

Poetry Series

Peter Hall
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

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

Peter Hall()

Hall is Australian born, but calls Scotland home. He is a poet, a songwriter, musician, accountant, pastor, follower of Jesus Christ, son, husband, father, sports lover and coffee drinker.

Hall says 'poetry is about communicating 'what is' and 'what could be', or 'what should be' '.

Hall's poetry influences are from a 'melting pot' of Australian and British cultures and writers. Being Australian born, his early work was influenced by the Australian 'bush poets'; Henry Lawson and 'Banjo' Paterson. Hence the rhythmic nature of his early poetry. However, since relocating to Scotland, his work moved away from the 'bush poetry' style to the 'free-verse' style of the British poets such as Seamus Heaney and Highland poet; Sorley Maclean.

However, most of his content is based on his work as a Prison Chaplain and Pastor. If it's not a Spiritual poem, his work reflects his landscape he finds himself in.

12,000 Miles Sounds Closer

My first grandchild
Looks back at me through her lens
18,000 kilometres away
12,000 miles sounds closer.

The eyes cut through the separation
The innocent smile brings joy and pain
That co habitate like the knowledge of heaven and hell.

The exuberance
The energy
The beauty
Awakens the soul from it's rest.

The eyes ask no questions of my weaknesses
The face cuts through the Scottish mist like a glad glint of sun.

The smile confirms the present
And says 'I am your future'.

Peter Hall

747 To Dubai

A lady sat next to me
On the 747 to Dubai,
It wasn't long before I asked God;
'Why, oh why, oh why!' .

All that she could do was
Talk and talk and talk,
All that I wanted to do was
Walk and walk and walk.

She talked louder than the engines
With more revolutions per second,
And to make matters worse
She had a face like a melon.

I found out she loved horses
And loved the Aberdeen races,
The more I heard her talking
I knew horses have nicer faces.

Oh yes...she has 2 other sisters
I saw the photos of their wedding
And the one with the Union Jack
On top of her marital bedding.

Did you know she really loves bagpipes
And got married to the music of Elvis?
But she forgot to buy the deserts
But at least the guests had their Haggis.

I haven't told you her job
Or her her favourite colour of dress,
Cos I'm exhausted after the flight
I think it's time for a rest.

So next time you have 'time out'
And you want to rest as you fly,
Make sure it's an empty plane
Or book a seat on the aisle! .

Peter Hall

A Daughter's Cry For Affirmation

The grieving tear on the wincing cheek
Says much more than she can speak
Of grieving thoughts she tries to hide
That squeezes out of red stained eyes.

Craving her father's affirmation
That never came brings much frustration
She yearns to be her Daddy's girl
But it feels like pigs who watch thrown pearls.

Though time has bought her twilight years
To this place of heightened fears
That she will never hear the sound
At affirmations holy ground.

She watches his coffin go into the dirt
Those tears now flow down to her shirt
Some things are not won by having a lover...
A daughter's affirmation given by her father.

Luke 3: 22 'and the Holy Spirit in a form like that of a dove descended upon Him,
and a voice came out of heaven, 'As for you, you are my Son, the beloved one,
in whom I take pleasure'.'

Peter Hall

A Time To Die

There's a time to live
There's a time to die,
And a time to laugh
And a time to cry,
Seasons stop
Seasons go,
Sometimes blocked
Sometimes flow.

We're disappointed
When things go wrong,
When a life event
Takes our song,
We're unprepared
What comes by stealth,
And seem so shocked
At a loved one's death.

But part of life
Is a time to die,
Accidents happen
That make us cry,
We must accept
That life's not level,
So don't be shocked
On the way to heaven.

Peter Hall

After The Rain

Hail
Wind
Rain
Chaos.

Fallen trees
Overtuned cars
Ruined fences
Higher tides.

Inconvenient clean up
Sweep away water
Broken branches replete
Inconvenience for awhile.

Sun shining brightly clearly
Fresh branches beginning growth
New life beginning fresh
Birds singing in trees.

Peter Hall

All Things Have Changed

Deep down in the middle of my mind
There's a part I just can't satisfy
It's a corner of my mind I can never seem to fill
It's still there after all that I try
I wonder why

Now all things have changed
All things are new
Jesus came to live in me
And He lives inside
And He fills the empty parts of my mind.

Now I know Him there's a new way to live
From the new life that's living inside
No longer feeling there is nothing to give
After all the these tears that I've cried
I'm satisfied.

Cos all things have changed....

Peter Hall

Anointed To Belong

What every joint supplies
Both significant and insignificant
Both esteemed and not respected
Both seen and hidden
Is part of the whole...

The whole body
of the One who sources it's life
Continually
Flowingly
Powerfully.

This sea of people
With a swell of its own momentum
Flows into each other
Grows into each other
Robust
Always works.

Anointed to belong to each other
Anointed to anoint each other
With a flow of life
A flow of power
A flow of grace from member to member.

Only those who see the Kingdom
Only those who enter the kingdom
Only those whose heart is common with the members
To know the King
Are invited to belong.

You are invited.

Peter Hall

Atheists

Their mouths go dry
Their voices sigh
They get so high
Break necks to try
To tell us there's no God.

Their breath stinks
As they drink
Do their thing
And they don't think
Lecturing us there's no God.

But angry mouths
Go deep south
Under their crown
Under their frown
Yelling there's no God.

To think they believe
Their anger achieves
That Christians get relieved
From what they are deceived
Their faith in a good God.

But atheists are not real
Their own innate knowledge steal
And ignore what their spirit feels
So they don't have to kneel
To the true and Living God.

Peter Hall

Because Such Is Life

People with their dogs
People with their cats
Falling off a log
Slipping on a mat.

Smoking cigarettes
Breathing selfishness
Sport heroes largess
Demonic effectiveness.

Misunderstood opinion
Nail in a tyre
Tears from an onion
Smoke from a fire.

Pains in the neck
Patience always tried
Useless getting upset
Because such is life.

Peter Hall

Bid

The investor decides to buy more shares
The profit he'll make will fix his cares
And change his world for ever and ever
Buying this stock will prove him clever.

The investor decides to sell more shares
The profit he makes will fix his cares
And change his world forever and ever
Selling this stock will prove him clever.

Peter Hall

Black Dog

The black dog has started barking
Old memories have started tracking
Emotions that again start descending.

What woke the black dog out of sleep?
That makes this pain run so deep?
My sandy eyes begin to weep.

When the black dog comes, here's the task
Keep him hidden, put on a mask
About my tears, hope no one asks.

Go to work, put on a face
Expressions to show no black dog's trace
How am I gonna act in grace? .

The black dog screams "you are dumb";
All you can eat is from life's crumbs
You won't survive until happenstance comes.

The sky is not blue & the grass is not green
Nothing is good the black dog screams
How did life turn out this mean? .

I begin to ask, "what's the lie";?
The dog is wrong, I don't want to die
What is the source of these sighs?

Slowly, slowly I see the truth
The pain subsides like an aching tooth
Perspective & love bring me a break-through.

The barking has stopped: no more dog
I'm now in the clear: no more fog
I've discovered to whom I belong! .

Blood In, Blood Out

The creed of the gang
Blood in, blood out.

Identity
Attention
Insecurity
Acceptance
Significance
All gifted at the place of blood.

Slash a face
Forget any grace
Stab an enemy
A day in infamy
At the gang's entrance
A deceiving sentence.

Only way out
Prove you can fight
Kick some butt
Spill more blood
Roll the dice
Pay the price.

The gang demanded the same cost
Blood to spill from His cross
The same blood to bring them in
In exchange for the gang's sin
Opportunity to be bought out
Of darkness into the light.

The creed of the Godhead
Blood in, blood out.

Peter Hall

Blown Up In Afghanistan

There are some things I just don't get
And never understand
Six more dead from Yorkshire's moors
Blown up in Afghanistan.

The war on terror can't be won
How can we be so blind
Can't we see that we can't win
Without changing hearts and minds? .

Whatever belief you declare
How are these your pranks
You blow up boys in uniform
Then you give God thanks! .

Peter Hall

Brodick Bay

Brodick Bay, Isle of Arran
September afternoon,
Don't care what time it is
And I haven't got a clue.

Sun beats down, on my crown
Breeze feels like a fan,
31st wedding anniversary
As my wife gently holds my hand.

Cali ferry fades away
Leaves our world behind,
Walking on the esplanade
The spring begins to unwind.

Viking names, Gaelic culture
On the Firth of Clyde,
Unique blend of Scottishness
Gets in the soul of mine.

Not a cloud, in the sky
Sunshine does it's part,
Carol's smile and presence
Warms the grateful heart.

Dancing boats, sunrays float
On the sparkling crystal Firth,
Getting back priorities
God and marriage first.

The Isle of Arran gives
Nothing else but smile prints,
Where I take nothing but photo's
And leave nothing but footprints.

The years have been spent well
Says the beauty of Brodick Bay,
Happy anniversary Darlin'
31 years to the day! .

Peter Hall

Broken Bottles

His pain labelled his face
Like an abandoned quarry full of 'danger' signs
His guilt numbed his emotions
Like the blandest sand dune in the Saharra
With a head full of broken bottles
His mind was severed from clear thinking.

My father slept walked through life.

Ruled by the thoughts of others
Governed by their selfish labels
Mixed with self lies
Stirred by a wooden spoon: a race to the bottom.

With four hours to go
The light turns on! .
New light reflects through the broken bottles
Joins the dots
The shards of glass becomes holders of love.
More than four hours though...
Shines forever! .

Peter Hall

But That Is Life In Glasgow

The impressive buildings on the Glasgow sky
Compliment life on the River Clyde
With its many secrets it cannot hide
But that is life in Glasgow.

From the understated Squinty Bridge
And George Square to Buchanan Street
Makes it hard for a 'Weegie' to leave
But that is life in Glasgow.

