

Poetry Series

**KENNETH FORDHAM**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# KENNETH FORDHAM(05-10-1949)

# A Love So Beautiful

The stillness of night,  
Hoot Owl calls, longing for her,  
Springtime in the air.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# A Moment Of Love

October moon shine,  
Full orb'd as you were,  
Breaking thru the pine,  
Stir not yonder beacon, past.

Your veil of light,  
Quietly doeth shine,  
As if taken flight,  
Slumber upon the eyes, gleaming.

Slumber beseech thy breast,  
Full and fresh incite,  
Above thy mountain crest,  
Awaken your bed of pleasure, woe.

Give love where love taketh,  
Be rich in your pleasure,  
Show thy body beareth,  
With skin so smooth and soft, rose petals cover.

Essence of your body fair,  
Streaming sweat glistens,  
Incense floating in the air,  
A moan a groan taken in the night, silence.

Another night of being with you,  
Another moment of love,  
Rest your perch of view,  
While the skies shine above.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# A Pathway Of Life

I went outside to talk to a tree,  
It starred at me,  
Then told me of my life,  
It said to never give up,  
Even though I have wanted to many times,  
Even though I have tried to and failed.  
My life does not belong to me,  
That I may do what I want.  
For who are we to make that decision,  
It is not up to us, what direction we travel.  
This has all been planned,  
And cannot be changed no matter how we try.  
A pathway that only our lives may follow,  
Then at intersections, by chance we meet others.  
Sometimes their pathway follows the same path as ours,  
Some for a short time, others for an eternity,  
Grasp all that you can, while you can,  
For your paths may never meet again.  
Love with all your heart,  
Be grateful for those you meet, those you get to love.  
For love is a traveler along your path,  
Waiting to meet the one that follows the same path as you.  
Then and only then do you find the love that will be yours forever.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# A Sense Of Being

Mine eyes close black,  
No light to pass them,  
In the gloom I sit,  
In Gods realm.

Sounds no more,  
Stars talking to me,  
In the gloom I sit,  
Wanting to be free.

Pain, what pain,  
Like never before,  
In the gloom I sit,  
Starring at the door.

Senses to be touched,  
No feeling abounds,  
In the gloom I sit,  
Waiting to be found.

Superman I am not,  
Weakness all around,  
In the gloom I sit,  
Nature has a frown.

Whence I once was,  
Confident surpasses life,  
In the gloom I sit,  
Wishing for a wife.

Loneliness overcomes strife,  
She is out there missing,  
In the gloom I sit,  
Come into the light.

At last.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# A Taste Of Honey

Coffee is coffee,  
Honey surprise cinnamon,  
Delightful at best.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# A Trail To My Heart

A Trail To My Heart

Withdrawn from troubles,  
My cloudy existence,  
Skims the bitter depths,  
Ascending in free flight,  
Beyond the confines of the starry sky.

Pulling out your deepest feelings,  
How do you relate,  
Clandestine pleasure,  
To a pillow of perdition?

Demons make whoopee in your brain,  
Like gut worms by the millions.

Eyes brimming with involuntary tears,  
Under the invisible shield of an angel,  
This dainty monster,  
Drunk with sunlight,  
Plays with the wind,  
Chats with the clouds,  
In an admiring heart,  
Gathers divine honors.

Divine remedies for our impurities,  
Purest essence,  
The language of flowers,  
A flicker of pleasure,  
Like a bird in the forest.

Weave my mystic crown,  
Blaze a trail to my heart,  
My Special Angel.

