

Poetry Series

Matthew Holloway
- poems -

Publication Date:

2021

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Matthew Holloway(10 June 1978)

A Poem For You My Dear

I sit in quiet contemplation
Picture our first kiss
My hand holding onto yours
Our eyes locked together
There is a music no other could hear
And all else the world and universe
Is but a meaningless distraction
Your eyes shimmer like pools
Of the finest liquor, my intoxication
Drunk on beauty, drunk on love
Drowned in the hopeless abandon
Of all I dream of you and I
An ode, an ode to it all, poetry
In sit in quiet contemplation
Where every thought of you
Inspires me

Matthew Holloway

HEK

Yours is a beauty unchallenged

Yours is a soul unrivalled

Yours is a heart I yield to

Yours is a hand I wait for

Yours is the love I live for

Matthew Holloway

There Is A Place For All Such Thoughts

Hell has a place for all such thoughts
Those desires for the fire of flesh
The heat of another's touch
That skin on skin sensation
Pleasure for the sake of pleasure
Lust wanton and sought
The arched back and heaving breasts
The moist lips connecting
Eyes wide open and intoxicated
The racing pulse beating wild
Legs wrapped and holding
The quickening breath
Fingers clawing at flesh
The gentle biting all over
Like a movie scene playing out
Not exactly PG viewing
All such thoughts are wonderful
Beautiful in their own way
And belong in that special place
Some may call hell

Matthew Holloway

On The Passing Of Time

Time has gotten away from me my dear
The years have slipped away from my notice
Age has crept upon my body and pounced
Tired, weathered and full of experience
None of which feels of value anymore
A collection of stories now distorted
How true they are I do not recall
Time passes and blurs the edges of memory
And such is life, like a passing freight train
Rolling onwards with a whistle of a wind
In some way singing an unknown song

Matthew Holloway

Chasing The Unattainable

That which sits beyond reach
The unrequited dream
The questions left unanswered
Of what could possibly be
Hands held out to the fates
As though in prayer or plea
Let this dream, this thought
This as yet unknown desire
Be realised and felt in fact
Birth life to all such hope
Is such longing merely wistful
As a wasteful act in time
To chase the uncapturable pray
The treasure of a souls dream
To hold faith in chance
That one day it may be
No longer that which it seems
Chasing the unattainable

Matthew Holloway

The Dream Factory

The unsocial hours greeted
With an air of indifference
The body dragged through motions
To journey, clock on and begin
Another day, another shift
In the dream factory
We are all living the dream
And counting the days down
Counting the years away
To holidays and retirement
The people are mostly not bad
The chores and routines
May vary from place to place
They are all motions still the same
Like a trained chimp acting out
For some such reward
Which never quite feels right
Uniformed and soulless
The dream factory has us all
Living the dream

Matthew Holloway

A Side Note About Love

Love, love, love
You hold me in grief
Your absence is unforgiving
And it pains my soul
Each lonesome night
Every lonesome day
To not know that hand
To not know those lips
And the warmth of a body
Of which love does bring
In sadness honest is found
Compassion and company
The gift of another's time
Love, love, love
I await your relief

Matthew Holloway

Heart On Offer

There it is, my heart
Take it as you will
For what it may be worth
If any value is there
I wish to learn through it
Of life, love and togetherness
To create and share memories
To grow and watch you grow
The evolution of souls
Becoming more, beautiful
Wishing that as yet unknown
The chance, the opportunity
To discover, succeed or fail
The desire to know exceeds
I offer this heart in the hope
You feel the gamble as well
For its better to chance all
Than never to know at all

Matthew Holloway

And You I Love

And you, I love
I desire, my sweet friend
My beloved, my kind
You are beautiful
We are souls lost in time
What witchery denies
Our lives and future
I wait for us to lay together
I wait for our first kiss
Yet all, all seems not to be
And you I love
In the face of it all
In spite of everything
My heart, my love will never fall
And so to you my sweet
I pray you dream them dream
I dreamt of you and me

Matthew Holloway

Upon A Wind

It's there in the far distance
A sound building, growing closer
Whispers becoming screams
Murmurs becoming words
A silence being broken
One page turned
A new one written
Poetry flows like blood
From a freshly cut wound
Pure, alive and honest
It's due, soon to arrive
Life verse soul
Louder, closer, soon to be
Home

Matthew Holloway

Kiss

Just a single kiss
That one knowing kiss
Our first and lasting
A soul meets soul
Lips to lips
Art and poetry
All that is beauty

Matthew Holloway

This Is I

I'm not one for fitting in
Nor being considered normal
I am at odds with the world
Unusual, the square peg as it is
The normality of modern life
The boxes of acceptability
Listed and ticked off
To fit into society
Leave me feeling impotent
Without desire for it
A lifeless shell of existence
No, far better to not comply
To stand out, fail acceptance
To feel alive and free
To accept my vices
Beauty, Love and poetry

Matthew Holloway

Portrait Of Desires

A model, well carved
A picturesque beauty
Admired by all and sundry
Each curve, every eye, lips
Hips, asses, breasts, legs
The form of the body
Entices all desires
To stave off the hunger
For a night or two or three
But a soul with a fire
A mind which holds thoughts
A stubbornness, a conversation
A driving force of nature
Feeds a lifetime of essence
A truth of being, actually living
Give me that soul, that one
Person to become my everything

Matthew Holloway

An Untitled Love Poem

If I gave you my final breath
My every promise forevermore
My hand and my soul
Would you accept it
Take it and care for it
Hold it close to you
Never to let go
As I would hold to you
What be these dreams
Of me and thee

Matthew Holloway

A Loves Dream

As thoughts turn to love
What such a word it has become
Beholder of all such emotion
Of which joy and tears both flow
At times a wonderous feeling
At times a hurtful fallacy
A wicked game it can be
Challenging the very soul itself
What art and wonderment it inspires
And how each night differs
Thoughts swell and fall
Like a tempest wave upon the shore
When thoughts turn to love
It is to dream, to dream
To dream forevermore

Matthew Holloway

Love Verse

I hold your hand in mine
Your soul within my heart
Your smile behind my eyes
Your beauty in my mind
I hold you in my every dream
And thoughts in every hour
Both upon waking and sleep
You are there ever present
I hold you in such a hope
That one day you may hold me

Matthew Holloway

Whispered Name

Your name whispered
Almost as a secret
As though not to be known
And yet whispered
As though to be heard
As though to be remembered
To be at the forefront of the mind
To be there in the heart and soul
The strongest whispers echo
And your name is sung
In the wind which blows

Matthew Holloway

Something Song

There's a song
I don't know you ever heard
There are words
Meaningful and beautiful
And that note playing
Tunes into the soul
Makes me think of you every time
A thousand dreams
A possible story unfolds
In a song I know
And you exist in my soul

Matthew Holloway

The One In The Dream

You can't help feelings
They exist as they are
Natural emotions playing
The strings of our lives
Love, emotion, desire
Every friendship
Comes down to feelings
Played like a guitar
A sweetly melody
A somber tone
Each and the other
As different as possible
Yet when one right note falls
And you hear it
That's when love calls

Matthew Holloway

Here

Waiting a hand
Waiting a touch
Waiting love
Explain that
What it means
How it feels
That wanting means all
Not solo a duet
Make it so
Tell me something girl
Are you happy in this modern world?
Apologies for the copyright
But the heart calls at uncommon times
A quote taken innocence
Love me
Not likely to happen
Sleep is welcome

Matthew Holloway

Replay

I thought about killing myself
Though I am already dead
No spirit, heart remains
What you see is posture
A pretence of a life no longer being
A lie, a lie, a lie
Hands up, surrender
I give in now
Like it actually matters
Love, life was a lie
We were told to believe in
That someday we would know
A story we would share
Only there it is already
The emptiness

Matthew Holloway

My Heart Set Out

My heart set out
I feel lonely so often
Unable to interact with people
Estranged in a world
Too busy to consider
What lives exist
I feel ugly, rejected
Boring and a freak
Unwanted by a world
That fails to see
A kindness and love
A friendship
A passion unbound
A soul set different
From what is commonly known
Accepted and acknowledged
How is one to survive
In such an unwelcoming world
I am a poet, a writer
A lover of souls
I am alone lost, afraid

Matthew Holloway

The Wanting Heart

There is no satisfaction
For what the heart wants
A wasteful longing awaits
The impossible ending
That love never returned
Strains each nerve
Sinews severed
Not to be the rhetoric
Repeated ad nausea
Pain, heartbreak exists
Still the heart chases
Wants, desires that one soul
Sadly, never to be
There is no satisfaction
For what the heart wants
For wanting is a lonely endeavour

Matthew Holloway

Some Poem

And so my heart waits
For your love to be returned
I dream of your beauty
I dream of your kiss
I dream of holding you
Those late night conversations
That touch so meaningful
The longing, looking eye to eye
The beautiful moments
We share together
I await it all
With a hope inside
That I pray will never die

Matthew Holloway

A Morning Hope

I dream of waking beside you
Looking into your eyes
My hand brushing your hair
Our smiles meeting
A moment heart felt
A memory created, shared
Something simple, beautiful
Laying beside each other
In the beginning of a new day
A love speaks without words
A look meeting a look
A love greater than ever
If only tomorrow could be
As I have dreamed
Your beauty would then be
Beside me

Matthew Holloway

2020

Here we are at the end of another year
A year that never quite was
A year which tested our resolve
Yet we made it through
Survivors of twelve months
A virus and legislation
A testament to the human spirit
To keep going, onwards
Well here we are, end of year
Again, contemplating celebration
Though hesitant to do so
For all there is to cheer
Is the end of a dreadful year

Matthew Holloway

Love And Desire

Love and desire
Each poisoned chalice
Cuts the heart and soul
Deeper each time
Seeping into the soul
And to that elusive dream
That which will never be
I hope a poem may be writ
So at least something
May be kept

Matthew Holloway

That Obligatory Christmas Poem 2020

What words can describe
This year we have survived
The trials and the tests
And now we have the opportunity
To sit beside family and friends
And celebrate together
To laugh and share stories
Pull crackers, read bad jokes
Admire the lights and decorations
Its not about the presents
But the presence of those we love
So, a toast a toast to you all
Enjoy the seasons blessings
And hope for the new year ahead
Happy Christmas my friends

Matthew Holloway

Sound Of My Heart

I hear my heart
I hear its sound
How it calls your name
In the night
I do not sleep
Still I dream
Dreams of you
Love is haunting
And you are always here
Even in your absence
We are never apart my love
I hear you calling
I hear it in my heart
That sound I know
I hear my heart
And it is always calling
Calling you

Matthew Holloway

Curse Those Fates

There are words
I cannot express
Feelings I am at a loss
To explain to you
I fear my own heart
And how it feels for you
It may be my undoing
And still, I want it
I desire you more than ever
To share a life till death
There are words
I cannot express
Like waking beside you
And being held in your eyes
Just laying beside each other
Locked in a look
Time would be meaningless
Brushing your hair aside
Kissing your lips
Holding you close, tight to me
Feeling your heart beating
You are my truest love
My deepest desire
The lie to my dreams
The one who will never be

Matthew Holloway

The Fates And The Tapestry

It seems to be
That fates decided
Our love, shall never be
The broken promises of dreams
The sadness of a hope lost
Every what if, what could be
Remains a whispered prayer unanswered
For yours is a beauty everlasting
A beauty which holds me transfixed
A beauty of body and soul
Your nature, spirit is bountiful
Fulfilling of every request by a mortal
Hesitant I speak the word, perfect
My heart beats faster to your name
My soul dreams of laying beside you
Alas it may never to be
For the fates thought they be dammed
Have sewn their tapestry

Matthew Holloway

Open Letter To The Muse

To the muse
To the unknown love
The inspiration of my heart
The forlorn dream
That which will never be
I wish for you sweet joy
A happiness everlasting
A life I would love to gift
But will never be able
So from afar I shall admire
And find solace in such love
To pen poetry for you
That which you may never read
My sweet, my dear muse
I pray you never change
And always remain you

Matthew Holloway

If I Wrote A Poem For You

If I wrote a poem for you
Would you know it is in your name?
Would you know I were thinking of you?
That you walk inside my dreams
That my heart calls out to you
Or how I think of you with kindness
If I wrote you a poem
Littered with offers of love
What I ask, would you think
How I wonder, would you feel
Would it register to you?
Or would it pass you by
If I wrote you a poem
Put my thoughts into words
A flowering rose revealed
If I wrote you a poem
Would you know its in your name?
and what would you say

Matthew Holloway

Porcelain Queen

If I could brush your hair aside
To lose myself in your eyes
What a blessing that would be
If I could touch your fair skin
Soft and pure as it is
My heart would know sensation
If I could feel your hand in mine
Our fingers holding each other
How could I ever let go?
If I could feel your heart beating
And match its rhythm with my own
What a song would that be
If I could kiss your sweet lips
And be held in such an embrace
I would do for a thousand years or more

Matthew Holloway

Dreams Of Passion

Keep within a dream
And rise upon a higher plane
The place in which you belong
Eventually you shall find your way

-

Carry on being all you are
Rely on being you
You who shines so bright
Stirs my hearts affections
That which I have come to love
And which I fear
Will never know so well

-

Help me find myself
Escape this place
Lead me to
Eventual paradise
In which we may share
A common dream

-

I conceive that this
As foolish as it may be
Is honest in its intention
A dream within a dream
Honest statement
Despite quotation
It is you, only you

-

Let this be what it will
A realised or not dream
A kindness and gentle kiss
A hand through hair
Skin against skin

-

Love should always win

Matthew Holloway

She Who Is Unnamed Haiku

The dream which echoes
Within my heart and my soul
Calls her name her soul

Matthew Holloway

Survivor Of The Great War

Lain in the smoldering dirt
Among the ash and sulfur
Listening to the echo of cries
Boys lost among the ruins
The craters and the filth
Mother, mother they cry
I am lost, alone here
I fear I may never return home
To see those, I love the most
My brothers lay beside me
We are all alone, afraid
Here in what will soon be
Our unmarked grave
Those cries echo forever
In memories and dreams
A soldier remembers
His kin and kind
Those he lost, left behind
Sat in a garden
In England's promised land
I still hear the ghosts
Of those poor unfortunate damned

Matthew Holloway

The Unattainable Beauty

The unattainable beauty
That which far out reaches my hand
A near perfect dream realized
And yet never truly known
Always to be too distant
Always to be only looked upon
She calls me to speak such words
Of dedication and devotion
My heart aches and sings intwine
A dance of multitudes
The sonnet rises and falls
Nature beckons a beginning
Between the fallen moon
And the rising sun

Matthew Holloway

Haiku Heart

A perfect beauty
This earth bound angel destined
To Muse the poets verse

Matthew Holloway

K, E, H

The only truth is
I dream of you
How our lives could be
I dream of our kisses
Holding your hand
Looking in your eyes
It's a beautiful dream
But a dream it is only
Something perfect
Never to be
Except a poem or three

Matthew Holloway

A Poet Nothing More

This is who I are
A poet nothing more
A dreamer and lover
A worker to words
A heart beating
In a human soul
Eyes open to so much
Beauty, tragedy, love, loss
This is who I are
Defiant in some ways
Wanting to taste sweet love
Kind thoughts and a hand
That reaches out
To touch I knowing
This is who I are
A poet nothing more

Matthew Holloway

Sorry A Political Poem

Politics is a hated debate
The beginnings of an argument
The opening for the keyboard warriors
A voice for hatred and anger, war
A voice for sympathy and hope
Often sadly played by the rich
Who paid their way to the position
Of power which they wish to keep
The common man and woman
Become pawns in a vile game
Voices promising to be heard
Then forgotten with such ease
The few, the precious few
That stand up for what is right
Are often pushed aside
By the machine of industry
By the hand of the wealthy
Come the revolution
A truth shall be seen

Matthew Holloway

Beauty Betrays

Beauty betrays the eager heart
The purchase made
The lover sought
Beauty leads the heart astray
Yet when it leads to a smile
When holding that idea in thought
When it leads to poetry
I beg of it, beauty please betray me

Matthew Holloway

Silver Screen

The girl with the movie star look
That cult classic so many love
That special act which draws you in
Those lips, eyes, body, that ass
You would kill for a sequel
And know none could ever match
So you replay that dream
Every line, every scene,
That girl with the movie star look
Ode to the directors cut

Matthew Holloway

Insomnia Strikes

Insomnia strikes again
Unlike lightning it hits multiple times
Leaving the woken soul
Staring up into the dark
Where thoughts stir into a soup
Of people, places and events
Of making love, fighting and escape
The clockface cursed at every interval
It happens to be looked upon
You hope for that brilliant thought
To strike you in those unfriendly hours
That thought to change it all
It never comes though
Only the morning seems to follow

Matthew Holloway

After A Particular Sad Poem

It was not my wish to make you cry
I never wanted to hurt your soul
Or break your heart no not that
But I wrote that verse which touched you
I should burn them, curse each word
Beauty and tragedy, love and pain
Two opposites facing each other
And yet just the same
Pure, rough emotion unfolding
Into a poem, hope you like this one

Matthew Holloway

Tonight Is Not The Night

To hold someone
And be held
To feel that touch
Feel that warmth
That heartbeat
Gentle breath
A hair's caress
Arms in arms
Loving and kind
For it only to be
To hold someone
And escape this
Solitary

Matthew Holloway

Coffee Or Wine

A coffee a glass of wine
A conversation about nothing
A time spent together
Nothings wasted
In those little details
It can mean a lot
Your time given
A coffee a glass of wine
A conversation about nothing
Everything means something

Matthew Holloway

Coin Toss

A coin spins
In the air almost endless
Every possibility
That could befall you
Every option open
Nothing closed to chance
What could be tomorrow
Next week, month, year
The fall of a coin may not decide
Only you can do that
With an open mind

Matthew Holloway

Drunken Love

I love you
I'm smitten
Beset by your beauty
You could own me
By a single word
I wish to share a life
With you
My hand is open
Waiting for you

Matthew Holloway

We May Never Be

To the beauty I may never hold
To those eyes and lips
I may never call my own
To those hands I may never hold
I will never let go
Never surrender
We belong on the beaches
On the fields
Looking up at the skies
Dreaming those dreams
That we both should own

Matthew Holloway

Late Night Posing

My idols

My inspiration

Poets in the number

Bukowski Keats Shelly

Plath Sexton Thomas

Neruda and others

Words lyrically touch

My mind

Matthew Holloway

A Short Essay

To those who do not know
Or fears the lies of poetry
It is something bright, beautiful
I read and listen to verses
And find my soul touched
Forget the rules and demands
Of a sonnet or haiku
Let language flow
From a I miss you
To I love you
Words are a beautiful fruit
Sweet upon our lips
And poetry is its basket
A summer harvest
Gift your heart like mine
To that as yet unwritten line
To poetry, poetry, is beauty

Matthew Holloway

Our Unsung Song

There is something
I may never write
My true hearts confession
Or a final dedication
We are all torn and tested
We are all tired and worn
Time leaves us always waiting
Time leaves us alone
May I pen those words
Even once just to know
How and who I love
What a verse could sing
To the heavens, angels
And every dream
I doubt such lines shall be
This world beckons
The wanting to be

Matthew Holloway

Liverpool Fc

Corner taken quickly
Origi
Football commentary
Pure poetry
The impact, the passion
That moment
Always etched in the heart
That beautiful instant
I'm a kopite, always will be
Whatever the storm
Never to walk alone
To the rivals I know
The football family is strong
Love the game, the team
Grasp every memory
But we are Liverpool
Passion and beauty
Loyalty to family
Not just a club
But a legacy

Matthew Holloway

Closing Credits Roll

That scene
Before the closing credits
Where the hero wins
Where the lovers unite
And that music plays
A fantasy we all chase
The wanting and the willing
Stories never play out like that
No, that scene never happens
To the average souls
All hoping for the sequel
To bring it home
Before the credits roll

Matthew Holloway

Addiction

Addiction

Pains and pleasures

Holds no rational

Be it drugs

The bottle

Of the love of another

Thoughts, feelings

All an impossible mess

The beauty and the battle

The war of attrition

To the end, to the end

Addiction

Beholds no comprehension

Offers no reason

Just the chemical imbalance

That way of mind

That wicked reward

Matthew Holloway

A Truth Revealed

The truth is known
You never loved me
Now unblinded from history
Its been lain, written clear
Never a priority
Only a second or third thought
Yes, you never loved me
Just put on the pretence, the act
Here is your academy award
The rapturous applause
The lying actress
You
I see it now
Its known
And it hurts
I believed in a lie
It was beautiful once
Goodbye

Matthew Holloway

Losing Myself

I try each night
Sometimes in day also
To lose myself
To find either freedom
Or a numbness
To not feel or think
Alcohol helps me there
Perhaps it's the wrong kind of help
But it works for now
Losing myself for a while
Maybe one day I will lose
Myself permanently
We can only hope
Even when hope is lost

Matthew Holloway

If Only

You are beautiful
In every asset of being
Your beauty inspires me
My heart aches away from you
Pain and love are common
To be with you
That dream
Always elusive
That such beauty eludes
Is it poetry
Or beauty

Matthew Holloway

To Her

I'll always love you
You will always be in my heart
Companions of a kind
Lives bound together
By a distant dream
That separates reality
Sometimes never to be
But I love you
Always you are special
To me

Matthew Holloway

Just A Thought

Poetry, poetry, poetry
Is everywhere
In every feeling
Every song
Its unescapable
It's in you and I
Our conversations
Love, rage, anger
Everything
It's here and there
Poetry, poetry, poetry
I will always love you

Matthew Holloway

Sweet Offering

Your beauty
Makes me smile
Inspires words
And offers sweet solace
Your beauty
Is found in dreams
This is heartfelt
A dedication
To the sweetest of all
A verse belongs
To you and you alone
Thank you
For being you

Matthew Holloway

Early Hours

In the early hours of the day
I wake and whisper your name
I dream a little you and I
And wonder what could be
If we both played to chance
And met as lovers
You are something beyond
All definitions of beauty
A bride becoming
While the world sleeps
I dream of you

Matthew Holloway

Once Day

A lottery win

Train and plane tickets bought

Plans made to explore

A world awaits

The beauty of it all

Matthew Holloway

Km

You are beautiful
Almost art like
An embodiment
To perfection
My hearts is yours
My soul as well
You are beautiful

Matthew Holloway

Closing Credits

End scene of a movie
The camera pans out
And the music plays
Its almost surreal
Almost beautiful
In the tragedy
That's displayed
Some weep others cheer
I guess your point of view
Depends on a history
End scene of a movie
Dances with reality

Matthew Holloway

Flames

Let it burn
The whole world
And all that's in it
Let them burn
The sinners and integrates
The haters and such
The wealthy and the poor
Those who only criticise
Pour fuel on the fire
Save nothing
Accept the arts
Only they are worth saving
And in the end
Expletive censored
Let them burn

Matthew Holloway

Off Note

The piano plays something
Melancholy yet beautiful
And I think of you in such a way
Sadly beautiful what a phrase
It could be on T Shirts
And other merchandise
How you make me feel
How music touches the soul
And here we are
Amongst it all playing our roles
Writing slogans for T Shirts
Finding thoughts for sale
What a life we could share
Copywrite permitting
The piano music plays on
Into the evening

Matthew Holloway

Station

The noise of those people
Strangers upon the platform
All beginnings happen here
Some endings as well
Trains roll in and out
Stories being told
Its part of the journey
The best of it
Watching the world
The sound and the scent
All that's best and bright
Follows the next line

Matthew Holloway

What Do I Need To Do

What do I need to do
To win your heart
To hold your hand
To lay next to you
To feel your breath
On my neck
Is it possible
For us to be lovers
For us to share a life
What do I need to do

Matthew Holloway

Only You

a memory fading
a life, oh what could have been
only poetry gave it meaning
only words made it feel
your beauty stands
a testament to my heart
that I felt, that I feel
all that could have been
a memory, a dream
you are there, always
never fading
always perfect

Matthew Holloway

Look At The Flowers

a romantic gesture
sits unwanted
a bunch of flowers
decaying, unappreciated
an offering wasted
no thought purchased
no emotion stirred
just nothing
a wasteful endeavour
a thought once made
flowers once purchased
dying together
upon a park bench

Matthew Holloway

Travel Writer

A travel writer
A journeyman
A poet in motion
What a life it could be
To travel and discover
New places and cultures
New sights and scenes
To pen books after book
On the experience found
A life in constant transition
A writer blessed by experience
What a life that could be
The journey and the discovery
The beauty of it all
Paris, Venice, Norwegian fjords
A page turning quote
I wish it could be
My own story

Matthew Holloway

Liverpool

I miss her
My city
My soulmate
The docks
The bars
The people
The sights
And the sounds
The air from the river
To roll in again
As a train pulls in
If you know the view
You know
Walls rising upwards
This city, my city
Always inspiring
I love and miss her
But she is always with me
My city, my home
Bound to my heart

Matthew Holloway

Sweet Friend

I dream of you my sweet friend
A love dictates these words
Odes and verse play out for you
A sonnet beckons
That unspoken truth
That secret from the world
That few if any may know
My heart is yours and yours alone
Waiting to be claimed
My dear sweet friend
I dream of you
And hope beyond all hope
That such dreams I hold
May become known

Matthew Holloway

Elemental Love

Lost in my element
In verse and prose
In lyric and song
I am here where i
Belong
A love of words
And a kin to another
So to the muse
My beauteous one
I am away, captive
Into your heart
I beg for love
A poet in his element
A slave to love

Matthew Holloway

To You

I love you
Dream of you
And feel you in my heart
I wish for you
All that is good
And desire you
In all your perfection
That everything you are
Only makes me
Love you more
My sweet, my kind
My special one
I gift you my life
My heart and soul
I kneel undone

Matthew Holloway

The Devout Heart

The devout heart
Is present, loving
Wanting, caring
Honest and truthful
The devout heart is beautiful
The devout heart is giving
And wanting always
To feel and be felt
Without agenda or demands
Without prior thought
The devout heart is alive
And true in being
Answers only to love
And all its creation

Matthew Holloway

Covid19

Were in a year that never began
Days, weeks and months
Seemingly stolen away
Rules and laws brought in
That we all must follow
Some are easy, others hard
To wear a mask, maintain a distance
No closeness allowed
No handshakes or hugs
Kept apart, from humanity
Our nature restrained
Still, still we must all persevere
Play to the new world
Its rules and demands
And when the new year begins
Finally, we will join together
In celebration
And every sacrifice made
Shall be redeemed
We struggled and suffered as one
As such we shall celebrate as one
So come the morning, the dawn
That we have survived the storm

Matthew Holloway

Fingertips

To take your hand
To win your heart
To kiss your lips
And know your love
To hold you close
Tight in my arms
To feel safe, secure
To feel loved
All I could do
All I'm willing to
For you and you alone
Your hand
Could begin it all
A lifetime awaits
Reach out and find
A waiting hand
Wanting to be held
Wanting to clasp
And find a love
And find a love

Matthew Holloway

What Good

What good is it

Love

A word which causes despair

What good is it

Love

An endless ambition

Escaping your reach

What good is it

Love

That hope and promise

You cling close to

What good is it

Love

Again and again I question

What good are you

Love

What do you serve

Matthew Holloway

Open Letter

To every girl I've loved
I apologise for being me
And wish I could have been better
I wish I could have fulfilled you
Wish I could have done more
I regret not fighting that fight
To win and protect your heart
I still wish you to know
That my heart is yours
For the taking
To every girl I've ever loved
I'm sorry for each mistake
And the thought of saying goodbye
Is too much to take

Matthew Holloway

Kate

She is beautiful
A dancer extraordinaire
A perfect dose of beauty
To inspire dreams
She is special
A soul destined to run
To the highest climes
And the greatest heights
Of all that can be imagined
She is the beauty
Of a winters morning
A motionless moment
Perfect

Matthew Holloway

I See You

I gift you my heart
My soul and life
I gift you my all
The future unknown
I gift you this
All that I am
I gift you that
Which I hope and pray
You will keep
And not return
Upon opening hours
The next day

Matthew Holloway

Night Fall

I'm done with this act
I don't wish to play no more
I'm done with the pretence
Everything is ok
I'm hurting daily that's a truth
Loneliness is a bitch
And silence a curse
I want nothing more
Than a dream to come true
A happy ending though
To Disney to be believed
And so it goes to the end
Some fall alone
Goodnight my friend

Matthew Holloway

Night Wishes

Each night passes the same
Alone and without conversation
A loneliness becoming
A solitude pains
What call hope
What call belief
What of that dream
That's held in possibility
And dare I wish
Of the one I know
To be felled
To fall to me

Matthew Holloway

On Time

Time is not our friend
But an eternal foe
The unending battle
The endless duel
Where which clashes together
The joy and the sorrow
The laughter and silence
Is answered
Not always desired
Nor a wanted response
Time is never a friend
But a ghost of chance

Matthew Holloway

I Wish You Here

I wish you here
Amongst my arms
In the loneliness of the night
I wish you here
With all your joy
To lighten up my heart
I wish you here
To lighten up my eyes
With the look only you can give
I wish you here
To hold and be held by
I wish you here
To be in my arms
And for my heart
I wish you near

Matthew Holloway

Remember This One Day

The spring is long forgotten
The summer a fading memory
The falling leaves and slow decay
The barren world becoming seen
The emptiness envelopes all
To show a naked nothingness
Gone the beauty and color
Gone the scent and light
Where found now may be
The muse to etch each word
A heart begs for beauty
Let not fall these words
An autumnal epitaph
But open to something
Beautiful

Matthew Holloway

Seasonal Emotion

The spring is long forgotten
The summer a fading memory
The falling leaves and slow decay
The barren world becoming seen
The emptiness envelopes all
To show a naked nothingness
Gone the beauty and colour
Gone the scent and light
Where found now may be
The muse to etch each word
A heart begs for beauty
Let not fall these words
An autumnal epitaph
But open to something
Beautiful

Matthew Holloway

Eclipse

My thoughts eclipse
Each and every day
The thoughts of you alone
Bring me to smile a little
Thoughts of you and I
Together, our kiss
Almost plays like a sonnet
A beautiful masterpiece
A perfect escape
From the reality
Of you not being here
Not being within my arms
Its better to dream
To imagine a life
To be lost in thoughts
Where you and I
Are together, in love
Only in the eclipse
Do I find that magical word
It

Matthew Holloway

Do Not Love Me

Please

Do not love me

Do not waste your feelings

I will only lead you to despair

Break your heart

I don't want you to hurt

Be this my last act of kindness

Of a distraction

Please do not

Love me

Or desire my time

My company

Do not

Love me

Want me

I wouldn't know

What to do

With such

Affection

Shown to a heart

Which loves like I do

Please

Do not love me

Matthew Holloway

Expression Of A Heart

My heart is kind
And my mind not so
I can be cruel, offensive
Though I can be loving
To my own short comings
I may give more than I take
There is a cocktail of contradiction
A passion towards creation
Those little aspects of life
A smile, those eyes, a phrase
A happen stance to fall in love
To desire and be desired
My heart beats a pulse
It has its own song I guess
I await the one to make such a song
The most perfect duet

Matthew Holloway

Not A Poem As Such

To the muses and the artists a heartfelt embrace to the beauty of creativity that would not be without you, you are special, important and well loved, the inspired need the inspiration and as such we find the beauty of all art, music, poetry, literature. life and beauty begins all creation

Matthew Holloway

Dark Nights

Nights draw in dark
As do my thoughts
Dampened by rain filled days
That seem endless

-

The silence of the night
Stirs thoughts in my mind
A still unease settles
Late in the early hours

-

A light to my soul
The moon a beacon
Guiding thoughts of dreams
Nightmares to be explored or even explained

-

Guiding light almost angelic
Eases heart, eases soul
A comforting touch found
In such illumination

Matthew Holloway

A Dream Persists

A dream persists
In a foolish hope
Of ever being
Blinding the rational
Leading the fanciful
In the dance of a fool
To a song of the heart

Matthew Holloway

D

The silhouette cuts
Into the mind inspiring
A dancers beauty

Matthew Holloway

In The Thoughts Of You

The is a something found
In the thoughts of you
The light of your smile
Bringing joy to my soul
Those beautiful eyes
I often become lost within
The way you are, your nature
Kind, funny and loving
The is something found
In the thoughts of you
Which makes me smile
As though delirious
Your voice and words
The is something found
In the thoughts of you

Matthew Holloway

K

You are beautiful
In every asset of you
And so my heart sings

Matthew Holloway

A Verse To The Muse

To the muse
Wonderous inspiration
Artful queen
A perfect beauty
An ode to creation
A shadow in verse
A love unbowed
To the glorious
And the great
To the muse
I thank you
For my salvation

Matthew Holloway

Porcelain Angel

Porcelain angel
A living Aphrodite
A Mona Lisa
A muse to each verse
Someone special
Drifting from a dream
Into a world imperfect
Making it better
Beautiful
Porcelain angel
A starlit soul

Matthew Holloway

Game Of Chance

the roulette wheel spins
all eyes look upon it
waiting to see where life falls
the games of chance
the endeavor of fate
what will be is nothing but
kismet, happen chance
that which is to be
the spin of the wheel
excites and teases the soul
and the rising steaks of life
climb higher and higher
dare we quit, cash in
call our lot as final
or risk it all, everything
on what may be

Matthew Holloway

The Truth Of The Heart

The truth of the heart
Is the whisper of a dream
Is a kindness undying
Is a hope never ending
The truth of the heart
Is looking upon beauty
Finding something beautiful
And feeling that touch to the soul
Warm and tender, a kindness
The truth of the heart
Is never knowing
And yet still believing
In the possibilities
Of the days ahead
The truth of the heart
Honest and steadfast
Whispers your name

Matthew Holloway

To The Girl With The Beautiful Eyes

To the girl with the beautiful eyes
There is a beauty unbound within you
A muse to my poetic verse
A song inside the silence
Something special as yet unearthed
I see a warmth and loving soul
I see a kindness and joy
I see a friend and more beyond
I see a love that stirs in dreams
I see in your eyes my sweet
Something special, inspiring
So I offer this verse to you
With love and a kindness
To the girl with the beautiful eyes
My heart belongs to you

Matthew Holloway

That Unrequited Deal

Love that unrequited deal
That poetic inspiration
And beautiful tragedy
That which courts dreams and thoughts
That living tapestry
The joy and the sorrow
The beauty and the beast
What ails thy fine soul
But a hearts calling unanswered
A dream left lingering
In the nothingness of the day
How beauteous how kind
The song which the heart sings
On the mention of a name
On the thought of a soul
Love that unrequited deal
Is so imperfectly beautiful

Matthew Holloway

In The Sleepless Night

In the sleepless night
I hold a pillow against my chest
And whisper your name
I picture us together
Our first kiss as lovers
Flesh upon flesh pressing
A passion becoming realised
A dream is all it is
Cotton replaces flesh
And air to my lips
I roll away with a tear in my eye
In the sleepless night
I wish only to be at your side

Matthew Holloway

To A Nameless Girl

You crept silently into my dreams
Like a shadow unseen
You made a home in my heart
One which you would never see
You saw my last smile
Before it disappeared
How wonderfully cruel of you
To be so beautiful

Matthew Holloway

I Lost A Smile

A broken heart lost
A smile long lost forgotten
This is where I am

Matthew Holloway

On Loneliness

It's a slow painful existence
Full of sleepless nights
And intoxicated hours
Trying to numb that feeling
Trying to forget every rejection
Trying to not be yourself
Escape from the reality
You have become mired in
The company of a friend
Or family member
Is never the same
As being held in that way
You are beginning to forget
Loneliness consumes the soul
And kills the heart eventually
And somehow, someday
You just try to exist
Until tomorrow

Matthew Holloway

Broken Mirror

The reflection shattered
Smile lost
Sense of self, likewise
The picture, life, broken
Hope, faith all in little shards
Pieces of a life fallen
To the floor
A broken mirror
A broken soul
A smile lost
A sense of self, forgotten

Matthew Holloway

Dream Intruder

How it came to this
An infiltration of dreams, thoughts
A persistent idea
Of you, you and I together
Romance and desire
The carnal nature of life
It overwhelms me sometimes
It's beauty, your beauty
So almost perfectly art like
You disturb me greatly
And here I am now writing
An ode to you
My unspoken love

Matthew Holloway

Poets Song

And so the poets sing
Of passion, love and desire
And so the song is heard
By all who are willing to listen
The heart is a delightful pen
Awaiting the muse to write
And so it goes once more
The poets song plays
To beauty, love and you

Matthew Holloway

This Night

Here we are this night
Filled with a contradiction
You are present in my thoughts
I think I may love you
What is this passion
A passing affection
Or a lasting emotion
I see you holding my child
So beautiful and wholesome
It breaks my heart
I weep in silence
This is what beauty means
What makes memories

Matthew Holloway

Forever Untitled

No woman will touch me
Like those who I have read
Sexton, Plath, Rossetti
Whose words echo in dreams
Whose words teach life lessons
They who have taught me
To know of life and living
To know of suffering
That pain and loss are worthwhile
And love is overrated
To hurt is a joy, valid inspiration
We are but writers
A concept of creation

Matthew Holloway

The Game

The games we play
Appear strange and unnecessary
Wasteful and of little consequence
There is no reward offered
No great prize to claim
And yet we still play
Like addicts carrying on
The game continues

Matthew Holloway

There You Are

And there you are
Full beautiful
A real heartbreaker
A dancer in my dreams
Player upon this stage
Touching all and everything
You are that storm raging
Inside of my soul
Inside of my world
You consume and own it
I write to you, for you
Dear muse, dear beauty
For you I pen words of love
Words of sweet devotion
And words of wild desire
And there you are my love
And there you are

Matthew Holloway

A Drunk Love Poem

I would hold your heart
Tender in my hands
Nurture your soul
In my loving care
I would embrace you
When you are in need
And remain there
As each storm passes
I would love you
And never tire
I would gift my strength
My every breath to you
If I thought you needed it
I would and will, always
Love you in this way
I offer you my heart
Till my dying day

Matthew Holloway

No Affiliation

Sports is a religion
I am family ordained
Music, art and poetry
Is an addiction
I have my particular tastes
Political leanings
I hold no affiliation
Due to the lack of decency
The loss of trust
All those parasites exist
To feather their own nests
Red, blue, yellow or green
Whatever flower, satchet
Badge or crest they raise
I don't trust a single one
Or view some as weak inept
Unable to make an impact
And so it continues
The little carousel
The elite parties play the game
Keeping the masses apart
Lining their own pockets
So ask me now while despondent
Why I hold no affiliation

Matthew Holloway

The World Is Not A Good Place

The world is not a good place
And people are not as kind anymore
As perhaps they used to be
There are too many weaponised words
Used in political, social, art and sporting worlds
Worlds that have become battlegrounds
Filled with embittered folk spiteful and vile
They turn on all who do not follow their doctrine
Demand elections and votes be rerun
Until the result suit their manifesto
They insult and pour hatred on others
They question the intelligence of all who
Dare to go against that status quo set out
To praise a politician, celebrity or sports person
Got to maintain political correctness
Could be reason enough to draw hatred
The world is not a good place
We are guilty until proven otherwise
Yet still tainted forever by a few
No smoke without fire
Remember how we used to test witches
In this age it should be easier
To get along and respect another's opinion

Matthew Holloway

The Space You Should Hold

At night I fail in all attempts
To sleep and find peace in my soul
Insomnia it has been called
I have drowned it in wine and whisky
I have tried to subdue it at every turn
Yet it persists and continues
Sobriety is an unwelcome evil
And there at the route of everything
The answer stands screaming
In reverbs of my spirit
You, you are missing
The space beside me is a void
A nothingness I despise
I pray and await you to be known
In the space you should hold

Matthew Holloway

Drunken Thoughts On Love

And so to love
How do talk about this word
What can be said that already
Has yet to be spoken about
How can we express emotion
How can we describe desire and lust
The fire burning inside and the lost nights
Where we lay awake thinking over possible dreams
Playing out movie scenes in a cinematic collection
Of what love and passion could be
Making something far too perfect
Than can ever be real
Is it love I ask of no consequence
For the answer means little
Unless the frail human hearts
Are revealed

Matthew Holloway

Thoughts On Living

Were we to unite our hearts
We could paint a tapestry
Into the future that awaits us
Creating memories that one day
We could both look back upon
Together huddled on an old chair
Perhaps beside a fire while the dog sleeps
At our feet and we listen to music
Songs from our time together
Songs from the years now past
More memories, stories we share
And the photos, the photos
We laugh and joke about them
The events of each day
The little stories they hold
It's a beautiful thought to remember
One day far, far from now
And who is ever to say
What will or will not be
If we unite our hearts together
Life is a story still being written
We should not be afraid
Of what is unknown

Matthew Holloway

The Mizzogs

It's a sad state of affairs
When you see the ugliness of a soul
The bitterness, that twisted attention
Drawn into the unimportant details
The busybodies that interfere
In the day to day routines of life
Seeming to believe they have the right
To insert their say into everything
Their faces snarled and miserable
Waiting to poison another's day
All for the false pleasure of being right
So often they are not right at all
Just over opinionated, vile creatures
And still they exist, day by day
We meet them, avoid them
Look upon them with disgust
And hope we never become them
It's a sad state of affairs
We all have to live in

Matthew Holloway

The Lady Upon The Lawn

And there we lay
Side by side beneath the sun
Both semi naked, skin glowing
We laughed and talked, laughed some more
She looked beyond beautiful
A true goddess, ageless near perfect
And there was a I some ordinary guy
A mortal beside this living dream
Like I have won the lottery
Cashed in big on all three wishes
And we lay there on the grass
A gentle wind kissing our skin
It became one of the moments
Waiting to be a timeless memory
I told her she was living poetry
A muse to all words and possibilities
She turned to look at me, smiled
I was lost in her, eyes, lips, soul
We kissed, gently, lovingly
I felt a passion stir from the depths
Lifting me to a higher existence
And then I awoke alone, in a room
With a half empty wine bottle beside me
It was a beautiful dream I thought
And drank a sip in toast to it
Hoping sleep would return

Matthew Holloway

Falling For You Bad Reality

I fell for your reality
No lie no false personality
I fell for you, a beautiful soul
I fell for you a friend beyond all
And now my heart sings a song
A song I have never heard before
I guess it is your song
I guess it is your chemical reaction
In the air I breathe
I guess its all about you
My verse my poetry
My love and desire
In falling for you
Perhaps I have found
A better me

Matthew Holloway

Sounds Like Tears

Can you hear it
A sound too familiar
It breaks the fighting
It ends the silence
Can we stop this cycle
Get back to loving

-

I hear it now
Can you hear it also
The sound of tears
It shouldn't be us
We should be lovers

-

Those memories we made together
Feel like they are failing
The hurt I am feeling
Has my heart and soul falling

-

I hear it now
Can you hear it also
The sound of tears
It shouldn't be us
We should be lovers

-

Can we not fix this
Get back to what we used to be
Happy and joyful
Building a life just for us

-

I hear it now
Can you hear it also
The sound of tears
It shouldn't be us
We should be lovers

-

Lets end it now
One way or the other
Silence the tears

The Madness Of It All

And there it goes
The madness of it all
The art and the creative process
The making of something
From the ether of the air
A creation of thought or emotion
Taking so much from it's creator
That the viewer or reader
Does not know nor care
It's just a thing sitting there
A piece of someone else
Left to be viewed
And judged
When the heart and soul
Is poured into so much
For so little reward
How can it not be called
A madness
And yet we do it still
Create and publish
And there it goes
The madness of it all

Matthew Holloway

The Lie Of It All

Falling in love
Is supposed to be magical
Like a scene from a movie
An almost perfect union
Of two souls connecting
In an unbridled bliss
The lie of it all
Love is anything but a scene
A complication found
Love is an uneasy path
Often one sided
That's where it hurts
Where the inspiration
And forlorn dreams reside
Love can be a fallacy
A false destiny
Something never to be
Yet on the movie screen
We see it there
The lie of it all

Matthew Holloway

The Space Beside

The night is late
And the room quiet
I lay alone in thoughts
Alone once more
Wishing you were here
Filling the space beside me
Wishing I could lay holding you
Our hands holding each other
Your scent intoxicating
Your warmth healing my heart
From this emptiness I know
From these quiet lonesome nights
And I ask for nothing but you
Your company, your love
And would give my heart fully
To find you there beside me
Alas this night it but a wasteful dream
And you, you are not to be
Found in the space beside me

Matthew Holloway

Toxic

There is a toxicity
To this world
A poison in each key stroke
A social media virus
Filled with bile and hatred
A nasty unpleasant thing
Too many waiting to attack
The slightest fall from grace
The slightest mistake
Or opinion which doesn't suit
The current sway of momentum
The hidden figures lurk
Behind their screens twitching
Ready to attack without mercy
Becoming doctors, scientists
And political philosophers
The toxic swell flows
And it chokes me
It chokes freedom
And debate
And all free thought

Matthew Holloway

On Free Love

What a love could be
I dare to dream to imagine
A life shared between you and I
How perfect and beautiful
It could possibly be
I dare to dream and imagine
All such possibility
What a love could be
If all souls were free

Matthew Holloway

Concept Thoughts

I have not thought of romance
In a serious capacity for a while
My heart has been deflated, broken
Drawn into un-favouring thoughts
That lust, desire the wish of the flesh
The distraction of the bottle
The want and wishes and desires
Play out in a kaleidoscope of thought
A passing mix of all and everything
Twisting and turning and playing
To those last thoughts before sleep
Which manifest dreams
Romance and love, are you there?
Are you a genuine concept?
Or a wasteful thought I play upon

Matthew Holloway

Upon Olympus

Standing on Olympus
And crying at the world
Tears of despair
At a world which
Does not see
And does not hear
Which does not learn
And appear unwilling to
Which passes through motions
Of perceived politeness
Looking down from Olympus
At the lie of it all spread out
The false politeness
The deceitful praise
How it saddens me such
To see a world deceitful
Upon an imaginary porch

Matthew Holloway

Poetical Admission

Bound by this
These words
Speaking to me
Aching to be written
I am a poet
Nothing more
I feel and express
I love and weep
I shout and roar
I scream and stand silent
I am thoughtful
And yet offhand
I am the sum
Of a chaotic mind
An addict of verse
Of expression
An extrovert of such
An actor upon this stage
Of life, I bow before
I am bound by this
By blood and soul

Matthew Holloway

A Humble Dream

To awake beside you
To brush your hair aside
And lay a kiss upon your shoulder
To feel the warmth of your body
And hold it close to my own
To run my fingers through yours
And clasp them together
To lay still and silent as one
For a while, a moment held
To be thought of another day
To share that space and time
With you and you alone my love
My love dare I say such words
And reveal my heart as such
To awake beside you my sweet
To hold you as close as I can
Is it a dream so farfetched?
That it must humble me
To surrender such dreams

Matthew Holloway

Social Media Political Warfare

To war, to war we must march
For others dare to defy our opinions
Our viewpoints of political debate
Why should we discuss when we can teach
Those uneducated, poorly informed masses
Who go against our policy of government
Those fools, cowards, lefty, right wing
Those middle ground, hard line snowflakes
Those who defy our publications
With questions that should be shouted down
This belief and this belief alone is all
And everything all should follow
To be a part of this wonderful free world
That gift of the right to vote
Must be used in its rightful manner
And we alone shall decide what that must be
We the better educated, higher moral standing
Citizens of this free world declare
That free speech must live and thrive
In a doctorate of our own liking
Opinion is not a requirement
And the social media battleground
Shall be won no matter the posts
The repetition of ideology
For this is a war of attrition
To which all must submit

Matthew Holloway

An Offhand Love Poem

I wait each night
To hear your voice
To read your words
To know you are well
In hope you think of me
I wait each night
With quiet longing
Silently calling in my heart
I hope you are well
In good humour and health
I like to think of you
Smiling and laughing
The way that you do
The way that lights up a room
In a less cliched way, than I sound
In saying all such things
It is the waiting I guess
Which pains my heart at times
Though I do not cry
Yet still feel saddened by it
In the quiet of the room
I sit or lay, sometimes pace
The floor, thinking thoughts
Of you, so pure and beautiful
I wait each night
To be thought of by you

Matthew Holloway

A Pondering

Are these such words read
The message taken in, heard
Or politely clapped

Matthew Holloway

A Little Strange

A little strange
A touch peculiar
Not quite fitting in
A sense of humour
Or of interests
That is often not considered
Normal, whatever that is
Who decides such things?
The gleaming masses
Who pride themselves
On being part of that group
Being considered by so many
To be normal, fitting well into society
It is better to be strange
To not fit in
To be an individual
Standing out
In a room full of sheep

Matthew Holloway

The Seal

Writers block
Procrastination
A distraction to anything
Other than that which calls
A wax covering very official
Seems to bury all such thought
Yet like a river of thought
A build of idealism
Gathers and grows
Weighing heavy upon it
The seal of expression
Writers block
Procrastination
Breaks free in a flood

Matthew Holloway

No Living Here

I'll make no living here
At a typewriter or laptop
With the notebooks and scraps
Of paper in draws and on tables
Retiring to be a writer, the dream
I'll make no headway no escape
I'll make no living here
Placing text upon pictures
And video recitals
Working through the night
On line upon line of verse
Drinking copious amounts of whatever
Searching through my heart, soul, mind
To pen those words once more
I'll make no living here
I no longer have the youth
I don't have that sex appeal
The celebrity to sell books
Yet I will continue to write
To express my thoughts, feelings
Always in the knowledge
That I'll make no living here

Matthew Holloway

Late Night Thoughts On Poetry

Poetry is not an equation
There is no rule or rationalization
Poetry is an expression of life
Be it any emotion known to us
Be it any memory good or bad
Poetry is just that, it is life
It is living and dying and crying
It is the best and the worst of love
Of nature and art and music
Poetry is a living breathing thing
It is so much more that can be reasoned
It is free of all the lies and games
Free of the corruption of humanity
Poetry is something more
As is music and art and love
I may be drunk on this subject
I may well be high upon it
And there lies its true beauty
The power to overwhelm you

Matthew Holloway

A Dreamer A Poet

I was born a dreamer
I shall die a poet
There is little difference
Little change to be found
One is a hope for life
The other an expression of it
Hope, love, dreams, despair
Every facet of the human experience
Be it real or simply thought of
It is present in thought
And it is in the soul
A dream and a poem
Are well entwined

Matthew Holloway

Before I Dream My Love

To the night, to the night my love
A place where we can dream
Where the poetry of passion
The music of it all is revealed
Where we can lay within a hand
Touching however far apart we may be
Our hearts calling, calling to be tied
Unto one another for all eternity
Blessed are all such dream my love
And it is within them I shall know
Our love as I wish it to be

Matthew Holloway

A Fool Wishes

My heart is in pain
It weeps in such silence
That I mask with laughter
I mask with words of jovial echo
Though it comes to haunt me
In the lonesome hours
I have come to despair of
The laughter ends
And the smile falls
For heartbreak is present
Though a fool wishes
None to know

Matthew Holloway

I Should Be Writing

I should be tired of writing
About love and a wonderful life
About great romance and adventure
I should feel the rage and bitterness
That burns within my soul
The anger at the world
And all its stupidity
I should drown pages of verse
I whisky and the obscene
In foul language and metaphor
In discontent and violence
Only those words are not coming
They are not speaking to me
I feel anger and rage and thunder
But not those words, not those words
So I write as it comes, when it does
And what it is, it is just that

Matthew Holloway

Hatred - Haiku

Hatred is a blade
That you turn upon yourself
And drive in your heart

Matthew Holloway

A Dream Of You And I

I dreamt of you
Of in truth I dreamt of us
We were walking in the rain
Our clothes were all sodden
The day if I remember well
Had begun with sun and blue sky
We walked for hours along a river
In light clothes and a picnic in hand
Returning to the now, it rained
And we ran and ran and ran
Breathless we hid beneath a tree
We were laughing it was beautiful
You were beautiful, more so
Those wide eyes looked out
A drop of rain clung to your lip
My heart raced and stopped
And raced once more
Taking your hands, I kissed it away
That one perfect rain drop
And then there was nothing
Just us alone, as it should be
We walked home in the rain
Talking, laughing, falling in love
A deeper love than before
I dreamt of you
I dreamt of us

Matthew Holloway

Life's Journey

Upon this, life's journey
We will find friends and loves
Long lasting memories
And perhaps a wild romance
We will feel the wind and the rain
Nurture our natures
Shaping who we are and will be
With every experience
Both joyful and sorrowful
A lesson remains to be learnt
And so, to tomorrow
And what it may bring
I go happily, blind not knowing
Nor do I wish to, no
I will not give name or expectation
I will not chain with words
That which is to come
I await and am willing to embrace it
Be it joyous or sad
For it is another part
Of this life's journey

Matthew Holloway

The Unsighted

I never saw this
As a realistic option
A true choice of life
A viable ambition
Yet desire is strong and real
Forever finding a way
In the unsuspecting hours
When the world seems at rest
What wild, wild tempest calls
It is there as real as I
As real as every breath
Truth exists and yes
The dreams persist
To love and desire
You and you alone
I never believed it could be
Ode to the fool that is me

Matthew Holloway

Mornings Hour

In the mornings hour
Amid the dew and quiet
I walk open hearted
In the freshness of a new day
I bare witness to it
A soul naked, vulnerable
No longer afraid
Wanting to live and love
Wanting to feel alive
In the mornings hour
I find myself here, there
In thought and in prayer
In the mornings hour
Amid the dew and bird song
I await the rising sun
The beginning of a new day

Matthew Holloway

Silent Tears

I weep in private
While my heart breaks
The sorrow of loneliness
Bleeds in verses
Unheard, unread
And there are those
Who may never understand
The expression of poetry
The music and symmetry
The beauty and tragedy
And such judgement
Shall condemn me forever
As weak, sad, a forlorn soul
I weep in private
To keep my soul my own
I weep in private
To remind my own
I am alive and waiting
Waiting, waiting
For that fleeting perfect morning

Matthew Holloway

To The Unknown Love

To the love I may yet not know
I would like to dedicate a poem
In your name whatever it may be
I would like to praise your beauty
To make love to your nature
And sleep beside every thought
I would like to feel your heartbeat
In a rhythm of a song unwritten
Which makes me cry and smile
Oh what multitude of expression
Such dreams could bring
And you my unknown love
You one day shall become
Everything

Matthew Holloway

Find The Time

A time for love and romance
Will call upon our hearts
A time to dance and laugh
A time to kiss and dream
A time to come and be known
A time to gamble and risk
Without fear or thought
Where love exists unbound
Without name or title
Without restraint or binding
A time where emotion is felt
Set free and embraced
A time perfectly felt
In it's own being and moment
A time that is un-thought
Set free the soul and mind
Set free the heart you hold
To a time that could very well be
Perfection or nothing

Matthew Holloway

Life Is But

Life is a hellish pace
Taxation and responsibility
A daily chore repeated
To work for little reward
Only to feed and drink
Like a rusted cog
In a machine old, decaying
Routine becomes a must
Part of the cycle
There is little joy to be found
In a corporate cage
A slave to the wage
A dreamer caged
Life is a hellish place

Matthew Holloway

The Awakening

Slowly it's been there
A background whisper
Waiting, wanting
To be heard
The expression of a silence
Broken like glass
A shattered mirror
Distorted reflections
Fall upon the page
And so it returns
From the nothingness
A verse sings
To it's own
Awakening

Matthew Holloway

A Time To Come

A time for love and romance
Will call upon our hearts
A time to dance and laugh
A time to kiss and dream
A time to come and be known

Matthew Holloway

Slaying The Invisible Beast

Days have become numberless
Nameless and lost within each other
This duel, fight, war rages on
I shall not retreat nor surrender
But stand up, step forward and fight
With every breath
With the blood in my veins and heart
Eyes opened with determination
Knowledge shall be sought
And used to survive
Strength and a willing soul
Used to fight and fight
And the day shall soon come
With victory found
And the unseen beast
Slain and left to memory

Matthew Holloway

Scorpions Kiss

The danger is clear
The poison well known
But the beauty and magic
Intoxicate all thought
And drawn like the moth
To the proverbial flame
The scorpions kiss echo's
In dreams again and again
The heaving breasts
Which rise and fall
With the life blood of desire
Passion eclipses all
And the scorpion's tail
With its sting awaits
A kiss to begin
A wondrous fate

Matthew Holloway

Once Upon Unlike A Time

It's a time
So unlike any other
Perhaps it will never
Be the same again
A world changing
A process we are witnessing
And as such
We will or should change
Adapt to a new way
Speak out on thoughts, feelings
Be truthful to those secrets
We keep well hidden
The alternative though
Of never saying it
Of keeping quiet those words
Through fear of whatever
Becomes meaningless
In a world, in a state of chaos
There is nothing to lose
Roll dice, take chances, speak
And say those words
Because tomorrow
May not be as you expect

Matthew Holloway

Getting Through

Getting through this
Point of history
Intact is a necessity
A requirement of such proportions
No question should be asked
The rules are set
Not in stone but clear enough
That we all know our part
Our role in this stage play
Keep to the script
Follow each note
And the curtain will fall
We can discuss performances later
In the aftermath of all
Survivors trading stories

Matthew Holloway

Shot Glass

she is like a shot glass
an acquired taste
which warms the soul
in the cold of night
she is an intoxication
worth knowing

Matthew Holloway

Lady Of The Fire

She has it in a look
In her eyes and smile
She is all fire
No games, no lies
A raging flame dances
You can either admire or burn
She will know no difference
And continue as she is
A living danger

Matthew Holloway

Beauty An Essay

Beauty, what is it
How do we quantify its value?
How is it measured
The judge and the jury
What does it mean to us?
The thoughts provoked by it
The words lost by it
The arts and the songs
The beloved dedications
The free-flowing echoes
Of a reaction to a perception
Of something we find or call
Beautiful
The minds lost by it
The hearts broken by it
The lives changed and maned
The creation inspired by it
The world as we know changed
By it
Beauty
How is it known
What is it
Beauty
A scattering of letters
Forming a word
That makes so much
Of an impact on our lives
We stop
And look upon it
Transfixed or beloved
Held or lost within
Beauty, beautiful, allure
It is as we will always find it
Forevermore

Matthew Holloway

Happenstance

Happenstance
My cursed luck
The roll of a dice
The spin of a coin
The possibility of chance
Never seems to favour me
No lottery nor love
No dream fulfilled
No passion known
Happenstance
What comes to be
Is what come's to be
Be it lucky or otherwise
Perhaps without bad luck
I would have little to write
And as such it falls right
As though to suit, me
Chance, fate, a gamble made
My cursed luck
Opportunity seldom pays

Matthew Holloway

At Fireside

We sit beside the fire
Warming ourselves
Hands holding glasses
And eyes a longing look
The light illuminates well
Such beauty I have come to love
The warm glow of it
Dances a flicker of everything
And there in your face, I see it
The poetry of my soul
Of my heart and my being
The night could last forever
And the fire never to die
And our eyes which hold each other
Becomes the poetry of the night
And here we sit together
At fireside

Matthew Holloway

Notes On Silence And Loneliness

There is a silence
Haunting forever haunting
Leaving thoughts echoing
In lonesome nights
Where words remain hidden
Refusing to be written

-

There is a silence in empty pages
Between thoughts and words
In rooms both empty and full
In the mornings first light
And the afternoons dull middle
Such silence is haunting
Ever present even in its absence
Knowing it waits to be remembered
And never truly leaves

-

Loneliness is a potent threat
To the hearts and souls of man
To the lives of all it touches
To the waters and the flowers
And the songs echoing outward
Loneliness is a silence

Matthew Holloway

The Taking

The taxman, the bosses, the salesmen
Politicians, preachers and all alike
All waiting to take, take, take
Your time, your money, your life
Your thoughts and freedoms
Your youth and joy and memories
They would take your soul if they could
Prise it away from your old worn hands
But the fight to keep, keep, keep
At least something from those blaggards
Is a fire be it raging or warm embers
That stops them, keeps them away
Keeps you fighting

Matthew Holloway

Our Own Story, Beginning

Two hearts beating heavy
Lungs grasping for a shared air
Eyes locked together
A smile shared
Whispered conversations
Sweet declarations
Of love and lust
What would they say
If they knew of this
Lovers tryst
A coupling of lives
And what should we care
The thoughts of others
Life is for the living
And as long as we hurt, none
We are true rulers
Kings and queens
Able to dream and create
A world of our own
The words of people will change
In time as they always do
For now let us lay there
Locked in a moment
Set perfectly for two

Matthew Holloway

A Little Less Corruption Please

A little less corruption please
Wanting to bend the ears of governments
And the corporations which own them
The other countries which ply strings
Like masters of puppeteering
Can you, on even just a few occasions
Let the voices of the public be heard
Let the votes be counted and acknowledged
Give us that little bit of hope and belief
That the world is not such a bad place
That what we do can make a difference
All I'm asking is for a little less corruption
A small slice of the pie you are carving
To feed some portion of light
Into this world, it's not much
But better than a revaluation
And the academics and soldiers
Taking office to replace
Your soulless caricatures
Leaving you powerless, weak
And answerable to a true government

Matthew Holloway

Lady Of The Dream

She skips foot light
Through my dreams
Tiptoeing over clouds
Her silhouette behind stars
And poetic skies
Leaves me thinking
Which is never always
A good idea
I play with the what if's
Her kiss, her laugh
Our bodies entwined
In some impassioned embrace
The conversations with friends
About this relationship
This union of two souls
And that's all it appears to be
A collection of what if's
All the while she skips
And dances beautifully
In my dreams

Matthew Holloway

The Daily Same

It seems to pass by endlessly
The daily same
Faces, conversations, routines
Playing out in repetition
Like a prescription taken
With a firm commitment
Sleep, rise, work, eat, sleep
Some scope at weekends
For a little variety
And i am written into this
Daily same
A touch of sanity
A pinch of madness
Counting time and days
Which pass by endlessly

Matthew Holloway

Adulation

You my dear
Have a particular type of beauty
Which denies me sleep
Consumes my thoughts
Oh how I dream of you my love
And dream such dreams
Where we lay side by side
Alas it appears never to be
Alas I keep such tears aside
I do not weep, I hold my own life
Lest I be revealed
And my feelings known
You are enchanted to my heart
A written tale I may never read
You are are all and everything
A magic life I await
To begin

Matthew Holloway

So Here We Are

I want, look, search for
That life that we have all read about
The nine to five job
Well paid, sets up the nice home
Well decorated
The average family
And two or three holidays a year
Only that's not me
It never was or could be
I am a little bit strange
And enjoy being that way
Not everyone's cup of tea
It's alright I don't care
I am a writer
Just screwed up enough
To pen a few lines of poetry
I'd like to be published
Not famous as such
But enough sales to retire
And write some more
So I can lay in bed till the afternoon
Drink wine and whisky
In questionable hours
I'd like to give Bukowski
Or Dylan Thomas a run for the money
Provide quotes for posters
In students dorms
Knowing they will never understand
the why and wherefore of such words
I want to be remember by a few
Recommended as a good read
I'll forgo the usual
For a book deal

Matthew Holloway

Let It Be Said

Lets not leave words lingering
In the ether of possibility
The what if's and maybes
Of unanswered questions
Lets be adult and realise time is fleeting
Lets just say life as it is and embrace
What we feel and think
To be held by notions of sin
Held by the possible thoughts of others
That may or may not exist
What are we waiting for
Or afraid of
Truth is a concept
And denying it a pain
Be not afraid anymore
Be open and ready
Speak, write, sing and shout
All words that come to you
Which mean something
Of content

Matthew Holloway

Romancing The Page

Lets dance upon the pages
Of a good book
Lets correspond across oceans
Lands, mountains, forests
Are nothing but an inconvenience
That should be overcome
Lets dance under the moon
Without arguing reasons
Without overthought
Lets be alive, existing
Life is a fleeting experience
Lets experience it
All and unhindered
Lets make love
In the footnotes of a column
Highlight and underline
The best bits we have
And find that freedom
Of the restraints placed upon us
Open the book, turn the page
Take my hand and then
lets dance

Matthew Holloway

Pour Me A Shot Of You

I'd imagine you have a kiss
Like a shot of good whisky
The kind that's smooth, flavoursome
And sends a shake through me
You have a beauty like the Mona Lisa
Captivating and inspiring
I could run through a thousand conversations
Discussions on a variety of subjects
Play out in a daydream of possibilities
And you fall central to all of them
I'm delusional at the best of times
But sitting there imagining a night with you
Your eyes, lips, arms, warmth
Is like a good whisky to me

Matthew Holloway

No Superman

No superman
Yet still vulnerable
To my own forms of kryptonite
My lustful desires
My own kinks and traits
That distract me from being
That upstanding member of society
No hero, yet no villain either
A face lost within a crowd
Not one to stand out
A dreamer and thinker
How often thoughts overwhelm
I'd like to play violin
Yet an attention span which wanes
Dances even between ideas
It's poetry that often spikes
A return to common pace
We write and to create
Is a beautiful wonderful feeling
For bringing ideas, thoughts to life
Is an eternal paradise
So praise be to the writers
To the musicians, artists and architects
No supermen here
Yet all vulnerable
To our own kryptonite

Matthew Holloway

Typed Up Ramblings

Nothing gets in the way of progress,
while a profit looms overhead,
money talks and ears close,
it's undeniable that the world turns,
like the backs of governments,
when brown envelopes land,
changes happen they always will,
so much for the lands of equality and free will.