A 'Weegie' takes the good and bad
Supporting a British with Scottish flag
And tension flows between the clans
But that is life in Glasgow.

It's music and it's celebrity stars
Do not hide its gangster past
No such thing as a 'Weegie' facade.
But that is life in Glasgow.

Glasgow life gets under your skin
The richness of a life it brings
A melting pot of good and sin
But that is life in Glasgow.

Peter Hall

Carry

I stroll down to the wee burn
The snow feathers through the mist.

I carry my camera
I carry my cares
I carry my requests
Yet I carry His presence.

Alone yet not alone
Out of the Spirit, into the mind
Impressions
Knowings
Perceptions.

I walk out of the mist
Back home
He carries me.

Peter Hall

Christianity Is

Christianity is a nature
Christianity is not behaviour.

Christianity is a person
Christianity is not the law.

Christianity is life
Christianity is not death.

Christianity is a way of seeing
Christianity is not blind faith...

Seeing Jesus
Seeing His death
Seeing His resurrection
Seeing His glorification.

Seeing Christ is within
Seeing His death is mine
Seeing His resurrection is mine
Seeing His glorification is mine...

Seeing His nature is now mine
Seeing His Life is now mine.

What you think Christianity is? .

Peter Hall

Climb The Learning Curve Of Gratitude

When life gives you all you need
And you fly to the highest altitude,
Before you run out oxygen
Climb the learning curve of gratitude.

When life withholds all you need
And you start to get an attitude,
Before you drown in despair
Climb the learning curve of gratitude.

When you don't live up to your own standards
Give yourself some latitude,
And walk your way out of depression, and
Climb the learning curve of gratitude.

When you're losing your direction
And noise replaces your solitude,
Walk back to the peace and still, and
Climb the learning curve of gratitude.

When you feel you can't get lower
Just remember His beatitudes,
It's the humble that inherits all things, so
Climb the learning curve of gratitude.

Peter Hall

Covenant Women

Covenant women
In covenant relationship with me,
A covenant that only we can know
A covenant the world can't see.

A world where covenant is meaningless
Where people are reduced to animals
And meaningless promises are broken
And broken promises are meaningless
Making it's actors feel empty
Purposeless
Mingled with hopelessness.

Our covenant made by promise
Through a veil
To heaven
To one another
In front of witnesses
A Promise to see life through
I've got a covenant too.

Your covenant promises fulfilled
Your covenant promises proved
In the fire
In the mire
In desire
In the Saltire*

Covenant relationship
Covenant friend
Covenant wife
Until the end.

Covenant women so spiritual
Covenant life effectual
Covenant wife inspirational
Only a covenant women can know.

Proven your love consistently the same

Proven covenant by your change of name
Your life portraying the King's domain.

Until time stops
Our lifetime commitment
Proves your promises as
A women of covenant.

* (Scottish name for it's flag)

Peter Hall

Don'T Feed The Birds

At my local park there's a sign
As plain as the nose on your face
'please don't feed the birds
At this lake or within this space'.

I was a little disappointed
When a lady was feeding them bread
a swan and her six little babies
As she ignored what the sign had said.

How will they find food
When the friendly supply ends?
What happens to the ducklings
When she stops feeding them?

For living is a skill that we
Never seem to stop learning
Whether it's relationships
Or how we make our earning.

For if everything in life
Always went our way
And people did it all for us
We wouldn't adapt to change.

We never would discover
How to find our own feed
And store enough for others
And keep just enough for me.

Peter Hall

'Don'T Move' (The Bank Robbery)

On an average summer day
Under a turquoise Sydney sky,
I was a new parent and bank teller
When I saw a bearded guy.

At three minutes to five
Pointed a hand held gun,
At my stomach across the counter
I thought my life was done.

'Put the money in the bag'
He said through nervous teeth,
I just did as I was told
To reduce the tension and grief.

But that was not as bad
When I was sitting at my desk
When a double barrel sawn off
Was pointed at my chest.

As his metal power trip
Was moved up to my head,
He said if I ever move
'This pretty dog is dead'.

But his hands were but steady
He had done all this before,
I thought of my wife and child
And if this cowboy's quick on the draw.

But then about a year later
An accountant at Hurstville branch,
Two men and a single sawn off
Speaking in unrefined French.

Pointed it at my head
As the female staff lost control,

Of their bladders and their senses
An innocence forever lost.

I thought about my family
How will they live without my pay,
While my brains are sprayed on the wall
At least with God, I am OK.

I have a dream once a year
I wake up after I'm shot,
But they may have yelled 'don't move'
I've won because I've moved on.

Peter Hall

Don'T Sell Your Soul

My cousin puts a photo of herself on Facebook
For every testosterone teenager to have a look.

But deep within myself, my heart bleeds
Because she doesn't see the things I see.

I see a little girl who cries out for significance
I see a little girl who cries out for love.

I see a women who doesn't know her inner beauty
I see a women who doesn't know herself.

I pray that that she doesn't sell her soul
To every man who'll tell her what she wants to know.

I pray that she will see she is already loved
I pray that she will not succumb to what she craves.

I pray she'll buy the truth that doesn't cost
And not sell her soul for things that are meaningless.

Too many women have walked this road before
Please, please, please, don't sell your soul! .

Peter Hall

Estranged In The Mind

And you, who once were alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works,
yet now He has reconciled in the body of His flesh through death, to present you
holy, and blameless, and above reproach in His sight— (Colossians 1: 21-22
NKJV)

Estranged in the mind
By wicked works
That secure the constant lie
That even though married
We live in separate houses
God and me.

The mind lies
The mind numbs
The mind screams
The mind alienates.

But God has not moved
The covenant of promise is the reality
That overrides the mind voice
Like a lighthouse sword
Fighting the constant crushing waves
But always wins
Ready for the next tide
The next wave

The mind now one with truth
Married
Lives in the same house
God and me.

Peter Hall

Eternal Security

What can pluck me from His hand (John 10: 28)
Now He's made His covenant stand, (Isaiah 42: 6)
Now assured that I am His (Colossians 3: 3)
The fear is gone that Him I'll miss. (1 John 4: 18)

The root supports the feeble branch (Romans 11: 18)
Vine life flows to Him who stands, (John 15: 4-5)
In the faith of Christ received (Galatians 2: 20)
And security Christ achieved. (Hebrews 10: 14)

Peter Hall

Fifty

What is it about turning fifty
That makes you think of life
That makes you think of truth
That puts new value on time.

What is it about turning fifty
That makes one understand
People make mistakes
I can give another chance

What is it about turning fifty
That sorts the permanent from the sand
The things that really matter
Have defined now who I am

What is it about turning fifty
That loves the family crew
I appreciate where I've been
But now, it's where I'm going to

What is it about turning fifty
That somehow I still feel
There's so much more to do
God's call now fully sealed

What is it about turning fifty
As the eyes begin to fade
How I see more clearly
The things that I have gained

What is it about turning fifty
That sees the value of love
More than ever before
How Grace was paid in blood

What is it about turning fifty
The height of middle age
That makes me appreciate more
The Hand who turns the page.

Peter Hall

Fighting Territory

The Irish Republican Army
Through clenched teeth will fight,
So all with Irish accents
Will hear 'Ireland's call' and unite.

The cowboy sings of the country
Mountains and farms and all that,
Though he is from the city
he'll wear his ten gallon hat.

The American is so proud
He was born on the Fourth of July,
He sings the 'star spangled banner'
With hand on heart as he cries.

The Australian larrikin is proud
Of their beaches, forests and sun,
That he is 'young and free'
With BBQ and beer soaked fun.

The Scotsman wears His kilt
And recites what Burns may have said,
About the braveheart spirit
That against the Englishmen bled.

Then there's the twelve year old boy
Thinks 'in what can I now be proud'? ,
He'll wear his football jersey
With the thousands in the stand with the crowd.

These all have something in common
It's the same thing that drives them all,
It's all about their identity
By this we all stand or fall.

The identity is the powerful force
That drives all of life's decisions,
To understand motivation
The identity is the heart's incision.

For this we'll defend to the death
For that is our fighting territory,
Because it's who we are
Where belief comes from, our identity.

Peter Hall

Fish And Chips On The Isle Of Skye

Fish and chips on the Isle of Skye
At eight PM when the sun is still high,
With friendly midgies and the coffee hot
Where the Chips are greasy but the fish is not.

The opaque moon says 'look at me'
Above the bright blue shiny sea,
The fluffy pillows hang in the air
While the Spanish tourists sigh and stare.

The little boats give you a dance
The distant mountains give you a trance,
My wife's lipstick smears on her fork
We taste the view and enjoy a talk.

While we let Skye work to catch our breath
We see less is more & more is less,
So it doesn't matter the slice was dry
With the Fish and chips on the Isle of Skye.

Note: a 'midgie' is like mini mosquito

Peter Hall

Fish N Chips

Fish 'n' chips on the Clyde
Fish 'n' chips on the side
Fish 'n' chips with too much salt
Fish 'n' chips and watching boats
Fish 'n' chips and sunny clouds
Fish 'n' chips and funny crowds
Fish 'n' chips and ugly dogs
Fish 'n' chips without the smog
Fish 'n' chips and coffee cold
Fish 'n' chips where ice cream sold
Fish 'n' chips where joggers sweat
Fish 'n' chips on wet park bench
Fish 'n' chips where sea gulls swoop
Fish 'n' chips where sea gulls poop
Fish 'n' chips with nip on the nose
Fish 'n' chips with nip on the toes
Fish 'n' chips is rubbish food, but
Fish 'n' chips taste so good
Fish 'n' chips and mountain sides
Fish 'n' chips on the Clyde! .

Get the picture?

