Fran Fort()

I have been writing poetry since my teens. Have recently joined poemhunter to broaden my experience.
A Beautiful Memory

Whisper softly in my ear 
Let me know if you can hear 
As your memory fades day by day.

I fear that you don't know I'm here 
That you are so dear to me 
Shout if you so wish.

You are so missed 
All I seem to have left 
Is your beautiful memory.

Fran Fort
A Good Question

If?
A good question
Answers hypothetical.

Covers the whole gamut
The beginning to the end.

If, I hadn’t written
Would you know?

Fran Fort
A Little Seaside Church

In surprise
She surmised
How it ended.

In grief
A wreath
On a coffin.

She could see
A little church
By the seaside.

Fran Fort
A Meaningful Life

A meaningful life
In a meaningless universe
Traverses a mind of reason.

Every season passes
The orchards full and empty
The moon turns to the sun.

A meaningful life
In a meaningless universe
Traverses a mind of reason.

Fran Fort
A Revelatory Picture

Words are tell tale signs
Slowly but surely
Painting a picture
Of those who hide their faces
Over time the truth appears
What is seen is a revelation.

Fran Fort
A Sea Of Thoughts

A sea of thoughts
Here, there everywhere
Nowhere known.

A sea of thoughts
Bountiful escaped to be
Upon the roaming sea.

A sea of thoughts
A tsunami unstoppable
Flowing endlessly.

Fran Fort
A Small Piece Of Fortune

Let us be fulfilled by less
Than fulsome consumation.

Fortune is not all or nothing
It is a small piece of something.

Each uniquely finds a home to roam
Contented even with a tent and pipe.

Wandering each lane of life alone
Guided by individual stars.

We live our own jigsaw life, some strife
Putting what makes us happy together.

Our life is not what others easily fit
It is where we lay down to sleep.

The poor and rich are enriched
Accepting that what each has fits.

Envy is poisonous to a running stream
All fortune remains with fulfilment.

Fran Fort
A Smarmy Fellow

That smarmy fellow
A Hale male, bellows
All grease and palm
Pretending he's yours
Uses paws and flaws
To inveigle himself in
Prick his ego
And see him deflated.

Fran Fort
A Yellow Dandelion

In the pit of evilness
Nothing bloomed
Gas and hunger loomed.

One day the winter's sun
Broke through misery
A yellow dandelion.

There were no cheers
From the alive and nearly dead
Yet, hope raised its head.

Fran Fort
Alive To Love

Love spends its time alive
To the beauty of another
Caressing memories inside.

Alive to every leaf dropped
Caught in the breeze, falling
Into its hands without harm.

Aware that life is bare, alone
Grateful for being able to be
One on one with its loved ones.

Fran Fort
All Or Nothing We Know

Poetry lives…
Between dreams and reality
Fantasies and dreams of despair
Love and hate measured
Where insights escape
Betwixt light and shadows
Filling spaces that are empty
Covering naked thoughts
Giving strength to weaknesses
Colour to nature
Explaining all or nothing
Opening the beginning to the end
Poetry is all or nothing we know

Fran Fort
Alone wandering through life
Like a grey ship of cold metal
Upon an ocean yet to be painted

Even the albatross flew by

Not touched by pity or love
Alway seeking and never finding
As if life was to be forever empty

When others' lived in good cheer

Trying to do the best she could
Wooden on social occasions, alone
No one spoke or took her hand gently

Alone wandering through life.

Fran Fort
Altar Of Belief

So ignorant
They sacrificed children
To their gods.

Today, they sacrifice
Reality
On the altar of belief.

Fran Fort
Arrogance Has No Bounds

Arrogance has no bounds  
Our Earth, Our gods.

A dragonfly wings by  
From three hundred million years.

It is still here  
Fossilised.

A magical creation of evolution.

Coming from the mists of time  
Homo sapiens.

Vintage two hundred millennia  
Not yet fossilised.

No amount of bloated writings are Truths  
Think hard before you speak!

