

Poetry Series

Jane Campion
- poems -

Publication Date:

2019

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jane Campion()

Judge me by my poetry. My life experiences are all there.

A Million Sorrows

A million sorrows
Will come tomorrow
For those unaware.

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

Jane Campion

A Paramount Value

The ignorant are always right
The bright are always wrong
They cannot meet at any point.

Pointlessness is always empty
There is nothing to fill it
Hubris always tries, laughing.

The ignorance of hubris dimly lit
The bright are aware of every twit
Ignorance is a paramount value.

Jane Campion

A Poem Life

Trump in his poem life
Picked an epic shouting
I'm here to stay
Protecting humanity.

Jane Campion

A Refugee

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

Jane Campion

A Toll Too Soon

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

Death follows life but let's sing
The toll too soon brings melancholy
Bring out the tunes that we all know
For everyone at some time must go.

Sound not the knell of that brass bell
Greet the day of night with laughter
Sing loud and joyously so all hear
We are here to sing songs not mourn.

Jane Campion

After Death

After death we ooze
Into the soil beneath.

All religious texts
Buried with the deceased
Go the same way.

Jane Campion

Alive Into Imagination

Grant us time
Give us a rhyme
To childhood
Lifting stars
From so afar
Bringing life
- - Alive
Into imagination.

Jane Campion

All Humans Are Related

All humans are human
and related. To be otherwise
they would not be human.

A trite saying perhaps.

Say that to a racist
Who believes in superiority.

Say that to a white supremacist
He will knock you out.

Ignorance of our beginnings...

In Africa and the trek out
To other parts of the world

Resides in all racists...

Jane Campion

Ambit Of Poetry

The ambit of poetry is unlimited
Just as the universes above
Every poem has its place
Just as every star.

Jane Campion

Amorphous Mass Of Beings

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

Jane Campion

Answers Exist Within

Ignorance pervades billions
Why are we here, whereto?

Today, so much more knowledge
Asking questions getting answers.

The basis of life is to be rigorous
Never accepting the status quo.

Search always for answers
They are in each mind not other minds.

Jane Campion

Avoid Us Forever

Avoid us forever
That's so clever
Ignorance sings
To nothing.

Avoid us forever
Your weakness
Is your strength
Lifts you up.

Jane Campion

Baseball And Nothing At All

There is baseball
And nothing at all
Based by bases.

A sea of blue caps
They are all so rapt
Bat so alive, believe.

Pitcher winds arms
Disarmed, so true
The ball flew
Missed.

Chance of another brother
A fiery burst
Home run.

Jane Campion

Beholder In The Beauty

The beholder is in the beauty
Looking so intently
Falling over in love with herself.

Jane Campion

Believe, Believe

Figments of others' imagination
Are to be believed always
As your mind is incapable of creativity.

To create your own God or Devil is hard
Believe, believe, pray that way
You are not the Bard
It is all an empty mind needs
To feel happy everyday.

Jane Campion

Between The Dark And Light

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

Of reaching out to eternity
Grabbing the descending light
To ascend past moonlight.

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

Jane Campion

Between The Night And Day

There are spaces tonight
In 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 are between
The night and day.

Jane Campion

Beyond Everything We Know

Beyond everything we know
Undertows carry life along
To places where we must fall.

All alone, as others float by
The azure sky observes all
As the Earth's webs are spun.

In the unending dark universe
Humans are spinning within
Here the whirlpools take all.

Jane Campion

Black And White Wings

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

Jane Campion

Breadth Of Longing

Imagined, breadth of longing
Drinking all morrows, sobbing
This sadness we ask to end
So hurtful we continue to cry
Days followed from yesterday
We play on memories that stray
The skies of gray no longer
At last love arrives, derived
From all we imagined so long.

Jane Campion

Breathing Life

Life gives life
Breathing life
To its last breath.

Jane Campion

Buried Alive

All funerals black
Reflecting ourselves
In boxes with flowers
To be buried alive
Interred in flashes.

Jane Campion

Can We See Them Swim

The words here dive
Into murky water
Come up barely alive
Shake themselves
Head back to the board
Another splash, same result
Can we see them swim?

Jane Campion

Candle Of Shadows

Lift not the light
Candle of shadows
That are always there
Adjusting all lives
That remain in darkness
Lift not the light
Until the dawn comes.

Jane Campion

Carrying Sorrow

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

Jane Campion

Certitude Resting On Expectations

Certitude makes for stability.
Always trying to escape reality,
leaves our belongings in suitcases.

Certitude carries us to places
Where the air is always clear
Only suitcases of dreams it seems.

Certitude is where we all belong
Resting on our expectations
Sometimes we are full of elation.

Jane Campion

Chasing Dreams

Hanging our name of dreams
We are always chasing, it seems
Swinging from one to another
Smiling through clenched teeth.

Life takes all throwing us beneath
Below our dreams never quite there
Eventually, everything disappears.

Dreams are those we always tow
Taken in the undertow pulling below
Take a breath testing the depth
Here we will find one better than the rest.

Jane Campion

Circle Of Dreams

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

Jane Campion

Cliched Poems

Hanging poems of cliches
Feels passe.

Let words speak of tomorrow
Not full of yesterdays.

Cliches make cliched poems
That already have homes.

Jane Campion

Climbing Upon Our Dreams

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

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

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

But for how long?

Jane Campion

Cold Stare Of Winter

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

Jane Campion

Colors Of Life

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

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

Jane Campion

Cow Pat

Jumping on the back of Hubris
She thought she was on track
Hubris jumped a fence adroitly
She landed in a cow pat
Wiping herself, Hubris laughed
You are daft to ride on my back.

Jane Campion

Crater Of Sorrows

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

Jane Campion

Cringeworthy

Gonna this and that
Expressed from slang
Are we so bereft of words
That we are gonna write a poem
Fill it with gonnas
Embarrassing other words
Who cringe in shame
To be in the same frame.