Peter Hall

Free To Make A Choice

The unregenerated man lives in a sealed bag
Tied with invisible chains around his heart and mind
Unable to do his own will.

A slave to lack of choice
A prisoner to his own military nature
Unable to taste the life he craves.

The regenerated man feels free
To be a slave of righteousness and life
Free to make the choice.

Dead to a nature that killed his freedom
It was living death
Now a slave to life! .

Peter Hall

Getting Older

Getting older...

Where my knees wear out quicker than my shoes
Where my hair grows inward through my ears and nose
Where I bend my knees to touch my toes
Yet the brain tells the body 'anything still goes'.

Getting older...

Where my bones sound like the crack of a whip
The hormones scream 'I don't want to dip'
Too much cycling has worn the hips
You dribble the coffee after a hot sip.

But getting older

You know the truth from the lies
The experience of life means you're now wise
You no longer need the old soul ties
Because you've experienced the Life of Christ.

Peter Hall

Glass Ceiling

I was born in Green Valley, west of Liverpool, west of Sydney, Australia.
It's like being born in the Bronx, or Tottenham, or Shankhill, or Govan in
Glasgow.

I might as well have been born there too.

Where those of Green Valley's DNA
Kiss the ground with a bent neck, and are proud to do so
When they look up, their face smears on the glass ceiling
But they can't feel it.

The only escape is a poor paying job
So they keep saying.

There is no door with a happy label on it,
Or a sign that says 'this way to an improved life'.

So here I am in Scotland.
I went through the unnamed door
I think it was called 'risk'.

It broke the glass ceiling.

Peter Hall

God's Bag Of Sugar

God's bag of sugar
Burst all over the North
The sweet scent of the stars are pleasant to the eyes.

The limitless strength of the belt of Orion
Three stars in one belt,
That only God can bind
Bring wonder to the limited soul
Points to...

The clustered jewels of Pleades
Has strength in numbers
Beautiful
Bright
Like God's people are bound to each other
And to Him,
Only a powered God can bind such beauty.

The Major Bear cares for the Minor Bear
Father God growls to the enemies of His Cubs,
Caring,
Sharing life at His own expense.

The Milky band
The covering
Wraps its arms around the globe
Never ends
Bright
Each named part never fails, ever,
Seen by those who search

The North Star is unmoved
An absolute
Never changes
Everything else revolving around it
Assures
Comforts
For all to see
For all who want to see.

Have you tasted God's bag of sugar? .
It's very sweet.

“Can you bind the cluster of the Pleiades, Or loose the belt of Orion? Can you bring out Mazzaroth (Zodiac) in its season? Or can you guide the Great Bear with its cubs? Do you know the ordinances of the heavens? Can you set their dominion over the earth? (North Star) (?Job? ?38?: ?31-33? NKJV)

For by Him all things were created that are in heaven and that are on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers. All things were created through Him and for Him. And He is before all things, and in Him all things consist. And He is the head of the body, the church, who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead, that in all things He may have the preeminence. (?Colossians? ?1?: ?16-18? NKJV)

He alone spreads out the heavens, And treads on the waves of the sea; He made the Bear, Orion, and the Pleiades, And the chambers of the south; He does great things past finding out, Yes, wonders without number. If He goes by me, I do not see Him; If He moves past, I do not perceive Him; If He takes away, who can hinder Him? Who can say to Him, 'What are You doing?' (?Job? ?9?: ?8-12? NKJV)

He made the Pleiades and Orion; He turns the shadow of death into morning And makes the day dark as night; He calls for the waters of the sea And pours them out on the face of the earth; The LORD is His name. (?Amos? ?5?: ?8? NKJV)

The heavens declare the glory of God; And the firmament shows His handiwork. Day unto day utters speech, And night unto night reveals knowledge.

Milky Way...Their line has gone out through all the earth, And their words to the end of the world. In them He has set a tabernacle for the sun...Its rising is from one end of heaven, And its circuit to the other end; And there is nothing hidden from its heat. (?Psalms? ?19?: ?1-2,4,6? NKJV)

O LORD, our Lord, How excellent is Your name in all the earth, Who have set Your glory above the heavens! ...When I consider Your heavens, the work of Your fingers, The moon and the stars, which You have ordained, What is man that You are mindful of him, And the son of man that You visit him? (?Psalms? ?8?: ?1,3-4? NKJV)

There are also celestial bodies and terrestrial bodies; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differs from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. The body is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. (1 Corinthians 15: 40-44 NKJV)

“To whom then will you liken Me, Or to whom shall I be equal?” says the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high, And see who has created these things, Who brings out their host by number; He calls them all by name, By the greatness of His might And the strength of His power; Not one is missing. Why do you say, O Jacob, And speak, O Israel: “My way is hidden from the LORD, And my just claim is passed over by my God?” Have you not known? Have you not heard? The everlasting God, the LORD, The Creator of the ends of the earth, Neither faints nor is weary. His understanding is unsearchable. He gives power to the weak, And to those who have no might He increases strength. (Isaiah 40: 25-29 NKJV)

because what may be known of God is manifest in them, for God has shown it to them. For since the creation of the world His invisible attributes are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse, because, although they knew God, they did not glorify Him as God, nor were thankful, but became futile in their thoughts, and their foolish hearts were darkened. (Romans 1: 19-21 NKJV)

For we did not follow cunningly devised fables when we made known to you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eyewitnesses of His majesty...And so we have the prophetic word confirmed, which you do well to heed as a light that shines in a dark place, until the day dawns and the morning star rises in your hearts; (II Peter 1: 16,19 NKJV)

Peter Hall

Greying Men's Boyhood Dreams

I went down to the local show
Where I could smell the steam
Of antique engines & tractors
And greying men's boyhood dreams.

Rows of old John Deere's
Among the oiled steel maze
Rows of competing engines
Remind them of glory days.

The sight of white oil helping
The engines lubricate well
Bring out hidden feelings
That now come out of their shell.

These engines bring them comfort
Of good feelings from the past
A feeling of past securities
That never seemed to last.

In a world of constant change
You could see it in their eyes
These old engines stay the same
Certainty is their cry.

What do these men teach me
How did they end up like this
My future is not in my past
And the past was not always bliss.

"Roll up Roll up, tickets here
Come back in time & see our gear
Come & feel your faces glow
At the antique engine show."

Peter Hall

Here Lies Jimmy Dean

Hey Jimmy, what is your story?
Was your death private or gory?
Why did you decide to die?
What was the pain & what was the lie? .

I see you were only twenty five
When you chose to kill your life
Where red dirt roads and wheat fields kiss
You chose to show the world your fist.

Your pain was greater than your assets
And idealic life from country aspect
Was Tottenham life not good enough?
That caused your end to be so rough? .

And though you lived in a prosperous state
couldn't you talk to your closest mate?
Your body here may still remain
I hope it brings a positive change.

Peter Hall

Heroes

Heroes born and heroes bled
Heroes that live and fill our head
We need heroes so we can be lead
Is there a real true hero?

Are they our coloured football stars
Or speedsters who drive those F1 cars
Adventurers discovering lands afar
Is there a true Hero?

Surely they are our missionaries faceless
Community workers who remain nameless
Mums and Dads who give themselves selfless
Surely they are true heroes.

But there's a Man who bled and died
Allowed Himself to be despised
Conquering death for victory's side
Do you know this true hero?

Peter Hall

Highland Clearances Or Human Clearances?

On the Isle of Skye and Raasay
In eighteen fifty one,
The English Government army
Cleared Scotland's daughters and sons,
Cumberland burned their villages
To ensure cultural disappearance,
Was this Highland subjugation?
Or Was this a human clearance? .

There was a ban on tartan
And breaking the law you'd be libel,
If you spoke the Gaelic tongue
Or read a Gaelic bible,
With potato famine and poverty
And without the tartan regalia,
Scotland's most precious resource
Sailed for Canada and Australia.

40,000 cleared from the glens
Left clan chiefs to the land,
Turning them into landlords
And into an upperclass band,
Some crofters came to the meetings
To discuss the so-called fair rent,
Only to be tossed on boats
Like sheep being sent to their death.

But despite these human clearances
And loss of life by the ton,
They've had their final say
You could say they still have won,
The new world is heavily populated
With those of highland appearances,
To ensure we never forget
The highland and human clearances.

Peter Hall

Highland Laddie

He was a highland laddie
Grew up in the great glen
Played shinty for Fort William
A man amongst men.

He played the highland pipes
With heartbeat rhythms felt
That pumped his blood within
While wearing his clan's kilt.

Fishing at Loch Linnie
Would stir his Gaelic pride
As he viewed the heather
His Lassie by his side...

...he wakes up from his dream
And yet his dream lives on
To prove his Scottishness
And confirm where he comes from.

Peter Hall

His Love

His love is beautiful
His love immutable
His love is suitable to me,

For His kindnesses
Come to my weaknesses,

For He is the Love in me.
Continually loving me.

His love is natural
Beyond the dutiful
His love immovable to me,

I'm now His righteousness
Flows from His faithfulness,

He is the Life in me
The Vine Life transfers to me.

His love is wonderful
His love emotional
His love is musical to me,

I found the natural note
That resonates my soul,

He is the Life in me
His love is life in me.

Peter Hall

I Saw A Funny Man

I saw a funny man
Who wore funny clothes
Had a hole in his jacket
And three holes in his nose.

What a funny nose ring
From it hung a feather
I hope it kept him warm
In the frosty weather.

I saw a funny women
A cow she tried to throttle
Coz she blamed the cow
That milk came out in bottles.

I saw a funny granma
Couldn't see the lake
She tried to shake hands
With the toilet snake.

She left the window open
Like a carefree granny
The wind blew up her clothes
In every nook and cranny.

I saw a funny grandpa
Couldn't hear a thing
Sounded like a moose
When he tried to sing.

