It is not as interesting as yours.
A Dose Of Honesty

We talk of positivity
A dose of the opposite
...Is fine by me.

We are creatures of both
To be too one-way
... Is stupidity inclined.

Negative one minute positive next
Are you one or the other like me
Now its time to be honest.

Jane Campion
A Dram Of Hope

A dram of hope
is drunk more
sweetly than a
cask of despair.

Jane Campion
A Life Coach

A life coach
Encourages
Flowers
To attract bees.

From the hive
She directs
By waggling
Her tail.

If only
She could
Direct them
To her flowers.

Jane Campion
A Long Lost Refrain

Spare us from your pain
We look out the windowpane
The whole of nature is out there
It is better prepared without fear
When we all cry out from inside
Screaming out our pain like incoming tides
Spare us your pain it's a long lost refrain
Songs of the past never last for the insane.

Jane Campion
A Measure Of Existence

The measure of One Life
Borne through its entirety
Can never be for another.

On death a measured life
Relating the effects on others
Merely illusory.

Life is the life of one
Begun and ended undone
A measure of existence.

Jane Campion
A Million Sorrows

A million sorrows
Will come tomorrow
For those unaware

Now, it is here
A million tears
They cannot share
It is theirs to bare
Life has taken all.

Jane Campion
A Refugee

War came to her
She had to move on
A refugee...
No one cares.
Should they?

Jane Campion
A Slice Of Life

A slice of life
Served today
And everyday.

Consumed totally
And forever
It will not reappear.

Life is but the shadow
Of belonging
Today.

Jane Campion
Adrift In The Sea Of Life

Casting an anchor
It sank in the sea of life
Never to reach the bottom
Adrift, not knowing
Where it would take us.

Jane Campion
Always Looking Out

Sensitivity so deep
Feeling everything
Feeling nothing
Misinterpretations
Fuel our sensations
Always looking out
Feeling it within
Thinly alive
Derived from nothing.

Jane Campion
Amazed At The Variety

Sitting on high
He throws pies
All ingredients
Splatter on residents
Who are amazed
At the variety.

Jane Campion
Amazing Temerity

Sleep eludes those who think
Thinking of poems yet to write
Night or day feels so right.

Sleep or awake poetic minds
Are turning over and over
Churning, giving us our turn.

Expressing what we never knew
Into words that need to be heard
Amazing our temerity in every sinew.

Jane Campion
Amorphous Mass Of Beings

We parlay they as someone real
Do we know their eyes
Where they hide
Amorphous mass of beings
All seeing, knowing
Defined by us
The omnibus.

Jane Campion
Are We Fathomable

Are we fathomable
Who knows our depth
Inscrutable, faced East
No one could know
Who we really are
We do not know ourselves
Tied into mystery
We have histories
Only we know
Divulging little
Keeping for ourselves.

Jane Campion
Beacon In The Cosmos

Travelling alone
.....Earth
That light in the dark
A beacon in the cosmos
Going nowhere, there
Fixed by gravity
For eternity
Spinning its light
Our home for life.

Jane Campion
Bird On The Wing

The bird on the wing
A living thing
Flies in out time.

Jane Campion
Black And White Wings

Black and white
Wings flapping
Singing on a rock
On the shore
At dawn together
Nature natural
Observed today.

Jane Campion
Born Of Failure And Hope

It will never be as bad
And never as good
Badly and goodly aren't wise
They are dual citizens
Subject to extradition
Born of failure and hope
They are both tropes
Seen everywhere nowadays.

Jane Campion
Breathing Life

Life gives life
Breathing life
To its last breath.

Jane Campion
Bridges Of Faith

Crossing all bridges of Faith
We must look below...

Where nature's waters flow
At the close of day
We see the dark cosmos
Its light flows from the Big Bang.

Crossing all bridges of Faith
We must examine human knowledge...

Examining all fossils over millions of years
We know how humankind was evolved
From Mother Nature's primordial swamp
Unicellular to multicellular
Human Beings arrived
Some two hundred millennia past.

Combining all bridges of Faith
We must see...
That they have loved to invent gods
For every known occurrence
Based on lack of knowledge
To supplement unknowns.

Jane Campion
Brotherhood Of Women

A man is a man  
Woman a woman  
Together one  
A human being.

Lifegivers together  
Advancing humankind  
From the beginning.

A woman is a woman  
Man a man  
Do not dictate  
One to the other.

Brothers and sisters  
Sisterhood of man  
Brotherhood of women.

Jane Campion
Carrying Sorrow

All the sorrow she carries
Leaking into her destiny
Going where she goes
There is no escape.

Jane Campion
Casino Of Life

In the Casino of Life
We are all players
Some think they are winners
Losers think they are losers.

Winners or losers
Life takes all...
No one ever escapes alive
This is the house rule.

Jane Campion
Certainty Created

Love creates love with certainty
No doubt appears in its wake
It is there without fear, trembling
Full of feeling in its kindness
Felt inside resisting all sense
Knowing only its kind, seeing blind
Woven in a carpet for all to see
Satisfied by its presence inviolate
In its intensity creates desire
To kiss and hug forever and ever.

Jane Campion
Cherish Life

To cherish life
We see it aware.

It is everywhere
Ours, theirs.

Outside, inside,
Flying, running.

Hiding, scampering,
Settling, asleep.