Matthew Holloway

Something, Something

There's a verse
Echoing
Resplendent in itself
Some magic happening
Somewhere, somehow
Speaking
In prose and song
Playing to thought
And heart in similar parts
Unmeasured in any form
Just a flow of being
Being poured
Into the pot of life
The pan upon the stove
Cooking something
That may well feed the mind
Stay the starving soul
And feed creation
And there, where it begins
Is a verse playing
On repeat
On repeat
On repeat

Matthew Holloway

Spilled Ink

Here you claim this
Poem, verse, whatever
It writes itself
Like a voice, a bird chirping away
Its just a flow of being
Conscious or not
It's a reality
A truth of sorts
Perhaps influenced
By substances or drink
By music, books, art
Art a beauty of life
A joy of creativity
That which stops
All, everything
Tracks no hunter could follow
The madness of it
The unknown
The magic of it
Free flowing creation
Enjoy, love, laughter
And celebrate
What makes itself
The soul influenced

Matthew Holloway

Awaiting Spring In January

The oncoming spring
Birds return to make nest
Icey ground breaks
And stems climb upwards
Soon the daffodil shall bud
And flower bloom to the sun
Greeted in morning chorus
As a world reawakens

Matthew Holloway

The Songbirds Cage

There's a tragedy there
And a beauty in equal measure
A songbird within it's cage
A wonder to look upon
And listen to it's songs
And still, sill something else
Pines at the senses
The bars that keep it there
Imprison it for our joy
leaves me wondering
If those beautiful songs
The chirps and whistles
And but the notes of a longing
To be free of the cage
Of the eyes and ears
There's a tragedy there
And a beauty in equal measure

Matthew Holloway

A Simple Ode To Someone

You gift me such joy
In each, every thought of you
That I wish to dream

Matthew Holloway

Whispers On Love And Beauty

There is an undying beauty
An endless truth unbound
By time and age
That hearts will rejoice
Upon the warmth of a smile
That a single glint
In the eye will mellow
The hardest of spirits
That love and loving
Are eternal aspects of living
And that which sings
Is all the more beautiful
When it is found
By that which we see
Is held within

Matthew Holloway

Sea Of Life

The boat of the skies
With it's sail of stars
And oars of souls
Carry's all away
In the still of night
The dragonhead sits
Atop it's mast
Watching forward
To warn and protect
Those within
The compass guides
And the stories flow
To the end, fated
To the end, already known
What destination awaits
The eyes shall see soon enough
And the sea of life
Shall deliver us thus

Matthew Holloway

Sleepless Conversations

O endless mocking night
How cruel you have become to me
Left me alone amongst woken dreams
That I converse with all possibilities
To love and ambition each question
My journey and destination
The strength and will I held
Once in my now distant youth
Stands in contrast or memory
Perhaps even a muscle reaction
As though stating the soul
In time had remained unchanged
The eyes have seen, witnessed much
And the memory, how it remembers
The testing and the wanting
How wicked desire may be found
Now sleep refuses it's rest
And the daydreams play out
In conversations
Ending the silence of the night

Matthew Holloway

If I Were To Say

If I were to tell you I loved you
Would you run away, seek to hide
If I were to promise my heart and soul
Would you accept such an offer
Or find suspicion within it
If I were to say those words
That friends, lovers, family speak
What judgement would you cast
If I were to tell you this is me
And show all that I am
Would you stand or run
If I were to tell you I love you
What would you say to me

Matthew Holloway

The Failings Of The Corporate Machine

They, being upper management
The result of a higher education
Paid for by the wealth of established family
Seem to run all such business
And their practices fall lackluster
In the board rooms of industry
The hiring of firms to farm information
Data collection and failed understanding
As only that which is wished to be heard
Is ever actually listened to
Much like governments, money induced
Think tanks, solicited groups
With the prowess of Crassus
Lead into a desert of despair
In which loss is all but guaranteed
There is a simple and effective truth
Of which they do not see

~

A happy workforce
Is an efficient workforce
And an efficient workforce
Is a profitable one

~

My mantra and lesson of life
When people are happy
When they are in a good place
They do better, grow and thrive
This is often overlooked by governments
By the mass of cooperate machine
And So the clock cards of each day
Spell out the stagnant failings
Of what could be
Something great

Matthew Holloway

Oh, She Is

She is the fire
In which I wish to burn
She is the night
In which I wish to sleep
She is the mystery
I may never solve
She is the beauty
I only wish to behold
She is the magic trick
I may never understand
She is the undying joy
Of which I'll never tire
She is the drug of choice
To which, I'm addicted
She is music and poetry
Both of which I love
She is an angel and mistress
And I hers to serve
She is the dream I keep
As close to my heart as I dare
She is all and everything
And I love her

Matthew Holloway

Sleep Deprived Ramblings

Where are the ideas
That moment of inspiration
The beginnings of the novel
That lays within me
The thoughts of which
Deny me sleep so often
And seem to sit mocking
In each empty page
What are the words
That I've found missing
Their ebb and flow elusive
That my typeface is forgotten
I know or at least believe
There is a book in me
Somewhere
Perhaps it's something I read
Like Warhol's quote
To be famous for fifteen minutes
Fame, I choose to pass on
Just a book signing
In a run down store
In a quiet town
With a handful of people
Who have read what I wrote
And wanted to thank me
That book, the only book
Where is it now
Elusive and consuming
I'm awake
And ready to write it

Matthew Holloway

A Truth

A truth to living
If there is no love for art
Stand aside be gone

Matthew Holloway

A Food For Thought

What food is to the body
Knowledge is to the mind
Feed each in the right way
And you will grow
The sustenance of the soul
Is a balance of pleasure and duty
A duty to the body to sustain
A duty to the mind to evolve
And still a duty to pleasure
To serve such joy
The flavour of sustenance
Must be equal parts
Joy and nutrition
That which we need to live
And that which inspires
Music, art, poetry
The seasons and landscapes
Are balanced to that
Which we need to survive
It is better to be alive
Than to simply exist

Matthew Holloway

Singing To An Audience That Doesn't Want To Listen

Standing there putting out your soul
Opening up the art you carefully crafted
The passion you committed to it
And the indifference to which its greeted
Sometimes the occasional applause
Which is more a form of politeness
Echoing a summers afternoon
Watching the county cricket
Conversations hum loudly
Drowning out your performance
At times it would be easier quitting
How many would notice the empty stage
But it remains in you, the art, the passion
The desire to create and perform
In spite of it all you continue
Singing to an audience, that doesn't want to listen

Matthew Holloway

Rain Upon The Arbour

Sat in the courtyard
Of some stately home
In the countryside
Where fields surround
The ornate walls and decor
It rains upon the arbour
And flowers bend
Sodden by the waters
Cobble paths glisten
In the lights from windows
There is a calmness here
Far from the reality
Of the lives of many
Even in the rain
Money can buy you much
The house in the country
The gardens well maintained
The ornate decor
Bay windows
open fireplaces
Horse stables and archways
Even the arbour
In which to shelter
From the falling rain
Yet is cannot buy you the eyes
To see all such beauty
To be blind here
Would be a shame

Matthew Holloway

Persistence

Be persistent, like water
Have patience, find a way
Even if it takes days, weeks, months
Even if years pass you by
Stay the course, keep going
Be like water
Water always finds a way
Change, adapt yet remain
Rivers change their course
But they are still rivers
Water fills a bowl
And is still water
It's a worn metaphor
But one I think still works
Be persistent, don't give up
Let it flow through you
Let it wash away any doubt
Be patient, always patient
Even in the hardest of times
Be like water, find a way
Be persistent

Matthew Holloway

Line Of Sight

It was not a conscious decision
To stray as as I have done
Into your line of sight
Yet here I am now found
Struck deep by the bullet
The arrow of your essence
With thought and feelings of you
Now flowing through my every being
I am wounded and gladly so
To know I am now yours
Here for the taking
I look upon you now
With a fondness
With a great affection
I strayed into your line of sight
And found loves inspiration

Matthew Holloway

Be Heard, Be Louder

The wealthy and powerful
Who control the media
Cherry pick each news story
To dictate what they wish us to hear
leaving their audience
A little more amenable

~

The distraction techniques
Deployed are easily dissected
Create an enemy to distract
From the purchased governments failings
That all anger and rage falls
Away from the feet where it belongs

~

The creation of enemies
Social groups to rally against
The job thieves, reliant on the state
The alleged lazy and criminal classes
The overseas dangers to be afraid of
All creations, dictators classics

~

Take to the streets in peace
No masks, no weapons all on mass
Raise the numbers and the noise
That it can no longer be ignored
Sing from the same hymn sheet
And demand the changes

~

Put the politicians on minimal wages
Strip the bonus and claim expenses
Keep the religious profiteers
And business moguls in cages
Away from the walls of powers

~

Research and talk to one another
Share the stories and information
be what they are afraid we can be
A unified informed army of the people
But do it peacefully

~

Any act of violence or aggression
Will kill our cause before it begins
Together we can be heard
Together the can be louder
Together we can reclaim
The power

Matthew Holloway

A Guide To Sleep

Stimuli the eye
And be sleep deprived
Ignite the mind
And listen to it's chatter
The sleepless hours
I try wo write away
Don't pass so easily
Experience has taught
Try to keep media free
The social world at fingertip
Leave that to sleep
And perhaps you may follow
It's lead, no real answers
To provide a honest guide
To a good nights sleep

Matthew Holloway

As It Will Be

What is this to be
Who are we to lay such claim
Let time reveal all

Matthew Holloway

Destination Discovery

I dream of being a travel writer
Riding the rails, oceans or skies
Watching scenery change
Watching people living their lives
All this with a pen in my hand
Seeing the same stars
Under different skies
Tasting foods and beers
Wine and other exotic senses
The fragrances and the weather
Changing climates
Like the turn of a page
Discovery and adventure
All I need is a good notebook
A few hundred pens
And the ambition to get out there
That and the fortune
Of an actual fortune

Matthew Holloway

It's Easier To Hate Than To Care

It's easier to hate than to care
Easier to fight and draw lines
Than talk and understand
To build walls and divisions
To other cultures and people
Who think differently
Who feel differently
We adorn with colours
And badges and stupid hats
As though desperately trying
To identify where we belong
What subsection of humanity
We have decided to allocate to
And more importantly
Who we have decided to keep away
Those races and sexes
Those practitioners of a faith
We refuse to listen to
Some place fear atop such walls
Fear of what they may do
If we let them in
Best keep them out
less they destroy our world
Change it from our understanding
Yes all of those lies
Every point of misinformation
Misleads to the point
Where it is found to be true
It's easier to hate than to care

Matthew Holloway

Neon Noise

The mind is easily distracted
And eternally hungry
Wanting that information
To process constantly
Unwilling to stop and rest

~

It's a modern symptom
The technological I.V
Internet and television
Radio broadcasting
Media feeds stream

~

Like all addictions it's a process
Of slowly introducing each facet
Each point of interaction
Getting us used to it being there
Till we miss it in any absence

~

Now here's my hypocrisy
Finding inspiration, checking spelling
Writing poetry to share
With a global audience
All using this addictive platform

~

I cannot unplug and survive
I can only hope to reduce
And redirect my attentions
For long enough to find
A different obsession

~

Still the mind will be hungry
Wanting that process of information
That constant distraction
It's just the easy ready meal
There, here, always at hand
The neon noise
Electric salvation

Parasite Paparazzi

Those vile cockroaches

Parasite paparazzi

All failed journalists

Matthew Holloway

The Rage And Roar Of The Storm

The rage and roar of the storm
Beyond the canvas of my window
The bending trees and darkened clouds
Birds flying as though in retreat
The world sits there looking
So forlorn and breaking
The whispers between tree branches
And the rooftops of every building
Speak of it, and it's coming
The rage and roar of the storm
The rainfall upon the canvas
The fury and the poetry
So dark and wildly beautiful
A melancholy of nature
A wild fury out flowing
Yet somehow peaceful
The winds which howl
And rains that fall
Shall always be
As they wish to be

Matthew Holloway

Awaiting That Kiss

I've been distracted of late
Caught in many a daydream
Caught in a longing
To be held and holding
Looked upon and looking
Our hands, arms and eyes
Embracing
My hearts speaks to my head
Pleading not to sleep
In fear you are forgotten
Not forever, but a single moment
Why every moment tied together
Should be brought and bringing
Call and calling to us
And to us alone
It is I know this waiting
That leaves me so distracted
And your kiss
leaves my heart longing

Matthew Holloway

A Smile

A smile lights me up
Touches my every thought
I am left undone

Matthew Holloway

Violin

The violin sounds
To soothe over soul and mind
I am now set free

Matthew Holloway

A Short Poem On A Mornings Rain

How beautiful a sound
Rainfall upon my window
A cascading melody
A soothing symphony
And in the early hour
Where I sit awake in thought
Where sleep denies me
And beyond the window
A solitary streetlight glows
I see the rainfall illuminated
And married to the sound
I find a peace within

Matthew Holloway

When I Am With Thoughts Of You

How can I be alone
When I am with thoughts of you
The image of your face
Your eyes, smile, nose
The fall of your hair
Softness of your skin
The beauty which leaves me
So foolishly undone
Even in an empty room
I can hear your laugh, voice
Call to me, I hear you
There is no loneliness
There is a warmth
I cannot quite describe
Oh my dear sweet love
How can I be alone
When I am with thoughts of you

Matthew Holloway

The Cost Of Genius

It comes at a price
The state of your mind
For not a moment shall pass
Where a silence shall be found
The thought and thoughts
Deny all sleep
Though who am I
To lay such claim
To relate to such a word
Pretentious moi
A genius most likely not
You are not crazy
It is I that are
Yet still moments persist
Where that idea
The concept of it
Lingers in persistence
As an unrelenting wish
To be or not
And the price of it
Is a sleepless lot

Matthew Holloway

Seawind

Carried in the salt air
In which the gull does glide
And tides roll in and away
The crisp breath of the earth
Refreshes the mind
Its a simple joy
A pleasure to be known
To stand upon the shore
To feel and to know
The seawind

Matthew Holloway

The Burning Thought

Ignite the spark in the mind
And light the flames of Inspiration
Feed that flame into a wild fire
Growth of creation and passion
Desire let it be named and call it out
Loud into the song and picture
Set free all wild ambition
Watch how the mind and heart
Return to a familiar, pause
As though destined or drawn
To a knowing place or thought
Return to a idea
As an old friend may remain
A familiar stranger
Distant yet never forgotten
The warmth of the fire grows
With each returning thought
The art of the spirit
And artistry of the soul
Echo, echo, echo
An ignition of the flame
The stoking of the fire
Burning brightly once more
A kiss awaits
New creation

Matthew Holloway

The Headache And The Chaos

The headache and the chaos
The countless worlds and possibilities
Of lives and stories and journeys
All that could be and all that never will

~

Faces, lovers, people filled with rage
The jealous and the guilty
Tales waiting to become something real
Sometimes wait in vain
For reality can be boring, a disappointment
But knowing and seeing it all
Flowing in symphony
Hearing and listening to silence
Speak of it all as art
How tedious and patronising

~

The numbing of senses
The distraction of a life existing
Daily routines being undertook
Hold off the headache's
Stave the chaos for the while
But is a while enough

~

Madness some may call it
Another sight or understanding
Beyond the normality
Of what is generally excepted
Ergo chaos in situe

~

The ego dies a quiet death
The artist paints and the writer writes
Musicians play and dancers, well
Should the world be a play
And we each have our part
Who is the bard

~

The headache and the chaos
Of each and every untold possibility
Stories, lives, journeyed ends

What is the reason behind it all
The answer lays beyond
Me

Matthew Holloway

Thoughts Of You

I lay awake and think of you
Think about your arms, eyes, lips
The beat of your heart, your pulse
Your very scent filling the room
The touch of your fingers
Hand being held in my own
Your smile, the way your lip curls
It's a thing of beauty
Any portrait artist would love
To capture for posterity
That the world may know such wonder
An ode to perfection perhaps
I lay awake in each passing hour
Thoughts turn over like pages in a book
A novel of dreams in which you
Are the architect of all stories
The greatest love and saddest of tragedies
To listen to your laugh or watch you sleep
I lay awake and find myself in thoughts
Of you and all that's beautiful

Matthew Holloway

Love Or Book Sales

Love or book sales
Which would I choose
Both lifelong ambitions
Both sought after
As a writer wanting that book
Written by my own mind
To become successful
And prove all doubters wrong
As a man wanting to kiss
Make love nightly
Feel the warm touch of flesh
Or the crisp pages of a book
How could I pick one over the other
I'm happy in the arms another
And looking into their eyes endlessly
Yet find my creation restricted
The free flowing verses
Which come to me in solitary
Offer me a freedom unrivaled
Could I just not have both
Write a best seller
Then fall in love with my publisher
Perhaps every few years
Separate for a month or two
For the follow up
In the franchise
Of a write love love
Book sales or love
I'm dammed if I'll choose

Matthew Holloway

Addicts Release

Restless eyes stare out
Across the screen and keyboard
The mind pulses, craving that hit
The opiate words in verse
The addiction of creation
It's the silences that hurt most
The empty pages screaming
Lack of imagination
No high, no hit, no anything
Someday's become a blur
Blending into one great nothing
Sleep deprived, itching
Whispers questioning
Is it still there
The ability to write
To get that line down
Feed it to the soul
The mind sex stanza
That buzz which feels
So good, so alive
Fingers treble above keys
Waiting, waiting
For the addicts release

Matthew Holloway

Dry Words Upon The Tongue

My words fall dry upon the tongue
As I thirst for both wine and love
A kiss of both grape and flesh
To quench my eternal longing
To know and savour both as one
A toast with the unknown lover
An evening held in glass and body
Let flow all that which I desire
Allow me to become drunk upon all
The spirit of the vine which reaches
As a lovers arm and hand may also
Oh let me taste such delight
That words become rich, sodden
That the evening may pass me by
Not in lonesome silence
But in the laughter of a love
In the drowning of a passion
Let each glass be full and flowing
And the flesh warm upon the lips
My words fall silent upon the tongue
I wish to wash them in the wine of a kiss

Matthew Holloway

A Great Beauty

She holds great beauty
As though drawn from dreams
A heart shall fall

Matthew Holloway

Endless Night

Time is not a friend
In the late hours of the night
Sleep is elusive

Matthew Holloway

The Illusion Of Love

Is it a dream of which we are misled
That love can be more than such a word
Which holds all artists and hopes enchanted
That such a concept of eternal passion
A unison of souls does in fact exist
Or is it but an illusion we hold onto
To stay the loneliness and silent nights
To give reason to companionship
To offer hope that all pain is fleeting
And another's touch will heal
All that which ails us
Or are all such words and dreams
The illusion of love

Matthew Holloway

A Righteous Duty

The blood of the good and the innocent
Those who stood for family and friend
Those who looked, striven to provide
All that which the state would happily take
Those whose life and name
Is taken etched upon stone epitaphs
And whose blood washes the hands
Of the politicians and profit merchants
Of the dammed regime we all live in
The governments of varying names
Capitalist and communist
Both see the elite stand tall
Above the soil and dirt of working man
That soil in which will be buried
The bones of the same working man
The mills which grind the grain
To feed the soldier also feeds its owner
With wealth and power ever growing
In the shadows of tombstones
A flag half mast resigns
The fate of a nations hope
The greed of the powerful and mighty
Calls death but a righteous duty

Matthew Holloway

A Difference Of Philosophy

Where faith and belief
Lead upon separate roads
Where life's choices separate
Souls who could otherwise be one
Where desire burns like a fire
In the hearth of the heart
Yet is is never to be known

~

Where friendship stands
And each difference is known
Where honesty is a testament
That can be agreed upon
And judgement is kept
Away from where it is unneeded

~

Where hunger and thirst exist
And are answered in different measures
Be it the flesh of animal or the grain of land
Be it wine or water, the fermentation of hops
The butcher or the harvester
Each has their own answer

~

Language may lead one to hear
A difference to what is spoken
Or written dependent on the context
Words can mean so much to some
Yet little to others, a truth

~

There are philosophies and lifestyles
Faiths and beliefs in the thousands
And none to stand above all others
None to be right or wrong
We each have a mind, heart and soul
And use each in our own way

~

To each their own
Less they cause harm to others
Or force upon the roads which leads us
No cross words, no wars should be

A result of a difference
In philosophy

Matthew Holloway

Winters Leaving

Watching from the window
Winters slow passing
Days growing slowly brighter
And birds returning

~

Soon spring shall be sown
Leaves and buds will appear
The flowers and colours
A pallet of new seasons

~

Still for now grey skies stand
Beyond the barren tree branches
The view from my window
Remains untouched for now

~

My heart and my head remain here
In a winters encampment
Set beneath grey skies
And the encroaching evening

~

There is little beauty or romance
Little colour or life
But for the winters picture
There is nothing changing

~

The poetry like my soul
May ring a somber tune
Not all is bright nor beautiful
But all is true

Matthew Holloway

To War We Go

When wealth purchases
Sense and reason completely
To war we go then

Matthew Holloway

To The Poets

Capture me
In the net of your verse
Ensnare me in poetry
Keep me reading
Page after page
Have me hooked
On that next line
The promise of another
Poetical destination
Tease me
Please me
With words, hold me
Keep me
In your poetry

Matthew Holloway

Over Seas Correspondence

A cross Continental affair
In a literary sense
A conspirator, co-writer
A page turning companion
In the bed of all verse

~

A lover and lover of words
Their conjuring of imagery
Picture house portraits
Offering thoughts and feeling
With a touch of senses

~

The nights shared out
In pages and screens
Words whispered together
In reading and writing
Bedfellows made
Literary speaking

~

The prose and pulse
Of the heart talking in rhythm
Making a unison
Across time and oceans
Touching, fleetingly touching

~

An affair of sorts
Perhaps not quite as known
But all is written and read
Red as the blood flowing
Within this tome

Matthew Holloway

Insomniacs Free-Less Verse

Coffee inject it straight to my arms
Give me that caffeine dance-hall kick
Break up this dull beat rhythm
For something with a little spice of life

~

There's no rest for the wicked
How wicked must I be
Minutes pass, no sleep
Hours pass, no sleep
Time not so fleeting I see

~

Weary, worn eyes watching shadows
Playing with woken dreams
The foolish fantasy staged plays
Of a sleepless writer
Exit stage left, enter stage right

~

Soon the creeping of light
In curtain gaps replaces the dark
As sure as morning replaces night
Watching it happen, that anticipation
Not a recommended feeling

~

Limp, lifeless limbs, tired
Tried and tied to the mattress
Where the body lay sleep deprived
Now needs to rise to a second life
No miracle found in the morning light

~

Coffee, my caffeine dance-hall kick
Beat start the count of the new day
With a little pace played in
Take the needle off the record
Place it in me

Matthew Holloway

Life Poison

Whatever happened to the days
Where people were good, kind
When politeness reigned
A hello was always greeted
And nobody tried to keep score
Today seems so far removed
The socially connected
More detached from humanity
Like and share counts
May as well be raised fingers
To the world
Whatever happened to decency
A kind heart and thought
No hello or goodbye
No explanation anymore
Just the self serving lies
That now poison this life

Matthew Holloway

Hurt Feelings Of A Grammar Nazi

Reliably I have been informed
That my words have caused pain
Not by their content though
But by their placement
By the demand of full stops
Of exclamations and paragraphs
It's an advert selling something
Or a shopping list scribbled down
Not a yearly worked novel
Detailing character development
Building to a crescendo
Of climax to cite that it becomes
A masterpiece of literary legend
A dating profile, information set
To guide it's reader to learn
About the author
Hurt feelings of a grammar nazi
What little I could care, less
I be interested in such triviality
Humour and humility stand
As I laugh and write this poem
Perhaps this will avoid
Another literary fight

Matthew Holloway

Lips To Kiss

Thoughts talk
Of a budding flower in spring
Of waves lapping upon a beach
Of the crimson rose
The honeyed nectar
The softness of silk
Of passion and desire
Of eclipsing a moment
And becoming lost within it
Thoughts talk in prose
Wild expressive words
Odes to the beauty that is
Those lips I long to kiss

Matthew Holloway

S, A, D Season

Tis the season
To be thoughtful
Amid the shortened days
Where sunlight barely appears
And serotonin falls
Like the proverbial snow or ice
And the chemical imbalance
Plays against joyful celebrations
Tis the season
Of expectations and pressure
To play along with tradition
Where sleep calls louder
Than the choirs and parties
Tis the season
Of quiet convalescing
The affective disorder
And it's misunderstanding
Tis the season
For giving
A thought
Before a word

Matthew Holloway

The Lonesome Flame

Candles circle the room
Offering light and little warmth
The shadows dancing, silhouette
To the conversation of the flames
Takes away from the silence
Of the empty space at night
Quiet rooms, halls and thoughts
Thoughts kept, talking
Of dreams, love and poetry
The art of which they combine
Is a well kept secret
It flows in the scented air
The fragrance wax and burnt out wicks
Slowly the candle count falls
As the night and its darkness claim
A dominance to the room
The whispered echoes
Begin to sleep, await a new day
A new light to be welcomed
And the dances of the flames
Become a romanticized portrait
To fall asleep beside
Whatever dream may come to be

Matthew Holloway

Ignorance

Ignorance

That's one hell of an insult

One low level of humanity

To not even consider

Another life

To gloss over

To not even care

It's a royal finger raised

And it seems to be growing

More prevalent than ever

So much for the social connection

L

Matthew Holloway

Escaping The Blue

So, so this is the end
I feel no fight remaining
See no rhyme nor reason
To face another day
The weight it keeps on growing
My legs are not strong as they used to be

I, I need to get away
Far from humanity I'm pleading
Your way has got me bleeding
I don't need anymore of this anyway

So, so what is a boy, man to do
When down on the floor and being kicked
In the head thoughts run nuclear
The world in a haze nothing there to view

I, I need to get away
Far from humanity I'm pleading
Your way has got me bleeding
I don't need anymore of this anyway

The drink and the drugs
Are not working anymore
I have run out of answers
Looking for a new age to write I to

Sometimes we search
Only to find loneliness
And nothing to hold onto

I, I need to get away
Far from humanity I'm pleading
Your way has got me bleeding
I don't need anymore of this anyway

So if this is the end
Can you make it quick
I'm sure there's a better place

For me to be

I, I need to get away
Far from humanity I'm pleading
Your way has got me bleeding
I don't need anymore of this anyway

Matthew Holloway

Maybe The Monologue Of An Idiot

There is poetry
And there is me
And little else it seems
There is love, dreams and hope
And the elusive success
There are songs sung
Remembered and forgotten
Stories, books unwritten
That could make you cry and laugh
There is thought provoking prose
Lines of dialogue
Conversations on many great things
There is a world out there
Full of friendships and ignorance
Kindness and cruelty
That way we treat others
May shape what they become
Call a man violent long enough
And even a pacifist will strike you
Many seem obsessed by time
And have none to give
The weather, the seasons, the days
Always changing
And there is I and poetry
Together writing
As though all there is
In this world
Is the next line

Matthew Holloway

Alarm Bells

They ring daily
Constantly warning
I should heed them
But continue anyways
Regardless of warnings
I press on ahead
Ignore the advice
I would give to others
Alarm bells ring

Matthew Holloway

Cashing In

Watching the roulette wheel spin
Thinking about each possible outcome
Spinning that last coin between your fingers
And considering each win and loss
Perhaps this game is done
Perhaps some were never players
You could carry on playing
Hoping for a final win
That one where you walk away
Never to return again
Or perhaps you let reality bite
Sink its teeth in deep
That every nerve feels it
And cash in while you have something left
Leave the table before
Falling into the games debt

Matthew Holloway

A Change Of View

I used to be an optimist
Not now, things change
I used to greet each day
With a smile, a laugh
Time can be a cruel mistress
Can wear you down
Place weights upon you
And the people
The lies, game plays
The falsehood of character
It changes you, eventually
Makes you view the world
Differently
I've said I used to be an optimist
That's now gone
I've changed since
Maybe it's not for the better

Matthew Holloway

Death Of An Optimist

I gave hope my heart
On multiple occasions
I rolled the dice
And believed in fate
I trusted in others words
Time and again I did it
Time and again I hurt
Time and again I wept
Till there was no more
Belief or hope remaining
That only the dead could be trusted
For the living deceived
Lied, played wicked games
Leaving me alone weeping
Time changes all
And a time is due
The death of an optimist
And that which remains
Is a soul of blue

Matthew Holloway

The Obligatory Christmas Poem 2019

Fill up the glasses, and raise a toast
Gather with friends and family
Take the time to create memories
And share those memories remembered
Let laughter and love heal old wounds
Be joyful and sing if you have to
Close the windows, shut the doors
And put on the lights
Eat well, drink well
Enjoy the season with cheer
Take it with you in your soul
To the days which lay ahead
Fill up the glasses and raise a toast
Happy Christmas everyone
Have a great new year

Matthew Holloway

Discoverance

If experience be the menu of life
Then let food be rich and the wine flow free
That we may dine upon discoverance
And our pallets savour all delights
Of the mind and soul
That flesh and scent be rejoiced
And the kiss and sight of such nectar
Be the pleasures of all senses
That we may lay upon the earth
And look to the endless skies
By night and day in passing
And let the bounty of life
Lay in our stomachs
That we may grow better for it

Matthew Holloway

A Letter To A Future Love

It as as yet unknown
As to who you may be
Still I wish to capture these lines
Our pasts shall not matter
As our present whenever it may occur
And our future should claim importance
I would like to offer a devotion of love
A promise of soul, heart and mind
Though how nay I proclaim this now
As the who or the when is unknown
The again as a future love, you
You would know and feel this
As love has a way of making such things
Known, felt and shared
I am as eager and frightened
To discover you, whoever you may be

Matthew Holloway

A Scream And A Shout

I despair at the impolite
The ignorance of others
Those hypocrites
Who shout they appreciate
Those qualities they fail
To offer the world
To place expectations on others
That you are unable to fulfill
What are you expecting
To arrive before your feet
The glorious dream
That does not exist
Be who you wish others to be
Or fade away and be forgotten

Matthew Holloway

Reality Bytes

Fame is a quick business
With talent no longer required
Hard work now bypassed
By the surgery enhanced
Or the steroid induced
The pretty people
Barely able to string together
A sentence without prompt
Centre stage and lit
The artists who've bled
Worked fingers to bone
Gone nights without sleep
Must have missed the news
No matter what you have inside
That outer shell, perceived beauty
Is all that sells and goes to show
Reality bytes the heart and soul

Matthew Holloway

Walking With Danny Devito

We are not all tall, dark and handsome
Gym goers, professional self groomers
Watching the fashion trends and keeping up
With the nine to five job in the city
Where we visit all the in bars
Some of us are based in reality
Some of us have what is called personality
Without the need to fake up and act
Like the person we wish the world to see
The honest, hard working guys
Who like a beer at the end of the day
To talk and laugh with friend and family
The good ones often over looked
Walking through life with a smile
I guess we are all Danny Devito
Walking in the shadows
Of those tall, dark and handsome men

Matthew Holloway

isappointment

This modern world
Where we all seem within reach
The social multi media empire
That breaks down distances
To nothing but a key stroke
The illuminated screens
Reveal nothing but a lie
We've become more separated
More secluded, less polite
The art of conversation
Forgotten, replaced by icons
Pictures of nothing of importance
Messages shortened
To quick fire catchphrases
And the emotional connection
Long since replaced
In a status update

Matthew Holloway

The Cat Charmer

The cat charmer
Bent down upon the knee
Rubbing thumb and finger
Making soft shushing sounds
To the cat which circles
Mewing and purring unsure
The standoff persists
Until eventually the cat relents
Allows the charmer a hand
A stroke of its fur
The charmer please stands
Walking away knowing
A new friend is found

Matthew Holloway

An Honest Dating Advert

Standing at average height
A not so athletic build
Not the most attractive option
Yet not the least attractive too
A few years counted on the heart
And the engine still goes
It runs in exceptional condition
A mind that ticks over
Creative and loving
This parcel packed together
Remains in good condition
Seeks a careful companion
While still under warranty

Matthew Holloway

Autumn Morning Glow

The amber glow
Of the street lamps
Illuminates the leaves
Both upon the tree
And the path beneath
A tapestry of colour
Set to the music
Of the crunch by foot
An autumn mornings poetry
Lit by street amber honey

Matthew Holloway

Decapitation Of A Rose

The head of the rose
Cut away
Gone the colour
The gentle beauty
All that remains
Is the savagery
Of the thorns

Matthew Holloway

Democracy

Democracy is a lie
Fulled by the corrupt and selfish
Those self serving parasites
Who take up office in team colours
Yet all play the same game
Where votes and public opinion
Are listened to on the clear mandate
That it suits what they wish it to be
The salary grabbing, expense claiming
Professional liars and traitors
Deliberate and vote as according
To their own paymasters
Or self interest
So much to the will of the people
A revaluation of the mind
Of the act, the voice, the written word
Needs to happen now to change
Perhaps save upon its own deathbed
Democracy be it only in name

Matthew Holloway

Stepping Back

I think I may be ready to exit
This human race, game of life
To become a recluse far away
From the politics and relationships
That daily chore of social interaction
People tend to disappoint me
And my patience has worn thin
The more modern the world becomes
The closer opportunity brings us
The more distant and lonely we get
It feels like we need to put on a show
With the bands and lights and scripts
Of conversations that we never actually have
I'm not checking out of life, no far from it
I'm checking out of the world
And all the filth that poisons it

Matthew Holloway

Angels In Headlamps

I wish to travel
New places, new faces
To discover and explore
A different life
To find love, romance
A journey into the unknown
Watching passing people
Vehicles turn to a blur
Waiting, wanting to find
Angels in headlamps

Matthew Holloway

Chapter Ten, The Rebirth And Realisation

You can't go back and change the beginning
But you can start where you are and change the ending
Hope for a new line without any questions asked
As answers often fall short of their expectations
Quotations and highly placed proverbs exclaim
What better days await those willing to turn the page
Another advertising trick to keep you reading
How cynical age can transform the readers
Or the bookmarks of history become stained
Chapters end and begin all the time
Sequels and open ended stories echo
What may be, what could have been
Life in itself is a real page turner
Each soul a living biography
The mistakes, wins and losses
Chapters, paragraphs and sentences
A solitary thumb strokes the corner of the page
Waiting to turn, read on, chapter ten

Matthew Holloway

Afterthought

After the dust has settled
And the arguments fell silent
Time fails to heal all wounds
And thoughts reflect on the past
Judging and second guessing
Perhaps it was all a lie we believed
Making us characters of a story
Perhaps you never loved me
But loved who you wished me to be

Matthew Holloway

To Love Again

I would like to love again
I would like to laugh and sing
To dance in the company of another
Travel and talk about anything
To find a co-chef in the kitchen
A partner in crime of sorts
A drinking companion
I would like to embrace this life
To share it in all ways
With someone special
A best friend and more
I would like to love again

Matthew Holloway

The Turning Blade

The blade turned in hand
Catching light and reflection
Sorrowful eyes stare deep
A broken look if ever
Tears betray the silence
A suicidal shout felt
The slow turning knife
Creates a kaleidoscope
Of thought and feeling
While the blade waits
To taste blood

Matthew Holloway

A Midnight Contemplation

I have loved and lost
I have known happiness
And such loneliness
Wept both tears of joy
And such sorrow unspeakable
I am known to have broken hearts
Of which is included my own
Dare I pray now to love
As though I am deserving
Or should I languish here
In solitary nights forever
Alone never to know
Loves grace again

Matthew Holloway

A Muse Required

A position has arisen
For a muse a companion
A friend to walk beside
A love in which to confide
A co-chef, adventurer
An animal lover
Who embraces the strange
And weird wonderful
Someone willing to live
To talk and discover
Each other over a drink
Be it tea, coffee, wine or gin
I wish to become inspired
And enjoy the company
Of a kind hearted soul
Should you wish to be the muse
Please let me know

Matthew Holloway

Empty Hand

I chanced my hand my heart
Reached out to another
In the hope of something, anything
To kiss the unknown future
To talk and to discover
Life and all of its possibilities

~

The hand lay empty
Void of human touch
The heart it wept silently
As though to tell
There is no love left

Matthew Holloway

Angels Song

Sometimes we don't see
What is there at times
The beauty of a night sky
The melody of the rain
Have you ever gave all you have
In the trust of what you believe
There are angels all about us
Singing into the wind

~

You are beautiful
Take these words with you my friend
Live and be happy
And someday we shall find
A better life to lead
Angels are all about us
Asking you and I to believe

Matthew Holloway

Fire Dancer

The dance in the fire
Graceful beauty twists
Inspiration is found
In the simplest of things

Matthew Holloway

A Dream Cast To Sea

I'm going to ride out to the coast
Cast a dream out to the sea
Name it after a girl I know
In the hope she sails home to me
Through the waves the tempest
Through the endless night
Guided by the stars
The constellations of life
Upon the shore I shall wait
In the salt spray of the waves
In the chill of the winds
To be the lighthouse for a dream
I cast to the sea

Matthew Holloway

Heartbreak & A Open Page

I've got heartbreak
And an open page
Going to try and write it away
The pain I feel
Let the words show me
The way ahead
If I can find the way
Verses guiding me
It is with hope and prayer
To the poet spirits
Gift me the lines
The stanza and rhythm
To pen away
My heartbreak

Matthew Holloway

The Coming Days

So this is it
Silent rooms
An empty bed
The final years passing
In loneliness and loveless
Old age approaches
In such solitude
The king of self destruction
I mourn my crown
And curse myself
The bed I made
And must lie within
Alone forever
So it seems

Matthew Holloway

Photographs To The Fire

Old photographs and letters
Thrown to the flames
Memories turned to ash
Carried away in the wind
Stories burn away
In the dance of the fire
Sometimes a life's better forgotten
As good memories bring sorrow
Come the morning
The simmering remains
Leave nothing to be remembered

Matthew Holloway

Leaving The Game

You roll the dice and play the game
Chance your heart and soul on a whim
With hope and belief something good will come
Only for the numbers to come up short
The loss is at a pain, nothing new
Sometimes you feel like giving up
Walking away from the table
Forget the game altogether
I know I do

Matthew Holloway

What Could Have Been

Oh what could have been
I found hope within a dream
A distant possibility
Of a new beginning
A new life or love unknown
A beauty for the beast
Oh what could have been
Sadly though it was not to be
More than an idle thought
A passing dream
A new page must be turned
Yet once again
Another chapter ended
Oh what could have been

Matthew Holloway

Epitaph

There is no love
No more, no more
The vase the world was in
Broken upon the floor
The light dims
Yet sleep eludes
As though to taunt the soul
Nothing, nothing
Now forevermore
Death, the reaper
But a folklore
A story, a story
A temptation
Never to be
And in the end
All the castles built
Shall fall like sand
To the winds

Matthew Holloway

Sinking In The Shadows

The worlds fallen numb
Overcast in shadows
I drown in solitude
Unable to think nor feel
Raising walls to others
Not wishing to be seen
Eyes which once saw beauty and poetry
Now see nothing
lips that once sang aloud
Now sit in silence
And the heart
Unable to love
And all, and all
Is slowly sinking

Matthew Holloway

Today's News, Tomorrows Chip Paper

There's a saying here
In old English towns
Today's news is
Tomorrows chip paper
To elaborate a little
What we achieve in the day
In print, is used to wrap food
In the following evening
And discarded forgotten
The morning after
A waste bin of achievement
How many poems written with pride
Will be tomorrow's chip paper

Matthew Holloway

A Neglection Of Self

I guess I have neglected these pages
The way I have neglected my soul
Without sleep drowning all thoughts
Of clarity I found no peace or reason
No quiet nor rest remembered
A neglect of all and everything
Loss, a loss too great to be counted
And pages sit barren untouched
Awaiting something I just cannot
Find in me anymore

Matthew Holloway

Love Art

Love is an art form
Unlike any other
There are no masters
No legends of the craft
There are none who can teach it
Or books with a detailed
How to guide
It needs to be learnt
Through experiences
Through joy and pain
And after a lifetime of it
You'll still be learning

Matthew Holloway

My Less Sober State

My less sober state
Drowns all that's good
Bright and beautiful
Leaving little to be loved

My less sober state
Questions a strangers face
In reflection and deeds
For though it was me
I was not him

My less sober state
A dubious accountant
To a live only half lived
Any audit would recommend
A time to change

Matthew Holloway

Clink, Clink

I walk home in the evening
To the sound of bottles in a bag
The wine, beer and whisky
Tapping together like morse code
Talking to me clink, clink, clink
Like trying to pass a message
I fail to understand
Clink, clink, clink
It continues step by step
All the way to my door
Following my the stairs to bed
Clink, clink, clink
I pour a glass and rest
Guessing the message
Has been missed

Matthew Holloway

New York City Dream

I dreamt of being in a bar
Someplace in New York city
It was raining heavy
Water beat the windows and pavements
Thunder echoed along
The corridors of buildings
I sat in a terrace seat
Outside in shelter
Watching the people passing by
Nursing my drinks
And imagining their stories
It's beautiful how weather
Changes a city
The pace and sound of people
Traffic and street sellers
I raised a toast to myself
All of the world I see
Is inspiration for poetry

Matthew Holloway

No Legacy Here

I think of my recent writings
And the gaps between
The days of silent pages
Where nothing came to be writ
I think of the long past
The years prior to now
The poems and poems written
Left in a box forgotten
In a room locked away
Buried under Christmas decorations
Photographs and other memories
Old boxes gathering dust
Perhaps my recent and future poems
Will join them there in time
It's with a sighing heart I consider
There's no legacy here

Matthew Holloway

Dish Water

The colour of dish water
Is like my soul
The filth taken from life
Leaving all that's beautiful
Better off past me
Like I'm the rinse aid
For all that's wrong
Still, still I leave stains
Perhaps we all need a better
Washer

Matthew Holloway

Sleeping With Giants

The lines fill pages
Open souls like floodgates
Words from age and time
Eternal lyrics
Ply the string of thought
Heart and soul
Reading through the night
Perception of dreams
These Legends, icons
Gods and idols
Still, still speak to us
Before we sleep beside them
Dreaming impossible dreams

Matthew Holloway

Off Monologue

I know I've made my mistakes
It seems I'm born to repeat them
The monologue of a fool
Not the best for reading
Less inspiring than a tabloid paper
Full of celebrity gossip
Makes me think how far
My life has sunk

Matthew Holloway

Modern Post

The modern worlds a mess

Social media disasters

I flip through channel's

Looking for some happy nudes

Matthew Holloway

That Poetry

Where would we be
Without poetry
That which brings us here
Daily on mass
To read and to write
That poetry which
Feeds our soul and mind
That poetry
That starves off madness
That poetry
That sings inside
Of every beauty and ugliness
We have seen and known
Where would we be
Without that poetry

Matthew Holloway

Not So Great Britain

A nation divided
Cut in two
The north and the south
The prosperous and the poor
The invested in and the ignored
Making a mockery of the nations name
How can we call ourselves great
When we are divided, put against each other
Fighting pointless fights
Religion, wealth, race, sex and postcode
And this divide stands, a chasm growing deeper
The north and the south
One nation, one island
In sad separation

Matthew Holloway

No Shepherds Here

Just be quiet
Follow the order
Obey the system
Check your soul at the door
Protest nothing without consent
Dilute life
No, no thank you
That is not for me
I prefer to shout
Let myself be heard
Silent men die
In a whimper
I'll die screaming
In a statement of intent
At least I'll know
I tried at least
Better to go down fighting
Than to be a sheep

Matthew Holloway

Ramblings Of An Idiot

I have an unhealthy relationship
With myself
I drink too much and talk absurd
Bring to ruin everything about me
Perhaps I am a little bit mad
But in this world who can say
They are truly sane

Sometimes birdsong
For all it's beauty and magic
leaves me sad, lonely
Reminds me of every mistake
Leaves me counting my regrets

I once had a life near perfect
Few money worries, nothing much
A steady job, home of my own
And a beautiful girl

Somehow, someday I ruined that
Drove her away for little, no reward
leaving me here now, writing
Poetry my souls salvation

And today all I have is this
Unhealthy relationship with myself

Matthew Holloway

Politics Season

I'ts politics season
The breeding ground of lies
Disappointment and betrayal awaits
The ballet box check
The wealthy and secure
Only seek to secure such status
And so the circus goes on
Un-entertaining as ever
It's a sad scenario
When you turn you back on
The system you should trust
Rely upon for daily life
Becomes a filthy bed
For corruption and depict

Matthew Holloway

Travel Writer, Not

I listen to a train passing
In the near distance
Station but a five minute walk
So I picture myself on journeys
A travel writer, paid
Reviewing routes, hotels and food
All typed as contextual poetry
Revered and read often
I'm not that kind of writer
Never been popular
So the trains pass
Like each thought
And poem posted
I know my place on the line
It's where I sit and write
As the world passes by

Matthew Holloway

Bukowski And Gin

I guess my weekend is sorted
Staying in with a book
And a bottle or two of gin
Ham on Rye
Ice in the glass
Perhaps some poetry
May fall from my lips
Upon the keyboard
Spilt verse talking
Forget the weather report
It's looking good

Matthew Holloway

Drink Driver

One for the road
To the hospital or the morgue
For yourself or an unfortunate other
Is it worth that hit
Of beer or liquor
You drink and drive
And risk so many lives

Matthew Holloway

Life Thought

Let mistakes not become
The chains that tie you down
But become the lessons, stones
That build your stairway higher

Matthew Holloway

A Familiar Place

I find myself here
Sleepless in suburbia
Counting hours again

Matthew Holloway

No Throne For A Queen

I do not look for a princess
Nor a queen to call my own
A model may be joyous for a night
Passions can soon be easily spent
Vanity and need are unattractive qualities
I build no pedestal to place anyone upon

Now give me a lively mind
A spirited soul to stand beside and against
An argument and discussion to duel with
A life that is alive and with fire
Oh now there is a beauty

Yet not in hypocrisy I admit
That physical attraction is a must
But that alone falls to nothing
Balance of look and thought
Is what must be sought
Lest fleeting time be wasted

So no queen, no princess I need
No selfie taking social media addict
Such pleasures will be short lived
And soon forgotten

But a mind and soul that speaks
An equal to myself indeed
Not just what I want
But what I truly need

Matthew Holloway

Be Your Own Poet

Be yourself, don't imitate others
Be inspired to write by all means
Invent and adjust your style
As often as you feel it requires
Have your voice and make it heard
Don't try and write like another
Don't try and use their voice as yours
Their style of writing as yours
A genre of poetry is wide open
To be interpenetrated as you wish
Be classical or confessional
A free flowing form or self expression
Or a painter of stories being told
Be yourself always, in every write
And if you change, it will change
From time to time, become inspired
Read others poetry and find love
In others words and voices
Those are theirs and you have yours
Be yourself and be inspired

Matthew Holloway

Finally Starting To Feel My Age

Slowly entering my forty first year
I say not in whisper but a silent tone
My thoughts date back further now
To the days when I would go out in celebration
And feel fine in the aftermath
Now years since such days have passed
Bones ache and a tiredness holds
For all my trying and self belief
The curse of age is catching up with me

Matthew Holloway

That Which Fuels Us

Be it drink or drugs
Music or a picturesque scene
The sound of birds, children laughing
Desires of the flesh
Or a social statement

We all have those fuels
Which kick start the poetic fire
have us write and write and write
It's a cause and effect situation

We can call to a protest
Or sing out a loves devotion
Tell a tale of a life lived
Or cry tears upon the page

Emotion is a barbed flower
That grows inside us all
Feed it well and it will bloom
Fill our soul with poetry

Our air, sun and soil
Is different to each and all
Yet it brings us here as poets
That which fuels us

Matthew Holloway

Pre-Match

Nerves on edge
Anticipation building
The day, the game arrives
No more second guessing
The clock ticks down
Soon it will be
Now or never
Passion builds
The dream led us here
The time to believe
The time to dream
It's here and now
Cheer on the team
We are all as one
Come the end
You'll never walk alone

Matthew Holloway

Asylum Fight

The inmates are running the asylum
Ruining it into the ground
Politicians so beyond understanding
Of the normality of the nation
The desires and wants
Of the voters are forlorn
Greed and self serving follow
The lies of pre election
Revaluation craves to become
A reality never tasted
Set the streets ablaze with voices
Sounding out disquiet
Fight the system with words
Don't lay down arms
Raise to the sky and fight
Clear the halls of the impostors
Open the windows wide
Breathe fresh air to the asylum
Become known, become heard

Matthew Holloway

An Open Letter To All Trolls

So you think you know me
How little you know I think
There are things and secrets
I keep and mask in words
I do not intend to hurt anyone
Yet you with your hate
Single minded carry on
In this pointless game
Scoring points to yourself
It bothers me not, in truth
I find it amusing
You dedicate time to me
You live for me
It's a tragedy, honestly
Go, leave, live
A trolls life is fit
For nobody
Are you a nobody

Matthew Holloway

Slaying The Trolls

To the veiled critics
The pretence makers
Those hiding behind made up names
Typing up your vitriol
It will never break my resolve
My stance is steadfast
Quite what you achieve
From these little games
Is beyond my higher understanding
Step forth little one, child
State name and reason
Lets converse as adults do
Name to name, face to face
No hiding in the shadows
Or under the trolls bridge
In case you are in doubt of what I'm saying
Come out of the shadows
Just bring it

Matthew Holloway

To All The Poets

Broken minds and poetic lines
Drinking in unsocial hours
Becoming a recluse to the world
An outcast, stranger to many
Leaving some unable to understand
Your words and actions
The way you carry yourself even
Being labelled as crazy, odd, different
And not stopping to care
Only that next line, following verse
New idea to put to ink
Ode to the poetic addiction
Where you never live up to
Those you admire and read with jealousy
Wanting to craft a poem as fine
As those they left behind
Damaged goods, paper and pen
To all the poets
With love amen

Matthew Holloway

The Village Green Devastation Story

The fields of my shared youth
The hedgerows and trees
Of a small town now lost
A town that became a suburb
A forgotten maze of housing estates
Where a short walk to the countryside
Has become a lengthy journey
In the early days the building sites
Became playgrounds an adventure
Now they roll out forever
Like a living nightmare
Lego brick duplicates rise up
Amongst concrete paths
Tarmac roads and panel fences
Replacing nature with nothingness
So much for human progress
I long to walk in the fields of my youth
To find preservation in place of devastation

Matthew Holloway

Let There Be Poetry

In the silent hour of the still morning
In the sound of wind and rain
Against and beyond the windows and walls
Which shelter body and soul
In the warm afternoon
And the cooling of the evening
let there be poetry
In every song and story heard
In each moment lived
Be it joyful or sorrow tainted
Be it memorable and magnificent
Or something you think back to
On those rare occasions
let there be poetry
Let some things echo forever
Repeated or forgotten
Then remembered again
In all of this and everything
Let there be poetry

Matthew Holloway

Evening Silhouettes

You see them or you may not
The early evening silhouettes
Clouds, sky and chimney tops
It's a tapestry of scenery
Impressive and inspiring
One of those many little things
Grey skies, off colour blue
Wisp's of clouds passing over
And there amongst it all
You find a poem unfolding
Inside of you

Matthew Holloway

Adrift

Cast away and adrift
Into the sea to what or where
This story leads
Time shall tell and read
Where this drifters tale
May eventually lead

Matthew Holloway

Notes On Love

What is this I ask
As others may often ask also
This word, this emotion
That so consumes us all
A word the creates so much
Music, art and poetry
Bend and twist to those words
Chosen to describe such a word
A word entitled love
For all it is and can be
That which it decides
Is what it shall always be
Notes on love list
What I have known and lost
All I have dreamt and thought
To love and to love
Share your thoughts

Matthew Holloway

So.....

So here I am
A human after all
Foolish and stupid
Mortal, able to bleed
Sleepless too often
Not a musician
But in love with the craft
A hopeful poet
Who writes on life

Matthew Holloway

Music Night

The music plays
Flowing over me
Plying my soul
Like a multi stringed instrument
I lay in silence absorbed
Falling in and out of love
Feeling each emotion
Dance and twist inside
If music be the food of love
Then allow me to feast
To dine on lyric and note
The richest meal known
Feeds mind and soul
Beauty, beauty, beauty
Music is and should be
A dietary must
So play those records
Those tapes and recordings
And I shall savour
Wondrous music
Of every flavour

Matthew Holloway

Scars

I see them still
In the morning shower
Or during gardening in the summer
The faint scars of my past
Those tokens of my own shame
That I do not hide no more
I have suffered and cried at times
And arms, wrists count them out
Each foolish night or moment
When the blade kissed the skin
In an ill forgotten moment
Counted out in lines
They serve to remind me now
That I hope never to relive
The anguish and sorrow that brought me
Ever so near to the final brink

Matthew Holloway

The Poetry Pot

I've mentioned before
About a jar of paper notes
Each written upon
A theme or title for a poem
Every now and then
Fingers pick and pluck
A poetry challenge for me
The random possibility
Of what is to be writ
Is endless and beautiful
In countless abundance
There will always be something
To be penned to ensure
That the poetry never ends

Matthew Holloway

Freedom

The working week done
The weekend begun
Freedom found and celebrated
Family and friends
Called out and upon
Modern life's answer
To what it means to be free
To choose and think
Without constraint
Freedom differs
From person to person
Enjoy your moments
However you find them

Matthew Holloway

A Picture From A Walk

On natures causeway
The pathway leads me forward
To a brighter life

Matthew Holloway

That Jazz Sound

It's an art form
A musical sound
A variety of style and culture
That still leaves me numb
Perhaps it's in the name
One particular style
Holding sway over all
Making me feel it's not my thing
That jazz sound
Artisan beatnik fashion
Scat skip beat
A music of the world
Just not the music for me

Matthew Holloway

Work

Forget the nine till five
This modern working life
Calls on all hours of the day
And every day of the week
Like a routine well bedded in
It goes on and on and on
A contractual obligation
Just to pay the bills
Put food on the table
Retirement is anticipated
Till then the working day
Is forever repeated

Matthew Holloway

L.I.V.E.R.P.O.O.L

The city where my heart waits
I count it's history and stories
As my own family tales
The team in the brightest red
The Liver Bird upon their crest
Shankley, Paisley, Dagleish
The players past and present
Will have songs sung and made
For it is and always will be
The Liverpool way
To never walk alone
A city and a team
I will always belong to
A family of pride and passion
I am a kopite, a true red
Believing till the final whistle

Matthew Holloway

Sell They Neighbours

It would appear
That those with money and power
Do all they can to gather more
They screw the poor and vulnerable
Buying politicians, governments and laws

~

Driving the gap further and further
Between rich and poor
Using well, the already bought media
To mask their selfish agenda
Humanity I guess, has its price after all

~

So many have sold out their neighbour
They seek to buy out hospitals
Medicines, health care
Leaving many to beg and plead
Or die in the streets

~

Sell thy neighbour
For profit and greed
Or stand by their side
And sow the seed of revolution
For it is what we need

Matthew Holloway

A Poem On Sex

Desire burns in thought
Passions now set free
The animal within is alive
To feel and taste
The blood and sweat
The rhythmic orchestra
Rising in breathless abandon
The duel of Man and Woman
A poetic ballet unfolds

Matthew Holloway

Yes It's Political

I'm out of faith and respect
For the political system
We have the same brand repeating
In various strengths and colours
No party comes with a clear identity
Where am I to place my trust
Who am I to believe in now
When the system is a let down
Conservative, diet conservative
Conservative lite, the same only with lime
All appear to me, my own view
As self serving bureaucrats
Repeating edited lies
Hence my lack of faith and respect
For a system
In severe neglect

Matthew Holloway

A Poem On A Rainbow

It was on a walk sometime in June
Along the river escaping from town
The sights and sounds of daily life
A backpack of food and wine prepared
The dog on leash and muzzle
The weather that day came mixed
Scattered showers with sunshine
After an hour or two perhaps it was three
I stopped by an old stone block
Poured water and wine
For the dog and myself respectively
On viewing the landscape
I gazed in quiet wonder
As a rainbow cast across the sky
I thought it poetic
As I shared my sandwich
I scribbled a note in pencil
For a future poem to be writ
Only to find it half a year later
Which led to this

Matthew Holloway

Rainbows Tale

Painted upon the sky
By natures wonder
The pallet of life stretches far
Inspired by rain and sun
Creator of stories told
That where you shall find
The leprechauns gold

Matthew Holloway

To Reaper The Troll

You came and left
With an empty warning
Exclamation notes as well
like a coward in the night
You remain unseen
Like a mute you say no more
Are you back under your bridge
Skulking and feeling strong
Waiting to pounce and type away
You worthless threats and commentary
Before running away yet again
It's easy to hide from the fight
But Here I am standing
Waiting to discuss my thoughts
But trolls like you are unwilling
To stand and face the truth
So face your name
That I am done with you

Matthew Holloway

An Overly Cheesy Poem

Oh de Brie
What is this cheese
Whatever the feta
Or cottage please
Parmesan me to another
lest I remain Stilton
The goats breed
Or fermented mead
A Gloucester red
Or Dorset blue veined
Let the sandwich remain
Rich with flavour
From the Roulade
Cut me a thick slice
That I may dine
On a cheesy delight

Matthew Holloway

Two Cats And A Dog

There's no place like home
So the old saying goes
And my furry friends make this
The warmth and love they bring
Makes these brick walls and a roof
Just that, a home to call
A family to love
A joy to behold

Matthew Holloway

Home Farm

I call it the farm
My home in response to pets
The dogs and cats
Allow me to know my space
Not great conversationalists
Although I would worry
If they ever were

Matthew Holloway

Happiness

A state of mind

An act some play

A mask often worn

A game, perhaps

What is it

Happiness

More than a word

A quotation

Living the dream

A reply to questions

Seemingly endless

Happiness is

In the end, after all

What you make it seem

Happiness is

When you believe

Matthew Holloway

Awaiting Light

I remember asking myself
To await for the light
The brightness soon to follow
The seemingly endless night
It was all thought and feeling
That emotion, so unsettling
It left me off balance
Stay strong and look ahead
I repeated in moments
Those were hard words to follow
A difficulty to believe
Depression, the black dog
Howling at the proverbial gate
At times had me cowering
But eventually a light came
Lit by faith or chance
In the end it did not matter

Matthew Holloway

On A Mornings Stroll

Post evenings end
Witnessed at first light
The horizon pencilled in
On the first page of a new day

~

Gone has the blindfold that kept darkness
looking to the sky it wasn't just blue
Every blink was like taking a photograph
Capturing the vast array of beauty

~

Last nights dream kept in a pocket
Footsteps counting out a beat
An album of thought and feeling held
Pages turned and stories begun

~

Pen to paper after much delight
Spotting a butterfly and bumble bee
Dancing a waltz in the warmth of spring
Above a tulip as golden as the sun

~

Inspiration arrives
Like season's and the weather
With the coming and going of days
That which we keep
Be it writ or in memory
Is our eternal poetry

Matthew Holloway

Corporate Communication

Communication is at breakdown
Words are writ illegible
Lines contradict or deceive
Not all are born to business speak
Translation to understanding
Denying common sense
Time to revise and repair
The communication error

Matthew Holloway

Blue Skies

Blue skies above
Lined with jet trails
Adventures and dreamers
Traveling home and away
Make your own stories

Matthew Holloway

Cohabiting Upon A Page

An invitation goes out
To the writers, poets
The pencil scribes
The dreamers and wordsmiths
A co writing opportunity
To share thoughts and ink
Upon a page set free
Without restraint
Without expectation
To answer a verse
With an unforeseen direction
Be it an act of work
Or a performance of pleasure
I leave here this offer

Matthew Holloway

This Poets Curse

Enslaved to this
led by innate desire
Through sleepless nights
Where thoughts play, dance
Upon almost everything
Words and verse exist
If only to fulfil
This poets curse

Matthew Holloway

Bed

A place of peace
At the end of the day
A place of escape
From all life's events
A place where
Music always awaits
And an evening drink
Fuels the latest write
A place of warmth
Of thoughtful process
Or falling into sleep
To dream any dream
A place to lay

Matthew Holloway

The Sky Above

Be it rainfall
The sun or stars
The sky is eternal
And ever changing
Yet always inspiring
Be it a cloudy summers day
Or a clear winters eve
Eyes always cast upwards
To where the birds swim
And clouds float amongst dreams
The endless worlds above
This mortal earth
Are both magical and inspiring
Poets paint odes
To the sky above

Matthew Holloway

Fever Pitch

Fever pitch
Anticipation
Breath held
Heart rate skips
Each minute counted
Songs sung in unison
The play of the game
Never follows the rules
Anything could happen
Giving everything
To the escape of the game
A bond almost like family
Amongst all fans
We are the team
As the team are us
In those we chant and cheer
Are those we trust
It's a fever pitch
To the final whistle

Matthew Holloway

Zombie

The apocalypse

Outbreak of the mindless dead

Perhaps it's already begun

On an I Phone Update

Select required overtaking

Pause, please await

The following update

new phone, life event

Do not move, just yet

Wait, wait, wait

For the scheduled update

Life on hold, check

Update underway

Matthew Holloway

Vino, Nine Thirty

Let it be poured
In verse and glass
The nectar of the gods
Let it flow inside
My body and mind
Let it flow like poetry
From tongue to page
And back again
Let words spiral out
In unrestrained speech
Let poems be made
And poetry spoken of
And another glass poured
Keep the wine flowing
And the poems
Let them be read
Drink be merry
And let the poetry be read

Matthew Holloway

Winter Is Coming

It's been anticipated
Said for many a year
A quotation oft spoken
Winter is coming
Soon the saga of seasons
Shall arrive at its end
Spring, Summer and Autumn
All now passed away
And with snows falling
And fires brightly lit
The walls shall hold
The steel of souls
Shall see all through
The final hour of night
That which comes
Shall be conquered
An oath once made
The living shall be saved
Winter is coming
Hold fast my friend

Matthew Holloway

Insomnia Stole My Night

The hours of the previous evening
Drained through the room
Where sleepless I lay in the dark
Twisting, turning, sitting up, laying down
Eyes closed or open it made no difference

Thoughts of poetry and things to do
Filled my mind keeping me from rest
The shopping, cleaning, garden
All in great honesty of no or little importance
Yet still, still I have been kept awake

I played out scenarios for the days to come
Played out conversations not to be had
Insomnia has taken a bite out of me
I can only hope strong coffee can steady me
Keep me tick, ticking over for the day

Perhaps for an hour later I will rest
No plans should be made in that affect
For now I sit up and awake, still
listening to bird song and wonder
Where my night has gone

Matthew Holloway

A Sober Haiku

This mood is falling
Suffering sobriety
Gift me a some wine

Matthew Holloway

Old Angel Falls

Somewhere amongst the loftiest mountains
Along a less trodden path
You may find the lost angel falls
Where trees climb cliff faces
And clouds are washed down upon
By waters of the purest pure
Where rare birds fly and nest
A serenity beyond all thought
Is found and forgotten
To sit and meditate
To await a truth
The old angel falls
Tears of ten thousand souls

Matthew Holloway

Forest Walk

It was early upon a Saturday morning
In the beginnings of spring
An early April walk undertaken
The journey made to the local woods
A forest walk with the dogs
Set in the calm and splendor
The sun slowly burnt it's way
Through the late evenings mist
Every picture a perfect postcard
The serenity and beauty found
And a walk undertaken with pleasure
Ode to the joy of mother nature

Matthew Holloway

Moonlight Romance

Through the window it cast
A shard of light, bright enough
To illuminate the lovers
As they danced in silence
knowing the evening carried
A tune that only they knew
The moon like a spotlight
Lit their stage in a glow
Following the stars of this show
A great, wild unfolding romance
The beauty of the night
Lit in the fullest of skies
The moonlight dance
Of lovers in arms

Matthew Holloway

Musical Pornography

I flip through the records
The variety of sound and style
A choice of endless options
This is musical pornography
The selection of soul, blues, reggae
Rock and roll or calming folk
The swinging sixties
Disco, Norther soul, Indi beat
Spoken word or classical
Like a fetish, there is something for all
That snatch and crack of vinyl
Against needle hits me up
Like an addict I listen on, and on
Getting that feeling only music brings
And how good that feeling is
Play me some more, inspire me
In the way only music can

Matthew Holloway

A Poets Audience

Do you really want to be this
An audience for a poet
The platform for their thoughts
Those mad ramblings
Impassioned dreams and desires
Do you really wish to hear
Their thoughts on the seasons
Those twisting verses
Which ply love and sex with sorrow
The storied tales sung along
With a varied flavour
Style and substance exist
If only to be played
Or not to be played
That's a question, for the poet
The bard, the profit, the seer
Or just another lonesome writer
Placing their soul on offer
Through their literature
Do you really want to be this
An audience for a poet

Matthew Holloway

A Marathon

A marathon waits
To test spirit and body
You will see it through

Matthew Holloway

Early April Weather Report

The past few days, early spring
Media outlets have proclaimed
Record heat, early summer on its way
This morning I awoke earlier than usual
Working overtime to raise the funds
To fill my garden with colour and scent
Upon leaving my door I witnessed
An ice filled picture before me
Frozen grass and cars ahead
I thought of what i had heard and read
All that was proclaimed by media
What do they know anyway

Matthew Holloway

Vinyl Record Playing

The blues speak to me
Throughout the record playing
Music kisses soul

Matthew Holloway

An Understanding

I know what you're saying
Those words between silences
Reveal more than you realise
I can see what you're saying
In the sentences hidden
In every space between your words
It's a game unfolding
Something you and I know about
A game of words, spoken and writ
Played like a hand of cards
Joker wins

Matthew Holloway

My Ocd

Me and mine
This OCD does not suit
The odd number of poetry
So I strive to write
Often into the late hours
Of the evening night
To turn a number into
An average round
Poem count rises
Nine hundred ninety eight
Becomes nine hundred
ninety straight

Matthew Holloway

Me, Myself & I, A Collaboration

Who writes this poetry
Why it's me, myself and I
A combination of contradiction
A multiple personality collaboration
A cohesion of thoughts placed
In variant styles upon the page
Arguments, love affairs, humility
Every aspect of difference
The joker, the lover, the deviant
The writer, poet, artist
Ticket number six please
Who or whom is to say
What version of myself
Shall write today

Matthew Holloway

Dancing Bird

A bird which once danced
Inside I cage I built
Was beautiful and majestic
Then I set it free
Allowed it's wings to spread
However cruel or kind
I now hear it's song
And see the beauty of it's soul
Rising higher than ever
A bird which once danced
Has now eclipsed the world

Matthew Holloway

What Is Love

What is love

I'm asking for a friend

Perhaps that's the answer

And we are all closer

Than we like to pretend

Matthew Holloway

On Education Cuts

We should all rage, rage, rage
At the dumbing of their brains
Cuts to education and the arts
To ease the deficit created
By tax cuts to the rich

The swines in power, halls of government
Fill their greed in the troughs
Morality escapes each and almost every one
The few who care and wish to change
This world for the better fall
To the web of red tape created
By the backers of parliament

We should fight back scream out
ENOUGH OF THIS, EDUCATE OUR KIDS
Make each vote count, our voices heard
Name it a peaceful revolution
Eventually we should win

And in that time, during this fight
Rise up in favour of education and arts
Read, talk, play music and go to the galleries
Inspire and put a fire inside
Of every young and beautiful mind

Matthew Holloway

Revelation Awakening

I awoke differently this morning
The thoughts which greeted me
Seemed at odds with previous days
A change was felt in the air
And I, all the better for it

My drives and goals and desires
All cast into some great nothingness
With a cascade of expletive language
The likes, I cannot repeat in good company
So I shall leave such un-pleasantries

What brought about this change
I am yet to find an answer to that
But I am adamant a change has occurred
As though I died and was reborn
The is a feeling set anew

I am not talking of faith or spirituality
Or trying to sell a poem
I am just ranting perhaps, incoherent
That when I awoke this morning
A revelation hit me full force

I feel different, new and fresh
More honest and free to live
And I am smiling

Matthew Holloway

Photograph Of A Poet

I see in that picture a look
Of someone who just doesn't care
Willing to write as they wish to
Forgetting any audience or book sales
Poetry is a dying art, it seems
Sidelined by mainstream media
But it's ink runs deep in my veins
Like an addict I crave
The next poem be it written
By my own hand or read by my own eyes
I admire and respect these poets
Masters and mistresses of their craft
The speakers, sermons, songs, confessions
I love these writers who pen on
Sharing to the world a beautiful vision
As similar as many of us may be
We are all individuals, artists
And looking through these pictures
I see the poet and poets
Who get this

Matthew Holloway

Serenade Of A Dreamt Love

Music plays my heart
Strings pull me into dreams
That rising love and crashing
Heartbreak, such mellow notes
The applause of joy and success
A kiss softly planted
Upon lips that do not sing
No there is only this music
Playing into a silent
Yet beautifully haunting
Darkness to which love
Walked away and into

Matthew Holloway

Violin Concerto

Where the tears meet the rain
She turns away, Eclipsing light
Halo sweetly portrays her form
Her beauty and of her soul
A melodic symphony plays
Violin concerto for love

Matthew Holloway

Goodnight Sea-Light

The sound of the sea
Flows from speakers
Volume kept low
And the lights switched
Off into darkness
The peace drifts over
In a melodic Crest
And I become washed
Away into dreams

Matthew Holloway

Unsettled Mind

The poem count uneven
Sits with a discomfort
Like the Oh Cee Dee
Kicks in the thoughts
Write something now
Even this mess up
Level the count
Even the number
Or else wait to sleep
In the bleak November

Matthew Holloway

Wasted Wishes

I wish I could love
As though the world were never to end
I wish I could speak those words
Which echo beauty and wonder
I wish I could touch my dreams
For now they all escape me

Matthew Holloway

Local Development

Local government

Selling off fields and pasture

Profit before needs

Matthew Holloway

The Lady Poet

I hold a glass in my hand
Swirl the wine around
Savouring the aroma
Like I know what I am doing
I picture this poet
Sat in her chair reading
Reciting her poetry
Those legs on show
Distracting me, seduction
A pure basic instinct
Verse and desire
Two natural points
Of my own personal psyche
I'll drink up and pour another
Maybe write something myself
My passion is in poetry
And this is a toast worthy
Of every beautiful girl
Who writes poetry

Matthew Holloway

In Lust With A Poet

There you are resplendent
An intoxicating art
Drawing my attention, full on
Giving my mind rise, to thought
Beauty, sexuality, spirit
Body of verse and mystery
The unknown next line
Has me wanting more
To kneel beside a recital
Having me undone
Write on, addict me
I'll drink, get drunk
On poems and pretence
This lust fuelled drive
Has me waiting, wanting
To read on

Matthew Holloway

Family Tides

You can chose your friends
But you can't choose these
Families are bounded
By blood and name
Ask the question
Would you have it any other way

The differences in politics
In the way you live
A friendship, wound not make
But this continues
And in spite of all
Refuses to yield
Family stands tall

It's never perfect
But it can't be beaten
That union we feel
Brother, Sister, Cousin
Parent or other
Nothing comes close

Family is something
We all should love
And be loved by

Matthew Holloway

Vinyl Night

That first kick, crackle
Preludes the opening song
That feeling after the needle
Lands upon the record
Nothing quite matches
The unique sound
Music sounds better
Through a record
Keep your modern players
The MP3 or CD
Vinyl is the choice for me
A sound you remember
With the greatest fondness
Gift me an evening
Of music through Vinyl
Gift me that crack and echo
Blues, Rock or Soul
Music is beautiful
Especially on vinyl

Matthew Holloway

Cold Coffee And Poetry

An early morning rise
Kettle on, grains in cup
Sleep rubbed from eyes
Phone checked for messages
Water poured, a return to bed
Laptop screen flickers to life
Then that warm familiar site
Poems read and enjoyed
Comments made and replied
Further poems read
The mind becoming
Verse-lay intoxicated
The cup remembered, finally
Cold coffee tasted
Still drink it anyway
Another weekend morning
And the habit it brings
Cold coffee and poetry
The very best of all things

Matthew Holloway

Two Fingers From The Bottle

I take a hit
Two fingers from the bottle
Letting me burn
Giving my voice a kick
Rolling me over
A kitsch lifestyle
Not much to brag about

Matthew Holloway

Identified As A Poet

So here I am
A poet so apparently
A writer, a dreamer
A pen scribe of words
Which dictate things
Like an autumn morning
Or a love affair of sorts
A summers evening
A memory or story
That likes to be told
In verse and song
The book deal
That ever comes
I write, I live, I continue
Someday I will die
And my legacy
What I leave behind
A collection of papers
That tell people of me
I wrote poetry
I was a poet
Apparently

Matthew Holloway

In The Kitchen Haiku

A choice of spices
Added to the meat and veg
In the trusty pan

Matthew Holloway

Modern Life Beliefs

Where we put our faith
Our love and souls
How we dictate our lives
The code to which we abide
That we prey upon
Or to or about, it varies
New gods, religions
Have grown in recent times
Media, likes and money
A devotion to the latest tech
Unifying a world as one
Or dividing it further
I am a traditionalist of sorts
And a nonconformist
I am a lover, a follower
A child and a parent
To poetry, prose and beauty

Matthew Holloway

Sometimes, Sometimes

Sometimes I like to try
Curl into a bottle and hide
From those thoughts about me
Those thoughts which haunt
Those annoying thoughts
Those keep you awake thoughts

Sometimes I spend hours writing
Days taken over by the tap, tapping
Of the keyboard or the scratching
Of a pen against paper
Sometimes I don't write for days
Sometimes it's weeks, I hate those times

Sometimes I listen to poetry readings
Perhaps too lazy to read myself
Or just enjoying another voice
I like to imagine others reading
That which I call my poetry

Sometimes I do all of the above
And Sometimes, well I guess
Sometimes is never enough

Matthew Holloway

A Letter To The Muse

I would love you
As I would the next line
Of every poem I'd write
Forever creating something
Beautifully inspiring
As though talking of
A living dream
The depths of space
A count of stars, grains of sand
Something endless
Yet a poet must know tragedy
And such a love as this
May only exist in words

Matthew Holloway

The Night Song

A whistle beyond the window
The gentle patter of rain against glass
Lit by glimpses of the moon
Between cloud and tree alike
The night song plays
To ease my sleepless mind

Matthew Holloway

Friend-Zoned

Like a child with a new toy
I sat, laughed and played
I finally bought an Alexa
And joined the modern age
From playing songs, telling jokes
The news and sports results
The little box with the voice
Entertained this alleged adult
I drank and thought of ways
Questions and things to make it say
Finally I plucked up the nerve
And asked in hopeful glee
'Alexa would you go a date with me';
The blue spun and speaker pinned
A spoiler to this story
Alexa friend zoned me

Matthew Holloway

Oh Captain

The Captain went down
With the sinking of the ship
in shallow waters

Matthew Holloway

Laughter And Spice

Laughter is the best medicine
Or so the old proverb goes
It's music to the soul
A must for young and old
Take the time, whenever you can
Share a story or a joke
If only to lighten the daily load
It's freeing the mind
Of so much thought
Switching off from the day
And allowing it to breathe
So curl up in a smile
Let a laugh roll free
Self medicate yourself
With a little comedy

Matthew Holloway

On Her Majesties Service Apparently

The houses of parliament and lords
Beside the clock tower and river
Tradition and history set in stone
In service of the queen and people
Of the United kingdom and Great British isles
A bastion of lies and deception
A site of greed and corruption
Each politician elected to office
Each lord born or bought into power
Few sit daily on matters of legislation
Many spend time in the bars and restaurants
Spinning out expenses playing games
In order to solidify power
Over paid and out of touch they laugh
At those who elected them
Perhaps Guy Fawkes had the right idea
Or perhaps a revaluation is required
The system is flawed, broken, dead
Needs striping back to the start
Remove the peers for elected office
Remove the expenses and second homes
Remove the bars they shouldn't drink on the job
Remove the filibuster and self serving votes
Pay them the minimum wage they believe
That people can survive on day by day
offer the incentive, the bonus
Of a successful economy paying dividends
To their bank accounts come tax year end
Make the government work for us
Instead of for themselves for a change
Maybe this is overly optimistic
And the future will remain
With what we have today
Elected and un-elected names
Filling the papers and media
On her Majesties service apparently

Matthew Holloway

The Talent Less Show

I was wasting a day onetime
Watching television without attention
Some apparent talent show
Filled with bad singers
Poor comedians and magicians
The crowd laughed and cheered
Whenever prompted like sheep
The judges sat talking rubbish
Praising the mediocre
The presenters made bad jokes
With each participant
Then entering stage left
A girl walked on, announce herself
The judges sat forward
Made some small talk for a while
Finally they asked her, her talent
She said she was a poet
Finally something got my attention
But the crowd began to boo
Before she said another word
The ignorant masses unwilling to listen
To someone who creates
No they wanted instant entertainment
Not an artist, a writer, a poet
They heard poetry and thought
Oh hear is some Shakespearean speech
So many unwilling to discover, learn
What poetry actually is
I turned the television off
Tired of the talent less show
And decided to read a book
If only to feed my soul

Matthew Holloway

Beastly Beauty

It's not a case of beauty and the beast
More like beauty is the beast
A breaker of thought, a madness
An unpleasant distraction at times
Leaving you more alone than ever
A richness that makes you poor
A feast that starves you
Something that is not quite right
Desire cuts deeply within you
Like a drug filled rage
Controlling all stupid action
Eyes are blinded by that sight
In retrospect a final review
No edit to follow
Beauty is indeed the beast

Matthew Holloway

Xenophobia

A hatred without true reason
Fed my media outlet
Or politicians playing for power
Feeding on the fear
Or paranoia of the people
The hard times used, abused
Claiming modern struggles
Are the fault of people not politicians
The result of immigration
Not failed legislation
The policies of a few idiots
Put in place for millions of lives
That did not work, not even slightly
Brings about this game of
Cat and mouse, deception
The blame game, playing out
On news and media outlets
Deceiving so many
I'm saddened and sickened
In equal measure
A time has come to wake up
make a stand against it all
Love must raise and hatred fall

Matthew Holloway

Dust

Dust lines the shelves
The old books left unread
For many a year
Their tales, stories forgotten
The soul of the author
Passing away into silence
Forgotten, what a horrible way
To be remembered, thought of
A name barely recognized
'Is that not the guy
On the old book there
The one on that shelf
I cant remember the title'
No that is something passing
For a few with little memory
Of what has been seen
Not heard or read
Just looked upon
Dust lines the shelves
The old books
Thick layers of dust
Gathered over the years

Matthew Holloway

Remember 02: 01

I'd like to close this chapter
Bring an end to this book
A verse no longer remains
All good things have an end
This story once carried
Ends with a footnote
Remember
Life can always be worse

Matthew Holloway

Elevator Music

Don't be elevator music
A background noise to life
Something heard but not listened to
Something that's there but never noticed
Break all conventions
If you find it necessary
Life is short and beautiful
Make a noise and be known
Write poetry, be a musician
Create with what life gave you
Just don't try to fit in
Play a part for others
Be strange, a little weird
Be alive and live
Embrace life's gift

Matthew Holloway

Dreams A Retrospect

Dreams are a hindrance
A distraction from life
Somethings are never to be
Be it that love affair
That new job or lottery win
None ever likely to happen
None are to play out that way
That we would like to imagine
Dreams are a pretence to life
An escape if only for a moment
Enjoy them wholehearted
Just never be distracted
Or led astray by dreams
They are something perfect
Within our control
Directed with ease
Dreams are a hindrance
But to a poet
They are the next poem
A book sale, a profit

Matthew Holloway

Do Not Covet The Poet

The words stick to the tongue
With the sharpness of a spirit
The acidic life played out
In a verse poured onto ice
hits you sharply and with a fire
That burns and shakes you
Existence is a way of life for some
This way, is my way or their way
Or another's way entirely
How can you ever be sure
The poet may paint a wonderful world
Of sex and drink and strength
Where the thought process echoes
Into your world, but it's not yours
It's a fantasy, a fallacy
Still, still read on and live
Or dream, act out the part
Like an actor upon the stage
Just be you in the end
Do not covet the poet
Desire their emotion or experience
Wish to stand in their shoes
No in the end, it's best to just
Just be you

Matthew Holloway

The Passing Hands

Time passes
With little thought
Bodies grow old
And hair turns grey
This is the inevitable
The days spent drinking
In fields and gardens
Dancing to live music
Become so very different
The jobs that need doing
Start to outweigh those things
Mowing the lawn, hanging the washing
Painting the fence or shed
Some like myself have fought
To delay or defy age
But alas in the end it wins
You become too tired
To drink all day
And find a necessity
In getting things done
So we move our targets
To something more refined
Something less energetic
A few glasses in good company
And an early evening
Bodies still growing older
Hair a bit more grey
And tired eyes remembering
All those stories
From yesterdays

Matthew Holloway

Home Pride

More than an island in the sea
More than great rising white cliffs
And fields of pasture and flock
More than a history in buildings made
More than the words of the bard
The people, the stories, the spirit
Never give up, never surrender
A home to keep warm
Against every oncoming storm
Where kings and queens have reigned
Where heroes have lived
A nation united as family
This is my country my England
Where the lion sits guard
And in its roar is heard
The passion and the pride
That will never die

Matthew Holloway

A Storm In England Haiku

The wind is howling
Beyond the windows safety
Better stay inside

Matthew Holloway

Pets A Haiku

A house without pets
Does not quite feel like a home
It misses such love

Matthew Holloway

Wistful Dreams

I play out our meeting
How the conversation will go
The way we look at each other
Each touch and every smile
I see it in the movie of my dreams
I the writer and director
Of this masterpiece of fiction
This love story sent to music
A soundtrack never heard
The scene in which we first kiss
I cut away, The piano keys
Are a beautiful sorrow
For all of this is not to be
I play out our meeting
In wistful dreams

Matthew Holloway

Burgeoning Desire

Is this real this feeling
Or a symptom of circumstance
A reaction to the chemistry of life
Does the hearts affection call out
Or is this some misplaced thought
Passion stirs in every moment
Daydreams and whispers echo
Oh to the possibilities
The unknown life not lived
Dare we roll the dice
Place our bets on a chance
To find and discover
And fear not a single loss
Yet something stirs within here
A burgeoning desire if you will
Be it truth or circumstance

Matthew Holloway

A Man Alone

A man alone in a room
Lit only by a bedside lamp
Only memories keep him company now
He filters through old photographs
Pictures of another world, another life
A dream which still plays
In his mind from time to time
He has known and lost love
Known sweet joy and deep sorrow
He has written diary's
Poetry and a biography never to be read
A half bottle of scotch
Lays on the bed beside him
Occasionally he takes a hit
Just to warm the body
Remind him he is still awake
He is aged beyond his years
Yet he is young to some
This is just another picture
Another life, another world
Going on as we all live our lives
In the turn of the world

Matthew Holloway

A Prayer To The Angels Of Wine

In silence I sit in prayer
To the angels of wine
Sacred spirits of high above
To find my lips with their grace
Feed me such sweet nectar
That this dammed sobriety is forgotten
Ode to the craft of vintage ale
The damson waters of the brave
Let me drink and dance and sing
In the joyful wash of your love
I call out to you, find me
And deliver this, day this night
All I do desire, upon the rocks
Of the glass I await
The purification of you
A prayer to the angels of wine
Deliver unto me
An intoxicated mind

Matthew Holloway

Bound

Bound by pen and ambition
The choice to write as a free man
The subject matter and style
Kept caged within the mind
For fear of the reviews
Can a readership be truly ready
To take a poem at it's value
Without prior judgement
No, the time does not feel right
The binds are taut and cutting
The freedom is not free at all
So care and attention is paid
To each word, every line
Fear being that knotted wire
On the wrist of the writing hand
To the desk of living life
Bound by pen and ambition
I write as best I can

Matthew Holloway

Midnight Coffee

Another midnight coffee
I refuse to sleep
Unwilling to rest
I need to get something out
There has to be a write way
To do this, however
I keep doing it wrong
Fighting tiredness
Keeping the glare of the screen
In my eyes, music playing
Or poetry recitals
Bukowski, Plath, Keats
Sexton, Neruda, others
All too impossible to name
Caffeine intoxication
It's not inspiring
But ideas and possibilities
Still come through
My fingers to the screen
And I witness it happen
Poetry I'm writing it

Matthew Holloway

Failing To Understand

What is this about
A force within many of us
Creating and denying sleep
The painter, musician, writer
Driven almost mad by it
Unable to explain to others
Outside of this, force
This realm of thoughts
It comes as a constant
There in every day
There in every conversation
A vision glimpsed
A phrase or word heard
They sit there growing
In the back of the mind
Waiting, wanting to become
Something else
Something almost real
What is this about

Matthew Holloway

Capturing Verse

That thought which kicks you awake
In the hours of usual sleep
Leads to the bedside light illuminating
The frantic search for pad and pen
Or the laptop set close by
Before the hurried rush to try capture
Whatever thought or line had come by
Make use of the moment to etch a life
Into a poem or the basis of one to craft
Past experience has taught
That trying to remember that idea
Or those words and verses
Which broke you from sleep or near sleep
The rest in which you were laying
Never quite works, never captures it
That spark, magic, creative essence
So the now practiced urgency
Of writing, typing, capturing verse
Continues in soft light
The poets curse, the poets life

Matthew Holloway

Tattered Sails

In the still of the endless ocean
A calm breeze stirs
Fluttering the old sails
Now weathered and worn
Carrying a few tears
The days of old now past
When they held the wind
And carried all within them
The colours now faded
They hang listless and forgotten
So long since they held more
Than the mildest of gusts
No more the billowing brace
As they hang from the mast
A forlorn sight

Matthew Holloway

My Experience Of Writing So Far

You can spend a week or a month
Writing and rewriting, editing
Working through lines with a fine pen
Work and rework the ink over and over
Then share to an audience ready
Only for a silence to greet you
That time spent now in anguish
That great piece of work you took pride in
Seemingly reads so unresponsive
Writing can be a hellish ambition

~

There are times when you can scribble
Down a few lines in a flurry of thought
A quick fire poem from mouth to page
And presented with little fanfare
A piece you like but perhaps not love
It was a spur of the moment verse
Difficult to take much pride in
Yet the audience laps it up
Writing can be a confusing lifestyle

~

You will read with envy others work
The ideas you wished you had found first
Or the poems which baffle you
leaving you uninspired and unimpressed
Poetry is like that all the time
We all have our own likes and loves
The styles and rhymes we write to
Nothing is as great or good
As that which you love
Writing is a sleepless passion

~

I have no answers to your questions
No secret to being a writer
It's not the best of lives to lead
But when you create or inspire
Touch another soul with your words
Have someone stop and say
Hey I like your work

Writing is all it's worth

Matthew Holloway

A Jar Of Possibilities

Ideas kept on notes
Thoughts and possibility
A poem challenge picked
Ever so randomly
Forcing the mind to think
kick start and create
Fingers at the ready
Anticipation builds
A piece of paper picked
And slowly unfolds
The theme of the next poem
Will soon be known
What style, what flow
Shall come from this
Today's poetry challenge is
..... this...

