that we're far apart. But the truth is that

I've mentioned you far too much for that.
We had mundane conversation, but it was as if I was with you
Again. Like before.
So yes, this was all fantasy and yes, she's a new friend.

But I know that I'll never stop loving you, so I should not pretend.

F R Wills
Ilkley Grammar School:

I can't fight the waves of missing you that roll over me.  
I'm helpless on the shore as you retreat and leave me here.  
We all wished for the end, but I cried on the way home;  
Because you were mine for so long. Almost half my life.

I'll miss your crappy toilets, the one with the broken door.  
I'll miss your slimy benches and I'll miss running on the Moor.  
I miss your Physics classrooms, the pre-fabs and the Macs.  
I'll miss the scummy swimming pool and the worn-down grass tracks.

I love the bleached smell of C floor of a morning,  
And those hideous Common Room sofas  
Where we sat, and she cried  
And I ached; and the scary walk every morning.

I'll miss the lockers where I thought my heart would  
beat out of my chest,  
Because somebody said I was worth more than the rest.  
But more than that,  
I'll miss the B floor stage and  
Teachers I loved best.

The school trips, the parties,  
Watching horror films in the dark.  
The lido at the end of term or  
Hanging in the park.

Going on platonic coffee dates  
or swimming in the River.  
Those were the best days of my life  
and I'll never forgive her.

Myself, for forsaking all those days,  
wishing for the summer.  
I forgot to cherish English class,  
orchestra, choir too.

I forgot all of the times  
That I found identity in you.
I know that life has to move on and that I've done it all before.
I know that this University will become a new home for me.

But I miss Leeds,
and Wetherspoons
and cups of tea.
I miss being able to sit and watch tv surrounded by my Mum and Dad, my family.

And when I see you, I swear and say 'good riddance'
but what I mean to say is
Thank you,
I miss you.

And I'll never forget the seven years that I spent inside your walls.
Ilkley Grammar School, you're not perfect.
That is true.

But honestly, I can't express How much I cherish you.

F R Wills
It Has Layers:

It has layers,
Scruffy while writing. A cloud- a stop sign.
Temporary; ink on the carpet. Acorns,
pears and figs. Retreating from beauty.
Rocks and leaves- a maple leaf and a mug,
against a window pane. My trainers on
hot tarmac. Retreat. The arch and
marriage and commitment- improvement.
Roots but vibrato breathing-
I'm a sapling. How can this be love?
How can this be love?

F R Wills
Jade And Kathy

She was a woman who shone like a star,
And Jade had never fallen quite so fast.
She knew that for her she would travel far,
And that her worth was well and truly vast.
The facts were these, she didn't feel enough,
To hold such a Greek Goddess in her arms.
And so, she feigned to be aloof and tough,
Instead of showing Kathy her true charms.
The love that blossomed in them would burn out,
If neither chose to put their hearts to word.
But Kathy feared the fatal words come out,
While Jade found her fears to be quite absurd.
It took a year of isolation to,
Discover that the love they shared was true.

F R Wills
Life After Love

I don't love you
I swear It everyday
The words are natural
As your name once was on my lips

I used to worship your every word
Follow you with misty eyes
Smile at the sound of your voice
Obsession

Jealousy burning
Crazed confusion
Do I wish for you
Or just wish you alone?

Do my feelings still remain?
Or are the butterflies just remnants
Of forgotten summer days?
When loving flew on the breeze

I still pair your name
with I love you
I still compare your name
With mine

To you I compare everyone
Perfect?
'The one'
was I blind?

Blissful dreams
Filled with you
Singing me sweet love songs
Holding me in your arms

What is love?
The pain that burns you
When alone
confusion?
Is love eternal
Or just a game
Is faith a show?
Always played the same

perilous perfection
Wasted smiles
flying is just falling slowly
True love always leaves you lonely

F R Wills
Lovely

Lovely, that's what she seems.
But truly, that's all dreams.
She tries, of that she's sure,
But at empathy she's poor.
Patronise you, she will not.
But just in case you forgot.
Lovely, is what she seems.
Will she fall for you in her dreams?
That's not the question you must ask.
Instead tell her you'll forgive her past.

F R Wills
Mapping My Life:

If my life were to be mapped,
The church would have to figure.
And a book store full of dusty
paperback volumes of the classics
And modern novels alike.
My family would sculpt the contours,
My friends the mountains.
My anger would spark volcanoes,
Perhaps my tears would fill the oceans.
But you would be the focal point, the cathedral.
In the map of my life,
You would be the only landmark.

