

Poetry Series

Luke Timms
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Luke Timms(20th november 1989)

Born in Ipswich, England but then flew out to Mandurah, Australia four years ago.

most of my poems are about drinking, debauchery or just drunken crap really.

A Sense Of Pity To Ignore

Scrambling around a dissolute London town
Howling at a darkened moon
Screaming, screeching powerful ballads
Of falling in love with a typhoon
Smashed plates and dreams
Scattered motionlessly on the floor
Blackened eyes and blooded noses
A sense of pity to ignore

Sinking like quicksand
The more you struggle, the quicker you die
A constant shadow, pure darkness
The only word I can utter now is a lie

Luke Timms

A Spy In Ones Own Mind

I'm a spy, in my own mind
Sabotaging my own happiness
Sneaking though deepened thoughts
Never leaving darkness

Pre drink conscience
You are always f*cking there
Can't get outta my mind
And people look fully clothed, yet bare

The horses of my addiction
Shall constantly ride
Like the waves of pain
As two empires armies collide

I caught on fire long ago
People shall and do not mourn
They'll come from places far and wide
To spit at me with scorn

I'm nowhere near worth your tears
I'm nowhere near your throne
Reaching in the water tangling your hearts springs
Hitting rock bottoms that to all is unknown

Luke Timms

A View On Love

As colourful as an English winters beach
As tasteful as a bite in a rotten peach
Aesthetically pleasing shall open her door
Money thrown into it, in goes the claw

As bland as a worldwide recession
No such thing as pure love, only obsession

Luke Timms

Absinthe Minded

Absinthe Minded

A miserable life I'm doomed to see,
In first person I admit with little glee

The self-chosen ignorance which I have shown
To the friends and family of my own

Neglect, lies and intoxicated infidelity
What on earth has become of me?

Drink is the poison to which I do blame
To ignore these paralysing feelings of shame
Awake at the dead of the cold dark night
Dead at the sight of hope and love of light

People call me an immoral wasted rake
Living unclean is my greatest mistake
So pray for me and always be reminded
That all I ever was, was ever so absinthe minded

Luke Timms

An Old Friend.... Again

The future and I used to be on each other's mind almost constantly

It doesn't take long for the clouds to rise over the "good-times-sake-sea"

With ink stained fingers I do painfully write

'The drink does quench the memories fight'

Luke Timms

And I'M Talking To Strangers

Blossoming hearts and a brand new feeling,
Who ever would know its a heart you're stealing.
Retracting from others yet adding new dangers,
Can all be accomplished by talking to Strangers.

Left over memorys will still clutter my mind,
But we can create our very own, you'll find.
Love as beautiful as a baby in a manger,
Can be created from talking to a Stranger.

Luke Timms

And Im Talking To Strangers (In Cockney London Accent)

Blossomin' arts an' a bran' new feelin'
Oo woulda known it was an art you're stealin'
Reatractin' from others yet addin' new dangers
Can all be sorted, from tawkin' to strangers

Left over mem'rys still clutter my mind
But we'll create our very own, I think you'll find
Love as bootiful as a baby in a manger
Call all be sorted, by tawkin' to a stranger

Luke Timms

Another Rude Ditty, This Time About Prostitution

I get what I need,
you take what you want,
I give you the fare,
you loan me your c*nt.

Luke Timms

Australia

Deception breathes above the red sands hellish glow
As the death adder slithers through life's solo show
A place for fugitives of life, for the feeling of unknown
In the dissolute bars and pubs this sense of lost is shown

The skeleton trees burn in the sun's everlasting cries
Once serving for the inhabitants or lesser settler's demise
Last words still lingering, a haunting symphony of fifes
As the infamous murdering thief utters "such is life";

'The Land Down Under'... ever wonder for this insight?
Alas, it's the closest to hell you can get before catching alight

