

Poetry Series

**Flying Lemming**  
**- poems -**

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## Flying Lemming()

I like to create, draw, write, whatever, and I find it easy to just not do anything, so I am trying to get this site to spark me into getting a bit more active mentally, we'll see how it goes 8)

I enjoy talking to people and expanding my ideas and beliefs. If you fancy a chat or anything let me know... I think there is no one in the world who can't learn more about themselves by meeting more people.

I also like a challenge so if you have any subjects or ideas you want to throw at me go for it!

# A Cat's Life

I stand and meow or sit and purr  
I take some time to preen my fur  
Before I go to have a nap  
In my basket or on a lap  
Then it's time for me to eat  
Some tinned meat or a crunchy treat  
I play with the laces of your shoes  
Before I have a timely snooze  
Then off I chase a bird or mouse  
Not straying far from the house  
As soon I'll need to eat again  
And after will be sleeping then  
Want to eat more, but no time for that  
It's not an easy life as the family cat

Flying Lemming

# A Toast To Toast

One thing that I enjoy the most  
Is a simple piece of toast  
Nothing fancy or flash for me  
Just toast with a cup of tea  
I don't need a great big roast  
I'm quite happy with my toast  
Lightly grilled or burnt and dark  
It's guaranteed to hit the mark  
As a late night snack or morning meal  
It has a universal appeal  
It's handy if you're on the go  
Munch it without having to slow  
On the way to work or while getting dressed  
Its flexibility passed the test  
While I'm waiting for the post  
I'm munching on my piece of toast  
It's cheap, convenient and quick  
By toaster or camp fire on stick  
From worker to student to lady or lord  
It's fan base is extremely broad  
Across the land from coast to coast  
We're all united by tasty toast

Flying Lemming

# A Wunch Of Bankers

I fail to see,  
Why your blaming me,  
For your misery,  
When I want your happiness, and that is true.

Of course I stashed,  
A load of cash,  
When the market crashed,  
But that's just what I'm expected to do.

I may be faceless,  
But saying I'm graceless,  
Is really quite tasteless,  
I just have a totally unexpected view.

In my clean pressed suit,  
I'm the banks recruit,  
Who you'd like to shoot,  
I give out loans, well maybe one or two.

I'll never budge,  
Through forms I trudge,  
And I like to judge,  
I'll grind up your dreams until your blue.

But in the end,  
You can depend,  
On me as a friend,  
Unless you're poor in which case bugger you.

Flying Lemming

# Abc

I got to 'A' and was assaulted and abused  
And attacked and ambushed and anger was used  
And acute agony left me anxious and bemused

Then went to 'B' and got bloodied and battered  
And burnt and bashed and bruises were scattered  
And beaten and bones were broken and shattered

I then gave up when a friend told me  
Worse things happen at 'C'

Flying Lemming

# Adrenaline Rush

I'm an adrenaline junkie  
I live fast and hard  
I laugh at danger and give fear my best regards  
I climb up high mountains  
And when I reach the top  
I stick ski's on my feet and rush back down the drop

I scuba dive with sharks  
And camp with grizzly bears  
Some worry that I will come to harm but it's not me that cares  
I bungee jump and parachute  
And abseil from great heights  
I explore caves and dank dark holes I never get the frights

I've rafted down the rapids  
And been on desert trails  
Whatever task I set myself my courage never fails  
I've never had companions  
As I move across each nation  
Cos the only thing that scares me is to have a conversation

Flying Lemming

# Ambition

I was at my art class studying shading  
When a stranger caught my eye  
They seemed to be doing their best evading  
Glances from passers by  
Sat at the back in dark glasses  
And large coat and big floppy hat  
I'd noticed them there in most of my classes  
Looking quite rounded and fat

I wandered over to take a look  
When something became very clear  
And by great surprise I was took  
It was an elephant shaking with fear  
'Don't tell what I really am please  
I want to learn this craft  
But when I told the men on the trapeze  
They just choked and laughed  
The same was true for the whole circus  
They didn't think I was real  
They do their best to deter us  
Not caring just how we feel  
I've always been the nervous sort  
The big top never suited me  
When the crowds gathered my only thought  
Was to just turn and flee  
But I was filled with a strong desire  
A need to paint and create  
It burned in me just like a fire  
I knew that I could be great'

So I didn't tell, though it was kind of funny  
And he studied harder and moved himself on  
And finally decided to make some money  
And followed his fortune up to London  
So if you are in London town  
And getting your portrait done there  
And the artist seems very grey and round  
He's nervous so please don't stare



## Flying Lemming

# An Idiot

I'd love to be an idiot,  
And never have a care.  
About the crap that's in the sea,  
Or poison in the air.

I want to be an idiot,  
And never be afraid.  
Of the snipers deadly gun,  
Or muggers slicing blade.

I long to be an idiot,  
And live in my own world.  
Where violence doesn't raise its head,  
And no abuse is hurled.

I beg to be an idiot,  
Not waiting by the phone.  
And even when I'm by myself,  
I'd never feel alone.

I wish to be an idiot,  
A dim and dozy dope.  
Whatever things went wrong with life,  
I'd never give up hope.

Yes, if I was an idiot,  
Hatred, hurt and pain.  
Would never ever bother me  
And I'd be born again.

But, if I was an idiot,  
And missed out all the strife.  
I'd miss out all the other things,  
That make up every life.

The heartfelt words, the warmth, the love,  
The closeness and all that.  
I don't want to be an idiot,  
I think I'll stay a PRAT

## Flying Lemming

# Cage Rage

I've evolved over generations  
Many countries and many nations  
Resulting in a glorious thing  
With beauty of grace, style and wing  
I have a wonderful ability  
To glide and soar and be free  
Nature really got it right  
When it gave me the gift of flight  
So I must say with sarcasm and rage  
Thanks for putting me in this cage!

Flying Lemming

# Chain Mail

My dear close favourite friend  
I have something I have to send  
On to you that I just found  
Sent to me last time around  
It's a message telling me  
That I will upset destiny  
And bring great pain and suffering  
And lose almost everything  
That's in my life and live always  
In deep depression all my days  
Love will be lost and fortunes gone  
Illness will spread before to long  
Until I'm shrivelled and just a shell  
Falling deep into my own hell  
If I don't keep the message going  
And as I have no way of knowing  
If it could really happen to me  
I thought I better just agree  
Stress and worry this put me through  
So now I'm sending it on to you  
How much more friendly can you get  
Than to pass on a vile nasty threat

Flying Lemming

# Cheery Year

January is too soon here  
A damp and cold start to the year  
February follows on  
With snow and ice that's seldom gone  
March appears next in line  
And down comes rain all the time  
April showers now are due  
Lasting the whole month through  
May and showers still persist  
Bringing frost and fog and mist  
June gets hot, insanely so  
Everyone's red and aglow  
July bring chills mixed with hot  
You're never sure just what you've got  
August the sun is up and bold  
But the wind still keeps it cold  
September the drizzle and ice is back  
Keeping up a relentless attack  
October's colder so I hide  
With a hot drink and stay inside  
November sees your breath in the air  
And colds and sneezes everywhere  
December's cold but brings some cheer  
Then bloody January's here

Flying Lemming

# Christmas Card Cramps

Now Christmas card writing I have Begun  
So I get my pen and start card number one:  
'Merry Christmas to all that you hold dear  
And the warmest of wishes for the new year  
I hope that you and your life are well  
And you'll have a healthy and wealthy spell  
Best wishes to you and your family  
Kindest regards as ever, from me'

The envelope licked and the card sealed inside  
By card number five I've lessened my stride:  
'I hope that you and your life is well  
And you'll have a health and wealthy spell  
Best wishes to you and your family  
Kindest regards as ever, from me'

I carry on more at a fairly strong rate  
But the lines become less by card number eight:  
'Best wishes to you and your family  
Kindest regards as ever, from me'

By now I am feeling less than keen  
So when it comes to number fifteen  
When they open it up all they will see  
Is: 'Happy Christmas, from me'

Many cards later I have a bad cramp  
Think next year I'll just get a stamp

Flying Lemming

# Christmas Chaos

Dashing to the shower  
Dashing to get dressed  
Dashing to the car to get to town before the rest

Queuing for a parking space  
Queuing for the shops  
Queuing for the tills, the waiting never stops

Pushing to the counter  
Pushing through the mob  
Pushing passed with bulging bags, such a tiring job

Folding paper round the gifts  
Folding cards all day  
Folding licked envelopes that taste in a foul way

Laughing with your family  
Laughing with pure love  
Laughing in joy at Christmas, it's worth all of the above

Flying Lemming



# Christmas In The Key Of Turk

Turkey curry, turkey roast, turkey casserole  
Turkey sandwiches, turkey stew filling my bowl  
Turkey in batter followed by turkey kebabs on a skewer  
Turkey quiche and turkey cakes, now my taste buds are fewer  
Turkey crumble and turkey meat shoved into a pie  
Turkey gravy poured on turkey slices piled high  
And when you think its over turkey ice-cream will appear  
I think that I'll have beef for Christmas next year

Flying Lemming

# Codes

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I = 9 J = 0 K = ! L = @ M = # N = \$ O = % P = +  
Q = & R = \* S = ( T = ) U = ~ V = ? W = > X = <  
Y = { Z = }

Print it out, work it out 8)

Flying Lemming

# Concrete Jungle Safari

Welcome to the concrete jungle safari  
Please climb aboard if you want to travel with me  
Keep arms inside all the time you're on the tour  
Of your personal safety I want to be sure  
We'll start by heading up to the gorillas over there  
That stand by clubs and throw out guys with the wrong hair  
Packs of coyote muggers hang round looking for prey  
A weak person wandering off won't last long this day  
The cheetahs sit by the lights, revving, roaring more  
Then zoom off at stupid speeds disregarding law  
In alleys lurking in the dark the scavengers all wait  
For drunken gazelles staggering by not knowing their fate  
And in the dark the lions keep control along the line  
Their violent threats underlined with fang like blades that shine

Animals are thought as vicious, full of temper fit to burst  
Of all nature, human nature has power to be the worst

Flying Lemming

# Credit Where It's Due

Thank you life and nature for our bright amazing story,  
Sorry that God keeps taking all the glory.  
Thank you love and friendship for long and happy days,  
Sorry some fake figurehead keeps taking all the praise.

Flying Lemming

# Critical

Criticism affects us different ways  
Some will feel the pain for days  
When someone feels the vile need  
To do their best to try to impede  
Any attempt to make or create  
Something, be it minor or great

I find more amusement than hurt  
When someone wants to throw the dirt  
I look past the front of aggression  
And any negative thoughts soon lesson

The thing that you must ask yourself  
Just how strong is their mental health  
If they need to belittle and chide  
Behind a screen so they can hide

You'll find that those that criticise  
Tend to have the emptiest lives  
And feel the need to take a dig  
To try to make themselves feel big

Don't feel anger or negativity  
Critics just deserve your pity

Flying Lemming

# Election Special

“Thank you all so much for your warm applause  
I promise you that I am a very worthy cause  
I stand here proud, asking for your vote today  
As we get the election process well underway  
My policies will make life be as easy as it should  
I cant say what they are, but I promise that they’re good  
And I will cut pollution with no money being spent  
And lower tax and raise income and make all crooks repent  
Answers to all life’s problems are resting in my head  
What they are I can’t say so I’ll attack my opponent instead  
I refuse to do mud slinging, or to try to cause a smear  
Although I could tell you things he wont want you to hear  
Like his finances, notice he has a bigger house  
And more holidays, and a job there for his spouse  
Doesn’t his car look new, cant have had that long  
Makes you kind of wonder where the party funds have gone  
But I wont stoop to his level, I’m too refined for that  
Not even to mention he’s looking well fed and fat  
So here I am before you, trying hard to impress  
Or trying to be the guy that you dislike less  
And as I’ve made my standing clear, you must now agree  
Your only sensible option is to vote for me”  
“Now here’s our next candidate, I’m sure that you all know him”  
(continue this by going back to the first line of the poem)

Flying Lemming

# Embrace The Change

I changed my hair I changed my style  
I changed my look I changed my smile  
I changed my hat to suit the fad  
I changed the clothing that I had  
I changed my diet and my routine  
I changed into a fitness machine  
I changed my lifestyle I changed my physique  
I changed from welcoming to quiet and meek  
I changed my character and changed my friends  
I changed the way the story ends  
I changed the goals and sights I'd see  
I changed everything that made me me

I changed my mind I changed direction  
I changed how I viewed my reflection  
I changed right back to how I began  
Exactly the same but a completely changed man

Flying Lemming

# Freedom

You can say what you want, just not so anyone can hear  
You can live how you want, just not while living here  
You can criticise those in power, just never out loud  
You can be an individual, as long as you stay in the crowd  
You can have your own opinions, just keep them to yourself  
You can do just what you want, if you've got the wealth  
You can choose to look however you want, that is very true  
But if you look too different then we wont talk to you  
You've the chance to be you, if you are like them and me  
Why aren't you smiling, you should be glad to be so free

Flying Lemming



# Ghost Story

I saw the ghost I know its true  
I know you doubt me like you do  
But it stood there as clear as you  
Big and bold and scary

A massive figure looming large  
No fake vision or dreamt mirage  
My nerves crumbled at the barrage  
Grim, ghostly and hairy

It was a big man so very tall  
Or may not have been a man at all  
And possible was rather small  
But so clearly outlined

A soldier killed out in some war  
Or maybe a sailor's what I saw  
Possibly a pirate and what's more  
It wasn't that defined

Or could have been a lady there  
With spooky flowing long black hair  
Who hovered three feet in the air  
Or possibly a monk

At least something in a gown  
With a sad and lonely frown  
Or maybe grinning like a clown  
I was just slightly drunk

Flying Lemming

# Great Date

I know the date didn't go that great  
Collecting you I was an hour late  
And while I was waiting in your flat  
I knocked over your plant and sat on the cat  
And it really wasn't that bad a mess  
When I shut the car door on your dress  
And when we were at the restaurant  
I ordered stuff I thought you'd want  
But you didn't want what I'd suggest  
I don't know why, it was cheapest  
I thought you'd like to have fondue  
Though I admit I didn't really ask you  
Then I knocked over the melted cheese  
Into your lap, scolding your knees  
And when I responded to your yelp  
I Spilling your wine which didn't help  
And after it had all calmed down  
I wanted to turn the mood around  
I tried to be tender with gentle touch  
But because I had drank too much  
I caught my sleeve on your earring  
Which must have given quite a sting  
It's lucky you had that red shawl  
The blood didn't show hardly at all  
And I really must apologies  
That I took so long to realise  
That I didn't have my wallet in sight  
So thanks for paying the bill that night  
But through all this there was a spark there  
It's a pity next week you're washing your hair

Flying Lemming

## Hair Scare

An easy task I thought it was, a simple thing to do  
I wandered off to the shops to get me some shampoo  
Rows and rows of plastic bottles, of all shapes and sizes  
Some to enhance what you have, and others as disguises  
Pro-V Radiant Colour, Anti-Breakage, Time Renewal  
Various promises and claims that were not true at all  
Enhanced Layer shampoo and an Ice Shine built within  
And gentle action Aloe Vera added for your skin  
Shampoo for smooth and sleek hair and some for full and thick  
Whether it's blond or red or brown there's something to do the trick  
Some that's meant to repair and protect from damage every day  
Highlighting colour expression to hide any trace of grey  
All kinds of scents from almond to apple and cranberry  
Coconut, lavender, watermint, mango, honey and strawberry  
And every one has a conditioner with which it is meant to go  
Or even has the '2 in 1' if you have no time to slow  
And now Aromatherapy and UV Filters in the stuff  
Plus a range of medicated to get rid of dandruff  
I wandered off more confused, knocked right off my tracks  
Think I'll just shave it all off and get a jar of wax

Flying Lemming

## Half Word Poem

Thought I'd try something new  
As I find that just by do-  
-ing this different keeps me a-  
-head of my brain every day  
So I'll try using half a word  
As I don't like to be herd-  
-ed into place or set routine  
Rather be odd if you get my mean-  
-ing, maybe it's a lack of grub  
that leads me off into this troub-  
-le I find that the hint of hung-  
-ger can get me highly strung  
So before it's out of hand  
I'll go get myself a ham sand-

Flying Lemming

# Happy Dog

I'm a happy dog at the beach  
If I had the power of speech  
I would tell you all  
To throw my ball  
I'm a happy dog at the beach

I'm a happy dog at the beach  
There are no new tricks you can teach  
I'm bouncy and glad  
And my tail wags like mad  
I'm a happy dog at the beach

I'm a happy dog at the beach  
My joy is always in reach  
Whatever the talk  
It's the best place to walk  
I'm a happy dog at the beach

I'm a happy dog at the beach  
As I hear the seagulls screech  
I chase and I bark  
Long into the dark  
I'm a happy dog at the beach

I'm a happy dog at the beach  
And I don't want to start to preach  
But if you ask me  
The best thing to see  
Is a happy dog at the beach

Flying Lemming

## Happy Dog 2

I'm a happy dog in a car  
Hope we're not going far  
I walk up and down the back seat  
At each corner I'm rocked off my feet  
I'm a happy dog in a car

I'm a happy dog in a car  
Zooming down miles of tar  
Sniffing around everywhere  
I know where we are by scents in the air  
I'm a happy dog in a car

I'm a happy dog in a car  
I'm feeling well above par  
On the window I'm sniffing near  
My nose leaves a slimy wet smear  
I'm a happy dog in a car

I'm a happy dog in a car  
We're on our way, hurrah  
Happy thoughts run through my mind  
As I stare and wag at the car behind  
I'm a happy dog in a car

I'm a happy dog in a car  
And going slightly gaga  
Too excited to lay down and nap  
I'll look out the window and let my ears flap  
I'm a happy dog in a car

Flying Lemming

## Happy Dog 3

I'm a happy dog at the park  
I yelp and woof and bark  
Along with the sound  
Us dogs run around  
I'm a happy dog at the park

I'm a happy dog at the park  
You may think me off the mark  
But I'm not by mistake  
In the mud by the lake  
I'm a happy dog at the park

I'm a happy dog at the park  
I hunt like a big hairy shark  
When the bunnies trail  
Puts a spring in my tail  
I'm a happy dog at the park

I'm a happy dog at the park  
I'm glad that some bright spark  
Brought a ball to throw  
Now off I go  
I'm a happy dog at the park

I'm a happy dog at the park  
I'll be wagging well into the dark  
Enjoy fresh air and fun  
Is my tip everyone  
I'm a happy dog at the park

Flying Lemming

# I Am Pigeon

I am pigeon hear me coo  
I'm not glamorous this is true  
In every city of every country  
There is a chance you will see me

Before I hop off into the distance I want to make a few remarks  
We may not have the same glory as swallows, hawks or larks  
But we are multi-national, the true birds of peace that's us  
We hobble on regardless with no ego and no fuss  
People try to poison us, they call us 'rats with wings'  
Just 'cos we're not romantic like a nightingale that sings

But we fight this persecution  
With our pigeon revolution

We're the only beauty of wing in the city  
When other birds take flight we're still sitting pretty  
On high ledges and on windows we will gather everywhere  
Sitting between the plastic prongs designed to stop us sitting there

So please throw us a crumb, from wherever you come  
Whatever country, party or religion, there will always be a pigeon

Flying Lemming



# I Am Zombie

I think something's wrong  
I don't feel quite right  
Could have picked up a bug  
Or it might be that bite

Didn't expect that from granny  
Guess you never can tell  
She was always so kind  
And vegetarian as well

When I see other people  
And try to say 'Hello'  
They just run away  
And I can only walk slow

I can't feel the cold  
I can't feel the heat  
Can't really feel anything  
Except hunger for meat

My mind is all hazy  
But one thought remains  
For... some... reason  
.....BRAINS!

Flying Lemming

## I Love You As You Are - Now Change

I love the way you talk to anyone, do you have to talk to her  
I love the way you love animals, you know I'm allergic to fur  
I love the way you are different, you're not going out in that hat  
I love the way you dance, do you have to embarrass me like that  
I love the way you are well read, you gonna waste money on that book  
I love the way you think I'm beautiful, why'd you give me that leering look  
I love the way you'll help anyone, bet it's just to fuel your ego  
I love the way you're spontaneous, this isn't where I wanted to go  
I love the way I fill you with desire, I told you I'm not in the mood  
I love the way you're relaxed about your body, do you really need all that food  
I love the way you are still fun, do you really need that toy  
I love the way you still act young, sometimes you're like a little boy  
I love the way you collect me from work, isn't it time you got a new car  
I love the way I feel natural around you, stop looking while I'm only in my bra  
I love the way you always have a smile, why'd you have to wear that silly grin  
I love that you just let yourself go, do you really have to try to sing  
And if you keep on with that annoying laugh I don't think I'll last another day  
I'm so glad we met 'cos I think that you're perfect ... why you walking away?

Flying Lemming

# I Took A Seed

I took a seed and planted it, and it became a vine  
I took the vine and nurtured it, and it gave me some juice  
I took the juice and processed it and that gave me some wine  
I took the wine and drank it all and then set myself loose

I took my car and drove around not seeing very straight  
I took a corner much too fast and came upon a cliff  
I took evasive action but just a bit too late  
I took a steady plummet and almost became a stiff

I took an ambulance and at the hospital took root  
I took two weeks to come around and everyone agreed  
I took too many risks in life, and left me with some fruit  
I took the grapes and ate them and was left with a seed

I took a seed.....

Flying Lemming

# I'M Not That Bothered

Half way through the day I notice I've odd socks  
There is a different time on each of the clocks  
I have my tea ready then find no sugar there  
The random spikiness of some of my hair  
Forgetting which pocket my parking tickets in  
Getting corned beef, cutting myself on the tin  
No batteries in the house when the remote control stops  
Remembering what I needed after I come back from the shops  
Sitting down then spotting the remotes not by my side  
Not having my coat on when it's tipping down outside  
Having no idea where I left my locker key  
I'm not that bothered, but it slightly annoys me

Flying Lemming

# Inspiration

What inspires us  
Who do we inspire  
What is it that makes us have the push to aim much higher

Some people say it's greed, a search for money and treasure  
That makes some stretch their skills or talents beyond measure

Or is it fame that drives us all  
To get our names up on the wall  
So we can go to friends from school  
And feel so smug, important and tall

This may be true to some who write  
Could be what keeps their eyes alight  
And powers them right through the night, to them it is worthwhile

But as far as I can say  
What keeps me going on my way  
Is knowing that someone, someday, will read these words and smile

Flying Lemming

## K. An Out Of Step Love Story

My mind's been full of thoughts since that door was closed on us.  
And I still care so much for you that I slunked off with no fuss.

But the thoughts and feelings will not fade.  
I just have to live with the choices I made.  
But here I'll leave my thoughts displayed.  
As a monument or epitaph.

And fill it with thanks and fond recalls.  
Of sharing joys and supporting falls.  
Of a friendship and love that never stalls.  
Along our entwined path.

You never realise just how much you're worth.  
The countless positives that you share.  
From the heart and shoulder you give to everyone.  
Which is why you're surrounded by so much care.

You're always there in times of woe.  
If anyone has suffered a blow.  
And needs support they know where to go.  
Your care for others has no end.

Yet you never feel it means that you.  
Can call on them when you are blue.  
Because that's just not what you do.  
As you were just being a friend.

But you are so much more than that.  
Because you really take to heart.  
The tears of others, the pain, the hurt.  
And that's what makes you stand apart.

Sympathy and empathy you never lack.  
You do all you can to get them on track.  
Even at the detriment to your back.  
Your pain is never a barrier.

That's why I was, and always will.

Be proud to be there for you still.  
With anything you can't fix with a pill.  
When you need a guide or carrier.

You're a giving person who always tries to see the best.  
Yet you never let yourself be taken for a fool.  
I was always very proud to bask in your reflection.

You're truly open and really genuine and honest.  
Which is why you thrive while at your school.  
Why the kids you teach always make a strong connection.

I love the way your mind randomly works.  
The thousands of giggles, laughs and smirks.  
And your embracing of your OCD quirks.  
How you'd unleash that beautiful smile without warning.

The compulsive cleaning that you just couldn't stop.  
The dustless rooms and sparkling counter top.  
I was so full of pride I could almost pop.  
when I got you to leave the washing up 'til the morning.

Maybe it was because we were so close, that's why you went away.  
I know it bothered you I knew what you were thinking before you said it.  
But that closeness gave us both strength and it will still be there every day.  
I've embraced your trust and love and will never regret it.

The one thing I regret was my hurtful hesitation.  
When you told me you loved me my self-deprecation.  
Made me think it wasn't me but just the situation.  
That made you open your heart so sweetly.  
I wish then I had more romantic clout.  
But I was engulfed by my usual self doubt.  
But every fibre in me wanted to shout.  
That I knew I felt the same way completely.

But what's done is done, and as is my usual route.  
I realise too late when to wait or take pursuit.  
And I will always treasure every second and touch you shared with me.  
But I'm not ashamed to write it here.  
I felt most like 'me' when you were near.  
So think of me when you clean you sink or drink your tea.

## Flying Lemming



# Karma Is Coming After Me

I took someone's car and drove into the cops  
I ran into a window while stealing from the shops  
My attempts at thievery are all a load of flops  
Karma is coming after me, yes it is  
Karma is coming after me

I went to kick a cat but my shoe lost its grip  
My balance was all gone and my foot started to slip  
As my legs went different ways I heard a loud rip  
Karma is coming after me, have no doubt  
Karma is coming after me

I criticise everyone to make them feel small  
I say they have no talent, are too fat or short or tall  
And when I look around I find I have no friends at all  
Karma is coming after me, every day  
Karma is coming after me

I never give my money to any charity  
I keep every penny I have just for me  
I've lost 27 wallets since 2003  
Karma is coming after me, once again  
Karma is coming after me

I always use my car to splash the people on the verge  
When I see a massive puddle I just can't fight the urge  
I didn't know the bridge was out so now my car's submerged  
Karma is coming after me, yes it is  
Karma is coming after me

Flying Lemming

# Legacy

I was asked today if I would be remembered  
If any of my work will last beyond me  
If my name will be mentioned when I am gone  
Will anything go down in history

Will the verses I write ring right round the world  
When I am no longer here  
Will people still comment to me what they think  
When I'm not around to hear

Will the poems still live for many years  
When I am no longer around  
Will the words fill the sky up above  
When I am deep underground

I thought about this, and then I said  
'I wont care, I'll be dead'

Flying Lemming

# Life's A Buffet

I cant eat that think of my weight  
Who know the number of calories  
Will attack me if that's on my Plate  
I could grow quite fat with ease  
And if I dared to stay out late  
My skin will just sag as it please

I dare not travel, I may get lost  
And I don't like to be out in the heat  
Just as much as I dislike the frost  
Odd climates will just have me beat  
And think of the trouble or anguish or cost  
Or my poor aching legs and feet

It could be fun having something new  
But just how new should it be  
There may be a wonderful panoramic view  
But I may be too worried to see  
I could be too timid to give it its due  
The change might be wrong for me

Don't live in fear of change, laugh and play and sing  
Life is just like a buffet, try a bit of everything

Flying Lemming

# Motor Mischief

I stand outside all night cos you wont put me away  
My silver body work is a grim kind of grey  
You drive me miles and miles every single day  
It's not much fun being your car

You rev too much, burning oil every mile  
Keeping on going really is a trial  
All I ask is a service once in a while  
It's not much fun being your car

You haven't cleaned me inside or out for years  
When you're in a hurry you start to grind my gears  
If I whine up goes your music so you're not one who hears  
It's not much fun being your car

You have me roaring down the motorway again  
Through the wind and grit and dirt and fumes and rain  
Being used so carelessly really is a pain  
It's not much fun being your car

But one day on the road my engine will just die  
And you'll have to wait out in the rain til help comes by  
And when the mechanic starts me I will work first try  
I can have some fun being your car

Flying Lemming

# My Tiny Army

I have a tiny army of little people here  
Wherever I go, I know, they are always near  
Not one of them is more than an inch in height  
Following me all day and guarding me at night  
Thousands of them in my house, where from I don't know  
They like to keep me happy, keep my life one smooth flow  
They do jobs around the house, they like to fix and clean  
They are friendly and smiling, not nasty, tough or mean  
Except if someone upsets me, that's when they start to change  
They get all dark and vicious when the culprit is in range  
So don't you try to bother me whatever you may do  
Or you'll feel thousands of tiny eyes staring at you

Flying Lemming

# Mythical Mystical Magnetic Cat

You may have never heard of me but I have passed by you  
Slinking around quietly is what I'm designed to do  
Unnoticed, I've taunted you, I'm very sure of that  
For I'm the mythical mystical magnetic cat

I wander in and out of every flat and house  
Unlike other cats I don't look for a mouse  
I just walk past your keys, wallet, purse or phone  
And when it attaches to me I quickly leave your home

When you lose something that you're sure you left right there  
Take a moment to look around for metallic silver hair  
Or inverted rounded paw prints made by static on your mat  
Then you'll know you've had a visit from the magnetic cat

Flying Lemming

# Never Alone.

Whenever life starts to beat you down.  
And stress floods over 'til you think you'll drown.  
You are not alone.