Jane Campion
Circle Of Dreams

Into the circle of dreams they came
Flailing apparitions ready to dance
In untamed emptiness
A ghostly sight in moonlight
Firefly-like turned inside out
Dancing lights of night
Delighting night in her nightgown
Going up and down all around
Pinpoint pointing intermittently
Wisper wisps
As night was eaten by dawn.
Where did they go?

Jane Campion
Circus Of Life

Three frisky squirrels
Juggling nuts
In the circus of life.

Jane Campion
Climbing Upon Our Dreams

Into the flames of darkness
We cast every dream
Sighing inside without speaking.

Whence comes the echoes
Is it our past or future
We know not which.

Climbing upon our dreams
There are beams that shine
This is where we are happy.

But for how long?

Jane Campion
Cold Stare Of Winter

The cold stare of winter  
Freezes window panes  
So we cannot see outside.

Jane Campion
Colors Of Life

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.

Every flower has color, its bloom
Until the night of its gloom
The brightness of life soon fades
Each day accumulated turns gray
A life filled with music and song
When exposed to its end is not long.

Jane Campion
Contemplate The Night

Black cat watched the moon
On a branch in its shadow
Life had been bad since noon
One meow was enough to know
That she was purred-off
Time to contemplate the night
Maybe after a bite.

Jane Campion
Cosmic Choristers

In the night of darkness
Lit by thoughts of beyond
Imagination flies cosmically.

Life the luster of every star.
Have we we all come from afar
Shining on all other life forms.

As the dawn greets daylight
We hear cosmic choristers
Seemingly, coming from dying stars.

Jane Campion
Crater Of Sorrows

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

Jane Campion
Creating Life After Death

Nobody gets out of life alive
Death takes her time to arrive.

We cannot survive life if dead
Those fortunate minds take all.

Relying on others they have beliefs
Creating their own life after death.

No one has ever and will never confirm
That a soul has arrived that is not infirm.

Life after death is all crafted illusion
There is no need to be sucked into confusion.

Jane Campion
Critics In Hysterics

Some Poets are born
Others are borne
From their thoughts
To fantasize retorts
To those critics
Who are in hysterics
At their valiant attempts
To express in proper tenses
All that comes from behind
Into their minds.

Jane Campion
Deluded Poets

Deluded Poets paint pictures
In their galleries of thoughts
Put out there for the world to see
Are they more than their thoughts
That is a judgement for others.

Jane Campion
Destination Predetermined

In this illusion we call life
There are nights and days
That come after and before, following
In each we are travelling
Travellers with our bags packed
Our destination predetermined.

Like those illusionist
Who created their lives before us
From nothing we came into life's game
Given a name we are lame
Into this life we came without blame
Now it is time to create, gather all
Around our delusions all illusions.

Jane Campion
Directed By Uncertainty

We are the end of the begining
The beginning of the end
Swaying in the breeze; reality.

Etched on all and nothing
Everything is where we live
Aware and unaware of our emptiness.

Loving and not loving our life
Given gratuitously by improbability
Here, we are directed by uncertainty.

Jane Campion
Discordant Dreams

Discordant dreams are what they seem
Fairy floss hurriedly consumed
Waiting there to appear unrelated
Delivered at any time without rhyme
Letting whispering mists insist reality
Real reeled back to begin anew
Some other time in a fit often refined
Travelling with travellers across open skies
Hopeful and joyful they are intertwined.

Jane Campion
Divorce

Divorce is a horse
Running away saddled
To appear on a racecourse
Ridden by another jockey.

Jane Campion
Don't Panic!

Don't panic!
Your life is here
On automatic
From day to day.

When it hits a bump
Shock sets in
Knocking you for six
Then reality hits.

It will be here
Tomorrow as usual
And thereafter
Hold that button
Until it is needed.

Meanwhile lay back
You are on track
To continue to attack
Life without worrying.

Jane Campion
Dork From Cork

There was a dork from Cork
She was very fond of pork
Off to market she rode
Saw a sausage on the road
Ate it heartedly with a fork.

Jane Campion
Dread Of Sorrow

The dread of sorrow
Borrowed our tomorrows
From our yesterdays.

Jane Campion
Dreaming A Dream

He dreams a dream, it seems
Writing to his emptiness
Chest full of hope
That one day...
Maybe, one day, soon
He will receive a letter
That fulfills his efforts.

Jane Campion
Dressed By Age

At the apogee of our flight
Finally, we are here.

We ask pathetically, where
has our time gone?

Days of action, inaction,
living and loving.

Dressed by our age we engage
still flying to, albeit slowly.

Will our sorrows be full of morrows
Expressed in the time borrowed.

Jane Campion
Dressed By Life

Dressed by life
So many colors
Undressed.

Jane Campion
The song of life is ours
Its verses we sing alone
Lives short or long belong
Always inside we must travel
Life is there to unravel
The world exists in our years
Only because we are here
We are life it is ours to devour
Hour by hour, it is now, we bow
Once life departs there is none
The edge of existence is defined.

Jane Campion
Eking Out Time

We are our dreams of tomorrow
Today we are left with time borrowed
Yesterday we played fretting time
Now, is the hour we devour
Eking out the time we have left.

Jane Campion
Endear Each Day

Life belongs to its own song
Sustained by each of its verses
Some are worse or simply perverse
All have pulsating rhythms
Coming from the heart to the organs
Breathing air we are here
Infused in the rate of our decline
In inclination there is participation
As the songs of life are syncopations
Heard in the trees the birds sing long
Encouraging every song to traverse, hear
The years that we are putting away
Come so quickly as we play
Swallowing our time is the chime
That we should endear each day.

