Poetry Series

Stevie Taite

- 85 poems -

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A Quiet Side Street

A quiet side street
I guide your feet

'This is not the way'
You playfully say

Your hands on my waist
I steel a taste

My hand on your hip
I bite your lip

I wish it to last
It's over too fast

You kiss me again
As I leave for my train

lets wait and see
If you want more of me!

Stevie Taite

Affliction or Blessing?

It is an affliction I suffer,
to see only the good in people around me.
Does it make me sick?

Or is it a (mixed) blessing I behold?
to see only the good in people around me.
 It stifles the crap that ruins my fragile mind!

Stevie Taite

Angels fall

Angels fall

Angels fall
Sometimes it is because they are tripped
Tricked
Unguided
Neglected
No one really to show them the way
Easily received but selfishly not wanted
An accident
An inconvenience
Left to their own devises and what they know
They land on dirty grown, grubby nails and knees
and they scramble around in ignorant bliss

Angels fall
Sometimes it is because they were pushed
Rejected
Frustrated
Tempted
Someone forgets to polish the treasure
Taken for granted that the ring was binding
A habit
A convenience
Left to their longing and desires
and what they deserve
They fall on soft feathers,
that leave imprints of guilty relief,
and they languish a while.

Angels fall
Sometimes it is out of the blue for no good reason at all
Confused
Possessed
Obsessed
No one trips them, no one pushes them
A grip so tight round the heart
Teetering
Peering
They land in the ocean that is their heart
and it must be deep enough for all this love
as nothing else makes any sense.

Angels fall
Few are the angels that keep their wings
Enlightened?
Accepting?
Scared?
Please don't look down on us in that way
This flight for you was smooth
Lucky?
Righteous?

We all chose whether we live
cushioned by a cloud or on the ground!

Stevie Taite

Answered in dreams (a bit saucy)

I fell asleep, needy
You were not lying there
A dull ache reseeded
My body lay bare

The night passed as normal
Unaware my frustration
Should have sorted it out
With a quick masturbation

too sleepy was I
So I drifted away
But to my delight
Naughty dreams came to play

You came to the rescue
In the depths of my brain
The surprise when I woke
Was the bonus 'I came'

Stevie Taite

Autumn 's waking mutants!

When Autumn knocks and hangs his leafy coat up by the door
Drifting slowly in and leaving footprints on the floor
He drags along behind him his dormant pathogens
The central heating shakes them and their Summer slumber ends
We as humble humans stand to play the perfect host
A feast we serve the growing hoards, with medicines
 we toast.
The apex of the predators, so dominant are we
But every year stopped in our tracks by things we cannot see
We dropp like flies from offices, and schools have empty chairs
 A mutant generation catch our white cells unawares
We are lucky if the Autumn leaves us free from snotty
noses
And come the Spring we're thankful when the door on Winter closes.

Stevie Taite

Before A*

In maths I was average
Never appreciated the function
Very intimidated by this area
Got lost a multiple of times
Algebra? As easy as pie? haha
Thank Goodness Jack Kilby for your triumphant gadget!
The unknown number? 'C'

At English, I was as clumsy as a butterfly without wings
There wasn't A FORREST to walk through!
I had a GO. It was a MASSIVE walk in the dark.
I stumbled and unknowingly PEE'd but came through
with a 'B'and a 'C'

At art I was sketchy
We did not learn from the Greats
Or get to see the world through their eyes.
Technically, we never wrote more than our name on the back
My art emerged from ignorant pigment and HB and produced an 'E'

Geography was physically beautiful!
Although I couldn't find my way out of a paper bag, or remember many Capitals, I still ascended.
It was about the way of the land and people and populations!
I gloried at that globe and navigated an A

Science. What a cerebral exercise!
A new quirky language
Labelling and learning
A world in miniature to build as a concept
The gravity of it kept me rooted
The cause? Wonderment and osmotic thirst
The effect? An A

PE was just to keep us fit
RE was deemed morally essential (C)
Computers....Ahem.... Our school had Ten!
I still remember my schoolgirl French (C)
And don't mention zee Germans! (D)
I believe they have invented many more subjects since then?
My day when A was just A and not A*

Stevie Taite

Behold The Flower Of The Waterlily

Behold the flower of the waterlily
The pretty pretty flower
Below the surface is a long long stem
That from deep, floats the flower high

You can't just have the flower, no no no
It cannot be with out its deep reaching stem
It's anchored with integrity
And with out what's underneath, she will die.

Stevie Taite

Body Has The Last Laugh

Have you ever sniggered so much
that a snot bubble came out

Have you creased up
and then sprayed out all your drink

Have you chuckled out a fart
Maybe giggled out a wee

Or shoulder jiggled silently
 until your face turned pink.

Can you say with pride
that your laughter button works?

Do you care
 if the last laugh is on you?

Coz beware that if your senses
tell your brain to make you laugh

Your brain might tell
another body part to join in too!

Stevie Taite

Brown Limerick

There once was a poet called Brown
Who liked getting his ideas down
At rhyme he was Swell
Which is just as well
As free form and prose made him frown

Stevie Taite

Buried Seed

She was sitting, pretty
The metal serpent was transporting her from her flowery garden.
The heat of Summer was beautiful, perfect, all she wanted.
Then why, when cool shade, with a gentle breeze, never failed to complement,
did the heat of the old city call her?