When lies and misdirection make you feel lost.  
And hurt has turned your emotions to frost.  
You are not alone.

When over thinking fills you with pain.  
With dark thoughts creeping through your brain.  
And you have no energy to try again.  
You are not alone.

When addiction's clawing at your back.  
And you only can see what you lack.  
You are not alone.

Money draining faster than you can count.  
And debts adding up to a frightening amount.  
You are not alone.

When hope is crushed and your dream shatters.  
Leaving your whole self image in tatters.  
And you think what you feel never matters.  
You are not alone.

Not everyone has a heart of stone.  
Ways of reaching out have grown.  
Connect with touch or text or phone.  
You are not alone.

Flying Lemming

# On The Br-Ink

Think of the most expensive product that you have  
Somewhere in your home right now  
There's one thing worth more than anything else  
But I can't understand how

When you think of what you get for what you pay  
When you want to get some from the store  
Printer ink's the most costly liquid around  
Only rocket fuel would cost more

And I can't figure out why that is the way  
What's in it that makes it such a price  
It would be cheaper to write things in blood  
Though I guess that wouldn't look so nice

Hundreds of years ago ink was made with mud  
And berries and other natural stuff  
And the pictures from back then are still around today  
They have lasted through time well enough

I decided I wasn't gonna be ripped off anymore  
And went back to basics the other day  
Collecting berries and mud as I walked down the street  
Which is why they came took me away

Flying Lemming



# One More Gun

What could happen with just one more gun  
Surely it can't really harm anyone  
But I feel I need it for my protection  
As I lately realised on reflection  
That I didn't feel very safe any more  
And needed more than the locks on my door  
And it's my right to improve my safety  
Which I thought this addition would guarantee  
But each new weapon is a new way to die  
And I sit here unable to stop myself cry  
He was only playing but I've now lost my son  
What could happen with just one more gun

Flying Lemming

# Our Greatest Weapon

The evil dictator prepared for the day  
Against all weapons that might come his way  
By pulling on his bullet proof vest  
With extra armour across his chest  
Including the mesh stab proof lining  
With his titanium helmet shining  
Climbed in his flameproof air tight jacket  
With lead set panels inserted to back it  
Covered with a lead lined coat  
And padding with steel wrapped round his throat  
Adrenaline pills to keep poison at bay  
A mask so gas won't get in his way  
He stepped out to the crowd and soon he felt halved  
He had no defence against the people who laughed

Flying Lemming

## Perspective

The tourist laughed as he thought of the native that made a deal  
And swapped an uncut diamond for a Rolex that wasn't real  
He took the diamond and sold it, gaining a pile of cash  
And gambled and went to bars and frittered away his stash  
The native smiles and thinks of how he swapped the watch for two goats  
That gave his family the chance to live without hunger at their throats  
The tourist still chases more money, no time to rest or for calm  
The native sits in the shade and watches his children tend the farm

Flying Lemming

# Pet Problem

I'm thinking of getting a pet  
But not sure what to get  
I haven't decided yet what it will be  
With or without a tail  
Coat of feather, fur or scale  
A fun filled little pal, just for me

A dog would be first pick  
Woofing, chasing a stick  
A wagging tail, a friendly lick waiting there  
But working most of the day  
I would often be away  
On the dog I must say it would be unfair

I've never really seen the point  
Of fish tanks filling up the joint  
They tend to disappoint, not much good  
And birds were designed to fly  
So cage them up? I can't see why  
That's something that I have never understood

Reptiles are tempting to be sure  
But need a constant temperature  
I don't think that I'd endure the effort or expense  
Not got the time for a cat  
Or exotic things like a bat  
Any rabbits soft and fat would go under the fence

Rats and hamsters scurry all night  
Chinchillas just don't sound right  
Spiders would give a fright, that's not the way to go  
That's also true of scorpions yes  
And bugs and insects leave a mess  
As I can't decide I guess I'll stick with just the hippo

Flying Lemming

# Pitfalls Of Caring

It's hard to have no one dislike you, for if you are friendly to all  
Then some will see it as suspicious or odd, and think that you play them the fool  
It's tough to be truly honest, as even if you speak no lies  
There are those who will question just what do you mean, as they view you  
through accusing eyes  
It's difficult to be giving, be generous and continue to give  
For some will ask what's in it for you, there must be some other motive  
It's not easy to welcome the stranger, to offer your home as their home  
For some will decide that there must be a catch and rather be left alone  
It's a struggle to show some compassion, for it may be mistaken for love  
And you can be blamed for any that fall and think that you gave them a shove  
It's much easier to just be nasty, vindictive and cold hearted inside  
To tell all the lies and con everyone and get all of them on your side  
But that way will lead to rejection, isolation from all that you near  
For its better to be disliked for kindness than to be loved in fear

Flying Lemming

# Pop-Up Adverts And How They Crush Your Soul

I sat by my screen intending to write  
An ode to the woman who gives my soul flight  
Start up the computer and run through my mind  
To see what emotions and feelings I find

'Your eyes make my heart beat so fast it'll pop'  
(pop) SHOOT THE DANCING BEARS HAT AND WIN A LAPTOP!

I click the advert closed and try to regroup  
My thoughts and my dreams and take another swoop

'Your smile gives me joy other people wont know'  
(pop) JOIN OUR NEW ON-LINE HYPER CASINO!

My flow interrupted again by this ad  
I close it and try to get back what I had

'Without you by me the world becomes scarier'  
(pop) MEET OTHER HOT SINGLES WHO LIVE IN YOUR AREA!

A scowl, a click, I growl and flick my screen back to my ode  
I try again to board my train of thought back down the road

'Your voice gives me love, all my heart will allow'  
(pop) FREE SMILIES AND POINTERS FOR YOU TO OWN NOW!

---

I pick up my paper and ready my pen  
To start to create my poem again

'Your soft touch sends sparks all over my skin,  
Like the sparks that fly from the computer in my bin'.

Flying Lemming

# Power Struggle

My alarm clock this morning woke me up late  
Which meant that my day didn't start great  
The toaster, joining in the attack  
Made all of my toast come out black

The kettle just seemed to do what it felt  
The iron made my work shirt melt  
The house alarm wouldn't set today  
The garage door wouldn't move out the way

The car stereo wouldn't play my CD's  
The traffics lights changed just as they pleased  
The security keypad lock at work  
Ignored my code number and just went berserk

When I got home the TV popped with a spark  
And the lights all fused so I'm now in the dark  
Everything electric has broken tonight  
I'm surprised the computer is working alrig...

Flying Lemming

# Remember

All things must end they often say,  
And we must go our own sweet way,  
Even close friends someday have to leave.

Bestest mates as close as brothers,  
Will drift away like all the others,  
But memories will help us both to grieve.

Remember when... wait that wasn't you,  
And how about... no that was someone else too,  
And the time... hang on you were on a different train.

But always we'd... no that's not right,  
And one time... no you stayed in that night,  
I'm sorry what was your name again?

Flying Lemming



# Remembrance

Some gave their lives, others had them taken  
Dead laying in land still forsaken  
They fought on bravely for a noble cause  
Until shrapnel gave them eternal pause  
Shells and bullets and tanks and bombs  
Pain and suffering just never belongs  
For those that fought to keep us free  
To bring an end to tyranny  
Who put our lives before their own  
And doing so never came home  
Much against war and hate and violence  
Can be said in a two minutes silence

Flying Lemming

# Smoke Screen

It's just (cough) unfair, call this democracy  
I can't just (hack) enjoy what brings pleasure to me  
It's (cough cough hack) disgusting, this stupid nanny state  
I know (hack cough spit) what's best for me, it makes me so irate  
When out at (cough) restaurants when in a joyous mood  
It's my right to (cough wheeze) smoke so I can't taste my food  
And if I want to (hack cough pitoo) go out to a bar  
A smoky (cough snort) atmosphere is much better by far  
People working in a bar know (cough) the risks there  
Get a job outdoors if you (choke) like fresh air  
And just cos (cough snort hack pitoo) some health freaks say it's bad  
You wont scare me from (cough cough wheeze) smoking like my dad  
He smoked 20 a day (hack snort) and lived to 85  
Thou (cough) was on a ventilator the last 20 years alive  
But it hasn't (cough) effected me (hack) I can tell  
(Cough cough cough wheeze hack cough wheeze spit)  
Could you call an ambulance please, I don't feel very well

Flying Lemming

## Spider Election

Three dozen spiders gathered round for their annual meeting  
'We must elect a new leader as the time we have is fleeting'  
Sam, who hungered for the job was waiting out the back  
About to tuck into two juicy flies for a quick snack  
'You're on stage now, the public waits, no time to fill your face  
It's now that you must take your stand in the election race'  
Sam sighed and wrapped his meal up tight and headed right along  
Not knowing that the living meal wasn't held that strong  
It ripped and then the food was loose and buzzing round the stage  
The crowd all laughed to see that Sam was chasing them with rage  
They couldn't take him seriously as round and round he spun  
Not the first to have lost respect 'cos his flies had been undone

Flying Lemming

# Stormy Performance

The orchestra were set to play  
On a windy, stormy day  
Seated in a roofless room  
Preparing to create a tune  
When suddenly down rain comes  
Beating on the kettle drums  
The sky is filled with clouds so black  
Which crash and thunder and boom and crack  
Lightening flashes through the barrage  
And hit the man who's stood in charge  
He just smiled and shook his head  
'Well I am the conductor' he said

Flying Lemming

# Texty Thing

ITS ODD THT WTH AL TH MBL PHNS  
MR PPL R TLKNG EACH DY  
TXT MSSGS BEING SNT THRU TH AIR  
VRYBDY HS SO MCH 2 SY

YOUD THINK THT THS MEANS ENGLSH GRWS  
WRITTN WRDS R INCREASNGLY SHWN  
MR PPL DSCVRNG NW FN WRDS  
NSTEAD OF STCKNG 2 THEIR OWN

BT TH SD THNG IS THT WRDS R NT  
GRWNG ND FLWNG LKE HNY  
NSTEAD THY R CHPPD UP MKNG THM LOOK  
HRSH ND UGLY ND FNNY

S IF U R SNDNG A MSSGE  
I ASK U 2 PLEAS DO THS TRCK  
SPLL EVRY WRD AS IT SHD BE SPLT  
ND MK OUR WRLD SEEM LSS THCK

Translation:

Its odd that with all the mobile phones  
More people are talking each day  
Text messages being sent through the air  
Everybody has so much to say

You'd think that this means English grows  
Written words are increasingly shown  
More people discovering new fun words  
Instead of sticking to their own

But the sad thing is that words are not  
Growing and flowing like honey  
Instead they are chopped up making them look  
Harsh and ugly and funny

So if you are sending a message  
I ask you to please do this trick  
Spell every word as it should be spelt

And make our world seem less thick

Flying Lemming

# The Big Ride

Standing in the queue waiting for the big ride  
It feels like there's a whirlwind going on inside  
My stomach start lurching, my heartbeat quickens  
The thought of getting on the ride just really sickens  
I hear it zooming past and the people screaming loud  
I look for other nervous faces waiting in the crowd  
I feel like I'm the only one with this grip of fear  
And every time the line moves on I feel the cause grow near  
Just a few steps left until I am locked in  
My mouth becomes quite dry, all the moistures on my skin  
I look at every bolt and every join upon the frame  
The thought that one could pop makes my heart burst into flame  
I take my seat, the restraining bar locks into place  
I try to force a brave smile but it wont come to my face  
The carriage jerks along and then hits the incline  
Higher higher higher clicking creaking all the time  
The noise of the theme park is lost down below  
As the carriage meets the top and very soon I know  
That it will lose its battle against gravities greed  
Hitting twists and turns and loops all at great speed  
The carriage starts to roll away and oh no here we go  
The feeling of the speed and movement makes me feel a glow  
I laugh with real enjoyment as I experience each turn  
The thrills the spins the spirals that I wanted to spurn  
Give my such a buzz that I come off the ride grinning  
Wondering why I worried so about the twists and spinning  
I march on proud to the next ride brave and full of grit  
But as I wait there for my turn I start to think a bit  
Standing in the queue waiting for the big ride  
It feels like there's a whirlwind going on inside

Flying Lemming

# The Bi-Polar Blues

I woke up this morning  
And leapt out of bed  
With joy in my heart  
And gloom in my head  
I smiled and laughed, and that made me cry  
I am so ecstatic that I just want to die

I feel a winner, and all I do is lose  
I'm joyfully suicidal  
Cos I Got the bi-polar blues

My emotional landscape  
Is a real combat zone  
I like to be social  
Now just leave me alone  
I'm like father Christmas, who's tight fisted and mean  
I feel like I've won the lottery then fell in a threshing machine

Like a light kiss, on top of a bruise  
It's sensually perplexing  
Cos I got the bipolar blues

I'm happily sad  
Bitterly glad  
Calmly mad  
Feel wonderfully bad  
Every day is smooth and rough

I whisper and shout  
I grin then I pout  
What's it all about  
I can't work me out  
I want it to stop and I can't get enough

My mood swings do nothing but confuse  
I'm up and down like a yo-yo  
Cos I got the bipolar blues



## Flying Lemming

# The Chase

There it is still taunting me  
Out the side of my eye I see  
But I can wait patiently  
Until the moment is right

The battle has spanned many years  
My adversary still appears  
Offering its goads and jeers  
Spoiling for a fight

I see it there hovering still  
Trying hard to break my will  
The thought of chase still gives a thrill  
So I make my move and strike

And as I lunge it knows my thought  
And dashes off to not get caught  
The chase becoming my new sport  
A game I've grown to like

As I keep on in close pursuit  
Determination taken root  
I hope my hunt will bare some fruit  
This time I will not fail

And observing this dramatic slog  
The owner gives his partner a jog  
And smiles as they both watch their dog  
Continue to chase its tail

Flying Lemming

# The Devils Music

I've heard all kinds of music  
From easy listening to heavy rock to blues  
2 tone, ska and acid jazz, all made me move my shoes

I've jumped around to punk  
Calypso, beat-box and industrial dance  
Mellowed with chill-out tunes like ambient house techno trance

Barn-dance and funk rock and gospel  
Soul music is simple sublime  
I've listened to new age music, but thankfully only one time

Songs sung a cappella  
A balled of be-bop or two  
Even a bash at Karaoke when I've drunk quite a few

Big band brass boogie woogie  
And disco help my mind settle  
I've even hummed happily along to blackened thrash doom death metal

Even the specialist styles  
Like shanties or yodeling or Christian rock  
Sit proudly alongside pop music and rock and roll when I take stock

I've enjoyed all sorts of music  
From every time and place  
So why when someone is playing panpipes do I want to punch their face?

Flying Lemming

# The Expert Diner

I can feel the tantalizing aroma drifting up to me  
Both smooth and rich and delicate and tart and buttery  
The exotic silky texture runs mellow down my tongue  
Yet has a tangy scrumptiousness that floods me by the ton  
The juicy fluffy wholesome feel is clean and heavenly  
A spicy sour flavour that's fresh distinctively  
The look is eye catching and tempting I must say  
And the creamy, nutty, crunch it has is lively in a way  
The sharp luscious zesty side, has peppery undertones  
Velvety and fragrant, that thrills me to my bones  
The soft tasty ripeness makes my taste buds feel so wealthy  
Mouth wateringly delicious, delectable, hot and healthy  
All working well together, inviting me to taste  
And finish it entirely with not too much haste  
The waiter smiled and nodded his head  
'You've just eaten the placemat' he said

Flying Lemming

# The Greatest Thing

It's easy to make if you have the knack  
It's terrific to give and better to get back  
It's priceless and free and worth the world  
It's warm and friendly and slightly curled  
It crosses ages and races and times  
It's found in far of tropic climes  
It's miles away and right near you  
You can tell when it isn't true  
It can change a sentence's tone  
It's wonderful when you have your own  
It's owned by all no matter their wealth  
Sometimes you'll give one to yourself  
It's great to wear, it's always in style  
I'm talking, of course, about a smile

Flying Lemming

# The Individual

'I don't like to conform' said the guy to his friend  
'Don't like to be normal to fade in or blend'  
They pushed past the racks of clothing on view  
And hunted around for something new  
'Can I help at all?' said girl in the shop  
'Are you looking to get yourself a new top? '  
He smirked, gestured the racks of clothes  
'You have anything that's different from those? '  
'I don't want to look the same as the rest'  
The girl looked thoughtful at the request  
Then gestured him to follow near  
And after checking the coast was clear  
She reached below the desk for a bag  
And from it produced a shirt like rag  
It was black with silver skulls stitched in  
And buttons made from twisted up pins  
The sleeves were jagged and collar was frayed  
And layers of black were overlaid  
'I have just this one, I made it myself'  
'It not normal enough to put on the shelf'  
'The owner wouldn't let me display it'  
'Said that the look just didn't fit'  
The guy smiled and said 'that's the one'  
'Something to stand out from everyone'  
'Something unique, something bizarre'  
'To show the rest as the sheep that they are'  
He bought the shirt there and then  
And putting it on strutted off again  
The shop girl smiled, and checked the till tray  
That was 12 of those shirts she'd sold today

Flying Lemming

# The King's Sword, Part 1/5

As told in hushed tones by some old bloke in a medieval tavern.

We meet like this, as you will see  
So we can maintain secrecy  
And you must also promise to tell no one  
It involves two armies with two kings  
And war and death and other things  
And in the battle's where it all begun

You see the king of the first lot  
Held a sword that he had got  
Covered in countless jewels and gold  
And like a bull (just twice as large)  
Into the battle he would charge  
With his sword, or so his lot was told

'Cos of the stuff upon the sword  
For a lot, it was insured  
And he didn't want to get it bent or scratched  
So as a back up he held by  
A stack of fake swords two foot high  
And into battle these were then dispatched

And when the fray had reached its end  
The fighting king would then pretend  
That his rich sword had served the final blow  
Truth being that the sword of jewels  
Was left behind out of these duels  
Hidden in a barrel down below

Buried in a pit beneath  
The kings tent out on the heath  
Where it was left safely 'til the end  
But it was know that the swords guard  
Found staying sober very hard  
A thing that was exploited by my friend

My friend I say, I'd met him twice  
And I soon saw he wasn't nice

Always going after easy money  
His name was Thomas Claude Duval  
His job description was black mail  
He found exploiting people very funny

Well he came up with this plan  
To make himself a very rich man  
By using for his gain the good kings weakness  
The sword, which was gold and handsome  
He would steal and hold to ransom  
This was Claude using all his sneakiness

He gave the guard a bottle of rum  
And he had only just begun  
Soon following were a scotch and whiskey  
Two shots of vodka one of gin  
The guard was soon out of his skin  
Which made the swords removal far less risky

The pickled guard he tiptoed past  
And with some digging he at last  
Got the barrel out of the ground  
Then checking no one was in sight  
Pushed it hard with all his might  
And sneaked away without a single sound□

The battle won the fake sword shown  
And the army all marched home  
The king returned and flew into a rage  
The guard was down on hand and knee  
Being sick quite violently  
Having reached the drinks revisit stage

The king pushed past the retching man  
Into the tent he quickly ran  
To be greeted by a gapping hole  
He charged back out and kicked the drunk  
Then down into his knees he sunk  
Despair ripping at his very soul

Flying Lemming



## The King's Sword, Part 2/5

The court adviser walked on by  
The king's displeasure he did spy  
Then through the tent he saw the hollow pit  
His pulse worked fast his brain did to  
He guessed why the king was blue  
And could tell they were in the muck

'But sire we all make mistakes  
And anyway you've got the fakes  
They've fooled the army for quite long enough'  
The king looked up and shook his head  
'The problem, ' he angrily said  
'Is not the army but Lord Jack McDuff.

I took his castle in a war  
Now he wants to even the score  
Destroying my army with planted doubt  
He checks my sword almost each hour  
He knows that it inspires my power  
Hoping one day to catch me out,

And when he learns the sword is gone  
He'll spread the word, it won't take long  
Soon the army will all lose their bite  
Their faith destroyed, their courage too  
McDuff's army will just walk through  
There won't even need to be a fight'

The adviser helped him to his feet  
And in his mind tried to complete  
A plan to get the king out of this mess  
Silent minutes drifted past  
Then the adviser said at last  
'Sire I have a plan, well more or less

The swords a symbol as you say  
It can be shown a different way  
You don't need to use it in a fight  
It still can be of use to you

As long as it remains in view  
Perhaps being shown from some great height'

'Of course' the king replied with power  
'I'll tie a fake sword to a tower  
I'll say it helps to spread the sword's good luck  
And from that distance none would know  
The real sword has happened to go  
Stolen by some evil thieving shmuck'

They checked the plan it did make sense  
To give the king the best defence  
They dare not leave anything to chance  
The king rushed off a speech to make  
The adviser dashed to grab a fake  
The guard was posted off to fight in France

The speech was said, the story swallowed  
The king, outside, the people followed  
To see the fake strapped to the towers roof  
And if a doubt was ever raised  
Upwards the doubters eyes would gaze  
To see the solid shining sword of proof

All went well a day went past  
T. C. Duval surfaced at last  
And crept into the castle to negotiate  
He looked around quite carefully  
Was shocked and surprised see  
That not one person was mad or irate

He ran around his fist did shake  
He shouted 'that sword is a fake'  
'How do you know?' asked a passing man  
T. C. thought fast he daren't admit  
That he had gone and stolen it  
So away he disappointed ran

Flying Lemming

## The King's Sword, Part 3/5

He had reached the castle gate  
Looking really quite a state  
Where he was stopped by a voice so gruff  
'I heard you cry the swords not real  
And I want to make a deal'  
Held out a hand 'my name is Jack McDuff'

Tom took Jack's hand which he did shake  
And told everything about the fake  
Jack listened hard then he laughed out loud  
'I knew it' he wickedly said  
'The king is now as good as dead'  
Then they both walked off to avoid the crowd

When they had found a quiet spot  
They both sat and began to plot  
Both trying to maximise their gain  
A drink or two the deal was set  
A huge fortune Tom would get  
And Jack McDuff would be king again

Tom dashed off to get the sword  
To help McDuff expose the fraud  
McDuff went to the tower up the staircase  
He planned to get the fake sword down  
And parade it round the town  
Proving that the king was a disgrace

He climbed the steps with each large stride  
And reached the top and looked outside  
The sword was there but he could not quite reach it  
He exited onto the ledge  
And across did slowly edge  
Because he did not like heights, not one bit

He climbed the roof dislodged a tile  
Then looked down what seemed a mile  
To see the slate shatter on the ground  
He hung there for a minute or two

Could think of nothing else to do  
Then with a sigh continued edging round

Tom dashed back with the real sword  
Thinking of his big reward  
He reached the bottom of the fake swords home  
He swung the sword quiet easily  
But there was no one there to see  
So patiently he waited all alone

The sword held pointed to the sky  
Inside he gave a dreadful cry  
What if McDuff had been found or killed  
He thought, then with himself discussed  
Had McDuff really earned his trust  
With evil thoughts his head was quickly filled

McDuff could be the King's best friend  
Who just needed to pretend  
That he was bad to earn a big reward  
He could have set up the whole thing  
Conning me so I would bring  
Delivered to the King the real gold sword

Tom slyly looked from left to right  
Peering at the creeping night  
Then sighed deep and slowly shook his head  
If McDuff wasn't a real pal  
The army would be here by now  
And I would now be either caught or dead

Above McDuff had reached the sword  
And prayed loudly to his lord  
He'd slipped and now was just left hanging there  
The thin cord from the sword was all  
That stopped him from a deadly fall  
And that, worse luck, had just begun to tear

Flying Lemming

# The King's Sword, Part 4/5

Across the other side of court  
The adviser ran fairly distraught  
Then he arrived and fell at the king's throne room  
Screaming of the cad McDuff  
And plans and swords and other stuff  
And soon told how the King now faced his doom

The king calmed the adviser down  
Then they moved across the town  
To see what damage had been done by Duff  
They sneaked by to avoid attention  
And as a form of crowd prevention  
Until they had both travelled far enough

In front of them they saw at work  
A little, short, rough, bug-eyed nerk  
Waving the real gold sword in the air  
Who turned and looked at king and friend  
Then shouted 'your life's at its end  
Your precious army will know the facts so bare

Of how you've lied and led them on  
With faith stuck where it don't belong  
Moral will disappear and you will fall  
A new leader will take your place  
And finally he will erase  
You name by sending you lot to the wall'

'You mean McDuff' the king asked Tom  
'That evil cad' he carried on  
'If he wants a fight then I'll begin it'  
Tom smiled his crooked grin  
And said 'don't worry about him  
He'll be here to face you any minute'

Tom didn't know how right he was  
With these last words of truth because  
Above him there was a snap then yell  
As McDuff with sword in hand

Headed towards flat hard land  
Screaming more with each new foot he fell

The adviser and the king looked up  
On hearing Duff squeal like a pup  
And Tom joined them to see the growing blot  
Directly up above his head  
He knew real soon he would be dead  
But found that he was rooted to the spot

One sword was up one pointed down  
And as McDuff hit the ground  
Each sword found and stabbed into a person  
The two bad guys were both impaled  
Their evil plan had badly failed  
Poetic justice, just a gory version

The town's folk came to find the scream  
And to check what they had seen  
And quickly the adviser grabbed the blades  
He shouted to the growing group  
'This is how low McDuff would stoop  
He made a fake to make our lives charades

He climbed the roof to get this sword'  
Then he held the real sword forward  
The crowd all looked and saw the real swords shine  
'He planned to change it for this fake  
Which I am now going to break  
To keep this scandal gone for all of time'

Good as his word he raised his knee  
And broke the fake quite easily  
The crowd all cheered their faith now back all right  
The king shook the adviser's hand  
'This went better than we had planned  
From now on consider yourself a knight'

Flying Lemming

## The King's Sword, Part 5/5

A party thrown the sword recovered  
With lots of drink the folks were smothered  
And soon the whole town was all laughs and claps  
Everyone was full of cheer  
Supping quite a lot of beer  
And soon the king's platoon had all collapsed

Every guard had lost his head  
That is the ones who were not dead  
But in the mayhem someone was quite sober  
He searched around and found in place  
A hidden door with, in a case  
The precious sword, which all this fuss was over

In one swift move he smashed the trunk  
And dug through all the packing junk  
To find the gold expensive tool of war  
And hiding it inside his jacket  
Sneaked back out into the racket  
Then ran so fast he hardly touched the floor

The king who had heard the crash  
In through the hidden door went smash  
And found the sword was gone from him once more  
When this was learnt by everyone  
The king said 'I'll now stop the fun  
By telling everything from the first war'

He told of how the fakes were used  
And how their trust had been abused  
He'd understand if they wanted him thrown out  
Silence was at first the sound  
Then came a cheer from all around  
'Long live the king' came the public's shout

The king he could not comprehend  
Why they wanted to be friends  
After the lies he told so bold  
Then from the crowd there came a voice

'You really are the public's choice  
We don't care what type of sword you hold

It may be fake, it may be real  
We have no preference in this deal  
It could be made of gold, wood or tin  
You still lead us into fight  
And battle hard with all your might  
Because of you we know we'll always win'

The king thought hard, could this be real  
Is this how they really feel  
Led on by me and not a golden lie  
He saw the faces in the crowd  
And felt very big and proud  
'I shall never lie to you again' he cried

You may ask how I know this story  
Of the swords a tale so gory  
And where the sword is now you'll ask of course  
Well I have travelled quite a lot  
And all the info I have got  
Has come to me from every type of source

This story was all told to me  
By someone who was once greedy  
He stole the sword but then he saw the light  
He tried to take it back to them  
But they didn't want it back again  
Without it they were coping quite all right

Where is it now I hear you say  
Well as I pass my weary way  
I pick up things, and here I would not kid  
I have that famous sword of gold  
And now its story has been told  
You can have it, only twenty quid

Flying Lemming



# The Little Balloon

The young balloon was in his room  
The storm was raging outside  
So he scooted off to his parent's room  
To find somewhere to hide  
He asked his daddy balloon  
As the storm was thundering  
'Could I sleep in here with you and mum?  
This storm's a frightening thing'

The daddy balloon looked down at his son  
And said in a stern voice  
'You are getting to be a big balloon now  
Its time you made a choice  
To be brave and strong and face your fear  
Now go back to your bed  
And I don't want to hear any more  
Of the worries in your head'

So the boy balloon went back to his room  
Vowing his best to be brave  
But an hour later the thunder still roared  
And his strength soon caved  
So he crept back into his parent's room  
And they were both asleep  
So quietly up to their bed  
He continued to creep

He tried to squeeze in between them  
But didn't quite manage to fit  
So he undid his daddy carefully  
And let some air out, just a bit  
But he still couldn't squeeze in the bed  
So he did the same to his mummy  
And with them both slightly deflated  
Tried wriggling in on his tummy

But there still wasn't room for him  
So he undid himself a tad  
And after letting out some air

Could squeeze between mum and dad  
The next day his dad was furious  
When he found out what he did  
And he had an angry voice  
While talking to his kid

'You should be very ashamed'  
To his son he had to tell  
'You've let me down, you've let your mum down  
And you've let yourself down as well'

Flying Lemming

# The Mouse Wedding

The Bride holds her flowers and straightens her veil  
The Groom cleans his whiskers and straightens his tail  
The Tiny biscuit box church is full of light  
The bells chime loudly, the sun shines bright  
The two families of mice sit either side  
As the groom mouse waits for his bride inside  
She arrives making the wedding complete  
Dress that's a white sock with holes for her feet  
The priest mouse continues, being well versed  
The rings are passed over as had been rehearsed  
A mouse in the pews can't stop her cough  
So she is quickly, quietly lead off  
The kiss is taken the crowd all cheer  
So joyful that this day is here  
The couple leave and all pile outside  
A stretched white roller skate for a ride  
Then at the reception with all the relations  
Forgotten the days stress and frustrations  
Shaking their tails on the dance floor  
Begging the DJ to play some more  
A buffet of nibbles, the most they could make  
And three tiers of cheese form the wedding cake  
Whatever the animal from human to mice  
Sharing your life makes it twice as nice

Flying Lemming

# The Multi-Poem

First choose what mood you are in the take the numbered words in that list and put them in the corresponding places to get your poem.