KENNETH FORDHAM



# Answers To All Questions

I am lost in a sea of torment and disbelief,  
My life seems so worthless right now,  
For I am helpless to help you when you need me most.  
Listen to the river, for it travels far.  
Listen to the moon, for it looks down on us.  
Listen to the wind, refreshing all life.  
Sounds that fill our innermost being.  
If a bluebird sings, do you know what he says?  
Nature in all her glory, tells all that is, without saying anything.  
Why don't we listen?  
What is our purpose?  
We live each day without thinking?  
Have you ever listened to a tree? He says so much.  
He longs for your touch and your understanding.  
Have you ever talked to your dog?  
They will sit there for hours listening to you.  
They will give you unconditional love.  
Though they don't understand your words,  
They understand what you are saying.  
They know when you need attention,  
They know when you are sad.  
Given the chance all of nature will listen to you,  
And help you thru your day, your life.  
They have all the answers,  
If we could, if we would, just understand.  
Have you ever wondered how animals know what the others are thinking?  
The vibrations a whale makes, that can be heard for thousands of miles,  
or the sounds of the elephant, so low we cannot even hear them, yet the others  
know what is being said.  
All we have to do is leave our bodies and join nature,  
Then we will know everything there is to know,  
We can cure our bodies of any sickness.  
We have the power, it can be done,  
Any hour under the sun.  
Reach into your heart, deeper than ever before,  
For there, as in nature is the answers we seek,  
To open the door.



# Consequence Of Love

Treacherous heart what have you done,  
Soaring above life use to be such fun.  
Now you have deserted mine soul,  
Downward through stinking shadows.  
To hell that has taken the night of pleasures.

My heart aches with love for you,  
And no one can erase this feeling.  
My heart wilted like raisins in the sun,  
Just out of reach of everyone.

A little more time is all I asked,  
The ecstasy of love that could last.  
I know you're down on love,  
But with me you would never be alone.

Ravished heart dissolved with involuntary tears,  
Calling, pleading with mine pain,  
Beyond the jaws of hell and earth.  
Let me live again, mount strong winds,  
Toward serene and luminous fields,  
Soar above life again and be drunk with sunlight.

Instead of this darkness of potent idleness,  
Swaying in a storm of tears, lightening crashing  
Thunderous head, consequence of love.  
A love that is dead.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Deeper Yet

I fall beneath the reaches of mankind,  
Deeper into the vast darkness that befalls me,  
Never to touch the light of day again,  
Loneliness once again enthralls me.

Merging into a deep dark unity,  
One with the darkness abounds,  
Ennui intensifies awareness of existence,  
Rejecting the physical world.

Engulfed in a yawn by a world,  
A world of pure perception,  
Lost in a sea of unconsciousness,  
Disgust with life's obsolete senses.

Sleep naught, but never quiet awake,  
Clutch of humiliation inappropriate for life,  
Paralyzed confusion, diminished sight,  
Deeper into the depths of ineptitude.

Condemned and banned,  
I rest in an utterance of conversion,  
Damnation beckoning me,  
Unable to continue,  
I sleep.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Farewell

Clouds cover the night,  
Eerie sounds abound the air,  
Coyotes howling in the distance,  
You look, you stare,  
But nothing you can see,  
Is there.

So why is there chills,  
Up your back,  
Hair standing on end,  
Courage you don't lack.

Something coming from behind,  
Getting closer all the time,  
Darkness prevails the trees,  
So scared, you fall to your knees.

Now up and running,  
Someone playing a joke,  
You gasp for air,  
You choke.

In front of you now,  
Turning somehow,  
No place to run,  
Where is your gun.

Growling,  
From all around,  
You sit quietly,  
Not making a sound.

Bats flying, swooping,  
Closer it gets,  
Clinging to a tree,  
No outlets.

Darker and darker,  
As the night goes on,

Clatter and clamor,  
As if nothing is wrong.

Running again,  
Moving so fast,  
You take a deep breath,  
As if it were your last.

Deeper and deeper,  
Into the woods you go,  
Dimmer and dimmer,  
The light you did know.

Which way to run,  
You are lost in the woods.  
No kind of option,  
Which way is good.

A noise is heard,  
A branch did break,  
The closer it gets,  
The more you shake.