He tended to his plants
In the middle of his garden
A truck then blew it's horn
He said 'I beg your pardon'.

It shows that he could hear
Not deaf after all
Just didn't want to answer
When his name you call.

I saw a funny teenager
Walked backwards in his sleep
Then he walked sideways
When he counted sheep.

So lets just keep on smiling
You need it for survival
A keen sense of humour
Puts hair on your eye ball.

Peter Hall

Identity Controls Behaviour

Identity controls behaviour
Identity controls emotions
Identity controls how we think
Identity controls behaviour.

Identity determines behaviour
Identity determines feeling
Identity determines our mental pictures
Identity determines behaviour.

We do not rule our believing
Our believing rules us
Our believing rules how we think
We do not rule our believing.

Identity controls behaviour
Believing controls identity
Identity is borne in what we believe
Who do you believe you are?

Peter Hall

If You Think You Get It By...

If you think you get it by reading a book
Throw it away, it was only a hook.

If you think you get it by reading my tweets
I have a Friend I'd like you to meet.

If you think you get it by five easy steps
Be led by the Spirit, He's here to help.

If you think you get it by a preacher man
You forgot who owns the Sower's hand.

If you think you get it by overhead slides
Just refocus on Him who abides.

If you think you get it by going to church
Go back to the One who loved you first.

If you think you get it by clicking on Facebook
Shutdown your iPad and open the Gracebook.

If you think you get it by knowledge and mind
You'll always be searching and never find.

Come know the Son by the Holy Spirit
And then finally, you will surely get it! .

Peter Hall

I'M Still Here

I'm still here.

Don't let my age fool you,

The troopers said I caused the nation trouble...

Which nation?

Just Scotland?

Nae...

All those who run from the Truth that eats them inside.

The killing times continue...

Trying to bury the Way,

But they don't know it just becomes a seed

That grows without work

And thrives in opposition.

You can't hang the Life into the past

My head still thinks

My hands still work

Beyond the Edinburgh grass market

Beyond the Covenanters influence,

Look over your shoulder

I'm still here.

Peter Hall

Innocence Lost: Jesus Is Better

That song transports me to another time
Of childhood
Of innocence.

An innocence alive in the emotion
That has breath in the mind
But decomposed in reality.

The mouths of loved ones
Singing joy into my soul,
The stringed instruments
Burning a sound into my brain.

That sound! .

But to pursue that virgin state
Would itself produce the weighty grief
That one is trying to dampen.

But it is a weighty advantage
To pursue a superior life.

Innocence lost is grievous
But Jesus gained is better.

Peter Hall

Its Great To Be Alive

The car rolls three times
And bounces off a tree
That's one I've survived
It's great to be alive! .

A few cuts and bruises
Remind me of my breath
That's one I've survived
It's great to be alive! .

Hindsight brings clear vision
And makes the forest clear
That's one I've survived
It's great to be alive! .

Those rain clouds look Divine
It's great to live in time
That's one I've survived
It's great to be alive! .

Another chance of life
Another glance at time
Another chance to love
It's great to be alive! .

Seeing life as precious
And how that love is life
Another chance to love
It's great to be alive! .

The life-joy of forgiveness
And letting go of luggage
Another chance to thrive
It's great to be alive! .

A supernatural cradling
I know that God is mine
Another chance for Love

It's great to be alive! .

Peter Hall

It's New Year's Eve Again

Its new year's eve again
Hearing new year's resolutions
From people looking forward
For answers and solutions.

To unfulfilled lives
And inner thoughts unspoken
But already disappointment
Comes from inner vows now broken.

This very strange tradition
Comes but once a year
Where people make a promise
To break it without fear.

Strength will never come
Only from those things internal
But our faith and trust
In Him who is eternal.

Peter Hall

It's Not Judgement She Needs

Now instead, you ought to forgive and comfort him, so that he will not be overwhelmed by excessive sorrow. I urge you, therefore, to reaffirm your love for him. (2 Corinthians 1:7-8) .

Scottish whisky on her breath
Her winding road is painted on her face
On her eroded forehead
In her opaque eyes.

Forty years of unmanageable memories
Under her unforgivable skin
Crosses the church threshold.

The Pastor's nose smells the breath and pain
The Pastor's eyes sees the lines of disquiet.
The Pastor's spirit hears,
'it's not judgment she needs,
'It's love'.

He asks his wife to donate a hug.

The lines in the face turn upward
The strong breath is a good match
For the collegiate tie
Between two ladies
Who share His love.

Peter Hall

Just Google It

I had some friends over for tea
To sing happy birthday to me
I forgot to buy the KFC
So thought I'd give them a treat
So when you want to eat Chinese
And you really want to noodle it

Just Google it! .

Their gifts of money made me rich
Making money seemed like a cinch
I didn't need a salesmanship pitch
To make myself a little niche
When you need to know the dollar
and how value of the rubel sits

Just Google it! .

The Facebook photos made me seen
To all of my friendly team
At least that's how it seems
Please hit 'like' on your Computer screen
When you're insecure
And you need a new approval hit

Just Google it!

Looking for identity
And where your family history fits,
Need to know the goss
And the latest greatest show biz split,
Need to make a speech
And you need a joke to show your whit,

You know what to do! ...

When you need to know your clan
And the colour of your tartan kilt...

Just Google it! .

Peter Hall

Keep Your Eye On The Big Picture

When the dots won't joint together
And the planets don't always align
When circumstance lets you down
Keep your eye on the big picture.

When people disappoint
And there's a gap between actions and words
When weakness creeps above the hidden surface
Keep your eye on the big picture.

When the black dog starts to bark
And the birds peck holes in your thoughts
When the snake comes knocking your door
Keep your eye on the big picture.

When tribulation hooks onto your smile
And persecution stares down your position
Then misunderstanding dissolves your confidence
Keep your eye in the big picture.

When a cloud covers you with a black shadow
Until the rain erodes away resistance
As the torrent carries you away
Keep your eye on the big picture.

When the critic blurs your focus
And they tell you what others are saying
And the pinprick looks like a bullet hole
Keep your eye on the big picture.

Peter Hall

Learning From Mistakes

I have finally come to the place
Where things can come off the shelf
So I can try to learn from mistakes
And not be so hard on myself.

I no longer need to be opaque
It's time for me to see
That my failures and past mistakes
Do not label me.

No longer trusting what used to assure
Sorting out things that will last
Mistakes filter out what really endures
Permitting to learn from the past.

I know life has its ups and downs
I can't help things don't go to plan
But mistakes no longer bring 'that frown'
Now that I know who I am.

Peter Hall

Life After Death, Living After Love

His feather soft love
Wraps around me like a mother eagle
Clings around me like plastic wrapping
Around an unopened gift.

It holds me into His fulness
It sucks me away from temporal emptiness
It teaches me to live from Love's Source
Like a smiling teacher and a hungry pupil.

Pulling in Life
Keeping out death
Teaching, releasing, assuring
Life comes from Love, not by rights.

It sacrifices itself
Motivates to sacrifice to Him and others
Life after death
Is living after Love.

His love.

Peter Hall

London's Burning

Why so surprised at London's burning?
Why so perplexed a generation is yearning?
Look and see their emotional diet
You'll find the reason to the London riots.

Why not start with secularisation?
It will lead you to privatisation
If no one is more important than me
There's no greater good called society.

To secularise, you need some substitutes
To replace our norms and our absolutes
No right or wrong, the seed is sown
"we have our rights" mean anything goes.

Without a God consciousness and centrality
We breed a victim mentality
There'll be no solutions considered effectual
For all our answers are in the spiritual.

Peter Hall

Maturity

Emotions must fall into line
With all the straight heart will believe,
Patience works it's way in time
Feeling what has been received.

The bluff and lies of satan's breath
Contradict the Holy Spirit
And bring the nose a smell of death
Preventing those who want to live it.

The Kingdom now is deep within
Experienced through our lenses
For focus and belief are twins
In training up our senses.

Then feelings after all agree
With faith known at the start
Aligned emotions and the seen
From the grateful heart.

Peter Hall

Mind Engraver

The deathly cry comes loud
The man is broken
On his knees
Eyes clenched tight
But tears still escape...
Then the volcano erupts
'God please help!'
'I'm wicked!' . 'I'm lost!' . 'I'm sorry!' .

His eyes open again
His heart now marshmellowed
Still on his knees
Humbled yet strong
Faith floods in: hope buds out
Change in focus from self to God
Life engraved into the heart and mind
Exchanged heart, exchanged life.

PS. One definition for the Greek word for 'teacher' is 'mind engraver'.

'I will put My laws in their mind and write them on their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people'. (Hebrews 8: 10 NKJV)

Peter Hall

Misty Times

In misty times past
I go back to the sixties,
Of mixed childhood memories
And change spurned by hippies,
Of Green Valley perfection
Just outside Sydney town,
Where blue skies always smiled
Yet black clouds always frowned.

The mixture of the memories
Of childhood dilly-dally,
Take me to the paradise
12 acres in Green Valley,
Where Nanna and my Aunties
Were my Grandpa's host,
And after church on Sunday
We communed with Vegemite and toast.

Climbing the tallest Gum tree
Is what every child ought to,
In frying Aussie summers
Swimming in bush water,
Everyday surveying
The forever eucalypt treeline,
Imprints the required innocence
Before the adult deadlines.

But during God's appointment
To that place and time,
How do doubts spring up
In the innocent childlike mind? ,
Was it the first day of school
That encouraged the lonely tears,
Or my father's disapproval
That birthed a flood of fears? .

There is no perfect childhood
As per the humanist hype,
Where flesh is in control

There is no black and white,
But being spiritually minded
In the present and future life,
supersedes the past
For joy is in the Christ.

