

Poetry Series

J.A McManus
- poems -

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J.A McManus(19/2/1983)

I am 26, happily married since 2005 and have two young children, I live in Carlisle, Cumbria, that's right up in the north of England if you were wondering! I am a aspiring poet, playwright and novelist. I hope anyone viewing my poems will enjoy reading them as much as I enjoyed writing them. If anyone wishes to discuss my poetry or wants advice on their own poems please feel free to ask any questions you may have. When I am not writing I enjoy watching films, football and documentaries. I enjoy reading fantasy literature and my favourite poets are Edgar allen poe and Dylan Thomas. Thanks for your time.

A Land Of Shadow And Sin.

I cast my eye across this corrupted land
Where life and death is often bought so cheap
Where evil men carry guns and cruel smiles
Past small orphans, who softly wail and weep.

I cast my eye across this corrupted land
And feel a sad tear land upon my cheek
For this is the land where the devils stay strong
And the saints are all kept silent and weak.

I cast my eye across this corrupted land
And shake my head in complete disgust
As I watch the innocent being beaten
By police who are anything but just.

I cast my eye across this corrupted land
And know deep down that good can never win
Not within this terrible and bankrupt place
For, this is a land of shadow and sin.

J.A McManus

Amongst The Red Reeds (A Sonnet.)

The striking scarlet standard swings so low
Over the blue, broken bodies of men
The sun becomes cold and loses it's glow
Across the awful, bloodstained fields and fen
The tiny orphans cry and wail so hard
As do the mournful widows and mothers
Whilst they listen to the yarn of the bard
About their lost fathers, sons and lovers
They hear of their loved ones courageous deeds
Upon the sodden, bloody battle fields
And through the perfidious, muddy reeds
Which are now adorned with their swords and shields
And that is where those men now lay at rest
Amongst the red reeds of the marshland's crest.

J.A McManus

Another Year Gone (A Free Verse Poem.)

Is it just me or does time seem
To move faster the older you get?
It almost feels like the world is
Moving too quickly and I must
Move with it or be left behind,
For the world waits for no man
I can remember back to when
I was much younger than I am now it
Doesn't seem that long ago, does it?
Perhaps it does, but I'm not certain
I can remember things, things that
Seem like they happened yesterday
But they don't seem real somehow
The person in those memories is not me
Well, at least not the me that I am now
I have changed, the endless march
Of time has made sure of that but
I am not sad and I am not bitter
I have become a husband and a father,
And because of those precious gifts
I long to know what other beautiful things
I may become with the turning of the world;
But even the wonderful blessings which
May come in the years ahead make the
Speeding of time no less strange or frightening.

J.A McManus

Baby Girl.

Ten fragile, fidgety fingers
Ten tiny, ticklish toes
A pair of beautiful pink lips
Below a cute, button nose.

A head full of dark, downy hair
A mind so unspoiled and young
A smile that always spreads such warmth
Like the shining, summer sun.

A stare full of such quiet awe
A soul so untamed and new
A set of eyes, like rare diamonds
That sparkle so bright and blue.

A heart full of instinctive love
That makes my own swell and swirl
An angel sent within the guise
Of a gorgeous, baby girl.

J.A McManus

Beautiful Queen.

God's warm breath caresses my naked neck
Below a hundred streams softly sing
Standing here upon this heavenly place
Makes me feel as mighty as a king.

The wild flowers sway and dance tenderly
Through endless fields of emerald green
They are truly a vision to behold
Though not as beautiful as my queen.

J.A McManus

Behind Iron Bars.

As I peer through these cold iron bars
I can see the stars burning so bright
Oh yes! They burn so blindingly bright
Across the dark blue blanket of night.

As I peer through these cold iron bars
I yearn to soar like a silver kite
Oh yes! Just like a silvery kite
Across the dark blue blanket of night.

As I peer through these cold iron bars
I long to stroll under the starlight
Oh yes! To stroll under the starlight
Below the dark blue blanket of night.

As I peer through these cold iron bars
I know I'm lost in my own twilight
Oh yes! Lost in my own bleak twilight
Below the dark blue blanket of night.

J.A McManus

Bully.

Your words will never hurt me
Above them, I shall always rise
Like warm air that escapes high
Into the winter's sun kissed skies.

Your hate does not infect me
To that illness, I am immune
I don't want to be like you
I like to dance to my own tune.

Your punches I do not feel
For I am so far, far away
Safe in my own little land
Where pain does not visit or stay.

So go ahead and beat me
Bully me, if it makes you grin
Just know you will not break me
Because bullies can never win.

J.A McManus

Cancer (A Quinzaine Poem.)

