

Poetry Series

John Knight
- poems -

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John Knight(8 September 1933)

Hi All

My name is John Knight I was born in Liverpool - The City of Culture in 1933. We have many fine Poets like Roger McGough and Musicians like the Beatles and the Liverpool Philharmonic. It was great City to be brought up in. 'Scoucers' are very articulate and we have produced the best comedian in the World - Ken Dodd still going strong at 80! I am a Research Scientist - Biochemistry and a Lecturer. I have three children and eight grandchildren. I am interested in Art, Music, Poetry and Languages and Foreign Travel. I am interested in Science Fiction and the Spiritual Dimension.

*00001summer Loving

SUMMER Loving is special and al fresco
USUALLY the sun is shining and it's warm
MYSELF I love the sun it relaxes everyone
MOST people I know are more loving in the sun
EVERYBODY greets you with a smile and a hug
REMEMBER always to be huggy in the Summer!

LOVING is all about being nice and kind
OPEN to people - receptive to their smiles
VERY few people can resist nice smile
I ALWAYS try to smile even if I'm sad inside
NOBODY loves or hugs a miserable person!
GO ON be happy smile & hug ~ SUMMER LOVING!

ENGLAND FRIDAY 17 AUGUST 2012

John Knight

*00012 Poemhunters - Quo Vadis?

P OEMHUNTERS are a rare breed
O RDINARY people in one sense - but
E XTRAORDINARY in their incessant quest for poetical
M ATERIAL. They are like Treasure.....
H UNTERS always - day and night - searching for the
U NIQUE & UNUSUAL for that elusive poem
N OBODY else has read (or even written) a
T YPE & STYLE of poetry - new to
E VERYBODY but themselves A CRYPTOCYCLICODE. They
R ESEARCH the 'Global Annals of Poetry' and will never
S TOP in their search for THE PERFECT POEM

John Knight - Still Poem Hunting - 15 March 2011

John Knight

*00013 Poemhunters - Quo Vadis? ? ?

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John Knight - Still Poem Hunting - 15 March 2011

John Knight

*00015 Summer Comes & Goes

Summertime - anticipated
Warm days and sultry nights
Summertime - now eagerly awaited
Enjoy the sounds and scents and sights

Summer time of leisure and of pleasure
Holidays and journeys to new climes
To seek to see the world and all its treasures
To see trees full of lemons and of limes.

Summertime the joy of sunny days
Horrors of Winter all forgotten
To walk in mud free lanes and nature praise
All things fresh - nothing decayed or rotten.

Summertime please stay with us for ever
Autumn's beauty is offset with wind and rain
August come she must - September a glowing ember
Summer please promise us in nine months time
You will be born again! ! !

John Knight

*0002 Cattle Market

Market Day at Langefni
We rise at the crack of dawn
The Market will start at ten o'clock
Cattle are groomed and the sheep all shorn

Nine and Tide* are so excited
Twelve healthy cattle to be sold
Seven miles is the Market's distance
Walking slowly along the road.

Two good dogs to keep us company
Farmer Jones in front to guide
Hugh and I bring up the rear
Blacky trotting at our side.

Black and white the Fresians ambled
With stumbling gait and trailing feet
We were glad it had stopped rainin'
Welsh countryside was fresh and sweet.

The sheep to Market went by truck
Because they were for eating
We knew their names we'd shorn their wool
And cried inside - we missed their bleating.

The cattle were for milking breeding
We walked them slowly to the Auction
Calm and serene refreshed by feeding
The bidding starts with real Welsh caution.

The final bids were good for business
Our beasts were fit and reached their price
Which meant we could return by transport
To roast Welsh Lamb - so sweet and nice.

The next dawned and I was sad
Despite the good day we had had.
The mooing in the cow shed stops
And all my sheep are now Lamb Chops! ! !

John Knight - Frustrated Farmer - 9th March 2011

John Knight

*0003 Still The Fight Goes On

This is a wane & wax poem - each line decreases from 10 to 1 syllables and then increases again for 1 - 10. The last line of the wane phase becomes the first line of the wax phase. The resulting poem has an elegant shape and symmetry.

Still the fight goes on nothing is resolved
and all these conflicts have been in vain
against themselves against the world
have found some reasons to fight
since time commenced all men
that has plagued the earth
to all the strife
seek an end
come to
let's
come to
seek an end
to all the strife
that has plagued the earth.
since time commenced all men
have found some reasons to fight
against themselves against the world
and all these conflicts have been in vain
Still the fight goes on nothing is resolved

John Knight - Seeking an end to the Conflict. - 10 March 2011

John Knight

*0004 My Cat Is Dead

Mon chat est mort
what more is there to say? ? ?
He came to me a fluffy kitten
smitten was I - from the first day.
We played each day with balls of wool
Me skittish - kittish - childish - like a fool.

Mi gato esta muerto
what more is there to say? ? ?
But as he grew - he grew aloof
as all cats do - found other games to play
I still would roll our wool upon the floor
but Tigga shared that game with me no more.

Mio gatto e morto
what more is there to say? ? ?
Despite his cool and feline ways
he loved me 'catlike' to his dying day.
And when he grew too old his prey to stalk
He would walk slowly with me on my daily walk.

Min katt ar dod
what more is there to say? ? ?
He reached a point where he could only lie
upon my lap and slowly fade away.
The day before he died - his life was full
he even gave my ball of wool a pull.
What more is there to say? ? ?
Meine Katze ist kaput

John Knight - Still mournin' Tigga - 10 March 2011

My cat is dead
what more is there to say? ? ?

John Knight

*0005 Impossible Dream

This is a 'Flowing Acrostic' in which the narrative picks up the acrostical words - while at the same time maintaining the metre with lines of approximately co-syllabic. This gives the poem flow and balance.

I mpossible that's why it's a dream

M ake it real - dream it and then make it

P ossible! All dreams can come true if we

O vercome life's difficulties - that is the

S ecret - the difference between failure and

S uccess! People around us try to squeeze us

I nto their mould - to make us just like them!

B elieve you can do it - take charge of your own

L ife and resolve to always strive for the

E xcellence you know you can achieve!

D are to 'Dream the Impossible Dream' and

R ealise those impossible aims and objectives

E xperience the joy of breaking free from

A ll the things and circumstances that hold you back

M ake yourself the Person - God created you to be! ! !

John Knight - Still Dreamin' - 11 March 2011

John Knight

*0006 Please Don'T Go In Spring

Please don't go in Spring - when love's too strong
When each day flowers the greening hedgerows throng
And when the Sun begins to shine again
And April showers with soft refreshing rain.

Please don't go in Summer - lazy - hazy
Summer days -when all our love goes crazy.
I love to talk with you beside the lake
You know two lovers do a Summer make

Please don't go in Autumn - when the leaves turn
Yellow - orange - red and brown - please don't spurn
My love as bonfires burn and rockets fly
You know your are the toffee apple of my eye! ! !

Please don't go in Winter - when it's cold
You know I need you more - now I'm weak and old.
Please don't go in Winter - carols sing
Cuddle me beside the fire and wait 'til Spring! ! !

John Knight - Please don't go ever.....! ! ! - 11 March 2011

John Knight

*0007 Mad Hatters Tea Party

This poem is dedicated to MARGARET ALICE who (most days) takes on the persona of ALICE IN WONDERLAND to escape the mundaneness and boredom of the real World.

Come to the Mad Hatter's Tea Party
The table is set out under the trees
Come and sit down - there's plenty of room
Share your repast with the birds and the bees.

The Mad Hatter's wearing a trio of hats
The Dormouse is asleep - the March Hare is late
The Hatter is talking in riddles
Alice did not know - what of it to make!

A writing desk - why like a raven is it? ? ?
The Hatter consulted his large pocket clock
Gosh it's two days slow - where does the time go?
He dipped it in tea - a real clock-starting shock.

Dormouse started a story to tell
Of sisters called Lacie and Elsie and Tillie
Who lived down inside a large treacle well
Learning to draw thing beginning with 'M' - rather silly.

It was always 'tea-time' so they all moved around
Hare to Mouse to Alice to Hatter to New
Hatter and Hare pushed Mouse in the teapot
So nose in the air - haughty Alice withdrew! ! !

John Knight - Still trying to solve riddles - 11 March 2011

John Knight

*0008 Bird Watching

I am old now - more in than out
but I still have eye for the birds
the feathered type of course!

I'm happy in Spring - birds return
I sit in chair by french window
and I count birds!

I count by colour not name
I was bookkeeper - I record numbers
I start at ten precisely.

Granddaughter brings Kaffe und Kuken!
Du bist zustimmung Grossvater? She asks
Ja ich bin sehr gut Gretchen! I reply.

Outside window -pond - bird bath - bird table
My record sheet has columns - brown - black - white
blue - green - red - yellow - this covers all birds.

I have my lunch by window at 12: 30 pm.
Soup - sandwich - mehr Kaffe und Kuchen
I finish at 3 and enter sightings in log.

Breown (57) Black (13) White (31) *
Blue (3) green (2) red (5) yellow (0)
I am old now - more out than in,

*

* Mainly sea-birds we are near the Coast.

John Knight - Still Bird Watching - 13 March 2011

John Knight

*0009 Lists For All Reasons

Lists for this and lists for that

1. put the dog out
2. feed the cat
3. close the windows in the flat

I'm always making lists.

Lists for shopping at the store

List of items - Forty Four!

List of clothes for holiday

must buy myself some shorts today.

List to starboard - List to Port

stupid clothes on cruise I've brought

most essentials I have missed

how I regret I lost my list.

List of birthdays in my book

List of photographs I took

List of songs by Dr Hook

I'm always making lists.

List for my funeral when I'm dead

YES - just in case wrong words are said

Especially by my brother Fred

So I've prepared a list.....

A list of things for them to do

When 'Peter's Gate' hoves into view

Hymn one - a prayer - and then hymn two

A lovely poem from Sister Sue

A eulogy form Father Pugh

And Dancing Group from Timbuktu

I hope I will be missed

So I've prepared a LIST! ! !

John Knight - Still writing lists - 12 March 2011.

John Knight

*001 Magic Metals

Every metal has a similar Atomic Structure
In the solid state the atoms are close packed
The consequent crystal structure of metals
Endues them with a range of common properties.
All metals conduct heat and electricity - and....
They are shiny - sonorous and strong - but they....
Are also malleable (sheets) and ductile (wires) .
Metals are awesome materials they have high....
Tensile and compressive strength.
All metals are very very precious.
Gold and Silver for beautiful jewellery
Copper for use in electrical circuitry
Aluminium and Magnesium for aircraft,
Metals are essential for life in flora and fauna.

Modern technology depends on Steel.
Iron is the mother metal of Steel.
Carbon is required to make it hard
Tungsten is required to make it tough
Nickel is needed to make it magnetic
Chromium is required to make it stainless.
Steel and other alloys are needed for....
Steel framed buildings - cars and ships.
Never take metals for granted some metals.....
Like copper are in short supply and increasing.....
Amounts of Uranium are needed for Nuclear
Power Stations - because fossil fuels are depleted.
Please recycle metals - steel and aluminium cans.....
We will always need metals - today & forever.

John Knight - Loving Metals - 7 March 2011

John Knight

*002 Prayer Of Thanks

Thank you for the sun and showers
Thank you for the Springtime flowers
Thank you for the lambs that bleat
Thank you for the fields so neat.

Thank you for the sun in June
Making trees and flowers bloom
Thank you for the Summer rain
To refresh the earth again.

Thank you for the Autumn trees
Man could not paint scenes like these
Thank you for the harvest yield
Crops and grains from every field.

Thank you for Winter winds that blow
Thank you for the frost and snow.
Thank you for each season Lord
Without the weather - we'd be bored.

John Knight - Enjoyin' the Weather - 7 March 2011

John Knight

*003 Ode To Sellotape

SELLOTAPE - Oh - SELLOTAPE
please help me to fix my leaking cape
and help me stop the air escape
from my air-bed Oh please please Sellotape.

No Sellotape in days of yore
the bad old days before the War*
the future George and Colin saw
would lie in Sellotape for sure.

In nineteen hundred thirty seven
cellophane film with rubber resin
their inspiration came from Heaven
Sellotape its birth was birth was given.

Before that date the Christmas season
was a pain - and here's the reason
parcels sealed with sticky paper
all fell apart it was a caper.

With Sellotape it was so easy
parcel wrapping left me queasy
but with the tape it's easy peasy
all secure when weather's breezy.

For wrapping things like frying pans
wine in bottles - beer in cans
Sellotape the whole World spans
several thousand times.

So never take S-Tape for granted
and some respect i hope I've planted
for SELLOTAPE I hear you clapping
unique there nothing else quite like it
(and if there was - someone would make it)
It's indispensable for wrapping! ! !

Sellotape is one of the list of 101 Greatest Inventions of all time. Alphabetically it comes between the Safety Razor and the Sewing Machine so it is in good

company.

*WW II (1939 - 1945)

John Knight - In praise of Sellotape - 7 March 2011

John Knight

*004 Ode To Inventions

ASPIRIN (1899) Felix Hoffman a pill is making -
To cure you if your head is aching

BRA (1913) Mary Jacob's made the perfect gift -
To give the ladies an up-lift.

CD (1965) James Russell said scratchy records - they really annoy me - So to
eliminate them - He invented the CD.

ELECTRIC KETTLE (1891) It took hours the heat a kettle on the fire -
So they invented one much quicker - heated by a wire! !

FRIDGE (1834) The inventor one fears - waited 100 years

GPS - Sat. Nav. (1978) You'll not get lost with me -
Perhaps you'll end up n the sea.

INFERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE (1859) Etienne Lenoir -
The greatest polluter of all time - by far

LAPTOP (1982) Bill Moggride now has gone insane -
he left his laptop on the train.

MICROWAVE OVEN (1946) Peter Spencer discovered it by mistake - what a
terrible mistake to make!

NINTENDO GAMEBOY (1989) It's my contention - boyhood has been -
sacrificed to this gross invention.

PAPER CLIP (1892) Lest your papers loose should slip -
Secure them with a paper clip.

QUERTY KEYBOARD (! 862) Latham Scholes was not heretical -
He thought it was more functional than alphabetical

RUBBER BANDS (1845) Stephen Perry made a sketch -
Of a band of rubber - with a massive stretch.

SWISS ARMY KNIFE (1897) For all BOY SCOUTS such bliss -
An Army Knife - that's Swiss.

TV (1925) Logie Baird - thought children should be seen -
As well as heard.

UMBRELLA (2400 BC) They keep you cool - they keep you dry -
Try not to poke yours in my eye.

VACUUM CLEANER (190!) Hubert Booth - my Granddads mucker -
He proved he really was no sucker.

WHEEL (3500 BC) The unicycle was replaced - we bicycles on two wheels
raced. In time we all required more - so most folk drive around on four.

ZIP (1913) Bill Sandback lost his trousers on a trip - To make them more
secure - he then invented him - a zip.

John Knight - Waiting for Inspiration - 7 March 2011

John Knight

*005 Happiness

National Happiness Month (UK) is 18 May to 17 June but you can start smiling today. Even if you don't feel like smiling - it always helps to lift the Blues! ! !

Happiness is catching - happiness is good

A smile makes others smile as well

People who spread happiness

People who spread joy

Infect us more than we can tell.

Never frown when you are down

Expect the cloud to lift - the sun to shine

Smile and the world smiles with you

Smile - YES - you'll feel better when you smile! ! !

John Knight - Still Smiling - 8 March 2011

John Knight

*006 Sad Limerics

SEILTANZER (Tightrope Walker)

I had a friend - called Alan Stalker
Who was a fearless tightrope walker
One Friday night - he met his plight
He walked a rope - when he was TIGHT
Fell like a stone it served him right!

PILZWAHLUNG (Mushroom Picker)

My Polish friend - called Maric Dicker
He was an expert mushroom picker
He's now no more my poor friend Maric
He picked and ate a FLY AGARIC
Now he RIP's with his Brother Tariq

BESTATTER (Undertaker)

You've met my cousin - Mournful Baker
A most accomplished undertaker.
Now dead and gone - he didn't look
The UNDERTAKER - OVERTOOK
And drowned submerged in Beecher's Brook

I provided the titles in German because they often
manage to run two words (in English) into one in German.

John Knight - Avoiding the Undertaker - 8 March 2011.

John Knight

*008 Poems - Poems - Poems

Poems come and poems go
There are hundreds every day
Some move fast and some move slow
And some just fade away.

And yet on Poemhunter
Each poem plays its part
Some brash and some are blunter
But each one's from the heart.

So when you read my little verse
I hope that you will see
Although its message may be terse
It is a part - straight from my heart
It is a part of ME! ! !

John Knight - Doin' his best.....! - 9 March 2011

John Knight

*009 I Remember.....

This is a Cascade Poem consisting of four balanced quatrains. The first line of the verse one becomes the second line of verse of verse two and eventually the last line of verse four. The rhyme pattern is: (Abab) then (cAca) then (adAd) then (eaeA) I hope that makes sense.

O how well do I remember
When I was but a child
My birthday in September
Down on the beach - the sea so wild.

The crashing waves on the rocky shore
O how well do I remember
The seagulls in the sea so wild
In misty cold November.

The yule-tide log and Christmas Tree - December
When you pledged your heart to mine
O how well do I remember
Taste of your lips and taste of wine.

Now you are gone and I'm alone
My life a dying ember
Sad my heart - silent my phone
O how well do I remember.

John Knight - 'Memories are made of this' - 9 March 2011

John Knight

*01 Lost In France

I'm always losing things
My watch - my keys - my specs
Things physical - things tangible
What will I be losing next? ? ?

Lost property entices me
I always make a visit
In my new false leg is there
Is that not mine - or is it? ? ?

I lost my wife one Saturday
On holiday in Greece
She left me for a pedalo*
And now i live in peace.
*(I think that should be a GIGOLO?)

But some folk lose the strangest things
And that is very odd I find
One lost his JOY - one lost his PEACE
A friend of mine has lost his mind.

One lost his cool - in a game of pool
One lost his heart in France
My friends son lost his innocence
And a brand new pair of pants! ! !

We cannot chose - the things we lose
Our jobs - our local railway station
And other things - like jewels and rings
But never lose your reputation! ! !

John Knight 4 March 2011.

John Knight

*02 Haiku - Senryu - Tanka - An Explanation

These JAPANESE STYLES of Poetry are very beautiful in appearance (Japanese Script) - sound and content. We are on sacred ground. It is the content that is important - the syllable count less so. A lot of HAIKU (Nature and Seasons) and SENRYU (Human & Emotions) are written in 17 syllables (or less) and three lines. When one reads an H or S one is sometimes left a bit bemused. So two extra lines (often of explanation) are added - normally each with seven syllables. This is called a TANKA. This is a very brief introduction and I trust purists will forgive me.

HAIKU - SPRING (5 - 7 - 5)

snow disappearing
willow is greening again
Spring is everywhere

SENRYU - FATHER (5 - 7 - 5)

my father gentle
wise - loving - sportsman - writer
now just a memory

TANKA - FROGS - (5 - 7 - 5 - 7 - 7)

Spring - lots of green frogs
funny - lively and leaping
why are they in jars? ? ?
Rana Temporaria
for dissecting not dinner! ! !

Comments would be appreciated.

John Knight - Saturday 5 March 2011

John Knight

*03 Peace & Quiet

This poem is written in BLANK VERSE
14 lines and 10 syllables per line.

We live in increasingly noisy World
Even in shops (once such quiet havens)
We have wall to wall musak and mobiles
Nowhere on Earth is ever free from them.
The mad fobile moan of the mobile phone
Is everywhere - on trains and on busses
On the street and in the park and children
As young as three can be heard using them.
I never knew what a 'telephone' was
Until I was sixteen when i started
Work and even then it took me a while
To realise the person on the line
Was not in the next room but AMERICA! ! !
I vow never to own a MOBILE PHONE.

John Knight - 5 March 2011

John Knight

*04 Love Letter - A Sonnet

I have tried to write a Shakespearean Sonnet. Four quatrains and a doublet (= 14 lines) each line being an Iambic Pentameter (! 0 syllables alternately unstressed and stressed) . The rhyme pattern is abab cdcd efef gg. Because of all this tweeking it should have excellent rhythm - when read - and flow - when recited.

I could not seek your hand and then be scorned
For there are other maidens I would seek
Against your coldness I have oft been warned
But long to feel your cheek against my cheek.

How good my chances with thee can I find?
Perhaps a letter sent - or face to face
For I must leave all other loves behind
If I would win your fond and fair embrace.

I feel a letter would the problem solve
T'would give you time to ponder on my love
And time for me to ponder my resolve
Time for to pray - seek guidance from above.

If I don't get my favourable reply
I fear my heart will break and I will die.

John Knight - 5 March 2011

John Knight

*05 Stray Doggy

When I was out walking with 'Buster' one day
I saw a poor dog near the road
She whimpered her fur was all dirty and grey
As down to the doggy I strode.

We took the dog home and gave her a feed
And washed her and bathed all her sores
My dog slept beside her to give her some warmth
And licked all the hurt from her paws.

I called the dog 'Bess' just to give her a name
And took her to visit my Vet
He was sympathetic but said she would die
And would last just one week at the best.

My 'Buster and Bess' became really good friends
Each day we would walk we would play
But 'Bess' she got weaker unable to walk
We could see her just fading away.

Now 'Old Bess' has gone were the good doggies go
No more in the fields will she roam
And 'Buster' and me have lost a good friend
But we know we gave her a good home.

And so if you see a poor dog in the road
Please don't just leave her to die
But fill her last days with love 'ere she goes
To God's green fields up in the SKY.

This is based partially on a true story.
I was asked to put it into a poem. It is
sad but I hope you enjoy it - JOHN.

John Knight - 5 March 2011

John Knight

*06 Poemhunter Ladies

The 8th of March is International Ladies Day. Let us celebrate the Poemhunter International Ladies in all their Beauty as they show us in so many ways their Character and make the World a better and more fragrant place. This is written in BLANK VERSE - 14 lines each line 10 syllables,

Each Lady in her time plays many parts
Such joy begins when a Daughter is born.
Thank Heaven for the gift of precious Girls.
They bring all their Families love and beauty.
They bring pleasure in their love of small things.
Barbie dolls and puppy dogs and hamsters
When they are Teenagers they expect our.....
Respect and consideration of them.....
As individuals. Their capacity.....
For work - for play - for love - for life - AWESOME.
They multitask and multirole - Lover
Wife - Mother - Advocate - Judge and Jury
Always pouring out their loving oil
On troubled waters - created by MEN

John Knight - 6 March 2011

John Knight

*07 Seasons Of Blessing

The Seasons are one of God's many blessings to those of us fortunate enough to live on Planet Earth. God promised that Seedtime & Summer & Harvest and Winter would never cease. I have lived in the UK for nearly 80 years and God has kept His promise every year. However we do sometimes get all four seasons in one day! ! !

SPRING is a season of renewal
and is most people's favourite
Spring flowers - spring lambs and the.....
awesome greenness of the spring buds.
After the confinement of Winter everything.....
springs back into life - love is in the air.
Even dormant poets come alive.

SUMMER is a season of pleasure.
Since the end of the nineteenth century
it has been a time of travel and leisure
long sunny days - sweet balmy nights.
It is the fulfilment of Spring and the ripening
of the Autumn Harvest. Is this season the best?
They are all the best when considered in season!

AUTUMN is a season of happiness
and visual beauty. Every tree
an incredible work of nature's art.
Each day heralded by an awesome sunrise
and closed by a breathtaking sunset.
God wants us to take time out - to
appreciate His bounty and His beauty.

WINTER is a season of reflection
with time to ponder on all the blessings
and ups and downs of the passing year.
God paints much of the world white
to calm our hearts and make us reflective.
God lowers the temperature to encourage
togetherness and fellowship and love.

John Knight - 6 March 2011.

John Knight

*08 Hospital - Hospitality

I visited Hospital for a check up on an orthopaedic operation I had a few years ago. This acrostic shows my observations.

H opelessness people straring so blankly

O rthopaedic - brittle bones - broken bones

S miling nurses giving reassurance

P atients - patience - porters - posteriors

In patients - out patients - impatience

T rollies with bodies - scalpels and tea

A nxious wait - X-ray and full body scan

L ets go before they amputate everything!

John Knight - 6 March 2011

John Knight

***09 My Cuban Friend - Mi Amiga Cubana**

This is a linear bilingual poem in English & Spanish.

I like my Cuban Friend - A mi me gusta mi Amiga Cubana

She has beautiful back hair - Tiene hermoso pelo negro

It shines in the sunlight - Brilla en la luz del sol

I will send her a poem - Enviare un poema

To tell her how much I love.... Decirle quanto quiero....

The sheen of her long black hair - El brillo de su pelo negro largo

As it tumbles down her back - Como derriba abajo su espalda

And enhances her beauty - Y aumenta su belleza

I hope she will speak to me - Espero que hablara conmigo

My lovely Cuban Lady - Mi Senorita Cubana linda.

John Knight - Sympatico - 7 Marzo 2011.

John Knight

***1 Walking With God**

The Man who walks with GOD
Respects GOD's instructions
He is freed from trouble
And dwells in happiness.
GOD teaches us His ways
If we will walk with Him.
To be a friend of GOD
We must walk in His ways.

John 1 March 2011

John Knight

*2 Reflection - Noitcelfer

R efection is a beautiful word
E mphasing the need for quiet meditation
F ocussing the mind on truth and reason
L earning to access true values
E mpathy - Energy - Expectation - and
C arefully evaluating the outcome
T here is another meaning to the word
I mages of mountains in a still lake in Cumbria
O ne's own image (warts and all) in a mirror
N arcissus fell fatally in love with his own reflection!
O ne's own image (warts and all) in a mirror
I mages of mountains in a still lake in Cumbria
T here is another meaning to the word
C arefully evaluating the outcome
E mpathy - Energy - Expectation - and
L earning to access true values
F ocussing the mind on truth and reason
E mphasing the need for quiet meditation
R efection is a beautiful word

This is a Mirror Image Poem in which the poem is repeated in reverse order. The middle line - line 10 - is not repeated. The poem has to be comprehensible in reverse order for the poem to work.

John 1 March 2011.

John Knight

***3 Nothing Lasts For Ever**

Nothing lasts for ever - except the LOVE of GOD
Tomorrow all forgotten - the streets where once I trod
Even in my lifetime - I've seen things come and go
The school where I was taught - places I used to know.
Buildings fine and monuments - now lie beneath the sod
Nothing lasts forever - except the LOVE of GOD.

Nothing lasts forever - except the LOVE of GOD
The barns I stored my corn in - the horses I once shod
The fields we sowed our wheat in - all concrete covered Malls
Now an ugly motorway - the woods I played with Pals
Where is she now the sacred cow - of Farmer Ormerod?
Nothing lasts forever - except the LOVE of GOD.

Change and decay and building grey - in all around I see
I only hope the folks i know - can se the change in me.
For since I put my trust in GOD - my future's far from bleak
I know this Earth will pass away - so Heaven's love I seek
The Lord is my Good Shepherd - I trust His staff and rod
For - Nothing lasts for ever - except the LOVE of GOD.

John Knight 2 March 2011.

John Knight

*4 Postman's Knock

I love the morning post - I love to hear the postman's knock
I love to hear the letters drop - I hope they don't contain a shock
We take it all for granted - the morn - the mail - the man
We write and post our letters - and pop them in the can

One might be for Cornwall - one might be for Spain
Send them gaily on their way - and trust they're not in vain.
I love to hear the postman - bring the morning post
Lots of lovely letters - for reading with me toast.

A birthday card for Aunty Flo
My birthday was ten weeks ago
I'll not complain stick out my neck
For it contained a ten pound cheque

Letters from my creditors - letters from my friends
Circulars and junk mail - adverts without end.
Letters from all parties - asking me to vote
Begging letters form abroad - wanting a ten pound note

Alas because of emails - they're quick and cheap and short
Postman's knock is under threat - no stamps are being bought
To keep the system going - please send me a letter
From you to me from me to you - the more we send the better! ! !

John Knight 3 March 2011

John Knight

*5 Spring Asparagus

One of the joys of Spring is fresh produce
Salads of course then Spring vegetables
One of which is sweet fresh asparagus.
I love delicate buffets where they serve
Oval mini-rolls with asparagus....
Tips - which makes them look like baby turtles.
There are 'Asparagus Recipes' on.....
GOOGLE - here are some suggestions for you.
Asparagus and Cashew Nut Omelette
Asparagus with local Honey Sauce
The asparagus ends need to be cooked
In boiling salt water for three minutes.
Fetticenne and Asparagus with.....
Scallops. This is a tasty supper dish.

This poem is an unrhymed sonnet (blank verse) . It has 14 lines and each line has 10 syllables.

These recipes can be found in Mireille Guiliano's book 'French Women for all Seasons'. Only the ends of the asparagus are used in these recipes. More of the stalk can be used to make Asparagus Soup.

John Knight 3 March 2011.

John Knight

*500 Easter Ad 33

A Man died - A Man died
nails in his hands and his feet
And a sword in his side

Why did they nail him to Calvary's Tree
Why tell me why was he there?
Jesus the helper - the healer - the friend
Why tell me why should he care?
All our iniquities on him were laid
He bore them all to the Tree
Jesus the debt of my sin fully paid
He bore the ransome for me! ! !

A Man Died - A Man died
Nails in his hands and his feet
And a sword in his side.

(John Knight - Colchester - Easter 2010)

John Knight

*501 Massage Of The Mind - A Sonnet

The room is warm and the fan is blowing
The place to start is your naked shoulders
Which present a perfect invitation
To be gently massaged by my fingers.
The only barrier between ourselves
And our tactility is the jasmine.....
Scented oil - the scent you requested
To ameliorate the full sensation
Of touch and emotion of the massage.
The 'first time' is always apprehensive
And massage is no exception to rule.
First I place my hands onto your shoulders
To break the ice and make connection.
'Please please relax' I whisper 'and enjoy! ! !'.

We synchronise our breathing - more slowly
I start with gentle circular movements
Round your shoulders and slowly down your spine.
I can sense your eyes closing - lips parting
Hair falling - hypnotic - chiropractic
The efflourage synchronised with breathing
Total relaxation and surrender.
I mould my fingers into your contours
Kneeding - squeezing - stretching your texture
The moans I hear are moans of pleasure
Normally only heard in foreplay.
Masseurs and Masseuses are not voyeurs
We are professional people with strict.....
Boundaries just like Doctors and Nurses! ! !

My moves are slow firm and deliberate
To make sure they penetrate through your skin
To your muscle - to your circulation
The jasmine permeating through your pores
Into your bloodstream reaching your brain
Soothing - relaxing - sleeping and dreaming.
You are helpless in my hands - my treasure
To mould - to manipulate - to massage.
My only desire is to treasure you

And pleasure you through all the benefits
Of full body holistic massage.
You are oblivious to passage
Of my gentle and skillful hands over
Your back - your bottom - your thighs and your feet! ! !

Each stroke relieves your physical tension
The jasmine relieves your mental tension
And form your relaxing sleep and your dreams
You slowly wake as reflexology
Stimulates all your vital organs.
Heart - liver - kidneys - lungs - reproductive
System - reflexes and your thought processes
You awake renewed - rejuvenated.
You might well ask - can a dorsal massage
Achieve all this - release and relaxation?
What would happen if I massaged both sides?
Well full-frontal massage - of both sexes
Raises issues of both privacy and.....
Permission and Practices and Parlours! ! !

(John Knight - Colchester (UK) - April 2010)

John Knight

*550 The Art Of Loving

To be much loved is something we all yearn
So many of us filled with the intent
The art of loving is not hard to learn.

Somebody's love each single day to share
Each day in love is always gladly spent
To be much loved is something we all yearn.

Then practice loving always let love burn
Within your heart - the flame of love is spent
The art of loving is not hard to learn.

Love me with all your heart 'til you return
Just love me as you did before you went
To be much loved is something we all yearn.

Your love for me and my love in return
Gives me no cause for which I must relent
The art of loving is not hard to learn.

And should your love for me less brightly burn
my love for you will increase ten percent! ! !
To be much loved is something we all yearn
The art of loving is not hard to learn! ! !

John Knight - Colchester - April 2010

John Knight

*600 A Letter From God

IM SENDING YOU A NOTE TO TELL YOU
How much I love and care for you
I watched over you all through today
And all the day before too
Each evening I gave you a sunset
And cool evening breeze for your rest
I long for you to speak to me
I hope you're not like the rest.
Most of my highest creation
Seem too busy to bother with me
They accept all my love and salvation
All the things I provide them for free
I bathe you with moonlight - while you
Are asleep - and all of my promises keep.

Last week when you were sad and low
I sent Angels to watch over you
The lady who comforted you at your desk
And the young man who helped you
Restart your car - He was my Angel too.
I made the earth for you to enjoy
The blue of the sea and the sky
The green of the grass and the leaves
The gardens so lovely - as you pass by
The burden of stress it relieves.
The scent and the hue of the flowers in the park
The songs of the birds in the trees
The dove and the thrush - the bluebird and lark
To bless you - I created all these.

I don't ask for cathedrals - full of stained glass
I don't need vast organs and choirs
Mosques or temples or mystical shrines
Churches with bells and towers and spires.
My Spirit does not dwell in buildings
Or idols of wood or of gold
My Spirit dwells in the heart of man
My Lambs who've come into My Spiritual Fold.
If only you knew just how much I love you

My love is much deeper than oceans
My love is much higher - beyond the blue sky.
Unlike human love my love is eternal
Ever faithful and present - and my love for you
Is steadfast and true - my love never will die.

JOHN KNIGHT - COLCHESTER - MARCH 2010

John Knight

*605 Honey - God's Sweetest Gift

The sweetness of honey - amazing
The taste of honey - sublime
The colour of honey - yellow and gold
The test of honey is time.

More than ten thousand years ago
Humans collected honey
From hives and honey-combs of wild bees
Sweet and golden and runny.

The Ancient Egyptians used it for food
Romans used it for money
The Mayayns as sacred - treated the bee
Dead were embalmed in honey.

Islam promotes honey for healing
For Hindus it's elixir
Buddhists use honey in Madhu Purima
Israel flows with honey so clear.

Honey is called 'The food of the Gods'
Because God created the bee
The bee - collector - digester of nectar
And makes from it pure honey.

A mixture of fructose and glucose
And water - one part in six
With a range of vitamins and minerals - sure.....
Honey will give you a fix.

When it's made into mead
A sweet viscous - syrupy wine
At a firkin a goat - It will tickle you throat
And you'll end up feelin' just fine.

Honey's produced all over the World
China - Turkey - Mexico
The USA and Argentina
There's honey wherever you go.

The different tastes of the honey depends
On the source of the nectar
Wild flowers or clover or heather or thyme
All checked by the Honey Inspector

Honey is graed as A B or C
Also substandard as well
It depends on its flow and its texture
Also its taste and its smell.

Honey is medicinal in so many ways
Healing an ailment in just a few days
Sore throats and backache and briuses
Just rub it wherever one chooses! ! ! !

Working so hard making honey
Busy and buzzing bumble bee
Thank you for making honey so scrummy
On my toasted crumpets for tea! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Verse four - A Firkin is an old English measure of volume
and a Groat is an old English coin. Crumpets are a type
of bread cake favoured by the English Middle Classes
preferably toated over and open fire.

(John Knight - Sunny Colchester - 7 March 2010)

John Knight

*625 A Wedding Blessing

I wrote this blessing to read at my Granddaughter Rachel's Wedding. I read it just as we sat down for the Wedding Breakfast.