A 1 of 2 was the first thing I noticed  
And it made me think of 3  
While little 4 of 5 filled me  
Which brought me 6

Then suddenly 7 surrounded me  
Making my 8 almost 9  
And 10 like nothing before  
Bringing 11 of 12 to 13

But 14 returned back to 15  
And 16 once more poured through  
With each 17 my 18 grew 19  
Telling me that 20

Love - Hate - Emo - Surreal

1 Wave - Rising - Crash - Flock

2 Contentment - Bile - Depression - Telephones

3 Your eyes - Your pain - My death - Billingsgate

4 Sparks - Thoughts - Stabs - Tractors

5 Happiness - Hate - Despair - Penguins

6 Ecstatic surprise - To loathe you - Life's pointless breath - Burnt shoes on a plate

7 Laughter - Red mist - Darkness - Custard

8 Heart - Eyes - Soul - Kneecaps

9 Burst - Bleed - Cry - Spin

10 Thrilling me - Venom pumped - Bleak realisation - A tiny little orchestra

11 Cups full - Ideas - Thoughts - Buckets full

12 Joy - Death - My longing - Squirrels

13 My thirst - Be freed - Die - Craft tin

14 Your smile - Vengeance - Normality - Stripy socks

15 Hold me - Haunt me - My mind - Their dancing

16 Comfort - Anger - Reality - Giggling

17 Glance - Slight - Step - Day

18 Heart - Heart - Mum - Vision

19 Prouder - Darker - Closer - Weirder

20 I love you - I must kill you - Dinner was due - I shouldn't sniff that glue

Flying Lemming

# The Perils Of Owning A Rhyming Dictionary

I walked down the street  
Following my feet  
Down the road I went  
My hair was flocculent (1)

I went in a café  
That was on my way  
I ordered some fries  
And began to gormandise (2)

That didn't scratch my itch  
I dreamed of a whole flitch (3)  
Almost swallowed my spoon  
May have an entozoon (4)

Then I wandered home  
My jacket very roan (5)  
I didn't get too far  
Felt I had a fistula (6)

I looked towards the sun  
Shining like molybdenum (7)  
Not sure where I should be  
Like my mind is a heptarchy (8)

-----

When you write a poem or verse try to use your own voice  
Speak as you speak in general speech that's always the best choice  
Using long words to sound very smart can have a lot of appeal  
But, like a cow on a skateboard, it will look cool, but it won't look real

Meanings:

- (1) like tufts of wool
- (2) eat fast or like a glutton
- (3) side of bacon
- (4) internal parasite
- (5) (of horses) a coat where the main colour is thickly mixed with another
- (6) pipe like ulcer

(7) silver white metallic element

(8) ruled by seven

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 04

Random thought number 1

As we buzz round the sun

Does the sun want to swat us just like a fly?

Random thought number 2

We've two feet its true

So why do women need so many shoes to buy?

Random thought number 3

If we took from the sea

All the water just how much would it weigh?

Random thought number 4

Can I type for much more

Now that I am on my fourth 'poem a day'?

Random thought number five

If Elvis is alive

What would he make of thrash black death metal rock?

Random thought number 6

When the mouse pointer sticks

Does that mean my computer is having a mental block?

Random thought number 7

If it's perfect in heaven

Does that mean that smiles are compulsory?

Random thought number 8

Now I'm tired and its late

Why didn't I buy that rhyming dictionary?

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 05

Five small ducks went out for a quack  
One looked forward one looked back  
One looked left and one looked right  
The fifth relaxed and smiled so bright  
They'd alternate so one by one  
They'd find some peace out in the sun

Five grown men went out for a walk  
All looked forward, none would talk  
Each was trying to be in front  
Trying every trick and stunt  
To win, achieve, and gain more ground  
Think I'll be a duck next time round

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 06

Six days in and my mind has gone blank  
Have I got a leak in my own think tank  
Has easy living meant I have lost the drive  
And passion to keep the skill alive  
Has lack of exercise taken its toll  
I do little more than an occasional stroll  
Do I need a sharp shock to jump-start my brain  
Like a bungee jump or a leap from a plane

Does a new outlook mean more ideas or is it true to say  
The more you learn the more you know so there are less shades of grey  
Is knowledge just a wall that will stop all contemplation  
When you know all do you stop looking for an explanation  
Is the person who knows nothing the one with the most to say  
This must be true as I know little, but got through another day

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 07

Time is relative its often said  
Depending on what's in your head  
If you are anxious seconds will drag  
Slowly time will stall and lag

But when your life is full of fun  
It's all too soon the day is done  
That's why you must embrace the joy  
Play with it like your favourite toy

Every smile you must savour  
Enjoy each view and sound and flavour  
Don't spend a second dwelling on  
Your problems or what has gone wrong

Don't stress about what you can't change  
Or people's thoughts that seem so strange  
Just keep on smiling through it all  
And happiness will start to call

If you sweep the darkness from your mind  
A deeper peace you will soon find  
And if you smile when all seems so bleak  
You will, like me, get through the week

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 08

A week's gone past and now I sit  
And wonder if this is it  
I didn't think I'd reach this stage  
That my mind had dulled with age  
Or lack of use, or lack of smarts  
Could not contribute to the arts  
But somehow I staggered through  
With a dodgy rhyme or two  
And randomly a group of ducks  
It's sometimes weird what my mind plucks  
Out of the air when it does wander  
But now I'm left to gently ponder  
Do I stop now or see how long  
I can continue carrying on  
I must admit its still a task  
To wake my brain and then to ask  
If it can send out another verse  
Though it is a little perverse  
To force creativity day by day  
Just to check its not gone away  
But I believe I will keep going  
Though I've no way of really knowing  
If anyone is even reading this  
And it doesn't matter if no one is  
Sometimes its good to test yourself  
For even if you lack great wealth  
Or power or glory I still find  
Its good to know what's in your mind

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 09

The wonderful thing about poems  
Is today's random thought  
Is that some are long, winding and vast  
While others are just very short

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 10

10 is a nice round figure, well half of it is the rest is straight  
And now I find with some vigour, that I'm set again to face my fate  
I will just keep on supplying, verse after verse after verse  
Although there is no denying, that they just could keep getting worse  
There is a very real danger, that I will run dry of ideas  
And poetry will seem like a stranger, who I haven't seen in years  
But I will just persevere, and fire more lines every day  
For in them there might just appear, something special in some kind of way  
A phrase or word or line, that I could take and expand  
An interesting arrangement of rhyme, that I will just keep to hand  
So carrying on's what I'll do, trying to make the words fit  
As with carpet bombing its true, sometimes you will get a direct hit

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 11

The distance between people can often be something that is very hard to define  
Its not only miles that get in the way but sometimes its thoughts and time  
Sometimes the person who's in the same room can feel like they're worlds away  
While those who live in some far away land can connect without delay  
There are those who you love even though you've not met  
There are neighbours you never speak to  
There are those that seem to know you so well  
Even if your encounters are few  
Anyone can be another friend if that's what you try to be  
Accept all and judge none and try to work out what it is that they see  
Dismiss anybody and you will find that you will be dismissed  
You wont get everyone to change their minds no matter how much you insist  
But if you let change enter your life and prepare to bend just a little way  
You will find that this massive cold world will get smaller and warmer each day

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 13

Superstition can be self inflicting, if its numbers or omens you fear  
Then you being on edge when they are around will make accidents appear  
Cats crossing your path, salt being spilt or even the number 13  
Mirrors being smashed, all of these things can make you flee from the scene  
Some come from good sense, walk under ladders you're likely to get dead  
Mainly because someone up them may dropp something on your head  
Open up your umbrella inside and bad feelings will be found  
Because you are likely to knock you mums favourite ornament to the ground  
But I am quite willing to consider the fact that there really could be bad luck  
It's a useful excuse when I get something wrong to not seem so much like a  
shmuck

Flying Lemming



# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 14

Week two's end has crept up on me  
Of this endurance poetry  
And I still don't know if I've achieved anything

There has been some inspiration  
And a bit of sheer frustration  
But I never really knew what I expected it to bring

It has been a fun test to do  
And I don't mind telling you  
It's a nice kind of way to end the day

To open up your head  
And let the words all spread  
And see what thoughts or rhymes come my way

They say an active mind  
Will have an active body behind  
And that mental stimulation is the key

To a long and healthy life  
And so you don't feel like the knife  
Of time is cutting away at you slowly

And it hasn't been much stress  
Playing this rhythmic game of chess  
With my own mind night after night

And it's gratifying to know  
That my mind is still aglow  
Or at least give off a dull light

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 15

I took a seed and planted it, and it became a vine  
I took the vine and nurtured it, and it gave me some juice  
I took the juice and processed it and that gave me some wine  
I took the wine and drank it all and then set myself loose

I took my car and drove around not seeing very straight  
I took a corner much too fast and came upon a cliff  
I took evasive action but just a bit too late  
I took a steady plummet and almost became a stiff

I took an ambulance and at the hospital took root  
I took two weeks to come around and everyone agreed  
I took too many risks in life, and left me with some fruit  
I took the grapes and ate them and was left with a seed  
I took a seed.....

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 16

I've lost my mobile phone  
I'm feeling all alone  
I can't connect with my friends out there  
I've lost my mobile phone

I've lost my mobile phone  
I miss its ringing tone  
I've searched for it everywhere  
I've lost my mobile phone

I've lost my mobile phone  
And now I cannot roam  
I must stay near in case it rings  
I've lost my mobile phone

I've lost my mobile phone  
I do not wish to moan  
It has numbers, dates and all kinds of things  
I've lost my mobile phone

I've lost my mobile phone  
And now I guess I'm prone  
To wander like a lost zombie  
I've lost my mobile phone

I've lost my mobile phone  
I've no mind of my own  
Without it there to organise me  
I've lost my mobile phone

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 17

I had a message sent to me  
From a certain Sandrine Nzi  
Telling me a tale of woe  
Of things that happened long ago  
And asking for my help and trust  
To save her from a fate unjust

A tale of lost parents and millions of pounds  
That is as ridiculous as it sounds  
And all I need to do to get a share  
Is to help her transfer it from there  
Just give a few details, like my bank account  
And I will receive a large amount

Her father on his deathbed told her  
The intricacies of a financial folder  
And to buy shares in hotels and management  
With a foreign investor who's heaven sent  
And outlined a plan just before his death  
He must have had one big last breath

So what do I do, what step should I take  
Sounds like a decision I should make  
I think on the whole it would be unwise  
To give any details to that pack of lies  
I doubt that there is every any money  
For anyone who listens to Sandrine Nzi

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 18

Once there was a son  
And then there was a gun  
There are tears in our eyes  
Now the son doesn't rise

A lost life full of promise  
Left lives full of pain  
We must never ever let this happen  
ever again

R.I.P Rhys Jones. Age 11

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 19

I wanna go home  
I don't wanna die  
I didn't even start this stupid fight  
Whatever the reason, killing don't seem right  
I don't wanna die  
I wanna go home

I wanna go home  
I don't wanna die  
The reasons and facts all tend to confuse  
Fighting for land that I will never use  
I don't wanna die  
I wanna go home

I wanna go home  
I don't wanna die  
I'm tired of shooting and blasting and running  
And killing and choking and falling and gunning  
I don't wanna die  
I wanna go home

I wanna go home  
I don't wanna die  
Through history soldiers can be heard  
Shouting in pain the following words  
I don't wanna die  
I wanna go home!

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 20

Considering we had no plan I think it went ok  
Considering we got a bit lost we finally found the way  
Considering the dog was big I only lost a limb  
Considering that the ship sank I soon learnt how to swim  
Considering it was hot inside I kind of enjoyed hell  
Considering only one of us died I think the meeting went well  
Considering I was poisoned that was the best meal I had  
Considering it took ten minutes I don't think this poem is bad

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 23

Now I've reached the third week  
Of this project quite unique  
And I can rightly choose to speak  
About not being a mild squeak  
But a test that showed my mental physic  
Even if it looked a little bleak  
And almost got stranded up a creek  
With rhymes that sometimes made me freak

Maybe I have reached my peak  
With lines well formed and looking sleek  
But I will try to stay so meek  
In case my brain will start to creak  
When lines I try to move or tweak  
Will make me really want to shriek  
Into the next day I will sneak  
I know that I have got some cheek

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 24

Two dozen soldiers marched along  
Pushing through the swaying throng  
Their weapons poised and set to fire  
These ruthless hard nosed 'guns for hire'

They aim and press the trigger tight  
Spewing out a flash of light  
Spreading fear just like a nazi  
The relentless gang of paparazzi

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 25

I've got all the latest gadgets, all the games and toys surround me  
My Wii, X-box and Playstation all set out uniformly  
A whole wall full of DVD's, several racks full of CD's,  
Reclining electric vibrating chair to tilt and put me at ease  
The coffee machine with the little pods is sitting on the side  
A flat screen digital television that's 60 inches wide  
A music entertainment station with I-Pod connection bay  
The latest computer system that I updat every day  
Leather sofas and expensive art scattered here and there  
Deep pile carpet warm and soft laid everywhere  
Everything I could need or want my money has got for me  
So why do I sit and cry because the place feels so empty

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 28

Something I think of as I go through the day  
Is life for us all set up the right way  
Its like its always been but who can say  
If we have got it all right

Earning and paying and keeping afloat  
Pushing and ploughing, not rocking the boat  
Trying to keep the wolfs from our throat  
Why should life be such a fight?

Why it is seen that the more you spend the better a person you are  
How can it possibly reflect your worth just cos you own a big car  
Does having nothing yet still giving all show you are the bigger man  
If so then why do the rich and reckless have all the fame they can  
Why show another 'star' getting drunk or breaking law on the front page  
And treat the babblings of some airhead celeb like they are great words from a sage

Its times like this I start to think  
Have we already gone over the brink  
Is the ship of life starting to sink  
These thoughts run round my head

I should fight against it and try with all might  
To see if I can help set it all right  
But my enthusiasm just takes flight  
I think I'll go back to bed

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 29

I spent some time in the garden, feeling with nature entwined  
I stepped out in the sun with my lawn feeding gun to see what pleasure I'd find

I start to prune at some flowers, feeling so close to the land  
Plucking and pulling and picking away, eww there's a slug on my hand

Pulling on my gloves I move right along and continue to enjoy the dawn  
I kneel by the bed my knee goes instead into what a cat left on the lawn

I wipe myself down and get back into pace pulling at weeds with no qualm  
A bush I attack then quickly throw back as a thorn goes straight into my palm

--

I sit back and admire my garden, with a drink to make my day complete  
My mind wont be taxed I can truly relax now that its covered in concrete

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 30

The runaway mushroom has broke free  
Dashing off to try and see  
What's new out there, what can be found  
Now its uprooted from the ground  
The endless dreams the potential for fun  
The laughter found in everyone  
The skill of making up its own mind  
Leaving small minded folk behind  
The chance to feel a true self worth  
And find some purpose here in earth  
While all other mushrooms stay in the dark  
And are fed manure without remark

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 31

A month already?  
Can it be true?  
I've gone quite steady  
And ploughed right through  
A month of poems  
Some short some long  
With rhymes and rhythms  
That weren't all wrong

Again I reach another marker in this project of mine  
And find though it got a little shaky I'm still doing fine  
So I'll keep on keeping on for as long as I can go  
And see what else my mind throws out 'cos you never know  
There could be a gem that still is lurking inside my head  
A guiding light to show us how a good life can be led  
Some spark of brilliance or an inspired leap of thought  
A brand new revelation that for years has long been sought  
An outlook on life that can make the dark thoughts shrivel  
Or, and this is most likely, another month of drive!

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 32

The end of the world is nigh he said  
And he was right, I shot him dead

You can spend far too much time  
And energy looking for a sign  
That life is going to end real soon  
To pop like some doomed balloon  
And all your dreams will go unseen  
You'll not be what you might have been  
That all the struggle is for naught  
Your time on earth will be cut short  
Just don't forget as you live in fear  
To enjoy the life while its still here

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 33

I sit as the morning sun is forcing its way through the blind  
Pondering what thoughts or ideas live in my waking mind  
The tea beside me steaming softly though my taste buds are still sleeping  
And across the town hundreds of alarm clocks are beeping  
Cats are stretching and yawning heading off for their morning prowl  
As the sunbeams slowly dry the dew like a gentle dabbing towel  
Many thoughts jump for attention but one pushes its way through  
Why do I always wake up early on days that I don't have to!

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 34

34 days on and a snag pops out  
That I have not thought about  
What of the days when I can't get on-line

If the computer does its best to crash  
Or the internet after having a bash  
Decides that it wont let me connect this time

So as a remedy today  
I have found another way  
Of keeping the quest ploughing on once more

I will stick to the half hour a day  
And spew out rhyme my usual way  
And keep the poems filed away in store

For when I get on line again  
And can abandon paper and pen  
And type and click and post and put on show

Same goes for if on holiday  
If I grab a week away  
You'll have to bear a load of bilge in one go

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 35

Two cats on the lawn  
Stretch and yawn  
And relax in the sun all day  
While I dash far  
From house to car  
And wear myself away

And out one the street  
Two dogs meet  
And sniff and wag and run  
While I push and shift  
And move and lift  
Until my day is done

As I drive by  
Two birds in the sky  
Flap and glide and spin  
As I stop and park  
And without any spark  
Drag myself back in

But then I have found  
The tables turn around  
As the end of the day draws near  
Cos the dogs and the cats  
And the birds can't relax  
Like I do with a nice cool beer

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 36

Three dozen spiders gathered round for their annual meeting  
'We must elect a new leader as the time we have is fleeting'  
Sam, who hungered for the job was waiting out the back  
About to tuck into two juicy flies for a quick snack  
'You're on stage now, the public waits, no time to fill your face  
It's now that you must take your stand in the election race'  
Sam sighed and wrapped his meal up tight and headed right along  
Not knowing that the living meal wasn't held that strong  
It ripped and then the food was loose and buzzing round the stage  
The crowd all laughed to see that Sam was chasing them with rage  
They couldn't take him seriously as round and round he spun  
Not the first to have lost respect 'cos his flies had been undone

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 38

You'll never do it, not a chance  
I can see you're useless at a glance  
You haven't got the skills you need  
The craft, the poise, the will, the speed  
You're all off line, you're way off aim  
You're not even in the same game  
Outclassed again, you've lost your fight  
Too late, goodbye, so long, good night  
Not a hope why even try  
Might as well try to paint the sky  
But you wont listen, cheese for brain  
So I will watch you fail again

-

You did like I said you would  
I always knew you really could  
I know what really got you through  
Was my unshakable belief in you

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 39

Tonight I'm having an early night  
So I will have an early write  
Maybe attacking this task right now  
Will give my brain a chance to wow  
With a bit more life and a bit less ware  
I might find something sparkling there  
Or maybe make some sense at least  
Unlike my usual rambling beast  
And posting it a few hours early  
Means different people will get to see me  
A whole new group of readers who'll  
Think I write richly or I dribble drool  
But we shall see if I'll do fine  
Can't be too picky by poem 39

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 40

While walking along with my aunt one day  
She had her new hat on display  
It was bright and blue with swirls and a bow  
As we walked the wind started to blow  
The clouds grew dark and a storm seemed near  
And distance thunder we could hear  
And all of a sudden the rain came down  
My aunt she gave a grim looking frown  
She bent down and grabbed the hem of her skirt  
And, though she never was a flirt  
She lifted it up to cover her hat  
I was a bit shocked to see her like that  
I said 'when you do that did you know you show  
Everything you have below? '  
She said 'I don't care if that's what I do  
My bum's 40 years old, my hat is new'

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 41

I received a scam message in my mailbox today  
From 'Helena Lambert' but the same in every way  
To the one mentioned in my 17th 'poem a day'  
Which makes me wonder who

Is still falling now for these obvious tricks  
Of hidden fortunes and a quick money fix  
With the hint of rewards thrown into the mix  
That are so clearly untrue

It must be the same people who get sucked in  
To the phone in shows that they will never win  
And the scratch card cons you find within  
Magazines all the time

That tell you that you have either won  
A grand holiday out in the hot sun  
Or a car that will bring you a great deal of fun  
If you call their premium rate line

Why can't they see such an obvious hitch  
In sending away money to make yourself rich  
Why doesn't that thought make their brains itch  
Enough to spot the swizz

But I have hope that they will come through  
If they just learn what we already knew  
If something sounds too good to be true  
That's because it is

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 42

I checked the mat this morning  
To see what had been sent  
There was a pile of letters  
Waiting for me when I went

One offered me a loan  
Two offered credit cards  
One was letter from a gas company  
Offering me kind regards

And asking if I was happy  
With the service I currently get  
From my current gas provider  
And another asking me to bet

With their on-line gambling web-site  
And another one promoting a car  
Two from restaurants, one from a gym  
And one from a local sports bar

Not one piece of mail that I wanted  
Nothing there that I would like  
I really must say I wait for the day  
That the postmen go back on strike

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 43

I met a man down on his luck  
Life had treated him quite bad  
I got him some tea and a bit of tuck  
And he told me a tale so sad

Show business used to be his game  
With an act so new and bright  
He had a parrot, Pete was its name  
And they sold out night after night

The parrot could do impressions  
Of famous folks old and new  
And although it never had lessons  
It could sing like the pop stars do

It would sound just like John Cleese  
Doing its own parrot sketch  
Then Tom Hanks, John Wayne and the BeeGees  
It wouldn't find a stretch

But the call for variety died  
And the money stopped coming in  
And soon he had to decide  
How to save his own skin

So sadly he came to the task  
Of eating the parrot, beak to wing  
'What did it taste like?' I asked  
'Beef, Pete could imitate anything'

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 46

I changed my hair I changed my style  
I changed my look I changed my smile  
I changed my hat to suit the fad  
I changed the clothing that I had  
I changed my diet and my routine  
I changed into a fitness machine  
I changed my lifestyle I changed my physic  
I changed from welcoming to quiet and meek  
I changed my character and changed my friends  
I changed the way the story ends  
I changed the goals and sights I'd see  
I changed everything that made me me

I changed my mind I changed direction  
I changed how I viewed my reflection  
I changed right back to how I began  
Exactly the same but a completely changed man

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 47

It's funny how old faces can make you feel young  
A familiar voice takes you back to where you begun  
You all move on and grow your lives but deep inside its true  
There is an original copy of an old version of you

From school days and beyond there is always a way back  
Your directions may all vary but the connection will not crack  
When your paths cross again you find it is worth while  
To be able to cross the years from just seeing a smile

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 48

Two cows stood in a field as cows often do  
One called Daisy the other called May  
Daisy chewed some grass and then said 'moo'  
May replied 'that's what I was going to say'  
Daisy looked un-phased and said 'baa' out loud  
May, now completely distracted from the foliage  
Asked 'what you doing now? ' and Daisy said proud  
'I'm teaching myself to speak a foreign language'  
Meanwhile not far away two fish were in a tank  
One called ray and the other called sting  
They looked at each other but had drawn a blank  
Ray said 'so how do you drive this thing? '

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 51

You can say what you want, just not so anyone can hear  
You can live how you want, just not while living here  
You can criticise those in power, just never out loud  
You can be an individual, as long as you stay in the crowd  
You can have your own opinions, just keep them to yourself  
You can do just what you want, if you've got the wealth  
You can choose to look however you want, that is very true  
But if you look too different then we wont talk to you  
You've the chance to be you, if you are like them and me  
Why aren't you smiling, you should be glad to be so free

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 53

I was outside the pub with paper and pen  
Ready to jot down a poem when  
I noticed something odd happen there  
As I looked around my chair  
Other pieces of paper came out  
And pens were dotted all about  
And others were starting to jot down ideas  
All lost in their worlds of hopes and fears  
It seems that writing is infectious  
Maybe because it always lets us  
Explore all thoughts or feelings that  
Would normally just be left flat  
The glorious thing about poetry  
Is it's open to anyone and completely free