You don't seem to be fighting
Are you still fighting?
Can you fight?

J.A McManus

Christmas Rush.

I used to hate the Christmas rush
With endless queues that flow out shop doors
Packed with people that push and shout
As they run around the crowded stores.

I used to hate the Christmas buzz
My money is gone before it's earned
I'm really not keen on turkey
Especially when it's bloody burned.

I used to hate the Christmas fuss
All I can hear is some festive tune
My house looks like the Vegas strip
So full of bright lights, they dim the moon.

But now I have kids, I try to
Make Christmas perfect in every way
Because their small, smiling faces
Makes my festive pain just melt away.

J.A McManus

Dead Drummers Beat.

I can hear the pounding of the dead drummers beat
Telling me the secrets that only they can keep
From within their never-ending, dark, dreamless sleep
Lost forever in the waters, so vast and deep.

They tell me of the days when the earth was still young
They teach me the lyrics of songs that they once sung
They tell me tales of bloody battles that they fought
And about all of the lessons which they were taught.

They describe exotic goods from old market stalls
And the ruined insides of their once splendid halls
They tell me of walls made from the strongest of stones
But they were no match for the ocean's deadly groans.

So now they lay in the waters, so vast and deep
Trapped for eternity in death's dark, dreamless sleep
Whispering the secrets that only they can keep
Can you hear the pounding of the dead drummers beat?

J.A McManus

Democracy.

Democracy is not grown and cultivated
In crimson poppy fields that bathe in the sun
Democracy is not a shield to hide behind
When your deceit finally becomes unspun.

Democracy cannot be wrestled from the grasp
Of men who rule with a tyrannical lash
Democracy is not a beautiful phoenix
That soars from conquered cities reduced to ash.

J.A McManus

Dragon's Fire.

If a glowing hoard of golden treasure
Is the sole object of your desire
You must be prepared to sleep forever
Within the dragon's consuming fire.

If instant fame and personal glory
Is what you really hope to acquire
You must be prepared to rest forever
Within the dragon's red, raging fire.

If being recalled long after your gone
Is what you really seek and require
Then your fate may be fulfilled in the flames
Of the dreaded dragon's, searing fire.

J.A McManus

Empires (A Free Verse Poem.)

Empires are like the vast waves
Upon a never ending ocean of time
They start off humbly before rising
Out of the gloom of their origins.

Forever reaching up towards the
Sacred searing light of the heavens
Searching for a promise of power
That is never found, or fully realized.

Those that bare witness to it can
Only marvel at it's sheer decadence
And it's raw, unlimited power which
Drives it's endless, unsatisfied greed.

As quickly as it appeared it sinks away
Into the oblivion of the darkness which
Gave it birth, only for another to follow
In its wake, thus the cycle goes ever on.

J.A McManus

Faded Friendship.

Running around like maniacs
Me and you the crazy pair
Chasing screaming girls with ribbons
Of red knotted in their hair.
Kicking muddy footballs against
The grey, stony classroom wall
Happy memories of when we
Were so innocent and small.

Lazy, crazy, embarrassing
Adolescent nights and days
Lost in the labyrinths of our own
Private, foggy, zigzagged maze.
Smoking until our minds became
So scattered and always numb
Faded memories of when we
Were so very young and dumb.

A cold, bustling street is now where
We often see each other
But you are no longer my friend
No longer my blood brother.
You've become a stranger with a
Familiar voice and face
Perhaps we'll get our chance again
In another time or place.

J.A McManus

Father's Pride.

You can always make my heart
Ripple with a fathers pride
And a love that is greater
Than the always turning tide.

You are so full of laughter
My little bundle of joy
You are my bright, guiding light
You are my beautiful boy.

J.A McManus

Fireworks.

The sky comes alive
With so many hues
Starbursts of scarlet
Or bright neon blues.

Showers of gold rain
Fall down from the sky
Forever they glitter
Within my mind's eye.

Silvery rings spin
And splendidly gleam
Upon smoky clouds
Of glorious green.

Beautiful rockets
Of light shoot and soar
With huge explosions
That fill me with awe.

J.A McManus

First Class.

Your clothes, your cars, even your home
We judge success on the things we own
So corrupted and so confused
Young minds getting utterly abused.

Can you not see that we're all slaves
Working ourselves into early graves?
Working to buy things we don't need
Caught in the shadow of our own greed.

Obsessed with objects out of reach
Deaf ears don't hear the words wise men preach?
We must be victims of some hex
As we watch foul adverts of fake sex.

Filling our guts with tainted feasts
Whilst we live like wild, barbaric beasts
Confined in a cage of brick and glass
Whilst the rich live their lives in first class

J.A McManus

Goodbye (A Septolet Poem.)

