

Poetry Series

Nick Hilton
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

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

Nick Hilton()

Originally a songwriter for the band The Freaky Yanguus, but after the disband took up poetry. He has one antholodgy on the way called 'Chickens in poetry' which is comic verse all about chickens. Currently he remains sceptically published and the chicken antholodgy remains elusive due to lack of willing publishers. After starting off just with chickens and comic verse he has started writing about the hundreds of different emotions and theese are all available on the site.

A Chicken Afraid Of The Dark

All night long the dogs would howl,
And in his tiny thumping heart,
Small chicken knew,
That as the icy wind drew closer,
And the nights grew longer,
And the stars seemed to shine less brightly,
That the birds overhead,
And the people all around,
Would be sat around a fire,
Or with their family,
But not small chicken,
He was alone this icy December,
And as the dogs howled,
His tiny stomach yowled,
And the night echoed back.

Nick Hilton

A Chicken Is Not Just For Christmas

A chicken is not just for christmas,
Treat him real nice all year,
Celebrate his birthdays,
With cake and crisps and beer,
And don't let him get depressed,
Treat him as your neighbour,
Because if he gets under dressed,
You'll have to do the hard labour.

Nick Hilton

A Complex Poem

Throw me a line here,
Or there,
Thats not what i meant,
Throw me a line not a line,
Not that line,
Lets not go into this any more,
Just throw me a line,
Not that one.

Nick Hilton

A Sudden Ending

People in a different place,
Would regard the human race,
With malice ungrounded,
And hatred unfounded.

People from a different world,
Would acknowledge us cold,
For we one another destroy,
And with emotions happily toy.

People from a different earth,
Would avoid us with mirth,
For with happi

Nick Hilton

Against The Current

Arms out wide,
Struggling,
Against the ferocious current,
Progress stalled,
By the torrent,
Coming at you,
You choose,
To head upstream,
And now will be washed away,
Into the depths and abyss,
Down the river,
That you have just travelled,
And it will all have been in vain,
All the scrambling,
Thrashing,
And twisting,
Will all be wasted,
As the current takes you,
And washes you away.

Nick Hilton

Alexanders Battle Speech At Hallicarnassus

Gone is the age of slumbering lions,
Like true Greeks we are reered up,
Like the mighty stallions,
You can behold,
Darius will slay everyone of your mothers,
Your sisters and brothers,
Murdered in there beds,
Thats is what we fight for,
Them,
Greece,
King Philip,
Hallicarnassus shall tremble,
When the might of Zeus and Greece,
Comes crashing down upon their gates,
Come with me then,
And fight here,
And eternal victory,
Shall be ours,
As our enemies flee,
Before our glinting blades!

Nick Hilton

All Alone

Ravaged of the setting sun,
Left to breathe,
What others have already breathed,
And died,
Doing so,
So that we like,
Them left alone,
May struggle impossibly,
To emancipate ourselves,
From ourselves,
While we die slowly,
And our memory turns to chalky dust.

Nick Hilton

And Alas We Come To The End

Breaking stone and cracking glass,
Steel is bent disfigured brass,
Down come buildings all in a row,
Industry will always come and go,
Falling chimneys tyles and bricks,
Thugs grafitii on walls just for the kicks,
Brick through window and through door,
No longer catch the culprit anymore,
None get away some say, they have though,
For breaking my house, my life, have an ASBO.

Nick Hilton

And Then With A Fleeting Glance

And Then With A Fleeting Glance,
The train was gone,
The line of churning steam,
Trailing it like a childs forgotten balloon,
And love was lost with the train,
Sucked away along the tracks,
Like a tireless evil struck upon you,
For the purpose of sin.

Nick Hilton

Are We Blinded?

Are we blinded?
We walk for walking sake,
And yet we are not blinded,
We do as we wish,
And in spite we agree and nod,
Our heads bob we are no more than fish,
And yet we say we rule the earth,
And that we are good and great,
And yet we've walked for walking sake since birth,
Let us have privileges to abuse,
Let us not be so single minded,
And with every breath on earth,
Question ourselves,
Are we blinded?

Nick Hilton

Armchair President

The knobbled wood shaft,
Of his salty old pipe,
And the course twinings,
Of his dated flap cap,
Send him with spasmodic need,
To own over someone,
And tower over someone,
Through his legs,
Are crippled with the years,
He flew his service spitfire,
And crash landed in the garden,
Of a Polish milkmaid,
And with his cracked smile,
And groaning snore,
And long dinner conversations missed,
He retires to the armchair,
Afront the fire,
And orders his daughter to get him,
A large hard gin,
But when it is delivered,
It is him who is hard hard asleep.

Nick Hilton

Bare

All life stripped away,
Lost without a cause,
Without life,
All taken,
By those who want,
Without needing,
Take without asking,
And rip us bare,
Of all we see good and great,
In ourselves,
In life,
In time,
In the world,
And in them.

Nick Hilton

Blizzard Rugger

Many years ago,
At the old horse and hound resort,
The antichrist of patriotism,
They forced us out and down to the pitches,
Whilst the howling snow whipped,
Round there sadistic heads,
'Play Rugger' they called,
All wrapped up in there tweeds,
And long stocking aswell as trousers,
'Play Rugger, its barely snowing',
And yet the blizzard raged on.

Nick Hilton

Blue Ball

Dying,
Is like the rolling of the blue ball,
The ball under which the seeds of sand,
Ripped from their beaches of calm,
Glide lazily over faux grass,
The rough beaten edge of the fibre glass,
And carbon composite lance,
Strikes hard and sends the seeds of sand,
And faux grass,
Through the air,
Whilst the blue ball rockets onwards,
Along the ageless ground,
Towards heaven or hell.

Nick Hilton

Breakfast At Accesorize

Walking down the boulevard,
Like she owned the streeet,
Proclaiming to anyone she saw,
Accesorize is where i eat,
They looked at her and stared,
She just walked on by,
The more you keep on walking she said,
The more that time will fly,
She ain't no Audrey Hepburn,
And i ain't gunna float her ship,
But as long as she keeps on walking,
That waitress 'll get a tip.

Nick Hilton

Cat Among The Chickens

Stalking,
Prowling,
Through ocean of feathers,
The murder would be soundless,
Not even a squark,
As the paw smashed through the air,
And landed in the back of the prey,
And soundless it fell to the ground,
And was dragged from the pens,
By the serial mass murder,
The cat among the chickens!

Nick Hilton

Catch

Snatching the air,
And holding on to nothing,
I will fall to the ground,
But if the ball,
Could only reach my hand,
And let me hold it,
Rather than fumbling,
Malcordinatedly,
Through the air,
Waiting for it to home in on my palm.