He was waiting
A skyscraper?
Her own shyness had once been the best and most obstinate doorman.
Never allowing her more than a glimpse passed his wonderful facade.
Leaving only the room in her mind to explore freely

But now, where confidence had grown and curiosity sheltered
Where the grass was well trodden
And foundations set deeply elsewhere.
The edge, that fear had
kept her teetering.....
Now she would land softly.
It was safe to seek the buried seed, that was never destined to grow under shadows cast.

Stevie Taite

Call Time

Call time.

When the Sun goes down

Will I draw the curtains, smiling
or leave them stubbornly open and yearn for another dawn?

When last orders are called

Will I have sent everyone home
or will there be a ' lock in?

When the crickets play their loudest

Will their gently lullaby send me a slumber
or will it torment me and not let me rest?

Will I die alone or surrounded by love?

I hope my time is not called too early!
As much as I hope I am not left, powerless, waiting.

Stevie Taite

Catch A Poem

If you cast and catch a poem
Set it free, enjoy it flowing
Stretch it, streamlined in the brine
Either with or without rhyme

Your tide will take it, foot off the throttle
Unroll the message In the bottle
Save it, swim it back to shore
Share it here, then write some more!

Stevie Taite

Charlie's First Rainbow

Gloriously Grubby
Sipping on his Mountain Dew
A picture of contentment
Captured there in my rear view

A day full of adventure
Now a forming memory
He asked whilst glazing blankly
When our next day out would be

I laughed and told him gently
'You look ready for your bed'
He smiled a sleepy smile
Then focused on the road ahead

I spoke of future outings
As we drove on, homeward bound
But sleep soon interrupted
With its laboured breathing sound

I warmly recollected
Many summer days like these
Heading home, exhausted
Windows wound down for the breeze

But this one would be special
As the raindrops hit the bonnet
The horizon up ahead
Had a rainbow painted on it

Now, even though I learnt at school,
What puts them in the skies
The magic of these coloured arches
Still astounds my eyes

The clarity and flawlessness
Not marred by science told
And for Charlie, this would be his first
(he wasn't very old)

I savoured Charlie's wonder
And his eyes sprung open wide
Excitement echoed in his voice
As'follow it' he cried

'But Charlie, its across a field,
I cannot drive that way'
'We have to reach the end', He pleaded
'Please do as I say!

I think it ends right by our house

And so you simply must
Take the quickest route you can.
Oh, come on Mum, FULL THRUST! '

He aired his disappointment
With his ‘off road' route refused
And when I asked him, 'What's the fuss'
He stared at me, bemused

'Mum' He said, exasperated
'Haven't you been told?
That at the end of rainbows
Is the hugest pot of gold! '

Even though I knew it was
To be a pointless chase
My childish heart was hopeful
As we pulled up to our place

The rainbow hung there mockingly
As Sun and showers played
Its end still seemed so far away
And Charlie looked dismayed.

'They do not have an end' I said
'I'll teach you how they're done
So you can make your very own'
He cheered and looked less glum

(We took a picture, Charlie's arm
Stretched out in its direction
Just in time, as drying skies
Put end to natures spectrum)

Stevie Taite

Converse

Converse are best worn marked and scuffed
They faithfully give comfort
Like the company of old, reliable friends.
Moulded by memories.

Stevie Taite

Crossed Kin

Oral fumes
Languid looms

Chalk dusting
Cheese crusting

Pleases divide
Eternal abide

Fervent clash
Heady smash

Horizontal slack
Tightened rack

Pointless pair
Kinship spare

Stevie Taite

Cryptic Lipstick

Some poems are simplistic
They don't wear cryptic
 lipstick
And they never try to force it
If the words don't fit their corset
They may don a facade
But they never try too hard!
They're not as flat as pancakes
They are natural and are not fakes
Some work it trips and crashes
If it's wearing false eyelashes
'up do's ' can look pretentious
Wear it messy, be adventurous
It would lose all of its passion
If poems followed fashion
Whether free flow, prose or rhyme
Wear it your way, it's looks fine

Stevie Taite

Cure For Stuttering

Whilst walking to work through Brunswick Square
A man on a bench went to stand
He wore a brown suit and he had auburn hair
And a notebook was poised in his hand

His eyes were sincere and they pleaded to me
More than his words when revealed
A stammering sentence
congealed at his lips
And the smirk at my mouth I concealed

I fashioned a smile which served to bring calm
And he heartily took in some air
He passed me the book at the end of his arm
And I read under his watchful stare

The sentence was simple, it said nothing new
And I handed it back with conviction
I decided to give him the time he was due
And help cure his crippling
affliction

He looked at me kindly with thanks in his face
And I noticed his eyes were ice blue
He spoke his first words with a steadying pace
Which for him was a brave thing to do!

I turn out to be candidate number3
He had been there from first light of Sun
He had to stop one hundred people like me
and get us to sign when he'd done!

