

Poetry Series

PAUL COLVIN
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

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

PAUL COLVIN(31/01/1954)

I was born in sunny Glasgow but left in 1980 to work in London and still here. My poems are very varied, from love to childhood reminiscences to football to sorrow, illness and death with some children's poems thrown in. And a few Glasgow/Scottish themes as well.

I would like to suggest a few poems:

A Soldier's Last Thoughts - About death in war.

Dignity and Pride - About dementia.

Flower of My Fathers - Scotland's national emblem.

Lilac Time - For the ladies.

My ladybird - A warming rhyme.

One Night As She Lay Sleeping. A sad love poem

Wildness - A poem about the Cairngorms with a twist.

Henrik Larsson - Football Legend.

I hope you enjoy them. I try to answer all questions and thank you to those who have posted comments. Paul.

A Bedtime Song

Sleepy head, sleepy head, go to bed
Lie down, lie down, and rest your head
And when you give the biggest sigh,
I'll sing to you a lullaby.

I'll sing to you of distant lands
I'll sing to you of diamonds
I'll sing to you of starry skies
And this will be your lullaby.

PAUL COLVIN

A Birdseye's View.

The rooftops of Italia's Alps stand neatly in a row
And down below a river flows by a road that no-one knows,
Puffs of cloud look just like smoke as though the sky's on fire,
They nestle upon these alpine peaks, growing ever higher.
A deep crevasse between cold, sharp peaks, where the sun will never kiss,
Blackness dwells and looks like Hell in this bottomless abyss.
A purple haze is nature's veil just hanging in the sky
And jutting through's a jagged ridge, dusted down with ice.
The road that led to nowhere, where no-one ever goes
Just disappeared into the black to where the river flows.
Nothing's left, no life, no sound just the rustling of the breeze
As the winds caress this rugged land, whistling in the trees.

PAUL COLVIN

A Cardboard Box.

A neon sign lights up their life as the night train trundles past
But in this world they live in, this sleep could be their last.
We put them down so willingly, never knowing why
To us their lives are worthless, who cares if they die?
Their home tonight's a doorway, a cardboard box their bed
But that could be their coffin, if we should find them dead.

PAUL COLVIN

A Compliment.

All I do is tell the truth and pay the ladies heed
A lift is what most women want when they're in time of need.
Time and need it has no place, for ladies, I have found
Anytime of day will do, for praise, now that's profound.

Treat them well and show respect, don't ever, ever scorn
Cos when she lashes back at you, you'd wish you weren't born.
That razor tongue flies out so fast, her words cut you to shreds
You'll be so dizzy dodging these, you'll feel like you've two heads.

It gets so loud, her mouth's on fire but you can't hear a word,
That thunderous voice, it bellows out and she looks so absurd.
She wags her finger, stands fast with fist then points it straight at you
And then a smirk, comes on your face, the last thing you should do.

It's fever time, her party time, this act she knows so well
Her neck veins pop, her shoulders roll, she's going to give you hell.
The swaying hips, the shaking legs, the puffed out chest, the lot.
You stand in awe, your mouth agog as she gives you all she's got.

So when confronted by a woman, it's your choice what you do
But please take note of what I say and avoid a big to-do.
Say something nice, she'll blush, say thanks and gently walk away
You'll make her day, save your street cred, because of what you say.

PAUL COLVIN

A Corridor Romance

Hello! How are you? That `s all she ever says,
I`m greeted with a gorgeous smile but then she`ll walk away
And she`ll do the same tomorrow, just like yesterday.

I see her in the mornings and then again at night
And every hour in between, she`s such a welcome sight
And every day I`m hopeful, all will turn out right.

My dreams are filled with beauty, the ones I can recall,
A deep embrace, a lingering kiss, just as the curtain falls,
And that`s what makes me happy, life`s not so bad at all.

PAUL COLVIN

A Few Lines.

This journal is the life I've led
My dreams, strange thoughts, what's in my head
A grieving scene, a dirty look
They all go down in this wee book.
We say we've all had quiet lives
But when you think, try to contrive
Write the truth, don't tell a lie
For when you start the pages fly.

PAUL COLVIN

A Fortunate Meeting.

It was as though a fresh wind had come
To me and awakened within my inner self
All that I thought dead.
No confusion, no remorse, no guilt
Just a passion flowing
Through each and every living cell
Ecstasy replacing all negative senses
Like a gushing river it fills me,
Flooding its way to the very core
Of a simple man, whose words
Are brought about by a chance meeting,
A very selfish mistake
But I am so glad I was that selfish man
Once.

PAUL COLVIN

A Freedom Fight. Scotland.

The battle lost, the blood runs free
Of bravest Scots who dared not flee
And with their lives they paid the price
That we'd be free, their sacrifice.

No kilts or sporrans did they wear
A sword, axe, shield, their only prayer.
Their dress discarded before they'd go
To battle, agile, against the foe.

They fought with courage and with pride
All as one, from far and wide.
This war is for the right to own
A land that's theirs, their royal throne.

That slicing sound when steel cuts flesh
And mashing thud when axe grinds mesh.
The screeching as the swords collide
Our soldiers, rampant, side by side.

The skirl of pipes to lift our band,
The highland charge is his command.
Outnumbered by a horde to one,
They're doomed, before the fight's begun.

Arrows pierce the skies above
And rain on down the land we love.
Our soldiers fall in numbers strong
A hundred left from once a throng.

A broken head, a severed hand
Diminishing our brave wee band.
A headless body, wriggling lies
Across his foe, before he dies.

A glistening sword comes swooping down,
A gush of blood comes from his crown,
He falls so still, he's free, content
As pipers play a last lament.

The slaughtered pipers, none so brave,
Defenceless men sent to their grave.
There's no lament, for none are left
Hacked to death and all bereft.□

PAUL COLVIN

A Glesca Childhood

Ye'd get up early, huv a wash, that's if ye really hud tae
Yer maw wid say, now mind yer ears; "but ma ahm urny dirty"!
Ye only want tae meet yer pals so you're tearin' doon the sterrs,
Oot the close tae catch the tram, wi' a ha'penny fur yer ferr.

The tram wis jist a big day oot, we hudnae any money
A trip like this wis ance a week an' we a' thought it funny
Tryin' tae get a ride furr free, jumpin' aff an' oan
Until a polis skelped yer ear and then ye'd start tae moan.

We're a' gaun tae Whiteinch baths, that's why ah didnae wash
Ah cannae even swim masel' but ah'd get in an' splash
An' then get oot right away, point acroass an' start tae laugh
And hope yer pals don't see ye're feart and start tae slag ye aff.

There wurnae any motors, well, no' that it wid matter
Cos we played fitba' oan the street, we're Brazil wi' Glesca patter.
We wurr Pele, wee Garrincha and some were Denis Law
And then we'd wait furr hauf an 'oor till sumdy fun'a ba'.

Jumpers, jaikits, bricks and boulders, these wurr furr the goals
And then we'd start, 15 a side, wi' troosers full o' holes.
Every street hud a team but nane o' us had strips
We jist played a' summer long an' played furr daft wee cups.

The next day we were up the canal, tryin' tae catch some fish
We'd spend a' day, catchin' none, cos we were utter pish.
So off we'd go tae Bowling, wi' sumdy's bike ye'd stolen
An' hauf the time get intae fights, a' black and blue and swollen.

Then ye'd find a building site and steal the builder's sand
Ye'd spread it oot, then lie doon, waitin' furr yer tan
Ye'd dream ye wurr oan hoaliday, somewhere like Jamaica
The lassies hud their hula hoops but ye'd still wake up in Glesca.

We'd build a hut wi' a' the wid and now wurr shootin' Gerry
An' doon the road, the navy waits an' that's the Yoker Ferry.
We'd huv Bazookas, Tommy guns, made fae bits o' wood we hud
An' crawl around oor brand new hut, oor faces caked wi mud.

Even noo when ye pass a shoap an' sweetie jars fill the rooms
Ye cannae help but go inside and look furr soor plooms.
Here ah um at fifty five, ah still get that wee buzz
These shoaps that say they huv them a', cannae help the likes o' us.

Why did we huv dinner school when what ye goat wis lunch
That word wis always hard to say until they gave us brunch.
Ah used tae think ah missed a meal an' lunch wid huv been good
But ah could never understaun' when lunchtime wis furr food.

When you got hame ye climbed the dykes then dreeped doon aff its wa'
Ye'd climb the drainpipes furr a race an' hope ye widnae fa'.
Ye'd see who wis the fastest an' hope that naeb'dy telt
Or else yer da'd come runnin' oot, and hit ye wi' his belt.

Mah big brother hated cliped but he cliped on me for smokin'
He saw mah pal and me wi' fags, coughin' nearly chokin'
He told mah da and he came oot, an' huckled me upstairs
Draggin' feet and screamin' loud, he left me there in tears.

We hud laughs an' loads o' fun an' widnae dare talk back
We gied oor parents great respect an' never gied them flack
We a' loved them far too much no matter what they done
Cos we were jist wee Glesca weans bein' taught how tae huv fun.

PAUL COLVIN

A Journey Down To Moffat

A sunset unlike any before
Brings a sunburst orange covered moor
The sun's a flaming fireball
This molten star engulfing all.

The silhouettes on amber sky
Raped, leafless trees, so black rise high.
Thicket branches, like veins, reach out
From ancient trunks, so bold so stout.

The hills and moors they twist and turn
And cutting through, a rock strewn burn.
Trickles down, meandering through
This south west corner's rolling view.

These rolling hills have tales to tell
Their eyes have seen the thieves from hell.
The Reivers' raids on borders' towns
When civil wars raged up and down.

Young Wallace picked his first four men
From Moffat village in the glen.
A place renowned for Scotsmen loyal
To fight the tyrannical English royal.

The Black Bull Hotel's where you'd see our bard
Writing songs and sonnets or loving hard.
His portraits hang up everywhere
And songs are sung with graceful air.

Now Moffat town as it's now called
Victorian visitors it enthralled.
By way of spas, for wealthy folk
A hefty price paid for a soak.

William Colvin, from Craigiellands,
Commissioned Brodie with his fair hands
To sculpt a fountain made of bronze
And High Street Moffat, it now adorns.

And I'll vow to return one day
These friendly folks will stop and pay
Respects to you and bid you back
To join in the Moffat craic.

PAUL COLVIN

A Lost Dream

Ancient castles dot this land
Like dappled islands on a loch
Where chieftains led their tartan band
From Kelso, north to Rannoch.

They travel light, no bulky weight
And weave their way o'er coarsest moor.
Pick their way down glens so great
They're off to fight their war.

The bonnie Prince on charger white,
Above Glenfinnan, his standard raised.
The Catholic Scots with him unite,
Then kneel to let the Lord be praised.

The goose fat covered tartan plaid
Helps protect from wind and rain
From sword to kilt, it's all hand made
They've gained their pride from pain.

Their spirits high, their hearts are strong
Their courage is unrivalled
They know that some won't be here long
A free Scotland, means survival.

Laughter fills the Highland air
But not too loud, lest foe will hear.
They're cautious, spies are everywhere
Even kilts, they're known to wear.

Twelve days march is up ahead
Possessions, few, are on their back.
The kilt's their blanket when they bed
With sgian dubh to fend attack.

A highland berth can be so cold
Up in these treacherous hills.
The summer's night can turn so bold
And a freezing wind can kill.

They'd rather die at the enemy's hands
Than miss the chance, the chance to fight.
They dream a dream, to free this land,
Our Scottish soil, they will not blight.

PAUL COLVIN

A Love For All Seasons.

Where the seven seas and four winds cross
That's where you'll find me waiting,
My heart aches for the love I've lost
With no sign of hurt abating.
So take me in and make me yours
Hold your candle to my heart,
They say that love can heal and cure,
If true, we'll never part.

PAUL COLVIN

A Lover's Thought.

A gentle breast to lay my head, I drift to sleep within my bed
Her skin as soft as petals new, her eyes are as the morning dew
Her flaxen hair 'gainst skin so tender, falls on her shoulders e'er so slender
Gleaming in the moonlight's rays, a handsome lass wi' bonny face.

I would this night fore'er keep, a mortal's dream before I sleep
For she and I are troth to wed, this angel fair within my bed
I spied her first upon the fair, her rose white skin and shining hair
Sitting down by sunlit grass, my heart's set on this bonny lass.

I vowed to make this beauty mine, my deepest wish, our love'd entwine
I think of her within my bed, where'er I am, she's in my head
I make my eyes to wander far, they cannot move, they're fixed on her
An uncouth sight she'll never be, I need this lass to wed to me.

She's fair, as pretty as you'll find, a lady blessed so warm and kind
Her ample breasts beat slow and deep, my bosom pillows as we sleep
A warmth within I never knew, my dear sweet love, my heart's anew,
I gently take her hand in mine and dream our dream of love divine.

PAUL COLVIN

A Lullaby.

Your daddy's gone now, far away
He's up where gentle angels play,
He's in Heaven so please don't cry
And I'll sing to you a lullaby.

He'll always be here watching you
He's by your side the whole night through
So rest your head and close your eyes
And I'll sing to you a lullaby.

Each night before you go to sleep
Kneel down and pray for God to keep
So say that prayer to God on high
And I'll sing to you a lullaby.

From softest slumber you awake
And from each sleep, a dream you take,
The last thought that was in your head
Is what you dream whilst in your bed.

If you close your eyes, you'll drift away
And the sweetest dream will come your way,
Gentle thoughts will fill your mind
And leave behind all thoughts unkind.

"You're my little angel" daddy said
As he fondly kissed me going to bed,
Don't think of this as saying goodbye
And I'll write for you a lullaby.

When you awake, don't start to cry
Just know your dad's with God on high,
Let all your sadness pass you by
And I'll sing to you his lullaby.

PAUL COLVIN

A Memory Of Dreams.

In dreams, the thoughts are in my mind
But when I wake, they're left behind
No pen or paper by me bed
To help recall what's in my head
Just remnants of my stories stay
Whilst most of them are washed away
And pictures that once looked so bold
Now lie in tatters, bleak and cold.
The canvas, torn, frayed and scarred
A storytime, severely marred
I only want dreams in my head
Remembered when I wake in bed.

PAUL COLVIN

A Peaceful Moment

Gently caressing, with the faintest of smiles
And an almost loving look, as though holding a baby
He draws on satisfaction as his lips envelope the golden tip
Sucking his poison, from a land far away, to his lungs
But to see the relief it brings makes me almost forgive.
Removing it slowly, he holds in the smoke, savouring
Each cloud that swirls within before calculated release,
His eyes close, he savours the exhalation with contentment
And a taste of happiness and pleasure completes his face.

PAUL COLVIN

A Reelick Winter.

A winter chill is in the air and winter's drawing near.
The rain has gone, the clouds move on and snow will soon be here.
Old people now are wearing coats, it's very cold today.
The trees are bare, no shelter here, the sun has gone away.

In its place another sun, Jack Frost we call this one
And if you don't keep running round, he'll chill you to the bone.
An evil man, he smiles down, attacking young and old
For if you stare into his eyes, you'll die from Frosty's cold.

We're out with woolly scarf and gloves, all knitted by our mum.
Our old school shoes with leather soles, are best to have some fun
We'd polish up the new formed ice and make the perfect slide.
Then take a run and jump the glass to see how far we'd glide.

We'd stay out there for hours on end, from early until late
And go back in with rosy cheeks and chilblains on our feet.
We take a seat to get some heat, in front of our coal fire.
The roaring flames they feel so good, I wish I was a child.

My dad leans forward to stoke the fire and begs me get some coal.
I go out the back, it's freezing still and bleak as any night.
The bunker lid is jammed with ice which snaps when it is open,
I dart inside with shovel full, of coal all frosted over.

Mum cooked the tea and afterwards, I made my way to bed
And in the night I prayed to God, my dad would make a sled.
So that all my friends and I could go, way up into the hills
And practice something new for once, our sledging driving skills.

I get up early, not for school, but out to see my pals,
The snow is thick, we wander off along the old canal.
No water now that we can see, it's just a sheet of glass,
The reeds stick through and underneath the fish are swimming past.

We head back home still full of fun and having a snowball fight
And looking to my house I see, my dad who knows my plight.
He's just made me a brand new sledge, the wood is one by one
With metal runners curling up, it's built for speed and fun.

I look up to Kilpatrick's hills but they're too far away
To drag a sledge up to the top and get back in one day.
Instead we use a bumpy hill although it's not that steep,
WOW! Here I go, I'm charging down, this sledge is mine for keeps!

PAUL COLVIN

A Roman Spring.

As winter packs its heavy bags and welcomes back the spring
We wait in hope for brighter days and all that it will bring
Warmer smells surround our souls and captivate our minds
With new buds sprung on every tree, sweet smells of every kind.
The fresh cut grass reminds us, of places long since gone
Of times when we were children, kicking up the lawn,
So fresh, so real, so living, it's still a part of me,
When we were young and happy but mostly we were free.

PAUL COLVIN

A Simple Task.

I feel her scan my mind's domain
Deftly, searching in my brain
She flicks through thoughts with gentlest ease
As pages turning in a breeze,
Like rolling waves on a summer's tide
Unfurling, opening, flat and wide,
My mind is now an open book
All thoughts laid out for her to look.
But what, at last, has she uncovered?
My secrets, are they all now discovered?
All she had to do was ask
For truths are such a simple task.

PAUL COLVIN

A Soldier's Last Thoughts.

The guns, the noise, the bullets! And still they're raining down
I run for cover in the dark, in this hell-hole of a town.
My legs give way, I've just been hit and stumble to the ground
It's much too dark for me to see and my head is spinning round.

It's more than dark, it's black in here, the pain, Oh God, the pain!
I'm sweating and I don't know why, won't someone please explain?
I can't feel my legs or hands, won't someone tell me why?
I'm nineteen now, not yet a man, and much too young to die.

I can't move, God help me please, at least let me see my foe
Step forward now and show your face, at least then I will know
The faceless man who stalked me and then made his attack,
Who gunned me down from hidden hills and shot me in the back?

The pain has stopped but I'm so cold, I think I'm paralysed
I fought for peace or so they said, what have I sacrificed?
My eyes are open, looking up, into the blue night sky
But I see nothing, not one thing, is this my time to die?

No stars, no moon, there's nothing there, except blackness lined with red
And if I die, will I be, just a number counted dead?
My family, I love them all, I know what fate awaits
I'll see them soon, if God permits, by Heaven's pearly gates.

Words are swimming in my head, too fast for me to say
And now I know, that on this earth, this is my final day.
No! I deserve much more than that, for my country I have died
So please say my name, when that time comes, with dignity and pride.

PAUL COLVIN

A Tourist Trap

Don't walk through a town with your head in a book
Lift up your eyes and have a good look
By looking I mean observe and digest
For a book's only there to advise and suggest.
There's nothing like viewing with your own precious eyes
The sights that surround us are a constant surprise,
We clamour for knowledge but I think you will find
That a book's never hungry whilst your eyes feed your mind.

PAUL COLVIN

A True Shoe Story

Have you ever walked along the street, on your way to work
And took a look down at your feet and felt a proper burk?
Both shoes the same, with same design but something makes you frown
And then you take a closer look, one's black and one is brown!

PAUL COLVIN

A Turbulent Mind

Our goodnight kiss has come and gone
And separately we sleep `til dawn
Thos hidden depths of deep despair
As I lay dreaming, I am there
Beside my love so far away
But I'll be with you one day.
There's turbulence within my mind
And nothing there is silver lined
I'm tossed about this cruel sea
As vacant answers stare at me.
This game of life is hard to take
When all I get is heartbreak
My days are dark when you're not here
And night times bring on fear
The sun can't shine when you're away
And brother moon's in disarray.

PAUL COLVIN

A Two Faced Race.

Had we the power of dreams to give
And through our thoughts these dreams we'd live
Then everyday would be a pleasure
For us to cherish and to treasure.

No more heartache, pain or tears
Just endless days of joyous cheer
When everyone would be a friend
We wouldn't have to then pretend.

But in real life, we all are cheats
Liars, fakes and hypocrites
We'll acknowledge colleagues, say hello
Then curse them as they turn and go!

What makes us do this, gripe and slate
And face to face are best of mates
We brag about the good times shared
And slag the rest with no-one spared!

Is it that we have no guts?
When confronted all we say is "but"!
Nothing else comes out but lies,
It's our hearts that we should criticise!

Ourselves are all we ever cheat,
These constant lies we must defeat
But we think our brains and tongues in tune
Yet forgetfulness makes us immune.

Look in your heart and let me know
If you have ever stooped this low
We all have weakness of a kind
So speak with heart and soul combined.

PAUL COLVIN

A Woman's Cry.

I've never heard a woman cry
Then saw the tears roll from her eyes
I watched her shaking, no control,
My body stops, I feel so cold.
She turned away, her head in hands
Away from me, can't understand
Fits and starts, I feel her pain
My love was hurting, I'm to blame.
Her trembling body, shaking still
She turns to me, her eyes are filled
And says, "I'm crying tears of joy".

PAUL COLVIN

A Worthwhile Addiction

I hear people talk of their drugs and addictions,
I hear of their cravings, their losses, afflictions
How can it change them break them or kill?
Well, I too am an addict and it's not to a pill.
Oh! Mine is a drug and I need it to live
And if I could buy it, how much would I give?
It doesn't cause sadness or hurt anyone
For this drug is free and gives so much fun
Each task is simple and brings with it a smile
The addiction I speak of is the thing we call love
This richest of vices, is all I'm guilty of.

PAUL COLVIN

A Yoker Contrast.

With wellies and white apron on, the woman leaves the shop
To soap up all her windows wide, to watch, I had to stop.
Throwing pails of water up, to wash away the foam,
It cascades down so delicately, it's like a little stream.

White marbled counter, feathered black, is polished, shining bright.
The floor tiles always left 'til last, when they lock up at night.
Large wooden tables being scrubbed, vigorously by hand,
The double handed brush they use, does as it is command.

Their knuckles white with faces red from rocking to and fro
They must work hard to get it done, before it's time to go.
The heavy bristles on the brush are tearing up the grain
But they clean away the debris to leave it right as rain.

It's strange that when we talk of fish, we conjure up a smell
But in this shop, no bouquet here because there's nothing stale.
The workers now are going home and some may go out dancing,
The Locarno ballroom up the town, is where they'll find romancing!

The Other Part.

The gentlemen, all local men, they stand outside their pub.
The Anchorage will soon be packed and they will have their fill.
The vendor sells them The Pink Times, to check up on their club
They go inside to air their views, with pint and quarter gill.

A Saturday night, a busy time, a time for fights and singing,
A skirmish starts and that is stopped until he starts again.
The punches fly, the boots go in but still the tills are ringing
He crawls outside, a bloody face, the measure of his pain.

The drunken crowds pour out the pub, it must be half past ten
And gather on the corner, to say goodbye to friends.
They stagger home and cling to rails and sometimes fall in closes
But home they'll get, it may take hours, not smelling much like roses.
They'll go to mass, or even church, if awakened Sunday morning.
Their thumping heads and bloodshot eyes, they're on a faithless mission.
These hypocrites, they must attend but inwardly they're groaning.

Shaking still, a priestly fear, goads them into submission.

With service over and handshakes done, they need hair of the dog.
The only place where comfort's found, is there behind the bar.
A lonely place inside his head, deep breathing now with mouth agog,
His brain's still pickled, at last found heaven, drinking nectar from his jar.

PAUL COLVIN

A Young Man's Hell

That lifeless look within their eyes
So dull and vacant, hard,
They pass you with a stare that's blank,
Of total disregard.
No thoughts come through from pupils black
I ask this for myself,
Do these people walk my earth
Or are they in their hell?

A constant buzz surrounds my life
I feel so happy, free
I wish that kid I saw tonight
Could breathe that air like me.
I don't see through rose tinted eyes
With optical illusions
I've tailored life to suit myself
And altered all delusions.

PAUL COLVIN

Alfred The Fox.

Amongst the thickset undergrowth, away from prying eyes,
The crafty, wily scavenger seeks his daily prize,
Crouching low, he'll walk around, to test his favoured ground
And calculate his every move, he never makes a sound.
His ears are pricked and eyes alert as he picks his way along
The narrow garden pathway, his frame so lean yet strong.
Slowly, softly, stealthily, his body starts to rise
Among dead trees and bushes, perfection for disguise.
He creeps and crawls along the ground then lies so very still,
A single lunge at the helpless bird, he's finally made a kill
But the cubs are young and waiting, hungry for a meal
So Alfred must go out again, to feed them, kill or steal.
He'll rummage 'round the gardens, tearing at the bins
Foraging for the scraps of meat, he hopes to find within,
He rips the bags to pieces, rubbish strewn on the lawn,
Our unwelcome guest is never caught, one sound, and he is gone!
I've seen him climb an eight feet fence when startled with a fright
And heard him howl, like the coarsest cough, in the middle of the night.
In summer he'll lay in front of me, just lazing in the sun,
On roofs or lawn or by the shed, until the day is done.
To me, he's an enigma, and one I seldom see
But he can rip my bins to shreds, so long as he is free.

PAUL COLVIN

Alone Together.

As daylight fades and twilight draws near
My thoughts turn to love, how I wish she was here
I hear her sweet voice as it ripples the air
And gentle soft words filter to me so clear.

Each syllable spoken fills my heart with delight
Even the silence makes a dark moment bright
Her laughter surrounds me and hugs me so tight
I feel all her warmth as I lie here at night.

Those intimate moments when two lovers meet
Or that delicate thunder of her pulsing heartbeat
A sensual kiss from her lips soft and sweet
They're all flooding back as I dance to the beat.

PAUL COLVIN

An Imaginary Life

I'm fascinated by the scope of my imagination
I open up my mind so much, I'm filled with trepidation,
I think of countries far away, even ones that don't exist
Or replay life, like a DVD, reliving what I've missed.

Fast forward takes me to a time, one that I count my own
I'm the star in my latest dream and although I'm all alone,
Everyone is played by me but I never know the end
Until I waken from this sleep, dreams are my best friend.

Sometimes though, when dreams are bad, I wake up in the night
Full of fear and sweating hard, shouting out in fright,
A nightmare, the blackest dream, where darkness captures me
I scream and bawl in the hope someone, will come and set me free.

Daytime is another act, a different kind of play
I write a story based on me, each and every day.
My mind is a blank canvas and like an artist yet to paint
I sketch the story in my head with pencil, very feint.

I'll put in colours very bold, so vivid, loud and bright
My name will soon be known to all, immortalized in lights,
I'll tell the greatest story, ever told to any man
And hardened critics beg of me, to let them be a fan.

PAUL COLVIN

An Imaginary Life.

