Jason Benefield()
A Curtain Of Reality

Trying so hard
To be another
O We wish!

Trying so hard
To be another
To be you.

It is impossible
Draw down
A curtain of reality.

To be another
Needs the same
Mother and father.

Jason Benefield
A Player Without A Play

There is no futility in words
They are waiting to be heard
Strike their light for delight.

To think without an audience
Is a stage that is not engaged
A player without a play.

Speak up today let the words out
Let them fly about to be heard
A word in mind is too far behind.

Jason Benefield
A Step Too Far

To transpose life
With death
So effortlessly
It stirred mankind
To question Why?

The answer
Came to those observers
Of the natural world
Where it occurs forever
A natural occurrence.

Not out of the ordinary
Observable in man
Where cells come and go
Apoptosis is well defined
No need to question
Why cells die causing death.

To take a step too far
We have invented gods
To keep us whole
And deliver only the faithful
To another dimension
And for miscreants to die
By fire forever.

Jason Benefield
A Vanilla Icecream

To lick a vanilla ice cream
A child has everything he needs
Forgetting that he is unloved
One of a family of seven siblings
There is no love to share around
Living life his parents are too busy.

Jason Benefield
Acceptance A Fortune

Let us be fulfilled by so little
Than we feel it should be.

Life is not everything or nothing
It is a small piece of something.

Each finds uniquely a place called home
Contentedly without extras peacefully.

We live assuredly to make our lives
The best it can possibly be.

It may be nothing others can see
But it is where we lay down to sleep.

The poor and the rich are all enriched
By being accepting of what each has

Envy has no part to play in acceptance
What others have is their fortune.

Jason Benefield
All Is Revealed

Imagination soars
Opens doors
Here all is revealed.

Jason Benefield
All Paths Lead To Them

The righteous live life
Subjectively mortified
That others disagree
With their imposed way
Flaying all in their path
Displaying intolerance
To other views
To oppose is to create enemies
All paths must lead to them.

Jason Benefield
All That We Ever Wanted

Choked, tears flowed
Overflowing neap tides
Hiding my true feelings
Bringing me closer...

The centre, inside
Where turmoil stirred
Everything I kept silent.

Then she appeared...
We kissed like lava
Flowing over our ocean.

In our ocean of commotion
The feelings of love
Was all that we ever wanted.

Jason Benefield
Alone Living Life

Like a lonely grey ship
Upon a painted ocean
Even albatross avoided.

She wandered through life
Not touched by pity or love
Her sole enjoyment
The beauty of nature.

Observing the natural world
There were many creatures
Who were alone living life
This realisation
Carried her to the end.

Jason Benefield
Always There

Love leaves love
Expressed sweetly
Kissing memory
Day by day
Year by year
Always there.

Jason Benefield
Amazonia

Amazonia...

Lungs of the world
Blackened by design.

A cancerous decline
Affecting mankind.

Climate change sceptics
You will be affected
Slowly but surely.

Choking on your own breath
Breathe in and out; no doubt?

Pity us all and the animals
Burnt to a cinder.

Nations of the world arise
Help now not later.

Jason Benefield
Ambit Of Poetry

That ambit of poetry is unlimited
Just as the cosmos stars its stars
Every poem has its place
Coming from afar.

Jason Benefield
Are We Amazed

Robots our explorers
Taking us beyond beyond
Into mankind's adventure.

Exploring planets
At our behest
Doing everything so we know.

We may not see this revolution
It is the future
Are we amazed?

Jason Benefield
Becoming What Exists

Beyond beyond
Erewhon, nowhere
Ever known
Was and remains
A mystery.

Never to be solved
Called pre-Big Bang
Does it matter
Where it sits
Beyond imagination
No illustration.

Physicists explain little
Really, nothing at all
How from emptiness
Nothing contracted
To an unimaginal force
That expressed Everything
Becoming what exists.

Jason Benefield
Between Night And Day

There are spaces tonight
Between you and me.

Let us arrange the stars
Around moonlight to see.

Above and all around spaces
Beside our spacious love.

From below we are so slow
To realise our love is now.

Now we can see the Milky Way
Showing us the way to go.

In starlight we have soared
Between Night and day.

Jason Benefield
Beyond From Beyond

Between the dark and light
Midnight of the soul awaits
To be called upon to dream.

Reaching out to moonlight
Grabbing the falling light
Ascending into the cosmos.

