

Poetry Series

Peter Vealey
- poems -

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Peter Vealey(16th March 1952.)

I have some poems in Hertsviewpoint a mental health campaigning charity with personal interview /profile- March 2007. Also in recent Viewpoint winter 2008 with a link to my poetry paperback 'With authentic stains'- poem featured in Viewpoint magazine is 'The new religion'. Also have 73 different poems on this site here right now in 2017.

Also 2 poems in Poetry-Express 25 and 26 editions published by These editions came out in late 2007 and 26 comes out in April 2008. Also featured with as poet of the month with 'Daddy Longlegs', also in edition 26 of Poetry-Express. Have 2 poems available now and included in Poetry Express 28 for this winter edition also, out free in PDF Format in December 2008 to freely available to anyone. Also new update!

-have poems in editions 29 and 30 and 31,32 in 2009 of . Also have another poem in 2011 edition 35 in -called 'Just another suicide song'.This also has a link to my first published paperback-'WITH AUTHENTIC STAINS'- with a review of my book in 2009 on Survivorspoetrycom website see Roy Birch a favourable review of my book in edition 31.

Available with Chipmunka, Amazon, etc. Also published in 2010 in 'Pendulum' a mental health bi-polar 2015 I have had lyrics put to music with Steve Boyle from Harlow on Soundcloud, Reverbnation, Fandalism, music search engines. Also musical collaborations in 2016 onwards to present with Jon Aka Clarke also from Harlow on Soundcloud. Apple I tunes, Reverbnation contributing titles, personal art and photos on the 2 albums and eps and being credited with my lyrics fully by Jon Aka Clarke -thanks! Also collaborations also with Apache John a Bishop`s Stortford folk songwriter in last year with two songs and another lyric/song called " Song for a Rainy Day" , I wrote way back performed by an unknown singer on the Songtradr where these 3 songs are now. August January 2019 Jon Aka Clarke released a music cd on the DJD label with all my lyrics and the title used for the cd entitled " Overtures of a Lost Landscape" an unpublished poem of mine. Later this year another cd from Jon Aka Clarke will be released on the same label called " Watersky" , with half the songs about 5 will again be my Aka Clarke and myself will be collaborating in 2019 onwards with another cd on the DJD label probably. A collection of my poems on poemhunter are downloadable here over 100 poems which you can find here in 2019 now available!

"A Nervous Disposition"

Seeking basic needs,
On both sides of the war.
"This nervous disposition",
Cries out "SOLACE"!
Then weeps dolefully to
Unreliable scars.
Let alone "Friends"!
So utterly scared of
Life passing them by.
"Basic needs, oh basic needs,
Come back, Come back!
To fading faint echoes of disapproval.
From past victories-
To this fraught disposition,
Lies wearied by "friend and foe"
Amidst yesteryear's hollow battles.

Peter Vealey

"John Rang".

John rang, and sang,
His way through his troubles,
In a more mellow, folksy time.
Can we, can we
Follow on through,
For each other oh yeh? "
Natural as natural was.
Life will always be,
A compromise of love and hate.
Pain and betrayal.
"Oh, by the way, John rang", a friend chirped
From an outpost.
I wanted to sing you know.
But never had, "a save your life
Voice".
The pain of inner demons,
Quelled and queried,
My whole existence.

Peter Vealey

"My Girlfriend`s Ill"

My girlfriends` ill.
I love her so.
My girlfriend`s real to me.
What can I do?
As sweet and lovely
As could be
Tender and romantic.
My Joy
I want to take
Care of her.
My girlfriends` so very ill
I love her,
As night meets day.

Peter Vealey

"The Liberty Dance"

Listening to old themes,
Swept anew, by the daily crew,
The road sweepers,
The rag n` bone man
Is back again in town!
You don` t want to know
Him.
He`s one of you,
Or none of us!
The liberty dance,
Goes round and round.
And totters exhausted
No one knows,
When the singers,
Hymnsong,
Is allowed air-time.
Crank up and slows inexorably down.
The liberty reels trance-like,
Old suspicious rituals die harder,
Than most.
In a Covid-19 existence!
Heavens above!
"The skies must erupt! "
Someone will shout
"You shouldn` t have
It`s not right"
"Nellie the Elephant", wheezes and whizzes by
Triumphantly, trump, trump!
The turning of the world goes on
And nothing ever changes,
Or stays the same.

Peter Vealey

(a Lack Of) Conversation.