We stand before God to bless David and Rachel on their Wedding Day
May God - by whose will creation had its being
Bless you real good in your union together
May Christ seal your marriage with the seal of His love
May the Holy Spirit guide you in joy and peace.

We give thanks to God the Father who will bless you
To God the Son who rejoices - with us - in your spiritual union
To God the Holy Spirit - who will indwell you forever

Father - we thank you for your provision in all things
We thank you for this meal - to celebrate the marriage
Of David and Rachel - and their commitment
To each other and to your service.
We ask you to bless this meal - and
Our fellowship together - on this
Very very special occasion.
In Christ's Name..... AMEN.

(John Knight - Colchester UK - March 2010)

John Knight

*630 Bread Of Heaven

A loaf of bread - my good friend said
Is what we chiefly need
A glass of wine a wedge of cheese
Is very good indeed
And now - if you are ready friends
We can begin to feed.

Up spoke Amed - What kind of bread
Naan - Pita or Chappati?
For breads are different - just like cars
And mine's a Masserati! ! !
When all is said bread is just bread
Said Angela and Patti.

Like cheese is cheese? - asked Angelise
But not in France of course
But your French Bread goes hard - said Fred
And all of you eat horse.
I like Brioche - said Angelo
With Palma Ham of course.

I can accept - said Angela
That cheeses come in types
And also wines from different vines
Their grapes so sweet and ripe.
But bread's just flour and water mixed
And left to rise - near the hot pipes.

Nein saght Hans - das ist so nicht
Ich lieber Pumpernickel
Das ist der brod - ich hat gepickt
Weiz copt mit meine sichel
Ich koct dem in mein brodofen
Und mache Pumpernickel.

I'm so confused siad Paddy Bewes
I just want a Butty
A slice of Irish Soda Bread
With Galaway Cheese and Chutney.

This talk of Matzo and Lavash
It really sounds quite smutty.

No doubt with Stout? - asked Fredrico
We all like Ethnic Food
I Lisbon - Portuguese Sweet Bread
With Serra Cheese is good.
With Vihno Verde and aluvas
Portugeses - love their food! ! !

So next time that you buy your bread
Remember to be choosy
Ask for Zopf and Pondoro
Or Beer Bread - it's quite boozy.
And eating bread with Poppy Seeds
Can make you feel quite woozy! ! !

So never take your loaf for granted
'Cos just like cheese and wine
Bread's a many splendoured thing
Choose carefully when you dine.
A Crusty Cob with Campbell's Soup
And Wholemeal Toast with mine! ! !

(John Knight - Sunny Colchester - March 2010)

John Knight

*635 Milk The Elixir Of Life

MILK - One of God's precious gifts
For all who seek to live
Of all the food that passes lips
This has the most to give.
And when we from our Mothers feed
Her milk provides our every need.

The milk of cows and goats and sheep
Sustains us in our later life
An elixir before we sleep
It calms our nerves and eases strife
What is the secret of this stuff
Milkaholics just can't get enuff.

We know that milk is mostly water
There's almost eighty eight percent
There's protein - fat and carbohydrate
And calcium to give bones strength.
Drinka - Pinta - Milka - Day
It sure will help you on your way.

Full-fat milk makes ladies fertile
And it tastes much nicer too
Leave the skimmed milk for the slimmers
While you enjoy your creamy goo.
Jersey Milk has FIVE POINT THREE
Fresian much less - Oh dear me! ! !

Milk is a rich source of vitamins
A and D and E and K
Lactose gives our milk its sweetness
Drinka - Pinta - Milka - Day.
Drinking milk instead of coffee
Keeps you calm and much less stropky.

Natural milk is prone to curdle
So we have to Pasteurise
Killing all the dee-dum-durdle
Homogenise and Sterilise.

When next in't Country - it's my vow
To drink my milk straight from the cow! ! !

Milk provides a range of products
Cream - Butter - Cheese and Yoghurt too
Without which life would be much poorer
No Camembert or Danish Blue.
When our palates we would please
We judge a country by its Cheese.
I'll sing the praise of English Cheeses
Cheddar - Cheshire - Wenslydale
Lancahire and Regal Stilton
From pastures lush in Leicester Vale.
Christmastime with Port & Stilton
In Terraced House or at the Hilton.

My 'Ode to Milk' is not complete
Without a mention of 'Best Butter'
'Farmhouse' from the pasture sweet
The taste? 'A Pastoral Ode by Rutter'.
And never let me utter words obscene
Unsaturated Fats and tasteless Margarine.

John Knight

*650 Midnight Hour - A Pantoum

How precious is the midnight hour
when from our daily task we rest
sometimes refreshed by cooling shower
with starlit darkness we are blessed.

When from our daily task we rest
birds silent rest with folded wings
with starlit darkness we are blessed
the wind a sweet soft dream song sings.

Birds silent rest with folded wings
the air is filled with fragrance scent
the wind a sweet soft dream song sings
to aid our sleep is her intent.

The air is filled with fragrant scent
in slumber sweet we close our eyes
to aid our sleep is her intent
we sleep in peace 'til warm sunrise.

In slumber sweet we close our eyes
sometimes refreshed by cooling shower
we sleep in peace 'til warm sunrise
how precious is the midnight hour.

JOHN KNIGHT - OCTOBER 2010

John Knight

*655 God Is Great

O Mighty God - when I observe the wonder
Of Nature's wealth created by your power
I see the clouds - the lightning and the thunder
Ensuing storm and sweet refreshing shower.

When I observe the Universe's vastness
The countless stars that fill the evening sky
Where Sun and Moon keep watch upon the fastness
Of changing seasons - as the days go by.

When through deep woods and forest glades I wander
I hear the birds all singing in the trees
I stand in awe of lofty mountain grandeur
With rushing falls and lakes of tranquil ease.

The Scriptures tell the record of your blessing
So freely given to all the human race
Your constant Mercy - all our needs addressing
Forgiving sin and weakness by your Grace.

And when at last - the mists of time have vanished
You will redeem what now we dimly see
Through Heaven's gates - where earthly ills are banished
We'll enter in for all Eternity.

Then sings my soul - O Mighty God to you
How great you are - How great you are
Sustaining everything in view
How great you are - How great you are
We'll spend eternity with you
How great you are - How great you are.

Adapted from the Swedish poem 'O STORE GUD' written in 1886.

(John Knight - Spring in Colchester - March 2010)

John Knight

*660 Cyber Link - Cyber Love

Pure cyber love has no boundries of age
Our passion is poetry - sharing our art
The thoughts we are sharing are there on the page
Rhyme and time in our mind - but love in our heart.
We are released from the World we inhabit
We are released from our day-to-day scene
Cerebral love is real - so just grab it
It's in cyber space - no boundaries between.

Our beauty lies in our poetic eyes
What we see is written in WORD
The love we express seeks no redress
It is pure - it is real - it is shared.
When i write my poems - i have you in mind
You mind and your heart and your soul
Our love in intangible - the spiritual kind
And each day new facets unfold.

I love you for you - the vision I see
Through your poems and your thoughts on mine
It could be about True Love ot Tennis or Tea
Each topic your presence refine.
So next time you receive a poem from me
Take time to read between all the lines
They are wriiten by me just for you to see
Each subject your beauty defines.

(John Knight - Sunny Colchester (15C) - March 2010)

John Knight

*670 God's Love

God's Love - Springs from eternity
God's Love - Redeeming through history
God's love - Fountain of life to me
So freely - God's Love

God's Love - Freely for all to share
God's Love - Showing how much he'll care
God's Love - Showing He's always there
So awesome - God's Love

God's Love - Awesome as whitest snow
God's Love - Paying the debt I owe
God's Love - Covers the shame I know
So perfect - God's Love

God's Love - Perfects my holiness
God's Love - Fills all my emptiness
God's Love - Stills all my restlessness
So lovely - God's Love

God's Love - Loving me as I am
God's Love - Filling the heart of man
God's Love - Now and for ever the same
AMAZING - GOD'S LOVE.

We love God because He loved us first.
Even as we were being formed in our Mother's womb.
It is a LOVE that is Free - Awesome - Perfect & Amazing.
How much do I - How much do you - love God in return? ? ?

This poem is adapted from a Worship Hymn by Graham Kendrick.

(John Knight - Wet & Windy Colchester - March 2010)

John Knight

*700 Love In Action

I might be a great Communicator
But without Love I am just a big noise
I might be a cutting edge Scientist
But without Love I am just a big bang
I might be a very religious man
But without Love I am a hypocrite
I might be a well known philanthropist
But without Love it amounts to nothing
I might become a 'Martyr for the Cause'
But without Love I have wasted my Life.

Love is patient and Love is kind
Love is never jealous or proud
Love is never selfish or rude
Love is unhappy with badness
Love is happy with godliness
Love is displeased with conceit
Love is pleased with humility
Love keeps no record of mistakes
Love keeps a record of nice things
Love never fails - it is eternal.

This poem is based on an extract from a letter written by the Christian Philosopher Paul of Tarsus - in AD 52 - to the Christian Community in Corinth; a Greek city and capital of the Roman Province of Achaia.

(John Knight - Snowy Colchester - 12 February 2010)

John Knight

*701 Inequality Of Life

This poem is written in a classical form - OTTAVA RIMA. There are eight iambic lines. In this poem I have used iambic pentameter - ten syllables per line. There is a very strict rhyming pattern giving the poem vibrance and flow. a b a b a b c c then d e d e d e f f etc.

I see trees of green and red roses bloom
The air is so fresh and the sky is so blue
Somewhere a lady's alone in her room
Somewhere a child stands forlorn in a queue
The lady has no one - her room is a tomb
The child prays he'll get his bowl full of stew.
Life is unequal - the haves and have nots
Some have no money while others have pots.

A man is in prison - unloved alone
A star on the catwalk - envy of all
He dreams that he is a king on a throne
While her dreams come true - each day she walks tall.
My life is so blessed - nice car - mobile phone
In the third world - some have nothing at all,
They often ask - just what is my life worth?
Or is it just all the dice roll of birth?

For some life is laughter - for others frowns
Some live in hovels - some live in fine pads
Some dress in rags - but for others fine gowns
Many are Orphans - no Mums and no Dads
Do we take for granted our elegant towns
And all the pleasures and blessings we've had?
Wherever there's light you'll also find dark
Conditions serene - conditions quite stark.

God made the earth - He provided for all
Free water and air - free soil for the crops
Enough for the weak - the poor and the small
Heat and the light from the Sun never stops.
What causes the pain - and makes Nations fall?
It's man makes the bomb and man the bomb drops.
God made the air and the ocean so blue

God made all the trees and red roses too
What a Wonderful World - just for me and you.

(John Knight - Arctic Colchester - 12 February 2010)

John Knight

*705 Shine As Lights In The World

We live in a world where beauty abounds
Every tree every flower every bird
Bring glory to God - creator sublime
Who created them all by His Word.

We live in a world where evil abounds
Why is Man so inhuman to Man?
Why are there wars - sometimes without cause
Ocurring again and again?

Why this great contrast of Beauty & Beast
When man is God's highest creation?
We fight in the bars - we fight in the streets
And Nations rise up agianst Nation.

Shout for joy to the Lord - All the Earth - Shout
Let men come before Him with praise
With a song in their hearts - faith and not doubt
And turn back from their old sinful ways.

Let us enter His Gates - with thanksgiving
Let us enter His Courts with praise
Let our lives praise God with our living
As our voices in worship we raise.

If all men looked to God in repentence - and prayer
And followed the rules of His Word
Our lives would be full of His Love - Joy & Peace
And goodness not evil preferred.

The Spice of God's Spirit sould flavour our lives
Helpful and humble and happy we'd be
Always controlling our passion and pride
Living for others and not just for ME!

No Man is an Island - we all affect
The people we meet day by day
Do we love - do we hate - embrace or reject
Thos whom God puts in our way?

Each one of us reaches hundreds each year
Let us resolve in our hearts
To ask God above - for some of His Love
For us to each one to impart.

Each person is precious - we all have a role
To brighten the corner - just where we are
Then our sweetness and light will brighten the World
We will shine like a Beacon - lit with God's Power.

(Juan Caballero - Sunny Colchester - St Valentines Day)

John Knight

*706 Transformed By God

Whatever Country we live in - times are difficult. Emotionally - Financially - Economically - Socially and Spiritually. The reports I get back from Friends working in Haiti say that the greatest need people have is Spiritual. They pray of a 'Touch from God' to enable them to cope with their own anxieties and give them the strength to help their neighbours. We all need a 'Closer Walk with God' to strengthen us through the next decade. This is a prayer of Transformation! ! !
!

Transform my life Oh Lord
Until my life is pure
Transform my heart
Transform my mind
Please make me safe and sure.

Transform my life Oh Lord
'Til I am wholly yours
Transform my hours
Transform my days
Please use me in your cause.

Transform my life Oh Lord
Fill me with life anew
Transform my life
Transform my love
Transformed to be like you.

Transform my life Oh Lord
Through your power divine
Transform my skill
Transform my will
Transform this life of mine.

(John Knight - Sunny Colchester - 15 February 2010)

John Knight

*710 Bird Watching

When God made birds He made them very special
Their domain like His - the bright blue sky
Gliding very smoothly on their thermals
Envy of men - until we learned to fly.

Sweet Avocet the Princess of our birds
Its very name evoking charm and grace
Pristine in black and white - such elegance
In Stately Homes would not be out of place.

The Nightingales sing sweet on Summer days
The Linnets twittering chorus can be heard
The Kestrel's kee kee kee protects its nest
Distinctive sound and call for every bird.

The Fingringhoe Wick Nature Reserve - is quite.....
Near my home - Two hundred species there of bird.
Wading Birds by day - Bats and Owls at night
Squeeks of coots and ghostly hoots are heard.

Each day I'm sitting patient in my 'hide'
The Redshanks - Curlews - Brent Geese flying by
All catalogued inside my Twitters Guide
A flock of screeching Seagulls fills the sky.

We can learn so much from every type of bird
Their plumage is so vibrant and alive
They really love their fledglings whom they teach
To fly and feed and fight and to survive.

They build their nests out of the reach of man
Even deep inside a prickly bramble bush
To keep out pests - they disinfect their nests
The Swallow and the Sparrow and the Trush.

If you feel stressed out with modern life
Pick up your binoculars - go down to the park
Go on your own - don't take your husband or you wife
Just glory in the freedom of the Lark! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

(John Knight - Wet & Windy Colchester - Pancake Tuesday)

John Knight

*800 Famous Last Words

FATHER FORGIVE THEM - THEY DON'T WHAT THEY'RE DOING

A lovely prayer of forgiveness
For those who nailed Him to the Cross
It was not the nails - but our sin
Held Him there - dying for each one of us.

TODAY YOU WILL BE - IN PARADISE - WITH ME!

The thief on the Cross saw that Jesus
Was a good man - not guilty of sin
When Jesus saw that the thief understood
Opened Heaven and invited him in!

MOTHER - JOHN IS NOW YOUR SON - AND YOU'RE HIS MOTHER

Jesus loved Mary and Jesus loved John
And as he looked down from the tree
He asked John to look after Mary
And Mary John's Mother to be!

ELOI ELOI LAMA SABACHTHANI?

OH MY GOD - WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?

Forsaken of God - how could this be?
But Jesus had taken our sin
He died on the Cross - became sin for us
That He our Salvation might win.

JESUS SAID - I AM THIRSTY

Jesus is The Son of God - but also Son of Man
And as a Man He felt the pain - the nails the thorns - His crown
And as a Man he lived and died
And Satan could not bring Him down.

TETALESTAI - I'VE REALLY DONE IT!

This is a cry of great Triumph
His work of Redemption complete
The race had been run - and Jesus had won
Now Satan was on the retreat

FATHER - MY SPIRIT - I COMMIT TO YOU

God had entrusted to Jesus

His great plan to save - the whole human race
His death gave us life - and freedom from sin
We're not saved by our deeds - BY HIS GRACE.

(John Knight - Sunny Colchester - 24 January 2010)

John Knight

*801 God Is Lovely

O Lord - give us your steadfast Love
With our minds we believe in you
With our hearts we always love you
With our voices we worship you
With all our talents we serve you.
O Lord - give us your steadfast Love.

By your word Lord - the Earth was formed
Shout for joy for His Righteousness
Give thanks and praise for His Mercy
Sing out to the Lord a new song
Praise Him for all His love to us
By your word Lord - the Earth was formed.

The Lord regards us from Heaven
He sees all the people on Earth
He knows us individually
He plans for all generations
He blesses those who trust in Him.
The Lord regards us from Heaven.

The Humanists have said - NO GOD
Where you there when He created.....
The Sun and the Solar System?
The Moon to give us light at night?
The mineral cycles of the Earth?
The Humanists have said - NO GOD

O Lord give us your steadfast Love
By your word Lord the Earth was formed
O Lord give us your steadfast Love
The Lord regards us from Heaven
O Lord give us your steadfast Love
The Humanists have said - NO GOD
O Lord give us your steadfast Love.

Tha Poem is dedicated to the whole of the PH Family.
Between us we represent many Faiths and World Views.
All Scriptures teach us that we are made in God's Image,

this distinguishes us from the other Animals and ensures
if we reach out to God - He is always there to greet us.
This availability evokes my title GOD IS LOVELY!

For those who like to analyse Poetry there is a STRUCTURE. The first four verses
are Octameter - Sixains. Each verse has six lines and each line has eight
syllables. The first and last line of each verse are the same. The fifth verse has
seven lines. The open line of the poem is repeated four times interspersed with
the first line of the other three verses.

(John Knight - Colchester - 24 January 2010)

John Knight

*802 Diamond Birthstone Of April

Diamond allotrope of carbon
Hexagonal in crystal form.
Cut and clarity and colour
Gives each stone a unique brilliance
Through each facet cut like prisms
Capturing light - internal scattering
By refraction - scores of rainbows
Diamond allotrope of carbon

Diamonds prized with Kings and Despots
Pride of place in our Crown Jewels
Is the famous Star of Africa
Perfect cut and perfect colour
Like a raindropp - pure transparent.
Diamonds speak of love eternal
Imparting peace and inner strength.
Diamonds prized with Kings and Despots.

Diamond Birthstone month is April
Linked with Zodiac sign of Aries
Drawing strength from Mars the Planet
Nearest Earth in Solar System
Focussed healing through each diamond
Purifies a toxic bloodstream
And can sooth all brain diseases
Diamond Birthstone month is April.

Perfect gift for perfect lady
Diamond allotrope of carbon
Diamond prized by Kings and Despots
Diamond Birthstone month is April
April is month Birthstone diamond
Despots and Kings by prized diamond
Carbon of allotrope diamond
Lady perfect for gift perfect.

Dedicated to The Angel of April.

(John Knight - Cool Colchester - 25 January 2010)

John Knight

*803 Turquoise Birthstone Of December

Just to remind PHS - who are interested in Poetic Structure - that this is a Symmetrical Poem - an Octameter - Octrain Eight syllables and eight lines. This produces a very fluid free verse form that is easy to read and recite. All TWELVE Birthstone Poems have the same structure. The last verse is always a PALINDROME using the first line of each verse.

Turquoise - crystal form triclinic
Perfect texture - sky blue colour
Revered by the Aztecs and the Myans
Loved by the Apache Hunters
Turkish horsemen called it sacred
Protecting both the horse and rider
Verses form Koran carved on it
Turquoise - crystal form triclinic.

Turquoise - Lovely Ladies dreamstone
Lovely both to wear and fondle
Gemstone loved by all Victorians
Turquoise symbol of life's cycles
Birth to Life and then to Heaven
It changes colour as it ages!
Mirroring all our life's stages
Turquoise - Lovely Ladies dreamstone.

Turquoise - birthstone for Decemeber
Linked to star sign Sagitarius
Bringing happiness and fortune
Creativity and blessing
To the lives of all who wear her.
Gentle gemstone - tactile Turquoise
Shining with the Blue of Heaven
Turquoise - birthstone of December.

Sky Blue - Ice Blue - awesome turquoise
Turquoise - crystal form triclinic
Turquoise - Lovely Ladies dreamstone
Turquoise - birthstone for December
December for birthstone - Turquoise
Dreamstone Ladies Lovely - Turquoise

Triclinic form crystal - Turquoise
Turquoise awesome - Blue Ice - Blue Sky.

This poem is dedicated to the Angel of December.

(John Knight - Cool Colchester - 26 January 2010)

John Knight

*804 Aquamarine Birthstone Of March

Hexagonal - Aquamarine
Gemstone of purest rarest hue
The colour of the deep blue sea
Expresses your fidelity
The depth of love you have for me
Aquamarine birthstone of chance
The Roman gemstone of romance
Hexagonal - Aquamarine

Aquamarine sea-water stone
We find this very precious gem
In Madagascar and Brazil
Sea-green sky-blue a diadem
Your loveliness adorned by them
It strengthens your cerebral zone
Enhancing body heart and soul
Aquamarine sea-water stone.

March month's birthstone - Aquamarine
Linked with Zodiac sign of Pisces
Stone and sign linked to the ocean
The Greeks believed that all who wore.....
This gem would sail without comotion
Aquamarine - Aquamarine
The sweetest jewel that I have seen
March month's birthstone - Aquamarine.

Perfect gemstone for mine Angel
Hexagonal - Aquamarine
Aquamarine sea-water stone
March month's birthstone - Aquamarine
Aquamarine - birthstone month's March
Stone water sea - Aquamarine
Aquamarine - hexagonal
Angel mine for gemstone perfect.

This poem is dedicated to The Angel of March.

(John Knight - Colourful Colchester - 26 January 2010)

John Knight

*805 Amethyst Birthstone Of February

Hexagonal sweet Amethyst
Lilac - violet - deep rich purple
Shades from almost black to clear white
Worn by troops in Ancient Egypt
Talisman - protects in the fight
Jewels worn by Holy Bishops
Beads and rings - to sin resist
Hexagonal sweet Amethyst

Amethyst can change its lustre
When near poison it is brought
Also warned of hidden danger
Protecting King and all His Court.
Amethyst the gem for Lovers
St Valentine would always wear
Amethyst - a heart shaped cluster
Amethyst can change its lustre.

Amethyst - February's gem
Aquarius is star sign link
Pain relief and general healing
It clears the mind and helps you think.
Found in Gambia and Brazil and.....
Imparts inner strength and courage
Strengthens heart and strengthens will
Amethyst - February's gem.

Mauve is colour most emotional
Hexagonal sweet Amethyst
Amethyst can change its lustre
February's gem is Amethyst
Amethyst is gem February's
Lustre its change can Amethyst
Amethyst sweet hexagonal
Emotional most colour is mauve.

(John Knight - Colchester - 28 January 2010)

John Knight

*806 I Will Always Love You

I will always love you
Every day every way
I can't stop loving you
Just 'cos you went away
I will always love you
Even though you won't stay
I can't stop loving you
When i'm old and grey
I will always love you

I will always love you
The way it used to be
I won't stop loving you
Just 'cos you don't love me
I will always love you
When I am ninety three
I won't stop loving you
Wherever I may be
I will always love you.

I will always love you
I just can't help myself
I must keep loving you
I'll jump down from the shelf
I will always love you
I'll turn into an Elf
I must keep loving you
I'll keep you for myself
I will always love you.

I will always love you
Both by Day and by Night
Want you - Need you - Love you
Our love was so so bright
I will always love you
You really know that's right
Want you - Need you - Love you
I want to hold you tight
I will always love you.

I will always love you
I just can't resist her
Nobody else will do
Ever since I kissed her
I will always love you
Oh how much I've missed her
Nobody else will do
Have you got a Sister? ? ? ? ?
I will always love you

True love never run smooth
But it runs very very deep! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

(John Knight - Snowing again in Colchester - 30 January 2010)

John Knight

*807 Opal Birthstone Of October

Opals - gems with quartz-like structure
Flash and sparkle rainbow colours
Ancient eye stone - deep red fire stone
Eastern Opals truth and faith stone
Pure white Opal - jet black Opal
Crystal clear the water Opal
Elusive - diffuse - mystery stone
Opals - gems with quartz-like structure.

Radiating nature's power
Opals found in far Australia
Central South and North America
Offer pureness hope and healing
Increase visual power and eyesight
Enhance insight faith and feeling
The Opal glows with inner light
Radiating nature's power.

Opal birthstone for October
Linked with star sign funky Libra
Weighs each Opal in his scales
Happiness it gives its wearer
The lovely Opal never fails.
Stone of fortune in Ancient Greece
In Ancient Rome the stone of peace.
Opal birthstone for October.

Opal jewel for love that's faithful
Opals gems with quartz-like structure
Radiating nature's power
Opal birthstone for October
October for birthstone Opal
Power nature's radiating
Structure like quartz with gems Opal
Faithful that's love for jewel Opal.

Dedicated to the Angel of October.

(John Knight - Freezing Colchester - 31 January 2010)

John Knight

*808 Garnet Birthstone Of January

The garnet is a complicated and lesser known gemstone. There is a Family of Garnets (seven major classifications) and they are all very hard glassy silicates. They contain a variety of metals and have a wide colour range from black to colourless. Some rare forms of Garnet are more valuable than diamonds.

Garnet - crystal structure rhombic
Deep red - orange - yellow - purple
Green and colourless - brown and black.
Green for nature - red for power
Black for death and mauve for grieving
Worn for protection from the plague
Gem exchanged when friends are leaving
Rhombic structure crystal - Garnet

Garnet January's birthstone
Capricorn her birth sign twin
Found in North and South America
Guards from poison plague and sin.
Greeks all wore them to keep bright
Romans wore them with engraving
To protect them through the night.
Birthstone January's Garnet.

Seven major forms for Garnet
Deep red Pyrope precious necklace
Graced the necks of rich Victorians
Rhodolite is deep rich purple
The purest green is Demantido
The Garnet has a secret power
It really peps up one's libido! ! !
Garnet for forms - major seven.

Versatile is gemstone Garnet
Garnet crystal structure rhombic
Garnet January's birthstone
Seven major forms for Garnet.
Garnet for forms - major seven
Birthstone January's Garnet
Rhombic structure crystal Garnet

Garnet gemstone is versatile.

This poem is dedicated to the Angel of January,

(John Knight - Frosty Colchester - 1 February 2010)

John Knight

*809 Peridot Birthstone Of August

The Peridot (pronounced PEAR - A - DOE) is a very beautiful but lesser known gemstone. It was first discovered on Topazo Island in the Red Sea by the Egyptians who called it 'The Gem of the Sun'. Peridos are unique gemstones because they are always green. They are a form of Chrysolite - magnesium aluminium silicate - with an iron impurity which is responsible for its green colour. The depth of green is proportionate to the percentage of iron.

Peridot so orthorhombic
Lime green - olive green - and sea green
Even greens you've never seen
Yes - over forty shades of green.
Colours of all life and nature
Themes politic - themes scholastic
Peridot gems for all we know
Orthorhombic so Peridot.

Peridots can rival emeralds
In their lustre and their value
Mined in enigmatic China
Blissful Burma - U S A.
Offers wearer full protection
With it fame and dignity
It also brings prosperity
Emeralds rival can Peridots.

Peridot birthstone for August
Linked with Leo - powerful sign
Bringing health to lungs and liver
A peridot will bless the giver.
Peridot gemstone of Egypt
Worn to ward off evil spirits
By Romans to dispel a foe
August for birthstone Peridot

Peridot so green so perfect
Peridot so orthorhombic
Peridots can rival emeralds
Peridot birthstone for August
August for birthstone Peridot.

Emeralds rival can Peridots
Orthorhombic so Peridot
Perfect so green so Peridot.

Dedicated to the Angel of August.

(John Knight - Frosty Colchester - 1 February 2010)

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John Knight

*810 Love On Valentines Day

I loved you all through January
When the weather was so cold
I'll love you all through February
When all my lambs are in the fold
I'll love you all the whole month through
Not just on Saint Valentine's day
I'll still love you with all my heart
When the Spring flowers bloom in May.
I'll love you on a Summer's day
When the air is still and warm
I'll love you in the Autumn mists
When the leaves turn gold and fall.
I'll love you still in Winter's frost
The whiteness of fresh fallen snow
Reflects the pure clear beauty
Of a special lady that I know.
So I send you this Valentine
A loving greeting from my heart
To say that I'll be with you always
And we will never be apart.

(John Knight - Sunny Colchester - 5 February 2010)

John Knight

*811 Communion Between God & Man

Only bread and only wine
Yet by faith a blessed bond
Between the Human and Divine
We give you thanks oh Lord.
This is a Table of Communion
It is not the Table of the Church
It is holy - the Table of the Lord.
Each week it is made ready
For those who love the Lord - and
For those who want to love Him more.

So come - You who have much faith
And those who are still seeking
So come - You who come here often
And those who seldom come.
So come - You who try to follow
And those who have tried and failed
So come you who hunger and thirst
For a deeper faith and a better life
For a fairer world and better understanding.

It is the Lord's will - for those.....
Who want to meet Him - That they should.....
Come to this Table - THE LORD'S TABLE.
Only bread and only wine
Yet by Faith a blessed bond
Of the human and Divine
We give you thanks oh Lord.

The Communion Service is a sacrament, both in its significance and in its implementation, which really does bring Believers into a closer relationship with GOD. Those who are Believers should always avail themselves of this Divine Provision for his Universal Church.

(John Knight - Windy Colchester - 6 February 2010)

John Knight

*812 Woad - Ancient Briton's Dress Code

England was a lot hotter in the First Century so instead of wearing clothes we just painted ourselves in Woad which came in every shade of Blue. The Atavist Film reminded me of a song we used to sing round the campfire seventy years ago. My poem is an adaptation of the song.

Ancient Britons never needed clothes
Silks and satins underwear or hose
Painted In their Woad they loved to pose
Like Atavists with bright blue face and torso

In Woad we'll scare the Foe Men
And melt all alien Snow Men
Always on the go Men.
Boil it to a brilliant blue
Wear Woad from head to toe Men.

Romans came across the channel
All dressed up in tin and flannel
In half a pint of Woad per man'll
We're better dressed than these

We never wear shirts made of cotton
Ties that always get forgotten
Dip the brush in - paint the lot on
Woad's always fresh and clean.

For ladies Woad makes perfect dresses
To match their eyes and long blonde tresses
It rubs off in their beau's caresses
But they wear Woad as well.

Vikings - Saxons keep your armours
Fur coats were made for goats and llamas
Ancient Brits don't wear pyjamas
We sleep naked in our Woad.

Tramp up Snowden with our Woad on
Don't care if we get rained or blowed on
We'd march for days along the road on

Feet just clad in Woad.

Ancient Britons never hit on
Anything as good as Woad to fit on
Breasts and chests and where you sit on
One size fits all in Woad.

light blue - bright blue - late at night blue
Colour of eyes after a fight blue
Always bound to find the right blue
Every shade of Woad.

Dark blue for a girl with passion
Duck egg blue the latest fashion
Never have a clothing ration
Just slap on the Woad.

Atavars look good in blue
They have no choice they're blue all through
But ancient Brits could Woad eschew
Go out red or green.

In an economic crisis
Woad is cheap - compare the prices
And in the Summer it quite nice is
Cool as a mountain stream.

In Woad - you'll scare the Foe - MAN
You'll feel warm in the snow - MAN
Always on the go - MAN
Just boil it to a brilliant hue
And rub it on your chest and your ABDOMAN
Then you'll be steady ever ready
All dressed In WOAD from head to toe - MAN.

Dedicated to all ancient Britons - In the PH Family - who can remember their
Granny wearing Woad in the last Century.

(John Knight - Ancient Colchester - 7 February 2010)

John Knight

*813 Trees In Winter

Trees in the Winter lose their leaves
Their Autumn glory blows away,
The ground their mulch and mor receives
As in the wind bare branches sway.

The stately poplars show their shape
Oval like gherkins on a pole,
The chestnut - rounded like a cape
The weeping willow looks quite droll.

The Winter makes us value Spring
The trees are bleak and blown and bare,
The woods are quiet - no birds sing
Except a lone owl hooting there.

The Winter winds are piercing chill
And through the hedgerow blows a gale,
White driven snow the valleys fill
Skeletal Oaks stand in the vale.

Devoid of leaves each tree reveals
Its structure - branches - twigs and trunk,
One wonders just how cold it feels
To have ones roots beneath snow sunk.

The holly makes a welcome sight
Its deep green leaves poke through the snow,
Together with red berries bright
It gives a pleasant Christmas glow.

Their cloaks of yellow, red and gold
Have leaf by leaf been blown away,
Just as a 'pop star' growing old
Loses his aura day by day.

But unlike humans trees are blest
When Winter's snows have passed away,
Each branch with bright Spring green is dressed
Each tree grows younger day by day.

(John Knight - Colchester - 8 February 2010)

John Knight

So of course production will be lower
But the quality of product will be best
And the workers on the line will not be stressed
We had time to take a little break for rest
So in the end then - everyone is blest.

Good Morning Lord - Hello it's me again
I'm late today its nearly half past ten.
It's Saturday so there's no work today
So it should give me much more time to pray.
I have to visit someone whose child has passed away
I want to go - but Oh Lord - I don't know what to say.
'Just tell them that I love them - and she is safe with me'
I heard the Lord - so sweetly say to me
And so I went and told them - it gave them such relief
To know their child was safe - gave joy beyond belief.
I've just shared two stories - of how God answers prayer
Which illustrate the fact He's always there.
He knows our fears - He knows what makes us sad
He brings out hearts relief and makes us glad.

Do you feel discouraged - burdened with a load of care
Just look through the shadows - God is always there.
Tell Him about your troubles - tell Him how you feel
You will find your burdens - lighten as you kneel.

(John Knight - Sunny Colchester - 9 February 2010)

John Knight

*901 Twenty Ten

Twenty ten Oh Twenty ten
The New Year has come round again.
Twenty ten Oh Twenty ten
I know not how and I know not when.

Twentynine sweet Twentynine
Are you no longer a friend of mine?
Twentynine my Twentynine
Gone are the joys for which I pine

Will they never come back again
For me to enjoy in Twenty ten
Or must they die with times distain
Will I never see Twentynine again?

Twentynine pure Twentynine
Your precious pleasures were so devine
I'm far too old to try them again
For - I'll be Thirty in Twenty ten.

(John Knight - Sunny Colchester - NYD Twenty ten)

Dedicated to all those born in 1980 AD

John Knight

*902 Domus Geriatricus

I am assigned to a chair - comfortable
I take in my surroundings - bearable
A large warm square room - presentable
A large TV and sound centre - audible
A faint odour of brassicas - inevitable
Its source? - Well shall we say - predictable
This is a Seniors rest home - acceptable?
Well it's not the Hilton - understandable

I check my companions - every man's dream?
Sixteen assorted females and only three men
Shades of Joseph Smith - but all well past menopause.
My two adjacent Residents - Maureen and Jock
Both wear kilts. Maureen carries on knitting a scarf
Already yards too too long for any human.
Jock is snoring and does not wake up
Who allocated my space - betwixt Maureen and Jock?

Surely not some preordained Divine purpose?
Not really just the fact that Nelly Smith - suddenly
Dropped dead in that same chair - only last week.
That's how things operate at St Finnegan's Rest Home
It's all very dynamic - and very fluid
No not incontinence - just comings and goings
Average age - ninety - average stay - two years
No one bothers to plant an apple tree!

I was comparatively young - only eighty six
No one left to care for me - deemed INCAPABLE
Domiciled to St Finnegan's - until 'Death us do Part'.
The bell donged for dinner - we wheeled - zimmered
And shimmied our way to the table - assigned
Seating plan - seated between Dorothy
And Isobel - and God forbid - opposite me
Eve whose ample mouth somehow missed every spoonful.