Skin So pale,
And cold
Like ice.

Goodbye
My strong,
Sweet angel,
Goodbye.

J.A McManus

I Am (A Sonnet.)

I am as sharp as a newly wrought blade
I am as ancient as the deep, cold caves
I am as dark as the night's constant shade
I am as endless as the ocean's waves
I am as lonely as the cold mountain
I am as hard as a giant oak tree
I am as soothing as the old fountain
I am as untamed as the fierce sea
I am as unyielding as solid steel
I am as mighty as a thunder storm
I am as graceful as a spinning wheel
I am as rousing as the summer's dawn
I am not scared of the shadow of death
I am the giver of life's precious breath.

J.A McManus

I Shall Always Love You.

I still can not believe
That you have left
I still feel so alone
And so bereft.

Every single time that
I think of you
I can still see your eyes
So wise and blue.

You watched me as I climbed
And leapt and ran
You were forever my
Number one fan.

It's true that I never
Cried when you died
But tears couldn't halt my
Pain deep inside.

Because you were more than
Family to me
You were the man that I
Aspire to be.

I remember all of
Our long, slow walks
And cherish all the words
Of our long talks.

Why did you have to go
And get so sick?
Why did you have to go
Away that quick?

You were the kindest man
I ever knew
And that is why I shall
Always love you.

J.A McManus

Invisible Folk.

We are the invisible folk
Who hide behind invisible names
Sitting on invisible chairs
Whilst we play our invisible games.

We are the invisible folk
On the hunt for invisible souls
Keeping our invisible hands
Upon your invisible controls.

We are the invisible folk
Fighters of the invisible fight
Sleeping on invisible beds
Dreaming of our invisible might.

We are the invisible folk
Soldiers of the invisible war
Taking up invisible arms
So we'll be invisible, no more.

J.A McManus

Little Gods.

The little gods, spitting curses like unholy prayers
Hatred burning in their eyes, consuming like fire
Their hands forever stained with innocent blood.

They wander through the dark, abandoned streets
Their faces cloaked from the misery they spread
The little gods, spitting curses like unholy prayers.

You almost feel sorry for the poor little bastards
Afraid of whatever they don't or can't understand
Hatred burning in their eyes, consuming like fire.

So vainly and cheaply they love, then toss it aside
Kicking at the bars of society like babies in a crib
Their hands forever stained with innocent blood.

J.A McManus

Little Ones.

Little ones never wish
Your young lives away
Live for the here and now,
Remember today.

Please don't forget to
Laugh often and loud
And seek silver linings
In every dark cloud.

And even when life falls
Apart at the seams
Choose not to give up on
Yourself or your dreams.

Don't try to hinder love
Whatever it's form
Everyone needs shelter
To weather life's storm.

J.A McManus

Lost (A Free Verse Poem.)

From the pit of my coldness
You burn me with acid-filled glares
Like I am nothing but garbage left to go stale
Out here I have no shelter from the rain.

I wander hungrily through familiar streets
Looking for somewhere to belong
I am labelled as a leper amongst the sick
For you do not want to see or hear my pain.

As I stand in the doorway of my despair
I watch the world from it's shadows
I have become a phantom with no hope
For I have ran out of people to blame.

J.A McManus

My Absolute Everything.

The love that I carry for you
Continuously swells and grows
Blossoming just like the tender
Petals of a red perfect rose.

Your beautiful, bewitching smile
Fills my heart so full of gladness
Erasing all of my doubts and
Ending every trace of sadness.

Your gentle and loving spirit
Feels just like paradise to me
As soothing and tranquil as the
Clear waves of the exotic sea.

The very thought of you makes me
Feel like I want to dance and sing
You are my reason for being
You're my absolute everything.

J.A McManus

Nana.

What an amazingly strong woman
A trusted, and dearly loved friend
Whose love never had any limits
And whose devotion knew no end

She was raised in a little village
Above the waves of Morecambe bay
How I wish I could of seen her then
When she was still as young as day

She had a passion for performing
With her youthful, natural grace
How I would of loved to see her move
With a beaming smile on her face

I will always remember her voice
And her cheerful, gentle laughter
How I long to hear it once again
When we meet in life's next chapter

J.A McManus

New Dawn.

The glory of old legends
Lies buried in the past
The roadside remains unseen
Where dark shadows stay cast.

As the icy winds of fate
Howl sharp throughout the land
Memories are blown away
Like golden grains of sand.

But the farmer carefully
Sows seeds in the new dawn
For the light of tomorrow
Is where new hope is born.