Nick Hilton

Centre

Where do the points,
East south north and west,
Meet?

Where is the middle,
Of the lonely,
Abyss?

Where is the line,
That borders good,
From bad?

Where is the engine,
That drives,
Determination?

Where is the spirit,
That writes emotional,
Ballads?

Where is the will,
That forces us into,
Danger?

Where is the heart,
That drives compassion,
And hatred?

Nick Hilton

Chickens For Sale

Eight quid a pop,
A chicken for your hob,
Or for your kids,
Garden or indoors,
They can be easily housetrained,
And make very docile pets,
Particularly the hob ones,
So get your eight quid chicken here,
Buy two and you get a free,
Fork.

Nick Hilton

Chickens In Poetry

Have you looked beneath the surface,
Of the greatest poems and verse,
And seen that almost always,
There seems to be an anti animal curse,
But have you not noticed,
That 'The charge of the Light Brigade',
Is about the Charge the Chickens made,
That 'Dulce et decorem est',
Is about the war in which the chickens were the best,
That Wordsworths 'Daffodils',
is about the Chickens in the hills,
That 'The Owl and the Pussycat',
Is about a Chicken,
And that is that!

Nick Hilton

Christmas On Europa

It is snowy,
Well icy to be technical,
The only other planet,
In our galaxy,
We know of,
But there are no reindeer,
Or elves (nor are there on earth-says the voice of the cynic) ,
No Santa Claus to believe in,
No Rudolph, Dasher, Prancer,
And all the other obscure ones,
There are no mince pies,
Or mulled wine,
Or overdone pigs in blankets,
No brandy covered christmas puddings,
Or brandy covered aunts and uncles,
It must be tough,
To spent christmas on Europa,
Damn boring aswell,
As theres noone else on the god forsaken,
Planet or within a trillion miles,
And you'd probably die within seconds,
That'd be a really crap,
Christmas present.

Nick Hilton

Christmas Time In Half Rhyme

If christmas is for loving,
And New Year for rebirth,
Then how come every christmas time,
My heart is an open hearth,
At New Years time until Easter,
I fear the pointless ways,
But at christmas time,
I wish for passion in advent ever to remain,
So hear me out this christmas,
Let yule time last for 'er,
And i will know within my heart,
That you above have been here.

Nick Hilton

Come Today

Come today,
I will watch sadness melt away,
Come today,
I will light my sunny ray,
Come today,
I will my dutiful respect pay,
Come today,
Is all that i will say.

Nick Hilton

Control

Grounded on an,
Inexplainable,
Beyond which,
There is nothing,
Save the trickle,
Of the eternal stream,
Of individuality.

Nick Hilton

Cruel

The wicked arms,
Of the enslavers,
Multiplying with each breath,
And those beckoned to the abyss,
Fall silent to the dust.

Nick Hilton

Dancin'

You make me dance,
Want to take a chance,
I've waited my time,
Now you'll wait mine,
All my loss has gone,
So let's get it on.

Nick Hilton

Dawn Of Life

The black mist,
Rose from the depth of human knowledge,
And as the artificial light,
Spilled over the rough and rocky land,
The clouds became thicker,
And the meanings became further,
And the men who walk in this light,
Are the ones who fear not the battle for life,
And walk freely on earth,
And are bathed in the red arc,
As the creeping sun of time,
Makes its maiden and final voyage,
Into its solemn unknown,
Yet it is the men not near this sun,
That will find that their time on earth,
Is filled with trouble and strife,
For they did not walk in the dawn of life.

Nick Hilton

Dread

Knowing that the abyss ahead,
May consume me,
Knowing that the trial ahead,
May destroy me,
Knowing that the torture ahead,
May break me,
Knowing that the world ahead,
May take me.

Nick Hilton

Dreams Of Mice

Endlessly churning,
The mind once through,
Can slumbering rest,
And in its peace,
Depart with the souls,
Begone of this world,
Lost in its infinite chance,
Anything can happen,
Anyone win,
The wrist will shake,
With the roll of the dice,
And my head will be filled,
With dreams on mice.

Nick Hilton

Dulce Et Dechicken Est

Feathers ruffled,
We headed into no chickens land,
And there with our beaks at the ready,
We trundled onwards,
There was a chickfight,
Going on over head,
As the fighter hens,
Splattered the enemy,
With there breakfast,
And as the shells broke around us,
And we were splattered in egg,
I remember that old lie,
Dulce et dechicken est,
Pro patria egg.

Nick Hilton

Embrace The Darkness

Embrace the darkness,
It is your sunny ray,
Touch it and feel it,
It will be gone by day,
Hold it and grip it,
Take it far gone away,
Embrace the Darkness,
Think what you think,
Say what you say.

Nick Hilton

Enjoying The Internet

Google flashes before my eyes,
The setting of my home page,
From there with darting fingers,
I speed to Yahoo to check my mail,
Three unread messages from advertising,
One offering me cheap viagra,
Another a subscription to an adult film club,
And the final asking if i need new lenses for my glasses,
Piced the wrong man folks,
No need for viagra (yet) or adult film clubs,
Don't wear glasses (again yet) ,
So why don't you just take me off your list,
I haven't and won't ever reply,
So go away and stop making me feel popular,
When i see three new messages,
Just to let me down again.

Nick Hilton

Face Value

I see your face,
But the bustle of life,
Holds me back,
From knowing you,
But still I want you,
But the power that stalls us all,
Stalls me,
And as the world falls to ruin before me,
And lives are lost and won,
The warmth,
Of my love for you,
Stays within you,
And the world,
Spins on your axis,
And the continents shift,
To your whim,
Wars are fought over,
For your needs,
And the pain escapes,
Through the thought of you,
And even in the most,
Desperate of times,
However high the dread,
In me gets,
Even when my fear,
Is killing my heart,
And the turbulent storm,
Rages onwards,
The thought of you drives the waves,
From my mind,
And blows the lightning,
From destroying,
My love for you,
And the hunting,
Of my dreams,
In which,
You live.

Fairy Lights In Heaven

Will you see fairy lights in heaven? ,
This Christmas now you're gone,
I have never missed you as much as now,
We used to fight in the snow,
Then share mulled wine indoors,
You would carve the turkey at the main course,
But now alas you're with God,
And earth is lost without you,
However hard I try to mask the hurts,
I hope with you every night,
And this Christmas won't be the same,
Will you see fairy lights in heaven?

Nick Hilton

Fate

Who will decide,
If i turn heads,
And make people weep,
In admiration.