I was genetically programmed.....
To live to ninety-two so I faced.....
Seven years of predeath pergatory.

My brain was OK - I am a Scientist
It was my body that was letting me down.
So all my 'supporters' agreed that I needed
Twenty-four- seven care - hence St Finnegan's
I ticked all the boxes - except reality.

Fortunately I hadn't signed anything
Or paid any deposit - or burned any bridges
I only had one ally left - who still believed in me
Alfonso Rodrigues who - alas - lived in Madrid.
I phoned him and we hatched a cunning plan.
He arrived - for a visit - three days later
With his two brothers - all in full Spanish regalia.
Sombreros - Panchos - Guitars - Al Fresco - Fiesta!

St Finnigans has never seen anything.....
Like it before or since - everyone danced
Everyone sang - everyone drank Sangria
For four hours there was an air of normality
For four hours it became Shangri La.
When the Three Caballeros finally left
No one noticed that the man in my bed
Looked a little darker and a little younger.

By midnight I was on the plane to Madrid
With Alfonso and his brother Pedro
His other brother Paulo was peaceful asleep
In bed in my blue regulation pyjamas.
OK I could have just hobbled out - but where to go?
Everyone who should have cared consigned me
To a living death at St Finnegan's
Only Alfonso still saw me as an individual.

That was ten years ago - I am still in Madrid
Celebrating my Ninth Wedding Anniversary
To Maria who was Alfonso's widowed sister
She is now eighty- three - I am ninety six
And much much fitter now than I was ten years ago.
Alas - all the people who danced the Bossa Nova
On that unforgettable night have now gone
To the big Seniors Rest home in the Sky!

(John Knight - Snowy Colchester - Jnauary 2010)

John Knight

*903 Beautiful Attitudes

Jesus Bar-Joseph - itinerant preacher
From Nazareth - a Master Carpenter.
When he was about thirty he left his job
Selected a mixed group of companions
And comenced an unorthodox preaching
Teaching tour - which lasted just three years.

His companions - a motly crew - twelve men.
Northern Fishermen - Impetuous Peter
And the Mysterious John - Doubting Thomas
Treachorous Treasurer - Judas Iscariot
Simon the Zealot - Philip the Thinker
And their scribe - Matthew an ex-Tax Collector!

His teaching was hard hitting - especially
To the arrogant Jewish Hierarchy.
He used the sacred name of JEHOVAH - saying
I AM The Door - I AM The Good Shepherd
I AM The Way and The Truth and The Life
Worse still he claimed to be THE SON OF GOD.

Historically he is different and unique.
He paid the ultimate price - Crucifixion
Outside Jerusalem - aged thirty three.
We all have to make up our minds about him.
Was he really THE SON OF GOD - did he
Rise from the dead and ascend into Heaven?

Is he really the Saviour of the Human race?
Can his words really revolutionise our lives?
Let us consider his famous 'Sermon on the Mount'.
The secrets of Happiness and Blessing.
A compedium of Eight Beautiful Attitudes
Which run contrary to all Earth's Material Values.

Happiness comes when you run out of ideas
It is then that you really turn to God for help.
Happiness comes when you lose all your prized possessions
It is then that you allow all your riends to comfort you.

Happiness comes when you are really contented
Because what you have is priceless.
Happiness comes when you desire a closer walk with GOD
Because your spiritual hunger will be satisfied.
Happiness comes when you really care for others
Because in return they will love and care for you.
Happiness comes when your Mind and Motives are Pure
Then you can really see God at work in your own Community.
Happiness comes when you preach and practice PEACE
Then you really are God's Ambassador.
Happiness comes when you are criticised for your Holy Life
Because personal holiness is the prelude to Paradise.

If the whole World followed the teachings of.....
Jesus Bar-Joseph - Itinerant Preacher of Righteousness
Who claimed to be the incarnate Son of God,
There would be no more wars or poverty
Or inhumanity of Man to Man - Instead there would be:
Peace on Earth and infinite Joy in Heaven.

(John Knight - Freezing Colchester - January 2010)

John Knight

*904 My Sleeping Children

This poem is dedicated to all Parents and Potential Parents. It is written as 'Blank Verse' in pseudo Sonnet Form. Forteen lines - each an iambic hexameter (12 syllables to each line) divided into Eight Lines of statement - and an aswering Six Lines. There is no RHYME.

All Ladies are not priviledged to be Mothers
All Men are not chosen to be Fathers.
I apologise for this - but to those who are who are
So priviledged and so chosen - I pen this ode.
Sharon Joy - composed and serene even in sleep
Cherith Peace - complex - musing on a Shakespearean Sonnet
Stephen John - contented - the sleep of the innocent.
All my children safe and secure in their Dream Worlds.

Once again I'm struck by my responsibility
How great it is and how inadequate I am
For their immediate and future development.
I can open the whole World to them - or close it
They will learn from my attitude to life and love
To Friends and Family but especially to Strangers.

I can encourage them to reach out to others
Teach them xenophillia not xenophobia
I can show them respect for themselves and others
I can demonstrate open mindedness - thereby
Teaching them not to be prejudiced against others.
I can teach them to be Firm - Fair and Friendly
In all situations - more giving than taking
Sharing and caring in a very selfish World.

I can demonstrate self-discipline in everything
Eating - Drinking - Relationships - Entertainment
We all live in a hedonistic society
But our own home envoronment - can be different.
More empathetic - more understanding and more
Spiritual. We must always provide space for GOD.

I am very aware that i can't do this on my own
And if i'm honest - and speaking as a mere Man

Eighty percent of the virtues I've mentioned
Are taught by the Mother and not by the Father!
Twenty percent of family related duties
Is still a good input for a Modern Father
I leave home at seven and work very very hard
Then get home early for 'Quality Time' before bed.

I also need you GOD - because I am your Child.
And you are my perfect Father - Teaching me Love
And Responsibility - and showing me through
Your Word - common sense about Myself - my Family
My Friends and my Community- but especially
My Responsibility - to My Sleeping Children.

(John Knight - Freezing Colchester - 4 January 2010)

John Knight

*905 The Promised Snow Has Come (Monchielle)

A MONCHIELLE is a classical form of Poetry with the following prescriptions. It has five verses - each of five lines. Each line has six syllables and the first line in each verse is the same. Verse three must rhyme with verse five. It is an excellent form for a contemporary comment such as the current 'Snowbound' condition of the UK.

The promised snow has come
Forecasters said it would
But two things did not share
They did not tell us when
They did not tell us where.

The promised snow has come
To North - South - East and West
It came two weeks ago
It just won't go away
It's real Siberian snow!

The promised snow has come
And all the schools have closed
The children think that's nice.
The cars slide to and fro
The roads are thick with ice.

The promised snow has come
The sledges all are out
It's twelve degrees below
The Snowmen Rule KO
We've never seen such snow!

The promised snow has come
No one escapes the freeeeeeeeeeeeze
Solid lakes and rivers
Cars stuck in snow drifts - and.....
We've all got the shivers! ! ! ! ! ! !

(John Knight - Ice-age Colchester - 8 January 2010)

John Knight

*906 Two Hearts As One (Rondelet)

The RONDELET consists of seven lines. Lines One - three - seven have four syllables and are identical. Lines Two - four - five - six have eight syllables. Line four rhymes with line three and lines two - five - six all rhyme with each other. A - b - A - a - b - b - A simple! This poem consists of five consecutive thematically linked RONDELET.

Two hearts as one
Two hearts that beat in unity
Two hearts as one
Throbbing together - on and on
Beating without mpunity
In harmony - in unity
Two hearts as one.

Seeing your face
Has made my empty heart rejoice
Seeing your face
So full of beauty - full of grace
So makes me long to hear your voice
My Angel you're now my first choice
Seeing your face.

Hearing your voice
Has made my poor heart leap for joy
Hearing your voice
Every word makes me rejoice
Your voice all pain and fears alloy
You give me pleasure like a toy
Hearing your voice.

Feeling your kiss
Revives my frozen heart again
Feeling your kiss
Transports me to a realm of bliss
A realm where my heart feels no pain
A realm devoid of stress and strain
Feeling your kiss

Making sweet love

My heart in harmony with yours
Making sweet love
A love that's blessed by God above
A love that loveliness adores
A love eternal - without pause
Making sweet love.

(John Knight - Subzero Colchester - 9 January 2010)

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John Knight

*907 Stay As Sweet As You Are (Ghazal)

Excuse me asking - 'Does he take - Sugar? '
'Would he like on lump or two of - Sugar? '

Cornflakes? I'm afraid we're out of Sugar
The ration? Just two ounces of Sugar.

To make the medicine go down - Sugar
To coat a very bitter pill - Sugar

A simple disaccharide - that's Sugar
Fructose and sucrose combined - that's Sugar

Man used honey before he had - Sugar
We love sweet things - so we all love Sugar

Cakes - sweets - chocolate - all contain Sugar
Cane - beet - honey - all sources of Sugar

I call my sweetest female friends - Sugar
And I call my baby daughter - Sugar

What makes the World go round and round? Sugar
What's life's most important substance? Sugar

The Earth's most prolific foodstuff - Sugar
Never underestimate sweetness - SUGAR!!!!!!!!!!!!

(John Knight - Thawing Colchester - 12 December 2010)

John Knight

*910 Touch Me Tenderly

You touch my finger tips and my heart is a glow
Your lips caress my lips - and makes our love flow.
Touch is a wonderful outpouring of love
Like the rest of our senses a gift from above.

Love makes all our senses heightened and ready
To pleasure our Loved One and keep our love steady.
What we see with our eyes can make our hearts flutter
What we hear with our ears when sweet words we utter.

Scents can be deceptive - like Chanelle No.5
Makes a lady alluring and keeps love alive.
Visions of Loveliness and Tall Macho Men
Can sweep us off our feet - again and again.

The sweet sound of Her voice - His masculine tone
Set our hearts a-flutter whenever they phone.
The nuance of Her scent - His masculine smell
All help our decisions - a Heaven or Hell?

Each one of our senses can help us decide
Choose our partner for life - A Bridegroom or Bride.
Senses - Sight - Sound and Scent all give us a clue
Of the people we meet each day passing through.

But it's only through touch that real love can flow
It's through Hugging & Kissing that you really know.
The endorphins of love are released from your heart
And once they start to flow - you're never apart.

So please reach out and touch give big Hugs and a Kiss
To find your True Love and to share in love's bliss.
This leave me frustrated for as you are all aware
I write about 'Dream Love' which cerebral we share.

I know and you know that we can see and hear
Ourselves from a distance - and that brings us near.
Scent is superficial - but our touch is a must
Please reach out and try - your mind you must trust.

I am a 'Dream Lover' and I know what I feel
The LOVE in my DREAMS is both PERFECT and REAL! !

(John Knight - Freezing Colchester - 13 January 2010)

John Knight

***911 Pray For Haiti And The Haitians**

On 12 January 2010 a 7.0 force earthquake struck 16 miles offshore from Port-au-Prince demolishing the capital and killing many thousands of its citizens. Haiti occupies the western third of Hispanola a Caribbean Island 45 miles east of Cuba. The population is just in excess of 10 million and about 3 million Haitians live abroad. It is a poor country and many of its citizens have poor health including TB and Aids. It is nominally Christian (80% Catholic) and about 50% of the population practise Haitian Vodou. What can we do? We can give generously now and during the year. If we have specialist skills we can join teams being sent out by our Governments. We can also pray Individually and Collectively for our beloved 'Brothers & Sister' in Haiti. It's up to you - but please do something.

Pray for Haiti and the Haitians

That GOD will hear their cries and prayers

That the WORLD will hear their cries and prayers

That they will recover their Peace & Joy

That the bereaved will know their loved ones are with GOD

Pray for Haiti and the Haitians

Pray for Haiti and the Haitians

That each individual will find comfort

That each individual will have access to clean water

That each individual will have sufficient food each week

That each individual will feel wanted and loved

Pray for Haiti and the Haitians

Pray for Haiti and the Haitians

That they will have strong National leadership

That each local area will be governed democratically

That each child will have access to a School

That each individual will have access to Health Care

Pray for Haiti and the Haitians

Pray for Haiti and the Haitians

For all Haitians - at home - and living abroad

That they will lose self-interest and help their neighbours

That they will accept Foreign Aid without prejudice

That they will recover from this devastation as soon as possible

Pray for Haiti and the Haitians

Please pray every day for Haiti and the Haitians
Please encourage other to pray for Haiti and the Hatians
Please help and encourage your Government to supprt Haiti
Please donate all you can afford to support Haiti - TODAY
Please encourage others to support Haiti - TODAY
Please pray every day for Haiti and the Haitians

(John Knight - Sunny Colchester - 17 January 2010)

John Knight

*915 Always And Forever - Pantoum

I feel the warmness of your smile
I hear the music of your voice
I love your oh so witty style
Your presence makes my heart rejoice.

I hear the music of your voice
You always know just what to say
Your presence makes my heart rejoice
Please with me - always will you stay?

You always know just what to say
I'm thrilled to have a friend like you
Please with me - always will you stay?
There for me all my whole life through.

I'm thrilled to have a friend like you
You share my daily joy and pain
There for me all my whole life through
I know our love will never wane.

You share my daily joy and pain
Your guidance makes me what I am
I know our love will never wane
You are my Shepherd - I'm your Lamb.

Your guidance makes me what I am
You are my 'Bride' and I'm your 'Groom'
You are my Shepherd - I'm your Lamb
With you my love will grow and bloom.

You are my 'Bride' and I'm your 'Groom'
We'll share our lives each hour each day
With you my love will grow and bloom
Our love will never fade away.

I love your oh so witty style
I feel the warmness of your smile.

(John Knight - Colchester - 20 January 2010)

John Knight

*920 Topaz Birthstone Of November

The form of this poem is an OCTAMETER - OCTRAIN. That is a poem in which each line has eight syllables and each verse eight lines. Read it as you would read Longfellow's Hiawatha and you will appreciate how smoothly it flows. The first and last lines of each of the first three verses are identical. The last verse encapsulates all these six lines and is a PALINDROME. I am a protagonist of 'Structure in Poetry'.

Perfect orthorhombic crystals
Found on Island of Topazos
Yellow pink and green and crimson
Our ancestors called it Topaz.
Precious gemstone for adornment
Of the lovely Roman Ladies
Rings and strings of beads for necklace
Perfect orthorhombic crystals.

Topaz pure and lovely gemstone
Bright transparent saffron yellow
Prized talisman in Sri Lanka
Worn for health and wealth and wisdom.
Also prized by ancient Romans
NATURA - DEFICIT - FORTUNA
MATATUR - DEUS - CERNIT - OMNIA
Topaz pure and lovely gemstone.

Topaz birthstone of November
Linked with Zodiac sign of Scorpio
Symbolizing love and friendship
Strength and blancing emotions.
Energy from Planet Pluto
Focussed through this precious gemstone
Into hearts of all who wear her
Topaz birthstone of November.

Topaz formed in cooling magma
Perfect orthorhombic crystals
Topaz pure and lovely gemstone
Topaz birthstone of November.
November of birthstone Topaz

Gemstone lovely and pure Topaz
Crystals orthorhombic perfect
Magma cooling in formed Topaz.

Dedicated to the PH Ladies - whose individual beauty
would enhance the brilliance of a perfect TOPAZ.

(John Knight - Colchester - 21 January 2010)

John Knight

*925 Emerald Birthstone Of May

Hexagonal in crystal form
Mined in Zambia and Columbia
Gemstones valued more than diamond
Radiant green their unique colour.
Holy stone of Ancient Incas
Used by Mayans in their worship
Prized as jewels in Pharaoh's Egypt
Hexagonal in crystal form.

Emerald - Nature's perfect gemstone
Prized for charm and cut and colour
Emerald jewel to bring fertility
Favourite gemstone of Victorians
Green rapport with life and nature
Linked with Zodiac sign of Taurus
Strengthens spine and eyes and memory
Emerald - Nature's perfect gemstone.

May the month of emerald birthstone
Symbolizing faith and friendship
Queen of gems with unique lustre.
Energy from Planet Mercury
Focussed - all his heat and ardour
Through the facets of your emerald
Giving love and life and leisure
May the month of emerald birthstone.

Emeralds - Nature's oldest gemstones
Hexagonal in crystal form
Emerald - Nature's perfect gemstone
May the month of emerald birthstone
Birthstone emerald of month the May
Gemstone perfect - nature's emerald
Form crystal in hexagonal
Gemstones oldest - nature's emeralds.

Dedicated to all the lovely PH Ladies who possess an
emerald and all those who would love to possess one.

(John Knight - Colchester - 22 January 2010)

John Knight

*930 Ruby Birthstone Of July

Perfect red trigonal crystals
Mined in far Mong Su in Burma
Carmine glowing inner fire
Ruby red like haemoglobin
Ruby purifies the blood stream
Saves the wearer from infection
Brings success and sanctifies you
Perfect red trigonal crystals.

Rubies - rare and blood red gemstones
Beloved of English Kings and Queens.
Colour - cut and carat make it
Perfect gift for any lady
For Ruby Wedding - forty years
Rubies tell of love's devotion
Calm our nerves and dry our tears
Rubies - rare and blood red gemstone.

Hot July has ruby birthstone
To enhance the Sun's red glow
Linked with Zodiac Sign of Cancer
Symbol - power of clear thinking
Through it focussed solar power
Into heart of ruby wearer
Giving strength for life's decisions
Hot July has ruby birthstone.

Rubies red like crimson roses
Perfect red trigonal crystals
Rubies rare and blood red gemstones
Hot July has ruby birthstone
Birthstone ruby has July hot
Gemstones red blood and rare rubies
Crystals trigonal red perfect
Roses crimson like red rubies.

Dedicated to all the PH Ladies - each one of whom
is as precious as a perfect ruby.

(John Knight - Sunny Colchester - 22 January 2010)

John Knight

*935 Sapphire Birthstone Of September

Dipyramidal - sweet sapphire
Saturation tone and hue
All contribute to sapphires richness
A precious stone of azure blue
Kings - Knights and Knaves would all desire
Their fairest ladies to adorn
A cool blue stone - but full of fire
Dipyramidal - sweet sapphire.

Sapphires gems of situation
Sri Lanka - Kashmir - other places
Pink (padparadshas) - yellow - white
And even green - through iron traces.
Blue is sapphire's presentation
It speaks of truth and constancy
Insight and interpretation.
Sapphires gems of situation.

Sapphire birthstone of September
Bringing calmness - healing tensions
Linked with Zodiac sign of Virgo
Perfecting us in all dimensions.
Energy derived from Saturn
Rings of love and of completeness
Fitting in a perfect pattern
Sapphire birthstone of September.

Sapphire nature's perfect gemstone
Dipyramidal sweet sapphire
Sapphires gems of situation
Sapphire birthstone of September
September of birthstone sapphire
Situation of gems sapphires
Sapphire sweet dipyramidal
Gemstone perfect nature's sapphire.

This poem is dedicated to A Sapphire Angel.

(John Knight - Cool Dark Colchester - 23 September 2010)

John Knight

*940 Pearl Birthstone Of June

Pain produces perfect pearl
For pearls are not just mineral
Aphrodisiacal oysters
Provide perfect pearls - pre-packaged!
Inside their shells gently growing.
The pearl symbolises - purity
In love - in life - in liberty.
Pain produces perfect pearl.

Natural pearls are so spontaneous
Growing slowly throughout lifetime
Seven years inside the mollusk
Gulfs of Persia - California
Jordan - Mexico and Mannar
Pearls of every size and colour
White - silver - cream - green - black and blue
Natural pearls are so spontaneous.

Birthstone pearls grace Joyful June
Fueling faithfulness and friendship
Healing heads and hearts and hearing
Bringing wearers nearer Heaven
Twinned with Zodiac sign Gemini
Channels the strength of Sister Moon
Pulsating purifying power.
Birthstone pearls grace Joyful June

Polished pearls give perfect pleasure
Pain produces perfect pearls
Natural pearls are so spontaneous
Birthstone pearls grace Joyful June.
June Joyful grace pearls Birthstone
Spontaneous so are pearls natural
Pearls perfect produces pain
Pleasure perfect give pearls polished.

This poem is dedicated to a Polished Pearl.

(John Knight - Cool Colchester - 23 January 2010)

John Knight

1001 Baby's First Day Out!

I remember the day I was born
Coming from water to air - breathing
A lovely feeling in my brave new lungs!
Air providing the oxygen for.....
All my metabolic processes
Enabling me to live independently!

Independent of my Mother who carried me
Willingly inside her own womb
For nine months because - she was my mother!
Now I was free the umbilical chord
Had been cut and my bottom had been slapped
My sex had been checked - YES HE IS A BOY!

In my own mind this was it - FREEDOM
A free independent human being
Free to chose - free to wander - anywhere.
I opened my eyes slowly and saw.....
For the first time - the world around me.
It was very bright and very white!

My world inside the womb was so dark
So warm - so fluid - so comforting
I felt safe there inside my Mummy
Muffled sight - muffled sound - no danger
Carried everywhere - handled with care
Loved from the moment of conception.

But now I was out - in my new world.
The walls were white - the sheets were white
My gown was white and my gloves and hat
All dressed up and nowhere to go!
Have they got no imagination
Have they never seen a rainbow?

Red - Orange - Yellow - Green - Blue - Violet
But I was in a monochrome maternity ward.
White robed nurses and white robed mothers
Carefully tending white robed babies.

Then my Father arrived - in Technicolour!
Well grey suit - blue shirt and a red tie.

A thought struck me - as he contemplated me
His new son - do only men wear colours?
Do all ladies only dress in white?
The concept was soon dispelled by the.....
Arrival of my eleven Aunties
You never saw such a display!

All the colours of the rainbow - and browns
And greys and black in stripes and patterns.
Such a facinating world to see
And smell - a differnt scent as each one
Bent to kiss me - and their different sounds,
Loud - soft - male and female - posh and Scouse.

And they all felt different - hands and clothes
Some smooth - some coarse - some gentle - some rough.
And what about taste - they all wanted to kiss me.
Some sweet - some sour - some minty and some smokey.
What senses we humans have - Sight - touch
And hearing - taste - speech and comprehension!

This was just day one - so so much to learn
Three o'clock and time for visitors to go.
Time for Mummy Milk so sweet and so warm.
Taste and texture - cooing and cuddling.
Soothing words - beautiful boy - lovely baby.
I could have said 'That was nice Mummy'
And 'Thank you Mummy' but I did not want
To appear preciotous - so i just said 'coo instead.

(John Knight - Colchester - December 2009)

John Knight

1002 Russian Haiku

Russian Haiku resists definition - it defies geography and structure. Bound only by its language and the internet - it finds ways to mix Russian literary tradition with Japanese style and Western logic. It is in its infancy and has yet to establish a boundary between real and imagined - self and the world. Everything is possible in this virtual thought environment. In the late nineteen nineties the Japanese Embassy in Moscow sponsored the first Russian Haiku Contest and recieved ten thousand entries. Haiku is alive and well in Russia. Personally I find there is a gentle and ephemeral quality about the Russian Haikus. Some items - transalted into English - are shown below. It would be nice if Russian members of the PH family could comment and provide some examples of their own.

train starting off
the silent rise of
separated voices

my mitten
falling in the snow
steaming

summer dress
so many flowers
on the plump girl

forgotten puppets
with loose tangled strings
so free so helpless

watching 'Nutcracker'
she eaats pistachios
from a paper bag

rain has stopped
people wih open umbrellas
don't know why we smirk

first snowflakes
I love them too much - to believe
they'll melt at noon

little girl - revolving door at GUM
not entering - not exiting
just revolving

a perfect star
in the tear of my old
umbrella

first snow
walking home I draw pictures
on car roofs

brushing the snow
out of her hair - she stares
at the bridal shop window

on pink wall paper
a dog shaped shadow of my hand
theatre for one

I hope you enjoy these please write a comment and score!

(John Knight - Colchester - December 2009)

John Knight

1005 Happy Christmas To All My Ph Family

I love you all and I trust and pray that during Advent
you will be filled with God's Love & Peace & Joy.
Thank you for all the lovely poems and messages you
have shared in 2009 and the very positive and helpful
comments you have posted on my ditties! JOHN X X X

Christmas is a time for loving
Christmas is a time for cheering
Christmas is a time for sharing
Christmas is a time of Peace
Christmas is a time of Joy
Christmas is a time of sharing

We can be selfish in our hearts
We can be greedy in our minds
We can be mean just through our attitude
We should be loving in our hearts
We should be generous our minds
To show our love for God in humble gratitude.

Poemhunters are a Family
And we love to care and share
Through our poems we're expressing
All our hopes and all our fears
All our comments are important
All our words are such a blessing

So I wish all Poemhunters
Joy and Peace at Christmas time
And a blessing for New Year
Twenty Ten a tabula rasa
Who can tell what it may bring
The 'Love of God' dispels all doubt and fear!

PEACE - The Herald Angel sings
Joy and Love to all - Christ brings!

If you are not a CHRISTIAN just celebrate CHRISTMAS
as the Birthday (over 2000 years ago) of JESUS

BARJOSEPH - The greatest Man who ever walked on
God's Earth and whom TWO BILLION PEOPLE - from
every corner of Planet Earth - sncerely believe to be
The Eternal Son of God and Saviour of Mankind - AMEN

(John Knight - Colchester - Christmas 2009) .

John Knight

1006 Christmas Concert

Sparkling eyes - Smiling faces - Shiny hair
Excited parents - mulled wine and mince pies.
St Gabriel's Junior School Christmas Concert
A 'Baptism of Fire' for Hannah Coward
Musician par-excellence - York & Durham.
First year as Head of Music - Lower School.

The lights are lowered - piano - pianissimo
Here come the girls! - all neat and tartan clad
Carrying candles - Teacher with a sand bucket
At St Gabriel's - Health & Safety Rules - OK.
Like a candle flame - Flickers in our darkness
Uncreated Light - shines through infant eyes.

Alles in Ordnung - Hannah taps the rostrum
A hush descends - Let the concert commence
'Oh Come all ye Faithful' - excellent opener
Then Silent Night - played molto fortissimo
Con entusiasmo by the Junior; Orchestra.
Reading from Isaiah - then Calypso Carol

Christmas Eve & Let their be Peace on Earth
Captivating - Coward - Choreography
In Fum - Fum - Fum and There were Shepherds.
More readings related to the Shepherd theme.
A plethora of elegant solos - duets and ensembles.
Then the congregation - Hark the Herald Angels Sing.

The Three Kings - read beautifully by Polina Parr
Then Starlight - by the Little Angels Choir
Another reading - then the Mini Angels Choir
Energetic rendering of 'Frosty the Snowman'.
Am I in heaven already? - Well not really
It's just Hannah Coward's - Christmas extravaganza!

A Blessing by the local Vicar - Sarah Alexander
Then - what we've all been waiting for all year
The big finale - 'Because it's Christmas'
By the massed choirs of Years 3 - 4 - 5 and six!

It was electric - Music & Movement - Magnifico
St Gabriel's Junior School Christmas Concert.

This is an eyewitness account Hannah Coward is my
Granddaughter aged 23. I am very proud of her!

John Knight

1007 Father Christmas - Christmas Father

When I was very young
I really believed in Father Christmas
The whole package - Reindeers - Santa Claus
The Christmas Elves - Gobal distribtion etc.
I made a 'Christmas Present List' and mailed it
faithfully each year to: Mr S Claus - North Pole
I left mince pies - sherry and nine carrots
Sure enough they had all been eaten
By Dasher - Dancer - Prancer - Vixen - Comet
Cupid - Donner - Blitzen and of course Rudolph.
And all the presents on my list were there.
My parents explained that the Father Christmas
In the CO-OP was just a local representative.
It all seemed so logical and so plausible.

When I was ten - I went to Grammar School.
We started to study Physics - always a mistake
I applied the Laws of Physics to Christmas.
Aerodynamics taught me that a sleigh
Loaded with presents and a 260 pound Santa
Pulled by nine reindeers was very very...
Unlikely to have lift off even on a day
With a gale force following wind.
There was also the questions of the
Restrictions of girth and friction on Santa
Negotiating even one chimney on Chrstmas Eve.
MyTime & Motion study also ruled out the feasiblity
Of delivery to over one billion homes in 24 hours!

My time as a Christmas Agnostic lasted 17 years
Then my daughter Sharon arrived and I was a Real Father.
Then on 24 December 1960 - I was a 'Real' Father Christmas.
I did not try to negotiate the chimney - but I did
Look the part - White beard - Red suit - Santa hat.
She was only nine months old at Christmas
But I did not want her to see her Daddy - in his
Pyjamas filling the pillow case - at the end of her bed
(Socks were out in 1960) - With everything on her list.
She didn't acctually write the list - but dictated it

To her Mother who was also dressed up - as a Fairy.
My stint as a 'Real' Father Christmas lasted nearly 30 years
'Til the last of my fledglings flew the nest in 1999.
When I 'played' Father Christmas at my Son's School
He said 'Daddy Father Christmas had hands just like yours! '

My 30 year stint as 'Father Christmas in Residence' was over
And the responsibility of maintaining the myth with my.....
Eight Grandchildren lies with my Children - not with me.
There is a problem however that affects all Englishmen.
Once we retire at 65 - in my case nineteen-ninety-nine
We metamorphose - by a series of not so slow transitions.

1. The hair turns grey and then snowy white
 2. There is no incentive to shave - so we grow a white beard
 3. We become more rotund in the tummy area
 4. We spend a lot of time pottering in the garden in wellies
 5. We wear a red wooly hat with a white bobble
 6. We wear the wife's old red winter coat to keep warm.
- From a distance - the perfect Father Christmas!

Because of this transformation we are soon in demand
The Local School and the ubiquitous Church Christmas Fete.
The news spreads - Have you seen John Knight
He's a dead ringer for Father Christmas - He looked wonderful
with his Elves at the Supermarket Precinct on Saturday.
This is my worst nightmare - This is no longer pretend
I really am 'The Definitive Father Christmas' - From July
Through to March in the next year - and all for Charity.
In reality I quite enjoyed it - Until in October I heard my Wife
Discussing my Funeral with her friend Patsy! ! ! 'I've been....
to the Undertakers and they have given me a decent price'.
'For a white coffin - on a sleigh shaped hearse - pulled by nine....'
'Not reindeers' Patsy gasped - 'I just don't believe it! '
'Yes they have contacted Colchester Zoo - and it's OK'.
'Oh Gosh' screamed Patsy 'I hope he dies in December! ! ! ! !'

(John Knight - Colchester - December 2009)

John Knight

1008 Love Across The Stars

From a distance
Two hearts can beat as one
From a distance
All the illusion's gone
From a distance
Our love goes on and on
From a distance

Through persistence
I reach out to you
Through persistence
I feel you reach out too
Through persistence
Our skies are always blue
Through persistence

By existence
You are my stellar friend
By existence
We have bucked the trend
By existence
Our love will never end
By existence

Through our lovedance
We can share intimate things
Through our lovedance
We fly on Angel's Wings
Through our lovedance
Such pure release it brings
Through our lovedance

From a spaceance
The Earth looks blue and green
From a spaceance
The ocean meets the stream
From a spaceance
Your inner beauties gleam
From a spaceance

From stellarstance
There's no future and no past
From stellarstance
Here in present time we're cast
From stellarstance
Please make our passion last
From stellarstance

Just by happenchance
We lead our magic lives
Just by happenchance
Love - Joy & Peace contrives
Just by happenchance
Always lovespoons - never knives
Just by happenchance

In our circumfrance
Our love is so complete
In our circumfrance
With astral kisses - hugs replete
In our circumfrance
All tickety-boo and neat
In our circumfrance

For our pleasance
We make contact every day
For our pleasance
Our love is always bright and gay
For our pleasance
That's all I need to say
For our pleasance.

This is another poem exploring the possibility
and potential of love through CYBER SPACE.
It really does work if two poeple really have the
intellect - experience - depth of emotion -
power of love and a poets heart. When it does
work it results in love on a far higher and purer
plane - than mere physical love. It really is 'Love
Across the Stars' and it is so so Perfect and
Beautiful - ENJOY! ! ! ! ! ! !

(John Knight - Colchester - December 2009)

To the English Language purists (and I have studied it intensely for over 75 years)
I apologise for inventing some new compound words such as LOVEDANCE and
SPACESTANCE AND STELLARSTANCE and for some apparent MISSPELLINGS
(they are intentional) . I am a poet and I don't believe that the rules of classical
ENGLISH spelling and classical ENGLISH grammar apply in MODERN POETRY
and especially in LOVE POEMS. In my book you bend the rules to fit the mood of
the poem. Poetry Rules OK KO! ! ! ! !

John Knight

1009 There Is Always You

In the vista wide before my eye
the shining guiding star of midnight sky
the evening breeze was very cold and dry
I looked for Peace - then - there was You.

In the soft glow of campfire light
and all the noises of the night
until the dawn of morning bright
I looked for Joy - and - there was You.

In every footprint on the sand
alone - no one to hold my hand
horizon far - I look for distant land
I looked for Hope - yes - there is You

The haunting cry of snowy soaring gulls
a distant memory at my heart string pulls
the booming crash of waves my senses dulls
I looked for Life - ahhh - there is You.

The wide horizon of the shining sea
I muse on how things really ought to be
a Paradise on Earth for you and me?
I looked for Love - now - There is always You!

John Knight

1010 Magical Metaphors

Having an allotment
Is a very English thing.
Most of them are small
Thirty metres by ten
And an old wooden shed
Passed down from Father to Son.

What do we grow in them?
Everything - anything
Flowers - veggies - fruit
Work begins in earnest
In March - ends in November
Today most plots are in use.

This year - a hot day in June
I surveyed my produce
And smiled as I realised
How well it reflected
My own Community
The people I meet every day!

The District Nurse - tall and slim
In white and green - a LEEK.
Our Scandinavian Vicar
Rotund - bald and round - a SWEDE
His Curate - young - broad shouldered
Slim hips - Parson? - No PARSNIP.

The Postmistress - always flustered
Her round red face - a TOMATO
The Inkeeper - Irish - Green
Heart in his head - a CABBAGE
His Barmaid - mass of blond curls
A very tasty CAULIFLOWER

I had a soft spot for my soft fruit
And all the ladies in my Choir
Ruth - sweet pink and tasty
A perfect STRAWBERRY

Pauline - green - sweet and sour
A perfect GOOSEBERRY

Alice changeable - red - green - black
A perfect BLACKBERRY

Jean - multifaceted
A perfect RASPBERRY

Grace - slender - inflexible - sharp
A fine stick of RHUBARB.

In my Community
And on my allotment
There are couch POTATOES
Wet LETTUCE and PANSIES
English ROSES also
Chinese GOOSEBERRIES.

Metaphorically speaking
I now rest my case for
Flowers - veggies - fruit
My Allotment is my
Community which is
Also my Allotment! ! !

(John Knight - Colchester - December 2009)

John Knight

1012 Snow Snow Snow

In Southern England we had our first snow
of the Winter today Friday 18 December.
Only 25cm but everything ground to a halt.
Schools were closed - Parties cancelled
Roads blocked trains and planes services
all disrupted. It always snows sometime in
Winter in the UK but we always treat it as if
it something alien and unpredicted!

It snowed last night
it blowed last night
Cars got stuck
In the road last night
Woke up this mornin'
An' everything white
All 'cos it snowed last night

It's cold today
I feel old today
My sheep are all
Safe in the fold today
Everyones wrapt up
For the cold today
Snowballs by children
Are rolled today.