Luke Timms

Bar Scrap

Sitting, reminiscing with a farfetched friend
Drinking whiskey as water, nearing the nights enjoyable end
The fateful pound coin does drop, all eyes hit the floor
The roll ends with a stamp, t'was his for sure
"Cheers mate, may I have it back?" all I hear is a grunt
Followed by "try it mate, I'll kick and turn, your d*ck into a c*nt"
With this I did ponder was I the bigger man?
Bigger meaning bigger; the one who'll stand his ground
I stood right up, my spine almost showing pride
I shouted "you look as fragile as my fresh young blonde bride!"
She stormed up to me, but little fear I did hide
"I've killed bigger and uglier than you" I knew he had lied
The rage did build up me, my eyes may have been alight
I knew he was about to have his very last fight
A quick fist to the head, followed by a knee to the mouth
Should've seen it coming... now I'm knocked the f*ck out

Luke Timms

Child Of A Libertine

Born into a family,
Becoming another mouth,
when we see him hes drunk,
Slurring with his accent of the south.
Our mother is a lady of the night,
and even aged Looks like a queen,
loneliness and neglect,
For I am the child of a Libertine.

The dark, dank house,
Reaking of Unholy sweaty sex,
filled to the brim of Politicians,
Preists and all the suspects.
Skinny as the sticks,
That holds togever our latreen,
What else could I expect,
I am a child of a Libertine.

Luke Timms

Chrysippus Limerick

Chrysippus gave his donkey some wine
To him the Figs took such a shine
The donkey looked so daft
poor Chrysippus laughed
And now he's dead in a coffin of pine

Luke Timms

Dr Luckman Found A Way To Hide His Woes.....

Drinking

Dr Luckman found a way to hide his woes
Although it made him constantly misdiagnose
And he really would stink
Never could really think
I would think myself lucky when he wore clothes

Luke Timms

Drinkers Limerick

I don't believe in feelings anymore
They made my life an utter bore
I drink in amounts
of which I cannot count
and pass out drunk, around about Four

Luke Timms

Drunken Ramblings

You were my one true love,
Now I am the injured dove,
That lays upon the floor,
Or the momentary who*e.
Awake at the dead of night,
Dead at the sight of light,
Skin turned Gangreen,
I am the ugly feine.
Too many lies clutter my head,
Yet still narcissim needs to be fed.
Travel to my recent past,
This time to make this last.
Hedonism runs through,
Misery no matter what I do.
Blood turned to wine,
Get the Nazis back in line.
Guillotine for the poor,
Buy virginity at the store.
Hateful childern rule the streets,
Daughters forced to beat old meats.
Balloon rides in the dark,
As cold as a rabid dogs bark.
Composition of a blind girls wake,
Sleeping togever for the parents sake.
Sneaking around town like a cat,
Cause she has gotten too fat.

Luke Timms

Drunken Ramblings..... Again

Shivering mountains
Lone star trees
Maids of the dead
Home isn't free

Blasphemous angels
A beautiful rebel
Once chaos takes over
Haven will be the cells

Absent teachers
And a drunkards plea
Pitiful chants
How The World used to be

Ramblings to everyone
Why should they care?
The royal wedding a waste?
Gave us moral, to be fair

Motion pictures shall and will
Influence our personalities
Musicians will add to the pile
Of our stacking casualties

Feminist wanting more
Men swapping the role
The inhabitant's drink income
Is courtesy of the dole

Misery can be over whelming
And happiness can appear
What happened to the madness,
Of ol' Edward Lear

Oh my dear brother,
Where art thou?
Sitting soaked in sex
We needn't even bow

I never knew a witch
Yet still I tend to insinuate
Which of us are doing well,
And which of us did graduate?

So drag us all down
Does not bother me
My heart is rock solid
And mind oh so free

Luke Timms

Englands Sun Has Sunk

England's sun has sunk,
Now darkness fills our hearts with fright
Where will we go next?
Our future looked so very bright.
Beer, Drugs, Sex and Cigarettes,
Are the things that bind us.
The Youth are troubled beyond belief,
And Footballs there to blind us.
Cameron talks a big, big game,
The queen does her song'n'dance,
We could never rule the world again,
Even if given half the chance.
London's charm has gotten old,
Turned more into a Whore
Maybe it was The Government
Or maybe 'The Hangover from the War'.
The end is very f*cking nigh,
You can see it in our drunk,
The End is very f*cking nigh,
Oh, how England has sunk

Luke Timms

Exhaustion

Exhaustion,
The workers disorder,
The one the poor have
And the one the rich need
In order for their brats
To have the excuse to breed