What to do now,  
You're out of time,  
Sweat on your brow,  
The bells did chime.

Now you know,  
Without a doubt,  
Which way to go,  
You want to shout.

Faster and faster,  
Toward the town,  
But you hear it gaining,  
You almost fall down.

More and more frightened,  
With each step you take,  
Your muscles have weakened,  
There is no mistake.

Now in a clearing,  
The road you have found,  
You feel like cheering,  
But cant make a sound.

Then all of a sudden,  
You see it come near,  
Your pulse did quicken,  
From so much fear.

It reaches out,  
To grab you from behind,  
Faster and furious,  
As if streamlined.

You got away,  
What a story to tell,  
But another day,  
Farewell.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Feelings Waiting To Be Kissed

Mournfully I sit here, waiting to be reborn,  
knowing as I pay homage to you, it is you that I have adorn.  
Anguish all about, overwhelming solitude,  
tortured with my thoughts, memories profoundly empty,  
burden my tender heart, this must be my destiny.  
You being the one I adore, preferred above the rest,  
sweet docile martyr, who has filled my empty chest.  
Foolish that I am, beckon your very call,  
emotions abound so deep, enthrall my morbid soul.  
Summons to you, begging forgiveness to say the least,  
potent idleness, anxiety set so deep, gilded by my love for thee,  
powerless hindered with your charm,  
emotions sweet sound shimmering in my mind,  
nourish horizons waiting to be born.  
Sunrises moist rays, breaking through the misty haze,  
beckoning my call to thee.  
Merest whims of your perfume fill my aching head,  
memories of days gone by, grandeur of us in bed.  
Heavy breathing, as bodies being ravished, unique alluring body fair,  
flesh so sweet, your exotic countenance,  
tells all disputes not, enthralls your bed abyss.  
Flung upon us whence subtle idleness lay,  
Aromatic splendor of another day.  
Immense dispute upon our dubious remorse,  
cruel that is dead, augments swoon seduces sweet accords,  
senses melted powerless, answers not consoling,  
preferred harmony amiss.  
Convey feelings waiting to be kissed.

KENNETH FORDHAM



# Heart Of Woe

Gentle steps of night,  
Creep so slowly in thy fear,  
A candle shining bright,  
A glisten of her tear.

Shadows shown what lies ahead,  
Morose in all thy icy morn,  
Till the falling night of dread,  
Glimmer pale her adorn.

Hopes expire,  
With meaning dream,  
Wings of fire,  
She does gleam.

I ignore naught of breast,  
Fair woman body fair,  
For in her bed she does rest,  
Incense in the air.

Visions past azure sky,  
Moon dreams candle set,  
Magic of her face on high,  
Flower divine at best.

Deep in his heart of woe,  
Soul remorseful torturer,  
Whence love he must go,  
Trailing light capture.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# I Think I Need Help

In the golden night,  
The sun so bright,  
It covers the stars and moon.  
Where am I whence I were not,  
Lost in a sea of words and gloom.  
I went to the left, which was right,  
So why am I sitting here, standing?  
Up is down but all around,  
To put it straight forward, not demanding.  
My hands are tied, so I cant type,  
To let you know what's happening.  
I know this is wrong, so it is right,  
There's no use arguing,  
Somewhere I am not,  
Where I will always be,  
If I were blind I could see,  
The darkness so brightly shining.  
I Think I need help.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# In The Misty Moonlight

Tin roof sounding board,  
Springtime rain gently falling.  
Thoughts of you prevail.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# In The Pine

Not for you to worry,  
for everything is ok,  
I knew you were in a hurry,  
you had to be on your way.

So no need to ponder,  
my feeble little mind,  
we will be together,  
and we'll make love in the pine.

Sometimes things are said,  
when we don't want them in the least,  
sometimes things we dread,  
sometimes there is a beast.