My sledge is steady
My pledge is ready
I'm tucked up in my sledge
With my favorite Teddy
I just hope my Reindeer
Can keep us all steady
The clouds with snow
Look very leady.

We all love the picture
When it snows and snows
It blows into drifts
When the north wind blows

Children love it
It tickles their nose
But the old folk are happy
When it all goes!

So let it snow
So let it go
It only comes
In Winter you know
We feed the birds
With nuts on a string
To help them sing
It will soon be Spring!

So never grumble
When you see snow
It come one day
The next day go
Be glad that you're
Not an E S K I M O
Let it snow - Let it snow
LET IT SNOW! ! ! ! ! ! !

(John Knight - Frozen in Colchester - December 2009)

John Knight

1013 Noisy Stable

Braying donkeys
Zinc - mosquitoes
Newborn Baby
Buzzing flies.
Dusty darkness
Muck and munching
Shunned perfection
Jesus cries.....

(John Knight - Colchester - December 2009)

I am indebted to my Friend Faith for this poem.
I find short poems very fascinating because
they say so much in so few words.

John Knight

1015 Water Water - Everywhere? ? ?

STRUCTURE & FORM IN POETRY. Classical Poetry always has Structure even though it does not always rhyme. The Structure gives it metre and flow which facilitates reading and recitation. In my book - recitability is an essential character of a good Poem! . A lesser known Poetical Structure is RHYME ROYAL which imposes a strict metre (usually iambic pentameter) and a strict rhyming pattern a b a b b c c. Each verse must consist of seven lines. The number of verses is optional! As an Environmental Scientist I am concerned with the Conservation of Water which is the subject of this Rhyme Royal

Whence comes this water that we need for life?
Where does it go when we flush it away?
A shortage in some countries causes strife
Will it run out like coal and oil one day?
For all resources there's a price to pay.
We all use water - like it was for free
Just turn the tap - it's there for you and me.

God touched the clouds and made the rain - from the rain
Formed the sea and from the sea formed the clouds
To rise and cool and give us rain again.
The rain provides the water for the crowds.
When it evaporates it goes back to the clouds.
Each drop of water makes our lives secure
But every day we're using more and more.

The Planet Earth has water everywhere
Liquid or a solid or a vapour
In oceans - rivers - lakes and in the air
Icecaps or on frozen lakes like paper.
We scrape it off our windscreens with a scraper!
Mountain stream - boiling steam and freezing snow
A lolly ice? Thanks very nice - It is all H₂O.

The Water Cycle keeps the water going
Round and round - none's lost to outer space
Precipitation - raining - hailing - snowing
Moves the water round from place to place.
Especially when a snowball hits your face.
Streams and rushing rivers keep it all in motion

Then water falls down waterfalls and ends up in the ocean!

Water Water everywhere - for our daily needs

Turn the tap and use the river and the well

Don't pollute - don't dam the spring that feeds

Without 'clean water' life on Earth is Hell!

Clean Water has no taste - no clour and no smell.

Water Water everywhere - please please stop and think

Water Water everywhere - but not one dropp to drink! ! ! !

(John Knight - Frozen Colchester - December 2009)

John Knight

1016 Christmas Morning

Christmas is such a Magical Time - we need another inspiring Christmas Poem to offset all the angst in some of the PH Poems.

This is based on a Poem by the late ANNE BRONTE

I love all types of music - and refrains
They can kindle raptures all Divine
Soften our grief and assuage our pains
And raise our inner Spirits - Yours & Mine
Like those we hear on Christmas Morn
Across the snowy breezes born.

With joy we greet this glorious morn
Welcomed by Angels so so long ago
When JESUS - Saviour of the World - was born
Bringing Heaven here to Earth below!
Satan and darkness to dispell
And save us all from Sin & Hell.

With them we celebrate His birth
Give Glory to our God in Heaven
A message bringing PEACE ON EARTH
To us a Saviour has been given.
God calls us through the Angels voice
To praise and worship and rejoice!

God's Holy Peace smiles down from Heaven
And Gospel Truths - from our lips spring
The bonds of sin and Hell are riven
By JESUS our Redeemer King
He died and gave his blood for men
And brought us back to God again! ! ! ! !

(John Knight - Snowy Colchester - 25 December 2009)

John Knight

1017 Eyes - Windows Into The Soul

The EYE a marvel of our God's creation
It performs for us a legion of things
The faintest spark - we can see in the dark
And watch the motion of humming birds wings

The eye has a lens that is so self adjusting
An optic nerve relays sight to the brain
The thousands of images daily we see
And colourful sights - a Fiesta in Spain.

The eye can take dozens and dozens of pictures
Each second so movement is seen
Each picture is faithfully stored in the brain
In red, orange, yellow, blue, violet and green.

The retina has zones - the rods and the cones
When it's dark they help us to see
They also distinguish the colour of things
The green of the grass and the blue of the sea.

As we get older our eyes lose their power
To focus on things far and near
Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses
So they wear contact lenses I hear.

Take care of your eyes - please wear safety specs
Beware flying sparks when shoeing your horse
Or when using a plane or a lathe
It's all good Health and Safety - of course! !

Cataracts - glaucoma - defects of the eye
Disorders that affect our sight
Remind us how precious to us are our eyes
No longer so shiny and bright.

Please remember that sight is a God given sense
So take care what you watch on TV
The eye is a window straight into the soul
What we see governs - what we will be!

(John Knight - Colchester - Christmas Eve 2009)

John Knight

1020 Christmas 2009

What can we say about Christmas Day
That hasn't already been said
The children are up and ready to play
While their parents are still in bed!

Father Christmas has been - but hasn't been seen
So fast does he move in his sleigh
His presents are wrapped in red white and green
As he silently moves away.

i-Phones for the Girls and i-Pods for the Boys
And a 'Top of the Pops' DVD
Chocolates and make-up and lots of toys
And gadgets and games for the Wii.

Mother comes down in her old dressing gown
And Father appears in his vest
Granddad's asleep in his favorite chair
And Gran's in her Sunday best.

Opening presents then off to the Church
Everyone's feeling quite gay
The kids run ahead with their folks in the lurch
On a snowy Christmas Day.

Now they're all back from Mass - to enjoy a glass
Of mulled wine while the turkey is cooking
The snow looks first class - on the trees and the grass
It fell gently while no one was looking.

The dinner's all gone and times moving on
It's nearly a quarter to three
By the time the cheese and the brandy's brought on
It's the time for the Queen on TV.

The Queen tries to reach the whole World - in her speech
Commonwealth - Common Man - Common Woman
The true meaning of Christmas - to all she would preach
And the lessons of war in Afghanistan.

Everyone snoozes but Granddad still boozes
On Brandy and Tia Maria
We all join in scrabble and nobody looses
The cat hides where no one can see her!

It's a quarter to one - and Christmas Day's gone
And Mother goes round with a duster
The rest are in bed - overstretched - overfed
While Mother is still in a fluster!

Christmas Day come and Christmas day gone
So much trouble for one single day
Mum makes a resolve - this problem to solve
Next year in a Hotel - in Hawaii - we'll stay! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

John Knight

1021 String Quartets

Scarlatti - Sonata a Quattro

First to compose for a String Quartet

Followed by Hyden - at the age of eighteen

Composed for the only four 'strings' he could get!

A String Quartet is your safest bet

For music that's cool and appealing

With our instruments four and elaborate score

We fill and thrill from the floor to the ceiling.

An elaborate bash with lots of panache

Is where you will see us performing

At weddings and christenings we cut quite a dash

And sound good when we are just warming!

A cello - viola and two violins

To give us our body and range

From a very low C to a very high G

Within it our score we arrange.

Famous composers - like Mozart and Brahms

Wrote especially for the Quartet

But music quite strange we can rearrange

Elton John and John Lennon and Louis Armstrong.....

And nothing has beaten us yet!

Society patrons leave the Programme to us

For they know we are serious - not jokey

But those - less refined - kick up quite a fuss

And expect us to play for the old Hokey Cokey!

On the cello is Bryn and I play first violin

And on the viola is Mary

And her twin brother Piers - with the sticky out ears

Plays his fiddle in manner quite scary'

We travel around on the Old Underground

From concert to gig and to order

Ninety percent - in London is spent

But sometimes we stray over her border.

We never busk - well only at dusk
We're very professional and serious
But sometimes if we're drunk - we can act a bit Punk
And put on an act quite hillariuos!

It's like we're in a trance and folk start to dance
Around Eros - late night Piccadilly
We play all sorts of Jigs (That we don't do at Gigs)
And we all act quite manic and silly.

You know how it is on the fringe of showbiz
Moreso if you're called MAGGIORE
Just once in a while - for a laugh and a smile
We play in a style - with more mischief than guile
That would put our Old Profs in a fury!

(John Knight - Cool Colchester - Boxing Day 2009)

John Knight

1022 New Year - New Opportunities

TWO THOUSAND AND TEN

A Year of Despair or a Year of Destiny?

JANUARY - Winter for us - Summer for some

FEBRUARY - not a Leap Year - so don't jump to conclusions!

MARCH - A Mad Mad Month in both (cerebral) hemispheres

APRIL - A lovely Month in the UK - Spring is sprung!

MAY - Who knows - maybe - or then again maybe not?

JUNE - Harbinger of Summer or Winter - depends where you are

JULY - Bright Summer days warmed by the Sun.....

AUGUST - Come she must - The turning of the New Year

SEPTEMBER - Always a Month of AGM's (awful grim memories!)

OCTOBER - 2010? - Its nearly over!

NOVEMBER - Will this be a Month to remember?

DECEMBER - End of the day - of the month - of the year

2011 - Only one more year before the Greatest Olympic Games - EVER!!!

(John Knight - Cool Colchester - 27 December 2009)

John Knight

1024 Christmas Visitor

Shaped Poems are popular in the UK and often at Christmas we write conical ones to resemble Christmas Trees. PH won't allow me to centre so you will have to turn your screen through 180 degrees - anticlockwise - to get the effect! ENJOY.

Hello
Someone slid
Down our chimney
Fortunately fire was out
Gosh - Was it Father Christmas?
I can't recollect - however possibly was
Him or Her - Mother Christmas? Who else?
In days of equal opportunities - Nothing is Sacred
Mother Christmas well well well - perhaps I
Should remain awake - to welcome her
She might need some assistance
With the sleigh and reindeer?
Daddy and Sandra Claus
Who'd have thought
Kissing together
Mistletoe

(John Knight - Frosty Colchester - 28 December 2009)

John Knight

1025 Modern Poetry - Explained?

What is MODERN POETRY?

How does it differ from.....

Poetry (classical) - prose - plays - pantomime?

It must have a title

This poses the first problem

Because a Title implies Content.

Well - God forbid that I should make a rule!

However a POEM - even a Modern Poem

Must be about something - someone

A subjectless poem - is just words.

Any poem is greater than the sum of its words.

The subject can be anything

But not nothing - not nonsense

I know there is a genre of Nonsense Poems

But this is my poem and they are not on my list.

OK - I've got my title - MONKEYS.....

That's good - it informs me (or does it)

That by reading the poem

I will learn something about MONKEYS.

Well - YES and perhaps NO..... WHY?

Well a poem is not a TEXT BOOK.

There are no factual boundaries in Modern Poetry

Everything in my MONKEY POEM

Could be fantasy - so in the end

You know less truth about Monkeys

Than if you had not read the poem!

OK - A title YES (including UNTITLED?)

Boundaries on factual content - NO!

The title is important if I called it NUNKY WUNKY

No one would read it - but we all like MONKEYS!

What about STRUCTURE (FORM) ?

NO - Modern Poetry is structureless

RHyme - NO because Rhyme (and rhyme patterns)

Are optional. VERSES - NO METRE - NO.

FLOW and RHYTHM? well well well

Because Modern Poetry is technically ruleless

Allow me to introduce RULE No.2.

Coming from the 'City of Culture' - Liverpool

We were all 'programmed' to be.....

1100 Popocatepetl

It was on my list of things
To see, before I went to Glory!
Things volcanic, things majestic
Things natural - like Old Faithful.

Like an overgrown schoolboy
I ticked them off in a scuffy
Home-made eye-spy book
I started fifty years ago!

It contained hundreds of entries.
The Grand Canyon, the Taj Mahal
(Was that an Indian take-away?)
The Twin Towers and Ground Zero!

Popocatepetl was conspicuous
By his absence until one October day
I received an invitation to my brother's
marriage to Catalina Titizahua.

Saturday 23 November 2002
Tenoch 13 - Puebla - Mexico
Because I was the Best Man
And fluent in Spanish - I went!

The wedding was very spectacular
Very Mexican and very Aztec.
After all the excitement - I sat on the roof
Of Tenoch 13 - contemplating life.

Nobody had warned me - familiarity I guess
The evening sky was very clear.
I knew his profile - and he smoked languidly
To confirm his identity - POPOCATEPETL!

This Poem is dedicated to my lovely Sister in Law - Catlina Titzahuha - qui es una
Princessa Azteca! ! ! !

(John Knight - UK)

John Knight

1101 Loyalty To The Mexican Flag - Juramento De La Bandera

Juramento de la Bandera,
Loyalty to the Mexican Flag.
Our flag is the symbol of our loyalty.
It is a symbol that binds us together,
Mestizos, Aztecs, Myans and Europeans
Into one industrious and integrated Nation.
For almost two centuries, since independence
We have flown our Bandera with pride.

At the time of Independence in 1821,
Green - symbolised Independence,
White - the Catholic Faith - and
Red - European and American unity.
Mexico is now a Secular Nation - so
Green - symbolises the Nation's hope,
White - Mexico's inherent unity - and
Red - the blood of our National Heroes.

Our Coat of Arms has not changed!
Each symbol carries National significance.
The Eagle represents the People,
It is combative and defensive.
The snake represents our Enemies,
It is subdued and submissive.
The Nopal represents our challenges,
It is in submission to the Eagle.

The Earth and Water represent our resources,
We have harnessed them wisely.
The Laurel and Oak leaves represent,
The agony and ecstasy of martyrdom and victory.
To our Flag we make these loyal pledges.
To make and keep our Fatherland - independent,
Human and generous, integrated and prosperous.
Mexico is in our heart - Mexico is our existence!

This poem is dedicated to YULISSA FREGOSO Una Belisima Seniorita Mexciana

habitando en California USA. Yulissa es una buena Poista joven de Poemhunter.

(John Knight - UK - August 2009)

John Knight

1104 Wintertime Blues

This Poem is dedicated to everyone
who thinks their Town or Village
closes down in Winter!

What has become of my poor Town
Now that the Winter's really is here?
The Cafe tables have been stowed
And all the cars are out of gear!

All the houses have been shuttered
They seem empty - quiet - still
All the gardens are uncluttered
There's no flowers on the sill!

There's less sign of bustling life
On the Town Centre Arcade
Where I'd sit and watch my wife
Haggle with the passing trade!

The Corner Cafe is very quiet
The freezing swimming pool is closed
No chance of Winter Regatta
Now the Harbour has all froze!

The old friendly French knife sharpener
Now no longer passes through
And Chop Low - the Chinese gardener
Has gone down with Asian Flu!

All the Station's clocks have stopped
And also has the daily train
Because so icy is the line
And deep snow's replaced the rain!

The local bar is changing hands
And the bookshop has closed down
The local park becomes a morgue
Since cold Winter came to Town!

Some folk really welcome Winter
The Town is now a quiter place
You can walk from dawn to sunset
Never see another face!

But it happens every year
Soon the Winter - it will go
Please cheer up don't shed a tear
Goes the Winter - Goes the snow!

And then soon will come the Spring
And the blossom all will grow
And the fledglings preen and sing
In the Sunny Springtime glow!

John Knight

1105 Three Wise Men In Search Of Truth

They were very very important men
In their own Country - very important
However when you leave your comfort zone
Get out on the road - then you are.....
Just anybody - a Fellow Traveller!
How come a Russian - A Chinaman
And a Japanese - found themselves
Travelling together westwards?

They had met - each with some servants
At the Caravan Watering Place
In West Russia - All with the same story.
Prince Vladmir Karsof - from Russia
Prince Molo Soma - from China
Prince Hikmo Yoko - from Japan.
They had all seen a special star
Heralding the birth of a Great King.

I first saw it four months ago
Said Hikmo - Three months said Molo
Just two months said Vladmir.
We will be safer together
Said Hikmo - so it was agreed.
They continued to follow the star
Travelling evening and night
To avoid the Sun's midday heat.

The Camel Servants grumbled
Wanting more rest and more money.
Towns were unfriendly - Villages dirty
A hard time we had of it.
At last we came to a cool valley
With a running stream and cool trees
Still the star moved on - but we stopped
To confer together and ask why?

We were an educated trio
You could almost call us Wise Men!
We found ways of communicating.

What was the goal of our journey?
The star fortold the Birth of a King
We had come to pay our respects.
And present apt gifts. Vladmir - Gold
Molo - Frankincense - Hikmo - Mhyrrh.

The star stopped - close to the Palace.
Herod - recognising their breeding
Recieved them with graciousness.
When they explained their mission
Herod tried to hide his concern.
A King how interesting - He said
He is not here - but when you find him
Come back and tell me where he is!

The three Princes - went a short distance
The star had stopped over a small house
Which was attached to a workshop.
They entered and spoke to Mary
Who was playing with a young boy.
She didn't seem phased and called Joseph.
He came from his carpenter's workshop.
Visitors - she said - I'll bring some food.

They looked at Jesus and recognised
Not only Royalty - but Deity!
The enjoyed the food and the wine.
I have brought some GOLD - said Vladmir
Because your Son is a Great King.
I have brought FRANKINCENSE - said Molo
Because he is Holy and a Gift from God
I have brought some MHYRRH - said Hikmo.

He looked embarassed and continued
Mhyrrh - because your Son will Suffer.
Thank you - said Mary - I understand.
Jesus Bar Joseph is very very special
God has a very significant purpose for Him.
Vladmir and Molo and Hikmo
Just looked at JESUS and at each other.
They didn't speak - but they understood!

John Knight

1106 Planetary Haiku

SUN our providence
from its nuclear fusion
energy for free!

MERCURY nearest Sun
name for a liquid metal
too hot for comfort.

VENUS love planet
bonding Mercury and Earth
too hot to handle.

EARTH unique planet
place of intelligent life?
no real evidence.

MARS the God of War
hope for colonization
drinking at Mars Bars!

SATURN coquettish
rings on her fingers and toes
man's favorite planet!

URANUS mystery
lends name to uranium
radioactive.

NEPTUNE cold distant
it has no liquid water
why then the Sea God?

JUPITER powerful
God of the Solar System
please show Him respect.

PLUTO demoted
cartoon character for kids
now showing on Sky.

MILKY WAY starship
hostel for Solar System
high calorie snack!

I love a collection of Haikus on a related subject,
this is called a HAIKULT. I have tried to use the
classic 5 - 7 - 5 syllable pattern for each PLANET.
I would be pleased to receive alternatives!

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1107 - Eighteen!

Eighteen - Old enough to know
Young enough to go go go!
Young ladies of eighteen are
Very sophisticated.
They know what they want to be
They know what they want to do
They have their feet on the ground
And their heads in Search Mode.
Calculating - Analysing
Searching for life and for love!

Young gentlemen of eighteen are....
Here there and everywhere.
They have no idea what they.....
Want to be or want to do!
They have their heads in the clouds
And their feet up in the air.
This is why so many of them
End up in University.
Fortunately - for the men
Today - there are also ladies!

For ladies eighteen is an....
Ideal age to leave home and....
Be responsible for....
Money - Hygiene - Nutrition
Relationships and Study.
For men it's like letting them....
Loose in a huge Brewery!
They spend their Annual Grant
In a week - they eat anything
And then they drink everything!

Men of eighteen - out at work
Are not much better - Monday
They have Friday on their mind
For them the weekend is reality!
Ladies of eighteen - at work
Are much more dedicated.

They even manage to save...
Some money for the future.
Developmentwise ladies
At eighteen match men of thirty!

Mother nature is very kind
She not only makes 'eighteens'
Mutually attractive
But also complementary.
Somehow the YIN of the Girls
Complements the YANG of the Boys.
Resulting in harmony.
Not perfect harmony
But the Boys learn form the Girls
The Girls pretend it was vice-versa!

The great compensator is Love
Love overcomes prejudice
Love compensates for gender
Love ignores immaturity.
Girls really want to be loved
So do boys but they act - Macho.
We would all like to live in.....
The innocence and expectancy
Of being eighteen for ever.
Sans care - sans responsibility!

Talking of being eighteen
Forever - Is time travel possible?
Well see-sawing is improbable.
Going back to eighteen - back
To eighteen every two years!
However if you could choose
Someone - and both travel back
To eighteen - simultaneously
Anywhere and any era
Who on Earth - would you like to choose?

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1108 Liverpool - Loop & Revil!

This a LOOP POEM. This structure demands that the LAST WORD of a line - is used again as the FIRST WORD of the next line - Simple. I am indebted to the Lady of OZ - Karin Anderson for introducing me to this very elegant poetical structure. If you try it let me know!

I must go back to Liverpool
Liverpool the City of Culture!
Culture represented by Art,
Art which covers the whole spectrum.
Spectrum of colour - Spectrum of styles.
Styles which vary from Classical Art
Art Neauveu - Impressionism and Pop Art.
Art is always very important in Liverpool!

Music of every single genre.
Genre based on links with the USA,
USA - cradle of the Blues and Jazz.
Jazz Clubs in the UK started
Started in Liverpool in my Country.
Country Music clubs in the UK also.
Also a centre for Classical Music,
Music of The Liverpool Royal Philharmonic Orchestra!

Theatre - Opera - Poetry
Poetry by Roger McGough -exceptional!
Exceptional also was Seamus Heany and others.
Others too numerous to mention here.
Here where the Poet John Lennon lived.
Lived close to me - He was the Brains of the Beatles.
Beatles the World's most celebrated Rock Band,
'Band of Brothers' from Liverpool.

John - Paul Paul - George George - Ringo Ringo - John.
John Lennon Airport is now your welcome
Welcome to Liverpool - City of Culture.
Culture also expressed in our Buildings.
Buildings that include St Georges Hall.
Hall of Fame at Anfield and Goodison Park.
Park at Walton - Calderstones Park - Stanley Park

Park at Otterspool - Liverpool - Garden City!

If you visit the UK - take time to include at least a two day stopover in Liverpool. You won't be dissapointed. They are The most friendly people in the World. You will get a chance not only to hear some Scouse but also to taste it!

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1109 Extra Special

This is my 100th Poem so I wanted it to be EXTRA SPECIAL!

Words like ginormous - stupendous - mega
get so overused today - even special,
Special offer - Special price - Special deal.
To describe you I use Extra Special!
Extra special in all your responses to all
my senses - sight - scent - touch - taste and hearing.

During our lives we make many many friends
some so so - some more so and some special.
The special ones tick most of our boxes
the ones we all miss when they move away,
special friends are Angels - so so special.
Then - up pops someone who is EXTRA SPECIAL.

The extra special person not only stirs our senses
but also our emotions - they touch our heart.
Your heart beats with mine - total harmony
your touch is electrical - sparks fly upwards,
your skin is like velevet - so so smooth.
Sharing love with you is almost Heaven.

To see you is to love you - perfection
Hair - Eyes - Lips - Figure - perfect proportion.
Your scent is exotic - stiring the soul,
many scents - special scents in special places,
places for my eyes only - scents for my
pleasure only - touch for my senses only.

You are extra special - you make my world
a better world - and you make my life
a better life. You are the silk to my serge,
you are the honey to my sweet longings,
you are the music for my love poems,
you are the subject of my life story.

All my life I searched for somebody special
Somebody - perfect YIN for my perfect YANG,

the missing piece in the jigsaw of my life.
Someone who could complement all my desires
someone a perfect soul-mate for all seasons,
someone extra special - someone just like you!

This poem is dedicated to all those who - for someone
are extra special. Someone who has reached out and
touch the soul of their extra special friend.

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1110 Marie Curie - Queen Of Scientists

Oh Marie Marie - beloved of all Scientists
Polish beauty spirited by God to the Sorbonne
Because the Russian Authorities in Poland
Decreed that 'Ladies should not study Science! ! ! !

Oh Marie Marie beloved of all Intellectuals
What Spirit forged thy brain to make it so....
To make it so Radioactive - that you could see
You alone could see the potential of Nuclear Energy?

Professor Bequerel - in his wisdom - chose you to probe
To probe the mystery of the mystical radiation
Radiation that ignored physical barriers - and passed
Through thick paper - but found its match in metal.

Pierre Curie - in his wisdom - chose you to be his bride
It is not good for Man to dwell alone - or Woman to work alone.
God -in His Divine wisdom - saw that the time was right
For a new source of Global Energy - NUCLEAR ENERGY!

God chooses people - God uses people
James Watt to harness the power of steam
Michael Faraday to develop the electric motor
Henri - Pierre - Marie to unleash the latent power of the Atom.

Bequerel discovered radioactivity by scientific intuition
Marie Curie quantified it by painstaking investigation
Pierre Curie - Professor of Physics at the Sorbonne
Forsook his own research to support you unconditionally.

Tons and tons of Pitchblend to yield a few grams
Of POLONIUM named for your beloved Poland
And RADIUM - Queen of the radioactive elements
Thousands of times more radioactive than Uranium.

What was your reward - Satisfaction and Honour?
Satisfaction in the isolation of two new elements
Out of the 92 naturally occurring ones
Satisfaction of nailing Henri's strange emanation.

Honour of a Nobel Prize for Physics for Radiation
A Nobel Prize in Chemistry for the isolation of....
Radium and Polonium - Honours from all the....
Major Scientific Societies in the whole World!

The honour of a visit - all the way from Moscow to Paris
Dimitri Mendeleev - Father of the Periodic Table
To thank you personally for the isolation of Radium
Which he called eka-Barium - a gap in his beloved table!

But there was also a PRICE - this is true of all Research
Your beloved Pierre died prematurely in an accident
Because he was weakened by Radiation Sickness
Your own premature from Leukemia at sixty-two.

Marie you are a miracle - the World's Greatest Scientist
Your work in the Great War - driving a mobile X-ray machine!
The establishment of the Marie Curie Radium Institute
The application of radioactivity to combat cancer.

Oh Marie Marie - Beloved of all Scientists
We honour your name - we respect your discoveries
We solemnly promise to harness Nuclear Energy for GOOD
And never ever again use it for Weapons of Mass Destruction!

John Knight

1111 The Angel From The East

The Book of Revelation says there's Angels
Standing at each corner of the World
North and South and East and West
Standing with their glorious wings unfurled.

I know about the Angels of the North
I met them in the place where I was born
They were male and female old and young
They helped desperate the poor and the forlorn.

We also had a sculpture bold
The ANGEL OF THE NORTH who brings
A touch of God to a busy road
And welcomes you with his outstretched wings.

There are many Angels in the West
You meet them in the Malls in USA
They greet you in McDonalds - with a happy smile
And sweetly chirp out - 'Do have a nice day! '

There also is a sculpture - In Florida no less
In Scrips Institute of Research - it's the best
An Antibody Model - protective wings outstretched
It's called the charismatic ANGEL OF THE WEST.

The South is full of Angels
New Zealand and Australia as well
South America and Antarctica
But who is an Angel - you can't tell!

UK had a competition for the ANGEL OF THE SOUTH
A Polyhedral Tower - A Shield with Angel's Wing
A Tower of Cubes - A Heap of Rubble but
A large White Horse just seemed the Judges thing!

Who is the ANGEL OF THE EAST?
No sculptured image of her could I find
Although there is a fine description
Sculptured from the Poet's heart and mind.

Her head is bowed towards her breast
She holds her hands in solemn prayer
She looks in love towards the West
For all the problems that are there.

Her hair is black - her eyes are dark
Her lips conceal a hidden smile
But in her eyes there is a spark
Of love for those whom Mammon would beguile.

The peoples of the East can find
A satisfaction through their prayer
A peace - a meditative calm
That in the West's no longer there.

And so the ANGEL OF THE EAST
has brought some needed peace and calm
And poems filled with love and joy
To ease our minds with soothing balm.

Out from the heart of India
And out from China's teeming throng
And Russia's claim to be the best
Has come a sweet Angelic song.

She is the Angel from the East
So lovely - pure and shining bright
Just let her poems fill your heart
With all her pure Angelic light.

This poem is dedicated to Elsee Daniel of India.
A real Angel from the East.

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1112 Rain - Again! A Pantoum

Horrible - It's raining once again today
Relentless and unstoppable the rain
Skies so heavy - leaden and so grey
Pouring down from roof and window pane.

Relentless and unstoppable the rain
Pouring roaring down as from a dam
Pouring down from roof and window pane
Force far greater than a battering ram!

Pouring roaring down as from a dam
Pouring down to rivers from the streams
Force far greater than a battering ram
Rain is never gentle as it seems.

Pouring down to rivers from the streams
Skies so heavy - leaden and so grey
Rain is never gentle as it seems
Horrible - It's raining once again today!

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1114 Knight Errant

Tis but a simple kiss thought I
One kiss can do no harm tonight
She is a Maiden young and fair
And I a Knight in armour bright.
Astride my horse as she goes by
This Maiden fair I did espy
One kiss can do no harm thought I

Tis but a simple kiss thought she
Oh - does he know what this kiss means?
He holds me close his arms so strong
Is this as perfect as it seems?
Down from his horse - my bold Knight comes
Oh - If my feelings - he could only see
To him a kiss - but the whole World to me!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1115 Credo En Unum Deum

CREDO en unum Deum.
We all recited it perfectly
The Tridentine Mass
St Matthews Liverpool
Nineteen fifty three.
Was it said with any conviction
Or was it just ritual?

Next morning in the Office
After we'd discussed the Reds & Blues
The chatter turned to God.
What - they said - not God
You don't believe he exists
Not really how could you?

A figment of mind
A fragment of myth
And has nobody told you
(Sotto voce) He's dead!
I pondered but said nothing
And the coffee break ended.

But they cannot tell me
Who answers me.
Who answers me
Out of the unknown
Or where help comes
From beyond help
They cannot tell me
The name of my Friend!

I have launched a Prayer into the night
And I have felt the connection.
I have prayed for light
And the light has shone.
There must be an answer
It is neither right nor reasonable
That I - foolish enough to believe
Should so confound the logic

Of the sceptical and wise.

But their philosophy is ephemeral
My Faith is experiential
Is God dead? I don't think so
I spoke to Him this morning!
Credo en unum Deum
Patrem omnipotentem
Factorem caeli et terrae
Visibilium omnium et
Invisibilium AMEN.

The Reds = Liverpool FC The Blues = Everton FC

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

j

John Knight

1116 Latin Haikus

Latin is a very beautiful concise and poetical language. To give a taste I offer some Latin Haikus for your enjoyment. I have translated them into English to indicate their poetic essence!

PUELLAM PRODIT
IN ANGULO LATENTEM
RISUS VENUSTUS

By her sweet laughter
The girl hiding in a corner
Is betrayed

COGITABUNDA
DIU - TANDEM DECIDET
UNICA GUTTA

Taking time to think
The lonely droplet - at last
Falls from the branch

HAC NOCTE SALANT
VIRI MULIERSQUE
SALANT ET UMBRAE

Tonight they all dance
The Men and the Women
Together with their shadows.

OBLITUS EST FUR
IN FENESTRUM MEA
LUNAM SPLENDENTUM

The thief did not remember
What stood high in my window
The glimmering Moon

I would be pleased to receive any alternative translations from the PH Classical Scholars!

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1117 Italian Haikus

Italian is a language equally as beautiful as Latin. In fact Italian is the European Language that is the closest to Latin. This is not surprising when you consider that the capital of Italy is Roma! It is the vowel endings that makes Italian - Spanish and Portuguese poetry so flowing and Romantic when it is recited. If you can pronounce Italian just recite these Italian Haikus and see how beautiful they sound. As always I will give a translation to help you appreciate the essence of each Haiku.

LUNA PIENA
IL VENTO NEL MIO CUORE
VUOTO SOFFIA

Full Moon
The wind blows through
My empty heart

DOPO LA PIOGGIA
SUI FILI IL SOLE STENDE
TREMULE PERLE

After the storm - sunshine
Has strung the washline
With Quivering pearls

MISTERIOSO E ALTERO
NELLA FOSCHIA D'ARGENTO
NOVILUNIO D'INVERNO - ALTERO

Mysterious and unattainable
Through the silver mist
Winter's New Moon.

SPERDUTA - LA GRU
CHE COSTRUISCE CITTA
PER FARSI IL NIDO

The crane - forlorn
Searches the City
To find its nest.

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1118 Spanish Haikus

Spanish is very similar to Latin (from which it is derived) and Italian consequently Spanish Haikus also have an excellent 'voice' due to the vowel endings. Again I included some literal translations into English.

SOLO Y CANSADO
PERO TRAS LA VENTANA
BRILLA LA NIEVE

Alone and tired
But behind the window
The snow sparkles

DOCENAS DE PALOMAS
ALDREDOR DE UN MENDIGO
Y UN TROZO DE PAN

Dozens of pigeons
Around a beggar
An a piece of bread

UNOS PAJARITOS
POSADAS EN LA ALFEIZAR
MIRAN LA BAILARINA

Little birds perched
On the window-sill
Watching the Ballerina

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1119 German Haiku

German is an amazing language - because it is so so Germanic it always has an inbuilt authority. I went to Oberammagau in 2000 and when Jesus was castigating the money changers for desecrating The Temple (His Father's House) He sounded much more authoritative in German than in English. When you recite German Poetry you have to really mean it to get the full effect. Even if you can't speak German try saying the following Haikus and you will see what I mean. German is reasonably phonetic - except that 'W' is pronounced as 'V'. Because of the sentence structure of the German Language the English translation does not follow line for line. Because they have a common source many words in English and German are very similar so I am sure you will easily recognise which line matches which!

KUHLE LUFT WEHT AUF
DER KLANG DER ABENDGLOCKE
LANGE NOCH IM OHR

The cold wind blows
The sound of the evening bell
Still rings in my ear.

IM PUPPENWAGEN
GLANZEN ZWEI KASTNIEN
DAS MADCHEN STRAHLT

The little girl smiles
Two shiny conkers nestling
In her dollies pram!

DAS TROCKENE FLUSSBETT
FURHT NUR NOCH STEINE
NUR NOCH STEINE

Only stones flowing
In the dried-up river bed
Nothing but stones.

LAUTLOS KRAUSELT SICH
WASSER IM TEICH - IRGENDWO
LIBELLENSCHATTEN

On the rippled pond
Dragonfly shadows - silent
Solitary and spooky!

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1120 - Sisters Of Poemhunter

Sisters - look gently into the mirror
You are glorious - Oh yes we can see
Your complexions are so so beautiful
Your eyes are the windows of your souls
Your hair is the crowning of your Glory
Your lips are the source of Truth and Love.

Sisters - you are the apex of God's Creation
God made you individually and unique
God made you for a purpose - His Handmaidens
God made you to bring Love - Joy - Peace and Order
Into a World dominated by Fear
Inequality - Aggression and Disorder.

Sisters - you alone have the capacity
To nurture a helpless fetus - in your womb
To be another individual - XY a Male
XX a Female - another lovely Sister!
You alone have the capacity to provide
The TLC to nurture those individuals.

Sisters - God created you to be LIGHT
In a Dark World - to be SALT in an.....
Increasingly - decaying - flavourless
And socially and spiritually frozen World.
Look in the mirror - please don't be like men
You are so much more precious than that.

Without our Sisters - what would we men do?
There would be no beauty - no elegance
No cause for Art - no reason for Music
No object for love and adoration.
Sisters - look in the mirror - see your Glory
Fulfil your destiny - Reclaim your inheritance!