Into beyond from beyond
To touch destiny of so long
Where we all hope to belong.

Jason Benefield
Catching Dreams

To climb upon a starlit night
Against the blackened sky
Here the air is clean, so fresh
Taking a net casting upwards
Catching all dreams it seems
Moving up thins the air
Breath catches up, unaware
As we breathe in the beautiful sky
Reassessing we glance down, darkness
A shooting star crosses the sky
Sitting down we will stay tonight.

Jason Benefield
Childhood's Door

Childhood tip toes through its years
Listening intently and feeling more
It leaves doors open to let light in.

Here we see its growth and pain
Childhood is unaware of life's refrain
Songs of joy we hear as children play.

Sometimes, they feel insecure, unloved
To be unsure makes them want more
Childhood's door shuts forever, opening more.

Jason Benefield
Choking On Our Desperation

Ignore human destruction
Mother Nature will not
As we suffer the fate
Self-inflicted...
Choking on our desperation.

Jason Benefield
Colour Of Life

Life sings the song of being
Here we start seeing
Everything coming our way
Spending and consuming our days
Reaching out for all to touch
Nothing appears to be too much
Each flower has colour its bloom
Until the night of its gloom
The brightness of life soon fades
Each day accumulated turns grey
This has been our life of song
It has been ours but not for long.

Jason Benefield
Dancing With The Moon

Dancing With the moon
Our air free
Owning nothing
Not even time
Filling life
From birth to the end
Smiling, crying, loving
Fighting disease
Pointlessly sleeping
Night into dawn
Why were we born?

Jason Benefield
Darkness Of Midnight

The darkness of midnight is a blight
Tearing at our hearts in those nights
Here we fill craters with sorrows
That erupt like volcanoes borrowed
Inside we are alive but falling apart
We wait for the dawn so life’s song starts
This is where we hear music to raise hope
When it comes there is no time to mope.

Jason Benefield
Doubts There Are Many

Self our burden.  
Ne'er to be seen.

Doubts there are many.  
Who are we, can we see?

All our lights point the way,  
diverging and merging.

Self a wave heading to shore,  
we can never be sure.

Jason Benefield
Dreams Cast Beyond Hope

Cast a dream beyond hope
Woven out of imagination.

Spinning out of unreality
It forms, dressed in optimism.

Coming alive it revives life
Aiming at the ceilings of beyond.

In its net dreams are caught
Unfolded they become real.

Jason Benefield
Drear Of Sorrow

The drear of sorrow
We need to borrow
It is pitifully ours.

In the time of need
Taken to extremes
We bear our souls.

Jason Benefield
Dressed By Poetry

Dressed by poetry
Our minds full
Reaching out to all.

Jason Benefield
Dysfunction Has An Upside

Delivered into a family
Genes are our interplay
Cast from oblivion, living.

We have no choice with parents
Life is never fair we must bear
Some have it easy others hard.

Those who arise from dysfunction
Are well prepared for life
As life will always bring strife.

Jason Benefield
Each Part Is Played

We are not the sum total of parts
Each part we play has a stage
And each player is staged.

From coming to be is the one we see
Becoming in life's finery
Dressed for each part.

Upon retiring as an actor he dreams
Through every part played
Until the curtain is lowered.

Jason Benefield
Edge Of Beginning

Stranded on the edge of beginning
Looking for the music.

Time shadows time from time
From everyone, known and unknown.

The music beats the paths followed
Taking time from time.

Jason Benefield
Edge Of Existence

The song of life is ours
Every flower belongs now
In the air we breathe.

The song of life is our fortune
Everyday we must spend a little
Devouring life in minutes and hours.

The song of life is uniquely sung alone
Its verses already written
Inside the edge of existence.

Jason Benefield
Enlightened By Love

Love is a word revealing all
Called so rarely, enlightenment
Lit by hearts knowing hearts
Forever being and seeing what is
Eternally granted, open hearted
From soul to soul filling each whole
Wholeheartedly engaged, in its eternity.

Jason Benefield
Every Dream Sees Starlight

Kissing night with twilight
Stars eye the universe.

In delight the night sees
Far beyond the light of day.

Riding shooting stars are dreams
Sent up by sleepers now awake.

The light of dawn is now aware
That every dream sees starlight.

Jason Benefield
Every Life

Take every life
Onto the highways
Driving erratically
Missing signposts
Going down wrong roads
Into no exit throughways.