I'm fascinated by the scope of my imagination
I open up my mind so much, I'm filled with trepidation,
I think of countries far away, even ones that don't exist
Or replay life, like a DVD, reliving what I've missed.

Fast forward takes me to a time, one that I count my own
I'm the star in my latest dream and although I'm all alone,
Everyone is played by me but I never know the end
Until I waken from this sleep, dreams are my best friend.

Sometimes though, when dreams are bad, I wake up in the night
Full of fear and sweating hard, shouting out in fright,
A nightmare, the blackest dream, where darkness captures me
I scream and bawl in the hope someone, will come and set me free.

Daytime is another act, a different kind of play
I write a story based on me, each and every day.
My mind is a blank canvas and like an artist yet to paint
I sketch the story in my head with pencil, very feint.

I'll put in colours very bold, so vivid, loud and bright
My name will soon be known to all, immortalized in lights,
I'll tell the greatest story, ever told to any man
And hardened critics beg of me, to let them be a fan.

PAUL COLVIN

An Island Life Observed

Another lazy day ahead as gentle folks lay in their bed,
The morning brings a warm sun but no excited children run.
They're still in bed, will be awhile, on this, Italia's greenest isle.
Dogs don't walk, they only lay, they just act dead but never play,
You'll never see one wag its tail, this lovely isle, it's their jail.
And people here don't talk so loud, some, more sinister than proud.
They're out at dawn and on the street and head down to the place they'll meet
Their friends sit 'round the flower beds, darkest thoughts within their heads.
They'll never look into friends' eyes, whilst greeting them, watch passers by
Are they afraid to hold a stare or is it that, they just don't care?
Are they haunted by their past? as I look round I see a cast
Of extras from a scary show, like Thriller, trudging, sluggish, slow.
I noticed many look the same, high foreheads, small with stocky frames?
Few children playing at first light and now they all come out at night,
Hundreds seem to roam about but still so silent, never shout.
A mum drops off her daughter, no goodbyes said with laughter,
A young girl in her early teens, looking good and very keen
A stern face, a pretty girl, this youngster's dressed to kill.
Her boyfriend waits across the road another extra from that show
Once again that zombie walk, he greets her with no smile or talk
No kiss at all, she grabs his hand but still they seem on distant lands?
The more I think the worse it gets, even down to people's pets,
A strange phenomenon is here but saying what, is not crystal clear.
Italians seem to talk non-stop but here words are only heard in shops
No gossipers with idle chat, just deadened words in a life so flat.
It's like The Wickerman is here and filling local hearts with fear
The church is central to their lives but are they here as God forgives?
Tourists pour off every boat, the locals stare and seem to gloat
Everything's a drawn out plan as they await their next command.
This island is so beautiful but the locals aren't all that cool
There's something here that's pretty rife but maybe, that's just island life.

PAUL COLVIN

An Observation

It's rife with sickness and disease,
With folk impossible to please.
Hospital staff has a thankless task
And some patients don't know how to ask.

They see a doctor, shout at him
Their manners, nothing less than grim.
To ask politely, can you help?
Not them, this lot, just scream and yelp!

In A&E, they're full of drink
A weekend binge, some patients stink.
They don't know when they've had enough,
Been in a fight and looking rough.

They've been at war with other races
But only cos they're off their faces.
They'd normally, be gentle, kind
But last night left their brains behind!

The backroom staff, though seldom seen
Small cogs in this well oiled machine.
We play our part, not at the fore
But we're right there, right at the core.

From private wards to NHS
They'll get the best care, nothing less.
Though some complain, now and again,
All great machines stick now and then.

I see young doctors, nurses, students.
Witty, funny, with some impudence.
They're here to learn ways and means
These young folk just out their teens.

I wonder what goes through their minds?
Their first days here, they see all kinds.
Was this the right choice that I made?
Don't worry kid, you'll make the grade.

PAUL COLVIN

An Orcadian Odyssey.

Bending boughs bow down before, autumn's rippling breeze
As whispering winds pass slowly through, the red and ochre leaves
Long green grasses swing and sway, to show alternate hues
Dark then light green, hillsides move, and paint us stunning views.

The ever changing autumn sun, casts many different shades
Idyllic landscapes burst with life, until it gradually fades
Pastures with their rolling hills, now look so mysterious
As looming mountains, take their place, looking grim and dangerous.

As darkness falls, they disappear and blend into the night
But the artistry of this rugged land, paints another wondrous sight
For in the sky, a million stars are twinkling as they dance,
Eating up the blackest night, the Heavens they enhance.

On a clear day, climb the mountain top and afford yourself a view
Unlike any seen before, it's waiting there for you
Blue waters cut through Highland hills, red braes and purple heather
Blue skies with the sun on rise, commanding Scottish weather.

The deepest blue, white crested waves, roll in on whitest sand
Driftwood floats from far off shores, caressing unspoilt land,
The enigma that is Orkney, pure mystique within a shroud
Where Norse and Scots, stand side by side and rightly, fiercely proud.

PAUL COLVIN

Angel Music.

As the Angels tune my heart strings
Be with me now, see what love brings
In perfect pitch that I may play
The sweetest music, come what may.

PAUL COLVIN

Angel.

Angel. 5th February 2013.

She lies there so still
Peaceful and calm
An angel at rest
In some far away dream
So beautiful, lying,
Contented with life
Tonight we're together once more.
I smile at the thoughts
Behind what I can see
Am I in her dreams?
Has she visions of me?
I stare at her beauty
This woman I love
Asleep and beside me tonight.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Angry Eating.

I watched her chewing nervously, her mouth in convulsions
Eyes darting, continuously, left – right – upward
Her neck surging forward, often, as though chasing her gum
Occasionally gulping then choking, she eats in fits and starts.
Her swivelling head can't keep still yet she, is quite motionless
-from below the neck.

But that long skinny neck, like a mini giraffe is edging ever closer to me
Her jaws shudder, face vibrates, I think she chews her teeth!
Her fingers tap to every chew, like the beat of a drum
Gnawing, gnashing, chomping, chewing, biting at her food
I could hear her, like a starving squirrel, even when I'd gone
Forty minutes I had watched and saw no sign of food.

PAUL COLVIN

As Images Unfold

An image scanned unfolding neatly,
Magnetic charms displayed so sweetly,
In sleep, in thought, in idle dream,
My lover, my Torrese Queen.

PAUL COLVIN

As It Was.

The Necropolis in Glasgow town is a place you're shown no favour
I stand alone upon its hill with St Mungo as my neighbour
If you lay here, you've lived your life and likely lived it well
And you're wakened every morning still, by the sound of Mungo's bell.

Diplomats, aristocrats, the clergy and the rich
Are all here now on equal terms, in a coffin in a ditch
Headstones so ornately carved, fluted standing high
And the self indulgent righteous, chose their words before they died.

The merchants and the moguls, shipping wares upon the Clyde
Whilst the Empire's second city, looked on as poor folk died.
Wealth costs more than riches, for money cannot buy
All the lives of ordinary folk, for a shilling, they would die.

The view they have in death could not be bought today
It's shameful then, they couldn't see that beauty in their day.
Golden laden eyelids can make a man so blind
A pound of flesh means nothing when power's in your mind.

Power, riches, wealth, are borne through exploitation
And the exploited suffered pain, remorse but always degradation
Tears flowed often, many died, on blood stained streets they built,
Whilst their bosses sipped expensive wines to wash away their guilt.

Our ancestry, our heritage, don't let these fade away,
Our people fought, lived and died and left us, this legacy
A vibrant city, loved by all so never show regret,
Let Glasgow Flourish and let them know, that we will not forget.

PAUL COLVIN

Asleep On The Bus.

Tired eyes, I want to sleep, just finished and I'm shattered
I need a drink, I'll meet my mates, I feel like getting battered,
Hunger pains are setting in but the drinks will do me good
'Cos after three or four wee Buds, I'll forget about the food.
I wish I was in the pub right now instead of on the bus
Throwing drinks down our necks and kicking up a fuss.
Laughing, joking, watch the game not mindful of the time
The wives phone up and give us hell, they treat it like a crime!
All you've done is met your mates, you've sweated blood all day
We've done our work without a rest so now we'll bloody play!
We slave away, we never moan and we deserve that break
So we'll stay here with all the mates and drink as much as we can take
Then saunter home, when we are full, our thoughts are quite surreal
And our loves are in the kitchen, cooking up our meal.
Then the bus jolts, my head jerks back, was that a dream I had?
Well, now at least the pub's in view and the dream was not that bad!

PAUL COLVIN

Attitude

Some young men are full of talk, □
They've got the gait and walk the walk
But what's inside that macho mind
Nothing much I think you'll find!

His dick's his brain, his brain's his dick,
And he believes that, he's so thick,
I listen in to what they say
But nothing useful comes my way.

When they're interviewed for jobs
Some turn up looking just like jobs,
I know by looks you cannot judge
And first impressions can hold a grudge.

I'm not here to criticize
I'm your friend here to advise
So don't stare at me with hateful eyes,
Your attitude will be your demise.

Am I a snob, am I a prude,
Am I smug or just plain rude?
Scoring points at your expense
Or am I sitting on the fence?

No, I was you when I was young
But I learned how the song was sung,
And the reason I can write this now
Is through mistakes, I learned how.

The world will quickly pass you by
It'll leave you hanging, high and dry,
You rule your head maybe rule your street
But out there, that's the big boys' beat.

You think you know what life's about,
It'll chew you up and spit you out,
It's a zoo, a jungle, it's dog eat dog
And in this machine, you're just a cog.

Experience is how you find yourself
And the strangest path is life itself,
You'll make mistakes and when you do,
You'll put them right and you'll find you.

PAUL COLVIN

Ayr's Son

Crying tears is not a crime
I've cried with you, time after time
But always know you're in my mind
You said don't grieve for me.

No walls can keep you far from me
This earth you walked now sets you free
I hear you laugh, your smile I see
You have not gone away.

Four hundred standing in a line
We paid respects to a friend so fine
So dignified, proud and refined
Right to the very end.

We stood applauding tearfully
Those tears of love flowing freely
As your carriage passed so peacefully
Those tears will never die.

You'll always live within my mind
I'd still see you if I was blind
Our friendship was a special kind
You always knew I loved you.

In a bar at home or foreign shore
Watching games, the shouts, the roars
A man could ask for nothing more
True friends are hard to find.

You're the warmth of the sunrise
My heart's the open starry skies
But one bright star will always rise
You're the one I see.

No matter what they take from me
In my heart you'll always be
And there I promise you'll be free
Reliving special times.

PAUL COLVIN

Barlinnie.

If you're rich you'll take a taxi, if not you'll catch a bus
And you needn't ask the nearest stop, you'll only cause a fuss
The sights who you'll be sitting with, well, some are out on bail
Going back to a place they know so well, to see their mates who've failed.
Hogganfield's a landmark, where the monster pike abound
But there are other monsters closer still, if you only turn around.
It's Bleak House on a massive scale, like a castle for the dead
Imposing, looming, staring down to fill you full of dread.
No character, no feeling, an evil looking place
Dull and overpowering, not a house you would embrace.
The lonely path up to its gates, a somber eerie walk
Yet to some it's like a second home whilst other gape and gawk.
Trembling with each footstep, their stomachs start to churn
And the guy who walks beside you gives out a toothless gurn.
A Black Maria passes with a prisoner locked on board
Cuffed and chained they'll add him to the already swelling hoard
And still the gurner smiles cos he knows you're scared to death
And as you near the prison gates, you try to catch your breath
Control yourself, don't look a fool, make sure your words are clear
But the burly screw in black steps up to double up your fears
A truncheon for the world to see with a face that's knocked down doors
A brute whose hands are more akin to walking on all fours.
Then the gurner brushes past you and turns around to say
Your first time but not the last, you'll love it in Barlinnie!

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Beato Vincenzo Romano.

One single hand, an act of Faith, commands the lava; Stop!
The townsfolk gather, pray as one, against this Act of God.
The carnage looked like scenes from hell, as burning bodies `round them fell
Terror, chaos, mass destruction, life consumed at every junction.

The death toll rose as families fled, horrified by boiling dead
Melted faces, molten skin, their bones tossed up and lay within
This boiling torrent not content, annihilation its intent
As lives and homes were swept away, courageously they stood to pray.

The site where once this hand reached out, a statue stands for a most devout
Local Padre who led the town, in prayer, as lava tumbled down.
Tormented by Torrese tears, he begged them all cast out their fears
And stand with him to pray to God, The Lord would halt this flaming flood.

The townsfolk flocked into the square, below the blackened poisoned air
They prayed their voices would be heard, that all Torrese could be spared.
Still the thrashing lava flowed, its molten running river glowed
As the crowd fell to their knees and prayed that all disasters be allayed.

They prayed for life with words of love hear our prayers, dear Lord above
Their trembling hearts and shaking bones were lifted by the Padre's tones.
He had Faith enough for all, no more Torrese here would fall
The lava loomed above the square, destroying all despite their prayers.

The lava had covered all in sight and prayers were said all through the night
Vincenzo's Faith would not concede, give in or yield to Nature's deed.
Their strength in prayer grew evermore, dismissing Vesuvio's mighty roar,
Destruction, anguish, panic, pain but the Padre's prayers were not in vain.

Mercilessly, the torrent raged and with his words, The Padre waged
To free Torrese from this hell, with God's love send a miracle.
He struck his hand out to the foe and with God's help did halt the flow,
Torrese should act and now acquaint, with the man, who one day, will be their
saint.

PAUL COLVIN

Beato.

Your basilica, ornately dressed, with statues all around
Surround you as you lie so still, encased on Hallowed ground
And the plaque inscribed in Latin, I don't know what it says
But the Torrese know, and tonight in church, they offer you their praise.
You are their Beato who one day will be their saint
And your name they hold in high esteem, your name they will not taint
You lie in state for all to see, within a small glass case
Plain and simple, like your life, with a smile on your face.
I see a man who's now at peace, humble and content
And the locals, you once preached to, believe you're Heaven sent.
I've seen how they look at you as they bless themselves in prayer
You gave them hope, restored their faith, you showed them how to care.
You prayed with them, you ate with them, you're Torrese too
And the dreams they share, within their hearts, is shared because of you.

PAUL COLVIN

Been There.

We've all begged for love at some time, as we lay in deep despair
And the hopelessness that crowds our mind, isn't really there.
We watch couples walking down the street or lovers on a bus
And what our hearts could give, for once, if those couples could be us!
We see our self with someone, loving, honest, caring, true
But we also see some sex in there and nothing less will do
It's not a case of marriage, some fun time's what we need
To take away depression, replaced with lust or greed.

PAUL COLVIN

Big Brother.

They watch this programme in their droves, young kids as young as five
But I can't see the sense in it, thank God my brain's alive.
It's on our screens, the whole day long, so boring and mundane,
To watch a person snore at night, you'd have to be insane.

Admittedly, I've watched it once but that was in the past,
It's headline news 'most every day and I don't know the cast.
I hear at work and on the bus, what he or she had said,
They had a row or broke a nail then cry into their bed.

When I was young, as young as five, I sat to "Watch With Mother"
But kids today, don't get the chance, they're forced to watch "Big Brother",
Some parents do not realise, that kids have great retention:
So switch it off, put on cartoons and give your kids attention!

Reality TV has shown, great British hidden talent.
Don't get me wrong, I'm not some prude nor trying to be so gallant.
I'm just a guy, with my own view and want to air my comment,
I've had my say, I thank you all, it only took a moment.

PAUL COLVIN

Big Plum Fae Anderston.

Today's his birthday and I think of my dad
Big Plum was his nickname but he wasn't so bad
He'd slump in the chair on a cold Friday night
He never was wrong, he always was right.
A Guinness, a sherry were there by his side
Or a wee quarter bottle, he was determined to hide
From any outsiders, that was only for him
Until mum said softly, "You've had enough Jim"
Enough wasn't much for a man on a mission
And he wouldn't give in, he knew not submission
And that wee quarter bottle 'til morning would keep
But as soon as he drank it, he'd fall fast asleep.
He'd awake about nine and head down the stairs,
It was on with the shirt and on with the flares,
There'd be that strange noise of his hand on the wall
But that was only for balance as he thought he would fall!
When he got to the bottom, he'd pause at the door,
Braced but still cuddling, his Saturday store.
Back in the chair and start with the sherry
By half nine or ten, he was halfway to merry.
By eleven o'clock he thought it was night
So he'd go up to bed and cuddle up tight,
Hold his wee bottle and feel so secure
And when he wanted something, he'd bang on the floor.
When he banged on the floor, it did make some noise,
Followed by "May" in a big booming voice!
We all had a snigger at his smile and his stance
When he was so drunk but his looks were enhanced
By the beautiful glasses he'd put on to read
They belonged to our mum but he took no heed.
Their big pointed frames looked so out of place
Like Dame Edna's glasses on a big navvy's face.
He'd a daft Irish accent when he answered the 'phone
We'd all burst out laughing, where did that voice come from!
His dad was Irish but he was born here
In Anderston, Glasgow and that's nowhere near!
When sober he read papers and watched the TV
And also done crosswords that sat on his knee
But when we changed channels and back down we sat,

He'd say, "What are you doing, I'm watching that"!
Sometimes, not often, he'd go down to mass,
Get waylaid on his journey and then he would pass
The chapel and instead go straight to the Knights
Then like all good Catholics, end up a sight!
He had many good points and I'll think of one soon,
Ah yes, his retirement, now that was a boon,
We met so many friends from his new social club,
They popped in, ate our dinner and then went to the pub!
Ah Big Plum fae Anderston, the man who built ships
He ate home-made pieces, not burger and chips,
A bright, clever man, a genius or mad,
Aye, that was Big Plum and he was our dad.

PAUL COLVIN

Blame.

The empty streets with different names
But that was then, another place
And who am I to lay the blame
I helped this world change its face.

Where's that respect we all once knew
Instilled in us so long ago
We've paid the price, look at your view
Clean your eyes and see our ugly show.

Kids once fought with fists and feet
'til one was beat or out of breath
But now it's knives that rule the street
And breathless now sadly means a death.

I find it hard to write these words
But these are all I have to give
To blame our kids is just absurd
We gave them life and told them how to live.

PAUL COLVIN

Blessed Love

Without saying a word she'd silence a crowd
Her presence enough for a hush to be loud
I held her hand strong, clasping it tight
Our hearts beat as one, wild as the night.
She honoured my wisdom, her honour at rest
I soothed her soul, my mind she caressed.
God give me strength and the power to give
My love to her always, as long as I live
And when you shall take me, I'll know I can rest
For the love she gave me, I know it was blessed.

PAUL COLVIN

Blessed.

I've just left my love yet I don't feel depressed
Another man may but I think I've been blessed,
Blessed in the knowledge that I've known love
A word, very few, know the true meaning of.

PAUL COLVIN

Bonfire Night.

In from school, we'd skip our food
The search was on for bits of wood
We're out there pushing logs on prams
Or half a tree under your arms.

This wasn't just about a fire
If theirs was big then ours was higher
It was street v street for years and years
With competition always fierce.

You'd wait 'til dark, go on the prowl
Intentions good but play was foul
Fights broke out with best of mates
For stealing stuff, like wooden crates

Any scrap was plucked with haste
And nothing ever went to waste
They say every penny makes a pound
Never was it so profound.

A home made rag doll in a pram
We'd sit and beg then told to scam
For asking A Penny for the Guy
So we could see our fireworks fly.

On the day of Guy Fawkes' night
We'd dream at school of bonfires bright
Planks and chairs, a fence, a box
And sat on top was Guy de Fawkes.

Roaring flames, red, blue and green
The greatest fire ever seen
Sparklers, rockets, Catherine wheels
And jumping jacks had us doing reels.

A full moon shone on us below

The night was ours, ours to show
That we could build the best around
Then light and raze it to the ground

But in between did we have fun
A great night had by everyone
Come hail or shine or sleet or snow
Our display would make them glow

Kids and adults loved this night
But poor wee dogs got such a fright
You'd see them scarper, run and hide
All curled up and terrified

And still we stood, our cheeks pure red
With beaming faces, head to bed
The night was over but still not done
As the next day told, which street had won

We'd waken up in darkest night
And look to see if the fire's alight
The embers slowly burned away
And still they glowed at break of day

Had we won? We all told lies,
About our fire and its size!

PAUL COLVIN

Brentford Willow

The Willow tree hangs long and deep,
Its pointed leaves so gently sleep
Atop the rippling river lies
Caressing waters, passing by.

This sleepy, dreamy English scene,
So pleasant, still and so serene,
Brings tranquil thoughts into your mind
And seems to banish those unkind.

Old Father Thames rolls slowly past
From bank afar, my eyes I cast.
To capture what this holds for me,
My large, umbrella'd, Willow Tree.

PAUL COLVIN

British Airways From Lhr To Fco.

Does anybody smile here, they're all as miserable as sin
No one talks, they don't say a word, what a state they're in!
They're on a plane to somewhere nice but you'd think this was a hearse
With frozen faces all around, life doesn't get much worse.
Half of them are sleeping, the other half are dead
I wish to god I was somewhere else, preferably in bed!
We're off to sunny Italy, to the sights in lively Rome
I wish that life was on this plane, I feel like going home.
A holiday! A holiday! Do they know the meaning of the word?
Rest, relax, some would say but hibernation's just absurd.
We're flying over puffy clouds, wait! What do I see?
These cotton balls have come to life and are waving back at me!
Now that's just wishful thinking or am I going mad?
I know, I'll sing them all a song, for making me so glad.
To be on this plane with them and sharing all that's new
But the ones I feel most sorry for are the happy smiling crew!

PAUL COLVIN

Broken Wing

Like a hobo she wanders, helpless and lost
Taunted by children and hated by most
I'm not a lover of vermin that fly
But I felt myself pity this bird straggling by.
She drops to one side as she limps on in fear
As the buses roll on, they're rolling too near
Her feathers all ruffled, her plumage abused
As she wandered round helpless, dazed and confused
But she just keeps on walking, dragging her wing
It's broken and hanging, she can't do a thing
Once flying and soaring so free in the sky
Now exhausted and helpless, she now waits to die.

PAUL COLVIN

Buckfast

Kids are laughing, drinking, flailing
Singing songs that sound like wailing.
Bottles full of deep dark wine
Their spirits high,
I'll stick to mine.

Monastic clerics fortified this brew
In England's south, they did construe
To make a wine, the world's best
The Brothers grim
At their behest.

This vintage sold the world over
It's been drunk by king as well as drover.
A dreaded thought runs through the head
Two pints of this
And you'll be dead.

A potent alcoholic potion
A hefty drink if you've the notion.
Now it's drunk by teens thought plucky
Their cheapest hit,
They call it Buckie.

PAUL COLVIN

By The Clyde As A Boy.

By the Clyde, the bonnie Clyde, as a boy I breathed its air
I'd watch the captains and their ships, sail for The Glasgow Fair
Doon The Watter they'd all head, some were powered by steam
Churning up the waters and I would stare and dream.
The folks onboard waved merrily approaching Clydebank's docks
Then onward passing freely towards the old Dumbarton Rock
You could hear them laugh and sing their songs beneath the summer sun
They'd left their Glasgow far behind, their party's just begun.
It opened up just like the sea as they steered to Rothesay town
But me, I'd never get there, my dreams had let me down.
This was their Spain, their Italy, they felt they were abroad
But the strangest thing about all this, was no-one thought it odd!
Doon The Watter at The Fair, by bus, by boat or train
Courting couples, husbands, wives with a thousand screaming weans.
A bit of rain couldn't dampen, their spirits flying high
As the beers and wines flowed freely 'til they felt like they could fly,
Staggering, falling out of pubs, completely out their heads
They couldn't find their lodgings so the beach became their beds.
That was then and this is now, no more The Glesca Ferr
Another piece of culture gone and no-one seems to care
You can take the man out of Glasgow but there's nowhere he can hide
For Glasgow's always in him, like that wee boy by The Clyde.

PAUL COLVIN

By The Old Peat Fire (A Children's Rhyme) .

The old man was so cold that day, his teeth began to chatter,
His loving wife sat in the chair, then asked him "what's the matter"?
He turned to her, his back all hunched, and said, "I'll get some peat
You get my boots and I'll try on, my brand new wooden feet!"
He strapped his feet onto his legs and looked across the room
Where his wife was dusting down his boots with a double handed broom,
He put them on and grabbed his coat then gave an awful stare,
His feet were on the wrong way round but he just didn't care.
So off he went to cut the peat, a spade across his shoulder
Marching down, with wonky walk, he used to be a soldier!
First he'd hobble to the left then stumble to the right
And every time he took a step, he gave himself a fright!
Hobbling on, to get the peat, he'd find that near the bog,
But on the way, his feet got stuck, in a little wooden log!
He fell down then rolled along and landed in the river
He managed to get out alright but started then to shiver!
Well he thought, there's something odd, something isn't right.
And sure enough, his feet were lost and floating out of sight!
Bobbing up and down they were, two wooden feet afloat
Oh how am I going to get them back, I'll need to find a boat.
So off he went, all cold and wet, he wasn't feeling great
He stumped along and hobbled on but he was in a state.
He found a log and paddled out, to his feet, stuck in the bank
And realised then that all his clothes, were filthy and they stank.
He strapped his feet back on again, that brought a smile to his face
But he couldn't wait to get back home, and get out of this place.
When he reached the bog, his loving wife was waiting on him there
So they cut the peat, and stacked it up and wandered home together.

PAUL COLVIN

Caffe Latte.

It's 12.13, my phone just rang, she's sent another squillo.
I save these up and every night, I place them on my pillow.
My caffe latte, holds my gaze, as I start to ponder:
What my love is doing now, I so often wonder.

I smile when I call her name, she always looks so smart
And over here, she's gaining fame, my precious work of art.
I wonder what she'd see from here, watching from the pavement?
Sipping coffee, slowly watching, people in amazement.

All shapes and sizes passing by, with all the women pregnant
And all of these are refugees, I'm sure she'd have a comment.
Drunks are hanging onto poles, singing as they stoop,
Their flailing hands, can't help them now, they've had more than a scoop!

The business lady seeks a bag which must be made of leather
And haggles with the market trader, by God this one can blether.
The canopies are blowing hard, a wave of differing colours
But then she walks, with brand new bag, she won her price with honours!

PAUL COLVIN

Carol Moore.

(B.A. Stewardess on tonight's flight to Napoli from Gatwick) .

When I stepped on the plane, I went to my seat
Then told I'd be moved, it was all very discreet,
I cannot reveal the words we exchanged
But what I can say is my seat No changed.