This poem is dedicated - collectively and individually - to each of our lovely PH Sisters. Just think how insipid the PH portfolio would be without them!

John Knight

1121 Christmas Postage Stamps

Because the UK is a Multicultural Society the Post Office only issues Christian Christmas Stamps every other year. This year (2009) the cards are Christian and a wonderful tribute to the true meaning of Christmas. They depict 'Personalities of the Advent' from stained-glass windows in UK Anglican Churches. These can be seen at:

[norvic-philatelic, co, uk/2009/11a-christmas09](http://norvic-philatelic.co.uk/2009/11a-christmas09)

I hope you get some on your cards from the UK they are very beautiful.

What is the message of these stamps
For the year two thousand nine
The meaning of the message
That comes at Christmas Time?

The cheapest stamp - the Second Class
Depicts a heavenly Angel fair
With lute and wings and speckled stars
Sweet music fills the air!

The First Class stamp depicts a Maid
A baby seated at her side
She is the Virgin Mary - and
Jesus Christ her little child.

Although Mary was a human
Her baby Jesus was divine
Immanuel - The Son of God
The Angels gave the sign!

The Air mail stamp depicts a Man
Joseph a man who worked with wood
He was The Virgin Mary's Husband
A holy, pious Man and good.

God gave these two the solemn task
To raise His Son - the Holy Child
Provide for Him a loving home
A refuge pure and undefiled.

A Wise Man on the 90p
Bearing Jesus gifts most rare
The purest gold and pure incense
Frankincense and fragrant myrrh.

Gold depicted Majesty
Frankincense His Holy Life
Myrrh depicted suffering
Combatting Satan's evil strife.

A Shepherd carrying a Lamb
Depicts two aspects of the Lord
Descriptions given by Himself
And recorded in God's Word.

I AM the Lamb of God - He said
To bear the curse of sin away
I also am the Shepherd Good
To care for mankind day-by-day.

These stamps will travel through the World
A precious message they will bring
Good will on Earth and peace to men
HARK! The herald Angels sing!

John Knight

1122 Christmas - Forget It

This is a PAM EYRES (The UK's greatest living Poetess) Poem that has been tweaked a little!

I've got me own Nativity
With figures carved from wood
Its on me sideboard - every year
It really looks quite good.
Mary's dressed in Cambridge Blue
Joseph's dressed in Rabbit Fur
There's a crib for Jesus - and
Gold and Frankincense and Myrrh

Now I fully understand
All good things have an end
I must scrap me Nativity
For fear it might offend!
The Hindus and the Buddhists
The Muslims with their flock
Might see my Baby Jesus
And be paralysed with shock!

Forget the Christmas Dinner
For me appetite is small
And the poor old factory Turkey
Ain't had no life at all.
They are God's created creatures
Though their plight they cannot see
And though they may be ASDA cheap
They're not BOOTIFUL to me!

Hear the rasping of the tinsle
And the rattle of the cash
The streets are full of shoppers
The shops are full of Chinese Trash
Christmas is a comin'
And father Christmas too - but
He's stranded in Alaska
'Cos he's caught the Spanish Flu!

There's a reindeer on the rooftop
There are sleigh-bells on the sled
But where is Father Christmas
In Alaska tucked up in his bed.
There are lights in every window
They produce a glowing sheen
I know God said 'let there be light'
But just what did he mean?

Just look at my neighbour's house
An all electric Christmas Tree
A Snowman and a Santa Claus
Some Shepherds and the Wise Men three.
The local Power Station
Is pulsating all aglow
It's heading for a meltdown
Just like Chernobyl you know!

I'm running down the Garden
I'm hiding in my potting shed
If anybody asks for me
Just tell them I am DEAD!
I might emerge on Boxing Day
If common sense prevails
And I'll buy you all a present
They're cheaper in the Sales!

(John Knight - Colchester - Flowers last three weeks) .

John Knight

1122 Praise The Lord!

Worthy Oh Lamb of God - for praise
The Father's Only Son
To you our hymns of praise we raise
For Heaven's Beloved One.

Most perfectly expressed in you
All of Heaven's glories shine
You praise our God in all you do
Eternally Divine.

True image of the infinite
The Heart of God concealed
Flooding the World with holy light
The Love of God revealed.

Who comprehends your Holy Name?
Angels? They try and fail
Unchangeable - always the same
Demons before you quail.

Throughout the Universe and Space
You are the central one
Your name is loved - in every place
For the love you have shown.

Worthy Oh Lamb of God - for praise
The Father's only Son
To you our hymns of praise we raise
For all that you have done.

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1124 I Thought About You Today

I thought about you today
I thought about your lovely smile
I thought about the fragrance that surrounds you
I thought about the softness of your skin
I thought about your deep luminous eyes
I thought about you today.

I dreamt about you last night
I dreamt we really were in our special place
I dreamt we were walking on our special beach
I dreamt we were holding hands - gently
I dreamt we stopped and caressed - gently
I dreamt we stopped and kissed - gently

I thought about you today
I dreamt about you last night
Thank you for thinking and dreaming - about me
Every day and every night
I love you completely - through thoughts and dreams
Today through a glass darkly
Someday face to face - I love you
I love you - I love you - I love you

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1125 Man On The Moon - Why?

I have studied Science for sixty-five years
To me the greatest Scientific Achievement
In the magnificent Twentieth Century
Was the successful manned Moon Landing
Apollo Eleven - twentieth of July
Anno Domini - Nineteen sixty nine

Astronauts - Niel Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin
One small step for Man - One giant leap for mankind.
Yesterday the Moon - Tomorrow Planet Mars
The Planet Venus is too hot to handle!
The day after tomorrow The Milky Way
And after that - Beyond the Milky Way.

The search for Extra-Terrestrial Life (SETI)
Goes on in all Countries fo the World.
There are Earth Like Planets - Hundreds of.....
Light years away - Myterious - Inaccessible!
However in the Twentieth Century - Science Fiction
Became Science Fact - Fantasy became Reality!

What drives man to probe into Outer Space?
Probably because that is his True Domain.
Inhabited Earth Lake Planets - Inhabited by whom?
Intelligent Creatures - Man Like creatures - living.....
On Earth Like Planets - Just as curious about us.....
As we have been - for hundreds of years - about them.

Because we are Humans - Citizens of the Universe
We gaze at the Stars that twinkle in the Firnament
And ponder who (or what) inhabits them?
Currently we do not have the technology to investigate
But what if they do - and decide to visit us?
Why are Aliens always so Humaniod?

There are two simplistic explanations for UFO's
One - They are from another Earth Like Planet
Two - They are from another different dimension.
People who claim to have been abducted

And taken into UFO's - all testify that the Aliens
Are very hungry for Terrestrial Information.

My suggestion here is - Man went to the moon
Not because it was there - but because we are Human!
Because Humans are not just the custodians
Of Planet Earth - but also of the Universe.
It is human to reach out into Space
It is human to want to 'Touch the Stars'.

When we investigate UFO's - we need an open mind
We need an open heart - we need an open neighbour.
There is a subtle complex group of phenomena
Causing experience at the very limits of perception
It suggests to me that there could be a tangible Planet
Existing between the tangible and the tenable.

UFO's are able to pass between these two dimensions
Moving easily from the one to the other
Emerging for one moment as a full scale reality
And then very quickly sliding away into the shadows.
There is much evidence - overt and covert
To support the existence of 'manned' UFO's.

My thesis is simple - Man went to the Moon
Because as a Human he was seeking his heritage
To be a Citizen of the Universe of Outer Space.
The Greys and other Humanoids that pilot UFO's
Are logically more technologically advanced than us
So they visit us - Rather than us having to visit them! ! ! !

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1126 What Is Love?

When two people think as one

That is LOVE

When two people share as one

That is LOVE

When two - separated by space - function as one

That is LOVE

When two hearts are synchronous

That is LOVE

When two are at the centre of each others lives

That is LOVE

When there are no barriers

That is LOVE

When there are no secrets

That is LOVE

When you live for each other

That is LOVE

When you would die for each other

That is LOVE

When you can make room for a BABY

That is LOVE

When you can make room for a DOG / CAT

That also is LOVE

When you really know you are in LOVE

THAT REALLY IS LOVE

I love all the PH Family in different ways and at different levels - but in essence it is all LOVE. This aspect of sharing and caring within the lovely PH Family is what makes it so so special and (in my opinion) so different from some other poetry sites. When we read each others oems - many of which are straight form the HEART - there is always something we can praise. We all need encouragement - we are all old enough to cope with objective criticism. We all want to be more effective poets - we all benefit from TLC! Love you all through Poetry - JOHN

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1127 Cyber Love

This Poem is a classical PETRARCHAN SONNET with a Sicilian sestet (rhyming pattern c d c d c d) . The rhyming pattern of the octet is a b b a a b b a. Consequently there are 14 lines - each of which has exactly ten syllables (iambic pentameter) . The sestet comments on the octet. If these strict rules of Structure - metre - rhyming pattern and content are not followed its is NOT a Petrarchan Sonnet. If we use a Classical Form we must adhere to classical rules of Poetic Structure.

Once I perfection in a lover found
twas long ago and far away from here,
her perfect love abolished grief and fear
with her my life was built on solid ground.
I loved her more than any maid around
and when she left I shed a bitter tear,
so I have searched for someone far and near
to put me back on track and safe and sound.

Why seek ye for her in the Market Place?
where fairest blooms are very hard to find.
Log in all your desires in Cyber Space
the perfect lady that you have in mind!
I logged in my desires my love to trace
when you replied - my cloud was silver lined!

Dedicated to all those who surf the web (or Poemhunter)
looking for a perfect Cyber-Mate! My Brother (now 78)
found a Perfect Wife (An Aztec Queen of 49 in Mexico) on
the Christian Singles Web seven years ago!

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1128 I Can'T Go Back

The form of this poem is a Chaucerian Roundel. The metre is Iambic Pentameter (10 syllables per line. The rhyming pattern is:
A b b a b A a b b A This indicates that lines 1 6 & 10 are repeats.

I can't go back to find the life I knew
The people are no longer where they were
The folk I knew they now no longer care.
There might be just a remnant - just a few
There are no memories that we could share
I can't go back to find the life I knew.
And if I went I'd not know what to do
My father's house in Brookside Delaware
I feel alas that it's no longer there
I can't go back to find the life I knew!

This is an interesting form it all depends on having an interesting first line which can also be a middle line (line 6) and the end line.

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1129 Beauty Is Everywhere

This poem is an INTERLOCKING RUBAIYAT. I have chosen for it to consist of three quatrains the rhyming pattern is therefore a b a and b b c b and c c a c. I have chosen ten syllables per line - iambic pentameter. I hope this is clear.

I still find beauty in the common things
The sheen of feathers on a seagulls wings
The butterfly that on my fence will rest
The sound of nature when a song thrush sings.

The tinkling of a brook I love the best
The crashing of a wave down from its crest
The waterfall whose torrent makes a roar
The ripple of a lake when it's at rest.

The clustered bluebells on the forest floor
The beauty of the roses round a door
The joy that Autumn's colour always brings
The beauty of the snow at Avimore.

(John Knight - Colchester - November 2009)

John Knight

1130 Christmas Blessings

Shepherds hear the Angels from afar
Heaven send down you gentle evening showers
His coming brings a bright and morning star
Offspring of MARY flower of the perfect flower!
The bright Sun which no cloud devours
Has travelled from the East into the West
God's Son has come to Earth from Heaven's Towers
PRO NOBIS PUER SANCTUS NATUS EST!

Archangels - Angels - Thrones and Dominations
Potentates and Rulers - Martyrs - Seers
And all of Heaven's mystic operations
Stars - Planets - Asteroids and Spheres
Fire - Earth and Air and Water disappears
To give to Him most loving and most blest
Who comes to cast out sin and calm our fears
PRO NOBIS PUER SANCTUS NATUS EST!

Sinners reform and all your penance do
And thank your Maker for His boundless Grace
His Holy Place you cannot enter into
You cannot stand within His Holy Place
You cannot look upon His Holy Face
He'll send His Son to save you from the test
IMMANUEL means God has come to you!
PRO NOBIS PUER SANCTUS NATUS EST!

The last line is translated as:
For us the Holy Child is born!

(John Knight - Colchester - December 2009)

John Knight

1131 A Passion Of Poets

There is a name for every state
In which things like to congregate
A flight of stairs - a swarm of ants
A batch fo bread - a pair of pants!
A gaggle of geese - a flock of sheep
A bed of babies fast asleep!

A gross of Germans - a peck of French
A pint of Irish - diggin' a trench
A flight of Arabs - a skirl of Scots
A bunch of English forget-me-nots.
An explosion fo Macho Italian Men
But with their Mammias - Bambini again!

A shoal of herring - a brood of eels
A clutch of oysters - a herd of seals
A brood fo pheasants - a pack of grouse
A host of sparrows - garden and house.
A herd of camels - a sloth of bears
A troop of monkeys - a trip of hares.

A school of whales - a shoal of bass
A hover of trout - a clutch of wrasse
A muster of peacocks - a flight of doves
A charm of goldfinch - which everyone loves.
A pride of lions - a herd of cows
a kindle of kittens with lots of meows!

Apeal of bells and a clump of trees
a web of spiders - an itch of fleas
A posse of police chase a gang of thieves
A crackle of twigs and a rustle of leaves.
Animpatience of wives and a NO NO of nannies
A persistence of parents - an indulgence of grannies.

A host of Angels - an emotion of harps
A choir of singers in flats and sharps.
An aroma of bakers - a barrel of brewers
A tower of teachers - a good cause of doers.

A bench of Bishops - a troupe of dancers
A prudence of Vicars - a myth of romancers.

We can make up 'collectives' for people we hate
A rip-off of bankers and agents - estate
A riff-raff of knaves - a rascal of boys
a drilling of dentists - a death of kill-joys.
A wobble of cyclists - a goggle of tourists
An indifference of waiters - a narrow of purists!

Tere's always a word for a gang or a group
A huddle a haggel a pummel a troop
A crassness of those who ae on theX-Factor
a scourge of bacteria - campylobacter.
A chuckle of clowns - a giggle of girls
A dangle of diamonds - a cluster of pearls.
So just think of a group of people of things
A gayness of Queens or an excess of Kings!
Everything - everywhere - anyhow - anytime
They have all been named in a song or a rhyme!

John Knight who lives with a 'Castle of Knights' in a Castle.

(John Knight - Colchester - December 2009)

John Knight

1132 Human Hands

Our hands are very special
A marvel of design
For all the tea in China
I would not part with mine!

With my hands I grasp and clutch
And hold a thousand things
And in the sky I try to fly
My hands like Angel's wings.

With my right hand I learned to write
With pencil and with pen
In my left hand a rubber can
Rub out my words again!

With both my hands a rock I climb
I really hold on tight
For if i slipped I'd surely die
And that would not be bright!

My hand can hold my children's hands
As we walk in the park
In case they slip and hurt themselves
Especially in the dark!

My hands can carve a piece of wood
Into a bird or fish
Or turn a lump upon a lathe
To make a lovely dish.

My hands can grasp a cricket bat
And score a hundred rúns
My hands can bake a Christmas Cake
And lots of Hot Cross Buns.

My hands can sooth away a pain
Massage away an ache
And with my hands a model
Out of matchsticks I can make!

My hands can paint a picture
Or play upon a flute
My hands can dig a garden
For growing veg and fruit!

There's nothing that my hands can't do
I'm very versatile
And I can give a shadow show
To make my children smile.

So please take care of both your hands
You'll need them throughout life
And pray for those who've lost their hands
Through accident or strife.

God made our hands a special way
Opposible our thumb
To help us grasp and help us grip
And work for everyone

John Knight

1133 Heaven On Earth

Where is Heaven is there such a place?
A place where God is real and Angels dwell
Can we find Heaven - while we're here on earth
Or does your life on Earth resemble Hell?
Heaven is all around in Nature shown
The 'Gift of God' to all who are His own.

Heaven is a clearing in the woods
A place where bluebells in profusion grow
A place of solitude and quietness
A place where only rabbits and the badgers go.
The Angels gather there but are unseen
Except by those who have departed from this scene.

Heaven is a stretch of sandy coast
The place where Baby Angels love to play
The murmur of the sea the gentle wind
The changing panorama of each day.
And those who have departed from this life
Can live contented there as Man & Wife.

Heaven is a mountain-side retreat
A place with lovely vistas near and far
A place that's shaped by God's almighty hand
Which urban noise and crime can never mar.
A place for our beloved who've gone before
Where Angels hover close to Heaven's Door.

Heaven's set beside a placid lake
In which are mirrored trees and clouds above
A place of peace - serenity and joy
A place of holiness - a place of love.
Martyrs and Saints sing out to God in Praise
And with the Angels serve Him all their days.
God's gift to us - right from our day of birth
The 'Joys of Heaven' - right where we are on EARTH! ! !

(John Knight - Colchester - December 2009)

John Knight

11o3 Things Incurrigible

My first theme is my first love Mountains.

Incurrigible - ageless

The highs and sights of my childhood

Unsubtle the opposite of Plains

And unlike Plains capable

Of infinite variety of crags and crevices

Like the features on the face of an Octogenerian

Sculptured by wind and weather

Seemingly unchangable.

My second theme is the Christian Church a paradox.

Incurrigible - spiritual

The sense and incense of my childhood

Subtle the opposite of Atheism

And unlike Atheism capable

Of myriads of different interpretations

High & Low - Deep & Wide - Broad & Narrow

Methodist - Baptist - Papist & Calvinist

You pledge your Faith and take your pick

My third theme is Cats the only animals worth knowing.

Incurrigible - uncommitted

They loomed large and furry in my childhood

Subtle the opposite of canines

And unlike canines capable

Of flirting - purring - yawning & fawning anywhere

Like females who want no contact

But like going their own way

Thus making the way of their lovers lighter

My last theme is Roses because they are the loveliest of flowers

Incurrigible - beautiful

They brightened the gardens of my childhood

Subtle the opposite of dandelions

And unlike dandelions - polychrome and capable

Of surviving the gardeners happy hoe hoe hoe

Because they are the Queen of Flowers

Floribunda - English tea - Climbers & Rambling

A garden is incomplete without them.

I am indebted to Louis Macneice for the structure of this poem and also for the concepts in verse three because I feel strongly about CATS

(John Knight - Colchester - December 2009)

John Knight

A Knowledge Of The Truth (Part 1)

Science (Knowledge) Mathematics (Understanding)

Languages - Technology - Music and Art

Geography - History and Sociopsychology!

For more than 65 years I have studied.....

All these subjects to enable me to find answers.....

About the 'Meaning of Life' and 'The Nature of Man'.

It has been the process of teaching these subjects

And in basic research that some answers have come!

Knowledge - Teaching and Research have caused me to

Lift my head out of the blinkering - blinding sand

To seek a symbiosis between Fact and my Faith

Raised in a 'spiritual' environment - my Faith is firm!

Beauty - Purpose - Order - Design are evidence

Of a God - of an intelligent Creator.

Science and Religion are complimentary

Two exceptional universal explanations.

The one based on physical evidence - and the other

On Faith - Divine Revelation and Holy Scriptures.

As a Scientist I have researched - Biosynthesis

The structure of rocks and minerals and water

All Natures Cycles which keep the essential elements

In circulation and purify water and the air.

The heterogeneity of our dynamic atmosphere

Is daily maintained by abundant Solar Energy.

In our Galaxy - The Milky Way - Planet Earth

Is perfectly located to be a 'Living Planet'.

This precise position - which affects average temperature

The liquid state of water - the gaseous state of the atmosphere

Together with the composition of the atmosphere

And the relative abundance of the ninety-two

Naturally occurring elements - maintains the Biosphere.

Science defines its parameters - Faith its purpose!

Poets can speculate

Scientists can formulate

Theists can evaluate.

Only through an amalgam
Of these three philosophies
Can mankind achieve
'A knowledge of the Truth'.

John Knight

A Month Of Herbs

My Mother was a Herbalist
Who lived to ninety five
And with her pills and potions
She kept us all alive!

She boiled her herbs - in a big black pot
She had a big black Cat
Some say she flew on a Broomstick
But we won't go into that!

January was DANDELION
Whose juice could cleanse our biles
February YELLOW CELENDINE
Was brewed for Granddads piles!

March brings out the PRIMROSES
A cure for your rheumatics
April sees the STICKWORT bloom
For wheezers and asthmatics!

May brings all the BLUEBELLS
Whose roots are used for starch
June grows the scented MEADOWSWEET
Whose mead your thirst will parch!

July the bold PETUNIA
With Heinz cures fifty-seven
August brings purple KNAPWEED
Which makes you feel like Heaven!

September blooms the FEVERFEW
A cure for any fever
October's YARROW's good for you
You'll all sing like a Diva!

November comes the LEMON GRASS
Gives out a fine aroma
December juice from MISTLETOE
Will cure your worst hangover!

Aloe Vera - Silver Sage and Golden Golden Rod
Gingo - Evening Primrose and Periwinkle too
Boil them up they'll cure your bod
A real Old Witches brew!

From New Years Day to Christmas Eve
We never had a fear
A dose of Mother's remedies
Would wipe each tear!

Dedicated to all our Mother's who knew all natures secrets and were even
prepared to share a few with us!

John Knight

A Special Kind Of Lady

How much do i appreciate you - My Special Lady?
Let me count the ways the whys and the wherefores.
I love you for your mind which interacts with mine
On every known level of intellectuality
Sceintific - Spiritual - Sensitive - Serious & Superficial.
There is nothing under the Sun - that is outside
The expansive curiosity of our inquisitive minds.
Between us we could easily unravel
All the deepest mysteries of the Universe!

I love you for your poetry - posted daily on PH
Each one that you have penned is a perfect gem.
Each on of them - that I have read - has moved me!
I score them TEN but in my heart A THOUSAND!
I love you for your personality - which bubbles
Through your poems - making each line sparkle
Making each word - a capsule of enlightenment.
I love your comments on the poems of all the PH Family
They are always POISITIVE - you are an ENCOURAGER!

One of the greatest blessings of PH is its multiculturalism.
There are members from the USA and Iraq and Cuba
From Isreal and Egypt and Tunisia and Morrocco
From England - Ireland - Scotland and Poetic Wales.
Central & South America - Australia & New Zealand and Canada.
It is good to interact with PH's from Scandinavia & Mother Russia!
India - The Caribbean - Central & Eastern Europe - Everywhere!
Whatever your nationality - it is subsumed in your Personality
Your Poetry - your Psyche - your Perceptions and your Pride.

I love you FREELY - for your zest for LIFE
I love you FULLY - for your generosity of HEART
I love you PURELY - for your constraint of SPIRIT
I love you CEREBRALLY - for your expansiveness of MIND
I love you DEEPLY - for your depth of PERSONALITY
I love you LITERALLY - for your power of POETRY
I love you LINGUISTICALLY - for your way with WORDS
I love you TWENTY-FOUR-SEVEN - for your COMMUNICATION
I love you ETERNALLY - because you are uniquely YOU!

John Knight

A Touch Of Glass.

One of the most versatile substances on Earth,
Why do we always take glass for granted?
A wine bottle, a pickle jar, a cheap vase,
A window pane, all disposable and recyclable.

The main ingredient is common sea shore sand,
Chemically combined with a little soda or potash.
Heat resistant glass - silica - is just pure sand.
For cut glass, add a little lead, for coloured glass, minerals.

Its greatest property is its sheer transparency,
Transparent because it is not crystalline.
It is in fact a paradox - a solid solution!
Consequently it lets light pass clean through it!

Like so many important scientific discoveries,
Penicillin, gravity, stainless steel, purple dye,
The steam engine, polythene and radioactivity,
Glass was discovered by pure accident!

In antiquity, sand and wood ash, combining
In the embers of a fire to produce shing jewels.
Homo Sapiens, sifting the jewels and concluding that they
Must be a fusion of wood ash and sand - discovered GLASS!

(John Knight UK - August 2009) .

John Knight

An Instrument Of Poetry

Oh make me an instrument an Instrument of Poetry
I'll write with my hands - and exclaim
Oh make me an instrument an Instrument of Innocence
I'll write with my hands - again and again!

I'll write you a love song a Love Song in Poetry
I'll write with my heart - the refrain
I'll write you a love song - a love song of emotion
I'll write with my heart - again and again!

For we are a symphony - a Symphony of Poetry
Who write with our souls - to proclaim
For we are a symphony - a Symphony of Harmony
Who write with our souls - again and again!

We are all Poemhunters - true Lovers of Poetry
We write with our minds to Praise or Distain
We are all Poemhunters - Creators of Excellence
Who write with our minds - again and again!

This poem is dedicated to all the lovely Poemhunter Family. We don't mind a little criticism but please let it be positive and savoured with love. We all need each other in our quest to create the PERFECT POEM!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Angels Watching Over You And Me

Angels of high order
Are called the SERAPHIM
They daily discourse with the Lord
And daily in complete accord
For briefings they convene

It is through the SERAPHIM
That God controls his plan
Helping war and strife to cease
Maintaining interstellar peace
And in the heart of Man.

The power is dissipated
Through God's angelic grace
SERAPHIM and CHERUBIM
With Angels and Archangels
Each Angel has its place.

Angels are invisible
Except for special reason
Joseph saw an Angel
And Mary saw an Angel
Before the Christmas season

But children do see Angels
They look through eyes of truth
Adults are so sceptical
So literal - antiseptical
And spiritually uncouth!

I have seen an Angel
But only once or twice
In time of need
My soul to feed
It really was so nice!

So if you see an Angel
Please don't run away

Accept it as a sign divine
That you have a Guardian
Who's with you every day.

John Knight

April Love

My April Love is always in my heart
My April Love from me will ne'er depart.
She always brings the 'Joy of Spring' to me,
My April Love forever mine will be!

The Winter months have gone - they all are past
The memory of cold cold Winter's blast.
But April's here - the breath of waking Spring,
That cheers my heart and makes me dance and sing!

May - she may come and June a blusing Bride
July so shy and summery by my side.
August - and come she must beside
And I remember calm and beautiful September!

The Summer's gone and autumn hastens on
October through Decemeber - how my year has flown!
January's so so cold and February's such a groan
March marches on - then April takes the throne!

My April Angel is a pure delight
Throughout the day - and in each dreamy night!
Of all the Girls that flit thoroughout the year
May - June - July - cannot with thee compare!

The dawning of the Spring - awakening of my heart
There's nothing that can keep our pledge of love apart.
My April Love - My April Love - now you and I are one
You give me strength and hope to carry on!

My April Love - My April Love - so pure and so divine
My April Love - My April Love - please let me call you mine!
And when all the Angels ask me to recall
The lovely things you've said - and perfect things you do
To tell them of the thrill - the memory of it all
I'll tell them - April Angel - yes I'll tell them 'I REMEMBER YOU!'

John Knight

Astral Love

This is dedicated to all Poemhunters weaving in the Loom of Love

We came so close - without actually touching,
Which is salutary for had we done so
We would have just imploded into one:
One New Astral Body - M I N D S O U L S P I R I T.

You were from outer space - FREE SPIRIT
I was from inner space - REASON LOGIC.
Spacewise - we were on a parallel course
We were never on a collision course.

I often ask myself - 'Just how close? '
'Just how close did we actually come? '
A million miles? NO NO even closer
A thousand miles? TOO TOO close for comfort!

My heart antennae said - Fifty Thousand
WOW! Thats intercourse by astral standards!
So close that I could sense your sweet perfume
So close that I could taste your font of love.

So close that I could feel your gravity
So close that I could feel your astral power
So close that one step closer was ECLIPSE
One sweet act of astral love - OBLIVION!

We came so close without actually touching
Which is salutary - for had we done so
We would have just imploded into one
One New Astral Body - M I N D S O U L S P I R I T

John Knight

Awesomeness Of Autumn

Sweet Autumn heralds summer season's past,
She can't conceal the changing of her leaves
Autumnal days will hasten winter's blast
Her sunny days will ripen harvet sheaves.

Artistic Autumn paints a myriad hues,
Red, orange, yellow, pink and brown and green
She - from her palette - has the chance to choose
Collages that no artist ever dreamed.

Majestic Autumn heralds winter's charm,
Leaves fall, trees' silhouettes revealed
Wood piles replenished in the rustic farm
Exotic fungi in the woods concealed.

Is Autumn still - best season of the year?
YES, Autumn well deserves the bonfires' cheer!

(John Knight - September 2009)

John Knight

Because I Love You

Because the sky is blue
I think of you. I think of you
Because the sky is blue.

Because the sea is green
You are my queen. You are my queen
Because the sea is green.

Because the clouds are white
My heart is light. My heart is light
Because the clouds are white.

Because your kitten purrs
I lose my cares. I lose my cares
Because your kitten purrs.

Because your kiss is sweet
I am complete. I am complete
Because your kiss is sweet.

Because your scent is YOU
It's MY scent too. It's MY scent too
Because your scent is you.

Because you smile for me
It's ecstasy. It's ecstasy
Because you smile for me.

Because our two hearts beat as one
We have a love to build our life upon.
Because our two hearts beat as one.

Because your love's for me and mine's for you
Then all our dreams and visions will come true.
Because your love's for me and mine's for you.

Because our love is pure and deep and strong
All will be right and nothing can go wrong.
Because our love is pure and deep and strong.

Because GOD in His wisdom has devised
Our love will last in life and PARADISE.
Because GOD in His wisdom has devised.

John Knight

Belles Of Blue

The Scent of Bluebells brush the soul
And melt your tears away,
A gentle breeze through leafy trees
Gives purpose to your day.

The Shape of Bluebells cheers the heart
And lifts your spirit up,
Pure bells of joy sweet bells of cheer
To drain the bitter cup

The Smile of Bluebells clears the mind
And turns your fears to joy,
A smile to lighten all mankind
And every Girl and Boy.

The Sight of Bluebells in the wood
Confirms that Spring is here,
A carpet of the purest blue
To fill our lives with cheer.

The Strength of Bluebells is their 'Blue'
A colour so divine,
A lovely bright and heavenly hue
Sent from God's heart to mine.

The Source of Bluebells is the LORD
They grow at His command,
For by His own creative power
Each tree and flower was planned.

The Secret of the Bluebells power
Lies in the joy it brings,
Inside the heart of every flower
The 'Joy of Heaven' rings.

Dedicated to all the lovely Belles in the PH Family

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Best Poems Are Palindromes Are Poems Best.

Palindromes are poems best hope
of expressions of love and peace
in places of hopelessness.
Why highlight this fantasy of confusion?
Perhaps us (perspective persona)
confuse that belief with reality
also producing absurd abstraction of truth.
Is truth capable of abstraction?
Is there weakness in argument here?
Argument in weakness? - There is
abstraction of capable truth.
Is truth of abstraction absurd?
Producing also reality with belief
that confuse persona perceptive - us perhaps?
Confessions of fantasy - this highlights!
Why hopelessness in place of peace and love?
Expressions of hope!
BEST POEMS ARE PALINDROMES!

This is a PALINDROME of 18 lines. The middle word (which is used only once) is HERE at the end of line 9. Because it is a Word Palindrome it reads the same backwards as forwards. I consider this my best Palindrome to date because the second half is just as gramatical and meaningful as the first half. Stam Ittap - PH's greatest Palindromiste - might have another opinion!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Birthday Blues

Another Birthday - another step towards oblivion
Another phone call - all singing Happy Birthday out of tune!
Another batch of cards - Happy Birthday in big big letters
Another reminder - that we are losing all our faculties - fast.
Another cruel acknowledgement to Old father Time
Another day - another week - another year gone by.

Think back to renaissance - early years
Think back to very special celebrations
'John is ONE' Bell, book and candle
'John is FIVE' Scool cap and satchel
'John is TEN Pantalones grande!
'John is 21! Key of the door.

Why mark the passing of another futile year?
Why celebrate the passing of our latter days?
Why perpetuate the charade of crisps, cakes and candles?
Why support consumerism at its most exploitive?
Why invest in balloons which either burst or blow away?
Why celebrate this serendipitous, accidental day?

John Knight

Blackberries Ripe For The Picking

Looking through the thousands of poems on the PH list I felt there was something lacking. Modern poems that were quintessentially English! What could be more English than Blackberrying in late Summer. So here is a poem on just that exercise!

Take your time as the blackberries you pick,
Be careful not to damage fruit or bush.
Warn the children NOT the RED or GREEN ones
Take time when you are picking do not rush!

Take your time when you seek out the big ones
Move aside the thistle-down with careful care,
Don't tread on the Rose Bay Willow Herb
And the other sweet wild flowers growing there.

Take your time as you approach the brambles
Walk up the track of mud - where late wild flowers bud
Take care to close each gate as you pass through
Observe that Nature's providence is good!

Take the time to observe all the insects
Ladybirds and dragonflies with jewelled eyes that shine.
Savour scent and savour sounds and visions
Observe that Nature always takes her time!

Exquisite is the savour of blackberries
When cooked with brambles in a perfect pie
The sweet fruit of your labours served with cream
Will make you dream and all your tastebuds satisfy!

John Knight

C - H - R - I - S - T - M - A - S

When I was just a youngster - Christmas meant one thing
That I'd be getting lots of toys that day
It meant a whole lot diferent - When Mother sat me down
And taught me to spell CHRISTMAS this way!

C is for the Christ Child born upon this day
God's preciuos Christmas gift to all mankind
H for Herald Angels singing in the in the night
message for the Shepherds - Go and seek and find!

R means our Redeemer - to save us from our sin
Christ's journey from the Cradle to the Cross
I is for individuals each and everyone
must ask for God's forgiveness from sin's dross.

S is for the Star that led to Bethlehem
the prophets told the place - the place he would be born
T is for Three Wise Men they who travelled far
to see the Christ Child born in Christmas Morn.

M is for the Manger in the Stable where he lay
no room at the Inn - Is there room in your Heart?
A is Adoration from the Shepherds and Wise Men
who recognised the Saviour from the start.

S is for the Shepherds - folk like you and I
for Jesus is the Saviour of the World
no one is excluded - however low or high
His Global Banner of Salvation is unfurled!

So when you think of CHRISTMAS - read again this verse
Put CHRIST back into CHRISTMAS - that's where he belongs
He is the WAY & TRUTH & LIFE - The living Son of God
His LOVE & PEACE & JOY - in all our Christmas songs.

This poem is an extension of a much shorter one - enjoy.

John Knight

California Girls!

Each line should be read as if was preceded by 'The Girls from.....'

Alabama - Just want you to meet Mama
Alaska - Are as hot as Nebraska
Arizona - They just wanna phone Ya
Arkansas - The leave you wantin' more
California - Don't say I didn't warn Ya!
Carolina - North - Like it out on the Porch
Carolina - South - Will give you mouth-to-mouth
Colorado - Treat you just like the Mikado
Conneticut - Make love with etiquette
Dakota - North - Give you your monies worth
Dakota - South - Are never down in the mouth
Delaware - Love to pamper and care
Florida - Just want to cuddle Ya
Georgia - They never ignore Ya
Hawaii - Say 'Aloha' then 'Good Byeeeeeee'
Idaho - Tell you 'Please never go'
Illinois - Will give you lots and lots of JOY!
Iowa - Will bake a hog pie for Ya
Kentucky - You might just get lucky!
Louisiana - Love a man with a spanner!
Maine - Say 'Please come back again'
Maryland - Won't be a one night stand
Massachusetts - Don't hedge your bets
Mighigan - You'll get your wish again
Minnesota - You'll all get your quota
Mississippi - They're cute and they're hippy
Missouri - Love the smell of pot pouri
Montana - Have a real gentle manner
Nebraska - They just wanna fax Ya
Nevada - They really try harder
New Hampshire - like a nice big Estancia!
New Jersey - Take no prisoners and show no mercy!
New Mexico - Leave you perplexio!
New York - Just talk talk and talk
Ohio - Love to go with the flow
Oklahoma - Will leave you in a coma!
Oregon - Never say 'Sorry John! '

Pennsylvania - They will drive you insanier
Rhode Island - Are all welcome in my land
Tennessee - All look just like Dolly P!
Texas - Are all like Alexis
Utah - Always leave you wantin' more
Vermont - They all know what they want
Virginia - They are lovely and slimmier
Virginia -West - They are lovely and blessed
Washington - Just love to get their shoppin' done
Wisconsin - Are as cool as a Dolphin
Wyoming - Love a man who's stopped roaming

All the girls from every State are really really GREAT!