Luke Timms

Filthy Talon Of Loves Desire

With a filthy talon of loves desire
The roguish man of wit, lust and fire
Can ever again touch his wife's true love
Nor reach the pleasures of god's above
So he places his manhood between ones legs
Thrusting away until the final dregs
He'll give her a wink and one final bow
As he leaves her a lonely, used up cow

Luke Timms

Filthy Talon Of Love's Desire

With a filthy talon of loves desire
The roguish man of wit, lust and fire
Can ever again touch his wife's true love
Nor reach the pleasures of god's above
So he places his manhood between ones legs
Thrusting away until the final dregs
He'll give her a wink and one final bow
As he leaves her a lonely, used up cow

Luke Timms

For The Geordies

The anti-forward thinking ones, known as the Magpies
Hailing from the pit of misery and shite known as 'The Tyne'
Have arrived alas, to meet us all in the 21st century
No doubt to stink out the pubs and batter the missus after nine

Not all of these "people" have such futures
Some have dreams to be set in Tyne-side lore,
To sit amongst the most powerful in all of Newcastle
The star of the show known as 'Geordie Shore'

Poor lasses of the massive Toon Army (In stomachs girth)
As loose as can be, although looks certainly do lack
However, the thing that brings a real tear to my eye
Is how they must counterfeit feelings when it comes to the sack

Luke Timms

Gangrene Of The Soul

Gangrene of the soul,
As you realise what a life you have followed
Stone dead eyes
Morals oh so hollow
As the essence of life rots away
I decide to, for my spirits sake pray
Black lung, breathing stings
The gnarling rats feasting on your hearts very strings

Dear Lord,
Heaven may be a journey too far for me
Signs you may have sent I ignored, or laughed at
I was dissolute you see
I spurred debauchery to lesser minds
I followed in my role models footsteps you'll find
The one thing I ask is for no more than pity
Amen

Yet still, I'll still live this way,
My addiction to hedonism
Is far too advanced.
So pour me another, barmaid,
And with that, me and the devil danced

Luke Timms

God Limerick

I once knew a man who followed God,
He would only acknowlege you with a nod,
Should've pick a new path,
or at least had a bath,
Cause' everyone hates that miserable sod.

Luke Timms

Guilt And Life

Killers in the storm

A darkened shadow shall stalk your very existence

Maybe a few minutes rest

But all along the darkness is brooding in the distance

Lechery, drunkenness mixed in with narcissism

What a lovely concoction

And the events that will undoubtedly occur

Will forever feel a concussion

Stomach turning, forcing the mind to forget

Always knowing it'll be consistently there

Unsettling the stomach like the seashore waves,

Just know life is like a summer's love,

Never, ever fair

Luke Timms

Hear The Whistles

Hear the whistles as the doomed clamber bodies
The young, the old, the mentally crippled
They die wrapped in green, honour and country
Screams over shadowed by gunners ripple

A bullet knows not officer from grunt
So they'll wallow afar from the rift
The cattle, herded by these lark-less farmers
Fall over the muddy, soulless cliff

Coughing out death in poison filled clouds
Weakened limbs running through sand
Blood shot eyes; fatigued by lack of sleep
Eternally closed in a foreign land

Luke Timms

Hedonism Limerick

Hedonism is not such a chore,
It's for all those who think life is a Bore
Eating and Drinking,
Without any thinking
And of course, Being the biggest Whore.

Luke Timms

Home Away From Home

Bitter old men, the rowdy heartsick mortals
Floorboards engraved with blood, sick and sorrow
Glimmer of light though memory stained curtains
One giant casket of the nearly departed

Wenchies with the absence of glee in eye
Glasses that one has yet to see the bottom
Tuneless piano dying slowly in the corner
Neglected of touch, a musicians caress

Most call it an emotionless dome
A one way street, I call it home away from home

Luke Timms

Humanity As A Whole?

Humanity as a whole?
Let us walk with a frown
Humanity as a whole?
Is such a let down

Luke Timms

I Am The Joker

I am the joker in Dylan's rhymes
I am the Jack of Hearts engrossed by crime
Life is drenched to the bone in mockery
Tailor fitted to suit those of immorality
Where would we be without a laugh?
Where would we be with nothing but class?
So push over a goat, push over a cow
Make a joke over a domestic row
Bugger off media
Sod the Prime minister
Just get drunk and have a laugh!