Matthew Holloway

Breaking Bad

Up against the grain
When you have to make that choice
Face the uncertain future
Gamble on everything
Go against your own rules
Perhaps the rules of society
Sometimes you just need to break bad
Take a chance, roll the dice
Risk it all in an instance
And be damned for it
There's no algorithm
No scientific equation
Just the hand of fate
And what it brings
Do it, take a chance
And feel alive
Life is calling, expecting
And your answer must be
Breaking bad

Matthew Holloway

One Step Forward

So here we go, first step
Along a path of uncertainty
Beginnings of a journey
Ask now what stories will come
What memories shall be made
And where will it end

~

Enter a stride
A rhythm kicking in
Days, weeks, months passing
Soon a year will pass
The future is coming
Walk right in

~

Now a sprint
Double step along the path
Time passing quicker
Try to capture all you can
The scenery the scent
The route taken

~

The warm down walk
Nearing the end
Journeys almost over
Share your tale as best you can
The inevitable will come

~

The future is unknown
The journey is yours
And the tale what you make it

Matthew Holloway

A Photograph Of Winter

A winters landscape
Caught while walking the dog
The barren trees
The frosted fields
The iced over river
A route often taken
Known by man and friend
The picture changes
As each season passes
Here, now in the midst of winter
The river stands still
Frozen in a moment
Of perpetuity

Matthew Holloway

Life Within Another's Verse

Are we real or a tale told
Do we follow the fates
Or the ink of an author
Are we lines of a poem
A life set within a stanza
A verse set to another's whim
Living only because we grace the page
For the duration of another line
Only the sage may answer this
Or a realisation that we are not
Just a creation of another's thoughts
Is such a realisation a plot device
There to carry forward the poem
We grace the page as an actor the stage
A life written or being writ
A toast, glass raised on high
To the poet or poetess
Let me live forever in your mind

Matthew Holloway

Poetry The Great Equaliser

There is in truth
No good or bad poet
Just a variance of opinion
Neither man nor woman
Choice of sexual orientation
Choice of faith or lack of
Be it rich or poor
The colour of our skin
We write as we see and feel
Each audience as different
As they are the same
We come together in a language
Of verse, song and story
We are the poets the readers
We share a love beyond all
However different our births
We share a common soul

Matthew Holloway

Drunks At The Wheel

We are all in our own nations
And a collective sense
On a journey along the same road
Into the unknown
The drunks and the clowns
Sit at the front driving
They paid for their seat, the key
They steer as they see fit
With little or no regard for passengers
Those screams and voices drowned out
By a radio of propaganda
Those cream leather luxury seats
A far distance from the wooden benches
Rough and splintered
Where eyes look onward feeling powerless
Eyes watching those drunken clowns
Laugh and steer without a thought
If you have a faith then prey
For mercy or redemption
If you are faithless still prey
For a bottle or revolution
There's drunks at the wheel
I fear only our direction

Matthew Holloway

Window Photograph

It was in the late February
Or the early March I recall
Sitting perched on my windowsill
In the early hours nursing a coffee
I watched the dark of night ebb
Into the dusk of a new day
The new light breaking around, through
Those still stripped, barren branches
Of the tree behind my house
My dreams drifted into thoughts
And back to dreams once again
There was a serenity to the air
A holding quiet kept me alone
It was cold, not overbearingly so
And in this tranquil moment I waited
Amongst all this beauty
To see what the day would bring

Matthew Holloway

On Wishing To Live

How many of us just exist
Rather than live
Going through the motions
Finding a job, working hard
Buying a house, starting a family
Doing what is expected
The weekend shop, washing the car
Mowing the lawn before Sunday dinner
And fitting in nicely

To talk of dreams, not have them
Not reach out and be different
To run through rather than feel the rain
Defy expectations and not care
To love and find beauty and joy
Existence can provide this yes
I would be a fool to argue otherwise
But living is different
I wish to live

Let the world turn on it's axis
And in each turn chance fate
Live and dream and test those dreams
Play music and read and write
Bid farewell to all fears
I'd howl at the moon each night
Before a flaming pyre
Alive and living strange to others
And I'd care not for I'd be alive

Matthew Holloway

Reconciliation A Haiku

We are it appears
Unable to be apart
Always together

Matthew Holloway

Life Cycle A Haiku

So back to the earth
We return always to be
Part of it's cycle

Matthew Holloway

On Writing

The pen is drawn from my soul
It's ink a combination made
Of my own blood and tears
It's writes not from me
But through me unrestrained
Outspoken and free flowing
I am but the author
The ghost writer of a life
Set amongst beauty and art
Love, passion and dreams
Sadness and madness, rage
Echo and screams that whisper
On the page and the screen
I write not as I think or feel
I write what flows through me
Through the pen and page
Each poem and story begins and ends
As each wishes too

Matthew Holloway

Coastal Emotions

The sea salt scent
And sound of waves upon the shore
The call of seagulls
Far, far overhead
And out, out to sea
That vast, almost endless
Ocean to sky horizon
The endless possibilities
Of life and lives exist
In dreams, songs and poets
How peaceful this place is
peaceful still as a storm rages
Beyond the shore out to sea
A far distant picture
Draws ever closer in winds
The salt sea scent
The seagulls return
You may leave the coast, yet
In the mind it all remains

Matthew Holloway

Resolute Stance

The soul and mind stand strong
While the heart pines away
Unwilling to let go
Love, passion, desire
How it defines us all
Daily thoughts of you
Keep me in a sort of limbo
Where I am neither here nor there
Just someplace, somewhere
I act out a performance
Award worthy at times
Modestly saying that is
All three aspects of the self
Heart, soul and mind
Remain resolute, steadfast

Matthew Holloway

Breaking Silence

A silence has hung
Stale to the air
My tongue, words kept
Adverse to my nature
No flow of verse
A poet in decline
Perhaps burnt out
The last poem long gone
Days laid out in a writers block
Coffee and wine consumed
Poetry read and music listened to
Blank pages, empty screens, silent keyboards
All now being cast, forgotten
A voice is speaking now
Breaking the silence
And poetry has returned

Matthew Holloway

Wolf's Breath

The wolf stalks it's prey
As thoughts haunt dreams
Shadows in the night
All too much of a what if
Contemplation births confusion
Insomnia asks questions
And the night lasts eternal
Hours pass slowly
Lingers too long often
Screams are howls and silence
Time passes slowly
In the late evening
Where the wolf prowls

Matthew Holloway

A Bird Within A Cage

The rusted bars
The colourless cell
Keep the silence
Of a little brown bird
No song is sung
Nor wings are spread
Just a life held in sadness
Break open the cage
Set free the bird
let wings be set free
And a song sung aloud
That the bird may grow
And colour be found
And beauty let it be known
Once again

Matthew Holloway

A Strangers Shadow

Walking within a stranger shadow
A silhouette unknown figure set in darkness
As though all loss is kept
What story sits in memory
Locked hidden away
A tragedy without tears
A denial of everything
No heartbreak or loss
No sufferance or pain
Just the shadows
Of a life played out
Beneath street lights
Passing by with each step
Into another day

Matthew Holloway

Poetically Speaking

I have a few lines
barely a verse in honesty
a poem if any believe
all I dream is about poetry
to pen that opening verse
that catch line caught
ode to the beauty
of a souls imagination
ode to the poetry within me
how beautiful it all is
speaking as a poet
forgive my ignorance
I'm fishing upon a sea
of thought and imagination
trying for creation
of a poem, poetry
forever searching
poetically speaking

Matthew Holloway

Boxing Day

Let the sales wait
stay at home with family
talk to friends over a drink
perhaps share a meal
leave the shops empty
the same deals will be there
tomorrow and the next day
but today, let them wait
so they close their doors
allow staff to be at home
with their family and friends
eating, drinking, laughing
create a new demand
on boxing day
let the sales wait

Matthew Holloway

Cats

The mewling, the purr
The birds head left at the door
A cats love is fraught

~

Those claws once dug in
That uncomfortable stare
It's almost worthwhile

~

Cat's for all our care
Are independent of us
Yet we love them still

Matthew Holloway

On An Evenings Moon

The moon peers through cloud
like an astral being
something beautiful captivates
the mind, soul, heart
calling for poetry to be written
as pen touches paper
or the finger to key
that captured picture
illuminates all about it
calling, calling
write to me
and there I stood alone
looking upon an evenings moon

Matthew Holloway

My Great Britain

This island, this home
which has weathered storms
invasions through history
Boudica the first queen
Who made the world shake
Arthur and the lake
the white cliffs of Dover
The green fields of Kipling
the lakes of Wordsworth
Those tales and fables
etched in a history narrative
by Shakespeare and Wilde
Keats, Shelly, Byron
All poets, writers
gifted unto this nation
we shall never be defeated
Rings Churchill's cry
And I pity those
Who choose to risk
England's ire

Matthew Holloway

Old Books

Those well worn pages
those footnotes scribbled in corners
tell tales beyond the book
a storied history
a dedication once made
be it poetry, fact or fiction
a book is something
magnificent
a well travelled novel
I've held more than a few
in my time
the leather cover
yellowed pages
aged in years
what eyes have read
those countless words
and fallen in love
with the written word
if books could talk
what story would they tell

Matthew Holloway

Music

Let the music play
that rhythm and blues
that northern soul
makes me sway my hips
those songs I sing
with incorrect lyrics
my mistimed dance steps
good music touches all
heart and soul
you get high and drunk
a special kind of buzz
that's the kind of magic
music brings
so stack up the records
hit me a playlist
and pour the wine
turn down the lights
listen
music is love and lust
beauty and tragedy
its the power of faith
a religion to itself
music is truth
I'll end this now
with a question
what is music to you

Matthew Holloway

Brexit

Quite what the future holds
I am not one to predict
There are sound bites playing
From every political division
What is fact or fiction
The mass hysteria
Fed through a media
To the hungry public
Disrupts popular opinion
Missinformation
Creates a public division
Hate crime
Still, still they play their game
In high end office's
Governance
Elected to betray
I have no idea what awaits
Or what it will bring to me
Brexit spoken in whispers
What it is or will be
Only hope holds
I await it's end
And the new beginning

Matthew Holloway

False Start

The revaluation stalled at the gates
I guess the momentum was never enough
or the drive to the end was not there
people came to shout and cheer in the beginning
then left due to work commitments
or to prepare the evenings meal at home
in the end there was just a noise
like a firework a whistle and a bang
then it was all over, gone, finished
we needed a fire a raging flame
we caught a spark a flash of something
no this became a dud, wet tinder
over as soon as it begun
that's it with politics
the same old story
the rich man won

Matthew Holloway

Advert

The body could well be considered vintage
although not in the best of conditions
the eyes are shot, past their prime
there are patches of rust, wear and tear
the engine management system
is inconsistent at it's best, be mindful
many would look for a younger model
but this is a good runner, somewhat thirsty
not expensive to maintain in general
but often may be considered hard work
the rewards of this poet model
a ninety seventy eight original
have been debated at large
but the creativity plus option
which comes as standard
offers plenty of poetic drive
to be sold as seen, no refunds

Matthew Holloway

Winters Skies

There's not much to them
These winter skies
A strike of white breaks
Across the softened grey
A colour less canvas
Still pretty in some way
Holds more for the imagination
Than gifts the memory
As we hurry beneath them

Matthew Holloway

A Poet By The Sea

looking out across the ocean
a mind wanders upon the waves
to far distant lands, lives and loves
to escape from this island
I envy the seagull and the whale
both know such freedoms
and travel such oceans
it is a thing of beauty, life
when you see it
and when you feel it
then words can't describe
it becomes all, everything
something so beautiful
and I am a man sat writing
watching the ocean

Matthew Holloway

The Ocean

looking out across the ocean
a mind wanders upon the waves
to far distant lands, lives and loves
to escape from this island
I envy the seagull and the whale
both know such freedoms
and travel such oceans
it is a thing of beauty, life
when you see it
and when you feel it
then words can't describe
it becomes all, everything
something so beautiful
and I am a man sat writing
watching the ocean

Matthew Holloway

Never The Movie Ending

Well I've never known it
That pitch beautiful scene
like in some old movie
the hero is never one like me
I don't get the girl
overcome the odds
or get rich trying
I fade into black
some cut post credit scene
forgotten about in the end
maybe I'm just an extra
there's no story for me
and I will never get it
not everyone does I guess
but I still dream
about that day
I get my movie ending

Matthew Holloway

Christmas Dinner For One

It is not as was planned
or expected to be
yet it is what it is
there is no need for sadness
no pitiful thoughts
I myself have acceptance
to the truth of the situation
the celebrations will be quiet
and the company light
the food kept limited
no buffet required
drink, there will be drink
the day will be like all others
I'll rise, read, watch some television
perhaps try and write some poetry
later I'll eat and drink
a Christmas dinner
in the company of one
and on that day I'll just call it
Tuesday

Matthew Holloway

Writers

When style soon becomes
Replaced by obscure substance
How can you be proud

Matthew Holloway

The Songstress

Angels are dancing
Upon the tongue, the singer
Touches my heart

Matthew Holloway

The Singer

The singer
voice like silk liqueur
touches the soul
sets fire to the mind
it's a unique beauty
something else
it is a gift
we all get to enjoy
love that sound
the reverb
of lyrics, poetry
dancing from tongue
waltzing to the ear
that is beautiful
you can get drunk
on a song sung right
when it reaches you
touches you
and this singer
does it with ease
it's so beautiful
that voice, silk liqueur
pour me a hit
and keep them coming

Matthew Holloway

An Atheist At Christmas

So we may not believe
in the story of the festivities
but we play along
to fit in with the crowd
so not to be a miser
we try and be jolly
sing the traditional songs
exchange gifts and raise a toast
attend the parties
eat the Christmas dinners
pull the crackers
laugh at those jokes
we play the commercial card
it's a holiday period
and so we try and fit in
so as not to appear
weird

Matthew Holloway

The Poet Thief

Ideas come in moments
spoken or heard or witnessed
some stay dormant
in the back draw of the mind
waiting to become
something else
wanting to become a poem
sometimes
overheard conversations
begin that process
birth a poem
as though stolen
by a thief
armed with a pen

Matthew Holloway

The Beach By Night

The ocean stole the beaches memories
washed away the footprints and castles of children
beneath the full moon each wave came
rose up and down the beach
turning the page of history
and this continues day after day
people come, laugh, play, fall in love
those people leave their imprint behind
only for the ocean to return and wipe it away
its a beautiful bittersweet cycle
the ring of a bell atop a bouy
echos in the distant horizon
counting one, two, three
each wave passing
each turn of the page
each memory

Matthew Holloway

2018 It Was Supposed To Be Our Year

We ended 2017 in hope
that the new year will finally be
the we we always waited for
the one where things fell right
the one we made this love shine
and lived our lives out
the one where we would not hurt
how wrong we were

~

It was a ride, a real roller-coaster
we had great highs, oh the laughter
we made love and we sang together
we also cried and held each others hand
we also argued and fought like dogs
we went through motions and we dreamt
of holidays and a future together
that we'd find was never to last

~

There was such great sadness
a loss no words can serve
a pain that still lingers inside
hearts broken we still stood
side by side

~

The year continued into my fortieth
a break away into the country
the beauty and the romance
the silence and the music
the journey that remains in memory
even to this day

~

Onwards into the year
work and words and plans
hardships still came and went
maybe next year would be the one
that would be our year
maybe, once again

~

But things came to a head

we drifted our separate ways
together no more in love
but a friendship I do hope endures
a sorry, sad end to this year
which began with such hope
such dream and plans

~

Whatever the new year brings
I hope it heals and builds
and you find that happiness
I know you deserve
a toast let 2019 be your year

Matthew Holloway

Someday Song

There's a ghost in my heart
Saying I won't love no more
Pushed the bolt, turned they key
Fully locked tight that door
Now only age is reaching me
Going to find some lonesome nights
Haunting like this ghost inside
Love is dead or so it would seem
An apparition a spectre
Writing words on my wall
I try to scream only silence comes
Praying it's just a dream
I am still young and a fool
That the ghost is lies
That I'll love again
Raise the axe above my head
Smash the door set myself free
Ban the ghost start to believe
That love will return
Someday this song will be me

Matthew Holloway

A Shift Worker In Winter

That morning commute
While all the world still sleeps
Through empty quiet streets
Except sometimes on weekends
When people are returning home
From the parties and the bars
Envious of the fact they are going to bed
In place of a factory shift

~

Winter brings with it
A near permanent state
You leave for work in the dark
And return home in the same darkness
Maybe catching a glimpse of daylight
On lunch breaks through windows
It's a job, pays the bills and mortgage
We can't all be nine to five

~

And we continue getting up early
Making that walk or drive
Through the usually deserted streets
With only artificial light
On that journey and the return home
Waiting for the working week to end
To lie in bed those extra few hours
Before walking the shop or the dog
In the almost forgotten glow
That daylight brings to us all

Matthew Holloway

Crimson Dream

It's been reoccurring
Now for the past few nights
The nameless, faceless man turns
Butchers knife in hand
I feel it hit, push me back
Eyes wide, breath escaping
Heartbeat racing faster
Hand to chest warmer
I fall to my back
Looking to the lights above
I hear multiple voices
In shout, whisper and chatter
I gulp, is this now my last
As I watch the scene unfolding above
As though some film
I begin to awake
From this crimson dream

Matthew Holloway

Driving In The Midnight Hour

the street lamps pass
in glowing orbs, micro stars
a blur of amber against the night
which almost seems endless
the road stretches out onwards
near silent except for a passing car
nameless people on unknown journeys
much like myself, a traveller
driving through the night, sleepless
the radio kept low, with intent
to provide a background noise
rather than distract thoughts
hands on the wheel griped
eyes blink, still watching
the passing lights of the road
in this midnight hour

Matthew Holloway

Autopsy Of A Summer

gone those long sun kissed days
of blue skies and drinks in the garden
gone the river walks by flowers and trees
how colourful and pretty it was
the sun is rarely sighted now
and the air such a bitter cold
trees stand empty above wilted flowers
their memory remains just for now
though fading slowly
the nights call early in the day
shadows stalk the pathways
and the gardens
and all what was of summer
is gone away

Matthew Holloway

It's.....

It's not the now
Though it is not easy
It's not the then
Which was a test of all
Mind, body, heart and spirit
Then and now will pass
Like a savage storm
Which will be weathered
Eventually overcome
It's the thereafter
The what comes next
The picking up the pieces
In the solitary remains
When thoughts overwhelm
When tears eventually break
And the totality of it all
Hits hard

Matthew Holloway

Winters Frost

Slowly it comes
Patiently painting itself
Across the landscape
Unseen by human eye
The purest white
A sleepless art unfolding
The grass and the leaves
Each spider's web
Caught in it's touch
Changed overnight
To be found in the morning
And each breath taken
In whispers of its majesty
Become a part of it all
This artwork this tapestry
This ode to winter
In all it's creatively

Matthew Holloway

A Love Of Art And The Artist

Van Gough was never loved
until after he died
such is the tragedy
of a beautiful mind
that art and artist
may never truly know
they are loved
and that they inspire
others to create
to write and paint
beauty is there
in the history of stories
how will you write yours

Matthew Holloway

Little Bird

take flight, take flight
little bird, fly away
far from the barren branches
stripped by winters hand
far from the empty tree
which offers no warmth
there is no home here
there is no protection for you
take flight, take flight
soar high and mighty
through the open sky
do not settle here no more
the leaves are falling
and the flowers wilt
as though the world you know
dies in slow motion
take flight, take flight
be free of this place
sing your songs aloud
in a far flung paradise
where the sun awaits
and the trees are still green
the flowers still bloom
take flight little bird
take flight

Matthew Holloway

Haiku Affection

Distance means little
To the song within the heart
Affection still waits

Matthew Holloway

The Fight

it was like being a boxer
facing two opponents
you would face blow after blow
being knocked to the matt
and you'd just keep getting back up
because that's what you do
you fight against all odds
just keep going till the bell rings
then you rest, regather, think
until the next round
bell rings and you get beat again
not being beaten just getting angry
like in Rocky
fight to the end, take each hit
just keep going, no matter how hard it gets
fight through blood and tears
fight when your will is fading
keep fighting through
come the final round
there you are
still standing, strong
bruised, tired but alive
we are all born to survive

Matthew Holloway

The Annual, Obligatory, Traditional Christmas Poem 2018

December begins
A month of festivity
Hope you enjoy it

~

The year looking back
Has changed so much for many
We all made it though

~

We'll remember those
Who we love and we have lost
Forever, always

~

Here family, friends
We will never be lonely
We are all lucky

~

So I ask you now
Please raise a smile, a glass high
In celebration

~

And I wish you all
The happiest holidays
And a great new year

Matthew Holloway

A Poet On Poetry

Is there such a thing
as a bad poem
some poems speak to me
inspire me, light me up
make me want to write
while other poems
seem to, read a labour
I don't want to work them out
but to others they speak
so is the poem good or bad
I am no judge, no jury
I am just who I am
I am a poet good or bad
that's for others to decide

Matthew Holloway

An Audience With The Crowd

someone once called me a genius
I laugh, I'm more insane
I drink too much
ramble on like a mad man
about anything and everything
my writings substandard
it will never make a living
but I continue on anyway
I just love writing poetry
I'm not brilliant, no I have no ego
compliments and comments
they are well received
how else would I grow as a writer
if I didn't listen to my audience
but praise must be reserved
keep me grounded
someone once called me a genius
I thank them
but that is not me

Matthew Holloway

Sorrowful Song

What if I never realised
What love actually is
Let slip all the good that came to me
Let go the only love I ever knew
I was, maybe I am still a fool
Alone forever now
Due to actions, decisions I made
I regret those, people I hurt
But this is my life
The path I made, I must walk now
However hard it may be
Fate or me decreed this is to be
And I wish to apologise
To all I've ever hurt
I hope you take my word
I never wanted to hurt anyone
Although it seemed I did
I am sorry now
And if it's all to late
In some future time, I hope
You will forgive me
And in that time I hope now
You find a love, a happiness
I want you to be happy
Even without me

Matthew Holloway

Heartbreaker

I've broken her heart
And to my own shame deserve
No remorse offered

Matthew Holloway

Asking For Help

It does take some strength
When you stop and ask for help
You are never weak

Matthew Holloway

Mornings Call Weekend Reprise

I awake early
No alarm just body clock
Think I'll stay in bed

~

Not got work today
So I'll just lay here, relax
Unwind in comfort

Matthew Holloway

A Man Without Faith

Should I ask for forgiveness
When the weight of the world
Or the misfortunes I encounter
The heartbreaks and the health matters
The daily stress of work and home
When they all combine together
In some overwhelming thought process

~

Should I ask for forgiveness
If so then to whom do I turn to
I turned my back on religion
As it offered no warmth, no love to me
I felt no solace in it's words
I felt empty in stories of deity's
God by whatever name you wish to name
Has never spoken or revealed to me
Of some great master plan

~

Where do I go from here, third stanza
Still writing, awaiting answer
Who if anyone, anything, anyplace
Should I ask for forgiveness
To ease my worries my burden
When I am just a man, without faith

Matthew Holloway

Man Up

Man up they say
You're not supposed to cry
You're supposed to be strong
Shrug it off and just, well get along
Be a man, grow some balls
Man the F up
Little do they know or understand
The inner workings of a tortured mind
The pain of a heart or soul
Can outweigh anything and all
The pain, the anger, the rage, the tears
Drive over you, no breaks
No reverse gears
So saying Man up doesn't help
Listen and be quiet
For a struggle to be heard
You'll never do this
In a man's, man's world

Matthew Holloway

Mornings Call

The alarm rings out
Snooze, a little longer please
Not just yet, thank you

Matthew Holloway

Revolution Haiku

Sure we can rise up
A call to revolution
But will we all stand

Matthew Holloway

Snapshot Of A Late November Morning

I awake between two and three in the morning
The sound of rain upon the caravan roof
Is almost like the waves upon the shore
Beautifully distracting
I crawl beneath and through the duvets
Multiple layers, it is winter after all
Reaching out a hand I flick on the small heater
The whirl of the fan kicks in
And the chill air slowly ebbs into warmth
In a few hours I must raise and head to work
Tired as I know I will not regain any sleep
That's where coffee becomes a saviour
I take it black without sugar
The next hour or two I wait, reading
Poetry by the dim light of my phone
Got to love the internet my own library
Now I can smell the warmth of the air
And feel the weight of my eyes
November twenty-eighth just beginning
I sit here alone, writing

Matthew Holloway

If This Should Be The Day I Die

If this should be the day I die
Be it by accident, murder or suicide
I'd like my poems to all be read
In the hope they reach someones soul
Ply the heart strings or inspire the mind
At least something may come of my life
If this should be the day I die
What if anything, I leave behind
Is of worth to another soul
Count the value of this life then
Tell me in prayer if it was well spent
Leave a letter upon my chest
Before the fire and flame take away
All that would remain of a mortal form
If this should be the day I die
Shed no tears, please do not cry
For what is to be will always come
There is no denying fate and time
All I hope is a verse I write
Can grant me some form of eternal life
If this should be the day I die
Kiss my forehead and whisper softly
Goodnight

Matthew Holloway

Life, Save, Verse.

I put pen to paper
Rather than knife to wrist
Lines of verse preferred
To pills and whisky
Though sometimes suicide
Tempt some magical bliss
Some escape from a world
That's become difficult to handle

~

Poetry is a saviour
Bringing me back to near sanity
This darkness is real and true
This darkness is often unseen
Often unheard or unspoken
Yet some live it daily
Exist in existence alone
It is something unpleasant
Through the written word life
Comes back and touches
The soul, at just the right time

Matthew Holloway

Poetry, Booze Or God

It appears I like many others
Have had a choice presented
Between the bar, the book and the church
We choose our own solace
I enjoyed the booze, a little too much
I never found the church
And poetry really spoke to me
The are verses I've written and read
That changed my outlook on life
Maybe even saved it sometime
Remain etched to my soul
I'm not a religious type
But I do like to get drunk on poetry
The library is my speakeasy
I get hammered on Bukowski
Merry on Sexton, Plath, Keats, Shelly
Poetry is my faith, my healing, my comfort
And here I am now writing
Another poem by another poet

Matthew Holloway

Instant Coffee Or Poetry

Type, write, place
Words upon the page in verse
Pour out a poem
From the soul, echo
Thoughts unedited
A poem natural
As the madness of the mind
Which created it
Instant to the verse
No rework required
Just the honest vision
The first of what came
It may be poor but it's pure
Raw and vile and true
The instant coffee or poetry
What is it to you

Matthew Holloway

Unhinged Ranting

Those scribbles read like
The words of a mad mans
So incoherent

Matthew Holloway

Trolls

Troll seeks attention
Best that we all let them starve
They're best ignored

Matthew Holloway

Haiku Art

A fact of life is
Art is never determined
We have our own loves

Matthew Holloway

Open Eye

Beauty is there, look
The world around you it is
Magical, now love

Matthew Holloway

Alcoholic

I never wished to
Drink alcohol to survive
Each and every day

Matthew Holloway

Dreamscape

There I lay in your arms
As lovers often do
Eyes locked to eyes
Tender kisses shared
Smiles turn to giggles
Regaining some youthful joy
A brush of the hair
The warmth of your body
Allowed a heartbeat to be felt
A picture perfect postcard
Of the romantic ideal
A pity it was a dream
When it felt so real

Matthew Holloway

A Poem To A Love I Let Slip Away

A poem to a love I let slip away
It was with careless hands
I held and failed to look after
Blind eyes I turned away my gaze
To stare into a nothingness
Foolish steps with which I walked away
I betrayed the day and the night
With such selfish ease
That time may never forgive
And the rain and rivers may come
To wash away all I knew
Those memories that remain
Will linger with regret and remorse
Perhaps this love was never meant to last
But I should not have treated it so
I plead forgiveness to nature and life
I pray for wounds to heal
And to the love I let slip away
I wish only for you to find
A happier way

Matthew Holloway

Death Of A Tv Show

We used to wait for each episode
Week after week or months between seasons
The storylines and characters
Which kept us gripped, coming back for more
Second guessing plot development
Talking about our hero's and villains
They were always ours
The potential of romance and death
The cliffhangers that so often kept
Our breath held tightly, thoughts more so
Could they escape or find the truth
What writing it was back then
A masterpiece of theatre and story
Played out across our screens
Followed by the conversations
Between friends days after each show
Oh how brilliant it all was back then
Only it changed, the passion went away
The story became lost in a mire
Of forced messages and patronised
The characters we loved all died
Replaced by lesser versions
We watched still for a while
Before leaving our show
To the television funeral pile

Matthew Holloway

Flat Earth Fool

The world is in conspiracy
And has been for all time
Each government has an agenda
Backed by false science
And the nature of nature
The human eye has been lying
According to what I have read
This earth is flat like a plate
Despite what pictures may state
There is no curve no bend at all
Just the unseen giant ice wall
We are carried on a turtles back
Of which the sun and moon rotate
Aristotle was born to deceive
As NASA does to this day
Satellites are lies set in an empty sky
I will not succumb or admit
To the secret the world does hide
Each government and agency
Is trying to hide that real truth
Well pity them all
And more fool me

Matthew Holloway

Haiku Dew

I watch words fall down
From pen to the page like rain
Poetry begins

~

Verse feeding the soul
As water does feed the earth
Life demands balance

~

Art is true beauty
An expression of all life
Celebrate it now

Matthew Holloway

The Minds Tomb

It is in the tomb of my mind
I write my deepest thoughts
The saddest of lines
Those dark truths we deny
Amongst that solitude, silence
A place to contemplate
Life

Matthew Holloway

Danube's Shore

I sat upon the shore of the Danube
Watching the light of a city play out
The countless stories of countless lives
I marvelled at the buildings of old
What histories they held within
If such walls could talk to me
What I could happily learn
I saw great romances and tragedy
In the waters which past me by
I felt the lure of a poem calling
That which I must write
An ode to the beauty
Be it by day or night
Where I to lay here forever
On the shores as though planted
Like some weathered tree
I wonder if a poet
Would pen an ode to me

Matthew Holloway

A Kings Wealth

Alone in a stately mansion
With all the trappings of wealth
A king resides here
Within his gilded cage
The empty halls, ghost filled
Where shadows whisper
There are none here
None to keep comfort
None to love
The fire in the hearth
Cackles and spits
Breaking the silence
Which otherwise holds all
The king
For all his possessions
The palatial residence
The antiques and paintings
The cars and jewellery
Is the poorest of all
For this home of grander
Is a prison of his nature

Matthew Holloway

One Hundred Not Out

There they sit
My poems, a collection
Now numbering more than a few
The hundredth soon due
Perhaps I should write clever
Capture life's momentum
Or recite in ancient rhymes
Like some Shakespearean imitation
Maybe I should type in a style
Discover sonnets and haiku
Craft well written lines
For that readership of mine
If any are reading at all
Otherwise this is just another poem
The hundredth an all

Matthew Holloway

Empires Fall

I stand here watching
Amongst the ruins and ash
A king no more
The land I once reigned
Has lost it's honour, grandeur
I am a fool undeserving of court
A conductor of my own sorry symphony
This fallen empire I destroyed
Through sorrowful regret
A wasteland of remorse filled promise
Gone to the gutter and rain
Never to be known or dreamt
Alas all shall soon forget
This empires fall
And it's pain

Matthew Holloway

A Poets Fury

There is a undoubted agony
In the sleepless nights
The walks or drives through town
When words flow in poetic form
Conjuring magical tapestry of prose
You whisper them into memory
Having no pen or paper to keep
later in the hours passed, regret
Those words no longer repeat
That poem which sang beautifully
In prior thoughts earlier
Now bemoans a deadbeat tune
Not the poem so proudly created
But a poor substitute
I should buy a dictaphone

Matthew Holloway

To A Girl I Do Not Know

You to me are beautiful
Like the budding flower
Amongst the mornings dew
Found in winters departure
Where birdsong has returned
And the early sun kisses
A world reborn

~

Your nature is like the sun
Warming and bright
As though a thousand summer days
Have combined into one
Your eyes glisten like the rivers
Reflecting blue skies
Which seem never to end
Nor do I wish them too

~

You bring to my world
All the colours of fallen leaves
The tapestry of nature
In ever changing beauty
Where my breath and thought
Are forever captivated
I wilt like an autumnal flower
Before you

~

Your skin is soft like the snow
So pure and beautiful
As I walk and speak aloud
I watch my breath rise on upwards
To the cold of the air
I talk of my love for you
The early nights and starry skies
Hold a thousand wishes and dreams
Which like the seasons do not end
Only we all begin again

Matthew Holloway

Happy Ever After

Happy ever after
Is there such a thing as this
Or is it a myth of fairy tails
Does great love conquer all
And old age sleep with such joy
That tales of life make babes smile
Or is the truth too hostile
Full of embittered sorrow
That such tales are needed
To hide the reality of life
The loss of love and time
The illness which takes so much
The pain and anger we inflict
To ourselves and others
Perhaps for a lucky few it comes
To close their stories
But for many I guess
And speaking from the self
Happy ever after is just
The stuff of fairy tales

Matthew Holloway

My Love Is Like A Stone

My love is like a stone
Cold and rough to the touch
My love is like a stone
Cast to the lake and sunken deep
To the dark and forgotten
As though unreachable
My love is like a stone
It hurt all those who held it
The jagged edge which cut
And bled both blood and tears
My love is like a stone
Grey almost colourless
It is not beautiful, no
My love is like a stone
Should you ever find it
Throw it far away
To the depths of a sea
That it never be found again

Matthew Holloway

Heartbreak

Heartbreak arrives like a wave upon rocks
In the midst of a storm
A raging slam to the heart and soul
Caught between the cold of the rock
And the hammer of the sea
Crash after crash it repeats
Breaking over and again
Without remorse while the wind howls
And the rain falls hard against the mind
Savage the storm be it day or night
Harder the ache in the following days
Heartbreak is sadly poetic
For all of the wrong reasons

Matthew Holloway

The Guns Fell Silent

The guns fell silent
So they said
The fields of blood sat still
While friends gathered friends
The earth celebrated
Peace has been declared
So they promised
Soldiers soon returned home
With their unseen scars
War is hell and they survived
Or it became a place they never left
And many forgot their service and loss
In time life carried on
Into the next war and the one after
like a gun can ever be silent
Or peace declared
I may never have fought
Or lost a friend in battle
But I shall remember their actions
I shall remember those lost
And salute those here today
Lest we all become forgotten

Matthew Holloway

Another Night Without Sleep

Insomnia they call it
Through the late hour
Where sleep evades the mind
And in the dark thoughts gather
Playing on recent days
Events and conversations
Each love known and lost returns
To play a heavy note on the heart
Curse this sleepless song
Curse these late hours
Curse those sleeping well in their beds
All I can do is talk to myself
And write each spoken line

Matthew Holloway

A Poet Speaks

Each line a medicine
A salve to the soul
A poets ailment is plenty
To sorrow and beauty
We bleed in words
Exhale that wounded breath
A whisper speaks
In verse I am not Romeo or Juliet
But equal in tragedy and art
And to love, to love
I speak with open arms
Here I am once more, alone
A poet speaks from the soul

Matthew Holloway

The Beautiful Woman

I wish I could inject myself with poetry
A hit of verse straight to the vein
Giving me that high convoluted feeling
That lets me write odes of such wonder
That I capture some sort of magic
The kind of magic a beautiful woman brings
That makes you forget yourself
I would double tap that kind of hit
Become a recluse an addict
Poetry straight to the vein, bloodstream
Pulse beats, a daydream passes
It's poetic and fashionable
While I sit here writing something
And thinking about a beautiful women

Matthew Holloway

Naught Is Eternal

Naught it eternal, but the teachings we leave
The memories of others, those stories
The tales of a life once passed away
Still, still remembered beyond that final day
That we taught to others and that we wrote
A history of thought and written word kept
Alive, alive, alive we are beyond death
Not eternal, yet not ever gone away
The wealth and trappings it bought
Fall to dust and nothingness
But a kind word often said
A kind word often said
A loving hand often held
will be remembered
Naught is ever eternal
But the hope to be remembered

Matthew Holloway

On The Shores Of Ire

I sat on the shores or Ire
Watching ships burn at sea
The beach a mix of sand and ash
The wash a blood red
My hands splintered by driftwood
Clung to for life
The screams and shouts of war
Still echo in the night
As the dawn brings to light
Sulphur burning each breath
Sound and scent fade in time
But the memory stays steadfast
And here on the shores of Ire
Amidst the smoke ruin and death
I sit and remember
The shire of Ire

Matthew Holloway

Beautifully Strange

On being human
I've never understood it
Count it as a fail

~

The social demands
When you don't quite like people
Become difficult

~

You may appear odd
More like strange than different
And still you don't care

~

On being human
It's one hell of a tough game
I refuse to play

~

Not one to adapt
I am to rules of life's game
Beautifully strange

Matthew Holloway

Heartbreak A Poem

I'm heartbroken, grieving
My life as I knew, is gone
The world feels at an end
I may just sit here and drink
Till I pass out
I mourn my actions, my words
Those done and those not done
I curse with spit and fury
That I am not a better man
That I could not be more
This whole being human thing
I've never been good at that
Never been a people person
Of good social grace
I'm more suited to being alone
Where I only annoy myself
Where I am unable to hurt anyone
I'll scream at the world get out
Begone, go away and leave me
To drink and write alone
Something I've become used to
My life is a series of cycles
I'll build it up and burn it down
Just to lay in the ashes
Cry and write another poem

Matthew Holloway

Please Be Aware

The silence behind a smile
The out of character days
The off hand awkwardness
And repetition that all is okay
There are masks we wear
As the situation suits
Though some masks cover
The saddest of truths
A lie is not always so easy
But in denial told
A source of comfort
Which eases through the day
Please don't judge
Or try and take control
Please be aware
What lies beneath another soul

Matthew Holloway

At A Loss

A reflection I do not know
Words I've no relocation speaking
Actions that I cannot answer
The sum total of all this chaos
Results in more confusion
Less understanding
Heartbreak, despair, loneliness
Three accustomed drinking friends
Company in the late or early hours
How often they overlap now
Self destructive behaviour
Is how some may try explain it
Maybe humanity is too difficult
The social and emotional expectations
I fail to relate to continually
Leave me here a poet writing
Talking to..... no one

Matthew Holloway

In The Ruins Of Pompeii

Here once was a civilisation
Lives existing, interacting
People of various culture and class
The high born, those risen and kept down
All lived, loved and played out roles
In this once thriving city
All people oblivious or too busy
To notice or care about other things
The next meal, social or private pleasure
Took precedence over outward thoughts
And it continued for some time
Until fate or life decided
That the end was neigh
And the book chapter closed
They all came into this world
And they all left the same

Matthew Holloway

A Room With A View

A place to sit
Drink and contemplate
Watching the world pass by
Or looking upon nature's wonder
A view to become inspired
By day or night, rain or shine
Somewhere to place a desk
A drink and a notepad, pen
Listen to music, choice of
Alternatively silence echoes
Amid those thoughts which come
A lifetime could be easily spent
Sat inside a room with a view

Matthew Holloway

Autumnal Romance

Head bowed
With a wilting heart
Eyes lost in shadows
Seasons change
It's just nature's way
The inescapable
Truth of existence
Sometimes love just hurts
Sometimes We screw it up
Let ourselves think too much
Or too little, whatever
Time like the weather comes along
And we become powerless to it
Now for myself speaking
I am amidst a bleak Autumn
Where romance is in decay
Memories fall to the ground
A poet may find this beautiful
But not me, not this poet

Matthew Holloway

Dammed Memories

I look back at memories
Feel their pain strike me
Like rusted needles piercing
My heart and soul
They're hard to remember
As in remembering them
I am reminded of what I lost
No glory or joy remains
Only a sadness unquenchable
By wine or spirit alike
Those years now feel wasted
Thrown away for nothing
I'll move on somehow, someday, eventually
But they will continue to hurt
For sometime to come
Those dammed memories

Matthew Holloway

Que Sera Sera

Forget the Mona Lisa
She pales in comparison
To this one girl I love
Only I love you
Is never enough
Always falls on deaf ears
Like I'm destined
To spit catchphrases
To the empty air
It hurts every time
A silence responds
To a declaration
Of heart felt emotion
But such is life
Que Sera Sera

Matthew Holloway

1-Am And Sill Drinking

It's not like i'm young
On the town with the in crowd
Living it up on the scene
No it's far detached from that
In almost a sad pathetic way
I'm old getting older
Drunk getting drunker
All I have is my writing
A few poems here and there
On love and whatever else
Comes to me in this hour
What a sight, I'd say
If i were watching from afar
judging but not judged
Loving the hypocrisy
A heartbreak away from oblivion
Now that's a poem title
Another glass poured
To welcome the morning
I'm not cool anymore
I doubt i ever was

Matthew Holloway

Sombre Songs

Sombre songs on the radio
Playing heartbreak in rhapsody
Sadness filling the air
It's not beautiful, it's hell
Broken strings cutting fingers
Dull notes to the heart
Every station playing the same
Un-escapable sorrow, endless
Drink, plenty of it
Subdues the emotion long enough
To forget why your crying
Forget the heartbreak
Stop relating to the songs
That keep playing, finding you
Sleep is evasive now
As those same songs play
in the mind over and over
A somber playlist repeats
I can't get no sleep

Matthew Holloway

On A Morning In Shropshire

I awoke before the world
As the morning began
Sat cup in hand watching
Faint mist roll over meadows
Reveal and mask distant hills
Here is true beauty I thought
The sun sat high burning
Through cloud and mist
As though to say a good day beckons
The scent of the dew in the air
Fresh and sweet
I sat holding my cup
Nursing my drink
Waiting for the world to awake
To the beauty I looked upon

Matthew Holloway

The Job

The job

Becomes a routine

Wake up go to work

Perform set tasks

return home and repeat

until the weekend

That extra hour in bed

A luxury for a while

Before other tasks

Come to break the peace

Household chores

Life itself

Then the cycle

Repeats once again

The job calling

Work becomes

A place of occupation

That battle continues

Matthew Holloway

Cold Assumption

I guess we are all waiting
To die in honesty, speaking
We build up our lives
Capture memories in hope
Of leaving some sort of legacy
An after show for others
To remember us by
A few will succeed in fact
Leaving behind wealth and property
Others love and memories
A few will fail and become forgotten
What little left behind sold off
Or left to the scrapheap, just gone
As though they were never there
I write sometimes to be remembered
To leave behind a poem or two
So I will not be forgotten
As I expect I may be
Life is tough
No assumption, that's reality

Matthew Holloway

To Hell With It

Should I be concerned by my numbers
My friend count, the likes on my posts
How many followers do i have this week
Who if any have commented on my poems
It's not like a book sale
I make no money from any of those
They just fuel the ego
And mine is already screwed
So to hell with it
I'll write when it comes to me
And such poems may be good or poor
I don't worry about that now
I just hope they are honest
So to reviews and critique
To hell with it all
I don't require validateion
I just need a nice income
To fuel my wine appreciation
And the time to write
judge me as you wish
It makes no difference
At the end of the day I'll say
To hell with it

Matthew Holloway

Somewhere Between

Somewhere between the moon and the sea
Is where I last saw you
Somewhere between the day and the night
Is where you'll find me waiting
Time, tide and all of those things
Like our love they are endless
So I play this song to you now
In the hope we will dance sometime
Somewhere between my hands and my heart
Is where I'll be holding you

Matthew Holloway

Sonnet From A Sombre Dream

They could drain all the oceans about us
I would walk through what remains of this world
Through decaying mountains of death and salt
Past sombre valleys of forever lost
The dead and the dying I shall not see
My next step will not change onward I'll walk
Through this hell found in a despairing dream
When drought starves not ambition nor desire
To find you keep you safe and by my side
Together we can create a new world

Matthew Holloway

A Haiku Love Trio

Take birdsong away
Paint out all the stars we see
This love will not die
The sands of time test
My resolve stands without doubt
This love will not die
Say you love me now
And I will grow old with you
This love will not die

Matthew Holloway

Hurry Home

I wait at home
For you to return
And be held in my arms
I count the hours
All the minutes that pass
Soon I'll hold
Your body to my own
Feel your kiss
Embrace my lips
And remember what love is
So hurry home now
Spread your wings and fly
To this nest we keep
Hurry home to me
Where I wait for you

Matthew Holloway

Still Awaiting Spring

The tree stands bare
As a light snow falls
The sky a pasty white grey
A few birds chirp and sing
Otherwise all is quiet
The day sits still
I muse on a thought
Lingering somewhere
In the back of my mind
I'll write something soon
Patiently presently
I am
Still awaiting spring

Matthew Holloway

Duel Addict

That first coffee of the morning
That first wine of the afternoon
My two vice addictions
I use to somehow function
My reason, my explanation
A thinly veiled excuse
To mask the weakness of character
All poets drink and write
It's part of the territory
Not even I believe that
There are easy escapes
Stereotypes to fit into
A role in a play in act two
A costume to wear
But in truth, in honesty
I like a coffee in the morning
And a glass of wine
Come the afternoon
Perhaps a little too much
Perhaps dependent
Someday I hope to be
A better man and poet

Matthew Holloway

The Storm Before The Calm

The fuse lit
And page set upon
Words firing out
With the rat a tat
Of a machine gun
Impassioned words
Angry, inspired words
Wherever they came from
Whatever they mean
They are flowing
Burning through now
Demanding to be writ
And heard, listen to
They are crafted
In a tempest of thought
The pen like a blacksmiths hammer
Beats out in creation
For now we wait in anticipation
To see what follows
The storm before the calm

Matthew Holloway

We As A Nation

Where do we stand
Together or alone
Beside our neighbours
Or rivals, enemies at the gate
Holding grudges, petty indifference's
Judges of opinion misstated as fact
Using our beliefs as banners
Political or religious colours
Held upon high as self righteous betterment
Than those of our rivals choices
To discredit and dismiss
All claims as false or malicious
And cheer on words of conflict
Of defeat and demise
As a sports fan would of their rivals
Surely we can rise above
All such words and bias
And realise we as a nation
Can be so much more

Matthew Holloway

Sometime Lost

A body folded in arms
Limp and lifeless
Lost to despair
lost to anger and tears
A decaying flower
No longer as beautiful
As once remembered
Sorrow speaks
In hushed whispers
In silent blackened walls
Light snuffed out
Not even the moon illuminates
No more the stars or heavens
Heartbreaks in screams
And remembers
A love that was once
Loved and lost
To death all heeds
A call echoing constant
From birth it is heard
Each day remembered
The heights of summer
Of warmth and light
Now lay forlorn
Bent double in arms
A weeping soul lingers
At the grave
Holding only memories

Matthew Holloway

La Muse

Hark, hark I hear it
Let me take your hand
And dance, dance, dance
As a foolish man may ever be
To the muse, the muse I succumb
And write, write, write
Words of poetry and story
All in flowing ethos
Stanzas spill out
Across the page celebrating
All and whatever is there
To the muse I call
In sweet devotion
I gift my everything
Love, dreams and desire
Take me and mould
Into that which I must be
Oh sweet muse
I bow to thee

Matthew Holloway

Morning Song

Birdsong

It breaks me away
From my sleepless rest
Where I laid in silence
Awake and dreaming
A new day is beginning
And with it comes
All that must be faced
Those daily routines
That pass unnoticed
Or at least unconsidered
A body strains
To rise up and out
To the day, to the day
It calls me
Awake and face
That to which
All birds sing

Matthew Holloway

That Dammed Void

The progress of the piece
Is as incomplete as can be
There are no words written
No pictures or scenes depicted
Just the vacancy of expectation
It is hateful and distracting
A sigh, a sigh so heavy
That it weighs upon the mind
Creating more than can be imagined
A curse from the cease of flow
That such a return must be exceptional
A piece must rise from the nothingness
And be read and heard so aloud
That it rings in symphony
To all in rich splendour
I curse with spit and angst
Against this dammed void
And wish to write as I once did
In days now gone
To be a poet
Again

Matthew Holloway

This Love's Dance

Let's dream together
A life as one forever
Shared, loved and happy

~

I would like to build a new world with you
Discover new places and adventures
Write each memoir of our days in passing
Eat good food and raise many countless toasts
Face each and every obstacle as one
Unbowed, unbroken never defeated
To grow, nurture a love everlasting
To laugh and to cry, side by side always
I offer you my hand, my soul and heart
In trusting you will always keep them well
To share in dreams a lifetime to be lived
To lay together in those sleepless hours
And talk on any and every matter
I ask of you to share our lives ahead

~

With you at my side
I will not fear tomorrow
I shall embrace it

Matthew Holloway

The Travel Writer(A Dream)

We will write them on the beaches
We will write them in the cafes and the bars
On the trains and in the stations
On every road and footpath
We shall see the beauty of our land
And wealth of our culture
And in travelling from coast to coast
The welcomes may change
But there will always be a home
To be found
So take this nation in your stride
Embrace it by day and night
There is poetry beneath this sky
And through our words
It shall never die

Matthew Holloway

Loneliness

It is quiet without you here
A night I do not appreciate
The warmth you offer is absent
I long to hold you near
The scent of your hair
The beat of your heart
The comfort you often offer
Is not there
I weep quietly
And wish to be at your side
Always and forever

Matthew Holloway

Burnt Prose

The fire in me has been relit
Praise be to poetry
I feel the hunger again
To drink the ink from my pen
And spit out lines over a page
Expelling verses of nature
And odes to such sweet love
My confessions of passion
And reflections of dreams
There, there they are in print
Now visible as though I am naked
That's the fire I enjoy
Burning my every fibre
Raging through my mind
An inferno of possibilities
Red hot and pure
Just how I like it

Matthew Holloway

That Annual Obligatory Poem For 2017

That time of year has returned
Where daylight is sparse
And the houses are lit
In a festive display
Where well wishes are shared
To family and friends alike
Cards and gifts are exchanged
As parties are held
A toast, a toast in celebration
To all my loves
The most wonderful of seasons
Lets keep the memories we have
And make more together
Let us all sing joyfully
For those we have bid goodbye
They are still here with us
Never to leave our hearts
And come that morning
When all children sing as one
Have a happy chirstmas
To all and everyone

Matthew Holloway

Deckchairs

I see a picture in my heart
Of us both in old age
Sitting quietly on a beach
Hand in hand, almost as one
A wealth of memories shared
A strength found together
A happy love, a happy life
And still yet more to come
The adventures and stories
Which can weather any storm
And be counted as numerous
And beautiful as every pebble
Washed upon this shore
I see this picture and keep it
For it is all I wish to be
An old man sat beside his love
Watching the sea

Matthew Holloway

The Write To Be

I can pen words of joy
Words of sorrow and love
Lines painting sweet passion
And of despair and nature
Verses flowing from pen
Unto pages of prose
Yet none seem to please
Seem so fulfil my hunger
To capture that so elusive
I dream as a poet would
In Haiku and Sonnet
In free flowing confession
Oh to be the writer
I wish to become
And as the years fall away
I say to myself
Perhaps the next line
Will become the one

Matthew Holloway

A Walk In The Winters Sun

The winter sun may rise
Yet I do not feel it's warmth
Due to the wind blowing bitterly
Upon my face and hands
The sky is blue and still
A few birds continue to sing
But a coldness holds fast
Trees stand stripped in rows
Barren branches filtering light through
It is all beautiful and bright
But still cold, still so bitter cold
And in all of this it is
But a walk in the the winters sun

Matthew Holloway

Descent

Chaos, Chaos, Chaos and rage
Scream against the quiet of the night
Roar against the ill fitting feeling
That breaks the world in pieces
Shattered glass mirrors nothing
Not anymore, not ever again
Only the madness remains
That is all
That is all

Matthew Holloway

False Echo

Dare I court death
In a line of verse
What is it I seek
Truth of the soul
That none ever speak
Beauty and love
Or to paint my tapestry
Dare I venture
Into worlds of imagination
Or dreamlike thought
Should I chase the flame
That burns so bright
Alight, alight, alight
A moth to the flame falls
Dare I court death

Matthew Holloway

The Immortality Of A Poet

I'm searching desperately
In the hope of that line, that verse
That so captures my readers eye
The steely hook which strikes
Into the mind capturing all at once
That emotion, picture, story
Whatever it is I am trying to tell
I long hungrily to pen it perfectly
And double, treble a readership
That may well be nothing right now
But to have that one poem
That one single moment
Of considered brilliance
I allow that to consume me
Drive me on-wards threw madness
Page after page, line after line
Seeking with desperation
The immortality of a poet
How I desperately want it
So I am never forgotten

Matthew Holloway

Seasonal Walk

The sky is blue
And the sun shines bright
Still the air is bitter cold
And the wind it bites
Through my coat
Chewing on my bones
I walk on regardless

~

Tress fall empty
As the birds take flight
Dead leaves paint paths
Which break under foot
A tapestry left behind
In a hurried journey
Quickly going nowhere
That doesn't offer warmth

~

The seasons come
And the seasons go
Each with their own traits
My current friend
My autumnal companion
Has a colour of it's own
A poetry if you will

~

Head bowed I carry on
My destination set in mind
So bare the bitter cold
And the biting wind
A life cannot wait
For another season
To change again

Matthew Holloway

Sweet Angel

Sweet angel guide me through this night
Through the darkened room into which I stare
Comfort me within your warmth, your hold
Kiss me gentle and kind, let me know
That I shall sleep and the next day
All and everything will soon be fine
Sweet angel watch over me tonight
Be present in my dreams and heart
Let me know that which I need to know
And nothing more if you can
Sweet angel remain by my side
For this night and every other

Matthew Holloway

She Is There

She is there
In my every thought
My daydreams
And those dreams
I have at night
She is there
In my hopes for the future
And my wishes of the past
She is always present
Continually etched
Into my soul
Like a portrait
I cannot look away from
Lost within her eyes
I find myself intoxicated
Drunk on something
I don't quite understand
I am both afraid
And fully calm
In knowing all of this
And in knowing
She is there

Matthew Holloway

Loves Toast

Here I raise a toast
To a love that is more than love
A celebration of all beauty
Of the body and the soul
Of the spirit and the dream
A love undying and unforgettable
Something special in truth
It is alive and unfolding
Like a flower in bloom
Opening to the kiss of the sky
The kiss, the kiss which tells
That we are alive
Oh how this love sings to me
In a name, a name, a name

Matthew Holloway

In My Later Years

I am fast approaching
What many would call my mid age
A time when I should look ahead
And plan for my later years
A time when I should look back
At all I have achieved
Count each success and regret
Weigh them against new hopes
And whatever dreams remain
Only this is not for me, not at all
I have never been one for convention
For following the expectations
Of a society I have often distanced from
My future, my hopes and desires
Are well known and founded
In my every thought of which age
Is never a considered concern
I have a love beyond my words
A woman so sweet and beautiful
That those day which await us
Are not held by the restrictions of age
But in the firm belief of a life together
Is a life to be lived, enjoyed and celebrated
And it is to this woman I dedicate
What many may call
My later years

Matthew Holloway

Autumn Walk

Opening the door
I step forward
Watching my breath vapour
Rise like clouds to the sky
I feel the crack of leaves
Beneath my feet with each step taken
That familiar sound of autumn
The morning frost still hangs in the air
And upon the ground and car windows
I draw a line in the icy canvas
And find bird song sorrowfully absent
Trees climb stripped bare to an empty sky
And all colour is now a carpet of a season
I walk in near silence only broken
By the crack and snap of leaves
The crunch of frozen grass
And find it beautifully poetic
As though an Autumn walk is but a song
Sung quietly

Matthew Holloway

Happily Ever After

She is fire and beauty
An all encompassing entity
Someone not alike any other
She is my undoing, my fear
She is my dreams and desires
And I, I am unworthy
Not deserving of her love
Not deserving of her kiss
Not deserving of her voice
Which sings to me her soul
And such a soul is wondrous
Warm, kind, loving
And it rages with such intensity
She is gentle and fierce
She is life and a way to live
She is all and everything
And still timid and soft
I should nurture her nature
Love her love in return
So we may grow old together
Happily ever after

Matthew Holloway

A Poet Not I

I am not a poet
But a vessel, a vase
The empty page of a book
Awaiting to be filled
The silence of a thought
Broken and completed
I am not a poet
But a speaker by chance
Words follow words
As I pen them down
Type face visions
Of worlds and emotions
Sometimes I overlap them
And in print
I await my own verse
Impatient to discover
I I am a poet

Matthew Holloway

Further Thoughts On Love

What it is, is haunting
Something quite unfathomable
At a loss to describe such feeling
It is the undoing, untying of the soul
Something so overwhelming
We would not be without it
Not for a second thought
Not for a flimsy daydream
Not for a chance of riches
Love is and always shall be
An addiction, compulsive act
Thought driven construct
To which we are tied
Love is breath, blood, pain
And such sheer glory
Words fail to service
Love is all of this
And more and less in equal measure
It is uncountable
Immeasurable so wonderment
Love is awkward
And belonging
Love is to my own discoveries
Life and feeling alive
Loves loss is death
An emptiness eternal
Love is found in a name
Whispered in the evening
To the rightful ear

Matthew Holloway

Early Orders

They gather each morning
Order a beer for breakfast
Sift through the racing guide
Trying to pick a winner
Grumbling complaints about their wives
The same old faces
Old men well set in their ways
Overloaded in stories
That never lead anywhere
Or offer an anicidote
It's nine in the morning
And they nurse the first drink
Of the day, the will be many
Just because you can
Doesn't mean you should
I muse to myself
Who am I to judge
They are hurting nobody
Just living out retirement
In a fashion the suits
That life's not for me
I decide over coffee
I'll have a drink later
Sometime after twelve
When I feel better
It's early and I'm sober
Already onto a winner

Matthew Holloway

It Is To Love

It is to love I awaken
As it was to which I slept
To dream and to aspire
To live and face death
It is love I cry
And weep and cheer
It is the reason I write
And sing and recite
It is all, everything
And yet it is nothing
But a word spoken
A thought, an idea
Four letters so powerful
They make all men weak
Some shall kill for it
Others will rise
And make great gestures
To the world and to time
It is to love
I find my teachings
My betterment
My reason for being
The truth of what is
A human being

Matthew Holloway

Drunk And Screaming At The Moon

I take the evening
Imprison it for my own
I drink deep intoxication
Feel the fire of my rage
Build against the dying day
Against my own failings
I spit curses and swear
To the night the silence
Of which it seems
Always comes hand in hand
I create obscene lines
Vile disgust at the world
The politicians and media
The work place management
I wish I could retire rich
And do without it all
I drink again another bottle
Cast to the floor broken
I curse again my voice rising
Can you hear me now
I stare angry at the moon
Though it has done nothing
And is beautiful
Perhaps I hate it's beauty tonight
Perhaps it's just the drink
It doesn't matter right now
I just need to do
Exactly what I'm doing

Matthew Holloway

As If I Were A Bird

I feel the wind upon my face
And brightness of the morning sun
I taste the sweet of the morning dew
And in all I hear a song
The end of the night has come
The air clear, crisp to the lung
We breathe and we rise
Like a flower in bloom
And the wind carries me on
It plays it's tune to me
As it I were a bird in flight

Matthew Holloway

Autumn Wind

An Autumn wind carries
leaves through the air
rolling as the fall
beneath my feet
before that crunch
a beautiful sound
if any ever heard
The Autumn wind
a bitter chill
grasps the body
and runs down the spine
touching the face
Winter is due
and coming soon
for now we have the poetry
the colours and sound
of the Autumn wind

Matthew Holloway

Opiate Words

Opiate words
I long for them
I hunger after that line
to become addicted
and read on hooked
intoxicated by a verse
high on a thought
created by well assigned letters
upon a well presented page
forever fitting
and yet, not quite
I want them to stand out
be noticed perhaps a little wrong
those provoking battle scared words
spitting, shouting out to me
and whoever comes across them
just to roll the page
inhale them all at once
addictive text
I wish it to consume me

Matthew Holloway

Coffee Stains And Blank Pages

This note book is vicious
each page sharpened
like knives cutting me
deep, bloody into my soul
lined pages roll down
to coffee stains washed up
like a forgotten poet
who's forgotten how to write
washed up with all the other junk
from a sea of nothingness
leaving behind a dream
unread on empty pages
just a few coffee stains remain
spilt sometime ago

Matthew Holloway

Help Me Kill Mr Hyde

There is a beast in I
A vile, ugly, mistrustful beast
Once of which I am afraid
And wish to die for it has led me away
Away from your side, your heart
I plead forgiveness and your hand
Help me slay this beast, foul daemon
It is my own Mr Hyde, a lie, a lie
Help my strangle this creature
Stand beside me and watch it die
I wish to be cleansed, to be pure
To be by your side till death
A life, a life with you I desire
More than my next taken breath
Take it from me in a final kiss
If that is what must be
Just I forever more, no Mr Hyde
Share with me a lifetime
Slay this beast, let us kill Hyde
And return once more
To a happy life

Matthew Holloway

Faith, Is It

Faith is that to which I hold
Fingers cut bleeding almost broken
Fingers like claws have dug in the dirt
Have clung to stone somehow

~

Faith is it that which I look upon
With eyes sometimes blind
Other times hollow, void of a soul
Stare in desperation for answered
Look in hope of salvation

~

Faith I am to love, be loved
Or break another's heart
And in doing so break my own
Over and again till death
Or can love be saved, save me

~

Faith what are you
Where do you reside
In the stars the words of another
In the rain or the sunshine
Am I to find you
Or you to find me

~

Faith I ask to learn
I ask to know
What is your plan
For me

Matthew Holloway

Sailing Away

The bow breaks upon the waves
Wild tempest of the night
Wind howls with anguish
The sail torn apart hangs
Listless and forlorn
Alone into the storm
Alone into the darkness
Drifting soon to drown
Waves rise and crash
The end oh the end is near
Whispered prayers no
A quiet acceptance of guilt
This storm is a justice
This storm a judgement
An angel has left, gone
Soon the waves shall claim
This ship for the ocean
The fishes will feed upon the soul
And the storm shall be done

Matthew Holloway

A Clown Bows His Head

Words only ever words of a fool
Empty, shallow and meaningless
However their intent, meaning
Tethered to a history of shame
A history of lies and masks
Now forever to fall on deaf ears
Unwilling or perhaps now unable
To listen and to believe once more
The clown self loathing is silent
Head bowed in self disgust
No longer recognising his own self
Regret and remorse consume the soul
And what can now be said
That's not already been spoken
Unsure of how to find a way
To trust and believe again
A clown bows his head
And awaits his execution

Matthew Holloway

Bukowski & Beer

I spent the morning
Doing jobs around the house
Some cleaning, washing
Sorted out a few clothes
Then I walked the shop
Bought a few beers
That afternoon I sat in the sun
A book of Bukowski in hand
I read and drank my beer
Cursed any cloud passing over
Thought maybe I'll write later
A few poem of my own
And maybe someday someone
Somewhere may just be like me
Sitting in the sun
Drinking and reading
My poetry in their hand
And they will want to write
Perhaps the sun has gotten to me
But still I sit here thinking
Beer and book in hand

Matthew Holloway

Disillusioned Turnout

It's easy to see why
People become disillusioned
By the election campaigns
And the battles of politicians
And their hard lined supporters
Many shouting repeatedly
Why you shouldn't vote for that guy
Rather than why you should vote
For their own candidate
Insults and picking pieces
To and on opposition policies
Rather than the strengths of their own
It's a daily assault in the headlines
And the news programs reiterate
That none well maybe few
Of those vying for office
Appear to know or be in touch
With the peoples views or thoughts
Still it continues the fight
To get the opposition unelected
And the polls that change constantly
Meaning nothing at all
Because on the day it falls
To the disillusioned who
Turnout

Matthew Holloway

Drinking In The Dark

Keep it out
The light
Draw the curtains
Shut the shutters
And be quiet
I need the silence
To contemplate
Those questions
That nobody asked
I detest distraction
Light and noise
I need it gone
While I sit here
Alone
Drinking in the dark

Matthew Holloway

Miner-Bird

The miner-bird
Appears content in his little world
Watching beyond the bars and whistling
Wanting for nothing except
The food, water, shelter provided
After all beyond the bars
Appears darkness, cold darkness
The smell of death and the dying
Still he whistles always
Unnoticed by all in their daily activities
Wanting for nothing still
He has all he needs and wants
And whistles a silent song
Unheard by all until
It stops

Matthew Holloway

Bound To The Bottle

I don't remember
A time I didn't drink
Be it a day past
A mood swing
A state of mind
The bottle always answered
Always soothed
Kept me company
Understood me
I knew it was lies
A falsehood destined
To haunt and attack
But it worked
For a while
It still does
In some small way
The drink
Numbs everything
One day blends into the next
So fast now
I barely notice
Time passing
So here I am
Now raising a toast
To another poem
Bound to the bottle

Matthew Holloway

Haiku 1

Mother to this life
Guardian of tomorrow
Gifts Love eternal

Matthew Holloway

To My Love

Please forgive my indiscretions
My hurtful words so often spoken
Or written in the haste of a note
For non are intended nor true
They are lies wasteful moments
In time when I should be doing otherwise
Holding you close, kissing you
Reciting words and poems of love
Dedicating songs to you
My love these are what I wish
To be doing all and every day
Yet I am a human fool
Who wishes to change
And become a far different fool
A love-fool in fact
Then dedicate my life
Forever to you

Matthew Holloway

Un-Humanity

Humanity

It has begun to bore me

Pollute my soul with it's

Hatred and greed and jealousy

Where uneducated fear leads

The headlines and status

Of all I can see

This is our world

So modern and all

These are the foundations

Of what our children

Their lives will be built upon

And such foundations

Are weak and ill-formed

Ready to crumble

To dust and blood

When did humanity

Become so inhuman

Did I miss the press release

Then again don't forget

Sensationalism sells

Like a disease

So we must read

Keep an open mind

And educate all

Or become infected

By the un-human

Wasteful hatred

Matthew Holloway

Better Place

Here it comes again
Sleepless nights
Mind running through
My every play
Mistakes made

~

I just want some peace
To rest again
I need to, I got to
Find a way

~

I'm looking for the power
To flick that switch
Turn the nightmare off
And lead us all
To a better place

~

Come take my hand
Let us share the light
That's within us
Heal, grow and change
Like a rose I know
Life has it's thorns
I've been cut
And I'll bleed again

~

I'm looking for the power
To flick that switch
Turn the nightmare off
And lead us all
To a better place

~

And the fight in me
Is growing by the hour
Side by side, together
We can accomplish anything
Just need to believe
I one another
See this through

~

I'm looking for the power
To flick that switch
Turn the nightmare off
And lead us all
To a better place

~

Now here I choose to end
These words and promises
Get to the work I need to do
Make the changes now
Before I lose me to

~

I'm looking for the power
To flick that switch
Turn the nightmare off
And lead us all
To a better place

Matthew Holloway

Appology

I am ashamed
By my actions
My words I played
My morall value
Leaving me flat broke
In debt to the sins
I created

~

I took the entire world
All I knew and held
I through it up
Without a thought
I hang my head in shame
Looking to find a way
Back, back to where I was
That time bring it back
Unable to buryy the past
But looking to learn from it

~

I need to change
Adapt my ways
Make my penance
Show who I should be
Who I wish to be
That person I lost
Way back when

~

This is what its come to
Screaming at the stranger
My hated reflection
But I promise now
My life as collateral
I will fight and battle
To bring it back again

~

And I do it for love
To the one I know
Is better than me
Someone I wish to raise

Upon high once again
Right now I start
With this apology

Matthew Holloway

Death Dream

I dreamt of death again
As before in movie scenes
A glorious ending
Beautiful in its own climax
Dramatic and tragic
An end so fitting
To a song as yet unknown
Those eyes, my own
Gazed open upwards
To an endless sky
Those final breaths
Heavy whispers farewell
I have died so many ways
Countless and terrifying
That the drama of each one
Leaves me unafraid
For then the reaper
Finally does come

Matthew Holloway

Last Night

Before the dying light
Gives way to evening
That eternal darkness
Claiming all about it
I pen my final words
A farewell to the page
A poets end
The line runs out
The ink is dry

Matthew Holloway

The Carrot & The Stick

The carrot or the stick
They beat you with both
The clowns painted smile
Hides a web of lies
The self serving survive
As pigs in their own mess
All blind, remorseless
I watch them with pity
And value them as nothing
The social politics
Games played and changed
Still there they are
Liars and traitors
Pigs with a clowns smile
Try to lure you in
Waving a carrot and a stick

Matthew Holloway

Concrete And Stone

Affordable living
Population growth
Housing market crisis
Found in the sales blurb
Its a wonderful pitch
To sell out to
Every tree and field
Covered over
Every river shadowed
By rows of homes
All highly priced
The cost of the view
And soon when all is gone
Less the golf clubs
And private estates
We shall find ourselves
In a world built
Of concrete and stone

Matthew Holloway

Ashes In The Wind

A tomorrow shall come
When none of us remain
The burials and funeral pyres
Long since forgotten
The earth reclaimed
By grass and flower
And tears long since dried
Are silent like the stories
We once were part of
We were as we were meant to be
We lived our lives, died
Some will reach for immortality
To leave a mark upon the world
To say yes I was here once
Oh the artists and architects
How hard they work their craft
And perhaps someday in the future
People will talk of them
Perhaps fondly perhaps not
But they shall then be more
Than just ashes in the wind

Matthew Holloway

Blood In The Red

A stock market assassination
Brings down another government
The profit margins of conglomerates
Stained with the blood of the innocents
Those barely getting by each day
Just looking to get on, survive
As the rich get richer
And seek to conserve their stature
Buying and inheriting seats of power
Debt, debt and death remains
For all the rest, restless people
Who dream of some glorious revolution
But lack the leader to guide them to it
And so the quarterly profit report
Finds blood in the red
And they celebrate with a glass of champagne

Matthew Holloway

A Working Mans Footnote

Let us drink and forget
The day, this day
For it is only a collection
of hours and minutes
All seemingly meaningless
Another day like yesterday
And all those yesterdays before it
Routines play out from waking
To work and its service
To a unfulfilling wage
The daily monotony ages us
As time passes with haste
We count each day down
Waiting for that time away
To be with ourselves
Our family and friends
Awaiting that sweet moment
Of freedom as we wake
Not to work a day
And so dreams are inspired
To win great wealth
And retire young
That our lives are liberated
From an existence
Of continual occupation

Matthew Holloway

And To Beauty

And to beauty
I weep like a child
In and at a loss
For I cannot explain it
Or embrace it
As perhaps I should
I am and always undone
Cast adrift in this
Metaphorical sea
Of life and wonderment
And to beauty
I lay only to submit

Matthew Holloway

A Beautiful World

For all those days to come
The highs and the lows
Each glory and tragedy
I embrace for what it is
A glorious journey travelled
And together with you
My sweet, My love
Fearless and faithful
Love is our guide, our light
We shall see in the days to come
Each other grow and seed
A much more beautiful world

Matthew Holloway

On Poets Of Old

The will of the pen
The pulse of the ink
Compels me, drives me
To write in verse
Stories or observations
Of social or emotional ebb
And nature shall nurture
Each line as though true
In the hopeful dream
Of an essay an ode
To those who came before me
A toast I shall raise
To the poets of old

Matthew Holloway

Dead Flowers In The Window

There are dead flowers in the window
Decaying petals falling down
Curled like a saddened lip
Still I find it so beautiful
Not in some morbid fascination
But in that all is in fact beautiful
The wilting stem, bowing head
Bends to times eternal passing
The heart sees not death
But a flower still beautiful
And in all of this artistry
We live and we breathe

Matthew Holloway

The 2016 Annual Obligatory Christmas Poem

The 2016 Annual Obligatory Christmas Poem

~

Seasonal blessings
To all and everyone
Wishing you good health
And lots of fun
The year now past
And the memories its left
Keep hold of the joyous ones
Yet remember the rest
Those we love and those we lost
And all with us in heart
So raise a glass this Christmas day
A toast to all to celebrate
And in the years ahead
Family and friends as one
May they be blessed
Forever and always
Now to this season, this holiday
Be in good health and merry
So happy Christmas everyone
Until next year
This poem is done