He kicked me in the stomach,  
made me swallow my esophagus,  
I a little dumbstruck,  
felt a bit sick I guess.

But everything is ok,  
everything is just fine,  
not for you to worry,  
someday you'll be mine.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Let Me Love You Forever

Let me love you forever,  
Let me fix your broken heart,  
Let me keep you happy,  
Never let us part.

Whatever is needed,  
I will do for you,  
Whatever you have pleaded,  
Whatever to be so true.

What do you see,  
When you look into my eyes,  
Someone that loves you,  
This is no surprise.

I will keep you happy,  
It is understood,  
Ask not if I want to,  
Any way I could.

This is the beginning,  
Of what we deserve, .  
I know there is more to it,  
Than saying a few words.

So, let me love you forever,  
Let me fix your broken heart,  
Let me keep you happy,  
Never, let us part.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# My Sweet October

The sun rises,  
The sun sets,  
In between,  
Life expressed.  
Only time.

We live,  
We die,  
In between,  
Life,  
Only time.

Why,  
Are you?

Sweet October,  
Time after time,  
Day after day,  
I love you,  
Every way.

But you had to go,  
You left me here,  
With all my fears,  
With all my tears.

Memories,  
Strong, forever,  
A beautiful life,  
Gone as if never.

Remember me,  
Where are you,  
A life so perfect,  
A life so new?

Move on,  
Another place,  
Another time,

I will be with you.

My sweet October ....  
Stay.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# One Hand Is A Hook.

The fog has moved in,  
The night is so dark.  
Where do I begin?  
Not a good night for the park.

The moon behind the cloud,  
The dog did bark,  
Then silence nothing loud.  
Why are you in the park?

Be careful where you walk,  
Be careful where you stand.  
Don't be there at twelve o'clock,  
I know this fact firsthand.

This is when he arrives,  
This is when you run,  
This is when someone dies,  
This is not much fun.

They say he is a giant,  
Makes other men look small.  
Maybe even ancient,  
Be careful do not stall.

Get out as fast as you can,  
Don't take a second look,  
For he is a madman,  
One hand is a hook.

For some they are lucky,  
For some they met their fate,  
For some took the alley,  
For them you need not wait.

Now heed what I say,  
Stay out of the park,  
And maybe another day,  
You will hear the dog bark.



But if you think I'm crazy,  
And are the brave kind,  
Be sure to breath in deeply,  
For it might be the last time.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Our First Kiss

I read your words and feel your love, and think to myself am I the only one.  
Does she really and truly love me and only me, or is there another? How can she  
just love me? She is so beautiful, such fun, and any man would want her as I do.  
And I want her more than anything else on this planet. To love, cherish, and  
adore for the rest of my life. But how can this be? How can we do this? Why is  
life so difficult at times?

Where do we go from here?

So many questions

With no answers.

What am I to do,

When I love her so,

But we cannot be together?

She has my heart,

She has my soul,

She has my love forever.

She walks on precious clouds,

The angel that she is.

We are in love

And this is allowed,

I long for our first kiss.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Pestilence

Once Every Second,  
A child dies in Africa,  
Where are your children?

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Ravished Heart

In mournful solitude I sit,  
Locked in mine dungeon room,  
Light seeps naught, candle lit,  
Remorseful gloom.

Awaken I say, confidential tone  
Words not heard, merest whim  
Another day, I am on my own  
No one answered quell within.

Loathing memories, days of past,  
Horizons overwhelming  
Ephemeral pleasures, don't last,  
Memories unfold, shimmering.

Anguish abounds tortured destiny,  
Mysteriously enraged flesh,  
Consoles your nature solitary,  
Morbid idleness aspires.

Immense aromatic incense,  
Tantalizing at best,  
Cover perfumed forest scents,  
Longing for your breast.

From within dwells dubious fears,  
Demoralizing days,  
Where have you been?  
Ravished heart dissolved in tears.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Seeking Love To Keep

Deep within the soul of men,  
True love can be found,  
Getting passed the beast within,  
You better stand your ground.