F R Wills
Mary Magdeline

They called her concubine,
But on gold she would dine.
She loved every one,
Of those who used her for fun.

She had no choice,
Without that dress, she'd no voice.
So she picks up the dregs,
Of satin stocking legs.

Recalls loves gone by,
as each part will surely die.
She writes them all down,
The tales of her youth.

Once presented as truth.
Not marred by folly,
on the lips of the holy.
He forgives me it all;

So I know I will fall.
His friends condemn me as whore.
But like never before,
I am absolved of the pain.

In his eyes, redeemed again.

F R Wills
Municipal Screaming

I sit at my father’s workbench
Elbows propped up on the wood,
I can see the frown lines that crease his face,
He has always seemed to look this way.

What does my future hold?
A life in the dingy workshop,
I will never prosper,
Never achieve my dreams.
They promised us equality, and this is what we got?
A life of misery, devoid of hope,
Whatever happened to progress, prospects
We have nothing.

I have nothing,
The anger burns inside me,
The hatred boils behind my brown eyes,
This must stop.

Municipal screaming,
Trapped inside us all,
Waiting to come out.
Waiting, but not forever...

I will never escape,
From this prison they call equality,
From this hell they deem perfection,
But some day- one of us will.
Municipal screaming,
Trapped inside us all,
Waiting to come out
Biding its time

F R Wills
Never Been Little

Never been little-
too loud to hold my tongue.
Never been pretty;
called cute when I was young.

Neither blonde nor brunette,
A fact I could never forget.
Banned from tattooing my skin;
Told not to drink Beer, but Gin.

Be classy and focus on the little things;
Every boy loves a girl that sings.
Singing is for nobody else but you;
Don't tell me dreams aren't something to pursue.

Bit by bit a life can be constructed;
Sorry if your preconceptions have been disrupted.
Girls can be both mothers and breadwinners.
Girls that love girls shouldn't be called sinners.

Never been little, never been cute.
I won't bite my tongue, nor will I stay mute.

F R Wills
Not That It Ever Is

Plastic rice- lead to bulk up bread,
It's all the same story; it's all poverty.
The "general maximum" of France; modern day food banks,
All I know is history, but I can use my empathy.

The risky days- I chose not to eat, worried about the size of my thighs.
So ungrateful- when there's some without a choice.
I once developed an eating disorder
-not that kind- it's just that I physically could not swallow.
I guess I can use that to understand-feeling empty
Losing weight-great.
But lightheaded- hair limp and greasy
Faded vision- legs giving way.

Not like my mate on Ramadan, not a fast like Lent.
But necessity- so empty.
She stares at me; cheeks sunken.
She looks like a supermodel; but she'll die soon.

She'll die if we don't help, it's not a choice.
Not fashion, hobbies, or juice cleanse.
Not that it ever is-she cannot breathe, her stomach swells.
And now we'll hear the mourning bells.

Except she doesn't have to starve- find some coins-
She's someone's daughter- we're all the same.
Just find it in you, don't refrain.
Help a girl who's just like me to eat again.

F R Wills
Oldridge And Roland

A detective she met when out in town,
had thought she was the most beautiful girl.
His face would often screw up in a frown;
many adventures with him would unfurl.
She fell for him when they were on a case;
But never felt the need to tell him so.
For she knew he could leave her in disgrace,
and that her love for him would only grow.
Loving is hard when there's another there;
A man with brown eyes and the blondest hair.
It was he who consumed all of Phil's care,
which didn't mean he didn't find her fair.
He loved them both but did not want to lose,
Either one of them, were he forced to choose.

F R Wills
On Your Doorstep

The heather whistled in the wind
The waterfall crashed over the rocks
The sound of children's voices rang
The flag flew in the soft wind

The cottage stood strong
Windows thrown open in welcome
A thin trail of smoke rose from the chimney
The roses climbed the walls

Girls ran in the meadow
Daisy chains around their necks
White cotton skirts flowing
Bare feet wet with dew

A regiment came to the town
They mentioned a war
They called it the Great War
They said they needed help

They called for men to fight
No one came
They asked again
No one came

They went back to their homes
Never thinking of it again
That was until they came
With their loaded guns

Boots trampled the mud
The mud is all that is left
The grass decimated by tanks
The river bed stands dry

The flag is trodden into the mud
Only a hint of blue can be seen
The meadow is a barren battle field
The Daisies all are gone
The cottage stands in ruin
It's walls burnt to the ground
The only faint memory
A singed rose petal

They'd called for men to fight
No one came
They'd asked again
No one came

F R Wills
Provide Me Shade

Dead leaves fall to the floor,
She is bare. Born again in spring,
She knows it. But she won't wait,
Until then- fall. Free falling.
Into a sleep, salvaging freedom
Of the past- at once calm and frenzied.
The forest rests, completed by the symbiotic melody of the forest's songs.
She's not alone any longer,
She's a part of something so much stronger.
The forest glade will provide her shade,
and when the bashful sun begins to fade.
She will come home.