Luke Timms

I Once Knew A Bloke With A Gun For A Fist

I once knew a bloke with a gun for a fist
Stumbled home from the pub half pissed
Decided to die
No word of a lie
The silly twat only went and missed

Luke Timms

I Once Knew A Chav From Staines

I once knew a chav from Staines
Whose music taste was loud and lame
It'll boom day n night
The bass was a fright
In the end his music was his very bane

Luke Timms

I Once Knew A Man From Manchester

I once knew a man from Manchester
Whose name I cannot remember
I thought all Tuesday
Till' I heard the news say,
'Frank Lester is a child molester! '

Luke Timms

I Once Knew A Man From Newcastle

I once knew a man from Newcastle
On derby day, the p*ick would be a hassle
A goal' go in
Oh, how he'd sing
We will always get the last laugh, a*sehole

Luke Timms

I Once Knew A Man Who Survived The Somme - Limerick

I once knew a man who survived the Somme
Whose cock was so very unnaturally long
He'd noose his bell end
And fish till day end
Cause' it's the only way that old man could come

Luke Timms

I Once Knew A Man Who Was A Muscly Fecker

I once knew a man who was a muscly fecker
Whenever his wife nagged he would deck her
People would wonder why
He's such a mean guy
I know its cause' he has a tiny pecker

Luke Timms

I Once Knew A Man Whose Bollocks Were So Saggy

I once knew a man whose bollocks were so saggy,
That's the reason why he wore his kilt so baggy,
When he hangs upside down,
Everybody will frown,
Because his balls look like the tits of a granny!

Luke Timms

Infidelity Limerick

I've been in the arms of my best friends Wife,
For that reason alone maybe I deserve life,
Won't see no more sun,
At least I had fun,
Scratch all that, he got to me with a knife

Luke Timms

Irish Body And Mind

Another pint here, another pint there
Whiskey stinkin' breath and curly black hair
All in all, I drink, I drink and this is what you'll find
All in all I'm all soaked to death in an Irish body an' mind

Joyful chants and ditties still ringin' in me brain
Singin' drunkenly in the night and shouting at the rain
Drinking Gods piss until we're thrashed an' blind
All in all we're soaked to death in an Irish body and mind

Luke Timms

Libertinism

Sought only life's pleasures and easy access to libertinism,
So the saying goes
Another drink another F*ck,
Never hitting those all-time lows
He will drink to f*ck,
And f*ck to think,
But never moving on,
To him the sun has never shone

Immorality is a crime
To anyone except the libertine,
And they aren't exactly what you'll call
Your Favourite beauty queen,
They eat faeces like butter
And end up in the gutter,
Forever in a blissful state
Of being keen.

They're inept at marriage
So they have their whores
Cause' the sight of responsibility,
Causes them to welt up in sores
They constantly masturbate
And no matter what ejaculate
But best of all, the libertine has
Absolutely no laws

Luke Timms

Love Through A Dream

Weeks have gone days have faded
No dreams in sight, not that I am jaded
Like a stab to the heart a dream does appear
And you're back in the mind, put in with a spear

In the day I may not have cared
Thinking I had time to be spared
Lobbed like a brick, out into the rain
Like being shamed in town, forever a stain

How does that work?
Not even being in the darkened corner of the mind
To become its only existence?

Luke Timms

Makes Me Snigger

The bottle is the gun
The lid is the trigger
The whiskey is the bullet
At least that makes me snigger

Luke Timms

Marquis Limerick I

Twisted morals, who he? !
He's a model Christian, you see,
Sunday's for praying,
With a Whore He's never laying,
He just occasionally drinks his own wee.

Luke Timms

Marquis Limerick II

He jumps from bed-to-bed like a flea,
I think they call it debauchery,
He tends not to feel,
its souls he like's to steal,
And he likes to drink whiskey with his tea.