Peter Hall

My First Kiss

My future wife, my future life
Walks with me to the car,
Hand in hand, women and man
Under Aussie summer stars.

What now? . Dunno how
This will all turn out,
My first love, her first love
Thinking of all the doubts.

Open her door, but before
She can get in the car,
Beating fast, faster and faster
Two innocent virgin hearts.

I hold her close, closer and closer
A moment not to miss,
Emotions fond, then respond
In a mutual life sealing kiss.

Mutual hug, emotions tug
Two lives changed forever,
Emotions feel, our lips are sealed
Going back to yesterday never.

Relationship trait, forever mates
That started with a kiss emotional,
Progressively shows, progressively grows
Into lives that are based on the spiritual.

All these years, all these fears
Have grown a greater love,
Not to be missed, was that first kiss
But the source of our life is God.

Peter Hall

My Mother

Her Father and brother appear smaller and smaller
through the tear blurred back window of the Austin A40
the separation of Mother and Father was for her good...

so they said.

The memory scars the heart
dulls the feminine senses.

These graves in the mind
bring her strength of soul.

The wisdom of her times
are transferred by affection and not words of advice.

Her flowered kitchen apron
expresses her love and mind.

Her faith in Christ: her strength yet purpose
are preached by wordless sermonettes.

This is a life that reaches
deep into the unreachable.

No fuss
But chivalrous.

Peter Hall

Northern Hemisphere Holiday Time

The northern hemisphere summer sky
Is still bright at eleven
The middle of summer is an exciting time
As it lights up the mountains and heaven.

The smell of barbeques in the air
The sound of laughter and wine
The sight of people in their relaxing chair
Suggest it is holiday time.

The football is finished but so much to do
Six months of ideas light up
Who can we visit and where can we go
Time to leave winter's rut.

The coldness of winter seems a long way away
Enjoying the heat and the light
Time for the boy to come out and play
Before winding up for Christmas time.

Peter Hall

Nothing Stays The Same

Something we all have to accept
Is that nothing stays the same
it's so easy to sigh and lament
Than accept life's looking for change.

As soon as something is comfortable
It's season is over it seems
So keep your emotions portable
So they don't interrupt your dreams.

But something I learn as I get old
Some things are better when changed
Not everything should fit the mould
Not everything's the same.

If I am honest I've got to say
It's better that things are not stale
Even though it's uncomfortable
My life is better with change.

Peter Hall

Pain And Joy

Two people meet
Or is that merge?
No....collide.

Pain and joy.

Two different star systems
With planets that don't align
Inconvenient circumstances
Inconvenient times.

But love is the purpose in the inconvenient
Circumstances must follow the relationship
Place
Money
Other relationships
All follow the shining couple.

Inconvenience is swallowed up in the glow
Pain and joy.

Peter Hall

Peak Hour In Manchester

Trying to get out of Manchester
To get back on the M6
During the fun called 'peak hour'
Requires all your tools and tricks.

I start on the M61
Four lanes of hotbed frustration
Which lane am I supposed to be in?
Oh yes, the one with least congestion.

But that just causes problems
Because you have stay in the right lane
Else you end up in Wigan
No good if you want to stay sane.

The truck on my left cuts in
And tries to go faster than me
Do I slow down or accelerate
But there's a fool on the right side of me.

I'm feeling sandwiched in
But then they all slow right down
Then a car cuts in ahead
Wearing the idiots crown.

I listen to the BBC Merseyside
They say traffic is all just fine
I'd hate to see a traffic jam
I'm going gray in my prime! .

The sat nav says 200 miles to go
I see the sign to Leeds
But can't see the white line
The rain makes it hard to see.

So I think about my life
And some mistakes I have made
Mixing laughs with regrets
While the traffic tries to made me afraid.

After I tough it out
I finally hit the M6
Finally the road back to Scotland
Leaves behind all my tools and tricks.

So if you are ever in Manchester
The city of culture and sport
Where both means the motor ways
Will ensure you never are bored.

Peter Hall

Pride - The Master Of Disguise

Depression is pride
Why aren't I perfect?
I am better than this,

Self hatred is pride
I have fallen short
My standards are higher than this! .

Self depreciation is pride
I'm too stupid
How did I ever do that! ,

Victimization is pride
In trying to find good
I have just found the bad.

Being offended is pride
How dare they say that
Don't they know who I am? ,

Self defence is pride
I'm better than you
You owe me another chance.

Being negative is pride
Obsessed by my failures
Doesn't make me so wise,

Selfishness is pride
And all these things
Have proven a master of disguise.

Peter Hall

Put A Crown Above Their Head

Put a crown above their head
And watch them grow into it,
Put a crown above their head
And they will gladly wear it.

Put a crown above their head
Is how to be a people reader,
Put a crown above their head
Guarantees a people leader.

Put a crown above their head
Followers will always bond,
Put a crown above their head
And followers will respond.

Put a crown above their head
And God they'll gladly nominate,
Put a crown above their head
Watch how grace motives.

Peter Hall

Real Love

How could You
See my pain
Include me in the
Great Exchange
How could You
Relate to me
Bring me in then
Set me free

Real love
Real love.

How could you
Believe in me
Touch the eyes
So I can see
How could you
Live within
Now everyday
This begins,

Real love
Real love.

A real love that hopes all things
Never fails, believes all things
Never asks what it can't give

Real love
Real love.

Words and Music by Peter Hall.
Copyright Scot free music.

Peter Hall

Respect

'Respect' is a word many people use
'Respect' is a word many people abuse
Most people spend their life to learn it
Most people spend their life to earn it.

So they can all say 'look up to me'
and prop up their false identity
But respect doesn't come by achievement or funds
or looks, or houses, or car type or chums.

You find 'respect' hanging on a cross
not by the gains but by one's loss
You find 'respect' between sky and land
with a different crown on a crucified man.

Peter Hall

Revenge

'Revenge is a dish best served cold'
Is wisdom spoken by Churchill,
'Vengeance is mine says The Lord'
Permits your mind to be tranquil.

Allowing God to take your vengeance
Means you're never depraved,
And if you're going to take revenge
You might as well dig two graves.

Peter Hall

Saturday Arvo At Da Footy

The pies are hot
The beer is cold
It must be Saturday afternoon.

Tomato sauce
Spills down my front
Both teams to show up soon.

The pom pom girls
The footy teams
In uniforms the same

Anticipation
Electrification
The ref's whistle starts the game.

Whether rugby or soccer
Or American footy
The ball is taken up hard

1st tackle made
Blood is sprayed
Tough men now play their cards

Among the sweat
Among the bets
A smile on every boys face

In wonderland
In fairyland
Wish they could trade their place

Exchanging fists
Not to be missed
The crowd now boos then cheers

Enjoying that they
Can have a say
Without retribution or fear.

It's full time now
Don't know how
The fun is over so soon

The pies are still hot
The beer is still cold
It must be Saturday afternoon.

Peter Hall

Sea Shells

If only shells could talk and think
Lazy on the Clyde,
I wonder what they'd say to us?
'I drift in with the tide...

'You can't control everything
Though you've done your best
Sometimes you need to let things go
Enjoy the view and rest'.

Peter Hall

Sea Sick Punk

Why do people laugh at jokes
About getting rolling drunk,
Why does a smile come on a face
Thinking of a sea-sick punk?

There's something wrong with our values
That esteems the money spent,
On fermented rocket fuel
That blasts a soul to hell.

Think of accidents on the road
And innocent loss of life,
Let alone descending relationships
And the bruised and tearful wife.

Hospitals full of patients
With bodies that survive unwell,
Brains that are cooked forever
Locked in emotional cells.

There is no positive argument
That esteems a person drinking,
Lets value what gives life
It's time for a different thinking.

Peter Hall

Securely Held

None can take you from His hand
Those who are the christian band
The Everlasting covenant stands
In the spiritual promise land.

Where sin abounds, grace does more
By Himself the covenant swore
For those who enter by the door
Securely held within His claw.

No longer separate by a sin
For He's in you and you're in Him
He even made you next of kin
An heir of Grace, and heir of Him.

Covenant made before our time
Sacrificed son was crucified
Covenant formed by those who find
A Love extreme and pure and kind.

Peter Hall

Shinty Town

Pine trees mingle into the green
The bonnet is wet with the clouds
Curling roads are full of promise of the joy around the corner
The windscreen and the highlands become twins
Sleepy wipers clear the way for the first sign
'Shinty this afternoon.2: 30pm throw up'
Anticipation and adrenalin become back seat drivers
Shiny streets smile their gaelic welcome
Brick buildings, holy and steadfast announce 'you've arrived'
Pubs with antlers on the wall mop up stray pedestrians
Cars, single file and hypnotized
Crawl through the Main Street then turn right
Where they reach the sticky car park with tyre tracks thousands of years old
Misty highland backgrounds give an apostolic reminder of where you are
Then whispers to the locals; 'custodian'
Highland glen
Shinty men
Shinty town.

Peter Hall

Smelling The Coffee On The Isle Of Skye

The smiling loch gives a welcome
Along with the vigorous pine,
Time to recharge the soul
And smell the coffee on the Isle of Skye.

Misty mountains of mystery
Are a drug with a natural high,
And offer more to discover
Sipping coffee on the Isle of Skye.

The landscape changes each minute
As clouds give way to the shine,
As the sun whispers the invite
Smell the coffee on the Isle of Skye.

White washed homes contrast colour
Of illuminous mountain sides,
That greet the Cali ferries,
And bring life to the Isle of Skye.

You can almost touch the mountains
As you're touched by the Western Isles,
Three dimensions experienced, while
Sipping coffee on the Isle of Skye.

But the likeness of God in nature
Stirs the fourth dimension inside,
Marries the natural and spiritual, while
Smelling the coffee on the Isle of Skye.