Jane Campion

Cycling Through Life

Life...Life...Life

From nothing we begin.

Death...Death...Death

Into nothing we must go.

Nothing...Nothing...Nothing

Nothing begats everything.

To be....To be...To be...

To be is not to be anything.

Source...Source...Source

The source of everything is nothing.

Jane Campion

Darkness Of Light

Peering into darkness
That much is clear
Seeing all of nothing
Nothing of all.

Peering into light, seeing
Everything is pointed
Here where no one sees
Nothing at all.

Peering into mediocrity
Everything becomes clear
This is where we all live
In the river of our dreams.

Jane Champion

Defined By Life

From being derived alive
Our youth appears in time
But time is not yet defined.

In middle-age we are engaged
By old age reminders appear
It is here we see each year.

Now closer to being defined
As we run out of time
Hearing the distant drums.

Life has found its way now
Hour by hour we are devoured
Day by day, year by year, fruition.

Jane Campion

Depths Of Whatever

In the depths of whatever
The weather becomes better
Just wait for that day
It will appear to stay.

Jane Campion

Derived From Freedom

Writing from within
Is freedom's whim
Where words fall
Line by line
Not defined, sublime.

Freedom's worth
Our birth, alive
Derived from ourselves
Not others' smother
Our only ecstasy.

Jane Campion

Desperation

Poets try desperately
To get every word
To bark with wagging tales
Although they are wailing
Like every word that ever sinned
Begging to be released from purgatory
Where nothing is ever heard.

Jane Campion

Devouring Life

Looking into those eyes
Reflected into ours
Synchronicity
Devouring life.

They write to be heard
Never to be forgotten
Every word a feast.

A promise of poetry
Looking for tomorrow
And everyday.

Jane Campion

Dialling Our Life

Every dream has reality
Disguised by clouds
When the sun lifts
We dial our life
Out comes our wishes
Wrapped in sunlight
Yellow and bright
We were right to dream
For our wishes are there
Waiting to appear.

Jane Campion

Directed From Within

Directed from within
Trudging through life
They see in their time
Not what we can see
Life is different for all
Each footfall out of step
This is where mystery begins
Ending where we all fall.

Jane Campion

Dirtiest Word Of All

The dirtiest word of all
Racism...
Leaving behind distaste
The human race is one
One race one species
The only corruption
Minds full of hate.

Jane Campion

Dispossession Of All

Death disposes all
Life is not extant
The parrot is silenced.

Our assets are relevant
Only to our beneficiaries.

Look to the Pharoahs and Queens
Prepared for the afterlife
They even left their sarcophagus.

What a pity they would have thought
Taking gold to bargain with Gods.

Jane Campion

Do We Know

The strength of bonding
Is never weak it goes on
And on even after weaning.

Is this love designed by nature
Or natural love that flows
Naturally.

Do we know?

Jane Campion

Down, Down

The green worm
Floated down, down
On a golden brown leaf.

Jane Campion

Dread Of Sorrow

The dread of sorrow
Borrowed our tomorrows
From our yesterdays.

Jane Campion

Dredged From A Swamp

To fly with wings
A poet dies.

Hackneyed words
Dredged from a swamp.

Wings will not fly.

Fitted to a hawk
Another story.

Jane Campion

Dressed By Age

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

We ask pathetically, where
has our time gone?

Days of action, inaction,
living and loving.

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

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

Jane Campion

Drunk And Pregnant

Drunk and pregnant
The first days affect every cell
How ignorant are these women
Thinking only one glass cuts it
When abstinence from conception
Is not only safe but essential
Spread this message far and wide
No one wants a deformed child.

Jane Campion

Dusk Tasting Night

Dusk, tasting night
Starry eyes, delight
Tonight in moonlight.

Shimmers hope so bright
Giving love held so tight
Slivers so silvery right.

Dancing we see beyond
Those magic wands
Turn into white swans.

Jane Campion

Edge Of Existence

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

Jane Campion

Einstein Had No Doubt

Einstein a mind superior
Had no doubt
God does not exist
The Bible well written
Just mythology.

Jane Campion

Emerald Green Eyes

Emerald Green eyes
Flashing lights
Do you see my love
My eyes reflect yours
The beauty of your serenity
My love is churning inside
Seeing those emerald jewels
O emerald green eyes
I plead be mine.

Jane Campion

Emptiness Filled By Imagination

Poetry, emptiness
Filled by imagination
Transmitted into words
Creating meaning.

Jane Campion

Energy Of Thought

To see where no one has been
Describes the energy of thinking.

Every thought becomes unique, totalled.
A culmination of development.

In its process human advancement
Taking us from not knowing
Into the future....

How far is far?

Culmination of thoughts over years
Advancement appears then do we regress?

Many question the way today.

Are we as a whole just a part of the way?

Jane Campion

Eroded By Time

Eroded by time
Memories blind
Yesterdays decline
Fruits long gone
On withered vines.

Jane Campion

Every Star In The Cosmos

Another is smothered by self
Just as One is its own sun
Others are every star in the cosmos.

One and another cannot help being unique
Waters flowing in different directions
Meeting then diverging.

Jane Campion

Examining What Is Missed

Poets see what is in the sea
Examining the beach of life
Every grain of sand has meaning.

Turning life over and over
Seeing every tear and joy
Words creatively arranged.

In poetry poets reach out to all
Showing how their footfalls fall
Their eyes see what others miss.

Jane Campion

Faceless Faces

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

Jane Campion

Falling Leaves

How many leaves must fall
Before we realise life
Is just a tree needing sunlight.

Jane Campion

Fantasy Has All

Fantasy has all we need
Perfect imagination
And images.

Fantasy has all we need
Kissing lips of night
Perfection.

Fantasy has all we need
Being human after death
Living forever.

Jane Campion

Fantasy Linked In Ink

Two hundred millennia past
Mankind appeared and marched
Out of Africa.

For one hundred and ninety-eight millennia
They were ignorant of the Bible
Then ink started to fantasise.