J.A McManus

New Millennium Minstrel Show.

Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to
The new millennium minstrel show
The fanciful dream of yesterday
The awful nightmare of tomorrow.

Corking up whilst crooning to music
Was long ago and now forgotten
But it's been replaced by something far
More devious and down right rotten.

No longer do the minstrels act, sing
Or dance like indolent, simple fools
They're too busy waving around guns
And bragging about their shiny jewels.

I sit and wonder what Doctor king
Or Malcolm x would have to say if
They were both still alive to see the
Black, authentic minstrels of today.

J.A McManus

Nobody Knows.

No one can tell me
Nobody knows
Where the wind comes from
Or where the wind goes

No one can tell me
Nobody knows
Where the wind carries
The white winter snows

No one can tell me
Nobody knows
What the wind whispers
To black feathered crows

No one can tell me
Nobody knows
Where the wind comes from
Or where the wind blows.

J.A McManus

Old Friend.

Has the ball finally fell to rest
Upon your stately, broken breast?
Has the golden trumpet lost it's tune
Amongst the flowers all in bloom?

The swine eat greedily at your flesh
They drink your blood, so sweet and fresh
Yet they hold your torch within their hands
So they may burn the foreign lands.

You were once the face of liberty
Now you're lost in a bloodstained sea
So bon voyage my wise, trusted friend
For I fear you have met your end.

J.A McManus

Orphans Lament.

I feel as small as a speck of dust
That dances along the milky way
I feel as abandoned as a park
On which the children no longer play.

I feel as unloved as a garden
Which is neglected and overgrown
I feel as lonely as a drifter
Who walks the winding road all alone.

I feel as empty as an old bed
That nobody chooses to sleep upon
I feel as silent as a mute lark
That vainly tries to still sing his song.

I feel as fragile as red rose
That grows through the cracks of old cement
But do not shed tears over me, for
This is every orphans sad lament.

J.A McManus

Poetic Verses.

Poetic verses flow through the
Warm blood pumping within my veins
They invade my mind with words that
Explode inside my scrambled brains.

Wild metaphors and similes
Free my thoughts from their deep, dark cage
All my private feelings laid bare
Upon the pallid, once blank page.

Poetic prose throbs in my heart
It's fierce pulse falls from my nib
It contracts right through me just like
The breath that lays beneath my rib.

Words of beauty burn in my soul
They always set my pen alight
With language that makes me feel as
Free as a bird in fearless flight.

J.A McManus

Questions Of You.

What are you trying to sell
But then just give away?
What is it your dreaming of
As the night fades to day?

What kind of truth do you seek
In my old house of lies?
What's hidden beneath the mask
Of your clever disguise?

Are you looking for wisdom
Or just some kind of faith?
Do you fear the white angel
Or the cold fingered wraith?

Do you become strong or weak
As you grow grey with age?
Do you love with tenderness
Or do you hate with rage?

J.A McManus

Sandman.

You can't ever imprison me
Through closed eyes you won't ever see
I lurk within your mind's despair
Whilst you sleep soundly on your chair.

I don't live in the pits of hell
Within your dreams is where I dwell
Preying upon your every fear
Stripping you bare of joy and cheer.

I sing to you as smooth as silk
My voice as rich as mother's milk
Singing sickly sweet lullabies
Filling your head up with my lies.

So try to slumber if you dare
Just know that I'm forever there
Waiting to feast upon your screams
Within the darkness of your dreams.

I love to hear the midnight chimes
As I commit my fiendish crimes
Shout my name out loud if you can
But most folk call me the sandman.

J.A McManus

Scrap Heap.

War how can it be justified
Think of all the babies that have cried
As they witness their parents death
Choking on tears, robbing them of breath.

War is not brave or constructive
Only desperate and destructive
Imagine shooting someone's son
To me that does not seem much like fun.

Soldiers march to the lion's den
They leave as young boys and come back men
They don't know what they're fighting for
Is it for oil in the desert's core?

Trying to save democracy
Go on, believe the hypocrisy
But when your shot and flown back home
Just wait and see how much care you're shown.

You'll probably be left for dead
Wounded within your hospital bed
Feeling broken, betrayed and cheap
Another soldier on the scrap heap.

J.A McManus

Seagull.

How nice it would be to
Be a gull so wild and free
I would flee the land and
Soar over the blue calm sea.

I would be able to
Flutter wherever I please
A passenger upon
The gentle, warm summer breeze.

I imagine myself
Soaring so high in the air
I would fly all day long
Without a worry or care.

I would then find some small
Lonely, long forgotten isle
And watch the clear blue waves
For a long, forgotten while.