Chaos theory must answer
To the Western Island design,
A place too wonderful for me
While smelling coffee on the Isle of Skye.

The Gaelic heart of Scotland
Melts into the core of mine,
As the wide-eyed little boy
Smells the coffee on the Isle of Sky.

Peter Hall

Space

In the space created without alcohol
Where there's no wasteful drinking,
Gives room for life to thrive
And allows a galaxy of thinking.

In the space created by forgiveness
Where feelings can be tempered,
Life extends without need
To reconcile with the offender.

In the space created by empathy
Putting yourself in their shoes,
Fosters an understanding
Of the contrary point of view.

In the space created by love
There's an expanse to be yourself,
Bereft of expectations
Of living in their dark cell.

In the space created by a cross
A victory for the Universe,
And the law of liberty
Bringing heaven to Earth.

Peter Hall

Summer Moon Over Glasgow

Summer moon over Glasgow
Driving down the M8
20 degrees shows on the dashboard
Who cares if I get home late.

The ball of orange hangs in the sky
Looks bigger this time of night
Hovers above the Glesga high rise
And reflects in the River Clyde.

Though the moon begins to rise
The canvassed sky is still bright
The painted picture shows how God smiles
At half ten in the summer night.

Peter Hall

That's Good, That's Bad

When good people say bad things about you,
That's bad.

When good people say good things about you,
That's good.

When bad people say good things about you,
That's bad.

When bad people say bad things about you,
That's good.

When you let bad people define you,
That's bad.

When you let the Truth define you,
That's good.

When you let lying thoughts and lying emotions define you,
That's bad.

When you let God define you,
That's good.

Peter Hall

The Ballad Of John Mann

John Mann

Well meaning and average

Hard working and normal

Accumulates much.

Accumulates wealth

Accumulates knowledge

Accumulates self respect

Accumulates an identity.

Confident in his knowledge, and

If you do good, you will get good

If you do bad, you will get beat

Reward comes from work, and risk

And self respect.

Mann is self motivated

Self educated

Self respected

Self sufficient

Self made.

Yet Mann

Self doubts

Self loathes

Self harms in his mind.

Mann is in an everlasting kingdom

Yet lives in a self destructing world

And lives a self depreciating life,

But with an everlasting God

Who has a multi-faceted and a many sided wisdom

Mixed with love from an everlasting power...

...the cocktail mixed by God.

God calls this cup, 'glory'

Why? .

He doesn't always tell
But He always knows
It always works...

It works deep
Hard
Is an incisive scalpel,
Yet most powerful,
Past finding out.

One night,
A black night,
No moon to reflect the sun's light
A place where he has never been
A place where he has never seen
A place where no one else has known; they who criticize,
Where accumulated knowledge has no answer
Where accumulation of experience brings confusion,
Brings a great horror of darkness.

There is no one there
Except Mann and Jesus.

John Mann uses all his strength
And his accumulated wealth
His accumulated knowledge
His accumulated self respect
His accumulated identity
His self education
His self respect
His self sufficiency
His self made mental creations
To defend himself against this vulture.

But Mann gets exhausted in the fight
The exhaustion bring doubt to his doubts
Brings questions to his accumulated knowledge
He is misunderstood,
Self respect starts to dissolve

Identity is stripped away...

Mann feels naked.

His fig leaves of self sufficiency is not sufficient
He doesn't respect his self respect
His education was in the mind; not in power
His identity was misplaced
His wealth of knowledge made him bankrupt.

God's cocktail begins to work
For John Mann must now rest to survive
He must stop.

He screams, 'let this cup, this cocktail pass...
Isn't there a better way?
An easier way
More convenient?
That gives respect'? .

In His sleep
He breathes
Rests
And realizes...

There is nothing left...
Only Jesus.

His Kingdom
His knowledge
His wealth
His sufficiency
His position
His rest
and more powerfully, His identity.

John Mann starts to see
He is not God's counselor, and
That the questions of God become more satisfying than the answers of the world.

This was a most expensive drink
It cost Mann everything;

Yet gave him everything.

This cup is now always full
Instead of always needing to be topped up.

When the vultures come, from the externals
He just sits and smiles,
Resting in work of the black night and the cup he drunk from
For now Mann's source is not self
But that which has been imparted deep within,
Deep has connected with deep.

Mann is forever altered,
He doesn't look the same
He doesn't feel the same
He doesn't think the same
He is not the same.

He walks with a limp
He sings with his heart, not his head
He talks with a new tongue
Poison no longer harms him.

He loves what he used to hate
He hates what he used to love,
Now his prayers start with thankfulness
Gentleness has smoothed the hard edges,
Through grace glasses he sees differently.

From the black night,
The uncomfortable cup,
The inconvenient cocktail of night and horror...
Is the stripping process...
Brilliant, clever, loving and eternal.

Always works
Always powerful
Always better in depth and richness.

Now Mann doesn't need external virtue
For John Mann was stripped of himself

And now possesses another life in exchange,
Internal.

The day breaks
The night is far spent,
John Mann is now ready for the next time night comes,
With power.

Peter Hall

The Bard Of Scotland

The bard of Scotland takes pride of place
The man wrote with sonsie face
The older he gets, the better he was
His lassie exploits have all been lost.

But he provides the identity
That cannae come from just poetry
To a nation unsure of self
Affirming a past to be upheld.

Peter Hall

The Bruising Of The Tender Parts

And those members of the body which we think to be less honorable, on these we bestow greater honor; and our unpresentable parts have greater modesty, but our presentable parts have no need. But God composed the body, having given greater honor to that part which lacks it, (I Corinthians 12: 23,24 NKJV)

It would be better for him if a millstone were hung around his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones. (Luke 17: 2 NKJV)

To dishonour the honourable
To abuse it's innocence
A forever fact
Is an evil cradling.

The offence of sexual abuse
Bruises the tender parts...
Of the heart
And soul
And mind
And smile.

But healing comes from the God-view
That the dishonoured has greater honour
That He is the avenger
For those whom lack.

And there is much provision that heals...
The heart
The soul
The mind
The smile.

To those dishonoured...you have great honour from the One most entitled to give it.

The Creation Needle

Being at the peak
Of the top of Ben Nevis,
See the Great Glen
And each snow bleached crevis.
You see why it's part
of the 'Highland Cathedral',
And the faith it injects
By the creation needle.

Peter Hall

The Daystar

The Daystar shines...

Gold for a King
Frankensence for a Priest
Myrrh for a Saviour.

The clouds gather...

Crown of thorns for a King
A seamless purple robe for a Priest
Sour vinegar on a stick for a suffering Saviour.

Then...

A throne for the King
Human temples for the Priest
Resurrection power for the Saviour

The Daystar shines in hearts...forever! .

Peter Hall

The Drone Of The Bagpipes

The bass drone on the bagpipes play
The man in his kilt plays it
The misty Scottish air receives it
A constant sound
Under the melody
Always whining
Always sighing
Under lying.

In his emotions
He feels he is not good enough
His misty heart receives it
A constant sound
Hidden under the mechanics of his life
Always whining
Always sighing
Always lying.

Peter Hall

The Eagle

There once was an eagle in a nest
Immature and young who thought he knew best
And there were many things he didn't know
Except some doubts and highs and lows.

Sick of the pressure he tried to fly
Didn't know what to do or even why
But he knew within that this was his lot
So he jumped out the nest to give it a shot.

He jumped out the nest only to fall
Though in the air hit a mental wall
"I'll never make it because I'm a zero
Everyone else seems to be the hero".

Just as the eagle was to hit the ground
Two great big wings came and wrapped around
And bought him back to his comfort nest
To win some time and have a rest.

Time to recover and wonder why
Feeling insecure while he had a good cry
But he realized he won't stay long in the nest
So it was time again to stick out his chest.

So he tried again and down he went
But those two big wings were heaven sent
By now his pride was running low
Then he realized he just can fly alone.

He saw the things in his life flash by
The failures the bruises the pain inside
So he looked to the eagle with the two big wings
To try the wisdom and life it brings.

He realized he needed was not the thing
That was born intrinsic from deep within
But what came derived from the wings without
That comes by faith and not by doubt.

Humility and faith seemed to open the door
For the eagle to rise and fly and soar
Things were different so off he went
He left the nest as he was meant.

Through the storms he could strongly fly
With the wisdom and life the big eagle supplied
As a caterpillar turns into a butterfly
He's amazed at how he has changed inside.

Peter Hall

The Eyes

You can't fool me with your body language
You can't fool me with your lies
You can't fool me with that confidence
I can see the real you through your eyes.

I see there is more than you let on
I see there is more than you advise
I see there is more than your veneer
I can see there is more through your eyes.

I see a women with confused identity
I see a women who has died
I see a women crying out for significance
I can see it all thorough your eyes.

You wish you were a person who is someone else
You wish you could win affirmation's prize
You wish you knew the answer to 'what is truth'
I can see the pain in your eyes.

But I see a women with beauty within
But I see a women who is lithe
But I see a women luminous
But I see it despite the eyes.

Peter Hall

The Eyes Begin To Change

If you look at his face
You will see a smile
But look into his eyes
And see the emptiness
His soul is numb
Not even a crumb
From life's table
Left for the dog.

Without hope
Anesthetic emotions take control
Put out the fire
Numb the dream
That filled the pupil of the eye
Suboxon prescribed just narrows the pupil
Until the only thing seen
Is the next meal and prescription...

Nothing else.

The chaplain comes into his sight
Looks at the eyes and not the smile
Relationship established inside emotional bars
The chaplain begins to open some doors
Says 'you have some intelligence and an ability to discern'
The surprised prisoner says 'no ever told me that before'
The pupils begin to widen and the whites turn a little red
The eyes begin to change.

Peter Hall

The Force Of Nature

Apples 'n' snakes
A force of nature
for the unredeemed.