Fran Fort
Art In My Heart

Art in my heart
Acts like a dart.

Pinpointing targets
Exploding colours.

All stars are there
Just waiting bare.

Lit by my brush
I have a rush.

The canvas is alive
My arts arrived.

Fran Fort
As Shadows Fall

hurihia to aroaro ki te ra tukuna to atarangi kia taka ki muri i a koe
Maori proverb

Means: turn your face to the sun and the shadows fall behind you.

The New Year feels so bright. When faced with the unknown we take each day as it comes. Some will be as expected, others will take us by surprise. We wonder how to cope, yet there is hope. Doubting all we try not to fall. This is the lot of us all. As the clouds clear, the year takes us onwards to where we are unable to tell. Life has a habit of creating whatever it brings, from the time it rings in to the toll of bells at the end. We must expect our shadows to fall behind us each year, from bright hope to the unclear.

Fran Fort
Attend To Your Fortune

Roll up
Your sleeves
Be at ease.

Nothing
Comes from nothing
If you please.

Except the Big Bang!

Attend to your fortune
You cannot
Spend it in eternity.

Fran Fort
Beauty Of Renown

From soulful soils
Arose beauty of renown
The white rose bows.

Towers as it arose
From slumber to impress
Dialled by the sun.

Smiling, touches all
Plucked especially
Day of days.

So right and bright
In day and night
Will you be my posy?

Fran Fort
Between Night And Day

In starlight between
night and day, there is
a distance between you
and me. Here our spacious
love has its time to be.
From below we are so slow
to realise that our love
is now. As the hours flow
in our Milky Way, let our
joy be expressed in the
coming day.

Fran Fort
Blind Adherence

No amount of myths
Support reality.

All they describe
are fantasies woven
out of imagination,
enfolding ignorance.

Of their time fine, benign.
Except when they start wars
and kill those who don't believe.

Faith means no proof, blind
adherence. Today, science
provides the answers to existence.

Fran Fort
Boundary Bound

We can believe anything at all
From professors to illiterates
There is no one to stop them
Expressing sense and nonsense
In equal measure they get pleasure
In telling us of their autonomy
Not knowing or forgetting
That it's their minds
Keeping them from knowing
Why they are boundary bound.

Fran Fort
Candle Of Shadows

Take not the light
Candle of shadows
Midnight to dawn
Then we are reborn.

Fran Fort
Candle To The Flame

Like a candle to the flame
she melted, oozing her essence.
Here he knew that together they
would always be one. The sun inflaming
the only earth in its orbit. Their own
universe expanding forever.

Fran Fort
Carrying Existence

Carrying her existence
She endures with persistence
Her tears of joy long gone
Weary she carries on.

Life is now a burden
Her eyes take lonely steps
Across the unknown.

Here she feels the pain
Of all that life has taken
Never to be replaced.

Fran Fort
Carrying Hope

War came to her
She had to move on
A refugee
With no possessions
Carrying hope.

Fran Fort
Castle Of Dreams

To kill time
He aspired to be a poet
Now he is a moat
In a castle of dreams.

Fran Fort
Chances Enhanced

I have known myself
For most of my years.

Yet, I'm a mystery
Wrapped in a fatty brain
Expressed in electrical pulses.

All of us are no different
Chances enhanced
Driven improbably.

Fran Fort
Chattering Souls

Chattering souls
Playing bowls.

From Earth's sun
To Kingdom Come.

No longer a church
Just a perch.

Birds of a feather
Discussing Never.

No eyes or ears
No longer fears.

Billions, all tongues
But none they recognise.

Avoiding those souls
Who were rectum holes.

Fran Fort
Circle Of Dreams

Into the circle of dreams they came
Flailing apparitions ready to dance
In untamed emptiness.

A ghostly sight in grey speckled night
Fire-fly like coming in and out
Dancing lights so bright.

O night was delighted in her nightgown
Pulsatingly circled, up, down, all around
Pinpointing and anointing empty air.