Who will decide,
If i live life,
In the gutter,
With a rotting guitar.

Who will decide,
Whether i go unotised,
Slipping silently,
Throuigh the stream of life.

Who will decide,
If i walk my own path,
Making my own decisions,
For right and for wrong.

I will decide,
Which life i will live,
And at the end my own state,
I will leave nothing to fate.

Nick Hilton

Fine, Then But

His roses went unnotised,
And the small card,
Was left unopened,
And as the chill wind,
Bit his face,
He saw his tokens,
The roses and the card,
Her unsentimentality cut,
Fine, then but.

Nick Hilton

For Dany

Time will go on ticking,
The equilibrium of life,
And yet with strife,
We call off the search,
In search of something more,
When really all is down below,
Where the search lights never go,
And time may split the world apart,
And break the ocean tides,
Cold heart.

Nick Hilton

Free

The power of the free,
The boundless limits,
Of liberty,
The callous justice,
Of the liberators,
And the world can seem,
Good and great,
While the slaves,
Are locked in irons,
And beaten like dogs.

Nick Hilton

Gently Stir Me, Pacific

Gently Stir Me, Pacific,
And when i am old and weak,
Gently Stir Them, Pacific,
For an eternity shine forth and speak,
Gently Stir Me, Pacific,
So that in an age somehow,
You'll be gently stirring them, Pacific,
Like you are stirring me now.

Nick Hilton

Goodbye Soldiers!

Goodbye soldiers,
I'm sure we'll be fine,
Christmas will be white without you,
Easter will be happy without you,
Summer will be hot without you,
Thanksgiving will be thankfull without you,
So Goodbye soldiers,
I'm sure will see you again,
When all this peace is gone again,
And we will have guns at christmas again,
And raids at easter again,
And a summer of carbombs again,
And a thanksgiving of snipers again,
So Goodbye soldiers,
We'll miss you alot,
Come vist us some day,
And i'm sure we'll get shot.

Nick Hilton

Heart

She is the one,
Who drives,
The evening moon,
And the sunday sun.

She is the one,
Who holds,
My stare and,
My heartfelt love.

She is the one,
Who captures,
My glance on life,
Without capturing it at all.

She is the one,
I can sob to at night,
And know that,
Nothing bad will come of it.

She is the one,
Who plunges my,
Mind in to the,
Insanity of love.

She is the one,
Who calls,
My name,
Without moving her lips.

She is the one,
Who powers my,
Dreams for,
Good and for bad.

She is the one,
Who shows affection,
Without knowing,
The warmth of her gaze.

She is the one,
Draped in success,
And the victory,
Of love.

She is the one,
Whose sweet,
Look encapsulates,
My inner feelings.

She is the one,
Who whispers,
To me,
And calls me to her.

She is the one,
Who can take praise,
And hate,
And absorb them.

She is the one,
Who is cared for,
By many,
And hated by others.

She is the one,
Who can take my heart,
And make it hers,
Then make it mine.

Nick Hilton

Hedgerow Inferno

Tiny pools with water,
For two or three fish,
To be comfortable in,
While constantly being poached,
By the sadistic red knomes,
And there thin lines of fishing rods,
The hedgerow is an inferno,
Or danger for unsuspecting,
Tresspassers or wellwishing,
Truants and bullies,
The fish would only spit at them,
If they could and the knomes,
Give up their idle fishing,
In pursuit of a more,
Interesting past time.

Nick Hilton

Hello

The passerby,
passed by,
As he always did,
Never a look,
Never a smile,
Never a hello.

The onlooker,
Looked on,
As he always did,
Never a look,
Never a smile,
Never a hello.

Nick Hilton

Here Is Life

And then across the fold,
The bright lights of the city,
Illuminated the dark caress of the night,
And for a moment,
All that could worry,
Couldn't worry,
And softly she spoke into the mist,
'Here is Life'

Nick Hilton

Holding On For Nothing

They are the callously disgarded people,
Thrown away to the depths of complacency,
Torn from there homes and families comfort,
Tortures in the mind by the melancholy chores,
They will clean for our culture and wash our shoes,
They are supporting a family with the procceds,
Merely of our petty thievery and salvage,
They can see no future for themselves,
And yet they hold on with every sinew in them,
Bravely and honourablythey hold on to nothing.

Nick Hilton

Hollow

Empty soul without bearing,
Meaning lost to transparency,
Carved away all happiness,
Sadness, all desire,
Until left a hollow soul,
Without purpose, time and place.

Nick Hilton

Horror

The drawn sunken ships,
Of old warriors,
Once great,
Now deathly pale,
And thin,
Gone sour with age,
Gone hungary with time,
Gone mad with thirst.

Nick Hilton

I Fell In Love With The Girl At Auschwitz

She was on the tour with me,
Around the death camp,
At the gas chambers she stared at me,
And i was lost in sorrow,
This was a place after all,
That had seen love in the face,
Of brutal adversary and pain,
And there i was fifty years on,
In Poland a land of my fathers,
Falling in love at Auschwitz,
Despite the fact i knew it wouldn't be,
I faced my own adversary,
And brought to life for myself,
That no matter how much we think,
About our goods and our health,
We can always find care,
However hard we look,
Love will always be there.

Nick Hilton

I'LI Bet You One Pound Fifty Santa Excists

I'll Bet You One Pound Fifty Santa Excists,
If he doesn't then i'll be broke again,
If he does then i'll have twice as much as i do now,
It's a safer bet then on the national or the arc de triomphe,
And West Ham lose every week so thats actually quite a safe bet,
But i can't bet against them so i'll bet you this,
I'll Bet You One Pound Fifty Santa Excists

Nick Hilton

I'M Dreaming Of A Cynical Christmas

I'm dreaming of a cynical christmas,
Just like the ones we used to know,
Where us sarcastic blighters,
And RAF fighters,
Could deliver witty statements on the go.

I'm dreaming of a cynical christmas,
Just like the ones we used to know,
Where we take the mickey,
When the situations stickey,
And end up thrown out in the snow.

I'm dreaming of a cynical christmas,
Just like the ones we used to know,
We can laugh at him 'til he dies,
Chokes to death of one of our mincepies,
And our happiness never be low!

Nick Hilton

I'M In Love With A Chicken

She is my one and only hen,
All day long she's in her pen,
Pecking away at the seed,
Listening to love poetry that i read.

My fair feathered loved one,
Every night at the setting of the sun,
I think of you and your tiny beak,
If only you could understand the words i speak.

I will love you to the end,
Though you can never be more than a friend,
Some would say i'm love stricken,
For i'm in love with a chicken.