Jane Campion
Epic Poem Life

Every life is an epic poem
Unwritten but expressed light
Full of love, pathos and hope.

Dressed by nature at dawn
Waiting for a life to be born
The new day awaits its call.

The windfall of life, its fruits
All roots take hold, life is bold
Every stanza holds its promise.

Into life with its rhythm and prose
All fruits fall to be eaten by life
Finally reappearing in its own anthology.

Jane Campion
Every God

Every god has its day
In the minds
Of those who work and play.

Jane Campion
Every Microsecond

Living in the past
Always, now
Every microsecond
Time passes
Into the past
So fast
Untouchable
Gone.

Jane Campion
Everything About Nothing

Religions
Concentrate
On afterlife.

Never, ever
Knowing
One.

Draws faithful
Who want to
Know all.

Humans love
Everything
That explains
Nothing.

Jane Campion
Excesses Of Youth Foretold

Let youth's excesses
Run unthinkingly; fast

Into middle age, apace
Holding everything in

Until old age's face
Trying not to succumb

To excesses of youth
Expressed in middle age.

Jane Campion
Exhausting Our Years

We have exhausted our years
They have brought us here
How many more may we store
This is the question we implore
No one can give a definite answer
It depends solely on our chances
Being more by increasing our score.

Jane Campion
Face Of Destiny

The face of destiny
Turns so slowly
To see reality.

Jane Campion
Faceless Faces

Faceless faces face us
Not seeing or knowing
One from the other
Morphing over our time
To an amorphous crowd
Chattering cheeks speak
Into the smartphones
That answer us back.

Jane Campion
Facing Mortality

To face mortality
We envy immortality
Dressed in nakedness
Escape is hopeless.

We face mortality
She points her finger
Follow me human one
Come to your finality
Jump into eternity.

Jane Campion
Faith Is Our Hope

Hope is the repository for faith
Faith is where we place our hope
Together they live in our prayers.

Life without hope is pointless
Turning everyday into hopelessness
Faith rises above hope in optimism.

A positive existence needs persistence
Turning negativity on its head
Faith is our hope to live in resistance.

Jane Campion
Feeling Alive

In life pleasure
Pain and touching
Feeling alive.

Jane Campion
Feeling The Soul

We of little care...
Take our misery fanning it
Here, there, everywhere.

Just stares from the aware
Knowing the suffering
Feeling the soul as told.

Pretending life is ours
Every hour thinking...
That we are being devoured.

From the inside to the outside
It shows our lack of coping
We of little care, here, everywhere.

Jane Campion
Finally United

In the ties that bind
Invisible but designed
Magnetic, crisscrossing
Humankind, cosmic lines
Unbelievably refined
Not dependent on belief
In times of grief appear
Just there, out of the air
You stare, finally united.

Jane Campion
Flaying Sorrows

We choose today...
To flay our sorrows.

Tomorrow, they stay
Always here, aware.

When will they go?

Jane Campion
Flowers Yet To Bloom

Those that are unknown to us
Are rides that we cannot deride
They are poems to be written
Verses and songs that we will sing
Unknown soldiers in upcoming battles
Flowers yet to seed and bloom
In the gloom that are tomorrows
We will borrow the sun to come
Looking at the moon that has yet no phases
We will step into the days that roll by
Remembering that we will always hear
The heartbeats of those yet to come near.

Jane Campion
Footprints Over The Past

Footprints walking
over our past

Indents in the sands
of mind

Washed away in memory
leaving grit.

Jane Campion
From Stone To Sculptures

Imagination turns stone
Into upright sculptures
Easter Island statues
Looking out over centuries.

Jane Campion
Gardens That Flower

Finding tolerance where none existed
Lifts clouds above the horizon, exposed
Showing the sky darkened by wrong thoughts
Now punctuated with the natural state
A picture of delight in the world of turmoil.

Life is full of intolerant minds on parade
Standing in line showing their colors to all
Not minding that they are out of step
Tolerant minds come from behind demonstrating
That about turns are possible in every instance.

Standing at ease it is easy to please every occasion
We just need to be shown the right way to fall into step
Being aligned minds full of goodwill can go up any hill
This is the life of successful growing communities
Where diversity flowers in the world's gardens

Jane Campion
Hand Extended

The blue crab pincers extended
Looked up at the human
Both products of evolution
A hand was extended to kill.

Jane Campion
Having Been Released

Encapsulated forever...
From the moment it is written
....The Poem
Carrying its message
Into tomorrow from yesterday
Its future secure forever
Having been released
To seed others' minds.

Jane Campion
Holding Us

The old is our future
The young our past
How fast do we change
From yesterday
To tomorrow
Borrowed from our time
This space we fill
On Earth spinning
Holding us.

Jane Campion
Home Amongst Stars

The sunflower facing the sun
Dialled every beam it seemed
Yellow upon yellow.

Alone in a field of red peonies
It was not feeling lonely
Home amongst stars.

Every flower bowed to the sun
Visited by birds and bees
No one was superior to the other.

Jane Campion
How Much Knowledge Do We Need

How much knowledge is there in humankind
To traverse all seas?

Scale all mountaintops from behind
Climb every tree in this world of ours.

To know every plant that others destroy
Cure every disease with consummate ease.

How much knowledge is enough to know
That creatures of nature are dying?

How much at the hands of dispassionate man
Is the environment polluted by his hand?

How much knowledge is enough for humankind
To understand that we were all born to die?