Wispy wisps, all what ifs, unreal, reeled
Eating night by devouring all
Here, there, everywhere, nowhere.

Fran Fort
Clocked By Time

Clocked by time as it chimes
Where is now to devour?

Clocked by time as it chimes
Our life disappears into the past.

Clocked by time as it chimes
Put a finger on a microsecond.

Clocked by time as it chimes
There is no holding time.

Clocked by time as it chimes
We all live in the past.

Clocked by time as it chimes
There is no now in our hour.

Clocked by time as it chimes
Present and future are past.

Fran Fort
Complexity Advanced

Life...

Improbably given
Riven with doubts.

Chances enhanced
A third in a trance.

Delivered by chance
Complexity advanced.

Aged engaged, wear
Always ends in tears.

Fran Fort
Crater Of Sorrows

There is no midnight in my heart
All time has moved onto tomorrow
Creating a crater of sorrows.

Inside I'm alive but falling apart
I hear the songbirds singing songs
Yet, I don't know where my heart belongs.

When you see me I will always smile
Take me not at face value I'm a lie
Pouring all into my crater of sorrows.

Fran Fort
Crushed Orange Moon

Crushed orange moon
Have you come too soon?

Spreading light on day
After night.

Seeking out the sun
After day has begun.

Hold your light
For the delight of night.

Allow the sun on its run
To follow after being outdone.

Fran Fort
Dancing Moonbeams

Dance with me
Over shimmering lights
That only come at night
On the sea of happiness.

Dance with me
In the light of the silvery moon
Where we can be at one
In the boldness of night.

Dance with me
When the night has stairs
Leading to moonbeams
Wiping away my tears.

Fran Fort
Darkness Her Light

Darkness her light
She comes alive
Going deeper and deeper
Into her evil soul
Here she lives in ecstasy
Cutting and slicing
Imagined enemies
Until one day she acts
Committing heinous crimes.

Fran Fort
Deflected Light

Deflected light
Gives opportunity
Hidden in the stars.

Here all is seen and unseen
Where misery is injected
Into any soul.

Deflected light
Gives opportunity
Hidden in the stars.

Fran Fort
Despite My Age

So I'm still alive
Despite my age
It surprises all.

Yet, I'm in freefall
Down the years
To disappear.

Fran Fort
Diametrically Opposed

The mystery of life
Answered by science
And faiths.

Diametrically opposed
Only you will know
Choose wisely.

Fran Fort
Down, Down, Down

Down, down, down
He drowned
In his own ego.

Down, down, down
We didn't frown
Claps all around.

Down, down, down
He lost his crown
Now all is lost.

Fran Fort
Dreams Beyond Hope

Cast a dream beyond hope
Woven out of imagination.

Spinning out of unreality
Forming, dressed in optimism.

Now here fully formed
Aiming at the ceiling of beyond.

Dreams cast catch starlight
Remaining alive.

Fran Fort
Dreams That Fly

Inside jealousy
Lies low self-esteem
Shouting at the wind
Can I come in?

To be successful
One needs to pursue
Other dreams
That will fly.

Fran Fort
Engaging Age

Youth

There is an age to waste
It resides, no haste.

Middle age

The taste of days gone
Feeling like woebegones.

Old age

No turning back, on track
To spend time on the rack.

Fran Fort
Equivocally Challenged

Give him latitude
He goes longitude
Equivocally challenged
Even with a compass
Around, around, all about
Is there any hope
For this dope!

Fran Fort
Every Flower Is Important

Every flower is important
It has its time to be
Opening to the day.

Standing and displaying all
In colourful wealth
Facing the sky.

Every flower is important
No matter its origins
It has its own horizons.

Fran Fort
Existence lives in reality.

From the Big Bang some 13,8 billion years ago.

At the beginning of time the cosmos formed in an instant.

Earth flung to its place in the Milky Way. Formed some 4.5 billion years past, Held by gravity it spun in the sun looked on by its moon.