Bred into these men,  
Survival of the fittest,  
Before time did begin,  
She was their witness.

Now each day we pass,  
Hormones get excited,  
He looking at the lass,  
She feeling slighted.

For he is just a man,  
That she passed on the street,  
Nothing very special,  
No time to greet.

So men when you think,  
Maybe she's the one,  
Get your hormones in sync,  
Make sure you hug her, often.

Then maybe just maybe,  
You'll find what you seek,  
And hope this time,  
For love you to keep.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# She Was So Bad

I cant wait to hear the mockingbird sing,  
Then we will know we are into spring.  
I have been waiting for such a long time,  
Never debating natures determined mind.  
Now there's a grey bird, cleaning and preening,  
Made his perch by my window, feathers are beaming.  
He has a black head, but the rest is all grey,  
I'm so glad he visits, I hope he will stay.  
He sits there for hours, and we have a little chat,  
Insects he devours, some are so fat.  
Then the cardinal visits, this crested finch,  
Plumage a blazing, waiting for his winch.  
I think she a little shy, our maiden-in-waiting.  
The apple of his eye, his love she is craving.  
They will make their nest, among the trees,  
Where there's plenty of insects, for their needs.  
So this is what's happening in my nest of the world,  
Waiting on the sapling for leaves to unfurl.  
Springtime among us, not far off,  
Forget all the cold, forget all the frost.  
Everyone smiling, they are so glad,  
To be past this winter, she was so bad.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Silver Bullets

Wagons in a circle,  
Campfires are blazing,  
The night is so peaceful,  
Tango music playing.

Gypsy Queen,  
Oh passionate one,  
Waiting for you to sing,  
Or to dance us a lesson.

Children listening,  
And paying close attention,  
There is no squirming,  
But total concentration

Thoughts are drifting,  
Fables being told,  
The night shifting,  
Enjoyed by young and old.

Then comes the tale,  
The scariest of all,  
Wolves begin to wail,  
Then a light snowfall.

He is the largest of beast,  
Sharp teeth and hairy,  
Looking for a feast,  
You better be wary.

He chooses the one,  
Most rich in young blood,  
Waiting for the sun,  
To see who is hunted.

Stay in the campsite,  
When the clouds cover the moon,  
It is the night of fright,  
You may meet your doom.

He is as swift as can be,  
No where to hide,  
Not even in a tree,  
Keep your cross by your side.

For the cross he fears,  
Silver bullets too,  
When he appears,  
There's nothing left to do.

Run and hide,  
As fast as you can,  
No time to decide,  
He's bigger than a man.

Heed my warning,  
Stay in the camp,  
Maybe by morning,  
You can revamp.

KENNETH FORDHAM



# Subtle Changes

Restful naught amiss,  
Sublime whence once was,  
With calm and bliss,  
Lacking in our cause.

Flung into a sea of ecstasy,  
Immense in every way,  
Tell, pray tell, how can this be,  
When melancholy thoughts fill the day.

Thoughts console,  
Remorse naught abounds,  
Enthrall mine soul,  
Music all around.

Summon grandeur,  
Agility of life,  
Subtle changes allure,  
Will you be my wife?

KENNETH FORDHAM

# That Naked Feeling

I am walking around outside,  
With nothing on,  
No radio, no television, they subside  
Even the puter is gone.

Such a wonderful feeling,  
To feel so free,  
The cool breeze blowing,  
Whistling through ..... the tree.

You should come join me,  
And see what it's like,  
Then just maybe,  
I'll let you ride my bike.

