

Poetry Series

Paul Buttigieg
- poems -

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Paul Buttigieg(15/05/51)

Paul Buttigieg is the son of a Maltese migrant who was sent to Australia as a young child to escape the ravages of the 2nd World war in Europe. He grew up in Adelaide and was educated at schools in the Gilles Plains and Windsor Gardens district.

Due to family difficulties he was placed in a boy's home and removed from his parents and family growing up with other less fortunate children, many being aboriginal, most of who came from broken homes also.

A well educated person Paul started writing poetry at the age of about 11 years but unfortunately much of his writings from his earlier years have been lost.

Paul Buttigieg has always been very passionate about the plight of the Australian Aborigines and writes aboriginal poems in an attempt to heighten awareness. He also writes passionately about other topics and is a published poet worldwide.

Paul's poetry is used in school studies all over the world and is made freely available as long as it is for study only.

A Day Of Thought

I turned sixty today
Almost
Without permission
Whilst my love left so early
So much younger

My mate
My loves bro has gone too
And
I'm sixty feeling guilty
Maybe
I took their years

It's a funny space nought to sixty
When it's empty

Loved ones stolen
Forever

A big gap never filled

A missing Wife
A missing mate
A missing Dad
A missing Uncle
A missing Sister

A broken heart

A Day of Thought

Paul Buttigieg

A Family Poem

I do not feel I have contributed
Much
Sometimes I feel nothing
I often just break down and cry
Not of consequence anyway
To family

I struggle you all know with
My Bi Polar and Depression diagnosis
A major shock but I dealt with it
And still do

I enjoy my isolation because I cannot hurt anyone
You would all have seen or felt
My ability to melt down

I hope you remember my love and generosity more

I see my own symptoms in certain siblings
It makes me love them more
For I know the struggles they have
And the future that will test

Yes the past haunts me
The future haunts me more
Just trying to fit in somewhere
Since I lost my favourite girl

I claim no accolades I have few real friends
Sometimes I just want to break down
But I play the tough part
I am the Humphrey Bogart of Depression
I will always look good in a movie

Its not real life, but it's my movie

I can cope with that

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Paul Buttigieg

A Walk In The Forest

Jump stones
Dodge bending fronds
Scented flower stems
Like magic wands

Hear birds atop
Whistle tunes
Wildflowers
Such magic blooms

Smell fresh air
Perfect aroma
Greatest peace
I'm a wanton loner

Dew glistens
Branches sway
All scents
Come my way

Dripping dew
And fungi towns
Lichen cover
Like Coloured gowns

Ferns so tall
And blackboy power
Australian rain forest
At every hour

Paul Buttigieg

Aboriginal Fringe Dweller

Fringe dweller no Christmas or New Year
That's white fella stuff
So
Where do I go now
I still enjoy the filth and grog
The welfare
The challenge of a failed life
It's a Merry Christmas for me
Under a tree somewhere
Ill drink til dawn
And well into tomorrow
Theres nothing else to do in my stupor
No white god can save me now
And
Could not save me then
But truthfully
I cannot save myself

Paul Buttigieg

Arnold My Frog

You did not get to meet Arnold,
My wonderful green tree frog,
Befriended him in Queensland I did,
When we shared a sodden log.

When I stood up from my seat,
On that rain forest walk,
Arnold seem to look at me sadly,
I thought, If only he could talk.

He never took offence,
That I laid him on my palm,
And when I tried to place him back again,
He jumped upon my arm.

The hushed voice that I used,
To make him feel ok,
Seemed to have a calming effect,
He wouldn't go away.

He challenged my love for him,
But I knew he was just a frog,
For I couldn't keep him as a pet,
As you would a dog.

I placed him high up in the tree,
Self assured that he was home,
Insects to whet his appetite,
And moist branches for him to roam.

He disappeared so quickly,
Into a sea of brilliant green,
That I felt so good I had helped,
This gentle amphibian live his dream.