Jason Benefield
Expressing Sorrow

The moon expresses sorrow
For all those dawning tomorrows
Denying seeing herself in the sea
Here silvery light she can be
From shore to the horizon
Ripples showing tears in the sun
She loves to be reflected light
Putting different gowns on at night
Her favourite by far is diamantes
Showing its sparkles on those nights.

Jason Benefield
Face Value

Never take a poem at face value
It can be serious or amusing
Even, a fantasy wrapped in an illusion

Never take a face by its picture
It may be someone else
Or a a cigar holding on for dear life.

Never point a camera at your own face
Modern lingo a selfie
There may be a hacked camera waiting.

Jason Benefield
Fixed By Light

Fixed by light the night, still
Moon’s yellow light a sight.

A moonlit star so far
Let the cosmos be damned.

When the Earth alone stands
Spinning its spins full of sins.

Jason Benefield
Framed by our existence
Painted by persistence
We navigate life.

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

Lighthouses on all shores
Lights criss-crossing, warnings
Seen too late, we end our voyage.

Jason Benefield
Freedom's Worth

Freedom's worth comes from birth
We are its inheritance, bestowed
From our being it takes root
As humans bound from life and strife
Freedom is the air we breathe
Our essence our life and force
No one has the right to poison its flow
Life knows no boundaries
We are its fruit ripe to eat
Those who take power from us act foolishly
Each of us has a corollary right to be
Cut loose from the Gordian's knot that ties
Freedom cannot ever be removed from our minds
To be free is a human right.

Jason Benefield
Going Backwards

Reinventing ones self
Means changing direction
No longer going forward
Swimming backstroke
Over incoming waves
Formerly surfed.

Jason Benefield
Going To War

Going to war...
Civilization's abomination
Creating domination
Then subjugation.

Going to war...
Resisting not a choice
Directed from above
There are doves.

Going to war...
Untold dead, wounded, effects
Citizens unite, light a flame
End this insanity.

Thousands of years they fought
A thousand from now
Will be added
What for?

Jason Benefield
Heart To Heart

Love speaks from heart to heart
Kissess romantically, not frantically
Always aware that its love is near.

Tenderly it caresses...
Love is what we need to be complete
To find a heart one must impart all.

To naturally be the person you are
Not having to look far, love hears
What we will always be is ourselves.

Showing that love is for everyone else
Never selfish it embraces all
This is the love we all fall for.

Jason Benefield
Hung On Ephemera

Strutting the stage of life
Youth are hung on ephemera
Laughing and using phones
Missing the beauty of nature
Not observing the ocean and sky
Missing out on pink sunsets
Fraternising with social media
Believing fake news, advertisements
Manipulated by others to make a dollar
Life is so wonderful until disliked.

Jason Benefield
I Hope All Goes Well

Cancer is something any can experience
It is a shock to those afflicted
More so the treatments that may not cure.

Caused by cell divisions gone awry
A life of their own uncontrolled
Radiotherapy and chemotherapy have side effects.

When someone you know says they have cancer
Don't feel like you have nothing to say
Be positive and let them know I hope it goes well.

This is all that they need to know that they are supported
And that someone cares.

When you see them again say how is your treatment going?
It is all any afflicted person wants to hear
Lend a sympathetic ear.

Jason Benefield
Impressed On Life

The benchmark is indelibly you
Impressed on life, stamped
Uniquely formed from afar
In your brilliance a star
Never wonder or compare
You are the benchmark now here.

Jason Benefield
Kiss Every Word

When poetry is barely enough
Think of those you love
Imagine how they would react
When you are sick and bereft
Light the way with expressiveness
Kiss every word.

Jason Benefield
Kiss Of The Divine

The kiss of the divine
Turns water to wine
And wine to water.

The kiss of the divine
Allows a walk on water
And water to walk unsteadily.

The kiss of the divine
Takes a lamb to slaughter
And the slaughterers to eat.

The kiss of the divine
Makes believers sallow
From a soapbox they bellow.

The kiss of the divine
Creates divisions
In societies.

Jason Benefield
Latecomers Under Cover

Providing accommodation
Earth jump started life.

Unicellular to multicellular
Over eons life moved along.

Creating what we see and don't see
As the Earth quaked with shakes

Engaging fauna and flora.

Just as much commotion under the ocean
Life belonged, tripping along.

All absorbed into a revolution
Evolving over millions of years.