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 54

The man and his horse rode into town  
Strolled up main street and then back down  
He tied his horse by a local bar and wandered inside  
He was dressed in blue and red  
A ten gallon hat was on his head  
The chink of his spurs rhythmically followed every stride

The bar went quiet as he walked in  
All the eyes were glued to him  
He scanned the room checking every face  
He walked right up to the bar  
Light shining on his sheriff star  
As people moved uneasy round the place

'I'm looking for big bad Jake,  
The low down lying cheating snake  
Wanted for cattle rustling across the land'  
The barman slowly shook his head  
'I can't help you there' he said  
'As this is 2007 and you're in southern England'

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 55

The frost on the grass looks almost like glass  
The mist in the air drifts slowly  
The cold on the pane reaches me again  
As the ground looks chilled below me

But although there is a definite chill in the air  
As I look outside I am suddenly aware  
That the frost and the mist take the edges away  
Making the view somehow less grey

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 56

Criticism affects us different ways  
Some will feel the pain for days  
When someone feels the vile need  
To do their best to try to impede  
Any attempt to make or create  
Something, be it minor or great

I find more amusement than hurt  
When someone wants to throw the dirt  
I look past the front of aggression  
And any negative thoughts soon lesson

The thing that you must ask yourself  
Just how strong is their mental health  
If they need to belittle and chide  
Behind a screen so they can hide

You'll find that those that criticise  
Tend to have the emptiest lives  
And feel the need to take a dig  
To try to make themselves feel big

Don't feel anger or negativity  
Critics just deserve your pity

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 57

When there is pain and hurt around  
When there's a sad despairing sound  
That's where the vultures will be found  
The sick psychics circle

When you feel so down and lost  
You will have to pay their cost  
They promise results with fingers crossed  
The sick psychics circle

When your children disappear  
They will profit from your fear  
Though they really have no idea  
The sick psychics circle

Even the fact is no psychic has ever found a lost person or solved any crime  
Doesn't stop those who need to have hope, giving them their money and time

Abusing the weak and emotionally drained  
Saying their 'powers' can be focused and aimed  
Their true motives can be easily explained  
The rich psychics circle

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 58

As you go through life I find the best that you can want to be  
Is as good a person as you can and treat people kindly  
And by being the best that you can and not being open to hate  
You can make more people smile and sort of direct your fate

The best thing about being good, being someone nice to know  
Is the fact there may be others that you will inspire also  
And in turn they will inspire others and so it will go on  
And the good thoughts will make life more fun to travel along

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 59

Today I was talking with a friend  
Who asked when I think that I'll end  
This project of mine that I am ploughing through  
And I honestly don't know  
How long I will continue to go  
But thinking about the ends not what I do

Too much of time is spent upon  
Thinking about when things are gone  
And I think it needs no explanation  
That when you take the time to see  
There's much to enjoy on the journey  
To worry about when you'll get to the destination

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 60

I went to a gathering today  
A few of us managed to find our way  
To the home of a good friend of mine  
Who's lifestyle isn't the usual you'd find  
He doesn't need all the modern contraptions  
He'll just relax with no distractions  
No computer and no TV  
A stereo is all that I could see  
We all just talked, played cards and joked  
No need for drink and no one smoked  
Some quiet music, barely a hiss  
We began to reminisce

The odd thing is when I got home  
I left the TV and computer alone  
I wrote this poem, had a hot apple drink  
And gave myself some time to think  
Much modern technology and progress  
Makes our eyes work more and our brains work less

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 61

R you proud  
U should be, if you come from my country  
G its good to  
B right here, at this sporting time of year  
Y the joy, the sounds of glee?  
We just beat the aussies at rugby

I know that we have a way to go yet  
But we'll take any victories that we can get

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 62

I'm an adrenaline junkie  
I live fast and hard  
I laugh at danger and give fear my best regards  
I climb up high mountains  
And when I reach the top  
I stick ski's on my feet and rush back down the drop

I scuba dive with sharks  
And camp with grizzly bears  
Some worry that I will come to harm but it's not me that cares  
I bungee jump and parachute  
And abseil from great heights  
I explore caves and dank dark holes I never get the frights

I've rafted down the rapids  
And been on desert trails  
Whatever task I set myself my courage never fails  
I've never had companions  
As I move across each nation  
Cos the only thing that scares me is to have a conversation

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 63

It cant be done they said to me  
A phrase that made me want to see  
If they were right or if it could be done  
I mentally prepared myself  
Not caring for my own sweet health  
And soon the task had already begun

The strain was great I felt it first  
When I thought I was through the worst  
More and more bombarded my poor senses  
The seconds dragged as my brain fought  
Against the pain of the onslaught  
Making me feel totally defenceless

But I stayed true to what I said  
Throughout the throbbing in my head  
I powered through as driven like no other  
And when at last the task was through  
I was proud of what I could do  
I'd managed to watch a whole series of 'Big Brother'

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 64

I've taken to spending more of my time  
Being somewhere else instead of on-line  
Every other day I give myself a break  
And I'm not sure what conclusion to take  
Am I starting to tire of the glare of the screen  
Do I think there could be more to life's scheme  
Is the technology starting to grind  
Do I need a release to open my mind  
Could it be that my time is so thinly spread  
Or just that it's cold and I won't leave my bed  
Maybe it's just that I gain inspiration  
When I am at a different location  
Does the keyboard seem scary and hungry to me  
Does my mind need the clean fresh air to be free  
Do I feel like the outside is where I belong  
Is it too much effort to turn the computer on

I don't know what the answer is, I doubt I'll ever know  
But I'll keep writing these poems wherever I may go  
If that's a good or bad thing I don't know any more  
But I might as well keep going now I'm at number 64

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 65

Standing in the queue waiting for the big ride  
It feels like there's a whirlwind going on inside  
My stomach start lurching, my heartbeat quickens  
The thought of getting on the ride just really sickens  
I hear it zooming past and the people screaming loud  
I look for other nervous faces waiting in the crowd  
I feel like I'm the only one with this grip of fear  
And every time the line moves on I feel the cause grow near  
Just a few steps left until I am locked in  
My mouth becomes quite dry, all the moistures on my skin  
I look at every bolt and every join upon the frame  
The thought that one could pop makes my heart burst into flame  
I take my seat, the restraining bar locks into place  
I try to force a brave smile but it wont come to my face  
The carriage jerks along and then hits the incline  
Higher higher higher clicking creaking all the time  
The noise of the theme park is lost down below  
As the carriage meets the top and very soon I know  
That it will lose its battle against gravities greed  
Hitting twists and turns and loops all at great speed  
The carriage starts to roll away and oh no here we go  
The feeling of the speed and movement makes me feel a glow  
I laugh with real enjoyment as I experience each turn  
The thrills the spins the spirals that I wanted to spurn  
Give me such a buzz that I come off the ride grinning  
Wondering why I worried so about the twists and spinning  
I march on proud to the next ride brave and full of grit  
But as I wait there for my turn I start to think a bit  
Standing in the queue waiting for the big ride  
It feels like there's a whirlwind going on inside

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 66

Its odd how small the world's become  
With travel for almost anyone  
Its easy to explore somewhere new

Just take one click on a web site  
And you have just booked your flight  
Ready to expand your worldview

But when you travel keep in mind  
To have respect for what you find  
And always try to be a good guest

Imagine a stranger in your home  
Feeling he has the right to roam  
Nosing about and being a real pest

Laughing at your colour scheme  
Stomping round in boots unclean  
Telling you your food tastes weird

Complaining that everything is wrong  
Don't you think it wouldn't be long  
Until you wished they had disappeared

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 67

I turned on the TV and all I could see  
Were programs telling me how to be me  
Where to go out, how to act when there  
What deodorant to use, what clothes to wear  
How to cook my food, how to decorate my home  
How to make my garden not look like my own  
What I should like, what I should view  
And what I should never attempt to do  
How to make friends but only the right kind  
How to expand my knowledge yet close my mind

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 68

There is no mystery, to the art of poetry  
It can come quite easily, straight to you or me  
All of us have heard, word after word after word  
And picked some we've preferred, even if absurd

So then all that you do, is connect one or two  
And soon you have a few, dashing right through  
You don't really need an aim, to play this rhyming game  
And if they look the same, you just try it again

And don't feel you must quit, if you're not a hit  
The ultimate point to it, is to free your mind a bit

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 69

Organisation is not one of my talents  
I tend to leave everything too late  
I never am able to find the balance  
And just seem to procrastinate

I have good intentions and mean to get moving  
But get too comfortable slouching around  
I should aim to get myself improving  
But cant seem to get my feet off the ground

I will leave everything to the last minute  
If I have a task you can be sure that I  
Will wait til the night before to begin it  
Or even the morning no word of a lie

But I've found this style suits me splendid  
I've met new friends in various guises  
Even if I don't go where first intended  
The edge of panic can bring nice surprises

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 70

Now comes the time that I must pause  
Within this daily poetry cause  
As I am going to be a global commuter

I will still write my poem a day  
But wont get them on display  
As will be far away from my computer

Before you smile and feel content  
About me being so absent  
A point I'll raise, a fact that you must know

You may escape from reading these  
But don't feel too much at ease  
As you'll then get a weeks worth in one go

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 71

Running to the car, waiting on the motorway  
Rushing to the check-in, meeting another delay

Finally bags are checked in, there's some engine fault  
More hours wait ahead now I'm grinding to a halt

Nothing is improving, hours dripping past  
Eager to get moving, nothing happens fast

Hour after hour, just waiting around  
Seems a far off dream to be outward bound

But it adds excitement, anticipation is increased  
It's true the longer the hunger the tastier the feast

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 72

Rev, beep, snarl, fume  
Bumper to bumper, don't leave room  
Everyone in a hurry, places to go  
But the speed of the traffic is slower than slow

Make noise, be aggressive  
That's the rule of the road  
Grind your teeth, shout out loud  
Til you feel you will explode

In their metal petrol chariots  
These gladiators fight  
To win a fraction of tarmac  
To show their skill and might

One thing I've never understood  
And don't think I ever will  
Is why its called rush hour when  
It's the time that all stands still

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 73

I am pigeon, hear me coo  
I'm not glamorous this is true  
In every city of every country  
There is a chance you will see me

Before I hop off into the distance I want make a few remarks  
We may not have the same glory as swallows, hawks or larks  
But we are multi-national, the true birds of peace that's us  
We hobble on regardless with no ego and no fuss  
People try to poison us, they call us 'rats with wings'  
Just 'cos we're not romantic like the nightingale that sings

But we fight this persecution  
With our pigeon revolution

We're the only beauty of wing in the city  
When other birds take flight we're still sitting pretty  
On high ledges and on windows we will gather everywhere  
Sitting between the plastic prongs designed to stop us sitting there

So please throw us a crumb, from wherever you come  
Whatever country, party or religion, there will always be a pigeon

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 74

Why wherever I go do people ask directions from me  
Seems I look like I know but have no clue generally  
People of all nations come to me for advice  
And although the feeling of trust can be rather nice  
I have to smile and shrug, can offer them no direction  
Two strangers in an unknown place, an equally lost reflection

And I'm sure if they knew me they wouldn't bother me so  
I'm not the person to ask as I just follow where my feet go  
My mind takes in everything, I can always find my way home  
I just have no real interest in the direction that I roam  
So if you see a guy in a hat, wandering and grinning  
He can't tell you where he's going, but can take you back to the beginning

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 75

Almost is a word that hounds my life its true  
I almost get to something but don't make it right through  
I almost win competitions, I almost am on time  
Almost get inside while the weather is still fine  
But always get rained on just a few steps from my door  
I almost manage to not drop my dinner on the floor  
I walk for miles to see a sight and when I'm almost there  
I find a gate or wall blocks me, it all seems quite unfair  
74 wins the raffle while my ticket is 73  
The special prize always goes to the person next to me  
The best seat at the show is the one just on my right  
But mine has a pillar or hairdo filling up my sight  
This always used to bother me until the day arrived  
When I was almost run over, that day 'almost' meant I survived

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 76

Countless golden sparkling cathedrals  
Bright coloured buildings breaking up tone  
Parks full of life, bursting out beauty  
The run down tower blocks called home  
New shiny buildings being built  
Towering up filling the sky  
100 year old flats with warped frames  
And ceilings that are cracked and high

Little kiosks selling food and drink  
Dotted all over the city  
Beer bottle tops trod into the ground  
Leave patterns both random and pretty  
Car horns beeping on every street  
Traffic often the only sound  
Yet the chaos has its own order  
There's no delays on the underground

Early morning while the city sleeps  
Road sweepers keep the streets clean  
Beer drunk regularly but not reckless  
No violence can be seen  
The people don't seem joyful  
As if life has been a hard stroll  
The soviet oppression has ground them down  
Cold winters have taken their toll

But kindness lives within their eyes  
And optimism built to last  
Although every penny is hard to come by  
Humanity keeps walking past  
Yes the main feeling I get from Kiev  
That surrounded me throughout my stay  
Is the feeling of hope and power of life  
To grow brighter right through the grey

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 77

Too soon the adventure is over  
And I hear the jet engines drone  
Strapped into my seat, my journey complete  
As I find myself heading home

I'll add the map to my collection  
Points of accommodation marked on  
In a few years time, if I feel so inclined  
It'll spark memories of where I have gone

And now in the post-travel gloom  
Knowing back to work I must go  
But I sit and I smile, as I think for a while  
About the new things that I know

How to move round a different city  
New words and thoughts of what I did  
Orange beer is all right, mushroom crisps a delight  
But I'm not keen on salted dried squid

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 78

Democracy  
For you and me  
Comes easily  
To all you see  
But how can we  
Really be free  
When the money  
Rules eagerly  
Is it truly  
For everybody  
From the lowly  
To top of the tree  
The price maybe  
Grows a degree  
What's the fee  
To live equally

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 79

I'm a small dog sitting in a park  
Pondering my next big bark  
Should it be a mild yelp  
A frantic woof asking for help  
A general yap, a moody snarl  
I haven't done one of those for a while  
Or a repeating loud deep ruff  
An hour should be long enough  
Or just a curl of my lip with a growl  
But I lose the menace with a wag of my tail  
I don't want to scare away possible food  
But want them to know I'm not in the mood  
To be prodded and chased, just a minimal stroke  
Will be all I need, its really no joke  
The careful thought the problem will need  
Think I'll just sit here and chew on my lead

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 80

I sometimes wonder if animals have a better life  
Do they live more happily without the stress or strife  
They don't have to wait for calls, don't have to wait in line  
And there's no fashion issues if you're naked all the time  
They don't worry about finances, don't get stuck in jams  
You don't get loans or credit cards offered to the lambs  
And if you are an animal that gets to be a pet  
You're fed and watered and kept warm, you never have to fret  
You don't have to be so serious, your main object is play  
You can meet your mates in the park and run around all day  
If an animal acts a 'human' way then it is seen as cute  
But if you act like an animal, others will persecute  
If a parrot talks like a man it's regarded as OK  
But if a man talks like a parrot people slowly walk away

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 81

Maybe it's a sign that I am getting old  
But today I found that I really felt the cold  
When I got in I started by turning on the heat  
Then made myself some steaming chunky soup to eat  
I feel I want to hibernate in front of the TV  
A total lack of movement is sounding good to me  
It's the feeling in the air at this time of year  
When Winter is drawing in and frost is getting near  
It doesn't help in the morning it's still dark outside  
Instead of heading to work I want to curl up and hide  
So I'm in my furry slippers and thick dressing gown all snug  
Drinking some hot chocolate with some brandy from my mug

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 82

The tourist laughed as he thought of the native that made a deal  
And swapped an uncut diamond for a Rolex that wasn't real  
He took the diamond and sold it, gaining a pile of cash  
And gambled and went to bars and frittered away his stash  
The native smiles and thinks of how he swapped the watch for two goats  
That gave his family the chance to live without hunger at their throats  
The tourist still chases more money, no time to rest or for calm  
The native sits in the shade and watches his children tend the farm

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 83

I think that I should exercise  
Maybe a bit would be wise  
The papers say we are all getting too large  
A swim or jog or strain or run  
Could be what will get it begun  
No boundaries when my will powers in charge

I need an exercise routine  
That will help me too get lean  
Pushing hard covered in aches and sweat  
Do some push ups, lift a weight  
Maybe even meditate  
So I can have the best body I can get

But none of that is really me  
Exertion won't fill me with glee  
I doubt I'd like the fit me it would bring  
Maybe I'll do it another day  
I like my lazy kind of way  
And only run if I'm chased by something

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 84

Why are we here  
Asked old Ted  
Scratching his head  
Studying his beer

I don't know  
Answered rod  
Gave the dog a prod  
With his toe

The dog slept on  
In a time lag  
With a gentle wag  
Dreaming along

It dreamt of bones  
And chasing cats  
Chewing postman's hats  
And more happy tones

No aim to his life  
Living all at ease  
Doing as he please  
Enjoyment was rife

It may seem extreme  
I'd give all I could give  
Just to be able to live  
In that dogs dream

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 85

I wake up at 6pm  
Wash and dress and shave and then  
Get in my car, to work I drive along  
I'm working throughout the night  
Though I'm still feeling bright  
Even though midnight has come and gone

Late night radio has no DJ  
Line of music just plays away  
And no one else seems to be awake  
Working hard the time flies past  
Keep on going until at last  
The sky grows light and the dawn starts to break

Work all finished heading home  
The streets are empty I drive alone  
The sky is blue and the birds start to shout  
I drag myself back into bed  
Try to rest my tired head  
While my body clock tries to work it out

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 86

I sense the figure behind the door  
A chill runs down my Spine  
I don't think I can take much more  
My nerves all start to climb  
I know he's outside, standing, waiting  
My heart beats at this intimidation  
My mind and strength are still debating  
If I should head to a confrontation  
My resistance starts to crack  
I open the door out onto the Street  
I can't stop now no turning back  
He looks at me and says 'Trick or treat? '

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 87

I am single minded, you are round the twist  
I follow firm beliefs, you're a crazy activist  
I have determination, you are a stubborn fool  
I took my own route, you dropped out of school  
I am forthright, you are outspoken  
I see things differently, your brain is broken  
I have confidence, you are far from meek  
I dress individually, you look like a freak  
I avoid confrontation, you have no nerve at all  
I offer advice, you are just critical  
We are so different, in mind, soul and heart  
So why do others have problems telling us apart

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 88

I have a pet, not the usual kind  
Could be the strangest you will find  
But there's a bond between him and me  
That suits us both perfectly  
Its not a cat or dog or bird  
You may not believe what you've heard  
But I tell you no word of a lie  
My pet, Sebastian, is just a fly

I haven't felt a connection stronger  
But he wont be around much longer  
Flies don't have a lot of time  
And I'll miss this little friend of mine  
He's well trained in what he does  
He has a reassuring buzz  
He's easy to water and easy to feed  
But folks laugh when he's on his lead

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 89

The weapons were useless  
No words could hold back  
The sudden and violent  
Full scale attack  
The people were scattered  
The houses were crushed  
As the powerful front  
Surged and rushed

More than lives lost  
Homes and jobs too  
The army stood useless  
With nothing to do  
Devastation for long  
After that day  
When the tide flowed up  
And washed all away

Whole neighbourhoods gone  
And families split  
When we doubt nature's power  
We could be next hit

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 90

90 days already? It can't have been that long  
it just feels like I started doing this  
and even if I have occasionally gone wrong  
I think I can't be easily dismissed  
I may have rambled here and there, just a little bit  
But I must say I'm proud of pretty much all of it

It doesn't seem that long ago I was aiming for a week  
And the end of that seemed so far away  
But I ploughed on, kept going for a creative streak  
And I don't mean that in a nudist sort of way  
But what will happen when I hit the big one zero zero  
Will my name go down in history as some poetic hero

I don't know and I don't mind really its true  
There may be no one reading these right now  
But I have achieved what I set out to do  
And kept my mind creating verse somehow  
But when I reach the 100 will I just disappear  
Or try for another two six five and have a complete year!

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 91

Too many gone  
Too many lost  
Too many hearts  
Left in frost

Too many eyes filled  
With too many tears  
Too many days filled  
With too many fears

Too many guns  
Too many knives  
All cutting short  
Too many lives

Too many tragedies  
Repeated once more  
Surely there can't be  
Too many more?

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 92

'I don't like to conform' said the guy to his friend  
'Don't like to be normal to fade in or blend'  
They pushed past the racks of clothing on view  
And hunted around for something new  
'Can I help at all?' said the girl in the shop  
'Are you looking to get yourself a new top? '  
He smirked, gestured the racks of clothes  
'You have anything that's different from those? '  
'don't want to look the same as the rest'  
The girl looked thoughtful at the request  
Then gestured him to follow near  
And after checking the coast was clear  
She reached below the desk for a bag  
And from it produced a shirt like rag  
It was black with silver skulls stitched in  
And buttons made from twisted up pins  
The sleeves were jagged and collar was frayed  
And layers of black were overlaid  
'I have just this one, I made it myself'  
'It not normal enough to put on the shelf'  
'The owner wouldn't let me display it'  
'Said that the look just didn't fit'  
The guy smiled and said 'that's the one'  
'Something to stand out from everyone'  
'Something unique, something bizarre'  
'To show the rest as the sheep that they are'  
He bought the shirt there and then  
And putting it on strutted off again  
The shop girl smiled, and checked the till tray  
That was 12 of those shirts she'd sold today

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 93

I was asked today if I would be remembered  
If any of my work will last beyond me  
If my name will be mentioned when I am gone  
Will anything go down in history

Will the verses I write ring right round the world  
When I am no longer here  
Will people still comment to me what they think  
When I'm not around to hear

Will the poems still live for many years  
When I am no longer around  
Will the words fill the sky up above  
When I am deep underground

I thought about this, and then I said  
'I wont care, I'll be dead'

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 94

Watching dogs run round at the coast  
Starting the day with tea and toast  
Spotting the moon in a clear blue sky  
The crunch of the leaves as I walk by  
Getting the chance to make someone laugh  
Reminiscing over an old photograph  
Seeing the pigeons in the park have a flap  
Finding the time to have a quick nap  
Hearing the music of the morning birds  
Sitting here and playing with words  
These things bring a smile to me  
And are almost all completely free

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 95

It's brand new and was released today  
It's better than the others in every way  
It's motion reactive and touch sensitive  
Can offer far more than the others can give  
It's way more expensive than all the rest  
Which proves it really must be the best  
It's compact and practical and very fast  
Its technology is designed to last  
It's shiny and smooth and clean and bright  
To get mine I had to queue all night  
I've joined in the frenzied media buzz  
'Thou I don't actually know what it does

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 99

You may think I'm mad or a little confused  
But I find that my peace is being abused  
Whenever I try to sit and relax  
I hear the noise of my cat eating snacks  
And when I change rooms to escape from the crunch  
I smell my dog cooking himself stew for lunch  
And when I leave the house to get free  
The sound of the birds eating crisps above me  
I hide in the shed but while I'm in there  
I get the scent of the spider's éclair  
Wherever I go I find that the sound  
And smell of food follows me around  
It didn't always used to be that way  
It's 'cos I started my diet today

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 101

So past the 100 mark I've gone  
Maybe on for far too long?  
I took a moment to reread my lot  
Surprised at just how far I'd got

In just three months I've brought out of my mind  
15,000 words of verse, which all rhymed  
Over two and half thousand lines I've typed out  
A variety of subjects I've typed about  
Some seem to make repeat appearances  
Animals keep showing with their experiences  
Through four poems birds have flown  
And the pigeon, rightly, had one of his own  
Spiders are in three, cats in four  
And dogs had four plus three more

Some poems have been serious, some have been sad  
Some wrote while I'm laughing, others while I'm mad  
Some hint at being deep, but mostly they are light  
I know I didn't always hit the spot just right  
But I kept my mind moving, and if you think me dumb  
Fact is I said 'thought' 37 times and only once said 'bum'

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 102

It's easy to make if you have the knack  
It's terrific to give and better to get back  
It's priceless and free and worth the world  
It's warm and friendly and slightly curled  
It crosses ages and races and times  
It's found in far of tropic climes  
It's miles away and right near you  
You can tell when it isn't true  
It can change a sentence's tone  
It's wonderful when you have your own  
It's owned by all no matter their wealth  
Sometimes you'll give one to yourself  
It's great to wear, it's always in style  
I'm talking, of course, about a smile

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 103

It was a quiet little house  
And he never made much noise  
The neighbours thought him friendly  
Had humble stature and poise  
No one knew much about him  
He kept himself to himself  
There were sometimes unkind comments  
About his mental health  
But he was harmless and quiet  
Which is what everyone likes  
To have from a neighbour  
But then a shock strikes  
There are blue flashing lights  
And the sound of many men  
Searching room after room  
Upstairs and down and then  
Out into the garden  
A team search high and low  
And slowly dig the earth up  
To find what's hidden below  
The police keep excavating  
Slowly turning the ground  
Inch by inch uncovered  
Another body is found  
A brutal end of a life  
And the family it destroys  
It was a quiet little house  
And he never made much noise

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 104

Is greatness behind us, is it all in the past  
Is there anything or anyone that will forever last  
As a figure of greatness, respected in history  
Or have we reached a time of life lacking nobility  
There hasn't been a rival who comes close to Dickens  
A Churchill to rouse the blood until the pulse quickens  
No 'Citizen Kane' at the cinema, no Beatles in the charts  
No on screen or on field legends to take away our hearts  
What could be the reason, what has dulled our senses here  
I don't know, think I'll watch TV and have a beer

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 105

The evening is cold and I am hungry  
Think I will make some food for me  
It's about time I tried to create  
And produce some of the food I ate  
So I get some water to fill a pot  
Put it on the gas to get it hot  
Then I start putting vegetables in  
Carefully peeled out of their skin  
Carrots, potatoes and onions sliced  
A pack of beef already diced  
Some garlic granules, pepper, salt  
A few herbs for a full flavour assault  
To add some heat some mustard powder  
Crank up the heat and it bubbles louder  
Throw in a couple of cubes of stock  
A sliver of butter sliced from the block  
A dash or two of Worchester sauce  
All I the time giving it a stir of course  
Then I taste the food I cooked with ease

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 106

I sat with no one else around  
Some music soft in the background  
was the only gentle sound  
I just relaxed my brain

Gave myself some wind down time  
Allowed my thoughts to dive and climb  
It really can't be a crime  
To be selfish now and again

To feed on my own company  
To be silent and solitary  
To have some time for only me  
To dream and float along

Safely cased in my minds fort  
Escaping to my own resort  
With a glass of sweet rich port  
And my furry slippers on

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 107

I am offering you the best deal  
So good you wont believe its real  
So great I can barely hold my excitement

It's the latest and ready to go  
Just like the advert says so  
And off the price I will take 80 percent

Of course you will need the guarantee  
To secure parts and labour free  
With a fully comprehensive cover

And with a small sum of money  
You can pay the delivery fee  
That you'll find offered by no other

You'll also need our insurance  
Which we can help you to finance  
In case you find it stolen or lost

Please keep the small print from your eyes  
Or else you might then realise  
It's half the price but really twice the cost

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 108

While out walking on Tuesday  
An object was blocking my way  
It was metal and large and wide  
Then a door opened on one side  
A short man with large green beard  
And bright purple suit appeared  
Inviting me aboard his ship  
To go on an amazing trip

The ship made a humming sound  
And began to lift off the ground  
Then flew at speed through the clouds  
Past the feathery flapping crowds  
Over the ocean it took a dive  
To see the sea fresh and alive  
Zipping by the whales and fishes  
We munched on our cheese sandwiches

Back in the air we flew for hours  
The craft showing its super powers  
As it grew late, too tired to roam  
I asked the man to take me home  
The little man waved and flew away  
My head still spinning from my odd day  
Ok ... that's not true, it was a sham  
We didn't eat cheese, it was pickle and ham

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 109

My car is faster, sleeker, newer  
The very example of Cool

My house is bigger, grander, posher  
It has it's own heated pool

My wealth is richer, larger, safer  
I get an amazing fee

My life is the saddest, loneliest, emptiest  
Please spend some time with me

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 110

It wasn't me, I wasn't there  
I didn't pull away your chair  
I didn't set your hamster free  
I didn't put soap in your tea  
Or itching powder down your pants  
Or fill your bed with bugs and ants  
I didn't grease the toilet seat  
I didn't tie your hands and feet  
Then throw you into the cold lake  
If you think so, that's your mistake  
I am really your friend its true  
Now have this drink I made for you

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 111

Certainly we each start the day  
Uniquely on our own way  
Pushing us out through the grey

Others have coffee or a smoke  
For me I find that just a joke

Through despair and drama, war and worry  
Encouraging us throughout history  
Always you'll find a cup of tea  
!