For years I've thought about Arnold,
Contemplating chances he must take,
To live a long and happy life,
And with luck, avoid a hungry snake

Paul Buttigieg

Black Moon

The moon was shining
On my aboriginal friend
I laughed my head off
And said
Smile you black bastard
Let me see your teeth
Against the moon

He broke down with laughter
Then reflected
You white men need me to smile
You need to see my teeth
Against the moon

For you cannot contrast
On a moonlit night
Anything in white skin

Without a Black Moon

Paul Buttigieg

Black Prejudice

Blacks can never love whites
Whites poisoned our hearts
And
Our children

Black childrens dreams shattered
By white greed

Bent minds and stolen children
Sexual abuse and slavery back then

We struggle with reality
Who are we?
We have no idea where we will call home next
And
With whom

Our pride is diminished by your white hatred

Where is our community of living?
Where is our death place?

Our Elders are beside themselves
And can only sell land for mining
Last power left for a warrior
Of
Gondwana

Sell the land and sell out
Sell out our black arses
For white wealth

We are unemployable in the mainstream
It seems

Where can we talk freely?
Where can we walk freely?
And
With whom

Who will listen to a black voice?
anymore

Everyone knows white Australia
Hates
Those that are different
Those that dare to claim their own land
After proving forty thousand years of title

Those that stand up with a black face
Are knocked down
Appeased only with words like sorry
Sorry for what white fella?
That your genocide is working?

Paul Buttigieg

Cops Versus Blacks

Respect has gone
Both combatants are out of control
Hatred all around loses any hope
Of reconciliation
Cops can only stand back so far
Whilst
Blacks rage in a drunken stupor
And
Jump tall buildings
And Bro
You must answer why
Those boys in blue are your enemy
When did they make the law?
When did they build the gaols?
Did you miss somehow what the judge said?
Good behaviour
It's a chance the law gives for free
And
It's not colour coded
Gather your intelligence my black friends
Fight this on a political stage
Only
Genocide wins in your ignorance
As much as we love who you are
You cannot beat white law
The war is over you lost it
Sadly

Paul Buttigieg

Donald Trump V Kim Jong Un (Concerned Call)

Kim baby how are you
Hope you are glad I have calmed a bit

Who's that?

Donald mate, Donald Trump again
What you blowing! Your trumpet again

No mate, it's me Donald for real
You're in luck
What you say
Who? ? Oh Donald Duck

What you want

I'm glad you've backed off a bit mate
You know with the nuclear thing

I'm at the hairdressers Mr Duck
It's Trump you fucker not Duck

You better Duck when I send my missile

Anyway what you want
Get your own hairdresser

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Paul Buttigieg

Donald Trump V Kim Jong Un (Telephone Call)

It's the President of the USA can you hear me Kim

Hello

Kim Jong UN

Can you hear me?

No...it's very scratchy

It's Donald, Donald Trump

Who

Donald duck

No Donald trump

Oh okay hi

What you want

Just want to say I love Korean food

And

Your mob love McDonalds

Can we agree to not knock out the fast food outlets?

Sure no worries

Thanks Kim I am so happy you are nuclear about that

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Paul Buttigieg

God I'm Giving Up On You

You took my parents away from me
My siblings had no clue
Just a boy lost in misery and hatred
In a boys home all because of you

Are you not the man they taught me?
Who would guide me through?
That stage in life that maketh the man
Where the hell were you?

My kids now suffer for
I know not much of love
All those years I defended you
That Supreme Being from above

Why did you allow that I should grow?
As a young child all alone
When no one even visited me
In a rotten Government home

I never learned to be a Dad
Floundered through and through
Hit the grog and gambled
All because of you

Now I am old and gone
The church and god may be true
But neither ever helped me
God, I'm giving up on you.

Paul Buttigieg

Gremlins

I know you have not made your minds up yet
Who I am
Enigma bitter twisted loving and generous
Even I do not know my own mind
I have hidden my depression for a million years
And I know somewhere in my life
To each of you I have been kind

And
Maybe just a bit unkind

I struggle badly with life badly with death
Badly with living
And my own mind gives me nothing

My dream is always to be alone
Yet to be with you
To be with everyone I know and love

For hate is not in my heart - only despair

Am I narcissist as they say I think not?
I'm a lost old soul looking for peace

I love you all and I protect you all
Something I've never understood
I search for gremlins in my life
And I'd explain them if only I could

Paul Buttigieg

Haunted By Thee

They are all there
Every time I turn my head
I see my fears of paternal failure
I see my children crying
Whilst I grow old without them
The sad thing is that I run toward them not away
My sight has clearer vision it seems
Than their blindness
A man can only be a father once his failures
Are appreciated as failures
And not failures of love for thee