Luke Timms

Marquis Limerick Iii

Died old enough and full of spunk
Filled with Drugs and totally drunk
never said goodbye
no one even let out a cry
for he had the body odour of a skunk

Luke Timms

Marquis Limerick Iv

No Man so very devout as he,
To Sodomy, Pain and Misery,
Was the meaning of free,
So No one let him be,
And to all he was known as 'The Marquis'

Luke Timms

Melancholy Washed With Sadness

To the winds that half blow
To the skies that half glow
To the islands isolated by sea
To the sights we never see
To the memories that we choose
To The faces which we lose
To the hearts we let break
To the emotions we fake
To the soldiers who lost the fight
To the life without its light
To the howls we can't let out
To the lonely with only doubt

Luke Timms

Obese Cowboy Limerick

I once knew a severely obese Cowboy,
Who was dropped from his mum in Illinois,
Not very tough,
and sure enough,
His horse John, had very little joy.

Luke Timms

Ode To The Drunks

The sheer nothingness that is sobriety
Enduring feelings and a f*ck up that is society
Why would I do this you may ask?
To never again drink from a bottle or flask
To never again feel the burn from a sip
Or wake up with a stranger and a swollen lip

Just to see the green fairy for one last time
Drinking with her is far better than fine
The reason for this is not a woman or to take a breath
The one and only reason for this is, I have met my death

Luke Timms

Poor Old Lennon

None like the everyday American hack,
Its intelligence and history they lack,
But the worst of all,
They bred the Fool,
Who shot John Lennon in the back.

Luke Timms

Religion Is A Trap

Religion is oh, such a trap
Ask me and I'll tell you it's crap
But when the inevitable happens
And I'm facing the barrel of a gun
I'll pray even more than a nun

Luke Timms

Romeos? I Hear They Died In The 50's

Romeo, Romeo, where for art thee Romeos?
I hear they all died after 1950

Oh yes Romance is very much so dead
Died along with Romeo in fact
A lovely run it did have, shame to see it go
Emptiness is victorious when we fail to act

But then what about the Juliette's
Where'd the pretty dresses and smiles go?
Exchanged for an attitude and a punch
Wrapped, alas, without even a bow

So let us all watch the television shows
And see all the emotions we cannot show
Reminisce about a time
We f*cked up so very long ago

Luke Timms

Rouges Heart In Bloodied Hand (Veronicas Poem)

Feel these words fall from my lips
Touch your heart to its tips
Let this poem slip past your bind
Create a clear path to your mind
Let it seep like a melody to your veins
Feel it leak and sabotage your pain
See the change in all things light
The change during the loneliest night
The change for the endings better
Like reading the hope in a widows dead letter
Let us see no walls or the distant sea
Let it be your hearts very key
A shimmering beacon of beauty
Whose mind is rarely set free
But at least your trophy is not so bland
Rouges heart in your bloodied hand
If you became my reflection staring back at me
I'd become the most narcissist one you'll see

Luke Timms

Rude Ditty

Showers of gold
and lecherous thoughts.
Penniless rogues,
In Londons high courts.

Luke Timms

Self-Saboteurs I Drink To You!

Self-saboteurs I drink to you
Only we know what we're going through
Self-saboteurs I drink to you
Yes tis' true, men, we all fall too

Realise there is no such thing as love
And only obsession
No one could ever contemplate
The ruthlessness of depression

Bottle up the emotions
Cannot show weakness
Spend hours down the boozier
Seeing nothing but bleakness

So, self-saboteurs I drink to you,
But just one drink and I bid you adieu!

Luke Timms

Soul No Longer Breathes Music

The ripple of ecstasy, you once pined for
Known to most as beautiful song
Is dead to your soul, that once breathed music
Means nothing to you nor here does it belong

The words no longer make sense
Meaningless dribble, finish to start
As the thunder of the hard hitting drum,
No longer matches the one of your heart

When everything you adore goes stale
No joy found in even a note of a song
Then you've lost the love of melody and music;
The end shouldn't be too long

Luke Timms

Spray A Poppy For England

Saboteurs of history, pride and glory
As we watch our poppies burn
Our heroes spat at in the land,
They gladly gave their right hand
Alas, an anti-hero appears!
Face drenched in a balaclava
To spray a poppy for England's sake
Only to be chucked in the law man's lake

Luke Timms

Std Limerick

While you're away fighting with the Arabs,
Shooting at each other in quick short jabs,
Nights, you'll sit by the phone,
But I'll be in your home,
With your wife I'll be sharing my crabs.