Today, the fantasy remains to mesmerize
Those who read or are quoted the ink
Thinking ink is a blink of the eye.

Thousands, if not, millions of gods
Lived in minds since our beginnings
Those that remain came out of ink.

Jane Campion

Fast Talking Wind

The fast talking wind so thin
Tickled the fern's fronds
Unsettling all in the garden
So many delights this night
No Garden Of Eden
Only the white orchids knew
As the moon looked on aware.

Jane Campion

Fingers Of Night

dark fingers reaching out
grabbing night and its might

from everywhere it spreads
devoid of light

beware they are here touching
everything and nothing

fingers of night touch all
as night falls

Jane Campion

Flames Of Creativity

Flames of creativity soar
For its time exhilarating
The power of the universe
Inside every creative mind
Only in its flames and no more.

Jane Campion

Flames Of Tomorrow

The flames of tomorrow
Burn our desire
To experience what we cannot
Today, we feel the pull
Pulling us into what is
Will be but limited
To tomorrow.

Jane Campion

Flaying Sorrows

We choose today...
To flay our sorrows.

Tomorrow, they stay
Always here, aware.

When will they go?

Jane Campion

Footprints Over The Past

Footprints walking
over our past

Indents in the sands
of mind

Washed away in memory
leaving grit.

Jane Campion

Force Of Evolution

The problem with evolution subsists
Where did it start where will it end
We are hangers on from the past
Going so fast into the future
Mankind cannot draw the line of existence
From ape to man do we really understand
Our links have many kinks
From unicellular to multicellular we are born
Is this where evolution has its force?

Jane Champion

Forcing A Rethink

She slapped the face hard
Her reality reeled
Forcing a rethink
Yes, climate change is real.

Jane Campion

Framed By Existence

Framed by our existence
Painted by our persistence
We navigate our lives
Ships on painted oceans
Always in motion
Vicissitudes in life's waves
Lighthouses we see too late
Ending our voyage.

Jane Campion

Frightened Mice

Jumping on poetry
Poems fly in air
Disappear, where?

Jumping on poetry
Speak in tongues
From everywhere.

Jumping on poetry
Sorted...
Into words we hear.

Jumping on poetry
Not a squeak
Frightened mice.

Jane Campion

From The Depths Of Imagination

When a woman expresses beauty
It can be in words or expression
To see is our privilege.

Let no-one deny why we exist
Not as child bearers or servants
Only to accompany our words in action.

This is our attraction and destiny
To be Poets that make a difference
From the depths of our imagination.

Jane Campion

From What

Death has no redeeming features
Hung on the hook is life
Looking about wondering.

The wonder in books of myths
Is that anyone believes
But they do in the billions.

To not believe appears wondrous
They should all be saved
From what?

Jane Campion

Front Bastet To Zeus

Are we so bereft of imagination
That we cannot create our own gods
Over the time of mankind, thousands.

From a cat, Bastet, to lightning, Zeus
Are we so limited in our thinking
To settle on one dreamt up by others.

Mythmakers are to be admired for creativity
Turn your mind to eternity and design
The beauty of poetry can be refined.

Jane Campion

Harvesting Words

A true poet harvests words
From a ripe crop they grew
All belong to the crew.

Sailing in the seas of poetry
None fall overboard
All see a distant horizon.

Everyone fits the jigsaw Life
Expressed with love
Tenderly handled and packaged.

Jane Campion

Here Life Is Death

Yearning to believe
Led by ink to think
Hands uplifted.

Revealed, the path
To follow, righteously
Here life is death.

Without strife or sorrow
The promises of morrows
Rejoice, Hallelujah!

Jane Campion

History Repeats

The distant beat, beat, of the drums
Marching off to war
Here we hear what others failed to smother
Long before we were born.

Time to stand and shout enough is enough
Are we so stupid to repeat mistakes
That others failed to fight
There is no might more potent.

Decisions that weaponize history
Are always wrong and must fail
For peace comes after war
We must make it happen before.

Jane Campion

I Am A Tiny Ant

I am a tiny ant
So small not tall
I am, I am
Looking at you.

Jane Campion

I Am Woman

I am woman you are man
Here I am take me now
I am woman you are man
I am yours to abuse
You are my man, my love.

Jane Campion

I Am You Are

So you want to know
All about me.

I am you are...
I am not you
You are not me
We are not either
The other
Nor are we both
We are different
From each other
Do not look the same
Your eyes are not mine
And mine are not yours
We live in different bodies
Borrowed from our allotted time
Will go when we are ready
And not before.

Jane Campion

Ignorance Begets Ignorance

Billions of years
Before we appeared.

Earth spinning on spins
Yet to gather life.

No means a certainty
Unexpectedly, life unicellular.

Massaged by improbability
The first life forms.

Exponentially, all life
Flowered and bowed.

No human ever knew
What was the first of the first.

Two hundred millennia from today
The first humans were displayed.

Rather presumptuous for a Book of Wisdom
To know the history of our universe.

Ignorance begets ignorance
Today, we are far from enlightened.

Jane Campion

In Its Shadow Creativity

As the pen creates its shadow
Moonlight dances with the breeze
Windows look clearly into the night
Curtains so light move with music.

As the pen creates its shadow
It comes to life creating a poem
Every word has meaning, aware
That nature's song belongs to all.

Jane Campion

It Does Make You Think

The Universal Illusionist
Appeared out of ink
There is no need to think.

Written by the best minds
They designed theology
For the ages.

Their thoughts are all you need
Called The Book it hooked
Live fish to dance and sing.

All the verses from them to you
From the pews the words spew
As if they are alive.

The Universal Illusionist
Derived from black ink
It does make you think.

Jane Campion

It Is Free

Breathe the air of birth
It is free for life
Breathe the air of death.

Jane Campion

Keys To Eternity

Throwing keys in the air
Repeatedly jangled my nerves
A man full of emptiness
Eyes fixed above
One day his keys will fall
There will never be open locks
As his keys to eternity fall.