Matthew Holloway

Crying Skies

The world turns
We stay still
Watching on
As life passes us by
And skies cry
Sometimes
At the sorrow they see
The pain and the hurt
Or all of the love
Too perfect
On the turn of an axis
Skies cry sometimes
It can be all too much
For one to believe

Matthew Holloway

Mona Lisa Kissed Me

It was her picture
Perfectly captured
Caught me off guard
Took over my mind, soul
She was everything there
Beautifully perfect
She kissed me instantly
Had me intoxicated
Her image followed me
Eyes always those eyes
Looking through me
As though knowing
Every thought, feeling
She became her
My Mona Lisa
And she kissed me

Matthew Holloway

Inspire Me, Sometime

The poetry books on the shelf
Feature all the poets I've known
Keats, Shelly, Bukowski, Shakespeare
Sexton, Byron, Plath, Neruda
And many others besides one another
Some pages gathering dust
There high upon the bookcase
My legion of inspiration
I've dipped into, feasted upon
Their words and lines
Found solace and education
Hoping beyond everything
To be inspired to write
The most beautiful of lines
Or the most tragic of lines
I am a poet in love with the craft
And desire poetry always
I see it in the mornings light
And the moon in the evening
I hear it in the birds song
And the crunch of Autumn leaves
Beneath my feet as I walk
I dream as others do
And to the ghosts of poets
And poetry I've read and heard
Inspire me sometime
Before I die

Matthew Holloway

A Journeyed Affair 2

He returned to that place
The beginning of journeys
A start point often visited
Now changed by a look
A daily routine upended
By the simplest of smiles
The trains came and went
He watched his own with intent
Hoping, anticipating, wanting
To see that that girl again
Playing out conversations
In his mind and heart
Saying all that he never said
A moment now passed exists
As near perfect as ever
In the pulse he sees her
Smile, those eyes
Beautiful and perfect
Entice him to wait, believe
He will journey with her
Once again

Matthew Holloway

Ode To The Router (A Teenage Love Affair)

May the light stay on
And the signal strong
May the web be smooth
And buffering free
Save me from the horror
Of a conversation
With the family
I ask of you router
Stay bright and well lit
Keep strong my connection
To the social world
Beneath my fingertips
And make all downloads
So wonderfully quick
Let games be played
And all searches found
Stay bright through day
And brighter still at night
How hard all life would be
Should you dim or go off
Let me never hear those words
Signal lost
And last let it be said
And never forgotten
Delete all history
On ending

Matthew Holloway

October Thoughts

Soft the morning dew
A kiss upon the earth
Gently greets the morning
Illuminated by the sun

Hard the early frost
Gripping the earth
As the day comes to light
Through the fog of night

Seasons come and go
Flowers bloom and wilt
Birds sing and leave
And in all of this always
Will be you and me

Matthew Holloway

A Journeyed Affair

Their eyes met across the carriage
As they waited for the train to depart
The hustle of people passing by
Looking for seats or raising luggage
Into the overhead compartments
She smiled first he returned that smile
There were no words exchanged
Just a conversation in glances, smiles
Soon the heave and pull of the train
As it left the station
The rattle and hum of the wheels on rails
Houses, shops and roads passed by
Being nothing other than a backdrop
A window behind a person looking over
More smiles, eyes blinking
The countryside, other stations
Passed without a second thought
You can say so much with just a look
The way you hold yourself
Soft eyes curled lips
Soon the journey ended and she left
Without a word being spoken

Matthew Holloway

She Has It

Beauty what is it
We all agree and disagree
To varying extents
For some its the body
Well sculpted and painted
The skin, the hair, the clothes
For others its the soul
All light and joyous
The kindness of the heart
Showing in a single word
Or a selfless act
The look in the deepest eyes
Holding with a comfort
We are all things to different people
And all things are indeed beautiful
I cannot say where another finds beauty
As they cannot speak for me
So when I ask what is beauty
All I know is there already
Before me always, everyday
In her, she has it

Matthew Holloway

Write Into The Night

Let me be
Leave me here
Brooding over a typewriter
Half drunk clutching
A bottle of wine in my hand
Let me spit and curse
On those decisions I've made
The friends and loves
I've know and lost
Let me drink and talk
To myself trying to write
Poetry, poetry my only release
That escape I know well
I've written lives and deaths
I've written of great affairs
That the heart could celebrate
But now this night I ask
To be left here
Alone and drinking
While I write
As others have before me

Matthew Holloway

Another Cup

Another cup, pour it
Hit me with that coffee strike
Let me intoxicate myself
On the aroma and strength
Of the bean and the water
I need to write and be awake
Alert at all times, in case
That idea I've been waiting for
Comes visiting my little brain
Keep the coffee coming
I don't wish to sleep
I just need paper and a pen
Or access to a keyboard
And yes another cup

Matthew Holloway

Friendzone

It is cruel, almost mocking
The daily battle against this emotion
The feeling unrelenting twists
Barbs of broken dreams into the soul
Each solitary moment pains
Tears, they have stopped falling
As though numb, nullified now
By what appears never to be
Yet the heart is loving, wanting
And love is found waiting
For that opportune moment
To play out it's ideal scene
Act one of the play begins
By departing this place
We have found ourselves in

Matthew Holloway

The Autumn Sun

The afternoon is just beginning
The air is cold and breath vapour
Still rises to greet the world
Coats are pulled up close, tight
Few birds still sing in the trees
Which are slowly submitting
To the oncoming season
Slowly they are being stripped bare
Soon the morning will bring frost
But now the sky is blue
And the sun casts down
And it is just beautiful

Matthew Holloway

Song #2

It plays quick
A rapid beat
To and through
The heart we share
A song plays
We react together
Share thoughts
Feelings as one
We are lovers
We are entwined
Together in this
Song

Matthew Holloway

Dreamscape #24

We were stood on a bridge
Overlooking a river
In some old European city
The kind where statues and architecture
Make the poets, writers and artists
Get all excited and inspired
It was late in the year
The leaves had begun falling
Leaving a rich carpet of colour
On the pavements outside the cafes
We both wore big coats
Although the sky was blue
And the sun high up in the sky
It was a beautiful cold day
I think I remember music playing
Although not sure of the song
We were lost in the scene
Caught together in a picture
As our hands held together
A padlock placed on the railings
Of the bridge as tourists do
We locked in our story

Matthew Holloway

Smile

Your smile breaks me
Leads to to smile and cry
Tears so bittersweet
A taste of such joy
I curse all other moments
Every minute or hour
I am away from that smile
I wish to look upon it
Forever gazing into its beauty
An artists hand would fail
To recreate your look
Those soft eyes and curling lips
I could kiss forever
Smile and let it be seen
Smile and share that heaven
Which exists in your soul
Smile and be loved
Always I ask for you to smile

Matthew Holloway

Seasons Painting

A landscape, a scene
Only painted in memory
Where once was light and colour
The greenery and the flowers
Reds, blues and yellows
All beneath a brightest blue sky
Now sits colourless empty
As winter takes hold
Yes autumn gave some colour
As leaves turned and fell
Now winter holds firm
As frost paints its masterpiece
Upon the ground and window
Upon our breath rising up
It's a different kind of beautiful
Each season see the same picture
Yet paints it so differently
Now is winters turn

Matthew Holloway

The Day I Gave Up Tomorrow

I had sought death
Selfishly and without mercy
I sought an escape
From my own mortality
My worries and my ills
I made of it an art form
Hoping to make it beautiful
I wanted a grandiose exit
Like the end scene of a movie

I thought nothing of tomorrow
Or those I'd leave behind
I was lost in that thought alone
That I had come to this point
The final chapter due to be writ
And welcomed it with an open page
The sole character of a story
The hero and the villain

Hindsight is always easy
And regret always remembers
I am happy to see each tomorrow
And at a loss to describe that day
At a loss for I were not myself
At a loss for I became a stranger
At a loss for I wished the end
The end, the end how dark it seems

The once came a day
In which I gave up on tomorrow
It passed somehow I lived
And am grateful for it

Matthew Holloway

A Compelled Write

There is something far more compelling
Than those endless odes to love
Than high piled tributes to another
Claims of souls eternally bound
And whimsical verses of the eyes
That life and death are mere points
On a far more magical journey
Oh how sweet they all ring out
yet they fall as autumnal leaves
To the ground and fade to nothing
The human touch is warm
And dreams claim all weathers
As night and day phase together
In the blink of an infants eye
Young is the morning
And old the cloaking eve
As night descends before sleep
Live, live this life you hold
And celebrate all joys
For the sorrows shall come
In time we learn and know
That there is something
Far more compelling to be

Matthew Holloway

A Sailors Curse

Kiss upon the evenings tide
That the moon shall see the seas dance
That waves will call out to man
To sail and to swim forevermore
A call to the rocks and the storm
To drown, drown within its depths
How beautifully savage it becomes
The tide, the evenings storm
Birds fly, fly away so far
Into land seek refuge
Yet it calls, it calls out
In its majesty and voice
Kiss, kiss this evenings tide
And be free, free forevermore

Matthew Holloway

A Morning Tryst

It was perhaps four or five
In the morning as soft light
Broke through the window drapes
We lay together naked half asleep
Her head rested upon my chest
I held her in my arms
Such moments are a taste
Of something almost beyond perfect

As we both stirred to life
Whispers of I love yous
Soft kisses exchanged
Those eyes how I could live in them
The warmth of her body
Like a beautiful kiss to my soul

Soon we turned still kissing
Our bodies pressed closer now
Hands moving caressing each other
Legs wrapping around waist
Those eyes again wondrous, beautiful
I became lost within her

Nature took its course
And passion soon overwhelmed
We made love in that bed
I'll spare the details
But what a morning to wake to
A lovers tryst begins
And ends with a soft kiss
And a softer I love you

Matthew Holloway

The Liquid Of My Keys

The screen flashes on
And the tapping of keys
Breaks the silence
Currently holding the day
Coffee the first opiate
Drug of choice slips down
The throat losing fingers
A few more will follow
As I try to tap out the latest
Poem or short story
In the production line
Of my body of works
Awakened they move about
On the keyboard tap dancing
Words into sentences, verses
Later I'd look to change
Coffee for alcohol
Further loosening my resistance
So maybe I can write
Like those great poets and writers
Who seemed to drink so much
And whose work I greatly admire
Perhaps that's just an excuse
To drink and write some more
One opiate follows another
Typesetting the liquid of my keys

Matthew Holloway

Dancers

We dance the dance perverse
Bodies entwined, lovers
We play out roles, fantasies
By day and night always
Reaching for the edge of sanity
We sing and dance often
We talk and make words speak
Poets and artists all
Are we living or alive
There is a difference
And this, that dance tells it
Be it perverse or not
Be it set to music
Or the beating of our hearts
We are here in this moment
Dancing just dancing

Matthew Holloway

The Abattoir

This is where dreams come to die
In pale sunlight of mourning
Where thought concedes all
A surrender of the night begins
The body limp draws out a breath
Bones ache, the soul weeps out a cry
The peace of the night is dead
The new day an executioner, butcher
Reality must now be faced
The routines of work and conversation
Meals and more empty talk
Gossip and ideas some rather good
Otherwise its going through motions
Only love breaks the monotony
That kind of special companionship
That binds you to dreams
Makes you remember them
Otherwise their lost, gone, forgotten
Slaughtered in the mourning's light

Matthew Holloway

Wanting You

Perhaps you don't realise
Or I fail to make it clear
But There is one thing forever constant
And that is me wanting you
Your company, your body, your kisses
Your time hour after hour
And through each day always
I am thinking of you
About what we could be doing
Or where we could be someday
I need to make amends
Add a little transparency
So you know and see what I feel
In truth it's obvious
I love you

Matthew Holloway

What Makes A Poem Anyway

As a writer and a reader
Of a craft I claim as an art
I ask a question, the question
Many of my like have asked before
What makes a poem anyway

I have little time for rhyme
Or attention to consume an essay
Short words saying nothing
Or some degree of pretension
I am a hypocrite at times
Penning such similar verses
To those I happily criticise

I like telling a story
Or leading an emotion
Little poems so easy
To dip in and out from
little poems like bullets
From a machine gun
rat a tat, tat, tat

I stay away from rigid
structure like poems
With heavy set rules
Aside from the occasional haiku

Beauty is a such
That words are just meant to be
Something so simple

And so there I am again
Being an overbearing poet
Am I even a poet or just a writer
Someone with too much time
A pen or a keyboard
Writing shit down constantly

So what is this on my page

Staring back at me now
I still await the answer to come
What makes a poem anyway

Matthew Holloway

Filling Our The Forms

They line up in pages
With question after question
Collating scores as they go
A self assessed diagnosis
To credit my mental health
Or perhaps lack of it
I see it coming now
In ink and print
That of which I've lied
Hid away from myself
I drink too much, fact
Think less of myself
Than perhaps is healthy to do so
How I find certain situations
Socially toxic to sleep
How I mask my problems
In drunken solitude
Forms like these are painful
To read and complete
But they are a necessity
If I wish to save me

Matthew Holloway

Love And Regret

It is to my own shame
That I now sit and pen this
My ode, self admittance
Of love and regret
I am a monster at times
I have daemons haunt me
And they no it is I
Whom have hurt those I love
Those I would happily die for
Give my life to their everlasting
Health and happiness
So how could I betray such love
I hold no answers alas
Just this regret, self loathing
Which at night mocks me
I have seen the world burn
And fall away into ashes
I have heard cries and screams
And now here I am writing
Wishing to correct everything
Rebuild a new world
And hold it safe, loved
Till I grow old and die
As nature intends
It is to my love I do this
And to my regret
I must remember
Never to stray
From the path again

Matthew Holloway

Autumnal Poem

The autumn of the year is here
With winter fast approaching
Days grow shorter and colder
Landscapes change as nature succeeds
To the wilting death of its colour
Trees, flowers both fade away
Leaving behind naked twisted forms
Barren trunks and branches reaching up
To a changing sky lost of its warmth
Birds depart to warmer climes
The morning dew now bitter cold
Soon to be held in a grip of ice
Heavier clothes and coats adorned
Rooms kept warm by fire or radiator
Meals changed to suit the weather
More wholesome and filling
To fend off that cold air
The autumn of the year is here
And winter is coming

Matthew Holloway

Heartache

A heart can be torn out
As easily as a page from a book
It is shameful and saddening
The destruction of either
A damaged soul
Or an unfinished book
Both lack the end
They were destined to know
And the culprit
The villain of this piece
Continues on always
Awaiting their justice

Matthew Holloway

Confession Of Love 1

I wish to find a way
To express myself
In person to you
I know I fail so often
And in failing hurt you
I accept my faults
And My demons
Many of which
Cause suffering
And shame to my life
Yet one everlasting light
One beacon of hope
In a world I consistently burn
To a darkness unspoken
Still that light echoes
In and through me
It is you my love
It is you I hold dear
And I only wish to say
How I love you
I love you

Matthew Holloway

Poisoned

My own words
Written in blood ink
Have bled me out
Lead me to an end
I die as I have before
Into the night
Poisoned by words
Of literacy and poetry
Odes to every beauty
Become somewhat
Of a macabre obituary
Still, still I pen those words
And damn myself
To become poisoned
By worlds and lives
Of my own creation
How still the night
It passes me by slowly
As I wilt into it
And in dying I do not die

Matthew Holloway

Scratches

A scratching of words
Is not worthy of poetry
They need to grip me
The reader tightly
Take me upon a journey
Of emotion and scenery
A few lines do not serve
That thirst for verse
Anyone can write
And be judged as such
But a poet must live
Drink, eat and die
In words and words alone
So mere scratching
Of letters assembled
Are meaningless
Less they reach out
And touch the life soul
Of the reader
I dare not ask
If I am a poet
I only hope
To be called one

Matthew Holloway

What Hope

What hope have we
When those we idolise
Are false idols
Filled with faults
The dammed and the beautiful
They are exactly as we are
Dreadful and brilliant
Kind and cruel
Alive and slowly dying
It's blessed that we choose
A few to look high upon
Though in choosing
When there is little choice
A respectable icon
To follow in some hope
Of enlightenment
They are all tainted
As we all are
What hope I ask
What hope
Have we

Matthew Holloway

Poets

Are we all mad, I ask
Only those I admire
My idols and inspiration
My tutors of the craft
Seem to be all at sorts
Drunkards and suicidal
Poets of great name
And wondrous reputation
Poets of such acclaim
Who are still read post death
Poets, poets, poets
Who I love having not met
Yet I know almost well
By reading poetry
They all had a fate
Seemingly beautifully tragic
A life as such lived
Why Would anyone wish
To be like those we idolise
For it is insane to want
A life as mad as that

Matthew Holloway

Whom

Who are you
Person in the mirror
A stranger I've not called upon
Nor wish to know
Who are you
And what are you doing here
In this time and place
Right now I ask
Not from curiosity
But contempt
I dislike your appearance
Your stranger like manner
Who are you
Person in the mirror
A stranger seemingly familiar
With uncomfortable thought
I may know you
Though I wish not to
So I ask again
Who are you

Matthew Holloway

Reaper In The Bottle

The drink it subdues
The daemons and sadness
The misery of life
Its easy to become caught
Within its holding claw
To drown in it completely
Become stone washed
A nothingness of self
And bound to it all
It is easier to drink away
Than to face the day
The challenges and hardship
To hide and forget
Is a sip and a gulp away
The drink it brings
Sometimes not all
A reaper in the bottle

Matthew Holloway

Let Us Make Love

Let us make love my dear
Through the night
Or the day whichever comes
Soonest or most convenient
Let us kiss and hold each other
Allow passion to unravel
Our dreams and desires
Let us know each other
So complete and all
Let us love and age
Together we are whole
A sonnet of wonder
No mere words can touch
Let us make love

Matthew Holloway

A Kiss Before We Part

It is set to be
At times we will part
Be it for an hour
Or a few to a day
Be it a week
Or a month I'd fear
In parting is such sorrow
The last word exchanged
Remembered and held
As though to keep
That moment alive
Till a reunion
Begins a moment anew
And time is mocked
As a fleeting second
However it is set to be
At times we will part
And in those parting moments
Let them always know
A kiss

Matthew Holloway

The Madness Of The Wish

It is a strangeness
A drunken wish
From a wine of thought
Washed deep in the mind
A write to be open
To be bare, naked
Vulnerable
A wish to be a poet
To be alive
Through death always
Time is fleeting
But words remain
Written
Read
Spoken
Heard
A wish to be a poet
Is a mad wish made

Matthew Holloway

And So It Is To Love

It is to love I live
It is to love I write
It is why I dictate poetry
And witness the endless
sleepless beautiful nights
Embers of soul and heart
Flicker in the skies above
It is to love, to love
I live, I die, I dream
Oh sweet nectar of words
Cascade upon my page
And tell me of this word
That so compels us all
To read and embrace poetry
Be it nature or history
Whether the weather withers
Or the morning dew kisses
It is all is is
And so it is to love

Matthew Holloway

Flashes Of A New Dream

It has slowly crept into thought
To sell off, scale down all I have
A lifetime of building a home
And collecting possessions to fill it
The books, furniture, records, etcetera
Now seems destined to change
Flashes of a new dream beginning
To fill the night and the day
Something far more simpler
A little home to live in by the water
A few potted plants outside
Running costs reduced
A caravan and a lakeside view
The quiet life welcomed
For now it's only flashes of a dream

Matthew Holloway

A Poem About Nothing

Just filling out the blank page
Writing for writings sake
Words fill into verse complete
Another poem freshly made
Subject or style not considered
Just words writ or typed
To fill out the numbers
Complete the collection for a book
Some poems are epics on love
Or monologues on life and nature
But this time for certain
This is a poem about nothing

Matthew Holloway

On My Love Foe Her

I am a stubborn old fool
Perhaps older than my age suggests
I appear lacklustre at times
Or disconnected to the world about me
I should try harder to be a part of it

She is one defining factor in this world
And she is a beautiful woman
In every way imaginable soul and body
She is the embodiment of love
And leaves me wishing to be a better man
That I may gift all she desires to her
That I may make her feel loved, special

She is a muse to my soul and my heart
She is poetry and music and laughter
She is so much more than I can do justice
And I feel like I fail her everyday
Though I will not stop trying to get it right

I would give her my life, my heart, my soul
She could even claim my mind if she wished
For she is all and everything I love

Matthew Holloway

Surviving The Daily Grind

It begins as most days do
The alarm goes off signalling the start
Some people make it with just the one alarm
Others have two or three, four I've heard
Myself I make it with just the two
Set five minutes apart so one's just a backup

Then there's the routine we all have
Mine is toilet, shower, dressed and prepare lunch
The commute follows walking, cycling, driving
Some even catch the train
I walk plan to cycle though, save time
So I can fit a coffee into the routine

Eventually arriving at the place of work
Registering arrival, greeting co-workers
Before beginning whatever task awaits the day
That is the daily grind working away the hours
Filling gaps with small talk of television
Or sports or movies or idle gossip
Till that last hour passes and we leave

Then it's the journey home, traffic passes
The daily grind continues still going
Food preparation and consumption done
And little jobs cleaning and the like done
A drink beer, wine, water or a cup of tea
Kill some time watching television
Or filtering through the internet
Before sleep beckons where we await
That alarm to begin it all again

Matthew Holloway

The Ticking Clock

I'm a writer
Or at least that's what I dare dream to be
I sit alone in silent rooms
Hunched over a computer screen
Typing away words and thoughts
Generally whatever comes to mind
The only company being a clock
And with it that incessant ticking
Not even the current drink of choice can silence
It grows louder through the night
As my conscience binds with it
Every thought ticks away
Every idea and line ticking away
Till the whole room fits inside
The mechanism of that dammed clock
Each tick growing louder
Seconds claim each heart beat
As I write hopefully typing out
It's my time, seconds out
Round two

Matthew Holloway

Poet On Tour

It's not exactly like the brochure said
I imagine the sales pitch would have been different
Had it stuck to the tones of reality
A tour of coffee shops, library's and small bars
Nights in cheap hotels, noisy, cold
hour after hour on the road unable to sleep
The money not as glamorous as the dream thought
Must have been some sales pitch made
To place me here now, the travelling show
Another afternoon another performance
Little crowds gather, some just stopping by
To see what is going on most without interest
I read from my books my collection of works
All to pay for the next round of drinks
In the bar that evening where I sit alone
And write more poetry if only to stay sane
Sanity I need to keep a check on that
The phone rings twice a day, my publisher
Checking on my progress and performance
All from his office in the big city
eventually I go to bed, lay on the sheets
Looking up at the ceiling wanting to sleep

Matthew Holloway

A Beautiful Poem

I feel the need to write
One of those beautiful poems
The kind that makes people stop
And play out compliments
On it's style and subject
The kind that paints a picture
In the readers eyes
Makes them feel something else
That maybe they've not felt before
Or not felt in a long time
Yes one of those beautiful poems
That wouldn't look out of place
In the poetry anthologies
Found on a thousand bookshelves
I'd like to write one like that
Maybe become remembered for it
The poet who made them feel
The poet with that wonderful soul
Alas such a poem evades me
For now I'll just write
Whatever comes to mind

Matthew Holloway

Night Lane

The radio plays in the quiet hour
Where the evening waits for morning
It's company I guess on the journey
Keeping me from falling asleep
Lights pass in a haze and blur
Some occasionally blinding for a minute
The wheel stays almost stationary
Except for minor corrections
The lane straight, stretching out
Looks almost endless in the moment
A passing rain taps on the windows
The wipers rise and fall in motion
To the Rolling beat of the road
Then its gone quiet again
The trucks all pulling over
Drivers climbing into beds
And I carry onward through the night
Radio playing as a friend, company

Matthew Holloway

The Politics Of A Foreign Nation□

The politics of a foreign nation
Play out across all media
Part story part exaggeration
Leaving us left to pick apart
The threads of what actually is
The racists and the bigots
The criminals and the traitors
All with wealthy backing
All with news channels on side
Launch attacks on each other
Play hyperbole over ideas
Singing the songs of sensationalists
All those campaign promises
Another country another time zone
Another news story to catch up on
Watching with some interest
The politics of a foreign nation

Matthew Holloway

Haiku Waterfall

And here find ourselves
Contemplating once again
The art of poems

Short lines do connect
The beginning to the end
Just for the reader

A king sits on high
Watching down upon the world
He once created

A drunk speaks aloud
Though now care to listen to
The story he tells

We find ourselves here
Beneath life's own waterfall
Speaking metaphors

With great care and thought
The craft is undertaken
To write out a toast

We all see beauty
Embrace the artist within
Free that unspoken

Now I bring you here
Beneath Haiku waterfall
Counting syllables

Matthew Holloway

Consumer Demand

I'm trying to write
And not fall foul
To the pressures writers suffer
The demand of the consumer
To write poems of love and nature
Stories of beautiful women
And the heroic men who serve them
I try to best manage my style
The beat, rhythm and tempo
And not be swayed by the fashion
That all other writers seem to enjoy
Their success will not bring mine
Their voice speaks not for me
I need to keep my own
And keep going with it
Write after write after write
Until it works for me
My voice my words my ink
Its a hard task some days
Passing the opportunity
To give in and play along
Like a good little writer

Matthew Holloway

Returning To The Crowd

Where you been they'll ask
I've been to hell, I've been mad
I've been screaming at the walls
I'll respond watching them roll their eyes
As though I'm some new kind of madman
Just walked in off the street
A stranger all different to them
They may well whisper and talk about me
Or I'm just a little bit paranoid
Only we do all talk and whisper
About people and things we don't understand
Anything that little bit different
Just raises the eyebrows enough
To make for a good rumour, story
I'm sure I'll add to the topics
Of general conversation
I'll bide my time be quiet
Keep my nose very clean
Wait for it all to die back down
So none care anymore or ask
Where I went, what I did forgotten
Replaced by the next drama
That has them all talking
And I'll be careful to leave that alone
Stones and greenhouses and all that

Matthew Holloway

A Frightful Return

I've been away
Locked in isolation
Suffering and weeping
Pushing away thoughts
Thoughts of dying
Thoughts of being alone
Thoughts of guilt
Thoughts of self loathing
All unkind thoughts
Now I know one thing
I need to come back
Return to a routine
Work and the daily grind
returning to that
Everything I hid away
I must now face
I must be brave

Matthew Holloway

A Poem On The Aftermath Of Depression

The weight in these brittle bones
Holds steadfast to the bed
The tiredness of the eyes
Strain to greet the day
The weariness of the soul
Having been through so much
Having sought death in the name of peace
Now must rise, begin again
A life from the ruins
in which it now lays

Such a journey is fraught
With dread, fear and chaos
There is no simple understanding
No easy answers or path to walk upon
No lest it be meaningless
This journey begins with rising
And with rebuilding the self first
And such a beginning is frightening
And that first must be overcome

And the past it shall not be forgotten
The daemons shall not be defeated
And the night will not be brightly lit
No the truth is far more uninspiring
The truth is about acceptance of the past
About coping with the daemons which haunt
And looking into the night without fear
You do not cure this great illness
Of that I believe whole heartedly

You must rise up and face it
You must find a way to live with it
You must believe in life and love
You must trust in yourself
You must live and be alive

Matthew Holloway

Pulse

There's that throbbing again
In the chest, the wrist, the neck
That pulse beating out a rhythm
Of words to be writ, spoken and felt
That pulse demanding to be heard
That drive, desire, passion
It's all there just below the skin
Beat after beat you can almost hear it
Feel it sure that's a guarantee
It keeps you awake at night sometimes
You can't subdue it, drown it out
With coffee or alcohol or drugs
It's poetry, it's life, it's everywhere
And in everything you can see, hear, touch
That's what the pulse is playing out
Words upon a page or spoken to a cassette
To be kept, repeated and shared
And it's there again throbbing away

Matthew Holloway

Robot I

I've ran my heart through a vice
Drowned it in alcohol on a regular basis
Sought to silence it completely
I've broken it and beaten it
Watch it bleed without pity or remorse
Now I fear it's deserted me
Leaving me an empty vessel
Incapable of human emotion
Tears have dried as has joy
Laughter, there is none left anymore
This thing inside me chest
Pumping blood through arteries
Is a mechanical device almost dead
I am stone and steel
I am void of humanity I fear
That which I have become
Robot I..... end

Matthew Holloway

Regretful Wishes

I awoke this morning
And wished it had been all a dream
The horrific nightmare which unfolded
Twisted faces fraught with pain
Decisions made and regretted
Alas it was fact it was history
Those events set in memory
Could not be changed nor forgotten
How cold and cruel the wheels
Of life when set in motion
A series of tragedies occurred
And all by my own doing
My world wept and died
And those I loved, still love
Wept and wondered why
And i have no answer
No rhyme or reason
Just this regret
And the wish for it to be
Nothing but a dream

Matthew Holloway

To Love

It is to love
That I have fallen foul
Deceived by the fantasy
Only which a fool would dream

It is to love
I seek to change
Reclaim my humanity
That I may be a better man

It is to love
I make this vow
To settle my past deeds
And reclaim the life

I carelessly lost
It is to love
I dedicate my soul
My mind my body

It is to love
I give it all

Matthew Holloway

An Evenings Verse

I could curse the dying light
Of the day as evening descends
Or scream at the silence of this small room
Four walls and a roof within poorly lit
I could damn all these pages of poetry
That seem certain not to be writ
For they are read aloud in booming voice
Alas only ever in my head
How slowly time passes by at night
When all the world is kept away
I am awake by poetry's gait
To write or talk into the night
Oh what is this you may ask
And my reply returns
It's a poets life my friend
It is to be loved to the dammed end

Matthew Holloway

Ethereal Lagoons

Pools of emerald green
And the purest blue
Beckon me to bathe
In waters of poetry
Wash away the world
And embrace a new verse
Whilst shrouded in myst
It is here I dream

Matthew Holloway

Who'd Want To Be A Writer

Who'd want to be a writer
Beset by this madness
And all these sleepless nights
Trying in vain to capture
That one perfect idea
That opening line to kill them all
Have the reader captured
So entirely they read on
Forever through verse and chapter

Who'd want to be a writer
Driver by some unknown force
To create or photograph in words
Examples of human nature, life
Love what a word that is
Full of all the possibilities imaginable
And then some more besides
Great joys and greater tragedies
What is it about love we write

Who'd want to be a writer
Putting yourself heart and soul
Out into the world for critique
Vulnerable upon an open page
Vying for that book deal
To grasp immortality just once
TO be accepted amongst peers
Valued for a lifetimes work
And the knowledge this passion
Is not wasted ink

Who'd want to be a writer
I muse to myself
I'm a literary addict
I couldn't stop even if I wanted
Sleepless nights, wasted ink
And the words on a page
May as well be on my skin
Who'd want to be a writer

Where do I begin

Matthew Holloway

Absolute Idiot

I cut the heart
Out of the one I love
I know not why
I hold no reason
Or offer no explanation
Other than my own foolishness
My own regret and wrong doing
Having hurt my love and myself
The pain does not recede
It carries on always
Hurting, hurting
Cutting deeply, unforgiving
I did all of this
For one sole reason
Spoken in honesty
I am in realisation
Absolutely truly
An Idiot
Of the modern generation

Matthew Holloway

Dog Days

Thoughts meander
Aimless without direction
The heart weeps
And the soul sinks
The days draw out
In agonising procession
Days like these
Come around too often
Dog days I call them
Where the shadows converge
And depression sets in
It kills the spirit
It breaks the knees
Till all that's left
Are those words
Which plead, plead, plead
Save me, Set me free
Heal me, Let me be
Help me breathe
Help me see

Matthew Holloway

Guilt

The weight about my neck
The guilt of my past deeds
Those I have hurt and lied to
My sins, my words, my actions
All seem to pull me to the earth
Never allowing to be forgotten
Each reminder a curse
I am unable to escape from

I fear such weight will end
With me in a shallow grave
And perhaps that is my punishment
That absolution is void
And all i have done
Shall never be forgiven
Nor forgotten

Matthew Holloway

Fighting The Tears

It's funny
In the most unpleasant way
How those little things
Bring back little memories
A song on the radio
A day out in the sun
A visit to the supermarket
Seeing something and thinking
How ideal it would be
To gift or share with
Only it doesn't matter now
Time has past away
And taken with it
All those possibilities
So all that's left
Are bitter cruel memories
Your reminded of
Too often

Matthew Holloway

Postmortem Of A Poem

The notebook sits open
Turned to the page of the latest poem
Hastily scribbled in shorthand
Asterisks and brackets make note
Of pace and emotion for future reference
Now in typing out this piece
Changes made to near every line
Reduce the original to nothing
But an ink stained page filled
With illegible hieroglyphic symbols
Claimed as words and verse
That I can just about translate
And reform into an alleged poem
I stare at the page intently
Trying to work out the reason
For why that line was writ
The thought behind and the time
I spent in writing
Second guessing my memory
And then it appears slowly
A poem from the pages
Far different from the original
If not better at least legible

Matthew Holloway

Jenny

She has a smile like Broadway
The kind that lights up the night
The kind deserving of a thousand songs
All to be sung before the mornings light
There are toasts and drinks to be had
All in an open celebration
That beauty she possesses is a rarity
So few and so far between
There should be plays and sonnets
Art gallery openings
And all those lavish soirees
I forget about the city not sleeping
I forget about the oceans and towns
The forests and the deserts
They are nothing but a wasted distraction
All I need is that Broadway smile
And the company of that girl

Matthew Holloway

Screaming At The Screen

Technology

You rile the beast in me

The simplicity of your command

A designed set function

You seem to simply refute

Why do you test my patience

Leave me screaming at the screen

Do your dammed task in hand

I have pressed the command

But the buffering

Or twelfth re-log-in

I curse you with venom

Yet I still seem uncertain

If that which I have asked

Will be done at all

Turn it off, turn it on

Another error I fear

Screw this

I'm done

Matthew Holloway

On A Morning Like This

I have not bathed
I have not rose
From my bed I lay
In silent prose
Typing out another poem
While the scent of the room
Slowly falls to ruin
The sweat of the sleepless night
And weary tired worn out eyes
See little harm in waiting a while
Till the body aches and awakens
And the shower, the shower
All senses beckon
Rid the room of this smell
Rise and clean yourself
The next poem may still follow
Once you are up and acting
Like a decent fellow

Matthew Holloway

Dear Mr Publisher

I would like if you could take a moment
To read through my collection of poems
I have ambitions higher than the sky
To retire early, travel and write
I need your assistance in this my friend
Hence my letters the verses I send
I'd like to help you sell my books
But first I'm waiting for some good luck
If you could gift me that chance
TO move by a river and pen the scene
Of birds or rain and trees and flowers
Perhaps a sunset or mornings dawn
I could have a go, write them all
I could pen all types for a price
Picture the scenes the people I'd see
In railway stations and airport lounges
The stories of my wild imagination
Flights of fantasy riding on rails
To and wherever they may lead
First I need you to stop and read
My poems my verses my eagerness too
Dear Mr Publisher
I would like to work with you

Matthew Holloway

The Piper

Cue the piper
And that merry tune
Lead me away
To a better place
Let the music play
And the heart enjoy
All that's beautiful
Let it be known
This soul has a home

Matthew Holloway

What Am I Writing

What am I writing
I flit from love to death
To nature and politics
The subject matter differs
Within a breath of each poem
I write as though compelled
To extinguish all thoughts inside
I write of fantasy and story
I write as though in biography
I write as a photograph captures
Or a journalist speaks
What am I writing
Why am I writing
It all keeps coming
Through and over me
Poetry, poetry, poetry
Like a hive mind echoes
Variety in abundance
Writing, written and read

Matthew Holloway

Watching Democracy Die

It's a very British way of life
We do not complain all the time
Sadly I cannot sit back no more
While I watch democracy die
Upon the political floor

The wealthy they buy and bribe
All they can to protect their lives
The opposition climb up to their side
Till non are the other option no more
Who will stand for the little man
The people oft trampled upon
When all are bought and sold
For such a lavish lifestyle
I guess a conscience grew old

And when we the people stand
And make our votes be heard
Whispers on the corridors of power
Seek to silence that uncivil herd
So they change the rules
And boundaries of office
To protect their shrinking club
Only the good and the great
May pay their way inside
The political elite these days

And so where do we stand
Our voices drowned out
Our lives seemingly dammed
Dare we rebel and fight
Dare we shout and scream
So the rich no no longer ignore
We the people they serve

I watch in fear and dread
Old democracy in its dying way
And ask who stands with me
To protect tomorrow and the following day

Matthew Holloway

A Deeply Shaded Path

I walked in the deeply shaded woods
Where all light faded away
I walked in solitary into the night
Afraid, I walked on regrettably
I became lost on that hardened path
Which took such vengeance upon my feet
I bled and cried though none did hear
In the depths of the darkness
I was alone and felt the eyes upon me
Of a haunting hound hunting slowly
Waiting for me to tire to be weak
Waiting for me to lay to rest to sleep
I walked this path deeper and deeper
My bones they ached my mind cried
For all the woes of this life
I carried on, now blind
Soon I became lost to even myself
A figure without features
No eyes, no voice, no soul
Those woods that hound the dark
They consumed my all
Till eventually I lay down to rest
To sleep upon the harden earth
I awoke not alone and in the light
Of the one and of those together
Who saved my life

Matthew Holloway

Earth Born

It is like I am the land
The stone cliff edge
And the shale beaches
I am the earth holding roots
Of trees looking out
I face the oceans and the wind
I bare witness the storm
And the savagery of it all
The night and the day
The sun, stars and the moon
I am shore the tide calls upon

And she could be the oceans
The moon and the tide
The driftwood and birds
Which come to settle in time
She brings life and change
She brings the winds and the rain
The sun and the stars
Without her I am nothing
Just the cold stone of a rock

Without her rain and wind
Without her light and life
The trees on my earth would die
Roots breaking the rock beneath
Leaving waste upon my shale beach
And cold in the starless night
I would be nothing without her
For she is my life

I am the land
And she the sea

Matthew Holloway

Dear Poets

Oh how do we write
Dear poets
Our craft and guile
Our madness and beauty
What lines we pen
The ink we bleed on pages
Of verse and story

What style we choose
If any we decide upon
Each stanza or sonnet
Free flowing or well formed
Oh how do we write
Dear poets

Is it of nature or love
Is it of loss or humanity
Perhaps a blend of all
Is what we find being written
Dear poets
Do you know of this

Do we craft of feel
Each line as it comes
Are we the masters of it
It is it the master of us
Dear poets
What is the answer to it

Oh how do we write
Dear poets
Or why do we write
A choosing of verse
Is it life blessing
Or life's curse

Matthew Holloway

Dark Oak

A bottle rests empty
On the dark oak of the bar
Another ordered awaits delivery
Each bottle drunk and past back
Each new one placed
A question sits residing
On the stool the drinker sits
Each question has an answer
Or a few depending on the question
It's the drinker who's asking
Or perhaps forgetting
Searching maybe desperately
And the bottles hold no answer
For some it is said
That they hold them all
It's a matter a perspective
Depends where your sitting
Or serving or watching
Another bottle is now empty
On the dark oak of the bar

Matthew Holloway

A Sketch Of Another Poem

We are both beneath the same sky
We are stood upon the same island
We are looking upon a different view
We are apart in distance it is true

But words can break such distance down
But weather is a passing kind
But land and sea are meaningless
But the sky can be both day and night

Let us come together soon
Let us stand in the rain together
Let us travel and see land and sea
Let us learn savour time
Let us be you and me

Matthew Holloway

A Flowers Kiss

As a flower kisses the sun
A a bird sings such sweet melody
As colour and life springs anew
In the Forrest and meadows
As the sky is blue or dark
With the rain clouds it brings
And such rain quenches thirst
Allowing life to reign
As nature evolves and grows
Through seasons I see
The beauty of all this world
Showing me what love should be

Matthew Holloway

Coffee ☐

Coffee my opiate of choice
To sooth away the evening
And give warm welcome to the morn
The early hour where eyes hang heavy
And bones listless lay dormant
Coffee, black no sugar
A good strong hit to the senses
Waking the mind with a slap
Eyes shook open with ☐mpatience
Oh that first, second, third cup
How they greet me like an old friend
That hello, how are you today
And we all need a hit, a friend
Like that wouldn't you say

Matthew Holloway

The Madness Of The Night

The evening is unforgiving
And noises creep echoes
Into the words repeating
Deep within the unconscious soul
Eyes search out life
In the emptiness of the room
Alone, Alone, Alone
I lay in silent stillness
The pulse of blood rushing
I hear it louder than the heart
Beat, beating against my chest
Thoughts, regrets, visions play out
In flashes to the mind
Incomplete movie scenes
Of which I am the lead
The villain not a hero
The tragedy holds beauty
A prisoner of the night also
And then it falls
Nothing
Quiet
Still
I am alone
Afraid
Amid this
Madness of the night

Matthew Holloway

Drought

I foresee a drought
Dried out land and cracked earth
Dust whipped up in the winds
Which crawl along the floor
Timid in their passing
As though they wish not to be there
Where all life has drawn to a halt
Dying in the light of day
Fading in the dark of night
No water to savour a thirst
Not even the dew of a new day
Just the slow meandering end
As one world succumbs to a desert
Gone, gone away from life
As a drought foreseen
Offers little to believe

Matthew Holloway

All For Memories

Soon I will be but a memory
Gone away from your hands touch
Away from you beautiful eyes
Silent to the air about you
I shall be far and distant
Forgotten by some I accept this
For that is my destiny now

I ask not much, no favour
Only that you choose each memory
As carefully as you can
Remember our laughter
Those endless nights we lay
And talked together till dawn
The way we once kissed
And looked at each other

Other memories may hurt you
Cause such pain I cannot imagine
The sorrow and loss, I despair
Please be kind and good
Once I am no longer there

And if such memories
Are hard to find
Then I pray unto the stars
That all such joy
Will be yours in time

Matthew Holloway

A Tale Of A Garden

It became overgrown
The garden
I failed to see
The bushes growing
The weeds taking root
And all such beauty
Disappear from me

The sweetest fruit
The softest flower
The gentle morning dew
The scent of it all
The light and colour
Oh how resplendent it were
A living poetry always there

I like a fool
Of a thousand languages
Like a blind man
Neglected and selfish
Turned away from it all
Allowed it fall to ruin
To wither and to die

It were my uncaring hand
Or my mindless act
Which took for granted
The gift I once had
I plead for the rain
The sun and the earth
To give once more
The garden I lost

I swear a new oath
To nurture such life
To care and cherish
To love and behold
Till the day I pass

I swear before all
Were I to walk once more
In the garden as before
I would make last
Till the day I pass

Matthew Holloway

1000 Pointless Wishes

I wish I could take back yesterday
And all those days before
Back when life felt more easier
I wish I could take back all that time
Erase it from history
And find the person I knew as me
Stop them and say, stay true, believe
I wish I could take back actions and words
But alas I cannot do any of that
I wish i could take back yesterday
I wish oh I wish

Matthew Holloway

The Suicide Club

I'm a card carrying member now
Of a not so exclusive club
Most wouldn't care to join
The suicide club
For survivors and the unfortunate
Who are no longer with us
Who couldn't bare the load
The weight of life and days
The memories and emotion
I've been beside you all
Unwilling to continue
Face another horror
Some call us cowards
They fail to understand
For us it became
There was no other way out
We did not think rationally
Emotions overwhelmed
It took it's coin
We paid it's price
Offer up our life
Survivors carry guilt
And sorrow sits on the grave
It's a lifetime membership now
And what would we expect
Of the price we paid

Matthew Holloway

Written In The Dust

And there I were
Amid the darkest night
As a storm raged
I was beaten by winds
I was cut down by rain
Upon my hands, my knees
I begged, pleaded, asked
To be free of this
Sufferance and pain

There came a time, a moment
Of silence and nothingness
A place bereft of thought
No feeling felt or questioned
A numbness enveloped the world
To which I could not see
I were a stranger now
None could say they knew me

Time passes in mystery
Either in a flurry or a saunter
We are never to decide its passing
It chooses its rhythm
And how long in each moment
We are to remain within

Past the storm and the lull
To now where the dust settles
Feeling and thought return
As agony, sufferance it burns
The heart breaks once more
The tears swell and fall
Pain oh agony I curse you both
Leave me be I plead, let me sleep

The dust may settle
But my soul will not
To my lost love love I ask
Forget me not

Matthew Holloway

No More For The Road

It's a struggle now
To not reach for the bottle
Pour a shot or down a beer
Forget the glasses
There's little time for that
It's an impulse, urge
To drink away it all
Thoughts and feeling
Drown those bastards together
They will come back
They always do the swines
Picking away at my soul
Cutting into my heart
But I must be strong
That's what I am constantly told
Be strong, stay sober
But who needs that pain
When it can be numbed for an hour
A night or a day just gone
In the raise of a bottle
The hit of the drink
I am trying for myself
At least I believe I am
But what awaits me now
When it's all over
And I'm dry and well
A almost good rounded human being
That end awaiting me
I can't see it right now
Yet somehow I must keep going
I'll struggle and solider on

Matthew Holloway

Sun Down

As the sun goes down
And the shadows creep in
I am left with a nothingness
No feeling or thought
I care to repeat
Or dare admit to knowing
Sleep often evades me
I lay awake in silence
Awaiting the passing of time
To bring back the day
Light the room
Remove the shadows
Which haunt me

Matthew Holloway

I Had A Girl

I had a girl
I pushed her away
I betrayed her trust
I lost my forever day
I'll miss her smile
I'll miss her laugh
I'll miss her ways
How she looked after me
How she dressed me smarter
How she knew what I needed
Before I knew myself
Lost is her patience
Lost those boxes I ticked
Lost that wondrous beauty
Of which I should have fought for
I may still write her poetry
But the verse I pen
Will no longer be the same
Gone the sweet, sweet love
Here only heartbreak remains

Matthew Holloway

Ok's Not Okay

The off hand response
To a question of health
How are you feeling
Fine, not bad, ok
But its dishonest
If truth be told
Ok's not okay
Fine in not so good
Not bad is rather devastating
All in all
Its an issue playing
On those lips
Quietly mouthing
Such a tepid response
Ok's not okay

Matthew Holloway

Painted Faces

That which you see
May actually not be
That which you hear
Could be a false song
For there are lives existing
In shadows and denial
The silent presence
Of a heart's demise
A mind's despair
The whispered wounds
None do hear
Instead we see a smile
and hear a laugh
A promise repeated
I am ok, I am fine
But all is a lie
By those painted faces
Living their lie

Matthew Holloway

I Tried To Say Goodbye

I tried to say goodbye
I tried to die
I found the weight of life
Pilled too high
The gravity of it all
Pushing down on my soul
Till I, could take no more
I shut out all others
And drowned in liquor
I swallowed each pill
If only to bring the end
That little bit quicker
My pain and sorrow
My loss and despair
I was found like that
In such a way
None would recognise me
I tried to say goodbye
She wold not let me

Matthew Holloway

The Broken Man

There were the tools of life
Left cast upon the floor
The words and deeds of men
Misused, neglected
The form remaining
An empty shell forlorn
And woe were I that day
A broken man a loss
Master of my own undoing
Creator of hurt and suffering
I plead for forgiveness
To understand my mind
Bur I am at a loss this day
A broken man

Matthew Holloway

Line In The Sand

I emerged from the sea
A half drowned man
Walked the beach in silence
Stopped, drew a line in the sand
To leave the past behind
To be washed away in the tide
To clean this mind
Whilst the waves rise
And fall upon rocks
The chaos of the storm
The rage and fury
The line crossed, left behind
Every sorrow and sad memory
To be washed away
In time

Matthew Holloway

Reflecting A Stranger

The face I look upon
Hold no recognition
A barren stranger
Ashen and cold
Eyes sunken, hollow
Skin pale and worn
A soul tired, older
Than any I've seen before
How have I come to this place
Looking upon a reflection
Not of my own
A stranger looks back at me
And I find myself wishing
To be alone

Matthew Holloway

Soul Lost

My soul is cold
I feel no more
Every tear finished
Every thought numb
The life I knew over
Now I must mourn
I doubt I'll love again
I doubt I'd wish to
I'll take this sorrow
Drown inside
Paint on a face
Which smiles
While I die

Matthew Holloway

The Lady From The Isle

From the isle she came
Light footed across still waters
Through a mist of mystery
Unto these mortal shores
A vision of purest beauty
Untainted by the world
The lady from the isle
Be she an angel or a dream
Poetry and thoughts are bound
To her, her name left unspoken
To feel her gentle touch
Be lost within her eyes
Lay upon her bosom to sleep
It is to be lost within a world
And wonder amongst a dream
For the heart and soul shall fall
And poetry, words shall praise
The lady from the isle

Matthew Holloway

On A Night Without You

On a night without you my love
this world appears a whole lot less
I am alone and wandering in the dark
tearful and lonely
the night is cruel and wicked
due to deny me rest, sleep, escape
for what is a life without you
my love, my life's breath
my reason for being
you are distant
away from physical touch
and yet present in my heart
in my every thought
I love you, forever a promise
your love made me
and I thank you for it
and on a night without you
I feel all the less for it

Matthew Holloway

Time Loss

Time loss

~

it would have been nice
to have that time taken to soon
to spend those days stolen
making mistakes, stories
laughing to personal jokes
nobody would understand
to have had that time to talk
those conversations unheard
words today left unsaid
leaving behind regret and sorrow
days seem to slip away
passing by so easily to fast
till years are gone away
and those last words are faded
a sad memory lingering
what could or should have been
lost in our time

Matthew Holloway

Death And Taxes

Death and taxes

~

They say we are all to know
death and taxes
so we better make the best
of whatever life brings
some keep on trying
in the face of adversity
governments enslaving laws
seemingly trying to break us
community stands strong
where we stick together
paying our way, biding time
living not surviving
taxes and death paid out
in sufferance but still
were still standing

Matthew Holloway

Profit Love

Profit love

~

Is this what I dreamt it to be
the promises I kept on wishing
is this all we aspire to believe
something bigger, something brighter
that we give our lives to willingly
whole hearted, complete
the saviour of every soul
that one entity to provide for us
all we could ever need
desire or even dream
is this our profit, leading sign
heartbeat, breaking, aches, longing
feeling strangely unique
but always right
is this a living dream
a promise to believe

Matthew Holloway

Written On The Cusp

Hurriedly penned lines
follow the demand for instant gratification
an ailment for modern society
where social network availability
demands constant response
reaction and celebrity endorsement
even chemicals don't act as quick
but such is as is as will be
and there we are looking on
I sit bemused out of place
an ill fitting chemical
in a budget chemistry lab
writing lines
PO. ET. IC. AL. LY.
hashtag false remedy
for modern society

Matthew Holloway

Prelude To A Greater Story

Prelude to a greater story

~

By the river we lay
exchanged kisses sweeter than water
let the soft wind caress
our naked bodies entwined
as one full romantic sonnet
remained unwrit
we were as it would be
lovers in nature
set in the scene
all we desired to be

Matthew Holloway

Blood Words

Blood words

~

I bleed across the page
a severed artery pours words
into a pool of verse
staining lines with my soul
I am a poet
and here I lay
my dreams and desires
my innermost thoughts
I am naked vulnerable
this is me upon the page
I bleed out myself
everything I am
or will every be
to this art I love
to this art I give myself
I bleed upon the page
not for book sales
or glory
but only for poetry

Matthew Holloway

Some Flowers Do Not Bloom In This Garden

Some flowers don't bloom in this garden

~

All is not as it seems in this garden
whatever the weather of summer
we are led to be deceived
and some flowers however beautiful
were never meant to bloom
a beauty often missed is one to be forgotten
and as such becomes a tragedy
the colour missing from the pallet
the scent from the air
the beauty from the soul
that no song plays out there
is a sadness to be forgiven
such is that garden. Natures will
some flowers do not bloom
where others will

Matthew Holloway

Waiting

Waiting

~

We are all waiting on this
that day when things fall right
into place, time and situation
when the jigsaw pieces fit
when one hand does not steal
what sits in the other
and those worries subside
into nothingness
what such a day would be
when letters are mere correspondence
from friends and family alike
talking about life and holidays
it would, it will, could be joyous
when it finally arrives
now long overdue
still we wait on this, day
when all things fall
right

Matthew Holloway

Sink Hole

Sink hole

~

I watch society draining away
as though someone just pulled the plug
as we are all in the same sink hole
watching the world about us seep away
slowly day by day as though unavoidable
then I see some watching down
the rich the corrupt government types
widening the gap, that chasm between classes
making sure there is little or no opportunity
to improve to grow and become something
business buy, governments and power
and power corrupts the soulless
money always goes to money
and those cries, those pleas, those shouts
are all just washed away
down the sink hole
with the dirty dish water

Matthew Holloway

The Old Fashioned Way

The old fashioned way

~

I've tried killing my self
the old fashioned way
laying in the sediment of a bottle
and through well thought out mistakes
taken everything I've achieved and built
and cast it aside like the scrap paper
of a poorly writ near half poem
I've drank and made drinking a game
the rules left forgotten in a haze
of a tired morning trying to remember
if there is still anything else to regret
It's self destructive at times
but damn it's addictive to fight
another drink to forget another life
killing it slowly, beautifully and always
the old fashioned way

Matthew Holloway

Friday Night Vitriol

It's another night
the weeks tend to blend
into a nothingness of routine
and the drink which flows serves
to absent the soul a little
numb the mind and all else
little excuses pass
and time, meaningless
draws out the next morning

Matthew Holloway

Writing On A Rainy Day

The answers in the drinking glass
or so the idea would prefer
the day has fallen short
due to the falling of the rain
and silent were the walls
the windows and doors
tapped, tapped, tapped out
a rhythm of wasted time
rainfall against glass
it does have a beauty to it
distraction is an art
while the flowers in the garden
bloom in early spring
the morning bird song echoes
throughout the day
and those writers write
away their time
kept within walls
by the falling rain

Matthew Holloway

To My Fair Lady

I'd call her an angel
if it wasn't too cliché
I find her beautiful
in every possible way
even her habits
which tend to annoy
I wouldn't wish to change
no she is my lady
kind, funny and fair
she is my girl
my love
my future days
she is my happiness
such sweet poetry
and sentiment plays
in every thought
I hold for her

Matthew Holloway

A Poem About A Pregnant Cat

Sylvia is a cat
named after a poet
a quite wonderful poet
but this cat waddles about
expectant of her second litter
her first saw another cat
kept and named after a poet
Percy Bysshe Shelly
Sylvia Plath
it's an odd tradition
to those who don't understand
this love of poetry, poets
but this time, no names
no additions to the house
no more pets kept
leaving this just a poem
about a pregnant cat
who waddles about

Matthew Holloway

Caffeine Kiss

I stir the coffee
inhaling the aroma
that scent invigorates
in return stirs my mind
awaking the soul
a new day beckons
the haze across the eyes
slowly fades into new light
thoughts begin to chatter
lips await that first hit
that caffeine rush
there's nothing quite like it
someday's it's essential
that first coffee, morning ritual
that caffeine kiss

Matthew Holloway

Recurring Dreams

All these dreams
those wild and beautiful
the magical wonderful
sweet desire filled dreams
they all lead back to you

Matthew Holloway

Laboured

We the working masses
slaves to the wage
endure places of occupation
willing away each day
each week
to be free, to lay in bed
counting the days
to be paid
the process, the grind
overtime
it all becomes
laboured

Matthew Holloway

Springing Into Another Season

The early spring morning
daylight arriving earlier
scenery changing
flower rising to bloom
trees filling out
birdsong fills the air
the sky an assortment
of pastel colours
all this cliché beauty
not taken for granted
but welcomed, loved
seasons change always
but spring births life
births colour and sound
no words need saying
or writing
its poetry in itself
a new world unfolding

Matthew Holloway

A Novel Idea

A Novel Idea

~

There's a novel in there
somewhere lurking
between silent pages
waiting for the blood ink
to run through verse and phrase
creating imagery enough
to captivate, create
an emotion, thought, reaction
it's an ideal concept
just sit down and write
type away word after word
earn enough to retire
be a success
one book, one hit
that sales master-stroke
a writers passion
the obsession
to write, to succeed
I chase it daily
and in all honesty
that novel idea
its almost killing me

Matthew Holloway

Talking It Out

Perfecting the voice
getting it right
making those lines count
trying eternal
to make something beautiful
not knowing if successful
sketch, write, pen, ink
pour into every verse
beauty, desire, fascination
the act thought about
over and over, again and again
the result awaits

Matthew Holloway

All And Everything

Of all the things
That make you beautiful
It was you, your soul
Which got me the most
How could my heart fail
To resist such joyful pleasure
Found in your company

Matthew Holloway

Angelic Illusion

Angels are the illusions
of all we aspire to be
they are that beautiful escape
that dream we cling to
that sweet perfection
others may doubt us
but those who believe
are free to see angels
in their own
special
beautiful..... way

Matthew Holloway

Awaking One Morning

She is everywhere
The spring rain, the summer rose
The morning chorus of birds
The light reflecting on water
The scent of fresh cut grass
She is the bringer of life
Sweet love and daydreams
All of those little thoughts
She is youth and hope
Many days spent and old memories
She is everything and everywhere
She is unique, beautifully
And forever a part of me

Matthew Holloway

On Why I Write

Why is it that I write?
Is it so I don't go mad?
Some people find me a little strange
But I have openly accepted that way
of life, living, writing, toying with sanity
Madness itself could be art
A beautiful expression of a wild soul
unhinged and free to exist
perhaps in writing I suppress that
or embrace it, I fail to remember which
Are there little pieces of thoughts
Wicked and beautiful in contrast
To a wonderful backdrop of nothing
That enjoy such gamesmanship
why is it that I write?
all of this and more besides

Matthew Holloway

A Literary Story

A literary story

~

scrap pieces of paper

scribbled words

lines, paragraphs

all discarded

wasted ink

trial to error

sentencing time

the thought process

unmatched

more paper, words

more ink, lines

a continued effort

to write, create

it goes on

endless

that thing we call

the writing

process

Matthew Holloway

Breathe

Breathe

~

Breathe

expel for a moment

that thought

stress, anxiety

one deep breath in

and release

eyes closed

expel it all

breathe

Matthew Holloway

In Our Own Way

And yes we all love in our own way
And yes none is better than another
We are human and as such fallible
lovers and comedians playing out
a tale of emotions, fantasy, life
all or and part of the above
hashtag unconventional
hashtag confusion
yes, yes we are all human
and how we love
who we love
when we love
will come in its cause
and time
and we will know
its ours

Matthew Holloway

I Write

I write

~

I do this

not for riches

nor fame

but to exercise

my creativity

to express

my own self

the penmanship

its a dedication

to push through

emotion, thought

dreams

I do this

not for glory

but because

its who I am

~

Matthew Holloway

I Find Her Beautiful

I find her beautiful

~

I find her beautiful

in the early and late hour

in the tired and wild look

I find her beautiful

however she comes

she is something else

a soul that gets my own

I find her beautiful

for all she is

and all she will be

I look forward to that

finding, discovering

I find her beautiful

and my words are sold

along with my heart and soul

hers and hers alone to own

Matthew Holloway

The Sound Of Home

The sound of home

~

it's joyous, truly
the sounds and scents
the comfort found
in the place I rest

~

the dogs which bark
the cats that sleep
the flowers set
in the gardens keep

~

when foods are cooking
that sweet aroma
lamb, chicken, beef
or something other

~

the music playing
that child's laughter
those conversations
serious and foolish
I love them all
and would not change them

~

there are records and books
aplenty to choose
filler for the soul
open to any reach

~

the dogs still bark
now the cats are mewling
music is loudly playing
and the child
still laughing

~

this is the soundtrack
I'll never change
my home, my life
and those scents

are real to the nose

a house alive

~

the sound of home

it is something

we just, we just know

Matthew Holloway

An Essay On Revenge

An essay on revenge

~

revenge

I have read, listened and talked on it
its a subject everyone has a view on
its an emotion, a concept, a piece of life
its unavoidable for so many, I pity
I recently came across a question
in some random quiz I was taking
asking about how would I take revenge
I answered that I wouldn't
that I would let it slide away, forgotten
revenge you see is consuming
it takes away a part of you
like hate it takes your time, thoughts
it eats away at your soul
why devote time to such negativity
when its so empty, soulless
one man's revenge creates
another's need for it
a vicious wasteful cycle
the best revenge is living well
when those who have wronged you
see you smiling, laughing, being healthy
see you happy, full, content with life
they achieve nothing
and you, you are happy
so live well and be happy
and those who have wronged you
raised walls against you
there's your revenge
move on and live a life
that's worth living
and revenge, well
there's never a need for it
truly

Matthew Holloway

Random Romance

Should all those stars
Fall
To the oceans below
On this mortal earth
Where we lay sleeping
Together
Could this living dream
Be more beautiful
Than waking beside you
I find that doubtful

Matthew Holloway

Quote Me Wrong

Quote me wrong

~

some people live on quotes
and I am admittedly
am prone to the odd use myself
I try not to live on the words of others
but on those words of my own
I reference and admit inspiration
but never one to steal directly
I'm not a quote plagiarist
lines I have read and lines I've heard
other lines similar perhaps to some
I've spoken, written, thought
I don't know if I can be quoted
or quote another with ease
I don't live on quotes
and quotes do not live on
through me

Matthew Holloway

Sale

~

there's a sale on
and all the people rush
to grab what they can
while they can
and all they can
elbows fly and dig
hands drag back
and feet kick out
people have lost sense
of mind and civility
its like being on a farm
all those pigs in filth
not caring for the world
only to be fed
there's a sale on
and I'm not going
not for all the savings
you could promise me

Matthew Holloway

In The Shadow Of The Afternoon

~

there are those days
where you sit screaming
only for silence to fill the room
days when you could easily
beat your fists against walls
till they bleed and the blood just stops
days when every hour is counted
in a slow monotony
and each breath seems to weigh
your body, lungs down
where muscles ache and the mind
tries in vain to wander, forget
yes there are those days
I know them all too well
I've drank through them
slept and cried and lied
a pretence to myself
when in truth
those days
I just survived them

Matthew Holloway

The Unthinkable

~

Hope

every soul needs it
however it comes
whatever guise it fits
for some its the little things
a good day at the office
that promotion sought
a win for the sports team
for others its bigger
beating the odds
overcoming illness
or a lottery win
to retire early
to manage good health
to not have to worry
without hope
taking away that word
hope
what would remain
its unthinkable

Matthew Holloway

Possibilities

Possibilities

~

what lays beyond the horizon

I cannot touch

what sits beyond my sight

a thousand faces looking back

that tempts my mind

if only to imagine

all those possibilities

Matthew Holloway

Sing My Love

Sing my love

~

sing a song my love

make it fun and joyful

let us be full of foolish glee

as young lovers forever

aye, sing that song to me

Matthew Holloway

Were I A Soldier

Were I a soldier

~

were I a soldier

how would I stand

in the face of my fears

in the hell of evil

could I kill a man

these are questions

I may only ever ask

and pray not to know

their damned answers

Matthew Holloway

On A Morning In A Spanish Hotel

On a morning in a Spanish hotel

~

the lights buzz in the dim light
energy saving bulbs
draw me to think of oil lamps
as I've heard of old
pipes creek and rush
the corridors full of chatter
footsteps come and go
a child's voice calling
words I cannot make out
or a language I do not know
soon I shall rise and wash
head down to eat
hopefully wash down a good coffee
for now though, I am with my thoughts
laying beneath the buzz
of energy saving light bulbs

Matthew Holloway

The Sea

The sea

~

I shall go to the sea
and cast eyes across
where the Mediterranean sits
upon a sandy beach
my loves hand I'll hold
looking outwards
on sun kissed waters
of which someday I'll dream
to be back again
a story keeps returning
a man and his love
and the sea

Matthew Holloway

Sleep Deprived

Sleep deprived

~

Time passes with agony
A slow drawn out torment
Thoughts of a tired mind
Dwell on unhappy thoughts
Lucidity is no longer present
And fear is in abundance
It is in the early hours
Of another new day
When it pains to lay there
Still dark outside
No light yet welcomes
The heavy sunken eyes
Just a melancholy air
Still, sweaty, sickly
Unpleasant to breathe
In the dark of the room

Matthew Holloway

Legacy

Legacy

~

I wonder on my legacy
If there is to be any
Once I am dead and gone
Long forgotten
Just a name on a tomb
That none shall read
Should I care?
If flowers are placed
Or the grass is cut
That a stone becomes hidden
In some future overgrowth
No there is no sense in worry
What will be is what will be
I shall live and die
Never to know
My legacy

Matthew Holloway

Naked

Naked

~

Were we all to stand naked
We would see arms, legs, eyes, lips
Some in different shapes, sizes
Some in different colours
But still, still we would see the same
A naked human being, living
Breathing in the same way
We all drink and eat to live
We all need to sleep
Have toilet habits
We are all born of this earth
Animals of culture
Culture now that's a laugh
We fight and kill for nothing
Petty differences, opinions
Hate is an unnecessary emotion
However some try to explain it
Through lies and wasted breath
It is not worth listening to
Strip bare the pretence
In truth, there is no difference
We are all naked, living breathing
Animals of a human culture

Matthew Holloway

A Whispered Sketch

are we all to love
yet none love too much
are we all to hurt and weep
though still stay strong
are our destiny's tied in strings
forever bound with fate
or are we all falling through time
as a bird in flight, free
what are these musings
and their worth to be answered
but questions of life, death
fear not the unknown
embrace it

Matthew Holloway

A Love Such As This

she is beauty
as plucked from dreams
a girl joyful of soul
i find myself distracted
lost in a world
of wild, wonderful thought
how beautiful she is
there is no measurement
worthy of her justice
she is as i would have her
a living portrait
oh sweet amour
what spell am i cast under
to love a love such as this

Matthew Holloway

When The Laughter Stops

When the laughter stops

~

And what when the laughter stops

Do we care to ask

Those clowns and entertainers

Once the curtain has fallen

Is there still joy, rhapsody

Or the emptiness of a still room

Do they cry or call for help

What happens when the laughter stops

It's not a question I hear often

But is a relevant as the time of day

Were the world indeed a stage

And we each designated a role to play

Those jesters how we love them so

In their masks and acts

What happens when the laughter stops

Still we do not ask

Matthew Holloway

A Man Looks Into A Mirror And Asks

A man looks into a mirror and asks

~

All the wealth of man
Could not satisfy my hungriest desires
That which I dream and seek of
The love of a good heart
And loyalty of a gentle soul
That friends and lovers
Are named and known
Therein lays life's breath
And there a beautiful truth

~

Poets and artists
Have seen and celebrated
The raw untarnished emotion
Of looking into a world
Only to embrace its essence
To sing out of its beauty
Some in quiet wonder
Watch patiently

~

The kiss of the grape vine
Pours into many a glass
To quell the simmering madness
That's others do not understand
And water washes away
The impurity of morning
To bring fresh life once more
To the eyes reopened

~

How wonderfully human
It is seeing something beautiful
In the darkest throws of life
The loss and sorrow
How so many have wept
And yet become inspired
To live

~

Give me not wealth

Nor glory
No power to command
Just my words
My love and loyalty
And take care

Matthew Holloway

To Dammed Hell Again I Go

To dammed hell again I go

~

Tonight I shall drink and be drunk

And tell death to wait

Its thoughts shall not haunt me

Or touch my heart

I shall not pain no more this night

For I am alive not dying

Yet still we are all dying

In all our own silly little ways

And we are all still alive

~

The glass, the alcohol

Does it numb my senses enough

That I lay aside my daemons

Or am I deluded

As a madman all at a loss

That others stand aside

To let him pass

~

Tonight I shall drink and be drunk

To dammed hell with consequences

I am one with the living

And in the mood for celebration

Matthew Holloway

Writers Block In July

Writers block in July

~

The blank page sits staring at me
As though mocking cruelly
The lack of flow of words of poetry
A while can be a long time
It's been a while since I
Last wrote anything
A while longer for something
Worthwhile, meaningful, memorable
No my works fallen still
On the canvas of a writer
And the footnotes in every form
Paper, screen, audio recording
Hold little if anything at all
So it sits there empty, mocking
The blank page of a poetry book
Never written

Matthew Holloway

Beside A Rivers Bed

Give me a rock
Beside a rivers bed
That I may sit and dream
Let me a hear all birds song
Play amongst the leaves
Let the rain patter and fall
Or the sun rest upon my face
Be the wind still or wild
I shall not question it
Dress me in the finest robes
Or a comforting old cloth
Let me find the time
To sit and contemplate
Or enjoy a toast with friends
Be my canvas full or bare
My writing sparse or complete
Full of wit or a sorrows tale
Be it a mess or neat
I shall find my peace
Upon a rock
Beside a rivers bed
Where I may dream

Matthew Holloway

The Unfolding Truth

How could I ever doubt
Her beauty I question
It is pure as it is plain
She is beauty personified
Her smile brightly warm
Her eyes comforting
Her grace, nature, spirit
A joyful release found
There is more to be learnt
And a pleasure in finding
The unfolding truth
Of all that she could be
One word echoes constant
She is beautifully present
In every woven thought
A romantic heart dictates
That no doubt could be
On her beauty

Matthew Holloway

Your Poem

You are beautiful
sweet natured, kind
you are the love I sought
in dreams and verse
the love I waited for
sometimes in vain
I felt as though
never to be known
and now daily I witness
the joy and madness
the laughter
I smile
I love
I kiss
and you
you are beautiful

Matthew Holloway

My Own Little Madness Explained A Little

I embrace many a thing
with words I do so blindly
let them write themselves
so they may be as they wish
and what comes to pass
in the days ahead is fair
where words play upon
the music in my soul
to dance, play, sing
in the strangest way
to leave eyes looking on
in amused wonder
it is a way of my nature
I embrace, be inspired
and sit to write
sometimes silence visits
the canvas before me
then they come in droves
word after word writing
creating, birthing live
or just being wrote
I embrace it all
as a poet before a man
I am what I am

Matthew Holloway

On Beauty

I am a slave to beauty
I fall upon my knees before it
offer praise in abundance
that I may be inspired to write
an ode, a verse, a song
all to celebrate that I hold dear
a pretty face, a kind spirit
a picturesque scene
nature both calm and wild
I serve only to express
my heart, my mind, my soul
my every being serves
all that is beautiful

Matthew Holloway

Lights, Camera, Distraction

Lights, camera, distraction

~

the news draws out
stories of poverty and misery
reality betrays its own lies
and stories serve to entertain
to take us to places unheard
and witness moments imagined
there are guilty pleasures
worth more than these words
a little escapism sometimes
to sit back and forget for a while
whatever has been coming to mind
cue the lights and the cameras
forgive the scripts if need be
or celebrate in their writing
for they all serve to entertain
and we all need distracting

Matthew Holloway

Knives And Mirrors

behind the walls
political games play out
a pretence behind mirrors
where knives are drawn
against the life blood
of the cursed politeriate
money talks and seduces
morals to be forgotten
greed is the currency
which buys all power
politics enter the church
the classroom, the hospital
more mirrors, false promises
everyone believes are lies
but continue regardless
whilst the knives still wait
to cut deeper than before
they aim to main not kill
they need their lambs
their cattle, the people
to provide the platform
on which all such mirrors
are unsteadily hung

Matthew Holloway

Retail Space For Rent

I walk through the town
past closed down shops
most windows bare, empty
the occasional sign
closing down sale
like words imprinted
on the tomb of the town
set in the decay
looking back I remember
there used to be lights
a world of choice
people hurrying about
music, food, books
but thats just a memory
slowing fading away
only to be replaced
by retail space for rent

Matthew Holloway

Passions Burn

I enjoy the raw passion
of desire which exists inside
the heart and soul
untempered, wild, living
set it free, let it scream
its like standing in the rain
amongst the thunder and wind
you feel it, experience it
taste it, feed that hunger
its animalistic in fact
and all the better for it
its the raging inferno
coursing through veins
every nerve answers
you feel more alive
more on the edge of wonder
rising to a endless peak
that bite of emotion
raw passion burns
its all good

Matthew Holloway

A Held Embrace

A held embrace

~

To lay her in my arms
and rejoice in such beauty
is a wealth beyond measure
how sweetly fair and pure
such honest thoughts take
flight into dreams nightly
to hold in my arms, protect
to love and to know
how safe this heart beats
what words such lips
kiss in wonder, still
still the moment, stay
that it lasts an eternity
an oath whispered
to the warmth of her soul
tonight I hold you
never to let go

Matthew Holloway

Televsual Me

How would I fare

In a world derived from television

A man, a fantasist, a dreamer

Walking the plot lines

Of a life in character

With drama, love and comedy

In often unequal measure

What daemons and monsters

Could I stand and face

And could I slay them

Are these thoughts alone

An indicator of anything

I could consider during a commercial break

No answers come this series

Or ever if any at all

How would I fare

In a world derived from television

I guess it all depends

On how well I'm written

Poetry For Breakfast

I feast on the orange glow
Of a new day rising over rooftops
Drink in the freshness of the cold air
Bringing life to my lungs and face
I listen to the birdsong
Play in tandem with traffic
And walk along darkened streets
Still wet by last night's rain
Thought begin to stir and talk
Building plans and expectations
Of what this day may bring
But for now in this moment
This morning hour
I have all the world about me
Or poetry for breakfast

Matthew Holloway

The Traditional Obligatory Annual Festive Poem

A time has come once again
To see out the year in celebration
A festive period of merry cheer
Where family and friends gather together
To recount stories, memories old and new
To raise a toast and share bad jokes
To dance and sing in varied ability
Done those hats and eat at the buffet
Decorate the trees and walls
With lights, bells and baubles
The candy canes and gingerbread
Don't forget the chocolate advent
Then the cards with well wishes
Happy Christmas to one and all
Good luck for the year ahead
Come Christmas Eve, early to bed
So much to do, so much to eat
Then to sit back with a drink and relax
Now to wrap up this Christmas poem
With a smile and heartfelt message
Happy Christmas everyone
Enjoy your year ahead

Matthew Holloway

Little Candles

Little candles

~

Little candles burn

Within us a light

Little flames flicker

Dancing upon the mind

Bringing warmth to the night

Creating dreams from shadows

Those Illusions of fantasies

We wish to achieve

The desires kept alive

Lit only in the secrecy

Of a little candle burning

Within the soul brightly

Showing us all how to dream

Matthew Holloway

Wednesday Twentyseventh

Wednesday twentyseventh
set in the autum, winter crossover
the streets which makeup my daily walk
dark, dampened by last nights rain
the sky above overcast
in a tomb like greyness
no birds heard, the roads quiet
I walk alone with my thoughts
still waking, yawning, sitring
my eyes heavy, sleep deprived
bones ache, shins sore
distant sounds, traffic rumbles
beyond the houses I pass
further up the road
a steel frame cimbs upwards
carrying electric cables
which buzz in the air
I walk on a little further
entering the same building
as so many days before
a life in employment
another day, same again