Although I admit I first thought it a joke
And this method of cure quite absurd.
My mind would be swayed with each word that he spoke
By the last line less stutter was heard

I told him well done and I said he was brave
 He thanked me and wished me good day
His eyes thanked me too with the look that they gave
And with that we both went on our way

Stevie Taite

Cyberspace

To live in Cyberspace puts a mask upon our face
Wireless whizzing binary affords us anonymity

Its amazing how the jargon travels at the speed of light
So we shouldn't press the send button until constructed right

Some people cyber bully, some people cyber brag
Some people cyber buy and sell, and some just cyber shag

The magic of the net keeps us 'caught up' and collected
It's criss crosses the globe, ensuring loved ones stay connected

Is it safe to live here and frolic in the mesh?
I'd say it's good for humans but it isn't skin and flesh!

Even FaceTime apps and Skype don't have the same appeal
You can't give hugs in cyberspace, there's just no touchy feel!

I like the world it's opened up, It more than has a place
But let's not get so caught up we forget our open space.

Stevie Taite

Daddy, swallow your pride.

I want to flip your view point over
With my spatula of persuasion
Tease the edges of your stubborn mind made up

I want to swap the duvet on your embedded
Wake up to a fresh perception
Shake the corners right down to the end

I want to plant a tiny seed of an idea
longing for the flower to take form
waiting for the right time to sow

I want to turn the page on your calendar
It's October and you are still on July
Remind you that times move on

I wouldn't change you for the world
even if I could, I wouldn't
But Daddy, swallow your pride with the drink I offer

Stevie Taite

Dream-ed Muse

It happened as a dream-ed muse, transpired itself awake
The longing met its target, from his slumber she did shake

To share with her a spark of passions fire starting strike
A match of two, belonging where a lovers spell ignites

Each one searched a yearn-ed touch, caressing languid stature
Tantalising grasps sent heart rates racing in their rapture

Moistened flesh slid sweetly, kisses shared, did taste devine
Their forms explored for high reward and rhythms worked in time.

Let not that sensual closeness as a memory remain
Remind her how it felt so good , be close to her again!

Stevie Taite

Driftwood

Drift wood

Is this just 'fun' for you?
Coasting on the ride.
It's been deep here with me.
Now I'm washed up in the tide.

Crashing over rocks.
Could you not just hold my hand.
And carry me beyond.
To fall on softer sand?

I was struggling for air.
Whilst you washed over me.
I thought that I could swim.
But It's unfamiliar sea.

I'm craving for the mainland.
But an island's what I get.
Where my poor mind is stranded.
As it won't let me forget.

Would you send me the drift wood.
That you stowed a ride upon.
And want the tide to take us.
To a place where we'd belong.

Could we stay there a while?
Im not asking forever.
As I understand my rescue.
Doesn't end with us together.

Stevie Taite

Drug Induced Blood, Sweat And Tears

Blood
I bled for you
lies I said for you
Truth I force fed to you
Red leaves stains

Language I took from you
Money I shock from you
white dust had hold of you
Little remains

Sweat
I'm ringing wet
Things that you forget
Now you have regrets
White ringed tides

Kind I cannot be
Cruel will set you free
Son, please stop and see
My love abides

Tears
That I have wept
Nights I haven't slept
Mornings when you crept
Home again

I've done all I can
You are your own man
Need me, here I am
Heal your pain

Tears, sweet, blood will pour
I will mop the floor
You're worth fighting for
Please come back

Be the son I knew
Back with worries few
Where only hope once grew
Before the 'Crack'

Stevie Taite

Earth Without People

You wouldn't write a song and not ask a voice to share.
A balloon's a useless thing if you don't fill it with air.
We wouldn't make a hammer for a nail not to be hit
And who would craft a chair, then allow no one to sit
in it.

The crafting of this Earth followed logic of the same
With all conditions set just right for life to stake its claim
The other planets not designed or destined for this use
Then how could we, the most evolved, bombarded it with obtuse
abuse.

We use up its resources at a rate it can't sustain.
Its spells its sad prognosis but too slowly we refrain.
We watch the species dwindle, as we hog the crafted chair.
And our tone deaf ears kill nature's song with notes that simply are
not there.

Nature filled balloons with breathe of life that we pollute.
It almost seems at self destruction, we are resolute.
But worldly goods won't be redundant if we run our course.
Hammer will nail the coffin shut, too late to act on
our remorse.

Stevie Taite

Exception To The Rule

'I' before 'e' except after 'c'
Im afraid that rule wasn't helpful to me!

I'm deficient at spelling and find it absurd
The incomprehensible weirdness of words

I'm reintroduced to the seismic array
Of words that don't follow the rules everyday!

My daughter is eight and
I hope she is free
 of this problem with words
that weighs heavy on me

My neighbour and I feel the the same it would seem
We discuss the dilemma whilst sipping caffeine

It was all very foreign when I was at school
Can you find the words that are breaking the rule?

Stevie Taite

Feel Sad For Me

Feel sad for me
The 'death' I feel
For the thing I mourn
That wasn't real

The burning ache
So bitter sweet
Unleashed from where
My wishes sleep

Beneath the surface
Frozen cold
Defrosted by
Desires untold

So warm it felt
Though tinged with sorrow
A mouth of taste
Forbidden to swallow

My heart is whole
safe and cherished
And inner demons
Would see it perished?