You excused yourself in a few words
The awful sins of the world,
By taking life
One day at a time,
Smirked a gentle smile
Of defence.
I looked po-faced no doubt,
And did not agree in the
Silent diplomacy of Englishness.
"Politics is too much an old chestnut"
And a bad sore. (We placated each other.)
Religion and sex,
I've heard it said,
Is our next conversation.
But it will never be,
Because you will never
Instigate it (or me.)
Looked up an old, old friend.
Inevitably worried
If it was wrong
To do so.
Searching for the blur
Of common ground.
The years had made his voice
Seem less innocent,
Almost solid, respectable.
But I looked for the glint of
Unchained laughter.
The old cheeky effervescence
A rebel gone or rebel never?
How straight my contemporaries seem
These mortar building days.

Peter Vealey

A Case Of Criminal Expediency.

'GB' tinkering in unit research.
All went deathly dark.
The lowering sky seemed restless
Terra Firma ominously rumbled
'Harmy' rushed through exclaiming
'It`s over, and I don`t mean the 'Big O'
No time to press
It`s us or them! '
'GB' suddenly uttered an uneasy 'deja vu`
About this positive statement.

Peter Vealey

A Day Lost (Whose To Remember) .

Passing time,
Awaiting results
Bad, indifferent or good
Life is passing.
Thought of many people,
Where do they stand or I?
Living in this
Papered over existence.
Travels to the beginning
of my journey.
Am I rested or restless?
Long-time passing,
Long time love.
I cry every time
Inside.
Looking at you.
Oh mein papa!
Love is always the
Beginning and the end
All other delusions are just that.

Peter Vealey

A Relationship? .

She gave me cheese scones
To get me back.
Gave me kindnesses
She never did
When we were 'us'
In the 'relationship'
And not doubting it.
I wanted to name her,
But didn't
Because of
What we were
Then,
Not what we are.
I cared more for her
Feelings
Than making points
On our love affair.

Peter Vealey

A Rose And A Street.

How I wish I could
Have plucked you from the street.
Like a rose from a bush
Take you to a silent room.
Spluttered under the late, late moon.
My sad, sad love for you!
But your rosebud was firmly
Planted inside the bush.
All I was
Left to,
Really,
Was a solitary wish!

Peter Vealey

Alone With Another.

I am alone
In this relationship.
Alone with this bottle,
This home.
This life, this TV.
Where does it go to?
A sleepy anxious voice,
Cries out.
In the dark
I cannot hear.
I am alone in another place.
Watching sport
She hates.
Loving sex,
She hates.
Hating her,
Hating letting her go.
What do you know?
Modern relationships... Oh!

Peter Vealey

Apologies Most Insincere.

Rebellion.

A cup of sugary rebellion.

Lies slippery on the floor,

Of democracy denied.

"Whatever that is? "

Apologies remain most insincere.P

Peter Vealey

Attention Turning.

Like light fading from a day.
Messages in the distance,
Noises from afar.
Not heard anymore.
Just irritating,
Like a noisy car.
Like light fading from
A winters` day inexorably.
You cannot please everyone.
Sometimes,
You just have to say
That was yesterday.
But like before
My attention is turning,
A little back to you
Right now.
But soon.
There will be a different song,
And attention turning
Will begin
From this sad ol` place
Of inbetween loves.

Peter Vealey

Betrothal.

Saw me in a
Bathroom mirror!
I looked betrothed and haunted,
At the same time!
To a long-loved
Hero!
Compromised by "FAME" and adulation.
His best friend said nothing,
An then cursed him,
Forever!
For not miming!

Peter Vealey

Black Leaves.

Picking off the black leaves.
The debris I do not need
Still the daily routine,
Chastens in the eyes.
Amongst the black leaves,
You never saw all I could be
Shut your eyes.
Laying down on the wild sleeve
Of my heart.
The black leaves.
Pick them off and still they fall.
Brown, gold and awful cold.
Phone another waiting soul.
Listen to the yawning hole
That you left,
Amidst the black leaves,
I was always more than
You wanted to see.

Peter Vealey

Border Years.

I've watched the trees.
Always thought they knew
More than they said.
I tried to stand
Inside another man.
But I've always been only me.
Well you got a Rover.
Because someone told you
The world will be over in
Ten years,
Come next Tuesday.
And their best
For running away
From bombs.
Heard the creaking gate
Of an old leaking lady's fate.
Tales.
Sat under empty days
Feeling my scars.
All that's been learnt
Is being burnt endlessly.
Listened for the wind
Howling strings.
A serenade for a
Farmer's maid.
Couldn't be better sung
Sunday romancers,
Two-time chancers.
Will be told to get lost
On an afternoon
As was this.
Chase the sun
To hiding places
We run.
Everytime.
Lyrical trees, painful breeze.
Tomorrow, another endless sneeze.
Open roads, I want to go.
Its a whistle from the wild.