But until then,  
I'll enjoy it alone,  
And remember when,  
A better life was known

Days of the past,  
Such joyous times,  
I wish they could last,  
Such great pastimes.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# The Bells Do Ring

Take me unto your realm,  
The wings of an angel,  
Show me your love,  
Protect my lonely heart.  
For it is with you,  
I long to be,  
This I say joyfully.  
My heart, my soul,  
My life, is yours.  
None other makes me sing,  
With a joy unsurpassed.  
With you the bells do ring,  
With a love that will last.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# The Deeper The Better

The words evade me  
My thoughts are of you tonight  
But I cannot think.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# The Vessel Of His Life

Quell not the hearts of man,  
But open your heart, let the sunshine in.  
A drunkard with sunlight he was,  
Right to the end.  
Stealing your affections,  
But not meaning to offend.  
Grand vexations he was,  
Luminously portraying a cloudy existence.  
Soaring into an atmosphere above life and understanding,  
Calling upon ancient idols,  
As if morning doves courting life,  
A flicker of pleasure,  
But not to show weakness.  
A gallows to be his fate,  
As he dreams of the language of flowers and other mute things.  
For they give off the answers of life,  
Like chatting with the clouds,  
While gathering divine honors,  
Crested upon the purest essence,  
That blaze a trail to his heart.  
Pain is the only nobility beyond the clutches of earth and hell,  
Clear and easy to understand,  
While mounted on strong winds toward serene and luminous fields,  
Apathetic fellow travelers close behind.  
Pleasures in the night forgotten, never to be unleashed again,  
Riding out the storm in his ocean of peril,  
Never knowing where he will end,  
But in a pillow of perdition,  
While deepest feelings for someone clandestine with pleasure.

A commander of the vessel of his life.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# The Winter Flower

I picked a flower yesterday,  
It was a beautiful shade of pink,  
Thinking of you in my way,  
Wondering what you would think.

I know not what kind,  
Small and delicate as it was,  
Beautifully designed,  
I put it in a vase.

It wont last,  
Flowers never do,  
It will wilt fast,  
But not my love for you

KENNETH FORDHAM

# They Are Wrong

Men cannot be poets,  
Or so it seems in life,  
The people that should know it,  
Their words do strife.

Cuts you to the bone,  
When you read what they have said,  
Will not leave you alone,  
Run cover your head.

Could not believe it this morning,  
When I read these words so grave,  
Felt I took a beating,  
As if I were a slave.

But is ok for I am strong,  
I will try much harder,  
To prove,  
That they are wrong.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# To Britney

You are lost in your own mind,  
Where will you go from here?  
Waiting for someone to find,  
And bring back your cheer.

What will be your fate?  
Listen to your heart,  
Before it is too late.

Love those that love you.  
Their love is true.  
Be the person deep inside you,  
Be that person that can find you.

Love like never before,  
Make your wishes come true,  
Love those that adore  
Never again be blue.

These things we ask,  
Because we care.  
These things we ask,  
For you to share,

These thing we ask  
For the heavens above,  
These things we ask  
Because we love .....

You.

KENNETH FORDHAM



# To Lynn

When we were so young,  
Many years ago,  
We told our secrets,  
That no one could know.

Now we are older,  
We can even drive a car,  
So much bolder,  
I wonder where you are.

I remember the day,  
You were in curlers,  
Tried to hide away,  
As if it matters.

I wanted to tell you then,  
How I felt about you,  
Do you remember when,  
You would ride Eagle, too.

Such a big steed he was,  
Yet you were so small,  
You loved him because,  
He gave it his all.

You would ride him for hours,  
Then brush him down,  
You would talk with him,  
When no one was around.

I yearned so much,  
For the attention he got,  
To have your trust,  
Meant such a lot.

Now we are much older,  
Live so far away,  
I hear you are near boulder,  
But here I stay.

Still thinking of you,  
But not every day,  
Wishing you knew,  
I felt this way.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Unfinished Poem

I look at an empty page,  
Demons attacking, ranting,  
Feelings of rage,  
My heart no longer beating.

Sunk into a sea of turmoil,  
Tranquility no longer being,  
Now beneath the subsoil,  
No longer seeing.