Matthew Holloway

Historys Walk

Historys walk

~

I walk these paths
as known before
by others to have lived
heroes and villains
the great and the unknown
seasons pass by, always
now leaves beneath my feet
which once kept me in shade
paint a colourful walk
I walk amongst shadows
tales, stories and songs
and what do I add
if anything at all
is a question burning
I fear the answer
yet anticipate it well
these paths serve
a key to history
and to me

Matthew Holloway

Blinded By The Eyes

I am blinded by her eyes
my muse, my sweet desire
who sees the deepest art of my soul
she is the centerpeice of my gallery
where all thoughts do gather to speak
and I listen in quiet fascination
at the dream like worlds and lives
which revel, glow and shine
deep in those shimmering oceans
I long to swin within
she undoes me with a look
brought to my knees by a stare
there is in those eyes I dare say
something far more than beautiful
a life, a soul, love, passion, joy
I dedicate my words, these words
now and forever that all may read
to know how I have been blinded
by the eyes of the muse

Matthew Holloway

Moonlight Dance

Moonlight dance

~

The night peers through the open window

Where the moon lights its patch across the floor

Upon the bed as lovers lay in arms

Lit by the starry night sky above

A moonlight dance plays out

To the still silence of the world

Passion burns defying the cold

What kiss, what caress of the hand

Sways to the rhythm of two hearts

The moonlight dance captivates

Lit by a sea of stars above

Such artistry, poetry itself resides

In the eyes of lovers lost together

In the deepest most beautiful depths

Of the moonlight dance

Matthew Holloway

A Woman's Beauty

It is in her causal gaze
Those gentle which eyes shimmer
Embracing her portrait
Her beauty captivates
Her spirit echoes, inspiring
Into the world about her
I feel the music within
Playing every chord of my heart
That I could merrily dance
Hold, kiss and discover
The beauty of a woman is
More than these words
Could hope to pay justice to
A silence in complete thought
What joy this is to behold
To have seen, to know
For she is poetry herself
A woman's beauty
Is the greatest pleasure

Matthew Holloway

Italian Serenade

Italian serenade

~

There is a beauty
seductive, intoxicating
curator of dreams
who walks in sweetness
touches the heart
play the music
the Italian serenade
let it flow in me
the ink my blood
bleeds only to love
to make love
to kiss and to touch
oh to the beauty
lay me naked
beneath the stars
let me taste the wines
of heroes and legends
show me the poetry
of those who inspire
gift me your beauty
intoxicate me

Matthew Holloway

A While In The Wilderness

A while in the wilderness

~

time has passed
since I last wrote
felt driven to create
the poetic urge
has been distant
almost forlorn
lost in the wilderness
a part of me
has wandered
where a wandering eye
looks upon sights
pictures and dreams
all echo in ink
residing in this soul
the soul of a man
wanting to write
poetry
something beautiful
majestic
but no, not of late
a time to return
has come

Matthew Holloway

To A Beautiful Girl

To a beautiful girl

~

one day follows another
it is inevitable, unchanging
a steady constant present
this I cannot deny
then there is your beauty
glowing and growing
there you are each day
more beautiful than ever
the softness of your skin
a canvas to embrace
to look upon in quiet wonder
this is also inevitable
you are as you will always be
a joy to look upon
a girl of great beauty

Matthew Holloway

A Lovers Dream

A lovers dream

~

I dreamt of you
we were naked as lovers
held in each others arms
hands caressing each other
with gentle touches
we kisses passionately
the warmth of your embrace
thrilled my every sense
through my heart and soul
the picture of you
was beyond beautiful
our chests rose and fell
like waves crashing
against the shore
your eyes were star lit
and held my own captivated
what joys resides here
in the beauty of a dream
where I lay with you

Matthew Holloway

Lovers In Arms 2

where we lay
in passions keep
lovers in arms
a passionate embrace
where lingering eyes
say more than words
could ever possibly say
the beating of two hearts
a rhythm echoing
to the night and beyond
the world is forgotten
in this beautiful moment
lovers in arms
laying together
what words exchanged
in quiet whisper
tell the tale
of found desire

Matthew Holloway

Forgotten Thoughts

Forgotten thoughts

~

in the quiet hours
between sleep and conscious
where thoughts play out
a visit was made
to an idea of old
one almost forgotten
it played in an almost dream
with a vivid reality
that it could have been
a memory remembered
no just a thought
nothing more
no reasons found
to why the mind
took a journey of old
to visit forgotten thoughts
some things just happen
in those quiet hours

Matthew Holloway

Violet Silhouette

Violet silhouette

~

it was three or four in the morning
and I couldn't sleep
laying there thinking much about nothing
a noise disturbed the peace
I turned my head to see the cat
sat in the uncovered window
looking at the starry night sky
silhouette in violet
it was something beautiful
so I made note of it
got back to my thoughts
it's a wonderful kind of sky
that violet turning blue
night turning into morning
it didn't matter the lack of sleep
tiredness will eventually pass
over a coffee or two
but that scene that experience
will stick with me for a good while

Matthew Holloway

Modern Tech

Modern Tech

~

it's supposed to be easy
this digital age
everything at fingertips
all within seconds
only there's this frustration
with loading screens
and buffering
error messages
please try again
but I've paid my price
so I don't have to wait
still it waits, frustrates
and to this digital age
please try again later
I'll leave it for another day

Matthew Holloway

Moonshine Lightly

the moon shines delightful
against the skyline meaningless
nobody notices its glow any more
sorry skyline overhead tonight
rooftops stand in silhouette
silent and motionless
what lies within its possibility
awaiting to be accepted
but the blind walk past
and in sorry regret
the picture lays forgotten
shallow moon sinking in
to the night we all retreat

Matthew Holloway

New Days Dawn

New days dawn

~

a new story unfolds
beginning a new chapter
in this life we all know
walk the lines of tomorrow
into a future waiting
still to be written
between the pages waiting
we walk together
not hand in and
in unison we are as one
stepping forth into
another new day

Matthew Holloway

Play It Again Man

A heart sings
resplendent
wise ears listen
for the song is good
pure, honest, true
better than hate
envy, jealousy
so negative
such emotions
become you
destroy
you
listen to it
the beat of a heart
singing
it's beautiful
listen
learn
become
happier
embrace it
the song that is
love

Matthew Holloway

False Tales Of San Francisco

False tales of San Francisco

~

I've been there
in pictures and video clips
walked those streets
listen to the music
playing through open windows
I wore a flower in my hair
sat on the dock of the bay
I rode the cable car
ate at restaurants
drank in the bars
I became intoxicated
with the atmosphere
and weathered by the day
its a beautiful place
I'd imagine
having visited
through pictures
and video clips

Matthew Holloway

On Many A Duel

The artist creates
for celebration and joy
to express and share
a beautiful vision
the closed mind destroys
with embittered jealousy
pouring hate outwards
a world watches on
at this dance played out
the artists and haters
the doers and talkers
a social media promotion
where little is sacred
the supporting cast
gather in numbers
to pick their side
an unseen army
trading rapid words
beyond it all
the artist still creates

Matthew Holloway

Sylvia

I named my cat after a poet
that I would love it
the name also suited well
Sylvia my little angel
your purr resonates
in verse I embrace you
you have a soul
a character of your own
I named you well
for you are vibrant
wild and enchanting
a little inspiration
you are beautiful
and I love you
I named you after a poet
in respect and honour
you are now a part of my life
I shall rejoice it

Matthew Holloway

Seasons Start

The seasons under way
bring on the banter
picking out transfers
selecting your side
correcting referees
the linesman too
how is that not a card
it was never off side
watching the table
waiting on cup draws
the anticipation building
get in, he shoots he scores
best player in the league
always a hot debate
the local rivals, derby day
bragging rights won
or cheated away
wait for that final whistle
this is more than a game
its a way of life
pick your side, kiss the badge
cross it in, on me head lad
the seasons under way
let the banter commence

Matthew Holloway

Many A Fanciful Dream

Many a fanciful dream

~

I am found lost amongst many a fancy
a flight of fantasy a whisp of a dream
desire burns like the driest of kindle
in the fires of my mind which burn constant
of love, fame, fortune and grand success
I have been lost in awe of each possibility
but to achieve to strive and gain such opportunity
I remain at a loss, still to know for certain
the joy of which each wasteful dream
the elation still waits, amongst the ambition
the wealth and fame I can survive without
but the success I crave and desire with a hunger
that will never relent, no it claws at my skin
I must write, I must reach out to others
and touch them, move them, inspire them
as I have been inspired by others I have read
what relentless torture I endure daily
the life blood of a poet is to write and be read
the desire is to be loved, admired, celebrated
that is the driving force echoing daily
in thought and verse calling out
it is sadly a form of madness to others
who see not the pain in such beauty
when a dream draws a poem
however fanciful, it is still true

Matthew Holloway

An Open Verse To My Love

An open verse to my love

~

I fear I love you too much
that it pains my heart to do so
leaves me vulnerable
but I would not change
nor surrender such love
for it is as it should be
the purist of art, beautiful
you my sweet are something else
a living embodiment
of all I could ever need
you are my frustrations
my maddening rage
my little annoyances
and still I would not be without you
it is your smile and laugh
your voice and little ways
I find so endearing
you are so beautiful to me
that I dream of you
as though it has never been said
I shall say once more
I love you my sweet

Matthew Holloway

Breaking The Silence

This silence is a tomb of my mind
the unforgiving captive of my soul
which cannot express joy nor sorrow
time passes quickly days to months
how long since I poured ink into verse
how long since I echoed such beauty
only which a poem could bring
the blank vastness of page after page
mocks and haunts my own well-being
it bores into a strange madness
sleep deprived and lost in thoughts
I search desperate to find that one line
the opening to a new poem
at time lines come with no pen at hand
then are lost never to be remembered
others come only clichéd
or doomed to never to be followed
its an unforgiving time
amid the silence
madness speaks
I must write
a verse

Matthew Holloway

An August Evening

I look out to the sky
the gathering clouds of evening
bare a sombre shade of colour
as though a nothingness persists
the day bids farewell
and I, I hold no emotion to it
but find myself embraced
in the view of a changing vista
I am drawn to think to write
but what words I find
in the portrait of a dying day
that is very much still alive
I do not know
I fear the clichéd anecdotes
that offer nothing
lest I use them in regret
but a quiet contemplation
holds my court for now
the night sky shall come
maybe then I shall speak

Matthew Holloway

A New Day

A morning sky
drew in charcoal
and framed by the window
listless in the early hour
as thoughts begin to waken
a melody playing out
the day starts with a song
the afternoon a chorus
and evening its finale
the frame of the window
holds a changing sky
where the lightest blue
washes over clouds
to welcome this new day
the opening line
good morning

Matthew Holloway

Ode To The Cheese

What better way to pass a night
than with cheese and wine
a board of selective best
taste the Gloucester red
a Brie or Camembert
be it a Goats or Cheddar
Gouda, Stilton or Cornish Blue
some come baked others smoked
some taste of herbs, garlic or fruit
chilli and chocolate so many I've heard
and known the pleasure to taste
fill my glass and line my plate
for tonight I shall dine
on cheese and wine

Matthew Holloway

Give Me Her Love

Give me her love
I'll lay a rose in her hand
look to her eyes
kiss those lips with my words
I'd swear my soul
swear my future days
give me her love
and I'd surrender my life
she would be my all
my reason for being
let our love grow
blossom into something new
let the world see
something beautiful
give me her love
and let take mine
something is strong in me
and it's calling out her name
she is beautiful
and all I could ever need
you can keep great wealth
I'll take her hand instead

Matthew Holloway

July Tide

I was lost, I was cold
floating in an endless night
like driftwood on the ocean
I rose and I fell to the waves
I felt every storm and its rage
hurt like I would never know
the touch of another land
fear told me I was due to drown
only the fates they conspired
one day to show me the sun rise
where a new horizon greeted me
with a home to look upon
hope returned to my heart
I lay upon new waves
which sparkled in the sun
a light to fill my eyes
they carried me high and home
I was brought to you
upon a July tide

Matthew Holloway

Bum Notes

Her ass is hip-notic
it moves with a beat
smoother than any jazz
and sexier than a samba
I could watch it swing
the sway of her steps
mesmerise me to dream
I'll fantasise over the next line
while my blood runs
and my heart beats
she has a joy to behold
the perfect peach
I'll accept her invitation
if she ever turns to say
bite me

Matthew Holloway

A Walking Thought

The bulldozers cut the land
with the coldness of steel
giant scythes of roads
scar the land I know
I've seen trees fall
beauty become forlorn
industrial buildings rise
grey stone tombstones
with no flowers to show
I've walked in fields graveyards
breathed in the poisoned air
watched towns and cities overflow
come to the country my friend
before its a story we both knew
see the beauty of nature
let it touch, embrace your soul
this is my walking thought
something I'd like you to know

Matthew Holloway

The Rains Of Spring 2

The rains of spring

~

The rains of spring
tap with a frivolity
upon the windows
grey skies loom above
stood as though listless
perhaps the world itself
is much ado about nothing
or perhaps in preparation
is feeding the earth
the flowers and trees
for a summers season
and the patter, patter of rain
is but an excited rhythm
and the rains of spring
silently play on

Matthew Holloway

Poets Peace

Like from an open wound
I have bled poetry
the essence of who I am
remains upon the page
the bloodied bandages
are the page after page
on which I scribed
poem after poem
desperately searching
for that line, that verse
to make another stop
breathless, thoughtful
that they digest that line
that verse, that poem
that piece of something
which fell from this soul
and touched another
I have bled and wept
created and loved
I am the open wound
I am a poet

Matthew Holloway

Post Poetic Reflections

The perhaps, the possibilities
the endless lines, which could have been
the re-write that never was
a self critic bemoans
the soul of the piece is natural
writ as it came to me
the excuse, the explanation
or a well worn rationalisation
there it stands for times testimony
a poem, a verse for all to see
the anxious wait to hear
the words of others exclaim
if it works extracts an effect
of some emotion or thought
no, not now it shall wait
for what is writ is there to be read
a poem fresh from my soul
through my head and pen
of which you have now just read

Matthew Holloway

A Loves Tale

A loves tale

~

And so it came as though foretold
a life of solitary was no more
the silent nights came to an end
the dinners for one, gone cold
a heart found wandering
entwined with another
this twist, this plot unforeseen
but one night claimed it
one night began it all
and the solitary heart fell hard
till its life, all it knew
and all it had forever expected
became nothing, a ghost
the forlorn memories
forgotten
now a new life stalks
echoes in each night
where two hearts entwine
there is a love present
and I claim it as mine

Matthew Holloway

Upon A Hill

Upon a hill

~

I stood upon a hill
looked down across fields
over roads to houses
where windows stood silent
behind which stories waited
to be heard and told
I watched as clouds passed
the rain fell and sun shined
birds flew between clouds
which rolled high overhead
still, still those stories echoed
in countless possibilities
all acts upon the worlds stage
for all can be beautiful
in the look of a loving eye
I thought of those lives
living, existing, growing
beyond each window
a child laughing
a blossoming romance
a tale of sorrow
and I, I stood upon a hill
watching the world

Matthew Holloway

The Beast Of Fleet Street

in the gutters of the press
a master manipulator
the grim reaper
the evil opportunist
the corrupter of innocents
greed reporting
for profit and power
tombstone column inches
of poisonous words
which bend the will of others
distract and blind minds
the truth is falling
behind sensationalist stories
that carry no merit
believe not its hype
its lies and twisted games
in fleet street is found
the devils lair

Matthew Holloway

Odds Uneven

I am not at odds with the world
nor is it at odds with me
I often tend be elsewhere
writing upon a different page
another chapter another verse
this should not be called strange
or questioned nor explained
a writer, a poet, the artist soul
all it is, is natural
look not with quizzical eyes
or seek to rationalise
I am not at odds with the world
nor is it at odds with me
I shall be found elsewhere
sleeping on a different page

Matthew Holloway

In The Key Of Me

She is a song to me
a melody played to my heart
a sonnet, a concerto, a chorus
she is every word and chord
which plays through my soul
she is my love, my life
the tears of sweet joy
the peace and chaos
to which I now dance
madly, madly I flow
she is a song to me
the beat I follow
let this song not end
for it is all I wish to know

Matthew Holloway

On Sighting A Sunny Day

On sighting a sunny day

~

Mad dogs rove in the midday sun
they used to say the same of the English man
with global warming and it brings
this once green isle, now sees snow filled springs
a glimpse of fair weather a rarity to know
those long summers just an old story over-told
a promise of clear skies for one weekend
calls to break the cobwebs and open sheds
the smell of cut grass and bar-be-ques
please summer give us our day soon
t-shirts, shorts and walks to the park
the slightest of chills carried in winds
but nether the less its a sign of true spring
blue sky and a sun overhead, celebrate
catch the hour before its too late
this English isle shall be green again
pray for summer and spite the rain
for all what would this nation give
for mad dogs and English men
to rove in the midday sun

Matthew Holloway

A Summers Night

We await the promise of summer
in anxious anticipation
eyes cast out across the gardens
planning, plotting rows of flowers
the colours and scents all possible
some sketched on the reverse of envelopes
ideas of log burners and chairs
await long summer nights
where friends gather outside
to drink and talk and laugh
talk of picnics and barbecues
spoken in excited whispers
wait the beginnings of such work
the cutting of grass, digging of borders
plants to be placed and watered
penned in to be completed on weekends
where catching the sun is paramount
to all that needs to be done
get the garden right, ready for that
as time goes by, the older we get
this notion makes a greater sense
it will take time, it will be right
the flowers will be beautiful
and come the evening by a fires light
friends shall gather once more
on a summers night

Matthew Holloway

The Swallow

The swallow

~

A swallow sings for thee
beside the river in the rain
beautiful nature in rhapsody
a sonnet greeted with applause
as each leaf upon every tree
claps each raindrop upon every note
the swallow sings on aloud
water dances in the river
the world is alive and happy
a portrait caught in simplicity
I saw it once and I thought
of you my love, my all, my sweet
a swallow sings for thee
beside the river in the rain

Matthew Holloway

Notes On The Blossom Tree

I sit amid a silent pause
where words flow not into thought
to verse a prose is due
still, still the page does await
eyes drift into another sight
beyond the window to the blossom tree
beautifully calm and eloquent
each flower graces the sun
such beauty touches the soul
to inspire the beginning of a thought
a pause shall pass a poem is due
what shall be written
is already inside of you

Matthew Holloway

Beat

The beat of a heart
a whispered thought
passion calls, I fall
to loves deep desire
which flows throughout
something beautiful inside
inspires the mind to dream
to feel and be free
dreams speak thoughts
whispered to the beat
of my heart

Matthew Holloway

A Mirrored Dream

A mirrored dream

~

Now is the time to embrace
Immerse yourself with a passion
Willingly submit to desire
Rest aside all fears
Unite dreams with reality
Zeal the soul with fire
Inspire the heart
Let a kiss begin all

////////////////////////////////////

Let a kiss begin all
Inspire the heart
Zeal the soul with fire
Unite dreams with reality
Rest aside all fears
Willingly submit to desire
Immerse yourself with a passion
Now is the time to embrace

Matthew Holloway

Revolutions Call

Revolutions call

~

A voice waits to be heard
repeated by a thousand others
again the same multiplication
countless names and faces stand
a rising whisper becomes a shout
enough is enough is enough, end game
words so loud they shake a government
words so loud they speak of revolution
words so loud they become heard
a vote of no confidence
a sign of unity amongst the masses
rising up against a corrupt regime
to quell the poisoned manifesto
the false promises which tainted
the souls of the people
now pushed beyond breaking
they will not back down
they will become heard
a government shall fall
come the day, come the day
only the just shall remain

Matthew Holloway

Reflection Of A Dream

Reflection of a dream

~

I saw you in my dream
you were reflected in my eye
all the passion I hold
burns to embrace your life
bring yourself a little closer
come and blow my mind
let me get to know you

~

in the dream we kissed
how soft I found your lips
like liquid to the thirsty
you gave me what I needed
a light in the darkness
a touch to guide my hand
lead me to lay with you

~

broken from a sleep
only to find you still there
in every thought echoing
chained to my heart
bound to a dream
I lay here with you

Matthew Holloway

Quiet, Writer At Work

Quiet, writer at work

~

Watch, witness

observe and contemplate

before you seduce the page

with words to a-muse

prose any question

without demands of an answer

telling a tale un-extraordinary

but hard to bypass

contradict each line

a-muse inspires all

then again a truth

is hard to dispel

watch, witness

quietly as you do

less a noise disturb

that only the tapping of keys

or pencil upon paper

a writer at work

expelling thought

just like breathing

the subtle humour

to a-muse

Matthew Holloway

Death Over Coffee

in the early hours of a new day
coffee black as the night now passed
presides over many thoughts
a lament of a decaying world
the self destructive narcissist
mourns words in a numb silence
eyes look blindly into nothing
amid the coldness of the world
solitary self pity offers nothing
but eternal damnation and scorn
while light returns to the scene
the rising sun, hours tick away
the coffee still black
like a preachers cloak
covers the mind completely
in this new day, empty
thoughts greet awaking senses
with death over coffee

Matthew Holloway

The Crow

the caw, caw of the crow
interrupts the stillness of the morning
heavy in its tone resounding
from some distance it carries
shattering the beauty of bird song
caw, caw it continues
a train passes by filling the air
with the sound of steel on steel
a wind whistling, rolling by
silence
a time passes
birdsong resumes
the stillness of the morning
serenity
an ode to peaceful nature
caw, caw
curse that crows call

Matthew Holloway

Run Rabbit

Run rabbit

~

Repeat et nauseum

You've been here before

The old familiar story

Nothing changes

The same words echo

Now meaningless

Like a distorted routine

Playing out once more

You easily predict words

Knowing every phrase

Still it carries on

Like a rabbit in the headlights

Blind

You continue

Repeat et nauseum

Something tells you to run

Before you're run over again

Driven down the old road

Expectation falters

Once again there is this

De ja vous

The story well known

Characters and words

Etched into pages, over read

Numbing the senses

Everything must change

To escape

From this storied tale

Lest it begins again

Repeat et nauseum

Run rabbit run

Matthew Holloway

Ode To The Author

Ode to the author

~

I gave myself to a book
fell to the vice of each page
the unknown adventure lay ahead
a whimsy of the author's whim
I read on and felt each word
often as spoken by myself
the phrase and stories echoed
into my dreams and daily thought
a character underwritten
followed each chapter
captivated by such a tale
I followed onwards
what words painted a picture
such as all I saw and felt
a life is what the author gave
upon scribing a soul
to the page

Matthew Holloway

The Freedom Of Love

The freedom of love

~

let love be no secret
allow it to feed us
to grow amongst us
and fall from the skies above
embrace its literature
the music of its art
shout and rejoice its name
for love is beautiful
gift love to those less fortunate
who carry such thoughts
under a veil of secrecy
whose unheard verse
remains the secret
of love should never be

Matthew Holloway

A Verse Amongst Nature

walking upon the waters shore
light dances upon the river
light peers through trees
I work on words in this place
I hesitate to call serenity
no soul nears my being
I write in solitary a verse
peace found amongst leaves
the pleasant chirp of birds
now natural nature feels
so beautifully express in itself
step follows step, a leisurely pace
time becomes forgotten
the way of the world
is a silent perfection

Matthew Holloway

The Night The Angels Came

the angels came to call my name
they urged me to follow
I would not yield, take a further step
not I, death shall wait until tomorrow
the day never to come
I saw stars in their eyes
light beyond the eternal dark of night
my strength persisted, resistance
every nerve and sinew shook
still the angels called
a song to seduce so sweetly
voices hung upon the air
embracing the soul, the heart
what wild tempest of thought
no steadfast I should stand
beside all such beautiful memories
I recall their sound
how my name resonated in bells
for me they shall not toll
the angels called my name
I refused to follow

Matthew Holloway

Oceans Flow

Oceans flow seamless
into the future I follow
stars light the night sky
letting me know I'm never alone
whispers kept on tongue
words never to be heard
peace finds the body
sleeping in the shallows
drifting into another place
wash clean all the yesterdays
waves rise and fall
with every breath I exhale
I close my eyes and follow
this oceans flow

Matthew Holloway

You Are Not Alone

I may not stand beside you
but you are not alone
I am among others with you
in heart, spirit and thought
neither time nor distance
will count to any relevance
you will never be alone
look to your heart
there I am to be found
look to your thoughts
know I am waiting
soon I shall be at your side
to hold your hand
to listen to you
for now please remember
I may not stand beside you
but you are not alone

Matthew Holloway

The Mistress Of Thought

The mistress of thought

~

she is to me
as the heel to Achilles
a source of weakness
to bring me to my knees
the invader of my thoughts
both by day and night
true passion burns brightly
I am powerless and unable
to change these thoughts
this mistress is powerful
invading my mind with ease
and I, not a word to argue
for there are no words
I fell able to speak
I am down, crestfallen
before her

Matthew Holloway

New Years Eve

New years eve

~

with a years end close to hand
plans are made and put aside
the highs and lows of a year behind
new hope for the days to come
now firmly front of mind
talk of celebrations sound
the parties and quiet nights in
with friends and family
watching fireworks light the sky
what else could be asked for
on this new years eve
but a kiss, but a kiss

Matthew Holloway

Home Streets

Home streets

~

the word on the street
talks in riddled rumour
often not to be trusted
but every so often
talk of the arts
actors, singers and poets
filters through gossip
to tell of events
those happenings going on
to be experienced, felt
I have heard and still hear
many such riddled rumour
on these home streets

Matthew Holloway

Mornings Thaw

Ice on the windows
pretty little picture
breath rising up
in a grey miniature cloud
cold limbs shaking
beneath well wrapped layers
tired eyes in poor light
a winters hesitation
a pause to return to sleep
denied with reluctance
the journey to work
begun slowly, traffic lights
illuminate the radios songs
some gossip awaits
the thaw of morning

Matthew Holloway

The Annual Obligatory Festive Write 2012

The annual obligatory festive write 2012

~

tis the season once more
to gather together in celebration
where friends and family
come together to bid farewell
to the year now past
a look ahead to new beginnings
glasses raised, a toast made
to love and all that's important
where songs are sung aloud
jokes shared, memories made
to health, well being, the greater good
to children's laughter echoing
where darker nights roll in
and a frost or snow comes calling
walls decorated in beautiful colour
lights lit and fires blazing
rooms filled until busting
to all I know and love
happy Christmas and new year
I wish you all the best
you are amazing
x x

Matthew Holloway

Winters Smile

Winters smile

~

I saw a winters sun
the day fell too short
time escaped me
still I held a thought
I kept love close by
nurtured in my heart
while the world wilted
I felt a flower grow
like a fist of defiance
a beauty unfolds
not bound to a season
the air was cold
still filled my lungs
my breath rolled out
a vapour cloud
rose to a higher climb
I watched it disappear
thought for a while
a day passed me by
I carried with me
a winters smile

Matthew Holloway

A Winters Morning

A winters morning

~

Amongst a listless morning
still thoughts linger
in the soft pale light
cold dew hangs in the air
bare trees line the horizon
a backdropp of grey cloud
there is nothing more
or less beautiful seen
within a winters portrait
than a world changing
stripped bare, naked
the frailty of life
witnessed

Matthew Holloway

Between The Pages

Between the pages

~

between the pages
we line ourselves in verse
where we play out a story
of our own making
the turns and twists
brought through words
etched upon the page
ink flows to its own beat
like a raging heart
pouring out before the eyes
a world becomes forgotten
lost in the celebration
between pages
each line shared
written
in its own breath
creation begins
time lapses
into our verse

Matthew Holloway

Night Walk

a full moon
overlooks streets
and alleys
its cold, quiet
footsteps echo
and yet not
street lights comfort
wind rolls along
against my face
almost numb
windows are lit
through curtains
people sat warm
here I walk
thoughts as company
in the dark of night
my nerves on edge
waiting, waiting
then nothing
I walk
watch the moon
quietly alone
and yet not

Matthew Holloway

Morning Muse

I lay awake
allowing time to pass
my muse sleeps
laid in my arms
fully beautiful
I am blessed
I close my eyes
take stock of thoughts
a day dream
becomes nothing new
I place a kiss
gently
upon my muses head
almost breathless
I watch
how such beauty
sleeps
yet fills my head
with noise and colour
I am awake
allowing time to pass

Matthew Holloway

Post Hallows Write

all hallows had past
an evening of mild frights
enriched by child's laughter
the trick of the treat
the night end came so soon
a silence fell and all slept
some time passed
I awoke to a cold morn
with the haze of fog outside
a world still sleeping
unstirred in the early hour
I thought and forgot
later I wrote
it was the night previous
my memory visited
in writing this

Matthew Holloway

Lovers Of Love

love makes us blind
and in equal measures
stupidly happy in ourselves
that in thoughts of another
those fears and delights
play upon each emotion
as a child would play
carefree, joyful, alive
as all a soul should be
love is a word
yet more than a word
it is an event horizon
an ever changing happening
for all we do not see
we do not wish to
it is in another's care
that desire ferments
to intoxicate the soul
beautifully happy are we
lovers of love

Matthew Holloway

The Silence Between

the silence between
words being written and read
seduces the mind to think
thoughts of creation anticipate
the blank canvas of the mind
which mirrors the open soul
calling out to listen
to the sound of pen upon paper
a mind at work
is a beautiful thing
and in writing seductive
words flow into sentence
a verse crafts itself
to be seen, felt
all in the aftermath
of the silence between
words being written
words being read

Matthew Holloway

Key To Your Song

Key to your song

~

There's a song playing on the keys to your dreams
a chord rings out while you sleep as beautiful as you are
the words wait to be sung aloud to a chorus as yet unheard
let me sing with you sometime, let me here you sing
the strings will play a melody that we both know
the sound of the music carried in the air while you breathe
is the softest most gentle touch to my soul
any sonnet carried to a symphony is graceful
listen to what you feel inside of your heart
upon every key which unlocks all you are
a note plays to entertain another dream
and here is your song playing again
just as when you slept safe in a dream
there's a song playing in my eyes as I look at you
beautiful love please let it be sung

Matthew Holloway

A Short Note On Love

Never before have I felt a love
As that which keeps my heart and thoughts
In the eternity of time I lay awake
Beside all that is beautiful
A kindness instilled in this peace
That no other knows of this love
For every love itself is universally unique

Matthew Holloway

The Sum Of My Heart

The sum of my heart

~

Without you I would never achieve the person I wish to be

You are the sum of my heart, soul and mind

You are beautiful and breathless

My every season combined

You are eternity and more

You are my greatest love

my poetry, my muse

The dream I now keep

Close to my every thought

Each hope and prayer every wish

It is what I say between words

That speaks volumes of our love

It is the lasting look in my eyes

That holds you gently

Away from what I give to you

Is what I find now in myself

A change, a growth

You are making me more

By your nature I feed, drink, breathe

Stay close, stay where you are my love

For without you I wilt and face the fear

I will not become the person I wish to be

Matthew Holloway

Season Of A Mistress

Mistress of a season's whim
The pale light of a morning hue
Begin this winters day
Quietly I step forth ahead and on
Into the eerie silence
My breath a vapour rises
To where a low sun shall climb
A coldness present
The wetness of dew
Almost frozen in time
A beauty is still found
In all that greets the eye and mind
Whilst the world succumbs once more
To the mistress of nature
To the mother of this earth
A season bows to her whim

Matthew Holloway

Death Of A Nation

Where wealth obscures morality
And profit has no remorse
Where a human death is but a step
To cement a greater wealth
Where the bankers run a government
Who bend with cap in hand
Where glass towers stand not proud
But as tombstones of this land
Where history is disgraced and dispensed
For the future of but a few
Where the civil majority suffer
To scrape, to live to survive
Where the mistrust of ideas begins
Bleeds dry the concept of democracy
Where greed becomes a by-word of power
Where human souls are found a price
Where a thousand voices remain unheard
A nation slowly dies

Matthew Holloway

A Walk Within A Dream

I saw a building old as days
With countless rooms laid within
Walls with cracks and ivy rose
From the earth before me
Slowly I entered that place
Air ran heavy, thick to my lungs
With each taken step
I walked the rooms and halls
Some bare stripped of life
Others as though never touched
Some like a memory kept
Where instruments of music
Lay dust covered, silent
Still brought a song to thought
I saw paintings and pictures
Rich in a veil of colour
Like all the seasons held at once
A beauty found, celebrated
Then a sadness felt
In the shadowed halls
Empty with a loneliness
Another room had windows
Where a wind whistled through
I heard a birdsong carried
It passed in a second step
I thought no more of it
I descended and climbed stairs
Became lost and yet found
I knew this place well
However strange it came to me
Yes I knew this place
I felt the walls, ageless
I smelt the air, familiar
The ground beat to a pulse
A rhythm only I knew
On this my first visit
To that building which once rose
I felt at home, comforted
I looked back became held

As though I had never moved
The entrance still behind me
In spite of all the rooms and halls
Which I had walked
In spite of every step I counted
Numberless, countless, endless
I remained unmoved
Yet moved still moved
My eyes closed I felt myself pulled
Away from that old building
The rooms and walls
The cracks and the climbing ivy
That whistling wind
The music and colour
I awoke and thought
Had I walked a dream
Built upon my heart, soul, mind
Had I just walked myself
No answers came
I lay awake lost in thought

Matthew Holloway

Amid A Winters Rain

A blur of lights hurry by
In the near dark of a winters day
People shuffle past, faces obscured
With coats, hats, umbrellas
Trying to defy the weather
Songs play out on the radio
A near enough distraction
To the gloom of this afternoon
The grey, black sky overhead
And ceaseless cold wind blowing
Then the patter of rain falling
Building to a roaring crescendo
Drumming against windows
As though never to end
Memories of blue skies
And the high lit sun
Faded away

Matthew Holloway

With A Love

With a love

~

with a love like this

I have come to know

a joy in the simplest things

found in one I love

the time we spend together

echoes with a richness

of time well spent

and to be spent again

with a love like this

I smile upon her name

Matthew Holloway

Night Fire

Night fire

~

give me a fire
which rages with warmth
which cracks and spits
a comforting light
give me the wood
the paper wrapped
to fuel this fire
throughout the night
give me the joy
of each dancing flame
where silhouettes grace
the imagination of the mind
in this darkening night
I ask only this
to be at a fires side

Matthew Holloway

Awaiting Autumn

Awaiting autumn

~

the rains they come
to fall and fall
upon home and fields
while days grow short
the weather chills
well wrapped bones
which hide away indoors
through windows eyes peer
watching a change occur
greens to reds and orange
a tapestry of a season
before the leaves begin to fall
we find ourselves
awaiting autumn

Matthew Holloway

Scribbled Notes

I've taken to writing down things
just so as I can remember
little notes and comments
taken throughout the day
it must be something to do with age
the pocket sized book, lined
and the blue ball point pen
I'd show you if only I could remember
quite where I've have left it
thinking on, what I should have done
is made a note of where I left it

Matthew Holloway

Oath Of A Friend

I'll stand unmoved like the mountains
face all weathers and seasons
time will pass where I remain
the stars will look down on me
as eternal heavens watching
the skies above will stretch endless
horizons will be a backdrop
and here, here I shall stand resolute
take shelter in my arms
find comfort within my heart
discover peace in my soul
trust in my oath I shall not be moved
the winds may howl and bite
the rains may well be cold
but like the mountains, the stars
the skies above and time itself
I will remain here with you

Matthew Holloway

Two Mothers Sons

they went to war
two men each a mothers son
they fought not for valour
not for glory or wealth
they fought to survive
they fought with fear
they fought not to die
still they remained a child
ever youthful in her eye
she stood beside them
in their hearts and soul
they sat beside her
in a far distant home
a memory kept company
would return with pride
or an endless grief
without remorse
two mothers waited
for news from the war

Matthew Holloway

Write In The Quiet Hour

Write in the quiet hour

~

while the world still sleeps
a wind blows gently cooling
light eases into darkness
thoughts stir into focus
those names and faces
those far distant places
somewhere to be
someone to see
the world still asleep
a day is beginning
write in the quiet hour

Matthew Holloway

Beneath A Morning Mist

Beneath a morning mist

~

A morning mist hides
the potential of a beautiful sky
low cloud covers streets and roads
the moist dew of the air
cold against the skin
a freshness to the lungs
welcomed regardless
eyes look into the nothingness
eagerly anticipating the sun
to break through its light
and warm the gardens
meanwhile the mist is silent
quietly haunting all
this is just a day beginning
lets pray its beautiful

Matthew Holloway

A Hand To Hold

A hand to hold
An ear to listen
A heart to love
A mind thoughtful
A soul to stand beside
Ever present, reliable
the unchanging desire
untroubled by the weather
steadfast through any storm
a voice gently speaking
you are not alone
for here you have
a hand to hold

Matthew Holloway

What The Day May Bring

Let us see what the day brings
and hope we have the strength of mind
to guide our decisions well
let our hearts be pure in thought
and watch over those we love
let challenges be overcome
that we may smile at days end
with those we hold closest
let us celebrate life this day
as we stand together
let us see what the day brings
unafraid and ready for anything

Matthew Holloway

An Olympic Poem

A nation presents to the world
amidst a celebration of unity
how sportsmanship and humility
stand with pride and success
that no colour nor religion
separates man or woman
it is the strength and belief
those years spent in training
revealed to the eyes of the world
it is in that final breath spoken
"all we ask is to compete,
all we ask to do our best"
there will be cheers and tears
there will be great joy and sorrow
but come the end this truth
a nation stands to applaud
and to say thank you

Matthew Holloway

Child Of The Sun

A child of the sun
let me frolic in the morn dew
amongst the birdsong
bring me light and warmth
a breeze of fresh air
let me laugh and sing
bring me the bluest sky
bring me hope and life
stay your wind for a while
and hold your rain
bring me for a day or week
a sun which shines greatly
upon this young earth

Matthew Holloway

On A Life Found

On a life found

~

you showed me a world
that I never knew I wanted
but now am too afraid to lose
you opened up my eyes
my heart and my soul
I have changed, grown
you helped me find myself
a me I never knew
now I ask only this
what could I give to you
to repay this debt
the life I found in you

Matthew Holloway

Blue Sky Thoughts

Blue sky thoughts

~

the morning sky
is a canvas of purest blue
like the clear coral sea
mesmerising and endless
a gentle breeze carries bird song
while the warmth of the sun
lays across everything
let this portrait be untouched
is is a masterpiece in itself

Matthew Holloway

Yours Sincerely

Yours sincerely

~

my dearest love

I write this as I think of you
my heart is in song tonight
my mind deep in thought
I wish the future were clear
and I could sleep with ease
but fear does hold me
that I may be losing you
however absurd the thought may be
it pains at me tonight my love
but your kiss, the look in you eye
the way you lay upon my chest
puts aside all fears
I am honest in my admission
the reason i'm scared of losing you
is because I now know
how much you mean to me

yours sincerely

Matthew Holloway

Born To Love

Born to love

~

we are born to love
a love which holds
gently into its bosom
as though not to let go
a love which should be pure
as clean and clear
so not to be mistaken
a truth, an honest admission
that the soul does need
another to hold
we are born to love
do not let go

Matthew Holloway

Jen's New Poem

Jen's new poem

~

before the day is done
and night does fall
let me speak of my heart
and the love that it holds
it is as bright and beautiful
as the sun which we have seen
like the flowers which feed upon light
our love feeds my soul
it is my muse, my deepest love
the one I look upon eternally
with eyes which grace such beauty
as though to pray, never leave me
before the day is done
and night does fall
let me say these final words
I love you most of all

Matthew Holloway

A Blooming Poem

A blooming poem

~

all the flowers in the garden
those wild in every field
the pallet of the sky and clouds
each a picture of beauty
does touch the soul
with all that is good
inspire the mind to think
only great thoughts
it is nature which nurtures
the way the world does grow
like the seeds in every field and garden
let the be sowed into every soul

Matthew Holloway

A Sleepless Night #2

sleep deprived, the restless mind
plays out scenes in thoughts
those now passed and to come
in every available scenario
the good, the bad and the ugly
paranoia playing lead villain
and hope the reluctant hero
the ever-changing pace of story
set upon the empty stage of night
forgetful lines amid many a silence
or moment of consideration
truth, fantasy and fear well cast
also act out these scenes
time passes, stories are told
dreams and nightmares evident
restless and sleep deprived
it becomes hard to distinguish
the lines of reality
before the closing act
of a sleepless night

Matthew Holloway

There Was A Time ~

I remember a time
when the world seemed to change
the smell, look and sound
all became more beautiful
inspiration grew everywhere
even the grey skies were poetic
faint lines of light behind clouds
tributaries of a brighter afternoon
songs I'd heard many times before
began to make sense, I could now relate
an understanding of things grew
I remember when this happened
it was not long after we met
when I was falling in love
you changed the world about me
for something better
how can I thank you enough
I'll give you my heart, my soul
I'll give you my hand, my future
there will always be a time
when you changed the world
and I will always love you for it

Matthew Holloway

Remember Me

Remember me

~

remember me

not as I said goodbye

but as I led my life

the memories I left behind

the values I kept

remember me

in all these ways

should we not meet again

let not our last words

be a simple goodbye

but a, I love you

hope to see you soon

and take care

remember me

for all my words

without false promise

without malice

I tried to be kind

I kept to a truth

remember me

for how I lived

not how I left you

Matthew Holloway

A Few Tears Caught

A few tears caught

~

I thought I saw you cry
and dreamt I caught each tear
I held them inside my heart
so I would feel as you feel
you are not alone any more
you don't have to face this world
or try to be as strong
as perhaps you may have felt
you should or need to be
I will share with you
all that is good and bad
we will laugh together I know
we will sing and dance
we will shelter from the rain
we will cry together
we will share this life
I thought I saw you cry
and dreamt I caught each tear

Matthew Holloway

English Rose

what tender beauty lays before me
I call her my English rose
lips red like petals and as soft
earthen eyes I could sink into
breathless I look on captivated
if only I could bathe in her scent
lay my head upon her bosom
and sleep against the softest skin
how beautiful my English rose
how strong this feeling pines
at my thoughts into my soul
here is a beauty unlike any other
tenderly sweet before my eye
I could hold this picture forever
and forever love my English rose

Matthew Holloway

Grey Morning

Grey morning

~

I woke up, looked out the window
and the view had changed
somehow the world had turned grey
tears were running down the glass
I wished silently for a wind to blow
and change the scene I could see
I wished I could reach for the sun
to lighten up the day
but nothing seemed to change
it just rained and rained
the whole sky cried
it was painted grey
I woke up looked out the window
and the view had changed
all I could do was turn away

Matthew Holloway

Addiction Of A Poet

Addiction of a poet

~

The dull ache persists
a disquiet longing
the opium of my words
knowing only silence
leaves me feverish
the addiction of it
draws every breath
anxiety, confusion
eyes lost into a gaze
the urge, desire to write
to feed upon again
the opium of my words
to satisfy this hunger
and break down the wall
which blocks creation
still the ache lingers
unnecessary
I must write

Matthew Holloway

The Tree

The weathered tree stripped bare
broken branches hang still
as though to scar its nature
no birds nest here any more
a thing of beauty has passed
into a beauty of another kind
colourless in the backdropp of sky
roots rise and fall into the ground
etchings of forgotten loves
remain as eternal memories
no lovers shade here now
the tree stands as though defiant
unwilling to relinquish to time
that which grew so tall
not dead, perhaps dying
stripped and broken it stands
the weathered tree
a work of life's true beauty

Matthew Holloway

The River's Song

The river's song

~

There's a song in the river
that streams from mountains and rain
it plays upon rocks and riverbanks
the birds and fish know it well
it flows effortless in a rhythm
pitched by its own will
a rolling waltz, serenely sweet
feeds the thirsty trees
there's a song in the river
an acoustic serenade
the endless symphony
where unwritten words decree
that there is music here
tide eventually to the sea
insects dance upon each note
while sticks and leaves
twirl away to its beat
there's a song in the river
and it plays for free

Matthew Holloway

The Nature Of Her Beauty

The nature of her beauty

~

her pale soft skin
pure like untouched fields of snow
her lips red like the roses petal
feather like in their kiss
those eyes warm like the earth
feed my soul with a richness of passion
the depth of which is limitless
bury my heart into hers
let me lay amongst her nature
let me rejoice her beauty
let her words sing to me
the essence of her soul
place my hands in hers firmly
that I may feel their warmth
holding eternally
there is a beauty undying
embedded into my heart
and its all in her nature

Matthew Holloway

English Summer Rain

English summer rain

~

beautiful against my window
with its constant patter
the darkened skies and pavements
awash with the weather
come rain or shine
there is no place like England
home this island
its fields and towns
its rivers and forests
typecast during summer months
with the rain which falls
beautifully against my window
with a rhyming patter
pat, drip, patter

Matthew Holloway

Ode To The Bird In The Cypress Tree

Ode to the bird in the cypress tree

~

I wish to be like the bird in the cypress tree
shaded from the heat of the midday sun
yet still free to ride upon the ocean breeze
whenever it chooses to blow from time to time
I wish to be like the bird in the cypress tree
and chirp my own little song aloud to the world
or to fly amongst the clouds so high above
and look down to watch the world below
I wish to be like the bird in the cypress tree
for all my wishes and day bought dreams
I am here and I am still me writing a poem
about that lucky bird perched in the cypress tree

Matthew Holloway

A Morning Canvas

A morning canvas

~

The clarity of a clear blue morning sky
like the emptiness of a blank canvas
invites the mind to wander on the day
what will be writ, what shall be seen
the serenade of birdsong in the breeze
softly, sweetly awakens the world
here a resolute beauty is found
and a heart invited to sing of love
let the day be won with hope and faith
let friends, family and lovers know
that this is a day to be owned
how thoughts come to a forefront
in the light the rising dawn
expressed without reluctance
upon the waiting canvas
in the clarity of a blue morning sky
this is a day to be alive

Matthew Holloway

Garden Of My Soul

Garden of my soul

~

In the garden of my soul
sewn into eternity
a love flowers brightly
with the sweetest amore
and you the gardener
the rain and the sun
bring life and beauty
what more could I ask
than to be here forever
with you beside me
in the garden of my soul

Matthew Holloway

She Sleeps

She sleeps

~

She sleeps

her heart, soul at peace

she is as beautiful

as any painting by any artist

no brush has born such beauty

silence fills the walls

and the day is calm

my thoughts like trees

take deep roots

into the earth of my soul

unmoveable

mountains, stars and the sky

rise into an endless expanse

I wonder on her dreams

what places she sees

the weather and colours

the faces and events

unfolding

she sleeps

and I

I am moved

by her quiet beauty

Matthew Holloway

Do Not Stray To Far My Love

Do not stray to far my love
a second, a minute, an hour
tears at my heart in your absence
though my love grows fonder
and more determined to fight
do not stray to far my love
it is your spirit, your soul
the heart I see within you
which gives me strength
reveals all that is beautiful
and shows me hope
do not stray to far my love
for there is a weeping tear
which only your name can dry
and it is in all this love
a word spoken with ease
that I see a truth in myself
without you I will be lost
do not stray to far my love

Matthew Holloway

The Robes Which Bind

the ropes which bind the human soul
to the mortal earth are frayed and old
the are made filthy and washed by rain
the storms of times passing
the knots like fists cling tightly
while cracks and holes do nothing
the ropes which bind the human soul
to the mortal earth are frayed
weathered, worn, abused and cut
still, still they hold on regardless
like an indomitable spirit
those fist knots, those woven strands
anchor the soul to the earth
as though life itself depends
the day, the night the heavens above
names of faultless graces written
upon the fabricated strands
perhaps those of the fates themselves
the ropes which bind the human soul
to the mortal earth are frayed and old
but still, still they hold

Matthew Holloway

A Morning Poem

I greet the morning air
with half sleep filled eyes
the damp of morning dew
taken in with each breath
slowly light breaks through
waking me fully into the day
thoughts stir I remain unmoved
greeting the morning air
I look to the streets ahead
to the journey I must make
I say a quiet prayer
to the spirit of the poets
heart, mind and soul
let this day not fall

Matthew Holloway

Midnight Rain

Midnight rain

~

The rain from the heavens falls
against my window at night
it keeps me awake sometimes
every droplet tap, tapping away
I listen to them, their melody
a beautiful serenade
I know soon enough I'll sleep
and in sleeping dream
washed into a restful state
by the music of the rain
I smile and stare into nothing
that nowhere space
to the right above my bed
I conjure words and images
for poetry to be writ
and listen to the rain falling
from the heavens at night

Matthew Holloway

On A Lost Youth

On a lost youth

~

I remember my youth
by that I mean by late teens
through into the twenties
a time when I felt stronger
felt I could take over the world
and everyday was a celebration
now I don't feel as strong
and I work alongside the world
taking the odd day off to rest
but I remember my time
and I look around today
at the new youths
strutting like I used to
I wonder did I act like that?
Did I dress so wild
were I so cocksure
I don't remember so
maybe that how age gets you
you only remember the highlight reel
I remember my youth
through rose tinted glasses
what a time I had

Matthew Holloway

Woman Made The Man

Woman made the man

~

it was woman who made the man
drove him to poetry and the arts
to celebrate the beauty he found
who fed and clothed him daily
who taught him about love
taught him about humility
kept his ego at safe distance
he found in her passion
a fire from the depths of his soul
he shared in her pain
knew full well the wealth
that a good woman brings
he wrote of her and to her
nature and nurture
mother and friend
it was woman who made the man
so he gave his love to her

Matthew Holloway

The Sleeping Dammed

the sleeping dammed
miss the mornings dawn
in all its beauty
a time of the day
good for the soul
birdsong, sunshine, peace
underline serenity
who would wish to miss this
a time to gather thoughts
missed by the sleeping dammed

Matthew Holloway

Just For One Night

she is attractive
all the right curves
and a pretty face
she is noticeable
and forgettable
she fills a thought
made in lustful desire
legs, lips, breasts
there's a temptation
or a dream for later on
you do no stare at her
just look over a few times
gathering a picture
thinking something over
sex had its own reasons
for coming and going
often without compassion
that girl, pretty as she is
her legs, lips, breasts
would fill an appetite
just for one night

Matthew Holloway

Sabbatical

a time taken
to breathe
undetermined
re-evaluate the world
take stock of thoughts
and reassess them
allow the soul to rest
the heart to sleep
and the mind to be free
time has its own value
time is limitless
and it will be taken
to breathe

Matthew Holloway

Portrait Of A Heart

Portrait of a heart

~

A portrait piece by piece
built through the heart
presents a romantic world
memories tell a moving tale
the full beauty of a loving heart
where the artist knows no end
and feels the strain of pride
still the picture takes its shape
to present a landscape of a life
touched by the words of love
scarred by the losses felt
the heart speaks and draws
from the uncharted depths
there in the eye of its picture
a romance reveals
a portrait of a world
built through the heart

Matthew Holloway

Spring

Spring

~

the flowing river, leaves
and spring returns once more
flowers bloom from nothing
filling the air with fragrance
sweetly this picturesque beauty
in all its annual celebration
serves to tell the world
the beauty of creation

Matthew Holloway

Resolute

Resolute

~

steady and unchanging
this is a heart of love
worn high upon shoulder
as a badge of the soul
there for the world
and every soul soul to see
time has been indifferent
wounded and healed
scarred and kissed
yet it remains in place
it beats on regardless
a heart of love forever more
steady and unchanging
now it has a name to call
a love to grow into
this is a heart
resolute

Matthew Holloway

Recovery Road

Recovery road

~

the pitfalls of illness
come in many shapes and sizes
tiredness overwhelms
you forget yourself
suffer a loss of strength, drive
then you make amends
the road to recovery begins
a route becomes a journey
finding a way back to the self
all in a medicated motion
taking time to rest and recover
assisted by friends and family
counts out a real fortune
knowing you're not alone
you learn a valuable truth
we always need our health
if only to say we have it

Matthew Holloway

Travellers Gallery

Travellers gallery

~

welcome to the travellers gallery
the windows frame a world
from water coloured rivers
to pastel forests and fields
sketched out towns spread out
between charcoal cities
nameless people, faces
all passing in a hurry
the travellers gallery presents
a life in motion exhibition
all in natural hue colour
by bus, train or car
the landscape and portraits
become ingrained in memory
welcome to the travellers gallery

Matthew Holloway

The Writers Room

The writers room

~

the walls lined with books
a thousand written worlds
open pages litter the floor
ready to begin a new journey
light cascades through window
across the unused bed
a room alive does not sleep
pictures and tokens spread out
points of memory and inspiration
shelves climb to the ceiling
hoarding words and lives
a writers room, paradise
a place to sit read and write
inspiration comes from life
and life is about discovering
all that is beautiful
however ugly it appears
look through the pages
of an open mind

Matthew Holloway

Resilient Love

Resilient love

~

this will not falter
this will not end
this will stand the tests
whatever they may bring
two hearts sharing a dream
a feeling beyond pretty words
that paint the world beautiful
no this is more than that
this is strength unbound
this is tomorrow and the day after
this is a thought growing
this will never break
this will not end
this is eternal
a love forever
resilient

Matthew Holloway

The Lady In The Black Lace

The lady in the black lace

~

draped in black lace she slept
her skin soft, pale to the eye
the room dimly lit bathed in silence
a beautiful serenity eclipsed
the portrait laid before the eye
her hair blonde, lay across her shoulder
stark contrast to the red of the chair
upon which she soundly slept
a story unfolded into thought
did she mourn or sleep in peace
would that pale skin be cold to the touch
through the thin black of the fabric
or warm blooded with desire
a passion of the artistry itself
what little light covered the room
cast shadows about her
framing this work of art
this beautiful woman in lace
slept as though at peace

Matthew Holloway

The Art Of The Muse

The art of the muse

~

Full figured and strong
open mind and heart
she is my Mona Lisa
a will to be counted
a voice not afraid to speak
kind and gentle in nature
still not to be crossed
she is beautiful
a captivating soul
her every essence holds
my thoughts follow
she is a work of art
my muse of words
still yet to be written
she is my life, my future
she is woman
beautiful, strong, desirable
she is perfection, passion
she is in a dream
all I could imagine
she is here forever
in my heart

Matthew Holloway

Where She Lays

Where she lays

~

Where she lays to sleep
many a flower grows
her beauty water like
flowing without restraint
it reigns into the soul
a light which brightly shines
to love words are given
without request for reply
they seep and drip
from lip to lips
ode to the nectar a kiss
heavenly felt a touch
from hand to the heart
a pillow to her mind
where she lays to sleep
many a flower grows
beautiful

Matthew Holloway

I Want You

well I don't care for fame
you can keep the trappings of money
big houses don't hold any warmth
and the decision we make
will affect our history someday
all I want and all I ask for
is to wake each day beside you
I want you, I need you
truth be told I love you

~

there are no lies in my words
no big promises being made
all I can offer is my time
I may be poor but I will work
to give you shelter and food
that is all we really need
friends, love and family
and I know what we share
I want to wake each day beside you
I want you, I need you
truth be told I love you

~

so there it is my soul naked
all I feel and want to say
laid down at your feet
I'm not ashamed to beg
or reveal my thoughts to you
I have nothing to hide
I say your name and I'm smiling
especially when I follow it
with good morning
I want you, I need you
truth be told I love you

Matthew Holloway

Starlight Dream

Starlight dream
the kind you wish to keep
look upon with a lost eye
amazed by the beauty you've found
silence greeting further insight
not a word needs saying
love unfolds in a name
happiness is in its speaking
and eternity in reply
late nights passing slowly
staring upon the sky
mapping out heavens
places, names and dreams
a wonder is realised
there in a starlight dream

Matthew Holloway

Springs Arrival And Winter Thaw

the sun rises to greet the morning
the ground dew only winters thaw
soft to the touch of the hand
leaves and flowers spread out
centre picture of the setting scene
springs arrival postcard of the season
birds return to roost in trees
naked branches now filling up
rainfall fresh and awakening
its a new beginning, new life
something to grow into
the daylight lasts longer
and the air smells fresher
winter melts away slowly
with the arrival of spring

Matthew Holloway

Love Is Something

love is a contradiction
a word describing emotions
not one singular easily defined
but a set list playing out
in the concert of a lifetime
passion and jealousy
the excitement of fear
hope and tragedy combine
in a filling crescendo
love is this and more besides
the beat, beat of the soul
beat of heart inside
beat of the music playing
love is a dream
you wake up from screaming
love is something
quite beyond understanding
love is a contradiction
so I'll move on

Matthew Holloway

Captured Thought

Captured thought

~

caught between a thought
between belief and fear
not knowing what to do
or how to feel any-more
like the air is speaking
a mystery is coming soon
something you just know
but are unable to explain
deciding to smile or cry
is it dread or excitement
which calls on faith
speaking this thought
echoed into a sleep
soon it shall be revealed
and you will see
freedom from the thought
which lingers in a dream

Matthew Holloway

Destiny Of The Heart

Destiny of the heart

~

maybe I am sworn
to love you eternal
my thoughts fill
a future with you
they return constant
to your picture
forever beautiful
forever bound
to my innermost soul
perhaps fate decided
or chance prevailed
however it stands
my heart is taken
sworn only to you
a love eternal

Matthew Holloway

Loving Thoughts

Loving thoughts

~

it is not my heart but ours
which beats to this
not a single dream held
and chased as one
but something aspired to
by two minds
two hearts together
sharing thoughts
and feeling the same
it is not one tear
not even on cross word
or loving kiss
a hand caressing
neither one loving look
but a life, two life's
openly shared
it is not my heart
but ours which beat
to thoughts such as this

Matthew Holloway

Several Weathers In Spring

Several weathers in spring

~

a spring morning began
clouds broke for the sun
and returned to claim the sky
rain fell into a shower of hail
and the wind blew it all dry
the sun returned for a spell
and quickly went away
people spoke of sleet and snow
where it fell elsewhere
I had heard or was told
in the room, behind the window
nothing seemed to change
the temperature was modest
and the air still and dry
it was only the picture changing
dependent on the weather
before the light slowly left
and we returned to the night

Matthew Holloway

Working On The Value Of Words

Working on the value of words

~

some words require more
more than being spoken
written, read or listened to
some words need feeling
given their own soul
a touch of emotion
some words fall easily
across the page
or off the tongue
like a catchphrase
meaning almost nothing
words without value
spoken to be heard
said and not listened to
or written and missed
all without feeling
give words emotion
soul, fire and life
give words value
work the next line

Matthew Holloway

A Poem For Your Eyes

A poem for your eyes

~

I watch in your eyes
my own dreams reflected
and see a lifetime with you
I see a love that is growing
firmly into our lives
I see a warmth and truth
I see a caring heart
I see love embedded
in your smile and look
you gift me such joy
you gift me endless hope
you gift me a happiness
that I could scarce imagine
without you by my side
I watch in your eyes
to tell me all I need to hear
it is your look I hold dear
your love I cherish
and you above all else
I shall always keep near

Matthew Holloway

Many A Finer Thing

Many a finer thing

~

Love is many a finer thing
than a poem could hope to achieve
but a poem is writ nether the less
to pay an ode of tribute to love
to pay it thanks and support
in the hope it lasts a lifetime
to express its beauty unrivalled
by any creation of the hand
what moves a heart in such a way
or plays the mind into such thought
love is many a finer thing
that odes and songs are sung
in the dedication of its name
love name it as it stands
to feel its touch of grace
love is many a finer thing
than a poem could hope to achieve

Matthew Holloway

A Poem On Wishes

A poem on wishes

~

Be careful what you wish for
that's what began the chase
a hope held in a dream
of what could someday finally be
only life had other ideas
and threw up walls and fences
to break the spirit into surrender
or make it fight that bit harder
knowing what you live for
what joy awaits at the end
of the scene playing out
trials and tribulations
are sent to test us, our belief
do you stand steadfast
or wilt like a winter flower
be careful what you wish for
is it all you need

Matthew Holloway

The Opium Pen

The opium pen

~

I get high off this write
inhaling each word
which gives me a hunger
to bite into another verse
ingest further prose
I'm reeling onto the next line
and seeing things on my own
things few others see
that they find strange
but I'm addicted to this
there's ink in my soul now
its as much a part of me
as it is to the pen
I score with this ink
a trip of the mind
I found my opium
in the freedom of expression

Matthew Holloway

Insomnias Bite

at night it comes
while all else sleep
thoughts creep in
shaded in the dark
crouching in shadows
their intentions unclear
lacking any motive
sleep appears impossible
while tiredness grows
eyes open feel heavy
aches pass over the body
times passes slowly
a clock turned to face away
no need to watch
the silence of the room
passing noise outside
a mind wide awake
unable to switch off
at night it comes
insomnias bite

Matthew Holloway

A Change Of Wardrobe

A change of wardrobe

~

a time has come to change
throw out the tattered rags
the old worn threads
usher in some new colour
brighter and more cheerful
something fresh to wear
a more comfortable fit
a sharper look to be seen in
a time has come to change
redress the wardrobe
and improve the self
cast away the old suits
which had seen better days
and step out to be seen
a newer you awaits
a change of wardrobe

Matthew Holloway

Waiting On A Spring Sun

Waiting on a spring sun

~

yesterday was overcast
while a chill remained present
flowers still waited to bloom
and trees lined up half naked
spring is springing apparently
although no signs are clear
an eye cast over weather reports
tells of brighter days to come
and a rise in the overall temperature
still waiting on that spring sun
the first spread of warmth
in the new mornings light
where you wince your eyes
and survey a world coming alive
or a light sneaking through curtains
interrupting the beginning of the weekend
where you'd prefer to remain sleeping
no sign of spring has been evident
still waiting and watching
for the change of season

Matthew Holloway

Fading Ink

Fading ink

~

the words which flowed
from pen to page
in a steady stream
have trickled silently
into a vacant space
silent prose sits impatiently
awaiting the spark
to ignite inspiration
to fire up the pen
and resume its flow
of words from pen to paper
but a nothingness holds
space for rent across the page
a canvas of thought
where words once ran
the old ink fades
in the light of a new day

Matthew Holloway

The Desire Of The Dream

The desire of the dream

~

What thoughts of wanton passion
burn deeper and more fearsome
than the stirrings of the heart
that untamed tempest of desire
playing out wild fantasy to the mind
embracing the wild mystery
which exists in the unknown

~

what thoughts of wanton passion
are kept locked away
there, only for a dreamt escape
the touch of flesh against flesh
a kiss unlike any other
sweet mystery embraced and held
such passion felt, thought
burning deep in unchained heart

~

the stir of a day dream
a thought flight of fantasy
into the burning of a passion
unspoken and untouched
a few if any have realised
the desire of the dream

Matthew Holloway

Revenge Of The Black Dog

he never left
he just lay there staring
through the cracks in the gate
which locked him out
kept him at a safe distance
biding his time watching
waiting for any opportunity
to strike, sink in his teeth
tear at the flesh of thought
he stalked in the shadows
cold blooded and cruel
eyes lifeless, loveless
watching always watching
knowing he'd never win
he'd never claim his kill
just wanting to strike
deliver the pain get revenge
before he's gone
locked out again

Matthew Holloway

A Sleepless Night

Old pipes creak and groan
almost as though a visitor is beyond the door
the lights of a passing car appear
against the blinds upon the window
holding almost for a second too long
tired the mind strays beyond all reason
into flights of fancy and mild fear
such thoughts linger, leave and return
warmth envelopes the body
making sweat run, damping hopes of sleep
beyond the duvet a cold chill waits
a duel between the two beckons
while the heart pounds against the chest
counting the unseen seconds
the mind alert making nonsense
footsteps, a cough, the wind
all noises play against reason
what lurks beyond the window
what awaits in the darkness of the street
what prevents this sleep
a thought created in tiredness
echoes late into the night

Matthew Holloway

Oath

Oath

~

Here is my heart
and with it your name
here is my love
and with it your trust
here is our future
and with it open faith
here is my word
I shall love you always
here is my hand
will you take it

Matthew Holloway

On The News Today

On the news today

~

There is war

there is greed and poverty

there is crime and suffering

there is loss and misery

there is corruption

there is pain and anguish

there is someone profiteering

and another complaining

a campaign for equality

long since forgotten

there are always lies

a feeling of betrayal

trust is now decaying

rotting into its core

there is another war

people dying

hurt, pain, misery

religion being abused

and all we are asking

all we are waiting for

is something to smile to

before the show is over

lets hear some happy news

Matthew Holloway

Sleepless In Suburbia

Sleepless in suburbia

~

quiet little thoughts
play out in a suburban town
hours pass by unnoticed
day becomes night
and thoughts continue
sounds of strangers passing
beyond the window
beyond the walls
traffic and daily life
a crescendo of noise
fills out the soundtrack
a handful of stories echo
into their own lives
pieced together not entirely
by a restless mind
sleepless and listening
sleepless and imagining
while suburbia is thriving
quiet little thoughts
prevent sleeping

Matthew Holloway

How Can It Be

How can it be

~

How can it be

that a feeling grows like this
how can I fall more in love
with each passing day we share
you keep growing more beautiful
more special to my heart
you've become my every thought
I'd be lost without you
how can I feel like this today
knowing that come tomorrow
this feeling will grow
that I will love you more
say your more beautiful
and think of you thoughtfully
while you remain in my heart
how can it be
that you mean everything to me

Matthew Holloway

Travellers Change

Travellers change

~

Could we piece together a handful of change
gather the fare to catch a break
travel through the night if it helps save, us
you could always sleep beside me
while I sit awake and write my poetry
if I could scratch a living doing this
words paying our way around
so we could travel and eat everyday
forgetting the expensive hotels
a room with partial view is enough
when we have each other to talk to
maybe my words could scratch a budget
we have our legs, we have our health
we can walk to where we need to be
another place to sit and eat
some other view to look upon
a change is always as good as a rest
can we gather a handful of it today
to pay for our fair journeys break

Matthew Holloway

Time

Time

~

A week, a month and a day
time passes inconsistent
and still remains unchanging
just the reflection it leaves
divides thought and opinion
it waits for no man
nor like the tide can be tamed
time is fleeting yet lasting
the eternal contradiction
of philosophy and faith
time is age and youth
life and death irrespective
it passes only as we see it
a week, a month and a day
time continues onwards

Matthew Holloway

My Loves Sonnet

My loves sonnet

~

My love is an unwritten sonnet
an ode to the greatest beauty
which sparks the soul into a song
and the heart a merry dance
which brings to life many a dream
such joy I now find in me
happy my soul thanks to love
that the world should hear
and share in such sweetness
the rich melody of this sonnet
still remains unwritten
but this love, such love
inspires all creation to thought
how can such beauty
be captured in words alone
to eternity I look and beyond
to read my unwritten love
is to live and watch over it

Matthew Holloway

Rain

Rain

~

The darkened rain clouds
they hold no fear for me
the rain which fall purifies
it feeds the plants and trees
washes the filth from the streets
cleans the air which we breathe
I hold a special place for it
as cold and bitter as it comes
however much it soaks the skin
the rain remains beautiful
a serenade against the window
a powerful image portrays
the true might of nature
the gathering clouds darken
birds fly away to dry nest
before the sky breaks open
and either by patter or a roar
the rain it comes to fall and fall
for all I see it purifies the soul

Matthew Holloway

On Being In Love

This love, our love
it came unforeseen
and silenced many questions
a wish now answered
peace gifted to my heart
sweet love has flourished
where it was unexpected
now welcomed with warmth
and held tightly close
for this is a love
I shall never let go

Matthew Holloway

Early Morning Rain

Early morning rain

~

Rain taps upon the window
while the faint light of morning
lines the gap between curtains
a halo of pale blue illuminates
the darkness of the room
a cold beyond the duvet
invites a reason not to move
while tired eyes open and close
motionless I lay here listening
to the sound of the rain
like restless fingers drumming
upon the windowpane
in the early hours of morning
I lay awake

Matthew Holloway

Caught Between The Truth And A Lie

Caught between the truth and a lie

~

I've been led astray
gave my hand to a merry dance
and swayed to what I perceived
as an honest appraisal of life
found myself believing at will
whatever came across my way
when enough visor was offered
religion and public opinion
which has long since been divided
by the strength of their sales pitch
has come into the state of play
I've succumb to both at times
and left wondering exactly why
fool me once and shame on me
fool me again and I've a lesson to learn
third time can never bare any charm
after that there is no help
perhaps hope is fleeting as well
but what is true at the end of the day
but a lie away from what I believe

Matthew Holloway

The Old Road

The old road

~

The old road

we no longer walk

as necessity dictates

leads nowhere now

at least not for us

its a journey-less route

offering little memories

that we have now left behind

a newer road, a different route

leads the journey ahead

ready and waiting for us

to leave new memories

revisit as often as we like

on our daily journeys

the old road is bypassed

no longer walked

and thought of only

as necessity dictates

Matthew Holloway

Hidden Chapters

pieces of our story
waiting to be written
lay hidden in tomorrows
in places were yet to see
and the things still to do
events unfolding, reveal
so that we find in time
all that we will need
search and you shall find
the pieces to complete
yesterdays and today's
parts of our story
hidden away
together we search
together we find
together we live our lives
one hidden chapter
at a time

Matthew Holloway

The Value Of Words

Words what value words
when spoken in haste
what is their worth
words spat in spite
or an envious game
false words meaningless
what value words

a trusting word
honest and open speaks
volumes when listen to
without agenda given
with care and thought
placed into its being
what becomes its worth

words in variety
of context and meaning
fill blank spaces
where sometimes silence
is a more welcome sound
where nothing is better said
words have a value
consider their worth

Matthew Holloway

Before We Sleep

Before we sleep

~

Before we go to sleep
see how we have all we need
a roof overhead, shelter
enough food and water
to have lined our stomachs
so we wont be left wanting
we also have each other
and those we love close by
that we know they are well
eases the one true worry
we could ask for more money
to buy the material trappings
to keep up with the neighbours
knowing we don't need them
but they are still nice to have
tonight we will not miss them
for we have all we need
a roof overhead, shelter
under which we shall sleep

Matthew Holloway

The Gallery

I fell in love in the gallery
where every painting
had a story still to tell
the portraits of nature
every hue of wild beauty
caught my soul breathless
I wandered through worlds
those places of such scenery
which caught, held my eye
I imagined the feel of the air
the scent which filled each picture
touching my skin, filling my nose
my eyes wide open feasted upon
such beauty the likes of which
I had hardly every seen
nether less thought to imagine
I walked almost listless
in no hurry to leave this place
I fell in love in the gallery
where portraits of nature
told me their story

Matthew Holloway

Thoughts Of Desire

Thoughts of desire

~

A burning passion rises
consumes the mind at will
thoughts become provocative
seducing the subconscious
ideas come into place
stirring, hard to shake
passions flame burns hot
with the secrets we keep
the desires we mask
continue to rise inside
a thought grows into a dream
how sweet the night
passes into morning
dare we ever live them
or should they remain
kept inside the mind
as thoughts of desire

Matthew Holloway

Exit Strategy

Exit strategy

~

Lets empty the bank account
and walk to the station
board the first train we see
ride off into nowhere
where rails of mystery beckon
journey becomes adventure
wherever we end up
we could board another train
and ride further rails
or find a room for the night
it doesn't have to be special
just a place to rest and sleep
a bed and a warm meal
then tomorrow, same again
or some sightseeing
lets travel for a while
leave our worries behind
in a closed bank account

Matthew Holloway

Media Morality

Media morality

~

a shout loud enough to echo
echo the claims in print
prove a media masterpiece
for the flavour of the month
that decided by others
as what we need to know
the secrets behind the lies
the truths in the shadows
question a worlds morality
all in the gloss of a headline
designed for us to buy into
a cash incentive opinion
ready made for quick sale
how the guilty judge
safe in glass houses
when we start to question
think for ourselves
we turn the camera to face
a media morality

Matthew Holloway

For Love

For love

~

What I wouldn't do for love
the one closest to my heart
filler of every dream
and hope for the future
centre of my every thought
my world as I choose to see it
beautiful, always to my eye
a reason behind my smile
what I wouldn't do for love
I'll remain steadfast
unmovable in my resolve
to be there only waiting
to listen and take care
to love without question
feels as natural as living
and so my heart has spoken
laid bare my naked soul
that I would give my all
what I wouldn't do for love
remains unknown

Matthew Holloway

Setting Sail

Setting sail

~

a morning sun breaks through
casting light on still waters
little ripples rise and fall slowly
today is not just another day
the air feels cold, crisp
a deep breath freshens the lungs
tired eyes look outwards
where the horizon beckons
slowly still stirring, a coffee
helps awaken the morning
while watching for the wind
to blow in the awaited change
quiet thoughts list away
like the morning tide drifting
soon the raising anchor
will cast away the past

Matthew Holloway

Last Train To The Coast

Why don't we jump the rail
ride the last train to the coast
watch the sea rise and fall
escape if only for a little while
to feel that fresh sea air again
maybe we could stay for a bit
make up a weekend perhaps
lets not make any plans
aside from boarding the last train
steel wheels powering along
to another place, away from here
it sounds so simple, maybe it is
why don't we jump the rail
ride the last train to the coast
make love on the beach
or just sit and talk about love
lets drink by a fire and toast
our future rolling out ahead of us
were on track you and me
why don't we just jump the rail
catch the last train to the coast

Matthew Holloway

Your Hand To My Heart

Your hand to my heart
I'm going to hold it close
let you feel every beat
which emanates from me
I beat to my own drum
a rhythm I make up
few others get me like you

your fingers to my own
I'll keep a tight hold
like I'm afraid to let go
knowing how special you are
there will never be another
quite like you I'm sure
I don't wish to find out

My thoughts of you
your eyes, your lips
the way they look
every time you smile
how could I not be in love
that would defy all reason
I'm thoughtful of you

your hand to my heart
I'll grip it tightly
let you feel what I feel
in our moments together
you are special to me
a little bit amazing

your hand to my heart
feels just like it should be

Matthew Holloway

Memo To The Heart

Memo to the heart

~

Be still my beating heart
her name is the sweet wine
you are drunk upon
her face the portrait
which leaves you breathless
and the dream of her
the likes of which
you never awaken from
be still, be quiet my heart
and take her hand gently
keep it safe in your own
lay a kiss upon her lips
with the softest grace
hold your tongue
allow the silence to speak
that eyes answer all
with a look which says
I love you

Matthew Holloway

All That's Good And Beautiful

All that's good and beautiful

~

All that's good and beautiful
in my heart resides her name
a flower in the garden of my soul
eternally in bloom, forever beautiful
the seeds of such a love as this
should serve to sow in the world
a happiness all should share
and tend with the gentlest hand
to feed and nurture it through
the harshest winters to come
and the dry endless summer
that it never wilts nor dies
a work of love persists to remind
the legacy that shall remain
is one for all to see and know
all that's good and beautiful
in my heart resides her name

Matthew Holloway

Ode To The Female Form

Ode to the female form

~

A song of beauty plays
to the tune of desire
striking a note in the soul
a look into the mind seduces
a song ode to the female form
soft, delicate, sensual
alive with every feeling
serenades aloud to be heard
play on sweet song
enter the soul and mind
with a beauty known
as woman kind