Into the country, out to the peace
No man can handle.
Ring your bells, have as many fights
As you can find.
But listen please to the rain
Thro' the night
Parked 'Rover', tried to own her.
But she wanted a younger man.
Was whispered at me
From someone whose name,
I've just forgotten.
Your not interested, been elected
Best-dressed man of the borough.
So who can drink
With you on
Sunday dinner times now?

Peter Vealey

Cardboard Bread.

Doing my head,
Nothing so bad
As
Cardboard bread.
Looking hard and dead.
Nothing changes
In this world of
Overblown lead.
Ego`s fed on
Stale rhetoric.
All is said.
Yet nothing's fresh,
Nothing's so sad
As cardboard bread.
Looking hard and dead.
Nothing changes for good
In this world of rhetoric
Of overblown
Testosterone bled heads.

Peter Vealey

Cheerfully Abstract

Cheerfully Abstract

Ah!

One more thing,

As always.

"Should've, could've."

"It's not right! "

Ah!

If I had a pound

For every time,

I heard those words

Cold, cold comfort

A philosopher's pet theory

Abstract ad infinitum

Motivational desire not required.

Peter Vealey

Closed Doors.

Closed doors are downright
Favourite.
Downright subtle
In a dance of madcap silence.
The light of the tunnel,
Speaks volumes.
Yet knows no voices.
Closed doors
Are coming again.
Slam, grand spunk,
Slam.
Wash away the paranoia,
Of a thousand kingdoms.
For the second coming
Just closed
While the latest entrant,
Spoke in tongues.

Peter Vealey

Cold Tea Covid Blues

Seems like this is forever,
It ain't
Loving my woman
All day long,
Can I survive her doubts?
Cold tea blues
Ain't nothing like them blues,
Old cold tea Blues.
Wondering, oh holy wondering
Wherever the hell
I am going.
So confused
Giving her my best shot,
Maybe for the first time
Ever.
Ain't nothing like them
New Covid blues.

Peter Vealey

Contaminated.

Catching myself,
Touching things,
A contagion of desire.
Unleashed on those
Tinsel-town flawed warriors
Spleen,
Tokenized on lawyers & "ice";
Those blended, artificial beauties.
Harmful, anti-bacterial
Propaganda!
The ice-cream has melted
Recycle it,
Feel better at once,
About yourself!

Peter Vealey

Contamination.

Catching myself,
Touching things ugh!
A contagion of desire
Unleashed on warriors of ice!
Blended, artificial beauties-
Meet harmful anti-bacterial propaganda,
On hold.
The ice cream has melted to an
Irreverant ad-man`s slush.
Spiel it to the next mall,
And hey presto!
Uncle Sam is firing
On all barrels
Hoorah!
The "twirlings" are to come back soon
Maybe!
Somewhere along with a
forgotten overrated discarded castle!

Peter Vealey

Convenient Decay.

I've seen convenient decay
In life.
So much, so many times.
Folks' livin' quiet,
Too quiet
For a better day
For a better world.
Those convenient days
Never come.
Only decay (and the falling away) .
Safe in the floor tops of our eyes.
Waiting for the Neverland surprise.
That convenient comfort
That old shoe shuffle
Bend the wire,
Bend the sky
Of your illusions.
To (see) ?
Convenient decay.
Flattens the horizon
The overall picture.
Makes you less
Than more.
I've seen convenient decay
In so many eyes
Through inner lies.
Time to wake up and cry.

Peter Vealey

Deep Sad Blue.

The sky is a deep sad blue.
The evening light softens
The wide bright newspaper print,
Softens the day.
The sky is a deep sad blue.
Oh I am as blue as the sky.
The evening light softens
The wide bright newspaper print,
Softens the day.
The sky is a deep sad blue.
Oh I am as blue
As the sky.

Peter Vealey

Delusion Of Time.

It`s just a delusion of time.
We thought we were more
But we aren`t,
No more than before.
No less than the future.
It`s just a delusion of time.
We thought they were here
Forever.
And now familiar faces and smiles
Are not (just distant memories.)
And nor will ours
Be,
Eventually.
The road of the future
Is littered with the past.