If not for sense
And circumstance
How fond is felt
The backward glance

Stevie Taite

Fetal and Folded

Within this nurturing capsule
I am fetal and folded
I listen to the embryo of language
And bathe in a vibration of basal rhythm
Here is where I grow
I do not eat but I am fed well
I drink as I bathe
A fitting gestation
Brings my birth
to cry and breath in one
Perfect even if flawed
Uniquely I belong
To you

Stevie Taite

Fishing

I went fishing, for you
Well more net dipping
Not wanting to upset the balance of nature
I clumsily caught you, fishing.....
Gently I placed you in my ice cream tub

I fed you with images, words and honesty
You ate eagerly, it appeared to please
I studied what I could see and tried to learn it by heart

I put the tub in the water
As I had been taught at home
So you could swim away freely and unharmed
I watched you swim
but by surprise, you swam back

And whilst I smiled the deepest your wish to return
I did not want to tame you all the same
You are not mine to keep
You belong in wider waters
But my ice-cream tub sits below the surface
Dear friend, if you are curious, swim by when ever
I may just, by coincidence walk past and peer in.

Stevie Taite

Forest Gump

Track, grass
Cross terrain
Runners on
Time to train

Concrete street
Pounding feet
Mile after mile
Repeat repeat

Arms tucked in
Pendulum swing
sweating profuse
Shimmering skin

Muscles will learn
Distance devoured
Fitness builds up
Body empowered

Carried by song
Time to unwind
Mentally strong
Freedom of mind

In the zone
Gps tone
Keeping me posted
Time to head home

Stevie Taite

Free The Waking Dream

I am sad
I tripped over tangled grasses
I slipped on real butter
I encrypted beyond deciphering

I mustn't regret
I feasted with pretence
I pleaded with unreasoning
I needed as was mislead

I can't blame
I bruised without a beating
I confused real with make believe
I refused to quit the candy

I must rest
I need what's in front of me
I bleed with the leeching
I freed my waking dream

Stevie Taite

Friday Night

To this point in time the ride had been rough
But the demand on posture to counter the motion would be forgotten
As impatience fermented foretaste

We took the detour,
Passed crisp, transparent slopes
Where mostly water fell into man made lakes
And the now distant mountains, with their treacherous descent would become
Embellished with a layer of illusory snow

At last we could switch off the noisy engine
And recline in our cerebral comfort
Intentionally stalling, windows fogging, distorting and enhancing the views.
Tunes shared through the muffled transmission of inarticulate hosts

Maybe a fools paradise from a wiser angle
We didn't care! This place was familiar and easily accessible.
But we knew if we did not leave before darkness fell we could not return home safely from here.

Stevie Taite

Game Of Life. Game On

Funny what life throws at you
Catch the rebound from a wall

Rallies can last an eternity, without distraction
How high to jump when it flies over head?

Off guard, it smacks right in the face.
Or slap bang in the chest, and forces life air out for a moment

Some keep fighting til light fades on court
Some choose not to play, or, don't get picked

Game of chance or game of skill?
Sometimes I have butter fingers, and should 'chalk up' for a better grip!

Stevie Taite

Gifted Gab

I puzzled repeat
Fathoms deep
Sacred shared
Troubles aired
Winding words
Freedom herds
Inside out
Whispered shout
Loosened noose
Creative juice
Invite lost
Share the cost
Fall inside
Throw lids wide
Prey don't tell
Break the spell
Bending mind
Meaning find
Gifted gab
Poets lab.

Stevie Taite

Goalie Haiku

Studded shoes dig in
Foe wish for butter fingers
Be a mind reader

Net best stay empty
Stop mid flight by hands instead
Back of net is bad

 Mouth guardian preempt well
Number less to make a win

Stevie Taite

Going Nowhere Hurts Less

My 'fun' dips in and out of reception
I guess I can't stand
feeling like something
you can take or leave

I don't want to hate you
It hurts to feel like that
If no feelings 'emerge' at all with you
then I am surely a fool?

So please just tell me politely
to stalk away
If you can't throw me
A morsal more than bait

It can't go anywhere far
We both know this is so
So stop it going nowhere
Even if nowhere hurts me less
than nothing!

Stevie Taite

Grow a happy tree

Good friend, take my hand, come with me
I planted you a happy tree
Please water it with hope and love
And it will grow the ground above
I'll care for it when you are weak
And help you find the life you seek!
And so you don't loose sight of your dream
I thought I'd make it evergreen!

Stevie Taite

High Board

I teeter at the edge
Peering down into the deep
Precariously balancing
Eyes closed, imagining

If I take that step
There is no going back
The fall will be exhilarating
Heart in mouth, liberating

And when it is done?
What will I become?
Will I repeat the plummet
Or enough to say I've done it!

It's water after all
What is to be afraid?
It laps below, summoning
Cajoling, teasing, beckoning.

The edge and back, the edge and back
A maddening frustration
A pride that I'm defending
Backs away and starts descending.

Stevie Taite

Honour killing?

From your loins, bear this beautiful fruit
Surely never tastes bitter, but her suitor didn't suit

From your guarded gardens to our fields spread vast
She grew on those borders with a split in the cast

A heart from the fields had her love buried deep
and that crack in the cast Is where two cultures meet

Your unnatural actions, twisted, evil, inhumane
Understanding escapes me...she put shame upon your name?