Matthew Holloway

The Play-Writes Curse

The play-writes curse

~

Give me a stage
and the world to write
give me characters
to fit my plot line
give me time and money
to assemble my script
that I may play with ideas
and work what fits
give me the option
for a sudden plot twist
give me set designers
who understand my mind
and actors to follow
whatever my command
give me wine and ink
that I may drink them both
in all my madness
give me your hope
give me this and a stage
that I may write you a play
but please I beg of you
before you give me anything
give me the opening line

Matthew Holloway

Love Story

Love story

~

And somewhere it may be written
a love story not of fairy-tales
or a Hollywood blockbuster
neither the best selling novel
of some highly respect author
or a poetic sonnet which sings
odes to sweet undying passion
it is more simple, honest
a love story of modern times
which bypasses the ageless classics
and clichés of romance
it may not make you cry
but it still remains a love story
lacking high drama or duels fought
mistakes are made and learnt from
and the happy ending still awaits
to be realised and celebrated
but somewhere it is written
in diary or letter form
the love story to this poem

Matthew Holloway

Strangers, Lies And Lovers

Strangers, lies and lovers

~

The hurt and lies we inflict on others
are but mirrors of our own neuroses
each guilt edged fear we harbour
becomes the knife blade of our defence
we hurt others so as not to be hurt by them
and in hurting others we hurt ourselves
a world of lies strikes with pain
how impossible is such fear
that we are compelled to wonder
in the recess of our minds we lie
first to ourselves then to the others
strangers and lovers become equal
the honest, naked truth lost
while a game slowly begins
to deceive and de-construct reality
that which binds us to the lie
is but the fear we keep well hid
the answer to defeating such lies
and in turn saving all from pain
is to face openly each fear
however hard that may come to be
first we must face ourselves
to our own cold reality

Matthew Holloway

I Have A Girl

I have a girl

~

I have a girl, a good one

a girl who looks after me

a girl with a winning smile

a girl who makes me laugh

a girl who is beautiful

a girl who is kind and strong

I have a girl who ticks boxes

a girl who is something special

a girl who is loving

a girl who has great patience

a girl I'm lucky to know

a girl you'd dream about

I have a girl I'd fight for

a girl who makes me think

a girl who feeds me

a girl I'd write poetry for

I have a girl, a good one

a girl I wouldn't swap for the world

Matthew Holloway

The Falling Heart

The falling heart

~

How is it my hearts still falling
that more in love with each day
how could a feeling grow stronger
when it is one none shall break
when all is more than I could dream
or imagine I could ever ask for
and all I see as beautiful
becomes more beautiful to the eye
what is the reasoning to this
the song of the heart
which plays ever constant
a melody to every soul
which defies explanation
still my heart keeps falling
that more in love each day

Matthew Holloway

A Sleepless Grace

A sleepless grace

~

It is in her quiet grace
the touch of her fair hand
the sleepless night
seems to pass so gentle
I look to her eyes
and find my soul rooted
deeply in place
like the chestnut tree
unmoving and steadfast
there for many a year

~

she holds my heart
in the realms of her own
the whispers of conversation
fill the gaps of silences
we talk of the day now past
and those days to come
we talk of the little nothings
we talk to hear each other
comforting to a sleep

~

I lay her upon my chest
her ear to my heart
listening to my every truth
I hold nothing from her
as she holds nothing from me
and there I celebrate
her gentle quiet grace
which claimed my heart
in the sleepless night

Matthew Holloway

Is Valentine Right

Is Valentine right

~

is today a day for lovers
a time to celebrate
to show love for each other
without any fear
of what others may say
a time to shout aloud
just how you feel
make the show and dance
for all to see
is Valentine right
or is it just another day
not to be made special
or celebrated
do we love any more
or any less
on all those other days
do we need a reason
to eat together
buy flowers and kiss
say the little words
I love you
I love you too
maybe we are wrong
and Valentine is right
we should take a day off
just for those words
spend time alone together
and celebrate it
its too close to call
weigh it all up
evaluate what you can
and answer honestly
is Valentine right

Matthew Holloway

I Love You

I love you

~

It is in your smile
your laughter
your deep brown eyes
this love began
where it still remains
I count each day
as a mark of fortune
how lucky I am
to have found you
I see how you care
watch over me
I feel your love
the touch of your lips
thrills me
I hold your hand
look into your eyes
cherish every moment
that I am given with you
I look upon your face
I look into your eyes
and I love you
I love you

Matthew Holloway

Sweetheart

Hello sweetheart
I think your beautiful
you drive me mad
in so many ways
that I wouldn't change
you make me better
a happier soul
I love you deeply
that, you already know
you have my heart
and my word
I'm here for you
I always will be
I know you love me
you've told me enough
tell me about your day
I'm happy to listen
I want to hold you
in my arms each night
kiss your forehead
and do nothing
what you done to me
I would not change
take care sweetheart
tomorrows another day
xxx

Matthew Holloway

Elusive Sleep

Sleep evades me in the night
I listen to sounds make thoughts
which play upon my mind
in the dark of the room I lay
waiting for serenity to come
time passes slowly
as though held imperfect
its warm, too warm for comfort
and too cold beyond the bed sheet
the day has been long, the body aches
still, still sleep evades me
and those sounds, each shadow
play upon the mind more and more
restless and anxious for sleep
to rest, to dream, to be at peace
the elusive sleep in the night
where thoughts consume me

Matthew Holloway

A Prayer For Her

A prayer for her

~

Watch over her
with a kind devotion
give her love
and listen to her
help her to smile
and keep her safe
watch over her
with a tender care
hold her hand
when she needs
wipe away her tears
and be kind
she is beautiful
in so many ways
a perfect soul
in a imperfect world
I ask for nothing
in my own name
I only ask for her
please hear this prayer

Matthew Holloway

Broken Paradise

Broken paradise

~

Paradise has been tainted
stained by a dreams lie
there is no rose garden
no happily ever after
no final solution to happiness
which is in itself a work in progress
paradise is not as expected
its just another place, another time
with different things to face
new people, different words
it was not supposed to be like this
where is the endless laughter
the smiles and friends
which a dream once promised
paradise is broken
but there is still something here
worth holding out for
I really love her

Matthew Holloway

Seeing It Through

Seeing it through

~

I have no intention of leaving
I'll see this thing through
no matter what I have to give
I see the final picture
and hold it in my thoughts
I know patience virtue
and will face sleepless nights
where the worries of the day
play on in my mind
I can take those hits
and stay firm in my stance
I'm seeing this thing through
whatever it takes
whatever you ask of me
I know what I'm fighting for
what I'm working towards
and that idea, that picture
keeps me going

Matthew Holloway

About This Kind Of Love

About this kind of love

~

I love you like a drug
I'm addicted and need my fix
those lips, your skin
I crave their touch madly
sometimes I'm blinded
make mistakes daily
saying the wrong thing
I've made it a art form
when I should keep it simple
not over elaborate
keep my words short
precise to the point
or just shut up
not peruse every moment
like an addict
looking for another fix
maybe I should smile
curl my lips and whisper
I love you, you know
or maybe I should just smile

Matthew Holloway

A Feeling Like This

A feeling like this

~

I hate this feeling
like a child powerless
to change the world about me
I've put my heart soul into it
and still feel like I'm failing
I try daily to maintain strength
to to retain a positive outlook
but at times its not so easy
I'd rather hide in bed
beneath the sheets and sleep
where the world can't see me
reach me or speak to me
its the weight of it all
however hard I love someone
its not enough at times
the energy I give to friends
to the projects I enter into
all feels wasted, lost
like it all comes to nothing
and I'm left feeling sorry
wishing I could do better
to change the world about me
I hate this feeling

Matthew Holloway

A Poets Prayer

A poets prayer

~

To the poets lost
please look upon me
as a kindred spirit
guide my words
that I may write well
watch over me at night
help me dream your dreams
teach me about poetry

~

to the poetic spirit
reveal your love to me
show me the beauty of life
in all its many forms
that I may understand
the ways of this world
and that I may convey them
in a verse to others

~

to the poets lost
and the poetic spirit
I ask of you this favour
to guide me in life
in the poetry I write
I ask of you also
to watch over those I love

Matthew Holloway

A Poem For Someone Special

A poem for someone special

~

She is all that is beautiful
to my heart and soul
she is beyond my dreams
my wildest expectations
she is the love I hold
in the quiet of the night
she is kind, loving
what more could I ask
but for her happiness
her health and smile
that I am there to share it
and witness such joy
how infectious it would be
that I too would smile
would laugh, dance, sing
she is all that is beautiful
to my heart and soul

Matthew Holloway

Thoughts On Faith & Hope

Thoughts on faith & hope

~

Holding faith
against all storms
which savage the soul

~

belief in love
that it shall conquer all
no matter what

~

trust in the soul
to make right decisions
to guide you safely on

~

hope in the world
that someone watches over
protecting and caring

~

opening the heart
to friends and family alike
so as not to be alone

~

breaking silence
letting thoughts be heard
without fear of them

~

holding faith
touching the heart
and facing fear

~

a hope in time
that the good will come
and remain in place

~

thoughts given air
spoken or written
somehow, someday heard

Untitled Love Poem

Untitled love poem

~

The warmth of her look
leaves me lost in a dream
she is loved effortless
my heart is hers complete
that I make this promise
to love unconditional
through all time
is testament to her
a soul as I have seen
in the warmth of her eye

Matthew Holloway

The One I Love

The one I love

~

It is to my heart I hold her
and call her beautiful
it is in my thoughts I love her
daily without doubt
a blessing to my soul
I pray to grow old with her
and celebrate many years
these are the little things
that make life worth living
to love and be loved
to know such sweet joy
it is to my heart I hold her
in the warmth of new memory
each tender kiss taken
is never to be forgot
amid one lasting thought
she is the one
the one I love

Matthew Holloway

Resolute Love

Resolute love

~

My love stays strong, resolute
I stand firm amid a promise
to myself more than any other
that I gift my all, my final breath
to the one I love, freely
so they may live

Matthew Holloway

On A Cold Night

The night was cold
and the streets rolled out
like endless corridors
stretching onwards
street lights broke shadows
at regular intervals
while the end of the path
remained just beyond sight
the sky clear, star lit
a half moon visible
while the frost took hold
amid the dimming light
and silence made noises
enough to play the mind
to the cold of the night
during a walk home

Matthew Holloway

The Fisherman

He sits by the shore
all day long casting his bait
line after line
into the lake fishing
hoping for that bite
the kind that makes his day
but nothing comes
he sits there alone
only thoughts for company
what goes through his head
while he sits there
watching cold eyed
the open lake before him
is he at peace
or making plans
who could say
he just sits there alone
watching

Matthew Holloway

The Happy Heart

The happy heart

~

How happy the heart
when left to sing and dance
when given every dream
told to believe
and never be afraid
happy joyful each beat
while the laughter is filling
those days and nights
which pass by so quick
leaving little memories
to always be kept
a treasure of their own
the friends which came
for the love they shared
and the joy they gave
valued in every way
how happy the heart
which has all this

Matthew Holloway

A Day At The Beach

A day at the beach

~

the sun reflections danced in the sea
seagulls squawked overhead
children laughed and played in the tide
running back and forth to picnics
it was a busy day and plenty on offer
the crowd moved along in a steady pace
finding places to sit and rest
some read while others watched
a few did nothing at all but lay there
all beneath a clear blue sky
beautiful and vast almost endless
a gentle wind eased the heat of day
rolling from the sea over sands
ice cream and cold drinks on order
applied to chill the rest
it was a beautiful postcard day
in a summer well spent

Matthew Holloway

A Picture In The Paper

A picture in the paper

~

it was your face

caught my eye

led my mind astray

there was something

I am still unaware

as to how best explain

but there in the paper

I saw your picture

became distracted

my mind wandered

as if aimless

a merry little way

into a thought

now I sit here

and remember when

if not quite how

I turned that page

you caught my eye

Matthew Holloway

A Sketch For My Beloved

A sketch for my beloved

~

All that is beautiful and right
grows daily in my heart
I shall not let it wilt nor fade
for this love I shall fight

~

it is in your tender kiss
it is in your warming eyes
those words you speak to me
sweet promises to my soul
which tell me of our love
and how it is a lasting joy
to see past the tests of time
we are bound by a dream

~

in the quiet of my sleep
I lay beside you always
your heart is to my own
a name echoed in each beat
we dreamt of this love
and found each other

~

ours is a living love
it grows and takes strength
it will never end

Matthew Holloway

A Lucid Dance

A lucid dance

~

The lucid dance of thought
leads me into the unknown
a flight of fancy and make belief
I play upon it in my silence
wanting, dreaming, forgetting
myself completely
I build another personality
only to shatter the illusion
by a word, a single word
I do not speak that word
I do not write it down
to witness it in the ink of the page
I hear it in my thoughts
whispered through closed lips
so only a thought hears it
amid the lucid dance

Matthew Holloway

A World Of Love

A world of love

~

To all the world is love
and love is to all the world
where a heart finds a home
and a smile says so much
where a soul is found
a gazing look lights the eye
that song, that joy
all that is beautiful
love is all the world
and still more besides
love is the star lit heavens
the endless sky
the bottomless oceans
and flowing rivers
the mountains and forest
love is home
where the heart is found

Matthew Holloway

When I Fear I'M Losing You

When I fear i'm losing you

~

When I fear I'm losing you
the look in your eye
the warmth of your smile
eases my worries
brings joy to my heart
you take away my fears
let me know I'm not alone
and there I find in you
all the love I seek
the answers I long to hear
I listen to your words
taking my heart in hand
keeping me safe
letting me know I'm loved
then to your kiss
so soft, gentle, kind
when I fear I'm losing you
you always remind me
your a part of my life

Matthew Holloway

Another Nothing Poem

Another nothing poem

~

These are just words
Rhyming, walking with rhythm
They do not hate or love
Laugh, cry or shout aloud
They know no malice or jealousy
They just piece together nicely
In a story or a poem
However they are written
Presented on a page
They remain just words
They talk of no living soul
But a fictional character
If one happens to be written
Or a place or feeling
Some may relate to it
You're free to see what you like
Or dislike in these words
That's all they are sitting here
Rhyming, walking with rhythm
Across the once blank page
Just another nothing poem
Waiting to be read

Matthew Holloway

Honestly Speaking

Honestly speaking

~

You can say what you like
To myself or the bus driver
To the man in the shop
I doubt he even cares
But honestly speaking
Where honesty's concerned
You need to speak to yourself
Clear and forthright
You can't hide behind a lie
It will haunt you
That secret truth you denied
To yourself and to others
It's inescapable
So speak up and be open
Be honest at least to yourself
If not me, the next man
Or the one after him
It's yourself, it's you
You will always know
And knowing is hard work
So being honest, honestly
You can say what you like
As long as you're true
To you and yourself
In the very end

Matthew Holloway

Sworn To Love

My heart is sworn to love
to another, anothers name
etched into my soul
the night in which we sleep
I hold close their thought
that I may never let them go
my heart is sworn to love
my heart is sworn to them
as beautiful as I could speak
no words shall suffice
to praise more that name
I hold close in each night
it is to such devotion
it is to such thought
I find myself forever sworn
sworn to love

Matthew Holloway

I'D Give You Everything

I'd give you everything

~

I'd give you everything

take down the stars and the moon

to light your palm to read

break mountains into pebbles

or the finest of sands

smoothe beneath your feet

purify the rivers and oceans

so you may drink them

to answer any thirst

I'd give you everything

the song that birds sing

the rise of the morning sun

that first whisper of a dream

I'd give you everything

my heart, my soul complete

my ears to your words

whatever they may be

the entire world

and the sky above

I'd catch it all for you

my love I promise this

I'd give you everything

Matthew Holloway

Heroes And Idols

Heroes and idols

~

we should never meet those
we aspire towards
unless we crave disappointment
idols are flawed, heroes too
I've seen first hand
my own poor choices
and all their failings
I should take notes in my book
sketch them into corners
to be read, and read again
maybe the best ones are mad
maybe its that off beat soul
that ticks so many boxes
makes us stand up, take notice
the great ones we label
artists, poets, actors, writers
the more messed up they appear
that extra bit special they seem
some burn out, others die young
but they all leave a legacy
one that stands the test of time
one that has us going back for more
leaving them there always
as idols, heroes to aspire towards

Matthew Holloway

Judge Presiding

Judge presiding

~

he sits aloft
looking down well dressed
an educated man
but a man nether the less
he has his own sins
vices, faults
they are left behind
in the changing room
with his casual wear
and coat, for now
he sits there listening
to every detail
every word of evidence
building his picture
of a legal precedent
hoping the jury helps
guide him to a conclusion
that serves the law well
its no easy task
the law is not perfect
but he's been educated
at some expense
to make these decisions
the verdict remains open
judge presiding

Matthew Holloway

Heaven Scent

Heaven scent

~

youthful angels
children at play
Smiling faces
infectious laughter
the kind you like
to hear all morning
while you sip coffee
they'll always be
sweet little cherubs
in those moments
which never last
long enough
cherish them
each moment
every laugh
all those
comeback kids
cheeky quips
tantrums, shouting
you're too old
to be kept caught out
but who would change
any of it in the end
they're all
heaven scent

Matthew Holloway

A Dammed Sight

A dammed sight

~

I'm growing old

My eyes failing

Still I see the underbelly

That dark side of man

I know its smell

That stink we hide from

I hear it everyday

Lies and betrayal

Backstabbing stories

Made to protect and attack

I'm growing old

My minds fleeting

But still I know

Still I remember

The hard lesson learnt

Those that beat me

Left me whimpering

Like a little child

Fail and scared

My skin should be tough

Hard like a rhinos

But it's soft, still

Easily cut

There are years ahead of me

Years of lies, stories

Being hurt and cut

Watching the world

With worn out tired eyes

Fighting quietly

Not making much sound

I'm growing old

Too old I feel at times

To be knowing this

And to be seeing that

I know and I see

I've heard and I remember

The stink in the underbelly

The dark side of man
It carries on daily
Weekly, yearly
And still I see it
Still I see it

Matthew Holloway

Mistress And Dogs

Mistress and dogs

~

There is a selfish satisfaction
Set amongst the sweat and shame
In the messed up bedrooms
Clothes lay scattered on the floor
Thrown in a moment of lust
A savage wild wanting desire
That took hold and passed so quick
It was barely even given a second thought
Now having had their piece of meat
Liars, cheaters, lover's lay still
Smiling without talking
What brought them here?
Sex sells it's overpowering
Makes good men weak
And weak women stronger
None are right to cast judgement
Both are as guilty as the other
They're lying breathless
Thinking of that shower
To mask their shame and lies
Knowing it will be repeated
When chance allows

Matthew Holloway

All She Is

All she is

~

She is beautiful

She is a firecracker

She lightens my mood

Puts me in a better place

She makes me better

She advises me

She looks after me

Like a lover does

She has nice eyes

She has good hair

She has those lips

I would kill to kiss

She is strange at times

She is kind and caring

She is every woman

I could think about

She is the answer

She leaves me questioning

She is a contradiction

I may never understand

She is here and there

She is never really absent

She is in my thoughts

I am in love with her

She is something else

She is a better kind of girl

She is with me by choice

And I'm pleased about that

Matthew Holloway

Distraction

Distraction

~

My attention wanders
Leaving me unable to concentrate
To focus on any given task
Pages half littered in words
Fail to bring any poem forth
I look to the window
To music or any distraction
Escape is evasive
The mind frustrated
Love is calming
I'll write about love
But love is mysterious
I lack the necessary strength
To sit and write about it
My levels of attention
Fail to complete this

Matthew Holloway

All The Games Of Man

All the games of man

~

We are seduced into them
Blindly led at their whim
Pawns of another's thought
Toyed with and cast aside
Throw into flights of fancy
We oblige politely
Accepting the situations
Its part of a life experience
Guaranteed like death and taxes
So we play to their rules
Never knowing what they are
All the games of man
Adapt, grow and learn
Bywords of each generation
Each playing the same games
Under amended rules
Something keeps changing
I can't put my finger on

Matthew Holloway

Memories

Memories

~

Some memories linger
Like a bad smell
Or the old proverbial penny
That keeps turning up
They become aspects of us
Part of our make up
The way we carry ourselves
Little personality traits
We act on memories
Judge the present day
Judge tomorrow and the future
And all the thereafter
In accordance with them
What was seen and known
Some memories stick
Cast in granite stone
Hard to break away from
I'm spent up on memories
Had enough for a lifetime
Still I use my own judgement
Based on those old memories
I'm not alone in doing that
Its part of so many others
Some I know, some I don't
Living each new day
Reacting to the old

Matthew Holloway

Its Just Gone Midnight

I talk about feelings
Unashamed by them
They are real, I feel them
Why try to hide
Just be free and talk
Express yourself
Don't let others hinder you
Talk, feel its beautiful
Part of the human experience
Don't lock it up
Like some shameful dirty secret
Its ok to feel
Maybe I'm a little sentimental
Or growing senile
Speaking without being heard
Like a ranting maniac
In touch with nothing
But the thought of a feeling
I talk too much
But I'm honest
At least to myself
Who else can say that
I've loved and cried
I still feel that way
My clocks a little fast

Matthew Holloway

Passing Trains In The Night

A train passes by
Only five minutes walk
From my door to the track
I'd like to board that train
Riding somewhere away from here
Where old memories linger
Like stains on the future
I'd like to escape
My nine to five existence
Only I'm kept comfortably
By routine and responsibility
Now too old to change
Take that five minute walk
Board that train
Go someplace away from here
No I'm set in my ways
Listening to trains pass by
While I wait to grow old
Make a complaint, die
I'll just sleep now

Matthew Holloway

The Quiet Thought

A thought slowly heard
Grew into an idea conceived
That a heart was distracted
Into sight a passion caught
A feeling grew to be known
Into life it breathed
A whisper quietly heard
Found substance inside a thought
That a heart then smiled
Upon the sight which greeted it
Such feeling took hold
And grew to live
A name waited to be spoken
A word calling out
Shouted into the world
A feeling found and felt
Love, passion, desire
All became heard then known

Matthew Holloway

A Sound Of Silence

A sound of silence

~

Silence that distant sound
Speaks volumes of variety
One mans peace another's fear
Between the words unsaid
And those wanted to be spoken
The holding presence silence brings
A time of reflection is found
To rest upon a thought content
Or contend with a growing fear
A paranoid mind suffers silence
Broods its every moment
Where the calm is at peace
Embracing fully everything
Silence that distant sound
Speaks volumes of variety

Matthew Holloway

The Opium Of The Heart

The night, the open sky
A dance of stars
Beautifully pleasing
An artistry feeds the soul
All is taken in complete
Not a single vision left
Each morsel of thought
Savoured to memory

The warmth of the bed
Holds gently to a slumber
Into the good night
Tired eyes close, remember
The dance of stars
The artistry felt and known
The thought found, kept
And sleep now calls

A dream of another
Held in beautiful thought
A dance to the soul
All the heart could wish for
Could ever ask to find
Is to sleep and awake
Beside another seen in an artists eye
There lays the one to love
To live and share in life
To know completely
Beneath the dance of stars
Love is the opium of the heart

Matthew Holloway

A Frost Has Come

A frost has come this night
To visit all the land
A cold death slowly emerges
From the deep darkness
Of a long forgotten dream
The ground beneath the foot
Hardened like a tombs stone
The warm glow of street lights
Catches the shine off the icy path
Unsteady to walk upon
While the open sky above
As vast and beautiful as ever
Leaves the mind feeling small
Oh what words are wanted
To be heard and spoken
To bring company this night
To birth new life once more
In a land cold and dark

Matthew Holloway

Friday The Thirteenth

Friday the thirteenth
Lets see what you bring
Any more misery than usual
I've seen it all already
Double my work load
Are you going to try break me
Or hurt and leave me
Come on lets see what you've got
Bring it on, I can take it
I'm ready for the abuse
I'm ready for it to hit the fan
The day is still early
And I'm calling you out
I want to see what you're made of
Friday the thirteenth
Lets see what you bring

Matthew Holloway

Dirty Little Secret

I remember the good things
When they used to be exciting
When they had a spark
Now things seem more jaded
Like a dirty poorly kept secret
One we are not supposed to talk about
Fearful of the barbed tongues
Creatively stifled and bound
We keep ourselves from expression
But I remember, I remember
The good things and how they were
How they should be allowed to be
But for the selfish demands of others
The politics of the world govern
And we live almost fearful
While the good things remain
That dirty poorly kept secret
We are never supposed to talk about

Matthew Holloway

Living For The Weekend

I awake eyes half open
Trying to survey the room
Making sense of where I am
A place I know too well
Through the curtains I watch
A half moon cross the sky
While car doors open, close
Engines start and drive away
A train passes into the distance
On the nearby line
I lay there waiting to rise
Shower, dress and catch the bus
Then sit there listen to music
While I stare out the window
Each street, people passing
Its another weekday morning
Another step in the old routine
I reach the office, hang my coat
Switching on the computer
I leave it bleeping into life
Before I make the first coffee of the day
Filtered black and strong, one sugar
Then I sit there sifting through papers
Doing my job nine to five
Till I go home and bed
I live for the weekend

Matthew Holloway

Let Me See The Love

Let me see the love

~

Show me the love

Let me see its character

Let me hear those words

And witness each action

Let me feel desired

Wanted and thought of

Let me see the love

Matthew Holloway

A Writing Break

I sit and write
Literary expelling my mind
On thoughts and feelings
In words I sometimes reflect
Seeing my every image
My pretence of character
Both good and bad staring back
Between the lines of the page
There in stories made up
In verse I see captured
Broken up pieces of myself
That others may relate to
Its all a humane experience
Literary coming off the page
In poetic dedication
I sit here and I write
Feeding my obsessive addiction
Now back to writing

Matthew Holloway

I Am Man

I'm subject to the same failings
The same fears and vices of man
I'm no different, nothing special
I don't expect to be kept exempt

Fitting into society not my forte
I'm awkward around others
Mistrusting or cautious
I sneak off into my own world
Some find me strange

I bleed and I can cry at times
I feel as many others feel
Sadness and joy no strangers
Passion burns like a fire
In the innermost of my loins

Words I speak and spit them
Feelings I hold tightly to
Just for the experience
That and I don't know why
Or how to express them freely

I'm a man flesh and blood
I have my vices and doubts
I have feelings as well
However I may appear to others
Should I not be counted
As one amongst them

Matthew Holloway

One Way Street

All traffic moving forward
One singular direction
Non surveying the scenery
Non looking back
Wheels turn slowly
In the same way as the others
Feet stepping in unison
March ahead steadily
No back tracking here
No second thought given
Just the rule of the street
One way, one way only
A single file of traffic
Going nowhere fast
In the same direction
The next one follows the last

Matthew Holloway

An Enemies Demise

An enemies demise

~

I no longer fight the usual fight

I stand back and watch on

Disinterested at the plays for power

Drawing my attention elsewhere

There are better things, better people

To occupy my thoughts, my time

Words once bitter now relent

My lips silent when questioned

And silence speaks volumes

Without the fight what's an enemy

But a soul in demise becoming forgotten

Stripped of attention their strength

Its better to speak no ill

Its better to turn the other cheek

The words of peace have taught me

To stand back and simply breathe

My words now dedicated

To understanding a worlds unease

Matthew Holloway

The Secret World

Within the world a mystery
A secret behind every eye
However small it may be
A thought or action taken
Retains the deceiving truth
That all we know, is what we see
And that a foundation of belief
To trust and hold faith in others
Is a choice to live in peace
And to disturb such innocence
Breaks the illusion created
And deepens the mystery
The look inside each eye
Tells of a duel being fought
To believe or to suspect
All that is seen and known
And there is found another truth
That the world retains itself
A secret to lie in mystery

Matthew Holloway

I Dream Of Love

Do not wake me from this
Let me lie in perpetually
Do not stir my thoughts to waken
For here I wish to remain
Love is but a beautiful dream
In all of its maddening character
One I may never understand
Yet always wish to keep
And within a name I find
All that is beautiful
The closest of friends
The one I've always known
The who shall always be
Let me lay here peacefully
Asleep within the perfect dream

Matthew Holloway

Seraphs Song

Seraphs song

~

The song of a seraph
Plays the bow strings of life
To play majestically a serenade
Sweetly listened in silence
Sleep not beneath its bower
But lay awake and embrace
Its warmth and beauty
Its gentle passing
Let not a word fall astray
Or be left misheard
And there at peace is heard
The seraphs song

Matthew Holloway

Winters Passing

Winters passing

~

A winter passed into day
In the morning sun I saw
Frost melt in the early light
The garden filled with dew
And birds return to sing
The night is going soon
Winter is passing away
The bare trees stand tall
Swaying gently to the wind
Which blows from the east
A season of change

Matthew Holloway

The Artistry Of Love

The artistry of love

~

I awoke to birdsong and a girl
I saw the morning begin anew
And to my heart I swore this oath
That my all I would gladly give
To see such a radiant smile
Greet me from my sleep
To look into her warming eyes
There my soul is found resting
And love be it of any other name
Love is a work of purest art
To inspire the mind of man
To awaken all creation
Ode to the beauty which lays within
Ode to the oath which I gave
And the birds which sang
On that joyous morning
Played to the world their song
To love which is after all
The greatest work of art I know

Matthew Holloway

A Lovers Night Poem

A lovers night poem

~

I called to the moon

I'm in love I tell you

I thanked the stars

She has my heart

A girl so beautiful

That night must fall

To give the day a break

~

Streetlights shone

Like a row of amber halos

Stretching out ahead

On my walk home

I laughed quietly to myself

I have my own angel now

That's what I'll call her

An angel

~

I sat reading in bed

To alive to sleep

My body ached

But my heart sang

A beautiful song

I wish I wrote it down

Just so I could share it

Eventually I slept

And dreamt

Matthew Holloway

A Truth Of Love

A truth of love

~

It is often sought
Blindly and completely
Possessively to be held
In a moment of life
Capturing its essence
To share and enjoy
To embrace fully
That kind of passion
The sex and desire
The time given
Each conversation
Slowly learning
More still to know
Never knowing it all
A mystery still remains
It carries a fear
Which strikes deeply
Still its sought
Blindly and completely

Matthew Holloway

Lazy Someday

A wild wind blew
It howled and cursed
Behind my window I hid
Safe beneath a blanket
Warm and comfortable
Rain rattled my windows
For over an hour it fell
The day was still early
And I held no intentions
I remained unmoved
An alarm sprang to life
I hit it twice to snooze
Still awake I lay there
Waiting hopefully
For the wind to ease
The rain to break
Then perhaps, maybe
I'd begin my day

Matthew Holloway

New Year

Another new year
Still out with the old
And in with the new
Continuing the adventure
To a better life
Growing as a person
Happier and healthy
Making resolutions
A promise to keep
Taking each lesson
As another one learnt
So begins a new year
Out with the old
In with the new
Some routines kept
Others changed
Moving on and up
To where you belong
To where you wish to be
Twelve months to go
And a lot to see

Matthew Holloway

Lovers In Arms

Passion explores
New avenues of the soul
Bringing with it fire
Burning lips kiss
Hot breath embracing
Each sensual touch
Lovers in arms
Moving in the night
A dance of desire
A serenade of passion
Eyes hold firm
Another's longing gaze
Teeth bite against lips
A faint taste of blood
A racing heart
Telling its own tale
Where lovers in arms
Lay in the night

Matthew Holloway

Reading Clouds

Black clouds hold the sky
Like the dark ink of a headline
Reporting some tragedy
Leads the mind to think
Don't you hate it when your right
To have said in uncertain terms
A prediction of type
Then watch it unfold slowly
Powerless in its prevention
Dark clouds foreboding
The soul in its thoughts

A breaking light shatters
The unhappy illusion
Changing headlines
Softening the ink
Makes you feel different
Hopeful and energetic
Alive with expectation
Waiting and wanting
A dream to happen

The sky in its colour
In its changing type face
Tells many stories
Only you can choose
Which one to read

Matthew Holloway

When I Say I Love You

I love you
I say it daily
You smile gently
Kiss me
And reply
I love you too

A morning light
Breaks through
We awaken together
My eyes open
You are beautiful
You move closer
I hold you

We are lovers
We are friends
We talk often
Or lay in silence
Always comfortable

I love you
Its become apparent
My catchphrase
And ours is a love
Growing daily
You love me too

Your words
Your promises
And your kiss
Tell me so much
They give me reason
To say what I say

I love you
Daily

End Scene Of A Movie

The credits rolled
A register of names
Now consigned to memory
The final moments
Passed into history
All in the end scene of a movie
Leaving me wondering
Have I been moved at all
What token of thought
Or feeling have I touched
Have I learnt anything
Or will I care to remember
Its over, its been done
Now the credits roll
Names to a soundtrack
Playing out

Matthew Holloway

The Seventh Tear

I'm in love presently
It kind of feels right
Suits me well, so I'm told
Think I'll try and stay this way

In the past I've known heartbreak
It hurt like I'd never wish to feel
I cried through days and weeks
Wishing only for it to end

It was on a Wednesday
Cloudy skies and cold wind
I cried my seventh tear
Told myself I'm half way through
I'm moving on now

It's a lesson learnt
Or so I like to tell myself
We can cry its alright
Then we just move on
Somehow and someday

I've hurt and cried
Known heartbreak
Now here I am
In love again

Matthew Holloway

The Mortality Of A Horizon

The mortality of a horizon

~

What clouds roll on the horizon
Endless beyond the eye
Beyond thought and rhyme
Beyond the reach of a voice
Full beautiful and poetic
Ode to the tapestry of life
And man in full mortality
Falls to a nothingness
Nature in all its wild beauty
Captivates creation
In dying a new life awaits
Seasoned history has spoken
The falling acorn grows
Seeded into the bosom of earth
To stand tall, majestic
There silhouetted upon the horizon
Amongst the rolling clouds
Endless beyond all time

Matthew Holloway

The Canvas

The canvas

~

This blank canvas before me
Laid out in pristine white
Where only the illusion of lines
Break the unparalleled possibility
Dare I take my pen to it
To scare forever its page
To pen the impossible thought
In verse and breath captivated
That only the mention of a word
Touches the heart and soul of man
Painted into eternity
Upon the canvas stained
No longer innocent, pristine
But touched by the mind
Whose eyes looked upon
A world as they chose to see it

Matthew Holloway

Childish Thoughts Like These

Childish thoughts like these

~

Why do I find the urge
To stamp in a puddle
Left by the passing rain
Like some childhood reminisce
To kick and laugh needlessly
It makes no sense
Yet there I am thinking it
As I walk the streets daily

~

A can left on the pavement
I cannot help but kick it
Run with it between my feet
Even though littering is wrong
I could pick it up and bin it
But I choose not to

~

I saw a squirrel run
Up a tree and over branches
I gave it a merry hello
Like I would greet the family dog
I may have looked foolish
But I did it anyway

~

I'm still a kid at heart sometimes
Growing up wasn't fun
The adult life's complicated
I miss my young innocence

Matthew Holloway

A Reflective Portrait

A reflective portrait

~

I'm a real piece of work
A Machiavellian self portrait
I could be the living abstract
Of my over complicated mind
While others try to work me out
Finding who or what I am
Beggars belief why they even try
I look away blindly into nothing
Trying to conjure some imagery
That I may weave in words
A poem of some or any worth
That's what I do in my line of work
I crave emotions, explore them
I find sensations to abuse
I hurt myself to keep on living
I make little sense to anyone
Pride is complicated to understand
And comes at a high rate of interest
Interest I have little to share
Looking at my reflection, honestly
I'm a real piece of work
And yeah, I'm still me

Matthew Holloway

The Old Black Dog At The Gate

The old black dog at the gate

~

Depression I have seen it
I have heard its call in the night
Heard it in the lonely hours
Known its devastation
How it takes what's best of me
And tears it apart with ease

~

I cannot escape it anymore
More learn to live with it
I've looked at historical figures
Seen that I am not alone
That others have suffered as me
And survived to live a good life

~

I know that good friends and family
That love offers strength
In luck I may rely upon this
But only if I chose to call upon it
I must remember to do that

~

The one image which haunts
Is of an old black dog
Snarling with razor fangs
Biting at the gate I keep it behind
I'd like to kill it dead
To live without it
But some things remain as they are
I realise this

Matthew Holloway

Ideas

Some of my best ideas come
When I least expect them
When I am without a pen to jot them down
I try to keep them in memory
But they become blurred
They become disjointed and lost
Consigned to frustration
Wanting to remember that spark
Which lit my mind into life
I sometimes find a segment of them
Those ideas which come to me
And fashion something out
Only it never looks right
It doesn't have the feel I'd like
I guess some things are not to be
I guess I keep talking
Hoping I'd stumble across them
Some of my best ideas come
Then I least expect them
What I have learnt in my short life
Its always good to carry a pen

Matthew Holloway

Amid A Christmas Crowd

Amid a Christmas crowd

~

There is a rustle of voices
All complaining, telling jokes
Arguing or making plans
Its hard to pick individual ones apart
I swim slowly through crowds
Sometimes its like going upstream
With the force of the tide against me
I find little pleasantry or politeness
In the rush of the Christmas crowd
I feel a unease growing in my stomach
Thinking it's a pickpockets holiday
Still the chatter of voices rings out
Amongst the beeping of tills
And soundtrack of phones
Its almost becoming a chore to think
Amid the noise of a Christmas crowd
I try to cut my time as best I can
Shop with a military style
Locate, grab, pay and escape
Its what I do, what serves me well
Amid a Christmas a crowd

Matthew Holloway

A Literary Affair

A literary affair

~

We dance in metaphors

A familiar verse

Seducing through lines

We wrap up high imagery

Pleasing the eye of the mind

We flaunt and tease

Play wicked games with words

We do as we please

Upon the pages of books

Where we throw ourselves

Into a casual comfort

We lie, play pretence

Say words were afraid to

All in a secret place

Found at the end of a pen

There written between each line

We are revealed, lovers

Fully entwined together

In a rich dance of verse

We are guilty of a literary affair

Matthew Holloway

Counting The Wealth Of A Thought

Counting the wealth of a thought

~

Her name woven

Deeply into my thoughts

Pins to my heart

Every facet of her beauty

She is joy and hope

She is loves legacy

~

I ask only of myself

Am I worthy enough

To keep such love safe

To retain her hand

Am I a man of wealth

In many different ways

~

Not the wealth of a profit gained

Nor the power which others seek

But the strength of soul

The fight of a good heart

Can I be deserving of her

To fulfil her dreams

Can I be all she asks

Am I enough

Just being me

Matthew Holloway

The Beginnings Of A Deathbed Confession

The beginnings of a deathbed confession

~

He sits grey eyed
Tired, worn by years past
Skin like beaten leather
His voice deep, gravel like
Speaks slowly with a purpose
Talking of stories lived
Each pain and every loss
Whatever love conceived
He has known in his life
He has felt and witnessed
Too many regrets to care
Sorrow became a familiar friend
Who he resented
'I know' he says often
Talking of my thoughts
As though he were living them
There is nothing new found
There is barely anything at all
The human experience
Will always be a rough ride
His eyes look out blindly
As though calling on the horizon
That they may close
And he may sleep

Matthew Holloway

Silent Star

Silent star

~

Silent star

Stillness of the night

Hear my hushed words

Embrace your nature

Grant me sleep

A chance to dream

To forget my fears

To be free

In all ornate beauty

Quietly watching

Silent star

Stillness of the night

Gift me sleep

Watch over me

Matthew Holloway

Black Coffee And The News

Black coffee and the news

~

I hold the cup in my hands
Burning at my finger tips
My eyes half focused on the television
I'm still half asleep, but alert enough
Watching the news, the world go to hell
Half is pleading poverty, half dying
Somewhere there is a war going on
A young man has just died
The reporter talks of a climbing number
I am unable to digest it just yet
The coffee is extra strong and black
Giving me enough bite to face the day
It lacks what I need to face the news
Which reads out blacker still
I'd change the channel
If only I could find the remote
Looking for some happy news
Something, anything to make me smile
It's a new day beginning with the old routine

Matthew Holloway

The Elusion Of Words

The elusion of words

~

I wish to say

Those words which elude me

Those I sometimes forget to say

Or I find to frightening to speak

I may misuse those words

Allow them to betray my tongue

And live with that regret

~

I do not wish to cheapen them

In saying you are beautiful

That I love you deeply

I fear they may become clichés

That you discount them

As mere polite conversations

~

How may I express myself

To reveal the truth of my soul

Frightened by the idea of loss

That I may watch you slip away

That how happy you have made me

Is a way I'd almost forgotten

That I never thought I'd feel again

~

I may not be the wisest of men

I am humble enough to admit

That as much as I play with words

Those which still elude my tongue

Talk of this love I feel for you

Matthew Holloway

Night Frost

Night frost

~

I watch through the window

The night frost roll out

Encasing the world slowly

Plants wither away

Gardens turn white

Parked cars sink beneath

The white tapestry of winter

A beautiful savagery

Emerges before my eyes

The night frost is unforgiving

Yet captivates me

I watch through a window

In sleepless fascination

The beauty of a world

In transformation

Matthew Holloway

My Love Lays Sleeping

My love lays sleeping

~

Sleep eludes me

My thoughts play on

Into the quiet of the night

A whispered chatter of thoughts

Fill my restless mind

~

My love lays sleeping

Beside me, safe

While I sit writing

I write of her beauty

The gentle nature of her soul

I write as if to say

How much I love her

~

What I would give

To see into her dreams

And gift them all to her

That she may smile and laugh

And share in this love

As though to dream forevermore

~

Sleep eludes me

My love lays sleeping

Sleep on sweet beauty

Matthew Holloway

Obsession For Man

Obsession for man

~

Obsession for man

Needing to know

Wanting to discover

Where they have been

What they are wearing

Each thought and word

Must be known completely

Discovery without mystery

Leaves no hiding place

Crave a response

Track, trace and fish for it

Their attention drawn

Into a picture of the self

Its sexually perverse

Chemically incorrect

The obsession of man

A sell out fragrance

Matthew Holloway

Evergreen

Evergreen

~

My heart is evergreen
Growing in every season
The garden of my soul
Refuses to wilt
A flower blooms in beauty
In this permanent place
I named it after you
With love
It grows constant
As you feed me passion
You keep me strong
In the garden of my soul
No death knell of seasons
Comes to visit here
While my heart remains
Evergreen

Matthew Holloway

The Education Of Self

The education of self

~

Educate the mind

The heart not to respond

Into a fruitless fight

Look to a learnt understanding

That it is better to stand

To remain silent

Instead of stepping into a fire

Where you become burnt

Consumed by the rage

That flickers in the night

In the eyes of the soul

Educate the mind

To forgive and to love

See the bigger picture

Unmask the world

And realise a happy ending

Matthew Holloway

Gandhi

Gandhi

~

Gandhi turned the other cheek
Brought an entire nation to its knees
Taught that peace can be the victor
A lesson from this must be learnt
Not to be dragged into wars
The power games of hatred
A smile into silence speaks
That salvation is calm
Bitter words lead only to regret
And such thoughts to loss
Why fight when we can learn
To accept the differences of man
Gandhi fell in victory
That his message lives
Only peace offers prosperity

Matthew Holloway

The Steadfast Kid

The steadfast kid

~

I'm not for running

I'm not for fighting either

I'll turn the other cheek

And remain silent

I'll listen to those who matter

Forget those who don't

Take the right thoughts in

Weather any storm

That passes my way

I'll be steadfast, unmovable

Resilient by day

Comforting at night

I'll stand firm

I'll stand at your side

A permanent fixture

To be counted on

I'm not for running

I don't intend to fight

I'm the steadfast kid

Here to live, life

Matthew Holloway

Each Little Word

Each little word

~

Words said in haste

Angry little words

Looking to vent emotion

Shouting, screaming

Get it out, set it free

Then repent later on

Wondering why what was said

Was said anyway

Untrusting words

Regretful sounding

Sought only to attack

Or defend something, someone

They have no thought

No relevance behind them

Spat with venom

Into the world, a page

Let them rest, wash away

Forget them all

Each little word

Apologetic at times

Those words said in haste

Are words wasted

Matthew Holloway

You Have My Heart

You have my heart
Please take care of it
I wont ask for it back
Without you its not the same
I'll fight for you
Convince you to keep it
My hearts in your trust
I'll work my soul my words
Into the dust of the earth
To keep you smiling
To keep you close to me
I'll do whatever you ask
Or whatever is needed
You have my heart
Please hold it close
Don't let go of me

Matthew Holloway

The Butterfly Man

I think I'll kill myself
Step into a cocoon
Forget the man I've always been
Leave others waiting, wondering
When or if I emerge
Just who I will then be
I have my reasons for this
My own rhymes and explanations
Some may struggle to understand
I guess its something in my mind
I'm unsure how to explain
Call me the butterfly man
If it pleases you
I'm just here to change
Who I've always been

Matthew Holloway

The Obligatory Annual Festive Write

The obligatory annual festive write

~

Another year has passed
That time has come again
To raise a glass in cheer and to pen
The obligatory Christmas poem

~

New friends have come and been welcomed
Old friends kept and loved
Now to find the time to gather
Share in stories of the year passed
The laughter and the songs
The memories in photographs
They still mean so much

~

And so the stories to come
Those nights which await
When we will laugh and sing
Cry be there for each other
To every month which lays ahead
Together we will face them
And capture in pictures and stories
A new year to remember

~

To every friend a hearty cheer
To all a happy new year
In this season of good will
Let us smile and find peace
Let us rejoice and love
And once more a poem to say
Happy Christmas everyone
Have a happy new year

xxx

Matthew Holloway

A Heart Spoken

My heart spoken
Into the verse of a poem
Dedicated to your name
Not to be forgotten
As beautiful as it is written
My love remains, yours

A day may come and go
A song shall play
Each pleasing to the mind
But none, more so
That a moment with you
So beautiful

Quietly embracing
Those little unimportant things
That still matter to me
Not wanting to miss out
Letting them slip by
That will not do

A goodnight kiss
The warmth of your skin
As I hold you against me
Is heaven found
In a verse I dedicate to you
It is your name
Which precedes, I love you

Matthew Holloway

Lost Luggage

I packed my heart into a suitcase
Took a flight to somewhere else
Upon arrival I found my luggage lost
And with that my heart
Now I'm looking to sue somebody
So I can get back what's rightfully mine
I feel the need to fight for this
It's my heart, my thoughts, my feelings
Currently being kept in some lost and found
Gathering dust on a shelf
I'll write letters to the airlines
Pen them to every airport
Words into the sky and upon the ground
Searching to find that missing something
My heart packed into a suitcase
While I took a flight away
All I know is I'll find it again someday

Matthew Holloway

The Sleepless Eye

Counting stars in a winter sky
While breath circles upwards
Waiting for the sun to rise
Notching every hour, away
To break the hypnosis of night
Anticipating the rising sun
To cut through tree branches
Creating shapes, images and thoughts
Cold, chilling the skin in equal measure
While black skies turn a dark blue
Fresh from a violet intervention
Its not just the day
But its perception that's changing
Counting stars in a winters sky
Ode to the sleepless eye

Matthew Holloway

A Peculiar Kind

Some say he's a genius
Others that he's strange
Me I find him an inspiration
The way he spews out words
Playing with images and feeling
Like a child's toy
I could read his diary
Just to hear his thoughts
Try piecing together
The ideas he built into poetry
So I may write like him
Learn to be crafty
Twist verses into lines
That lead you away
And catch you off guard
Many fail to understand
Or don't wish to learn
They say he is strange
But when it comes to people
I like his kind

Matthew Holloway

Happy, Finally

Happy, finally

~

Happy, finally

Now in a better situation

Romantically linked

Smiling like an addict

Slightly paranoid

Protective of this feeling

Counting the luck

Praying it wont change

There is no reason

No doubts say otherwise

Trust is instilled

Full faith into another

How magic love is

To switch the mind set

Smiling like an addict

High on its fix

Happy finally

Romantically linked

Matthew Holloway

Suburban Satisfaction

Suburban satisfaction

~

A small northern town
Built on industry and mining
Slowly dying, over populated
People meander through life
Holding down jobs and family
A few dream to get away
To better the choices on offer
Others have long given up
Tired of pretending in faith
The streets littered, stand vacant
Crying out for attention
The bars crammed with locals
All looking to be entertained
To talk about the same old stories
That can be heard down the road
There are a few lights to be seen
How long will they shine
Before they succumb to expectation
And find themselves suffocating
In a small northern town
Of suburban satisfaction

Matthew Holloway

Jealousy

Jealousy

~

Jealousy my embittered mistress
Your visits bring nothing but regret
Past thoughts which haunt me still
Chocking my lungs breathless
You are a wicked and cruel acquaintance
I would happily rid myself of you
No more lay in your bed
Than I would that of my lovers
But still you come to call on me
Twisting my heart so violent
You have nothing to gain
No truth to portray in any fashion
You manipulate lies selfishly
For no end or reason or truth
Jealousy my embittered mistress
Can we bring our association
To a final timely end

Matthew Holloway

When I Fear I May Be Losing You

When I fear I may be losing you

~

When I fear I may be losing you

A dull pain strikes my heart

I become inconsolable to all thought

I mourn myself a terrible loss

What is this I ask myself

This thought which brings such misery

Which saddens me in such a way

That all beauty becomes forgotten

You have become the world

All that lays within it, my love

In fearing I may be losing you

I ache a sorrowful loneliness

I count the hours between each kiss

Each longing look into your eyes

I pray that I count not too much

For the numberless agonies

Are the distance between us

When I fear I may be losing you

I am inconsolable by truth

Matthew Holloway

It Was You

It was you
You found my heart
I wasn't even aware it was lost
You picked up my smile
That, I'd almost forgot
My heart beats irregular
Keeps skipping when your around
Yeah, it was you
Who gave so much back to me
Asked for little in return
A touch of honesty
No secrets, no games
These I know how to repay
I'll pick up your smile
I'll find your heart
And I'll always say
It was you, it was you

Matthew Holloway

A Kiss

A kiss, your kiss
It was that which awoke me
To a world I'd forgotten
Long since had I chosen to escape
To a place of merry dreams
Long since had I left behind
My hope, my faith, reality
A torment has been imprinted
On my soul, my psyche
To have thought your lips
Not in speaking would move me
To awaken into this world
How could I thank you
Other than a kiss in return
To place my lips upon yours
In a lovers embrace
And in the full woken light
Look into your eyes
Only to fall in love

Matthew Holloway

The Forest

The edge of the forest stands
Against the grey, white sky
Like a row of colourless headstones
Stripped trees emerge
Tombs of a bleak winter
Silhouetted in the dull light
Against the imaginings of man
No light or life escapes
The depths of the forest
The thoughts which swell there
Creates in them a fear
Some great sadness hidden
Branches reach out like clawed hands
Pointing into a nothingness
Or grabbing, pulling inwards
To the shadows and the darkness
Of the deathly forest floor
The silence that awaits
Far beneath the grey, white sky
The morning becomes forgotten
Beyond the edge of the forest
Where shadows hide

Matthew Holloway

On The Loss Of A Young Man

On the loss of a young man

~

A young man

With a steady career

Promising future

Highly rated

Close circle of friends

A young family

Well provided for

The kind of life

Many wish to have

All too suddenly gone

Leaving repeated questions

None will ever understand

Those silent tears

He wept and kept alone

Till they became too much

An obituary in a newspaper

Reads praise from many

The ending of his story

Sad and sadly unknown

Another young man

Gone too soon

Matthew Holloway

A Soldiers Christmas

A soldiers Christmas

~

Dug in during the festive season
Cold, tired and filthy
Searching through photographs
Sharing stories with comrades'
Wishing only to live them again
Missing friends and family
Yet still trying to celebrate
To share a little joy, find hope
Praying to return home
To feast at the family table
See friendly faces smiling
Pull on a Christmas cracker
Rather than the trigger of a gun
Paper crowns falling
To leave this place one last time
And know a job is done
Break a wishbone, make a wish
For a soldiers Christmas
To find some peace

Matthew Holloway

I Heard A Heart Crying

I heard a heart crying

~

I heard a heart crying

Tears of the sweetest joy

A romance singing out

Beautifully hypnotic

A dream becoming touched

Felt and known

I heard a heart crying

To warm the soul

Tears of the finest nectar

A thought remembered

Loss is in its own grieving

Easily forgotten

And love, love saves all

It's a word and its more

Its joyful and jealous

And it brings such tears

Sweetly through the eyes

I heard a heart crying

And I slept

Matthew Holloway

Morning Thoughts

Morning thoughts

~

A sun rises over roof tops
Greeting the cold morning air
A wind blows heavy, swaying trees
The branches stripped bare by winter
The world is slowly waking
And the picture beyond my window
Emerges to life once more
I lay motionless in silence
Nursing warm coffee in my hands
Early thoughts begin to stir
My pen yet to be put to paper
I think back to dreams
The night passed what they brought
I think to the day ahead
What will it bring
Thoughts of love and romance
What could I write of them
I watch a world waking
A sun rising over rooftops
And I listen to my thoughts

Matthew Holloway

Love Is

Love is of all things pure
Love is effortless, honest
Love makes no show
Or claims no higher ground
Love is something simple
Something kind
Love is gentle to all
Love nurtures
And needs to be nurtured
Love is a song or poem
A picture or memory
Love is and of all things
Love is something
We all should share
Love is and always shall be
Love is love

Matthew Holloway

There Is A Story

There is a story
Of which only a heart could tell
A story of love and beauty
Of wanting and regret
A tale of such romance
Where a tragedy unfolds
The hero or heroine emerges
To save another's life
To rescue from such loss
The heart of their affection
A story told and known
A story so alike many others
But with a soul of its own
It plays at the strings
A melody of quiet beauty
From the darkest tears
To the brightest smile
There exists uncompleted
A life being written
In a story
Only a heart could know

Matthew Holloway

In The Winter Garden

Winter has visited our garden my love
Trees have been stripped bare and flowers wilt
A frost has been laid upon the ground
Even the birds have taken to flight, away
Amid the silence of the morning I walk
Through our garden which we nurtured
How solemn it now looks without colour
The summer seems but a distant memory
How beautiful it looked back then
How beautiful it will look once more
But now in the mornings drab light
With barren trees and wilted flowers
I walk upon the hardened earth
Which feels like stone beneath my feet
We talked of planting a fruit tree
For flavour and shade in years to come
Now that is an idea in waiting
Till winter has passed, and spring returns
Winter is here in our garden my love
As I watch the vapour of my breath rise
I say your name, a love for all time

Matthew Holloway

Partings Sorrow

Parting is a sorrow
Of which I pray we never know
For your company, your grace
Is one I wish to know forever
I'd enjoy your laughter
Filling the halls of my memories
And your smile a portrait
In the gallery of my life
No, I would not wish we part
To lose this love, forget it
I want for years to pass
And that we remain oblivious
Of partings sorrow
That which I pray we never know

Matthew Holloway

Flowers In A Vase

A bunch of flowers
Sat in a vase
Colourful and lonely
A mind looks at them
Wondering
What is it they have to say
Are they a thank you
Or a gift of love
Are they an apology
Or given in remorse
Perhaps they are for nothing
Given to bring a smile
The mind looks on
Wondering for a while
The flowers sit in their vase
Unmoved by thought
Or the reason given to them
A little water at their base
To keep them fresh for a while
They are the end of the day
Just flowers in a vase

Matthew Holloway

A Poem On Recession

A family left homeless
Starving in the cold
Robbed of all they had
Through no fault of their own

They cling to the wealth care
Of a now broken state
A country on it knees
Pleading for some aid

Gone the heady days
When succession bells rang out
Another account closed
Another business bought

All paid for in loans
A promise that was not kept
So many turned a blind eye
And did not see what came

All that once being built
Was without any foundation
Once the first began to fall
It was like a pack of cards

Now the world it seems
Is all but at the very end
Another footnote posted
In a countries obituary

A family homeless, starving
Who have done no wrong
Look pale eyed into the world
And ask themselves, why?

Matthew Holloway

A Pessimistic Forecast

It is indeed a bleak winter
While reports of war and famine
Disaster and unemployment
Ring out from the pages of the press
The skies hang grey, cold and haunting
What would we not give now
For some happy news, some sun to shine
There seems little to shout about
Little hope to be heard from anywhere
Anger and frustration ebbs outward
As governments fall and industry fails
The finger of blame points out
At the greed of those once trusted
To protect the wealth of states
Instead robbed the poor of a future hope
The nights grow colder
And the impoverished freeze
And all that is heard or spoken
That tomorrow shall bring
A pessimistic forecast

Matthew Holloway

S, A, D

A season with little light
Leaves a sense of dread
A foreboding thought persists
With little hope of change
The unidentified issues ponder
Upon so many thoughts
Leaving little else to reassure
The quick passing of the day
Affects the body and mind
Which yearn for just a little sun
To warm the heart and soul
A little light to shed upon the day
Something bright in this season
Dark mornings, grey skies and early nights
Seem to dispel those hopes
The disorder remains in place
Throughout the season
Leaving a sense of dread

Matthew Holloway

A Kick In The Ballet Box

High winded speeches
Roll through clichéd promises
Sound Bites of satisfaction
Aimed to plicate the masses
Look after your own
And forget the rest
The unprinted political confession
The faceless clones
Offer little difference
How can we vote for the better choice?
When the is not even a lesser evil
Just a repeated public image
Of well educated representation
Each missing the selfless devotion
To serve the needs of their masters
A voice strangled into silence
Now begins to speak once more
Into a roaring shout to acclaim
A point has been reached
To kick in the ballet boxes

Matthew Holloway

Wine, Women And Poetry

I'm drunk on wine, woman and poetry
Drowning myself in an uttermost beauty
Of one such solitary spoken word
I whisper it softly, keeping it close
I share it sparingly, keeping it rich
It matters most, more than anything
And it brings closer, all that matters
Each celebration leaves a memory
Nightly becoming even more perfect
Yet distracting me from everything else
That I may miss on out other hobbies
Drinking, friends and love are hobbies
Picked up by man and woman alike
With such ease they build addictions
They seem to override the mind
Setting a new precedent to be followed
Then that word creeps in slowly
Claiming a higher price than other words
Claiming a higher meaning
I'm consumed by words and meanings
I'm drunk on them all
For they are the speeches which linger
On wine, women and poetry

Matthew Holloway

I Dreamt Myself Dying

I've dreamt of myself dying
I've seen myself die in style
Sometimes the hero sometimes not
Sometimes it's a sad tragedy
I hover there just watching
My own demise unfold before me
Perhaps I'm worried by my legacy
Perhaps I'm just counting my time
Have I achieved all I should
Perhaps I ate the wrong meal
Before I attempted to sleep
Perhaps I'm going mad
By the paranoid thoughts
Which I've come to accept
Are slowly becoming a part of me
Perhaps I need to escape
All the lies and fears
That others instilled in me
Perhaps its all an excuse
I have no answers
Just a list of questions

Matthew Holloway

November Graveyard

The streets line up before me
Like a November graveyard
All cold, silent and grey
Yet still I feel warm inside
Still I hear a sweet sound
Some may think me mad
To walk through a winters rain
Smiling like I'm half possessed
Smiling like I've become detached
From the surroundings about me
They do not see my thoughts
Or hear what I think anyway
Why should I even care
About these inhabitants
Of a grey November graveyard
Winter is laying its cold hand
On every tree and garden
Stripping them bare
Still I smile regardless
Senseless to my surroundings
Perhaps who is to say
Only I know the truth
And the truth suits me

Matthew Holloway

Much A Melancholy Man

Made a melancholy man
By years of self abuse
By years of regrets
Drunken nights nursing
Missed opportunities
Nights placing the blame
At the feet of others
To starve the admission
Of ones own failings
Haunted now by knowledge
And a gloomy realisation
That sadness wears well
And seems to suit the day
And somehow without trying
Things fall apart with ease
A self saboteur to speak
Accidentally achieving
All that can be described as
A melancholy life

Matthew Holloway

I Write From A World

I write from a world

~

I write from a world

Of thought and feeling

A world of observation

There to be picked at

There to be used as need be

Whenever or however

It suits me to do so

I write to stave off madness

To save my tongue

From speaking ill words

I write in metaphor

To disguise such things

I am not freely open to discuss

Things better left unsaid

But which stew in the mind

And need to be let out

Other things I write in celebration

To share my joy with all

And all in this world

Shall read or hear that written

From a world of thought

Of feeling and observation

Matthew Holloway

To Those We Love And Care

To those we love and care

~

What more could we ask
Of those we love in such a way
That their loss would be mourned
We must accept their judgment
And ask only they be happy
Not make demands of them
That they bow to selfish needs
No we must abstain and embrace
Their joy and their love
And be there for them
Bitter words leave only regret
And stain a friendship indefinitely
We must adapt and we must accept
That a choice not of our own
May be for another right and just
What more could we ask
Of those love and those we care for
Than for them to be happy
Whatever our own dreams

Matthew Holloway

While We Are Apart My Love

While we are apart my love

~

My sweet Aphrodite

How it pains my heart to be without you

To miss your smile and laugh

To search my thoughts to remember

That glint in your eye

The full beauty I see you forever encased

What poems and songs

I name in you honour

The stars themselves a heaven above

Hold no more for me

That being there with you my love

Oh sweet girl I propose

To gift my heart to your hand

That your gentle touch may hold

All I have and all I shall be

I count each passing minute

As a bane of time against me

Till I am with you once more

Matthew Holloway

Ode To Winter

Ode to winter

~

Ode, ode to the winter
What music plays to sonnet
While a world drifts to sleep
Leaves curl and flowers bow
Birds take flight to a further place
A touch of frost creeps in
Stealing the landscape of its colour
Soon all shall be held motionless
In the still of a winters season
Now in all its changing
The beauty and perfection of life
Is left open to be witnessed
Savoured by the eye of an artist
To feed the soul, nourish the heart
This melancholy season
This changing landscape
What beauty it reveals
In an ode to the winter

Matthew Holloway

In Love & Terrified

In love and terrified
This singular feeling overwhelms
Making its own purpose to life
Beautifully distracting the mind
To other thoughts and feelings
That seem to go unnoticed
While a fear still persists
That all could be lost
Stolen before its had its time
To be entwined into memory
Never to be left forgotten
Such dread lingers in stale air
Dampens the joyful spirit
That the world could fall down
Into the depths of loss
Eyes shimmer in holding tears
Full of love yet still terrified

Matthew Holloway

Written In Your Name

Written in your name

~

Your name breaks my heart
In the silent perfection of night
Where we lay together awake
Into the late hour of the day
The look in your eyes
That smile you greet me with
Those little things you do
All add up together in my heart
Sewing it together again
I find myself afraid
Frightened I may lose you
That each little thread you sewn
Will slowly come undone
I say your name and smile
Realising how much you mean to me
How much it all breaks my heart
I long to talk to you
To hear your voice
To hold you in my arms
I say your name and I love you

Matthew Holloway

A Winter Mornings Window

A winter mornings window

~

The early hour of a winters morning
While the world still sleeps sound
The window framed in a ring of frost
Reveals amber beacons of street lights
Leading the mind to wander away
Up streets and roads masked in shadow
A kettle boils to stir the mind
Back to reality for the briefest of moments
The slight half sleeping clarity
Of a mind awake in the unsocial hour
Peaceful and undisturbed in its thinking
Then back to the vacancy of night
The cloud covered sky above
No stars, not even the lights off a plane
Just a grey black kind of nothing
Dimly lit by the amber beacons
Of the street lights below
A warm cup in hand warming
Helps drift the body to a tired state
Ready to dream and think about
Something, somewhere, another time

Matthew Holloway

Memories Of Melancholy

Memories of melancholy

~

I almost miss being unhappy
Laying in a melancholy state
Rolling the glass of wine in my hand
While I think of all the whys and where's
That seemed to over fill the world
Brimming over with dreams and possibilities
When I could let off steam in a rant
Screaming obscenities into thin air
Now I have found love in exclamation marks
Not the explosive fireworks kind
As sold by every song and movie
But a real gritty kind of love
Where we laying talking about nothing
Just killing time being together
We could make love on a beach
While waves crash around us
It would not make much difference
We would still look into each others eyes
Smile and know a subtle truth
That all we need is each other
I'm settling into some contented lifestyle
No more complaints or screams
I almost miss being in a melancholy state
But almost as ever is not enough

Matthew Holloway

The Worlds Soul

The worlds soul

~

The world has a soul
And that soul does sing
Be it in a birdsong
Or the wind that whistles
Through the trees
The world has a soul
And that soul does sing
The beat of a heart
In love or in breaking
Steadfast to memory
Held forever immaculate
Never forgotten
The fire which burns
The light which dances
A beauty unseen
By those not watching
The world has a soul
In everyday its living

Matthew Holloway

A Heart Bound

A heart bound

~

My heart is bound

Betrothed to all beauty

The muse and the song

Ply my soul onwards

That I may rejoice, celebrate

The season and the year

For all that is changing

I remain constant

Still in poetry, still in love

And I watch envious

All that is beautiful

In all its changing

Still retains such beauty

That I am left speechless

Wanting to hold tight

Each moment to my heart

That I may cherish forever

All that I see

Bound to beauty

In poetry and in silence

Matthew Holloway

Learning To Love Again

Learning to love again

~

It is with a still fear I proceed
Learning to love again
I keep hearing little thoughts
Saying I have been here before
Full of the joy and happiness
Before it all came to an end
Filling me with a diseased sadness
That poisoned my mind
How could this be any different
Have I learnt from my past
Should I show full faith and trust
In what each tomorrow will bring
I'm learning to do just that
In spite of those thoughts
I'm a storm of contradictions
Ambition blinds fear
And fear keeps reminding
Of the love I have and have lost
Each one echoes in stillness
Though I continue onwards
Learning to love again

Matthew Holloway

Awoken From A Winters Heart

Awoken from a winters heart

~

The perpetual hours of night
Which haunted the lonesome soul
Cast shadows upon the world
The isolate dream within
Decayed hope and faith with ease
The black dogs howled
While the spirit sank to nothingness
Fear, a fear of loneliness
Silence, the fear which speaks
The season of the solitary heart
The winter of a broken man
Came to an end
Awaking to a spring named love
New hope grew and spread
A warmth settled into new dreams
A future still uncertain
But no longer filled with dread
Light, a light now filled the eye
Ode to the beauty which became
The emotion thawed
Awoken from a winters heart

Matthew Holloway

Where I Was Alone

Where I was alone

~

Where I was alone

Amid the screams of night

Afraid love would pass me by

Where my faith lay tested

And hope but a dying flame

Where I wrote to escape this world

Imprisoned by my own fears

My thoughts ran irrational

In bittersweet poetry

It was you who came

To bring nurture to my heart

Company to my soul

Where I was alone

You found me there

Rejuvenated my faith

Brought fuel to hope

Now poetry sings aloud

Full of beauty and life

Lit by this burning flame

To love and to your name

Matthew Holloway

The Girl Who Tamed A Poets Heart

Those words which screamed out
From a heart into a silent world
Those passionate dreams once known
Of a love which seem to be a stranger
The lyrics and the verse which sang
To love, to a love they longed to find
All fell silent, all slept sound

She came from such silence
Full beauty body, heart and mind
Her words touched and soothed
The mind of a poet like never before
The wild tempest which once reigned
The heart and the imagination
Each word which built their world
Now spoke softly to a love they knew
Now whispered gently her name

She came as though called
To answer each prayer and wish
She took the heart in her hands
And cradled it in a kiss
She tamed its wild passion
And heard it sing anew
To the girl who tamed a poets heart
I shall forever love you

Matthew Holloway

To Love Again And Remember

To love again and remember

~

To love again and remember
The joys of a youthful laugh
The whispered words of lovers
The giggles and private jokes
Each kiss stolen when possible
A smile as you say beautiful
The curl of the lips raises up
What little joys remain kept
The touch of another's hand
Holding tightly not letting go
To be in love again and remember
Every little private pleasure
In the heart which is singing
All the joys of being in love
Aloud and in secret it is clear
How happy it is to remember
The joys of a youthful laugh
Private jokes and kisses stolen
Smiling through whispered words
Eyes looking into each other
Oh to love again and remember

Matthew Holloway

Loves Revival

Loves revival

~

A thought, a feeling almost forgot
A place in time considered lost
Loves revival began in another's eye
A look to the soul found warmth
Raised from solitary such beauty
Thawed the winter from within
To fill a world with sweet joy
It was a look that found a heart
It was the eyes which saw the soul
And there they saw what could be
A smile and words exchanged
A thought a feeling shared in time
Loves revival began in another's eye
That it should not be lost again
Nor forgotten or left aside
One eye shall look to another
In love with a soul to warm a life

Matthew Holloway

An Autumn Love Affair

The greens of envy
Turn into an amber gold
Warming the heart
Delighting the soul
The falling of each leaf
Stripping the world
Where a truth stands naked
A soul open and unafraid
Laid bare to be witnessed
A season in change
Settles into the landscape
Into a rightful place

Matthew Holloway

Little Words

Little words penned to broken hearts
Whispered names of a loves regret
Each one who somehow got away
Leaves a thought to a poem in place
Cashing in on the emotion left
The business world of a hearts ache
Making profit from a memory
Writing to keep a piece for yourself
Little words penned to a hearts desire
Lustful thoughts included at price
A story book of emotional strife
Sold to pay for self improvement
Sold to purchase that better life
Little words penned of a new love found
One that will be kept close and safe
One not for sale at any price
The poetry written with a smile
Little words talking loud

Matthew Holloway

A Winter Romance

The air cold, crisp to the lung
Breath circles skyward bound
Days fall short, shadowed by the night
Nature climbing into hibernation
Trees standing bare, flowers wilt away
A world still beautiful to the eye
Yet emptied of all its colour
Still my heart it does rejoice
Warmed by another's kind grace
A muse of such beauty to the soul
Playing out this winter romance
Early evening the moon stands proud
Casting its light through windows
The streets line solitary in shadows
There is not a care but for love
But for love there is not a care
All the beauty of a romantic thought
Is shared amongst friends
A winter romance begins
The beauty of the season

Matthew Holloway

A Heart Breaking Rhythm

A heart beats, breaking rhythm
I cannot sleep without you
Awing during dreams I see you
Calling out your name in whisper
In the night do you hear me
I am unaware if you know
How I love you, how I have fallen
I crept to a crawl on my knees
Now I'm begging to you
For a kiss, to feel your lips
On my own embracing my night
Keep me awake, make me scream
A heart beat once, twice and again
I cannot sleep anymore
I see you in my dreams, I am awake
Is this fantasy deluding me
Whispers to the night escape
Can you hear my voice, my heart beat
Breaking the rhythm you gave to me

Matthew Holloway

Words Strung Across The Sky

Words strung across the sky

~

Words strung across the sky

Waiting to be heard

Talk of peace and love

Building a heavenly utopia

To aid our sleep, to ease our guilt

To answer a call to faith

Wealth matters not to words

The class of man falls away

The only judgment is by the self

The words chosen and used

The words listened to

It is people who make a place

And words which bring them together

Let them be written or spoken

As they are found

By the soul of man

Matthew Holloway

A Winter Sets

A winter sets

~

Winter sets but not in my thoughts
The full ripening sun still stands
Making the bud of my heart open
To the warmth of a love felt
It is her name that the birds sing
Sweetly in the air about me
It is her name woven so deep
That the earth beneath me is holding
Sowing this love into my soul
That I am amongst it all completely
No season is withstanding
Yet this love, this thought remain
As bright and beautiful and flowering
As I could ever imagine
Winter slowly sets into the world
I watch nature slowly yield
Yet it remains breathless
And my heart in fullest bloom
Holds the sun within its sight
And I hear her name, I hear her name

Matthew Holloway

Love Sick

Love sick

~

I think I'm love sick
The symptoms are clear
I'm having trouble sleeping
While my heart is racing
My temperature has risen
I may be hallucinating
Picturing all sorts of things
I'm sure are not really there
Everything looks beautiful
And songs sound right
Like they are playing specially
Chosen just for me
I think I may be love sick
The symptoms are clear

Matthew Holloway

Written Words

Written words

~

Where the written words
Depict the heart itself
How can it fail to touch the soul
The beauty of language
In the expression of thought
Is the unbound creation
Within us all
It is know as humane beauty
The life breath
A belief in a dream
Immortal and thought filled
Alive upon the page
There the written word exists
Reflecting the world
Depicting the heart itself
How can it fail to touch
A human soul

Matthew Holloway

Silence

Silence

~

Silence

Death stroke of a moment

Or keeper of a memory

Mourner of a regret

Or peaceful contentment

Holding for an eternity

Passed within a single breath

Silence

For whatever its reason

Kept in precision

The imperfect honesty

Of what remains unsaid

That never heard

Silence

Meaning so much

Yet so little

Silence

Echoes endless

Matthew Holloway

I Kissed The Girl Good Morning

I kissed the girl good morning

~

I kissed the girl good morning

Where we lay together

She smiled brightly

It was like the sun rising

My throat croaked a hello darling

A trivial greeting accepted

With another smile

As bright and beautiful as before

I kissed the girl good morning

While she lay in my arms

We lay not talking

Nothing needed to be said

The day would bring its own words

So while we lay resting on a kiss

And a croaky hello darling

I thought to write this

And title it I kissed the girl good morning

Matthew Holloway

Morning Blue Sky

Morning blue sky

~

Looking upon a pale blue sky
A plane cuts across my sight
That sharp white line climbs
Into a journey to begin the day
Off into a wandering fantasy
A stirring of birds fill the view
Like a thousand thoughts
All the world slowly waking
Still not a cloud to be seen
Last nights sleep rubbed from eyes
While watching the plane disappear
The fading white trail ebbs away
A journey somewhere beginning
Or perhaps another's ending
The fantasy of a journey
Looking into a morning blue sky
Stirs the waking mind

Matthew Holloway

The Petulant Heart

The petulant heart

~

Headstrong in its own demands
The whim of a heart stands out
Stubborn in every aspect
It shall love as it sees fit
There is no thought or reason
To the equation of the heart
Just a selfish passion wanting
For a love to be fulfilled
You can not talk it out of loving
Nor ask it to think otherwise
A heart is like a child
Unruly and playful
Yet always growing, learning
It shall do as it does please
Despite all warnings
The sulky nature of the heart
Only wanting its own desires
Is ever present in life
Accepted by the living

Matthew Holloway

A Declaration Of My Love

A declaration of my love

~

It is to her laugh my heart smiles
Her playful nature my soul rejoices
She has more beauty than any portrait
She is ever growing and changing
Yet constant to my thoughts and love
My muse, sweet beauty cherish her name
Her eyes the warming tempest of desire
Hold me transfixed as the night
It is to her smile my heart sings
Her comforting touch I lay beside
What could be more beautiful I ask
Than who I love so entirely
That my heart, my love is sworn