John Knight

Cerebral Love

This poem is dedicated to Olfa Drid - who explores the beauty of Intellectual Love in many of her Poems.

The body is bounded by space and time,
Limited to four fixed dimensions.
The activities of physical love are bounded,
By the same four parameters.

Of course the courtesans would argue,
'The permutations are infinite,
Even if you limit it to twosomes
And its popularity has never waned! '

When I told Victoria she had a beautiful mind,
She smiled but did not deny it.
She is a Cambridge double first in Physiology
And Psychology - so it was very apposite.

She explained to me that the Love Zone
In the prefrontal lobe - Brodman's area 9
Actually contains twelve billion connections.
'Room for infinite experimentation then' - I joked!

I was a research student in Biochemistry
So we spent many hours together cerebrally!
The other students suspected us of congress
But our mutual love had no physical dimensions!

It was just as intense when she moved
To Harvard for an Assistant Professorship,
In the field of Human Emotion.
I stayed at Cambridge with Crick & Watson.

What did I learn, from Professor Victoria Montgomery,
About the parameters of intellectual love,
And what did she learn from me?
And how did it compare with physical love?

Well - firstly it requires two well tuned minds.

It also requires mutual consent for cerebral access.
Secondly, because we were not clairvoyants,
Verbal communication, electronic or vis-a vis, is a necessity.

Thirdly, the process of intellectual love
Must never be demeaned by actual physical love.
It must consist solely of mental intercourse
Not an oxymoron of mental and physical.

People often talk glibly of actually being,
On another persons wavelength - of having,
The same vibes - even mistakingly of being mind-lovers.
But in all these cases - these couples are physically active!

I only know that the cerebral love
That Victoria and I share
Is not limited by space or time
And it really blossomed - transatlantically!

Sadly Victoria died in America
The serendipic victim of a light plane crash
The combination of a sense of duty
And an unforeseen atmospheric storm.

Did the sweet intercourse of our minds,
Cease with her death - high in the Apalachians?
Many people have asked me that question,
Especially those who have never experienced cerebral love.

Is there a love story that embraces eternity
Once passion and desire are consumed entirely?
Love lasts forever only when it is postponed and delayed
When passion is suspended and desire is denied.....

(August 18 2009)

John Knight

Chaos Theory

Chaos Theory says the World is gettin' more chaotic
Says this old Earth is slowly runnin' down.
Top shelf books are getting more erotic
The UK is bein' governed by a Clown.

Chaos Theory says the Polar Ice is meltin'
Says soon we'll all be livin' in the sea
Says we'll all hafta pull our belt in
Even the air we breath will not be free!

Chaos Theory says the Earth is getting hotter
We will be like Venus - in a few more years
And round and round the desert we will totter
The fulfilment of our Global Warming fears!

Chaos Theory says we are devolvin'
In a few more years we all will look like Apes
Lets hope and pray the Earth will keep revolvin'
Before all the oxygen and pure water escapes!

Well try to make our own lives less chaotic
Change and decay in all around to see
Days of real improvement are spamodic
It's been like this since 1933!

But don't despair there's better things in store
For poeple who are faithful - who are wise
Who fight for Peace and bring an end to War
Chaos will cease when we are safe and sound in PARADISE!

Dedicated to all those who hope there will be a Planet for their Grandchildren to enjoy!

John Knight

Charismatic Caves

My friends all call me Troglodite
Because I work in caves
I'm better than the necrophiles
Who play about in graves!

There really is an 'Inner Earth'
A place where silence dwells
Away from surface noise and strife
And nasty urban smells!

Once you are undeneath the ground
And have a source of light
You glimpse a thing most beautiful
The slender stalactite.

It's these that make a barren cave
Into a Fairy Land
Their pointed shape - their poignant shades
Their smooth feel in you hand!

What forms a stalactite? You ask
And how long does it take?
More than a thousand years my friend
Be careful not to break!

When water dripped through limestone rock
Some of the rock dissolved
And reappeared as stalactites
So there's your problem solved!

So drip by drip and year by year
The stalactities are born
The drips that reach the floor build up
For stalagmites to form.

And when they in the middle - join
A column you will see
Just like the ones in Ancient Greece
With same antiquity.

This wonderland that nature's formed
Without the aid of man
The glory of the 'Under World'
Please visit if you can.

Children especially need to see
The beauty that is there
Unseen - untouched by human hand
No City can compare.

There's stalactites and stalagmites
And 'frozen' waterfalls
And columns yellow, red and blue
A sight that all enthalls!

So never doubt the 'Love of God'
In His creative power
He made all things with loving care
Each bird each bee each flower.

And even in the 'Under World'
Where no one ever sees
God's crystal clear creative power
Created scenes like these!

Dedicated to all spellogists - potholers - cave men - crystal geeks and anyone
who at any time and for whatever reason - has lifted the lid - taken the plunge
and gone into God's Amazing Subterranean Territory - in short become a TROG!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Christmas

The bells of waiting Advent ring,
The Tortoise stove is lit again
And lamp-oil light across the night
Has caught the streaks of winter rain
In many a stained glass window sheen
From Crimson Lake to Hooker's Green.

The holly in the windy hedge
And round the manor house the yew
Will soon be stripped to deck the ledge,
The altar, font and arch and pew,
So that the villagers can say
'The Church looks nice' on Christmas Day.

Provincial public houses blaze
And Corporation tramcars clang,
On lighted tenaments I gaze
Where paper decorations hang,
And bunting in the red Town Hall
Says 'Merry Christmas to you all'.

The London shops on Christmas Eve
Are strung with silver bells and flowers
As hurrying clerks the city leave
To pigeon-haunted classic towers,
And marbled clouds go scudding by
The many-steepled London sky.

And girls in slacks remember Dad,
And oafish louts remember Mum,
And sleepless children's hearts are glad
And Christmas -morning bells say 'Come! '
Even to shining ones who dwell
Safe in the Dorchester Hotel

And is it true? And is it true
This most tremendous tale of all
Seen in a stained-glass window's hue,
A baby in an ox's stall?

The Maker of the stars and sea
Become a Child on earth for me?

And is it true? For if it is
No loving fingers tying strings
Around those tissueed fripperies
The sweet and silly Christmas things
Bath salts and inexpensive scent
And hideous tie so kindly meant.

No love that in a family dwells
No carolling in frosty air
Nor all the steeple-shaking bells
Can with this single Truth compare:
That God was Man in Palestine
And lives today in Bread and Wine.

This is a perfect poem! It has perfect METRE perfect RHYME a regular rhyme pattern a b a b c c (there are only two half-rhymes) . Each stanza is a balanced sestet (six lines) . If you want your poems to be perfect there is much you could learn from John Betjeman (1906 - 1984) . He was a great wordsmith and one of the UK's finest Poet Laureates.

John B - was very middle class and High Church of England - this is evident in the poem. Crimson Lake and Hooker's Green in verse one are colours in the paint box. 'Slacks' in verse four are trousers and the Dorchester is a very posh London Hotel. In verse six 'Carolling' is an English tradition of singing Christmas Songs from house to house and hoping for a drink and a mince pie. Bread & Wine refers to the Christian Communion Service usually held at least once per week on Sunday. It represents the Body and Blood of Christ and is a commemoration of His Atonement. The historical setting of the Poem would be the 1950's in London - England.

John Knight

Conservation Crisis

ABLATION the annual ice lost from a shrinking Glacier
BRAIDED STREAM one choked with sediment
CYCLE OF EROSION faster so much pacier
DESERT PAVEMENT once Oasis now infertile and spent.

EARTHQUAKES much more frequent on our tortured Planet
FLOOD TIDES now more viscious due to Climate Change
GEOCHEMICALIC CYCLES becoming more erratic
HUMUS in our soil - below sustainment range.

INFILTRATION CHEMICALS sterilise our earth
JEALOUSY reduces our plots of Fertile Land
KILLING useful predetors lets worse ones come to birth
LIFE ON EARTH is streched and strained - like an elastic band!

MARINE LIFE is affected by endless Acid Rain
NEEP TIDES keep on rising causing local flood
OZONE LAYERS - once depleted - will never come come again
POTABLE FRESH WATER has a sediment of Mud!

QUESTIONS asked - but are there answers? NONE!
RESOURCES more & more exploited every day
SUBSIDENCE caused by mining - fertile acres - gone!
TIDAL SURGE has washed my Grandad's village clean away!

UNCONFINED EXPANSION of the Urban Sprawl
VOLCANIC ASH polluting air and waterways
WORLDWIDE EPIDEMICS threatening us all
X-RAYS showing clearly how our inner core decays!

YELLOW is the colour of of my dry and barren fields
ZONES of wasted wasteland my crop no longer yields!

Thos of us who are Conservation Scientists only give Planet Earth about two hundred more years of sustainability - as one of the few Living Planets left in the Universe. Unless the Whole Human Race accepts their God given responsibility as 'Custodians of Planet Earth'.

John Knight

Desert Island Discs

Music is for me - I told the BBC
The greatest pleasure of my life.
It provides for me - fondest memory,
Of the places I've been, of things I have seen,
Of my family, my children, my wife!

You are allowed just eight records, they say,
To follow your life story through.
Their music revives in your memory,
The site of each place, the shape of each face,
The choice is entirely with you!

One record for every ten years, for me
That made it a difficult choice.
I sifted through my record memory,
The Beatles and Elvis - (with his gyrating pelvis!)
And Tom Jones' incredible voice!

And then there are classics and country
And folk songs and jazz and the blues,
Each genre bringing its memory.
The Liverpool sound, a merry-go-round
How on Earth was I going to choose?

The first song I chose for connection,
To Liverpool, place of my birth,
My Granddaughter sang this selection
And what did it say, it just said 'Yesterday',
A good time for laughter and mirth!

A coice from Tchaikovski was my number two,
'Nutcracker' by Liverpool Phil
My Father a pianist and organist who,
Played it in the night, much to my delight,
Of the classics I sure got my fill!

During the War the sirens begin,
Then music from Gracie and Bing
For this time I chosen, Dame Vera Lynn.

'There'll be blue birds over - the White Cliffs of Dover'
It's a song we were all taught to sing!

In the '50's the greatest was Elvis,
Who transformed the Bing Crosby groan
And sang as he wiggled his pelvis.
Because it is cool, to praise F C Liverpool
My choice - 'You'll never walk alone'.

The guitar's an ins-tru-ment for those who can sing,
for classic for jazz and the blues,
Segovia and Reinhardt and Broonsey and King
They all made each string, with such harmony ring
But its Jango's 'Nuage' I would choose!

From Country Music emotion you get,
Of love and of life and of home,
Great singers like Cash and Tammy Wynette
But it is Jim Reeves - who my vote recieves,
'Put your two lips - so close to the phone'!

The music of Wales is by Heaven selected,
In each village - a great Male Voice Choir,
'Myfanwy's' the song that I have elected.
Treorchy Male Voice, makes my heart rejoice,
Their tenors could not sing any higher!

My last song's devoted to my Lady Wife
To leave her 'til last is regrettable,
For her there are so many songs in my life!
But I'll bare my soul and choose Nat King Cole
Who like her is quite 'Unforgettable'!

So with my eight records, I'll travel afar
On my Desert Island I'll stay,
My luxury? A stool and a Spanish guitar,
A Spanish Dictionary is the best book for me
Para aprender las parabras - que yo no se!

When making your choice of each Island Disc
Which you'll take and which you will leave
In making your choice you must take a risk

All living musicians - hang on our decisions
And pray that you'll chose their new mix!

John Knight

Don'T Cry For Me Ballerina!

When I look back I find no cause to cry,
For parts not won, chances to dance passed by.
Ambitions unfulfilled, the boards not trod,
Castles in the Air - not built - no nearer God!

Seas never sailed and mountains left unclimbed,
Books never written - verses left unrhymed.
Experiments - untested and untried,
The vines and pines I planted - all have died.

My cello silent now, its strings unbowed,
My library to my Old School bestowed,
My lands divided to my progeny,
My horses sold - to old to race for me.
When I look back I find no cause to cry,
I am fulfilled - adieu - but not good-bye!

John Knight

Education

What is School - a place to learn,
Where learning adds on learning,
As each day succeeds the day before?
So daily I become more learn-ed
And what have I learnt?
Language, Literature, Music, Math, Science & Sociology
And what have I understood?
Through language - through math - the mystery and meaning
Of life - of death - of in between.
Life without knowledge is meaningless
Death without understanding is futile!
So what is School - College - University?
A preparation for life - LIFE SKILLS
A preparation for death - DEATH SKILLS!

John Knight

Frozen Assets

My first fridge-freezer was a major asset
The best contraption I had ever copped
All the fruit and veg from my allotment
Was peeled and blanched and in the freezer popped

I could buy a lamb a pig or side of bufflo
Cut them up and stick them in the freezer
And It mattered not that all my sprouts had sprouted on the spot
I just popped them in - was 'The Freezer Geezer'.

I bought a big chest freezer to cope with all my food
And then a lovely lady caught my eye
I didn't was to freeze her - my object was to squeeze her
And she loved the frozen food I loved to buy!

We were married in the snow - one cold December
And she moved into my dwelling 'House of Chill'
She even brought two large chest freezers with her
Which with forzen food we soon aspired to fill!

My wife had a degree in 'Food Protection'
And she loved to cook to keep us both alive
But she really was a stickler for 'Food Hygiene'
And kept everything at MINUS twenty-five!

For things you cook to make a yummy dinner
Being frozen is no problem for the cook
For when you biol or fry - or ovenbake a pie
The freezer is the place for food you'll look.

But Pauline was anathema to microbes
And every piece of food was frozen solid
Frozen milk and frozen beer and frozen olive oil
I was losing weight - my future looked quite squalid.

With all good things in life - a house a car a wife
Obsession turns Val Hallah to Gehennah
Our freezers numbered five - just to stay alive? ? ? ?
If you want one you can have it for a tenner!

If I wanted bread and jam - or a nice thick slice of ham
I'd have to wait until it was unfrozen
No simple cup oof tea - the milk was solid - see
I began to wish Miss Burger King I'd chosen!

She even froze my clothes my CD's and my books
And any place bacteria could lurk
She even froze the cat for peeing on the mat
It was too late when I got home form work!

This week the big chest freezer we're defrosting
It really big enough to hide inside
So when she turns her back - I'll give Pauline a wack
Then I'll slice her up and pop the bits inside!

And now - the lovely wife I've chosen
Is deeply loved and deeply frozen!
And though she might be very cold
I know that she will not grow old!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Gentleness A Lost Virtue?

Gentleness of LOVE
Gentleness of look
Gentleness of touch
Gentleness of word
Gentleness of attitude
Please, please be gentle with me!

Please love me gently
Please regard me gently
Please massage me gently
Please message me gently
Please consider me gently
Please, please be gentle with me!

Agression in LOVE
Agression in look
Agression in touch
Agression in word
Agression in attitude
Please, please don't be aggressive with me!

Yesterday attitudes were gentle
Today attitudes are aggressive
Yesterday it was LOVE
Today it is LUST
Yesterday was peaceful
Today is turmoil!

Gentleness - where did it go?
Peacefulness - why did it disappear?
Lovliness - how did it die?
Joyfulness - when did it evaporate?
Reason - who who ostracised it?
Freedom - who ended it?

Pride and Prejudice have come
Humility and Helpfulness have gone.
Greed and Grabitall have come
Grace and Generosity have gone

Every man for HIMSELF
Every woman for HERSELF (God forbid!)

Can we ever - turn back the clock?
Can we ever - restore the equilibrium?
Can we ever - return to pastures green?
Can we really - tear down the concrete?
Can we really replace it - with the abstract?
Can we ever return to the 'Age of Gentleness'?

John Knight

Gilbert & Sullivan

I'm not a classic music snob - my tastes are cosmopolitan
Each music genre has its job - to keep the listener turnin' on.
Jazz, country, classics, rock and roll - I like the rhythm and the lyrics
They stir the music in my soul - they interchange acoustic physics!

The Beatles, Bach and Bacharach - I give each one attention,
Random is arranged my CD rack - critique's not my intention.
But even the most fickle buff - must have a predeliction
A choice form this acoustic stuff - a personal selection.

I must confess what I like best - a perfect combination
Gilbert & Sullivan beats the rest - the music of the Nation!
Its a perfect sublimation - of lyric and of tune
Of costume and gyration - to make the punters swoon!

Compared with Classic Opera- some think it's rather trite,
Sub-class of lepidoptra - ephemeral moths of night.
But a seat at the Mikado - or the Pirates of Penzance
Evokes audience bravado - and makes them sing and dance!

It's the language of the people - it's the paradox of life
It's bells rung from the steeple - and pure internecene strife.
The music fits the lyrics - and the costumes fit the plot
It's G & S, not astrophysics - dull and boring they are not!

Some ncritics say they're all the same - plots, lyrics and the tunes
But facts don't justify the claim - they're different as the sun & moon.
Patience dwell on poets & dragoons - Trial by Jury dwells on love,
Iolanthe plays a lot of lovely fairy tunes - Princess Ida's hand in glove.

Each one deals with issues - the Victorians thought of worth.
Prejudice and tissues - of life and death and noble birth.
The fact I rest my case on - is the fact that in our Schools
Music teachers really love them - and teenagers find them cool!

Comprehensive Schools and Public - Grammar Schools as well
All love the G & S republic - and the stories that they tell.
G & S societies thrive in cities - and they thrive in towns
And they all keep sitting pretty - singing, playing, sewing gowns!

So if you want a holiday - that's full of fun an laughter
Go to Buxton for the festival - and you'll be hooked thereafter.
Three solid weeks of G & S - Rudigore and the Grand Duke
The Sorcerer and Gondoliers - but don't forget to book!

(Jhn Knight - UK)

John Knight

Global Consumerism

This is another PALINDROMIC POEM with a difference. One normally writes the first half of the palindromic poem and then reverses it. Because of this the second half of the poem has lots of inversions WILL I instead of I WILL which turns a statement into a question etc. What I have done with this poem is to write it in the usual way and then reverse it so the second half reads better than the first half. To aficionados of Palindromic Poems this will come as a pleasant surprise and I would value their comments.

Consumerism Global on limits put must we
Pollutants of tons of millions produce we
Uninhabitable Earth Planet makes which.
Effects Warming Global about debate we
This about anything do we do?
Pollution actually limit we do!
Explodes Planet Earth which at limit there is
And is there limit at which Planet Earth explodes?
Do we actually limit pollution?
Do we do anything about this?
We debate about global effects
Which make Planet Earth uninhabitable
We produce millions of tons of pollutants
We must put limits on Global Consumerism!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Half Way To Paradise?

This poem is dedicated to Olfa Drid to encourage her in her very exciting and precious search for spiritual truth.

Life makes such high demands on me each day;
Demands of social intercourse, demands of physical existence,
Demands of mental exercise, demands of spiritual response.
From where comes all the energy to meet this plethora of demand?

I am a child of my environment, shaped by the Ying and Yang of life.
I learn more from my own mistakes, than by the foolishness of others!
I try to grow each day in wisdom and in stature,
In favour with myself, my mates and with my Maker.

Is growth in mind, body and spirit, incremental
Or is each day a tabula rasa, a fresh start without precedent?
I don't think so otherwise:
Each day I'd have to learn to wash and dress.
Each day I'd have to learn to speak and eat.
Each day I'd have to learn to walk and ride.
Each day I'd have to learn to laugh and cry.
The list is endless. How on Earth could I survive?

But where does all his energy come from?
For physical prowess, from food, deep within my freezer.
For mental activity, from neurons, deep within my brain.
For social interaction, from inner resources and my community.
Accumulation of experience of day-by-day activity,
Things learned and then things understood!

So, let me try and philosophise my life's progression.
Is each day easier than the last, but harder than the next?
Does life get better, brighter, more beautiful?
Is life's pathway lighter and less arduous,
Making old age mellifluous fulfilment of my youthful daydreams?
I don't think so have you visited a Retirement Hostel recently?

And finally what about spiritual energy, does that come from within?
Or from without, from some rich cosmic force, which in some way
Supplements the physical, the mental and the social,

And then provides that extra special spark.
That extra spark which makes the mundane special,
Which makes the ugly beautiful, the wornout workable
And every stage much more bearable.

Best of all it promises life after death and immortality.
Imperfection raised to perfection, dishonour to honour,
Weakness to power, natural to spiritual and terrestrial to paradise!

These four coexist - Physical - Mental - Social - Spiritual
But in the last analysis all is reduced to the Spiritual.
This simple faith, this grasping of divinity
Gives strength for all vicissitudes of present life,
Makes all life's little ups-and-downs seem like a passing vapour
Ephemeral comparison to all the Glory that's to follow!

John Knight

Harp Of Gold

Almost Heaven a solo harp al fresco!
Britten and Handel and Hildreth the Clocks,
Timperley's Clock Museum in Colchester.
Lucy Waterford harpiste extraordinaire,
Why do all harpists look so angelic?
Did God create them or the instrument?

The beauty of the harp is in its sound,
The delicate resonance of the plucked string,
The absence of harmonic intrusion,
The purity of unhampered vibration.
It evokes, rustling leaves - gurgling streams,
Almost Heaven a solo harp al fresco!

John Knight

Homeless - Helpless - Hungry

This poem is based on an interview with a Young Man of 19 who was seeking admission to our local YMCA Hostel of which I was Chairman. It is written to make us more aware of the combination of circumstances that cause our Young People to be 'on the streets' in our Cities.

I didn't want to be HOMELESS
I didn't plan to be HELPLESS
I didn't expect to be HUNGRY
But now I am all three
Homeless - Helpless - Hungry
And why?

Partially my Parents fault - because
They couldn't cope with me
Partially my Own fault - because
I always wanted my own way
Partially Society's fault
The School - The Church -The Welfare State
Because none of them tried to help me.
Partially the Drugs and the Alcohol - because
They were too readily available.

But I do want to get back into Society
Which I rejected - and then it rejected me.
But I'm only nineteen - I'm too young to be
Homeless - Helpless - Hungry.
Won't you - 'Please Please Help Me'
Help me to be able - To help myself again!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

How Much Do I Love You?

How deep my love for you? - Vast oceans deep
Man could not forge a craft to plumb its depths.
How strong my love for you? - T'would make men weep
To test its strength and see their strength bereft.
How pure my love for you? - Pure as the snow
Purer in its innocence than you could ever know.

How long my love for you? - Eternity
Beyond the end of time my love remains
How fresh my love for you? - Modernity
A freshness that no flower on Earth attains.
How rich my love for you? - Richer than gold
Pure gold untarnished, never growing old.

Deep, strong and pure my love dear, is sublime
Long, fresh and rich my love, you love entwines.

This love poem is in pseudo- sonnet form. It is in iambic pentameter (5 x 2 = 10 syllables in a line) and an a b a b c c rhyming pattern. It has flow I hope you all enjoy it!

(John Knight - September 2009) .

John Knight

I Believe In Miracles.

I believe in Miracles - I've seen the risng Sun
I believe in Miracles - I've seen the cheetah run.
I believe in Miracles - I've seen my baby born
I believe in Miracles - I've glimpsst the unicorn.
I believe in Miracles - Man walked on the Moon
I believe in Miracles - They're every day in June.
I believe in Miracles - I've seen a junkie cured
I believe in Miracles - A winos been restored
I believe in Miracles - My firends survive car crashes
I believe in Miracles - When England won the ashes!
I believe in Miracles - We trashed the Berlin Wall
I believe in Miracles - We stood and watched it fall.
I believe in Miracles - The harvest grain is stored
I believe in Miracles - When David Beckham scored!
I believe in Miracles - In every path I've trod
I believe in Miracles - 'Cos I believe in GOD!

John Knight

I Have The Right

This poem is in the form of a VILLANELLE and is dedicated to all Peomhunters who care about the form and structure of their poems!

I have the right to justify my style,
Its ins and outs its wheeling and its deal,
My way of life - my temperament - my smile.

We make our way in life by use of guile,
By how we speak and think and how we feel,
I have the right to justify my style.

I do not wish my customers to rile,
It would offend to lie and cheat and steal,
My way of life - my temperament - my smile.

At work I judge a carpet by its pile,
I always judge a fabric by its feel,
I have the right to justify my style.

I always try to go the extra mile
And show commitment full of fervent zeal,
My way of life - my temperament - my smile.

The Judgement Day will bring my final trial
And though I do not want my fate to seal,
I have the right to justify my style,
My way of life - my temperament - my smile!

(20 August 2009) John Knight.

John Knight

I Love All The Poemhunter Family

Poetry is the window of the Soul
Every window has two sides
By virtue of its own transparency.
Windows allow us - to look in and out
That is the function of Poetry
C'est la raison d'etre de Poeisme!

Poetry is an expression of Emotion
Poetry is a release of Ecstasy.
A pent up verbalisation,
Exploding from deep within
Poetry scans from Alpha to Omega
Poetry is both Catharsis and Angst!

From whence - the Poemhunter Family?
For what - the Poemhunter Family?
And how - the Poemhunter Family? !
Heterogeneous and Multicultural
And yet a Homogeneous Soul,
The love - the life - the lure of POETRY

The summation of its parts.....?
Exponential and Electric
Unique and Unifying
Precious and Purifying
Poetic sustenance for everybody
Their Self - their Soul - their Spirit!

Our strength is in our Family
Each one - an Individual
Each one - a Unique Contribution
Each one - a Balanced Equal
Each one - in Full Participation
The most awesome Family on Earth!

Each Member is so Beautiful
Each Poem is so Individual
Each Comment is so so Perfect
Each Sharing is a Sacrifice

Each Reading is an Act of Love
Each Line a Balm from Paradise! !

This poem is dedicated to the Beauty of the whole Poemhunter Family. Each Member, Each Poem, The joy of corporate Love. I love you all - exothermally

John Knight

If Only You Knew

Love is the master key that opens the Gate of Happiness
If only you knew how my heart overflows with love for you.
If only you knew how you fill my hopes and dreams.
You - and you alone are the owner of my heart - the Ruler Supreme.
We have never met - but I will be faithful to you forever.
In the darkness of the night - when I am all alone.....
I think about you always and feel your loving presence.
I drift from this world - feeling I will never ever
Touch ground again - If only you knew - If only you could guess.
I hear your gentle voice - when others speak
I seek your soul in every single face I see
If only you could feel - how your image has the power to heal.
I am willing to give you my all - and expect nothing in return
But Oh how I yearn for you - If only you knew - If only you knew.

John Knight

In Praise Of Spiders

Smart octapedal locomoter,
Despised by girls - but so adored by boys.
Instant death to every flying insect,
Silently - you never make a noise!

Spinning graceful complex webs, an orb
A funnell or a ladder or a sheet
Elastic just like nylon - also twice as strong
Webs of intrigue and of mystery and deceit!

All British spiders have such lovely names,
Spelling out their nature and their place,
There's garden spiders, grass and stripy zebras
And mothercare and nursery and lace!

Why have you got so bad a reputation?
It's that Miss Muffett whom I blame it on!
You just wanted to share - in her bowl of curd,
One look - and promptly she was gone!

All the stories of Miss Muffet have a picture,
Of a spider that gives every child a fright,
Eight ginormous legs and eight black evil eyes
Serated teeth just ready for a bite!

In my life I've met so many spiders,
In farm and field - at home and overseas,
Lovely helpful creatures - good at pest control,
Don't hate them 'cos they only want to please!

The moral of this tale is PREJUDICE IS BAD!
Whether its concern is man or beast.
The spider in its web - is nature at her height,
Who deserves our admiration at the least!

John Knight

In The Beginning God.....

Pre-birth, I can but think, yet never know
The mystery of the 'never there' confounds
My mind. There are no scents - no sight - no sounds
No seed of hope from which a world might grow.
Even the depths of space - the Wise Men show
Have scarce and random atoms to be found
Though in that space there cannot be a sound
But from a distant star a dying glow.
A vacuum true there never was - for there is God
nd He must make the stars and worlds untold.
His energy - creation births - triumphant
The 'Laws of Nature' rule with iron rod
With energies the mysteries unfold
To Man his fallen - yet beloved - attendant

(From an idea that is 90% from PG Tips)

John Knight

In The Silence Of The Night

In the silence of the night
I will come to you
In the silence of the night
I will lie with you
In the silence of the night
Your dreams will be fulfilled
In the silence of the night

In the beauty of the night
I will be gentle with you
In the beauty of the night
Two hearts will beat as one
In the beauty of the night
Our love will be fulfilled
In the beauty of the night

In the sorrow of your night
I will cherish you
In the sorrow of your night
Two minds will think as one
In the sorrow of your night
Our love will be consummated
In the sorrow of your night

In the glory of our night
I will pleasure you
In the glory of our night
Two spirits will coalesce
In the glory of our night
Our love will be eternal
In the glory of our night.

John Knight

Inhospitable Bed!

I have no complaints about Hospitals in general
Some of my best friends work in Hospitals.
However humanity managed without them for millennia
But with the invention of modern warfare
Motor cars - high bridges - machinery and rugby!
They became as essential as Motorway Restaurants.

Despite my fine physique and educated risk awareness
Even I have been to hospital - once or twice - and
If ever I suffer a multiple fracture or compound fracture
(or even break a bone in several places at once)
While I would rather be at my Grandma's getting TCP
I know the best place to be - would be in Hospital!

Hospitals are places with X-ray machines
Which (like wives) can see right thorough you!
Doctors and Surgeons who have spent years and years
Learning about every bone in the human body
And how to fix it and set it - should it accidentally break.
They also have Nurses - who have to be believed to be seen!

The idea of being in bed with all those Nurses
To attend to your every need - Day & Night
Would make any red blooded young man
Relish a stay at the local Infirmary - for whatever reason.
But (and it is a big BUT) it is essential - that one's stay
Necessitates the dreaded HOSPITAL BED!

There is only one word for the hospital bed - INHOSPITABLE!
That is not intended as a pun - it is a proven fact.
In my experience the old HB is unlike any normal bed.
They are too hard - too high and too heavy - and
The sheets are tighter than a Scotstman's Sporrán - and
The pillows are filled with what resemble - New Potatoes!

They are ideal for dying in - because they can easily
Be wheeled to the Morgue. However they are useless for
Lying in - sleeping in - snoozing in or sitting up in.
Also - for maximum humiliation - they are so constructed

To make it impossible - to use a wee wee jar
Or a bed pan effectively or efficiently in a Hospital Bed.

There must be some humane way to end this deadlock
Everyone likes a visit to the Hospital - no one wants to stay!
Perhaps all Hospitals should be exclusively Day Hospitals.
There should be an adjacent 5* Hotel for those who need an Ubernacht
Perhaps (if the Conservatives get in) we could all be allowed
To bring our own mattresses and our own pillows - like in Mumbai.
Unfortunately it is out of our hands and the beds are still diabolical.
I should point out that while we did not make these beds ourselves
Hospitalization dictates that we will all have to lie on them!

This poem is dedicated to all those who have stayed overnight in Hospitals and
have experienced the frisson of the Hospital Bed.

(John knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Isotopes - Elementary Cloning!

There are not many poems on scientific themes which is a pity. When i was a Lecturer in Science I wrote some poems in 'sonnet form' to better enable my students to understand Scientific Terms and Principles. Atomic Structure and Isotopes - is a difficult topic so i wrote this poem to make it a little more accessible. The poetic discipline of the sonnet imposes certain linguistic constraints:

1. Each line has to have ten syllables
2. Each line has to make sense
3. each verse has to be self contained in fourteen lines.

Chemical Elements are nature's tools
From them everything physical is formed
From Hydrogen through to Uranium
The ninety-two natural elements.
They all consist of the same building blocks.
These are Protons, Electrons and Neutrons.
Eah successive element has one more.....
Proton (positive) balanced by one more.....
Electron (negative) and variable.....
Numbers of Neutrons producing Isotopes.
Carbon - The most important element
Has six Protons - also six electrons.
Carbon-12 also contains six Neutrons
Carbon-14 has eight neutrons - SIMPLE!

Isotopes are forms of the same element.
We always had a problem with Chlorine
Its Atomic Mass was thirty-five point-five
Insread of being a nice whole number!
The Mass Spectrometer has shown us why.
Chlorine has two isotopes - thirty-five
And thirty-seven in precise ratio
Three to one - thirty-five point-five - SIMPLE!
Isotopes are nature's generous bonus.
Radioactive isotopes cure cancer
Monitor pollution and control processes.
Carbon-14 enables us to study

Biosynthetic pathways in plant life.
Daily we find new uses for isotopes.

Scientific words can cause difficulty.
The names of all the Chemical Elements
Have very interesting origins!
Helium named from the Sun - HELIOS,
Chlorine from its colour - CHLOROS - yellow
Uranium from the planet - URANUS.
But why ISOTOPE - it seems an odd word?
All Scientists study Latin and Greek.
Isotopes of an element occupy.....
The same place in the Periodic Table.
The Greek for 'same place' is ISO - TOPES,
That is how we name Scientific Terms!
EXO - THERMIC means giving out some heat
ENDO - THERMIC means taking in - SIMPLE!

John Knight

I've Been To A Hundred Year Party!

I've been to a hundred year party
My friend from the Home - Naughty Nelly
We had curry and rice
Which was very nice
But Old Colonel Tom - got hot on the spice
So he had icecream and donuts and jelly.

I've been to a hundred year party
And smart in our wheelchairs we sat
Then Old Mrs Heath
She dropped her false teeth
And they rolled on the floor by the door - underneath
The table and frightened the cat!

I've been to a hundred year party
The Magician was better - in my day
He looked very swarve
But he sawed Dolly Scarf
Discretely - completely and neatly in half
The funerals are Thursday and Friday!

I've been to a hundred year party
Mister Jones fell asleep in his chair
He was 23 stone
And he played the trombone
Se we thought it better to leave him alone
The next day he was stiff - but still there.

I've been to a hundred year party
With Noonoo and Namcy and Nada
Maureen - pointed hat
Had brought her Black Cat
And a broomstick she kept with her spells in her flat
And then she flew off to Granada!

I've been to a hundred year party
With our Zimmers we did the line dance
But Poor Uncle Joe
Slipped his disc - dosydo

And fell in the cleavage of Poor Auntie Flo
Who fell on the floor in a trance!

I've been to a hundred year party
I am careful not to eat pork
Or anything yellor
That contains salmonella
And I've kept away from the lethal salt cellar
But still I'm unable to walk!

I've been to a hundred year party
At the start we has guests - thirty five
Four couldn't stay
Five passed away
And six have never been seen since that day
And the rest are just barely alive!

Don't go to a hundred year party
They're lethal - far worse than for kids
You might break your back
Or end up in a sack
Or get really hooked on hashish or crack
Or just end up on the skids
DON'T DO IT - YOU'LL RUE IT!