Nick Hilton

Impossible

It is possible,
That impossible,
Is possible,
If the impossible,
Is possibly achieved,
And that the possible,
Can be impossible,
If you think it isn't,
Possible to be believed.

Nick Hilton

In The Space Of A Second

In the space of a second,
Theres a mortal gap,
A bridge towards the heavens,
But in the space of a second,
We can't look back,
And that bridge, that gap,
Are gone.

Nick Hilton

Irrelevant Is The Name

Irrelevant is the name,
Of the soft churning,
Manipulating waters,
Of fate,
And irrelevant be the cause,
Of those who on their craft,
Try to sail the ocean,
Of destiny,
And irrelevant be the thought,
That beneath these waters,
Lies the name, cause and thought,
Of life.

Nick Hilton

Irrevocable Utopia

Once there was Utopia,
Gleaming from shiny shores,
To daunting towers high,
Above the clouds and earthly,
Perils of mortal men,
They called it heaven and sayed,
The son of god comes from,
Here and here presideds the lord,
And even those who did not believe,
Could see Utopia clear in there,
Mindset for Utopia is perfect,
And different to every one of us,
But then we forgot Utopia,
And soon all we could see,
Was fire and industry,
And Utopia became mills and money,
And when people now say Utopia,
Those many men reply,
We have reached it! ,
And then those wise few who remain,
Of course your right,
We have reached it we have reached,
As we always were destined to do,
Irrevocable Utopia.

Nick Hilton

It Pains Me Too Say

Lost and found,
In a glorious moment,
Of infinite beauty,
Powerful desire,
I like it that way,
It pains me too say.

Nick Hilton

Labour

There is no toil,
That will suffice to bear,
The shame,
Of death despairing,
Ghostly shadows of men,
Alone and lost,
Caught up without,
Reason in a web,
Of mutating horrors,
And disfiguring,
Lies.

Nick Hilton

Laffder

Don't you just love,
The sound of Laffder,
It rings out so perfectly,
Even when its unnecessary,
After jokes from inside crackers,
And even when its misplaced,
Like in a memorial service,
Or investiture ceremony,
Don't you just love,
The sound of,
Laffder.

Nick Hilton

Late

The hour may be late,
But the heat of the day,
Remains with me,
And the life of the day,
Clings to me,
Never letting go,
Letting love absorb it,
Trying to stay at that state,
But the hour is late.

Nick Hilton

Late (Extended)

The hour may be late,
But the heat of the day,
Remains with me,
And the life of the day,
Clings to me,
Never letting go,
Letting love absorb it,
Trying to remain at that state,
And the joy of the day,
Wraps around me,
Willing me to let it stay,
But gone is the day,
Rushing past each and every date,
But the hour is late.

Nick Hilton

Ledgend

The heroes,
Of the new world,
Are the heroes of the unknown,
And the heroes,
Who lived in times gone by,
The seeds of love have sown.

The heroes,
Who are fighting on now,
Are the heroes who are not loved as they should,
But the heroes,
Of the old age,
Have saved the love they could.

The heroes,
Who cease not to rest,
Are the soldiers of the age,
But the heroes,
Of times gone by,
Their foes no longer engage.

Nick Hilton

Left In The Cold

I can only feel my throbbing heart,
And under the shades of night,
My eyes are wetting with sorrow,
After all the rapture and the pride,
I'm alone again without you,
My mind is icy with shock,
My mouth numb and dry,
I am desperate for some solstice,
That will carry me through,
My next waking moments on this world,
And they say the heart is true,
Well it is blind to me,
And will not even speak to lie,
Drawn towards perfection,
Passionless though it was,
And i am meek to surrender,
But the frosty words have cut,
My feeble shattered heart,
And i can only stand and stare,
For want of something beautiful,
And though my mind resorts to negligence,
And though my memory obscures your vision,
Mine eyes have seen you,
Lost as i was and hopeless,
I can never draw you near again,
For i am deserted,
Stolen to complacency,
And all torments of the flesh,
I have been,
Left in the cold.

Nick Hilton

Limbo

Crushed like a ball of paper,
Nowhere to move,
Nor to lie down,
Frustrated beating my head,
Against the wall,
If only i could have.

Nick Hilton

Live

Do you live,
To see the endless turmoil,
As the struggles,
For power continue,
To roll obliviously,
Onwards destroying all,
The good in its path,
They desire the power,
They want more and more,
Is this what we live for?

Nick Hilton

Live And Let Die

One man,
Two men,
Riding the same,
Wave of sorrow,
Under a cataclismic,
Balcony of anguish,
Facing the task,
Of,
To Live and Let Die.

Nick Hilton

Los Plomos

LosPlomos comes down on the fjords,
In winter time and spring,
Coming from spain over mountains,
And valleys, grassland and ridge,
Los Plomos comes and when it does,
Norway, sweden and friends,
All return home to get out the way,
Snuggle up by their fires out of the rain,
And Los Plomos comes,
The Scandernavian express train.

Nick Hilton

Maybe A Chicken

Possibly you could be a Chicken,
Although it seems somewhat unlikely,
Given that very few Chickens have internet access,
Although some of the more privileged,
'Free Rangers',
Get there own computer,
I personally don't think they deserve,
They don't know what battery life is like,
Suffer that and you deserve a computer,
But maybe you're a chicken,
I hope so,
Because otherwise i shall sound like,
A nutter.

Nick Hilton

Memory

The vortex of infinity,
Indefinite swirls,
Of cloudy dust,
Haze around thoughts,
Pure and undefined,
As the day turns to night,
Into the abyss they slip,
And plummet down,
Never to fulfill,
Their destiny,
To become the appendices,
Of a lost love,
And tumultuous soul,
In limbo.

Nick Hilton

Merry Christmas

Merry christmas,
To you and all you know,
At advent time,
Were blessed,
With the fires warm glow,
So merry christmas,
And enjoy tales round the tree,
Remember that next christmas,
You'll want stars see,
So wish upon one every night,
At christmas time,
Like me

Merry Christmas everyone: I'm feeling really festive today!

Nick Hilton

Mighty

Gravel underneath their feet,
Leaves above their heads,
All will sink to dust,
In the presence of those,
Who's eternal presence,
Shall shatter all the tumult,
Of life,
The doom,
Death,
Deprivation,
And despair.

Nick Hilton

Millie

Yes,
You are the very answer to the question,
When the answer is yes,
You are the drive behind my longings,
I am empowered by wonder and lust,
The subtlety with which you make me desire,
Your taste and your voice,
To love you,
And to make love to you,
You are beautiful and unforgiving,
Lost,
Please return from your barrage of promiscuity,
Return and i will wait,
Until such time as the sky revenges my loss,
And appreciates a heart,
Where all other hearts had been lost,
Millie.