Jane Campion

Kissing Night

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.

Jane Campion

Landing Our Dreams

We throw our hopes to the wind
Casting our dreams upon dreams
It seems that when they land
It is in the promise of yesterday
Today, we will not quarrel
With what we are given.

Jane Campion

Leading The Way

From woman came man
Holding a little hand
Leading the way tenderly
Showing what femininity is.

The boys became men, too soon
Exposed to others of their gender
Forgot what sensitivity means
Testosterone fuelled fights
Especially on drunken nights.

Masculinity spent their feminine side
It was still inside waiting
Their first born reminded them
From woman came man.

Holding their child's hand it came back
Leading the way tenderly
Showing what masculinity can be.

Jane Campion

Life Falls In The Shadows

O we loved in youth
Eyes so bright alive
Romantic dreams woven
Kisses so soft on fire
Being together, desired
Ineffably unfolded, denied
Life falls in the shadows
Our dreams of so long ago.

Jane Campion

Life Is A Matter Of Acceptance

Life's storms carry all
Blown over oceans so strange
It is enough to make us deranged.

To blame oneself is easy
Acceptance is much harder
This is where we should fit.

No fault is a default we take
That is a mistake we all make
Life is not about causes.

Hitting the life of all
Perceptions create exemptions
We are improbables living improbably.

Death attracts all into its pool
None can swim in these waters
Life is a matter of acceptance.

Jane Campion

Life Of A Poem

The life of a poem
Lasts in others' minds
Short, long or not at all.

Jane Campion

Life Of Song

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

Jane Campion

Life Of Stanzas

Never let stanzas finish
May life be an unending poem
With rhythm and verses
Songs that belong, let's sing
From our beginning to the end.

Jane Campion

Life Stands Alone

We stand alone on all sides
Life tolls for all; taking
All progress and regression.

It will soar so high then fall
This is the fate of us all
Standing tall, life is small.

Do not ask why when it has taken
There is no mistake we are forsaken
For life crushes so readily
Those who are not ready.

Jane Campion

Light Of Eternity

In the sight of the storm
We were all to be reborn
The light of eternity is here.

Jane Campion

Lights Of Before

The lights of before
Open all our doors
The lights of before
Has us asking for more
The lights of before
Is where we all saw.

Jane Campion

Love Is Meant To Be

To love we feel for others
More strongly than for self
Strengthens everything within
When we were once so weak.

Casting ourselves ashore
We feel reassured by seeing waves
When once there were none
Love is love it is meant to be.

Jane Campion

Loving Time

Verse 1

Time is the time to be
It is in you and me
Time is the time to be
It is in you and me.

Verse 2

I don't like any time at all
Unless you are loving me
I don't like any time at all
Unless you are loving me.

Chorus

Time to go time to come
Send loving time all the time
Time to go time to come
Send loving time all the time.

Verse 3

Are you loving time in my arms
This is our time to be loving
Are you loving time in my arms
This is our time to be loving.

Chorus

Time to go time to come
Send loving time all the time
Time to go time to come
Send loving time all the time.

Repeat all heartedly!

Jane Campion

Lungs Of The World

Air...

Here, there, everywhere

Free, our life.

Breathe in, out, no doubt

It will be here tomorrow

Borrowed...

The lungs of the World...

The Amazon Rainforest

Breathes in carbon dioxide

And out oxygen.

Twenty percent

Of the world's supply.

Jane Campion

Memories Live Life Lively

Thrust into the world crying
We soon suck up our past
Living life each day of play
Without a past we are nothing
Mere shells on a distant shore
Devouring life day by day, living
Everything becomes our store
We are its proprietors and keepers
Memories let us live life lively.

Jane Campion

Mistress Of The Universe

The Mistress Of The Universe
Whipped Earth into shape
Spun her around until gravity held
Bombarded her with asteroids red
Until she bled asking for mercy
None was forthcoming as she cried
Tears of the seas appeared
Blew icy winds to all her poles
Frozen in time Earth was defined
Waiting for billions of years
Until summer appeared, the first orchids
Life was here to stand and stare
All trees and vegetation became the crew
Insects appeared out of nowhere
The dinosaurs roared for two hundred million years
Then mystery of mystery mankind was defined
In Africa some two hundred millennia behind
The hyenas laughed so hard but who had the last laugh
The Mistress of the Universe is on top planning
Off to Mars mankind needs a hammering.

Jane Campion

Money, Money Everywhere

Money, money everywhere
Not a lot to spend
Money, money everywhere
So much to lend
Money, money everywhere
Borrowed for tomorrow
Money, money everywhere
Still in short supply
Money, money everywhere
Throw it away day by day
Money, money everywhere
We need it now, now!

Jane Campion

Mug Shots

Their mug shots reveal all
Caught
Hard faces
Thin lips
Destiny
Inside.

Jane Campion

Mugs Are Mugs

Mugged by time
Faces lined up
Criminally inclined.

Serving their time
Mugs are mugs
Faces aligned.

They never learn
An industry
Working inside.

Jane Campion

Musk Of Time

In the musk of time
We can smell history
So sweet and fetid.

Death rolls on and on
Marching into our era
Nothing ever changes.

Coffins loaded below
As the wind changes
Will it blow this way
Always?

Jane Campion

Mystical Sea

Mystical sea of thinking...
Show me your orbs and sapphires
Shining so brightly, red lights
Where we see seas of fire alight
Producing silver bullets
Fired at random across our ranges
There are no targets only bullseyes
Giving us all that we need to be
And everything we do not need
Magnetically tied to what is beliefs
Giving us soul searching and relief.

Jane Campion

Nature Or Nuture

Innate values are genetic
Creating our morality
Rogue genes create rogues.

Jane Campion

Nature's Arms

Caught in nature's arms
Life spreads, assisted
Regenerating barren lands.