The chief stewardess was so pleasant, polite
Her diligence sparkled, her awareness so bright,
I was treated with kindness and shown respect
Her etiquette perfect in every aspect.

The sweetest of aircrew I've ever met
On BA and others, I include Easyjet.
Her manner so warm, I felt so assured
The lady in question is one Carol Moore.

She ghosts in and out, you don't know she's there
But is always on hand should you need any care,
She serves with a smile and so genuine too –
So here's to you Carol, this toast is to you.

PAUL COLVIN

Charles Murray

In Reelick Quad when I was young, all sorts of games we'd play
But one of us was very ill, his name was Charles Murray.
Charles never would complain, to us or to his brothers,
He'd try to be in every game then want to play another.

We were young, as young as eight not realising his pain,
The doctors said they'd operate and make him well again.
His purple face, his lack of pace, it didn't seem to reason.
We didn't care for we were pals, together every season.

The operation failed our pal, Charles sadly passed away.
Our wee pal no longer would, be with us in our play
We knew he went to heaven, God always took in kids
But in our thoughts he must be still for I am writing this.

I'm glad we never understood the suffering and strife
For if we knew, we wouldn't have had the pleasure of his life.
Instead we'd have protected him and denied him so much fun
But we did not, we didn't know, 'cause we were very young.

I do not often think of him but our short friendship was real,
I'm older now and understand that time can sometimes heal.
It has 'til now and maybe age delves deep into the mind
Whilst conjuring up a distant past I thought I'd left behind.

This poem reflects a younger me and Charles he was there.
The joy, the fun, the sadness too, I'm glad it all was shared.
For in this life we all lose those, who made us, being friends
So Charles now, I say farewell and thank you to the end.

PAUL COLVIN

Chasing Shadows

Beyond the glass the streetlights shone
And brought with it a strange shadow
This awkward shape will last 'til dawn
And it's me that it would follow.
I watched it move around the room
It circled overhead
I raced across and grabbed my broom
And threw it at its head
But as I ran to get away
It seemed to disappear
The lights went out now I don't know
If it's gone or if it's here!

PAUL COLVIN

Child's Play.

A thousand things we all can be
And most before it's time for tea
A million games go through our mind
Deeds and thoughts of every kind.

We're Kings and queens who rule the land
Whilst making castles out of sand
Then sailing on some foreign shore
Before we walk outside our door.

Flying high upon a swing
We're soaring birds with spread out wings
We watch the land go up and down
Before we jump onto the ground.

Then scale the walls with sword in hand
We fight the foe and claim the land
Or steal their ships and sail away
It's great to be a child at play.

No time to breathe we're surfing now
The waves of grass are surf somehow
A plank of wood's the board we sail
Be careful of the rusty nail.

We build a bogey from stuff we find
We have a cunning plan in mind
A wooden crate, wheels and reins
Ah, the thrill was worth the aches and pains.

A bedsheet hung on poles we'd bent
A marquee, or a tepee/tent
Now we're the Sioux, an Injun race
We make some mud and paint our face.

A feather stuck into our hair
Even us, we sometimes scare
We yelp and scream, let arrows fly
And pronounce that every Paleface dies.

We gallop back, poor tired souls
On horses made from wooden poles
Our tepee's now become our den
We'll have a rest, it's only Ten!

PAUL COLVIN

Christmas Cheer.

Designer labels, displayed so well
You've got the card so spend like hell,
A fortune's not a lot to pay
You can pay it back in thirty days!

You're feeling rich, you've two months' pay
And with that cash you're going to play,
The credit card will boost your funds
It's Christmastime, so have some fun.

You bought the gifts now comes the bill
The one you gasped at, at the till,
Your shock was hidden very well
But after all, it was The Sale.

You spend to give not to receive
The best gifts yet, so you believe,
The cash has gone, you've caned the card
It's payback time, now life gets hard!

PAUL COLVIN

Cigarettes

A grey blue smoke fills up the air,
It lingers, hangs and goes nowhere,
Slowly, softly, taking shape
No breeze at all and no escape.
Engulfing all it suffocates,
No sound at all as life it takes,
This shroud of death from cigarettes.

PAUL COLVIN

Close Life.

Shoes upon the concrete stairs echo in the close
The hollow silence broken, in this chamber full of prose
Graffiti sprayed on every turn by the stupid and the dead
The atmosphere so thick and loud as folks sleep in their bed.
The senseless names who feel no shame at writings so obscene
And like the mason's secret hand, they dare not be seen.

PAUL COLVIN

Coming Home.

I've walked a thousand streets
And lived a dozen lives
Been down so many times
And told as many lies
I thought I knew it all
But now I'm not so sure
I need love's drug to pick me up
And you're my only cure.

I'm always asking questions
But no-one ever hears
The crowded streets just pass me by,
Don't know I'm even here
I've slept the nights in doorways
A blanket for my bed
The cold frost biting at my feet
With the stars above my head.

I'm the hobo on the highway,
The beggar on the beat

I'm the drunkard in a bar-room brawl

You'd never like to meet

I'm always in the wrong place

At exactly the right time

I'm the stranger on that lonely shore

The busker playing for dimes.

I'll get to where I'm going

And hitch-hike all the way

My yesterdays' tomorrow

It's just another day

I live my life the way I want

And put this old man first

For a horse dragged down to water

Will always die of thirst.

I've been tramping dirt for too long now

These bones they need a rest

My heart is getting lonely

And it weighs upon my chest

I know I'm not in Heaven

But here's where I want to be
Just roaming in God's country
Where my heart is always free.

So journey long and travel slow
And be the man you are
The open sky's my atlas
My street signs are the stars
Sister Sun has kept me warm
And I thank you Brother Moon
But now I'm heading home for love
And I'll be with her soon.□

PAUL COLVIN

Creepy Wullie

The year is 1759 when beggars wandered darkened lanes
Meeting up with tramps and thieves, and cursed were the weans.
The poor could not afford to eat, so stole whatever came their way
The hawked their loot, and got a bob, the pawn, a friend to save the day.

William Morton, lived in pain, and was known the city over,
A troubled man cos of his looks, became the Edinburgh Rover.
His face deformed, was made to move, for folks could not abide,
This hideous, bedraggled man, who took Satan on his side.

He tried to make some friends in life, but no-one seemed to care
They taunted him by throwing stones, forcing him to go elsewhere.
One day he made, to take a stand, and threw stones back, at will,
He only meant to hurt the boy, never meaning for to kill.

The angry mob, unruly crowd, killed him in their ire,
Then carried off his body, limp, and built his funeral pyre.
This evil man, the devil's aide, had lived in fear of people
Now these same people, burned him down, beneath the old church steeple.

Now he's back to haunt the girls, the ones who never cried
For all were there on his last day and stoned him 'til he died.
He needs revenge, to make amends, for what those people done
And out at night, when darkness comes, he's going to have his fun.

He'll lurk about street corners and the alleys he will coast,
All hunched up, with long black coat, it's Creepy Wullie's ghost.
A myth they said, an old wives' tale, the man priests would not bless
Is all around, he won't be found, you can't see him to address.

The evil from within him called, to bring the Devil's glare
Then black and purple hazy mists, would sweep up rising stairs.
They'd come to halt, on lobby dank, and there would be a fusion
And from the mist, appeared Wullie's ghost: No, this is no illusion!

The dark and dingy gas lit streets of Edinburgh's old town,
Those cobbled streets and creepy wynds, is where he hung around
Eyeing pretty helpless lasses, those who can't defend,
Offering them safe passage but it was evil, he'd intend.

He's not been seen in this old town, for nigh on one whole year
That doesn't mean he won't appear, he could be hiding near!
So if you see that coloured mist, swirling in a close
You must take heed, cos that's the sign of Creepy Wullie's ghost!
He's everywhere you care to look, old build he will use
Disguised as ugly gargoyle, perched high with best of views.
In Churchyard graves, on Parish gates, maybe in a Knave.
Beware! For he'll creep up on you and put you in your grave!

So Hark! You honest Jessies, when climbing up the stairs,
You'd best get down on bended knee, and say some Holy prayers
Cos that's just what you'll have to do, if walking in the dark,
For when a clouded mist forms over you, that's Creepy Wullie's mark!

PAUL COLVIN

Cry And You Cry Alone.

Cry and you cry alone
This saying haunts me on my own
In melancholic mood I rest
In bed deprived of vim and zest.
My strength is drained and thoughts unclear
That's all because my love's not here
If she was with me I'd be changed
But she's not and I feel quite deranged.
My thoughts are muddled and confused
This heart of mine is being abused
Like a river-bed all cracked and dry
My heart is hard and gone awry
But if just one tear of love should fall
I'd know that love had finally called.

PAUL COLVIN

Death's First Dawn.

The wind cries out but words are lost but the voice is with me still
And I'd gladly pay a hefty cost, to feel again that thrill.
Who was she, what did she say, a cry for help or other?
I sleep alone, in dreams I pray but all my dreams are smothered.
Will I hear her voice once more, did she come to set me free?
I'd heard that eerie sound before, had death come after me?
The dark angel covets all lost souls and waits for them at death,
Hell's fire's bright with burning coals as she watches your last breath.
I reminisce a lonely life, my existence all but gone
And leave behind no loving wife as I wait for death's first dawn.

PAUL COLVIN

Demon Drink.

They tell us of the demon drink
And its effects on how we think.
The lagers, beers, real ales and stout,
How drinking spirits give you gout.
They blame it for the fights in clubs,
For all the arguments in pubs,
They say it seizes up the brain
But half of us were born insane.
True love ways are now so slender,
Break-ups caused by going on benders
When we wake up in another bed,
We kill the vows we made when wed.
But it was worth it some may say,
Shrug! then down the pub all day.
Some deny it but feel no guilt,
No beans or drink was ever spilt.
Others just accept their lot
And toast it with another tot.
You're a bastard, spouses cry
But he just sips his rye and dry.

PAUL COLVIN

Dignity And Pride (Part One) .

(Written on the bus going home from work after a very brief meeting with an elderly patient in Charing Cross Hospital) .

Confused and dazed he walks the ward, day and night,
Can't tell the difference between dark, between light,
Unsure of his stature or the role he's to play
From pillar to post he'll wander all day.

His nurses are servants but he feels he's in gaol
With all doors secured and no chance of bail.
A fortress, a prison, his description, not mine
He's done nothing wrong but still serving time.

He just wants to leave and stands by the doors
And when someone nears, he begs, he implores,
"Please take me home, just get me out"
So broken and tearful, he can't even shout.

He's adamant, proud but his eyes tell a tale
This once upright man is destined to fail.
He cannot be trusted to be on his own
For back to a baby, this old man has grown.

The highlight for him, is a breath of fresh air
And have just one cigarette with the people "out there"
But once he's outside, the panic sets in
He shuffles, then freezes, amidst all the din.

I don't know his illness, dementia or worse.
Maybe it's age or was he blessed with a curse?
He sits down to coffee but then walks away,
His coffee's untouched from a brain now decayed.

A green yellow glaze discolours his eyes
With a vacant expression of thoughts, I surmise
Of constantly pacing the floor all day long
And asking himself, "Where do I belong? "

This educated man once had thick golden hair,

A scholar perhaps, quite suave, debonair.
Now the blond's grey, his youthfulness gone,
He needs special care, all day long.

I'm not his carer, I couldn't handle the stress,
He just wants his life back, no more and no less.
This could be you with your life totally wrecked
But he still has dignity so show some respect.

His life once so rich now lies in a heap,
Memories treasured, he no longer can keep.
Through no fault of his own did he end up this way,
His memory's dying, it's dying each day.

The helplessness, hurt and the pain deep inside
Reflects in his eyes through the tears he has cried.
He's breaking his heart but doesn't know why,
He only seeks solace, like you or like I.□

PAUL COLVIN

Dignity And Pride (Part Two) .

To you and I, what's in his head, is muddled and confused
To him he sees so crystal clear, a labyrinth of views
But when he tries to speak his thoughts, the words can't be released
Frustration bites, his brain melts down, causing him to cease.

He's grappling with uncertainty and wrestles back embarrassed
We're coaxing words from a tongue that's tied and now he's feeling harassed
But don't rush in, just give him time as time is what he asks,
To utter out his dearest words, for him a giant task.

He's blurting out this strangest noise then signals with his hands
He's hoping acts explain the words, his mouth cannot command.
He's bolt upright with arms out, please understand my plea,
His simple need, he asks of us, is just to set him free.

PAUL COLVIN

Dirty Laundry.

Like a mangle, I wring out the truth and rinse away the lies
Those fluent, liquid, septic words belittle and belie
My faith and trust in humankind and those words will never die.
I cleanse my thoughts to innocence to an age before I knew
That bleeding hearts can stain the mind and people just like you
Carry dirt from town to town as you go passing through.
Wash your face and dry your eyes and climb down from your throne
Your evil deeds are testament as to why you're all alone
For truth from you is harder than getting blood out of a stone
Get out of here and live your lies, your life is now your own.

PAUL COLVIN

Do Me

Take me to the place you know
Where devils make the angels go
Flip me back and spin me round
Turn me upside down
Corrupt me as you always do
And I will grow inside you.
Take me far away from here
To where the air is fresh and clear
Let me breathe, let me see
My head is hurting, set me free
Take me where you take me to
Do me like you want to do
Do we sleep by day or night?
I can't see the sunlight.

PAUL COLVIN

Do You Know Him?

They say we're born equal
With some more so than others
They reach a point and gain control
Compare you to your brother.

Weak minded people from old to young
Succumb to daily life.
Their needs so great, drugs won't last long
Addiction today, is rife.

We all know one who's followed this path
Down dark and lonely blackened road.
He looks so gaunt through bearded face
Unkempt, unwashed, forlorn.

His dirty nails, so thick with grime
His coat hangs long on weakened frame.
The matted, lank and greasy hair
A tangled mess, his mane.

His legs they shake beneath his jeans
The dirt it masks their colour.
All torn and frayed with stains galore
Against all odds, he stands alone.

The weather beaten face shows signs
Of sleeping rough, if he's allowed.
Despised and shunned by yours and mine,
What hope for a man, once proud.

His eyes are red with pupils black
A wrinkled brow on winter tan.
A buttonhole with poppy shows
This man had pride not long ago.

It's now his lot and no one else
Can help this poor frail drifter.
He's labelled as a druggie now
In our midst, a social leper.

A buttoned shirt with collar rank
Lies loosely round his neck.
A shabby tie with perfect shank,
Reminds him of his past.

He sits no more at office desk
Nor walks the factory floor.
He's mumbling by a river's edge
With another drink to pour.

He seeks no pleasures for himself
That's what we'd like to think.
He's hurting still and wants some help
That's why he's turned to drink.

The sodden grass is now his seat
His view is nature's own
He gazes long with clouded eyes
To the house which was his home.

This pathetic portrait of a man
What made him take this route?
His threadbare boots just clinging on
Together, held by rope.

His only friend, a mangy dog
Its fleas jump high and wide.
A mongrel with no collar tag,
It sidles by his side.

He cons a lady for a coin
To buy food for his friend!
Obliging, gives him what he wants
He's happy once again.

He once knew why he went this way
But that was long ago
The drink and drugs have messed his head
Now he no longer knows.

He knows what people think of him

A druggie, thief or alky.
But he is someone's kith and kin
One of us? Not likely.

He sleeps in cardboard under stars,
If lucky, on a bench.
Do we think of him while we're all snug?
The vomit, piss, the stench!

You'd think he'd lose the will to live
Just curl up and die.
But something worthwhile living for
Is keeping him alive.

Something stirs inside his head,
Amidst all his confusion
He jumps aloft eyes shining bright
Then passes to oblivion.

A daughter, son for all we know
Is with him in his head.
But once that dream has vanished, gone.
We'll likely hear he's dead.

Who he was and who he is
We'll never ever know.
I'll tell no lie for we don't care
If he was friend or foe.

His like are worthless to us all
They scrounge for all they have.
They should wear plaques about their neck
For all they spell is trouble.

What will be the epitaph
Atop where he will lie?
He took that road, went up that path
Equality with him, did die!

PAUL COLVIN

Do You Think?

Do you think she ever saw me
As we passed along the street?
Her swaying moves and clipping heels
From dainty little feet,
Do you think she wonders just like me
Why does he never talk?
Does she feel my eyes upon her
As my gaze falls on her walk?
Does she ever think of me
When she gets home at night?
Well, if I ever spoke to her
Then maybe she just might!

PAUL COLVIN

Drivel.

Non-stop talk, that's all you do and never making sense
For once just think before you speak, I'm fed up with pretence.
That constant drivel from your mouth, you're nothing but a pest!
So shut your mouth, I'm telling you, just give your tongue a rest.

Constantly consistent in the rubbish that you talk
It's no wonder friends avoid you and turn on you to mock,
Almost every word you speak is driving them insane
And if you carry on like this, you won't see me again!

PAUL COLVIN

Dylan- Esque

You're living in the past, that's where you've always been
Looking for someone you've never seen
Why say you need my love when you can't give any back
Did someone clip your wings whilst you were dreaming?
Love was always something that others seemed to have
You watched them have their fun and all you did was laugh
Eyes speak a thousand words but you never understood
Being young had never felt so good.
For years you looked the part and used the favourite phrase
But love was all around you as we smiled face to face
Once more you faked your laugh, it's driving you insane
Dressing up outside to hide your pain.
That voice within your mind told you love would come
But the words you heard were never meant for fun
You shuffled a brand new deck but dealt an old hand to yourself
You're a lady of the night sitting on a shelf
Go out enjoy yourself and open up your heart
But a heart of stone's what you had from the start
Try listening to yourself and what you have to say
It's a cruel world that we've been put on to play
You bought a one-way ticket to yesterday but that's where you belong
You think you are the one but know you're someone else
Your finger's on the trigger but you've no pulse
You can't kid the one whose heart you broke in two
The girl that I once loved was never you.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Each Syllable A Sonnet.

Her words filtrate the morning air
So pure, so sweet, so clear.
Each spoken word is so phonetic,
Unrehearsed, yet so poetic.
Smooth and rich, the sweetest sound,
Caressing everyone around.
A voice exuding grace and flair,
Gentle, soft and full of care.
A cultured tongue with perfect diction,
This Scottish brogue is no affliction.
It's like a whisper in the breeze,
Touching, softly, glistening leaves
Her letters dance upon her tongue
Calming words so sweetly sung,
They're indirect yet so commanding
Though the voice itself is not demanding
This charming, warming, sweetest noise,
I dream: this is an Angel's voice.

PAUL COLVIN

Esmerelda (A Children's Rhyme) .

She wasn't tall, in fact quite small with a hump upon her back
She had bow legs and knobbly knees and always dressed in black
Her nose was big and pointed with a huge wart on the end
It's no wonder that, in this whole wide world, she never had a friend.
Her teeth were green, just like her eyes and she never washed her face
And combed her hair, with an old fish bone, to keep it all in place.
She'd long skinny crooked fingers with pointed purple nails
And used these to collect her lunch of slimy toads and snails.
Her home was in a forest, in a tiny little room
And she never ever cleaned it, even though she had a broom
But this broom was made for flying and she'd fly and soar up high
And when she flew, the moon would Phew! In the midnight purple sky.
Bats would pass as she crossed the sky and the stars just seemed to swoon
Then they twinkled at the wrinkled witch as she laughed at Mr. Moon
Everybody knew her but no-one seemed to care
About what happened to the witch with long black greasy hair!
One night as she was flying, another witch flew past
And since then no-one's seen her, they're free from her at last.

Oh did I forget to tell you, her name is Esmerelda.

PAUL COLVIN

Faeriedell (A Children's Rhyme) .

Do you believe in Fairies' thoughts, do you believe in spells?
You see their thoughts wisp through the air, down by Faeriedell,
Look carefully and you will see them, sitting in their trees
Laughing, smiling, telling tales, just doing as they please.

Make your choice and wisely choose, the one that takes your eye
But please beware, you must take care and never tell a lie.
They're inquisitive, they'll question you so be honest and be true
And if you do they'll grant a wish, especially for you.

You'll see her flying through the air or skim across the pond
Pretty clothes and golden wings flapping way beyond
The tallest tree in the dell resting on its leaves
You'll see this much and much, much more, if you will just believe.

You see her with her little bag, flitting in the night
Her wings are now, all lit up, and shine the brightest white
You'll see her sprinkle stardust, the twinkle just like stars
And moonbeams shoot across the dell like rays of silver bars.

Music plays and songs are sung as she does her fairy dance
Skipping over velvet chairs, her friends all clap their hands
They all sit on their favourite seats, joining in the fun
But they all know it must end soon with the coming of the sun.

When dawn breaks they dive into their pond, to greet a brand new day
Some sit on wide lily pads as others rest or play.
The young are chasing rainbows to catch a fairy dream
And the older ones make magic wands whilst sitting by the stream.

Leaping purest puffy clouds, like balls of cotton wool
They're edged with silver lining to keep the fairies cool
As frolicking in moondust leaves a fairy feeling warm
And she needs to be in spritely shape to use her magic charm.

The Wishing Well is full of gold so someone has to stay
To guard against the evil imps for they'll steal it all away
Fairies have no need for gold, there's nothing here to buy
And they can't go outside Faeriedell for they will surely die.

Fairies live a thousand years, so they're very old and wise
But look so young and beautiful because they don't tell lies
So if you see a fairy, no-one should you tell
For you've been granted your first wish, you've been to Faeriedell.□

PAUL COLVIN

Favours.

She's got a dirty look and she's got a filthy mind
And she repays me with favours held in kind
I said c'mon let's take a chance, let me show you how to dance
So finally she danced and took her chance.

It's her favours that she owes that can set a heart aglow
Just one more job and I can make her mine
I could write a bookie's line but I'd rather spend my time
Getting rich with dancing favours held in kind.

She dances pretty mean then she'll get down in between
And she keeps a firm grip to keep me keen
But she messes with my head as we dance around the bed
If you don't come soon then I could wind up dead.

This bed it won't be lonely, though I haven't got a bean
Cos she's the best wee dancer I have ever seen.
But she called out all these names and it drove me half insane
They were names of favours guys had still to claim.

That broke my heart whilst dancing so I had to stop romancing
And no more would we laugh and dance and sing
But it broke her tender heart when I said we had to part
So I left and now she's breaking other hearts.

She's dropping little pills hoping for some kind of thrill
For this young lady's got to get her fill
She may not be Bacall but she showed me how to ball
And she's the one girl I favoured most of all.

PAUL COLVIN

Fiorella.

She danced in pink pyjamas, she does things on a whim
And used the hotel's lobby as though it was her gym,
She Christened me papino, in Italian, "little dad"
Now I'm certain Fiorella, is certifiably mad.

Skipping on the pavements, running down the street
That cheeky smile on her face, every time we meet
Inquisitive and funny, she always has a smile
When teaching me Italian slang, Napolitani style.

The only time she's quiet is when she's eating food
Wolfing down the pasta if it tasted any good
Focused 'til she'd finished, that plate was sparkling clean,
Well, she's the fastest pasta eater, I have ever seen.

For her 18th birthday, we had to celebrate
The pub, The Pride of Paddington, but we didn't stay too late,
The locals cheered and sang along, admiring all on view
But the Happy Birthday song we sang was especially for you.

All dressed up in her new clothes, completely clad in black
She was as pretty as a picture and I'm sure she loved the craic
But when I'm at home on Saturday, sleeping like a log
She'll be home in Napoli with her beloved little dog.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Flower Of My Fathers

Immortalised in silver, gold
Songs are sung and stories told
In sculpted stone, a work of art
You're carved in every Scotsman's heart.

To us you're more than just a flower
You give us strength and honour, power
Long may you adorn our fields
And may your glory never yield.

As young Scots lay upon their back,
Asleep as Danes made their attack
They trod your spiny stems and yelled
And every Dane that night was felled.

The emblem of the proudest race
There's nothing else can take your place
Your purple heads and spiny stems
You're the richest of all Scottish gems.

PAUL COLVIN

Foxes In The Garden.

Foxes In The Garden. 22nd February 2013.

I looked out in the garden
As snowflakes filled the air
Not heavy, just a flake or two
And all I did was stare
Then something moved and caught my eye
Is that a fox I see?
An orange bundle in the grass
Lying by a tree.
I rushed upstairs and to my surprise
There wasn't one but two!
The second hid behind the grass
Completely out of view
But from an upstairs window
I could see them very clear
Their reddish bodies caught the light,
They mustn't know I'm here.
Quietly I watched them
And marvelled at the sight
Two sleeping wild beauties sheltering
Here in broad daylight.
A ray of sun beat down on them
Lighting up their bristled backs
Their forelegs and their pointed ears
A striking vivid black
No sound or movement did they make
They just lay there all day long
And still they lay just sleeping on
As night time came along.
And when I woke this morning
One could still be seen
The one I said who'd sheltered
Behind the clumps of grass so green
And still the snow was falling,
I thought he may be dead
So I made a noise, and right away,
He raised his ginger head
He rose up very slowly,

Turned and looked at me
Then wandered through the undergrowth
Disappearing through the trees
Not even minutes had gone by
When he was back again
And looked at me, before he lay,
On the same spot he had lain
I tried to coax him with some food
I thought that might be best
But looked at me as he did before
And lay back down to rest
I looked out an hour later
To find that he had gone
But the food I left had gone as well,
Will he come back at dawn?
(yes he did) .

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Fraserburgh, A True Story: September Weekend 1971.

We finally made it, a boys' weekend away
Me and big Rikki we're up here to play,
In a caravan perched high up on a hill
And our company doubled with Bib and wee Gill.
On the first night we welcomed them back
But at quarter to three they had to make tracks
We walked on the path 'til we came to a field
And that's when our hearts decided to yield.
Rikki had asked, "what's that over there"?
Although it was late, the sky was so clear,
The light just played tricks, I couldn't see well
But a split second later, we thought, "we're in Hell"!
We stood there in terror, rigid as posts
For standing beside us were a young couples' ghosts,
I grabbed onto Rikki and he onto me
Petrified, frozen, with trembling knees!
Our tongues couldn't speak so we spoke with our eyes
Our wee hearts were pumping from the thought of demise,
I was seventeen and Rikki was younger
And the emptiness felt was not down to hunger
But just when we thought that we were condemned
Bib said "it's okay, I can talk to them"!
I remember it clearly, like it happened today
And whatever she said, it sent them away.
Then she told us the story, of love and of life
How this young couple engaged, soon to be man and wife
Took a stroll on this pitch as they did every day
And how the horrors of war, took their young lives away.
The Luftwaffe's bombers flew over the sea,
Their mission? Destruction, to gain victory
But a young couple walking, so much in love
Were killed on that day by a bomb from above.
Thirty years on, their legend remains
Eternally walking within their restraints,
The perimeter lines of this old football pitch
Keeps them enclosed and the lives once so rich
Are now locked in this limbo awaiting God's will

To free two young people from this penitent state
But still they are trapped 'til they learn their fate.