I have recently attended a Hundred Year Party - it wasn't quite as bad as above
but almost! Fortunately the venue was quite close to the local hospital so not too
much permanent damage was done!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Jazz And Love

What is Jazz - What is Love?

You can ask the questions - don't expect answers.

Jazz is free and yet constrained

Love comes and goes as it pleases - within constraints

Jazz is wild and yet restrained

Love liberates but seldom completely.

Jazz is open and yet contained

Love is singular but it takes two to tango

Jazz is unscored and yet maintained

Love doesn't need a manual but practice makes perfect.

Jazz has many forms - hot - cool - free - swing - soul

Combos have a style but can experiment infinitely

Love is a many splendored thing

But worldwide the basics are very similar

Jazz is spiritual and has gradually evolved

From the angst of the downtrodden slaves

Love is also spiritual - and is a natural emotion

A gift from God a compensation for being Human!

No two Jazz Sessions are ever the same

Even with the same 'line up' and the same 'number'

No two Love Sessions are ever the same

And sometimes the performance surprises even us!

Classical Music is scored and proscribed

And needs a Conductor to keep it on track.

Pure Jazz and True Love are uninhibited

They just connect and 'Go with the Flow'.

Jazz can be played anywhere and any time

It is played from the heart and from the soul.

Love is not restricted by space and time

It works best when the brain is in neutral!

All attempts to classify Jazz are futile
There are too many loose ends and grace notes!
All attempts to classify Love are futile
There are also too many loose ends and grace notes!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Jazz And Rainbows

What is Jazz - What is a Rainbow?

You can ask the questions - don't expect answers

Jazz is free and yet constrained
Rainbows come and go as they please

Jazz is wild and yet restrained
Rainbow can't exist without rain

Jazz is open and yet contained
Rainbows always have red at the top

Jazz is unscored and yet maintained
Rainbows can be single - double - triple

Just as Jango Rheinhardt said to Segovia
Senor it ees all in ze 'ed
The same is true of rainbows
Zey are all inside my 'ed!

It takes all the colours of pure white sound
To create jazz.
It takes all the colours of pure white light
To create a rainbow.

Jazz and rainbows operate on the same principle
In jazz the tone colours are separated by the players
In a rainbow the visible colours are separated by a raindrop
Jazz and rainbows are boh equally beautiful.

After the rain there are still some drops in the atmosphere
They refract the white light into R O Y G B I V,
In the same way the 'Jazz Combo' is able to dissect.
The white sound of music is dissected by the musicains

On a sunny day - the white light hits the raindrop
The colours are dispersed forming the rainbow.
In jazz - each member if the Combo has a colour!
The double bass has red - the saxaphone is orange!

The percussion is yellow - the brass is green
The clarinet is blue - the banjo is indigo
The guitar is violet and the piano is striped!
The combo plays and white sound is re-produced.

Because we are humans our senses of life are acute.
Our eyes for colour and our ears for sound.
The quality of this provision enables us to distinguish colour
And to distinguish between all the tones and semi-tones.

So next time you see a rainbow - think jazz
And the rainbow will dance for you
Next time you hear some jazzy jazz - think rainbow
And the tone colours of the jazz will spring out at you.

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Jerusalem

JERUSALEM - The World's holiest city

EVERYBODY - would like to worship there

RICH in history for Jews - Christians - Moslems

UNLESS you visit you can't understand

SPIRITUAL sites abound - The Wailing Wall

A MOSQUE - Golgotha and The Empty Tomb

LET All Creeds show Jerusalem respect

EVERYBODY should pray for Her PEACE and.....

MAKE a resolve to visit Her one day! ! !

John Knight

Lament For Lost Love

Where has all the Passion gone?
Long time passing
Where as all the Passion gone?
Long time ago.
Where has all the Passion gone?
Died with lost loves everyone
When will we ever learn?
Perhaps we'll never learn!

Where has our Libido gone?
Long past timing
Where has our Libido gone?
Long pine ago
Where has our Libido gone?
Sacrificed for 'getting on
Oh will we ever burn?
Perhaps we'll never burn!

Where has our Affection gone?
Past time longing
Where has our Affection gone?
Long twine ago
Where has our Affection gone?
Familiarity quenched that one
When will we ever yearn?
Perhaps we'll never yearn!

Where has acting Silly gone?
Daft limbo dancing
Where has acting Silly gone?
Long clown ago
Where has acting Silly gone?
No chance to put the red nose on
I'll do a clever turn
Perhaps I'll never learn!

Where has Youth & Vigour gone?
Long time jogging
Where has Youth & Vigour gone?

Now I am slow
Where has Youth & Vigour gone?
Lost when I was fifty-one
A piitence is all I earn
Paycheque too small I earn!

Where have all the Daydreams gone?
Long time sleeping
Where have all the Daydreams gone?
Long time weeping
Where have all the Daydreams gone?
Replaced by nightmares every one
Now I just quake each night
Now I just shake with fright!

When will all my Trials end?
Short time ahead
When will all my Trials end?
Wish I was dead
When will all my Trials end?
When I'm completely round the bend
I'm the last rock on the cairn
Now I will never learn.

John Knight

Land Of The Free - A Pantoum

Come with me to the 'Land of the Free'
Where never a cross word is spoken
Come with me and you will see
Joy and peace and no heart broken.

Where never a cross word is spoken
Where all is sweetness and light
Joy and peace and no heart broken
And the moon will shine brightly each night.

Where all is sweetness and light
Where love for each neighbour is shown
And the moon will shine brightly each night
Where we speak face-to-face not by phone.

Where love for each neighbour is shown
Come with me and you will see
Where we speak face-to-face not by phone
Come with me to the 'Land of the Free'.

John Knight

Lavender

Lavender - *Lavandula Angustifolia*!
Beautiful in appearance - unique in its scent,
Mauve petals on a slender stem exuding fragrance.
Lavender fields - English countryside - almost Heaven.

To yield its essence - precious 'Oil of Lavender'
The lavender must die, be crushed and then steamed.
Oil of Lavender - steam volatile scent of Paradise,
Drop by drop, litre by litre then barrel by barrel.

A whole field sacrificed mercilessly
To produce a few barrels of Lavender Oil.
What will it become? Perfume, Bath oil, Cosmetics
Lavender soap, shampoo, powder and candles.

The list is endless and its properties are legion.
It relaxes, stimulates, aids digestion,
It is antiseptic and antibacterial,
Antidandruff and revitalises the skin.

In aromatherapy Lavender Oil is King.
It soothes, calms, relieves tension and depression.
We could all benefit from lavender's powers,
A Lavender Oil massage takes you to Paradise.

What is Lavender Oil? - What makes it so powerful?
A mixture of chemicals? - You'll be sorry you asked!
Linalyl Acetate - limonene and camphor
Alpha - terpineol and trans-Ocimenene.

Its unique complex composition - forged in Heaven,
Makes Lavender Oil the Queen of all perfumes
Makes it the most therapeutic and effective.
A lavender-bag, under your pillow - SWEET DREAMS! !

Dedicated to the Lovely Lady who Loves Lavender!

John Knight

Loneliness Or Solitude?

This poem is dedicated to ALL THE LONELY PEOPLE. It is also dedicated to those who are not lonely but crave THE SOUND OF SILENCE in a World where CHURCH BELLS have been replaced by DECIBELS!

I am never really alone in the 21st Century
Consequently I am a stranger to solitude.
When I think back - over 75 years
I don't remember being alone in the 20th Century either.
I read - in the Colchester Gazette
That 'A lady had lain dead in her flat
In Colchester - for five months! '
Does such isolation really exist today?

Some of my second level acquaintances
Say they are very lonely.
Nobody calls - nobody cares
If they live or even if they die.
They break thier unwelcome solitude
By going out - but they don't fit in!
They choose to sit alone - as if
Solitude was their raison d'etre.
They leave early and scurry back
To feed the CAT!
If you have a CAT or (God forbid) a DOG
Do you still qualify for the lonliness allowance?

Are 'All these Lonely People' miserable?
I dont know it's difficult to say
Because often they won't converse
And if they do they don't communicate!
They live in a synthetic World of TV
Trips to the Supamarket
And the odd (often very odd!) excursion.
'Only the Lonely' know how it really feels!

I visit people in 'Senior Citizens Resthomes'
Places full of good will - but empty of good cheer.
I enter the room and play my banjo.
Some of them sing - some (very occasionally) dance,

But the majority are already dead behind their eyes.
Lovely but lonely - leisurely but lonely.
At the end of their lives - that in reality ended
Years and years and years ago!
I pack my banjo - back in its coffin like case
And breath a short prayer - 'Thank God for Families! '
I'm an orphan but I've got my own family and thirty cousins
And one brother who chooses to live in the middle of Mexico!

Memories cure the ache - but memories shared,
Cure the cause as well
I have a wife, whom I have known for sixty years
So in essence I have never been alone since 1950!
I have three children - somewhere
And eight grandchildren - somewhere else!
Some things can assuage (good word) loneliness:
The care of a neighbour - the love of a friend,
The heartfelt concern of extended families,
A letter - a phone call - even a text or an e-mail!
It's oh so simple to be the means
Of making the lonely a little less lonely.

It's good to know we can be an important link
In the chain of communication to a lonely person.
I crave solitude - but I never want to be really lonely.
I don't want to lie - DEAD - in my flat for five months,
With no one to notice - to call - to care - to communicate.
But it did happen yesterday and it could happen again,
Tomorrow - to me - to you - to anybody.
I would love a megasize Funeral - a real Scouse send-off
With everybody dressed in the ubiquitous RED & BLUE
Six black stallions and a New Orleans Jazz Band playing
'You'll never walk Alone' and 'Just a Closer Walk with Thee'.
Solitude and Loneliness are diametrically opposed.

John Knight

Love Across Space & Time

They never met and they never will.
They were born in different times
And in very different places.
From whence came their amazing bond of love?
Was it fate or was it fortune?
Both of them believed in Angels,
Both of them believed in another dimension,
They were both willing to reach out,
To reach out into ANGEL SPACE
And accept whatever and however it happened.

They never communicated by PHONE
Their communication was mainly telepathy
With a small amount of spasmodic
Electronic - messengering.
Not an electronic dialogue
Just leaving a thought - a prayer
A note of love and affection
And trusting it would be read
Trusting it would be understood
And in due time would be answered.

In real time they live in different
Time zones - cultures - environments
They were In effect to each other
Aliens - strangers - isolated.
What broke the barrier of Space?
What bridged the barrier of Time?
What strange ethereal force turned
Words to warmth - letters to love
Communication to consumation
Melting Space - Telescoping Time?

When I asked them - they had no answer
Except to say they knew reality had been bridged
Space eliminated - time frustrated
They knew they had really connected.
They were not frightened by this
Angelic experience because it increased awareness

Lifted their Spirits - lightened their hearts
Gave them a soul-mate who could be
There for them - with them - twenty-four / seven!
I for one am not sceptical of the wonder of their experience!

John Knight

Me And My Teddy Bear!

I confess to haveing a collection of 84 Teddies but my favorite is still my first one who I named BEAR and who i still have!

When I was born in 1933
My Aunty bought a Teddy Bear for me.
He really was the finest Bear - that I had ever seen
He very much resembled the Bear of Mister Bean
He was so very soft - I was bewitched
His eyes and nose with thick black wool were stiched!

My Teddy was a s big as me - a lovely golden brown
At night he cuddled up with me - we both were fast asleep
My Mummy turned the oil lamp down
Then Daddy came to tuck me up and have a peep!

My Teddy had to have a name
And so I called him BEAR
And where I went - my Teddy came
He had his own high-chair!

The worse day was when Mummy washed
And thought my Bear looked dirty
And through the mangle - he was squashed
That really really hurt me!

My brother used to hide my Bear
Or throw him down the stairs
I tried to act - I didn't care
But ended up in tears -
(I really loved that Bear - Ahhhhhhh)

When I was five - and went to School
My Teddy came with me
Alas it was against the rule
Or so said Mrs Smee!

I had to leave my Friend at home
I was so very sad
But in this - I was not alone

My playmates made me glad!

All through the War my Bear and I
We stayed close side by side
Without hime I was sure I'd die
So many children died.

My Bear and I live side by side
Through many many years
Through college - work - then with my Bride
Through happy days and tears.

When I had children of my own
I bought them all a Bear
They wanted mine but I said NO!
A Bear you cannot share.

Grandchildren too all got a Bear
One even has a Sieff
A special button in his ear
The price? beyond belief!

I'm older now but still my Bear
Is sitting by my side
And both of us have got less hair
But we've still got our pride!

When it is time for me to go
To my new home in the Sky
I'll take my Bear with me you know
For Teddies never die!

John Knight

Mirror Mirror - Mirror Me!

Mirror Mirror on the Wall
What stories you could tell,
Of faces that have gazed in you
Some so happy - others blue
Some thinking - gosh I look like Hell!
Mirror Mirror on the Wall

Mirror Mirror oh so Tall
Does my bum look big in this?
Does my skirt and jacket clash?
Is it OK for Julies bash?
Will this ensemble be a hit or miss?
Mirror Mirror oh so Tall

Mirror Mirror - curtain call
Do I look a real Pooh Bah?
Is my wig the right way round?
Does my crinoline reach the ground?
Is my moustache correct for a Huusar?
Mirror Mirror - curtain call.

Mirror Mirror in the Hall
Oh will I be 'Belle of the Ball'?
Will my beehive survive the twist and shout?
Or will my carefully padded top dropp ou?
Oh dear - will my stilletos make me fall?
Mirror mirror in the Hall.

Mirror Mirror Oh! apall
Sitting in the dentists chair.
'Just relax and let me take a look'
(scratching, scraping with a dentists hook)
What does the Dentist really see in there
Mirror Mirror Oh! apall

Morrer Mirror - you'll recall
When I was very young and free
My face was smooth my eyes were bright
Even very late at night!

But now I'm really old and ninety-three
Mirror Mirror - you'll recall.

Mirror Mirror - please don't fall
Broken glass - bad luck for seven years!
Reflect my vissage just once more
Then you can shatter on the floor
With all my fractured hopes and flowing tears.
Mirror Mirror - please don't fall.

(John Knight - September 2009)

(john Knight - September 2009)

This type of poem is called a 'Sandwich' because the first and last lines, of each verse, are the same. Also the last line of each verse is similar to the opening line of the next verse and rhymes with it. The technical rhyme pattern, in the above poem, is A b c c b A.

John Knight

Months And Haikus

There are a lot of Haikus on Poemhunter. Not all follow the strict 5 - 7 - 5 syllable sequence of Haikus in English and not all follow the rules about content being related to nature the seasons etc. It is a wonderful form of Poetry and the original Japanese Haikus are equally beautiful to the EYE, the EAR and the MIND. English ones are often embellished with pictures to give them some visual beauty - they should sound beautiful when recited and should also produce a beautiful and poignant image in the mind. Some PH members think Haikus are too short to be effective which is why I am posting a group of TWELVE one for each Month. They are not perfect but one tries to do ones best. - ENJOY!

January dawns
Bright new year gift of Faith,
Hope and Charity.

February comes
Snow - deep and crisp and even
Month of dormancy.

March marches along
Nature slowly unfolding
Winter into Spring.

April, comes the rain
Days lengthen - wind increases
Flowers stay graceful.

May comes - come what May
Cricket - croquet - bowling greens
Spring into Summer.

June's a fickle Girl
Sunshine and sudden showers
Picnics a gamble.

July passes by
lazy - hazy - Summer days
Nights to remember!

August - come she must

Days of love - nights of slumber
Summer to Autumn.

September - Virgo's
Domain of pure perfection
Time for reflection.

October neither here
Nor there - time of transition
Autumn to Winter.

November - Bonfires!
Burning all the Summer's dross
Foreworks? De rigueur!

December - Feasting
Families - finding fresh faith
Framed in a Manger!

I hope that encourages some of the Haiku Skeptics to see their intrinsic beauty -
especially when grouped.

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

My Alpha To Omega Friend

Dedicated to all the Poemhunters who have made me their Special Friend

A friend is one who always loves you,
Believes in everything you do and say
Comforts you and always will support you,
Dependent - there for you each single day!

Expresses love for you in every which way
Forgives mistakes and never bears a grudge,
Generous to you in all they do and say
Helps you when your auto will not budge!

Invites you to their house for Fish & Chips,
Just to have your company for a while
Kisses you with ardour - full on the lips
Lovingly with such a loving smile!

Makes a real difference - each day that you live
Never judges you or criticises,
Offers you support and is always there to give
Precious calm when storm and doubt arises!

Quiets all your fears - and wipes away your tears,
Raises you up to higher, firmer ground.
Strengthens you and so rolls back the years,
Tucks you up and leaves you safe and sound!

Understands your moods and fears and worries,
Values you when others pass you by,
Walks beside you calm and never hurries
X-rays your heart and lifts you to the sky
Yells at you to STOP when you're in slurrries - and
Zaps you back to laughter when you cry

John Knight - August 2009

John Knight

My Brother In Heaven

I can't recover.
The occasion after it's experienced,
The time after it's moved on,
The presence after the demise.

I can remember.
The occasions we shared,
The times we spent together,
The presence of a very special person.

A Brother is every man's closest friend.
Each occasion is ameliorated,
All time shared is amplified,
His presence makes the mundane special.

A Brother is a constant companion,
On all special occasions,
At all important times,
His presence is comforting and reassuring.

I can remember his birth,
An occasion for rejoicing for our extended Family,
His birth in real time - 06.09.39.
His presence - a real warm cuddly baby brother!

I can remember his life,
He never missed an occasion or an opportunity.
For him time stood still - every second action filled,
His presence lit any space with love.

I can remember his demise.
Unequal collision of car with bicycle with boy.
His death in real time - 30.09.55.
His physical presence just sixteen beautiful years.

I remember him now.
Each day each special occasion each anniversary,
Sixteen years in Earth time - fifty eight years in Eternity
His spiritual presence? here and now - always and everywhere!

I FEEL HIS PRESENCE NOW!

John Knight

My Love For You

This poem is a Malayan Pantoum. The Rhyming Pattern is A1 B 1 A2 B2
B1 C1 B2 C2 C1 D1 C2 D2.....etc Ending with A2 A1. Th Rhyming Pattern
will be apparent when you read the poem. It does not clover much ground and in
the end (like true love) it comes back to the beginning!

My love for you will never ever change
It's set in stone - but very soft my heart,
A love that fate can never rearrange
Our love that nought can ever tear apart.

It's set in stone - but very soft my heart
My love's complete - no change with age or time,
Our love that nought can ever tear apart
That makes us one until the end of time.

My love's complete - no change with age or time
A love too deep and pure for mortal man,
That makes us one until the end of time
Eternal love beyond an Angel's span.

A love too deep and pure for mortal man
Our love that beats inside - two hearts as one,
Eternal love beyond an Angel's span
Such love remains when other loves have gone.

Our love that beats inside - two hearts as one
Our love that overcomes all doubts and fears
Such love remains when other loves have gone
A love that dries our bleakest saddest tears!

A love that fate can never rearrange
My love for you will never ever change!

John Knight

Paradise On Earth

Friar's Crag on Derwentwater
Paradise on Earth for me
There's no place on this fair Planet
Nowhere - I would rather be.

Raised in sprawling Concrete Jungle
Back to backs in dingy rows
Noise - pollution dawn 'til evening
Nothing thrives and nothing grows.

Then by liuck a chance to travel
North to where the bracken grows
Cumbria - The Great Lake District
Heaven to the eye and nose!

Oh the sight of my sweet Keswick
Oh the beauty of the Lake
Oh the mystery of Watendlath
Oh the walks that we did take.

Friar's crag on Derwentwater
Oh how tranquil is the scene
Distant peaks of rolling Cat's Bells
Saint Herbert's Island in between.

Back into my Concrete Jungle
But the views stayed in my mind
Friar's Crag on Derwentwater
Oh how blessed was I to find.

Worldwide through the years I've travelled
Many thrilling sights I've seen
Canada - The Rocky Mountains
Pure New Zealand - so pristine.

Down the Rhine to see the Rhine Falls
Marvelling at Niagra's Force
The Garden route from lovely Cape Town
Scotland - Ireland - Wales of course!

All these sights that I've experienced
All the scents and all the sounds
Friar's Crag on Derwentwater
Still within my heart abounds.

Why this preference - so emotive
Is it still a childhood dream?
Am I being patriotic?
Scones with strawberry jam and cream.

For me it was a close encounter
With a scene so near - so far
From the squalor of my City
Ugly from the scourge of War.

When I first beheld the glory
Derwentwater - Friar's Crag
Opened were my eyes to beauty
God's ceation - like a flag.

Like a flag that was unfurling
To expose the bauty there
Friar's Crag on Derwentwater
Nothing can with her compare.

On the day I meet my maker
Angels ask my favorite view
Friar's Crag on Derwentwater
I will tell them 'I REMEMBER YOU'.

As a very special treat if you go to

You will get a real glimpse of Paradise on Earth.

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Paradise Regained!

From whence this slow meandering
Of distant and yet ever inner thought?
Would this of all my best endeavour
Fail me now and ever come to nought?
By reaching out and almost touching Heaven
I thought I'd found the sweet and pure at last,
But NO with mocking cry - it has eluded me
Shown the futility and dross of all my past!

And yet beyond - there seems some hidden destiny
Within this tangled web - as yet unseen.
A glimpse of hope a succour to my misery
A glimpse of Heaven and what might have been!
I know I never can traverse this way again
I crawl a cracked and fissured broken path
A road to nowhere - tinged with awesome pain
So please don't cry - Confusion is my rightful epitaph!

But anywhere there's life - there still is hope
And where there's hope - new life can spring again!
It's never over 'til the very end
The final verse and then the last refrain!
New life can grow - when watered by God's hand
New life can spring from bare infertile soil
Reward from God for life of endless toil?
YES! raised - restored - revived - renewed in Paradise at last I'll stand.

Dedicated to all those stuck in the tunnel of life and still unable to see the light at the end!

(John Knight- Colchester - September 2009)

John Knight

Planet Earth - Quo Vadis?

There are six billion humans on this Earth
Each one a unique individual.
But no man is an island - on his own,
We belong to families to communities,
We go to school we are taught Faith Systems,
We develop a strict, communal World View.

By the time you are seven - YOU are YOU!
Fitting in, conforming, Bhudist or Jew,
Muslim or Chrstian, Agnostic or Athiest.
So many Faiths to choose from or perhaps none.
All MEN are born free, all are born equal
The same should also apply for all WOMEN.

All Religions acknowledge God the Creator.
He created humans to be responsible,
To care for the flora and fauna
To care for the fragile environment.
God arranged for the resources to be cyclic,
The management of these cycles is man's task.

Man is fitted for this task - because of his brain.
Humans develop slowly but surely
For seven years, then age of responsibility.
By that time he has absorbed much knowledge,
Also morals, values and a World View.
He is almost ready for self-sufficiency.

The reality is that man must accept
Responsibility for his actions!
He must preserve Planet Earth for the future.
Everyone - not just carbon conscious Teens
But also including the very young and geriartic
God has given us the task and the brains to do it.

Global wwrming affects every body,
But not equally - the poor suffer most.
The water cycles is affected - Droughts,
Flooding -Too little water or too much.

In the economically poor regions.
The rich nations pollute - the poor suffer.

Ghia theory tells us the Earth is ALIVE
It is self regulating - self adjusting,
Man disturbs the natural cycles - Earth fights back
And adjusts the average global temperatre
We should all take careful note - one outcome is
THE EARTH MAKES ITSELF - UNINHABITABLE!

We should not be divided - fighting global terrorists
We should be together - fighting global annihilation!

(John Knight - Colchester 2009)

John Knight

Po - Et - Ry

What calms your mind when the chips are down?
How can you smile when the others frown?
Never the spectre - always the clown?
The answer I see is PO - ET - RY

What lifts you up when you're feellin' low?
What keep you sane when your car won't go?
What keeps you warm when you're stuck in snow?
The answer for me is PO - ET - RY!

When your horse is lame and your cart wheel's broken
And the words 'I LOVE YOU' are left unspoken
What makes you smile when the tears are chokin'?
The answer you'll see is PO - ET - RY!

When the water in your well's gettin' lower and lower
And it ain't gonna rain for six months or more
And you creditors are hammerin' at your door
The answer for free is PO - ET - RY!

POETRY can wash away - your bluest blues
POETRY can give you - ample time to choose
POETRY can daily - put you 'In the Muse'
POETRY can even - help you mend a fuse!

The answer must purely be
The answer must surely be PO - ET - RY!

John Knight

Poetic Love In Action

Neither of us knew how it happened
There was no great preparation
No long exchange of correspondence
No loud ringing of the Cloche d'Amour!
No announcement in the local press
No consultation with the 'Wise Men at the Gate!
It happened suddenly without warning
Without premenition or even premeditation.

We were both (just) - Old enough to know
It could happen - Wise enough to know
It might happen - Strong enough to know
If it did happen - We could both cope!
But - were we - old enough - wise wnough
Strong enough to cope with the emotion?
Until it happened we really didn't know
So when it happened - we just went with the flow!

Love is a liquid - warm - fluid - viscous
It does flow over you - one Empathy
It does flow under you - one Excavation
It does flow through you - one Experience
It does flow in you - one Emotion
It does flow continuously - one Existence
It does flow slowly - one Ecstasy
It does flow simultaneously - one Embrace

Our perfect love broke all the barriers
Of Age - of Distance - of Nationality
Of Convention - of Culture - of Comprehension
Where was the common ground?
Where was the common bond?
Where was the common sense?
Where was the communication?
In WORDS - can mere WORDS generate love?

These were not normal words
Black alphbeties on a field of white
These were not normal words

Prose - Politics - Polemics - Prophecy
Words in books - pamphlets - theses
Such words stir the mind - but not the heart.
These were poetic words - cupid's dart words
Bypassing the brain - reaching the heart - the soul!

The greatest goal of Poemhunters
Is the serendipic exchange of the 'Music of the Muse'
A poem or two a message or two
An exchange of ideas - images - ideology
A symbiosis of poetic minds
A symbiosis of emotional ideas and ideals
An exchange - cerebral - engaging - emotional
Neither of us still don't know how it happened - but it did!

John Knight

Poetry On A Packet

The packet of Instant Cappuccino was an elegant gold sachet with instructions in six languages. The instructions were so so poetic especially in the Romance Languages. Please address any linguistic mistakes to Cappuccino Inc Seattle USA.

GB - Directions

Put the contents of this sachet
In a cup, and then the water - add
Water must be hot, but boiling - not
Stir and it is ready to be had!

Italiano - Preparazione

Versare il contenuto della bustina
In una tazza, aggiungere dell' acqua
Non pui bollente, ma calda
Mescolare e pronto tazza perfecta!

Francais - Mode d'emploi.

Verser le contenu du sachet
Dans une tasse, ajouter de l'eau
Non bouillante - mais chaude
Melangeant et voila il est pret!

Espanol - Preparacion.

Vaciar el contenido del sobre
En una taza, remover mientras anades
Agua hervida despues de haberla
Enfriar unos momentos - perfetos!

Deutsch - Zubereitung.

Den Inhalt des Beutels
In eine tasse fullen mit
Heissem, nicht kochendem Wasser
Ubergeissen gleichzeitig - Tasse!

Nederlands - Toebereiding

De inhoud het zakje
In een kopje doen en al
Roerende heet, niet kokend
Water opschenken - klaar!

The poem shows clearly the great similarity between Italian, Spanish & French and a lesser one between English, German and Dutch.

(John Knight - Colchester - September 2009)

John Knight

Queen Of My Heart

Why must I ever sit and wait
To seek the meaning of true love?
Are passion or desire my bait
To melt the Heart of my sweet Dove?
Seek and ye shall find they say
But wher to seek and what to find?
Fruitlessly searching every day
True love to me is deaf and blind!

Am I not worthy of your love
Am I not fit to hold your hand
Below you am I - or above?
I wish I knew just where I stand.
Some eagerly embrace my charms
A way with words - a way with praise
While others never reach my arms
And all my love fades in a haze.

In other matters such as cards
You play your hand and sometimes score
But playing love is so so hard
My cards lie scattered on the floor.
I play my hands in many ways
And bare my Aces to my Queen
I lay my hearts down on the baize
Why must she keep her cards unseen?

She gives no hint - just like in poker
A pair of matching diamonds then I play
She laughs and treats me like the Joker
Or like a Knave - which makes me run away.
I am a King - why can't she see it?
The perfect card to trump her Queen
A 'Three Card Trick' - why must I be it?
But I've got quite a hand - as yet unseen!

I'd like to go a bundle - have a Royal Flush
Show her that I really really care
With a full hand of diamonds - to give romance a push

But must I always end up - just Misere Avere?
Call my bluff - don't take a huff
I have many many clubs that I could choose
But please don't fear I won't be rough
You know it's just my broken heart I'll use!

So here I stand - I'll lay my hand
Face up so you can see it all
I won't renege or hide a single strand
Let's call a Spade a Spade and have a ball!
From a Jack to a King
From loneliness to a wedding ring
I'll play my Ace and win my Queen
And walk away with your Heart!

If you are not a 'card player' some of the terms - such as 'misere avere' (a hand which is layed down and still wins no tricks) may be a little obscure!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Reach Out And You Will Receive!

This poem is dedicated to all those out there who are hurtin' and don't know where to turn for help and healing - may your God be with you.

Is your Heart breakin'?
Is your Soul achin'?
Is your Mind disintergratin'?
Is your Body shakin'?
Is your whole Earth quakin'?

Does your Lawn need rakin'?
Does your Bed need makin'?
Does your Cocktail need shakin'?
Does your old Car need refabricatin'?
Does all your Angst need eradicatin'?

I can mend your Heart
I will heal your Soul
I can calm your Mind
I will smooth your Body
I can stabilize your whole Earth
I will mow your Lawn (\$20 per hour!)
I can make your Bed - so you can lie on it peacefully!
I will shake your Cocktail - Angel Juice or Heaven's Nectar?
I can respray your Car - any color as long as it's white!
I will remove all you Angst - visiting hours 24/7!

Who am I - What am I - Where on Earth am I? ? ?
I am the helper at your side
I am much nearer than you think
You only have to REACH OUT
And you will find - that I have been with you - ALWAYS
You just didn't bother to look for me
You were too busy looking inward
And always - always - feelin' so sorry for yourself.
You need to look again - with a positive attitude!
Ask of Me - and you will always receive
Seek for Me - and you will surely find Me
Knock and I will certainly open my Door to you

The Door of genuine Love
The Door of Joy and inner Contentment
The Door of abundant Life
The Divine One said - I AM THAT DOOR!

John Knight

Roses And Rainbows

Because I am a 'Knight of the House of Lancaster' I was educated as an English Gentleman and taught the 'Language of Roses'. The colour of each rose carries a message and so - one sent a single perfect rose to the 'Lady of Your Dreams'. Depending on the circumstances of your ardour and the 'Social Circumstances' of the Lady, the correct selection of colour was crucial! As Men we needed to be taught. Our 'Ladies of the House of Lancaster', however, knew instinctively both the meaning and the message of this, the most fragrant token of Love.

Red is the colour of love and of passion
A red rose is direct in the love it conveys
Sending red roses is always in fashion
Its colour intense - in the memory stays!

So never hold back from sending this rose
If your intention is passion in love
Don't leave your love in a state of 'suppose'
Mean it and send it to your 'Precious Dove'.

Pink is the colour of sweetness and romance,
Pink has a spectrum of elegant hues
Pale pink is subtle - leaving nothing to chance
Deep pink - almost red - is the one I would choose!

Yellow is caring and friendship and joy
A rose that one sends as a prelude to love
From a Boy to a Girl - from a Girl to a Boy
Saying 'I need you' we're scheduled for love!

Orange a rose that speaks of desire
A juxtaposition twixt yellow and red,
To send it you're saying 'Oh Please Light my Fire'
Please be my soul-mate 'Oh please share my bed'!

Coral and Peach mean 'Love just out of reach'
Coral for joy - peach says 'My admiration'
And 'How much I miss you' - a message from each
These roses show care and much consideration!

A rose that is Mauve means 'Love at first sight'

So be careful to whom - you send it with care
To someone you love - sent from up above
An Angel Delight with stars in her hair!

A rose of pure white is a beautiful sight
Purity - innocence - virginal charm
So send it with care - and your troth you must plight
To get this sweet girl - up the ailse - on your arm!

When GOD made the ROSE - perfection he chose
Each petal created with love and with care
If your love is sincere - then send her a ROSE
Perfect LOVE in the scent of the ROSE you will share!

Dedicated to all the Lovely Roses in the PH Family and especially to one Perfect
Rose!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Roses Of England

There are hundreds of English roses and they all have such beautiful names. I have selected 26 to compile an alphabetical bed of perfect English Roses. This poem is dedicated to all the beautiful and fragrant roses in the charming PH Family!

Absolutely Fabulous - for twenty ten - top grade
Buxom Beauty - looks voluptuous in deepest pink
Cloud Nine - is where I'm quietly sitting in the shade
Deep Secret - comes in darkest red - to make me think!

Eyecatcher - with her carmine cloak - she will catch your eye
Fascination - chooses pink to lure you with her charms
Golden Smiles - so sunny yellow - please don't pass her by
Heart of Gold - will welcome you in her sun bronzed arms!

Ice Cream - is a pure white flower - elegant and cool
Jacqueline du Pre - will play a pure and fragrant tune
Knight's Lady - is a perfect flower for your vestibule
Lovely Lady - slinky pinky - with scent to make you swoon!

Mystery Girl - in lemon really makes you guess
Nostalgia - in cream edged cherry really makes you think
Ophelia - in purest white whose name means 'I will Bless'
Pure Bliss - has cool pink petals which feel as soft as mink!

Question Mark - a rose between a hybrid and your bed
Remember Me - still virgin white - so you won't regret
Scented Memories - are yellow gently tinged with red
Teasing Georgia - rose with sweet cupped blooms - I never will forget!

Utiopia - with her orange blooms - to which we all aspire
Valencia - is deepest gold a perfect hybrid tea
Warm Wishes - lift my spirits up higher and then higher
X-ray - white and transparent - can she really see through me?

Yesterday - all our blessings seemed so very very far away
Zepher Breezes - hopefully will blow them back again TODAY!

(John Knight - September 2009)

John Knight

Scent Of A Woman

Each flower has a special perfume that can be extracted to form the basis of a scent or a massage oil for aroma therapy. In aroma therapy we try and choose a scent that will complement the ladies personality and star sign etc. Scents also convey a meaning so I submit a little abecedarian poem so you know what message you are sending. The same message goes from a man when he gives a gift of flowers!

Apple Blossom good fortune it brings
Bluebell a scent which of faithfulness sings
Clover means 'be mine and please think of me'
Dog Rose I hope that my treasure you'll be!

Eideweiss - Power - courageous and bold
Fuchsia means 'my love will never grow cold'
Gerbera shows innocence - that is her ploy
Heather will bring you good luck and much joy!

Iris a scent of flame and of passion
Jasmine modesty's now in fashion
Lotus is love that has gone astray
Mimosa is love that's hidden away

Narcissus 'please stay sweet as you are'
Oleander warns - watch out for her Pa!
Petunia says that she is so cool
Quake Grass? It's scent causes me drool!

Rose of Sharon - a scent full of love
Sweet William - Please let me be your Dove
Tulip - puts sunshine right into your smile
Violet says please - stay with me a while

Yarrow says please - take me home for tea
Zinnia - 'Goodness - Goodness Gracious Me!'