We latecomers were undercover
Exposing ourselves only 200,000 years ago.

All is provided free like the air we breathe.
Without Mother Earth we would not exist.

Jason Benefield
Leapfrogging Seasons

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

Let us into spring where we sing
To all budding things.

Leaping into summer is fun and sun
Bright azure skies and turquoise seas.

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

Jason Benefield
Let Us Speak

The minds of others are theirs
Our minds are ours, unique
Let us speak.

Jason Benefield
Life Dialled To Stand

Putting a phone in hand
Our life was dialled to stand
Coming so unexpectedly
It ran so quickly
No time for thought
Life was bought and folded
This is the plight of all
We all ripen and fall.

Jason Benefield
Life Is Aware

In its foreboding
Life is always aware
That we must not stare.

Jason Benefield
Life Is Fraught

Life sits so steady today,
Tomorrow, life is fraught
A microsecond changes all.

Jason Benefield
Life Of Do And Dare

In a life of do and dare
Everyone has it to bear
Taking everything offered
Throwing away yesterdays
Grabbing today with zest
This is the best we can do.

Life is full of highways
Leading to those we exit
Picking up those taken
If we are mistaken never mind
Everything we do is always behind.

Jason Benefield
Life Strives To Be More

To fear a tear from nowhere
We must always let go
Releasing life that knows.

Life strives to be more
Here we must open doors
To let in the sun.

Greet each day as it comes
Believe in what we have become
As our lives are all we know.

Jason Benefield
Light From Darkness

A Poet an unusual occupation
Self-proclaimed not looking for fame
Will never be retrained
Sees beyond, describing in all forms
Looks at anything, even nothingness
Creates, amalgamating words
Using unique insights to be forthright
Brightening up the twilight
Imagining dawn as the new day is born
Giving life meaning when it is questioned
Grabbing images from everywhere
Sending them forth like a firefly
 Emitting light in a dark cavern.

Jason Benefield
Living Far From Shore

Dating our new life
We are engaged
Taking highways anew
Meeting renewal; delays
Here we find kind hearts
That want to start again
Nothing seems assured
Living far from shore.

Jason Benefield
Living Life With Us

Holding negative thoughts
As if they are worthwhile
Stretching into our miles.

Prodding and poking, alive
Our uncomfortable pattern
Drinking to them, wallowing.

Here today and yesterday
Living life with us
Shooting the breeze with ease.

Leaving misery and resignation
Never considering the damage
We inflict on ourselves.

Then realisation, they are ours
And as thoughts, are changeable
Turning thoughts positively
Directing ourselves from within.

Jason Benefield
Love From Knowing

In the hands of those who care
We lay down our heads without fear
Close to their beautiful hearts.

Giving the resilience we feel
Letting us know whatever happens
They will tend our garden happily.

When in need they will be watchful
Like the moon over the silvery sea
And the love that flows from knowing.

Jason Benefield
Make It Last

We crave love for at least a day
It would feel like a lifetime
As we have been denied.

Kiss us on our lips generously
Tell us we are the object of desire
No one else matters except us.

Buy us a posy of orchids we can keep
Call us dearest as we are cheap
Kiss us once again, make it last.

Jason Benefield
Married Soul To Soul

From soulful soils
A rose of beauty of renown
Yellow gaze raised in day

Bowing before the sun
It dialled full blaze
Right through its stay.

Towered through the hours
The Rose of Roses
Was never a flower but empowered.

It was there for luck to be plucked
To brighten all it touched
This beauty created by nature.

So right in night and day it stayed
As the posy on this wedding night
Married soul to soul.

Jason Benefield
Memories Shaped By Others

When all colours have gone
The songs of life cease to be
Memories shaped by others
Shadows in the face of the sun
The gardens of flowers now wilted
Emptiness surrounds happy sounds
This was where life was once found.

Jason Benefield
Mind's Pull

Life streams in all directions
Taking us uniquely along
Sometimes it feels the same
As we all walk roads well used
Seeing the same films
How we walk and see is different
From moment to moment; all of life
No one can experience life equally
Uniqueness lies in the mind's pull.

Jason Benefield
Money Sewn Into Overcoats

Designed in their minds
A new country a new time
On days they fill tomorrow
In ships of hope they left
Empty suitcases from the past
Bringing those full of hope
Upon ocean of dreams and sorrows
To countries of their choice
Throwing their all to fall
On the roulette wheel of life
Battered by life it seems
Money sewn into overcoats
Hoping to impregnate their future
Refugees sailed forth with positivity
Berthed to Earth they belong.