Never to appear on Earth ever again
That this is no probability for nature's design

How much knowledge is enough to know how to
Conquer all poverty and inequality?

How much do we need to know that we are one
human family that came out of Africa?

When will we know that racism is a lack of knowledge
About where we all came from?

Jane Campion
In Forgiveness

In forgiveness...

We see sand washed by the next wave.

All footprints are wiped clean.

In forgiveness...

We are no longer burdened with unpleasant thoughts.

Now, moving forward not back gaining our freedom.

In forgiveness...

Perpetrators stay imprisoned for life. The wronged are given the keys.

Into the ocean of despair the keys go, only recoverable by a heartfelt apology.

Jane Campion
In Winter's Dream

In winter's dream it is midnight
Morning will not appear this year
With its chant of spring.

To extend its season it has reason
As every season wants to hold on
To its essence that is pleasing.

The air has a cold spell to chill
Arbitrarily turning a season to another
Has accosted what it is not there.

Winter's coat so white is to stare and bare
As nature is not aware and holds its light
For a much longer season that is so fair.

Naked at midnight winter has moonlight aware
Spring do not ring your knell wait another night
A little longer to let winter dissipate.

Jane Campion
Keeping Them Alive

Inside, living, multiplying
dividing alive,
crowding.

There causing fear, colonising
wanting to be
everywhere.

Once inside they can never be stopped; doctors must try.

When is enough, enough, the question must arise, keeping them alive.

Jane Campion
Leaving Poetry Behind

Leaving poetry behind
Shakespeare became
Its source.

Jane Campion
Let Death Live

Let death live alive now
It has a memory derived
From living a life.

 İn memory we see hów
A life lived is devoured
Cruely, but kindly now.

As we know its undertow
Is where we will all go
But we will be remembered.

Jane Campion
Let Them Know

They live in ignorance
Unaware of the starlight
That they shine
Upon others.

Thinking their reach
Is only on their beach
Let them know we love them
And all the light they thow.

Jane Campion
Let Your Song Out

To sing with birdsong, inspired
We fly with our wings on fire.

Treble warbles are ours to bring
Into all the songs inside to sing.

Life is one great song where we belong
It matters not whether it is long.

Every life has a unique song of its own
To write that song we must not postpone.

Sing your song loudly or silently it's yours
Bring out every note, let it rain, let it pour.

Jane Campion
Life

Running with the wind
Against the wind
This is no struggle
It is the only way to go
Blown here there everywhere
This is the life of all.

Jane Campion
Life Gives And Takes Away

Our first and last breath
Inhaled and expired
Life begins and ends.

Life gives no more than others
Provides the air we breathe
And takes it away.

Derived from nothing to something
Embraced by all, our footfalls
Stepping out then not at all.

Jane Campion
Life Is Slipping By

Life is slipping by
So fast we will expire
There is no stopping
The inevitable comes
No wish can expunge
Hold it close, feel it
Life is slipping by
Before we know
It will go.

Jane Campion
Life Where Is Your Mystery

O Life where is your mystery?
Creating our histories.

Day by day you relay night and day
Coming hour by hour devouring time.

You say it is ours to spend
Yet, you are the one that expends.

O Life let us live by the truth
You let us borrow time exponentially
We at the end can never pay it back.

Your totality is our reality; death
Here we cry spare us mortal souls
Being no mystery you treat all equally.

Jane Campion
Lifeboat

Illusions here, there, everywhere
Written, painted, seeing, living.

Illusions here, there, everywhere
Touched by nothing are we alive?

Feeling everything we touch, reality
As real as the illusions we see.

Floating in the sea as life passes
Was that real now we are in a lifeboat?

Jane Campion
Life's Door

Life opens its door
Let's everyone soar
When the door shuts
Then everyone tuts
Why are you so sad?

Jane Campion
Light That Flourishes

The light of love
Burns brightly
And rightly so
In all hearts
That flourish.

Jane Campion
Lighted The Sun

In its light the sun spreads joy
It has the heat in its employ
Ne'er coming too soon
We enjoy it well past the noon
Giving succor to earth's delights
It then must disappear into night
With the moon's yellow glow
It is still there so everyone knows.

Jane Campion
Lit From Yesterdays

O candle shadowy flame
You have no known fame
Flicking arcs in the dark
Lit from all those yesterdays
Becoming unknown tomorrows
Borrowing from yourself
Selfish, sorrowful, wistful
Pulling moths to your flame.

Jane Campion
Loaded With Envy

Loaded with envy she expanded
Like a buffoon and let go
Every word squeezed out
We were not left in doubt
That all her air has gone
With envy now depleted
She was still a woebegone.

Jane Campion
Looking For Light

In its tune magic escapes
Flute-like playing light
Turning it into starlight.

The cosmos has all the chords
Turning mysteries inside out
Where light travels vastly.

From the beginning with imprecision
Bang against bang, unbelievably
A magicians wand creating.

In its space the human race
Alone in the depths of darkness
Looking for light.

Jane Campion
Love Is Never The Question

To love or not to love
That is never the question
When love offers her hand
It can never be refused
As life must be lived
According to what is offered
Just as rain cannot be stopped
Love casts her spells that we feel
Inside it causes palpitations
It cannot ever be denied.

Jane Campion
Mirror City

Mirror city here, there
Reflections in mind
Cars spewing gasses
Wind, rain, trains, buses
Accidents, ambulances, whistles
Police, guns, sirens, helicopters
We see what we want to see
Reflections in mind
Strangers coming and going
Hugs, kisses, near misses
Reflections of civilisation.