Nick Hilton

Mind Hurts And Baronets

To think is the art,
Of knowledges still born child,
And once we think,
To stop ourselves is like,
An immense and heavy load,
Being carried around the scene,
Or being not a baron and not a knight,
But something in between.

Nick Hilton

Must Not Tire

MNT,
Must not tire,
If i do,
IMFTC,
I must face the consequences,
Which will be,
NNBNB,
Not note bene, No breakfast.

Nick Hilton

My Friend

I have a friend,
In a camper site,
Whom i talk to by the day,
And visit by the night,
He talks of the moon,
And lifes long hours,
We ask questions of the sun,
And the truth of Gods powers,
We sit and sing,
To music old and sad,
The wicked waves of terror,
Doth seep and make all things bad,
Then we fall in slumber,
And dream of a hundred sheep,
And whisper secrets in our ears,
Which we shall never keep.

Nick Hilton

My Hand In A Photocopier

This is my hand,
A band of light,
And life drawn out,
Upon my sleeve,
This is my heart,
My work,
My stife,
I know its hard,
To believe,
I am endless as the night,
A photocopiers,
Sad fright,
And all the while,
A plane goes down,
And i stick my hand,
In a photocopier

Nick Hilton

No

Can we rent a boat and go,
No

Can you even row,
No

Will you sail away my woe,
No

Can you sing deep and low,
No

Will the lawn of life you mow,
No

Down in the cabin can i stow,
No

Is there anywhere i can go,
No

Is there anything you don't know,
No

Nick Hilton

Nonchalance

Lonely nights with cold ebbing hunger,
Quietly growling wind and thunder,
Breaking waves and singing gulls,
Flapping sails and splashing hulls,
Cold steel knife and dry dark fork,
Dusty bottle and unbroken cork,
Pain is expression lost in space,
Swirled along by this unbearable pace,
To break in sot a state of mind,
It's something i left far behind...

Nick Hilton

Not Alive

Tasting dirt,
The rotten wood,
Suffocated,
Can see the daisies,
Can feel the grey stone above my head,
Theres no deep breath,
To take before the dive,
Not Alive.

Nick Hilton

Not Dead

Breathing the air,
Fingers moving,
Grasping,
Can feel blood coursing through my body,
Can see clouds,
Can picture images,
In my head,
Not dead.

Nick Hilton

Nothing

The nothingness,
Of knowing nothing,
Is the nothingness,
Of dreams,
For those whose,
Nothingness,
Is knowing nothing.

Nick Hilton

Ode To A Chicken Nugget

O my feathery friend,
Some wicked mans hands,
Have grasped your throat,
That Jack the Ripper,
Has turned you into a Chicken Dipper!

O my feathery friend,
For you life was short,
But now you are gone,
And i too feel like i should die,
For they have turned you into chicken pie.

O my feathery friend,
Now i must say goodbye,
And hope in my heart,
The chicken god is your host,
For now you are sunday roast!

Nick Hilton

Ode To The Falling Snow

All at once the sky was a blanket of white,
And the snow fell silently through the night,
And in the morning they awoke,
To find snowy billows of smoke.

There legs could not carry them fast enough,
To sculpt a snowman coarse and rough,
And know that with this momentary joy,
No modern age garget could decoy.

And then came the nights sad abyss,
When the ground gives the snow its final kiss,
And in the morning the earth with water rushes,
Like a thrush retreating to the bushes.

Nick Hilton

Off The Pace

There is a boy kicking a ball,
A ball, a ball against a wall,
Does this wall simbalise all the ends,
Has he no longer got friends,
Is he beating himself to death,
Lost with every waking breath.

Nick Hilton

One Eyed Wit

There is,
Well ledgend tells,
A great source of humour,
Known as One Eyed Wit,
Few have mastered it,
Infact only two,
Nelson and Polythemus.

Nick Hilton

Outcry Over Modesty

Prometheus sits alone and considers,
His wandering eyes,
And the flickering flames,
What would it give just to steal?
Or be given?
To take without mercy,
The joys of disaster,
The toys of destruction,
The gift of the gods unto man,
And man alone as the source.
Prometheus-
Why is it so?
Why do you trouble for good,
When such harshness befalls you?
The vanity of sincerity,
The cause of the falsehood,
That captures your waking breath,
And leads you into the interminable mire
The mire of solitude.
It is not for revenge or defeat,
Not for the turn of the key in the lock,
But for the mistakes,
That slip silently into place
And work with amorous indecision,
Against the plaintiff labourer,
To marshall the root of such pain,
Is at once both commendable,
And repulsive.
The heart of man lies,
Lies in the depth of vision,
And the wisdom of unfamiliarity,
The turbulence of the tempest,
And the wild vacuum of the soul,
Different- yes,
But not ethereal.
So created by man are they,
That even Prometheus,
Forgotten by his brothers,
It's rent apart by the very nature,

Of what he thought were beyond the grasp,
Of man's fleshy grip,
The concept of which,
Defeated even a god,
A god above man,
And so unworldly that eventual,
Poor Prometheus looks up,
And sees that far above his fallen Olympus,
The hosts of heaven smile down,
With the faces of men.

Nick Hilton

People Arn'T Singing Anymore

People arn't singing anymore,
And time goes by,
Without width or depth,
Height or shape,
Love at the core.

People arn't singing anymore,
And feelings fly,
Without wings and mind,
Purpose or prose,
Words without heart pour.

People arn't singing anymore,
And terror rules,
Without happiness and peace,
Wisdom or love,
Which is more than i can endure.

Nick Hilton

Promise Of Death

Down the valley,
The ribboning clouds,
Hearty thunder,
The scream of comrades,
As they fall,
Man by man,
By man,
The bulge has cracked,
Ardennes is an open massacre,
And the field,
Bright on the sun,
Lost under the Shermans boots,
They cannot give us any more,
We live now not to live and let die,
But to live until death,
And death comes to us all,
At the end.

Nick Hilton

Raging Home

Homewards,
To the ends of the earth,
We shall rage,
Onwards,
To the shores of destiny,
We shall rage,
Honoured,
To the miracles of life,
We shall rage,
Tied,
To the edge of the abyss,
We shall rage,
Homewards,
To the end of our lives,
We shall rage.

Nick Hilton

Rain At War

All day they heard guns,
And now as the rain thumped down on the tin roof,
They thought they were,
The killer bullets,
Which had sprayed them,
As they ran between the trenches,
But as they stepped out,
It was not bullets,
That struck them down,
But the bursting heavens,
That made there own craters in the mud,
And left their own imprint,
On the sad tired soldiers.