Peter Vealey

Desperate Dreams

Through a glass object
Drunk on life, yet
Stuttering on delusions.
How the still dusk betrays
Cold dawns and long lost hopes,
Through dangling fears
And fallen decisions.
Upon the clutch of
Desperate dreams.
Where does tomorrow end
And today begin?
Reversed through inevitability
Shadows of fallen gods
Tiresome idols
Running triumphantly
Free,
On a world lost of cause
The glass is still,
Moving
Yet always a fragile object
Of Desire.

Peter Vealey

Don't You Love.

Don'T you love
Hearing rain on windows.
Calm, chattering, relentless.
Don't you love
The safeness of that.
Eternity of nature
Circling round.
Don't you love
Lights and noise in the distance.
Never too urgent.
Always removed slightly,
Unobserved,
By the masses.
Don't you love
Hearing the dusk call,
of winter's insistent rainfall
Don't you love
Hearing rain on windows'

Peter Vealey

Dry Gun Blues.

Dry, looking for
A dry drink.
Picking up, disorientated
In bad light.
(Had to blame, someone or something!)
Always in a bad light.
Someone going for a fall.
Dry mouth,
Give me that lip-gel
I want to to look like a rock star.
Jived up.
For the come-back,
(I wouldn't even want!)
Deep in the recesses
Is it all for,
You?
Ain't worth the run.
Certainly not that thing
In your trousers.

Peter Vealey

Dry.

Where did the dreamer go to?
Who's this hard faced man
In my pose?
Well the trees still rustle
In the summer winds.
And the grass
Still smells sweet.
Closing my eyes
Only sadly to realise,
My mind
Has screwed up my smile.
With troubles (of your) times.
Whatever made me feel
Had learnt it all.
A time just left behind
Rightly.
But was so wrong,
Like a child.
Probably even more so
I need to lie down
Wonder of little to nothing.
But a few moments
Here and there.
Are hardly enough
To cope with this life
Of rush n' care.

Peter Vealey

Dystopian Madness.

Seamless lines,
On a loose river of hope.
The window of opportunities
For old benevolence!
Let those manics run wild.
"It really isn't our problem"
It's a really nasty condition,
That robots and humans suffer".
I ran away up the highway.
"No deviation can ever be tolerated! ! "
Seamlessly, however,
I ring you,
To feel reassurance,
In old worlds
Those other baddies hate it too!
Yet we are all,
Drivers of change,
"Now",
Seems unfortunately a folly of the mind! !

Peter Vealey

Explosive.

Explosive,
He's the real denier of love
Empty of purpose.
A true believer,
Whose winging it,
Every day to Armageddon!
Loving hate is he,
Explosive!
Red, vital, buffaloes and elephants,
It's all the same to
Explosive.
The fall from grace inevitable,
As night follows.....
Dawn's fresh folly.

Peter Vealey

Fallen.

How can I tell you,
Can `t you see it in my eyes?
Well, wondering from
Retreat
A place to be.
Sunsets of purple grey,
Saturday nights in the small-town life
Skylines of (lamp-lights) ?
Old blues of loving you.
Got all the minutes safely paid for
Still now and then,
We ponder why time
Changes all and
Love leaves by the back door
Fallen and unnoticed.

Peter Vealey

First Poppies.

You came out
Of the sky,
To help me and keep
Me dry.
Answered pleas of despair.
With a simple offer of an ear.
You came out of the sky,
To ease my bleeding heart.
Kind and thoughtful,
Decent and sweet.
You came out of the sky,
To help me and keep
Me dry.
On the day in my garden.
My red poppies took root
For the first time.

Peter Vealey

First Things Thirst.

I see and feel my new lover,
Glowing, growing, lustful,
Foraging, smiling, tempting.
A new day in
First things first.
Grateful for life's joys,
First things thirst,
Continuing,
Unleashed.
Pouring out of me and you.
Urgent, unselfish love,
Abounds, complete me,
Reach me, teach me.
Oh the joys
Of later life love!

Peter Vealey

Freedom Tower Part 1.