Jane Campion
Moving On In Forgiveness

In forgiveness...

We cleanse trangressors
Who did us wrong.

In forgiveness...

Opens thw way forward
To continue
Without burden.

In forgiveness...

We know we were wronged
Yet, we feel stronger
For the tasks ahead.

In forgiveness...

We are truly sorry
As we recognise
That humans are weak.

Jane Campion
My Love For Poetry

The eternal ringing
In my ears brought me here
To express all my feelings
So that you could hear
How much I love Poetry.

Jane Campion
My Popularity Lifter

Ode to you wispy wisp
I owe you a beer for your lift
Lifted above my competence
I feel like I'm incompetent
Nevertheless, on my dress
I shall impress a broach
That will show wispiness
A true wraith figment
Of the unimaginable.

Jane Campion
Nature's Magic

Waving a wand
Over the Earth
Nature's creation
Is beyond imagination
And any human's ken
To paint or write
With a brush or pen
About the sheer beauty
And delight of its magic.

Jane Campion
Nothing Is There

Wrapped in its history
A mystery to others
To itself an enigma
Unwapped at death
Nothing is there.

Jane Campion
O Human Imagination

O human imagination!
Believe anything in faith.
The thoughts of others.
Grasping at straws opens doors
Inside we see:
......Crucifixes
......Stained glass windows
......Altars
......Figments of imagination
......Peace.......

Jane Campion
Ocean Of Despair

A painted ocean, blue
Two sailing ships
Sailing before the wind
Suddenly, the sky darkens
Thunderous roars roil the air
As lightening is everywhere
The sea from white created waves
Is alive with doom
One ship is swallowed
As the other, sails torn
Is thrown onwards to the edge
Its very existence teetering
On the ocean of despair.

Jane Campion
One Arm Two Hands

The musician
One arm two hands
Played in a band
Trumpet and clarinet
Timed perfectly
Each cheek puffed out
Incredible but true.

Jane Campion
Only One

What is one life
One of billions
Singing one song
Never number one
Only One.

Jane Campion
Only Poetry

Only poetry can build
Its own reality
Out of words
That are never heard.

Jane Campion
Our Design Is Nature's Creation

Nature is our solace and joy
Looking all around it is here
For all to see, to be aware.

To notice a little bird
Flying here and there
Alive in our thoughts, stare.

Nature exists everywhere, near
It is not ours to own or fear
We are part of its matrix.

Our design is in its creation
Let us marvel with elation
As we are woven in its fabric.

Jane Campion
Our Own Rhyme To Reason

We all walk through life
There is no pattern for the last
As no shoe will fit all
A life on display is not bought
It must be taught its own walk
This is our talk uniquely stated
Where we find our own rhyme to reason
As we travel through our own seasons
Life is life short or long
In it we we all belong.

Jane Campion
Our Song

Inside this song we belonged
Each word brings tears...
This was ours over the years
Together we listened
To the melody within
Now, we are left alone
Just sitting at home
Remembering.

Jane Campion
Our Time To Be Alive

When illness strikes
Life seems so hard
We must remember
That life is not easy
For anyone at all
Life encompasses joy
And misery in its span
No one ever survives life
This is our time to be alive.

Jane Campion
Passionless Fruit

What is love that is full of care
Living as if it stands and stares
Pretending it is what we need
When it has never ridden a steed.

What is love that is full of care
When it has never been anywhere near
Devoid of life it never knew you
Escaped without your view.

What is love that is full of care
That never faced wear and tear
Never grew young or old alive
Passionless fruit rotten inside.

What is love that is full of care
If love has not reached inside aware
Not ever received how can it be given
Giving love must be natural not driven.

Jane Campion
Playing Midnight's Tune

Sequenced sequin starlight
Pierces each heart
Colored golden, silver
Delivered right.

Delightful nights held tight
Heaven's swoon opened
Into the rooms of starlight
Festooned explosive lights.

Holding our breath we marvel
At all that opens above
Cosmic parades without shades
Playing midnight's tune.

Jane Campion
Poetry Is All Or Nothing We Know

Poetry lives in the shade between
Our dreams and reality
Fantasies and depths of despair
Love and hate measured
Where Poets frame insights
Bringing light into shadows
Filling spaces that were empty
Covering all those naked thoughts
Giving strength out of weaknesses
Inspiring nature to show her colors
Talking to the stars asking them to shine
Poetry is all or nothing we know.

Jane Campion
Poet's Eye

The Poet's eye
Sees life
Differently.

Focussed within
Without
All about.

Every thought
Directed
In words.

Jane Campion
Poets Hear Its Call

Poets hear its call
Dancing in hearts
Announced or unannounced
Gaily running through days
They have no choice
Poetry is there to stay.

Jane Campion
Presumptuous Writers

Those presumptuous writers
Tell us something that we should know
Not interested in their readers
They think everytime they blink.

Jane Campion
Read And Enjoy

Poetry is all and nothing
It appears out of thin air
Just there for the aware
Read and enjoy!

Jane Campion
Receiving What Is Given

Every lesson life teaches
Makes room for another
Until you are teaching
Life from your experience
It will be receptive
To receive all that is given.

Jane Campion
Rejoice In The Morrow

Life has time to stand and stare
It is here because we are aware
Each dawn we are reborn as light
Here we stay through the night
No certainty exists each day borrowed
Expressed as light rejoice in the morrow.