From its beginning a fiery ball Gradually cooling, the first life appeared some 3.5 billion years ago

The evidence, fossilised rocks, in Australia, a filament mat. Also maybe, bit earlier in Greenland.

All other life took hold at later times, over millions of years.

Homo Sapiens the last to appear, only 200 millennia past.

Remember the dinosaurs disappeared 68.5 million years ago. They ruled for 165/7 million years.

The dragonfly is still with us. Fossilised examples appeared 300 million years ago.

Life did not come from Words when man learnt to write only about oral myths, predating writing.

Subsequently, all religions.
The Bible a collection of myths was written over 1400 to 1800 years by 40 or more.

Life appeared by evolution. To believe otherwise denies reality.

Fran Fort
Expressing Sorrow

The moon expresses sorrow
For all those dawning tomorrows
Denying seeing herself in the sea
Here silvery lights she can be
From shores to horizons
She loves to be reflected light
Putting different gowns on at night
Her favourite diamantes
Showing its sparkle of delights.

Fran Fort
From Inside

The power
Of words
From mind

Here begins
What's read
By another.

Can cause
Offence
Or passion.

Words see
And hear
From inside.

Fran Fort
Fruits Of Tomorrow

In the fruits of tommorrow
We seek the sweetest taste
As bitterness recedes.

Fran Fort
Full Of Nonsense

She wheezes and sneezes
Feels like she's caught poetry
Irritatingly, she needed to go out
Now, in a fever she writes
One poem after another
Full of nonsense
What can you expect
She says expectorating.

Fran Fort
Gods In Their Heads

The only gods that exist or existed
Are in the minds of the ignorant
Who are alive and those now dead.

Once deceased the gods disappear
Leaving the faithful to pray
To the gods in their heads.

Some are so deluded they hear voices
Their minds echoing thoughts
That disappear on death.

Fran Fort
God's Representative

He was God's representative
On Earth...
In his own head and believers
To others he dressed strangely
Had a funny way of transporting himself
And looked like an old man.

Fran Fort
Golden Gown

In autumnal madness
Golden leaves fly by
Leaving home to roam
Whirling and swirling
Up, down, skittishly
Playing the air, symphonically
Undressing its golden gown.

Fran Fort
Gratification Of Being

He had nothing to give
Take all he could see
The beauty of being
On the crown of existence
Here all is revealed
Where sorrow fades
Smiling beauteously
Was the gratification of being.

Fran Fort
Her Creation

Disappearing into her creation
A wonderous black fundament
Never to be seen again.

Fran Fort
How Many Sorrows

How many sorrows
Can a woman endure
When love turns to hate.

How many sorrows
When a bruised face
Has become wasted.

How many sorrows
When children witness
Blood coming from a nose.

Fran Fort
Human Induced Nonsense

Removing his foundations
Leaves him with no beliefs
Forever free.

Faith holds fast escapees
Threatening punishments
Servitude beyond life.

Realists know that words
Bound by rewards and punishments
Are human induced nonsense.

Fran Fort
Indistinguishable

They shun evolution
In their evolutionary minds.

Minds indistinguishable from the first humans
Two hundred millennia past.

Hearing the nonsense in pulpits
Through ears with a bone
Of an ancient fish millions of years ago.

Moving with the limbs of the first sapiens
Taking them to church on time.

Holding a bible unfolding myths
That are believed with the fervour of ignorance
Demonstrated by those before writing appeared.

Fran Fort
Informing The Ignorant

Believe whatever is written
Without proof.

Faith denies reality and sense
Living in the house of myths
Opening its doors to fantasy.

Heaven or Hell?

Some cannot abide unbelievers
Who are ostracized or killed
Believe what we believe or die.

Heaven or Hell?

Theories based on science, derided
Proof is not what they seek
Only the faithful know the Truth.

Heaven or Hell?

Written by ancient minds, the Scribes
Informing the ignorant
Have faith or be denied.

Heaven or Hell?

The places of fantasies, written
Accommodate only true believers
The place for unbelievers, designated.

Heaven or Hell?