I hope you both rot for the gift you ripped apart
Your kind god is forgiving..but for this he has no heart! !

Stevie Taite

I Cry

Can I cry and get over you now?
Dear heart,
Stop your bleeding
Stem the flow
I am pleading
Can I cry and let go of you now?

Can I cry and get over you now?
Brave mind
Stop tormenting
That's enough
I'm repenting
Can I cry and let go of you now?

Can I cry and get over you now?
Sweet soul
Stop your bearing
I am done
Done with caring
Can I cry and let go of you now?

I cry for me now, letting go.
Bleed dry
Tired minds eye
Stop caring? I lie
Don't think I will ever get over you

Stevie Taite

I Felled The Old, Dead Tree

I felled the old, dead tree
To plant a fresh, new sapling
Watch it take root and grow

It gratefully receives
Your water, minerals and beautiful sunlight!
And enjoy with me the synergy of oxygen and CO2

Stevie Taite

I like Me Now.

I love my legs
There I said it wooohoooo
And my boobs aren't bad
For a mother of two

My legs have some veins
That I really want done
My boobs are quite small
But they're still bags of fun

The rest of my body
Can't really complain
Though it took some hard graft
Convincing my brain

My face isn't classic
According to who
Some magazine monkeys
With 'photoshop' glue

I'm not getting younger
But strangely it seems
I like myself more
Than I did in my teens!

When the crows feet just stayed
Even after the laughter
I was sad for a bit
But life's still good after!

I've been through dark phases
Feeling rough in my skin
So insecure
Like I didn't fit in.

But I've thrown all that out
I am thankful and free
Now I'm not holding back
I have grown to love me!

Stevie Taite

I Need A Mentor

I need a mentor
Who's honest with kind
 Sift prudently through
The ideas of my mind

They'll wring them out gently
Shake them flat, watch them dry
have a cloud with more wisdom
rain down from the sky

they'll challenge and stretch
Whisper things I don't see
Prescribe when it's illing
and think well of me

I'm sitting here waiting
Having penned this big ask
In the hope a kind soul
finds my plea, wants the task

I'm needy and draining
My faults are a many
It's a lot to take on
For not even a penny

But I hope if you read
What I spill from my heart
you'll see something you like
And we can make a start!

Stevie Taite

I Pinch But Flesh Does Not Answer

I pinch but flesh does not answer
I know I do not have long here
A wave of hesitation washes wonderfully over

On your face a serene smile
But you are silent
I steel a breath and drift to your side, through the daisies and buttercups

Innermost mind more endless than the universe
But trustily it searches for our favourite haunt
You smell so very real and for a tenuous moment I am content

My weightless body feels small, wrapped in the memory of your arms
You cup my face in your familiar hand and I taste my tears
You never left me, did you? You did? oh. I wake to a damp pillow.

It is best I am not the keeper of my dreams
The gate is unlocked and you are free to come and go as you please
 For if not, in sleep, death shared, as I would choose to sleep forever.

Stevie Taite

Id and The Ego's

Last night my Id, the tricky minx
Just had to play a game
 The day before both Egos
Occupied my busy brain! .....

They fight for my attention
These triplets born of Freud
Internal conflict Manifests
In things I should avoid.

I try to keep a balance
Between my heart and head
But when bad fells so bloody good
I side with Id instead!

Stevie Taite

Invest In Friends

Invest in friends
With reliable interest rates
For good returns

Stevie Taite

Just a load of silly limericks about people I know

I know young lady called Dee
Who lived in a bubblegum tree
She savoured the view
Whilst big bubbles she blew
And she only came down for her tea.

I know I young lady called Carolyn
Who said she was gonna go travelling
She afforded the lot
By a pay out she got
When her ex got impaled by a javelin.

There once was a poet called Ben
Who couldn't let go of his pen
He had a 'to do'
With some strong super glue
And it's been stuck there ever since then.

There once was a young Mr bright
Who wanted his farts to ignite
When he lighted the match
His fart just wouldn't catch
Coz the pants he had on were too tight!

I know a young lady called Laurie
Who burped after eating a curry
By god it was loud
And for this she was proud
Then she giggled and said she was sorry!

There once was a young man called Will
Who found it quite hard to sit still
He did not sit down once
No not even for lunch
It eventually made him quite ill

I know a lady called Karen
Who hired a group of hit men
She payed a few bob
For this one special job
And her ex was not spotted again

I know a girl called Nicola
Who craved for a day at a spar
She wanted shellac
And a rub of her back
But thought waxing was going too far

Stevie Taite

Left can't be left without right

Often I take a vacation
Where drive is on the right
I weave an alphabet of roads there
I enjoy the scenery
When I am at this place
It is ok to spill!
I am passionate, impulsive and a little bit wreck less

Then it's back to work
And have left it all behind
Sometimes order and organisation are necessary
But the temptation is
To get out and walk
On the right
And face the oncoming

Stevie Taite

Light relief (edit of Trashy Mag)

They sit there plain, my writes of late
No wish to over complicate

Yet some may preach or scrutinise
And mark them just for laymen's eyes

But don't some seek a trashy mag
When mind is tired from days that drag?