Almost forty years on, I still think of that night
And when I see Rikki we speak of those sights;
Ghosts, yes we've seen them, and that terror and fear
Half scared us to death and stayed with us for years
But time's a great healer and those fears have now passed
And I hope that our lovers have found their peace at last.

So fondly remembered in our hearts and minds.

PAUL COLVIN

Fresh Cut Grass.

The fresh cut grass, that summer scent
That smell of summer, Heaven sent
I used to squeeze it in my fingers
Shreds of green, its smell still lingers.
The whirring blades just spinning round
As bales of grass grew on the ground
I'd scoop it up and throw it high
Then take a dive and then just lie,
Or dive right into all that green
And like a magnet, stuck between
Every hair and every pore,
In all the clothes I ever wore
Would smell of grass and I somehow
Still find wee bits, yes, even now.

PAUL COLVIN

From Firenze To Napoli.

Four long hours on a crowded train
So lonely, showing signs of strain
Your companion's just a hollow face
I'd be the man to take that place
And you're wishing I was there with you
But I'm not there, I'm lonely too.

PAUL COLVIN

From Glasgow To Torre.

Our homes are built on different lands
But our minds meet over oceans
We reach out touching loving hands
That mixed our passion's potion.
Different cultures, differing words
They said it couldn't last
I know to most, it seems absurd
But that was in the past.
Old writings tell a happy tale
And our future's filled with love,
My love for her will never fail
The one I'm thinking of.

PAUL COLVIN

From The Gaol To The Gallows

You lay in your gaol
Wondering how you did fail
As the chill travelled up your bones
Betrayed by a friend
Brought your life to an end
This young life was never your own.

As the gallows drew nigh
You held your head high
As a silence came over the crowd
Standing proud and upright
You heard your last rites
The last thing, alive, you're allowed.

The gallows stood tall
As the rope broke your fall
Your time on this earth is now done
Those jeering now prayed
As the noose wildly swayed
You shook in the cold winter's sun.

As you swung in the air
Below, your coffin lay bare
The hangman watched on all alone
Once the crowd were expelled
The timbers were felled
You'd danced to his tune on your own.

No headstone was placed
This town you'd disgraced
But worse, betrayed by a friend
Six feet 'neath the ground
This young man has found
You can't rely on those you depend.

He fought for his cause
But that's all that it was
He didn't know the right from the wrong
And did not understand

All those orders, commands
But as a man he had to belong.

PAUL COLVIN

From The Gaol To The Gallows.

You lay in your gaol
Wondering how you did fail
As the chill travelled up through your bones
Betrayed by a friend
Brought your life to an end
This young life was never your own.

As the gallows drew nigh
You held your head high
As a silence came over the crowd
Standing proud and upright
You heard your last rites
The last thing, alive, you're allowed.

The gallows stood tall
As the rope broke your fall
Your time on this earth is now done
Those jeering now prayed
As the noose wildly swayed
You shook in the cold winter's sun.

As you swung in the air
Below, your coffin lay bare
The hangman watched on all alone
Once the crowd were expelled
The timbers were felled
You'd danced to his tune on your own.

No headstone was placed
This town you'd disgraced
But worse, betrayed by a friend
Six feet 'neath the ground
This young man has found
You can't rely on those you depend.

He fought for his cause
But that's all that it was
He didn't know the right from the wrong
And did not understand

All those orders, commands
But as a man he had to belong.

Paul Colvin. (A Jacobite Tale) .

PAUL COLVIN

Girl In A Shop.

I walked towards the Liquorice Tree
Not knowing what I'd find
But its quiriness appealed to me
With gifts of every kind.

All alone and deep in thought
Submerged in concentration,
A bonnie lass who saw me not
Dismissing salutation.

But all at once a friendly face
Shone through dark brown hair,
She spoke of treasures in this place
And the magic in its air.

I turned around as she implored
And saw a hundred fairies dance
Then Lions Rampant loudly roared
And whistled as they pranced.

The lady led me by the hand,
The shop's magic felt so real
And the tartan kilts displayed so grand
Now danced a Highland Reel.

Tartan bags swayed on the shelves
Lace shirts moved hand in hand
As fairies jigged with little elves
To a Scottish Ceilidh band.

Necklaces swung to and fro
Crystal pendants clinked in time,
Watches ticked and tocked as though
Waiting for a chime.

Pewter tealights filled the air
Their candles burning bright,
All I could do was stand and stare
At this lovely, wondrous sight.

Thistles and the Glasgow rose
Like waltzers sped around,
Zooming in and out of clothes
Then scuttling `cross the ground.

Boxes opened, hats popped out
As the piper played his tune
And the old Scots King gave up a shout
"Come on all, dance aroon".

The Liquorice Tree was in full flow
When suddenly it stopped!
Everything knew where to go
And my jaw almost dropped.

Everything was in its place
In the best wee shop in town
For when the lady sees a friendly face
It'll never, ever frown.

So if you go there to buy a gift
And Donna shows you `round,
Beware! She'll give you such a lift,
That your feet won't touch the ground.

PAUL COLVIN

Harsh Reality.

Where's the soup, where's the meat?
There's nothing here for us to eat!
We cannot work so don't get paid
And money gets the table laid.
So tell me how we feed ourselves?
An empty fridge with empty shelves
So cold in here, no heating on
They cut us off, the money's gone.

PAUL COLVIN

Haslingden.

White static clouds in deep blue sky
Are tinged with rainbow hues.
Above the hills where hawks soar high,
Their quarry, sparrows, they pursue.

Landscaped fields of pastel greens
Are dusted with the winter's frost.
The drystone walls built in between
Are covered now in coats of moss.

Countless towers on hills afar,
And castle turrets fill the air
Like giant chessmen perched on guard
There casting eyes are everywhere.

The panopticon is to my right
The Halo locals say.
An eco green it beams at night
Across this tranquil valley.

Many walks are taken here
On rocky, hilly slopes.
The summits look so very near
A fine walk with some scope.

The "Jollybarn's" Christmas lights
And an English flag in shreds,
Helps brighten up the darkest nights
As folks are going to bed.

I'm taken to an antique well
Deep and round, an inverted stack.
Once full, now dry, it's just a shell
With iron rails and painted black.

Up back, beyond, four dry ski runs,
Encaged in wire fence.
Fifty children have their fun
They jump and take their chance.

Once four deer did guard this place
Wicker made, they went astray.
Three are missing, fallen from Grace
The fourth looks on whilst children play.

Demon Meg would not come close
The ski run lifts' noise scare her.
With Pip the dog to play, she chose
Preferring animal banter.

A lady stops to say hello
Four years here now, from London
The stunning view that lies below;
The reason she abandoned!

This Ramsbottom, this Rawtenstall,
'Cross Rossendale to Accrington,
From reservoir to hospital,
This splendour known as Haslingden.

This village famed for hazel trees,
Once thick, it now lies sparse.
The woods were raped by farmers' pleas
Replaced by harshest gorse.

The steam train puffs along the track
Interrupting natures' sounds
A belching cloud of grey and black
Majestic as it glides along.

The mills and chimneys tell a tale
Of times long gone and hardship.
When local brewers put in gaol
For competing with their Lordship.

Tangential stories often told
They start off straight and true.
They tend to linger then unfold
But take wrong turnings halfway through!

A country stroll, a gentle climb

Both young and old a must to see
A hilltop stance with views sublime
Lies painted out before me.

A crusty path, a frozen bed
Is crunching underfoot.
The patterned mud of hikers' treads
Iced over, left by boots.

The empty quiet lonely dale
No sign of life, it's tranquil still
But upward climbs, the locals scale
To capture views from their own hill.

PAUL COLVIN

Haunted.

22nd February 2013.

Haunted by the wee small hours
Their last nights spent in eerie towers,
Kings and Queens who'd lost their heads,
The chopping block e'er stained blood red.
Tyrants, traitors, one and all,
Usurpers all, but all will fall
Bloody, gory, one severed blow
You could not see, you could not know
The basket waits for heads to roll
A clean cut if you've paid your toll
A sharpened axe, a steady hand
That was, my dear, your last command!

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Here And There.

My back garden fence separates
Whitcreek from Glasgow here.
I walk the length, go through the gates,
No longer here, I'm there.

There is known as Whitcreek,
A funny sort of place.
It's strange by name and people look
A different breed and race!

When I go out to play with friends
My mum knows I go there.
She'll call across our picket fence,
"Get out of there, come here"!

Why give names to places
When here and there will do?
Maybe you could ask my dad?
I'll leave that up to you!

I asked a simple question once
And knew he was amused.
He smiled, answered "here and there",
I'm totally confused!

If all the adults in our Quad
Agree to living here,
Then we would know where there is,
I think that's pretty clear.

PAUL COLVIN

Hielan' Jessie

We walked along the Gallowgate on the way back from the game
And stopped into a quiet pub, Hielan' Jessie is its name
A corner shop, quite small inside but the clientele in there
Reminded me of years gone by with its Glasgow atmosphere.
This wee pub's a haven where Glasgow culture thrives
And the locals from the Calton, warmly share their daily lives
They go back to an era, when life was hard but fun
Their stories told, had me in tears and they had just begun.
Oscar's prints of Glasgow girls adorn the walls inside
Black and white shots, neatly framed, all hung side by side
And from the punters, some dressed in suits, to the landlord and his staff
The one thing they have in common is, they all enjoy a laugh.
The banter flew about the pub, the ambience was great
But my quiet pint, quickly turned to six and it's now getting late
So to Harry, Wullie, Dennis, Eddie, Frank et al
I thank you for a perfect day, I thank you one and all.
A pub's just brick and mortar but Hielan Jessie's built to last
For the characters that frequent it, is a never-ending cast.

PAUL COLVIN

Highfield Guest House

In Mayfield Road, Auld Reekie, there's a guest house that waits
With a warm Scottish welcome through its black wrought iron gate,
The bedrooms are luxurious, clean and well prepared
In softest sheens of golds and creams to complement its air.
A sumptuous quilt with jacquard throw, six pillows for your head
And bedside lamps adorn each side as you lay in your bed.
The main light is a chandelier though not cut crystal glass
But it's beautiful, as all here is, with the owners' touch of class.
The breakfast room is airy where it greets the morning sun
With food to suit your every taste, to set you up for fun,
Pictures hang on every wall from vibrant coloured scenes
To coolest pastels, ornately framed, with lilies in between.
Then there are the hosts themselves, they really made our stay,
Gordon, Maggie and her sister Kate; yes, we'll be back one day.

PAUL COLVIN

Honesty And Truths.

Your honesty releases, emotions deep within,
So many years I tried for these but always locked them in.
Your honest mind and heart so pure, they were the perfect key,
Unlocking chains around my heart and then you set me free.

Freedom's what you've given me, a freedom of expression
So when we talk, straight from the heart, I have no indecision.
My instant words are honest truths, I cannot tell you lies
For when we meet, you'd know I'd lied, when I look in your eyes.

At nights when we are on our own, you make me feel at ease,
My mind's a perfect setting, I'm here for you, to please.
Some caring words in tender times are all we need to hear,
With compliments, so often paid, by both of us my dear.

Fidelity's a complex word that people can relate to
Yet you and I, are very rare, loyal through and through.
Degrading thoughts from so called friends, should always be ignored,
Instead, just listen to your heart, true love should be adored.

True to love, true to yourself, is the best that we can strive for
For once you learn to love yourself, you then can love another.
There's nothing wrong in what we do, it's in the name of love,
Two people who have feelings, strong, is sanctioned from above.

Happiness is part of life but part of love as well,
I pray our love's eternal, I've spent my time in hell.
My life is full because of you and hope you feel the same,
Love's for life and life's for love so don't feel any shame.

PAUL COLVIN

House Guests.

As midnight strikes another day
The underworld comes out to play,
You'll hear them tapping by the door
Or tiny feet across the floor.

The little mice have come to stay
In darkest corners, hide away
But we all know when they've been here
They leave their droppings everywhere.

You clear it up then see a shoe
All full of holes, they've chewed right through,
Traps and pellets, they're too cute for that
Creating havoc, that's their game, those mice and tiny rats.

PAUL COLVIN

I Miss Her

I miss her taste
I miss her smell
I miss her here with me in bed
I miss her warmth
I miss her smile
I miss her laughter in my head
I miss her hug
I miss her kiss
I miss her walking down the street
I miss her look
I miss her fun
I miss her tender hands so sweet
I miss her touch
I miss her fears
I miss her tears that I don't see
I miss her jokes
I miss her so
I miss her gift of loving me.

PAUL COLVIN

I Wish

If I could only have her here
If she was here
Or me with her
Sitting with a glass of wine
Relaxing just relaxing
Taking time, thinking,
Talking, hearing, listening,
A realisation of love.

PAUL COLVIN

Illusions

I don't agree with wars that much but sometimes they seem right
I'd rather politicians met and had a right good fight.
Can you imagine boxing gloves, on some of our MP's?
The thought of blood, would be enough, to bring them to their knees
Whilst others would just slog it out and take it n the chin
But in between each round, they'd have a tonic, laced with gin.
Be honest here, could you see Brown, climbing in the ring
Or leading troops across the sand, that's not his kind of thing,
He's more at home in Downing Street, the chief delegator's house
Where advisors and his cabinet, make rules for our King Louse!

PAUL COLVIN

In Time Of Need.

Jilted lovers walk the streets
Where the lonely hearts club hope to meet
A smiling face whose heart will mend
Or give them love or be a friend
Just one night is all they need
One white lie and they'll concede
A thousand times they've heard these lines
Their eyes can see but love is blind
This lust for love comes from within
And broken hearts don't care for sin.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Jelly Moulds.

A million clustered little clouds creep across the sky
Spanning, searching, seeking or maybe passing by.
They scan the skies then looking down
See portraits painted on the ground
A chequered land with squares of green
And stonedyke walls built in between,
Lush young grasses fold and rise
From summer winds `neath bluest skies.
The talk of others pleasant land
Cannot compare to what's at hand
A pride fills up this heart of mine
As chills run down this Scottish spine,
I've been away for far too long
But now I'm home, where I belong

PAUL COLVIN

Jesus And The Sailor.

28th October 2014.

He stood alone from dusk `til dawn
From daylight `til the sun had gone
Then there she came from far beyond
And he noticed that no lights were on
He was just a sailor waiting by a river.

His old ship's coat came to his knees
And felt no chill from autumn's breeze
He was used to raging winter's freeze
And had suffered more on stormy seas
He was just a sailor waiting for a woman.

As he stood there, he could not forget
His emptiness held one regret
And his tortured eyes saw it coming, yet
What you give is what you get
He was just a sailor waiting for his lover.

He killed a man, he had to drown
It was the last time she played around
Now she lies cold beneath the ground
And the memories still hunt him down
This sailor's waiting still down by the river.

Tell me friends, what do you see?
Am I the sailor, is he me?
Was this his love that he decreed
Would this jury set him free?
He was just a Jesus waiting on an answer
Just a sailor waiting on the sea.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Job Hunting.

I write this letter of concern, hoping for an answer.
I write in vain, am I insane or maybe just a chancer?
A quick response is all I ask, from them at their address
But sadly nothing comes along, no wonder I'm depressed!

PAUL COLVIN

Just Another Friday.

Oh My God! What happened? What happened to my head?
I think I'll go and bury it and wake up when I'm dead!
I feel like I've been battered, mugged or set about
But I think it was the drinks I had, they must have had more clout!
I felt okay when on the beer but what happened after that?
I just remember being bold and acting like a twat!
Dancing on the tables and now I've lost my voice
And barred from my own local, for making too much noise!
I know I'll have to face them all and I don't care what they think,
It's just another Friday night and all because of drink!

PAUL COLVIN

Kick It Out.

The Hibernian Walk, The Orange Walk, get yourselves in order
Your tortured walks ignite the fuse of aggression and disorder
Outdated and unwanted, these walks should all be banned
And the Saltire hung in every home in our beloved land.
In some cases deaths hang on your heads and yet you feel no blame
As the world looks on disgusted, those heads should hang in shame.
You say the hatred and the bigotry are stirred up by Ireland's sons?
Fuelled by an age old war, long before your lives begun
Brought to Scotland's shores and not only in the west
But now you have to waken up and face your biggest test.
Wake up you sons of Scotland, sons of Wallace and the Bruce
Your shame is blaming others, now's the time to call a truce,
Unity is what Scotland needs, not warring Scottish clans
When brothers fought against brothers, when tribes fought for their lands
But the ordinary Scottish people now want harmony and peace
We've lived this ugly life too long and want it now to cease.
A brighter Scotland needs us all and those who won't comply
Should be thrown on the scrapheap, to rot and left to die.
A pipe dream? We can do this, never say we can't
For the power lies within us all, if change is what we want.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Kingussie.

The mountains rise above the town as if to guard it looking down
So drab and grey, look so intense, these granite giants are immense.
The rainclouds pushing further North, these sweeping greys drift back and forth
Mixed with sun and broken blue, what price for this, this princely view?

Swathing through majestic glen, the mighty Spey it winds and bends
Its waltzing waters dance along, dappled with the morning sun
An air they play if you know how to listen Whilst its rippling waves they glisten
And cutting through them trout will rise, rising high to catch the flies.

Anglers gently cast their line as ramblers roam through forests' pine
Cyclists take to country lanes beyond Ruthven Barracks last remains.
Where the Bonnie Prince, the Jacobite, had his men rest, a sleepless night
That night before Culloden Moor, where Scot fought Scot in Christian War.

Stunning views from all around, accompanied by the sweetest sound
The dawn chorus plays as morning breaks, the Highland call for me to wake.
Buzzards hang in skies, so still, whilst red deer feed on Highland hill
And pheasant with their feathers bright, just seeing them brings sheer delight.

Be on guard and peel your eyes and claim your own Glenbogle prize
What is it? You'll know that when, you see The Monarch Of The Glen.
Majestic, standing proud and tall, on rocky crag you'll hear him call
The Stag in all his splendour stands, surveying all that he commands.

From Feshie Bridge to Aviemore and Kingussie to Newtonmore
There's golfing, fishing, riding plus watersports and gliding
Or take a walk to Gynack loch, there's plenty here in Badenoch
A picnic here will make your day with views to take your breath away.

PAUL COLVIN

Kisses

From the flower of the desert sand
To the petals falling from your hand
To the seeds of love that e'er were sewn
Each one a kiss to you.

From moonlit stars on silver beams
To golden thoughts in golden dreams
To every tear that e'er was shed
They're all a kiss to you.

From every bird flown on the wing
To the songs of love our hearts would sing
I count them all and hope they bring
One lasting kiss from you.

PAUL COLVIN

La Donna.

</>Like the elegant Italian lady, cultured and refined
So feminine in her poseur walk, even that has been designed
Hair and make-up, style, cut created with finesse
A glamour queen out for a stroll, accepting nothing less.
Never overdoing it, she knows that less is more
And invite the ogling eyes of men to stop, stare and adore
But teasing's only part of it, she's more tricks up her sleeve
She'll only dress to please herself in her world of make believe.

PAUL COLVIN

La Lucertola (I) .

Looking out into the sea, I'm blinded by the sun
A brilliant, piercing, silver light, beams down as day's begun
This single beam, like a wedding veil, spreads the sea and feathers out,
Lighting up the sleepy sea as its foam turns roundabout.

Down below, a fisherman, in his blue painted tiny boat
Drops his orange net in hope, over rocks that seem to float,
They rise above a lazy tide then sink below the foam
And their bubbles, like a string of pearls, the sandy beaches comb.

PAUL COLVIN

La Lucertola (Ii) .

A brilliant silver light beams down, a new day's just begun
I look up but am blinded by, December's winter sun
Sparkling waters come to life as foam laps rounded stones
And bubbles form strings of pearls, in cool translucent tones.
Gentle waves touch golden sands and bring the shore alive
The rounded stones just seem to float as they rise above the tide
But as it turns, the sunlit stones, sink and disappear
But then they bob back up again, above the water clear
And still that single piercing light, strikes down from the sun
As nature's forces join hands, the sea and sun, as one.

PAUL COLVIN

Last Days Of Autumn

Blossoms gone just leaves remain
Rich and crisp, strong and tense
Defying all that comes their way
With crackled skin and golden veins
The sun picks out their curling tips
That waver in the autumn glow.
An almanac of vibrancy
Russet, ochre, fills the skies
As I tramp upon the shady floor.
But there, up there,
I see no birds nor hear their song
Yet I can hear October's air,
Nature's chanter plays her tune,
Its modest whistle rising high
A thousand leaves dance in reply
Rustling, brushing, side by side
Sweeping, searching, as they blow
In one last crazy dance
Caressing as they rise and fall.
The branches' softly swishing tails
In unison they flow
Like a thousand batons synchronized
Or violins in forest guise
Leaves cling tight to their trapeze
Swinging madly in the breeze
I marvel at their majesty
But know it cannot last
For soon the leaves will perish
And all this will be gone.

PAUL COLVIN

Lasting Peace.

My heart is heavy, my legs have gone
My body's served me well,
No longer can I walk this land
The place I love and dwell
So take me all, carry me
And give me such a view
For in my mind, I'll always have,
Lasting thoughts of you.

A cairn on a mountain top
One that we both knew,
Will be my final resting place
Reminding me of you.
I want to see God's kindly eyes
And hold His hand of love
For the love I shared with you on earth
Is all I'm guilty of.

Lay my weary limbs to rest
And cover me with stones,
Let the freshest air surround
My naked flesh and bones
Then mark a plot beside me dear
Score the earth to make a crease
And we'll be together evermore,
Finally at peace.

As the lone piper plays a last lament
It carries through the glen,
We lived our life as in a dream
And will do so once again,
Then when God calls for your sweetest hand
He'll see your smiling face
And He will know, that we have found,
Our final resting place.

PAUL COLVIN

Liars.

She always covered up the truths by telling bare faced lies
And though I said I loved her, my words were in disguise
What happened to the girl I knew with ringlets in her hair
The one with freckles on her face? She's now moved on elsewhere.
To lie in love can mask the pain but seeds of doubt are sewn
Faith and trust have just split up and you're left on your own
You say that you have lost your love but you threw it away
Then she swore that she'd get even and pay you back one day.

PAUL COLVIN

Life's Twisted Path

To understand what darkness means, take walks on sunny days
Enjoy a life that's full and bright, in so many wondrous ways
Feel your heart leap in the air as your head spins like a top
For when love has gone and darkness comes, your heart will surely stop.

A blackness drowns your very heart just like the poisoned chalice
You can't contain the hate and hurt and all you see is malice
Your life has ended instantly and hysterically you cry
As tears release us from the truth but still you want to die.

There are plenty more fish in the sea or so the saying goes
So get out there and live your life and leave behind your woes,
Satisfy your every need, being selfish isn't wrong
The walk of life has many twists but you'll find where you belong.

PAUL COLVIN

Lilac Time

Just in from work and feeling dead
And all your thoughts relate to bed
But just relax and have some tea
And tell yourself, this time's for me.

No-one's in, you're on your own
So treat yourself whilst all alone,
Run a bath, add some oil
Watch it swirl, roll and coil.

Soft background music, candlelight
Surround yourself with life's delights,
Your favourite chocolates, glass of wine
Add lavender to soothe your mind.

Pick up the book you read last night;
Now read afresh by candlelight,
Essential oils burn on the shelf
Indulge, enjoy and please yourself.

Tonight the world belongs to you
Relax your mind, enjoy the view,
As the lavender wafts through the air
It's calmness sets you free of care.

Step slowly, softly, feel the elation
Of the sweet and gentle, pure sensation,
You slide down and the bubbles rise
And smother you in perfect guise.

As the water glides across your skin
You feel that tingling warmth within,
All troubles seem to drift away
And this is where you want to stay.

A simple pleasure, sweet caress
As senses in your mind undress
You feel so free and so at ease
Lilac time's the time to please.

Life's luxuries are what you deserve,
And what's in your mind, let you observe,
Immerse yourself with thoughts sublime
And say welcome to your lilac time.□

PAUL COLVIN

Loch Dochart.

Stripped of all possessions, my naked loch lies bare
Flat upon her silver back for all the world to share
An emptiness, just looking up, she feeds the eyes of men
But the waters of this highland loch, made beautiful, my glen.
Rolling trees fall slowly to, waters still at twilight
Reflecting shades of rustic hues on this cool autumn night.
Its somber hills are brought alive, by this, my highland sunset
And a northern sky can let me dream, and troubles, I forget.

PAUL COLVIN

Love And Honour

I hear their voices calling, like an echo from the past
But tonight is not like others, this may be my last
Is this a dream I wonder, or is this a battle cry?
The men have rallied to the flag and roused my heart with pride.
To fight for love and honour, what better way to die
Than to fall for Scotland's freedom, God standing by your side.
My love she lies beside me and a tear falls from her eye
But she knows that I must leave her and never questions why,
I turn around to face her as I bid my last farewell
One final kiss, the fondest kiss, before I face my Hell.
I leave behind a sunset, the red sky up above
I'm holding on to life itself and the one lass that I love.
I bravely fought my darling but the light is fading now
My eyes are blind from blades of steel but I see you somehow.
Deep purple hills at sunset, that's where I want to be
Just lay me down and pray for me then set my spirit free.

PAUL COLVIN

Love Comes And Goes

Love comes in then disappears
Bringing heartache, crying tears
Empty hearts now so bereft
Just lifeless souls with nothing left.
A happy face, a painted smile
They act the fool just like a child
Playing games inside their head
But trust is gone, their hearts are dead.
No hope or faith in anyone
Their dawn becomes a setting sun
The sun will shine on them no more
A twilight life, a blackened door
No tapping toes, no dancing feet
Just dragging shoes on lonely street
Wandering souls with stars above
Just empty hearts in need of love.

PAUL COLVIN

Love In Darkest Hours.

For love was a wonderful sight
And love was the hour of darkness
That came along in morning's depths
And shared some spurious thoughts.
With curious words we made a pact
Think not of past conquests
Nor of notches on a bed
Or care about a name being called
A name of others gone
You tonight are all I need,
All I want and more.

PAUL COLVIN

Love Is?

A burden's such a heavy load, its weight can weigh you down
In a mental state, it has no weight, not like stones or pounds
But it can break a thousand men and toss them to the ground
So be wary of this weightlessness when burdens are around.

It's sometimes called an onus and these can break your back,
Like a virus, it's invisible, and leaves death in its tracks.
You'll never see it coming but you'll know when it attacks
And if you aren't strong enough, your mind will surely crack.