Reeling off what is written
Shows that Truth is only in Words
To be heard and faithfully observed.
Inside An Improbable Capsule

Improbable you with a view
Over an unsuspecting life.

Jumpstarted; explosive sperm
Finding one egg, one squirms
Affirmed!

Inside an improbable capsule
One cell plays the cello.

A symphony of life expands
Like its own universe, onwards
Drinking life to become
Its here!

Like the Big Bang from nothing
You became something
A statistical anomaly, unknown.

Fran Fort
Inside And Outside

When flames surround the heart we feel the warmth of love. Inside and outside we know we are loved.

Fran Fort
Inside Each Leaf

Life wraps itself
Inside each leaf
On all branches.

Fran Fort
Inwardly Satisfied

He smiles inwardly
As she satisfies
His needs.

Needing more
She grimaces
Is there no more?

Unable to express
Their feelings
Only one is content.

Fran Fort
It Is The Poet

Her brain was in control
Taking her through life
Remembering all.

The pivot of her existence
Working at centering thoughts
Keeping her balanced.

Requiring sleep, the brain
creates dreams, ensuring renewal
Waking refreshed to a new day.

It requires more nourishment
Than other parts it controls
Notifying itself to eat.

It scoffs at any suggestions
That it is not the person
seen by other brains.

The brain communicates to others
Through speech, emotions and non verbally.

It is the poet and provides the
skills to write.

Fran Fort
Juice Of Prejudice

Prejudice oozes juice
The world over
Dripping, covering all.

Squeezed heartedly everyday
Causing tears and fears
Eroding fairness.

Those with power are empowered
To be fair or unfair
Many choose both.

Stand up to manipulators
Call out ignorance
Squeeze them with fairness.

Fran Fort
Just A Whisper

Life is just a whisper
That breathes in death
Its finality.

Life is just a whisper
Reflecting on itself
Hearing the roar.

Life is just a whisper
That shouts to eternity
Of death.

Fran Fort
Life Falls In Shadows

O we loved in youth
Eyes so bright, alive.

Romantic dreams woven
Kisses so soft, on fire.

Being together, desired
Ineffably unfolded, denied.

Life falls in shadows
Dreams of so long ago.

Fran Fort
Life Her Misadventure

She travelled far
From her beginings
A chance enhanced.

From sperm into egg
Womb survivor
Born alive.

Down many a river and stream
Many turns and twists
Falling and just surviving.

Life was her misadventure
Now, only a memory
In others' minds.

Fran Fort
Life Is His War

He swallowed hard
A piece of peace
In his war.

No stomach for it
Regurgitation
Continues as before.

Happiest when warring
Stirs his juices
Life is his war.

Fran Fort
Life Without Any Nonsense

Those majorities, chances enhanced
Are not on riderless horses
Bolting into the future headlines.

They are there quietly living life
Taking opportunities, acceptingly
Without profundity, just knowingly.

A life in suburbia, not any great class
Being what they are, not going far
Reading of those with fame and notoriety.

Fran Fort
Life's Landscape

She was asked
What she had learnt
about life.

Life is all chance
That dances
With improbability.

From where we see
Nothing
Of the landscape ahead.

Fran Fort
Living In The Past

Lit by the light of tomorrow
Yesterday fades, borrowed
Now is today.

Every hour moves by clocked, locked
Facing the darkness of midnight
We stare at our future and past.

Life is awake to its dreams asleep
Time slips us in and out
Our reality lived in the past.

Fran Fort
Living Mystery Each Day

Life's mystery is in its history
From a seed to be, is you and me
Unravelled, we travel time behind.

We consume and exhume time in mind
Revealing no more than life spent
Trying to open doors to see inside.

We feel despair, pointlessly unaware
Life is life that cannot be spliced
Taunted each day we question which way.

Life is derived from beginning to its end
There is no other trend as we wend our way
Live truly each day from dawn to midnight.

Life is life fashioned by being alive
Here we live its mystery day to day
Rejoice at being its essence for your time.