Paul Buttigieg

Heaven Or Hell

I'll see you on the other side
I'm sure
The side where none of the living
Have ever been before
If I beat you there
I'll promise
A tour
But it will depend on heaven and hell
For I know not
For me
Which place that I will dwell?
And for you the same

Paul Buttigieg

I Am An Aboriginal

I'm black
I have no issue with that
You're white
I have no issue with that
You are different
I understand that

I am very different
Not sure who understands that
Most
White Australians do not

To them I am a burden
A Bludger just a blackfella
A bung
An Abo

What I really am is proud

Your white prejudice
Will never allow you to be the same

Paul Buttigieg

I Drink

It's one for the end of the day
Two for the fact I had one
Three for the sake of enjoying one and two
Four for the relaxed state
I am now in
Five for the bravado I'm in charge of my life
Six and I'll just stick it up the wife
And forget I have kids
Seven because no one tells me what to do
Eight and I'm ready to blue come home when I'm ready
Nine and I will solve the world's problems
Let's debate the world
Ten I've made it I'm finally out of control
Car keys in my pocket
Ready to Rock and roll
Eleven take my mates to the local dance club
Not caring for their safety
Them not caring for mine
Twelve ring the wife and lie
The car has broken down my dear
Be home as soon as I can
Thirteen meet the girl of my dreams
I'm a single man again
Fourteen and I've forgotten
The beautiful family I am in
Lost

Paul Buttigieg

I Saw An Angel

The light was spectacular
The image was blinding
The window was shut akin the door
The room was moving clockwise
The floor rose so slow
The ceiling fell quickly
And so did I
And on my bed
I lay

With an Angel

In the morning I awoke
A dog licking my face

And
An empty bottle of booze
On a floor that had returned

To it's normal place

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Paul Buttigieg

If Tomorrow I Die

Tomorrow will not be my care
For
I'll be gone
Go forward in haste without me friends
All of you
Life is so short

Your time will come too

After a sea of tears

And
An exaggerated view of my worth on earth

There is no heaven anywhere
Heaven can only be living forever
I never made it

My death is eternal

I lived my hell here with fun
Heartbreak courage lows and highs

And
I know at least once I let you down

And
I know for certain at least twice I loved you

You will find loving me easier
If tomorrow I die

Paul Buttigieg

Kalgoorlie Aboriginal

Sad days

Nothing changes in the dust and heat

The winter cold

The dirty clothes on street side camps

Blackman at a loss

A coke bottle disguised as a thirst quencher

Laced

The staggering gives the game away

Why can he not find the gold that built this town?

And

Knocked his favour down

Paul Buttigieg

Kim Jong Un

I hate you bastards in the west
Donald Trump you're just a pest
So I have built some rockets that I will test
And show you all who's the best
I'm Kim Jong Un and mad as hell
Pissed off with everyone can't you tell
And all your sanctions are just swell
Cos then you bastards have nothing to sell
Angry as I am today
I think I might just blow you away
My hydrogen bomb is working I say
Look out your window it's on its way
Call me a fuckwit say what you will
A madman a tyrant a flamin'dill
When I win the war with China's will
There will be nothing left and no one to kill
Yes I'm Kim Jong Un with a beautiful plan
To control the world because I can
With a haircut to die for what a man
Owner of the free world the west once ran
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Paul Buttigieg

Kim Jong Un (Part Four)

Am I not all you wanted you western swine
I am Kim Jung Un Tarzan swinging on a vine
The greatest fashion guru of all time
Come on western girls I'm in my prime

Look at my haircut pay it some due
Put my photo on your wall where you can view
The Nuclear heart throb looking back at you
Tear your heart out you loving shrew

Hang with me in my place
And I'll show you my weapon to your face
I can explode for you and eliminate race
Just me and you left and no one to trace

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Paul Buttigieg

Kim Jong Un (Part Three)

I sent a couple over Japan
Just to show them that I'm the man
Kim Jong Un with a nuclear plan
I'll kill all westerners just because I can

You can give me sanctions and all that stuff
It won't bother me cos' I'm so tough
If you want to have a go I'll just get rough
And keep sending my missiles till you've had enough

I've bluffed Donald Trump that silly tool
Who is very rude and calls me a fool
But I'm a great leader and playing it cool
You see the nuclear bomb is my crowning jewel