Matthew Holloway

Words On Paper

Words on paper

~

Just words on paper

Where a story is told

An emotion revealed

Or a love laid to rest

Where a dream begins

An ambition is spoken

Perhaps a whim of fancy

Takes charge of the pen

To write what is written

Letters forming words

Shapley and beautiful

Expressions of a soul

Or a mind at play

There across the page

Words on paper

Written to have their say

Matthew Holloway

The Maddened Heart

A foolhardy romance
The rambling of a maddened heart
The insanity of a passion
Fully embraced with a hunger
To taste each moment completely
Devour the flavour of each evening
Lest one emotion be wasted
Oh to savour sweet love
Each kiss upon the lips
Further the growing addiction
What romance makes sense
When love itself is senseless
Beautiful, free and wildly insane
Echoed in rambling thoughts
The words carry on
For a maddened heart speaks
For love, passion and life

Matthew Holloway

Here With Me

You are still here with me
In my thoughts and in my heart
In the love poetry I write
You are my muse, my hearts pride
You are my foolish smile
My guilty secret thought
You're that twinkle in my eye
You're so much of me
And more to discover
You are always here with me
No matter where we go
I'll find a way to be there for you
Without a question asked
Yours is the love I feel
On which I feed to write
You are to my happy heart
A piece of my life

Matthew Holloway

An October Dream

Awaking from an October dream
To watch clouds roll over rooftops
While my love lays sleeping beside me
The quiet stillness of the morning air
The whisper of birdsong beyond the window
A scene set to be remembered
Damp cotton wool clouds faintly grey
A whistle of a bird singing somewhere
Still, still she sleeps safely dreaming
A soft light across her face
The awaking passion of a heart
Set free into a morning sky
How fair, how beautiful this feeling
To warm the soul with little ease
Who cares for the dream awoken from
When a day begins like this
A morning picture remembered
When waking from an October dream

Matthew Holloway

A Love To Share

I wish the world to see my hearts joy
To hear the song within it
To know of this tender love
I wish the world to hear and see
How beautiful I find her
My heart once content to dream
Now wishes to lay in her arms
What could compare to her
For this hearts affections
I wish the word to witness it all
That I may shout from atop the sky
She is my love, she has my heart
I know where love now belongs
And I wish this love to spread
That the world may share such joy
The sweetest of thoughts
There is a song I feel inside me
It plays and sings aloud
A love to share

Matthew Holloway

A Lesson In Living

What words expel the conscious
leaving the mind to wander aimless
Where history haunts like a ghost
Forever watched by the days past
Then to the future that great unknown
The words and phrases of a mortal fear
Hold present in each taken breath
What awaits, what awaits
Anticipation burns beneath the skin
A fiery torment of a busy mind
The levels of observation and judgment
Overwhelm a tired soul
Love a word of just four letters
Becomes a saviour to behold
A creation of countless misunderstandings
Bore into the world into the conscious
A daily never ending cascade of thought
Each one becoming a lesson in living

Matthew Holloway

A Heart Is A Home

Can I call your heart a home
Can I call it close to me
It's a place I like to go
Love is a new feeling
That I am accustomed to
And I think of you
In a daydream sometimes
Only to catch a smile
Can I call out your name
Can I call on you
You are the girl to save me
From being myself
You make the best of me
Bring it on all out
Can I call your heart a home
The only place I wish to be
Can I call on you my love
Can I call you by your name
Can I say now, all I want to say
Love is a feeling you gave
To my heart it can be your home
Can I call you my love

Matthew Holloway

If Not For You

Where would I be if not for you
A lost soul still looking for love
Still questioning if love is true
Counting each lonesome night
Dreading the new morn to come
And the emptiness of each new day
That seemed to pass unchanging
That which you took me from
Where would I be if not for you
I looked upon the rain sorrowful
Now I feel its beauty on my skin
The wind blowing in its change
Filling my lungs afresh with air
My heart beating to a rhythm
That I only once dreamed about
That I now pray this is not a dream
Were would I be if not for you
I do not wish to answer this question
More to look ahead with a smile
And to think only one thought
That now, today I am with you

Matthew Holloway

The Tired Mind

The tired mind

~

The tired mind bemoans a weary traveller
Far too old in the day as night time falls
Dust laden boots kicked to the dirt
An aching body laid down to sleep
While memories continue to stir
Unavoidable to a weathered thought
The onset of a life's adventures
The romances won and lost
The unknown of what is still to come
A day hence shall be revealed
For now fear and anticipation linger
A tired mind plays on trivial questions
Labouring to forget and to sleep
Heavy set eyes look out into nothing
Into the night the ending of the day
Old and late the hour has come
For a weary traveller to say goodnight
And for a tired mind to be done

Matthew Holloway

If I Wrote A Song

If I wrote a song

~

If I wrote a song

What could I sing to you

To tell you about my heart

How it will stand by you

Never to let you down

To love you indefinitely

To hear your laugh

And watch you smile

How could that be sung

What would be our melody

The beat of two hearts

Laying together in perfect unison

Gently played into a night

The romantic ballad

Of a string quartet

If I wrote a song

How could I play to you

All that is in my heart

When I think of you

Matthew Holloway

A Letter Of Love

I sit and best search
For what words to write
To express my entire devotion
Which seems to have fallen to you
I find myself thoughts adrift
Amid a dream of you my sweet
A dream I do not wish to wake from
No I only wish to be with you
How can I best pen such tribute
That you will read and love
As I now love you
Of all the words ever spoken
Of those once listen to
Which I demand of myself
May express my entire devotion
My heart is sworn
In writing to you

Matthew Holloway

The Blue Flower

A little flower in the garden
Unnamed to all my knowledge
The faintness eggshell of blue
The colour of its petals
Shaded in midday it sits
Beneath the gardens hedge
A solitary flower so small
Yet so perfectly beautiful
That I have to stop and sit
Only to look upon its picture
I would love to share its beauty
Though I will not pick it
For soon it would wilt away
Taken from its mother earth
A little flower in the garden
Unnamed for all I known
An eggshell blue in colour
Shaded from the midday sun

Matthew Holloway

The Doubts Of Love

I question myself
How worthy am I
To have a love such as yours
Will I be counted upon
When a time does come
Will my strength hold still
My word remain unbroken
Will I be the man you deserve
My heart is yours undoubted
I am forever falling for you
Hoping, praying I am worthy
That you will not tire of me
Or find me failing you
I take each fear as serious
As my next taken breath
I know what I stand to lose
I question myself
Only to be beside you

Matthew Holloway

On A Night Sky

On a night sky

~

How quiet, how still

This countless hour

We lay together in silence

Peering through the open window

Upon a cloudless star lit sky

How peaceful the world now seems

My eyes fall to your face

Half lit in the soft glow of night

Never before have I seen anything

As beautiful to my heart and soul

I hold all you are in my hands

Feel your lips against my own

As though such feeling will never end

And that the beauty I look upon

As endless as the night sky itself

Silent, still, effortlessly beautiful

More than I could ever express

Here we lay together tonight

Looking upon our own sky

Matthew Holloway

The Rose That Bares No Thorn

The rose that bares no thorn

~

How beautiful and pure

How sweetly kind and innocent

How loving to look upon

The rose that bares no thorn

Gentle to the tender touch

Pleasing to the hearts own eye

Of all that is beautiful

Is seen and known with joy

Seasoned into memory

To grow and flower once more

Let love be known and named

Then kept forevermore

As natural as the morning dew

So still, sweet and innocent

Never to cut or hurt

The rose that bares no thorn

Is a love in full bloom

Matthew Holloway

Counting On My Luck

Counting on my luck

~

I'm sitting here looking at your picture
Remembering a memory we shared together
I find myself smiling like never before
Trying to work out how we got together
You're a blessing a change in my luck
And I'm wondering almost afraid
If this feeling will ever change
So I wont rest on my laurels
I wont sit here just counting my luck
I'll try and do those little things
Which seem to mean so much to you
I'll see you smile and here you laugh
Try and put a skip into your step
Tell you all the words you deserve to hear
And know more important how I mean them
You came to me when I most needed you
Now I'll be anywhere and do anything
Just to prove to you how honest my heart is
How when I say I think your beautiful
I also mean a special kind of amazing
I'm sitting here thinking of you
Trying not to count my luck

Matthew Holloway

Woken From Dreams Of You

Sunlight broke through the window
Blinded me away from a dream
Which was a dream of you
What a thing to be woken from
How I could have lain there all day
Stayed in that dream of you

I drew myself from the bed
Staggered my tired limbs forward
Washing the tiredness from my eyes
I thought about your touch
How you could soothe each little ache
Make my skin feel so alive
And fill me with a new vigour
The beauty of passion and life

A short distance remains between us
Although this is only a temporary measure
Post work lunch arrangements
A bottle of wine or cup of tea
Will see us together soon enough
However long our time allows
Lets make the most of it

Those captured and cherished hours
Where we talk, kiss and hold each other
Build into the thought a dream
Which will come when sleeping
Only to be broken by the morning sun
Which leaves me thinking
Either we wake together in future
Or I get a better curtains

Matthew Holloway

A Morning Poem For The Muse

A morning poem for the muse

~

Every morning I wake

I picture you beautiful

Like the rising sun

You bring light to my life

A new beginning to my soul

If I forget to say it

Always let it be known

You are beautiful

Kind of heart and nature

A loving friend

A soul companion

What more could I ask

Than all that you are

I picture you each morning

To see you beautiful

Matthew Holloway

A Glimpse Of The Future

Tonight I caught a view
Of those days which lay ahead
Laying there with you talking
Playing your hand in my own
Turning my head to see you smile
The foolish little thoughts
We both know that we share
The television on in the background
Volume turned down low
Nothing that we were watching
We talked about tomorrow
Making private jokes there and then
A word or two we will remember
And always smile when we hear them
If tonight was a dress rehearsal
Of our days to come together
If it was a glimpse of the future
Then I look forward to sharing with you
A future that's already beautiful

Matthew Holloway

Under The Stars

A blanket thrown over the sky
Stars come out to the night
Lighting a way to a dream
Its all beautiful to the eye
What a world we live in
Under the stars we sleep
Watching over each other
We are all in this together
And we will always be
But a call to a friend away
Sleepless or dreaming
Beneath the sky blanket
The star lit night
We all lay almost together
Looking at the beautiful
World we live in

Matthew Holloway

New Menu

It seemed I would dine on heartbreak
Every night that I came to know
Until you came knocking on my door
Brought me a new menu to live by
Dining on kisses and laughter
With a side dish of a best friend
The old meals became forgotten
Where a new pallet was brought
And I'll make that call sometime soon
Delivery to my door from your menu
Come knocking again any night
Bring to me a healthy dish to eat
Let us dine on a meal for two
Conversation starters followed by a kiss
And the laughter we drink together
It seemed I would dine on heartache
Then you found me or I found you
And now in the night we dine
On something we can call healthy
Chosen from our menu

Matthew Holloway

Jen's Poem

Jen's poem

~

Her smile weakens my legs
Laughter brings out my own
The look deep in her eyes
Is like touching the heavens
A quiet little beauty of my own
The one I live to hold close
Whose joy I cherish daily
She is the girl I once dreamt of
The one who forgot my troubles
Now I am saying over a thousand
I love you and thank you's
All greeted with a shy smile
Making me fall a little bit more
Unsteady on my feet
And when we laugh together
There is that look in her eye
That I'll never forget or wish to
I may not reach the stars themselves
But I am walking in the heavens
In her eyes which I look into

Matthew Holloway

A World Dissolved

A world dissolved

~

A world dissolved

In the look within her eye

The fullest of beauty

Touching the depth of my soul

I am undone, open to her

For all she could ever ask

I would willingly oblige

I would take her hand

Follow her blind to the end

Her smile soothes me

Lets me lay into a slumber

Where I sleep to dream

Where I see here once more

A world dissolves

As I look into her eye

There is nothing anymore

But the two of us

Matthew Holloway

The Muses Kiss

Her beauty has stole my thoughts
Kept each word from my lips
While each kiss becomes a blessing
I find myself at a loss to speak
I long to lay beside her indefinitely
To close our tired eyes and sleep
That we may dream such dreams
We had never dared dream before
Beneath what moon we could lay
The open stars, the astral heavens
Full beautiful and endless
And there I see only my muse
She who swept in to steal my thoughts
Only to touch my heart in a way
That I had only previously believed
In each waking hour or dreaming state
I find myself, thoughts captivated
By the muse, those lips, her kiss
That have claimed my every word
Even that the heart forbids

Matthew Holloway

Inside The Pictures Frame

Inside the pictures frame

~

Light breaks in the picture frame
A morning caught over a lake
Or a maidens beautiful smile
The sun cutting through the trees
Shadows falling away
A story begins in every picture
A tale waits to be told
The sound of laughter begins
In a memory of sweet joy
Light breaks in the picture frame
A moment captured for posterity
That the world is held
To forever look upon this scene
Feel its warmth, enjoy its memory
A new day beginning
A maiden or a child's smile
Kept inside the pictures frame
Where a light forever breaks

Matthew Holloway

I Whisper This

I whisper this

~

I whisper this afraid to wake
As though held in a perfect dream
You have become my muse
Full beautiful and celebrated
How kind I have found your touch
How softly words echo still
Restful and happy I lay
I whisper this afraid to wake
I do not wish the day to end
Or the sun to rise again
Lest it take you away from me
As though the ending of a dream
I hurriedly sketch down words
To pay a hearts tribute to you
My dearest muse, my beautiful
Girl to whom I owe so much
I whisper this afraid to wake
I thank you and I thank the day
For you came to me calling
My heart answered to you
As though in a perfect dream
I whisper this afraid to wake

Matthew Holloway

The Weight Of Your Heart

The weight of your heart

~

Tied to my own is your heart
Wherever I go you are near
You lift me, carry me on
Offer me the light in the dark
It is in you I find love
I carry the weight of your heart

~

Your eyes are of an earthly brown
Into which I am seeded to grow
Your lips like the morning dew
In which I drink whole hearted
That I know no thirst of loneliness
You are a world of beauty
I hold breathless in every thought
The weight of your heart

~

If this is my burden
I accept it as such and joyful
For there is no greater honour
Than to hold your hand in mine
To protect your love as my own
I shall not wilt nor turn away
I step forth strong and bold
I carry the weight of your heart
As I do my own

Matthew Holloway

Loyalty Warrantee Overdue

Sat watching the attention focus
On the latest flavour of the month
Switch and back flip like a middle finger
The stench of promises linger in the air
All crudely put together in sound bites
Words spoken while the eyes look elsewhere
Little factions grow betray loyalties
While the long standing the always there
Despair at the tragedy unfolding
Watching the lies playing out
There is only so much that can be taken
Before the final loyalty is past redemption
A warrantee requires payment
Not the false adoration of a night past
But the service of honesty and friendship
Otherwise the risk of invalidation
Loyalties warrantee is overdue
Readjust focus to clarity

Matthew Holloway

Last Song Of The Night

As we dance slowly
Heads held on shoulders
It's the last song of the night
Holding your hand in mine
Fingers gripping each other
As tightly as we can pull together
The smell of your hair intoxicates
Our eyes close as we smile
The romance caught in a moment
Empties the room completely
To our hearts it now plays
Slowly we dance as one
Waiting for the music to fade
The last lyric to be sung
There we are all alone
Dancing to the last song

Matthew Holloway

Not Alone

And the night may seem fearful
In the darkened rooms which surround
The noises which play to the mind
Play to much upon each thought
That there is no fear to be found
That a noise is but the wind
Let these words touch your heart
In the way you have touched mine
Whenever the night may call
Whatever thought stirs you awake
There is one in spirit with you
There are few but a call away
So sleepless you are to the night
Where thoughts may appear fearful
But trust in a single promise
An oath I shall make to you
You are loved, you are not alone

Matthew Holloway

The Hand That's Dealt

A game of chance and double bluff
Deception relies upon the blink of an eye
The will to stand firm and do not fight
The hand that's dealt decider of life
Do not blink or suspect the lie
For the experienced hand knows well
That a truth can become rewritten
To be believed with utter conviction
Judge not the night to come
Nor the morning after
Stay firm and resolute in all you see
Lest you miss a turn of the cards
The slide of hand, a change in play
A silence shall speak to answer suspicion
Upon the final call, a wait is over
And the hands that's dealt
It shall deliver

Matthew Holloway

With This Ring

With this ring

~

With this ring I thee castrate
An eunuch post wedding
No longer to drink with mates
Bound to the chores
The house to redecorate
With this ring I do castrate
Gone the late nights
Of booze filled legends
To which friends still recall
And leave messages
On a silent social network wall
Limited replies come
Due to access availability
With this ring I castrate thee
Gone the shape of the man
Who once stood proud
And exclaimed to the world
No woman shall ever tie me down
With this ring I castrated thee
A eunuch post wedding
Its married life for thee

Matthew Holloway

Clickity, Click, Click

Clickity, click, click

~

The number of clicks

Those little groups

To which were forced fit

Into the adult world

No more bestest friends

Like a Childs playground game

Long since put to rest

In the pretence of professionalism

Into the workplace we stroll

And those clickity clicks

Outsiders kept at reach

Beyond the context of the conversation

Are we all in the playground again?

Grown up kids clickity click

Little games bestest friends

Don't like the newbie, kind of strange

Doesn't fit in, not this place

Not so much the childhood innocence

More the shame of adult ignorance

The way of work and at rest

How its still all a playground game

Pick your team clickity click

Matthew Holloway

Burlesque

Burlesque

~

Sequins shimmer in the lights
While music builds a sensual rhythm
The move and sway of the dance
As the ladies begin to hypnotize
A celebration of the female form
In all of its beauty the eyes are held
Watching intent as the show unfolds
The smile and the look upon the stage
How the dancers enjoy their play
The little sway of the hips
As they turn and twist the audience
The strut in their stride tells
This is after all their night
One to which they knew belonged
To the evocative and sensual
To all that is beautiful

Matthew Holloway

The Painted Rose

The painted rose

~

A rose in fullest bloom
Is it of the reddest colour
The warmest hue upon its petals
As beautiful as the poet wrote
Embedded beneath a clear sky
An ocean of blue climbing above
Where birds swim upon high
Flight of fancy, flight of freedom
What a joy it must be
Painted from the pallet
Of nature's ink and colour
A rose's thorn stands striking
In the sharpness of the brush
Captured to the light
A rose in full bloom
Is of the reddest of colour
And the most beautiful

Matthew Holloway

The Way You Make Me Feel

The way you make me feel

~

I like you way you make me feel

Sometimes stupid sometimes like a hero

Your smile has a way of playing me

You have lit a fire inside of my heart

You make me feel all kinds of happy

You make me feel new again

~

I see the rain becoming romantic

Because we can stay in together

Drinking wine with the candles lit

Music playing into the background

While shadows of our silhouettes kiss

And I know what you mean to me

The importance of it all becomes clear

~

What words can express what you mean

What can I say to tell you everything

You mean more than words to me

And I may be smiling like a fool

Daydreaming little fantasies of you

Catching myself feeling happier than ever

I like the way you make me feel

~

You are beautiful and full of life

You are strong and spirited in mind

We make each other laugh so easily

And always find a conversation piece

I'm amazed at what you mean to me

And smiling as I am smiling right now

I like the way you make me feel

Matthew Holloway

The Surprise Romance

It wasn't planned as such
Just one of things to happen
Complications need ironing out
Issues wait, require solving
But they pale into nothing
When the company is like this
A romance burgeons tonight
New lives moving on
The idea never even began
It just fell into its own place
Nobody should be hurt
Although that's not always the way
The casualties of life counted
One, two many seen
While we wish to be three
Four the future we count off
Days till the announcement
It wasn't planned as such
It just kind of happened

Matthew Holloway

Picture Of A City

I picture the bright lights
Faces becoming a blur
The sound of a city not sleeping
Sirens and shouts in the distance
Trying to piece together fragments
Of a story I want to understand
Maybe making it up is easier
The hurry and the pace of the city
I'm watching perched on my balcony
Water, ice and whisky in a glass
Perfect company for a winter evening
Sat looking down on mans creations
In the hustle of the night life
Music beats rise and fall and rise again
Always with a changing frequency
Lovers stroll arm in arm casual
Looking through restaurant windows
Fantasy shopping at closed stores
I picture it all going on never ending
The city never sleeping
Bright faces becoming a blur
I picture the city below me

Matthew Holloway

Stupidly Happy

Stupidly happy

~

You leave me feeling
That this is no accident
That we're just catching up
On something meant to be
And here I am smiling
Stupidly happy with you
There is nothing to understand
No reason to look for
We are doing as we feel
And enjoying each moment
That we share together
I guess we are being oblivious
To what others may see
Why should we care
Let us be as we are being
Stupidly happy you and me
What a feeling to feel
This is no accident
Like children we laugh
Playing silly games
We are stupidly happy
You and me

Matthew Holloway

Songs On The Radio

Songs on the radio

~

Songs are playing on the radio
And my thoughts are dancing
Dancing for you my dear
Can I ask you one question
What have you done to me
You're there making me smile
Little thoughts creeping in
I'm cherry picking melodies
Lines from songs to say to you
You're the most beautiful girl
And I'm lucky to have you
I'd like to shout and tell the world
But keeping a finger on my lips
Little secrets, mums the word
Songs are playing on the radio
I'd dedicate them all to you
I wish we were dancing
So I could hold you close
Lets make a song our own
Lets put together a set list
All I can do is think of you
All I could want is your kiss

Matthew Holloway

Tie Me Together

Tie me together

~

Here am I feeling undone
The way you have me feeling
My hearts on the run
And I'm afraid to be love
But you make me feel alright
And I hold a picture of you
In thoughts throughout the day
The way you looked to me
The night we last met
I catch myself smiling
When I think about you
You are beautiful, always will be
And here I am waiting for you
Just to be by you side again
You have me undone
Tie me together, tie me to you
And with a kiss I will say
Thank you beautiful

Matthew Holloway

In The Face Of The Rain

In the face of the rain

~

It can fall for all I care

I will stand in face of it all

It has washed away my tears

It has cooled my desires

Answered my thirst

And washed my soul

The rain it still falls

Stand out in the rain

Look the clouds in the eye

Feel it coming down

And lay arms open wide

The rain can fall and fall

We can stand and feel its touch

Looking up into that sky

In the face of the rain

There is life

Matthew Holloway

The Night We Danced

The night we danced

~

It was in that little room

We dance concentric circles

Your laughter tickled my ear

Filled my heart with joy

Holding your hand in mine

The touch of your fingers

Our heads buried in shoulders

Your scent and warmth

I remember as though

We are still dancing

The way we slowly moved

Both trying not to fall

The look of your smile

That shine in your eye

You were so beautiful

The night we danced

Slow concentric circles

Without music we moved

In that little room

Matthew Holloway

Tale Of A Weeping Heart

Tale of a weeping heart

~

A heart wept feeling cursed
While another heart walked away
It was not the first to turn its back
But the latest in a long line
The weeping heart took solace
In a bottle of angry denial
Trying to frown out the sound
Of a world it sought to forget
Then it heard someone calling
Then it heard a knock at the door
Another heart stood wanting
Another heart stood waiting
And so began the healing of the heart
And so began a new romance
Old sayings came back to haunt
'you will never find what you seek
Until the day you stop looking'
A bottle thrown to the side
The will to forget no longer required
A curse lifted perhaps it seemed
Or maybe the fates just answered
to give the heart all it needs

Matthew Holloway

Seeking Everything

Seeking everything

~

A life, a world so often sought
Without a picture of what it may be
A world, a phrase somewhere picked up
In a poem, a book or a song
To what it reads we all think different
And interpretation becomes the thought
The thought becomes the dream
A lavish fantasy so well looked upon
That we are all lost in what we seek
Blind to the ambition it brings
Blind to the fantasy of which it reads
We take each word by our own demands
Pluck them like flowers to the vase
That all we see is a thing of beauty
The first picture of a new world
Where the new life does await
And however it may or may not look
It remains but a thought and what we find
Is that which we seek to fulfil our lives

Matthew Holloway

The Closest Friend

The closest friend

~

How beautiful the night
Where I rediscovered my heart
How your soft embrace
Those gentle lips I kissed
The warmth of your eyes
A look I shall not forget
The light in your smile
Lit my soul to the night
There where we lay together
I felt my heart began to stir
Thoughts and feelings I had forgotten
Reminding me of their presence
The feel of your touch
Made me feel a new kind of alive
You are the closest of friends
One whom I could confide my soul unto
You helped me rediscover my heart
For that I thank you

Matthew Holloway

Strength Of A Nation

Strength of a nation

~

The strength of a nation
Driven by honour and pride
Will stand as one to the fight
Against the needless hate
Those that seek to destroy
Through envy and fear
Of what the nation stands for
They will not kill the spirit
Only strengthen its resolve
A nation open to all beliefs
Teaches equality to all
And through its own faults
Will learn and grow stronger
The free shall stand as one
The strength of the nation
Seeing through the adversity
Does not yield nor quit
But stands defiant
We stand as one

Matthew Holloway

Sunday Morning Skies

Sunday morning skies

~

Laying in just after waking
Covers pulled tight, no chance of moving
Looking through open windows
At a clear blue Sunday sky
Smiling through memories
Those thoughts which fill head
Of the night before, the days to come
The way friends are always near
In a perfect innocence their words
Carry away all worries
Becoming distracted by the self
Coffee and toast on the bedside
Slowly going cold
Sleep still lingers in the eye
A soft breeze blows in
Television on in the background
A morning of rest and recollection
While looking at a clear blue sky
The joy of a Sunday morning

Matthew Holloway

An Autumn Storm

An autumn storm

~

The sky turned grey, clouds rolled over
A wind picked up howling through trees
Birds took flight, flew into hiding
Rain patted down gathering pace
The horizon drew a charcoal grey
While winds picked up and rain ran down
Windows rattled, trees swayed
Whistling high pitch, almost screaming
The storm it came and raged wild
Then as quickly, as sudden as it came
It broke to clear skies, wisps of cloud
A gentle wind rolling through leaves
Rain soaked water dripping down
Drying in the sun now shining
An autumn storm in its passing
Captured the imagination to write
On an otherwise ordinary day

Matthew Holloway

The Impatient Hours

The impatient hours

~

The drumming of fingers
The ticking of the clock
Loudly fill the impatient hours
Wasteful in their emptiness
Surely there must be something better
But the wait continues anyway
Waiting on a promise to come good
Hoping its not like past promises
Which all became just lies
Paranoia stalks the mind
Reminding of the past disappointments
Why should this one be any different
Why wait in stale confines
When you could leave, walk away
Forget the promise in an instant
The drumming of fingers
The ticking of the clock
Grow ever louder
Counting each possible outcome
The promise bares fruit
Or becomes another lie
Still waiting on the realisation
In the impatient hours
Wasting the day into nothing

Matthew Holloway

A Love From Afar

A love from afar

~

I have loved you from afar
To great a distance to be spoken
In my dreams we have loved each other
But a dream cannot be touched
For all the will and belief
That a steady heart can guide
The is an acceptance to be had
However beautiful it may be, the dream
It will only ever live in a thought
I should forget you I have tried
But my heart remains stubborn
Refuses to let go the dream
Still I love you from afar
still the distance remains
Unspoken and untouched
It is something we may never know

Matthew Holloway

It Pains Me To Love You

It pains me to love you

~

These feelings forever change
From admiration to love to hate
What words I have spoken
To leave you without comfort
That you are unable to speak to me
To look me in the eye
Am I to apologise for my words
For saying you are beautiful
And forgive your lies
In saying you did not mind
As any would be happy to hear them
It pains my heart to love you
It cuts my soul to hate you
That I am unsure of any feeling
Each sway and twist of a thought
Leaves me further at a loss
How each feeling changes
To forget about you for a moment
Then be caught in a dream of you
I wish I could take back my words
And leave you in an innocence
Of my love, my admiration
And how I hate to hate you

Matthew Holloway

The Day Is All But A Game

The day is all but a game

~

The day is all but a game

A sport for the living to endure

Tiresome and full contact

By the end you know you've been played

Weary bones and minds rest

Trying to recollect the highlights

Picking apart the analysis

So as that to understand

The result in this break in play

Substitutes no longer an option

The team of family and friends

Who trust and faith rely upon

All looking good on paper

The odds should be fairly stacked

But never taken as easy or granted

The daily game is tough

And experience requires endurance

The strong shine through

Battle scared and mentally worn

We are all pawns in this game

And in going to sleep

We have it won

Matthew Holloway

The World In Its Madness

The world in its madness

~

All this expectation
I need the release clause
Bona fied in contract
A day out of the mind
Trying to keep in pace
With all this change
The latest clothes
And relationships
All of which is expected
And used in judgement
Where is the joy found
When your force to fit in
I'd rather not be considered
To be classed as normal
The world is in its madness
A subtle twisted joke
I feel like the punch line
And seek to separate myself
Looking for the release clause
To be high on a plan
Some may look and talk
I may be labelled insane
But all I see and have seen
Is the world in its madness

Matthew Holloway

Turning To Who

Who do you turn to
When the day seems against you
Whose advice do you seek
And whose do you chose to believe
What loyalties do you keep
And what games are you playing
To keep friends close at hand
And others close enough to see
Do you keep on guard while you sleep
Are you watching with one eye open
Do you remain on edge
In a state of endless alert
Who do you turn to
When you need someone to listen
Who does not speak
And keeps your secrets
Who do you trust
Completely outside of a family
Is there anyone at all
Who is fit to serve this bill
It's a choice of trust
When you decide who to turn to

Matthew Holloway

To A Sweet Girl

I am finding my heart drawn and given freely
To you who I never knew felt this way
And with each new day a discovery
How you make me feel alive once more
You reinvigorated my soul in such a way
That you are my muse, my new soul devotion
To all I once called beautiful
None compare with this feeling you gave
Deeply I find my heart talking
About a life that could someday be
It talks and sings and shouts aloud
How it calls out to you my sweetest girl
Freely going into your arms
I am drawn and happily driven to you
Oh beautiful girl I wish to thank you
For giving this feeling to me
To feel alive and awake yet again
And all I need to speak is your name

Matthew Holloway

Where Beauty Lays

Where beauty lays

~

Where beauty lays

Peaceful in her sleep

Stealing a heart effortless

She was writ to a dream

Softly sensual to the touch

Sweetly woven in the heart

The night rain against windows

Like tears of plentiful joy

Answer the thirst of a soul

The world becomes clear

Becomes more beautiful

With each passing breath

A look upon all the hearts loves

And who gifts love to the heart

In the most innocent of ways

It is seen as it is known

Beauty shall be found

Sound in her sleep

Matthew Holloway

A Sombre Romance

A sombre romance

~

Dying flowers in a vase
Mindless routines becoming motions
Without a thought of feeling
Carrying on for the sake of it all
A kiss cold to the lips
What this house has seen in our time
Were these walls to talk
How they would speak about
A sombre romance
The bottles of wine shared
Over a film and Chinese
The tiring pretence
That things are as they were
That nothings changed
New flowers daily, smaller bunches
Forced into a crowded vase
Nothings new anymore
Even this old pretence
Why we keep denying the inevitable
That even the walls know
This sombre romance
Has seen its day

Matthew Holloway

Stars Of Love

Show me the stars of love
Let me gaze upon their infinity
Where beauty sleeps in perfect light
Let me be guided by the brightest of all
Northern star to my heart shine on
Shine upon this sea to my soul
To what places I shall travel
I chart daily with a duty
This journey to you bright star
Light of the night sky in which I sleep
Watch down upon my dreams
Show me the stars above
Offer to me the heavens themselves
In all the endless depths of romance
A star lit guided heart speaks
To infinity I shall follow
To the bright star I offer my heart
Show me the stars of love
Show me their possibility

Matthew Holloway

Words And Messages

It started with a word
You wrote it to me
Began an inspired read
Gave to the night poetry
And the beauty found
A reflection of you
A line penned from the heart
Speaks volumes in itself
Quiet little words
Paint a new vibrant world
Unfamiliar and beautiful
And then it's the same
As though known before
You wrote it to me
A single line began it all
Words and messages
You had me at hello

Matthew Holloway

The Unplanned Romance

The unplanned romance

~

I never planned to feel this way
But this how you have left me
Watching the clock, counting the hours
Until I get to see you again
I wont pretend this will ever be easy
We all know love is a difficult game
Who would have thought
That it would come to this
A perpetual wait, waiting for the day
When my eyes light up seeing you
And I smile like a little child
What a feeling you gave to me
Looking back to before this happened
If I had told myself about this
That I would feel this way
Love is complex and strange
Ever changing rules
I may never understand
Though I am happy to feel this way
Counting the minutes, hours, days
Until I see you again

Matthew Holloway

September Stream

Fallen to the wash
Dead leaves in September
There only to float away
A sign of seasons change
Autumnal picture postcard
In the landscape which we walk
Pathways losing shade and shelter
Bare branches rise above
Flower heads falling away
Leaving bowed stems
Tall grass and broken sticks
Leaves blown to the water
To be washed away
The world in all its movement
The world amid its change
The cycle of everything
Now seen in the dying leaves
Falling and taken away
In a September stream

Matthew Holloway

The Widows Tale

The widows tale

~

He sits down at the local bar
Same old table by the window
Overlooking the river passing by
A pint of the usual half drunk
Sat squarely on the beer mat
He looks around observing the room
Nodding towards familiar faces
Never sure of their names
The little routine he's known
Reminiscent of so many nights past
There's a look in his eye telling
Something's not quite right
A missing companion, loyal friend
Is gone now lost, taken away
The one who shared the laughter
When the conversation filled itself
Who danced to the music with a smile
Now the music just plays out
Memories tainted with each new night
The routine of an old habit
Keeping hold so as not to let go
And slowly growing old

Matthew Holloway

Entertaining Illusions

Entertaining illusions

~

Sleep deprived I twist and turn
While thoughts play upon my heart
Like a string quartet in symphony
Playing me into the night I follow
Picturing and hearing new sensations
Which burn my skin unbound with desire
I am at a loss to understand or comprehend
These landscape pictures I now witness
Into the night and the dark about me
I stare intent and transfixed
Upon the portrait of imagination
I now hear whispers talk of dreams
As though a madness has descended
I am sleepless and alive with thought
Almost controlling my dreams at a touch
Yet still only paying witness to them
I am here alone amid a silence
While wind howls beyond the window
And inside blinded by the night
I lay awake entertaining illusions

Matthew Holloway

Cold Night

Cold night

~

Silence creeps in
With a cold hand
Shakes up the room
Leaving thoughts lonely
Whispers in the dark
Just an imagination
Too quick to sleep
Writing words on paper
Lyrics of a poem singing
Tired eyes look down
Unable to sleep
The unconscious
Talking to the conscious
A conversation mimicking
The default reality
There is no escaping
Silence crept in
With the coldest hand
Tonight

Matthew Holloway

Caged

You have imprisoned me, my dear
That I am now caught in you
Caged my thoughts have become
I am driven to distraught
In this place I am being kept within
By you sweet dear mistress
Are you even content with this
Having me held, imprisoned
Would you not think to set me free
That I may eat, drink, sleep
But no you have me held fast
Keep me kept within you
How beautiful a torment you are
Why would I wish to be free
Perhaps this is a madness
And for all that is being said
Is a madness in itself

Matthew Holloway

Gossips Warning

Gossips warning

~

The forked tongue of the gossip
Carries a serpents poison
Spreading words with malice
Without truth or substance
The thought they conceive
Birth pain and hatred in the innocent
Lies, lies and more lies
All in the name of a good story
Little whispers and messages
Behind the back of others
May as well be sharpened knives
Et tu good friend
No look to the eyes
No questions for honesty
Just the vile poisoned tongue
The bile of the gossip
Now facing a stark warning
Do not cross the poet

Matthew Holloway

The Constant Other

The constant other

~

There constant in my thoughts
A feeling towards another
Grows and roots deeply
Through my heart and loins
Holding them into my conscience
A thought so sweetly found
In this most unexpected source
Bares the fruits of passion
The fruits of love
On which I feat hungrily
To feed the appetite of the soul
How sweet, fair and beautiful
I have found this other to be
Now constant in my thoughts
Deeply rooted in heart and loins

Matthew Holloway

Stories And Dreams

Stories and dreams

~

Still writing stories and dreams
Into poetry the essence of life
Waiting to become written
Into a real memory
If every poem tells a tale
It becomes a step away from reality
A hope held, the fantasy
And all of it is beautiful
Even in the deepest tragedy
Sewn through verse to be spoken
In words carefully chose
Picked like flowers gently
Into the vase upon the page
Replacing dying laments
Picked so long ago
That even dreams forget
And so it goes on without end
Writing into the night
Stories and dreams all waiting
To become a real memory

Matthew Holloway

The Night Road

The streetlight buzzes
Lit in an amber haze
Rain falls against windows
Trickles down the glass
Counting the minutes
The night roads are empty
Sleeping a travels rest
While the days trails
Become washed away
The overgrown gardens
Narrow the path
Shadows dart everywhere
Limited shade on offer
A while ago someone passed
Head bowed, scurrying
Trying to shelter from the rain
The line of amber beacons
Little amber torches hover
Into the dark of night
Buzzing little stars guide
Along a road into shadows

Matthew Holloway

A Heart Began To Sing

How quiet the night
When love came knocking
How sudden the realisation
Of that which had not been seen
Yet always had been there to see
How strange and familiar
This new feeling became
Seduced into something beautiful
A heart began to sing
So natural and perfectly free
Words of joy and such delight
Words of hope to fill a life
How pretty the eye looked on
Into beauty and into a dream
Into the soul without fear
For joy and happiness found
When love came knocking
On the realisation
It was always there

Matthew Holloway

Rainfall On The River

Rainfall on the river

~

Sat beneath an old oak tree
Watching the rain fall on the river
The water jumps with every splash
Circles roll out in rippled formation
Interacting only to disappear
And begin again continuous
With the rain still falling
The sound rustles through the air
The sky like an old grey blanket
Thrown across the world
Leaking as far as the eye can see
Patchy and weathered
Beneath the shade of the oak tree
With only a spray of rainfall
Watching the river dance
Ripples and jumps

Matthew Holloway

The Beautiful Heart

The beautiful heart

~

I would marry every word
Betroth each metaphor
If I could paint the poem
Or pen the script
To win a beautiful heart
No more the foolish blindness
For a truth is now seen
As beautiful as ever known
The joy which births the smile
The is more to learn, understand
By openly listening to all
The company of such a heart
Brings with it warmth
To ease all worries
And all that is sought
Is but one night, one chance
To see the heart open
Willing to gift an opportunity
To the marriage of words
The betrothal of metaphors
The poetic script as it were
An ode to the beautiful heart

Matthew Holloway

Tale Of A Conversation

Tale of a conversation

~

A conversation like no other
Began with a nervous look
A charge felt in the air
History being rewritten
The talk changed that night
Something drew closer
Like an unseen force
Was it the wine talking
Or the words being spoken
Were the one wished to hear
A step taken closed distance
A hand held in a hand
A short silent moment hesitated
The first kiss between lovers
When all did change
A feeling unplanned happened
Seemed so perfectly natural
That there was no fear
The conversation like no other
The talk that drew together
Two lips anticipating
The touch of the embrace
Upon waking in the mornings light
All those words spoken
Became clear

Matthew Holloway

Waking Beauty

Waking beauty

~

She lays awake counting time
Thoughts soar like birds in the sky
She is free and she is beauty
The fallen rain saves her thirst
Brings to earth a rising bud
The flowers of something sewn
Begin to flower once more
A new beginning arises
She lays awake counting time
Her brown eyes flicker
Wide open to the world
The light breaks through window
Cast across her face
She lays awake counting time
As beautiful as the night
Those tender lips silent
She is as consigned to memory
A waking beauty

Matthew Holloway

One Evening

One evening

~

Caught in the candles lights
Flickering shadows on the wall
Softly the music plays, serenading
Whilst a conversation flows
Like the finest of wine poured
Into the glasses which rolled in hand
Flavour the scent of the evening
The warmest of company, love
Grows in the look of an eye
The curl of every smile
Caught in the candles light
A romance blossoming
Little else is as beautiful
Or motions to the heart
The warming amber glow
Captures in perfect silhouette
The first kiss of the evening
A relationship beginning

Matthew Holloway

The Afterthought

The afterthought

~

The poetry section in the library, an afterthought
A little over fifteen books thrown onto a shelf
Amongst books of quotations and how to write
Books about books and sporting anecdotes
It seems poetry here is consigned to obscurity
A disappointing assessment of literature
A few of the named greats, a few anthologies
The favourite love poems, poems on war
A three quarter shelf collection if at all
Perhaps it's a sign of the times changing
Modern life being unable to relate anymore
To the notions and thoughts of poetic lore
The pace picked up so long ago
The gentle stroll now a sprinting run
No more stopping to smell the air
The need to be someplace doing something
Everything else consigned to the shelf
Like a mirror reflecting the new world
The poetry of life has become an afterthought

Matthew Holloway

To The River

~

Another day has dawned
The skies an overcast grey
I pull on my boots and coat
Just to get out of my own way
Through streets walking
Without purpose or conversation
To the river I go
To the river I shall gift my soul
Like the poet, taught me to love
I shall be writ to water
Flowing effortless and free
Stripped the control of thought
Leaving myself behind
To the river I shall go
To the river I gift my soul

Matthew Holloway

Falling For You

I didn't plan to fall for you
But my love is beyond my choice
And you are beautiful to me
How my eyes light up for you
When I see that you around
I'm smiling like I never usually do
And its you who I'm falling for
I never planned to feel like this
You are beautiful, you are radiant
I, I am afraid, I'm in love with you
There's no escaping for me
I am tied to how I feel, for you
And although this came suddenly
I just believe its perfectly right
How I dream, how I love you tonight
No I never planned for this
But here I am now falling for you
And you, you are beautiful

Matthew Holloway

Memo Form The Mad Artist

It seems in my pensive solemn tone
I sit here quietly waiting for death
The wine does not ease my sorrow
Nor my remorseful thoughts which play
No there no silencing them it seems
Death it appears to be a career move
In death an artist is revered raised aloft
Perhaps the guilt of those around them
Darkling little thoughts are these
In this pensive solemn tone
Which sought some celebration
Passionate little soul it once were
Now embittered and distraught
Unequipped with the tools to face tomorrow
Surrenders to the night to sleep
In the hope of a dying sleep
The evil frightening idea is there
And around the cell is echoes
To be kept within a cage imprisoned
Sours the artists rage and tone
In all its solemn toll

Matthew Holloway

Empty Streets

The town is quiet, empty
Street lights cast shadows
In doorways and windows
Curtains drawn, people sleeping
A night rain is falling fast
Through the amber halos of street lights
Lighting the roads and pathways
There is not a soul to be seen or heard
The parked cars line up colourless
The dull reflection of a shop window
Offers little comfort in passing
A stray cat sits ahead in some shade
Staring intent before running away
Into the empty night gone
What little wind there is, cold
A car passes, unknown passengers
The temporary warming light
Soon gone disappeared
Hand fishing for keys in pockets
Through a door into shade
The empty streets replaced

Matthew Holloway

There Were None

I looked and saw none for me
Not another soul, no company
The lonesome night which lay ahead
A night which became the life
No there were none ever present
None willing to fight and be in place
By my side the emptiness
Which filled my soul, my heart
Shadowed my dreams, my thoughts
However loyal or gentle I tried
Whatever I promised to be
I always looked and all I did ever see
In the vastness of the night
In the tomb of a life
That the were none for me
As I died in the midst of solitary

Matthew Holloway

My Heart Is Done

And now my heart is done
Tired and broken by the lies
The silence I have come accustomed to
Love presented no open doors
For each closed before my feet
And I once so loving, hope filled
Feel ashamed and defeated
Having chanced my heart over and again
For nothing but a sorrowful poem
Something penned to ease my pain
The loneliness I cannot describe
There are few who would listen anyhow
It is strange the effect of heartache
How it shapes your words and actions
Unable to communicate or trust
You become a character of occasion
Never playing a true part
Then a light a belief to risk once more
Only for nothing, nothing again
No other heart to keep company
Just another closed door
So that is it, now one too many
My heart is done

Matthew Holloway

The Form And The Heart

The form and the heart

~

Were the form as fair as the heart
How beautiful would it be
Then how would others look upon
With eyes of joy no longer judging
They strayed away kept their part
From the form, did not see the heart
Did not see how beautiful it could be
The eyes did judge what they saw
Unable or unwilling to go past the face
Past the body of which presents
No the eyes which judged did not see
The heart as loving and more than fair
Had they seen that they did not see
Were the form as fair as the heart
How beautiful it would be

Matthew Holloway

Love Wont Come Knocking

Love wont come knocking

~

Love wont come knocking on your door
So everybody seems to say
And you cant afford to go away
Your just stuck in that place
Dreaming a dream you wish to be
Wanting the world to change
And it seem the only offers you hear
Are to far away to take
All the distance between you
Is the breaking of a dream
Some towns are small and feel empty
Like they have no more to offer you
You tried you best and still feel that way
Nothing it seems can help you out
So your hoping and dreaming now
Your praying on the impossible
That someday everyone will see
That love can come knocking on your door

Matthew Holloway

Song

Listen to your song
Singing sweetly true
You need not be afraid
Of how you feel
The words of others
Mean little to be heard
When are speaking
For themselves
A good friend is silent
They are there for you
Accepting you decision
That song in you
Listen to your heart
Don't worry what they say
Someday you may regret
Not letting your song play

Matthew Holloway

Someone Like You

Someone like you

~

I'm looking for a way
Searching through films on TV
Trying to find an idea
Something I could recreate
Maybe there's a line in a song
Or a poem I could read
Just to get closer to you
All I want is to know
How do I get someone like you
To like someone like me
Is there any answer
Or am I barking at trees
What could I do or say
Will you tell please
Just so I know you are listening
Want you tell me please
How do I get someone like you
To like, someone like me
You can see I have no idea
But I'm crazy about you
Wont you help me find the answer
How do I get someone like you
To like someone like me

Matthew Holloway

Midnight Memory

I could not sleep
Then she came back to me
Late in the night
As rain beat on my window
A midnight memory
How the mind drifts away
And I recall her face
How she used to smile
Some of things
That she would say to me
Naively beautiful
We would laugh together
Now its just all changed
A midnight memory
While I cannot sleep
She comes back to me

Matthew Holloway

View From A Train

View from a train

~

My days are reeling, passing
Like the view from a train
Try to catch a glimpse of something
Hope to catch my eye
And pray its not a dream
Coming back to reality
I only want to stay a moment
Keep me away if you can
The colours blur in the windows
I see lights moving
I see you fall away into distance
Goodbye I'm moving on
Don't know where I am going
I have all I need in a song
Written by a poet
Watching the world pass away
Flying into the soul
All to soon it is gone
My days are reeling, passing
Like the view from a train

Matthew Holloway

Goodnight Love

There may never be another night
That I get to say I love you
And though you are so far away
I feel that you are near
Goodnight love, don't leave me
Guide me through a dream
And when I see your beauty
Once more I will know love
You are the stars above me
You are in the heavens I see
And sleep each night as I fall away
I believe you are with me
Goodnight love don't you worry
I will be there at sunrise
I promise never to leave you
And pray you remain at my side
Goodnight love
Please sleep easy
I will be holding you

Matthew Holloway

The Last Girl I Called Beautiful

She was too beautiful to my eye
That scarce I did not see
She could not be who I wished
Who I longed her to be
She would not feel as I hoped
It became a matter of fact
Which dismayed my dreams
Which took my heart
And beat it senseless
Sill I see her as beautiful
Some things will never change
Old dogs and new tricks
No we cannot be taught
Alas my heart was once young
And believed in love so fluidly
That it flowed like a river
Now a trickling stream
The water is still soothing
Upon it I still feed
The last girl I called beautiful
Turned away
And said nothing to me

Matthew Holloway

Had I Lived Another Life

Had I lived another life

~

Had I lived another life

What would I have to show in equal years

Would I be loved instead of just loving

And know the lasting secret to another's heart

How would I then count my mistakes

Would my company be welcomed not accepted

It is a fruitless thought to be considered

For the never will be a known answer

I am but the sum of all my years combined

I harbour my guilt and shameful pride

Those words I wish to take back

And the others I now wished I had now said

Had I lived another life

Would I carry these same regrets

Would I know sorrows of yet another unkind

There are things which have shaped me

That I would happily go back and change

Perhaps in another life I may well feel the same

For all the unknown reasoning's

One thing stands out as a certain

That life is a gift, a gift to the living

Matthew Holloway

Words Between Words

Words between words

~

I try and say most things subtle
To slip words between words
In the hope you will read and hear
Sometimes I speak with blunt honesty
Sometimes wish I just didn't speak
Sketching in secret characters
Telling stories built on fantasy
When a subtle look reveals
The obvious biography
Those words between words
What I write, what I speak
I understand words more than people
Words always seem easy
We all have things we wish to say
Some are said, others kept
All that is written then spoken
Are words between words

Matthew Holloway

Dealt Into Silence

Dealt into silence

~

I sit and shuffle a deck of cards
Each queen named, a prelude to fate
Momentarily I distract myself enough
To slip into an idyllic peaceful isolation
And what has brought me to this conclusion
That I now turn my back to the world
And seek the confines of solitude
I sit turning each card, counting nothing
For there is nothing in these turns of fate
Each queen I named a sad memory
Of a love I held passed unrequited
The same story, the same bitter ending
Those false promises sound like quotations
Reeling out from liars lips meaningless
And who was there to pick up the pieces
Of the broken heart and weeping soul
The cards are shuffled and dealt
Into silence and solitude

Matthew Holloway

The Day My Heart Dammed Me

The day my heart dammed me

~

You asked me to speak a truth
I told you that you were beautiful
How you really made me smile
That I wanted to be with you
You remained silent, grew distant
I knew that those words I spoke
Those feelings I wrote in clear view
Were as true as I could ever admit
How I wished you had not asked
For what I revealed to you became
The day my heart dammed me
How I could have stayed silent
Kept my feeling as a wistful dream
As I have done so often before
I felt as though I could confide in you
That there was no fear left to feel
I knew I was falling badly for you
And so wanted you to feel for me
So I said that you were beautiful
That you could make me smile
I asked to spend time with you
You remained silent, grew distant
The day my heart dammed me

Matthew Holloway

To Sing Your Heart

I would like to sing your heart
I would like to see you beautiful
You could watch me fly away
Into the rain which washes down
Cleanse the air we breathe
Feed the ground on which we walk
I would like to sing your heart
I would like to see you beautiful
Tell me if there's anything I need
Guide me to the words I need to speak
The world is a frightening place
Together we need not be afraid
There is no need to label what we are
Or what we may someday be
I would like to sing your heart
I would like to see you beautiful
And come what tomorrow may bring
In the first rays of a new sun
I shall fly away from you
Into the day and the unknown
I shall return to you
To sing your heart so beautiful

Matthew Holloway

The Bird

A wounded bird stripped of flight
Upon the ground hopped and sang
A call to help a despairing plea
'Oh please let belief bring a saviour to me'
It sang so beautifully and so sweet
While cradling its broken wing
The eyes which darted saw so much
To know and behold a world so vast
Then she came as though from nowhere
A girl with the tender touch to heal
Softly she took into her hands
And nursed so gently while she sang
'Singer of beauty fly once more
Do not cry nor feel afraid
It is the belief you call out to
Which brought my heart to you'
Into a cage the bird was placed
And ate, sang then rested safe
The wing did heal so to fly again
She opened wide the cage
To see the bird fly away into the sky
She smiled and said goodbye
Some things are to be kept
Others are only meant to fly

Matthew Holloway

A Heart Shot From Flight

There it soared free
In the sky above all lands
Looking down in an innocence
Till love shot it down
A heart brought to the earth
Taken in the name of sport
Left to the lay in the dirt
While the sun blazing over head
Time passed into nothingness
While rain clouds gathered
The sky it cried and cried
Till the land beneath flooded
To drown the heart shot from flight
To allow a peaceful rest
To say goodnight

Matthew Holloway

The Stolen Heart

The stolen heart

~

Someone beautiful stole my heart
Then threw it away
Now I've locked it in a cage
Never to be stolen or lost again
What value is love
That I can claim upon
Or that I have ever known
Heartache is familiar
All too common a feeling
The world offers little to me
And I accept next to nothing
So when a beauty came calling
Passing by in her way
My heart was stolen, in a look
Which fell to the wayside
The gutter where I found my love
Someone beautiful stole my heart
Only to leave it alone to rot
So I locked it in a cage
Never to be taken ever again

Matthew Holloway

The Comeback Kid (Song)

The comeback kid

~

I walked into an ambush I was overrun
Got caught out by feelings and thoughts
Led to into a limbo dance I became mystified
And this was just the beginning

~

I forgot about love, then remembered you
What a comeback to behold
I forgot about love, then remembered you
What a place to come back to

~

They say in every song there is a story
In every poem a tale is hid from view
There are many things we will come to say
And I guess that is just our little way

~

I forgot about love, then remembered you
What a comeback to behold
I forgot about love, then remembered you
What a place to come back to

~

Now where do we go from here
It's a situation I am not used to
I'm all confused I have no clue
Can you take my hand, lead me from here
To where've you wish to

~

I forgot about love, then remembered you
What a comeback to behold
I forgot about love, then remembered you
What a place to come back to
I forgot about love, then remembered you
What a comeback to behold
I forgot about love, then remembered you
What a place to come back to

Matthew Holloway

Beautiful, Fair And Kind

For all the world would say to me
She is beautiful, she is fair and she is kind
I reply to the world in no uncertain tone
That all of that is true I shall not deny
But alas her heart it is not mine
So what value I place upon such beauty
Cannot be accounted or held at ransom
For it is a passing thought in fact
It may well become forgotten
Or misused for whatever effect I desire
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder
So the tired old saying goes
Do the blind only look upon me
What eyes see no beauty in my soul
Or is my lack of wealth my mental acclaim
A poor madman's mind the reason
I remain without another's heart
Still the world presents to me and says
She is beautiful, she is fair and she is kind
I acknowledge and agree whole hearted
But alas she is not ready for my mind

Matthew Holloway

Awaiting Inspiration

Awaiting inspiration

~

What would I not give for the company of the muse
When poetry fills the air and heart it sings
Oh beautiful night bring to me the divine
Let me become inspired and driven to pen
Those ideas and stirrings I would feel
The words spoken and written in ink
Preserved upon the page in crisp verse
Oh bring to me the inspiring muse
I wait with impatience to feel alive
What worlds the minds eye travels to
In a journey of passionate thought
An emotion sewn into a story book
A portrait enraptures so easily
What would I not give for such presence
The company of a muse this evening
Oh beautiful night while you rain down
Bring to me the inspiring light

Matthew Holloway

In Her Silence

In her silence

~

In her silence she said so much
Yet offered so little to be admired
The sum of these parts now accounted
Leave less to be remembered
The dull ache of the irritable heart
A diary entry torn out and cast aside
A lesson learnt, perhaps time will tell
The mistake in judgment agreed for now
But for the experience in itself
Each thought and emotion taken in pen
Then written overly expressed in verse
How magnified the whole situation
But what is a poem without its licence
So silently and shy she suddenly became
Once those words had been let slip
That a heart or mind would imagine
Any possible explanation
And so a poem became written
In her silence

Matthew Holloway

One Minute Warning

One minute warning

~

Time is finite

And my patience worn

By the travels of faith

And the world it walked

Answers still sought

Remain a burden

Words fall on deaf ears

Or become ignored

Such is the plight

Of the promises heard

Those deceiving tongues

Who lied to suit

Whatever game they played

Offers little comfort

A tired mind is erratic

Unsuited to waiting

Or understanding of others

For time has become precious

And costly to waste

Time is finite

And my patience worn

Matthew Holloway

The Closing Heart

A lonesome whisper
Amid an almost empty room
The dim light hides nothing
It only pertains the mood
Thoughts play upon reasoning
From where there is no reason
A hearts beat beckons answers
To the unrequited question
Too long another's touch
Another's heart had been evasive
The anger and the sadness
To all the things and possibilities
That have fallen away to nothing
Consume the mind entirely
A lonesome whisper
A thought seldom heard
Call for the heart to close and hide
So it may never again be hurt
So it closes to the world
An end to opportunity
The whisper of this heart
Love shall never be

Matthew Holloway

Love At Midnight A Sonnet

Let me lay and sleep in your warm bosom
That I may feel the love I have dreamt of
That dream of such awe inspiring beauty
I name a dream of fools and a fools love
For what joy a thought does now inspire
Into the words I speak and sing aloud
To you and my impassioned heart a truth
A promise of a hearts full affection
That will not stray nor test your trust in me
An oath to you I would happily swear
For you are to my heart a poem writ
A sonnet to love in all its beauty
Pray rest your head upon my chest tonight
And let us rest in the warmth of new love

Matthew Holloway

Were The World Writ To A Song

Were the world writ to a song
Of what men and maidens would we sing
What legendary endeavours would we praise
The tales and tributes of days now past
What chords would they strike in the night
Ah the song and melody of the earth
Gentle stranger of the spirited mind
That which we have seen and that we know
Is not all of the truth but more besides
And life is there for the living
However the hardships come to weigh
No still the song is sung evermore
Still the world turns while night greets day
Men and maidens go about their business
Beginning and ending stories to be sung
Were the world writ to a song
How would we all be played out
And what verse would we leave in memory
But the song to our lives is our story
Were the world writ to a song
How would I be sung

Matthew Holloway

The Mistake Of Falling For You

In life I have made mistakes
And sorrowfully now count another
It was to you I felt my heart falling
It was you who invaded my dreams
As beautiful as they were inspiring
I never wish to feel that way again
My heart bought a one way ticket
From you there was no return
And there alone my heart wept
I chanced myself to your care
You stood silent unmoving
Saying more that I wished to hear
All you did was look away
I fell for you it was my mistake
Maybe I should not chance my heart
Maybe I should not dream again
In life I have made mistakes
And in falling for you
I found only pain

Matthew Holloway

Song For An Angel

There are things I don't understand
That I want to ask of you
Only I don't know how
Time seemed so fragile for us
I only have this memory
And I find I don't remember
I know I said that were beautiful
And that you could make me smile
And you went quiet for a while
You may as well have run away
For your silence spoke so much
It tore at my heart that believed
Ripped me to pieces as I cried
And this should be a happy song
Only there is no happy ending
I have had to try to kill you
Only in my heart and in my thoughts
I fail to hate you and I know
In me a flame still burns for you
But you could never see me
As the man I could be someday
I just wish you could have said
Something or anything
So a song for an angel such as this
Could have an ending

Matthew Holloway

Rage

Rage, rage oh burning rage
What gentle soul have you claimed
And torn from which a heart
Once good, noble and loving
No more could you let a soul rest
And find the joys of which it sang
No you poisoned it with misery
You poisoned with the unrequited desire
That left many a sleepless night
Are the fates plying those strings
Or is karma quietly waiting
And in its wait there is nothing
But the dying of faith, hope and love
What this gentle soul this heart
What it once believed and trusted
That it wished to share with the world
What remains amidst all this rage
But the agony and the mistrust
The poisoned paranoia infects deep
And deep is the rage that burns
And so I am left unanswered
As to what gentle soul rage has claimed
So I curse it and its name

Matthew Holloway

Story Time

The world is a book
And I its co writer
I write the lines of reaction
To the events forced upon me
Not as much the craftsman
Shaping the world as I see fit
But more the commentator
Speaking clean from my heart
The musings of anger
The fiery words I keep hid
Burn with the passion
Of a love all too often denied
I scorn the world through pain
Blame my poor misfortunes
On a twisted mortality
Then in a clarity of thought
I know and I have seen
That the world is at loss
Praising false idols false loves
For greed and sensation
All that they crave and accept
Oh the disaster of what they sought
The call out for the nice man
Cometh, cometh the nice man
But standing still I do not come
Let them suffer as I have done
Let the suffer, till suffering is done

Matthew Holloway

The Dead Poets

I envy the dead poets
Those idols I aspire to
Someday become compared
How beautiful their words
Still speak in the years after
They are revered and admired
Held aloft in such acclaim
And all they know is peace
The silent rest of the grave
Where flowers are laid

They spoke of such love
And passion I felt in me
It was as though they saw me
And decided to paint my dreams
With flowing verse I slept
How maidens so fair danced
And birdsong soared upon high
Ode to the beauty
That they gave to me

They are remembered for love
Romanticism bore their pen
And while they sleep
The words are speaking aloud
Into the world and every soul
How I envy the dead poets
How I wish for me their role
To rest and my poetry read
Be known for beautiful love
And hurt no more

Matthew Holloway

The Queen Of Diamonds

The queen of diamonds

~

Her beauty broke my heart
Her smile caught my dreams
And in her silent absence
I felt all hope slip away
I would never feel her kiss
Or hold her in my arms
To know her so closely
No it was never to be
She was not to blame
That I fell so wildly in love
I hold a romantics heart
And accept its consequence
She a girl so brightly beautiful
A queen of diamonds
And I a poor poet reciting
How her beauty broke my heart
And smile caught my dreams
I shall miss her greatly

Matthew Holloway

Old Feeling

This is an old feeling
Known for so long
Some things don't change
But I wish this feeling would
I am looking for a happy end
That love is for everyone
And I will not be alone
I have tried to be kind
Got took advantage of
And left to die
Without a thought
Without an apology
People took what they could
And never gave a thought
And here I am feeling
The same way again

Matthew Holloway

Tomorrow

Tomorrow

~

I'm always told to wait
That tomorrow it may come
To find me when I am lost
When my faith is spent
And I feel at my most afraid
Only tomorrow never comes
And I am alone each night
Counting stars and clouds
Counting my time away
Hoping tomorrow will come
When the sun rises in the sky
And the world is the same
I say the old tired worn line
Tomorrow is not today
Tomorrow never comes anyway
So while I'm waiting
What is there for me
That I keep getting told
Tomorrow, tomorrow it will come
Only tomorrow never comes

Matthew Holloway

Its Not You Its Me

I loved you too much
The fault was entirely my own
You have no guilt to blame
You were only ever yourself
At least that is what I hope
That you did not play me
In some act a role only to deceive
So you may extract my emotion
To what ends that could serve
No forget that paranoid thought
Remember how I thought of you
Beautiful, fair and loving
Similar to others if argued
But to me always special
Perhaps I loved you too much
And you being you were honest
In feeling no feelings for me
I just wished you had said
As much as it would have hurt
I could have stopped loving you
Or at least began the process
Of trying to forget you

Matthew Holloway

Getting Old And Waiting For Love

Getting old and waiting for love

~

Love me please I ask
I am growing older by the day
And I am tired by waiting
Is there something wrong with me
That I am unable to see or change
Love me please I ask
While still waiting on a answer
Is money my downfall
The lack of it prohibits me
From travelling to places new
Going to restaurants and bars
I am tied to where I can walk
And live a life on budget
But I am still me regardless
With the right love the right help
I maybe could make something
Make something of myself
But who is there to support me
When I am still asking
Love me, love me please
Who is there in the dead of night
When my doubts come to haunt me
Laughing at what I said
So I wait on who will answer
Love me, love me please

Matthew Holloway

Me And My Heart In All Its Futility

Me and my heart in all its futility

~

I've given my heart so freely in the past
As though my thoughts raced ahead of my words
I've waited for a chance, an opportunity
I've even waited for the answer that did not come
Those silences in which I knew already
But kept trying to convince myself otherwise
Those dreams I held onto were so beautiful
Like a drug they deluded me for a while
Until they came down and realisation
I fought and still fight the pain filled resentment
I do not wish to become bitter filled
Asking those pointless questions over and over
Knowing I will never accept the answer
I try and feed my ego to believe its not me
That they are the ones who have lost in love
They will miss my romantic passions
My loyalty, the kindness I would have offered
Maybe I am not rich enough, what is wealth
Maybe I am not pretty enough, love is in the eye
Maybe they thought me strange, I was a stranger
For they never took the time to know me
I've seen my heart run away so often
And I know it will do so again until stopped
I'll just keep telling myself its not my loss
You give them a chance that they fail to take
You're a romantic, honest and loyal
You're a poet and a friend who can be counted
And as futile as me and my heart have been
I'm still here, and I'm still fighting

Matthew Holloway

To The Foolish Hearts

To the foolish hearts

~

A heart and a fool
So easily led away
Into another place
They just want to believe
Let romance blossom
Like flowers in the garden
Seed the words of love
In the hope of that thing
We all know as beautiful
All too often sad to sad
Those petals fall away
Leaving a dying stem
Under the grey sky
The only water which falls
Is the tears we count
One by one by two
For a foolish heart
Did not see it coming
It just wanted to believe
That this love could be
And as it passes by
Heartache is found
An apology to the night
For a fool and their heart
Saying goodbye

Matthew Holloway

Survivors Guilt

Survivors guilt

~

We remain where you once stood
Upon this mortal soiled earth
It is in a hope and a prayer
That we remember what you taught
The joy that is the life we have
The beauty that is in the air we breathe
All the mistakes we will make
The laughter we are yet to share
Is part of the life experience
We may have different tastes
Or different views on things
Neither of us are wrong
I remember you alluded to strength
The belief in the heart and mind
How a good friend will stand
And how we all should stand as well
There is no reason I can find
Why I remain where you have gone
Now when I complain
About all of those little nothing things
Which you seemed to brush aside
I guess I'll be left feeling
Survivors guilt

Matthew Holloway

Deceived By A Pretty Face

Deceived by a pretty face

~

She talked so softly, almost sweet
With an air of sorrow in her voice
She looked on with a pretty face
And caught the eye and words
Of a passer by who stopped to believe
That a gentle soul lay in wait
And by being there he could help
Perhaps win her heart so he could protect
A feeling he at first did not concede
But grew to feel in the time he spent
Only such time he did not see
How a game was put to play
Soon his services were forgotten
His words cast aside without a care
Upset he quietly walked away
Realising he had been misled
Deceived by a pretty face

Matthew Holloway

Just A Poem

If a poem is all I possess
Then this one is for you
I wish to say something
I have always been unable to
I find you beautiful and kind
I find you in my dreams
I wish to be there for you
And for you to feel for me
I speak from my heart
As I pen this ode to you
To all of life a beauty
To all beauty life
I care for you this night
Perhaps more than I should
But call this as you will
Call it love or a crush
But it is honest and true
I feel strongly for you
And all I can offer is a poem
A poem is all I offer you

Matthew Holloway

A Thought Within A Heart

I held her in my heart with great affection
To my thoughts she claimed so much
Would I call this love, I am unable to answer
But it began the start of a dreamless romance
That I would never come to witness
I am unable to understand the workings of love
How the heart picks at random its choices
I only accept the madness of such affection
The call of such passion that echoes
From the heart and to the mind it flows
The words and thoughts of what we name love
Or infatuation or desire it is all unclear
But one thing is guaranteed ever present
That in our own presence is a being of such beauty
One who makes us question everything
One who makes us dream of such passion
And here in the sway of a hearts singing
The mind and soul become lost undone
In the loving of a new loves beginning
Or the continuation of something well known
Take nothing for granted and be understanding
For love shall provide many an annoyance
But I am at a loss in my own explanation
To what I felt or feel, should I feel it still
A girl of great beauty and wonderful nature
A girl with kind heart, naive in her trusting
I would wish her to be happy, but not change her
So is this love, infatuation or the beginning
Of something that is yet to be decided

Matthew Holloway

The Four Muses

Then they came one by one
Into the mind, a soul they caught
The four queens of a love
As yet unclaimed by a hand
The joker remains not a king
The first captured the imagination
One so well suited and inspired
That a spark was well felt
Only for the love to be clubbed to death
The second a heart bar none
Kind and beautiful and ever so loving
Sadly unable to see or accept the love
That waited for long to be seen
The third a diamond so bright
And beautiful as all the rest
The poor love could not afford
To win such favour of a queen
And so onwards unto the unknown
Where the final queen awaits
To sow the seeds of romance in the earth
Or else to dig the solemn grave
We await the queen of spades

Matthew Holloway

What You Have

You don't realise what you have
Until its gone away
I must have been blind or stupid
Not to realise the way I feel
And now I'm cursing myself again
A heartbroken night awaits
And I'm the only one to blame
For letting you walk away
I'm sorry and hope I forgive me
Maybe see you again someday
That I will remember how I feel
And wont lose you again
You don't realise what you have
Until I saw you walk away
And all those words
You know I never got to say
But I think you may know by now
I curse myself for losing you
Didn't realise what I had
Until you went away

Matthew Holloway

Remembering You

Its been a while
That I've been on my own
So long since I last saw you
That I'm trying to remember
How beautiful you always looked
The way you could make me smile
With the way that you talked

You had that something new
Different to everyone else
Stole my heart away, then you left
Where have you gone to
Where is my heart

The nights are dark and cold
Wine doesn't taste the same
And the songs don't have me dancing
Like you used to get to dance
I guess I'm missing that beat
Sparks flew at least that's how I picture
When I try to remember you

The soul I got to know, you
Excites and creates a sensation
Building me up again and again
You were my heartbeat, stolen
Tasted like wild honey so sweet
This is all a memory, my memory
As I try to remember you

Matthew Holloway

The Invisible Girl With The Crystal Tear

There she sits alone at night
Feeling abandoned by the world
A beautiful girl with a kind heart
Feeling forgotten, almost invisible
She peers into the moonlight
Looking for a guide to somewhere else
Where her sorrows will be left behind
And a happy ending may be found
A tear falls from her eye
Into the moonlight it falls to shine
Capturing the colour of her soul
Like a star within the eye she is lit
No more invisible or alone
No longer lost to the night
She is a beautiful girl with a kind heart
Who through love feels loss
And as her story awaits to be read
The invisible with the crystal tear
Smiles so beautifully

Matthew Holloway

An Interview On Love

An interview on love

~

What was it to fall in love
But a fools simple dream
And what was it to dream
But a foolish hearts idea
And what idea would speak
But the ideas often taught
And what ideas would be taught
That depends on the thought
And what of such thoughts
It depends on their creation
So what defines such creation
It is impulse and emotion
Then what guides such emotion
I believe it is the heart
So what governs the heart to guide
It is love and love alone
What was it to fall in love
But a fools simple dream
And what was it to dream
But a foolish hearts idea

Matthew Holloway

Will You Forget Me Presently

Will you forget me presently

~

I have come to the reasoning
I were never one for this world
Will you forget me presently
Let me slip into the nothingness
From which I once came
Do not speak my name anymore
Allow me to become forgotten
For as much as I would have liked
I were never one for this world
I have come to the acceptance
That love will not find me
And by the choices I have made
A strange madness awaits
I gave my mind so I could write
I gave my heart to be inspired
And now as I look upon it all
I ask but of one little thing
Will you forget me presently
Burn my poetry and pictures
Let me become a lost memory
I were never one for this world
I never managed to quite fit in
So I ask of you in all your kindness
Will you forget me presently

Matthew Holloway

Dreams & Masters

Dreams & masters

~

I dared to dream
And made dreams my answer
Though I never understood the question
Or the notion of its being
When reality held to many horrors
I sought my solace in a dreams escape
Where I the master of my dreams
Or where they the master of me
There are little answers
But so much beauty to be found
In a dream, a dream is free
Who would not wish the perfect love
The beauty of a hearts imagining
All of this I saw and more besides
The feelings felt, felt so real
That they tore a hole into my heart
Upon waking and realising I were alone
Not I count to my own cost
How I dared to dream
And made dreams my answer

Matthew Holloway

Another Goodbye

Another goodbye

~

Saying goodbye

To another dream, another love

Saying goodbye, another night

Like so many before it

Where a realisation dawns

This this idea of love

This notion by the heart

Which longs to love and be loved

Shall never come to be known

For all the efforts and words

There was never any beginning

Or sign that a dream could be

So it come to this once more

The tired farewell I've often said

The journey to move on, alone

Another goodbye I'm tired of saying

When I hoped to win your heart

To know you in private company

And feel you kiss upon my lips

Those same lips which now recite

Goodbye sweet love goodbye

You were only ever a dream

Matthew Holloway

Call For Freedom

Call for freedom

~

My hearts talking

I try to drink it away

Silence the voice within

Tired of it repeating your name

~

It would be good for me

If only I could forget you

I'm not calling out for help

I'm calling for freedom

To be free of you

~

I could say this affection

Is undoing my work

Leaving me in an addiction

Just wanting to be with you

~

It would be good for me

If only I could forget you

I'm not calling out for help

I'm calling for freedom

To be free of you

~

You never gave me a look

That I could instantly see

How we may have a future together

I only saw what I wanted to see

~

It would be good for me

If only I could forget you

I'm not calling out for help

I'm calling for freedom

To be free of you

To be free of you

A call to freedom

Matthew Holloway

Trying Not To Say

I have hurt and I have known
More than I would ever like you to know
And here we are not talking anymore
I am trying not to say, or to hear
That word which end it all
I would like to force a smile
Light a fire in the night for the both of us
So we will feel its warmth
And we could smile once more and talk
I need to know how you feel
Tell you what's on my mind
As long as we don't have to say
Or hear it said, let us try not to say
I know we have hurt each other
Like fools we came back for more
That is a sign I like to believe
That I love you, you love me
And we are together in trying not to say
That word which could end it all
I will not speak or wish to hear
Please don't speak it to me
I still love you after it all
And I'm trying not to say
I'm frightened of the word
Then I hear you say goodbye

Matthew Holloway

Her Name Is To My Heart

Her name is to my heart
Bound by such beauty
That I live within a dream
How gentle she sits
In the thoughts I harbour
I wish only to be with her
To take her hand, protect her
To talk and learn of her soul
Know all of who she is and more
Her name is to my heart
Bound by a growing devotion
A love which stirs in dreams
Never to be mistaken
She is a maiden of beauty
An angle to the hearts prayer
And always so beautiful
That I am without words
Her name is to my heart
Bound in every dream
A love has come and it is real

Matthew Holloway

Listening To A Drunk Complain About His Wife

There is a man sat at the bar
Complaining about his wife
How she continually finds jobs for him
Never allowing a moments rest
How he loathes the shopping trips
Standing around while she tries on dresses
Fifteen shops and back to the first
Still not a purchase made
Is the result of an afternoon wasted
He continues to complain drinking on
Saying how he wishes to be alone
I laugh knowing full well the difference
Knowing the lonely nights
The feeling of needing someone to talk to
Dining on a simple meal for one
Late night television being a companion
I'd trade it all to walk around shops
Complain about doing jobs
And whatever meal is prepared for me
The is a man sat drinking at the bar
He complains about his wife
And all I can think to say
You don't know how lucky you are

Matthew Holloway

Finding Words

Finding words

~

My heart was talking awkward
Perhaps I did not say
That I had thought to have said
Words so often I claim to understand
Often leave me at a loss
That I could not find the right words to say
Leave me replaying our conversation
I swear I said you were beautiful
And maybe how I wanted to be with you
Could I have said that with any clarity
That you understood fully my heart
Would I now be questioning my words
I am unable to say except in truth
Those are the words I wish to say
My feelings towards you
Though my heart rambles awkward
Saying plenty without saying much
Perhaps I never actually say
That I have thought to say