Now love's the biggest of them all, with a power so intense,
It'll take you on your biggest trip and make you feel immense
But when love stops, and heartaches start, it won't make any sense
At least you'll have tasted a life of love and realise its expense.

PAUL COLVIN

Love Or Greed?

How many crusts does one man need
I know not if it's love or greed
He's not alone, there are some more
Collecting fortunes for their chores.

Twelve hours a day times seven days
Their minds to me have faded
No time for rest, never mind play
No wonder they look jaded

Sunlight escapes their every move
And fresh air's just a myth
They work inside a concrete cave
God bless the ones they're with.

The cash, I hope they use it well
To brighten someone's life
To me that's just a living Hell
I can do without the strife.

They just go home and climb 'to bed
Too tired to go out
I'd rather get out of my head
Of that I have no doubt.

PAUL COLVIN

Love Was A Wonderful Sight

For love was a wonderful sight
And love was the hour of darkness
That came along in morning's depths
And shared some spurious thoughts.
With curious words we made a pact
That was lost in false translation,
So deeply melancholic.
Think not of past conquests
Nor notches on my bed
Or care about a name being called
A name of others gone
You tonight are all I need
All I want and more, more, more.

PAUL COLVIN

Loveless

Confused beneath that shallow mind
Condemned by what he hides behind
A hidden secret, a shady lie
And ignorance comes as no surprise.

He's blinded by his arrogance
And thinks of love, a penance,
A punishment, a chore, a task,
What dwells behind that loveless mask?

The eyes possess what's in his soul
And I see black, as black as coal.
A lifeless heart that's been condemned
This kind of black cannot ascend.

A darkness like I've never known
Here, seeds of love were never sewn,
He lives a life, of sorts, it seems
But love for him, exists in dreams.

PAUL COLVIN

Mamie.

A Saturday meant Whiteinch baths, I want those days, so many laughs.
Scared of water, full of fear, the reason Mamie brought me here.
I was five and she eleven, the swimming pool, to her was heaven.
Her confidence was really high and from the highest board she'd dive.

She'd jump right off and straighten out, then disappear completely.
A perfect dive, it went so fast, she'd reappear so neatly.
All I could do was watch in awe, a rubber ring around my waist,
Dangling in the pool below, I'd watch her glide with haste.

I loved to watch my sister swim, it seemed like nothing fazed her
But she was good, if not the best, at her age, in the water.
I loved those days, they're memories now, but still I have a smile
I now can swim and owe it all, to Mamie's special style.

Sometimes we'd miss and down the road, there was this magic place.
Where dreams came true, if for a day, inside this comfy palace.
The seats were huge, the ceilings high, ornate in red and gold
I'd wriggle round then stare at screen, I'm five not very old.

The lights go out and darkness falls and that's the magic sign
Then through the black, there shines a beam, a single little line
The clicking sounds and flickering light, that's how "flicks" got its name,
The picture starts, the screen's alive, a hush now fills the air.

Near the end, I hear a scream and turn to Mamie frightened
She tells me lies and deathly tales, so awful, I start crying.
Banshees wail, fly through the air with horses white and ghostly,
They're scaring me, I want to go but Mamie scared me mostly.

PAUL COLVIN

Mcdonald's Land.

The spider's silken woven web
That glistens in the sun,
It dances in the gentle breeze
Between the pond and lawn.

It wraps itself 'round rustic bench
And waltzes through the air,
Past leaves and shrub, o'er boulder and stone
And through the early misty morn.

In the pond there are no fish
And the fountain now has ceased.
But plants and pots of every size
Now bring this place to life.

The little island of a lawn
Encroached by trees and fauna,
Surrounded by a giant hedge
This is all part of their home.

Telegraph pole stands high and tall
Surveying all below,
From decking to shed and way beyond
It has the ultimate view.

The pergola, all made by hand
Is ageing with the time
This way and that ivy entwines
Adding to this country feel.

A magpie sits in yonder tree,
The bringer of bad luck.
The sun has gone and in its place,
Is now the Scottish rain.

The Scottish rain, that smirry rain,
The kind that goes right through you,
You're fresh of face but soaked right through
That cursed Scottish summer.

It doesn't last and autumn leaves
Are covered in a golden glaze.
The rain and sun have just combined
And now throws off a mist of haze.
The wire basket looking up
At the pole which holds the line,
Is showing age with nature's art
Now painted verdigris.

The squirrel cowers on flower bed
Its swishing bushy tail aglow
It stops, it turns and then decides
To dart under the shed to hide.

The greens, the purples and colours blue,
Blend in so well with Autumn hues.
Old masters tried in vain to paint
This masterpiece of colour.

The skies are blue with pinkish clouds
Red berries on distant trees stand out
The decking with its garden chairs
Inviting us to join us to share.

We all sit out and soak the sun
Not knowing when the rain will come
And marvel at this painted land
The land that they call home.

PAUL COLVIN

Me And Paddy Martin

At Yoker High, I caught the train and went to Craigendoran,
I loved to fish there off the beach but it was always pouring
We used to get there at low tide, to search for rags and lugs,
But cos we hadn't checked the tides, we'd end up looking mugs.
Rods in hand, no bait to fish and soaked right to the skin,
It was up the chippy for a heat and get some food within.
We were hopeless at this game and never caught a salmon
So we'd head home, cold and wet and end up having gammon.

PAUL COLVIN

Me And The Devil.

The flames leapt high an' jiggled aroon
Tae the screechin' sound o' Satan's tune
They fiercely jumped frae North tae South
An' belched up frae the Devil's mouth.
The wind it blew an' flames they flew
A' fiery red wi' streaks o' blue,
Furst went left an' then went right
Wi' Satan's face a' burnin' bright.
Up they shot an' fired wide
Sae frightened noo, ah want tae hide,
The flames had turned frae West tae East
An' in the middle stood the Beast!
The Beast o' Satan, the Devil himsel'
Rose up through fiery flames frae Hell
He roared an' set the night ablaze,
His flamin' eyes on me did gaze.
Whit's the De'il want wi' me?
Ah wisnae gonny wait tae see!
Ah quickly turned an' ran sae fast
An' a' mah life before me flashed.
An' fizzin' roon this tiny heid
Was the thought that Satan wants me deid!
Ah belted ower a field o' green
An' jumped the fences in between
Ah turned aroon' an' a' could see
Wiz the durty Beast still chasin' me.
The field o' green wiz noo bright rid
The tree burnt oot where ah wance hid,
Ah'm sweatin' blood an' screamin' oot
An' hear mah echoes roonabout.
There's naeb'dy here tae hear mah plea
Jist the De'il chasin' efter me.
Ah felt his flames noo lick mah back,
Ah freeze an' stoap deid in mah tracks
An' let oot wan almighty yell
Surroundin' me, the fires o' Hell!
Ah cannae move mah legs or feet
Ahm terrified an' start tae greet.
But jist when Satan comes fur me

Ma wakes me up an' sets me free!

PAUL COLVIN

Mother Nature.

The sun beats down, a cold wind blows
As shapeless clouds drift through the sky
Of reds and pinks and greys and blues
The autumn's gone and winter's nigh.

The tortured skies, a tangled mess,
So frightening yet majestic.
Is light and dark but shadowless
Its colours, so erratic.

The creeping, angry, sweeping storm,
This Eastern force, approaching fast.
It rises up and gathers pace
Then charges down regardless.

The swirling leaves are lifted high
That rustling noise, it circles round.
The branches snap and boughs are bent
Whole trees uprooted from the ground.

Shrill, eerie sound, a gusting wind,
A haunting call, a song of wrath
Macabre thoughts run through the mind
This creepy tune is kept for death.

The wrath of God it takes its toll
As lightning strikes and fells a girl.
The young lass lies on grassy knoll,
She's at her end, this teenage pearl.

She cannot raise a mercy cry
Her body slumped by fallen tree.
A heavy branch across her thigh
Badly hurt, she can't break free.

The pounding, lashing, ice cold rain
Is biting at her battered face.
She lies there still, there's no more pain
She's found her final resting place.

The morning dawns, a new day's here,
No birds, no songs, no language
But lying right in front of me,
Dear Mother Nature's carnage.

PAUL COLVIN

My Dream Queen.

She stands tall, erect and there before me

Stripped naked with exotic beauty

Her silhouette 'gainst morning stars

But I'm imprisoned behind these bars

The stars pick out her curving lines

My eyes exploring almost feeling

It's forbidden, she may not be held

Or touched as if by magic spell

For in a dream we can but see

Yet this heals my heart and warms me.

But then she seems to disappear

As quickly as she had appeared

I looked, I searched but she was gone

Yet still I sought unto the dawn.

Can I love one I have not seen

This vision, this, my beauty queen.

PAUL COLVIN

My Ladies Of The Isle

It is not just a ridge of mountains
They are music 'gainst the sky
Each peak a note pitched in line
The dark shades fade to light
With a treble clef below
The water of this island
A pool of calm tho' stirring
A bowl of crystal blue.
The mountains dance to music
As they alter with the lights
Shadows chasing shadows
Changing shapes to untrained eyes
Dancing in the sky
From somber mood to lively waltz
They creep into their dance
And every note is picked with ease
All eyes should see what I can see
My Ladies of The Isle.

PAUL COLVIN

My Ladybird.

Come fly to me whene'er you will and rest upon my hand
Then sit with me to catch your breath and let your face be fanned
By the gentle breeze warmed by the sun, no don't be feart of me
My little bird o' black and red, I mean no harm to thee.
To me you're like a polished stone, you set my heart alight
So delicate, so beautiful, you're aye a welcome sight
So when you flap your tiny wings and find it's time to rest
Fly to me sweet ladybird and let my hand be your nest.

PAUL COLVIN

My Perfect Answer.

My lady loves me
I know she cares
And in her eyes
A loving stare
For she is mine
My only love
She's my world
She's all I have
And if someday
We ever part
She always knows
She has my heart.
When we're together
Love is real
We never question
How we feel
She's here beside me
By my side
This loving shadow
I'll never hide
She's every move
She's every thought
She's every step
She's all I've got
My little angel
My perfect prayer
I know she loves me
I know she cares.
My perfect love.

PAUL COLVIN

My Perfect Other Half.

She's small, petite, spectacular
Her tastes are so particular
Her choice in clothes immaculate
And I'm her perfect mate.

She strolls with me within her mind
With open eyes, her love is blind
She sees a mirror in her soul
Where I reflect and make her whole.

She thinks of only joys in life
As other thoughts bring only strife
A rich today's tomorrow's wealth
And what is life without our health.

Beleaguered thoughts can hold no place
Upon her happy smiling face
If hearts collide and beat as one
That's when life with love's begun.

PAUL COLVIN

My Rose Has No Thorns

No thorns grow on this sweet rose
Why she's with me, God knows,
I only know what's in my heart
And that's this precious work of art.

PAUL COLVIN

My Saviour

Big and bright
Round and pure
And of her lips
Soft yet strong
Pouting, creased, perfect
To kiss my blues away.
In rain she's sun
Too hot, my fan
She thaws my mind
And stirs my heart
She gave me life,
My saviour.

PAUL COLVIN

Naked Charge.

They face the foe, discard their kilts
Their fired hearts, charged to the hilt
When freedom calls they cannot wilt
And hope this day when blood's been spilt
It's not theirs or their kind.

Longshanks looks on from his throne
Surrounded by his closest crones
Their wisdom he cannot condone
A better group he could not own
Usurpers bought and sold.

They charge bare naked one and all
A clansman's right, Scot's protocol,
In their hearts know some will fall
But freedom has a certain gall
Forward with the fight.

As terror shifts from face to face
To fall today means not disgrace
Scots' hearts and minds are not displaced
For thousands more will take your place
To banish tyranny.□

PAUL COLVIN

Night Thoughts.

My thoughts are hers, her dreams are mine
We feel and see each others minds
Like polished mirrors in the night
Reflecting shades of black and white.

So at ease, so unafraid
Expressing feelings in hearts and heads
We're not cocooned or scared to say
But free to give our thoughts away.

A comfort zone is where we live
Our penny thoughts are ours to give
To sanctify and rectify
Our blackened hearts to purify.

We recognize and understand
Not one should ever take command
Though rows and spats will take their toll
Through love we'll reach our final goal.

PAUL COLVIN

Night Time Friends.

I trudge the lonely darkened stairs, feeling, groping, sliding
Up the dim wall to my room, that's where I'll be hiding
Once in bed, I toss and turn and lock the world outside
My bed is so much nicer when I'm snuggled up inside.
It's there my special friends come by and pass my night away
So please stop by within your dreams and I hope one night you'll stay
For dreams are only pleasant if we're prepared to share
As friends are just like you and I, we show the world we care.

PAUL COLVIN

Night's Garden

This barren, dusty garden, sweeping slowly to the night
A desert, dry and naked, creeps on `til out of sight
Two trees entwined together, make their canopy of love
And streams of gentle moonlight beams, scan my desert from above.
Lush trees fold down, beyond my view, when daylight disappears
I know each branch, yes every leaf, and all the fruits they bear,
It's where foxes start their midnight runs, skulking in the dark
I too know all their waking sounds and that smoking cougher's bark.

PAUL COLVIN

No Apology Necessary

Their eyes met, not for the last
but the stare was that of love
Blue eyes into blue eyes,
enveloped every sense
Ownership or being owned,
set their pulses racing
Organs set on fire,
hearts aflame with passion
Their hands touched, lips met,
breaths stopped for an instant
Slaves to lust though love was real,
there was no apology.

PAUL COLVIN

No Face, No Name

Oblivious to everything they just keep walking by
Along this path to Heaven where kneeling grievors cry
They're talking to their loved ones, counting headstones as they pass
The crumbled names lie split in two, toppled on the grass.

On its own, a marbled wall, its curving stone so cold
And opposite, an obelisk, stands proudly for the bold
Each name carved out with gratitude of local men who fell
Now they're resting peacefully, these young men died in Hell.

Just a name, no epitaph, no dates, no time, no place
My mind's eye shows me photographs, I try to place a face
Surrounded by a privet in a courtyard of York stone
Once they fought with thousands, now they lie alone.

PAUL COLVIN

No-One Can Take Your Place.

You think I'm crazy cos I play the fool
You say I'm mad but really think I'm cool
I wonder why you got mixed up with me
No-one can take your place.

So many times I've called you on the phone
Those lonely nights lying here on my own
I only wish that you were here with me
No-one can take your place.

Those sunny days when you walked with me
On summer streets we let the people see
Two people laughing yet so much in love
No-one can take your place.

You're still walking down the same old streets
Still saying hi to those we used to meet
And I pretend I'm listening by your side
No-one can take your place.

I know I'm not special cos I buy you things
Write you letters or the songs I sing
We're two halves just looking for the perfect whole
That's why no-one can take your place.

PAUL COLVIN

Now Who Could That Be?

The silence was killed by a bang on the door
And my poor little heart nearly fell to the floor
Startled, I wondered "who could that be"?
So I said to myself, "Let's go see".
It can't be my neighbours or one of my friends
They'll all be sleeping, it's now the day's end,
It can't be my love, she's too far away
So I said to myself, "I think we should pray"!
Tired and cold, I rose out of the chair
And a sharp eerie whistle rang through the chilled air,
I put on a brave face and manoeuvred my way
Along with myself at the end of the day.
I paused at the door and focused my eyes
Ready and able for any surprise,
I slowly turned the handle and gently pulled the door
And the creaking hinges pierced my ears like they've never done before.
I wasn't ready for this shock and tried to catch my breath
For standing in my doorway was the man called Doctor Death.

PAUL COLVIN

Obesity.

Obesity's the curse of life, from young to very old
But some, they wallow in their weight, whilst others are so bold.
To say that being super-sized, it fills them with a pride
But they must know, their junk food snacks, are killing them inside.

They cannot run, can hardly walk and sit down when they can
No sport for them, they have instead, a fry-up from the pan.
Straight after that they'll have their crisps and chocolates they will munch
And wash it down with pints of coke, this all before their lunch.

No definition on their face, it's puffed up and ballooned
Some can't go out and others won't, like hermits, they're marooned.
They'd love to go to clubs but won't, for fear of ridicule
And wish they'd carried on a sport, when they were still at school.

This state, it is an illness and should be treated so
But they must try to help themselves, then confidence will grow.
Their friends and families want to see them, mix with other folk,
So try some walks, eat healthy foods and ditch the crisps and Coke!

PAUL COLVIN

Old Stale Sweat

There's always one beyond reproach
I shy away, dare not approach
She masks herself in cheap perfume
And makes outside, a crowded room
To walk unwashed with old stale sweat
I feel my senses start to fret
My stomach turns as though in breach
The stench it makes me want to reach
In summer's heat I gasp for breath
Before my senses die a death
Fresh sweat forms on my brow
I wish to God that she could now
Pay society her debt
And wash away that old stale sweat
It doesn't cost to wash and groom
Then outside would be an open room.

PAUL COLVIN

On The Buses (Disgusting)

A tickly cough, a baby cries
Mum cleans her nose and dries her eyes
Her fingers delved in baby's face
A dirty hanky, commonplace.

She wipes her hand on where she rests
And then adjusts her massive breasts
She wipes the sweat beneath her arms
Just one of many disgusting charms.

Her itching leg deserves a scratch
Is that a flea she's trying to catch?
Scratching nails kill off the itch,
What else is there, you filthy bitch?

She can't sit still and makes a fuss
As she goes to sleep on a busy bus.
Her baby cries but she just snores
At first a little then she roars!

Now she's getting on my wick
She's burping now and her baby's sick,
She makes no effort to clean the mess
As it all runs down the baby's dress.

The stench is wafting through the bus
And now it's hitting all of us
The driver's even lost the plot
And stops and says you've had your lot.

The first to go is the filthy bitch
She stands up, gives her skirt a hitch.
That cloth would make a six berth tent
And she should be paying ground rent!

She's wider than the bus itself
And turns sideways to ease herself
Through the doors but sticks halfway,
What a start to a brand new day.

PAUL COLVIN

On Top Of The World

Messy hair with no front teeth
Dirty noses, mucky face
Big wide grins and rosy cheeks
We think we'll never age.
Torn shirts, sleeves rolled up
String holds up your shorts
A leather football by your feet
Above them tartan legs.
A big fat lip or one black eye
But always with skint knees
Fights arranged to show who's boss
With boxing gloves or not.
Knuckles cut, rapped by cards
Covered now with scabs
Glasses bound with plasters
One lens usually smashed
And brylcreem wrapped about your hair
Stolen? But of course!
No trainers then just sandals
Or hobnailed football boots!
The ball, uncoated leather
With a bulging dirty lace
And every time you headered it
It cut your head to bits.
If you didn't you were dead
We cried but that was rare
No molly coddling then.
Some of us had hankies
But we'd rather use our shirt
And those multi-coloured jumpers
Hid a multitude of sins.
We were rogues and knew no fear
But respect, we knew that well.
Boxing gloves were everywhere
They were on your Christmas list
So out you'd go on Christmas Day
And squared up to each other
When flyweights faced the fatties
And hoped you weren't punched.

The rounds were counted in your head
And when you thought the time was up
Out came the pot and spoon!
Then when you had finished
The pot went on your head
Playing soldiers round the dump
Gaining points for how you died.
The first to reach a hundred won
That was twenty deaths a day
Dinnertime was getting near
So we'd be on our way.
No one had a watch
We had timers in our guts
And we never came back late.
The pot came off as we walked back
Its use was now a drum
And the clunking spoon would let mums know
That we were coming home.
I haven't even started yet
But I think you know me now,
Was a pretty picture painted
Of my golden age now gone?

PAUL COLVIN

Once Upon A Broken Heart.

Your love was sketched out then embroidered in Hell
And the tapestry hung like a colourful veil
Your face was a picture, not one of conceit
Such a clever disguise that surrounded deceit.

You gift wrapped your charms with ribbons and bows
Portrayed with beauty in elegant clothes
A white devil stalking the most foolish of men
I bought all of this, thinking you were my friend.

With you by my side, I never felt cheated
I was the victor, never defeated
You're quite the little expert, you made this an art
Yes, I bought your charms but you broke my heart.

PAUL COLVIN

One Night As She Lay Sleeping.

One night as she lay sleeping, I whispered in her ear
Hush! My little angel, you're safe now, I am here
I promise to watch over you and keep you free from danger
So save your love and dreams for me, don't give them to a stranger.

We lived our lives in broken dreams but love kept us together
I told her of the plans I had and just how much I love her
But I can tell you dreams come true, they just don't disappear
Just one last kiss before I go, will wipe away your tears.

Your eyes are red from painful tears, there was nothing you could do
Cry no more, I have not gone, I'm watching over you.
I love you more than life itself and love you more each day
So save your love and dreams for me, don't let them slip away.

Let your dreams surround us both, dreams are made for sharing
You showed me what unselfish meant and spent a lifetime caring
Then took me in and filled a life, a lonely life, with pleasures
Then gave to me the gift of love and that I'll always treasure.

The one I'm watching over now has filled my heart with pride
She smiles in sleep, as if she knows, I'm standing by her side
Just lying there, a smiling face with lips I've often kissed
We travelled hard and loved the same, that same love now is missed.

But she awakes, it's not the same, a day of grief and sorrow
Memories are fading fast, with no hope for tomorrow
Put your hand in my hand now, my love for you, you know
Just one last kiss, and one last smile, before I have to go.

So when you go to sleep at night, I'll be there beside you
And when you wake, I'll still be there, I've been the whole night through
Just taking care of you my love, the same as you would do
Then when we meet, I'll start again, a lifetime loving you.

PAUL COLVIN

One White Feather.

Fifty yards on and forty feet high
A little white feather appeared in the sky
Yet walking with thousands it came down to meet
Little old me as I walked down the street.
Was it an angel dressed in disguise?
No. This was my friend to my little eyes
And probably thinking, that was quite cool
Yes, that was my best friend, playing the fool.
Always around me taking good care
And I know in my heart, my friend's always there
So when a white feather falls, someone's letting you know
That they're with you forever and just saying hello.
That's the friendship of angels, they won't let you down
Friends are forever and the best stay around
They're your shadow in sunlight, the wind in the trees
They're your voice in an echo through a light summer breeze
They're the heart of the sunrise, the blue moon as it sets
A white feather or angel, they never forget.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Ongoing Arguments

Why did you hit him?
He deserved it. He Did!
I'll show him who's boss.

You're just like your dad
A bully, a coward
Born to rule then run.
Apologise this minute
Just say you're sorry NOW!

I'm getting out, you're mental.
Sorry for hitting my kid! ?
What harm does a slap do?
I turned out alright.

Except in the head.
That boy's in tears.
Crying with fear.
He didn't know that was wrong.
Immersed in his head
Some twenty years on
Wishing him or his father, dead.

PAUL COLVIN

Oscar Wilde.

Oscar Wilde. 17th July 2012.

You died a hundred deaths whilst staring at the stars
Your bed stared out a hole striped with prison bars
They tried to kill you off but they couldn't put you down
You cannot kill the man who wears the crown.

They ridiculed your life, was that itself a crime?
Chastised by your peers and demoralised through time
You were the socialite, the one to be seen with
Though ostracised, you've now become a myth

In that lonely prison cell, words roamed through your mind
Sifting through love's portraits left behind
You painted colour scenes with every word you wrote
A masterpiece embroidered with each quote.

Some thought of you a god but the devil came as well
And the devil's side became your living Hell
You're obsessed with piety yet have no point of view
Goodbye and take your god there with you.

I bet you're lying there, a smile on your face
Laughing at the ones who're now disgraced
Some say you did not die, some say that you're still here
The man, once scandalised is revered.

You lived a coloured life and knew the side of pain
Your vanity suggests you lived your life in vain
The once flamboyant gent, surrendered to their plan
Persecuted for, loving a man.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Our Patron Saint Of Glasgow

I stand alone upon a hill, viewing dear old Glasgow
And lying just behind me here, the Cathedral of St. Mungo.
There hangs a lively painted plaque, upon medieval wall,
A lovely plaque that has a past, is strange to one and all.

The founder of this dear green place, was born at Culross,
In 518, a bastard son, of Thenaw expelled Princess.
In 543, he built a church, upon the River Clyde,
The Cathedral stands on that spot now and we show it off with pride.

A pagan prince drove out our saint, and so he fled to Wales
But he returned to save the souls, and some say cured their ails.
The massive crowd had gathered round but most were out of reach,
Then ground rose up beneath his feet, now all could hear him preach.

A branch of hazel, so folklore goes, was used to light a tree,
To light a darkened passage, in a Culross Monastery.
A bird, a robin, His master's pet, was killed by some disciples,
St Mungo brought life to the bird; St Serf danced in the aisles.

The Queen of Cadzow, mistrusted wife, had lost her spouse's ring.
A Clyde caught salmon, ring in mouth, was presented to the King!
Finally we have the bell, the one he brought from Rome.
He rang the bell when someone died, for parishioners to come.

A motto grew, from that one speech, about our native ward,
"Lord, Let Glasgow Flourish by the preaching of the word".
The Tree, the Bird, the Fish, the Bell, The Glasgow Coat Of Arms,
Embedded in Glaswegian's mind, full of St Mungo's charms.

PAUL COLVIN

Paolo Nutini (In Concert 8-4-'10 Rah) .

He glided through its darkness to a rapturous applause
The band, already on the stage, were there to fight his cause
And all his kilted footmen, were there to have a ball
As the young man bowed before them, at The Royal Albert Hall.

He would sing his songs to dance to, and sing his songs of love
Acknowledging his followers, high in the Gods above
To those who sat and those who stood, he merely done the same
And this famous hall erupted at the mention of his name.

He danced so slow then rocked so hard and sweated blood and tears
Performing like a veteran, three times his many years
He shuffled to calypso, played by his twelve-piece band
And the mighty Albert Hall that night, was putty in his hands.

He sang the sweetest notes that the ladies came to hear
They clapped and stood and sang along, they'd come from far and near
But then he showed why he's the one, the mood was in his shoes
It was raw soul sung straight from his toes that powered up the blues.

He was waltzing through the London air, they loved his every move
The song and dance man struck his chords and danced within his groove
Our maestro shuffled 'round the mike then fell onto his knees
But the voice raged on before them, he's an army here to please.

And still they danced and sang along, jumping on their feet
I sat in awe, I couldn't move, I couldn't leave my seat
Three times tonight, I sat amazed, at the power in his voice
But then I got up, danced and sang and lifted up the noise.

It's three days since I saw him and still I get that buzz
It's not just that he's brilliant or simply one of us
He sings songs we relate to with a voice that's fresh and new
And The Royal Albert Hall that night, was testament to you.