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 112

There it is still taunting me  
Out the side of my eye I see  
But I can wait patiently  
Until the moment is right

The battle has spanned many years  
My adversary still appears  
Offering its goads and jeers  
Spoiling for a fight

I see it there hovering still  
Trying hard to break my will  
The thought of chase still gives a thrill  
So I make my move and strike

And as I lunge it knows my thought  
And dashes off to not get caught  
The chase becoming my new sport  
A game I've grown to like

As I keep on in close pursuit  
Determination taken root  
I hope my hunt will bare some fruit  
This time I will not fail

And observing this dramatic slog  
The owner gives his partner a jog  
And smiles as they both watch their dog  
Continue to chase its tail

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 113

This should be easy, no problem at all  
I have the instructions and the right tool  
I've opened the box and laid out the parts  
And now the construction part starts  
A piece of flat pack furniture's mine  
And when it's made it will look so fine  
A needed addition to my house's look  
So I start to read the instruction book

With my first hand I take part one and stand it rough edge in  
With the next hand I take part 2 and stand it against its twin  
Then with the next hand I take the bolt, but I've run out of hands  
That can't be right, let's have a look at those diagrams  
The way of connecting all this stuff isn't obvious  
The instructions clearly have been written for an octopus  
Planks in hands, screwdriver twists teeth, I try to make it fit  
But slip, yelp and shake my hand as the tool stabs into it

Plaster added, blood wiped off, I have another go  
How it fits together I still don't really know  
But I twist and bolt and knock and swear long into the night  
Determined that I won't lose this hardwood fight

In front of the finished product I now proudly stand  
With bruised toes and plasters covering each hand  
A bookcase new and shiny, built by me cos I am able  
Shame that it was really meant to be a folding table

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 114

Trust me, I'm in the government  
I know how your money should be spent  
What wrong with taking large donations  
From shady firms or dodgy nations  
Democracy is well known  
To be dependant on who you own

And what if it ends up that we  
Are in the pocket of some company  
If cigarette makers boost our wealth  
It won't affect our stand on health  
But it's just polite to let them say  
What we should do if they had their way  
Even though polluters give us a fee  
We'll still take the environment seriously  
Just cos oil suppliers keep us loaded  
We won't leave the trains broken and corroded

The thing that you must understand  
That's how it is in this land  
Money guides the power, which is why  
We have the best government money can buy

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 115

I've just 'Google'd me and found out  
My poems are also on 'Poemsabout'  
It, like Poemhunter, collects poetry  
But would've been nice if they'd asked me  
A lot of mine are on that site  
Even if the order isn't quite right  
There's no way of contacting me through it  
Which annoys just a little bit  
So I followed the link to their contacts  
And found a number for a French based fax  
And a link to send them a comment  
That never worked when it tried to be sent  
Now don't get me wrong I'm not possessive  
Was always brought up to share and give  
I like the idea of more folks seeing  
The poems that I brought into being  
I think it's fairer if everyone gets  
The chance to send comments, complaints or threats

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 116

Half way through the day I notice I've odd socks  
There is a different time on each of the clocks  
I have my tea ready then find no sugar there  
The random spikiness of some of my hair  
Forgetting which pocket my parking tickets in  
Getting corned beef, cutting myself on the tin  
No batteries in the house when the remote control stops  
Remembering what I needed after I come back from the shops  
Sitting down then spotting the remotes not by my side  
Not having my coat on when it's tipping down outside  
Having no idea where I left my locker key  
I'm not that bothered, but it slightly annoys me

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 117

Join the dance, move your body  
Don't think of yourself as shoddy  
Let the rhythm be your guide  
Feel the movement from inside  
Doesn't matter if your feet  
Don't hit every single beat  
You can find some inner peace  
Just give your soul and mind release  
Music helps your life feel fun  
And is open to everyone  
Don't be shy, don't make a fuss  
You may look odd, but everyone does

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 118

Packed and ready, new home near  
Excited that moving day is here  
I thought that it wouldn't appear  
But now the destination's clear  
The paper works taken almost a year

Keys handed over, now all set  
The biggest place that we could get  
No longer will rent cause a fret  
I must make sure I don't forget  
The home and bedding for my pet

Our first real home as man and wife  
Fun and enjoyment will be rife  
A place to hide away from strife  
To cut through stress like a knife  
And start a whole new part of life

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 119

A chill through the air, fog on the road  
Don't need to follow the Highway Code  
So what if my vision is impaired  
I'm king in this car, I'm not Scared  
The roads may have an icy condition  
But I can drive by intuition  
I speed past truck and petrol station  
The grave my final destination  
As I skid and flip and meet disaster  
'Cos I was dying to get home faster

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 120

On the Twelfth Day of Christmas  
My Actions Brought to me:

12 Pints of Lager  
11 Types of Spirit  
10 Drunken Dances  
9 Unknown stains  
8 Embarrassed Friends  
7 Bouncers Flinging  
6 Greasy Kebabs  
5 Random Fights  
4 Ruined Clothes  
3 Broken Ribs  
2 Police Reports  
And a Night Spent in Casualty

Hope your Christmas is memorable for all the right reason – Look after yourselves 8)

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 121

When I woke up in my bed  
A small note was by my head  
In tiny writing it said  
'Good morning, my name is Fred

I'm in your head at the controls  
I sit between your eyeholes  
I fill a number of important roles  
I guide you when you go for strolls

I help you safely on your way  
Steer you right through every day  
Sometimes it's tough but I can say  
So far I haven't let you stray

But one thing that confuses me  
I never have been able to see  
Why your favourite activity  
Is watching sports on the TV'

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 123

I always had a certain quirk  
Ever since I started to live  
At School or home or even at work  
I've always been Indecisive

I have never made a decision  
So blame on me would not land  
It felt like a big imposition  
When asked to take a stand

My job gave me the break  
To sit and stay silently  
And when a direction we'd take  
Wouldn't back it or disagree

In that way I was never wrong  
Couldn't be blamed for a loss  
And found that before long  
I had been made the boss

Through companies I'd quickly rise  
From area boss to director  
And was ask often to advise  
But would just be a silent reflector

I then joined a political group  
And my vagueness work well for them  
I soon moved right up the troop  
That's how I became the P.M.

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 124

I am the doggy millionaire  
There are no ifs or butts  
I'm covered with the greatest care  
The luckiest of mutts  
My owner just went and died  
He had been very ill  
And everything he could provide  
Was left me in his will  
A mansion in which to run  
My feeding dish is gold  
I eat fresh steaks by the ton  
My Fur bed keeps out cold  
I get stroked every single day  
Though I may be getting fat  
I'm true to my roots in my own way  
I get my butler to chase the cat

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 128

We had some smiles, a simple time  
It suited you and me just Fine  
Not so much a banquet, but an enjoyable meal  
Not grand or magnificent, but still the real deal  
Time dissolved, no present, future or past  
No worries if it was right or if it would fail or last  
Just natural and open and honest, no need to rehearse  
Words just find themselves whenever we converse  
It may not have been important when all is said and done  
But we had laughs and smiles and trust and fun

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 129

Space is gigantic, truly massive  
There must be so much for it to give  
Far out among the endless planets  
Are views our exploration never gets  
So through my telescope I continue to stare  
Searching with hope for life out there  
Something different, new and exciting  
That one day will visit me and bring  
My sad lonely existence a reason to be  
As I find this planet doesn't fit me

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 130

I find I have some time free  
So pick myself a new Hobby  
Something different, that's the thing  
So I choose balloon modeling  
Will I be good, only time will tell  
So I buy some balloons and pump as well  
I inflate a balloon but unsure when to stop  
I inflate it too much and it goes off pop  
Several tries later I tie the open bit  
And end up with my finger tied to it  
Twist here and spin there the learning process crawls  
But I find I only end up with mutant animals  
After hours of practice and a few mistakes  
I'm brilliant at making worms and snakes

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 131

Is it ever over, will it ever end  
Or are we really just trying to pretend  
Once you start to share emotions so deep  
And enter each others life and sleep  
When joined so strong can you ever be just you  
Or will the other person always wander through  
Once connected, no matter what the circumstance  
Will there always be the hint of another chance

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 132

I start my new quest  
Put myself to the test  
I open the hatch  
Path lit by a match  
There's a web in my face  
I find the old case  
Bring it down then I see  
I've my Christmas tree  
I set up its stand  
It looks far from grand  
It leans to the right  
So I put up a fight  
And find with dismay  
It leans the other way  
I wrap the lights round  
The sort that have sound  
Plug them in but they're broke  
And just let off a croak  
With some bulb replacing  
A new tree I am facing  
Which sparkles and glows  
The brightest of shows  
And know on that moment  
It was time well spent  
As some peace comes to me  
When I see a Christmas tree

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 133

Now Christmas card writing I have Begun  
So I get my pen and start card number one:  
'Merry Christmas to all that you hold dear  
And the warmest of wishes for the new year  
I hope that you and your life are well  
And you'll have a healthy and wealthy spell  
Best wishes to you and your family  
Kindest regards as ever, from me'

The envelope licked and the card sealed inside  
By card number five I've lessened my stride:  
'I hope that you and your life is well  
And you'll have a health and wealthy spell  
Best wishes to you and your family  
Kindest regards as ever, from me'

I carry on more at a fairly strong rate  
But the lines become less by card number eight:  
'Best wishes to you and your family  
Kindest regards as ever, from me'

By now I am feeling less than keen  
So when it comes to number fifteen  
When they open it up all they will see  
Is: 'Happy Christmas, from me'

Many cards later I have a bad cramp  
Think next year I'll just get a stamp

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 134

Dashing to the shower  
Dashing to get dressed  
Dashing to the car to get to town before the rest

Queuing for a parking space  
Queuing for the shops  
Queuing for the tills, the waiting never stops

Pushing to the counter  
Pushing through the mob  
Pushing passed with bulging bags, such a tiring job

Folding paper round the gifts  
Folding cards all day  
Folding licked envelopes that taste in a foul way

Laughing with your family  
Laughing with pure love  
Laughing in joy at Christmas, it's worth all of the above

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 135

I was at my art class studying shading  
When a stranger caught my eye  
They seemed to be doing their best evading  
Glances from passers by  
Sat at the back in dark glasses  
And large coat and big floppy hat  
I'd noticed them there in most of my classes  
Looking quite rounded and fat

I wandered over to take a look  
When something became very clear  
And by great surprise I was took  
It was an elephant shaking with fear  
'Don't tell what I really am please  
I want to learn this craft  
But when I told the men on the trapeze  
They just choked and laughed  
The same was true for the whole circus  
They didn't think I was real  
They do their best to deter us  
Not caring just how we feel  
I've always been the nervous sort  
The big top never suited me  
When the crowds gathered my only thought  
Was to just turn and flee  
But I was filled with a strong desire  
A need to paint and create  
It burned in me just like a fire  
I knew that I could be great'

So I didn't tell, though it was kind of funny  
And he studied harder and moved himself on  
And finally decided to make some money  
And followed his fortune up to London  
So if you are in London town  
And getting your portrait done there  
And the artist seems very grey and round  
He's nervous so please don't stare



## Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 136

The orchestra were set to play  
On a windy, stormy day  
Seated in a roofless room  
Preparing to create a tune  
When suddenly down rain comes  
Beating on the kettle drums  
The sky is filled with clouds so black  
Which crash and thunder and boom and crack  
Lightening flashes through the barrage  
And hit the man who's stood in charge  
He just smiled and shook his head  
'Well I am the conductor' he said

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 137

What you see isn't always what you get  
Another meaning can be hidden inside  
If you think you know, then you haven't got it yet  
The hint of something else will be implied  
Revealed sometimes when correctly viewed  
Other indications point your way  
Something always in code will include  
Everything a woman has to say

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 138

I want a poem that is quick  
Something easy is the trick  
So I think that I  
Will have my first try  
At doing a Limerick

The layout is very well tested  
It's simple and cannot be bested  
The rhythm is neat  
Fits the words to a treat  
And not much mind powers invested

I am quite enjoying this style  
After giving it a fair trial  
It's a quick way to write  
Night after night  
But'll grow stale after a while

So maybe it isn't my fate  
To use this layout so great  
But the light has diminished  
And I find I am finished  
So it got me through poem 1-3-8

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 139

A fisherman went out on his ship  
Floating with the ebb and flow  
And travelled at a mighty clip  
To the Gulf of Mexico

As he pulled his net aboard  
Something odd in it appeared  
That was too big to be ignored  
A man with trident and beard

'I am Neptune, God of the sea  
You pulled me from the drink  
Which is a bad way to treat me  
So I curse you now to sink

Your ship will have a dozen holes  
No, a dozen and a half to be sure'  
It sank with the terror that involves  
The fisherman was washed to shore

In a tavern you'll find him guarding a beer  
Where sailors test who's tale is worse  
But none fill their hearts with more fear  
Than Neptune's 18 hole gulf curse

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 140

I cant eat that think of my weight  
Who know the number of calories  
Will attack me if that's on my Plate  
I could grow quite fat with ease  
And if I dared to stay out late  
My skin will just sag as it please

I dare not travel, I may get lost  
And I don't like to be out in the heat  
Just as much as I dislike the frost  
Odd climates will just have me beat  
And think of the trouble or anguish or cost  
Or my poor aching legs and feet

It could be fun having something new  
But just how new should it be  
There may be a wonderful panoramic view  
But I may be too worried to see  
I could be too timid to give it its due  
The change might be wrong for me

Don't live in fear of change, laugh and play and sing  
Life is just like a buffet, try a bit of everything

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 141

Turkey curry, turkey roast, turkey casserole  
Turkey sandwiches, turkey stew filling my bowl  
Turkey in batter followed by turkey kebabs on a skewer  
Turkey quiche and turkey cakes, now my taste buds are fewer  
Turkey crumble and turkey meat shoved into a pie  
Turkey gravy poured on turkey slices piled high  
And when you think its over turkey ice-cream will appear  
I think that I'll have beef for Christmas next year

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 142

I'm the lord of the manor, the guy in charge  
I can handle any problem be it small or large  
I am trendy and with it and covered with street cred  
Of all the bad boys on the street I always get ahead  
I have a natural instinct for poise, grace and style  
My very own kind of cool stands out a mile  
I cruise the scene check out the chicks I find in the town  
Many try to out gun me but never get me down  
The ladies all come after me, they have to join the queue  
I'm the coolest of the cool, leader of the jet set crew  
I will wander round my patch acting wise and great  
That is if my mum will let me stay out late

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 143

I stand and meow or sit and purr  
I take some time to preen my fur  
Before I go to have a nap  
In my basket or on a lap  
Then its time for me to eat  
Some tinned meat or a crunchy treat  
I play with the laces of your shoes  
Before I have a timely snooze  
Then off I chase a bird or mouse  
Not straying far from the house  
As soon I'll need to eat again  
And after will be sleeping then  
Want to eat more, but no time for that  
It's not an easy life as the family cat

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 144

The water swells and crashes  
Against the side of the boat  
Amid the ripples and splashes  
I struggle to stay afloat  
Pulled around by an angry current  
I feel my mind full of dread  
And the water pours down in a torrent  
As I try to steer straight ahead  
But there's a worse turn to my luck  
And things are as bad as they get  
As the boat hits a giant rubber duck  
'Are you finished in that bath yet? '

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 145

I have a plan to get some fame  
So everyone will know my name  
It's sure to make me so famous  
Fans will chase me off the bus  
And girls who want me will flood in  
The game of life I'm sure to win  
I'm brave and cool and here's the proof  
As I take my skateboard to the Roof  
And start to roll down that great height  
'And finally on the news tonight  
A boy who fell of a roof in London  
Will always be remembered as a moron'

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 146

The definition of happy is a dog with a squeaky toy  
The definition of waste is a life spent with no joy  
The definition of hard is a safe filled with cement  
The definition of pain is a zipper accident  
The definition of annoying is a squealing snorting laugh  
The definition of startling is a blue whale in your bath  
The definition of confused is my nan with a video player  
The definition of surprising is a nun rocking to Slayer  
The definition of style is me out in my hat  
The definition of deluded is me just saying that  
The definition of government is throwing money away  
The definition of compulsion is doing a poem a day

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 147

He stands high up on the stage  
Jumping and moving as if in rage  
The DJ playing in his little booth  
With designer clothes and gold tooth  
Pressing buttons and spinning decks  
So no one knows what's coming next  
And just when everyone gets in time  
He throws in a noise or movie line  
To try to sound cool among the noise  
A habit that really just annoys  
And interrupts the music's Beat  
So dancers lose where to put their feet  
But he just does it more and more  
'Til no one's left on the dance floor  
Self obsessed, its plain to see  
No one loves him more than he

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 148

The Bride holds her flowers and straightens her veil  
The Groom cleans his whiskers and straightens his tail  
The Tiny biscuit box church is full of light  
The bells chime loudly, the sun shines bright  
The two families of mice sit either side  
As the groom mouse waits for his bride inside  
She arrives making the wedding complete  
Dress that's a white sock with holes for her feet  
The priest mouse continues, being well versed  
The rings are passed over as had been rehearsed  
A mouse in the pews can't stop her cough  
So she is quickly, quietly lead off  
The kiss is taken the crowd all cheer  
So joyful that this day is here  
The couple leave and all pile outside  
A stretched white roller skate for a ride  
Then at the reception with all the relations  
Forgotten the days stress and frustrations  
Shaking their tails on the dance floor  
Begging the DJ to play some more  
A buffet of nibbles, the most they could make  
And three tiers of cheese form the wedding cake  
Whatever the animal from human to mice  
Sharing your life makes it twice as nice

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 149

I lay on a beach, feeling warm and tanned  
Surrounded by gentle waves and golden sand  
A smile on my face and a cool drink in my hand  
Relaxed and happy and feeling grand  
Just laying out in the healing Sun  
Filled with joy and peace and fun  
No boss, no brats, no anyone  
Like true serenity has begun  
Beautiful views wherever I Look  
The scent of food starting to cook  
Escaping away into a good book  
The most wonderful break I ever took

My alarm rings beside my head  
I drag myself out of my bed  
I pull the curtain to one side  
It's cold and still dark outside  
The rain down the window streams  
Why cant life be more like dreams

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 150!

Today we had some snowfall  
There wasn't very much  
Only ten minutes in all  
Not even a drift as such  
But watching it flutter around  
Still made me want to smile  
As it muffled every sound  
Made time stop for a while  
I don't know why it affects me  
It's something deep within  
Maybe back in my ancestry  
I'm actually part penguin

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 151

Just feel the beat  
From the top to your feet  
It is a real treat  
You can't be discreet  
Which doesn't matter  
As the beat gets fatter  
And the drum sets clatter  
And piano pitter-patter  
Get through the day  
In a joyous way  
Your body'll sway  
As you hear it play  
What is still true  
To feel brand new  
All you have to do  
Feel the music in you

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 152

There are dark clouds, it doesn't look great  
I think I want to hibernate

I scrape the ice from the car screen  
Never a very fun routine  
Walking through the drizzling wet  
As cold and down as I can get  
My mind in a dreary state  
I think I want to hibernate

I'd miss out the Christmas insanity  
The bilge that's piped through the TV  
The cranky family, the kids that shout  
Cards sent to folks I don't care about  
I will now just reiterate  
I think I want to hibernate

I'd miss the end of year despair  
Goals being missed everywhere  
Nothing changed, in depression sunk  
Sick and sad and down and drunk  
You get the feeling this is not your fate?  
I know I want to hibernate

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 153

I've a complaint I'd like to tell  
My shopping trip went far from well  
When I walked in I got no smile  
Only acknowledged after a while  
The things I wanted were not on the shelf  
I had to bag my fruit myself  
I went to the counter to get some fish  
What I thought was a simple wish  
When there I found I had to wait  
Every minute made me irate  
There was none of the bread I needed  
The brown one that is triple seeded  
There's 20 types of milk in stock  
But the one I want is not, no shock  
I asked one staff for some yoghurt  
They clearly were far from alert  
And when I reached the busy tills  
I found the staff lacked language skills  
They barely talked, just gave a grunt  
And gave my bags a careless shunt  
The whole experience has been so bleak  
See you all again next week

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 154

I'm the creature of the night  
I fill you with real fright  
I live in the dark and gloom  
Or in the corner of your room  
I haunt the nooks in town  
And make your comfort drown  
In a rough sea of fear  
That I may be lurking near  
I'm the wild weird stranger  
The hint of death and danger  
The creeping horror in the mist  
Truth be known, I don't exist

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 155

A good drink  
Will make you think  
A nice beer  
Will give you cheer  
A smooth lager  
Will calm life's saga  
A cool gin  
Will help you win  
A soft wine  
And things seem fine  
A warm brandy  
Makes you feel dandy  
A sweet sherry  
Will make you merry  
A strong cider  
Is a smile provider  
A spiced rum  
Will heat your tum  
A dry Champagne  
Will ease your brain  
A shot of Tequila  
Makes dreams seem realer  
A rich port  
Is a restful resort  
A blended Scotch  
Moves you up a notch  
A Vodka with ice  
Makes life feel nice  
-  
For your information  
Keep it in moderation  
If not, instead  
You'll end up dead

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 156

I'm giving up Facebook tomorrow  
No more will it take all my time  
As I know I was heading for sorrow  
Wasting life is just a crime

I'm giving up Facebook next weekend  
It's not true reality  
I'll add not one more unknown 'friend'  
And soon be totally free

So I'm giving up Facebook next week  
Joined so many groups I can't count  
My social life wont be so bleak  
My free time will be a fair amount

I'm giving up Facebook next season  
Send my last graffiti or message  
Be a pirate/vampire for no reason  
Sat at the screen for an age

I'm giving up Facebook next year  
It's what I have to do  
I will manage it, have no fear  
In only one year, maybe two

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 157

Welcome to my humble dwelling  
Please make yourself at home  
The day has been long and telling  
So treat my place as your own  
But just before we go inside  
Could I please ask of you  
To leave your shoes outside  
As the carpets are quite new

Now find your way along the hall  
Take the first door on your right  
Try not to rub against the wall  
I like the wallpaper bright  
I'll welcome you just like a brother  
Please help yourself to a seat  
Just let me first put down this cover  
I'm trying to keep them neat

I'm sure you'll like a cup or tea  
I know I won't have to force  
You won't be at ease with fine china like me  
So just a mug for you of course  
You say you are going, that's a pity  
And I think somewhat a disgrace  
You show someone real hospitality  
And they throw it back in your face

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 158

I'm a little stick man doodle, at the bottom of the page  
Barely a couple of lines, show no laughter, fate or rage  
You could say insignificant, not even half an inch tall  
I don't have any details, just merely brief and small  
But my existence does have meaning on this big page of A4  
Neatly lined with a margin in red like a million pages before  
Strict and clean and formal, regimented horizontally  
I squat and disrupt the order, with a dash of humanity

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 159

I'm gonna stand out from the crowd  
I'm gonna buck the trend  
Do it my way and be proud  
I am brave, don't need to pretend  
Gonna be true to my convictions  
Gonna make a stand right here  
I will not keep to the restrictions  
Gonna leave the Christmas tree up all year

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 160

I'm gonna have a cleaning attack  
My friends are often on my back  
About the state I let my place get in  
I'll sweep and mop every floor  
No dirty footprints anymore  
And that is only where I'll begin

Every surface will get a dust  
And a dash of polish is a must  
To get them shining just like new, no sweat  
I'll mop the hard floors, vacuum the rest  
Whichever suits each floor best  
And get the cleanest carpets I can get

I'll strip and clean each bed of course  
Chasing the grime out with force  
All dirt and dust will tremble before me  
The fridge, oven and sink I'll clean  
Making them look so pristine  
As soon as I've finished watching the TV

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 161

The reunion of families that have been apart  
Many languages all transmitting smiles  
Travellers with tales, long distance from the heart  
Emotions lasting long over the miles  
People just on business, others taking trips  
Different cultures, backgrounds of each sort  
Relief and joy and hope on every face slips  
I like watching the arrivals at the airport

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 162

"Need a cab? need a cab? A taxi costs a lot  
why waste your cash, I'll get where you're going like a shot  
Just tell me what's your destination  
Don't dwell on that hesitation  
You'll be quite safe along with me  
No need for an expensive official taxi"  
Now shut in the car with your bags in the boot  
You don't recognise this route  
"It's a back way there, I know where to go"  
At a dark quiet place he starts to slow  
The driving's erratic to test your endurance  
He has no road tax or car insurance  
No licence either, but he's got a knife  
A cheap trip that might cost your life

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 163

Some times we get complacent, we think we are on top  
That humans are the rulers of this planet  
But though we are resourceful and seem never to stop  
We're not the ones who long ago began it  
Nature's always been around before and after us  
Surviving anything that dares hit it  
Quietly evolving and proceeding without fuss  
And if its tired it never will admit it  
When we build upon it, or plunder for our gain  
It just moves on and grows in whole new ways  
Birds made homeless soon settle once again  
And any time the human race strays  
By over decimating with arrogance and pride  
It occasionally still shows who's in charge  
With flood or tornado from which we cannot hide  
Showing its power strong and large  
But it's the little signs that get noticed by me  
That show that nature's fight is still alive  
And it always makes me smile whenever I see  
A green shoot popping through a tarmac drive

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 164

She said "I'm not being funny, but I need my benefits  
So I can fit my kids in a big new car  
I their dads can't pay as they're all different guys  
And I don't really know who they are  
And I'm not being funny but I need handouts for food,  
Yes, its true that most is spent of cigs and drink  
And of course my lottery tickets should be funded by you  
So it's not my cash going down the sink  
And I'm not being funny but I'd really like a job  
I want to get some work honestly  
But not cleaning or manual stuff, I've to much pride for that  
And every boss has it in for me  
They asked me to turn up on time and work while I am there  
And won't let me skive which I find cruel  
I'm not being funny but you should all pay for me"  
And I didn't find it funny at all

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 165

Looking in the mirror, a tired face looks back at me  
Slightly more aged, not as glowing as it used to be  
My eye sight's gently fading, my voice a lower tone  
I start each new day with a chorus of cracks and clicks of bone  
The odd sign of a wrinkle creeping on my face  
My mind often wandering quietly off into space  
Standing in a room forgetting why I went in there  
The odd grey hair is surfacing in my dark blond hair  
I find myself using words like 'youngsters' and 'nowadays'  
I feel myself getting older in many little ways  
But I will not go quietly I'll still act young for sure  
Just cos you grow in years doesn't mean you must be mature

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 166

It's just (cough) unfair, call this democracy  
I can't just (hack) enjoy what brings pleasure to me  
It's (cough cough hack) disgusting, this stupid nanny state  
I know (hack cough spit) what's best for me, it makes me so irate  
When out at (cough) restaurants when in a joyous mood  
It's my right to (cough wheeze) smoke so I can't taste my food  
And if I want to (hack cough pitoo) go out to a bar  
A smoky (cough snort) atmosphere is much better by far  
People working in a bar know (cough) the risks there  
Get a job outdoors if you (choke) like fresh air  
And just cos (cough snort hack pitoo) some health freaks say it's bad  
You wont scare me from (cough cough wheeze) smoking like my dad  
He smoked 20 a day (hack snort) and lived to 85  
Thou (cough) was on a ventilator the last 20 years alive  
But it hasn't (cough) effected me (hack) I can tell  
(Cough cough cough wheeze hack cough wheeze spit)  
Could you call an ambulance please, I don't feel very well

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 167

I sit in my office, my large desk showing power  
Indicating how important I must be  
In the penthouse room at the top of a tower  
No one has an office quite like me  
Mahogany panels and large leather chair  
Every surface polished until it glows  
Expensive lumps of art scattered everywhere  
I'm the boss and everybody knows  
I stand by my window and see far below  
People meeting and laughing, and I groan  
Wondering to myself if any of them know  
At the top you really are alone

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 168

I need a pint of milk, my fridge's run dry  
So set out to the shops, a pint of milk to buy  
On the way I nip into a shop with a sale on  
Just to have a look around I won't be there long  
Books on offer, so I'll get just one or two  
Or three or four, or maybe more, be silly not to  
Then just next door, the music store, has brand new CD's  
And I save money if I decide to buy them in threes  
Then a few steps on the clothing store is calling me  
So I'll wander in just to have a quick look-see  
Another flash of my credit card and I've moved next door  
To buy a couple of DVD's, although I wanted more  
But weighed down by my bags of loot I head home again  
And get inside just before my fingers snap with strain  
What I need now's a cup of tea, hot and smooth as silk  
Here's the cup, the tea, the sugar, all I need is the...