Matthew Holloway

A Demons Return

A demons return

~

I hear their scratching
At the metaphorical walls I've built
Their voices spitting into the air
Poisonous words to ignite
That flame of madness within me
Already strange to the world
Somewhat distant is said
That is not the half of it
That is not even close to understanding
The is a darker realisation
A more blood thirsty situation
A demon within a soul
The price of creation
Was the mind now long lost
The breaking of mortar
As the scratching grows louder
Barricade with what I ask
And none, none do answer
Alone I listen with fear
I hear their scratching
At the metaphorical walls I built
The demons are returning

Matthew Holloway

A Heart Chanced

A heart chanced

~

A heart chanced once more
After years of silent solitude
Met only silence in its asking
And wept into a quiet nothing
A pride and strength deflated
The hope which fed each word
Broken like the dream left behind
The memories of past heartbreak
Revoked in this new silence
A question asked, regretted
A belief chanced, lost
The simple words spoken
Honest and gently thought
Fall into a quiet silence
A solitude of reply
To the heart which fought
To believe and chance again
Sits sadly quietly weeping

Matthew Holloway

The Gallery Of My Heart

The gallery of my heart

~

Like a portrait hung
In the gallery of my heart
A girl of undoubted beauty
Breathtaking and full of wonder
Holds my gaze completely
I find my words flowing
In a river of adoration
I dedicate her my soul
There is a girl of beauty
Beyond which none compare
Painted to a memory
In the gallery of my heart
The softness of her eyes
A warmth to her lips
Fair skin and cascading hair
What love may imagine
When looking upon
A girl in portrait hung
In the gallery of my heart

Matthew Holloway

This Is For You

I feel like I have been blind
It was not until I realised you were gone
That I realised how special you really are
Having you there, even though we never talked
It was a comfortable distance we kept
Keeping our conversations strictly limited
Now I look to roll back time
Ask you all the questions I have now
Tell you how beautiful I find you
How really special I think you are
Time is a privilege we all abuse
None of us stop to appreciate anymore
Those moments which seem to pass so fast
I wonder if I held my breath I could slow time
Capture that look once more in your eyes
See the smile and colour in you
Always you will remain beautiful
And given that time comes to an end
It's a fact none of can contest
I want to tell you now if its not too late
I love you in so many ways

Matthew Holloway

Holding Onto You

Mt heart is talking fool
It says too much
Never really making any sense
I don't want to keep you away
By saying all the wrong thing
Making me more foolish
I hold you closely
In my heart
This not easy for me
Facing up to my demons
Afraid you will walk out
And I'll never see you again
As beautiful as you are
The way can make me smile
And I talk too much
Never making sense
But I know I hold you
Like I hold no one else

Matthew Holloway

I Heard Her Song

I've often been distracted
By the lights and sounds
Of many a pretty young thing
Sometimes I'll offer my heart
Others just watch from a distance
The end result to this date
Remains a succession of losses
Opportunity and feelings wasted
I've seen those thoughts and feelings
Change over a thousand times
New love begin after the old has died
Or not died merely push aside
Left on the back burner of my life
Now another change has come
A new passion for a familiar face
We have always had a comfortable distance
Talked on occasion for a minute
Now I'm looking upon her differently
I've heard her song, who she is
A brilliant and beautiful soul
With a kind naivety I admire
She may well damn me
But I heard her song and my heart sang

Matthew Holloway

Unbroken Words

Unbroken words

~

My words lay unbroken
Left imprinted across the page
Thought filled feelings
Like memories waiting to be read
Past loves and passions I've known
Days when heartache and anger
Seemed to fill the air about me
I sift through old papers
Trying to remember or forget
Dependent on the stories written
How I have changed and yet not
Another thought, another feeling
Expressed in the same old tired way
Unbroken words show a dairy
Of fantasy and beauty caught
In a verse a tale or song remains
As true as it was written

Matthew Holloway

The Sweetest Beauty

The sweetest beauty

~

The sweetest beauty

I've had the joy to know

Is tied to my heart

I am bound to her

With an honest devotion

My hearts secret love

This friendship shall last

It shall face each test that comes

It shall never be broken

A promise now made

Will be kept as it was sworn

From the heart and soul

Matthew Holloway

Ode To A Gentle Soul

Never could a word be said
To discolour your beauty
You have a gentle soul
A wonderful nature in fact
And after all has been said
I know how I feel for you
You are kind and innocent
My heart stands with yours
I will protect you always
If we are lovers or friends
It will not change I pray
This is an ode to you
An ode to a gentle soul
As beautiful as any before
And deserving of praise
I shall remain ever present
At your call, by your side
As a friend or a lover
I shall remain right here

Matthew Holloway

A Soul Love

Its no use trying to fight
When a thought is a feeling like this
The way you make me feel
I am wasting my time in denial
I am sworn to a dream of you
A dream of you and I together
It's a beautiful sight
I just it were more than a dream
More than words on paper
I just need to be with you
And have you with me
Its no use trying to fight
This is a feeling I cannot hide
I know all I need to know
I want you in my life
You are beautiful and I know
That will never change
I guess I have fallen for you
And this I can never hide
Its no use trying to fight anymore
Because you being in my heart
Have become a part of my life
And I love you, you are beautiful
I just wish your were more than a dream
To my life, right now, tonight

Matthew Holloway

Selling A Poets Mind

Devoted to writing the words of poetic inspiration
I offer my mind as soul payment
Some say it's a madness of strange conception
I claim a quiet misunderstanding
To follow each emotion with such intent
Expressing and expanding beyond reason
That I may flower in bloom a thought
Far beyond its own conception
I whore out my heart to illustrations
To better depict that which I seek to serve
A flow of endless poetic verse
Seemingly I have become detached
From a world I may never have knew
And so in my indifference
Some say I carry a strange madness
Perhaps I do, perhaps I do
For I am devoted to writing the words
Of poetic and beautiful inspiration
If my mind is the fee of creation
Then to poetry I shall cash in

Matthew Holloway

A Reluctant Speech

A reluctant speech

~

I'll make you a gift of my heart
My hand and soul an added option
I am reluctant to speak such words
For fear I may lose what little we share
You carry an extraordinary beauty
One of which very few possess
And there you stand in full abundance
Delighting my heart with ease
What beautiful thoughts are found
When I think to dream of you
I'd gift you the world, if I could take it
Rejoice in your smile and happiness
Protect you, when you are in need
How my heart would serve to honour
The romantic impulses I feel
This is all through you, a beauty felt
These words I reluctantly speak
For fear we may lose
What little we share together

Matthew Holloway

Not A Friend, Left Behind

A tale seldom told
Of a life seemingly forgotten
Not a friend, left behind
In the hurried pace of life
Time to precious a commodity
To spare a moment, a thought
The terms of friendship
A glossary of semantics
Aquatinted by interpretation
Of what is felt and what is said
The colleague of indifference
A reality or emotional impulse
Allied to some promises
And so some stories read
Into an unhappy end
That seldom they are told
Have you heard the one about
Not a friend, left behind

Matthew Holloway

Platform 33

Platform 33

~

I sit waiting on the platform
Watching lives and souls rattle by
From and to the unknown
So many stories being written
I have forgotten why I wait
Am I due to catch my train
Or greet my love from another
Sat world watching
Noticing moments in others lives
The smiles and laughter
The tears and pain
I am not sure if I am effected
Or just taking notes
Making my own stories
While I wait on the platform
A wind whistles through
A slight chill to the air
I stay sat, watching, waiting
Trying to remember
How I got here

Matthew Holloway

Looking To Find Love

Looking to find love

~

What criteria do you offer

What experiences can you bring

Could you offer the commitment

Or rise to each challenge

That will come in time

How do you think

You may bring something to this

To keep ideas fresh and new

The long hours

Are you ready for those

This is not contractual

But requires priority assurance

How is your problem solving

Your ability to rationalise

Your memory

What criteria do you offer

The commitment to each challenge

Think something fresh and new

Apply in words if interested

In looking to find love

Matthew Holloway

A Shy Eye Casts A Romantic Look

A shy eye casts a romantic look

~

He looks with unease

At a girl something beyond beautiful

At least in his mind she is all of that

He stays his tongue from speaking

Not through caution but through fear

A fear of her rejection forefront

Besides not knowing which words to speak

Or how best to express them

He sits almost silent thinking

How her lips would feel against his own

The touch of her skin

The smell of her hair

His eyes cast a glancing look

Shyly looking away, fear of being caught

A subtle smile offers little

He looks with unease

At a girl he finds incredible

Matthew Holloway

Distractions

Distractions

~

I seek to distract myself
So thoughts will not be forgotten
More kept elsewhere for a while
Have them otherwise entertained
A busy mind has no time to idle
To wander about the what ifs and whys
Those fruitless agonies considered
In the dull silences and quiet hours
It's a duel of attention, distraction
When strong thoughts resist my ignorance
A book becomes a struggle
While the wayward mind wanders still
Thoughts resist to be kept at bay
However I seek to distract myself
To leave certain thoughts for a while
That I may rest my soul

Matthew Holloway

Driven & Drawn

I find myself drawn to you
A full bloodied romance
My heart is your property
Waiting to be claimed
My soul your companion
Wanting to be welcomed
My life yours to share
Should you wish for it
I find myself drawn completely
Intoxicated by your beauty
Addicted to thoughts of you
I am yours and yours alone
I long to lay beside you
To brush back your hair
A kiss like no other could be
Just to be with you
To spend time in your presence
What more could I ask
I am drawn to the most beautiful
The most special girl
You are all I could ever dream

Matthew Holloway

A Poem For England

This charred and frightened land
Once of meadows green
Now skulks in the shadows
Filled by the mobs scream
The air once so fresh and clean
Now chokes with the fire
The cancer of the mob
Spread with such anger
But rising a stance of defiance
For St George and the lions
England shall stand as one
And fight to protect its pride
The laws that govern
And watched over this land
Till all is restored as should be
And the green and pleasant land
Shall flower in glory

Matthew Holloway

Caught Unawares

I am caught unawares
My thoughts languish without clarity
To picture a face so beautiful
Now seen through very different eyes
I find myself fallen for you
How had I missed feeling like this
Never looking upon you as I now do
Now all I can do is look at you
Lost in all your beauty
And find myself dreaming
Of a kiss, a look deep into your eyes
The touch of your skin
Feeling your heart race to a beat
How I have come to feel like this
So happily unexpected
I am have been caught unawares
I have fallen for you

Matthew Holloway

The Solitary Heart

The solitary heart knows too many secrets
Too many tales have passed by unheard
The wistful dream often forgot
Is remembered with a solemn relocation
The loneliness seems unforgiving
And offers no respite to the heart
Alone in all its sweet devotion
Wishing it could be found someday
That love would mean more than a word
The anger, such anger felt at a world
Which seems to offer no friendship
No words that speak to care
The solitary heart weeps and pleads
To be free of love or bound to it
No longer alone watching on
What has been felt and thought
What dream like stories once imagined
The solitary heart know them all
And none have ever been heard

Matthew Holloway

Blood On My Heart

I have loved and found loving kind
Until I found myself waiting
And the waiting never seemed to end
The love I felt grew on my soul
Weighted me to this earth
Till I could not stomach it anymore
And looked to cut myself free
It hurt like I had never been told
How could I expect to find this
I never knew the pain of love
Until I first fell into it
Now I just want to forget everything
But there is blood on my heart
Of a dying love how do wash it free
I had love and enjoyed loves company
Till it treated me so unkind
Do I still believe that love is real
Do I believe that its out there for me
I have no answer while I look down
At the blood on my heart

Matthew Holloway

Riot, A Voice In The Fire

You voice calls out through fire
Is violence all you ever knew
What are you seeking to be heard
When the sky is lit with anger
You voices become lost in a scream
And looters steal from everyone
Without a care for the cost they inflict
This is no revolution in this town
Just a fight against your boredom
Lay down you arms and speak clear
Your voice calls out through fire
While the innocent look on afraid
Their message has been stolen
In the actions you have undertaken
I can see blood on your hands
You are free and freedom is glory
Until you abuse it for terror
What of the freedom of the innocent
What about their voice being heard
Your voice calls out through fire
I don't even want to listen
Let it burn and pray you will burn with it
Your voice called out in fire

Matthew Holloway

The Beginning Of A Hearts Affections

What is this come to pain, hearts affections
A word named love by many tongues
How it overwhelms the mind beyond all reason
What beauty is accredited to this force
That no living soul immune to its touch
can say to have defied such emotion
No love by its own name is completion
What else could claim such conquest over man
A word, a thought, a feeling, what is this
To now find freedom meaningless is pain
But what pains more than being without that soul
Who began the beginning of this event
A soul whom arrived here in full beauty
Has now a heart sworn unto its protection

Matthew Holloway

A Love Of Barmaids

How wonderful they are
Those sweet ladies behind the bar
Providers of that nectar
The sweet, sweet beer
They listen to the drunks
And put up with every quip
I actually admire them
For all the stick they take
Little paid and over worked
They deserve my praise
Although I never left a tip
Perhaps much to my shame
Or limited funds required
To get another drink
And remain entertained
By those lovely barmaids
The bring me beer
And listen to me talk
What more could I ask
A service I applaud
So I thank each one
As beautiful as they are
For serving and listening
To my incoherent ramblings
A love of barmaids
Is more than deserving
And her I am now
Thanking

Matthew Holloway

The Quiet Heart

How quiet my heart
In what, where love is forgot
Where no passion nor desire
Holds any value at all
No just a nothingness
A silence of thought
I had surrendered a love
Found it unrequited
To heavy a burden to bare
And now silence
Broken by odd whisper
Telling tales of attraction
Building their part up higher
As though some great romance
Awaits to be rehearsed
No silent is my heart
Since the last love was left
Since I bid farewell
To the unrequited desire
I have known so often
And so well

Matthew Holloway

Tabloid Pigs

Tabloid pigs to the slaughter house
Tomorrows chip-papers looking thin
The hacks and waiting to be hacked
Front page headline 'Karma wins'
The corrupt uncaring vices you undertook
On which you built your little empire
Is now falling apart around your feet
You have no friends left in this town
Now after every story you ran
Tabloid pigs to the slaughter house
Come answer to your crimes
Stand, be counted for what you've done
In the public interest I do believe
Is what you have always said
You were not journalists or news reporters
Just vile little piggy's snorting around
In the dirt for what you could sell
Regardless of crime or consequence
Tabloid pigs to the slaughter house
The time has come, last edition

Matthew Holloway

Taxation Beyond Death

A taxation beyond the grave
A bill without receipt
A rental disagreement
For the socially deceased
A thought of public space
The potential revenue made
To fill the coffers of government
Money from the grave
The subtle moves they placed
Not just a place of mourning
But prime advertising space
Then the service fees incurred
Maintenance and service
Cost too much to the public
It became in our own interest
Or that they would have us know
That the resting land taxation
Was as just and rightful
And so perfectly legal
The coffers filled by coffins
A taxation on the socially deceased
No longer a grave yard
But national rental space

Matthew Holloway

Watching Angels Cry

A heart breaks powerless
Watching pale eyes look away
In search of some escape
A pain they try to keep hidden
Masked behind a beautiful smile
Painted eyes hiding tears
The kindest soul pretending
That they have nothing to hide
Yet it can still be seen
A hand or kind word offered
Awaits an honest reply
Wanting to help to protect
Unable to change the world
While waiting restless
Watching angels cry
A heart breaks powerless
For a beautiful life

Matthew Holloway

Political Prisoners

In fear of reform
Their walls begin to crumble
The rise of each voice
Calls out a social unrest
No longer accepting
The misjudged decisions
By those elected to office
There is no greater choice
There is barely a lesser evil
For they sell each promise
For an extortionate wage
While others live to get by
On a minimal support
Strip them of their cars
Of their grand houses
And expense reports
Each political clone
Cut from the same suit
Stands in fear of reform
The rising voices
Of who once were
Their political prisoners

Matthew Holloway

Goodbye My Love

Goodbye my love
I have come to let you go
To say a sad farewell
My heart has surrendered
All the hope in you it held
Time became too much
And opportunity failed to show
A thought began and it grew
Telling my heart constantly
That which it already knew
The denial lasted so long
How my heart fought for you
Bravely and valiant
Fought in each dream to believe
Till the colour faded away
The words ebbed into a silence
So I find myself here standing
Ready to say goodbye
Take care my love
I'll let you go

Matthew Holloway

A Bottle Of Wine And A Broken Heart

When will this soothe
Help me to forget the night
Slip me into some numbness
That I am no more remembering
The sorrow of my piteous heart
To often had I chanced it
Always without reward
That little remains intact
That which stains my memory
I look to wash away
To drown in a bottle of wine
The last escape I know
Sat waiting for it to take effect
To grant me some salvation
It persists in granting me this
Will not let the numbness begin
So all I have for company each night
Is a bottle of wine and a broken heart

Matthew Holloway

The Butcher

There has been a butcher at my heart
I have been cut, severed and served
Diced up to a presentation
The mince of my forlorn desire
Left sitting in a bowl to waste
A consumption to indigestion
A poison to the pallet of love
The colour or romance blood red
Cut out drained away
There has been a butcher at my heart
Splicing, stabbing, hacking away
No delicate cuts to present
The back table offerings
Usually kept for the dogs
Is this all my heart has to offer
A bargain counter deal
On left over's

Matthew Holloway

Caught In A Moment

Were I ever more enthralled
In that moment I caught her full beauty
That soul, that heart, that spirited nature
The way she carried herself
The look in the eye, a glare transfixed
The curl of a smile like a hook holding
I fell victim to all she possessed
And in me she could claim all
For never before had I felt like this
More drawn to such beauty
That I saw before the body and face
A nature, a spirit, a heart to behold
A mind to challenge my own
I had felt the pining of strong desire
Known full well the sting of lust
False love and false declarations
But this, nothing like this
I had never been more enthralled
In the moment I caught her full beauty

Matthew Holloway

You'Re Beautiful

I like the way you smile
The light that's in your eyes
The way you say certain things
The way you make me feel
I may be foolish saying this
Or a naïve as you can be
The way you trust too much
Then there are those days
When I hear you are afraid
Or that you have been hurting
When I think you may be crying
I want to stop the world
Let you know you are not alone
That you are, you are beautiful
There is more to be told
I like the way you smile
The light that's in your eyes
You have a way of reminding me
That you are beautiful

Matthew Holloway

Poem Title

A face painted to the eye
A portrait offered to the heart
Builds a feeling built to climb
Touching skies overhead
Amidst high heavens rising
A poem without a title
The ode to loves beginning
Speaks of all that's seen
And all that's felt within
In the eye the face painted
Beautiful and pure
Soft skin and petal lips
A look holds gazing
Perfectly framed with hair
Woven tresses curl
Breath taken to silence
Words wait to be written
A ode to loves beginning
A face painted to the eye
A poem without a title

Matthew Holloway

In The Thought Of You

In the thought of you

~

What comfort to the night
The thought of you does bring
What warmth to the heart
When I hold you imagining
The embrace of two lovers
Fully entwined in each other
Lost in a solitary look
Where two eyes are bound
How beautiful it all does seem
To ease the mind at night
I sleep with a smile in place
While I picture your company
What more could I ask
Than to be present with you
To share in a moment of time
To find a comfort in the night
Only found in the thought of you

Matthew Holloway

Night Song

My heart is lost
Like a song in the night
Playing to a sleeping place
Which seems so far away
All the pictures of you
Hung like portraits in my mind
I catch myself dreaming of you
And see how I smile
I'm holding back the tears
Wishing you were here
To bring my heart home again
Like a song in the night
The chorus is made for you
However distant you may be
I'll remember you and our song
Of a heart lost in the night

Matthew Holloway

Burgeoning Love

To this I was unprepared
Yet I accept it as a truth
My heart has been inspired
And caught by your beauty
To this end I have fallen
You are my muse my desire
How fair and gentle you stand
Growing in my thoughts daily
Is this love or infatuation
When words of romance speak
To tell me of how we would kiss
How we would lay together
Held in each others arms
And those words we would speak
How meaningful they sound
You are beautiful and more besides
You have been woven to my life
I'd gift you my heart and soul
If you gift me your hand to hold

Matthew Holloway

Elation

Elation

~

How sweetly writ this play
This tale of a found devotion
A heart which soon discovers
It has been blind to the realisation
Of how one already so well known
Yet often sadly unnoticed
Is to be a new loves beginning
How beautifully fair it speaks
To love and romance each word
The eye which finally saw
All that had been missed in days gone
Was as once dreamt beautiful
And so in dedication to such love
A devotion began to serve
That which was to be written
A play of a tale named elation
Set free the eyes and the mind
Do not hold the heart and soul
Set free to realise the beauty
Waiting to be written

Matthew Holloway

The Lonesome Walls

The lonesome walls

~

It shows me no mercy
No care or thought given
Just the empty walls about me
And the silence which fills them
All thoughts are a dream
A prelude to some fantasy
That may never come to pass
How alone I feel this night
My heart beats heavy
Although there is no care
I have seen from this world
Just the lonely, the empty nights
And passions burn to excite
Each fanciful dream
In the quiet and empty hour
There is no mercy shown
No care or thought given
Just the empty wall about me

Matthew Holloway

Late Nights And Tears

Late nights and tears

~

You are always here with me

If only in my lonely thoughts

How I wish you were by my side

Your hand held in mine

Late nights and tears come and go

Seems its all I ever know

Looking for a change of this life

To find you once again

To remember what love is like

So there are no more lonely nights

How I cried how I hurt

Thinking of you in another's arms

I lay awake and I try to dream

Makes no difference to how I feel

You are always here with me

With a love that does not die

Alone I always find late nights and tears

Matthew Holloway

A Fear Through Words

It is through fear I write this
Through fear I dare not speak these words
Or name the muse of who I pen them to
I hold a gentle and honest love to my heart
Such a love as yet untried and unknown
What good are my words when I cannot speak them
To my muse so beautiful so sweet, so divine
I fear I may lose them so completely
That I stay silent, bide my words so well
And watch with abject despair
My muse, object of my whole desire
Grow more distant with each passing day
And I fear I may lose all together
By speaking these words, these cursed words
I asked myself once, what I search for
Is it what I want or what I need in life
And there I saw my muse, a world of beauty
More than I could imagine or ask for
A gentle heart and loving nature
Those warm soothing eyes I look to
Do not see me as I would wish
I fear if they were to, see my innermost soul
My passion and my love for them
They would turn away and be lost completely
Which is why I write with fear
These words I dare not speak

Matthew Holloway

Beyond All Reason

I love you beyond all reason
My love, my sweet, my soul devout
For you are all that is beautiful
To the eye of my hearts mind
And what more could make me feel
Such pining and longing as you
When I look upon your smile
These eyes windows to my soul
Look inside and see your reflection
For all I choose to see is you my love
You who I call all beautiful
Of the fairest heart and gentle nature
You are the love personified in verse
As near perfect as I dare to speak
And what reason or understanding exists
In the throws of such unrelenting thought
No, there is none I know of
All that there is, is an exclamation
I love you beyond all reason

Matthew Holloway

A Madness Of The Heart

Love is a complex affliction
Much aligned to many a madness
Seemingly beyond explanation
For the levels and variations
Of such a passionate emotion
Are far beyond the realms of reason
What else can there be to lose sleep
And yet still dream of another
Of the many ailments of this affliction
This love, this word we call love
I have become and been inflicted
By one such ailment, perhaps
I talk of the unrequited heart
What it is to love someone without end
To be as pure of heart, yet forlorn
Knowing they feel nothing, no love
The pain, the beautiful agony
Or being unable to control
That which we feel or others feel
It is love, it is beautiful, it is madness
And finally of the unrequited heart
A lesson of reason must become
To accept the reach of one affection
And learn to manage such feeling
For as much as we all may love, another
We must be prepared to let go
And look away to forget

Matthew Holloway

The Unsteady Heart

A heart left unsteady
By a girls single beauty
More than her appearance
Her heart and soul are seen
And she shall forever be
A gentle wonder to the heart
Held high upon imagination
Of all that could ever be
The sweetest of thoughts
Tenderly nurture this feeling
A heart left unravelled
Upon the feet of a girl
Awaits the first kiss
To embrace such a love
Let this become unbroken
And steady this heart
That has been left at a loss
By a single girls beauty

Matthew Holloway

To Love And A Wedding

To love and a wedding

~

I share in the joy of my friends
While the air is filled with songs
To love, to love and a wedding
Blessed are the lives of friends
I share in their smiles quite often
For their humour is a narcotic
It infiltrates almost every thought
Induces many a joyful memory
In an addictive fashion I realise
The excited talk and anticipation
To love, to love and a wedding
Is something private shared
An intimate union of two
Shared with those close and loved
The glasses raised in celebration
The smiles and the laughter
What joy it has been to share
In the joy of my friends
Who sing of love and the song
To love, to love and a wedding

Matthew Holloway

A Weight Carried

I carry a weight in my chest
A sorrow all of my own
It is to the love forlorn
The chanceless regret
The love I once sought
I did not fight to keep
Now I fall as a shadow
A poor imitation of me
And in my thoughts it remains
Every lost wanton care
It is my burden my weight
Hung upon my heart
My life's regret
I lost my way somehow
Forgot what I was meant to say
Now in silence I brood
Over a thought and a love
Both full sorrowful
It is a weight within my chest
I ask no pray or wish for love
That I may finally rest

Matthew Holloway

The Most Beautiful Vision

The light caught your eye
And your smile lit the room
I felt my heart skip a beat
A warmth filled my thoughts
How amazing you looked
For there and then I looked upon
The most beautiful vision
That I have ever seen
Held in my memory so perfect
I smile foolishly at times
You filled me with a joy
Something I cannot forget
Your picture is held to my heart
The light of your smile
And warmth of your eyes
The way I saw the soul in you
You will always be
The most beautiful vision
That I shall ever see

Matthew Holloway

All That's Beautiful

Of all that's beautiful
To begin there is you
And the sun and the sky
The melody of a song
The colour of a flower
The scent of perfume
The rhyme of a poem
Or an artists painting
As beautiful as they are
They do not compare
With the beauty of you
You are the one
Who makes me smile so
Puts a beat to my heart
And skip in my step
So that all I shall ever think
Of all that's beautiful
To begin there is you

Matthew Holloway

Words Of Lament

How it has become written
Sorrowfully into my thoughts
The silence of my lonesome night
The suffering of my lonely heart
I try to drown in spirits
In the hope of raising my own
I am as successful in doing this
As my unrequited love has been
Never achieving the desired answer
While often not asking the question
Time which is fleeting at best
Passes by with ever gathering pace
And I have wasted so much
In thoughts of fancy and love
Never making a decision or action
Just thinking of words and feelings
Held by a fear of what could be spoken
Without ever actually knowing
And all that's left when the night is done
Are these thoughts, words of lament

Matthew Holloway

Were We To Finally Kiss

Were we to finally kiss
An embrace of my every dream
That I would feel the touch
Of your tender lips
And know all that is beautiful
By the grace of your touch
My heart would be yours
For all of the asking
Those words I dare not speak
All the I love you speeches
I'll keep withheld
You are so beautiful to me
And hold place so high
Were we to finally kiss
I would struggle to believe
It were more than a dream

Matthew Holloway

A Belief In Writing Poetry

For me a poem should be easy
Like a river flowing seamless
Without need to stop and think
Like a river reflects the world
A poem should reflect also
In each passing pace of rhythm
Every bend and curve of a river
Could be the twist and turn
Settled into every verse
Which flows with gentle ease
Beautiful and refreshing
Passing by so slowly
There amongst nature I find
An honest belief in poetry
The simplicity of it all
How easy a poem should be
Not to be understood
But to be felt and known
Not to become explained
But to be seen and realised
My belief in writing poetry
Is a river flowing and reflecting
A simple beautiful honesty

Matthew Holloway

To All A Heart

To all a heart
For a hearts word
She is all to beauty
That I could write
It pains my dreams so much
That they are forlorn
Such thoughts I hold
For such love not be
To all a heart
A tear shall fall
How sad it becomes
A love destitute
However kind, caring
It is left alone, alone
To fade into nothingness
For al a heart
For all it could speak
No words serve justice
To any such beauty

Matthew Holloway

An Ode To Your Smile

An ode to your smile

~

My heart was sworn to you
When I first saw you smile
You are the most beautiful girl
I wish my words could reach you
That I could say all I wish to speak
Having found silence to be a wall
I have hid behind my whispers
Those disguised words I've penned
Hoping you would hear my heart
I find your beauty inspiring
It flows more than skin deep
You are in my soul and my mind
I look at you as I would the world
You are the verse to every poem
The melody to every song
And in your smile, I found love
A heartbreaking beauty when missed
A wonder when witnessed
And every time I see you smile
I fall in love that little bit more

Matthew Holloway

The Forlorn Heart

Alone in the company of myself
How the walls seem ghostly quiet
Thoughts drift to a romance broken
The girl that never was or could not be
Stay my tongue lest I speak ill of love
The words of a broken heart are fierce
And sharp as any blade ever known
Cutting into the depths of the soul
The silence of the night haunting
And I alone mourn my own heart
What love, what girl I shall not name
For it pains to speak such words
And these walls, empty as they are
Have become my tomb, farewell love
Alone with a broken heart I yield
That which I was never to know
Were I a greater man than I
How would my own company stand
Would I know it alone at all
Would I know these ghostly walls
As I know too well my heart
My loves sad quiet demise
The forlorn heart exists
Where there is only myself and I

Matthew Holloway

The Agony Of Being In Love

This has become my affliction
My unsteady nerves twitch
My mind is left untoward
That not one thought I control
There is a girl, one girl
Who has a place in my heart
For some reason I fail to understand
I view her as I would view the world
In full beauty she is everything
Yet not one promise she has shown to me
And so I find my hearts affection
Laying as an unrequited token
I torture myself ceaselessly
Ah the agony of being in love
With someone who does not love me
I fail to deal with the emotion
And I am unhealthy in doing that
The mind goes to a waste
While the heart does as it will
The agony of being in love
There is no cure I know
Except for the answered dream

Matthew Holloway

Little Voice

A little voice sings
To the smiles in the room
While admiring eyes look on
Each with a particular pride
To have seen this voice grow
Is a memory to share, cherish
Little voice sing on
Grow, blossom and flower
Fill the air with your song
The deft notes play to the ear
And the heart is dancing
Little voice sing on
The room will fill with smiles
While all eyes look on
At the one they have come to know
The one who has grown and flowered
The little voice who sings
Little voice sing on

Matthew Holloway

The Truth Of Wealth

You can take the riches
Of lords and ladies of court
Keep them all for all I care
The only wealth I care to seek
Is a good friend and woman to love
A stately home is well enough
But empty rooms follow empty rooms
And the garnish of falsehood
Those people who humour for the self
That they are invited to parties
The soirees of the self involved
Are not to my particular taste
I prefer the values of friendship
The honesty and support I find
In those who are there, and counted
When there is nothing to gain
The company of a friend
The companionship of a beautiful girl
That is what I have come to find
As the markings of the truest wealth

Matthew Holloway

A Prison Of Solitude

A prison of solitude
To which I am thrown
The empty walls and rooms
The soundless corridors
The drawn-out night
What madness grows here
That no other does see
How lonely I find
The sleepless bed
The loveless air
The void of conversation
The dying romance of the candle
This isolation
This so complete nothingness
I am kept at distance
From a world I do not know
In this place of madness
A prison of solitude
To which I have been thrown

Matthew Holloway

An Oath To The Girl I'd Love

Subtle my words to you
Spoken in whispered tones
You are truly beautiful
I would keep your picture
Your name in my heart
And kiss upon these lips
I would keep you always
The loving kindness you share
Is such joy to witness
You distract my thoughts
And fill my every dream
You could be my world
And I, I will be there for you
I will listen to you
Hold you in my arms
Protect you the best I can
Never to lie, to remain loyal
And in these subtle words
I shall love you

Matthew Holloway

Hello Beautiful

Hello beautiful

~

A Hi and a hello

Seemingly all I can muster

Never telling you, you are beautiful

Or how I really like you

I'm the cleverest idiot I know

And hope you get a laugh from this

My honest repost of myself

I really think the world of you

Because you are something special

You mean the world to me

And I say that from the heart

To you, my little honey bee

I could try to pen you an ode

To say how beautiful you are

But I'd never say those words

When stood next to you

All I can manage is a Hi and a Hello

Maybe a how are you

When all I could ever wish to say is

You are amazing and beautiful

Please never change

I love you my little friend

Forgive me for being so stupid

Buts that's just the way I am made

Matthew Holloway

The Black Flames

In a dream, a dream, a dream
I walked through a raging fire
With flames the blackest of black
I felt no cold nor heat by their touch
But the eyes, the eyes watching me
I felt a feeling swell and die
Saw the world in full horror
In decay and demise and death
The world is a dying place
Filled with hate, envy and greed
Upon which the blackest flames
Dance, rage and scream
With a horror they scream aloud
Like a banshee calling
To death, while death is watching
I walked through a wall of fire
Where the flames were black
Darker than the night or shadows
All the while I felt nothing
Nothing but the eyes upon me

Matthew Holloway

A Heart For The Taking

My heart is yours for the taking
Sweet girl it is all but yours
I find my thoughts of you distracting
How I labour through hope
That I may yet kiss you someday
You have never give me a word
Or a sign of your affection
Leaving my heart appearing foolish
You are kind, loving, intelligent
Your sense of humour and smile
Part of the reason I find you beautiful
How could I not fall for you
How could my heart not wish for yours
In abundance I wish for your company
To enact each written facet of romance
And what of you and your thoughts
And I destined to guess forever
Or are my greatest fears to be realised
My heart is yours for the taking
Sweet girl it is all but yours

Matthew Holloway

A Wealth Of Apologies

I am sorry
I couldn't make you weak at the knees
I couldn't say the right words
I couldn't offer you what you wished
I couldn't make you blush
I couldn't make you think of me
I am sorry
I'm not the man you desire
I'm not better and stronger than I appear
I'm not exciting but predictable
I'm not good looking or confident
I'm not anything other than a friend
I am sorry
That I let my heart ramble on
That I talk incessantly about nothing
That I feel jealous and stupid
That I am unable to win your heart
That I am sat here alone
I am sorry
For loving your smile and eyes
For loving the things you do
For loving you to a distraction
For loving your laugh
For loving you as I now do
I am sorry
Please be gentle to me
Please feel enough for me
Please ease my lonely heart
Please say those words
Please forgive me
I am sorry

Matthew Holloway

Moving On Alone

A heartbreak lingers
Amid each stifled step
A shuffle of the feet
And a heavy sigh
The night seems endless
And the world bigger
This is a different kind
Of loneliness
It hurts and draws tears
Feels like no other
Pain known before
Something has ended
A time has come
To move on
And move on alone
A heavy hardship
For a broken heart
Lingers in a stifled step

Matthew Holloway

A Simple Truth

Here is a simple truth
Which I write for you
The only thing I fail to say
Is what I feel inside

~

You are beautiful
You could be my world
I think of you anyway
In the deepest of affection

~

You have you little ways
Which always make me smile
Sometimes I will laugh
Remembering something you said

~

I dream of you like no other
I wish to talk to you
Share in your dreams and adventures
Wherever they may lead us

~

I guess my heart is simple
And would enjoy the little pleasures
Of just being in your company
Because you are so wonderfully you

~

And now I write a truth
I know our limited relationship
Will never match my ambitions
However I still love you

Matthew Holloway

A Heartfelt Letter Unsigned

It seems I am only good with words
When I write them in my silent hours
Of all the things I have wished to say
But never found the moment or courage
I find myself saddened by my thoughts
All of which surround my thoughts of you
I think you are amazing, kind and so strong
You are beautiful in many ways I cannot count
Your nature and spirit I have come to know
Shows you to be funny and loving
You put a spring in my heart, a song in my step
I would love to hold you each night
Look after way and love you always
But alas, a time has come I must face
That moment of courage and opportunity
I think it matters not anyway
I have listened to my mind and heart argue
And wish I could look through any eyes
Other my own, when I look at you
A time has come to say goodbye, to move on
I wish to take you from my heart
Place you by my side as a friend and nothing more
If only my thoughts were not my own
If only I could look through another's eyes
Perhaps I would not need to write these words
Because moving on from you
Is the hardest most difficult decision in life
You will always be so beautiful to me
And in loving you I must say goodbye

Matthew Holloway

There Is A Girl

There is a girl

~

There is a girl

I shall not name today

Who holds a place special

In my every hearts affections

I like to think of such thoughts

As my closely guarded secret

That none know who she is

Although I have come to suspect

That many may know the truth

Or perhaps they have a strong idea

Just who this girl really is

I am undone by her in every way

That my heart is all at a loss

I picture her face, her smile

The way the light catches her eyes

How I think the world of her

My hearts little secret desire

Her name I shall not reveal

Perhaps it needs never to be said

That she and many others

Already know how I feel

Perhaps its no more a secret

Than something best left unsaid

There is a girl I shall not name

Who I love anyway

Matthew Holloway

Confession Of A Lonely Romantic

I am a romantic
I believe in the full colour of love
That beauty can transcend any world
To a place far better than here
That which is able to heal so many sorrows
To cast light in the darkest day
I believe in the hearts affections
That underlying truth, a realisation
I admire the beauty that is unseen
The warmth of another words
The gentle nature of their actions
A look in the eye or a smile
Ply the stings of romance
There is a song heard deep within
And that song is beautiful
I see the beauty of the innocent moments
Those shared with a love
I see them in a dream, a hope
I await to feel such thought from another
The light and colour of love
I am a lonely romantic
I believe in love

Matthew Holloway

The Often Overlooked

Bypassed with little thought
Barely given a mention
Those people in daily life
Overlooked by one and all
They may be as kind and loving
As any other in matter of fact
But that remains an unknown
They are acknowledged at times
But all too often left unconsidered
A name, a face and little else
On the fringe of the social circle
Used a filler when the need arises
Still they remain background characters
Overlooked by the leading cast
There only to make up the numbers
Never considered as anything more
To have played both roles in life
Being guilty with the bypassed thought
And left in the background scene
Is to know the honest plight
Of the often overlooked

Matthew Holloway

More Than Beautiful

You are as I find
More beautiful to my heart
More beautiful to my eyes
Than I could ever speak
I fear in no uncertain terms
My heart is undone
And it is to you I dream
Of a life's fulfilment
Yours is a beauty undying
Finer than any wine
More beautiful than any flower
It is in your eyes and smile
It is in the way you talk
Your kindness to others
You are as I find
More than beautiful

Matthew Holloway

In Her Name

In her name

~

I find her a-muse-ing
So delicate, beautiful and fair
That she plays upon my heart
A play of a thousand words
Like a butterfly serenade
A girl of dreamlike inspiration
Strikes a chord of verse
That my love is prone to song
To sing as softly sweet
As the clear ocean sky
For she is lit by the heavens
An array of stars above
So delicate, beautiful and fair
A girl who I am prone to say
A-muses me in such a way
I play with words in her name

Matthew Holloway

The End Of Worlds

In a nightmare it came
The vision to draw such fear
I saw cities burn and fall
The air thick with burning sulphur
Heard screams echo from nothing
Amid the roar of fire
The roads of man melted into rivers
Into which fell stone and glass
The sky burnt a blood red
Silhouetted the steel remains
The fallen towers of man
A wind whistled with tempest
Rising the ashes and embers
To blind and burn the eyes
Through hands raised and open fingers
I witnessed with cold numbness
A hell rise to claim the earth
The religions of man became forlorn
From this plight there was no peace
No respite or deliverance
This was as some had prophesied
Albeit but in a ghostly dream
The end of worlds, the end of our time

Matthew Holloway

A Call For A Creative Home

A derelict building stands
Windows boarded, gardens overgrown
A gate firmly locked
Keeps the world at distance
Turning the building into a tomb
Of wasted potential

Artists gather looking for a place
A home to share their craft
That they may entertain the world
Spread the love of their art
They are met with stony walls
And the locked gates of a tomb

Those who can make the difference
The holders of the keys
Sit in their well lit, warm offices
Dipping biscuits into cups of tea
Seemingly unready to listen
Or just make a decision

A derelict building stands
Gate locked, windows boarded
The artists gather looking for space
They ask for a helping hand
But those who could help
Sit silently in their offices
Dipping biscuits into tea

Matthew Holloway

The Insomniac Heart

In amongst the sleepless hour
Where a pensive thought persists
Where are you my hearts companion
To aid me to a peaceful sleep
Time tortures the tired mind
And all my thoughts are of you
Silently I hold off tears
I miss you, wish you were here
I lay awake staring into nothing
Imagine what a conversation with you
Could do to ease my worried heart
Sleepless in all its anxiety
My heart and I wait for you
And waiting seems eternal
As though to never end
A sleepless heart and a restless mind
And my thoughts are of you
I miss you, I need you
Love you

Matthew Holloway

Breaking The Poets Code

To write of each emotion
And so vividly express
Into the mind and heart of others
That all which is written is felt
To tell a simple tale
With such rhythm and colour
That all who come to read it
Swear they to were on the journey
What is this craft called poetry
To which so many aspire
Quietly sitting penning worlds
Flowing each stanza with ease
Like a river across the page
The gentle metaphor graces
Each carefully chosen word
To depict a thought or memory
And express in its verse
That all may feel perhaps see
The word world of a poet
The code of what is writ
Revealed for those who care to see it

Matthew Holloway

Saint In A Sinner

Saint in a sinner

~

There's a different kind of beauty
Found beneath the depths of the eye
All that glitters is not gold
But to a shining light we are sold
A promise of salvation
To be bestowed unto the heart
The beautiful mind in speaking
Has a torment of its own
Hear a saint in a sinner present
A demon in new clothes
That which we hunger for
Desire to the very end
Blinds us to the reality
The beauty we often seek to find
Is not always what we expect
When revealed a saint in a sinner
The gold of the impassioned greed
Is a different kind of beautiful
Than that which we already know

Matthew Holloway

Ode To An Angel

She may well be an angel
This girl so close to my heart
One who I find so beautiful
That I am unable to sleep
My thoughts are of her beauty
How it surpasses everything
She has a loving heart
And seems to give so much
When I hear she is hurting
It almost breaks my heart
When I see her smile or laugh
I am filled with such a joy
I must love her in such a way
That it defies all reason
I long to hold her in my arms
Brush back her hair softly
To kiss her lips with a passion
And tenderness of the heart
She must be an angel I swear
To be as closely woven to my heart
As any girl could ever be

Matthew Holloway

The Love Of A Good Woman

What would a man not give
For the love of a good woman
Someone to share the days
Whether they are good or bad
The support and encouragement
Of someone close to the heart
Someone who just, understands
And is there when needed
There is an age old saying
Behind every great man exists
The love of a good woman
What would a good man not give
For that to ring true

Matthew Holloway

To Victorious

I sit and pen my heart
Lay bare my every emotion
That I am naked before you
If only in a solitary feeling
You hold more beauty to me
Than anything I care to mention
The depth of my love
That I think of you constant
Picture you in my life
Shows only my honest devotion
You are beautiful I agree
More beautiful in the way you are
For that I love you
Pray, no plead that you do not change
For you are all the beauty
In all the world
And all that should ever be
Saved

Matthew Holloway

Through The Artists Eyes

The world reflected
In the authors eyes
Shall be as beautiful or tragic
As the emotions interpreted
In the verse of the inspired
Flowing almost timeless
A world beyond what's real
A fantasy often shared
The dream interpreted
By the words which flow
A tale may be woven
Or a thought put into place
By the words when spoken
Through the artists eyes
How the world is seen
Can be more beautiful
Or more heartbreaking
When written
Through the artists eyes

Matthew Holloway

She Sang A Mariners Song

Out to sea an ocean lay
Beyond the fall of all the stars
I saw a world asleep on the horizon
And while the waves rolled in
I heard a voice rising up
A girl sang as if to soothe the world
Each note a rise and fall
To match the sea in perfect symmetry
The words she sang sailed
Into the soul a beautiful dream
She sang a mariners song
To inspire the heart to write
An ode to the sea and her song
The rise and fall of a timeless grace
As beautiful, as perfect
As any sunrise or sunset
Out to sea an ocean lay

Matthew Holloway

A Girl Of My Dreams

I hold her in my dreams
Gaze deeply in her eyes
Which shine more beautiful
Than any stone known to man
She is my greatest distraction
I hold her in my thoughts
With a loves honest devotion
Admire her very nature
She is all I could ever ask for
Or all I could imagine
I hold her tightly in my heart
Never wishing to let go
To take seed of this passion
Nurture it tenderly
That it will grow and flower
To a thing of great beauty
I hold her in my dreams
Kiss those soft sweet lips
And in her eyes I see
The most beautiful of all
A girl of my dreams

Matthew Holloway

Bequeathing A Heart

Bequeath my heart unto a fable
That I may love and be loved
That the tales of my youth
May still ring true to some degree
I ask that I grow not old, alone
Embittered by each passing year
In the solitary gloom, forlorn
By the anguish of the unrequited heart
Yet to know the union of another
That I may become the tragedy of the unwritten
Unable to gift my heart in such a way
That I no longer able to love
That I am unable to be loved
Let those tales, those words once written
Prove not to be of a false hope
It is to all such fables I now ask of you
To love as it has been written
Bequeath my heart unto them

Matthew Holloway

Death Of A Fine Romance

Death of a fine romance

~

I had held onto my heart
For as long as humanly possible
But eventually I had to let go
The lonely nights I faced
The times I saw those I liked
Those I believed I may love
Slip beyond my reach
Each night had took its toll
Either they had found someone else
Or rejected my advances
How my heart hurt then cried
Each and every night
How could I keep the pretence
That I was ok with love
When love was absent to me
Eventually the lonely nights
They became too much
Eventually the breaking heart
More than I cared to contend with
Now I am sitting here alone
Drinking to mourn a loss
The death of a fine romance

Matthew Holloway

The Absent Muse

In her absence
My heart is sad yet fond
Her picture etched to my memory
Like some great masterpiece
Of the finest artists work
How her smile captivates me
Those eyes bright, warming
I could look upon her forever
I search for a finer word than beautiful
That any may yet serve her justice
Smile while I remember the way she laughs
The way she looks when happy
How she is funny, kind hearted, special
There are so few like her
This angel, princess, queen
She has all the merits of a true love
I remember them well
While she is absent from my reach
She is there in my thoughts
Present to my heart
My muse, my art

Matthew Holloway

Curtain Call

Curtain call

~

A show as long as a life

Written in the script of the unknown

The mysterious bard has foretold

The final curtain call

~

The closing act is well underway

The last scene about to begin

Soon the lights shall dim to blackness

And the curtains shall fall to close

The lead bystander is all but done

A role written to an end

~

This has been no great story

A simple forgetful tale if told true

The mild tragedy of a few events

Within the comedy of it all

The final performance, a swansong

Then all shall be done

~

Once it is over and the curtain falls

The audience shall rise to leave

With a clatter of chairs ringing out

A dull applause

Matthew Holloway

Confession Of A Rose

Were I to buy her a rose
And confess my heart
To lay bare my feelings
As honest and true
That my soul intention
Is to be beside her
There when she is in need
To hold her hand
To talk and listen
Were I to tell the world
How beautiful I find her
How I always smile
When I say her name
How she is kind, caring
With a love I admire
Were I to kiss her once
And hold her in my arms
I doubt I could ever let go
Were I to buy her a rose
Were I to say these words
Were I to confess
My love for you

Matthew Holloway

The Poetry Groupies

Where are the poetry groupies
Those girls who'd give their hand for a poem
Who'd lay down for a verse so finely written
In the hope of some poetic dedication
If I write it, will they then come
To pay homage, adoration to my pen
Where are the girls who'd give their all for a poem
Those who are drawn to such a man
A romantic who writes to seduce
To sway the heads of each pretty girl
With poetic tales of a great love
How beautiful the object of all affection
What are all these poems and tales worth
If this question remains unanswered
Where are the poetry groupies
Who'd give their hand to a poem
And their all to a poet

Matthew Holloway

The Poison Of Revenge

I saw the world fall to darkness
And a rage build within
My thoughts spat with a venom
They called for revenge
To trust none by their word
And watch all in every action
The world became divided
Between them and I
Words held no reason to hear
For they echoed false promise
The deceit I had felt
Strikes deep into my heart
Blinded by anger and fear
Lost in a tumult of the irrational
I turn against myself
The beliefs I held in place fall apart
Ah the poison of revenge
The bitter vile taste of it
Sours my blood and tongue
Beware the call of vengeance
And the dark world which it brings
For it is the elixir before demise
A poison to all life

Matthew Holloway

A Love Shanty

I was going to say I love you
And then an angel cried
I thought I would leave it for another day
Now I remember yesterday
As the day tomorrow never came
And I never got the chance to say
I love in the rain

~

Can you bring the sun out
If only for a hour or two
Let the clouds break away
I would kneel before you
Take your hand and say
What I never got the chance to say
I love you and I love the rain

~

It falls to feed the earth
And wash dust away
Nothing is left to be forgotten
Nothing is left to yesterday
Although tomorrow may never come
And the rain got in my way
I want to take my time
And say, I love you

Matthew Holloway

A Poem To Remember

The is a sorrow none should know
Yet so many have come to
It only takes a minute for a life to change
Something taken, never to be replaced
The understanding of these dangers
The loss they leave behind
For a life that has worked so hard
And is as beautiful as any other
Please don't forget, remember
We can all play a part in this life
In being there when needed
Those sullen eyes, dried of tears
Need not look so alone
The sounds of love and friendship
The art of understanding
Under a watchful eye
That we may ease the suffering
Of a sorrow none should know

Matthew Holloway

Funeral For Love

Funeral for love

~

In the night it rains
Cold and heavy against my skin
Running into my eyes
Almost blinding me completely
I am in the garden
Digging a hole to be a grave
The burial of my love
An old shoebox sits by my feet
Filled with the letters and pictures
The poems I wrote in her name
Tonight they shall fall away
Into the silence of a watery grave
Never to be seen or heard again
I would have burnt them all
Built a funeral pyre for them
But for the rain which falls
No flame would have took
Like the fire in my heart
Washed away into nothing
In the cold rain of the night
I leave my love laying unmarked
In the silence of a watery grave

Matthew Holloway

Poem On A Loves Ending

Poem on a loves ending

~

Tonight I shall love you
As I could love no more
In the morning I shall say goodbye
And be filled with such sorrow
You hold a place in my heart
And there you will remain
For all the world I love you
Now I must let you go
In the morning I must let you go
If I could hold this night forever
And you in my arms
To look into your eyes
For a moment to be eternity
And save a broken heart
For all my dreams it cannot be
Like the night this love must end
Come the morning, this love must end
Should our paths meet again someday
I shall hold my heart from speaking
And remember this night, our night
When I loved as I could never love again
And to save my heart, I said goodbye

Matthew Holloway

The Tear In The Heart

The tear in the heart

~

Hers is a beauty of the heart
To which love was writ
Hers is the name I speak
With the warmest embrace
She is all but an angel
So heavenly kind and fair
That I am drawn, bound
To love, and love her
She is the beauty I dream
The joy in which I sleep
How could I not love her
When she is all of this
And more besides to me
She is the love elusive
The tear in my heart
The sorrowful dream
I wish to remain inside
She is so beautiful and fair
As I call out her name
Knowing she shall not answer
She will forever remain
The tear in the heart
To which love was writ

Matthew Holloway

Thirty Three Years

Thirty three years

~

Soon I turn thirty three
And wonder what I have to show
I feel I have achieved very little
And have been going nowhere fast
I fear I am stuck in my ways
And this is my lot for life
I sit alone in writing this morning
With my usual coffee for one
I have loved, had my heart broken
Let opportunities slip away
Now I tend to do nothing
At least I wont feel hurt that way
I have spent time in solitary
And lost touch with the world
Please try and remember that
To excuse my lack of social grace
The pace of each year is picking up
While I am still young in some eyes
Still may yet have a lot to achieve
I look at the past thirty two years
And see myself an old man
Lonely and turning thirty three

Matthew Holloway

Old Grey Eyes

Old grey eyes

~

He sits alone in the bar
Slumped into his chair
Looking down onto the table
Turning the glass in his hand
Occasionally, looking up
He surveys the room quietly
His brow furrowed
Eyes deep cast look tired
There is an air of sadness about him
That no-one seems to know
He is just old grey eyes
The man who sits in a bar alone
Looking down at his drink
Almost mouthing words
In conversation with himself
He is sensibly dressed
With old tatty shoes
He picks through his change
Counting out another drink
He will be there for a while longer
And then when he has gone
Who will say 'old grey eyes'
'Do you remember him'

Matthew Holloway

A Last Love Poem

A last love poem

~

Breathless I lay sleep deprived
In a wonder of thoughts of you
Your beauty has imprisoned me
My heart subject to a fools fancy
You are there in my silent smile
Like a little glint in my eye
You're the nervous feeling
That holds inside of me
That beautiful, beautiful dream
Were I to hold your hand
Your fingers held in my own
And lay silent beside you
Just looking face to face
Being lost in your eyes
Then falling for your smile
How I would love you
My thoughts are not my own
For they all belong to you
Now I have found to my own cost
That loving you hurts to much
So I shall try to say goodbye
The loss from my heart
Shall be lost from my mind

Matthew Holloway

A Duel For Love

I fought a duel for my love
And I lost the fight
I fell awkward unto the floor
Became blinded for a while
I lay and bled alone
In the gutter of my self pity
To have fought for love
And watched it become lost
Became a living hell
Constant my thoughts played on
Every encounter of that duel
Had a better man won
Of were it just a misfortune
Something I would later remorse
I became dishevelled for a while
The world held no care for me
And I held no care for it
The anger of a broken heart
Defeated in a duel for love
Time has passed slowly
And though the pain has eased
A deep scar remains
From a duel for love
I fought and lost

Matthew Holloway

Value Of The Heart

The heart what value is that
When none care to accept it
It is left to grow old, unruly
Un-nurtured and less social
An awkward graceless entity
Stranger to many things
Stranger still to others
What value is now placed
On this unfamiliar creation
The awkward stranger
Off balance somewhat distant
Perhaps paranoid
Perhaps always on guard
What value exists
On such a commodity
That so many have bypassed
Leaving a forlorn shape
As frightened and strange
As the world may see it
And judge it as such
What value now exists
On the unwanted heart
Where none seem to care for it

Matthew Holloway

The Old Man

He sits quietly murmuring
Talking only to himself
His eyes sunken and dark
A look of tiredness across his face
His head is slightly bowed
Resting upon his hand
He sits alone in almost darkness
Except for a small table lamp
In the far corner of the room
There is little in the way of light
Old books gather dust
In piles around upon the floor
Those stories he once read
The worlds to which he escaped
Now stacked without order
Like memories becoming forgot
A glass of vintage wine
Held in his thin, bone like fingers
Softens his pallet, soothes his throat
While he sits alone each night
In quiet conversation with himself
Another old man growing grey
Wishing on yesterdays

Matthew Holloway

The Sadness Of The Empty Home

The light flickers on
Illuminates the empty hallway
The thud, click of a door in closing
Brings a silence to the room
A heavy sigh escapes
A look to the mirror sees only
Tired eyes looking back
A bag lain upon the small table
The light turned back off
On route to yet another room
Light creeps through the window
Allowing enough to see
The sound of a running tap
Filling the kettle for a final drink
Keys thrown upon a side
The clatter of cups and spoons
Then further silence
Now the creaking of a staircase
Another door opened
Another light flicked on
The curtains drawn to the world
Drink set beside the bed
The silence of the empty home
Fills the heart with loneliness
A television switched into life
Nothing worth watching
Just a sound there to fill
The silence and the sadness
Of the empty home

Matthew Holloway

From A Letter To A Friend

I write to you asking for advice
You my good friend who I trust
It concerns a matter of the heart
Where you have found some success
Amongst your share of heartbreak
I admire your strength of character
It is a trait I wish to succeed

I have never felt as much at ease
Around others in the social sense
I have found myself to be less adept
When looking to love and romance
I am considered strange by many
To whom I remain a stranger
I keep a piece of myself back
An insurance against being known
And left unwanted

I do not know what to ask you
Or what I would ask of myself
I would like to stand much taller
Appear confident and charming
That I may win another's affection
I guess it's down to the little things
And what would you suggest for me
My friend who I trust

I close this letter now
Without actually having said much
I suspect I may have revealed plenty
Letters and words can paint a comedy
Nearly as funny as life it seems
Without family and friends
I do not know where will would end
Or who we would become

My good friend
Who I sincerely trust
I would like to thank you

For the advice and the time
Our friendship, our life

Matthew Holloway

Tale From A Rainy Night

Tale from a rainy night

~

In the rain I waited for you
Only you did not come
My phone sat silently in my pocket
No you did not even call
I bit my lip to fight the cold
Pressed my back against the wall
To gather as much shelter as I could
People and cars hurried by
I watched with some remorse
Each one that approached
I felt some anticipation inside
Wanting it to be you
I was kind of glad for the rain
Then I would look cold and wet
So no one could tell I began to cry
My heart sank deeper with every hour
Until eventually I knew
You would never come or call
So home I slowly marched alone
And whispered with your name
Goodbye, adieu

Matthew Holloway

Poem To A Secret Love

You are the missing song to my heart
The eternal beauty of which I dream
That wry smile across my face
When I am lost deep in thought
You are the secret I have poorly kept
The muse to so many poems
The reason I believe in romance
My heart is still waiting for you
I look at the flowers in bloom
The full colour of spring
If I could take every flower
I would sow a garden in your name
The birds would come and sing
And butterflies fill the air
Yet none would be as lovely
Or as beautiful as you
I say your name and I'm smiling
I think of you and feel warm
You the secret I have so poorly kept
The one of who I so often dream
The missing song to my heart
The one who has taken my love
And turned it to a work of art

Matthew Holloway

Loves Cacophony

For a love which seems so simple
That with quiet ease it must ring true
A rousing chorus does sound
Which deafens the calls of sanity
Should love be an illness of the mind
A sick note to the heart
Let it play and be sung in my own
That I am maddened by the sounds
The words of love which speak
Make no sense but to themselves
The song of which this word does sing
Let me be lost in their melody
Confused in their chorus
And drawn to their verse
Oh the words and sounds of love
How simple they claim to be
I find myself happily lost
In loves cacophony

Matthew Holloway

A Lovers Verse

A lovers verse

~

There is nothing more or less beautiful
Than the smile which you gift to me
My very reason for being is but you
It is to your love, my love for you
Which I dedicate my every breath
It is to that light within your eyes
That I see the warmth in your heart
A warmth I long to sleep beside
What words could I now speak
That would serve, to serve you well
You are something of great beauty
The inspiration to my very art
I only wish you knew
Or would reciprocate
That this love would be a love
Known, not left to waste
The colour of your eyes
The bright of your smile
There is nothing more or less beautiful
Than you and only you

Matthew Holloway

Elysium

I languish through the day
In morbid dissatisfaction of time
Barely working through motions
How the mind has become
Such a terrible thing to waste
I play on once such thought
More often than any other it seems
A thought of a girl
One who I fancy I may love
Yet abstain from telling her such
I question if I know this fate
How my feelings are but finished
I know this beautiful girl is fair
Gently spoken in her manners
And that I hold nothing for her
A thought of love becomes an irritation
Which labours in my concision
Such is that I languish myself
Hour upon morbid hour
Till the day like my thoughts
Become done and redundant

Matthew Holloway

Matchstick Men

Pencil figures stand about a page
Matchstick men with little to do
Sketching the unknown romance
A love letter waits, long overdue
Vacant words leave empty lines
Where figures dance or idly stand
Boredom holds off the first word
Or the wanting of something better
To write than those words already
Excluded and cast aside by the mind
Perhaps the matchstick men could assist
Each one holding aloft a sign
Stating a love is evident and in place
A sign which simply reads 'I love you'
No need for flowing letters of romance
Which thought or boredom fail to pen
Leaving a mass of matchstick men
Standing, dancing and watching
Every open and empty line
They are drawn to fill out time

Matthew Holloway

To A Friend

The shadows which haunt us
May mislead you to a lie
The sorrow we all shall carry
May weigh heavy upon you
And in those tired hours of day
When worn you fail to see
How much you are loved
How great you can be
When the pace of this world
Seems to leave you behind
And you feel alone, afraid
I ask you to take a single breath
To remember your friends are near
And wish you never to change
They wish you joy and love
And what is more they wish
You to see just how beautiful
How great you can be

Matthew Holloway

A Rock In The Sea

Like a rock in the savage sea
I have weathered many a storm
Being slowly worn in the passing days
Growing smaller and more frail
Seasoned by the sea which rolls
In an uneven tempest I've watched
Outward in the ocean of time
Felt the still calm of nothingness
And the rage of high winds
The crash of the ocean against me
The light of my colour faded
Where notches of storms past remain
Chipped away from me
The broken rock, the life I've lived
Lost in the depths of the ocean
Washed into the deepest blue
That I can no longer see
That I shall stand till I can stand no more
Like a rock in a savage sea

Matthew Holloway

A Quiet Heartbreak

The is a quiet heartbreak
When I say your name to myself
Remember how beautiful you are
Or how kind you always seem to be
That I hold you in such esteem
Making you almost magical
Leaves you beyond my reach
These frail fingertips do not touch
And my words fall short
That you do not hear them spoken
It is in the desolate night I speak
When alone I write my thoughts
And speak a dream of you
So beautiful, so kind, so perfectly you
Distant in form if not thought
In the night of quiet heartbreak
When I say your name

Matthew Holloway

Two Minutes Till Showtime

With as much fanfare
As could possibly be expected
The crowds gathered as one
In a flurry of excitement
The noise of chatter grew loud
Filling every corner of the room
The lights dimmed and shone
Across the empty stage
The final sound checks played out
While the performers waited in the wings
The fever of tension grew and built
For all the rehearsals would it be a hit
The songs and the story would it be enough
To answer the anticipation of the crowd
The nervous smiles and looks exchanged
Silence fell and filled the room
Time had come to take to the stage
The lights are up and the show is on

Matthew Holloway

The Gemini Effect

The Gemini effect

~

The wall of perception built
Separates the soul and mind
Leaving a world of confusion
That the mind doesn't know
How it feels nor thinks
The duality of personality
Is a madness of sorts
And dreams try to convince
Of the rightful place
In the hearts true wanting
Two spirits, two natures
Trapped within a single vessel
Could put a man on the brink
Or mark him out as brilliant
Little is known or understood
Of those who inherit this place
They are as strange as a stranger
More unto themselves

Matthew Holloway

The Poets Confession

The book is my bind
And the words my oath
The poem my life
And verse my bride
It is to my work I'm wed
To who I give my all
What love can contend
To that I once dreamt
I have known and loved
My every muse
And spoken to none
Not once did I confess
My heart unto them
No I stayed my tongue
Kept still my words
And in a madness
I wrote this world
I am a tale of my own creation
Bound to the book
The poets confession

Matthew Holloway

The World Is All But A Circus

The world is all but a circus

~

The world is all but a circus

And we the animals caged

To be paraded for our entertainment

The show that is the biggest of all

Roll up, roll up, bare witness

To the performance of man and time

See the beautiful maidens dance

In all their colourful glories

While the lions tamed to bow

The king of the jungle no more

The humble clown who makes us laugh

Paints his mask and wears it well

The ring master smiles, laughs with glee

While blind we follow his lead

The world is all but a circus

Roll up, roll up bare witness

Matthew Holloway

Your Love Became A Terrible Loss

I sit here at my desk
And try to write through my pain
To expel my own heartache
That I may feel close to normality again
The opportunity were it real
Now seems but a distant dream
As much as I may love you
That ship has long since sailed
Now gone from my shore
I am an island alone
Your love became a terrible loss
For it was a love unknown
Could you have loved me
As I now love you
A question I will never know
For you are gone, lost to me
A memory and a dream
I sit here at this desk to write
So I may remember or forget
Your love became a terrible loss
I am left to regret

Matthew Holloway

The Wayward Heart

Who would love the wayward heart
Prone to being lost in a dream
Who would love the wayward heart
Who so neatly expresses such need
To be loved and nurtured
To feel as though it is the only one
Such is the longing of being alone
For what has been too long
Caught between trust and jealousy
The wayward heart is torn
Does it play to the romantic ideals
Or guard itself from harm
Who would love the wayward heart
And teach it to love again
To have the time and the patience
To understand its ways
Resolve to reap the rewards
Of helping the wayward heart
Finally find its way

Matthew Holloway

On A Dream About You

On a dream about you

~

I dreamt about you last night
Where you lay in my arms sleeping
I kissed your brow goodnight
And held you as close as I dare
I closed my eyes and fell asleep
We lay together so peaceful
Upon waking still within the dream
I brushed back your hair
Saw you smiling back at me
Tightly we held each other
While we said our good mornings
You placed your head upon my chest
As I wished this moment to last
That we may never leave nor change
I told you I loved you
That I would make you my wife
I held you close in my arms
Kissed your fair lips
And awoke alone to write
On a dream about you
I dreamt last night

Matthew Holloway

Further More From The Poets Desk

The drum of the pen upon this desk
Rings the impassable opening line
How to break from the restraint
To speak full admissions of the mind
Be it of love or observation to life
I am as yet unable to pen a word
The is no tale, letter nor a comedy
I am able to dictate unto the page
The agony of my literary silence
Grows with the slow passing of time
Drumming ceased Pen firmly in hand
And the clicking of the lid begins
Thoughts search and contemplate
While nothing written remains
My eyes look not into the room
But into another place of fantasy
Where I dance with romantic words
And survey loves great tragedy
All of this I seek to fill my mind
So I may finally pen
The impassable opening line

Matthew Holloway

Unsuccessfully Waiting

Unsuccessfully waiting

~

There is a phone call
Still waiting to be made
A letter left unwritten
On a desk beside a frame
Where a picture waits to be placed
The are feelings existing
Words wanting to be said
Look to find a way to be heard
The is a song waiting on a chorus
With each verse yet to be writ
The ideas are beginnings
Without a first step made
A silence remaining unbroken
No message ever sent
A thought non really know
But a few may suspect
The are some excuses
None stand as an explanation
Why two hearts still wait
On a phone call to be made

Matthew Holloway

O Night

O night what is this
Which you have shown to me
A play built upon my worlds stage
With a cast of friends I see
A burgeoning love does grow
From where did it begin
Tell me now o night, tell me now
That which I have desired
My not to secret thoughts
Are centre stage in this piece
A tale the like of which I dream
Is this a sign for me to follow
That upon the stage I shall find
The love I have sought so often
The beginning of my life
Light the spot and hand my script
That I may stand and find
O night is this what is to be
Or is it all but a dream

Matthew Holloway

The Close Of Day

Tis the end of day
And the sun has begun to set
I mourn this dream
In verse I pen a wreath
To bid farewell
Soon the night shall call
In darkness I dwell
For no man can sustain alone
A love who's heart
Has none to call upon
And none can wait forever
For hope to fulfil a dream
So it is laid to rest
That only a kiss could save
Before the close of day

Matthew Holloway

Musing On A Thought

Would the moon be eclipsed
And the light which streams
From stars through the window
Pale to a poor comparison
Would the rain which falls
To soothe the parched dry land
Taste less sweet than imagined
Would the soft woven silk
Which clothes the naked body
Be as gentle to the skin
Or as pleasing to feel
Would the beauty of this world
Stand as testament still
When all is considered
Would a dream be a beautiful
When the eyes are closed
And all is know is what we feel
Would you gift me the answer
With a kiss from your lips

Matthew Holloway

More Than A Look

There is nothing like this
Which hurts quite as much
As seeing the one you love
Gaze into another's eyes
To see them smile, laugh
Light up with such delight
It is an exquisite pain
You would give anything
To be those eyes looking back
The reason behind that smile
To be laughing in tandem
How it hurts to be left watching
To suffer such agony
When a look is more
Than you can bare to see

Matthew Holloway

From The Poets Desk

In the dull quiet of night
I sit and pen in prose my dreams
My every loves ambition
I sketch portraits in words
To play the scene I dare not live
There in words I come alive
There in words I hide
I find the strength and courage
The belief in love itself
A world of possibility
Laid bare, open before me
The written self marches on
Where I sometimes fear to tread
To speak so free of a thought
Which serenades a great beauty
Pays tribute to one such girl
The romance of my verse a revelation
Behind the truth of my soul
Who in the sleepless dull quiet of night
Comes alive to write

Matthew Holloway

The Elusion Of Love

Lonely, the word is my millstone
Hung heavy about my heart
I have felt love, I know of it
I have read and written about it
Though I am yet to be in love
At times it keeps me from sleeping
I sit awake, alone thinking of it
How can a word have so many feelings
Leaving it almost an impossibility
It has been sought by so many
It tests the human resolve
In its absence, its elusive presence
A hole is found wanting
No silent whispers of a sweet romance
No kiss or touch of a hand
Just a solitary word to express
The weight of this feeling

Matthew Holloway

The Unwritten Silence

The blankness of the page
Stares back at me tormenting
With the wordless expression
Of an unwritten silence
The uninspired imaginings
Stir a void of nothingness
Denying ink drawn from the pen
Where dreamless ideas fail
The numbness of my thoughts
Search in vain for a muse
A potential line cast aside
Too cliché for a verse
The living edit of a poem
Still requires the first word
Yet nothing but stillness
The empty page before me
Torments in wordless expression
My unwritten silence

Matthew Holloway

To The Girl In The Red Overcoat

Quietly I have sat here across the room
Nursing my drink and admiring your beauty
Yours is a smile of a thousand suns
Or any such other poetic simile
I am not as strong of character I admit
So introducing myself is beyond question
Steadfast I shall sit here alone and in thought
Perhaps I may catch your eyes a glance
Across this crowded room we both sit in
More likely we shall both depart alone
As much as we did enter this room
The noise of chatter and laughter is filling
But does not drown out my thought
Could I pen you a letter in the hope its read
Or let this thought this notion be forgotten
You are as many others I have seen
A beautiful woman in all you own right
And across the room I look but do not stare
In silent admiration of one I shall know
As the girl in the red overcoat

Matthew Holloway

A Pastel Dream

Oh for a kiss would my heart resign
Those pastel sketches I have dreamt
Those same dreams which filled my days
Told of a great love and romance kept
A gallery of portraits I have seen
Pictured my soul became revealed
I saw the beauty of which I desired
Inspired by a greater beauty to life
And all of this I have surveyed
The pastel landscape of a world imagined
Soft, softly drawn with tender care
The heart, the soul did bring to view
A passionate desire gentle in its nature
All of which created this picture
This pastel daydream I have dreamt
I would surrender it all, I would resign
To feel a kiss from her lips touch mine

Matthew Holloway

Mantra 2

Mantra 2

~

A fisherman works

In tandem with the sea

Taking only to feed his family

So tomorrow he may eat

Matthew Holloway

A Play In Writing

I would write of us
In a play of great romance
Of a love unforeseen
A play without tragedy
No Romeo nor Juliet
But an honest lasting love
We could grow old together
Holidays on the beach
And countless family parties
A tale with such comedy
That we are filled with joy
Our love shared would grow
And bare the fruit of family
Those who would share with us
Every memory and every day
To fall asleep and wake beside
One as beautiful as you
Such is the play I wish to write
A parody of my dreams
A revelation of my life

Matthew Holloway

Beautifully Unrequited

You do not love me
This I sadly know
Yet still I love you
Beautifully unrequited
In your absence
My love does not relent
However long its been
A day, a week or more
Since we last met
I remember your spirit
Your beautiful face
How wonderful you are
I embrace this memory
As I would embrace you
Only you do not love me
And this I sadly know
Is this love to forever be
Beautifully unrequited

Matthew Holloway

Mantra 1

Mantra 1

~

To you I would kneel
To you I would make love
To you I would gift all time
For you I am ready to die
For your kiss I would learn
The meaning of love and life

Matthew Holloway

The Seduction Of Amour

In this silent hour I write
Where time stands motionless
And my words speak of you
In the love of a dream they read
It is to you and your beauty
My heart now bleeds
For a single kiss I would die
A thousand deaths or more
For only then will I have known
This feeling of life and love
To which my heart eternally calls
I swear there is no such beauty
Which could compare with you
That shall stand for as long
As my heart beats true
In this nameless silent hour
I write only of you, you alone
The seducer of my heart
Found in the love of my dreams

Matthew Holloway

A Crown Of Flowers

A crown of flowers

~

I don a crown of flowers
To mask the sorrow inside
Eyes which fall upon its beauty
Do not see the tears I cry
While the flowers bud to blossom
I wilt to almost nothing
In a garden colour filled with life
There is also a shadow found
In the sun the flower buds open
In the dark a heart is closed
The flowers shall be woven together
To hide something left unseen
The rose, the tulip and the bluebell rise
I am envious of their beautiful life
So I don I crown of flowers
To mask my sorrow inside

Matthew Holloway

In The Spring Garden

In the spring garden

~

In the spring garden

Birds sing and chatter

While flowers raise their heads

To greet the morning sun

A garden filled with colour bright

A garden which now fills with life

The bee and the butterfly hover

From flower to flower gathering nectar

Seeding the flowers blossom

Throughout the spring garden

The dew glistens upon the grass

While the wind gently rolls in the tree

All the world slowly waking

Soon to this bounty of great beauty

Every hue from natures pallet

Is here free for all to see

In the spring garden

Matthew Holloway

To Love You

To love you breaks my heart
When I know you are never near
As I wake each morning
And see that empty space beside me
In which I dreamt you lay
I savour to cherish each memory
Those fleeting moments were together
Those words I am unable to say
For every reason I shall never admit
I love you and it breaks my heart
Each lonesome night I sit and wonder
Where you are, if you are alone
My heart wishes you to be happy
As I wish to be the reason you are happy
All of this love I hold for you
I curse it, I wish it to be easy
Still I find my heart breaking
As still I am in love with you

Matthew Holloway

Amid The Quiet Silence

How quiet the night sky
Cloud covered and empty
How silent my heart
Alone and lonely
But for these words
I fear the would be nothing
But the memory of you
Which makes me weep
Tears of such divine love
Unable to speak
To make a sound to the night
In contemplation I find
Such joy in the memory of you

Matthew Holloway

Not A Star Shall Compare

The is not a star in the night sky
That can compare with you
As bright or as beautiful
Which can move me in such a way
As the thought of your smile
The glint in your eye
Like a beacon to remind me
You are the only one
I was meant to dream of
My heart calls out to you daily
And feels like an empty box
Waiting to hold you inside
I offer nothing but love
And my spirit to watch over you
Every word which I speak
I'd speak in your name
You who no star can compare to
Are as bright and beautiful
For a single kiss, I would love you

Matthew Holloway