Luke Timms

Suffolk Strangler Limerick

There once were 5 whores from Ipswich,
Who's bodies were found in a ditch.
Who cares for their name,
They had no shame,
I hear the murderer came from Norwich!

Luke Timms

The Ballad Of Portman Road

I wander the street blanketed in loneliness
I soak in the cold air that cloaks "the 'swich"
She stands in solitude dragging a smoke
Little does she know, she'd next be seen in a ditch

I stalk from afar not unlike a predator
Hating all she is and now and all she ever were
Watching though my bitter eyes
The excitement growing till' I finally get my hands on her

She waits as a lady of the dark cold night
She gives away the last of her innocence for a few quid
Servicing the lonely, the grumpy, the ugly n' all
Her only escape is a shot to her vein, her arm, the mid

I stroll over to the unfortunate hapless lass
Ask for a quick rumble and hand her the cash

I'm breaking out in sweat now, too much to handle
Find a darkened corner, I need to rid of his itch and blow out the candle

I see in her eyes as the soul leaves the body
I dismantle these clothes all panicked and bloody

Like a bomb inside, my lust did implode
And thus ends this ballad of the old Portman road

Luke Timms

The Ballad Of The Sea Boys

Sea Boys as we were known, not a day over 14
Joined up with Jimmy Battiste, an age and lifestyle we both did share
We soon became brothers within days of the Second World War

We shared girl stories and sank far too many beers
Till our ship did smash an axis blow
And our old Prince of Wales did die, it was replaced with our fears

Jimmy and I were cut in two while boarding the wrecks life boats
Weeks had past and lives were lost
The farther away from each other we did float

Alas! Land ahoy, one young seaman weakly called
I awoke from what may have very well been
The last ever kip that had I ever took

The warm of sand surrounding my feet was almost orgasmic
Could've been the company I for so long
Cause' the first lass I saw, I could've written a hundred love songs

A hero's return to Blighty we all did enjoy and get
I asked day after day for Jimmy,
Never could I let my mind ever forget

Years turned to decades and I'd finally settled down
Jimmy and his picture had grown a layer of dust
As my first-to-be-child had taken family crown

He would've been called Jimmy
To pay respect to my obviously departed brother
But genitalia had a different story to offer

Mia grew tall and luckily, looked just like her mother
Hair beautifully brown and eyes as blue as blue
The boys obviously, were forming a less than orderly queue

After 5 years we all had decided,
England was not the place for me, my wife or our young Mia
So we set our sails for a land, a land known as Australia

Years flew by and age took its toll on me
46 years to be exact, since my last day on the sea
Time spent at home, in front of the T.V

Mia did get about and stumbled across a pub
Would never have gone in if not for the rain
Found it was a naval pub had to get out I.D (what a pain)

The elderly man looked up, as white as a clean sheet
"Go on in young lady" he shakily, confused almost said
She wandered in wearily after the original meet n' greet

An hour did pass and the elder man walked right over
"You wouldn't be the daughter of a man named Stan? "
Still looking distraught, the poor elder man

Mia replied with a proud smile, and a straightened back
"why, yes he is my father, a navy man you know"
The old man almost fell backwards, she wondered why and how?

He struggled a sentence and finally said
"He was my dear, dear friend, on the prince of wales"
She knew she'd heard the name before in one of dad's old tales

You're not the Jimmy dad speaks of? The one during the war?
Tears welled up in his eyes and then he replied
"I always thought he had died"

She then said he doesn't live far from here, fancy a chat?
The look in his eyes was better than any yes could be
He smiled gratefully as she walked towards the phone

Not half an hour later I had arrived
Walking into my long lost friend ol' Jimmy
Never felt so much love and pride

Luke Timms

The Birthday Limerick

On the 20th'a July, A child was born,
Full to the brink of misery and scorn,
Till' a bloke called Stink,
Gave him a link
And now he spends all his days watching porn.