Jane Campion
Relevance Deprivation Therapy

Life is so full
The relevant
Wearing sports gear
Some with flair
Others like underwear
Now, we all like
To be relevant
To ourselves and others
Sister, brother, mothers
Enrol today of all days
Gather your shorts
Come to the gym
And receive your
Relevance deprivation
Therapy.

Jane Campion
Screaming Inspiration

When I scream Inspiration!
The she-devil appears.

What do you want, she says sarcastically?

I don't know what you mean, I have never heard the word.

Don't you mean perspiration, wiping her brow?

I know now is not the time to write.

Turning the computer off, I go to bed.

Jane Campion
Showers Of Gold

Happiness makes us laugh
And cry from inside with joy
It does not need imagination
It has feelings that are felt.

We can imagine how we would feel
When a lottery win was under our spell
How we would spend wildly alive
Throwing our cash in the air
Letting it fall in showers of gold.

Jane Campion
Showing The Way

In political correctness
Right showing wrong
Self-appointed arbiters
Showing us the way.

Jane Campion
Solely One

I have been thinking
On this cloud of mine
That we are really alone
No matter what they say
Yet, our hearts are full.

We are pulled into the sea
Where we see others like us
Living here and there
Full of love and fears
Yet, our hearts are full.

Riding the trains with ghosts
We are all the hosts together
Our colored eyes see the world
From inside to the outside
Yet, our hearts are full.

Life sets each of us apart
We can never ever be another
For we are always solely one
Having won our freedom and prison
Yet, our hearts are full.

Jane Campion
Solutions To Puzzlement

In its shade life appeared
Derived out of nothingness
Bringing its human form.

Some deformed not yet informed
Creations evolved to be solved
Solutions to its own puzzlement.

Life O give us Life; now extant
Where do we fit where do we go
Inside to the outside it is here.

Jane Campion
Sorrowful Love

In the window of tomorrow will be all our sorrows.

Seen and felt they live openly in the seas of grief.

Love as bright as a new day will come into play.

Kissing eyes that have seen all.

Sorrow and love ride each other as they are thieves.

Taking from each other they smother breaching our tomorrows.

Jane Campion
Spirited Bird

Spirited bird...
Addresses an azure sky
Wings clap every cloud
Gliding with every breeze.

Spirited bird...
Against all conceivable odds
Measures life in flight
Lifting all spirits.

Spirited bird...
Colored in rainbow skies
Sings songs that belong
To all if only we could hear.

Jane Campion
Stand On Your Dignity

When all seems lost
Stand on your dignity
It makes you taller.

Jane Campion
Stripped Of Its Glory

The sun shined
On number four Sunglow Avenue
Through the rusty sheets of roof iron
A house built before the Depression years.

Overlooking the sea...
It was not hard to notice the decay
Smacked by time and wind
It needed paint where there was none
Stripped of its glory
A door banged open and shut.

Therein lived a family of ten
Rent was never paid
As a dollar was needed for the gas meter
Life was expressed in laughter and tears.

Jane Campion
Suffering With Children

Populate or perish
We hear the call
From up high.

It is right to call
Those with a need
All bleeding fools.

Suffering with children
Is not the only need
For women to heed.

Those with professions
Must use all they have
To grab like a man.

The days where eggs
Must be fertilised
Are long gone.

A woman like a man
Must choose their way
Not sway to other fools.

Jane Campion
Swallowed Whole

This web of life...
We struggle, caught
Life wraps us to devour
Eventually, swallowed
Then, spat out!

Jane Campion
Taking Not Giving

Nature shines on humankind
Giving all that it has
From birth to death
Depriving none.

Nature's gifts are received
Without a thought they are sought
Taking not giving is dastardly behavior
Thankless, polluting their footfalls.

Oceans afloat, bloated with plastics
Choking its creatures with nets
Oiling the seas with unforgivable ease
Pristine shores no more.

Jane Campion
Tear Of Fear

Every tear of fear
Forces the heart
To scream.

Jane Campion
The Dust Of Time

In the circle of circularity
Drawn by the mathematics of time
An equation of relationships.

We are the result, blow-ins
From the beginning of everything
Steeped in our life.

Creatures of reason and unreason
Seeking eternal life
Relying on others to fill our minds.

Eternity promised from those who knew
Repeated ad nauseam in every pew
Closing the circle for the righteous.

The cosmic winds blow all in and out
The dust of time dissolves unrealities
Blowing all there with their fears.

Overarching reality is hard to swallow
When others point to scripts full of myths
Believe what others say no thinking needed.

Jane Campion
The Eternal Question Answered

The answer...
To the eternal question.

To be is not to be.
Not to be is to be.

To be or not to be?
- -Now you know
Is not the question.

Jane Campion
The Poet's Eye

The poet's eye
Sees life differently
Salvador Dali of words.

Painting ships in oceans
Floating in lighted skies
Across the purple pink cosmos

Coloring wings that sing
Revealing what lies beneath
Twixt reality and unreality.

An artist holding strings
Pulling existence and non-existence
Together as if everything matters.

Jane Campion
There He Was Home

He holds our respect
Despite his rubbery neck
Sways on his toes
Does anyone know what he knows
Ginger hair, gray beard
Both stuck on his head
Walks past all thinking them fools
As he walked into the hall
There he recited his poems
Well received, there he was home.

Jane Campion
Thinking Common Thoughts

When the President is common
We think common thoughts
Undermining the Constitution.