Or movies that are action packed
No need for thought to interact

Like junk food serves to hit the spot
In small amounts it matters not!

Sometimes a lighter tone
Transcends
A message all can comprehend

It still can reach a deeper nook
Like morals in a childish book

And all befitted in a rhyme
A pleasant way to spend some time

And If my flavour tastes too bland
There's plenty more in PH land

Stevie Taite

Longing A Banished Word!

If I could cast a magic spell
To cover the deceit
  Protecting kin from any Sin
Then freely we could meet

Saved from hurt, the ones we love
A parallel we'd find
Where longing was a banished word
As nobody would mind

But no such trick exists
So surreptitiously we tread
Need outweighing guilty thoughts
no mention of it said

More sensible would be
To pinch the flame that burns within
Yet the sorrow that this idea brings
Extinguishes the sin

How cruel it is to have to choose
Each path carved through the soul
But one path shatters many lives
The other leaves them whole.

Stevie Taite

Make Friends

Reality
He is a prick
That pops your bubble

Honesty
She is a bully
That stamps on your rose tinted glasses

Well you better make them your friends then!

Stevie Taite

Messy Daughter

Messy daughter
Messy daughter
Makes my blood boil
Ought to just
Follow after
Bin her trail
Of disaster

Put away
Put away
Is it too much to ask?
 Didn't inherit
The 'tidy' gene
Well, at least
SHE'S quite clean!

Stevie Taite

Mind Over Matter

Mind over matter
What's the matter?
It's your assumption
Be responsible for it

If the matter doesn't mind
That's because why should it?
Your mind put it there.
It only really matters to you.

Mind over matter
Mental strength
With this matter in mind
I need to work out
So I am less vulnerable

Stevie Taite

Mother

My mother
Once was
The centre
On my circle maker

My mother
Once was
The warmth
Around a cold hand

My mother
Once was
The smile
On a pensive face

My mother
Once was
The rule
To run rings around

My mother
Once was
The champion
Of assurance and affection

My mother
Once was
The guide
Through a foreign land

My mother
Is now
The open window
Of a tamed bird

My mother
Will always be
In my heart
And part of me.

Stevie Taite

Mother and Daughter

Not so cunning as a fox
My curious daughter went uninvited into my jewellery box

She left a trail of clues so clear
That said she had explored my gear

But a memory was unfolded
I didn't question, I left her unscoulded

I remember having the same obsession
With my own mothers precious possessions

It made a smile wash over, with pounding heart beats.
Mother and daughter, for ever and ever and history repeats!

Stevie Taite

Not in this universe

I did dream for more time
Wish and want for proper time
A first date....wine and dine
The cinema your hand in mine
A first time lips meet
An evening stroll along any street
A first mornings kissed
Nay this universe missed
That moment in the past was lost
Then permitting only time at cost
At an inconvenient date
Drawn together all too late
Precious sand falls by gravity's ask
Hear the ticking futility as deceptive hours pass
Time wistfully wasted
Longings end is sorrowfully tasted
no will to wash my hands of kin
A life time made and saved here in
Pitiful heart beats on
Invested hearts continue strong

Stevie Taite

On Your Pillow

On your pillow
Indent made
Shower running
There I laid
Sleepily
I stretched my limbs
And smiled as now
 my act begins
I did feign
Unconsciousness
And breathed so deeply
As you dressed
I waited
as you fumbled blind
To see if you would
Still be kind
And gently plant
A morning kiss
Not try to wake me
From this bliss
(Soft wet touch
like dawns fresh mist)
Then pick your change
In pocket put
Down stairs you went
With gentle foot
And quietly
You turned the key
So careful not
To disturb me
You did this
As you always do
My darling husband
I love you!

Stevie Taite

One year a tree day

Oh gently giants
How are you so old?
Calendar after calendar
Shaped from your sacrifice
Crowned producer so cleverly a meal maker
Sun fed in joyous morn, your hazy green unfolds a shady relief
Making most of your day, you silently forge another ring
By evening your clothes are wondrously worn from visible labours
Nay with your resourceful reasoning you shall stitch and recycle whilst rewarding your tiny helper
And in your night, naked and fasting, sipping your mineral (homemade) tipple and contemplating your next great day.....
Our year a tree day
Bare, bud, green, gold
This is how you are so old!

Stevie Taite

Our Craft (Haiku)

Eloquently done
Your form you shape with chisel
Chisel of the mind

My eyes caress it
Feel filed contours of stanza
Such pleasing artwork

Bag of ideas put to work
New shapes will take form
today

Stevie Taite

Payal Limerick

There once was a poet called Payal
Who's poetry really took sail
It travelling this sight
Giving readers delight
And to please us she just couldn't fail!

Stevie Taite

Pink or Blue?

She asked
Do you want a drink?
I said yes I do I think....
How much do I owe
She said don't be silly,
 Here you go

She asked
So, do you like pink?
I had to stop and think
I said No I prefer blue
But I appreciate the view,
And thank-you

Stevie Taite

Poetic licence

Poetic licence

I use my poetic licence a lot
Its a vital piece of ID
Border control won't let me cross
They'd stop me being as free

Its dog eared now beyond repair
And if it falls to bits
I'll order me another
For all language's misfits

I use it so much when I jiggle my words
Ought to get it laminated
Cover my back when the words don't quite fit
In the stanza I've created

The poem police are out there you know
In search of a dodgy poet
Always carry it in your head
In case you have to show it!