Caught in nature's arms
Seeds of foreign flora harm
Destroying native vegetation.

Nature is ill-served by mankind
Introducing species, unchecked
Causing plagues and destruction.

Jane Campion

Nature's Magic

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

Jane Campion

Negatives Become Positive

Stand, shout and flout
Improper standards
Negatives become positive.

When offering a hand
The other disappears
Remedy.

Shake someone's ear
Then a hand will appear
To the hand there.

Jane Campion

Night Of Fear

In the dark night of fear
Emptiness felt so real, near
All our hopes were translated
In the darkness of our souls
Never to reach those goals
Negativity sprayed the air
Clinging to hope we were here
Without light the night of fear.

Jane Campion

No Escape

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

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

Escape not the tyranny of mind
From dawn to dawn we wish for rebirth
You might laugh and cry
It is there until you die.

Jane Campion

No One Expects

In a blackened grave
The lie lies alive
Waiting for daylight
To be reinterred
In the face of truth
That no one expects.

Jane Campion

No One Saw Her Go

In madness she thrashed
Eyes on fire with desire
Hair yellowed in the wind
So thin we see her bones
Delirium was never there
A white stained flowing gown
She was hitting down, down
A twitch they thought, witch
The cats ran alongside
All the rats laughed was she daft
Madness is there inside not hiding
There for all to see
Approaching the sea she waded weighted
No one saw her go for she was below.

Jane Campion

None Could Escape

In the end was the word
From the beginning it came
Words followed words.

Herded like sheep
Into their pens
None could escape.

Until the gate opened
Jumping over each other
They ran out.

Unfortunately, back they came
Feeling so sheepish
None could escape.

Jane Campion

Nothing Is Nothing

The quotient of nothing
Is always nothing
Can you add to that?

Jane Campion

Nothing Is Seen

From the darkness of space
Let's look at the human race
Nothing more than footprints
Spending their time
Thinking relevance
Nothing is seen.

Jane Campion

Nothing Meets Something

When nothing meets something
We see beauty transforming all.

Where fauna and flora surprise
All those able to see beyond.

This is where mankind shines
A glow from within disregarding self.

Jane Campion

Nothing Much At All

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

All is part of something
And something is nothing
Of nothing at all.

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

Jane Campion

O To Be Simple

O to be simple
Everything is clear
There is air, food
Love, life, death
O to be simple
It all passes by
Whereto the sky
O to be simple
There is God
The Devil
And the deep blue sea.

Jane Campion

Obscenities Of The Past

The obscenities of the past
Are hidden behind curtains
Dripping with gore and blood.

All must recognise insanity
Waiting patiently to strike
As if this is what is expected.

Jane Campion

Offence To Mankind

Hunting nature's creatures
A sport that shows brutes
Never advancing...
Enjoyment is paramount
Those mounted fools
Watching animals die pointlessly
Having no value for buffoons
Pointing guns without defence
Creating offence to mankind.

Jane Campion

Old Dogs

Old dogs never die
They just bark and bark
Until we wish they did.

Jane Campion

One Act Days

We drop our lives lightly
Upon the starry skies
Searching always, denying.

Wondering.

Is the natural way the best
Resting upon the grassy knolls
Everything seems so whole.

Always questioning.

Here we see nothing and all
Looking ahead we are searching
Regretting no decision made.

Today is the day where we stay.

To run from ourselves, so pointless
We are the play in one act days
Acting the whole of our plays.

Jane Campion

One In Billions

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

Jane Campion

One Million Thanks

The swollen river
So fast, gray
Laughs and roars
A life is saved
Its banks broken
One million thanks.

Jane Campion

Only One

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

Jane Campion

Our Only Eternity

Eternity has no existence
Emptied of time but defined
Refined by ancient myths
They are always so far behind
Reality is real and in minds.

Every word has meaning
Yet, some are so stretched
We are unable to draw a sketch
To disappear from life
There is no further to go.

When the life force is depleted
Life has had its fill
Drawing a new life out of books
Is where we let hope go awry
To die is to die our only eternity.

Jane Campion

Our Reality Words

In reality words live
In our thoughts always
We are our own communicators.

Internally and externally
Living words heard and thought
It is our *raison d'etre*.

Jumping to our conclusions
Words direct our direction
Taking us forward and back.

Jane Campion

Our Right And Privilege

We believe what we want to believe
No matter how ridiculous or empty
We believe what we want to believe
It is our truth we do not want pity
We believe what we want to believe
This is our song we sing to eternity
We believe what we want to believe
It is our right and privilege.

Jane Campion

Painting Hung On Night

In the coursing of twilight
Red, pink and yellow sky
Envelop the hope of tomorrow
Blue of the sea meets the horizon
Seagulls follow their wings
As night unfolds. darkening it all
Shutters open into the stars
Starlight pinpoints of light
In comes the luna phase
Silvery slivers sparkle the sea
Painting of delight hung on night.

Jane Champion

Palette Of Desire

She painted here, there, everywhere
The oceans of nature appeared
Every color of emotion touched design.

Consigned to her memories, now aged
It now took an age but colors discovered
Her palette of desire was pleased to assist.

She could not resist art in her heart
Life seemed much brighter in this light
The ocean of emotions seemed just right.

Jane Campion

Peace Of Mind

Poetry is a tool
Gifted to mankind
To express, redress,
Impress, show duress,
Undress everything
Exposing bare bones
Hone words together
Polish what exists
And does not
Use the tool to learn
Educate yourself
And others
Let words appear
From nowhere
Here you will find
All and peace of mind.

Jane Campion

Picture Of Contentment

Picture of contentment
Standing on one leg
Flamingo-like
Clean apron
Gray hair, fag poised
Smoke issued with words
No embarrassment there.

Careful with words
Not pregnant she said
Her daughter was expecting.

She was called Mum by Dad
His mum would have died.

Nobody knew in five years
Cancer would eat her alive.

Remembered for her foibles
Not for her grace.