I might ring Donald and ask him to surrender
Whilst me and my Generals try to be tender
And if Donald says no we'll go on a bender
Firing our rockets with love from the sender

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Paul Buttigieg

Kim Jong Un (You Silly Fucker)

You silly fucker
With all your mates
Sitting there with crackers
Taking on the states

Guy Fawkes Night
Is more your call
Blowing letter boxes
Something small

Let's just assume
Your first attempt
Hits America
And
Something's bent

Do you have insurance?
For when they reply
Save your money buddy
Say goodbye

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Paul Buttigieg

Me And This Kid

I pulled into the river bank
A little kid was running around
No parent anywhere
So I didn't make a sound

I scanned the bank for some clues
As to why this kid was alone
Couldn't see an adult anywhere
He appeared far away from home

Why I thought could a kid this young
Be wandering without Mum or Dad
Has a tragedy left him an orphan?
Will the answer be that sad?

I approached the kid slowly
And offered him some food
He would not come near me
Boy he had a mood

I am just trying to help you mate
I said in soft tone
Then as I got really close to him
Someone rang my phone

Are you at the river bank mate?
The untimely caller said
And delivered the horrific news
To me
That the kid's parents were dead

Shocked saddened and with a tear
A large lump in my throat
I knew then I had to save this kid
This beautiful little goat

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Mr Cook Come Back (Again)

Can we start again Mr Cook?
Can we change the purpose of your visit?
From
Ownership of our land
To a visitors visa

We could teach you to hunt
And walk our land

Take you to pristine places
Sacred and grand

There would be no need for boundaries
No fences
No titles

We could give you a freedom
A place for white fella's to come and enjoy
A fresh new world untouched by greed

A place called Gondwana
A place we all need

Again

Paul Buttigieg

My Last Wish

Riches do not enter my mind
Happiness is a thing of will
Love is take what you can get
And
Spread the word

Fame it's not on my radar
And
Innocence well it left me years ago
Friends are not queuing as you will see
Outside my door

Women are always welcome though
They offer a certain place
A peace
Where men can dream of being loved
Outside of reality

All these things are figments
They are normal
If you wish

But nothing nothing ever
Can purvey my last wish
As the need I have someday
To catch a bloody fish

Paul Buttigieg

My Love For Thee

Love be the food
Slip the breach of dissention
An idiot a fool to wonder
Of any other intention

Perchance, love against me
O'er hot coals I do go
Light through yonder window
Love thee more I know

Thou hast loved others
Doth it preclude me
Sweet hours from reconciliation
I raised my heart to thee

More things hasten my love
Thou art my heart and soul
Why wouldst thou be not for me
Departure should take its toll

Unto this broken heart
Fear of our summers demise
Wish thee never more to hope
Our love again should rise

Paul Buttigieg

Osama

Seventy two virgins waiting
For a dead man

Tragic
Seventy two virgins wasted

Paul Buttigieg

Sad Men Black Men Dead Men

He told me about the war
Amongst themselves their own fellas
And the grog the jails the police
He did not want to talk about the women
Ne'er mention their fear
Ne'er mention the children
The despair
Told me how the relatives just fell down dead
With Whiteman's bottle
Tucked wonderfully under their cheeky smiles
Eyes wide open as death hovered
In painful last hours
Oblivion was
Their best friend so often
All
Sad men black men
Dead Men

Paul Buttigieg

Terrorist

How blind you are
That you think death is a given
That murder is acceptable
That life is a throwaway
That religion is a reason
For exacting your hate
Killing your mate
Sealing your fate
Life matters
Death is only a consequence of life
Let everyone live
Fight your heart out
Get angry
Demonstrate intelligently
Terrorism is not living
Terrorists can only fear terrorism
For it is your own enemy

Paul Buttigieg

Terrorist Australis

What's this thing called life
In Australia
When
Someone wants to kill us
Infidels they say we are
Muslim haters we are accused as
Racists
At all times known only to them
Why buy our land
Why use our schools and universities
Why be
So full of hatred
Why come here at all my friend
To risk replacing your hate with love
For that is what we sell in Australia
It must have been something we said
And
All we said was
Welcome