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 169

The door thrown open, the light goes on  
He takes what he wants and then is gone  
Day after day the same routine  
Intrusive and violent, I just want to scream  
One day I yelled at him, my nerves on a ridge  
He stopped, blinked and said "get out of my fridge"

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 170

I think its time I got a new hat  
Friends give hints like 'I'm gonna burn that'  
So maybe its time for me to be bold  
Marvin the Martian is looking a bit old  
But what do I want in its stead  
What would look best on my head  
A bowler is too formal, not like me  
A cap lacks class and looks chavy  
A beany just looks like you're wearing a sock  
A pink frilly hat may be a shock

Top hats are classy but expensive to get  
And pilots hats haven't found their place yet  
A flat cap is from an old fashion  
A beret needs a bit more passion  
A hard hat is designed for rubble  
A leather cap is just asking for trouble  
The Pope's hat's cool, but where'd you buy those  
They come along with the job I suppose

I could always have not hat  
But where's the fun in that

And a hat keeps the sun out your face  
You can remove it to be polite  
And it's handy for judging headroom space  
Which is useful when you're my height

So I think I'll stick to the one I've got  
A slave to appearance I guess I'm not

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 171

It's a joy to be all at sea  
The feeling of breaking free  
Makes me as peaceful as I can be

Wrapped in my waterproof coat  
Alone, just me and my boat  
A pleasure to just gently float

And if there is a light rain  
I feel no worries, stress or strain  
And that I can easily explain

The sound of the water can ease any rift  
Nature gave us a wonderful gift  
The chance to just relax and drift

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 172

To sell my business is why I'm here  
The product's about to have a big year  
And I'm offering you 20 percent

I really think its day has come  
Even though I've not sold one  
And my budget is already spent

But I know that the gap is there  
There's none like this one anywhere  
Which I admit could mean there's no need

I don't have business acumen  
But don't you start assuming  
I can't make this product succeed

I just need someone to guide  
A clear sharp mind on my side  
And of course a large amount of dough

What? you wont listen any more  
I've said this to you all before  
Oh well I guess it was worth a go

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 173

I'm a hamster on the run  
Took my chance to break free  
I waited long and picked my moment carefully

I'm out of my cage  
With a joyful squeal  
Away from pointless running inside that damn wheel

Its not that I'm mistreated  
Or kept in a bad state  
But every creature likes to take control of their fate

I saw a break and took it  
Sprinting past my owners knee  
To satisfy the piece of wild animal still in me

I'll scurry under floorboards  
And scamper all around  
She'll try to track me down by following my sound

She doesn't need to worry  
I just want to explore  
But I will come wandering back across the floor

After a couple of days adventure  
When I have fulfilled my mood  
And more importantly when I am missing my food

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 174

I'm a D.I.Y. spy  
The cut-price private eye  
No job too small or big that is my tag

Any case you bring  
I'll be just the thing  
To get the right results in the bag

If anyone is lost  
At a very low cost  
I'll track them down wherever they may be

If you have a hot trail  
Someone you want to tail  
I'll see the job through quite easily

There are times, I must admit  
When the budget bites a bit  
And certain jobs where I don't really suit

For example on a case  
If a car I have to chase  
It's tricky if it's not on my bus route

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 175

The world was burning  
Our race stopped learning  
And she just smiled  
Life seemed more hard  
All beauty was scarred  
And she just smiled  
The hurt was past healing  
There was no safe feeling  
And she just smiled

They asked "how can you smile when all is dark? "  
She just smiled at this remark  
They asked "What about pain and fear and war? "  
She said "when is a smile needed more? "  
They couldn't understand what she had to tell  
She just smiled as they tried to fight her  
And when others saw her smile they smiled as well  
And the world seemed a little bit brighter

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 176

All my friends have grown up  
It happened over night  
The age of being young and stupid has just taken flight

Instead of comics and toys  
They all have savings plans  
Don't ask me how it happened, I'm not one who understands

Talk is of home owning  
And various mortgage rates  
No more pointless buying stuff or slouching round with mates

And some are having babies  
It all seems just surreal  
I remember when the height of class was to buy a happy meal

And choosing schools and doctors  
And which flats on which streets  
What happened to when the biggest choice was picking bags of sweets

Does this mean I have to join them  
Be mature or at least act so  
My furry slippers and Dr Who pajamas tell me no

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 177

I slide open the wardrobe and see the past  
The clothes she left behind  
A love and life that was thought fit to last  
Now lives just inside my mind

Each item plucked from a moment  
Taken from our lives chart  
Moments that even though long gone still live inside my heart

The jeans that got soaked through while walking in the rain  
The sweater that kept her warm as we waited for the train  
The t-shirt we walked miles round many shops to get  
The coat worn at the coast where the wave got her wet  
The brightly coloured stripy socks that were a Christmas gift  
The 'London Girl' T-shirt that gave my smile a lift  
The pyjamas with the bear on that she wore while we dreamt  
The summer top she wore when the sun felt heaven sent

All markers of a happier time, way back when  
I wonder if she'll ever return and fill them again

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 178

Britney has lost it, she has gone insane  
So we'll push cameras at her to add to the pain  
She is clearly suffering, at a delicate place  
So when she looks out we'll be in her face  
Surrounded by cameras and bright flashing lights  
Its ok, no one cares for her rights  
And if our attacking pushes her to the brink  
She'll just act more crazy and then just think  
OF how much more money we can get for her pic  
Our wallets grow the more she gets sick  
She may get better, that wouldn't be too bad  
Smiling happy pictures, warm and glad  
You may think me vile but I think instead  
Of the cash I could make if she ends up dead

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 179

If a horse is outside is it unstable  
If a parachutist jumps has he explained  
If you are run over while tied to the tracks does that make you well trained

Are you taught how to act by a stagecoach  
Is a priest who likes spuds a chipmunk  
When a sink is unwanted and thrown away, is it then called a sunk

These various puns intrigue me  
One more floats round my head  
If a tin can has holes so nothing stays in, is it called tin can't instead?

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 180

Off on another trip, this time I'm heading to Rome  
I have my friend travelling with me as its better than going alone  
Just a four day adventure, so packing is quite light  
Also because we got a cheap deal and you cant take much on the flight  
We have no set itinerary, we will just go with the flow  
She has the guidebook and I have my hat so we are ready to go  
The flight is fairly early, and we have traffic to beat  
So we get up at stupid o'clock, and wander bleary eyed to the street  
Then sitting for hours at the airport, until we finally get on  
When you are waiting to get away everything seem to take long  
The wheels rumble across the tarmac, and go silent as they lift off the ground  
To me the start of a holiday is signalled by that lack of sound

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 181

First day in Rome, an exciting new place, full of passion and cred  
But after the really early start we spend a few hours in bed  
Determined to see some of the sites we set out on a night tour  
Clutching our guidebook and pre-marked map we stride out of the door  
We see several sights, all covered with lights to make them stand out from the dark  
And have a fresh meal, an Italian real deal, accompanied by a little dog's bark  
Taking in the scene, feeling serene, back to the hotel to relax  
A tiring day, we both drift away as soon as we get on our backs  
Already with cameras bursting with photos and many more on the way  
We've munched the cuisine, some sights we have seen, and its only just the first  
day

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 182

I'm trying to talk Italian, it is only polite  
I haven't got the hang of it, don't get it quite right  
I'm ok with 'hello' and 'thank you' which are good know  
And should be the basics you learn wherever you go  
Now at a meal, I'll ask for the bill myself  
'Il conti per favore', no wait, that's a shelf  
'Il conto' is what I mean, like tonto with a C  
I think that I am picking up Italian easily  
Its important to make the effort, to show good intent  
And try not to speak English with an Italian accent  
Which is a habit I fall into thou I don't know why  
But people seem to like it if you at least try

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 183

Motorbikes everywhere, lining all the corners  
Surprising monuments when you walk in any direction  
Statues and fountains dotted around  
To sit by and relax in quiet reflection

People giving 'free' flowers out, then harassing you for money  
A millions places to wander and smile, whether its rainy or sunny  
In the middle of the road four temples just appear  
The most delicious ice cream ever tasted is sold here  
Crypts lined with bones, respectfully placed  
The speed of life seems to be perfectly paced  
The metro trundles on, crowded but reliable  
Lots of little tacky shops with products just un-buyable  
That still cant take away the splendour of the city  
The night time walks with everything's lit up so bright and pretty

Hundreds of umbrellas being sold when it rained  
Friendly people giving directions helpfully explained  
The Roma Pass making it easy to get around  
The Sistine chapel deafening you without a sound  
Maps that don't show the roads very clearly  
Leading to us getting run over, well nearly  
Big structures, enormous buildings that make you feel humble  
And massive plates of meat so my stomach wouldn't grumble  
Trying to find the information desk at the train station  
With maps that are badly marked leading to frustration

The countless treasures at the Vatican museum  
That would take years if you wanted to fully see them  
The Colosseum that is truly breathtaking  
That must have used much time and talent in the making  
Caesar's tomb, the forum, the Trevi fountain, capital hill  
All places that inspire awe and they always will  
Saint Peter's Basilica, which is more grand than I can tell  
The cheerful, helpful, friendly staff at the hotel  
Standing in the ruins of a mighty emperors home  
These are some of the thoughts that come to me from Rome

## Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 184

In my bright orange suit, with green lapels  
And Bow-tie that lights up and spins  
My hair dyed purple spiked all over  
I'm sure to raise a few grins  
I practise my scales to keep my voice clear  
With my nose that honks and inflates  
And push my way through the curtains  
To approach my public that waits

After the show I'm deflated  
My dance didn't raise just one smile  
The chirpy song they all hated  
My jokes all missed by a mile  
I'll get me a new job instead  
This last gig was really the breaker  
I guess they were right when they said  
I'm not cut out to be an undertaker

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 185

It's a sad fact of life that many out there  
Don't like the body that they have to wear  
Some think they're too big and others too small  
While some just don't like themselves at all  
Some have a real mania for changing their look  
And spend hours laying on a sun-bed and cook  
Others change hair colour or eyes with contacts  
As in their own skin they can never relax  
Some take steps that are even more drastic  
And have lumps cut off and reshaped with elastic  
Which I think's a shame that they turn to the knife  
Accepting yourself is the first task in life  
And whoever you admire or want to emulate  
You bet they have parts of them that they hate

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 186

I have a new enemy, a sly little soul  
And there is a battle for who keeps in control  
It's an ongoing struggle and will always be the same  
The creature I am up against is my own brain  
Sometimes it will desert me when I'll in a crowd place  
Desperately trying to put a name to a face  
Other times it will offer information readily  
Unfortunately it tends to be things useless to me  
When I need the key-code to get to my friends flat  
In my head's the theme tune to the cartoon 'Henry's Cat'  
I need to recall directions to get from A to B  
The only roads seen in my mind were ones in Italy  
It makes me put my keys down in a new place every day  
So I waste time hunting where they are before I get away  
And if I get the bus while waiting in the queues  
It makes me put my ticket in a pocket I never use  
So when the driver's waiting and the crowd is in a stop  
I have to pull out all my pockets before we leave the stop  
I hope to call a ceasefire, have peace before long  
Or else it might make me go out without my trousers on

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 187

I've got my special bean cutter  
And brand new mango slicer  
The stick for coring apples  
And the bladed onion dicer  
The mallet for the meat  
The turner for the spuds  
And tools for carrot cutting  
None of which are duds  
I've the pot for cooking slowly  
The device to cook with steam  
Grills of different sizes  
That all work like a dream  
There's the potato masher  
Garlic press, measure cup  
The plastic bowl with built in paddle  
That mixes salads up  
The cutting boards, the rolling pin  
The food mixer of course  
The bread maker, ice crusher  
And several drizzlers for sauce  
I have countless pots and pans  
Of every type and dimension  
And racks of knives from small to large  
And all spoons you can mention  
I have the tools to make anything  
Whenever I'm in the mood  
Well, I could do if I had the room  
To keep a supply of food

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 188

You've laid your card of battle down  
Its time to make my move  
I have an attack lined up that no one could improve

You character has much strength  
But mine has so much more  
You entered in this battle not knowing it was a war

I see you have a shield of flame  
My wand of ice will chill it  
And your steed, the wolf you ride, my giant rat will kill it

I'll use my thief qualities  
And guide them straight and true  
To steel your 'kneepads of allure' so no one can help you

You try to save your character  
By throwing out a curse  
My amulet of strength and light will easily reverse

It back at you so you fall fowl  
And lose more energy  
As I pile on another hit, you shouldn't mess with me

I am all powerful, masterful  
The boss, the king, the great  
Now I'll head home as my mum said don't stay out too late

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 189

My heart has been stolen away  
Suddenly, without warning today  
Taken by Roksana at the KFC  
When she turned and smiled at me  
She brought me my meal and pack of fries  
I was captured by her sweet dark eyes  
Her gorgeous accent filled with appeal  
When she asked if I wanted the large meal  
My mind filled with song, unable to think  
As she asked my preference for what type of drink  
I bought four more sides to extend the moment  
Until most of my money was spent  
And I could hardly lift the tray  
So I thanked her and wandered away  
It's the feeling of joy such a moment can give  
That makes life a wonderful thing to live

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 190

I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall  
Not my choice of place at all  
I try to catch the passers by  
But most wont look me in the eye  
I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall

I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall  
Sometimes I don't like it at all  
When people treat you so abrupt  
For daring to try to interrupt  
I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall

I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall  
It can make you feel quite small  
When some stare right through  
And some send a pitiful look at you  
I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall

I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall  
But I still stand proudly tall  
I earn my wages honestly  
If you had to, could, like me  
You stand at a stall in the middle of the mall

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 191

I do the impossible three times a day  
When they ask for anything I say OK  
They want clothes that make them look thin  
Some make up to help hide their double chin  
Shoes that make them look more tall  
But designed so they don't tumble and fall  
I handle the press and keep them away  
Or keep them alert if it's better that way  
Make sure the 'spontaneous' moments are seen  
And the fights or mistakes are kept off the screen  
I take real pride in my own art  
I keep all the hero's looking the part  
The glamour, the glitz, the razzmatazz  
Is not something that everyone has  
I train it and nurture and keep it going  
Invent it as well? I've no way of knowing  
I provide a service, no ego, no fuss  
Would you like knowing your idols are just like us?

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 192

Valued more than money  
A pure pleasure to greet  
Lips so kissable, so warm, so full, so sweet  
Energetic and funny  
No other felt so right  
The smile I can more than happily stare at all night  
I've always felt sunny  
Next to you is divine  
Excited every year that you will be my valentine

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 193

I'm a traffic cone up a tree  
Someone on a drunken spree  
With all of their might  
Gave me new height  
Here for all to see

I'm a traffic cone up a tree  
Not really where I should be  
I'm usually found  
Much nearer the ground  
Lined up uniformly

I'm a traffic cone up a tree  
It makes me feel rather free  
To have reached a place  
No other cone'll grace  
Fills me with real glee

I'm a traffic cone up a tree  
Plastic and bright orangey  
I might catch the eye  
Of some strange passer by  
Who'll write a poem about me

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 194

I don't understand why all the fuss  
I didn't actually hit that bus  
I think you just worry too much  
When you hear me ride the clutch  
It may seem fast from your seat  
But in my car my powers complete  
My style of driving please don't question  
I think red lights are just a suggestion  
When playing chicken I never lose  
I know the driving don't's and do's  
Talk on the phone you'll end up dead  
So as I drive I text instead  
I weave through traffic as I dash  
Speed limits are for people who crash  
They don't apply to someone like me  
Who controls their car perfectly  
I've never had an accident on the roads  
Though it is true I have seen loads

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 195

Tiffany granger never saw danger  
The unknown wouldn't phase her  
The threat of knife or razor  
That could be concealed by a stranger

Her sister Beryl lived in peril  
Saw hints of pain or attack  
Was always watching her back  
For people wild, dark and feral

Tiffany saw things to explore  
A whole world of things to find  
Filled with people honest and kind  
And wanted to find out more

Beryl'd say this could be the day  
When evil picks to bring me down  
She bought a house far from town  
And kept herself locked away

Tiffany'd trip, have the odd slip  
The joy more than outweighed the bad  
Beryl had no chance to feel glad  
Locked away losing her grip

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 196

It's never like the first moment  
The first meeting feeling fades  
The jolt of excitement of a new smile  
The mystery of a new event  
Time slow always jades  
Until the first thrill's gone after a while

Though some claim to keep the feeling  
Like an actors first step on stage  
Certain people in life always thrill  
Their presents can keep you reeling  
Even after knowing them an age  
And you know that they always will

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 197

Beware the curtain twitcher  
I like to keep an eye  
On every thing that's happening  
And whoever passes by

I'll know your every movement  
I'll say if you're too loud  
I'll hover over all you do  
A damp grey snooping cloud

I know everyone's business  
All along the street  
Watching from my window  
You've no chance to be discreet

I like to judge your lifestyle  
And the friends that you have in  
If you're the kind of person I like  
Or if you're plagued with sin

I look down on you with pity  
But your life still interests me  
Because I like to know everything  
And because mine is empty

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 198

The lake was still and calm  
There was hardly a breeze  
But something in the air  
Gave a feeling of unease  
There was the slightest ripple  
As if the fish below  
Were clearing out of the area  
Panicked, hurrying to go

Then suddenly there's movement  
Pushing, barging, splashing  
And breaking through the peace  
A horrific object's crashing  
The sight brought on great fear  
Ladies screamed and children cried  
And many ran as fast as they could  
To get safely back inside  
The vision was quite scarring  
Disturbing and yet gripping  
Then a young voice shouted out  
"Mum, granddads skinny dipping"

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 199

The general thoughts on the news are that it's all getting worse  
That hoping for peace or smiles or laughs would be quite perverse  
Whenever there is a good result or we win in any sport  
The comment is that it was a fluke, or something of that sort  
When exam results are better than ever, they say tests aren't as hard  
We'll all be homeless and lose every penny `cos we have a credit card  
We're over crowded with immigrants who steal, pulling our country down  
And young hooligans rampage through the streets of every single town  
The cry is how every thing's ruined; the downward trend is our route  
No use hoping the tree of our lives will ever bare any sweet fruit  
But looking around I don't see all that, the things the news only show  
I see hope, friendship and kindness to all are among the things that grow  
The fear and hate and pain the news needs to sell its ware  
I hope one day we'll all realise that it isn't really there

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 200! !

It feels quite strange mentioning that this is the 200th one  
I had no idea I would reach this on the day that I begun  
It has kind of melted into one, like it's all a pretence  
The word NOW is number 25,489, how can that make sense?  
But it's true, I've gone that far, it seems a bit surreal  
I never thought this little idea would have such an appeal  
I didn't know that even if one week I would last out  
Or ever find 200 things to even write about  
But it hasn't been a chore, emptying out my head  
I feel more sorry for the people who read the stuff instead  
If you have read from 1 to 200 entirely  
That probably means you slightly more crazy than me

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 201

It's odd how people with money claim it isn't everything  
Those who buy what they want, say its not enough to bring  
Fun or laughter to your life, that having lots of cash  
Is a hindrance to finding joy, something to make you crash  
That wealth shields off contentment, making it hard to find  
True satisfaction or a feeling of peace inside your mind  
Can anyone be at ease while rich, I really do not know  
But if someone wants to fund me I will definitely give it a go

Money can't buy happiness  
When all is said and done  
Then again nor can poverty  
But money is a lot more fun

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 202

I always doubted reincarnation  
I may need reconsideration  
As it's the only explanation

You may not believe me  
But I can see quite clearly  
My hair was once Houdini

The greatest escapologist  
Is here right now and does exist  
Far from being gone and dead  
He's living sat upon my head  
Nothing can contain my hair  
It just sticks out everywhere  
With any gel or wax or mousse  
I find it's all of no use

The pattern in which it has grown  
Shows it has a life of its own  
No compliance has it ever shown

But I treat it as my friend  
It's not that bad in the end  
And unstyled is the latest trend

So we now live quite peacefully  
On a truce we both agree  
I don't bother it and it doesn't bother me

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 203

I think I just saw Elvis  
But it can't really be  
If he was still alive now  
He'd look quite differently  
The black greased hair would be grey  
If it wasn't all gone  
No towering quiff, just a hairless globe  
On which the sunshine shone  
No cheesy grin, just toothless now  
No support to curl that lip  
And if he tried hard to gyrate  
He'd likely crack a hip  
It must have been someone else  
Or I'm just out of touch  
But I'm sure as he walked by me  
I heard 'thank you very much'

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 204

I stand surveying the angles  
And slopes of the land  
A plan in my mind and a golf club in my hand

The ball is waiting ready  
To live its final putt  
This shot is gonna happen, I feel it in my gut

I check the wind direction  
And condition of the green  
I weigh up all the angles, want the shot to be clean

I plant my feet real sturdy  
And eye the balls route  
I slow my breathing down as I prepare to shoot

I swing the club back slowly  
Now going for the kill  
But slip and clip the edge of the plastic windmill

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 205

An earthquake rocked our country  
Didn't quite bring us to our knees  
The only real casualty  
Were some crumbling tumbling chimneys  
But was enough to make the papers  
Start the morbid 'could have been's  
How a disaster could have struck  
The highs, lows and inbetweens

I'm thankful that in our little country  
The forces of nature are tame  
No earthquakes or storms crushing whole towns  
Our days are all mostly the same  
When I see the brute devastation  
Distant tales of pain meet my eyes  
With relief I smile at the beauty  
Of our dreary damp grey skies

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 206

I got the latest gadget  
Sleek and slim and bright  
It cost a lot to get it  
So I must have got it right  
It plays the latest games  
On several new flat screens  
Its fully multi platformed  
Though I don't know what that means  
But it must be the best one  
The price shows that alone  
But when I ask why it's the best  
No one has really known  
But I don't want to admit that  
So I'll fake I'm one who knows  
Do you recall the story  
Of the emperors new clothes?

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 207

I stare at the page  
My mind starts to throb  
Don't know if my brain is up to the job

The blurred Hieroglyphics  
Covering the page  
I try to decipher at each crucial stage

The lines that build  
The Secret code  
Halts my mind in its fact finding mode

Giving in to frustration  
I throw out the thing  
Even I cant read my own hand writing

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 208

When my heart was breaking  
And my soul was aching  
I couldn't stop shaking  
But you got me through

Suffocating doom  
Covered every room  
Filling me with gloom  
Your support was still true

I could no longer cry  
My tears had run dry  
I just wanted to die  
You steered me to glad

You knew when I was in pain  
You'd listen to me complain  
And always come back again  
You're the best dog I even had

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 209

A bead of sweat rolls down my brow  
Everyone looks at me now  
Waiting for me to make my move  
I study every angle there  
A sharp tense feeling in the air  
And there's no way that it will improve

I judge every open choice  
Inside my head a tiny voice  
Tells me a slight tremor could ruin all  
A breeze blows gently north to south  
My heart tries jumping out my mouth  
I try to keep myself from a great fall

I set my jaw and take a shot  
At the best option I have got  
But half way through my hopes have all turned grey  
As the block I take disturbs the tower  
And the rest succumb to gravities power  
I don't like playing Jenga anyway

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 210

Gather round I'll tell a tale  
The saddest tale I've told  
Will make you weep and sniffle  
And your blood will run so cold  
About a forsaken journey  
Of which I dare not boast  
When a few of us set out  
On a drive to the coast me boys  
On a drive to the coast

The sun was hanging heavy  
The clouds were scurrying round  
We'd packed up drink and sandwiches  
And soon were south east bound  
We had our kite and towels  
So we could paddle away  
But as we hit the road  
The sky went a dark grey me pals  
The sky went a dark grey

Then the rain came pouring  
Drowning out our dreams  
Of laying on the beach  
And eating cool ice creams  
'it may clear up when we're there'  
Our driver said with hope  
But our spirits were so beaten  
We didn't believe that dope me lads  
We didn't believe that dope

But the rain kept on coming  
And curses crossed our lips  
As we stood in the beach bus shelter  
Eating bags of soggy chips  
The crazy golf was closed  
The view was wet and bleak  
So we all got back in the car  
We'll try again next week me boys  
We'll try again next week

## Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 211

Never had a penny from the government  
Though I've paid loads all my life  
I've always been self-reliant  
Got myself through every strife  
Well of course the bins get emptied  
And road sweepers keep all neat  
And the police patrol now and then  
So I feel safe on the street

But nothing I get handed  
My taxes just get drained  
And not one penny do I get back  
As I just explained  
It's true I see the doctor  
And I get my teeth done free  
And my eyes are regularly tested  
So I can clearly see

And my bus-pass is quite useful  
Now they've built a lot more stops  
And the roads are tarmaced smoothly  
For my trip down to the shops  
It's appalling I get overlooked  
My payments are all on track  
But apart from the doctors, police, transport, cleaners, opticians, dentists, social  
workers and a feeling of safety and good health  
I get absolutely nothing back!

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 212

She met the guy of her dreams  
He promised her the stars  
Riches, holidays, romance  
A safe home, two big cars  
Soon she fell pregnant  
Her dreams crashed around  
He wouldn't return her calls  
He just couldn't be found  
Much tears and thinking later  
Her life she has to plot  
A decision that rips her apart  
But is the only option she's got  
Outside the clinic pro-lifers  
Stalk and shout at the door  
They call her a sinner  
And a hooker and a whore  
It's easy to judge others  
When you're not in their shoes  
I hope that they never find  
Themselves having to choose

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 213

If you had a year left to live  
How would you spend your time  
Would you travel and see more sights  
From weird to the sublime

If you had only a month left  
Would you waste it on hate  
And fear and anger or would you  
Show love before its too late

If just one week was left for you  
Would you hold things in  
Or be as open and as free  
As you always should have been

If today was your last day alive  
Would you still pretend  
Or live for life and grasp each second  
Right until the end

All I have to say  
Is why wait until that day?