Jason Benefield
Mystical Sea

Mystical sea of thought
Show me your orbs and sapphires
Shining so brightly, all alight
Seas lit by your flaming flares
Producing bullets of gold
Fired at random in ranges of mind
No targets only bullseyes
Giving us the source of seeing
Everything and nothing
Taken so much for granted.

Jason Benefield
No Escape

Escape not the tyranny of mind
It holds all in its grip
Grasping life so tightly
Never letting go.

Escape not the tyranny of mind
Plunging all into its depths
Letting its hold be known.

Escape not the tyranny of mind
From dawn to dawn
It sees the new day.

Jason Benefield
No Matter Your Glow

No matter your glow
Don't you know
We are all on our way
The sign was there
The day we opened our eyes
Crying in mother's arms
We are all on our way
There is only one exit sign
Doomed life must die
Live each day under its cloud
When is the answer no one knows.

Jason Benefield
No Relief

Green against brown
Nibbling falling down
A worm hit the ground
Onto another leaf
It had no relief
Whisked above
Still nibbling
Never quibbling.

Jason Benefield
Now He Could Speak

Surprised by his begining
Carried by the tide
Landing where unexpected.

Here everything was possible
Like a magician he appeared
Creating poems that were unaware.

They danced to his tune line by line
The whole world his territory
Now he could speak.

Jason Benefield
Now It Is There

An orb hurtling through space
From nothing it came
Grabbed by gravity in blackness
Molten lava, red
Spinning on spins, spun
Taking billions of years to appear
Now it is there
Spinning on spins, spun
Facing its sun
The moonstruck moon
Spinning on spins spun
Now it is there
Billions of years
Until life appears
Spinning on spins spun.

Jason Benefield
O To Be Simple

O to be simple
Everything clear
Air, food, shelter
Love, hugs, bugs
Life, death.

O to be simple
Clouds float by
Blue sky
Apple pie
Marigolds
Kisses.

Jason Benefield
One Generation At A Time

The fire lit...
Life breathes opportunity
Taking its chances.

Resisting shadows
Taking light into its corners
Entreprenurial inclinations.

Advancing mankind ably
Creating civilisations
Destroying those who resist.

The flames still burn
Life marches on
One generation at a time.

Jason Benefield
One In Billions

One in billions
Doing what all do
Living life
As best as we can.

Don't give us...
The power of One
We can't make thunder
Clouds another matter.

At least we have free air
Everything from nature
And our imagination.

Jason Benefield
Only One Breath

Life needs only one breath
To begin and end
Here we see its depth.

Jason Benefield
Only Time Will Tell

We do admire intelligent folk
Thinking in cliches
They are so wise.

Telling us so succinctly
That we march to our own drum.

That we are either mad or bad.

These great philosophers
Are sending us a message
That we need to know.

Their minds have everything ordered
Only time will tell!

Jason Benefield
Our Shadow

We stand before life...
That remains
in its shadow, alone.

There is no voice
Only emptiness
To be filled.

Love remains as a constant
Holding on forever
Smiling.

Each day is a reminder
That yesterday has gone
Today is our shadow.

Jason Benefield
Our Share Of Life

Our share of life
Filled with the unexpected
Traverses our limited time
Giving something and everything
Taking us into mountains
Capped with sorrow and happiness
One mountain at a time
We climb assisted and unassisted
This is life raw and stark
Entering darkness and light
From night to day and day night
Expecting more we enter doors
Here we are welcomed and rejected.

Jason Benefield
Painting Hung On Midnight

In the coursing of twilight
Orange red sky extends light
Enveloping the hope of tomorrow
Fading blue sea meets the horizon
Seagulls follow their wings
As day folds into a darkening night
The lens of all focuses on starlight
Pinpoints of light twinkle against dark
The moon makes her room showering delight
Silvery slivers dance on the sea
A painting of delight hung on midnight.

Jason Benefield
Part Of All

From nothing everything began
Even Gods mandated by man
The Big Bang unwitnessed
Imploding, exploding, reloading
All matter flung unimaginably
Nothing became something out there
Cosmological renderings, extending
In extension what we call Earth
Held by gravity, fixed
Our berth not assured for eons
From nothing we are part of all.