Days of splendor diminished,  
With each breath I take,  
Less I am finished,  
There is no mistake.

I want for your happiness,  
But it kills me inside,  
Longing for your caress,  
Tears will not subside.

When will the pain be lifted,  
When will I live again,  
When oh Lord, why me I cried  
I cannot finish this .....  
I love you.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Wander

Never to squander,  
This or that is where I am,  
It makes you wonder.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# We

We met,  
I died,  
He appeared,  
Father died,  
I came back.  
We started new,  
Happily we live,

Forever.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# We Kiss, A Whisper

We Kiss, A Whisper

I am sitting in the dark,  
I hear your voice, a whisper,  
I need you, I want you.  
Your lips touch mine,  
So soft so sublime,  
Like tasting a fine wine,  
So sweet so delicious.  
I am here my love  
To fulfill all your wishes.  
Your perfume fills the air,  
Your essence, everywhere.  
I feel your warmth,  
As our bodies touch.  
Being with you,  
It means so much,  
It is such a splendor,  
I try to resist,  
But then surrender.  
You pull away.  
Then another whisper,  
A whisper in the dark.  
Come to me, I want you,  
Come to me, closer, kiss me,  
There is no other.  
As my hands glide,  
Through your ever so soft hair,  
We kiss, a whisper,  
I love you, forever.

KENNETH FORDHAM

# With You Forever

Sitting here thinking  
After just talking with you,  
My heart no longer sinking,  
I, no longer feeling blue.

Ravels bolero,  
Playing ever so softly,  
The flute as the nightingale,  
Such a beautiful song as it should be.

Thoughts rushing through my head,  
My beautiful thoughts of you,  
Thoughts I would never dread,  
Thoughts of what I want to do.

You lying across your bed,  
Bedspread of white with pink flowers,  
Sugarplums rushing through our heads,  
We could lie like this for hours.

You know how I feel,  
You have known for so long,  
You know my feelings are real,  
It is here where you belong.

There is no other,  
There never could be,  
It is you in stormy weather,  
Your touch so gently.

Our hearts beat one together,  
The way it should be,  
I want to be with you forever,  
Will you marry me?

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Withered Heart

I sit, my soul in solitude,  
Withered heart slowly beating,  
Missing your divine gaze,  
You out of the multitude.

Whence body fair,  
Wrapped in robes of infinity,  
Sweet air of authority,  
Flesh of perfume.

Special Angel,  
Guardian of mine soul,  
My love for you enthralled,  
For your presence unfold.

Come to me,  
Dance in air like a flame,  
So beautiful your blaze,  
Let me know your name.

My love for you abounds,  
My sweet, my love,  
Speak to my heart,  
Before it is too late.

Make it beat again,  
Sing your praises,  
To my withered heart,  
Help me love again.

KENNETH FORDHAM



## You (Rewrite)

I watch as you walk away,  
If only you would stay,  
For a few minutes,  
For a day or,  
Maybe now,  
Always,  
You,  
I,  
One with,  
Each other,  
Universal,  
In every way fit,  
Someday us together,  
Always our hearts for

KENNETH FORDHAM

# Your Exotic Countenance

Ready to be broken she pulls away so gently.  
A word not spoken, for they knew it had to be.  
Drizzling rain coming down, making hardly a sound.  
Forest scents fill the air, like tantalizing incense,  
potent and alluring, beckoning my call to thee.

But this is not to be, heavy breathing no more,  
tender hearts broken.  
Charming that you are, your heart governs,  
breaking my tender heart, no one to console.  
It is you that I adore, caresses wanting to restore.  
But tortured that I am, not to be reborn,  
destiny engulfing my soul, answers of no form.

Melting away I am this day,  
remembering your sweetness, so sublime.  
Your hips, your back, your ample breast,  
never ever to be mine.

KENNETH FORDHAM