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 214

One thing that I enjoy the most  
Is a simple piece of toast  
Nothing fancy or flash for me  
Just toast with a cup of tea  
I don't need a great big roast  
I'm quite happy with my toast  
Lightly grilled or burnt and dark  
It's guaranteed to hit the mark  
As a late night snack or morning meal  
It has a universal appeal  
It's handy if you're on the go  
Munch it without having to slow  
On the way to work or while getting dressed  
Its flexibility passed the test  
While I'm waiting for the post  
I'm munching on my piece of toast  
It's cheap, convenient and quick  
By toaster or camp fire on stick  
From worker to student to lady or lord  
It's fan base is extremely broad  
Across the land from coast to coast  
We're all united by tasty toast

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 215

I can feel the tantalizing aroma drifting up to me  
Both smooth and rich and delicate and tart and buttery  
The exotic silky texture runs mellow down my tongue  
Yet has a tangy scrumptiousness that floods me by the ton  
The juicy fluffy wholesome feel is clean and heavenly  
A spicy sour flavour that's fresh distinctively  
The look is eye catching and tempting I must say  
And the creamy, nutty, crunch it has is lively in a way  
The sharp luscious zesty side, has peppery undertones  
Velvety and fragrant, that thrills me to my bones  
The soft tasty ripeness makes my taste buds feel so wealthy  
Mouth wateringly delicious, delectable, hot and healthy  
All working well together, inviting me to taste  
And finish it entirely with not too much haste  
The waiter smiled and nodded his head  
'You've just eaten the placemat' he said

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 216

"We have cappuccino of course and espresso to  
Not to mention mocha or arabica for you  
It's all Fair-trade organic from the dark roast to the light  
And extra strong Colombia coffee to keep you up all night  
It can be instant granules or freshly grounded here  
From Guatemala, Nicaragua and places far and near  
The dark roast Italian is popular, very highly rated  
And all we have also comes as decaffeinated  
Organic Machu Picchu or Dolce Gusto Latte  
The kick of the Irish Cream Coffee always starts a party  
The Kenya Blend and Mountain Blend come from afar  
As do Alta Rica and the Monsooned Malabar  
Or something a bit lighter, a Frappuccino's nice  
If you don't like your coffee hot this one is made with ice  
A dash of cinnamon tops it off, I'm sure you will agree"  
I couldn't bring myself to tell him I fancied a cup of tea

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 217 (Th 'Pm A Dy' Prjct ~ Dy 217)

ITS ODD THT WTH AL TH MBL PHNS  
MR PPL R TLKNG EACH DY  
TXT MSSGS BEING SNT THRU TH AIR  
VRYBDY HS SO MCH 2 SY

YOUD THNK THT THS MEANS ENGLSH GRWS  
WRITTN WRDS R INCREASNGLY SHWN  
MR PPL DSCVRNG NW FN WRDS  
NSTEAD OF STCKNG 2 THEIR OWN

BT TH SD THNG IS THT WRDS R NT  
GRWNG ND FLWNG LKE HNY  
NSTEAD THY R CHPPD UP MKNG THM LOOK  
HRSH ND UGLY ND FNNY

S IF U R SNDNG A MSSGE  
I ASK U 2 PLEAS DO THS TRCK  
SPLL EVRY WRD AS IT SHD BE SPLT  
ND MK OUR WRLD SEEM LSS THCK

Translation:

Its odd that with all the mobile phones  
More people are talking each day  
Text messages being sent through the air  
Everybody has so much to say

You'd think that this means English grows  
Written words are increasingly shown  
More people discovering new fun words  
Instead of sticking to their own

But the sad thing is that words are not  
Growing and flowing like honey  
Instead they are chopped up making them look  
Harsh and ugly and funny

So if you are sending a message

I ask you to please do this trick  
Spell every word as it should be spelt  
And make our world seem less thick

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 218

I stand outside all night cos you wont put me away  
My silver body work is a grim kind of grey  
You drive me miles and miles every single day  
It's not much fun being your car

You rev too much, burning oil every mile  
Keeping on going really is a trial  
All I ask is a service once in a while  
It's not much fun being your car

You haven't cleaned me inside or out for years  
When you're in a hurry you start to grind my gears  
If I whine up goes your music so you're not one who hears  
It's not much fun being your car

You have me roaring down the motorway again  
Through the wind and grit and dirt and fumes and rain  
Being used so carelessly really is a pain  
It's not much fun being your car

But one day on the road my engine will just die  
And you'll have to wait out in the rain til help comes by  
And when the mechanic starts me I will work first try  
I can have some fun being your car

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 219

Some people dread each day they work  
Each morning is a chore  
It takes real effort to get themselves out of the door

And all the time at work they moan  
And feel so down and bleak  
Which makes every single minute feel like it's taking a week

If you start off negative  
You'll just keep going down  
And everyone who sees you will end up with a frown

I find it best to be up beat  
Jolly up your mind  
The day will go by quicker and be more pleasant you will find

Make each day a good thing  
Choose your attitude  
As every task seems easier if you are in a good mood

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 220

I've planned the perfect murder  
Faultless in every way  
My alibi is watertight  
I'm covered all that day  
There's no link from me to him  
Nothing to trace it to me  
No weapon to dispose of  
It works quite subtly  
I just sit in my office  
And raise the tax on fuel  
So he can't afford to pay  
I know that may sound cruel  
So the old guy will slowly freeze  
And to his death is sent  
And I can sit here snug and warm  
With the rest of government

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 221

January is too soon here  
A damp and cold start to the year  
February follows on  
With snow and ice that's seldom gone  
March appears next in line  
And down comes rain all the time  
April showers now are due  
Lasting the whole month through  
May and showers still persist  
Bringing frost and fog and mist  
June gets hot, insanely so  
Everyone's red and aglow  
July bring chills mixed with hot  
You're never sure just what you've got  
August the sun is up and bold  
But the wind still keeps it cold  
September the drizzle and ice is back  
Keeping up a relentless attack  
October's colder so I hide  
With a hot drink and stay inside  
November sees your breath in the air  
And colds and sneezes everywhere  
December's cold but brings some cheer  
Then bloody January's here

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 222

I've heard all kinds of music  
From easy listening to heavy rock to blues  
2 tone, ska and acid jazz, all made me move my shoes

I've jumped around to punk  
Calypso, beat-box and industrial dance  
Mellowed with chill-out tunes like ambient house techno trance

Barn-dance and funk rock and gospel  
Soul music is simple sublime  
I've listened to new age music, but thankfully only one time

Songs sung a cappella  
A ballad of be-bop or two  
Even a bash at Karaoke when I've drunk quite a few

Big band brass boogie woogie  
And disco help my mind settle  
I've even hummed happily along to blackened thrash doom death metal

Even the specialist styles  
Like shanties or yodeling or Christian rock  
Sit proudly alongside pop music and rock and roll when I take stock

I've enjoyed all sorts of music  
From every time and place  
So why when someone is playing panpipes do I want to punch their face?

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 223

When the full moon wanders out  
The freaks of nature jump about  
They talk of passages of the sun  
Which bring the power to everyone  
The stars hold secrets and steer our fate  
And guide us to a future that's great  
Listen to the trees they give us clues  
About which paths we should use  
The cosmic oneness of the universe  
Is waiting for us to converse

You see them all out in the middle of the night  
Gazing up at the sky at the moon so bright  
In the dark and wet and cold they chill  
All they'll discover is how to be ill  
People running round as we're sleeping in our beds  
It's funny how the full moon brings out the empty heads

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 224

I've never had the talent, of making life fit right  
It's always seemed a struggle, a battle or a fight  
By the time I get the day straight it's already turned night  
And more deadlines have been missed

I've always looked jealously on those that find it easy  
That step from one thing to another, airy, light and breezy  
While I hit every wave 'til the journey makes me queasy  
I feel like I've never got the jist

As if I'm always walking at the totally wrong pace  
While others lives just seem to fall right into place  
Whereas I just tend to fall flat on my face  
Time and again although I've really tried

But asking round I find that everything I say  
Is pretty much how everyone feels day by day  
I guess they got it right when they first had to say  
Everyone's life is easier from the outside

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 225

I sit and wait, the pressure great  
The tension in the air  
And now I find, that in my mind  
I'm turning to despair  
The time ticks by, I wonder why  
I let myself get here  
Sweat on my brow, I'm trembling now  
As the question gets near  
What I can't see, is why ask me  
I know I'll get it wrong  
I want to leave, it's hard to breathe  
And now it wont be long  
My heart beats fast, how will I last  
My face is turning pink  
She opens the door, in dress number four  
"Well, what do you think? "

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 226

I be the rap master, the words be my tool  
Flipped out brain wise while at school  
The streets trained me good, as they could so they should  
Spent my life being misunderstood  
I beat to your brain, drive my voice through your cranium  
I ain't Australian, but deadly as uranium  
When I throw verbs you feel under fire  
You're music be cheesy and I be the cheese wire  
The hip hop tones are in my bones  
My brain be giving my talent loans  
MC of the free that's me  
More humped out than a dromedary  
I'm hip, fly, cranking, bigger than big  
Though slow rate low rate jivers cant dig  
The king of move's, groove's, power through each day  
Floating demon like over all I survey

The nurse just smiled and patted his head  
"Now take your medication and go to bed"

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 227

Lazy Ash would never dash he just took things slowly  
And every day in every way he'd show lethargy  
He'd give himself extended breaks taking his own pace  
And when caught he'd just resort to lying to your face  
His arrogance made him believe he didn't have to work  
He'd face attempts to speed him up all with a gormless smirk  
Continually he'd wander off several times a day  
Thinking that life owed him, in a childish sort of way  
This child like side shielded him, made others want to guard  
He lived off this and coasted through while others work so hard  
A girl called Sam had her own man but fell into his eyes  
And being kind she'd soon find herself mixed in the lies  
He thought that he was popular but behind his back  
His friends would bitch about him as they had to take the slack  
Of the jobs he didn't do, the work all left undone  
And people fighting on his side were leaving one by one  
No one could feel anger, pity in its place was grown  
From knowing through his selfishness he would end up alone

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 228

I've reached a late part in my time, my life has past me by  
All I've left or so I'm told is just to wait to die  
But even so I'm not sure that I want to say goodbye  
And anyway I'm only 83  
My relatives all gather round and tell me to stay still  
'You should take it easy now' and 'have you made your will? '  
But I'll not stop until I've lived every single thrill  
You haven't seen the last of me

I'm an OAP with attitude a biddy on the boil  
I'm meant to have a garden on which to scrape and toil  
But I can't stand bloody plants or digging bloody soil  
Cos I'm an OAP with attitude a biddy on the boil

I took up scuba diving exploring corral reef  
I took up hang gliding and frightened those beneath  
I took up bungee jumping and lost three sets of teeth  
But you can't stop me now  
Driving lots of fast cars and running every light  
Going to the dance clubs and raving every night  
Going to the football and starting every fight  
Everything my bladder will allow

I'm an OAP with attitude a geriatric guy  
I'm gonna pass every test until I touch the sky  
I'm gonna do all sorts of things and never wonder why  
Cos I'm an OAP with attitude a geriatric guy

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 229

I fail to see,  
Why your blaming me,  
For your misery,  
When I want your happiness, and that is true.

Of course I stashed,  
A load of cash,  
When the market crashed,  
But that's just what I'm expected to do.

I may be faceless,  
But saying I'm graceless,  
Is really quite tasteless,  
I just have a totally unexpected view.

In my clean pressed suit,  
I'm the banks recruit,  
Who you'd like to shoot,  
I give out loans, well maybe one or two.

I'll never budge,  
Through forms I trudge,  
And I like to judge,  
I'll grind up your dreams until your blue.

But in the end,  
You can depend,  
On me as a friend,  
Unless you're poor in which case bugger you.

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 230

An easy task I thought it was, a simple thing to do  
I wandered off to the shops to get me some shampoo  
Rows and rows of plastic bottles, of all shapes and sizes  
Some to enhance what you have, and others as disguises  
Pro-V Radiant Colour, Anti-Breakage, Time Renewal  
Various promises and claims that were not true at all  
Enhanced Layer shampoo and an Ice Shine built within  
And gentle action Aloe Vera added for your skin  
Shampoo for smooth and sleek hair and some for full and thick  
Whether it's blond or red or brown there's something to do the trick  
Some that's meant to repair and protect from damage every day  
Highlighting colour expression to hide any trace of grey  
All kinds of scents from almond to apple and cranberry  
Coconut, lavender, watermint, mango, honey and strawberry  
And every one has a conditioner with which it is meant to go  
Or even has the '2 in 1' if you have no time to slow  
And now Aromatherapy and UV Filters in the stuff  
Plus a range of medicated to get rid of dandruff  
I wandered off more confused, knocked right off my tracks  
Think I'll just shave it all off and get a jar of wax

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 231

We're the rabbits on the roundabout  
Our home is lush and green  
The road keeps any troubles out  
Our lives are quite serene  
We have no fear of predators  
Cos of our tarmac ring  
No debts or bills or creditors  
No worries of anything  
A heaven that's man made  
We run wild and free  
It's rare to see displayed  
Nature and man in harmony

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 232

I'm a faded years old statue  
My dog's chin on my knee  
My nameplate's worn and useless  
No one knows who I used to be

A rusty green tinged with brown  
For decades I have just sat down  
By what used to be a market square  
But now is just a busy road there  
The car fumes add a layer of grey  
To the plinth I rest on every day

I was once very famous  
But now look tired and rotten  
If being remembered ends like this  
I'd rather be forgotten

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 233

I've evolved over generations  
Many countries and many nations  
Resulting in a glorious thing  
With beauty of grace, style and wing  
I have a wonderful ability  
To glide and soar and be free  
Nature really got it right  
When it gave me the gift of flight  
So I must say with sarcasm and rage  
Thanks for putting me in this cage!

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 234

I'm a happy dog in a car  
Hope we're not going far  
I walk up and down the back seat  
At each corner I'm rocked off my feet  
I'm a happy dog in a car

I'm a happy dog in a car  
Zooming down miles of tar  
Sniffing around everywhere  
I know where we are by scents in the air  
I'm a happy dog in a car

I'm a happy dog in a car  
I'm feeling well above par  
On the window I'm sniffing near  
My nose leaves a slimy wet smear  
I'm a happy dog in a car

I'm a happy dog in a car  
We're on our way, hurrah  
Happy thoughts run through my mind  
As I stare and wag at the car behind  
I'm a happy dog in a car

I'm a happy dog in a car  
And going slightly gaga  
Too excited to lay down and nap  
I'll look out the window and let my ears flap  
I'm a happy dog in a car

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 235

Thought I'd try something new  
As I said I find that do-  
-ing this is a way to be a-  
-head of my brain every day  
So I'll try using half a word  
As I don't like to be herd-  
-ed into place or set routine  
Rather be odd if you get my mean-  
-ing, maybe it's a lack of grub  
that leads me off into this troub-  
-le I find that the hint of hung-  
-ger can get me highly strung  
So before it's out of hand  
I'll go get myself a ham sand-

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 236

I got to 'A' and was assaulted and abused  
And attacked and ambushed and anger was used  
And acute agony left me anxious and bemused

Then went to 'B' and got bloodied and battered  
And burnt and bashed and bruises were scattered  
And beaten and bones were broken and shattered

I then gave up when a friend told me  
Worse things happen at 'C'

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 237

You may have never heard of me but I have passed by you  
Slinking around quietly is what I'm designed to do  
Unnoticed, I've taunted you, I'm very sure of that  
For I'm the mythical mystical magnetic cat

I wander in and out of every flat and house  
Unlike other cats I don't look for a mouse  
I just walk past your keys, wallet, purse or phone  
And when it attaches to me I quickly leave your home

When you lose something that you're sure you left right there  
Take a moment to look around for metallic silver hair  
Or inverted rounded paw prints made by static on your mat  
Then you'll know you've had a visit from the magnetic cat

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 238

"Thank you all so much for your warm applause  
I promise you that I am a very worthy cause  
I stand here proud, asking for your vote today  
As we get the election process well underway  
My policies will make life be as easy as it should  
I cant say what they are, but I promise that they're good  
And I will cut pollution with no money being spent  
And lower tax and raise income and make all crooks repent  
Answers to all life's problems are resting in my head  
What they are I can't say so I'll attack my opponent instead  
I refuse to do mud slinging, or to try to cause a smear  
Although I could tell you things he wont want you to hear  
Like his finances, notice he has a bigger house  
And more holidays, and a job there for his spouse  
Doesn't his car look new, cant have had that long  
Makes you kind of wonder where the party funds have gone  
But I wont stoop to his level, I'm too refined for that  
Not even to mention he's looking well fed and fat  
So here I am before you, trying hard to impress  
Or trying to be the guy that you dislike less  
And as I've made my standing clear, you must now agree  
Your only sensible option is to vote for me"  
"Now here's our next candidate, I'm sure that you all know him"  
(continue this by going back to the first line of the poem)

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 239

I've never liked inbetweens,  
For me they just annoy  
People or things that get in the way  
An obstruction to your joy  
Tasks or jobs to overcome  
On your journey through existence  
Some say they make you stronger  
And teach you real persistence  
I find them just in the way  
Of where I want to be  
And worse is when the inbetween  
Turns out to be me  
When I have friends who argue  
And I'm left right in the middle  
Trying to understand both sides  
Though they're both talking piddle  
Like standing on a tightrope  
Just trying to be fair  
While actually I'd rather be  
Anywhere but there  
But the inbetween I hate most  
That turns my blue sky grey  
Is someone inbetween me  
And the 'all you can eat' buffet

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 240

No jam was in my doughnut a couple of days ago  
My fortune cookie was empty, is there something I should know  
I'm used to odd socks going, and pens go all the time  
But are there wormholes in life through which things climb  
Spare keys, you know where they are until the day they're needed  
Keeping track of needles, in that I've not succeeded  
And maybe its not just small things that disappear through space  
Just think of all the people that vanish with no trace  
And buildings that were always there sometimes are just gone  
Some say its demolition but they could all be wrong  
Big and small, nothing is safe, it's all starting to fit  
Something in space is collecting earth bit by bit  
Maybe I should tell someone that we are not alone  
I'll do it now, if I could find where I put the phone

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 241

You're not quite the height I like but I can bend a bit  
You're wider than the girls I like, I guess you could get fit  
Your hair is kind of mousey, not the shiny blond I seek  
Your voice isn't velvety and your laugh has that odd squeak  
Your eyes are brown and I like green, and one is slightly higher  
You don't have the slender cheek-boned face that I tend to desire  
Your figure doesn't have many curves, just one on either side  
Not quite petite, more filled out, did I mention you were wide?  
You're a bit refined for my taste, I like them loud and brash  
And I must just add if you want me you'll have to shave that 'tash  
Your hairy lip just makes me cringe, as does your taste in clothes  
I mean how did you ever think you'd look good in those  
But as I have no other options I'll give you a try  
Most girls don't seem to want me, I can't imagine why

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 242

I want it back  
Or else I'll crack  
You say its gone  
Been gone to long  
I want it back  
My mood is black  
Would you please bring  
Back the thing  
I want it back  
I've took the flack  
For letting it go  
Now they all know  
I want it back  
Get back on track  
The fan was hit  
When I lost it  
Please bring it back  
I'll get the sack  
Such a big fuss  
Over a lost bus

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 243

The wall that still needs painting  
The garden that needs some work  
The exercise and training which I now just seem to shirk  
The cleaning, polishing, dusting  
Painting the walls border  
Things I should be doing are now left in sheer disorder  
It's as if when she left  
It wasn't just my heart  
That was broken, torn, shattered and ripped apart  
But my drive and motivation  
Went with her out the door  
Maybe if I stop moving I will feel the pain no more

Flying Lemming



# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 244

Welcome to the concrete jungle safari  
Please climb aboard if you want to travel with me  
Keep arms inside all the time you're on the tour  
Of your personal safety I want to be sure  
We'll start by heading up to the gorillas over there  
That stand by clubs and throw out guys with the wrong hair  
Packs of coyote muggers hang round looking for prey  
A weak person wandering off won't last long this day  
The cheetahs sit by the lights, revving, roaring more  
Then zoom off at stupid speeds disregarding law  
In alleys lurking in the dark the scavengers all wait  
For drunken gazelles staggering by not knowing their fate  
And in the dark the lions keep control along the line  
Their violent threats underlined with fang like blades that shine

Animals are thought as vicious, full of temper fit to burst  
Of all nature, human nature has power to be the worst

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 245

Balance is important in every step you make  
In plans and dreams and working out what path you're gonna take  
Work is still important, we all need the money  
But must be balanced with the time you spend with family  
And lifestyle must be balanced, partying is lots of fun  
But if you over do it you'll end up dying young  
We all need balanced diets, eating junk grows your behind  
Only eating healthy will bore you out of your mind  
Balance is important to manage despair and hope  
But probably most important when on a tightrope

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 246

I know the date didn't go that great  
Collecting you I was an hour late  
And while I was waiting in your flat  
I knocked over your plant and sat on the cat  
And it really wasn't that bad a mess  
When I shut the car door on your dress  
And when we were at the restaurant  
I ordered stuff I thought you'd want  
But you didn't want what I'd suggest  
I don't know why, it was cheapest  
I thought you'd like to have fondue  
Though I admit I didn't really ask you  
Then I knocked over the melted cheese  
Into your lap, scolding your knees  
And when I responded to your yelp  
I Spilling your wine which didn't help  
And after it had all calmed down  
I wanted to turn the mood around  
I tried to be tender with gentle touch  
But because I had drank too much  
I caught my sleeve on your earring  
Which must have given quite a sting  
It's lucky you had that red shawl  
The blood didn't show hardly at all  
And I really must apologies  
That I took so long to realise  
That I didn't have my wallet in sight  
So thanks for paying the bill that night  
But through all this there was a spark there  
It's a pity next week you're washing your hair

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 247

It's odd how amounts make views change  
This project of mine is fairly strange  
But those who called it a stupid idea  
Are now asking if I'll get to a year  
Before when begged for an explanation  
It's now look on with some admiration  
When previously asked what I'm doing it for  
Now I am asked to keep doing more  
Those not fussed with poems or rhyme  
Respect endurance after a time  
I guess something carries more weight  
When it has gradually grow more great  
Though looking round at all we do  
I find that this is always true  
Millions of followers or just a smidgen  
Is the only difference between a cult or religion

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 248

I saw the ghost I know its true  
I know you doubt me like you do  
But it stood there as clear as you  
Big and bold and scary

A massive figure looming large  
No fake vision or dreamt mirage  
My nerves crumbled at the barrage  
Grim, ghostly and hairy

It was a big man so very tall  
Or may not have been a man at all  
And possible was rather small  
But so clearly outlined

A soldier killed out in some war  
Or maybe a sailor's what I saw  
Possibly a pirate and what's more  
It wasn't that defined

Or could have been a lady there  
With spooky flowing long black hair  
Who hovered three feet in the air  
Or possibly a monk

At least something in a gown  
With a sad and lonely frown  
Or maybe grinning like a clown  
I was just slightly drunk

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 249

I have a tiny army of little people here  
Wherever I go, I know, they are always near  
Not one of them is more than an inch in height  
Following me all day and guarding me at night  
Thousands of them in my house, where from I don't know  
They like to keep me happy, keep my life one smooth flow  
They do jobs around the house, they like to fix and clean  
They are friendly and smiling, not nasty, tough or mean  
Except if someone upsets me, that's when they start to change  
They get all dark and vicious when the culprit is in range  
So don't you try to bother me whatever you may do  
Or you'll feel thousands of tiny eyes staring at you

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 250!

I've noticed that things often tend  
To merge together, to fade or blend  
Until they don't stand out so proud  
Don't wave or leap or shout out loud  
As you get older your birthdays mingle  
So each one doesn't stand out single  
You even find you forget which year  
You've reached when it is drawing near  
Travelling to work the same old way  
It's hard to separate each day  
You find it tough to answer when  
Asked what you were doing then  
Auto-pilot's your mind's condition  
When faced with endless repetition  
I guess that's why it surprised me  
To find I've reached number 250

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 251

Think of the most expensive product that you have  
Somewhere in your home right now  
There's one thing worth more than anything else  
But I can't understand how

When you think of what you get for what you pay  
When you want to get some from the store  
Printer ink's the most costly liquid around  
Only rocket fuel would cost more

And I can't figure out why that is the way  
What's in it that makes it such a price  
It would be cheaper to write things in blood  
Though I guess that wouldn't look so nice

Hundreds of years ago ink was made with mud  
And berries and other natural stuff  
And the pictures from back then are still around today  
They have lasted through time well enough

I decided I wasn't gonna be ripped off anymore  
And went back to basics the other day  
Collecting berries and mud as I walked down the street  
Which is why they came took me away

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 252

Space is an important thing in everything around  
Space between people or activities or sound  
Many see a therapist for one reason or more  
But who would if 'the rapist' was written on his door  
When someone's talking to you, don't you find it gross  
When they are clearly standing just a bit too close  
Personal space is needed in any relationship  
Any over crowding can lead straight to a trip  
But so can vast remoteness, being too far away  
Space is hard to judge sometimes in every kind of way  
But the space that I can't figure out, that brings me close to tears  
Is the space that the world leaders seem to have between their ears

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 253

Surrounded by night every day  
I sit in my capsule in space  
I'm gently floating away  
A calm and tranquil place  
Just me and my thoughts  
Time to reflect all right  
I fill out my daily reports  
Then scan the dazzling sight  
I look out and see the earth  
Bright and blue and beautiful  
Its radiance and majesty  
Completely irrefutable  
Some find recycling a bore  
To much effort to save energy  
They can't see what it's all for  
If only they could be here with me

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 254

You think you know your body, that it has no more tricks  
You're used to the aches and pains, the cracks, pops and clicks  
Then it does something extra, just to keep you on your toes  
A random twitch or spasm that out of nowhere grows  
Or you arm will just go numb, the reason far from clear  
Your jaw will click, your knee will pop, you'll go deaf in one ear  
Or you'll wake and find one day that half your face wont move  
As if your body has something that it wants to prove  
It doesn't like being forgotten, or even understood  
Don't take it for granted like you generally would  
For all its little ploys and tests it's best to get along  
No matter how bad your body, you'll miss it when it's gone

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 255

There are many mysteries  
Clouding our understanding  
To find answers to them all would be quite demanding  
Are we truly free?  
Or are we ruled by fate?  
Why do I remember most things just a bit too late?  
Is joy built within us?  
How do we learn to laugh?  
Why does the phone always ring the second I'm in the bath?  
Do we need pain?  
Does courage come from strife?  
Can anyone work out the point of Paris Hilton's life?  
One that always get me  
I'll never understand  
Is why can't we buy Mountain Dew here in England?

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 256

A few days back, almost a week  
I found something I thought unique  
It was an object small and rare  
I'd never seen one anywhere  
So perfectly shaped and understated  
It never could be bashed or hated  
Both ancient looking and brand new  
It had quality stamped right through  
It's elegance and style were prime  
As if it were from another time  
The colours on it seemed to change  
Right through the whole spectral range  
It had a sort of music to it  
That chimed and hummed gently through it  
The most amazing thing I saw  
Nothing could entrance me more  
I may annoy you now because  
I'm not going to tell you what it was

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 257

I'm a happy dog at the park  
I yelp and woof and bark  
Along with the sound  
Us dogs run around  
I'm a happy dog at the park

I'm a happy dog at the park  
You may think me off the mark  
But I'm not by mistake  
In the mud by the lake  
I'm a happy dog at the park

I'm a happy dog at the park  
I hunt like a big hairy shark  
When the bunnies trail  
Puts a spring in my tail  
I'm a happy dog at the park

I'm a happy dog at the park  
I'm glad that some bright spark  
Brought a ball to throw  
Now off I go  
I'm a happy dog at the park

I'm a happy dog at the park  
I'll be wagging well into the dark  
Enjoy fresh air and fun  
Is my tip everyone  
I'm a happy dog at the park

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 258

The challenge - to write a poem using each letter of the alphabet once in order finishing with a piece which says something! Strictly 26 words only allowed.