Jason Benefield
Poetry Is All Or Nothing We Know

Poetry is not all about beauty or darkness
It lives in the spaces between
Poets frame what others do not see
Bringing light into shadows
Filling spaces that were empty
Covering all who lived in naked splendour
Giving strength out of weakness
Inspiring nature to show her colours
Speaking to the stars to make them shine
Poetry is all or nothing we know.

Jason Benefield
Poverty Lies In The Ditch

Undercutting life's existence
Those living on subsistence
Without any means to rise
It comes as no surprise
That no one cares.

Government of the people
For the people, just words
Look to the rich they pitch
Poverty lies in the ditch
It is everywhere caps on streets
What is it they intend to eat?

To help those millions
Do we hear any shout Help?
None at all let them help themselves
Are we so impoverished to care
This is about you being there.

Jason Benefield
Raising Hope

The winds of change
Blow keenly everyday
We raise our mainstay
Expanding our voyage
Sailing on oceans
Our hopes cling tightly
When all around are lost.

Jason Benefield
Reflections On Life

Every step taken is unknown
All is captured in mind
Like those steps behind.

We cannot get back the past
All we can do is reflect
We must step forward.

This is life under the sky
Wondering why is not ours to see
Our history remains behind.

Each life steps uniquely ahead
No one can foresee its destiny
We are all destined to meet an end.

Jason Benefield
Relevance Has No Meaning

From the darkness of space
Our orb spins
The human race treads paths
A lifelong pursuit, rooted
Thinking they are relevant
In the eternity of space
Relevance has no meaning.

Jason Benefield
Remembering Her Songs

Sound not the bell that we fear
Let the joy of music fill the air
We are here to light the pews
With everyone she knew.

Death follows life but let us see
The toll too soon brings melancholy
Bring out all the tunes she knew
For everyone jump out of your shoes.

Sound not the bell that tolls
Let's sing loudly today for her soul
Into the world where we will be so long.
We are here to remember her songs

Jason Benefield
Revealing Everything

Insight releases light
Into the darkest corners
Revealing everything.

Jason Benefield
Let us help ourselves
From our own misfortunes
Creating a positive vibe
To remain alive.

Let us save ourselves
From our own follies
No one from imagination
Will jump into help.

Collectively and individually
We are full of foolishness
Calling out to a paper hero
Pointing to the sky.

Really, are we so bereft of sense
Thinking that life can be solved
By an overarching theorized figure
Who is so heroic.

Jason Benefield
Saying Enough Is Enough

In the mustiness of time
We can smell history
Long gone stale.

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

How many wars are enough
No one cares this is the fear
Every year remains the same.

Staring out at this futility
We are passive onlookers
Never saying enough is enough.

Jason Benefield
Scarred By Life

Scarred by life
We feel the wound
Deeply, unforgettably.

Scarred by life
It remains
Hindering, handicapping.

Scarred by life
We speak of loss
Passing it on.

Scarred by life
We fail to flourish
Our flower wilts.

Jason Benefield
Smiled On By The Sun

Every flower has its day
Smiled on by the sun.

Attracting birds and bees
In full bloom so colourful.

After night it may not arise
Sunrise is always a surprise.

Jason Benefield
Something Of Nothing

We are no more than nothing
Thinking we are something
That is the smallest of all.

All is part of something
Yet, something is nothing
That's not much.

To be is to be all or nothing
In the fall of something
Is emptiness

Jason Benefield
Stares From The Aware

We of little care
Take misery
Fanning it here, there
Expecting nothing
Stares from the aware
Knowing little, belittled
Pretending life is ours
Instead being devoured
From within, so thin
Inside we are full of fear.

Jason Benefield
That Poetic Spark

That poetic spark
Ignites passion
From nowhere we know
Poets arise out of darkness
To direct light
On life's mysteries.

Jason Benefield
The Juice Of Prejudice

Prejudice oozes juice
The world over...
Dripping, covering all.

Squeezed so heartedly, everyday
Causing tears and fear
Eroding fairness.

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

Stand up to these manipulators
Call out ignorance when it appears
Squeeze them with fairness and equity.

Jason Benefield
The Prancing Horse

In a trance he took a chance
Jumped on the nearest stallion
Galloped into the night sky
Soon the Earth was a tiny dot
Blackness surrounded this fiery steed
Riderless going on and on
Heeding no distance, moved on
Forever, in the night sky indentified
As the Prancing Horse.