Luke Timms

The Crow Was Perched Upon The Cross

The crow was perched upon the cross
Over seeing such a miserable loss
The women did cry tears of sorrow
The men feigned hearts so hollow
One thing was sure enough
All our souls were full of devotion and love

Into a grave a body did drop, once a lark
But now nothing left, not even a spark
When had my friend gone derelict?
And how on earth did he abandon ship?

Rotting down under our feet, beneath the ground
Nothingness, not even silence can utter a sound
We all walked away in that shotgun rain
Knowing now that miserable sod can feel no more pain

Luke Timms

The Great And Secret Show

There were no trees for as far as I could see,
Just a baron Wasteland, Which I had opened with a key.
Darkness was over whelming and loneliness was present,
all there was, was a horse and a skinny old peasant.
He shouted 'who be you! ? ' with a hateful tone,
I replied you sent for me and suddenly I was alone.
Nothingness consumed me like an ominous wave,
I felt ust like a hero with no one at all to save.
Useless, Penniless and Naked, I layed on the dirt,
then realised I took his place for an eternity of hurt.

Luke Timms

The Hole

This hole..
The one I know so well
This one I refuse myself to leave
Can you be the one to make sense?
No..
I'll cover back so quickly

Luke Timms

The Nightclubs Limerick

The Nightclubs are filled with such glee,
They say its a place to go when you're free,
Can only hear drums,
Blokes grinding bums,
And all the f*cking people smell like wee.

Luke Timms

To The Glorious Women Of The Suburb

The older lady of the glorious suburb
Whose silence you'd rather not disturb
Husbands always workin'
Getting tired of jerkin'
So now she's mounting Zolan the Serb

Luke Timms

Torture, Bloody Torture

They covered our views with sheets
As we heard his soul crack
They stripped and beat us with their own hands
Heads always covered in a sack
An old man lost his breath while torture
But they still weren't done
The only tears dropped where of those from his only son
He carried him in his arms and screamed for medical attention
All he got was a dead father and a week in isolated detention

p.s I literally have no views on the war n' all that, couldnt care less if we leave,
stay, lose, whatever, just thought this story i saw on tv was bloody mental

Luke Timms

Voynich Thinking

The whiskey sits, unlike the mind
Pondering its thoughts on Voynich
Lasses do pass yet still on my mind
What's the deal with Voynich?

Years shall go by,
A glass, minus sip is wasted
Something followed by something
Yet still no progress on Voynich

Alas! A genius idea!
The one cowering in the back of my mind
Time has been wasted,
Yet still I am sure.....

Voynich is utter gibberish!

Luke Timms

What Events Are Made Worse By Whiskey, Really?

A wedding is made fun for all if the best man is drunk
Telling bawdy tales of the groom, of how far he had sunk
While slurring through his premature lewd speech, only then just realising ...
The silly sod had only gone and forgotten..... the bloody wedding ring

A child's birthday is best of all, for the devils drink
Or what sane adult could last the party without the help of a shrink
See, the drunkard is as happy as Larry, they shall never frown
And in one uncoordinated punch, can take out the cake along with clown

The big talk, one's father must disturbingly tell, giving you the spooks
Yet a touch of wine can make this day, one just for the books
Depicting stories of the mother (with pictures and description in tow)
All fun n' games till' said child grows and is finally placed on death row

Whiskey sure as hell can put the fun in funeral, (only an acquaintance's at that)
By mocking the defunct ones family's tears and pissing in one's hat
But the main reason for attending overly intoxicated to this affair
Is to build up the confidence to waltz one last time with the departed for a dare

Family functions... maybe most in dire need of at the very least moonshine
A few missing members of us would, at the very least do fine
So save it grandma... I'm not in the mood for your shite
"What on earth is a gas leak? " as I offer grandad a light

Luke Timms

Whiskey Limerick

Whiskey as we all know is gods piss
Like seeing your Love and getting a kiss
Perfect for a Punk
Whose heart has sunk
It'll be hundereds of days you miss.

Luke Timms

You'D Think I'M A Poet

I'm ugly and you bloody know it!
My face and personallity'll show it
I'm a miserable sod
My breath smells of cod
Why, you'd think I'm a bloody poet!

Luke Timms