Nick Hilton

Record

His life,
Slipped from the gutter,
To the abyss,
Until the memory of his life,
Was gone,
Noone had cared for him in life,
And noone cared for him in death,
His mark on the earth was unnoticed,
No record lives on in him.

Nick Hilton

Riddley Thing-Points For Guessing What It Is!

I am blunt but i'll make you sharp,
I am a teacher,
I am a preacher,
I am the beggining,
And the end,
I dictate the curve,
The bend,
And so to you,
I will sustain,
Your means,
To draw the endless pain.

Comment on it and guess what it is!

Nick Hilton

Royal Christmas

Will they labour for the turkey to be cooked on time?
Will they decorate the tree themselves for the little ones?
Will they overcook the pigs in blankets and eat them burned?
Will they pull the crackers tell the jokes and wear the hats?
Will they find twenty pence in the pudding and be pleased?
Will they give gifts they bought themselves on their day off?
Will they wrap these gifts with paper with pictures of holly?
No,
Will they still love their family on christmas day?
Yes.

Nick Hilton

Rules

Stretching, Twisting,
Turning, Churnings,
Slowly moving,
The infinite,
Ever changing boundries,
Set to by human nature,
And a passionate drive,
Too break free from them.

Nick Hilton

Running From The Gingerbreadman

Fields and meadows,
Pass me by,
I dodge in and out of trees,
God i wish i could fly.

Hes coming afterme,
with his candycane,
i run across roads,
And hop on a train.

Now i am away,
They may say i'm a winger,
But i'll know the enemy,
Of me is ginger.

Nick Hilton

Sailing Away On A Gravy Boat

Lost in the thrashing waters of human despair,
We find ourselves in our domestic solitude,
Fighting the baron and losing the war,
Independence they say is the cause of all strife,
The turn around take a good lond stare,
For all complaints there has to be something,
Something left on which we float,
Otherwise we'll go Sailing Away On A Gravy Boat

Nick Hilton

Sand

Are we but grains of sand,
Upon the beach of life,
With the ever moving,
Menace of destiny,
To snatch us from our strife.

Are we but corn in a field,
Lost in the summer heat,
With the ever present,
Harvest time,
To make us into wheat.

Are we but souls upon the earth,
Struggling for a worth,
With the ever looming,
Time of death,
To take away our birth.

Nick Hilton

Soft

Fingers touch the ribbon,
Of comfort,
And the soft cold linen,
Desires to be felt,
Until in time,
It is consumed.

Nick Hilton

Songs For Christmas

Every year the christmas,
Number one will rocket,
Out the radios and stereos,
For the mass to listen too,
And even if the music shoddy,
And the lyrics dodgy,
It will still bring a smile too my face,
To know its Christmas.

Nick Hilton

Starving Hearts

Brutal natures,
Gripped by torments,
Lustfull passions,
Lost to negligence,
Suffering greatly,
Dry and broken,
The heart,
The soul,
The mind,
Starved.

Nick Hilton

Stop Me From Crying

Stop me from crying,
The world does not turn for me,
There is silence in eternity,
There are dogs muffled barks,
There are plastic bags,
Which float in parks,
And even without you,
Kites still reign high in the heavens,
Rain still pours down on me,
And even your sweet reply,
To lifes unanswered mysteries,
Is silent as the night now,
A cold dark yowl,
Is there anymore to take,
Turn out your pockets,
I'll not shake,
And as the pall bearer,
Bears your tomb,
A voice echoes from every mothers womb,
It is i who carries the cross tonight,
I who fights the mortal fight,
And though wrapped in blankets,
And warm lace sleeves,
I will flood the halls,
Turn out my socks,
For all the cause,
And lye on my own,
My tears to swell the evening tide.

Nick Hilton

Take It

I cannot find,
The power within me,
To reach out and grab,
Although my heart urges me forward,
My brain rejects it,
'You can't do it' my mind says,
'You cn make it' My heart replies,
'Don't bother' My brain repeats,
'Come on, take it! '

Nick Hilton

Tented

Stuck in the cocoon of live,
Trapped unable to escape,
Oblivious to all other life,
Wrapped up in personal thoughts,
Confidence never dented,
Tented.

Nick Hilton

Terminal Stop

Trains and life,
Will all come to their termination stop,
But as the clock,
Rolls ceaselessly on,
More passengers come aboard,
And with more passengers,
More disappointment,
Less time,
To stroll down the compartments,
While the thunderous momentum,
Of the train and life,
plummets onwards,
Blind to death,
Doom,
And despair.

Nick Hilton

The Altar Of Life

The pinnacle,
Of breath and blood,
Of wisdoms,
Heartfelt loyalties,
Of loves,
Boundless servitude,
Of hungers,
Static sorrow,
Of innocense,
Restful multitude,
Of powers,
Breaking surf.

Nick Hilton

The Apprentice

Accompanying poem to:

He took the road down from the glen,
And wandered lonely through the trees,
Save for the sound of the winter wren,
And the quakes beneath his knees,

He came upon a bracken wood,
And trampled through the dead leaves,
He filled with fears not understood,
And felt the way his heart greaves,

Cried out he did like the lark,
And a winter cruel confined him,
He tried to fight against the dark,
And see where the lights grew dim,

And soon upon his weary lane,
A rundown house appears,
And desperate to escape the rain,
He conquers what he fears,

Long time he searches for a door,
None will open for him,
Past scenes of evil gone before,
And pleasantries turned pale and grim,

Until at last he finds the light,
A door long left ajar,
And lost of all his will and fight,
Enters from a far,

The floor is cold and the walls are bare,
The lights are flickering near,
Until at once the lights aren't there,
And he is gripped by fear,

He grabs a flashlight from a shelf,

And flicks it on to see,
But he can't even see himself,
Nor see what else might be,

And candle lies upon a table,
So sore with all the strife,
He grabs and match and finds he's able,
To bring a flame to life,

He carries it into the hall,
And see's some lanterns for use,
He tries to light each one and all,
But their flickering range stays loose,

He drags them down upon the tiles,
To sleep per chance to dream,
And as his mind moves miles and miles,
Unawakened by the scream,

Back fall the folds of the actors screen,
A masked apprentice enters in,
And with a gaze so soft and keen,
With his mouth in a hideous grin,

And so awakes the tiring man,
The curtains does he spot,
The sweat is cold his heart has ran,
He's out like a shot,

But soon then apprentice will return,
And when he takes you then,
Your hopes and dreams will he burn,
As happened to the men,

Who threw him from the stage one night,
And cast him in the cold,
And stirred in him this putrid fight,
And made his spirit bold,

Blooded and bruised you sit in pain,
Studying the garments which lie by your side,
For now you must start this thing again,

And onwards may you ride,

The masked avenger saw in your eyes,
The weakness and the fear,
And though your mind slowly dies,
Your time is coming near.