PAUL COLVIN

Papa Mio.

(For Carmela) .

Angels fly with feathered wings

When someone dies an angel sings

And you say peace that angel brings,

I only felt the pain.

If angels never took my dad

I'd be happy, never sad

Now you want me to feel glad,

You took the one I loved.

Angels took my only light

But still his halo shines so bright

This saint who taught me wrong from right,

You took all that from me.

PAUL COLVIN

Peace And Quiet.

A quiet room is all we ask
With a nice clean comfy bed
A hearty meal to set us up
For whatever lies ahead.

PAUL COLVIN

Penny Thoughts

I remember playing in the park or on the streets 'til after dark,
No cars belching dirty fumes just big wide streets with lots of room.
Now I'm old and going grey, I learned life the real way.
I felt so free out with my mates and we got in some sorry states
Chasing girls for no reason, every day for all four seasons
The talking stopped, what do we do? We didn't have a bloody clue,
We were twelve and little men, all grown up, we thought back then
But some of us had never kissed and others had that on their list.
My life was in a hopeful time when childhood days seemed so sublime,
All our time was spent on leisure, simple games were so much pleasure,
I never had a dirty penny but memories, I have so many.

PAUL COLVIN

Peter Bennet

A drunkard, Peter Bennett, he's sixty five today,
This grey haired man, a local man, who's still alive today.
We're most surprised, cos he's the loudest, man around this place
But he's just left, our birthday boy, completely off his face!

He saunters in, and never waits, to instruct us of his presence,
His booming voice, a gruff old voice, is full of effervescence.
He'll hang his coat, in wintertime, fumbling with his zipper
And then looks down, to his huge feet, he's still got on his slippers!

He'll then proceed, to tell us all, how hard he'd worked that day,
A painting job, a garden job, oh how the pensioners play!
He'll wander round, the bar at first, "what company will I join"?
He's so perturbed, at missing out, on stories we're enjoying.

He's got his pint, sits at the bar, his stories now unfold,
A happy man, a lovely man, who keeps us all enthralled
With telling tales, true or false, we're drunk so we don't care
This gentle giant, smiles away, blue stories fill the air.

He's not the sort, to back away, when having a discussion,
If he's right, if he's wrong, he'll carry on this mission.
The only time, that he'll renege, is when mum makes a demand,
He knows his place, she's the boss, he jumps at her command.

He's all made up, just got a pass, a travel card for free
Just jumps a bus, that's paid by us, the likes of you and me.
We've been known, to buy him drinks, a Scotch upon his birthday
But we don't care, cos he's our mate, we'd buy him drinks 'til doomsday! ! !

He'll call across, to all the pub, starts telling us his joke
The one he heard, an hour before, whilst drinking with this bloke.
He's doubled up, with laughter now, we're all a bit confused
He's lost the plot, mixed up two jokes, but still we've been amused.

This old man, an OAP, was surely put on earth
To help along, the needy throng but maybe that's a myth.
He's down here, to ensure, our lives are much more grim
And I believe, he's mastered that and that's all down to him.

PAUL COLVIN

Platform 3.

I wandered 'round that airport just staring at the floor
Feeling lost and helpless, hurting to the core
Eleven blissful days we spent, spent with one another
Not one single hour apart, we always were together.
The emptiness, the loneliness, that hollowness of mind
A feeling worse than helplessness, I see but I am blind
I'm going round in circles, lost and in a daze
I see a thousand people but only see her face.
A single kiss, a simple kiss as she got on the train
But the glass doors closed behind her and my efforts were in vain
I pushed the buttons panicking, shocked, surprised, dismayed
The platform held me rigid as the train slowly pulled away.
A glancing wave through moving doors, the last I saw her face
But that single kiss, is with me now, and holds its pride of place.

PAUL COLVIN

Plum's In Victoria Park.

Plum's In Victoria Park. 22nd February 2013.

On their way back from the pub
They decide they'll found a boating club
In Victoria park, there sit the boats
These drunken fathers stare and gloat.
The drink takes them back to childhood times
To peaceful, happier, warmer climes.
It's then they say, we'll have a race
And a smile beams from each wee face
Pick yer boat, we're safe, it's dark
And Plum sees his "The Cutty Sark"!
Their jackets off and sleeves rolled up
They're racing for The Whiteinch Cup
No rules or laws, no single file
Our Men O' War race dodgem style
Captain Pugwash pushes to the fore
Paddling by hand he's got no oars
If he win he'll have, the cup to keep
As he races past the swans that sleep
But the boys in blue have a cab that waits
To ferry home these sorry states
"Come in big Plum, yer time is up,
There never was a bloody Cup"
And so they took him back to mum
That's my dad, his nickname? Plum!
Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Poets' Minds

A poet is like the artist
With a blank canvas
He or she can be anyone
Or anything.
Old or young, a child perhaps,
A lover, warrior, hero
No boundaries set
No restrictions exist
Be who you never were
See what I don't
Do not as I say
But do as you see
You are the artist
Your brush is a pen
Write from your mind
You, you are the poet
And just for one verse
I set you free.

PAUL COLVIN

Poseidon (A Spa Resort On Ischia)

They step into the water and float across the pool
Their bulk, defying gravity, but me they cannot fool
They try to walk the bottom but their mass keeps them afloat
They'll never sink and when they swim they're just like human boats.
From waddling ducks to graceful swans though most have sagging skin
They can't look in their mirrors to see the state they're in
Some dress up down by the pool in the latest fashion trends
As lovers strolling hand in hand watch others walk with friends.
It's a gallery, a photo-shoot, a cat walk for beginners
From young to old and in between, all are saints or sinners.

PAUL COLVIN

Promises

Promises given are seldom received
With the merit deserved, as we've all been deceived.
Pipe dreams are promised but rarely are kept
As our bodies are blessed with a brain so inept.

Don't promise the earth when it's not yours to give,
Don't spoil that moment, life's given to live;
Who gave you the power to shatter a life,
To take away dreams and replace them with strife?

PAUL COLVIN

Pursuing Love.

Each little place that I pursue
Is only sough because of you
A purer love I'll never find
For I have you within my mind.

PAUL COLVIN

Ra Furst Date

He used his da's razor to spruce up looks
It's no easy task wi' a face full o' plooks
He cut a' the heids aff an' cried, the wee sook
Aye! Jist like his pals, that bunch o' wee crooks.

A' covered in plasters, a face like the moon
A furst rate disaster, he's greetin' in tune.
His eyes are rid raw an' the tears still run doon,
They think they're wee men but that's a' come too soon.

When yer a man a shave disnae maiter
But when yer fifteen wi' a face full o' craters
Ye know it's no' right so save it fur later,
That's vanity's prize fur a stupit furst dater!

PAUL COLVIN

Rachele

A thousand lines from just one look
One simple glance could write a book
She has no love except her art
But in those eyes, I see her heart.
Humility is what I see
Married to her artistry
She never seeks to take the floor
And seldom pictured at the fore.
But why? Because the beauty's there
Her coyness should be given air.
Awake, alive, a spirit free
Yet in the background she will be
Take your place, stand tall and proud
And let your inner self shout loud
For you're the one who holds that key
I look in you and I see me
For your eyes see, your eyes see all
Though words are scarce, I hear your call
Your heart comes through in every sketch
And in your art your words are etched
Words are pure and not uncouth
For your eyes speak of only truths
A soothing soul, artistic hand
Like Egypt's sand she sweeps the land
With Cleopatra's eyes she scans
Her wild spirit thrusts to dance
'Til night times silence breaks her call
Yet still love shines, embracing all.

PAUL COLVIN

Respect Love

I feel my heart beneath this chest, it murmurs oh so lightly
And the tears that flood this withered face can make a man unsightly
But would you have me hide all this and live a loving lie
No! Before I show love disrespect, I would rather die.

PAUL COLVIN

Restless Angel

Lay down easy, restless angel
Lay down slow and rest your head
Lay down easy, restless angel
And let this night, pass in your bed.

Dawn is coming, coming through the darkness
The red sun's rising, in the sky
Make a wish now, restless angel
Before I leave, and say goodbye.

If you hear me, in the distance
Call my name, and I'll be there
I'm so lonely, life is lonely
I need a love, love to share.

I'm beside you, always will be
I am lying, where you are
You're the one, the one I dream of
You're my sun, my guiding star.

I see your hair, lay on your pillow
Your perfume lingers, in the air
If you miss me, like I miss you
Just turn around and I'll be there.

Silks and satins, shimmer gently
The morning light, picks out your face
The lace and cotton, dress I bought you
Is laid across, my favourite place.

Lay down easy, restless angel
Lay down slow and rest your head
Lay down easy, restless angel
And let this night, pass in your bed.

PAUL COLVIN

Righting Of Wrongs.

The cup of life, what does it mean?
The birth to the death and all in between
My life's been cursed or has it been blessed
With a halo of light and chains 'round my chest.

My cup runneth over – what does that mean?
Fulfillment of dreams from a life so obscene
Lord can You help me? Show me the light.
Life corrupted my mind and failed me in sight.

I have caused sorrow, please straighten my mind
I see through eyes, where once I was blind.
Cut all my chains, set me free of this grief
I now have hope, You gave me belief.

PAUL COLVIN

Rolled Gold

Her skin is soft but not as silk
And nor as velvet or that ilk,
They're far too coarse to gauge her skin
And I know what I feel within.
It's like a molten film of gold
No imperfections, newly rolled
But she breathes life and gold cannot
And gold is cold whilst she is not,
In my head my visions keep
So I'll take my thoughts with me to sleep.

PAUL COLVIN

Rolling River

By day, by night, you wander, singing your same song
Searching for your answer; where do you belong?
Where have you come from, where do you go?
I seek the answer you already know.
You run past fallen bridges, through fields of lushest greens
Where people sit and stare at you, they find you so serene
They close their eyes and dream a dream and wish they were as free
Whilst passers by look on in awe at the majesty they see.
Your routine never changes, the same path every day
You move with grace yet wild and free, in a very calming way.
I walk with you and hear your call as you move from town to town
Turning every corner and daily turn around
You're the lifeblood of all cities, hypnotising as you go
From a stream into a river, to the ocean you will flow.

PAUL COLVIN

Sail Away.

Escaping on a sunlit haze
My eyes transfixed on purple gaze
I leave behind my youthful days,
To seek my fame and fortune.

Our crowded boat 300 strong
Our sails are full to the sailors song
And to wave goodbye, a mighty throng
But no-one's there for me.

We crash through foaming, surging waves
As one man finds his watery grave
And stories told of black men slaves
Held captive down below.

The righteous read from books and pray
Allaying fears of Judgement Day
Dreaded thoughts may come my way
But I fear not its coming.

The stench so thick it hurts my eyes
And vomit spewed where bodies lie
Open flesh wounds, hear them cry
Sympathy and sorrow.

Our blighted ship cuts lashing rain
No laughter now just fear and pain
God help those wrapped up in chains
Headed for Newfoundland.

My dream is now a distant thought
No longer do I feel distraught
But thankful to the dream I sought
As we approach our end.

PAUL COLVIN

Salmon Fishing On The A'An.

The Croft Inn on Glenlivet's land
Was where we stayed, five summers past.
The River A'an, was near to hand
So that was where, our flies we'd cast.

A salmon rises to a fly,
We cast our lines, awaiting tugs.
With expectations running high
We think, these salmon must be mugs.

We see the fish all in a pool,
Approach with stealth, we take no chance.
The salmon, they see us the fool
And lead us on a merry dance.

We started with anticipation
Which quickly led to expectation.
That did not last, it's now frustration,
For us tonight, no celebration!

PAUL COLVIN

Samuel Gracie.

Young Sam he is a Rangers' fan
From Parkhead Cross, a Glasgow man.
He left his home, down south he'd come
To stay in London town.

At Charing Cross, that's where we met,
He's based in Lady Skinner
And off to Fulham he will go,
That's straight after his dinner.

I wish him well when he moves on
It's nice to meet Glaswegians.
He's all wrapped up and set to go,
A lovely man to know.

PAUL COLVIN

Sands Of Hope,

(The Sands of Torre del Greco, Campania) .

A thousand oars crash down as one
From first light 'til day is done
Each stroke beat by the pounding drum
Each drum beat drowned by constant hum
A whip on hand to tame the brave
For an open sea's the rebel's grave
But still they come with wind filled sails
Some shredded from the storms and gales
The smell of death 'mongst living drones
Waft out from 'neath the old ship's bones
these broken hearted ruins lie
Beneath a battered crimson sky
The sands so black scream out to us
These sands from Hell, The Devil's puss
A graveyard from a distant past
Lie shattered hulls and broken masts
They sailed in hope from distant lands
They sailed to settle on these sands.

PAUL COLVIN

Satan's Queen

Every time I hit the town
A dozen faces turn around
Tonight we'll dance then sleep 'til dawn
Says the angel with the black dress on.

Skirts like belts, legs long and strong
Made for dancing all night long
High heels stab the streets she walks,
Her darkened lane where money talks.

Don't talk too much, she's here to sell
Some say she was made in Hell
Satan's queen has come for you
But Heaven's where she'll take you to.

You pay the price and name the place
For money, she can change her face
Be whoever you want her to be,
For she's your dream, your fantasy.

Loins embraced by sucking thighs
As the meter ticks in loveless eyes
Her love comes in the shape of cash
With no receipt but perhaps a rash!

PAUL COLVIN

Scott Brown

This man's a hero to the fans with his gallus little stance
Determination, grit and steel, we'll always have a chance.
He took the field against the foe, his eyes all fired up
Relentless running up and down, the day we won the cup.

He led the midfield charge that day, he ran the show for us
The crowd were brilliant, sang all day, Hampden was a buzz
And Broony's usual confidence was brimming with desire
He turned, encouraged all our Bhoys and us, the Celtic choir.

The new turf sapped the strength from most but not our Mr Brown
Wee Scotty put them through the Hoops, a class all of his own.
He left them standing, running past and used his blistering pace
To leave them stranded far behind and light up this whole place.

Ecstatic crowds of green and white, rose when he got the ball
Our current maestro in midfield got stuck into them all.
His energy, strength and power proved that he was one to watch
And with his skill and prowess, he won Man of the Match!

Let's not forget we got the goals, the first by young O'Dea
From Shunsuke's cross, a perfect nod, and we were on our way.
The blue side were also on their way but they were heading out
We waved goodbye and sang a song which left them in no doubt.

Aiden scored the other goal whilst taking on some clown
A lovely move within the box before he hacked him down.
I can't remember who he was but he was shown red
Aiden stepped up to the spot, their goalie left for dead.

So take a bow, you gave us all, a day that we can savour
You played the game, the Celtic way, and showed that mob no favour.
Young Scott Brown, you came of age, the day you wore the Hoops
And now you are, a Celtic man and loved by all the troops.

PAUL COLVIN

Scott Brown - The Best Booking Ever!

A screamer had silenced the whole of the pub
And the faces just dropped in our wee London club
It was the third time this season the old firm had met
And our goalie's first job? Pick the ball out the net!
Some say his bite his bite is worse than his bark
Some say it's time he stepped up to the mark
He may not be Cesar, Maley or Stein
But his performance that day was a sight to be seen.
Down to ten men and down by a goal
The football we played was taking its toll
On the team with eleven whilst we were supreme
They were one more but we played as a team.
Broonie that day was captain fantastic
The pub was euphoric, the football emphatic.
He cut inside a defence so bereft
Then switching the ball from his right to his left
The sweetest of strikes, he curled it wide
His rejoicing so simple, he just strode to one side
And stood there defiant, his arms outstretched
Pride and the passion on his face deeply etched,
His whole body rigid with steel in his eyes
And the look that he gave was not one of disguise
No blink of an eye, no movement, his actions so profound,
He noised them up to breaking point, yet never made a sound.

PAUL COLVIN

Searching.

I always look to see her there
To let her know how much I care
In this world it's hard to find
That special one, a common kind
Who sees in me a mirrored soul
A woman who makes a man feel whole
My eyes look round this crowded place
But I can't see her friendly face
A thousand words, it's just a noise
I listen out for one sweet voice
Why do I search, it's killing me
The pain is there for all to see
Another night, a lonely night
One single kiss could make this right
A sleepless night, an aching head
Without her love, this heart is dead.

PAUL COLVIN

See That Wee Wummin

Talk! My God, she loves tae talk
That's why she goes fur walks
Stoaps everybuddy in the street
Aye! Everyone she meets.
The weather's furst, that always furst
Then efter that, the deaths
She'll talk fur bloody `oors oan end
An' never takes a breath!
The gossip! Aye, the slander,
Aye coatin' sumbdy aff
Some poor soul's goat burnin' ears
An a' she dis is laugh!
At last she says she'll huv tae go
She's goat tae catch `er bus.
Don't kid yersel', we're a' the same
She's jist ane o' us!

PAUL COLVIN

Self Pride

You are yourself not someone else
Do not decry, dare not deny
When asked or told you're something less
Stand proud and say, I'm me.
You cannot be what you're not,
No matter what your background
Don't be afraid of truths
Do not give way to higher claims
Stand tall and look them in the eye
Do not cringe at parents' flaws
But respect the lot you have
Thank them for the gift of life
And pity those who put you down.

PAUL COLVIN

Severed Love

The deep pain sleeps, it hurts nae mair
This broken heart is heavy sair
For I have lost my love sae fair
She's taken wi' anither.

My eyes are closed but blood still seeps
This severed heart now aching, weeps
And in my mind dullness sweeps
Nae longer we're thegither.

The open road I'll wander by
And sleep beneath its starry sky
A loneliness without reply
For I hae found nae ither.

PAUL COLVIN

Silence Is For Sundays

Is it silence ye want? Ah'll gi'e ye bloody silence!
She spits her words with an angry vehemence.
Ah remember when peace and quiet wiz fur Sundays
An' here's you, a' high an' mighty, thinkin' you're a sum'dy
An' there wiz ah, jist tryin' tae be nice, that's how I startit talkin'
But you, ya nyaff, see if ah hud known, ah'd chista kep' oan walkin'.
See, folks like youse get oan mah wick, ya spoilt little brat
A' ah asked, tae pass the time, wiz tae huv a little chat.

PAUL COLVIN

Silhouettes And Shadows.

In what direction does he walk?
In what direction does she talk?
All I see are dull black shapes
Steeped in rain and darkness.

Multi-coloured lights shine
Diffused by teeming rain
And in amongst these glaring glows,
The silhouettes and shadows.

Faceless people trudging
Bent and stooped and cold
With angled brollies stutter past
Shining roads and pavements.

PAUL COLVIN

Smart Alec!

Shoosht! Shoosht! D'ye hear whit ah say,
Noo behave or ah'll gie ye a belt,
Ah'll skelp ye fur nothin'; Don't look away
An' fur ance in yir life, jist dae as yir telt!

Ah'm tellin' mah ma oan you, when ah get in
An' she'll tell mah da an' you'll get a skelp!

Well, ah'll tell ye this, ye know clipin's a sin
An' when yir da starts, don't look here fur help!

Well ah didnae know that clipin's a sin
An' ah'll no' tell mah ma so ye'll no' get a skelp,
Ah'll no' tell hur anythin' when I get in
An' ah'll no' look tae you cos ah'll no' need yir help! !

PAUL COLVIN

So Free.

The lonely bird flies northward as though she doesn't care
Her outspread wings move lazily as she rides September's air,
The dullest sky this autumn morn as the wind begins to rise
She plays her song through old oak leaves against the greyest skies.
Un-nerved by heavy rains that fall, un-moved by movement just below
No-one, no thing can read her mind as she observes life's steady flow.
She bides her time for time is hers, it's just another day
Then comes a breeze, she pushes off, she knows she cannot stay.
Her idle wings they seem so slow but then she starts to soar
She's soaring into still grey skies, up, up, to Heaven's door.

PAUL COLVIN

Some Things Never Change.

The floodlights tower like giant spires, □
But unlike Oxford these are ours.□
Our chorus sings down on the floor
In green and white, The Celtic choir.

The colours swaying to and fro□
From the massive crowd gathered below
Their voices strong with words so clear□
They chant, Hail Hail The Celts Are Here.□
□
They watch with passion and with pride, □
Lose or draw, they'll never hide□
For these fans come from far and wide, □
To cheer The 'Tic, The Hoops, The Bhoys.□

Their loyalty it knows no bounds
From Jungle depths they roar out loud, □
The Celtic end is just as proud□
"Angelic" voices sing aloud! ! □

The spires now have sadly gone□
Once standing up, we're sitting down.□
The rest's the same or so they say,
Still playing on the Celtic way.□

The Players here at Celtic Park,
Will freely show their brilliance.□
When backs to wall as foes attack,
Is when they show resilience.

I remember fondly as a child,
A goal was scored the fans went wild
They'd jump aloft and shout and scream
With kisses, hugs their faces beam.

Now Paradise, that's not its name,
Though I'll go on believing
But who can blame these loyal fans,
For thinking this as Heaven

In our wee club, it's just the same
To us, this isn't just a game.
A way of life, there is no doubt.□
And no-one here is wanting out
That's our team and they're our Bhoys
They ply their trade in Glasgow□
But the Dear Green Place that we all know
Is Celtic Park, our Paradise.

PAUL COLVIN

Souls For Sale.

They're all dressed up, they've got the gear
Their trainers tracksuits, sportswear.
They aren't rich but buy the best,
That's street cred's favourite acid test.

Some have their hair cut once a week,
So sharp, so fresh, they look so sleek.
The most expensive wares you'll find
Are worn by them but they don't mind.

Their trainers we could not afford
For us, too much, they're censored!
Their aftershaves, their gels and creams
Available to all with dreams!

They're in the pub, a quiet drink
With all their mates, it makes me think,
They laugh and drink the night away
Yet some have never worked a day!

What's all the fuss and who's ashamed
Well they're not fussed and won't be blamed,
They use the system, get free cash
That's why they always look so flash.

Morals, principles, where's their pride?
All they want is their free ride
Once a fortnight, sign the dole
It seems like some have sold their soul.

PAUL COLVIN

Stliyan 'stan' Petrov.

That number stood wherever he played
And in that minute, thousands prayed
No silence but applause from fans
Throughout the world for Stan The Man.
At Villa Park tears filled his eyes
The next day it was Paradise
Where sixty thousand sang his name
And banners flew throughout the game.
Respected by his peers and foes
We remembered days not long ago
Where this humble man, so proud, upright,
Loved to wear the green and white.
He never stopped, he'd run all day
In his own peculiar, lunging way
A midfield ace with workman's flair
Who battled hard but battled fair.
He loved a scrap and loved a fight
Our 19 fought for all that's right
His goals would grace the greatest show
And we were sad to see him go
Though not as sad as we feel now
As Stan was dealt a hammer blow
He's battling now a force unseen
His diagnosis unforeseen.
God bless you Stan, you're in our prayers
Let your family share our thoughts and cares
If God exists, let it be seen
And cure our Stan who wears 19.

PAUL COLVIN

Street Life.

The tenements where lights shine bright
November's fog can't hide their fights
The fog will rise then mist will meet
These callous roads, these bloody streets
For silence rules and no-one hears
The cries of pain, they live in fear
They dare not talk, pretend they're blind
The one who's dead is not their kind.
He's not from here, they don't weep
They've seen it all and therefore keep
Their mouths tight shut, all doors are closed
To the bloodied body, at their close.
The sandstone blocks hide all their sins
A million lies are held within
Someone saw who took the knife
And plunged it in, to end a life
But who will talk and who will not
The ones who saw it, just forgot.

PAUL COLVIN

Students.

You made me laugh, you made me think, you opened up your hearts
And to me your painting's secondary, you are all a work of art
You gave me back what I thought lost and instilled in me a pride
When that first night, you comforted, a colleague as she cried.

Naively loud within your crowd, each there for one another
Supporting as true friends do, each a sister and a brother
To homesick friends, those feeling down or others who feel ill
Loving hearts cure anything; you don't need doctor's pills.

The fire went out in Vesuvio but was rekindled in your hearts
And I hope that friendly fire, never will depart
For when Napoli meets Glasgow, that's as good as it can get
And you, Napolitani students, are ones I won't forget.

To meet with you, to dine, to drink, to talk with you, a pleasure;
And the memories I take from this, are ones I'll always treasure
As a month away from families, loved ones or just friends
Can make a life a bit surreal, that's when we show pretence.

You made me laugh, you made me sad but mostly made me proud
And I couldn't pick a better class or choose a warmer crowd
You've an innocence and charm, mannerly and fun
How could I pick a favourite or select a special one?

You all touched me in special ways and I never could foretell
That the sheepish ones I met that night in a Paddington hotel
Would stay with me forever, forever in my heart
And that each and every one of you, is a precious work of art.

PAUL COLVIN

Tae A Moose.

Tae A Moose. 22nd February 2013.

About the hoose I caught a moose
An' roon the moose I tied a noose
But roon the moose the noose got loose
Noo the moose is loose about the hoose!
Again!

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Take Me To Gretna

Give me a horse, a fine young horse,
A charger built for speed
And to Gretna, you and I will ride,
Upon this chestnut steed.
My lass, I've loved you summer long,
Though twenty more you've lived
And to the wind, my wealth I'll cast
If your love you'd only give.

PAUL COLVIN

Tartan Legs In Winter.

The grey skies tinged with hues of pink, breathes out as it unfolds
And a flurry of the softest white makes young a heart so old
Magically it conjures up, times that we thought lost
When dreams were real and came to life, amidst past Christmas frost,
Rosy cheeks, hats and scarves, playing snowball fights
When constant laughing filled the air on cold December nights
Sitting by an open fire, huddled side by side
A hot drink and some well fired toast, to warm you up inside.
Your mind is like your cheery face on which you couldn't put a price
And you forget the pain the chilblains bring from playing on the ice
Your face is burnt and tartan legs are itching from the heat
You want to move but you'll lose your seat when someone steals your seat.
You watch the flames flickering fast, the coals are burning bright
But there's no place that you'd rather be on this bitter winter's night.
The family's cooied round the fire but not a word's being said
But in their minds, a million thoughts, are rushing through their heads
These memories come back to life and all because of snow.

PAUL COLVIN

That Wanton Look

The wanton look in the young girl's eyes
Was not for lack of diction
Her head thrown back in sweet surprise
As you fed her promised fiction
A holy man would tell the truth
A drunk may spill his speel
But sober you, spoke words uncouth
As your tongue danced to a reel.
Oh! She may show you all her ware
And kiss you head to toe
But mark my words, you'd best beware
She'll fill you full of woe.
You go to church, confess your sin
And say your mind was sick
But the priest has heard it all before
And condemns you to Old Nick.