Jason Benefield
The Strike Of Its Time

In death nature renews
Queuing each species
A timing never falling behind.

In nature we see life glow
Death hides behind this flow
Until the strike of its time.

Timely, death fills a need
It must be heeded, seceded
Released nature grows.

Jason Benefield
Those Kicks

He was finally licked into shape
Life gave him a kick or two
One to be good and one for being bad.

Life has expressed her surprise
That he got here at all after the fall
Finally, or in the meantime he is here.

Not much hair but very aware and pared
That for all those kicks he sticks
He will return them to others.

Jason Benefield
To Conquer A Poem

To conquer a poem
We must be positive
Rounding up words
That deliver meaning
Not only to ourselves
But to our audience
Who will clap loudly
If a conquest occurs.

Jason Benefield
To Fumble A Kiss

To fumble a kiss
There is no near miss
Poets love to love.

Thine kiss we tremble
Like a leaf in belief
Painting romance.

To experience in a poem
A kiss must be prolonged
Not deformed.

Jason Benefield
To Fund More And More

When a god is a commodity
Pull out the plates
Fill them with notes
Against the backdrop of songs.

Build temples fill them...
With icons and fire
Light desire with incantations
Sell It to the world.

Ensure paintings and pictures
Adorn every space
This is the race for dollars
To fund more and more.

Jason Benefield
To Kiss The Past

To remember we kiss the past
All those memories fill our hearts.

Those days of sweetness drifting by
We hold so dearly; greetings and goodbyes.

Clouds that are so distantly placed
We are the fillers in this space.

Jason Benefield
Two-Headed Horse

Every regret lifted
From yesterday
Stands weakly
Espousing our sorrow
Borrowed from remorse
A two-headed horse
Divorced from reality.

Jason Benefield
What Is Your Theory

Before nothing there was nothing
No gods who were awaiting scribes.

Some 13.8 billion years ago
A contraction of nothing....

The Big Bang...
Becoming the beginning of everything.

This is the overarching theory
Take it or leave it.

What is your theory O wise one?

Jason Benefield
Where Creativity Forms

Never doubt a poetic voice
Coming from the inner soul
It does not speak to oneself.

Only to those who hear it call
Heard to be entranced by chance
Moments that are so clear.

Reminding all that this poet
Whispers from the depths of being
From where all creativity forms.

Jason Benefield
Where Have Our Days Gone

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

Every flower we see colours gloom
In the time it takes to bloom
The brightness of life soon fades
Each accumulated day turns to grey
A life filled with music and song
When exposed to its end is not long.

Then we cry where have our days gone
The answer comes from our past beyond
That plaintive call echoes so hollow
All songs sung with youth soon follow
Let us sing while we can like songbirds
Never let our time be emptied by sorrow.

Jason Benefield
Whispering Willows

Whispering willows
Anchored in time
Roots bind.

Jason Benefield
Why Didn't We Know

We dread to hear
It is our fear
That they died
No longer alive
Taken from our time
Our tears cry out
Why didn't we know
That all life must go.

Jason Benefield
Why O Why

To know is not to know how
That before something
There was nothing
A Big Bang 13.8 billion years ago.

To know is not to know how
The cosmos began thereafter
The moon and sun, some 5.5 billion years ago
Earth appeared 4.5 billion years ago
Held by gravity, spins by spin, spun.

To know is not to know how
Earth started as a fiery ball
Explosive flaming, moulded
Life beginning 4.25 billion years ago.

To know is not to know how
Humans formed from nothing to be
You and I some 200 millennia ago
Our closest relative a chimpanzee.

To know is not to know how
We started in Africa inhabited the world
Ending in Australia some 50 to 60 thousand years ago
Without boats, the oldest culture.

To know is not to know how
You and I are related to the first sapiens
Next to next a mixture of genes.

To know is not to know how
Improbably we all came to be from the Big Bang to now
Why we are all unique, no one ever the same
Why O Why?

To know is not to know how
We will all disappear.
Wings Of Thoughts

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

Reaching out we touch night
We are part of the Milky way
Dressed in white so bright.

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

Jason Benefield
Wisdom And Its Root

The wise are old so we are told
Examined, in reality
There is wisdom at any age.

Each mind is unique
Full of its own wisdom
Taken from life experiences.

One's wisdom finds another less so
An aging brain drains its youth
The reservoir left may be bereft.

Jason Benefield
Written On The Wind

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

Jason Benefield