Fran Fort
Love's Joy

When love is attached to every word, we feel its depth as we hold our breath. It bursts forth like a song of a bird heard at dawn. Love must be felt from within to sing of its joy. It is not a ploy as it comes from the heart to impart all that it feels.

Fran Fort
Neighbours

Those that live opposite
Always in our faces
No matter the time of day
They are there alert
Looking this way and that way
Never a good time to go outside
Neighbours we cannot choose
Yet, we can try to avoid them.

Fran Fort
Never Alone

To travel life
With a poem
Is a gift
Only poets have.

Every avenue
Is explored
Becoming
Life's highway.

A bird
In flight
Into the dark night
Never alone.

Fran Fort
Never Kick When He's Down

Duked by a Duke
I ducked and weaved
Hitting with iron mitts
He retaliated by sword
Cut off my ear
That's what I affeared
Annoyed, the Duchess appeared
And gave back my ear
I have one he will pay
So with aplomb I wound up
One beautiful punch
Out came his lunch
Whilst down I kicked his crown
He look forlorn as the day he was born
Never kick a man when he's down!

Fran Fort
No Midnight In My Heart

There is no midnight in my heart
All time has moved onto tomorrow
Creating a crater for my sorrows
Inside I'm alive but falling apart
As the songbirds sing their songs
I don't know where my heart belongs
When you see me I will always smile
Take me not at face value I am a lie.

Fran Fort
Nothing Begets Nothing

From nothing we came
Fitted into our frames
Hung in the gallery of life.

In non-existence, nothing
From this place a face
Now part of the human race.

To nothing we will go
Notwithstanding our hopes
Nothing begets nothing.

Fran Fort
Nothing But Life

Age has nothing but life
Lived from one to whatever
Built upon dreams.

Climbing mountains, skiing
Running and jumping streams
Skipping through problems.

Let age be the door that opens
To all of life's experiences
Living without a number.

Fran Fort
Nothing Is Nothing

Every word floating, bloated
Cannot revive its nonexistence.

Existence so persistently published
Where there is no truth, fantasy.

Devoured by faith, nothing is nothing
To be more is a fantastical dream.

Built of nothing it cannot sail
Only in the seas of wonderous minds.

Fran Fort
Nothingness

From beyond we see
Where we came from
Nothingness.

Then something, recognition
Seeing emptiness
Are we filling it now?

Where should we go at the end?
From beyond we see
Nothingness.

Fran Fort
O Brother Save Me From Them

The face of most religions look inwardly,
denying others a place at their food laden
tables.

Faithfully they smile benignly.

Selfish to the extreme claiming gods as their
own, exhorting them to strike down the enemy
of other faiths, or unbelievers.

Ritualistic beyond belief, cloistered inside
all like minds. Claiming rewards, punishments
for others.

History shows they were never benign having
engaged in murder and rape and pillaging those
outside their faith.

Shunning and separating families. Hypocritical,
only they are to be saved. Their afterlife denies
others.

O brother save me from them!

Fran Fort
Of Times Past

I host my ghosts
Of times past
Eerily always here.

In memories carried
From first impressions
To the last.

I host my ghosts
Even figments of imagination
That don't require cogitation.

Fran Fort
Only Fair

It is only fair
That top tennis players
Are idolized
For smiling when paid
And smashing a racket
When they lose.

Fran Fort
Painting Hung On Night

In the coursing of twilight
Red, yellow and pink skies
Envelop the hope of tomorrow.

Blue of the sea greets the horizon
Seagulls wing home from nowhere
Unfolding night ekes out twilight.

Shutters open slowly to the heavens
Starlight reveals pinpoints of light
In comes the luna phase.

Silvery dancing slivers spark the sea
All around the cold breath of air
A painting of delight hung on night.

Fran Fort
Perverse Universes

Universes are perverse
Full of everything and nothing
Black holes we are told.

Giving us no meaning or sense
From the beginning
The Big Bang.

Nothing expanded in an instant
Claiming universes, gravity bound
Then, our Milky Way.