Paul Buttigieg

The Black And Thee

Your white drugs are not healing
What you gave us
White disease alcohol and bitumen
Concrete has no remedy whilst your gaols hold our kids

You came you conquered you stole
Our land our spirit our freedom
Our hunting grounds are gone now
And
Your boats have stolen the sea

Your progress is the difference
Between the Black and thee

We will fight forever whilst you methodically
Bleach our skin
In slow bloody genocide

A white mans will to win

But understand
White invaders
We are determined to be free
You need to reconcile in your head quickly

There is difference

Between
The Black and Thee

Paul Buttigieg

The Killing Of Lamby

Lamby was Col's best pet and worked the Robinson's run
Wandered around the yard everywhere eating plants for fun
He did not know he was being stalked or that the end was nigh
Col had to catch him first before he could ever die

Well the afternoon progressed and butcher Darren opened the gate
Whilst his lovely girlfriend Katie progressed the car that held lamby's fate
The butcher grabbed the killing knife that had a blade so keen
But Lamby seemed to sense his doom and just could not be seen

So Col worked his magic tricks with wheat and a bit of rope
Lamby got a sense of this too who said the sheep's a dope
Time went by then a whisper came should we shoot the bloody thing
Hell no Katie yelled imagine the disdain that - that would bring

In the end all hope was lost and the trapping of Lamby failed
I'm not sure what happened that day or how Lamby's end was nailed
Someone said the butcher played a pretty good hand
In the Killing of Lamby on the day of his last stand

Paul Buttigieg

The Most Beautiful Girl In My World (For My Darling Nerine 12/09/2012)

The heartaches are stronger again my girl
As that day nears
As I relive all my fears
Of
That day you were called for higher duty
Higher than all of us mere mortals
Higher than Saints
You received your pass to heaven
Your membership to the world of Angels
Where only special people who loved everyone on earth
And walked without fault for thyself or in others
Are allowed to go
And wear wings

Paul Buttigieg

The Stolen Generation

Someone
Turns out the last light
A Blackout
And
A dormitory full of black kids sigh
Unknowing
Waiting for parents to return
A shallow promise from government guardians
If you sleep
A white education waits
If you wake
And
Forgive
The theft of your black soul
And
The destruction of your family

Paul Buttigieg

Watching And Waiting

Did you not think I would get old one day
And worry

I might pass away

With out your knowledge
Or presence

Did you not stop and ponder old age
Will win every time

It's like I'm driving out of view
After such a long drive
Travelling with you
I am no longer in your mirror
I've passed you for Gods queue

The ride has been enjoyable
At times great
The best that I could do
But
I am sorry for all the wrong turns
Taken by me
To enjoy a different view

My love has never wavered
For you
Any of you

I brought you all into this world

And

You will take me out in time
Whilst a small crowd is
Watching and I am waiting

Paul Buttigieg

When I'm Gone

When they send me off
I won't know anyway that you came
Or
You thought me not worthy of a farewell
You will have no shame no blame
From me
Dead men cannot speak
There is no hell heaven is on earth
And
God's book has failed me
Just like it will fail you
Oft
But there was a heaven I enjoyed
If you were my friend or family
Then I was in heaven with each of you
In a mortal place
The best thing you can do is remember
The bastard I was
Or
A person you loved
The memory within you about me
Only leaves on your own demise
Therefore
I am with you forever
In love and hate
I bid thee farewell

Paul Buttigieg

White Attack

What did you think we were capable of?
Against your guns
Against your madness
Your alcohol
Your desire to steal land
Unarmed blacks watching ships sail in
Back then
We just stared at the horizon watching
Our
Terror was free
It came from the survival gene
A raider was on our shores
Without permission
We should have killed you all
When we had the chance when we outnumbered
You white bastards
And still owned this land

Paul Buttigieg

Why I Write

Fifty years and getting on,
Emotions in head and heart,
I'm closer to the end of my life,
Than I am to the start.

So grow old as I will,
I'll record for you my tales,
By clever use of written word,
And a capacity for e-mails.

A million seller I'll never be,
That's simply not my lot,
Just stories for the family,
All with a wonderful plot.

A moment out to drift in time,
Remembering old songs we sung,
And Lyons Road said it all,
About life when we were young.

Whilst I hear sibling books,
May never reach my sight,
Treasured stories never told,
And that is why I write.

Paul Buttigieg