F R Wills
Rolling Ocean Waves:

Isolation,
some would say
Is blissful,
like rolling ocean waves.

But when you are the boat,
With white sails stretching
To the sky.
You only want to dock.

In a familiar harbour,
or secret cove.
To be surrounded by,
sandy beaches or pebbles.

For trees to shade you,
From sunrays.
That would fade,
Your paintwork.

All you want is a forest,
To be among those
You were stolen from.
Not rolling on ocean waves.

Because that is bliss,
In a familiar harbour.
Surrounded by friends,
far from rolling ocean waves.

F R Wills
Room 666

I sing you a song
Of life so long
Of life so short
Of more life bought

For the price of a soul
She will make you whole
With sheer delight
The woman of the night

Hell would be bliss
Compared to her kiss
Icy embrace
Distorted face

Wish you could die?
You can't even try
Once you've sold yourself to the devil.

She has you now
In her power
That mythical woman
Of evil

Though there's no escape
It's a risk you will take
For one night with the woman of evil,
Now you've sold your soul to the devil.

F R Wills
Nothing
You can hear nothing
Nothing but the blood
Pumping through your ears

And the slow drumbeat
That is your pulse
You become acutely aware
Of everything around you

Every creak, every footstep
Is amplified
So that it fills you
Echoing through your senses

Your eyes are sealed shut
And it's as if the world
Has closed in on you
Is orbiting around you

And it's cold
Silence - is cold
Like a vacuum
And there is nothing

And you are nothing
In the darkness-
Just a body
Curled up into a ball

Silence filling you
Up to the head
With nothing
With everything

Because silence
Just accentuates
Every other sense
And you can feel the world
As it spins around you
It never makes a sound
But in the slow drumbeat
Of the blood in your veins

There is a noise
And it's so quiet
But compared to the silence
It's a symphony

There is nothing more beautiful
Than the sound of the blood
Pumping through you -
It sounds like the ocean

Someone once told me you can hear the sea
In conch shells
But it's the blood

Rushing through your ears
It sounds like waves
Swooshing around
Filling your senses

Tides of silence
Wash over you
And the undertow
Drags you into space

And you are alone
With your thoughts
And the silence
And your heartbeat

'Wake up' they say
And you float
On seas of silence
Back to sound

F R Wills
Speciation Is Cyclical

Just as surface area increases and
So the surface area to volume ratio
Increases. I feel the heat flow
Out of me when I see your eyes

They say natural selection could
Explain your eyes. Perhaps some
Ancestor we share had eyes
That did not resemble our own

These would have prevented
This ancient's ability to get
What he needed- mates,
Food, territory. Out competed

And dead. Survival of the fittest.
And yet, no science can explain
The heavy yet light feeling
That fills my stomach when I see you.

Just as animals who live in harsh
Conditions have thicker skin
I have gained one due to the
Pain they have caused me

Body fat they need makes me feel
Ugly. Not insulation, but lack of
Exercise. My insulating coat is
My parka. My camouflage is contouring

To hide from the predators. Or the prey?
Or maybe I'm more like the desert cacti
Spikes to stop water loss through
Transpiration or tears?

Stops the predators. My body
Can't store the water that spills
Over my eyelids somehow,
When I am sad but is just excess
The only extensive root system that I have
Is my family, not bringing water
Sometimes helping retain, otherwise
The reason for it's spilling.

Perhaps I've become adapted
For a specific feature of my life
Are the walls I have built my thorns?
My shy glances away nothing

Like the warning symbols or
The poison of the natural
World. No, I warn them away
With my words or lack of them.

There was no lichen
To warn of the level
Of pollution in our love
I needed to have a living

Indicator of your sulphur
Dioxide lies. Invertebrate
Animals were not there
When you kissed me with

Your eyes open. Testing for
oxygen level even as I gasped
For breath. Or perhaps it was the
Non living indicators - temperature

Of your skin against mine. The
oxygen level between our lips
The rainfall of our tears muddying
Our love. Evolving romance between

Us turned to nothing. Survival of the
Fittest. I know that genes gave us
The varied characteristics, but science
Got it right when it mutated to form

The humans we are. Completely
Different in species to our simpler
Ancestors. Natural selection
Because of variation and

Competition. Just as I competed
For your attention and craved
Your varied smiles. Darwin.
Rapid changes that occurred

Due to our change of environment.
Mutated but still perfect. Separated
So we both varied to different environments
Eventually through natural selection

We grew too distant, too changed
Different species now. Even if we met
Our love would only come to nothing
- a barren love that could bring nothing.