Meaningless or meaningful
Will we ever know?
Still expanding to nowhere.

Fran Fort
Playing Symphonies

The manipulative
Twist every tune
Playing symphonies.

Fran Fort
Poet's Arise

That poetic spark
Ignites passion
From nowhere we know.

Poet's arise
Out of your darkness
Open life's mysteries.

Fran Fort
Poet's Eye

The poet's eye
Sees life
Differently.

Fran Fort
Prince Of Poetry

The Prince of Poetry
Mustachioed, suave
Suited in grey.

Self-appointed and anointed
Knows what is needed
To impress.

Turned up one day
In the nicest pink dress
Changed his colours and tune.

Fran Fort
Principal Horn

He was principal horn
In his own orchestra
Full of wind and ego.

Fran Fort
Puzzlement

Life a puzzlement
Where pieces fit
Into a jigsaw.

Fran Fort
Queen Of Light

The moon boasts to the sun
I'm the moonlight
Seen shimmering on the sea
Showing the way to travellers
Measured by phases
Drawing tides.

O moon you loon emptiness in space
Only one earth you serve, you disgrace
Stealing my rays all your days
Reflecting my glory
On your other side unseen
I'm the Queen of light even at night.

Fran Fort
Ready To Fly

The patient in palliative care
Her whole family was there.

Peace was the colour of her face
It was so full of grace.

Her illness has taken a huge toll
On everyone who had played a role.

Accepting that her stay was delayed
She wrote on her pad, now relayed.

I'm ready to die
It's time to fly.

There were no tears and no fears
She left the world like all before.

Fran Fort
Ready To Fly Away

We can see you clearly
In your pink dress
Dressed to impress.

Tiptoeing through petunias
In your dancing shoes
Incredible sight.

Like a pretty butterfly
Just out of its cocoon
Ready to fly.

Fran Fort
Religion is not a choice
In its wisdom
The brain accepts or rejects
Neither acceptance nor rejection
Requires others to overreact
By shunning or murder.

Fran Fort
Ruling The World

Pigs ruled the world
for millions of years.
Well before the dinosaurs.

Those who dismiss evolution
have difficulty in explaining
the similarity of pig organs
to ours.

The similarity explains why diseases
can cross over to us.

Every fact of evolution is evidence
that by chance we exist on Earth,
having become Homo Sapiens, some
two hundred millenia past.

Humans the last to appear as a species,
like all before them are still evolving.
Just as well for we are not perfect.

Fran Fort
Sea Of Life

Swimming in the sea of life

Expect waves that knock you over
Before gaining your breath
Knocked over again.

We are sometimes swept off shore
No matter how hard we swim
We are carried further out.

Fran Fort
Shades Of Life

Death a word of finality. Yet, in its train it has a refrain. Remembrance shouts of a life lived and all it stood for. In sequencing life and death each of us will live on in the mind's of those who witnessed all the shades of a life lived.

Fran Fort
Shadow Of Our Time

In the shadow of our time
We smell history
Long gone.

Death smells are still around
The stink remains the same
Coming from before to now.

How many wars are enough
No one seems to care
Every year is more.

Staring at this futility
Just passive onlookers
Never saying enough, enough!

Fran Fort
Ships On Painted Oceans

Framed by existence
Painted by persistence
Navigating life.

Ships on painted oceans
Always in motion
Vicissitudes life's waves.

Lighthouses seen too late
Rocky outcrops
Ending voyages.

Fran Fort
Song Of Being

Life sings the song of being
Here we all start seeing
Everything coming our way
Spending and consuming our days
Reaching out for all to touch
Nothing appears to be too much.

All flowers have colour, their bloom
Unti the night of their gloom
The brightness of night soon fades
Each day accumulated turns grey
A life full of music and song
Exposed to its end is not long.

Fran Fort
The Joy Of Existence

To have never existed  
Is a void that remains  
Forever empty of love.

To have never existed  
We will never know you  
Your face always mysterious.