If you are so daring
That you'd use a word like orange....
Some would get a nervous twitch
I get a nervous twinge!

A few words, they just cant be rhymed
No matter if you're smart
So write in prose
And prosper in this slightly different art.

Stevie Taite

Poor Little Pinkies

My dearest little pinkies
With your tips of ruby treasure
I know you'll be complaining
Soon
And screaming your displeasure

Say hello to socks and boots
The weather is the reason
And that pedicure I got you
Was the last one of the season

You're happiest when you can wriggle freely all the day
But sadly you must kiss goodbye
To flip flops til next May

You'll moan at being squashed and sore
I'll promise as you groan
Of freedom from your clompy cells
As soon as I get home.

Stevie Taite

Positivity

I'm finding truth within myself.
It barricades my mental health
I had to find belief in me
Without this I was trapped, you see

My heart is large, with feelings deep
And often for the world I weep
So try I may and try I might
Do what I can, to help it right

I seek the beauty all around
If you look hard it can be found
Turn the tainted on its tail
Let positivity prevail

The God I seek rings in us all
But many chose to miss the call
Just maybe though, without this wrong
Ideas of right would not hold strong

Without the dark there is no light
Without the ground there is no flight
So count your blessings, hold them close
And of them you must make the most.

Stevie Taite

Product Appeal

Mine is for niche, not wide market promotion
And only some have opted to' buy the full version'

The parts are functioning and well organised
But I, forever scrutinise

If I am not happy with my wares
Who is going to want to buy shares?

Stevie Taite

Promises

He sharpened his tongue before he came
I had ears shielded with understanding
Innocently I had follied, too horizontal
 He was vertically vexed
I was rehearsed, tail tucked, eyes downcast
He was ready to prompt me, with poignant pauses
I knew my lines and I meant to mean every word
I cannot act to save my life
When it was done I let him own his smugness
And I made promises I would try and keep.

Stevie Taite

Putting computers in their place

The age of computers and clever machines
Came from the minds of the human supremes
They thought it would ease
and relieve human plight
But the truth is it doesn't with thoughtful hindsight
They may do things quicker and save lots of space
No need for CD rack or even book case
I connect with the world just by moving my thumb
And check if tomorrow we'll get rain or sun
It's all very clever but here is the catch
What technology churns out a human can't match
So supreme own the world as all power they rob
And more and more people are losing their job
But poems and music and dance and great art
Set the machines and us quite far apart
From our brains come a wonder, it's what makes us great
The expression of art forms, desire to create
A computer falls flat on its binary face
In this one respect, we put them in their place!

Stevie Taite

reclining nude

How fruitful the rounded limbs of the reclining nude
Soft contours long to be caressed by the eye
In all feminine holds robust strength
Fragility insults the perception of woman.
In this form sensual solidity and sweetened slopes of eb and flow
A womb of seeds transcribes life's intriguing form
Breasts propped, from which warm heart of desire appears to beat
Thighs that lay unified with the gravity of the Mother Earth.

Stevie Taite

Response to a great poem about spiders

I read a poem called ‘spider month'
It portrayed the fear, and was a triumph
In reply I wrote this poem below
(The poet was V. Doherty, so you know)

I also dread that time of year
But thankful for the flies they clear

I wish they'd hide, stay out of sight
Not scurry 'cross the boards at night

A movement in periphery
Makes heart rate rise immediately

I'm quick to make my feet retract
For fear of them is not an act

Perhaps we shouldn't be so hard
On keeper of the fly graveyard

I have on up upon a shelf
I never see him, he is stealth

I often have to use a Hoover
Just as a dead fly remover

He kills the wasps, he's that hardcore
As creatures, I hate them much more

As long as he stays out if sight
To let him live? I think I might! X x

Stevie Taite

Rose Tinted Glasses

Pleaae don't ask me to take off
My rose tinted glasses
Sometimes when it's blurry
I peek over the top
But I really can't see 'very well'
Without them!

Stevie Taite

Saved

Scraped
the inside surface of my rib cage

Hell
Was never turning to the next page

Stagnant
Murdering surface of the pond weed

Sealed
Entombed and stifled by the wrong need

Scared
Was how malignancy had grown strong

Faced
Was how to kick it into head long

Healed
The mind that breaks out of its prison

Saved
The ledge that sanity had given

Stevie Taite

School pick up haiku

The rain is falling
Guess it must be the school run
Bloody typical

Stevie Taite

Seale Limerick

There once was a poet named Seale
With writes of far reaching appeal
He wrote through the night
Where his poems took flight
And when they were done he'd reveal

Stevie Taite

Sealed

Within the seal, a captured mirage
I am excused to miss you

Within this sealed tomb, shy from light
I am sure it is safe to love you

In the interim I lay feigned trust in the seal
Nay you seep out like sand through fingers

A breeze sees you reach every waking hour
Dusting my heart with brown sugar

The desert in some sense a serene landscape
But thirst and searing heat sharpens the opposing blade

I walk in the desert day after day
Until I can once again set you free from your tomb.