Love 'n' grace
The new force of His nature
for the redeemed.

Jesus 'n' covenant
The sacrifice for the new nature
for the redeemed.

Jesus 'n' I
Same nature of the Son
and the redeemed.

Peter Hall

The Frozen Pond

Friday night at the hockey
A couple of friends and us,
To see men slide on pride
To see them dance on ice.

Men in armour colourful
Full of testosterone pride
And Identity of their city
Playing their game of life.

As worshippers bow at the throne
These men have got it made
At the frozen palace of dreams
As the puck fizzles from their blades.

Lightening quick transactions
Men flying without wings
Floating on top of the ice
Making their work boots sing.

The scurry around the goal mouth
Worshippers straining their face
Anticipation willing the puck
To fly into the holy place.

A player sliding on the wall
An unplanned tactical hunch,
Didn't see the two predators
Planning a tactical crunch.

The helmet sprays in the air
A glove connects with a nose
Worshippers praising their gods
As blood spills on coloured clothes.

Red carded to the glass cage
Just like the referee said
So in about two minutes
They can do it all again.

The circus keeps on raging
The children keep on smiling
The ice the magic creates
A stage for all its hirelings.

The worshippers leave the building
With memories lasting fond
Of an ice rink full of Elvises
On the frozen pond.

Peter Hall

The Glasgow Clearances

After the end of World War One
The world said Scotland shipbuilding is done,
No longer would anyone pay their bills
For lowland coal and cotton mills.

Fifty thousand Scots per year
Boarded ships with immigrant fears,
The roaring twenties was not just fashion
But Atlantic jet-streams and cheap ticket rations.

Great Grandpa Fleming whose name is John
Considered himself a proud Scottish son,
Answered the British army call
Became a drone in the Kaiser's war.

But after John Fleming blew his last bugle
It wasn't enough to be just frugal,
The lack of income took its toll
So he sailed away to the immigrants roll.

Scotland's loss was Australia's gain
The bleeding talent was Scotland's pain,
The proud Glaswegian with daughter in arms
Became children of the Southern stars.

They bought with them the seed of life
So men like me can live and laugh,
So remember those of Scottish appearances
And benefits gained from the Glasgow clearances.

Peter Hall

The Heavenly Gift

When the Heavenly Gift came
Everything changed.

When the Heavenly Gift came
It bought a new and living way.

When the Heavenly Gift came
The dark gave way to Grace.

When the Heavenly Gift came
We acquired a new taste.

The Heavenly Gift is to be experienced
The Heavenly Gift is to be tasted
The Heavenly Gift is to be practiced
The Heavenly Gift is to be knowable.

You can taste the Heavenly Gift
You can drink the Heavenly Gift
You can eat the Heavenly Gift
You can digest the Heavenly Gift.

When the Heavenly Gift comes
You find where you belong.

When the Heavenly Gift comes
There's a new way to define love.

When the Heavenly Gift comes
Your old tastes are done.

When the Heavenly Gift comes
You taste an inner song.

Peter Hall

The Humanist Funeral

The coffin is draped in the national flag
A mix of people who are happy and sad
This is a testament to the humanist stand
Welcome to a humanist funeral.

'Always look on the bright side of life'
Is played through the speakers to make you smile
We're told he was 'loving and good and kind'
This was his humanist funeral.

There'll be a beer at the end of the meeting
His legacy given to all as a greeting
A cheer up after your tears you'll be needing
After the humanist funeral.

The only thing spoken is what is the past
Nothing of hope and the things that will last
Logic expressed from the evolutionary blast
That is preached at the humanist funeral.

All of his friends have had a say
Of good times of the past that came his way
The coffin leaves to the tune of 'my way'
How sad the humanist funeral.

Peter Hall

The Journey From Compulsion

The redemption of God is beyond forgiveness
And insurance against eternal separation
From the God who shares His life with the known.

Redemption creeps from the changed heart
And crawls to capture the swinging emotions
And caterpillars through the chained mind.

Redemption once instant then works by stealth
What was by compulsion becomes voluntary
The desire changing to labour for righteousness.

The exchanged heart gains new cravings
The forgiveness, the new status begins to work
From compulsion until it looks like Christ! .

Peter Hall

The Kite

I had an emotional dream last night
I was teaching my Grandson to fly a kite.

It flew so high till it was unseen
I gave him the rope at the start of the dream.

He asked me 'does God really live up there? '
As the kite floated higher into the air.

He said 'how can I know the things He says
And how can I know He has my requests? '

I looked to him with a Grandfather's care
And said 'you can always know He's there.

As the rope tugs your finger though the kite is afar
You know He's there by the tug on your heart.

Peter Hall

The Leaven From Heaven

The stewardess
And one loaf

Working in secret together
Slowly, effectively
Until the whole lump knows the Life

The leaven from heaven
Hidden in the dough
In the dark
Working slower than the Earthly eye

The leaven from heaven
Always works
Requiring patience from the stewardess
Who, with Tri-une measures of flour
Become one Life with the seed

The stewardess becomes the lump
The women, the bride is married to the Passover Himself
Oneness
They look the same
She now looks like
The leaven from heaven.

Peter Hall

The Leaving Of A Loved One

The pall of the winter night descends
As slow as the gray clouds that gather
A chill in the air condenses
As the Scottish winter night darkens the heather.

The leaving of a loved one leaves me cold
The small of my stomach feels a pain
As part of me leaves the clannish fold
As the loved one leaves to play in life's game.

But part of life is coping with the leaving
Of love that was banked up in time
And invested by the giving and receiving
Of oneself up to the warm exchange of goodbye.

Peter Hall

The Life

The Life that God is
Is the Life that God Gives.

The Life that you see
Is the Life you believe.

The Life you possess
Is the life you confess.

Now you are now one
With the Life of the Son.

1 John 5: 12 'The one who has the Son has the life. The one who does not have the Son of God the life he does not have.' (Wuest)

Peter Hall

The Marrow Of The Soul

God loves hidden things
His glory is discovered by kings who search
Sons who seek
Those hungry

Christ hides in the grave
Hidden glory that saves
The life of heaven concealed
The mystery now revealed.

Christ hides in me
His life becomes mine
Two become one
The marrow of my soul.

Peter Hall

The Mask

He wakes up in the morning
And regrets another day,
Puts on his daily mask
To prove that he's OK.

Gets ready for his work
With a feeling that he dreads,
He wants to look in control
And wise in all he says.

Turning up for work
His face is all smiles,
But he wishes he was elsewhere
About a million miles.

Portraying a lot of confidence
But inside is self hate,
Producing a tension within
He wishes he wasn't a fake.

But he survives another day
He's made it once again,
Feeling insecure
Like a failure feeling condemned.

He turns on the T.V.
After tea with kids and wife,
A chance to escape
This hell they call his life.

But a knock at the front door
It's a few family friends,
He puts the mask back on
He wants the night to end.

As he goes to bed he thinks
'I'm nearly at the end of self,
I need some outside help'
He puts the mask back on the shelf.

Peter Hall

The Offensive Domain

The offensive domain where the Christian stands
The offended emotions it seeks to fan,
At every turn makes believers cringe
With the aggressive pride of their boastful sin.

Their news, their culture, turn on the TV
Their movies, their poets, show their belief,
That they create life of their own accord
But it's deadly fruit proves all that absurd.

When you question why they change their laws
You see the spirit behind it's jaws,
And see the anger welling up in their eyes
And the deceit injected by satan's flies.

Believers are heroes who keep their mouth shut
And grit their teeth among all the smut,
In a world of darkness and deathly rule
While allowing their spirit to be Christ controlled.

Peter Hall

The Outcast Weeps

The outcast weeps
The legalist creeps
Up to their throne
Of a heart of stone

The outcast weeps
He's in too deep
Lives in fear
Can't see the clear.

The outcast weeps
His tears still seep
Into his shirt
Into the dirt.

The outcast weeps
The proud heart leaps
Away from love
And those who starve.

The outcast weeps
Considered weak
But Jesus sighs
And heard their cry.

The outcast weeps
The Saviour hears
Inside the ruin
Draws them in.

Peter Hall

The Pain

The pain is so great
I need some relief
The 50 pence Valium
stops the shameful creep.

PUH-LEASE don't judge me
I have nothing else
That puts the searing pain
Back on the emotional shelf

The alcohol Is addictive
It's easy to get and cheap
Stops me thinking of life
And helps a tortured sleep.

Don't you know I've lost everything
There's no reason to live
There's no hope here
There's nothing to achieve.

You'll put me in jail again
Because I've breached the peace
In 5 days open the doors
Only to ask me to leave.

You think you've solved the problem
By fixing things external
But you just don't understand
I am empty in the internal.

Then I'll go back to the pub
And see familiar faces
You think I seem confident
But I'm really staring at my laces.

The man offers me more Valium
This time only.45p each
I need more pain to dull
But I know that you can't see it.

Peter Hall

The Prisoner And The Chaplain

The guard puts him in, at exactly quarter to nine
The four walls remind him, he's a prisoner doing time
His prison greys remind him, daily of his crime
Welcome to the cell, and what it's like inside.

The cell is not the walls, the roof, the bricks and bars
But the spiritual cell that traps him, and seems so brutally harsh
He wishes that he could see, the man in the moon and the stars
Hungry for some freedom, he thinks of things above.

He opens up a bible, a chaplain gave on a hunch
Reads the prodigal son, with pigs down in the mud
He is sick and tired of the guilt, that weighs a million ton
Tomorrow he'll ask the chaplain, about Jesus and His blood.

The chaplain goes to work, because it's a brand new day
He visits the prisoner to see, if he lasted the night OK
The prisoner asks a question, about why Jesus was betrayed
The chaplain explains that sin, had to be judged and paid.