Jane Campion

Playing Midnight's Tune

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

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

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

Jane Campion

Poems Are Still Life

Cliches are built from lives
Experiences keep reappearing
Poems are still life.

Jane Campion

Poetic Clothes

Living in our poetic clothes
We should change everyday
Style is stylish all the time.

Jane Campion

Poetry Flows Beautifully

To write abstruse poems
Reflected by hubristic intent
Uses wind to blow meaning away.

Meaning and interpretation
Is everything in poetry
We do not need obscurity.

To prove how adept we are
Poetry should flow beautifully
Into the space between light and darkness.

Jane Campion

Poetry Is All Or Nothing We Know

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

Jane Campion

Poetry On The Tongue

A First World War veteran
He could recite poems
At anytime at all.

Was he thinking of poetry
Stealing gold watches?

Serving time for theft was
poetry on his tongue?

Jane Campion

Poet's Eye

The Poet's eye
Sees life
Differently.

Focussed within
Without
All about.

Every thought
Directed
In words.

Jane Campion

Positively Positive

We know only one word

- - - -Positivity

Knows no boundaries

Crosses out negativity

Positively positive

It is always first.

Jane Campion

Pouring Into Our Hearts

Love the truest expression
Unfolds like a white orchid
Just there it appears.

Coming from where there is none
Love gives all like a waterfall
Pouring into our hearts.

Jane Campion

Prison Of Mind

Peculiarities of mind
Lie behind abnormal reactions
To normal human actions.

Dangers seen where none exist
Twisting life into confusion
Shouting at the world.

Unable to fathom the deep sea
Traversing life in strife
Locked in a prison of mind.

No amount of light will shine
In self-created darkness
That is unable to see.

Jane Campion

Putative Not Real

To sea at fifteen
Jumped many a ship
Gazetted by the Police.

Putative not real
Had his own reels
Spinning tales
Impaled by unreality.

Flits on flits
Serial boarding houses
Lifting others' savings.

Stealing his time and others
A gentleman, handsome
Even in his mugshots
A Clark Gable.

An able conman
Mostly of himself..

Eventually, settling down
He had not drowned in infamy.

Jane Campion

Reach Of Mankind

The reach of mankind
Soars with imagination
Everything is possible
Even peace.

Jane Campion

Rejoice Poets

We never know what appears
Until it is there
From where it comes
No one knows
Rejoice in being a poet.

Jane Campion

Relating To Now

The truth is pure
Directed to the impure
To know what it is
They try to resist
Twisting and turning
Their yearnings on fire
Lit by desire into the mire
They have no time to contemplate
As they only relate to Now.

Jane Campion

Remembered Forever

Words follow others
Into the chasm of deceit.

Here awareness hides
Ready to spring a surprise.

Outstanding gumption
Wreaking havoc on all.

Entering consciousness
Remembered forever.

Jane Campion

Remembered Then Forgotten

Loss moves so fast, past
Nowhere we can ever know
Taking all into nothing
Nothing into somewhere.

Here we unload sorrow
Always there it will wallow
Today our tears must stay
They will be seen tomorrow.
All our forever yesterdays.

Somewhere is somewhere we know
Loss is the dross of living
Gone so fast it is forever
Remembered then forgotten.

Jane Campion

Sad Eyes Everywhere

Those sad eyes everywhere
Poverty sleeps on streets
Meet and greet in stations
From every nation
Caps to fill, scrawled signs.

Begging to survive
Undercuts human dignity
Alms into arms, opening palms
Lack of governmental support
Here all blame lies.

No nation should deny poverty
Apathetically, denying it exists
Hiding its denizens under rusty iron
It is time to take signs down
And sweep all poverty away.

Jane Campion

Sea Of Dreams

Alone in the sea of dreams
Accompanied by random thoughts
We float through each night
Rest undressed so perverse.

Jane Campion

Sensitivity

Why are we so sensitive
To the thoughts of others.

Do we believe we are susceptible
To changing our minds?

Stand up to your beliefs
We are not affected by them.

To demonstrate your weakness
Avoid us forever.

Jane Campion

Sharing Thoughts

Sharing our thoughts
Through poetry
We engage strangers.

Jane Campion

Shout At The World

Shout at the world
It will react
Creating disharmony
Where none existed.

Shout at the world
Achieving nothing
Creating negativity.

Jane Campion

Showers Of Light

Colored by showers of light
Life's ephemerality glows
For its term it feels firm
Even substantial, life fits
Tied to the cord of humanity
Drawing its breath for a time
In expiration the last breath
Insubstantial it must depart.

Jane Campion

Slice Of Life

Our slice of life
Cut from the universe
Seems at first perverse.

The more of more gnaws
Our open jaws cram life
Day by day this is our way.

As we hunger for more
Life opens the door
Leaving no room we are ignored.

Jane Campion

So Far From Imaginings

So far from imaginings
Trillions of light years
Earth, our life is here.

Uncomprehending the spark
Alone in the dark, aware
Dead worlds unknown there.

We yearn to know the unknowable
To know is not to know
All knowledge is a total of nothing.

Nothing from the beginning to end
Born from human life, how
Devoured by uncertainty we must rest.

Jane Campion

So Human After Death

So human after death
Breathing in and out
Just walking about
Talking, same accent
Perfumed by reading myths
Greeting zillions
Who believed what they read
The illiterate also there
Babies still googly-eyed
Cripples with Zimmer frames
Moth eaten clothes
Running noses
Bullet holes
Cancerous tumors still growing
Replete with those alive
So human after death.

Jane Campion

Sorrowful Love That Died

The antithesis of love is sorrow
Pouring out hearts for desertion
The antithesis of love is sorrow
Sorry for oneself that love flew
The antithesis of love is sorrow
No one can call to love that died.

Jane Campion

Standing Naked

The past is an address
Where everything is dressed
Taking its clothes off
Standing naked it stares
It beckons to be touched
Forgotten it needs a retouch
The past is an address we know
It is full of our memories
Most we want to forget.