Stevie Taite

Something Great

It is a challenge
To make something good
Out if nothing

But harder still
To make something great
Into nothing!

Stevie Taite

Stark

All matter and existence
build from the concept of quark
Stark

Everything you need for life
Fits on one Arc
Stark

A misty graveyard with just
the song of the Lark
Stark

The raving madness that takes hold
and makes you bark
Stark

The cutting bluntness
of a succinct remark
Stark

Barron, the searing desert
I fight the urge to disembark
Stark

A broken mind, in the shade
of depression, so dark
Stark

A winters morn alone
on a bench in an empty park
Stark

Stevie Taite

Surrealism

Poems and dreams (surrealism)

Alone
In our head with many
Unknown

Faces
Forms that disconnect
Places

Surreal
When the dawn shakes us
Feel

Unplanned
Abstract association
Understand

See
Unconscious mind
Free

Strive
Elements of chance
Alive

Accidental
Random mix and match
mental

Truth
Search for understanding
Sleuth

Stevie Taite

Sycamore Seed

Spinning slowly in the breeze
The sycamore seed follows blindly the random current of sun risen air
Unique to every other
It is driven by nature to reach beyond the realm
It's passage is graced with pirouetting design
On landing, who preys for its requiring conditions?
It is by chance alone that is made the sapling tree
It is by chance alone it's true purpose is realised
It is by chance alone, chance that chances collide
Catch your breeze
Spin wildly
Reach far
Chance that chance will be knocked by your will
Unique you are, spinning slowly in the breeze

Stevie Taite

The day after the pillow write

I wrote you a poem
I knew one was owing
It had to ring true and spell out how you are
You don't have a poetic bone in your body
So demanding your interest
Was going too far

Few of my writes
Had you on the invite
As you'd said that the meaning goes over your head
A role of the eyes is your silent reply
So til now I've kept most of them from you instead.

But the morn before this
As you planted that kiss
A poem emerged I was sure
would transcend
The picture it painted was
just as occurs
And I knew it would reach you, so I pressed send.

I looked at the floor
As you walked through the door
And smiled coyly but didn't coax any praise
Those curls soon turned South
at the ends of my mouth
Cos the subject, I'm sad to report, was not raised: -(

Stevie Taite

There once was a poet called Thomas

There once was a poet called Thomas
Who bestowed all his wisdom upon us
Pen a poem he could
They were always so good
And his comments were kind and without cuss

Stevie Taite

There Once Was A Valerie D

There once was a Valerie D
Who's poems we all loved to see
They came from her heart
She's perfected her art
Can she pass on her wisdom to me?

Stevie Taite

Time For A Break

I'm taking a break from Penelope Hayes
I've been living in her pocket for days
I love her to bits but the truth of it is
I owe some time to my husband and kids

Its not that I'm bored of her company
The opposite really, she makes me feel free
I treasure the joy of our two way exchange
But to be so wrapped up in one person looks strange

I'll knock for you soon my sweet of lady of lilt
But neglecting my kin leaves me riddled with guilt
My family crave my full focus on them
So dear Penny, kiss kiss and TTFN.

Stevie Taite

Wasps are Carnivores

Wasps are carnivores
Yes they eat meat
Aggressive meat eaters
mean meat eating stinging machines

I am not vegetarian
But I don't have a sting in my tail
Bloody wasps spoil the summer.

I googled to see if they did anything useful
I didn't like what I found
Without them, wine would not exist.

Ok ok I don't hate you quite as much
But is this why you are so smug?
Sometimes after wine I get a sting in my tail!

Stevie Taite

Where to put you

Out of habit I put you into my futuristic
My future and you were born together
And you enjoyed to play as familiar kin
Then one day, one of you died out of insurance
So the other floats, lost, helpless
Lost words
Lost worlds
Lost link
Paper bodies, cardiac pen, inked blood, embodied space
Can you manage, my sweet child,
I need for your survival, so live in this dimension

I need for your survival, sweet child, so for you, I will re-enact
a time almost forgotten.

Stevie Taite

Where's my pen?

Prolific poet pen
Mind exploding
Needs unloading
Again again again

There and then is how
For if not
Will be forgot
They live in the now

Cares not what the hour
3am
I need that pen
By morning will turn sour

Like conceiving new
Embryo made
Idea laid
Pen made sure it grew.

Paper not a must
Back of hand
Will do grand
On my skin I trust.

Stevie Taite

White Triangle

White cotton triangle
Placed on draped dress
 Over back rest

Laying in wait
Imagine the form it fits upon
When the longing night is gone

Bathed in soothing warmth
Soft as petals of the rose
Think of this before eyes close.

Stevie Taite

With Out A Parachute

Is it endearing
when my tongue ties?
Do you like the flutter
Of my butterflies?
I reel with a nervousness hard to reign in
It's blatantly clear by the rouge of my skin
But it's strangely addictive
To be close to you
Like seeking a thrill as those skydivers do
I know I won't plummet
I'll land in your arms
With no parachute
I'll fall for your charms
You'll put me at ease
Run your hand through my hair
And you'll-make me believe
That you're glad I am there.

Stevie Taite