PAUL COLVIN

The Angler's Song

By banks we roam, 'cross burns we leap
When hearts were young and thrills were cheap
By lonely stream, canal or brook
We'd cast a line with baited hook.
Heading up to pools afar
Are the mighty, gleaming silver bars
The salmon rise whilst sea trout hide
Lurking 'neath the springers' tide,
A speckled trout soars for the fly
As The Lady of the Stream glides by
The elegance with which she moves
Has every angler's seal approved
On quaintest waters, near or far,
Our Lady lies, the bonnie char.
Her waters cold and crystal clear
Make one false move, she'll disappear.
By mountain stream or river glen
I wish I had my time again.

PAUL COLVIN

The Anxious Wait

She's holding court just like a queen, her subjects gathered 'round
Deep in thought, she thinks aloud and no-one makes a sound
They stare like eager statues, anticipating news
But quiet as a mouse in church, they're perched upon their pews
Hanging on with baited breath, immersed in concentration
In an atmosphere so thick and tense with steel determination
She pauses: she lifts her head, her words allay all fears
And every subject's heart sings out with joyful happy tears.

PAUL COLVIN

The Barras!

They sell vintage, modern and new knocked off clothes
Navel rings, earrings and pearls for your nose
You're convinced it's a bargain; they'll drown you with charm
And that carpet you hated, is now under your arm.

They're salesmen with medals, not for valour but skill
And their art is seduction, they change minds at will.
They see you coming and their brain starts to churn
All they see's a punter with money to burn.

Why do we go there if we know it's a con?
'Cos one day I'll go there and find that it's gone.
Refreshing my mind keeps me young, sets me free,
Nostalgia's just living a past life for me.

It's the Barras, it's vibrant, it's buzzing, alive.
Posh suits and toerags all mingle and thrive.
In this old Metropolis on the banks of the Clyde
Where punters and sellers think they're both just as wide.

PAUL COLVIN

The Battle

The battle lost, the blood runs free
Of bravest Scots who dared not flee
And with their lives they paid the price
That we'd be free, their sacrifice.

No kilts or sporrans on this shore
A sword, axe, shield was all they bore.
Their dress discarded before they'd go
To battle, agile, against the foe.

They fought with courage and with pride
All as one from far and wide.
This war is for the right to own
A land that's theirs, their royal throne.

That slicing sound when steel cuts flesh
And mashing thud when axe grinds mesh.
The screeching as the swords collide
Our soldiers, rampant, side by side.

The skirl of pipes lifts our ravaged band,
The highland charge is his command.
Outnumbered by a horde to one
This army, doomed, before the fight's begun.

Arrows pierce the skies above
And rain on down the land we love.
Our soldiers fall in numbers strong
A hundred left from once a throng.

A broken head, a severed hand
Diminishing our brave wee band.
A headless body, wriggling lies
Across his foe, before he dies.

A glistening sword comes swooping down
A gush of blood comes from his crown
He falls so still on sandy dune
As pipers play a battle tune.

The slaughtered pipers, none so brave,
Defenceless men sent to their grave.
There's no lament, for none are left
Hacked to death and all bereft.

PAUL COLVIN

The Bedroom.

Christmas presents heaped on floor,
Coats and jackets hang on door.
When will I clear up this mess?
To think about it, causes stress!

The easy option seems to be,
To go downstairs and watch TV
And leave the room upstairs behind
For out of sight is out of mind!

It's when I come up here to bed
And look around, then in my head
I build a plan to store away
But the clutter's growing every day!

Half is junk and half is not
Plus an empty wardrobe filled with rot.
I'll break that up and clear that space
Then find something to take its place!

PAUL COLVIN

The Black Tree On A Stormy Night.

The Black Tree On A Stormy Night. 22nd February 2013.

The storm rages full of fight
But the old black tree defies its might
Eking, stretching, eerily
Its venom spat out angrily
Upwards, outwards, it won't rescind
As it thrashes to the icy wind
Attack, destroy, the brooding sky
Its knotted, gnarled, branches fly
Rearing up, its lashes cast
The wind fights back, the trunk holds fast
Howling, pounding, cold and raw
Its raging power held in awe
A hundred branches twist and writhe
Striking at the cold grey sky
This black and creeping silhouette
Beats back the sky and yet
One final surge will be the test
As leafless branches come to rest
It battled hard and battled long
But the raging storm was just too strong
It bowed not to the icy wind
It yielded not 'til death.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

The Blond Haired Cavalier

A boy of three just standing there
He's motionless beyond compare
White frilly shirt and dungarees
With golden hair down to his knees

He looks at me, a righteous stare
Angelic with an impish glare
He looks so cute with chubby face
A look that keeps me in my place

He seems to reach into my mind
I wonder what he thinks he'll find?
Was I the same when I was three
A cheeky face that's so carefree

No frilly hat or sword and scabbard
He doesn't even wear a tabard
What kind of cavalier is he
But then I see he's only three

Four spars of wood keep in the glass
And the boy still stands so motionless
I fondly say goodnight my lad
To the photograph that is my dad

PAUL COLVIN

The Bogey.

The holidays are six weeks long,
First day, we've just been fishing,
And now we'll build a bogey, strong,
At least that's what we're wishing.

First of all we need two prams,
We know just where to get them,
A scrapyard down where the Clyde flows,
We toss up coins, to see who goes.

Two climb the fence and sneak around.
The watchman comes, they hit the ground!
Then slowly rise, it's safe for now
Ten minutes there, all they're allowed.

They're looking for some wheels robust
But all they see are ones with rust.
Then they spy some looking good,
To nail onto our chassis of wood.

A spanner each is all they need
Unscrew the nuts, the wheels are freed.
The axles must be straight as well,
If we're to speed off down the hill.

We've got the lot and now head back
Along towards the river,
But watchman's dogs begin to bark
And we all start to quiver.

We run as fast as we can go
And head towards the fence.
Will they make it? I don't know.
They shout to warn their friends.

The panic station button's pressed
Their foreheads dripping sweat,
The beating loud erupts from chest
Away from this they have to get.

They can't afford to lag behind
They're on an even keel.
They're running hard with focused mind.
Dogs chasing at their heels.

The wheels are thrown in the air
In the hope they carry over.
The dogs are closing, getting near,
The boys know they're in bother.

With pumping hearts they take a leap
And climb frantically to flee
The chasing dogs snap at their feet
But they manage to break free.

They take no chances, running still,
Through fields all high with grass
They cannot stop, they must push on
Until they reach the pass.

It's hot and they are wearing shorts
This field is full of nettles.
With stings and cuts, they're out of sorts
At least they've shown their mettle.

Eventually they're out of sight
Can stop now for a breather.
They've sweat so much in their plight
It looks like they've a fever.

They wash their cuts then saunter home
They're sore and in a state
Each one thinks a thought the same,
The Bogey, that can wait!

PAUL COLVIN

The Bravest Of Them All

Camouflaged against the sand
The ten or twelve in this small band,
Were they afraid, afraid to die?
Young and brave, much more than I.
These ghosts of heroes fully clad
This soldier's life was all they had,
Reunited now in death
They fell as one with their last breath.
Like chameleons, melt into the land
Their guns held loosely, in their hand
Ashen faces, almost white
They disappear into the night.
They walk a sleepy silent pace
With shifting grace, they leave no trace,
In their thoughts and faces, pain
Their deaths relived, again, again.
Did they win or did they fail
How can you dodge this metal hail?
But yet all deaths must be avenged
So let the foe be challenged!

PAUL COLVIN

The Bus Queue

Charging through a heaving horde
The battling just to get on board,
Elbows flail and tempers flare
With looks that say, "Just you dare"!
It's bus rage like we've never known,
No queues exist, we're on our own,
A selfish race is what we've built,
Devoid of morals, free from guilt.
The animosity shown on faces
Contempt and hatred to other races,
Every colour, creed's to blame
And all of us should feel that shame.
How many offer up their seat
To those less able on their feet,
Respect no longer lives in us
Especially on a London bus!

PAUL COLVIN

The Coat.

The old man plays his mandolin
A saucer is his money tin
Odd pennies asked for tunes he plays
Helps to feed him day to day
No streets of gold along his way
Feeling strings, he plucks away
His virtuoso fingers sing
Along his battered mandolin.
Each note brings out the sweetest sound
But no-one ever turns around
No-one ever hears his plea
Nor hear his tunes played gracefully
He looks to them but cannot see
Yet carries on with dignity
The old man in the shabby coat
Plucks and plays his final note.
He takes the saucer in his hand
Seeks payment for his one man band
Whispered words are just ignored
But the old man's seen it all before
He's been around and done it all
He's seen the writing on the wall
He shuffles 'cross the tiled floor
And heads out through the open door.
I remember in the bad old days
Playing sleazy bars and street cafes
And soap box stars would tag along
Play guitar or sing a song
And in that world we lived in
A young man played his mandolin
A tailored coat upon his back
Its velvet collar shining balck
And when we shouted encore
He'd glide across the dance floor
Then just like every night before,
He'd head out through the open door.

PAUL COLVIN

The Drunk.

Have you watched a drunkard walk or watched his mouth when trying to talk?
His legs of rubber match his face, his lack of words and lack of pace.
He looks as though he's worked by strings but that's the feeling whisky brings
He's back and forth yet standing still and all of this gives him a thrill.

Can't even manage a simple swagger, his face contorted much like Jagers
He's all at sea but still on land and no-one stops to lend a hand.
He looks as though he's on the moon, the way he moves, the way he swoons,
Miraculously he doesn't fall, he thinks he's indestructible.

A lamp-post's now his only friend and cuddles it to make amends
He's found his tongue and found an ear, he thinks he's home and home is here.
His bed is now a hilly street, where passers by won't stop to greet
This uncouth man upon the ground, whose head is lost through drink he's found.

PAUL COLVIN

The Fart.

We see this coarse or vile and give it other names
But when it gets right down to it, it's all the bloody same
Did you blow off, or trump, the smell will let you know
Did you let one off or let one rip or did you let one go
Some people can play tunes with them, they say it is an art
They're all the same with different names, it's still a bloody fart!

PAUL COLVIN

The Fire In The Window.

The scuttle brush and shovel hide
Discreetly by the fireside
So rich and fierce as flames attack
Lunging forward curling back
Feisty flames in an autumn fire
But always one is shooting higher,
Spitting sparks into the black
Soot that clings so thick to stack.
The logs and coals are halfway done,
A molten glow, a searing sun,
This welcome sight has warmed the street
And warms the bones as people greet
From far away you see its glow
Blue, orange, gold and yellow
Reflecting off the window panes
We see it shake in teeming rains
But on a night as still as this
A glowing shimmer, call it bliss.
A dry cold night you start to shiver
But then you see the flames aquiver
You're drawn to this liquid light
On this cold and wintry autumn night
Your body's numb, you feel the freeze
And fingers, joints, start to seize
Rubbing hands to ease the pain
And stamp your feet to keep you sane
Your eyes transfixed onto the light
A warm, engulfing, welcome sight
With flailing arms slap your back
As you head down this street so black
You're edging closer, closer still
The lights bounce off the window sill
Your heart is racing, beating fast
Cheeks are red, just like your past
A beaming smile lights the night
As you accept this fire tonight.

PAUL COLVIN

The Framed Silhouette.

The sultry silhouette stands black against a single orange light
It's early morning, still so dark, the remnants of the night
Black trees etched out against the sky, they creep across the dawn
All framed behind this pane of glass, this early winter's morn.
Is she fully clothed I wonder, is she standing nude?
Is that her back, or maybe front, can't tell from where I'm stood
The light is playing tricks with me, this single orange glow
Maybe I should look away, then maybe she will go.

PAUL COLVIN

The Friendship Of An Angel

God once made an angel then clipped the angel's wings
And now at every twilight, a lonely angel sings
Her song of loss and heartache, of losing her best friend
The one she could rely on, on the one she could depend
But don't cry my weeping angel, come take a look and see
For the angel who once lost her wings, is now taking care of me.

PAUL COLVIN

The Glasgow Ghost

In the city of Glasgow one cold winter's night,
A young lady called Emma got a terrible fright.
She walked down a lane, saw a horrible sight,
It was the ghost of herself walking in the dim light.

She really was frightened and leapt in the air
At the sight of her ghost, same face and same hair.
The ghost turned to her and let out a yell
And the girl thought she'd died and was walking in hell.

Just then the ghost made a wish that could last
And grabbed the young girl and held her so fast.
They flew through the air, the girl let out a scream
Then she awakened, it was only a dream.

PAUL COLVIN

The Golfer

The golfer ambles 'round the course as though out for a walk
Yet tries to do this quickly by taking fewest shots.
The club he has within his grip is like a metal pole
With a metal lump upon the end and this is called a wood!

He saunters up, stands by the ball, which sits upon a tee
And then he sets his feet in place and shakes his man-size hips
Then he'll set his chin in place and flexes down his knees,
Now this is called addressing the ball, although he never speaks!

He mustn't move his head at all, with eyes fixed on the ball
He clasps his hand around his wood and plays three dummy shots
Then pulls his arms slowly round to stop at one o'clock
He lingers there, a perfect pose; to me he looks contorted!

With shoulders, chest and feet aligned all aiming at the flag
He mustn't move his head at all, with eyes fixed on the ball
He'll then unleash his downward swing but keeps his left arm straight
This motion's linked to poetry but he's not finished yet!

His hips must be in front of arms before the ball is struck
And left heel in line with the ball, still raised upon the tee.
The weights now passed to his left leg to give him extra power
All this and more you must get right before contact is made!

But even once you've hit the thing, you have to follow through
For if you don't, your strength's been lost and all before's in vain.
So if you see a golfer, whose head's about to burst, take pity on him please
He's probably on his second shot and cursing balls and tees!

PAUL COLVIN

The Gossipmongers.

The grapevine's full of nasty tales, most are lies with little truth,
Spreading rumours so unkind, so malicious, vile and uncouth.
Gossipmongers' tittle tattle, rattling off their ill-got news,
Those little squirming brainless folk, on Sundays perched upon church pews.

What's in their minds? Do they set out to create such alarm?
A tiny minds an idle mind, I'm sure they mean no harm
But if they took, a minute's pause, engaging brain before
Wagging tongues, and forked at that, they'd avoid a civil war!

The fairer sex, get all the blame but what about the men?
They're just as bad at telling tales and swear to God it's gen!
These luckless folks must have no pride if all they do is shatter
Some poor unfortunate person's life, that's lying now in tatters!

The sordid woes, the conjured lies, a dreamt up tale can hurt.
Innocent enough it starts but down the line becomes so curt.
A poisoned pen could not harm more if written by a cleric
Than lashing tongues of so called friends, those are laced with arsenic!

PAUL COLVIN

The Grass Snake.

What lies beneath the whispering grass?
We never see them sliding past
In fields and gardens, day or night
They're always there but out of sight.
Slithering to, slithering fro
As though they don't know where to go
From shiny head to shiny tail
Their slimy skins won't leave a trail.
Their eyes see all, up and down
From side to side and all around
Their colour is, a grassy green
And that's probably why, they're never seen.

PAUL COLVIN

The Great British Slob (Not To Be Confused With Obesity)

They're always drinking skinny cokes then wolfing down Big Macs,
A box of chocs and bags of crisps, is their idea of snacks,
Chips and burgers or kebabs, that's their staple diet
Or anything that's bad for you, so long as they can fry it!
Morning exercise for them is walking for their food;
To a greasy spoon for breakfast, within the neighbourhood,
A hundreds yards is their top whack, cos any more would kill
And if they build up muscle, they'll need to take more pills.
But come the night, when hunger calls, as they're sitting watching telly
Snuggled up on seat or couch, they have to fill their belly,
A man-size snack, and I mean huge, is washed down with a drink
But the calories, from sixteen pints, is much more than they think!

PAUL COLVIN

The Hawker

Gold rings for sale and watches too,
I'm half tempted, what to do?
I ask him straight if these are snide
He swears to God, they're bona fide.

They're not knocked off, they were a gift.
His eyes are lying, start to shift.
Do I trust him, should I buy?
No, I'll just leave them, say goodbye.

PAUL COLVIN

The Lady

The Lady. 25th October 2014.

She carries her home in an old plastic bag
Dressed in her best, to some they're just rags
Shoes made of newspapers covered her feet
Her shoulders rise on a head that hangs low
Shrunk and aged, she goes where she goes
Her home is a pavement in a cold cul-de-sac
Her roof, an umbrella, her door, an old mac
She sleeps like an angel by the side of a road
Tonight, somewhere else in her mobile abode
Her face scarred by winter but the sun caught her eyes
Beneath feeble frame is a lady disguised
Shades of grandeur arise from a past
Her story's a rich one, one that will last
Strauss, Chopin, Wagner, I imagine her play
In some grand concert hall, in her halcyon days
Her emotions portray in the hush of a night
Some Sitting at her piano, her fingers take flight
But for now she's "The Lady" with the cheery wee face
And with politeness embraces each sunrise with grace
For all that was great is not all sadly gone
For her life has a meaning as she welcomes each dawn.
She cares not for those who cast her aside
She's fully aware of the comments she rides
Thousands are lie her though not all alone
But at least she is living a life that she owns. Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

The Lady In Black

Quiet and gentle, meek yet so strong
She seems quite aloof but assuming is wrong.
Her manner is perfect with a beautiful smile,
Just a charming young woman, I've known for a while.

Her beauty's her nature but she's much more than that
And sometimes when passing, I'll stop for a chat.
I'm amazed by the beauty that she doesn't see,
Of this lovely young lady, who's talking to me.

Long raven hair swept back from her face,
Displaying a portrait, any wall it would grace,
A wry smile lights up her sparkling eyes
Opening gently, to reveal her disguise.

Each little word paints a colourful sky,
Every sentence, a mural, for those passing by,
Her quietness shows but there's a fire inside,
That's just how she is, with nothing to hide.

Her posture, erect, upright and smart
And the words that she speaks are straight from the heart.
I see her a lady but what does she see?
I hope her reflection; she sees in me.

PAUL COLVIN

The Loner.

The old man sits so all alone
And stares into grey walls of stone
His gaze falls on the wooden floor
That creaks and creeps towards the door
A pensive look, he's deep in thought
His own company, that's all he's got
Sitting upright, legs outstretched
Untouched, the ale, the girl fetched
It sits there still but near to hand
Which he will drink, on his command.

PAUL COLVIN

The Look.

With her Indian skin and long black Asian hair
Mysterious eyes and complexion quite fair
She's shy very coy with her head looking down
But when she looked up that's when beauty I found.

PAUL COLVIN

The Lost Piper.

Clouds passing subtly, o'er glens and through mountains
The remnants of winter glist on a blue sky
I still hear the music, playing softly at twilight
As the stars start to dance with a glint in their eye.

I let my mind wander as the music comes to me
It sweeps all around on a night warm and still
I lay down to rest but then quickly awaken
As the lost piper stood on the brow of the hill.

I'd heard of a story where a piper was slain
But since then his body, ne'er seen or was found
Killed for the love of the girl he would marry
Cursed before dying, he just roams around.

Approaching me slowly, he played on his chanter
"The Lament For The Lost" was his pitiful plea
"Shed tears while you listen and stop me from wandering
For the tears that you cry will set this soul free.

PAUL COLVIN

The Man In The Moon

Tiny circles everywhere
Rippling all around
A million tiny droplets
Falling on the ground
Shiny tarmac underfoot
The puddles deep and black
In the centre is the moon
Its reflection shining back.
I looked down then looked up
And what a sight to see
The little man up in the moon
Was smiling down at me.

PAUL COLVIN

The Migraine

Get Out! He pleads imploringly, please just go away,
He fights this battle every week, any time of day.
Falling to his knees in pain, he crawls along the floor
Breathing hard and crying, he grasps onto the door.

The pain is so unbearable but it's going to get much worse
He feels that pounding pain again, like his head is going to burst,
Flashing lights attack his brain, bright lights pierce his eyes
They split his mind completely like lightning splits the skies.

He holds his face in both hands, now drenched with painful tears
A searing heat, electric pain, brings sweating and more fear.
His blood is boiling, bubbling red, the pain intensifies
His head is throbbing, can't take much more, he waits for its demise.

Then voices scream within his head, they won't leave him alone,
Sharp, incisive, high pitched squeals, shrill and piercing tones.
They lacerate his blackest mind, much too much to bear
Like sharpened knives they stab away, his demons show no care.

I ask if I can help but he turns and screams at me
Shut up! Don't talk to me, just go and leave me be.
His crumpled frame falls on the bed, he looks a broken man
But now he'll rest, though beaten, resisting all he can.

The energy's been sapped from him, his body's feeling drained
That hollowness of emptiness, he's helpless now and pained
His struggling's going nowhere, this time he'll have to wait
And leave nature, with its anti-Christ, until the pain abates.

PAUL COLVIN

The Missing

Smiling and laughing, your manner and air
You walked in as though you'd always been here
Eight years away and to see you was great
It was eight years too long but it's never too late.

PAUL COLVIN

The Monday Club

It's Monday night, the pubs are bare,
No sign of life, there's no-one there
But I know a pub, a great little pub
It's in there you'll find The Monday Club!

No entrance charge, no joining fee
A London club where entry's free.
The only stipulation made
Is Monday's shift, you did evade!

A heavy session Sunday night
A few too many and you just might
Phone up your boss to say you are ill
And you're off down the docs for a pill!

But you don't need a fancy pill
What you need's a miracle.
Hair of The Dog is what it is called
The name, don't worry you won't get mauled!

The Hair's to cure your pounding head
The one that thumps, the kind you dread.
Never again, you always say,
The Monday Club? You're on your way!

Drink does not discriminate.
Early bells or starting late.
Rich or poor or black or white.
The Monday Club will put you right!

Drink's a problem with this nation
And doctors favour moderation.
They say ten units is our limit,
Some guys do that in sixty minutes!

It cures the ache and clears your head
My mates were right, that's what they said.
So if on Monday you don't feel right
Get down there early and stay all night.

PAUL COLVIN

The Moon.

The stars are dancing in the sky
Against deepest blue at midnight.
The moon is swooning, standing by,
Having said goodbye to twilight.

The man, the moon, they're both as one
When he appears, the night's begun.
Young lovers stroll along the bay
To seek their own true lovers' ways..

So in love, walk hand in hand,
Skipping over glistening sand
With gentle lapping of the wave
A night of love is theirs to save.

Full moon above is shining bright,
It guides them on this lovers' night.
Their passion deep, runs raw and course
Ignited by this mystic source.

A full moon is for those who love,
Synonymous with turtle doves.
Their young hearts racing, missing beats.
They quicken pace to find retreats.

They find a spot, they're glad they met
And know this night, they won't regret
For when the time to part has come,
The mystic moonbeam guides them home.

PAUL COLVIN

The Needle.

The Needle. 2nd July 2012.

You hang around sleazy bars and dingy little dives
And buy your love on sidewalks believing all their jive
Advice is always there for you though you tend to walk away
But the needle's law's the one you must obey.

On a hot September night long before the chill sets in
You're curled up and fight demons within
The turkey may be cold but the fever's boiling hot
You're drowning in the needle's melting pot.

Do you think the needle cares about your colour, sex or creed?
He's unbiased in his quest to sew his seed
And still you're curling 'round fighting demons deep within
As your eyes rest on the needle by the bin.

Just one last little hit could take away the pain
But the hits before have driven you insane
Your death is cruel and slow and you think of what you gave
As the needle dances around a junkie's grave.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

The Old Jamaican

You hear him first, the cursing, swearing
And you want to laugh at what he's wearing
But the voice that bellows takes pride of place
As glaring eyes stare in your face.
His tight clenched fists and kicking feet
And a vile tongue for those who meet
The man who turns the air so blue
It's thick and fast and aimed at you!
Shocked, you'll turn to meet his glare
Then swiftly turn to avoid his stare
He wildly swings his walking stick,
At passers-by he'll aim a kick
They swerve and jump out of his way
From the old man with the hair so grey
He stands his ground then rants and raves
Condemning all to early graves
Still screaming out his wild commands
With kicking feet and flailing hands
An old coat hangs upon his frame
But the cursing words are not so lame
His vile manner full of hate
And everyone he'll aggravate
No-one is spared from his contempt
All get blasted – none exempt
But he's harmless so just let him rant
The old Jamaican immigrant.

PAUL COLVIN

The Old Man

Eyes are brown, a lifeless brown
A dull, dull deadened brown
Eyebrows thick of grey and black
Stand stiffly on his frown
Coarse wrinkles gouged beneath his eyes
Like the Gobi's arid plain
A face that's etched in poverty
And saturated pain.

PAUL COLVIN

The Parting.

From trembling lips comes a quivering kiss
And an old dying heart gives a severed embrace,
Tearfully clutching to a dream that has gone
Our life is now over but our lives must go on.

The hollowing mind is now riddled with guilt
Like a catacombed vault in this temple we've built
You searched for the answer with no question found
This empire's crumbled, been razed to the ground.

Two delicate structures advance now alone,
When both, we were strong but not on our own
Our hearts were ripped out and two minds dissolved
We look to a future with nothing resolved.

PAUL COLVIN

The Path

How many shoes have trod this path
How many feet have ached
How many souls in search of love
Have passed along this way?

How many eyes have now gone blind
How many ears cannot hear now
How many mouths are now sealed tight
Have they passed along this way?

I have walked and I have found
I can see and hear each sound
My lips have kissed and I can say
I passed along this way.

PAUL COLVIN

The Photograph

His eyes. What does he see?

His mind. Where is it now?

Those thoughts, that look,

I wish I knew.

I want inside his head!

A smile, not of laughter,

A memory recalled,

Reminiscing for just one take,

His curtain call

Before the final click

Then it's lost to all

But him.

It's personal.

PAUL COLVIN

The Piano.

Thickset and robust, I unknowingly stared
At the perfect Lions' claws, so masculine
All four at once, staring closer still,
Holding up this delicate heavyweight
That weighed so much more than me
It shone, it gleamed, it whispered
In a cool Art Deco way
Yet a strength lay in its elegance
Black slim curves
Its edges gold
Perfect contours floated past,
Like a lady we all know
The keys of black on simple white
Scaled perfectly from high to low
To a signature in Art Nouveau
And lofted high a lid unhinged
To reveal a work of art.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

The Poet's Plight.

A million words but what to write
Is this the dreaded poet's plight?
Nothing's there for this old sage
His mind is blank just like his page!