Nick Hilton

The Chicken Martyr

I am a chicken martyr,
Dying for our cause,
Though we have done no crime,
Brake the walls,
And scrape the grime,
All that has come is here,
There is nothing left,
For us to fear,
Tonight i say my last goodbye,
Knowing that tomorrow i die,
It may come from the east,
It may come from the west,
I know they'll do,
Whatever is best,
And so i lye my head down to rest,
Comforted by the dark,
Like a dogs muffled bark,
And soon death over me shall creep,
And all at once,
I will be lost,
In the big sleep.

Nick Hilton

The Illegal (Chicken) Immigrant

He stayed close to the metal walls,
Of the road hugging,
Baker brothers delivery van,
They had crossed the border an hour ago,
Border patrol had not stopped to check,
But now they were in the heart of town,
Two chickens,
Immigrating from Eastern Europe,
In the hope of a better future,
Then the doors slide open,
There are screams,
Police draw guns and the public run,
A man is drawn from the front of the van,
A toxic waste disposal team arrives at the scene,
They drag out the chickens by there necks,
The news is screaming the headlines,
'Eastern European terrorists bring bird flu toLondon',
The chickens are taken to a private compound,
Examined once, twice, three times,
Then with unamable brutally,
Killed for nothing more than being the trigger,
To the endless bomb,
Of natures improbable design.

Nick Hilton

The Last Chicken Poem

Many years ago,
A scribe wrote of poultry,
Now he sits alone tapping quietly,
Chickens have moved on,
The peck is now the bark,
This is the last chicken poem,
The night has got too dark...

Nick Hilton

The Last Horror Poem

Dark rooms,
Lit only with the dripping wax,
From used candles,
Long ago illuminating,
Lovers in there company,
Meals solitary and crude,
Their stains still splashed upon the floor,
Not pleasant stairs,
But ones that saw the lovers, married fight,
And bones from meals chucked upon,
Dead floorboards,
That saw the lovers slip powder into cocoa,
And single human souls drifting away,
Hard bedstead,
That saw the lovers pass away in sleep,
And a solo dyeing soul depart.

Nick Hilton

The Matadors (Part I)

Young men of Madrid,
Of Sevilla, Catalonia,
Zaragoza,
You are the Matadors,
You will wear with honour,
The bright stripes,
Of our noble art,
You will with feet,
Now quick and nimble,
Dance with the beast,
Until its destruction,
You are the standard bearers,
For our persecuted life,
Then with pride,
Walk out there,
The chalky sand around your feet,
And fight the beast,
And let your ribbon fly,
And soon the beast will lie,
Defeated by you,
You lions,
You men of valour,
You Matadors.

Nick Hilton

The Matadors (Part II)

Then they,
With a surge of courage,
Shall find themselves,
Within the arena,
The beast will stand before them,
Weakened and bloody,
Its mind slurred,
And enraged,
And those horns shall,
Charge and meet the silk,
Which draws them through,
And round until,
The beast is tired,
And stands feeble,
And then with a glint of steel,
A flashing blade will strike it,
And the sand turn crimson,
The Matador stands,
Triumphant and victourious.

Nick Hilton

The Matadors (Part Iii)

And hailed they are once,
They have left the circus of death,
They are men of courage,
And determination,
The young ladies of Spain,
Cry for them,
The Gusta Chicas will,
Only satisfy them,
To be a great Matador,
They must not only slay the beast,
But proceed afterwards,
With dignity and nobility,
Until such time as,
They will stop from,
The art and settle down,
Perhaps with someone from,
The glory days,
And the age of the true,
Matadors of Spain,
For now there are few,
Greats and many hopefuls,
But the driving spirit in them,
Is failing and the beast,
Grows stronger.

Nick Hilton

The News At Ten

Yet again,
Yet again,
The news at ten,
Shows what happened,
As it happened,
To the people,
Who weren't there,
Told by the people,
Who weren't there,
Watched by the people,
Who weren't there,
Recorded on VHS by the people,
Who weren't there.

Nick Hilton

The Ocean

Tossed about on waters,
Rough and choking,
Raging endlessly,
Momentum carrying,
Them to shore,
When they break,
And white horse,
Gallop home across the land,
Desperate to escape the ocean,
But it's powerful grip,
Draws as always the escapers back,
And with it the chance of survival dies.

Nick Hilton

The One (By Alex Kent, A Mexican Living In Canterbury)

When I saw that beautiful hair flow
It was a beautiful show

Her lovely eyes were an oceanic blue
It was too beautiful to be true

I was stuck in a dark age
But her smile lightened up my small cage

For the first time in my life
I could see no knife

Because of her kindness
I called her my highness

Laughing, she nicely looked at me
That look I will always see

She then said I was a "hun"
I Will never forget The One

Nick Hilton

The Palm Of My Hand

The lines cross like motorways,
And the rain leaves splashes on the roads,
There are no cars,
Just the pen,
Coating the paper in ink,
As sweat drips of my palm,
And splashes like bullets onto the paper.

Nick Hilton

The Saddest Chicken At Christmas

Left alone to peck the last grain,
From the hard icy ground,
There would be no christmas for him,
Every year it was the same,
He would wait and wait,
Until at last the farmer came out,
To choose the ones who would,
Have a wonderful christmas,
With Quackers and Turkeys Delight,
They will gather round the warm table,
Enjoying the festivities,
While he outside would sit depressed,
And watch the lights,
And hear the laughter,
Through the window,
Ow wher his friends having a good time,
And every year they had such a good time,
That they didn't come back to poor chicken,
And he wished all year,
That next christmas,
He would be choosen for the party,
But every year,
He was not.

Nick Hilton

The Temperature Of Sin

Left alone on his plain death bed,
With the last bit of mouldy bread,
Regarding poverty with the keenest eye,
And knowing that he soon would die,
God would take him in he knew,
Up to heaven in a Cadillac its true,
To the lofty shores,
Of heaven with its pearl front doors,
And left alone on the cloudy wisps,
Felt lonely and forsaken,
And when Jesus Christ returned,
The pearly gates had been taken.

Nick Hilton

The Turkish Revolution (Christmas Style!)