To have never existed  
You have come into being  
Now we know only joy.

Fran Fort
The Pohutukawa

When the Pohutukawa flowers
The red sunset bows
Red delights come alight
Another gift of nature towers
Every New Zealander sighs
Christmas has arrived in flower
The Tui drinks deeply satisfied.

Fran Fort
The Toll Too Soon

Sound not the bell that knells
Let the joy of music appear
We are here to light the pews
With everyone she knew.

Death follows life but let's sing
The toll too soon brings melancholy
Bring out the tunes we all know
For everyone must at some time go.

Greet midnight of the soul with laughter
Send it off in melody to the hereafter
Sing loudly and joyously so all can hear
We are here to celebrate life not mourn.

Fran Fort
To Laugh

To laugh in life
We eviscerate strife
Cutting it out
Leaving it empty
As a dark night
Seeing bright stars
When it appears
Knocking out our fears.

Fran Fort
Today Of All Days

Today of all days
He displayed
All he had.

For the whole world
A handsome head
Nothing inside.

Except a cabbage
Of water and fat
Excited by neurons.

Fran Fort
Uncoiling Spring

Listen to nature
Shake winter's shawl
As it calls.

In spring a time of renewal
Arises above icy winds
Letting it in.

Bringing dancing daffodils
Saluting the air
From nowhere.

Trees queue before the sun
Renewing all bows and vows
Bringing dancing leaves now.

Buds of spring sing in the air
Plump and full of promise
Coiled to unwind.

Soon everyday becomes gay
Blossoming, romancing life
Alive to its fortune.

Fran Fort
Wanderlust

Wanderlust is his misfortune
Always lost in his pleasure
He forgot to tend his garden.

At first his only flowers glowed
Then they noticed inattention
As one they failed to bloom.

Discovering a garden full of weeds
He tried to bring them back
Too late he suffered alone.

Fran Fort
What Hope Has Mankind

What hope has mankind?

Contributing little
Desecrating his home.

The most destructive force

To inhabit Earth
Looking at Mars.

His ignorant intelligence

A grain of sand
In the great sea of life.

Fran Fort
Whizz Of Belief

The whizz of belief
Transformed the whole of existence
Into quotes from an indisputable source.

He couldn't fathom a quote
For those of other faiths
Calling him unclean.

Then poking about he found one
"Treat those who don't like you
Like the fools they are."

Fran Fort
Wildly Talking In Tongues

Wearing gods as pendants
Creators created by words
Out of myths fantastical
Full of miracles.

Rewarded or punished
The Words of Words are heard
From ancient scribes
Everything is derived.

Infinity their own
They walk in divinity
Smarmy knowalls
Always hypocritical.

Taking science as their own
The Big Bang created
By every god in emptiness
Filling space with more.

No understanding they jump onboard
Told by their pastors to sing some more
Every song points skyward
Let Him the father of the sky know.

If they don't pray they will cause chaos
Disappearing down the chute
Into the arms of the underworld
Wildly talking in tongues.

Fran Fort
Wind Of Fortune

A green worm nibbling
On a golden brown leaf
Riding the wind of fortune.

Fran Fort
Windows Of Life

Looking through windows of life
Seeing what others cannot
Life's successes and failures
Not knowing one from the other.

Looking through windows of life
Our own reflections deflected
Covered by our shadowy past
Seeing naked realism.

Looking through windows of life
The shutters close unexpectedly
Discovered we feel exposed
In contemplative mood we rest.

Fran Fort
Wings Of Thoughts

On the wings of thoughts
Here we are meant to be
Soaring into our emptiness.

Reaching out we touch night
As part of the Milky Way
Dressed in gowns of white.

In thoughts we see what we are
Significant and insignificant
Inside the souls that fly.

Fran Fort
Woven Threads Of Gold

Taking truth
Recreating it from lies
Honestly, are we fooled?

Woven in threads of gold
It comes so bold
Gullible souls are forewarned.

Truth is most often lies
Designed to manipulate
Others for profit.

Fran Fort