If only I could have fossilised
The look in your eyes
But love is soft and doesn't
Preserve well. Weathering

From another girl's lips. Not
Even the claws and bones of
The arguments remain, they've
Been replaced by the minerals

Of the mascara that runs down
My face as I let myself cry.
Not even a rootless trace
Or a footprint of our love remains.

Destroyed by the geological activity
Or was it the chemistry between you
That made you forget our history?
But maybe that's how life developed

Betraying the past for the sake of
The future. A future with her. Not me.
Our love is gone now. Lost. Passion
Had long been extinguished. Extinct.

Changes over geographical time
Or her eyes, distance between us.
Survival of the fittest. Doubt spread
Like a disease with no vaccination.

Love couldn't survive the new predator.
She was a more successful predator
A catastrophic event, I could not call it
And yet, ever so slowly, I lost you

Our love died. It was no volcanic
Eruption. There was no asteroid.
Only her. Only you and I but not
Us, separated. Speciation is

Cyclical. Two populations -
Separated. A divide between our
Love. Not only empty sheets. But
A mountain range, a river.

Genetic variation and the
Natural selection that I could
Not win through competition.
Alleles favoured her and not me

Nature selected her for you.
Now we couldn't love successfully
We have become far too different.
Almost different species. Extinct.

F R Wills
The Soldier's Heart

The feel of mud under my feet
Still takes me back there.
To the screaming, sirens
And the earth shaking throbbing.

Of my heart.

You see all that I could focus on,
Against the brown of the battle field-
were his eyes.
His blue eyes were a beacon.

It seems insane that I'd fall
in love in the midst of a battle.
But they were all I could live for;
His bright blue eyes.

And I think it was them,
That I saw- closed finally.
On the beige, muddied stretcher.
But I'm still searching for him.

I see him grow old without me.
So I stopped caring.
I threw myself on that mine;
and now I see him.

He's married, got kids.
But he takes out my
Photograph- and weeps.
That's when I hold him,

In my transparent arms,
Kiss him again.
My boy with the blue eyes.
And the soldier's heart.
Too Caught Up In Her To Know It:

Loving you was terrifying to me,
I think that I'm scared of committing to
Anyone who makes me feel I am loved,
Lest I begin to base my life on you.
It bloody scares me if I tell the truth,
To know that you once pondered on my eyes.
That you saw in me something to adore,
I'd never felt close to this way before.
You made me feel my heart was going to break,
I've built such walls, but you could knock them down.
So I made up every excuse I could,
To force all of my real feelings back down.
The truth is you were my very first love,
But I was too caught up in her to know it.

F R Wills
Turquoise Ocean Depths

Water floods your senses
And you float off into dreams
The feeling of it- smooth against skin
Lulls you to sleep and you slip away

Waves roll over you
As you lie there
Hair flowing like seaweed
Behind you - drifting with the current

You dive down
And feel the sandy seabed
Your ears pop and your eyes sting
But you must stay under

Flashes of red and silver
Swim into your vision
and sea shells
Brush your feet

The constant fear of
The deeper blue
And creatures
With sharp teeth and fins

But you still swim out
Not knowing whether
You want to
Reach the cliffs

Or touch the horizon
But you keep swimming
Feeling the tension
As you push through heavy water

And as you
Come up for air
The sting of the sun
and salt is glorious
And you feel
Like a mermaid or siren
In the turquoise
Ocean depths

Waves roll over you
As you lie there
Hair flowing like seaweed
Behind you- drifting with the current

Water floods your senses
And you float off into dreams
The feeling of it - smooth against skin
Lulls you to sleep and you slip away

Not knowing whether you want to
Reach the cliffs or touch the horizon

F R Wills
Valley View:

All sat around that table we would eat,
Toasties and soup for my breakfast one time.
Greeted with tins of scones and all things sweet,
As we read poems out from books of rhyme.
The old stuffed sofas and cosy pillows,
A garden where I played in every tree.
It seems strange now, as the time apart grows,
That house was one such a large part of me.
And Valley View holds so many memories,
Of trips to York, Grandma Kaye and tea.
Scarborough with a pound of pocket money.
When there I truly felt that I was free.
The family meals, and enforced washing up,
Were a core part of my growing up.

F R Wills