If I became hungry
I would fly back to the shore
So I could scavenge for
Food off the baking hot floor.

Then I would be off, back
To the safety of the sea
How nice it would be to
Be a gull so wild and free.

J.A McManus

Steep Fields Of The Glen.

Tiny little flakes of snow
Quietly and rapidly fall
Making the world submit
To their bitter, wintry thrall.

Frost rests upon tall rooftops
And lays over black, leafless trees
Seeping into everything
With it's uncaring, chilling freeze.

Ice seizes the world within
It's unforgiving, arctic grasp
Whilst the heatless sun tries to
Vainly conquer it's biting clasp.

The snow lays so deep and cold
Over the steep fields of the glen
Awaiting the small hands of
Children to mould it into men.

J.A McManus

The Greatest Trick.

If the greatest trick
That the devil ever played
Was to make the world
Believe the lies from his lips

Then the greatest trick
God ever played was to tell
The whole world it was
Made upon day number six.

J.A McManus

The Storm (A Pallindrome Poem.)

Darkness always calling
Clouds gathering
Winds blowing cold
Rains pouring
Falling forever falling
Windows shuddering
Doors slamming
Chimneys tumbling
Children crying
Adults hiding
Animals shrieking
Thunder rolling
Lightning screaming
Shadows dancing
Storm raging
Raging storm
Dancing shadows
Screaming lightning
Rolling thunder
Shrieking animals
Hiding adults
Crying children
Tumbling chimneys
Slamming doors
Shuddering windows
Falling forever falling
Pouring rains
Cold blowing winds
Gathering clouds
Calling always darkness.

J.A McManus

Time.

As the centuries pass by
Ages always come and go
But time travels far too fast
For the race of man to grow.

He becomes so obsessed in
His pursuit for god-like power
The stars watch his sad refrain
From their tall twilight tower.

Man yearns to retain his youth
But he is destined to age
And grow bitter with truth in
The gloom of his mortal cage.

So when the sun cannot rise
And all the stars lose their shine
Man may just discover his
Greatest foe was always time.

J.A McManus

Unrequited Love.

You had me where you wanted me
I was a slave to your sultry charms
I always dreamed of holding you
So close within my warm, willing arms.

You were my one beam of sunshine
You always put a smile on my face
I would have done anything for
Just one kiss or one tender embrace.

I bet you were laughing inside
As you strung me along with such ease
But now I see your promises
Are as fruitless as the autumn trees.

So now I've rid myself of you
I feel as free as a white winged dove
For, no longer do I hold the
Burden of my unrequited love.

J.A McManus

Watcher (A Free Verse Poem.)

You are like a beautiful feather
That flutters upon a gentle breeze
I stand in silent wonder trying to
Not disturb your fragile journey
I bend down and kiss your forehead
And whisper in your ear ever so softly,
"You are as brilliant and inspiring as the
Dawning sun, for when I gaze at you
The darkness of the world fades away
Into nothingness; and is replaced by
Your warm and pure luminous beauty."

J.A McManus

Whenever (A Free Verse Poem.)

Whenever I hear birds singing
As I walk under tall, green trees
I shall think of you and smile

Whenever I hear a sweet wrapper
Rustling gently in the breeze
I shall remember you and smile

Whenever I long to hear the sound
Of your infectious, joyful laughter
I shall miss you always and smile.

J.A McManus

White Light (A Free Verse Poem.)

My blood-shot eyes blink away existence
Unfamiliar voices roll through my brain
Gravity's unseen hands pull me to the earth
I find their spell far too charming to fight.

Awful bells start to toll in my head, they play
Their terrible tune of death, so seductively
A searing light of pure white beats at my face
As the tolling draws me closer to it's calling.

I ascend into a white tunnel shining above me
But my body stays on the cold, hard ground
I'm so free from the burden of my fleshy clothing
So naked and fragile, like a screaming newborn.

My heart's rhythmic beating calls to me longingly
I fall back into the warm sanctuary of my body
I take a breath and feel so blessed to still be alive
But all I can think about is the searing white light.

J.A McManus

Winter (A Lanturne Poem.)

.....Frost
....Sparkles
...Over earth
.The winter is
.....here

J.A McManus

Without Your Love.

Without your precious love
I'd be as empty as a drum
You're my entire world
My stars, my moon, my sun.

Without your precious love
I'd be a lock without a key
You're my entire world
My waves, my sand, my sea.

Without your precious love
I'd be as hollow as a lie
You're my entire world
My clouds, my wind, my sky.

Without your precious love
I'd be a garden with no turf
You're my entire world
My rain, my grass, my earth.

J.A McManus