

Poetry Series

Jack Gill
- poems -

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Jack Gill()

I never know what to write about myself, so I write poetry, and pretend none of it's true.

Eloise

Eloise

It's not journalese
But poetry lore, I decree
Lore written for three
Eloise

Aged 5
And Eloise thrives
Loves to read, jotting it down
Playing, clowning around
Eloise

Dance with glee
And watching TV
Plays Barbie DVD's with ease
Drawings that please
Eloise

Loves a tickle
But here's the pickle
Stop is around the opposite way
What then do you to say
Eloise

Has twin dolls
Two hard-head numbskulls
Named Maggie, and Flo
Eloise

Started school
Two days each week
Saint Ruby Heart girl looking so sweet
Red and blue look neat
Eloise

Happy we
Sharing time with me
Playing or sitting on my knee
Love from Poppy me

Eloise

Jack Gill

Granddaughter On My Knee

She sat on my leg till it ached a lot, then moved
where it numbed and squat, gave me red pen
to fill in the drawing I enjoy a lot, we shared
this time together on the floor, as we sat
drawing in a Angelina Ballerina Book
for children, and their grandparents
to colour together, we share a lot
of love together doing this, we
bond future generations to
past in lasting memory's
I love you Granddad
yes, I love you too.

Jack Gill

Leaving School

Seventeen don't call me a fool,
December comes I'm leaving school;
Three months left before I leave,
Time for me to do as I please.

Can't see why I need to learn
How to spell like you yearn;
Maths so hard my brain aches bad,
English and history, what a waste Dad.

Still a kid in your eyes
Hear me please help me survive;
Competitions a way of life,
Schools a haven for heavy strife.

Groups of kids getting wilder,
I'm different to them, I'm milder;
Drugs and crime, fighting too,
Winning always is what they do.

Growing up cleans hard enough,
I'm not joining a gang to go acting tough;
Rather have nature stimulate me,
Think I'll go live in the country.

Jack Gill

The Storm: A Child: And The Blanket

Strong gusts of winds lash the house outer covering,
It vibrates in protest,
And growls with pain:
Waves of angry fury make the child want mothering;
Comfort from fear,
And reason to explain.

Why the storm makes the child fearful this night,
When the wind's gusting fiercely,
What is the plight:
When it rattles the walls,
What's that terrible din:
But under the blanket instead this child does cling.

As the rain on the roof makes a thundering sound,
Like monsters throwing boulders to ground: □
Bang, crash:
Are throwing them down:
With their monster arms making that sound:
Cries out the child pulling the blanket around.

In a room full of darkness deserted by light,
Scared the child hides under the blanket tonight;
As the ceiling above rattles,
And the roof wants to take flight;
A storm lashes the building,
With all of it's might.

Then the rain comes down harder,
And louder it roars,
Drowning the wind with the torrent it pours;
Flooding the roof,
And flowing indoors;
But the child stays dry under the blanket.

When a strange sort of quiet takes over the room,
The monsters have gone,
Then out comes the moon;
With never a peek,

But often a swoon;
From the child under the blanket.

Till the wind dies down soon,
And the blanket is strewn,
Over the bed, much like a festoon:
Now drifting to sleep in the woollen cocoon; □
And humming a much happier tune;
The child snuggles down under the blanket.

Jack Gill

The Vinyl Man And The Electric Fan

When I saw him in the bathroom kneeling down upon on the floor,
He had the look of mischief in his eyes, I think I saw:
Happy singing fellow with a brush in his hand,
Gluing vinyl at the edges, as beforehand, we had planned.

'Hello', he said, as he broke off from his song,
'Been waiting here to see you and working here along:
Do tell me if you want more higher up the wall?
I have enough to make it bigger, it's easy to install'.

I looked with pleasing eyes to see what the chap had done,
He took it higher than I was told to make it run:
One hundred millimetre up, the health people had said,
Any lower and we will close your shop instead.

Was then that I realised the smell was in my head,
The smell of his sticky glue in the room was so widespread:
My head felt light, it was a buzz, because of the glue,
No wonder he was so happy, his head was a fuzz, through.

Smiling as I backed away from the smelly fumes,
My eyes felt like red roses in full bloom:
Still smiling he looked busy he pasted up the sticky glue,
Never stopping working hard till the was through.

The edges looked fantastic taken higher up the wall,
The vinyl layer told me it was better than so small:
'When you mop it out, and scrub it, it's easier to clean',
I look at him and wondered if he means with my machine?

I thanked him greatly, and gave the man a cup of tea,
He looked so pleased to to rest his back, and rubbed his knee:
'Thank you sir, it's nice to take a break from all that glue, '
I asked why does he not fan it away, so it does not accrue.

'I never thought of that', he said, then he rubbed his head,
A fan will also blow the smell away, I told him that I read:
'I'll do that', he said, 'just as soon as I'm able';
Don't worry old chap, here, take this fan, off the table.

Leaving with his new electric fan, and a very happy grin,
I thanked him, and said, we both had a very good win.
'Yes I agree', he said, 'indeed, no more fumes for me to suffer,
And you have a new vinyl floor that's now waterproof and tougher'.

Jack Gill

Uncontested

Start early each morning,
Work ahead still I'm yawning;
Drop kids at school day care,
Seven am we are all there.

Pick up at four thirty,
Go home and change shirty;
Wash clothes that are dirty,
Get meal for my flirty.

Clean house and the dishes,
Kids down with best wishes;
Mend clothes with neat stitches,
Clean shoes and iron britches.

He threatens me and b-ches, (complains)
Drinks beer with the witches;
Gets drunk, and he teases,
Has sex when he pleases.

I told him one evening,
It's over he's leaving;
He bashed me, arrested,
He's gone now uncontested.

Jack Gill

Unprepared

Looking into her eyes,
I kiss her to my surprise;
Lips inviting soft and wide,
Urgency takes over my prize.

Pulls me hard to her chest,
Returns my kiss with every zest;
Bodies now are chest to breast,
Excited hands remove my vest.

I move in tune to set it free,
Her blouse discarded quickly;
Bare skin now touches me,
We rub together silvery.

Kiss is held continuously,
Breathing hard panting me;
We break say make love to me,
Mind calls out condom please.

One hand searches frantically,
None found in pocket I plea;
Kick myself for forgetting, she agrees,
Could have made love you see.

Jack Gill