PAUL COLVIN

The Question Of Life

When we meet an old flame or a childhood sweetheart,
Are we rekindling a love to make a new start?
Or are we just hanging to a past that seemed right
It may be naive to think the future is bright.
When we lose out in love, we think of the past
And all of our loves, how long did they last?
A week or a month or two at the most
We loved, then were gone, like a wandering ghost.
Feelings are pure and honest, sincere
And age doesn't change what your heart holds so dear
So why should it work now, when it didn't back then?
That same feeling haunts me, again and again.
Does age carry something we missed in our youth?
Does experience conquer the raw and uncouth,
Youthfulness, vigour, the conscience free soul
Or is experience deadened by not being whole?
Are we clutching at straws, hanging by threads
Or do we hope that these thoughts that swim in our heads
Are the answers we seek in our last final fling,
And accepting whatever the future will bring?

PAUL COLVIN

The Reverend Jim Murphy.

As the choristers gathered in the Kingdom of Fife
There preached a wee liar who feared for his life
He called it abuse but they shouted down lies
Kircaldy would witness Jim Murphy's demise.

But why did he do it, a speech every day?
Each day somewhere different but they all stayed away
Up on his soapbox, street perjury he'd preach
But the townsfolk so sickened, stayed out of reach.

Why would a Scotsman lie to his own
Bare faced and lying, I cannot condone
He tried for a century but had to call time
A crushed egg the culprit, that was the crime.

For disrupting events, he falsely blamed Yes
But the truth of the matter, his tour was a mess
Whoever your God is, and he gave you one wish
Would it be with Jim Murphy, listening to pish!

Some say he's demented but it's far worse than that
This Lion of Scotland has shown he's a twa*
And what of the egg man, where did he go
Or where did he come from, will we ever know?

You can name us a Scotsman, in Brazil at a game
So why can't you tell us, this criminal's name?
Is he part of your make-up, is he with MI5
All part of a plan, that your corrupt mind contrived?

You pray to a country so rich yet are poor
You ally with Westminster, the blame's at your door
Your expenses will cease, you'll be run out of town
If you think London loves you, you're more of a clown!

If you have an agenda and a No vote's your choice
That's great, we'll accept that but these lies that you voice
Are NOT your opinion, you're a Westminster farce
And I hope on the 18th, you're out on your a r s e.

We've had this oppression for 300 years
We've witnessed and listened and will take no more fear
If a YES vote's successful, I hope there's no place
In a new Scottish Parliament, you're Scotland's disgrace.

Take with you Jola and the rest of your 'clan'
Set up your own country, create a new land
We need a new Labour, one that is true
But what Scotland does NOT need are people like you!

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

The Sand Dance

Upon this golden beach we'll dance
Though skies above are grey
We'll glide as one to autumn's tune
And waltz along the bay.

PAUL COLVIN

The Sands Of Time

The sands of time are shifting fast
Sifting through two lovers past
We thought our love would never end
But here I am alone again.
In shadows I can see your face
Smiling eyes, filled with grace
Choirboys sing out your name,
The Heavens cried and angels came.
They gathered `round where you had lain
Looked at me and felt my pain
They sang a hymn to you my love,
The love I was so proud of.
They carried you up in their wings
And took you to, where angels sing
I hear their voices singing still,
And will do every day until
They come for me and take me to
The love who shared my whole life through
And though shadows cannot take her place,
At least in them I see her face.

PAUL COLVIN

The Singing Butler. (Jack Vettriano's Painting) .

(Jack Vettriano's Painting) .

Umbrellas frolic in the wind as though waiting for the rain
Their shadows flail the golden sands, now dulled where light had lain
Beyond the surf, a blackened sea, a thin and straight black line
But are they here to hear a song or had they come to dine?
Still the winds blow fiercely as storm clouds loomed fast
But the couple danced regardless as though it was their last,
Her bare back held within his hand, so delicate and white
The dancing couple take centre stage against the failing light.
His black tuxedo catches the light and shines in every fold
As her long red dress, gently danced above, a floor of shimmering gold.
The butler bent into the wind, serenades them with a song
His coat tails flapping wildly against the wind so strong
Yet he stands quite motionless in the midst of light and shade
And across from him, in black and white, stands the flustered looking maid.
She clings onto her apron, her face punished by the gale
This incessant wind, relentless, you can almost hear it wail
But the party on this evening's beach is thriving nonetheless
A sense of fun and loyalty but with love and tenderness.

PAUL COLVIN

The Southern Upland Hills.

The golden mottled hilltop sun
Racing clouds toward it run
A ruin stained through wars of time
A castle, abbey, once so fine
Now shelters from the smirry rain,
Where secrets past remain.
The sky's now black like blackest ice
For beauty costs a hefty price
And constant rain is how we pay
With grey skies almost every day
But when the sun decides to shine
It shines upon this land of mine.
Forests thick, woodlands green
Where giant firs rise in between
Stonedike walls divide the land
Stone by stone each laid by hand.
Those long haired beasts, the highland cattle
Aimlessly they feed and prattle
Walking with no purpose, sense
They hang their heads o'er battered fence
With visions blurred from straggled hair
They miss the beauty everywhere.
Sleepers lie by old train tracks
Uprooted trees lay on their backs
Stripped of leaves and crusted bark
Dead and crooked, bare and stark.
Pebbles sparkle in the sun
Where cooling, warbling waters run
Where angled trees converge upon
Lazy streams the hills have drawn.
Two horses shade by thickest tree
Where salmon rest, fresh from the sea,
A tranquil spot, so calm and still
These peaceful Southern Upland HILLS.

PAUL COLVIN

The Sun.

Like the dimming glow of a harvest moon
Uncoiling, fading, slowly.
Like burning embers in a trance,
Lights crimson clouds so lowly.
Translucent stars fall from the night
And blend with morning sky,
Gone! Where flickering dancers go
In the twinkling of an eye.

Replenished, fresh, so leisurely,
It awakens from its sleep.
It breaks the dawn and saturates
This land, it slowly creeps
And casts its weary eyes upon
His guests who wait below.
Its warmth slowly fills the air
Where gentle rivers flow.

Dewdrops trickle to the ground
As the mist begins to rise
Embracing all she touches,
In her semi-conscious guise.
Rising like a wave of silk,
She rides the morning air,
Her dreamy veil envelopes all
Upon this morning fair.

A multitude of hosts await
To burst out into song,
In dormant state, they've lain in wait
But now reach out as one.
Rejoicing in a sea of gold
Is rapeseeds vivid throng,
In unison they greet their lord,
And friend, the morning sun.

PAUL COLVIN

The Sword Dance.

If I could see her and that memory keep
I'd dare not approach lest I wake her from sleep
It's late and she lies, God's ground for a bed
With stars as a blanket and dreams in her head.
I sit by the fire and flickering flames high
Seem to dance on my darling on deepest blue skies,
They leap in the dark like swords in a fight
But in sleep she is dreaming of more beautiful sights
She can't see me as she lies in her bed
And I cannot see what goes on in her head.

PAUL COLVIN

The Volunteers

Still and quiet, some sit down, listening to the news
So drugged up, can't comprehend, can't express their views
Deadened minds and vacant eyes, so blank they stare right through
Whatever their eyes are fixed upon, that could be me or you.
These patients volunteer for help and register their stay
But what they want and what they get, well who am I to say?
Compassion, understanding, is not prevalent in here
And laughter must be frowned upon, that's something we don't hear.
Who are they and what went wrong, what thoughts are in their head?
The drugs send some as high as kites yet others look half dead.
Sluggish moves, dragging feet as they shuffle 'long the floor
Shrugging shoulders, shaking heads just like the day before.

PAUL COLVIN

The W.L.C.S.C. An Observation.

The big cup game it looms again, the nerves, anticipation,
The butterflies, the beads of sweat, roll slowly down the face.
I look around and view the sights, I love this little place,
A CSC in West London, our home, called The New Inn.

Then Tony jumps upon a table, oh this is animation,
He croons and swoons and then decides to lead us to temptation.
Big Pat's there, the Chuckles too and a Magners man called Morry,
Captain Morgan's at the end and all are off their trolley.

That's ticket Joe with his son Mark, who's always up at Celtic Park,
There's Shug and Noel, then wee Pat, who haven't got the time to chat.
They're deep in thought and shout out loud, at players on a screen,
Some are pissed and some are not but still they cheer their team.

Wee Kevin joins in the song, whilst going round collecting,
Lorraine and Amy, part of a throng, carry on the celebrating.
Some may come and some may go but most they stay forever,
Mairhead and Ryan and big Pat D, all from across the water.

Stevie Mc he's gone away, to live down south in Eire,
To take his place there comes a girl, one called Mariya.
There's George, Paul and Seamus too, along with our wee Benny,
When it's his round he'll get up quick, he thinks a pint's a penny.

The Hounslow crowd they're sitting down, Wee Handsome and his wife,
And with their mates they sip their pints, the McGintys with Judge Dave.
To be a Hoop you must be brave and some find it too stressful,
But for the rest and that means me, that's part of Celtic's football.

We can't forget the Davies, co-founders of our club,
They're members still but live afar, but still get to our pub.
The arguments abound in here but no-one ever wins,
Who cares I ask cause in the end, we're are all the same, we're Tims.

A brilliant place to see a match, of that there is no doubt,
I'm glad I joined for to see a win, there's no place like Our New Inn.
I thank you one and all my friends for giving me these tasks.
Am I mad I question that but there's no-one here to ask! ! !

We're on our own with millions wide, albeit on TV,
Supporters' clubs lay claim to fame for whatever reason.
I've been to Hayes and went to Baird's, just at the close of season,
No disrespect to those concerned but this place is for me.

The club was formed twelve years ago way back in 96,
We've had some laughs, brilliant trips and bellies full of beer,
You'll always find a happy face that's full of Celtic cheer
At The, At Our, West London C.S.C.

Hail Hail.

PAUL COLVIN

Time.

Time. 8th February 2013.

Time is just a sweeping hand, across a pretty face
Slowly, going nowhere, as the sun and moon change place
It runs into its journey, yet never gathers pace
And time is all we have to live a life.

Paul Colvin.

PAUL COLVIN

Tomintoul.

The highest town in Scotland is basking in the shade,
Our cabin's by a woodland, set in a forest glade.
The wild Highland landscape, blue sky and breeze so cool
The rugged tors view lands so raped, up here in Tomintoul.

With no street lights the darkness falls, it seems night started early.
A thousand bats search out their prey, above they circle round
They dart past and skim our heads, with such an eerie sound
But weirder still to city souls, up here in Tomintoul.

Awakened by sweet nature's light, a trait we will get used to,
The morning mist it drifts along, a sea of greyish blue.
We talk about our trip up here, whilst eating 'til we're full
Then drive down by the riverside, up here in Tomintoul.

The grassy banks by waters edge, in places standing high
The river here is not in spate but it's certainly not dry.
Our quarry here is silver bars and we look out for pools
For they hold fish, quite big we're told, up here in Tomintoul.

But an Asian man has bought the rights, to fish this part of heaven
And working class can afford no more, to fish for Scottish salmon.
Only those who pass his test of wealth, can feel the tug, the pull
Of mighty fish, all local fish, up here in Tomintoul.

These wealthy men and women too, they come in 4 wheel drives
To have some lunch and drink their wine, just after they arrive
All dressed up, can't set their line and chatting break the golden rule
Hired ghillies have to net their catch, up here in Tomintoul.

We drive away to find a pool, a beat we can afford as friends
Amidst the towering Douglas firs and majestic Monarchs of the glen.
These timid beasts with massive eyes roam o'er every tor and hill
Their mighty antlers tell which one is boss, up here in Tomintoul.

We catch some fish, sea trout and brown, but the salmon they're elusive
He's too quick and far too sharp, our menu's not exclusive.
This spectacular corner of our land, the beauty of the Highlands
Is with me now, forever will, up here in Tomintoul.

PAUL COLVIN

Tuneful Shades.

He feels each note, each pulsing tone
He's lost in concentration
Sweat rolls down from brow to nose
His mind absorbed, his soul exposed
Eyes squeezed tight as though in pain
He plays his tune with soulful strain
Jumping fingers, shifting keys
A body bent up from the knees
Each note a different shade of blue
The jazzman plays his sax for you.

PAUL COLVIN

Two Sides.

The chaos that churns up my brain
That feeling of being half insane
Is still with me when night time comes
When I dream of deaths and fights in slums.

My face is dripping beads of sweat
Eyes alert and hair so wet
Half scared to death I lie awake
How much more can one man take?

But whilst awake I think of you
And sunshine thoughts come into view
That darkness, it just seems to vanish
As all black thoughts and deeds are banished.

PAUL COLVIN

Unmoved.

As the face of seduction stared
Stripping every stitch
Eyeing every flaw
The peeling glare
Of immovable eyes
Penetrating through silks
Burning below
I stood unable to move
And yet not knowing
If I wanted him to stop.

PAUL COLVIN

Vengeance.

Eat me, all of me
And when you're full
Your stomach burning
With the essence of Hell
And black angels wings
Engulf and devour you
I will have had my revenge
And be by your side.

PAUL COLVIN

Vesuvio.

Vesuvio. 10th February 2013.

No waters run, you cry no tears
And even still we live with fears
No waterfalls, no rivers, streams
And yet we sleep with darkened dreams.
Helplessly, from across the bay
They watched as blackness filled the day
Ercolano drowned as Pompei died
Whilst Napolitani wept and cried.
Undiscovered, buried deep
They lie, outstretched, as if to creep
Back to the arms of those they loved
As fire rained down from above.
Stripped from flesh, they bare their bones
Their nightmare filled with muffled groans
Their souls may Heaven ever keep
And waken them from silent sleep.

PAUL COLVIN

Vietri In December.

I walked out on the balcony, to see what I could see
And a thousand little stars looked down, looking down at me,
No-one else was standing near, not a single soul in sight,
Were they shining just for me, on that velvet Autumn night?

They looked so clear and felt so near, my fingers reached to touch
But when I plucked one out, they seemed to dance so much
They danced along to a moonlit song and a choir then appeared
I rubbed my eyes, then looked again, and like that! They disappeared.

PAUL COLVIN

Villa Borghese.

Click, click, click, the cameras snap, there's so much here to see
Feeding pigeons, jumping dogs and large stone statues, three
Guard the flowing fountain as it shoots into the air
A dozen children soaking wet, with dripping golden hair.
Joggers of all ages, run passed the latticed glass
And life sized Roman statues, count them as they pass.
The marbled stairs and balustrades that sweep this stately home
Caress its cultured gardens, laid out before the dome.
The lemon grove is locked today, the museum now is full
But the open grounds, where all can walk, is North Rome's crowning jewel.

PAUL COLVIN

Virgin White

She came out of the darkness
And crept through the night
Wandering by graves
In her dress virgin white
The lace collar ruffled,
The silk seemed to flow
In a breeze that was lit
By the moon's silver glow.
Why had she come here,
Her lover to find?
Where did she go to,
Was she out of her mind?
Then she stopped by a headstone
And gently bent down
And read out a letter
As she knelt on the ground
Please forgive me my darling,
I know I've done wrong
I'll always love you
And have all along
But that night when you found me
Spelled out the end
When wrapped in the arms
Of your so-called best friend.
Love didn't happen
And I cannot pretend
If you hadn't found us
Love would not ascend.
You died broken hearted
And I know I'm to blame
And the guilt that I carry proves
I carry the shame
Now I've come to join you,
If you'll have me tonight
And the dress that I wear,
Is still virgin white.

PAUL COLVIN

Vivid Blue

And from the room I watched her go
Down broken concrete steps
Beyond her lay the dusty path
Of dried and crusted earth.
Long and narrow, winding,
Around a yellowed garden lawn
Spans a river, vivid blue.

PAUL COLVIN

Way Back In '61

Near sixty years an' feelin' great
Ma memories of ma garden gate
As pals we a' wid staun `n wait
Tae see a car in motion.

They stood there in their driveways
But never passed ma way
An' the only thing they hud tae dae
Wis pass by ma wee gate.

But we wid sit fur `oors oan end
An jist as well we a' were friends
Fur nae caurs came aroon' that bend
Way back in '61.

They aye wid wash an' clean them
Every Sunday they'd be gleamin'
An' oor faces wid be beamin'
Cos they never ever moved.

Ma pals a' said they'd get ane
Or maybe even buy a van
An' drive tae places like Japan
Maybe that's why I don't drive!

PAUL COLVIN

Wealth V Wealth

I've no money but I have wealth.
What constitutes well-being, health?
If riches rule this barren land,
The wealth of power in their hand
Then I beg of you, please let me rule
For their wealth is the wealth of fools!
Silver bars and ingots gold
Along with power makes hearts cold
Though sturdy hearts may rule supreme
These puppet lords live but their dream.
Give me logic, common sense
Not hollow words of false pretence
They contradict their every speech
They're out of touch, we're out of reach
For love and brains don't come from gold
Their mis-spent youth, this country, sold.

PAUL COLVIN

West London's Csc's Day Out.

It's early morning, I awake
Not even 6, before daybreak.
I've packed my passport, can't forget,
First time, expelled by Easyjet!

From London Heathrow, we will go
Our club trip up to Glasgow.
The Marriott is where we'll stay
Thirty strong, our biggest day.

We meet at seven, flight's at nine,
Have a beer, that goes down fine.
A beer just now? It's far too early!
Shut up and drink he was told sternly!

We've all checked in and take our seats
And well behaved, no dodgy feats.
There's an old tradition to uphold:
To behave like Celtic fans of old.

It's only December, the trip's in May
But behave we must, the Celtic way.
Our reputation's known worldwide
We wear the green and white with pride.

We've won the cups and all awards, .
Not only here but when abroad.
The locals there don't shirk and hide
Instead they play us,5-a-side!

They make us all feel so at home.
It's just like a Scottish welcome.
We have a laugh, a drink and sing
With locals joining in dancing.

I digress, go off on tangents so I'm told
The last trip was so bitterly cold,
Stuck up high above the Gods
We all went home, wee frozen sods!

Talking of Gods, we went to heaven
The restaurant there, called No Seven.
I only hope it's still the same
For there we'll dine before the game.

PAUL COLVIN

What Is Life?

Life is short and may be sweet
It could be long and sad
Life's based on those you meet and greet
Who make your heart feel glad.
The path of life should make you glow
But life is disarray
To know happiness, you have to know
Some sadness on the way.

PAUL COLVIN

What Price Is Life? Part One.

Broken hearts and shattered dreams
A war on want, is what it seems.
A woman grieves, she mourns her son,
His young life ended, by the gun.

She looks to God, The Lord above,
The same God of eternal love.
She seeks an answer to this crime,
A young boy dead, before his time.

Reciprocate this crime uncouth,
An eye for eye and tooth for tooth.
When will this killing ever end?
A son is lost, his mum's best friend.

Why this teenage killing spree,
A worrying time, that's plain to see.
Youngsters, some, who have no brain
Just get a gun when friends are slain.

They brandish them in light of day
Parade their wares, where children play.
These lowlife scum are out to shock
As flailing bullets wreak havoc.

What chance is there with these young thugs
Tooled up at twelve and taking drugs?
A young boy's brain, can't stand the pace
But him, he sees, a gangland race.

Respect? Come on! They'll lose street cred.
At school, drives teacher off his head.
A fight at school is not the same
It's now with knives, a killing game.

The families are fraught with grief
They thought their sons had self-belief.
They tried their best, in their own way
But on the streets, they have no say.

This can't go on, we all agree
It's headline news, for all to see.
Discussed at work and schools alike;
These killing fields, patrolled by bikes.

PAUL COLVIN

When Love Is Lost.

Caress my fears with loving tears
Give me the love I crave,
Forget that I am such a man
And pledge me that you'll save
My soul, my heart, I need someone
To pull me through this drought
For I've forsaken all my strengths
And love now lives without.
Bring her back that I may see
The strength of love she brings
And I will know within my heart
By the gentle song she sings.

PAUL COLVIN

When Love Passes.

When love has passed through Heaven's gate
It knows which line of course awaits
But its heart is hurting, broken, bleeding
For left behind is one who's grieving.

Two perfect halves made up this whole
And to the heart was fused the soul,
The living half just wanders earth
But the dead half lived a life of worth.

PAUL COLVIN

When Near Is Just Too Far.

If hearts could sink, yet, deeper still
I feel its depth with icy chill
And yet I know this is God's will
To keep us far apart.

A solemn hurt I feel this day
And how I wish that I could stay
With my love not far away
But Alas! It cannot be.

I still hurt and feel the pain
And yet IO know I must refrain
From blaming others but in the main
My God! He's always right!

PAUL COLVIN

When Time Stood Still.

Snapshots of our childhood friends, playing children's games
Laughing, joking, running wild, calling out our names
A simple life with lots of fun, it seemed the only way
I'd give my all, to return, for just one single day.

The happy streets, that we once owned, our names lit up in lights
We were kings of our wee street and all our laws seemed right
All these thoughts are in my head and I'll get back somehow
Time was so important then, it's even moreso now.

Life goes at a frantic pace but back then time stood still
A different venture every day, each one a different thrill
And not a penny to our name, fun back then was free
I'd love to have one little glance, to see the boy that's me.

Precious moments long since gone are captured in my mind
And parents whom we loved so much, respected us in kind
I know I'll never get there, that was just a dreamy haze
But at least I have my memories and snapshots of those days.

PAUL COLVIN

Where Have All The Children Gone?

The playground's like a wasteland, an empty barren yard
No children laughing, playing, no chance of sweating hard
They're tucked away, or locked inside as games means sitting down
Eating lunch with damaged eyes and always with a frown.
A childhood lost, a culture gone but worse, no exercise
No rosy cheeks or bodies bruised should come as no surprise
They come to school in private cars or take a train or bus
Their parents fault the government but the blame should lie with us.
Where have all the children gone, those boyish rogues and tomboys
They play games at computers, bought by us as toys.

PAUL COLVIN

Who Am I?

Why am I here, whence did I come?
What kind of man, will I become?
Was I from a distant past?
The answers here, don't come too fast!

Was I beast, in a past life?
A resurrected squaw or wife?
Was I a chief of tribe or clan?
A common thief or Holy man?

Was I rich or was I poor?
A Casanova, filthy whore?
No answers come from Déjà vu
I guess I must just start anew!

PAUL COLVIN

Who's In Love?

You reveal to my eyes what you want me to see
And choose only words that were written for me
I'm blind to your thoughts and prey to my fears
I'm only a man who's in love.

I sleep with the smile you brought to my face
Your memory kept from a beautiful place
I know you're beside me although we can't touch
I'm only a man who's in love.

Love is a virus that flows through your veins
And when it deserts you, it leaves you in pain
No answers to questions, you break down and cry
They say only fools fall in love.

No matter what you do or say
My love will watch you all the way
Like time, I'm just a faithful friend
Yes, I'm just a fool who's in love.

PAUL COLVIN

Wildness.

The scent of man has long since gone but ghosts from Highlands past
Stand guard upon its gateway, their eerie shadows cast
I feel them walk beside me, see eyes in every tree
They guard it like their Holy Grail, they set this Scotland free.

Uncontrolled, undisciplined, this uncultivated land
I taste its living wilderness, put there by God's command
Unrestrained and desolate with a beauty all its own
A magic burns inside me, I know I'm not alone.

Gushing rivers, salmon leaps, the monarch of the glen
Where eagles fly and ospreys soar beyond the reach of men
And the rights of men mean nothing for nature here is King
The wildness in this land of mine is such a wondrous thing.

Dark unruly mountains loom, piercing through grey skies
Sharp and cold and sinister, like soldiers in disguise
By braes of purple heather and deepest grassy glens
Where bracken hangs on hillsides adorned by lushest ferns.

In winter it's so cold and bare, an unforgiving scene
With elements so fierce and raw, described by some, obscene
But it steals the breath inside me and stops my very heart
What lies before, they cannot paint, this precious work of art.

Wild black nights where none can see, are filled with hidden noises
But are these the calls of night time or dead clansmen's deathly voices?
From Aviemore to Braemar, from the Feshie to the Dee
So wild and yet so beautiful, that's nature's tapestry.

PAUL COLVIN

Worldwide Wars

Worldwide, the stories roll, straight off the steaming press
The headlines, death, destruction, our world is in distress
Shootings, murders, gangland rape, epidemics plague our
land
Terrorism rules the media and it's all out of our hands.
Wall Street, London, crash to banks so we pay the bankers' price
Along with politicians, they reap the richest prize
Between them, they've got it made, but who's controlling who
It's a game of Happy Families in this monetary coup.
But way above the working man, the hierarchy rest
Playing chess with bombs and bullets with the pawns in battle dress
Wars are never near to home but they're never far away
And it's those we elect to power who have the final say
As to who will be our enemies and who will be our friends
Of the battlefield will be, how and where these wars will end
Of what a nation's fate will be and how much each fight will cost
It's all about the money, not the million lives they lost.
Bomb the pawns by thousands, as planes fly overhead
Don't worry, they're civilians, the poor are better dead
Obliterating every street, and yes, more wars will come
And by the time they stop their war, they've made a princely sum.
They rub their greedy hands with glee at the money they've just made
The costs of bombs and bullets, is such a healthy trade.
They cost the price of missiles, of bullets, bombs and planes
And since they own the factories, replacements equals gains.
They groom a future leader then render him a foe
A tyrant or dictator, he's sent where oil flows
They start their wars through fear and claim they're being attacked
And the good old UK stands upright to guard America's back
They've bases here, there, everywhere and all are fully manned
They fight to make the rich more rich with death their final stand.
You're a hero if you're fighting, playing a patriot's game
But if you are a pacifist, you're a coward and will be shamed
We follow like sheep we are as the wolves spin out their lies
But as each death brings a fortune, they care not who lives or dies.

PAUL COLVIN

Writing In My Sleep

If I had words I'd get some sleep
But heart and mind are fighting
And weariness does let me keep
My silver pen from writing.
The words I have do not make sense
I can't put them in order
But if I should write in false pretence
She'll kick me o'er the border.
For women's minds are Heaven blessed
And torture mortal men
At times I think that they're possessed
And control this poet's pen.
Peculiar minds and stranger ways
You press my mind to write
With deadlines issued day by day
It's no wonder I can't write.

PAUL COLVIN

Your Country Needs You!

Young men stand, young men fight
Too young to know what's wrong or right
Standing fast they reminisce
(All thoughts of God amiss)
Of loved ones in their hearts.

March, they march, but where
In thickest war torn air
Youthful and so filled with fear
(As death draws ever near)
Passing soldiers lying dead.

Led like lambs to meet their ends
Where strangers die as friends
Once so bold now lie so cold
(The price of fortune we are told)
These dead men are the cost.

Ageing men to growing boys
But all are politicians' toys
A corporal hears his last command
(His brain now sits upon his hand)
He was just a pawn. □

PAUL COLVIN