Another Big Challenge Dealt  
Excitingly Faced Generally  
Here In Jollity Knelt  
Letters Manipulated Naturally

Other Passions Queuing  
Revealing Subtle Tone  
Unveiling Visions Within  
Xbox Yearning Zone

Or

Attacked By Cold Dread Every Friday, Gathering Howling Idiots  
Justice Karl Leads My Nerves  
On Precise Quick Random Swerves  
To Upset Various Wild Xenophobic Young Zealots

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 259

Digging through some old things I found a bathroom pack  
That I'd been given at Christmas a year or two back  
It had some soap in it with a faintly floral smell  
Some bath salts and five floating candles as well  
I thought I'd try them out, relax my body and mind  
But the right way of using them was very hard to find  
First I placed them in the water but when I tried to light  
They kept moving around which didn't work quite right  
I tried holding them still but just splashed them wet  
The way to hold and light them I just couldn't get  
So I put them on the side and then lit them there  
But while lowering to the water I just dampened their flare  
I eventually got them going but when I then got in  
They floated round my leg and burnt parts of my skin  
As I yelped and splashed around trying not to fall  
They got knocked and wax was splashed halfway up the wall  
Then I'd had enough, it didn't feed my restful yearning  
I just threw all four away, why can I smell burning?

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 260

There is always great debate  
About what things are worth  
And mainly should professional footballers be paid the earth  
Some say they get too much  
A ridiculous amount for their job  
Just 'cos they can kick or strike or tackle or catch or lob  
Should one football player  
Earn more in a year  
Than a whole hospital of nurses and doctors get near  
But I say they should have it  
They need the money it's true  
How else can they buy their way out of the law breaking they do?

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 261

I've got a twin I don't like him  
Which is fair cos he doesn't like me  
He drives me mad by acting bad  
And annoying me regularly  
He's grown a big bushy beard  
It hurts to see me that way  
And as he knows I look bad in red  
So he wears it everyday  
But I now have a plan  
To turn it on him instead  
Wont he look the foolish one  
When I go and shave my head

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 262

The young balloon was in his room  
The storm was raging outside  
So he scooted off to his parent's room  
To find somewhere to hide  
He asked his daddy balloon  
As the storm was thundering  
'Could I sleep in here with you and mum?  
This storm's a frightening thing'

The daddy balloon looked down at his son  
And said in a stern voice  
'You are getting to be a big balloon now  
Its time you made a choice  
To be brave and strong and face your fear  
Now go back to your bed  
And I don't want to hear any more  
Of the worries in your head'

So the boy balloon went back to his room  
Vowing his best to be brave  
But an hour later the thunder still roared  
And his strength soon caved  
So he crept back into his parent's room  
And they were both asleep  
So quietly up to their bed  
He continued to creep

He tried to squeeze in between them  
But didn't quite manage to fit  
So he undid his daddy carefully  
And let some air out, just a bit  
But he still couldn't squeeze in the bed  
So he did the same to his mummy  
And with them both slightly deflated  
Tried wriggling in on his tummy

But there still wasn't room for him  
So he undid himself a tad  
And after letting out some air

Could squeeze between mum and dad  
The next day his dad was furious  
When he found out what he did  
And he had an angry voice  
While talking to his kid

'You should be very ashamed'  
To his son he had to tell  
'You've let me down, you've let your mum down  
And you've let yourself down as well'

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 263

Thank you for your call, it is important to us  
We will try to help you with the minimum of fuss

If you know the extension you need  
Please will you enter it here  
Firstly entering your 10 digit user number  
To make your identity clear

Press 1 if this is urgent, very urgent or deadly  
Press 2 if you have talked to somebody already  
Press 3 if this is a new problem started recently  
Press 4 if your height is less the five foot three  
Key in your phone number if it's a problem on the line  
Key in your bank number if you need to pay a fine  
Press 789 if it is radish season  
Stand on one foot and press 6 for no real reason  
Press 5 followed by star if you're wearing cream  
Press your forehead to the wall and slowly start to scream

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 264

My dear close favourite friend  
I have something I have to send  
On to you that I just found  
Sent to me last time around  
It's a message telling me  
That I will upset destiny  
And bring great pain and suffering  
And lose almost everything  
That's in my life and live always  
In deep depression all my days  
Love will be lost and fortunes gone  
Illness will spread before to long  
Until I'm shrivelled and just a shell  
Falling deep into my own hell  
If I don't keep the message going  
And as I have no way of knowing  
If it could really happen to me  
I thought I better just agree  
Stress and worry this put me through  
So now I'm sending it on to you  
How much more friendly can you get  
Than to pass on a vile nasty threat

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 265

I took someone's car and drove into the cops  
I ran into a window while stealing from the shops  
My attempts at thievery are all a load of flops  
Karma is coming after me, yes it is  
Karma is coming after me

I went to kick a cat but my shoe lost its grip  
My balance was all gone and my foot started to slip  
As my legs went different ways I heard a loud rip  
Karma is coming after me, have no doubt  
Karma is coming after me

I criticise everyone to make them feel small  
I say they have no talent, are too fat or short or tall  
And when I look around I find I have no friends at all  
Karma is coming after me, every day  
Karma is coming after me

I never give my money to any charity  
I keep every penny I have just for me  
I've lost 27 wallets since 2003  
Karma is coming after me, once again  
Karma is coming after me

I always use my car to splash the people on the verge  
When I see a massive puddle I just can't fight the urge  
I didn't know the bridge was out so now my car's submerged  
Karma is coming after me, yes it is  
Karma is coming after me

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 266

My food is cleaned and double cleaned  
In a clinical environment  
At each step it's sterilised  
Each and every ingredient  
Untouched and vacuum packed  
I know that it is pure  
And safe from any germs  
Of that I can be sure  
It has no fat inside it  
And no salt hidden within  
No sugar or preservatives  
E numbers or colouring  
Nothing exotic or spicy  
No hint of any waste  
And hardly any calories  
Which is why it has no taste

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 267

What could happen with just one more gun  
Surely it can't really harm anyone  
But I feel I need it for my protection  
As I lately realised on reflection  
That I didn't feel very safe any more  
And needed more than the locks on my door  
And it's my right to improve my safety  
Which I thought this addition would guarantee  
But each new weapon is a new way to die  
And I sit here unable to stop myself cry  
He was only playing but I've now lost my son  
What could happen with just one more gun

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 268

I'm thinking of getting a pet  
But not sure what to get  
I haven't decided yet what it will be  
With or without a tail  
Coat of feather, fur or scale  
A fun filled little pal, just for me

A dog would be first pick  
Woofing, chasing a stick  
A wagging tail, a friendly lick waiting there  
But working most of the day  
I would often be away  
On the dog I must say it would be unfair

I've never really seen the point  
Of fish tanks filling up the joint  
They tend to disappoint, not much good  
And birds were designed to fly  
So cage them up? I can't see why  
That's something that I have never understood

Reptiles are tempting to be sure  
But need a constant temperature  
I don't think that I'd endure the effort or expense  
Not got the time for a cat  
Or exotic things like a bat  
Any rabbits soft and fat would go under the fence

Rats and hamsters scurry all night  
Chinchillas just don't sound right  
Spiders would give a fright, that's not the way to go  
That's also true of scorpions yes  
And bugs and insects leave a mess  
As I can't decide I guess I'll stick with just the hippo

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 269

Buy, buy, buy  
Don't ask why

The glittering prizes on the TV  
You can own them all easily  
Take out another loan from me  
Thrifty is a word we don't use

Shiny products at every turn  
I hope that you will never learn  
Not to spend more than you earn  
And have to pay your dues

A new games system, clean and bright  
A meal out and drinks every night  
Brainwashed to think you have the right  
To live beyond your pay

Spend what you can't afford to do  
Soon wolves will be hounding you  
Taking things both old and new  
'Til it's all been taken away

Be careful what you spend  
Everyone pays in the end

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 270

While travelling on the train I saw the emergency cord  
That you pull if there is a problem while you are on board  
And I thought of all the times that I could have done with that  
As I went through life and my plans went flat  
That night that I was out and called over the barman  
Who turned out to be a butch looking woman  
When turning up at work on a day I should be off  
While sitting at the theatre and developing a cough  
On dates when I always say the wrong thing  
When drinking too much and deciding to sing  
All the many times that I've acted the fool  
I wish I'd an emergency cord to pull

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 271

There's an increased threat to society  
So you must now listen to me  
I don't intend to scare you at all  
But when violence comes to call  
You will be glad that I called you  
And told you what you have to do  
Just be alert and fear all strangers  
Always expect death and dangers  
We know how the threat can be controlled  
If you just stay quiet and do what you're told

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 272

I have had a recent request  
To suggest which poem is best  
I'm sure that you have guessed it is tough  
I rattle them off quite fast  
So I only remember the last  
As so many words go passed, more than enough

So I was asked to rename  
Those which I would claim  
Were the ones that would remain my favourite few  
As finding one, they say  
Isn't easy in anyway  
As they're all called 'Poem A Day', I guess that's true

So I have gone through the source  
And took a few without remorse  
The 'pigeon' poem's one of course, that I adore  
To ease the readers trail though  
Maybe spotting something new  
It also gives the false view I've written more

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 273

Rabbits by the railway tracks  
Munching on the grass  
Barely noticing the great metal beasts go pass  
Nature creeping in on us  
Waiting by our side  
Watching us then just coming along for the ride

It could be the grass is better there  
Or the banks are undisturbed  
But I think there's another reason that the bunnies herd  
I was quite tired on the train  
And had started to slumber  
But I'm sure the bunnies took out books and noted the train's number

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 274

You are beautiful and I want you, you bring a heat to me  
I want to rip your clothes off and explore you intimately  
These are the words I ached to say to you at the bar  
But the distance from brain to mouth proved a bit to far  
I lost my nerve and missed my chance and stood there all alone  
Not even brave enough to get the number for your phone

You are beautiful and I want you, you bring a heat to me  
I want to rip your clothes off and explore you intimately  
These are the words I longed to say to you in the street  
But my head filled with cotton wool and lead was in my feet  
So I just passed you silently, with just a little sigh  
But as we passed I think that I might have caught your eye

You are beautiful and I want you, you bring a heat to me  
I want to rip your clothes off and explore you intimately  
I wrote this on some paper, when I saw you on the bus  
And casually passed it to you, trying to make no fuss  
You looked at it and smiled and laughed, making me feel great  
And gave me your number and agreed to have a date

I was waiting round your house while you went off to change  
Just me and your granny there, that's when things went strange  
She smiled and came over to me, wrinkly beyond belief  
And grabbed my thigh and whispered through her false teeth  
You are beautiful and I want you, you bring a heat to me  
I want to rip your clothes off and explore you intimately

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 275

Now we really must think outside the box  
Bring it to the table, not move the goalpost  
I hear what you're saying, we've already touched base  
At the end of the day that's what matters most  
Are we singing from the same hymn sheet  
Is the circle of our knowledge base fine  
Some blue sky thinking to push the envelope  
Will get all of our ducks in a line  
Bottom line is the ballpark figure right  
Will going forward keep the client group merry  
If we start by picking the low hanging fruit  
Will that give us another bite of the cherry  
Think glass half full and address the issue  
Take it to the next level living the dream  
'U' and 'I' are both in the solution  
But it's true there's no 'I' in team  
At this moment in time it's no win-win situation  
The fact of the matter it's mission critical  
This is real octopus of a problem  
We can face it if we each grab a tentacle

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 276

Welcome to you one and all  
To this exciting demonstration  
To prove right now without doubt  
Our safes are the best in the nation  
We have our latest model here  
And as our guest coming today  
We have the world's best safe cracker  
Who I hear is on his way

Yes I speak of Diamond Dexter  
The well known master thief  
There is no safe he cannot crack  
That has been his belief  
But we hope to show you all  
That our latest will withstand  
Any attack from anyone  
Up and down the land

You will recall his past exploits  
The grand things he has done  
They are all over the papers  
And followed by everyone  
The gold from Monte Carlo  
He managed to easily steal  
The guards at the tower of London  
Still think their jewels are real

Not knowing the genuine items  
Are added to his stash  
Along with riches and treasures  
And countless bundles of cash  
He invaded the centre of Fort Knox  
Left security there in a spin  
I know when you see he has met his match  
Your orders will come flooding in

Now just let me answer this call  
No doubt news of our infamous star

...

I'm afraid he wont be joining us today  
He's locked his keys in his car

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 277 Goodbye!

I think the time has come at last  
To leave this project in the past  
I have poems written here and there  
But find a lack of desire to share  
No, not that, more a childish side  
Which I do my best to try and hide

When everyone was asking 'what's the point'  
I was motivated to keep it going  
But now I have support and followers  
I find my enthusiasm slowing

Maybe I heard too often 'you must get to a year'  
That's what made my drive seem to disappear  
I've never done what's expected, a minor character flaw  
But without it I wouldn't have written one let alone any more

I have no complaints about this project  
I started it with no ambition  
Just to test my creative side  
I've succeeded in that mission

So thank you all who have read these  
And those who left comments so kind  
I'm glad you enjoyed witnessing  
These poetic chunks of my mind

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project-Day 03

It's only just occurred to me  
As I enter into day three  
The pitfalls and problems that this quest could bring

I could end up just saying 'day four'  
'And now I'll write a little but more'  
Which could very quickly become quite boring

So I will try to not mention the day  
And maybe find some other way  
Of connecting the poems so they form some chain

Or maybe just link the titles  
Of these little drivel recitals  
And let the body of the thing remain

Just as random as it comes  
Although I doubt that anyone's  
Really taking a great deal of interest at all

But I'll see how many my brain completes  
At least it keeps me off the streets  
Which is one thing that should keep everyone grateful

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project-Day 27

As you sit on the edge of awake and asleep  
Before being aware you are where you are  
And still swimming along and flying so steep  
And floating round every star  
Before you stretch and rub sleep from your eyes  
There's a moment where everything's true  
And even the fool can be the most wise  
And peace is all that you knew  
Not slumbering deep yet not fully awake  
Just being here in a vague way  
Still dozing still drifting still semi-unaware  
That's how I feel every day

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project-Day 37

The moth flaps round the dusty shade  
His grey/brown wings fully displayed  
Causing flecks of dust to cascade  
As it flys towards the light

The spider lurks in her web home  
Waiting patiently alone  
For a single fly to roam  
To feed her through the night

The rat curls up in the corner  
Finding some shelter to warm her  
Moving silently like a mourner  
Or a nervous little lost pup

The grime and filth quite unhealthy  
Is everywhere that I can see  
And one thought always drives through me  
I really should tidy up

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project-Day 44

I stare at the screen my mind going numb  
Wondering why I had ever begun  
To let my eyes fall onto its shine  
As it slowly drains the thought from my mind  
A million people all spouting at once  
Talking down to me like I was a dunce  
Nothing of value is ever on screen  
Mindless opinions they shout and they scream  
Telling me how I should be and think  
What I should wear, what I should drink  
Mass media produced by the mass brain dead  
So I turn off the TV and surf the `net instead

Flying Lemming



## The 'Poem A Day' Project-Day 45

My alarm clock this morning woke me up late  
Which meant that my day didn't start great  
The toaster, joining in the attack  
Made all of my toast come out black

The kettle just seemed to do what it felt  
The iron made my work shirt melt  
The house alarm wouldn't set today  
The garage door wouldn't move out the way

The car stereo wouldn't play my CD's  
The traffics lights changed just as they pleased  
The security keypad lock at work  
Ignored my code number and just went berserk

When I got home the TV popped with a spark  
And the lights all fused so I'm now in the dark  
Everything electric has broken tonight  
I'm surprised the computer is working alrig...

Flying Lemming

# The 'Poem A Day' Project-Day 96

Start

Take part

Just join in

Once you begin

It will keep growing

And without you knowing

The syllables will just add

Which might well work out good or bad

But if you find it gets too long

Cut it as you go along

Until it fits you right

It still can have bite

Words you will find

From your mind

Will drop

Stop

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project-Day 97

Some gave their lives, others had them taken  
Dead laying in land still forsaken  
They fought on bravely for a noble cause  
Until shrapnel gave them eternal pause  
Shells and bullets and tanks and bombs  
Pain and suffering just never belongs  
For those that fought to keep us free  
To bring an end to tyranny  
Who put our lives before their own  
And doing so never came home  
Much against war and hate and violence  
Can be said in a two minutes silence

Flying Lemming

## The 'Poem A Day' Project-Day 98

A day of nothing, just to relax  
Far from where work attacks  
To give you just the basic facts  
A lazy day suits me fine

Concentrating just on me  
Lounging in front of the TV  
Or watching a new DVD  
Maybe surfing a bit on-line

No deadline or task in my head  
No clock watching just instead  
Long hours laying around in bed  
Gives me a feeling sublime

Some will criticise I admit  
But that wont bother me not one bit  
I think if you are enjoying it  
You are never wasting your time

Flying Lemming

# The Question

I sit and wait, the pressure great  
The tension in the air  
And now I find, that in my mind  
I'm turning to despair  
The time ticks by, I wonder why  
I let myself get here  
Sweat on my brow, I'm trembling now  
As the question gets near  
What I can't see, is why ask me  
I know I'll get it wrong  
I want to leave, it's hard to breathe  
And now it won't be long  
My heart beats fast, how will I last  
My face is turning pink  
She opens the door, in dress number four  
"Well, what do you think? "

Flying Lemming

# The Romantic

You're not quite the height I like but I can bend a bit  
You're wider than the girls I like but I guess you could get fit  
Your hair is kind of mousey, not the shiny blond I seek  
Your voice isn't velvety and your laugh has that odd squeak  
Your eyes are brown and I like green, and one is slightly higher  
You don't have the slender cheekboned face that I tend to desire  
Your figure doesn't have many curves, just one on either side  
Not quite petite, more filled out, did I mention you were wide?  
You're a bit refined for my taste, I like them loud and brash  
And I must just add if you want me you'll have to shave that 'tash  
Your hairy lip just makes me cringe, as does your taste in clothes  
I mean how did you ever think you'd look good in those  
But as I have no other options I'll give you a try  
Most girls don't seem to want me, I can't imagine why

Flying Lemming

# The Smile

The world was burning  
Our race stopped learning  
And she just smiled  
Life seemed more hard  
All beauty was scarred  
And she just smiled  
The hurt was past healing  
There was no safe feeling  
And she just smiled

They asked "how can you smile when all is dark? "  
She just smiled at this remark  
They asked "What about pain and fear and war? "  
She said "when is a smile needed more? "  
They couldn't understand what she had to tell  
She just smiled as they tried to fight her  
And when others saw her smile they smiled as well  
And the world seemed a little bit brighter

Flying Lemming

# The Statue By The Public Baths East India Dock Road London

I'm a faded years old statue  
My dog's chin on my knee  
My nameplate's worn and useless  
No one knows who I used to be

A rusty green tinged with brown  
For decades I have just sat down  
By what used to be a market square  
But now is just a busy road there  
The car fumes add a layer of grey  
To the plinth I rest on every day

I was once very famous  
But now look tired and rotten  
If being remembered ends like this  
I'd rather be forgotten

Flying Lemming



# The Truth Is In Here

Space is gigantic, truly massive  
There must be so much for it to give  
Far out among the endless planets  
Are views our exploration never gets  
So through my telescope I continue to stare  
Searching with hope for life out there  
Something different, new and exciting  
That one day will visit me and bring  
My sad lonely existence a reason to be  
As I find this planet doesn't fit me

Flying Lemming

# There's Someone In My Head And It Isn't Me

There's someone there behind my eyes  
Who I have grown to despise  
He's with me wherever I go  
When I say yes, he says no

At school when the bullies shoved  
He told me it was weak to blub  
When the teachers held me back  
He begged for me to just attack

When growing up he burned in me  
Each time I suffered more cruelty  
The men who'd keep me in my place  
The women who just laughed in my face

He'd mutter 'you must make them pay'  
For treating you this awful way'  
But I would keep him buried deep  
Although the strain would make me weep

At work, like school, I was kept down  
I was the joke, the office clown  
The bullies were still haunting me  
But now had power and money

I'd never fit, I had no chance  
I had no fun, no slight romance  
A humiliation every day  
The man inside would burn away

Telling me he'd take no more  
Of retributions kept in store  
And how they'd curse the slaps and jibes  
And settle debts with all their lives

When I get pushed he growls so low  
When angry he wants it to show  
When I'm polite he snipes and sneers  
He's got much louder in recent years

There is someone behind my eyes  
And now inside my hand  
And now he's picking up that gun  
I hope you'll understand

Flying Lemming

# Thinking Of A Title Is The Hardest Part

Staring at the screen, hoping for a start  
Thinking of a title really is the hardest part  
Staring at the screen, hoping for a verse  
Trying hard to fill my need to rhythmically converse  
Staring at the screen, hoping for a break  
I want to sound sincere and not plastic or fake  
Staring at the screen, hoping for ideas  
Watching as my wish to be creative disappears  
Staring at the screen, hoping for a line  
Think I'll just give up now and stop wasting my time  
Staring at the screen, making one last bid  
I need to write a poem, wait a minute, I just did!

Flying Lemming

# Thoughts On Kiev

Countless golden sparkling cathedrals  
Bright coloured buildings breaking up tone  
Parks full of life, bursting out beauty  
The run down tower blocks called home  
New shiny buildings being built  
Towering up filling the sky  
100 year old flats with warped frames  
And ceilings that are cracked and high

Little kiosks selling food and drink  
Dotted all over the city  
Beer bottle tops trod into the ground  
Leave patterns both random and pretty  
Car horns beeping on every street  
Traffic often the only sound  
Yet the chaos has it own order  
There's no delays on the underground

Early morning while the city sleeps  
Road sweepers keep the streets clean  
Beer drank regularly but not reckless  
No violence can be seen  
The people don't seem joyful  
As if life has been a hard stroll  
The soviet oppression has ground them down  
Cold winters have taken their toll

But kindness lives within their eyes  
And optimism built to last  
Although every penny is hard to come by  
Humanity keeps walking past  
Yes the main feeling I get from Kiev  
That surrounded me throughout my stay  
Is the feeling of hope and power of life  
To grow brighter right through the grey

Flying Lemming

# Thoughts On Rome

Motorbikes everywhere, lining all the corners  
Surprising monuments when you walk in any direction  
Statues and fountains dotted around  
To sit by and relax in quiet reflection

People giving 'free' flowers out, then harassing you for money  
A millions places to wander and smile, whether its rainy or sunny  
In the middle of the road four temples just appear  
The most delicious ice cream ever tasted is sold here  
Crypts lined with bones, respectfully placed  
The speed of life seems to be perfectly paced  
The metro trundles on, crowded but reliable  
Lots of little tacky shops with products just un-buyable  
That still cant take away the splendour of the city  
The night time walks with everything's lit up so bright and pretty

Hundreds of umbrellas being sold when it rained  
Friendly people giving directions helpfully explained  
The Roma Pass making it easy to get around  
The Sistine chapel deafening you without a sound  
Maps that don't show the roads very clearly  
Leading to us getting run over, well nearly  
Big structures, enormous buildings that make you feel humble  
And massive plates of meat so my stomach wouldn't grumble  
Trying to find the information desk at the train station  
With maps that are badly marked leading to frustration

The countless treasures at the Vatican museum  
That would take years if you wanted to fully see them  
The Colosseum that is truly breathtaking  
That must have used much time and talent in the making  
Caesar's tomb, the forum, the Trevi fountain, capital hill  
All places that inspire awe and they always will  
Saint Peter's Basilica, which is more grand than I can tell  
The cheerful, helpful, friendly staff at the hotel  
Standing in the ruins of a mighty emperors home  
These are some of the thoughts that come to me from Rome

## Flying Lemming

# To All The Flying Lemmings

It just won't work, it can't be done, you're nothing special, you're just no one  
There're no new tricks for you old dog, fate has its plan, you're just a cog,  
Don't let your dreams enter your goals, you'll just be one of those lost souls  
Just fit in, keep your head down, we'll give you your job, life and town  
Just 'cos you think you don't deserve to follow instructions what a nerve  
You dress too weird, you think too much, your music's loud, you're out of touch  
No good will ever come of it, conform, obey, behave, fit!

To all of those who aim for the sky  
Losers that win, lemmings that fly  
When people insist that it will not last  
Many have said that in the past  
But people flew, and ideas grew  
Don't doubt the power that's inside you

Flying Lemming



# To The Christmas Tree

I start my new quest  
Put myself to the test  
I open the hatch  
Path lit by a match  
There's a web in my face  
I find the old case  
Bring it down then I see  
I've my Christmas tree  
I set up its stand  
It looks far from grand  
It leans to the right  
So I put up a fight  
And find with dismay  
It leans the other way  
I wrap the lights round  
The sort that have sound  
Plug them in but they're broke  
And just let off a croak  
With some bulb replacing  
A new tree I am facing  
Which sparkles and glows  
The brightest of shows  
And know on that moment  
It was time well spent  
As some peace comes to me  
When I see a Christmas tree

Flying Lemming

# True Love

I gazed upon the beauty in front of me  
The dazzle ... no ... the sparkle in the eyes  
That made me want most readily  
To give out my every prize  
The smile that melted my heart  
Captured my hope and filled my soul  
A style far greater than art  
That made my life feel whole  
I looked at perfection in admiration  
The poetry of movement looked back at me  
Every moment of life and creation  
Meeting its ultimate destiny  
I watched the smile grow wider  
And was struck by a sudden thought  
That filled me with warmth and desire  
'This is the best mirror I ever bought! '

Flying Lemming

# Valentine Message

Valued more than money  
A pure pleasure to greet  
Lips so kissable, so warm, so full, so sweet  
Energetic and funny  
No other felt so right  
The smile I can more than happily stare at all night  
I've always felt sunny  
Next to you is divine  
Excited every year that you will be my valentine

Flying Lemming

## When She Left

The wall that still needs painting  
The garden that needs some work  
The exercise and training which I now just seem to shirk  
The cleaning, polishing, dusting  
Painting the walls border  
Things I should be doing are now left in sheer disorder  
It's as if when she left  
It wasn't just my heart  
That was broken, torn, shattered and ripped apart  
But my drive and motivation  
Went with her out the door  
Maybe if I stop moving I will feel the pain no more

Flying Lemming

# Worlds Apart

I am single minded, you are round the twist  
I follow firm beliefs, you're a crazy activist  
I have determination, you are a stubborn fool  
I took my own route, you dropped out of school  
I am forthright, you are outspoken  
I see things differently, your brain is broken  
I have confidence, you are far from meek  
I dress individually, you look like a freak  
I avoid confrontation, you have no nerve at all  
I offer advice, you are just critical  
We are so different, in mind, soul and heart  
So why do others have problems telling us apart

Flying Lemming

# You Are Here

And now we're here  
In the new year  
Don't shed a tear  
Or disappear  
In abject fear  
Of horrors sheer  
The stage is clear  
To get in gear  
And draw more near  
Your new career  
Or lend an ear  
To thoughts of cheer  
And lots of beer  
Though costs are dear  
Pay the cashier  
While misers sneer  
When bills may reer  
Just let them jeer  
Chief brigadier  
And engineer  
Back from the rear  
To the frontier  
They'll overhear  
Doubt you're sincere  
And interfere  
Call your thoughts queer  
And try to smear  
You just adhere  
'Cos you can steer  
Past every spear  
On this blue sphere  
With course unclear  
You'll swerve and veer  
Then reappear  
From volunteer  
To cavalier  
That they'll revere  
At a safe pier  
With souvenir

Or so i hear

Flying Lemming