Where is the power now, this hour
Has it been diluted by Him
A crass usurper?

Jane Campion
This poetry of mine
Has no way to be defined
It belongs only to me
You think of the sea
It is my ocean of commotion
But so much more
It opens doors...
To the mysteries of my life
Covering all my strife
The way I live and think
My bio that you don't know
Neither do I, it will appear
Maybe tomorrow or next year
Wait and see just like me
Together, my readers I will lead
Into the wonderland of life
You, too, can see yourself
Just read all my poetry
It is here for us both
Inside each line we are one mind.

Jane Campion
This Queer World

In this queer world of ours
Humans are swelling out now
Growing so obese with ease
In all corners fatties sneeze
Larger than life they travel
Have you ever heard the babble
Now, I'm not adverse to food
But not in every kind of mood
More than most they eat toast
Smother in butter they boast
Life ain't what it used to be
When we went for a walk to see
It is the great exception today
No one wants to go and play
On phones they take images and talk
Then to look they go to Facebook
Sitting down is so fashionable
It's a wonder they can sit at all
Bottoms so wide they just can't hide
Wobbles are not novel on the outside.

Jane Campion
This Shell Of Existence

Inside this shell of existence
We hear the roar of the waves
After we have landed on the shore
Before we know where we are
Back out to sea taken by a rip
Struggling with little energy
Gasping for breath we are close to death
Then without warning the wind changes
Carrying us back to where we started.

Jane Campion
Threadbare Existence

In poverty, impoverished
The poor open their doors
Inside we see what they see.

A threadbare existence lived
It is theirs alone to share
We feel sympathetic but pathetic.

How can we solve the world’s problems
So vast and deep, unsolvable
In poverty they must sleep.

Jane Campion
Throw All Religions To The Wind

Throw all religions to the wind...

In all they are certain of sin
No matter how old the future is foretold.

If not followed the sinner is swallowed
By the words of high they will not reach the sky.

Life of the recalcitrant has no hope of redemption
There are no exceptions in the Words that are foretold.

No use to dismiss what is said, eventually all are dead
Under the spell of every word that has been bled.

Jane Campion
Time From Time

Stranded on the edge
Of the beginning
Looking at the music.

Time's shadows expand
Past every earthly person
Those known and unknown.

The music has the beat
Reverbrating around sound
Taking time from time.

Jane Campion
To Know Is Not To Know

To know is not to know what follows
After the dawn will the sun rise?

To know is not to know what follows
Will we be alive tomorrow?

Let the sun rise tomorrow
Will our hearts be full of love or sorrow?

Jane Campion
Totalled In Finality

When all is lost; accosted
Grief has no belief in relief.

In its finality we are totalled
The sum of one is enough for everyone.

Life gives all stairs to travel up, down
In its babble we must hear those tears.

Jane Campion
The touch of a child
Finds all in a leaf
Turning it over.

Jane Campion
Travelling The Road With Words

Travelling the road with words
An imposter that brings sentences
Sometimes even paragraphs
Short or long they want to belong
Not standing out in the crowd
Lonely daffodils in the fields
Shaking their heads in the wind
Words that are never seen or heard
So many making the load so heavy
Will they ever be what we see
That is for the wind and the sea
Blown here and there full of air
Floating in the sea bobbing around.

Jane Campion
Triumph Of Mankind

The light of the sun
Belongs to no one
As the air we breathe
Is it not also free?

We exist as a species
 Totally dependent on nature
Yet, we shout to the moon
Look at our superiority
The triumph of mankind.

We are bent to the will
Of the natural world
Swept away by avalanches
Drowned by the high tide.

Jane Campion
Try Reality

Looking for magic in relationships
Seek a magician that performs illusions
Deluded we follow eyes, missing tricks
Waving a wand, all manner of things appear
Out of thin air and bizarrely from ears
Looking for magical relationships
Try reality that is real not magic.

Jane Campion
Two By Two

Love takes away pain
Of being one for one
Kissed by reflections.

Another comes into view
Seeing what we cannot see
You of you is in its view.

Solitude is amplified by two
In love and being loved
Two by two.

Jane Campion
Unable To Vocalise

He a paragon of his faith
Spoke only in cliches
Succumbed to throat cancer
Unable to vocalise.

Jane Campion
Until There Is No More

We cannot describe tomorrow
Until it appears, we are there
Inside our morrow that is borrowed
From all our yesterdays
Days that have gone forever
Remembered for what they were
Slices of our lives served whole
The days counted in our ages
Accumulating so fast like our past
We pass so readily from each stage
Into our old age where time retires
To gaze upon all that has gone before
And as always through our ages tomorrow
Waiting with anticipation until no more.

Jane Campion
Warmongers

In the Roman arena of life
We the spectators watch strife
In come the warmongers issuing threats
Nuclear swords raised ready to strike
This was our past and future
Uncivilized or civilized we are apprised
Tanks crush the lions into squashed rugs
Blood wiped off the arena, hyenas laugh
We hear the roar of dissidents
As the warplanes drown out the noise.

Jane Campion
Waterfall

One word is heard
Several a waterfall
Forever flowing.

Jane Campion
We Abhor War

- - We abhor war
There will be more
- - Why?
So many will die.
- -What for?
Eventually, peace
No longer war
Let peace come before.

Jane Campion
We Are Our Yesterdays

We are our yesterdays.

Everything we say and do
Is a reflection of who we are.

From our beginning to our end
It takes an age to know.

Then it takes nothing to disappear.