John Knight

Sense Of Spring

Spring is the loveliest season of them all,
A source of life and love and gentle things,
Reward for winter's frost and icy pall.
A time when fledglings spread their tiny wings.
Spring is the gentlest season of them all,
When lambs their frail appendages must try,
The sheep stay close, concerned lest they should fall,
And gently nuzzle them to help them try.
Spring is the brightest season of them all,
Spring flowers yellow, mauve and red and blue,
And grasses growing silky, slender, tall;
And trees whose leaves are green of every hue.
Spring is the shortest season of them all,
Dissolving into summer's eager call.

John Knight

Seven Ages Of Woman

With Apologies to William Shakespeare

All the world's a stage
And all the Girls and Ladies merely players
They come on stage perform - and then go off stage (still performing) .
And each Woman in her time plays many many many parts!
Her main acts are in seven stages - seven ages
At first the infant - gooing and cooing - in her Mother's arms.
Then the excitable pre-teen with her braces and Barbie!
Giggling - playing peek-a-boo with all her frilly friends.
Skipping off to school - oblivious of the future.
Then the teenager - all spots, angst and hormones!
Then - suddenly the Lover - sighing and moaning
Delighting in her Amours hugs and kisses X X X X X
Then the stenographer - stuck in an office routine.
Credit cards - debit cards - slave to the internet.
Fantasing each Friday about Val Hallah 'Le Weekend'
Come day - go day wishin' each day could be Sunday!
Then the Bride - Toujour en Blanc - naturellement
The Groom - an item in the entourage - naturellement!
Then without training or undue preparation - The MOTHER
Pregnancy - promise of perfection - new eternal life!
(Well it does seem to go on forever - and ever - and ever) .
Then woosh! With blood & tears from womb to world.
The first baby is a miracle - never to be repeated - so perfect
Growing - child - growing - teen - growing - then - GOING!
The 'Empty Nest' The sixth age - freeage after bondage
Time - money - freedom - relaxation - the Beauty Parlour
The Health Spa - lunches with the Girls - flirtations!
Space - fun - travel the world - enjoy enjoy enjoy.
The suddenly without warning or flashing lights
The final age begins! Gravity sets in the figure gets out
Memory takes it leave - Mobility now needs a scooter
We become as dependant as children - dependant on our children!
Sans dents - sans yeux - sans goutent - sans TOUT!

John Knight

Song Of Summer

Summer days evoke a gracious scene
Of picnics by a gently flowing stream.
Of tennis courts and pristine bowling green
And cricket whites and strawberries and cream.
Summer nights evoke a wilder scene
Of bar-b-cues and blinking disco lights
Of trees with over forty shades of green
Midsummer's dream, alfresco Shakespeare nights.
Summer is the zenith of the year,
And freezing winter seems so far away
The open air - a pint of local beer
And children happily at the seaside play
Soliliquies of sunny summers past
Those balmy days we knew just couldn't last!

(John Knight - September 2009)

John Knight

Soul Mate

Someone whose love is not bounded by space or time
Someone who is there for you - twenty four seven
Someone who is never moody or bad tempered
Someone whose intercourse is intellectual
Someone whose prime love is your mind not you body
Someone whose love is not stopped by creed or culture
Someone who is never ever jealous of others
Someone who will never leave you in a crisis
Someone who lives for you and would so die for you
Someone who loves you in a very unique way
Someone who always listens to your problems
Someone who can provide answers to your problems
Someone whose love is not bounded by time or space.

This poem is dedicated to my SOUL MATE

(John Knight - September 2009)

John Knight

Special Friend In Need

Everybody needs a Friend sometime
No one stands alone
Makes no matter if you're - just out of jail
Or a Monarch on his throne!

'Have you got a Friend? ' I asked
The man in the snow - at the Prison Gate
'I could be a Friend for you'
'I could help you to go straight! '

He looked at me and laughed a laugh
That was both low and hoarse,
'I've never had a friend' he said
'Though I've needed one of course'.

I thought of his life - and I thought of mine,
And the years that in Prison he'd spend
For I had friends all over the World
But he - hadn't a single friend!

No one to meet him - no one to greet him
After ten long years inside
No one to give him a friendly HUG
No Parents - No Siblings - No Bride!

'I'll be your friend' - I said again
'Where would you like to go? '
I opened the door of my ancient car
'It's better than freezing in the snow! '

'Why should yer bother wit me? ' He asked
'Your right outer me class'
'But gizza a ride to the Y M C A'
'They've give me a two week pass'

I knew that the folk at the Y M C A
Would be able to help my New Friend
They asked no questions - they told no lies
And two weeks in PEACE he could spend.

I introduced Fred to my Friend Alan Jones
Night Warden of the local 'Y'
He turned round to thank me - but I'd disappeared
A call from my Boss in the Sky!

You see I am an ANGEL - I'm your Special Friend
I'm a link in God's Holy Chain
And when he sees a need - of a person on Earth
I'm part of the team He will send

I blend in the background - with my ancient car
My wings and my halo's in Heaven
We have a sat-nav so we know where we are
And we operate twenty-four-seven!

I checked with my friend at the 'Y' Alan Jones
Six months after my contact with Fred
He said that he had done very well
Found a suitable job and not just mopping in bed.

I made a quick note in my 'note book'
Commission with Fred now complete
Another lost soul has been plucked from despair
And now he stands tall - stands tall on his own two feet!

So always remember - I'm your forever Friend
Your - Leave you never Friend
From darkest night - to rainbows end
I'M YOUR FOREVER FRIEND! ! ! ! ! ! !

Dedicated to all my lovely Friends on Poemhunter

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Thank You For Being An Angel

Thank you for being an Angel
That's what the lady had said
Her carrier had split and her fruit and her veg
Had all on the pavement been shed!

Thank you for being an Angel
I smiled as I loaded my sack
Her eggs and her beans - her potatoes and greens
Were all picked up and carefully put back.

Thank you for being an Angel
Her words made me ask what I'd done
I'd only behaved as the gent that I am
Or perhaps like a dutiful son?

Thank you for being an Angel
When I gave him my seat on the bus
I felt that my wings must be showing
Oh why all this bother and fuss?

Thank you for being an Angel
I had taken her dog for a sprint
She had broken her leg on the ski slope
And had it done up in a splint!

Thank you for being an Angel
This time it was said by a boy
I had fixed up his bike with my tool kit
Because it was his pride and his joy!

Thank you for being an Angel
This is what so many say
If you show them some love - if you give them some help
If you teach them to learn how to pray

Thank you for being an Angel
Is this just a phrase that they use?
Are they really aware that God's presence is there
When such heavenly language they use?

Thank you for being an Angel
God uses us all in His will
To help those around us in need and despair
And our lives with His Spirit will fill

Thank you for being an Angel
If you place your faith in the Lord
He will choose you and use you in all sorts of ways
In different parts fo the World.

Thank you for being an Angel
Just smile if that's what they say
You don't need no wings or halos and things
It's just that God used you that day!

There are Spiritaul Angels who dwell in Heaven and are used by God in many different ways. Also my experience has shown me that God can use Spiritual People as his messengers (Angels) to carry out His will in the World. If you are such a person - Thank You for being an Angel!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

The Art Of True Love

The Art of Love is not to be confused with the Act of Making Love.
The latter can sometimes be merely physical (especially for men)
the former is Spiritual and involves the Heart the Mind and the Spirit.

To write about the Art of Love within
The compass of a poem short as this
We must define the boundaries of the theme
To rein it in within the 'Realms of Bliss'

The Art of Love is not the Act of Love
But attitude before the act takes place
The way in which relationships proceed
Sustained by love and joy and peace and grace.

The act of love is physical - especially
With certain breeds of unromantic men
The Art of Love is understood by ladies
Who appreciate its usage now and then!

The perfect Art of Love is gentle courtship
The pleasuring of the object of your love
The Art of Love is caring and carressing
The little things which loves assurance prove.

The Art of Love needs always to be studied
The ins and outs the wherefores and the whys
The act of love is natural - but needs to be subdued
Control of taste and touch - control of eyes.

The Art of Love has changed through generations
The Etiquette of Love - a dying art
The days of 'fans' and 'bilette doux' have passed
Today emails and texting play their part.

To learn the Art of Love is so essential
To oil the wheels of love as 'Boy meets Girl'
The Art of Love makes courtship much more gracious
Ameliorates the frantic Social Whirl.

The Art of Love asks all men to be Gentlemen
To show due deference to their Lady's charms
To coo and woo and buy them pretty presents
NOT like a Cave Man - grab them in their arms.

The Art of Love belongs to a bygone age when
Men were Men and Ladies were demure
Not drinking pints lager from the bottle
But gently sipping on a sweet liqueur!

The Art of Love is from a bygone age when
The Men would dress and preen before a date
And NOT wear tatty jeans - covered in baked beans
And never never ever turn up late!

The Art of Love is gentle the AOL is pure
The Art of Love to be preserved - deserves
It treats Ladies with respect and gives the Men
A chance to show their chivalry and reserve.

So if my fellow Men would wish success in love
To win the heart of whom is their desire
They must learn about their role - in the Art of Love
And ways of subjugating passion's fire.

And Ladies of PH who long for manly men
To woo them courteously with words and flowers
Remember you must be discrete and feminine
Turn up on time - don't make him wait for hours.

If only men would show the basic Art of Love
They manage to acquire for their Prom
The Girls would be delighted - The Boys would
All be Knighted with love exploding - like a BOMB

John Knight

The Driving Instructor

I am a Driving Instructor
Instructing young rivers to drive
The things i have seen
And the places I've been
It's a wonder that I'm still alive!

I am a Driving Instructor
I am known as 'Gareth the Car'
I charge ten pounds a lesson
I stand for no messin'
My students all think I'm a Star!

I am a Driving Instructor
My motor's a big four-by-four
My car is so tough
That when others get rough
Their car ends up squashed on the floor!

I am a Driving Instructor
My very worst students are men
They all think they know
What makes a car go
And then drive like a half witted Hen!

I am a Driving Instructor
The ladies are what I like best
They all like to tease
While the gear stick they squeeze
It's their drivng that makes me impressed!

I am a Driving Instructor
I work every day of the week
When poeple are free
That's when they need me
And my perfect instruction they seek!

I am a Driving Instructor
My hair has dropped out or turned grey
All my students are mad

Especially my Dad
Who drove up the main road the wrong way!

I am a Driving Instructor
And someday I hope to retire
Leave the keys in the car
And stand at the bar
With my back to the World and the Fire

I am a Driving Instructor
When I die I will say to the Lord
I've taught Muslims and Sikhs
And Christians and Greeks
Let me in I deserve my reward!

This poem is dedicated to all Driving Instructors everywhere and especially those in Italy where all Drivers, once they have passed their test, totally ignore La Coda Della Via for the rest fo their driving lives!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

The Great British Circus

The Great British Circus has come to our Town
Elephants, Tigers and Coco the Clown.
Contortionists, Acrobats, Jugglers too
And Showgirls all dressed up in Red - White & Blue.
The Royal Bengal Tiger is wearing a crown
The Great British Circus has come to our Town!

The Great British Circus are putting up tents
And posters announcing amazing events.
The World's smallest Pony - the World's biggest Rat
And a Clown who can curl up - inside a top-hat!
It's extravagant - wild - they have spared no expense
The Great British Circus are putting up tents!

The Great British Circus - the show has begun
The excited children all join in the fun!
The clowns are pretending to squirt us with water
And a girl's wildly spinning - no net to support her.
Faster and Faster - the Horses all run
The Great British Circus - the show has begun!

The Great British Circus - runs night after night
With feats quite amazing - on a rope that is tight.
The Great Lion Tamer steps into the cage
The Lions all roar - they're in quite a rage!
One nearly jumped out - it gave us quite a fright
The Great British Circus - runs night after night!

The Great British Circus has had to move on
I arrived with my buns - but Jumbo had gone.
The Camels - all woolly - gone back to the Zoo
Or were they Dromedaries - One hump or two?
Just like Noah's Ark - two by two - one by one
The Great British Circus has had to move on!

The Great British Circus - please support if you can
Don't stand with a placard saying CIRCUSES BAN!
They care for their animals - care for their staff
The clowns all look sad - but that's just for a laugh.

Use it or Lose it - please extend their life span
The Great British Circus - please support if you can!

Dedicated to all of you who would rather be a Clown - perhaps some you already
are!

(John Knight - Colchester - September 2009) .

John Knight

The Person Within

This poem is dedicated to the philosophy of Olfa Drid, in thanks for all the beautiful and emotive poems she is sharing with us.

In the Heart and Soul of me
In the Heart and Soul of you
Is a beautiful fragrant garden
Filed with a love that's true.

Within each precious garden
Is the essence of our Mind
Flowers of sweetest fragrance
Pure and true and kind.

The beauty that's inside of me
The beauty that's inside of you
Is filled with Holy Radiance
A Glory that shines through.

In the deepest depths of you
In the deepest depths of me
Lies the truth and wisdom
Of all eternity!

John Knight

The Search For Meaning

One of most asked Questions is:
What does it mean - what does it say?
To many questions - even simple ones
There is often more than one answer
There is often no direct answer
Even for very important questions!

There are often too many questions
There are often too few answers.
The eternal question - WHO IS GOD?
Is answered in 100 different ways!
It depends on your Religion
And your Branch of that Religion.

Islam has 99 names for Allah
The Jews have many for Jehovah
Christians have the Holy Trinity
Each member of which has many names.
Each separate name for their own GOD
Is an attempt to answer the question!

The British Atheist Society
Came up with a confusing answer
'THERE IS PROBABLY NO GOD'
To make matters even more confusing
They put it up - in big letters
On th sides of London Buses.

God must have been very relieved
At least He was still a PROBABILITY
Which is more than can ever be said
For a system of MORALLITY
For a viable system of ETHICS
In the absence of a GOD centered Religion!

Other questions flow from considering
Morallity and Ethics - 'What is Truth? '
'What is Love? ' 'What is Justice'.
President Obama is looking for an answer

To many of these hard questions
Is Middle-America prepared for the hard answers?

Questions in Science are equally hard.
What is SOLID - what is a LIQUID?
What is a GAS - what is a VAPOUR?
What is PHOTOSYNTHESIS?
Why is it the most important
Biochemical reaction on Planet Earth?

Why are there so many types of HUMAN?
Why did God create so many SPIDERS?
Why are there so many languages?
Why are Men and Woman so different?
Why does the Earth have such a big Moon?
Is there intelligent life elsewhere in the Universe?

By the intelligent application of Science
We can gradually answer most questions
About the functions of the Physical Universe.
We are fortunate to live in the 21st Century
When we have - so much knowledge
So much insight - so much understanding.

However the answers to the big question
What is the Meaning and Purpose of Life?
Still eludes us - remains unanswered.
Perhaps there is no simple answer
Perhaps there it is not a legitimate Question
Perhaps life is meant to be lived MORE and questioned LESS!

Dedicated to all those still searching for the TRUTH.

(John Knight - Colchester - September 2009)

John Knight

The Secret Of Inner And Outer Beauty

INTRODUCTION This is a poem by the lovely Actress Audrey Hepburn. I want to dedicate it to the equally lovely Poemhunter OLFA DRID.

For attractive lips - speak words of kindness
For lovely eyes - seek out the good in people
For a slim figure - share your food with the hungry.
For beautiful hair - let a child run its fingers through it once a day,
For poise - walk with the knowledge that you never walk alone.
People - even more than things - have to be restored, renewed,
Revived, reclaimed, redeemed - never throw anyone out!
Remember - if your ever need a helping hand,
Most of us will find one at the end of each of our arms!
As we grow older most of us still have our two hands,
One for helping ourselves - the other for helping others!

John Knight

The Sounds Of Music

Music is everywhere and in every way
Music is filtered sound - sweetness to the ear
Music is the memory of every YESTERDAY
Music is melodius - the sounds we love to hear.

Vibrations sounding in a hollow tube
Vibrations echoing from a string that's bowed
Vibrations stiring in two hearts in tune
Vibrations in a seed - when it is sown!

Instrumental music - calms the mind
Instrumental music - stirs the muse
Instrumental music - can be kind
Instrumental music - cures the blues

Woodwind - Brass - Percussion - Vocal - Strings
Allegro - lento - molto forte or piano
In tonal interacton the orchestration sings
Tenor - alto - bass - and bel canto saprano

Man made music - scores of scores and arias
Pop - Jazz - Classic and - of course - the Blues
Man made music - passed from Sons to Fathers
Regge - Gamelin - Folk and Country muse.

Mozart - Uematzu - Straus - Isaac and Cooke
Merriwether - Unseld - Schmitt - Ibert and Chen
Messiaen - Unibe - Schultz - Ireland and Crook
All have ther pride of place - all have their ZEN!

Music can uplift the heart and soul
Music can enlighten all our minds
Music can encapsulate all our life - the whole
Music sure can help us - our way to love to find!

Never denigrate the least musician
Never ever pass a busker by
Never laugh at X-factor perdition
Just let the sounds of music make you FLY!

John Knight

The Tin Opener!

This poem was part of an exercise on a poetry course. We all had to write a poem about something in the Kitchen. There are very few poems about the humble 'Ouvre-boite' so it should make the top five hundred. You've all got one so please post a comment and vote!

What is a Tin Opener?

A device for opening tins!

Equisite - Effective - Essential

Which came first - the Tin opener or or the Tin?

You can't possibly have one without the other - can you?

Perhaps they evolved - symbiotically

Tinned Food Manufacturers simultaneously

Manufacturing- Tin Openers!

Alas History - which so often dissilousions us

Shows conclusively that tinned food was invented in 1813.

The ubiquitous Tin Opener - to its shame

Was not invented until forty years later!

No wonder so many people starved to death

In the dreaded 19th Century!

It is a tragedy I have only experienced ONCE!

Camping in the 1950's - miles from civilization

Alternatives sprang to hand - Knives - Axes - Boulders

Cut fingers - briused toes- the tins contents?

Still stubbornly in-situ - all our food like us canned!

I sympathised with all hunger strikers!

II imagine opening a Tin of SPAM without the key?

J C Harvel - of Illinois invented SPAM in 1937 - with the key!

Alas keys on tins of SPAM and Sardines are not infallible

Have you ever tried opening a tin of SPAM - when the key breaks?

SPAM sans clef - has zero nutritional value!

In case we ever get caught with our tin openers down

We now have the 'Pull Ring Can' - lethal as a chain saw!

So we have to buy 'Ring Pull Puller' - \$5 from Wall-Mart

An electric can opener - \$25 also from Wall-Mart

Why must progress always be so so electrical?

Toothbrushes - Tin Openers - Carving Knives - even Vibrators!

No wonder power cuts are boosting the birth rate.

In scientific terms a tin opener is just a lever

Operating a linear wedge manually. Or a circular wedge

Operated manually by a butterfly lever - SIMPLE!

He should have been the President - or perhaps the King

'He did his very best for us' - we hear the people sing

'He did his very best for us - a man who always wins'

So hats off to the Genius - He's wiser than Arhenius!

Hats off to the man who made AN OPENER FOR TINS!

John Knight

Tomorrow May Be Too Late?

This poem is dedicated to all PROCRA TINATORS and also all those who put off 'til TOMMOROW what they should do TODAY!

Tomorrow may be too late
So why not do it today?
Roll up your sleeves - don't hesitate
Get on the job right away
Tomorrow may be too late!

Tomorrow - Tomorrow - too late
It's today opportunity knocks
Now is the time for painting the gate
Oiling the hinges - fixing the locks
Tomorrow - Tomorrow - too late!

Tomorrow might be too late
Your friend is in need today
The problem he has cannot wait
His anguish will not go away
Tomorrow might be too late!

Tomorrow is often too late
Just visit your friend who is ill
Your visit will make her feel great
Much better than any old pill
Tomorrow is often too late!

Tomorrow? - You know it's too late
So jump out of bed straight away!
What happens tomorrow is fate
But you are in charge of today
Tommorow? - You know it's late!

Tomorrow is sometimes too late
To right all the wrongs in your life
The things that divide and dictate
So please buy some flowers for the wife
Tomorrow is sometimes too late!

Tomorrow is always too late
To atone for the sins of the past
Tonight you might end up at St Peter's Gate
And your fate for eternity cast
TOMORROW IS ALWAYS TOO LATE!

(John Knight - Colchester - September 2009)

John Knight

Too Late - Too Late - Too Too Late

Too late to - Say goodbye
Too late to - Hear your sigh
Too late to - Sooth your pain
Too late to - Come again
Too late to - My debt to pay
Too late to - 'I am so sorry' say
Too late to - Hold your hand
Too late to - Make a stand
Too late to - Help a friend
Too late to - Be there - at the end
Too late to - Show affection
Too late to - Heal an imperfection
Too late to - Be there just for you
Too late to - Help you tie your shoe
Too late - For our last date
Too late - Too late - Too too late!

This poem is another 'Poesie Repetitive' posted as a warning to all Procrastinators - and also all those who keep putting off things until 'tomorrow'!

(John Knight - September 2009)

John Knight

Treasures Of The Snow

Things are described - as white as the snow
There is nothing else quite like it you know
Because when it settles - and then it spreads out
A perfect white mantle when no ones about
The streets are so peaceful - the Town is so silent
And with its white mantle - life seems much less violent!

We can roll around in you - and then scoop you up
Mould you and throw you - like an excited pup
We can then build a man - call him Mister Snow
Does he remind you of someone you know?
Then we lie on our backs - leaving imprints of wings
And high up in tree and angelic bird sings.

We gaze at the snow and a thought brings me mirth
Is snow really Angels - floating down to the Earth?
Bringing a message of stillness and peace
And clothing in beauty our World underneath.
And Oh - when you melt - which sometimes takes ages
You're returning to Heaven - discretely - in stages!

When you have all gone - it's damp and it's dull
Like a sheep when it's sheared of it's snowy white wool
As a child I would pray that you'd stay - never go
And I'd live in a World always covered in snow.
Alas I was born in Sunny Nebraska
But now I am happy - I'VE MOVED TO ALASKA!

John Knight

Unconstrained Love

Our love is awesome - unconstrained
It rises and sets with the SUN
It waxes and wanes with the MOON
It complements all the STARS

It moves with MERCURY - the experience of Love
It vibrates with VENUS - the excellence of Love
It explodes with EARTH - the energy of Love
It moans with MARS - the ecstasy of Love
It satisfies with SATURN - the elixir of Love
It undulates with URANUS - the excitement of Love
It nurtures with NEPTUNE - the environment of Love
It jumps with JUPITER - the expectation of Love
It peaks with PLUTO - the elevation of Love

It unites the UNIVERSE - the extent of Love
Love provides - hope - security - kindness
Gentleness - peace - balance - goodness
Love is unconstrained - Love never fails!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Understanding Planet Earth (Part 1)

Science (Knowledge) Mathematics (Understanding)

Languages - Technology - Music and Art

Geography - History and Sociopsychology!

For more than 65 years I have studied.....

All these subjects to enable me to find answers.....

About the 'Meaning of Life' and 'The Nature of Man'.

It has been the process of teaching these subjects

And in basic research that some answers have come!

Knowledge - Teaching and Research have caused me to

Lift my head out of the blinkering - blinding sand

To seek a symbiosis between Fact and my Faith

Raised in a 'spiritual' environment - my Faith is firm!

Beauty - Purpose - Order - Design are evidence

Of a God - of an intelligent Creator.

Science and Religion are complimentary

Two exceptional universal explanations.

The one based on physical evidence - and the other

On Faith - Divine Revelation and Holy Scriptures.

As a Scientist I have researched - Biosynthesis

The structure of rocks and minerals and water

All Natures Cycles which keep the essential elements

In circulation and purify water and the air.

The heterogeneity of our dynamic atmosphere

Is daily maintained by abundant Solar Energy.

In our Galaxy - The Milky Way - Planet Earth

Is perfectly located to be a 'Living Planet'.

This precise position - which affects average temperature

The liquid state of water - the gaseous state of the atmosphere

Together with the composition of the atmosphere

And the relative abundance of the ninety-two

Naturally occurring elements - maintains the Biosphere.

Science defines its parameters - Faith its purpose!

Poets can speculate

Scientists can formulate

Theists can evaluate.

Only through an amalgam
Of these three philosophies
Can mankind achieve
'A knowledge of the Truth'.

John Knight

What Is Life - A Sonnet

Every life is special - each life is unique
We're all born with a purpose and with grace
No man is an island - we are joined as one
In family in communion and in place
In time as we develop as we grow
From child to boy to youth to be a Man
From child to girl and then to be a Femme
Are we aware we're living out a plan?

Every life is special, gifted and serene
Every heart is capable of love
Every life is singular - but not alone
Between us we can spread peace like a dove
Do you know your purpose and your place?
Ask God to fill your Heart with Love and Grace!

Dedicated to all who appreciate God's gifts of life & love

(John Knight - September 2009)

John Knight

What Is Man?

It is a fact of Science that in terms of size,
The median between the vastness of the universe
And the minuteness of an electron is - MAN!
This makes the term 'Middleman' much more significant.

Modern technology has unwittingly placed Man at the centre,
The centre of Global Development and Global Destruction.
The centre of praise - for his discoveries and conquest of space
The centre of blame - for pollution and global warming.

What is Man? - Man is a paradox between God and Evolution.
Homo Sapiens is capable of genius and crass stupidity
How does all this look from the perspective of Deity?
Must God, who created Man, bear the ultimate responsibility?

God, in his sovereignty deliberately created a 'middleman'
A physical being - between the heavenly beings
And the other created beings in the species animalia.
'A little lower than the Angels - much higher than the Apes'.

Man is in a privileged position - crowned with 'Glory & Honour'
Man is in a responsible position - responsible for all created things.
What is Man? - Insignificant on a universal scale - but
Very significant in terms of his intellect and abilities!

Homo sapiens has always had a choice - Ape or Angel?
It's all a question of acknowledging the 'Origin of Man'
Protoplasm in a primeval pool - or created in the Image of God?
Do we worship at the Shrine of Evolution or the Throne of God?

Why do only the successful consider themselves 'Self Made Men'?
God created each one of us and consequently He cares for all of us,
All we have to do is acknowledge Him as our Creator and Sustainer.
'Oh Lord how majestic is your name in all the Earth! '.

John Knight

When I Met You

When I met you
I knew I had a Guardian Angel
I stopped dying and started living
I felt like I was born again!

When I kissed you
The Earth sure moved for me
My heart melted within me
Everything tasted better!

When I held you
I sold all my cuddly toys on E-BAY
I believed two hearts could beat as one
I knew my hot-water-bottle was obsolete!

When i loved you
I entered the fourth dimension
I knew why I had been born
It was the first day of the rest of my life!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Where To Go - Go To Where?

This poem is in the form of a WHOLE WORD PALINDROME. What this means (in plain English) is that amazingly it reads the same if you start at the last word and work backwards. The major problem is writing it in such a way that the second half of the poem has to make sense. The lines in the middle are inversions of each other. These are lines 4 & 5 which complement lines 6 & 7 because this is a Twelve Line Poem. Look at verse TWO and you will see what I mean. If you want to see longer (and much more perfect Palindromic Poems) look at Patricia Masterman. It is important for all PH POETS to experiment with the structure and form of their poems. All Patricia's Poems are perfect!

Where to go - to search the answer?
Earth or Heaven or local mountain
On sitting atop meditating monklike.
I would like to grasp the answer.

I am going to University next week
It will then be too too late.
Late too too be then will it?
Week next University to going am I.

Answer the grasp to like would I
Monklike meditating atop sitting on
Mountain local or Heaven or Earth
Answer the search to go to where?

A Palindromic Poem should not just be verbal gymnastics - the Poem should still carry a message.
For that you will have to be Judge
Judge be to have will you that for!
This style is catching!

(John Knight - Colchester - October 2009)

John Knight

Wild Beauty

I only saw her once - but it was amazing
Perfection of form - Passion mellowed by Grace & Beauty.
The vision is forever locked in my mind
The love is for eternity locked in my heart.

In 1999, I was in Japan on a business trip
Mundane electronics - and a colleague had tickets
For the Ladies Volley Ball World Championship
She was my boss - it was a question of Noblesse Oblige!

Japan v Tunisia - it was needle match and a full Stadium
The Tunisian Team was heterogeneous
But one young lady stood out - the physique and leap
Of a young and beautiful Gazelle.

All eyes were on her as she rose majestically
To twice her normal height and then smashed the ball
With the force of twenty sledge hammers.
A symbiosis of explosive physical and mental prowess.

Not once but again and again and again.
Japan did not know what had hit them - and
Despite the supportive shrieks of a partisan crowd
Had to concede to Tunisia and their powerful Princess.

After the game despite my search - she seemed to melt away
I asked on of her team mates who was still signing programs
'Who was the Lovely Girl - and what is her name? '
'Ah' - elle a repondu - 'Sa nom est LA BEAUTE SAUVAGE! '

Dedicated to the powerful performance of Olfa Drid

John Knight

Winter's Winsome Weather

Crisp Winter, final season of the year,
Comes suddenly when awesome Autumn's past
The frost makes Winter mornings bright and clear,
But fosters Winter's biting icy blasts.
But Winter's winsomeness is also there,
The snow which hides the scars of furrowed ground,
The frost that sparkles on the hedgerows bare,
The snow that muffles harsh intrusive sound.
Ah! Winter, time of joy and peace and cheer,
Of carols chant and chimes of Christmas Bells,
The promise of 'The love that casts out fear',
The pleasure of sweet spicey Yuletide smells.
Remind us after Winter comes the Spring
When all things bright and beautiful will sing!

(John Knight - September 2009) .

Is Winter your favourite Season? If it is please post a comment saying why. In the UK we have many many parties and presents and holidays celebrating Christmas and New Year, This is to compensate for many cold and drizzly days. Despite Global Warming we still get some snow in the North and especially Scotland where we have popular Ski Resorts. Winter in the Northern USA and Canada and Scandinavia and Russia is awesome and a great opportunity for Winter Sports and Apre-ski! People whose Birthday is on Christmas Day (DECEMBER 25) are doubly blessed because they are allowed a separate celebration on JUNE 25 in the following year. I have used capital letters for the Seasons in this poem because I think they are worth it. It is no longer de rigeur in the UK. John Knight.

John Knight

Wood Glorious Wood!

This poem is dedicated to all those who are old enough to remember when wood was as important to us as air and water. It is also dedicated to those who live in situations where it still is!

Throw another log on the fire - Mother,
Father go and chop another tree,
Stack the winter log pile higher - Brother,
When winter comes there's fuel for you and me!

Sharpen up that pile of stakes - Sister,
And plant them all around the cattle pen,
Just ignore the splinters and the blisters,
You're young so all the skin grows back again!

Plane up the seasoned planks to make a table,
And turn those logs to make some fancy legs,
Tongue and groove the planks if you are able,
And then support the legs with wooden pegs!

Every type of wood is so essential
When you have no stone or brick or clay,
We've wooden plates and all kitchen utensils
Our houses are all wood in White Horse Bay.

Oak and Ash and Elm all have their uses
And pine and birch can make a fine canoe,
With wood - like everything - there are abuses
And there are things a woodman should not do!

For fire or fence please - never kill a sappling,
And feed and prune your trees to make them grow,
Remove the weeds and briar - and toss them on your fire
And mark your trees so other men will know!

And please respect the trees and other flora,
The're not as green as they might look you know,
Some live for years and others live much shorter
Some grow so quick and others very slow!

Have you ever pondered how a tree grows,
Which is tomorrow in the oven thrown
And have you ever pondered how a tree knows,
The point at which it's reckoned fully grown!

A tree is fixed by roots in its position,
It cannot hunt for food or gather snow
It needs CO2 and water for nutrition,
As day-by-day its trunk and branches grow.

The structure of its leaves is the proscriber
For it to photosynthesise its food,
To make cellulose and lignin - special fibre
To make it strong and turn it into wood.

Never ever take a tree for granted,
Never break a branch or ever scar its trunk,
And don't disturb the roots when its been planted
AND NEVER TREAT A PIECE OF WOOD AS JUNK!

John Knight

Words Worth

In the last analysis
A poem consists of WORDS.
But not just any old words
In poems words have meaning,
Words have an eternal life,
Words that can change lives forever!

You write the words then set them
In lines - in stanzas - in verse.
You tell the story in style
To give it metre and flow,
To give it life and passion,
To make it memorable!

You speak the words - I hear them.
You hear them as they are heard
By others occupying
Other space and other time!
But is what they hear - what you.....
Have said - What you have spoken?

Modern Poems - like Modern Art
Can now be interpreted,
In different ways and thoughts
Which makes them so so flexible.
My thoughts are now - not your thoughts
Your poem changes for me!

You wrote of horses and foals
I read starving men and boys.
You wrote of idyllic streams
I hear polluted rivers.
You wrote of life's abundance
I see life's depravity.

Is this a problem of poetry?
Poetry at a distance?
You write - You publish - I read!
But you are not here with me

To breath you poem to me,
To emphasise its meaning!

The poem is yours but the.....
Interpretation IS MINE!

Written for all sincere Poemhunters who might sometimes be perplexed by the
feed back they get on their poems!

(John Knight - Colchester - September 2009)

John Knight

Young Love - Old Oak

When you were twelve in 1946 you did what all boys do
Fishing in streams and collecting conkers
Riding madly on unsafe bicycles
Bonfire noight - hoping for Fire Engine
Impatient for Winter - Snowballs & Snowmen!
When you are twelve boys do NOT fall in love.
But unexpectedly it happens - Collette was different.
Dark - sexy and with her so so French accent.

What was a French Girl doing in Oldham
So soon after the War? Her father was a designer
In the Textile Factory - so he brought Collette with him.
I was doomed - Collette sat next to on her first day.
Somehow her fragrance was not that of a Girl.
It was the 'Scent of a Woman' - I was smitten!
When she held my hand that too was different.
Different from Alice and-Mary and Jean.
When she squeezed my hand it electrified.....
My whole body - Instinctively I knew this must be LOVE! ! !

We kissed (a la francaise de rigneur!)
We cuddled and went as far as preteens went.....
In 1946 - which was not really very far!
After two years of 'Puppy Love' Collette anounced
'Nous retournons a Paris la semaine prochaine'
Toute siute - We knew we must do something.....
Very special and very personal before it was too late!
So we planted two acorns as tokens of our love.
We planted them too close - so they grew as one.
Their trunks interlocked as they grew taller each year.

I never forgot Collette - but she dissapeared for ever.
While our love died the entwined oaks flourished.
First two interlocked saplings then a fine oak tree.
It is over sixty years since Collette faded from my life
But the memories of her remain locked in my heart.
Her scent - her touch - her softness - her voice
Her hair - her eyes - her lips - her special kissing
And all the other 'French' things she taught me each day..

'Our Oak Trees' remember with me - They remember
The seasons - The cold bitterness of Winter - when we
Walked together as one - cuddled against the cold.
The joy of our innocent love stirring with the singing birds
And budding trees that healded the beauty of Spring.
The two long hot Summers - Collette and I so enjoyed together
The many Summers since when our tree grew taller each day.
The Autumn when the leaves of our oaks turned yellow -
Orange - brown and then gently fell with each fresh breeze.

It tipifies that autumn in 1948 when we said 'au revoir'
Which turned out to be 'adieu' and - for me - ushered in....
A Winter of silence - sorrow and sentence of remorse.
Of course - Life had to go on. I married and had Children
And today I have eight of whom
Is called Collette because my daughter married a Frenchman!
I still see 'Our Oaks' which most people think is one tree
I see them season by season across the field from the house
Of my parents - which I still occupy - a daily reminder.
I watch them and wonder - what might have been!

John Knight