Jane Campion

Stealing Into Homes

They lift their feet
Stealing into homes
Taking all they see
Except bad poems.

Jane Campion

Stealing Their Lives

Skiping out of school
Into crime full of grime
Knowing only one value
What a dollar buys
Smart they just ain't
A life set before its time
Caught so easily locked behind
Learning what a dollar buys
Time inside flies...
Smartened and hardened they are
Still not learning their lesson
To the next job stealing their lives
Inside again these smarties
Repeating their life mistakes
To never learn is where they earn.

Jane Campion

Suitcases Of Hope

Designed in their minds
The days they will borrow
On ships they came and went
Upon oceans of dreams and sorrows
To countries of their choice
Hearing voices, different tongues
Carrying suitcases full of hope
Battered by their lives it seems
Meeting their tomorrows, so soon
Impregnating their future
Held together they weathered storms
Berthed to the Earth they belong.

Jane Campion

Support Collapses

Leaning on each other
Support collapses
Each fall backwards.

Jane Campion

Take Every Life

Take every life
Into its highway
Driving erratically
Missing signposts
Going into side roads
Down wrong lanes
Exiting before it should.

Jane Campion

That Means A Lot

In the skylight of dreams
The orange moon filters in
Mixing with starlight
Creating memories of delight
Witnessing shooting stars
Cosmic filtrations
Black holes filled with screams
Pin holes lighting the Milky Way
The vastness of eternity
In the distance a tiny dot Earth
That means a lot.

Jane Campion

That Name

That name we are called
Freely given not taken.

That name we are called
Not for all only you.

That name we are called
It is your cue to answer.

That name we are called
For some their downfall.

Jane Campion

The Bear Hugs Mugs

Run, run, run
From boredom...

Drugs of all types
Pills and alcohol.

Drugs eat mugs
Mugs eat drugs.

Addiction of self
High, low, flow
Low, high, go.

There is no point
To make here
Except beware.

The Bear hugs mugs
So full of drugs
Until the eyes pop out.

Jane Campion

The Beginning

Everything harks back
To the beginning, never the end
Do we know why?

Jane Campion

The Benchmark Is You

The benchmark is you
Unique, no other, ever
Delivered to us
A wonderous star from afar
Never wonder
Never compare
The benchmark is you.

Jane Campion

The Deadliest Of All

The dragonfly attacks
Fixated...
Starred to its death.

The prey flies unaware
Eyes, laser lights
Speeds up and down, around.

Helicopter like
The deadliest of all.

Jane Campion

The Flower Of Democracy

The flower of democracy unfolds
In soils prepared over years
China awaits that time.

Democracy comes from within
Not by a fraction of the whole
That time will come.

Jane Campion

The Poet's Eye

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

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

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

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

Jane Campion

The Power Of Now

Crying into our stanzas
We rid the past of its power
Now is our time to smile.

Jane Campion

The Pull Of Being

To live a life full
It is the pull of being
In gravity filled nothingness.

Jane Campion

The Same Place

To stay in the same place
The mind travels the world
Writing its verses of life.

Jane Campion

The Scream Of Darkness

The scream of darkness
Pervades all without insight
Turning life into fervent prayers.

Seeking what should be there
Lit by mythology
The light appears from nowhere.

Everyone now knows why life ends.

The light has no shade it is here
When all is revealed
The peal of the bells ring out.

Jane Campion

The Words We Hear

Those words we hear
Are here to glisten
On the horizons to come
The days of tomorrow
Every word we borrow
Are not ours to devour
They were written before
Yet they open many doors
Where we can see flames
That show what they bring
Lit by the sun they have begun
A source for more and more
All doors are now open
We can see what was not there.

Jane Campion

Theater Of The Absurd

In the theater of the absurd
The clowns bark to be heard
The dogs quote Shakespeare.

In the theater of the absurd
Everyone has sadness and joy
Running around with red toys.

In the theater of the absurd
They see the moon is the sun
The Earth is full of mirth.

In the theater of the absurd
No one has heard of wars
But they die of laughter.

In the theater of the absurd
Everyone looks for chestnuts
As the squirrels are singing.

Jane Campion

Their Life Is Sorted

Their life is sorted
Study, job, money, love,
Marriage, kids, grandkids
Their life is sorted
God, death, Heaven.

Jane Campion

There Is No Universal Truth

There is no universal truth.
What is universality and what
is truth? The former means
all humans. The latter is
a universally held view.

The whole believe dissimilarly.
In part some can agree but their
interpretations may not be the
same, or consistently so. No
scientific study has been proven.

Some do not believe we are born
or die. That we are on Earth
or evolved. Our belief systems
are uniquely ours. To be universally
held all must agree. The nature
of a human is to disagree.

There is no universal truth.
The sum total of this assertion is zero.

Jane Champion

They Will Keep

Everything flows underneath.

The drawbridge of history
Has seen it all...
Never raising any objection
Letting everything flow.

Choked in the moat...
All the miscreants float
Showing sunken eyes
Bared teeth they will keep.

Jane Campion

This Is So Perverse

We sit in evolution
Unfolding as a species
From our beginning
Hunter gatherers
Moving through time
For two hundred millennia
Through wars, revolutions
Always moving until dusk
The musk of time shouldered
Into settlements, agriculture
Growing our provisions
Hunting others unaware
Life was always in motion
Until today, modern man
Sits mainly all of the time
In most nations recumbent
Obesity moves outwards
Less expenditure of energy
We sit in evolution evolving
Dying before our parents
Expanding like the universes
This is so perverse.

Jane Campion

This Is Where We Want To Be

To climb again, a starlit night
Against the black sky, moonlight
Here the air seems clear, so fresh
Taking out a net casting upwards
They say catching stars is possible
Moving up the thinner the air
It is here breath catches all unaware
We need to reassess, as we glance down
Then, a shooting star catches the horizon
This is where we want to be.