The whole of life is all we have
Being entirely who we are.

Jane Campion
We Have Heard

We have heard
The righteous
...Words
...Gods
Were derived
From not ever
Being alive!

Jane Campion
We Rocked Night

Nearly thirty... 
Brownish hair right 
Lippy pink like ink 
Squirted Two Roses 
Lotsa swells here 
Shortish mauve skirt 
Bared legs, sexy 
Red high heels.

Down at the joint 
We rocked night 
Flashing lights 
Guys looking for guys 
Girls fretting... 
More and more liquor 
Drugged mugs 
Morning came too soon.

Gunfight banged light 
One helluva Saturday night.

Jane Campion
We Talk Of Time

We talk of time that's fine
It does not speak to us
A human construct, measuring
Going from one second to another
Creating structure in lives
Its beat is heard all day
Into night and dawn
We are unable to see it disappear
In microseconds the past occurs
Making us continually living there
Chimes are the time gone forever
Never recovered as we discover
In no time at all our life is gone.

Jane Campion
What An Ado

The time has come
To be an old maid
Great, on my knees
Scubbing if you please
Tell me what to do
As I am stupo
The bath you say
Toilet first
It has just burst
With all that
Stuff coming out
Of that refined mouth
The time has come
To succumb to destiny
What an ado.

Jane Campion
What Remains

No one knows how we came to be
Jumping from unicellular
To a mass that was massaged
Into Life.

No one knows how improbable
Was the beginning of the universe
Maybe, a Big Bang they say
Into Existence.

No one knows when the Earth began
When gravity held it tight
Spinning its web
Catching Life.

No one knows when we appeared
They say two hundred millennia
Walking from our beginnings
Into Life.

No one knows why we are all related
Each to the next and the next
Humankind related Apes
Catching Life.

No one knows why each of us are unique
None like the other, distant stars
Minds their own universes
Running each Life.

No one knows why myths became reality
For billions believing what others stated
Becoming the faiths of facts
Staying intact.

No one knows why there were so many gods
From millennia of all descriptions
Surviving skeptics
Monumental Existence.
No one knows why is Why and when will we die
Fate is fatalistic not optimistic
Destroying our minds and existence
What Remains?

Jane Campion
What We All Know

When cliches meet cliches
They unite gaily unaware
They are here and everywhere
Expressing what we all know.

Jane Campion
When All Colors Have Gone

When all colors have gone
The song of life ceases to be
Memories are shaped by others
Shadows that pass by inside
The garden of flowers wilted
Emptiness surrounds happy sounds
This is where life was once found.

Jane Campion
When We Remember Yesterday

They were here amongst us
Laughing and sad
When they smiled we smiled, too
Their sadness brought us tears
Life was their sanctuary
Protected from the coming storm
Eventually, a tornado blew in
Carrying them away
Our memories are all we have
When we remember yesterday.

Jane Campion
When Will It End

Life a mystery
From beginning
To end.

Stares at eternity
Earth to the
Cosmos.

Where did it begin
When will it
End?

Jane Campion
Where We Live

Reaching inside, looking
Our mysteries lie behind
The centre of being, life
This is where we live.

Thinking obliquely, so uniquely
Everything we know; past
The light on our hill in the dark
This is where we live.

Every experience forming memories
Flashing upon our screens in between
Without any prompting...
This is where we live.

Romancing our souls, feelings lifted
Taking it in our stride, full of hope
Crying out our pain
This is where we live.

Jane Campion
Who Are They Deluding

Who are they deluding?
Posting photos of their youth
As the present truth.

Soon we will see baby photos
Or precocious toddlers
With moustaches!

Jane Campion
Whoosh! Zoom!

I'm inclined to be a witch
O yes and also a.....
So what you say
Well it does matter
To those we know
I'm not happy being a.....
But a witch yes siree
You can see I have a black cat
And half a dozen broom sticks
When the full moon appears
It's my time to fly off the handle
...........Woosh!
I'm off for a ride of my life
Cat handles her seat well
Yellow moon above me, cat and broom
............Zoom!

Jane Campion
Why O Why

That black cat upon a branch
Looks at the orange moon
A shadow in its light
Like everyone we see at night
Why is she there
Why O why are we?

Jane Campion
Wings Of Destiny

On the wings of destiny
Carried high above seas
To be what life promised
When we are on our knees.

Life can be cruel or kind
Destiny gives every chance
To drop hope with such ease
Growing to prosper everyday.

Destiny takes all on a ride
From its beginning to the end
Taking a promise to fruition
Seeming to do it with precision

Jane Campion
Winter Wonderland

Trees heavy with snow
Drooping branches
Reflect winter's show.

Cruel winds bite warmth
As we ski in wonder
Past and onwards.

Frozen in time a picture
In our minds
A winter wonderland.

Jane Campion
Winter's Eye

There is no youth in winter's eye
old, clouded and stigmatized.

Let us into spring when birds sing
to all budding things.

Leaping into summer, is fun and sun;
bright blue skies and turquoise seas.

Let the fall creep out her dead brown
leaves burnt alive for winter's gloom.

Jane Campion
Wounding Words

She was nasty and capable of stabbing those she disliked with wounding words.

Finally, her nature left her susceptible to cancer inside.

Dying making the sign of the cross she was unable to forment another bad thought.

She was remembered for her disgusting behaviour by those who fell under her wrath.

Jane Campion
Written On The Wind

Written on the wind
The sounds that sing
Listen, this is a song.

Jane Campion