The prisoner asks the chaplain, would Jesus forgive his sin
Stop the alienation, and be a Father to Him
As the chaplain prays, a new life immediately begins
The evidence is seen, in the teary eyes and grins.

Peter Hall

The Real Wasteland

The poet says that war is a wasteland.
But there is a crueller breeding.

Where those who drink coffee
And breathe the secondary smoke of their lovers
And drink the Scottish honeyed poison
And those who make slavish mortgage payments
And chase the tinselled glory of the cup
Or the greasy position
Or the fickle adulation,
Waste away in their own self.

Where the innocence of the childish
And the trust of the good man
And the naturalness of a pure women
Is hijacked by their sin nature.

The playground of the cheerful dying
is found in the skeptic of the extra dimension
who says seeing is believing;
those who are blinded by unbelief of truth.

The wasteland of the Adam nature separates death from life:
What is true from the truth,
The game from its purpose,
The mask from the face,
Tradition from it's reason,
Oil from water,
Salt from pepper,
Heaven from Earth.

Nothing eternally remains there
Nothing spiritually remains there
Only an inhabitanted wilderness
Where the heat breeds the life that rots.

What a waste.

The Road Home From Glasgow Airport

The road home from Glasgow airport
Tyres in front crying on my windscreen
Combine with the pain from the dark clouds
That blanket the horizon
Make a misty view.

Hard to see
The wipers cannae keep up.

A difficult road to drive
Many lanes to cross
Many emotions to deal with.

Getting closer to home.
Less tyre spray
Clouds breaking up.

I'll see him again.

Peter Hall

The Ship Of Western Culture

The ship of Western culture
Drifts away slowly yet surely
In the ocean of rights
In a sea of wrongs.

It's many captains steer
Towards a storybook port
Of 'freedom, equality and justice' for all
Defined by gold dust
And the minority on the bottom deck;
Not by the King of Freedom, equality & Justice.

The ship keeps drifting
Nae anchor
Too many captains
Too much democracy
Not enough leaders
Not enough Truth.

The educated and informed passengers
Are well fed
Enjoying the titanic view
Through their sun glasses
Blocking out it's light and rays
Reorganizing the deck chairs
Busy, engaged and clever.

The ship keeps blowing steam
Desiring to go faster
Vibrating at it's own speed
Looking efficient
Looking free.

Democracy negates the rudder
Personal ease fuels the engine
Free to head for the coral and colourful reef
Too far gone to save itself
Makes this ship unsustainable.

The Spiritual Hitch-Hiker

The spiritual hitch-hiker
Unaware of the Source within
Depending on the prayers of others
Always drifting from circumstance to problem.

The spiritual hitch-hiker
Unaware of the authority given
In constant fear
Of the coming storm
Afraid of the lack of shelter
Vulnerable in the open.

The spiritual hitch-hiker
Waiting for the external to be the answer
A victim of the the road
Without a licence to drive themself
Too busy going nowhere...

A van with plenty of room in the back
Offers a lift
The shining driver offers to carry the baggage
'Put it in the back, and leave it to me'
The driver then offers a sparkling drink
Offers the honeyed bread,
But the tourist struggles with the free gifts
Even tries to pay a fare
Then asks to be dropped off at the next landmark
The driver consents to the spiritual hitch-hiker.

Peter Hall

The Veil

Just the other day,31 years ago
I saw her tears through her veil
Tears that the sun shone through
As she walked down her aisle
Towards me.

A precious veil
That only two can know.

The veil made her face look white
As if it was a light source.

Through that veil
She made made her promises
Her vows
That she now fulfills.
Every day
Every event
Every relationship
Every pain
Every joy.

Through that veil
Through joyful words
Yet trembling voice
Came an ancient yet present commitment.

Through the veil, a bride makes her promise
After the veil is lifted, the promise is kept.

Two become one.
Life is shared.

Just like when one turns to Jesus
The veil is lifted, and
Two become one
Life is shared...

Within the veil.

Peter Hall

The Wisest Leader

People follow the person first
Followed by their message,
The wisest leader knows the truth
That gives them greatest leverage.

Yet the greatest leader in history showed
The message makes the man,
And helping all in love and grace
Will gather every clan.

Peter Hall

There Is Much To Celebrate

There is so much to celebrate
Life continues beyond the night
The smiles of all that surround
Echo the anticipation that lies ahead,
And joyful tunes are the soundtrack
That makes a path that draws life out of you
Of possibilities that reach the sunset
That slices the Earth and sky.

There is so much to celebrate
Friends provide the context
To the poetry of living
And giving, and sharing and crying
That keeps you leaning forward
Together with the giants
On whose shoulders you stand
Whose virtues carried you here.

The child blows out the birthday cake
With no problems between his ears
The friends, the parents, the relations, the acquaintances
The joy, the music, the context, the security, the mystery, his God...
Gives much for the child to celebrate.

Peter Hall

Time's Eye

Time's eye shines
On things that last,
The things that fade
'All flesh is grass',
Traditions come
Their magic goes,
'Cool' comes fast
Then fades slow,
Soap box trendies
Preach their thing,
Last as long
As a piece of string.

Time's eye shines
On things that last,
The good, the bad
The gold, the chaff,
Man's evil acts
Beyond his grave,
Will ripple on
Beyond his gaze,
But time's eye shines
What's proven clever
God's word and acts
Will stand forever.

The voice said, "Cry out! " And he said, "What shall I cry? " "All flesh is grass,
And all its loveliness is like the flower of the field. The grass withers, the flower
fades, Because the breath of the Lord blows upon it; Surely the people are grass.
The grass withers, the flower fades, But the word of our God stands forever."
(Isaiah 40: 6-8 NKJV)

Peter Hall

Trying Too Hard

Rock and roll takes its toll
Puts you down the toilet hole
You never make it in the fold
They never want to see your scroll

Calm their fears tickle their ears
Before they give you love and cheers
But you have to buy their beers
Their attention is far too dear.

On the shelf protect yourself
Or you're no good for anyone else
In the heat you'll just melt
In your heart this must be felt.

Too intense advice I lend
Trying too hard makes you pretend
It's all your fault if they don't spin
And listen to what comes out your chin.

Sometimes you just try too hard
To make it happen near and far
In your mind hop in your car
And take drive up to the stars.

Relax relax and stop the boat
You don't change the mess below
Release the catch and what's in tow
For love and life come as a flow.

Peter Hall

Walk Across The Forth Bridge

Thursday morning
Day off
Time to have a think...

Down the M9
To Edinburgh
And walk across the Forth Bridge.

In the car
It's not very far
Only 26 miles,

Last day of sun
A'fore it rains a ton
Time for a few wee smiles.

Wind in hair
We must be there
Across the Firth of Forth,

Batteries charge
As the bridge looms large
So does the presence of the Lord.

Forth rail bridge
The diesel sings
As trains float over its tracks,

The red tinged steel
Matches the sun's feel
As it works on our head and backs.

The path looks long
The curve rolls on
Approaching Queensferry north,

Cable and steel
Engineering congealed
On the magnificent Firth of Forth.

The bird's eye view
With the seagull crew
Reveal the Firth's glory,

Where the bridges float
With the sailing boats
On this Edinburgh prairie.

Clock turns one
The walk is done
We leave the water and lorries,

Waste some time
Write another rhyme
As my wife and I smell the coffee.

Peter Hall

Where The Grass Is Greener

What sends the athlete to a sweaty slaughter?
What makes the thief cross the honour border?
And short man syndrome crave the taller?
Where the grass is always greener.

The family man craves the bigger house
The fashion model a thinner blouse
The man at the bar a younger spouse
Where the grass is always greener.

Where the problems of life will disappear
Where all our memories are souvenirs
Where Highland mist will always clear
Where the grass is always greener.

Why let what you have slip through the cracks?
And let the voice within you subtract
What you have bought by truth to attract
That's more than where the grass is greener.

Peter Hall

Winter Of Content

As I walk along the footpath
The ice cracks under my sole
The windchill cools the ears
And reddens up my nose.

The Winter Sun looks warm
But passers by just moan
As I enjoy the freshness
And view of shining snow.

The winter solstice approaches
Means Christmas lights to come
Against the constant darkness
And smiling Christmas fun.

Coats and gloves and beanies
Keep the body warm
Prolific defence available
Protects from winter storms.

Many regret December
And it's weather that is sent
But life's just a different colour
In the winter of content.

Peter Hall

Wisdom Has Its Way

A warm summer's day at a freshly mown park
Hearing kids smile and hearing dogs bark
I sit and enjoy at a bench made of wood
I think about God and how He is so good.

A few yards away at another park bench
A couple were talking, as their fists are clenched
30 minutes full, of argument and rancor
Highlight their pain, their hurt and their anger.

I can only hear every second word
Among the anger and the sound of the birds
Among the shaking, of heads and sighs
Her shoulders now slump, she begins to cry.

He starts to weep in his anger and pain
Extends his arm around her shoulders again
The anger flairs up, another question she lends
I could see they were lovers, not merely friends.

Point by point, they work out their differences
Working hard to ensure their responsiveness
Will help them move on, their future assert
And heal all the pain, their anger and hurt.

Holding hands, they both walk away
Wisdom has proven to have its way
They work out their issues, pain and hurt
For patience has done, its perfect work.

Peter Hall

Working Class Mind

He's stuck with a working class mind
And grooves in the working class grind
And walks down the working class street
Where the mud sticks under his feet.

Always working to pay the rent
Or the interest on the mortgage lent
Living for the football game
So the weekend just grinds the same.

Then Monday comes around too soon
Five more days on the merry go round
Where boredom numbs his joyless mind
And the rhythm of life has no rhyme.

But Friday night is slowly on its way
And Celtic's playing on Pay TV
A few pints will help him freeze his mind
And help sustain his working class grind.

Peter Hall