Jane Campion

This Queer World

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

Jane Campion

Time Erases All

Footfalls so heavy, indented
Relentless in its pursuits
Life comes and goes forever.

Time will erase the human race
Coming from nothing, disappearing
Into its blank space, filled.

Seeing nothing, emptied, displaced
All the spaces emptied out
Time fills and spills without doubt.

No consequences flow from emptiness
When the snow melts water flows
Showing the bare earth.

The dearth of everything seen and been
Fills the Earth for its time.

Jane Campion

Time From Time

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

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

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

Jane Campion

Time O Time

Time shakes every microsecond loose
Into its space for the human race
Apace, it never stops engaging all.

This is your time for all time
Given by split seconds exponentially
Used, cast into the past it never lasts
Time O Time always on time taking all.

Jane Campion

To Heed A Need

To heed a need
Understanding,
Knowing.

A need is a need
Indeed.

Unique to us.

Jane Campion

To Kiss The Past

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

Those days of sweetness drifting by
We hold so dearly
All those goodbyes.

Clouds floating over oceans
Our sea of memories
Fill our dreams.

Jane Campion

To Know Is Not To Know

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

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

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

Jane Campion

To Know Ourselves

To know ourselves, seeking
Looking here and there
Everywhere, nowhere, where?

Jane Campion

To Taste A Life Of Dreams

To taste his life of dreams
So long ago, aged twenty-two
Now written in history.

A dairyman, up before dawn.
Another day a hundred cows
A quick cigarette, tea so warm
The clouds had not formed

Lame from birth, polio, forgotten
Stout disposition, cows mooing
Dung everywhere, his dog sniffing
Teats perfect, milk flowed like cream.

That girl he knew, lovely breasts
He wanted to carress her tresses.

As the light of dawn was reborn
One cow was a cow to come, income
A dairyman caught in a life of dreams.

Jane Campion

Today It Starts

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
History we can ignore
When all doors are shut
Poverty is poverty.

To help those millions shout
We will not put up with it!
All rich countries must help
Giving their surpluses to the weak
Not next week, today it starts.

Jane Campion

Touch Of A Child

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

Jane Campion

Twenty Hands High

Creativity rides a bucking horse
On its back we feel on track
Twenty hands high it kicks back.

Running full speed what a steed
Over hills and dales we fly along
Wind in our hair everything there.

Stream ahead be prepared to stop
Abruptly we fly through air
That damn horse is to blame of course.

Soon we realise all is not lost
Into the saddle tally-ho, all go
Slowly at first then off again
With new terrain all seems clear.

Jane Champion

Until Disliked

Strutting the stage of life
The young are hung on its scenery
Laughing and using phones
Missing the acts we all take for granted
Life on social media fraternising
Getting fake news, advertisements
Manipulated in fashions and passions
Life is so wonderful until disliked.

Jane Campion

Wading Through Life

Wading though life
Leeches attach sucking
Taking all giving nothing.

Wading through life seeing
What we shouldn't
A fare offering nothing.

Wading through life
Alive to misfortune, delivered
Others offer criticisms unwanted.

Wading through life
Good people give us hope
It is here life doesn't falter.

Jane Campion

We Are Our Yesterdays

We are our yesterdays.

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

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

Then it takes nothing to disappear.

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

Jane Campion

We Dread To Hear

We dread to hear
It is our fear
That they have died
No longer alive
Taken from our time
Our tears let all go
Why did we not know
There were no signs
Were they always in line
On the elevator that takes
Everything that forsakes.

Jane Campion

We Have Only One Body

We have only one body
Use it and abuse it
We have only one body
Love and look after it
We have only one body
It is yours for life.

Jane Campion

We Rocked Night

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

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

Gunfight banged light
One helluva Saturday night.

Jane Campion

We Sing From Within

Incarcerated for life
Our minds sing from within
Incarcerated for life
Our minds sing from within
Incarcerated for life
Our minds sing from within.

Jane Campion

What Remains

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No one knows why there were so many gods
From millennia of all descriptions
Surviving skeptics
Monumental Existence.

No one knows why is Why and when will we die
Fate is fatalistic not optimistic
Destroying our minds and existence
What Remains?

Jane Campion

When All Colors Have Gone

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

Jane Campion

Where We Live

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

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

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

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

Jane Campion

Wings Of Thoughts

Soaring on wings of thoughts
Life teaches emptiness
Reaching out we must touch night
Here we see our Milky Way
A lyrical girl dressed in white
Winking diamonds from afar
In thoughts we are able to see
What we are meant to be
Significant and insignificant
Inside our souls that fly.

Jane Campion

Winter Wonderland

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

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

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

Jane Campion

Winter's Eye

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

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

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

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

Jane Campion

Words Deny Its Existence

Words deny its existence
Yet, to persist they insist
It is there without doubt
Although it is not about
Always there and so near
We should always fear
It watches over us
And if we are faithless
At the end it all adds up
A corrupted soul dances
In eternal fire
Words deny its existence.

Jane Campion

Words Need A Home

A poem is just a poem
From the Bard or a retard
It has imagined images
From a talent or less
Words have been caressed
Some like to address and bless
Others create what we call a mess
Take them as you find them
Words need a home why not a poem.

Jane Campion

Words Waiting To Be Heard

There is no futility in words
Their strength stands before all
Lovingly and crying out for justice.

To not speak is to think without an audience
Speak up, express words that must be heard
Eventually, they are heard.

No word lives alone as an island
It is surrounded by others
Just waiting to make a difference.

Jane Campion

Written On The Wind

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

Jane Campion

Wrong Century Same Country

As a rapporteur of chaos
Organised if you don't mind
I have traced my roots
From the first of my kind
Looks so female no surprise
Born at sunrise died at noon
Too soon for us to meet
Wrong century same country
Poetess of some words
Very much like mine
What fun she would have had
On Poemhunter just like me
O well the report is now due
Back to business as usual.

Jane Campion