This christmas,
The Turkeys will rise up,
Against christmas spirit,
No longer shall the weak be sacrificed,
Upon the plates of destiny,
This christmas,
The Turkeys will fight back,
And if they should gain their freedom,
And celebrate for themselves,
Then we should have to roll a dice,
To see who'd be the sacrifice.

Nick Hilton

The Un Cleverness

I used to be clever,
But present circumstances,
Contradict my assumption,
That this was ever the case,
But like my Dad always said,
It is better to be unclever,
Than to be stupid,
So I might not be dim,
But i'm sure to be damned,
If i'm cleverer than him.

Nick Hilton

Then Hitler Left

Strung like puppets,
To the voice,
Of angry evil,
Wrong to be right,
And life to be exiled,
From spirits,
Of heavens desires,
While the jagged cross,
Consumes us all,
Spun by hands deft,
Then Hitler left.

Nick Hilton

This Poem Is About...

This poem is about,
Whatever people believe in now,
After years of hurt,
And deprivation of rights,
So believe that this poem,
Is saying whatever you want it to say,
It can speak about anything,
About love about war,
Above friendship and hope,
It can speak about death and life,
Just choose and wish that it will come true,
This poem is about...,
Whatever you want it to be

Nick Hilton

Tide

The moon shines its silent light,
On the restless power of the ocean,
As it endeavours to break the sand,
That lines the barrier between its life stroke,
And its death stroke,
But not the ceaseless rolling of the horses high on their pedetals,
But the bounding of the nerves within the waves,
As they spin onto the beach,
And smother the traces,
Of two young lovers romantic stroll,
And destroy the memory of a toddlers day at the seaside.

Nick Hilton

Tired

The air is crisp,
The sky blue,
With wispy clouds,
Floating like lost sheep,
The grass is green,
And the sun,
Is shining down,
On the joy of spring,
Below,
However i care not,
For these,
All i want,
To,
Do,
Is,
Sleep

Nick Hilton

'Tis Bird Flu My Friend

Tis the plague,
Tis the spanish flu,
Tis sars,
Tis cancer,
Tis diabetes,
Tis TB,
Tis malaria,
Tis depression,
Tis meningitus,
Tis plantaphasheitus,
Tis life,
Tis death,
Tis what,
Tis where,
Tis what to do,
Yes tis my friend,
Tis bird flu.

Nick Hilton

Touch

Fingertips spread out on the cold glass,
Palm of my hand touches home,
Absorbed by the tangled motion,
Knowing the gift of touch,
Is a gift of life.

Nick Hilton

Trance

Swirling infinities,
The soft caress,
Of numerous possibility,
Changing colours,
Of the oceans of thought,
Gently lapping,
Against the depths of human desire.

Nick Hilton

Trash

Thats what they call,
Anything not wanted,
Trash,
Thats what they call people,
Who live without purpose,
Trash,
Thats what they tell children,
Never ever to become,
Trash,
Thats what they throw away,
And never want to come back.

Nick Hilton

Tsunami

Crests of waves,
Rolling forth,
On their mighty,
Pedestals,
Obliviating,
The lives of,
The people,
On the shore.

Nick Hilton

Under The Throbbing Christmas Tree

Under the throbbing christmas tree,
We gather all the presents,
That rejected by my spite and bitterness,
Have some how meandered there,
Under the twinkling lights,
There are mince pies for everyone,
Brandy shot a little overdone perhaps,
A small child appears to be unconcious,
And the bloody mulled wine,
Could'nt have been mulled rather then,
Left to curdle in the grey christmas heat,
The T.V's pulsating in the lounge,
Its christmas and yet Hark the herald angels,
Aren't sounding the eastenders theme is though,
The crackers and advent calenders,
Now just chocolate and other crap,
The pictures behind the doors,
Of rocket crackers and computer mangers,
There will be football on boxing day,
And mass for many will be at highbury,
Stamford bridge or the JJB stadium,
Great christmas for the lads infront of the lights,
And cameras not the organ and family,
And if silent night makes it all better,
Then why don't we just forget Jesus,
Sleep tight have a silent night,
Will echoe across the rooms from the box,
Is that what boxing day is about,
The network premiere of robbie the reindeer?
Perhaps.

Nick Hilton

Weird Places

It's not the first time,
That several hours have passed,
Without the noticing of mine,
That you have know how to run to go fast.

It's not the first time,
That i have realised,
That severed now,
Is the knot which between us ties.

I'ts not the first time,
I've looked out the windows,
And met the glanceing gaze,
Of a stranger as by he goes.

It is the first time,
I've tried to win no races,
And waited till my time will come,
Waited in weird places.

Nick Hilton

When They'Re Gone

Those days when there is nothing to do,
But slouch around,
With those you love,
And those who care,
Hope forever,
They'll be there,
But knowing forever,
Life will go on,
Though you won't,
When they're gone.

Nick Hilton

White Snow (Christmas In April)

Not so many years ago,
We waited long and hard,
And all December,
The road were glazed with ice,
But never the field,
Covered with soft snow,
And on Christmas day,
Freezing as it was,
The ground still brown and green,
And no white Christmas,
And so Christmas passed,
And the year went on,
Until one freezing april morning,
The April showers,
Turned to sleet,
Which turned to snow,
And Christmas a long white,
Christmas,
Happened in April.

Nick Hilton

Who Reads?

Who reads the drunken ramblings,
The drugged up prolificacy of tongue,
Who reads the priceless love songs,
The depressed warning cry,
Who reads the tunes of strangers,
Addicts and criminal ballads,
Who reads the shouts of anarchists,
The lonely whispers drawn?

Who reads the drunken ramblings of a man possessed?

Nick Hilton

The break of lines,
Tabs indents,
Fulfilling,
The ponderous minds,
Who burden free,
Sweep through for a time,
And engulf the knowledge,
Captured within the web pages,
And the lust,
To write for themselves,
And be read,
For themselves.

Nick Hilton

Zut Alors!

Zut Alors! ,
Will scream the French when in disgust,
Pardon Madame,
Will reply the genial Italian waiter,
Es Ne Pas Bon,
Screams the Portugeese lady in the beige dress,
Cadela! ,
Screams the French in digust again at the portugeese,
Perra! ,
Says the Spaniard taking the Portugeese offense,
Que te foyens! ,
Says the linguistic French in anger,
Vete a la mierda! ,
The Spaniard and Portugeese reply,
Das ist eine Fussgingerzone,
Adds the german hopeing to stop the debate,
Nein das ist eine katze,
Randomly chirps in the Brit cheerfully.

I appoligise if some of my language is bad and feel free to correct me.

Nick Hilton