One lonely, lonely day.
I heard the gods speak
of this, the very last citadel
As the riverbank of hell.
Freedom Tower in the sunlight,
I wait for you in the night.
The raindrops close in
On shiny, blind days,
Behind misty rain.
With the King`s disdain.
Freedom Tower shining bright
You wait timelessly for me.
Gardeners say you`ve been lent
Out like a bad acorn,
Left to die forlorn.
Beggars miserable scorn.
By Freedom Tower
The taste grows sour.
I kick a damp stone,
It starts to moan,
We`re crying to pavestones,
Who sells free scones.
All at Freedom Tower
Faded peak of power.
If we wait for you,
Will you offer sympathy?
The soil of mourners
Try hopelessly to warn us.
By Freedom Tower
With every passing hour
Will we be here?
All at Freedom Tower,
My sweet dwindling flower.
Forever and time
And a half.
While I stalk a murky path.
It`s here and there,
In floating clouds it stares.
All at Freedom Tower,

The taste grows sour.
The sea glinted in my wet eyes.
The watery moonshine,
Searched and could not find.
Freedom Tower shining on,
Like an effervescent Bible hymn.
The stars seemed nice,
I wonder what price
I`ll pay one day for all this.
All at Freedom Tower,
Sweet, strong and dour.
I`ve got a bicycle,
Which I ride daily.
I am so very poor,
Yet so very rich.
All at Freedom Tower,
My sweet dwindling flower.

Peter Vealey

Freedom Tower Part 2

You knew that the stream
Was rolling by there,
With floating dead plastic bream.
The windship sailed fair.
Like an effervescent Bible song.
Upon slow easy waters.
Too fast he taught us.
So still and silent.
How could you fill
(All at Freedom Tower.
My sweet dwindling flower) .
The wasted time?
Look yonder where you like
But get out of my sight.
you could climb
To Freedom Tower,
The taste grows sour.
Up to a crows nest
See a desert island
With isolated shores.
To patiently explore.
All at Freedom Tower
Faded peak of power.
My sad late voice
Lies on a beach.
No natives to interrupt
The silent peace.
All at Freedom Tower
With every passing hour,
The sea rolls on, I wonder why you cry,
Cry on my shoulder.
Freedom Tower I wait
For my careless fate.
One sour, sour day,
Again, again I play
At the very last hour.

Peter Vealey

Friday's Dues.

I was in a dark place,
On a friday night.
Raining hard on the sky.
-Grey world!
Long way from carefree times.
I was in a dark place,
Looking for an answer.
Being run out of town
By men in white suits
Who couldn't give a hoot!
I was in a dark place, only
Just then.
You didn` t want to know.
Thought I had become indestructible
Like twenty-one again.
Oh! , time to go.
See you in another place.
With a different face!
Rain still coming down.
Running for my car.
Looking for a real saviour!
In a world of stars.
In days gone by
I would have laughed at this
Inconsequential lie.
Oh my,
How time changes the skyline.

Peter Vealey

Getting Ahead Of Yourself!

Puffed a lot of hot air.
You are getting ahead of yourself.
Sticking together religiously.
Ain't always the way forward.
The sight of cliches,
Hunting down quotations.
Sickened me so much.
I bought a politicians novel,
To make sure,
I felt better about myself.
Forsooth and begorrah!

Peter Vealey

Graffiti Gloom.

"r 13/5/71 woz ere".
Graffiti, gentleman daubers
Unknown prowlers,
So lonely park dog talkers,
Stagnate pond waters.
Summers, Autumns
Isolated, hibernated winter benches.
Wrinkled faces in snow trenches.
Bandstand deserted,
Refreshment hut burnt.
Misty Jack-frost fences.
Slowly moaning gate,
Oil that came too late.
Lingering hopelessness,
Imaginary tear.
Empty railway carriages
Rail cancellations, common as marriages.
Window shopping
Drastic sales, cut price dreams.
Twitchels, Towns,
Gardens and mounds.
Stirring tramps` endless fate.

Peter Vealey

High Summer.

You should have been here
My love.
I know you could melt away all my fears
So much easier
Than these bad waters.
Lying at the end
Of a finer day,
We will never see again.
It`s more than a regret
You were not even here.
For the special moment it takes
To kiss you.
Got nothing more to say
Than on a beautiful day.
Your working too hard
And me, I am tired,
Mid-weekly,
Uninspired
Looking down along a river.
Reminiscing of carefree times,
When friends and I
Goaded lollipop sticks to race
All day long
For something (nothing)to do.
The sun is high
And I am lazing,
Daydreaming
Do not like
living on fantasies
But I feel this will be the
High summer of our love.

Peter Vealey

Hitchhiker Blues(Meaning Of Life) .

I lost the battle today,
I will lose it again,
Sometime-soon.
I lost the battle,
But I am still me,
Was I more than then,
Or less than now?
i lost the title today,
But the war is not over
And no victor has been
Declared at 42.

Peter Vealey

Hometown Blues.

Will my hometown
Ever be,
Anything other than a
Haven of
Tory benevolence?
Of patronage.
Commuterville on top.
With a rail network
In the foggy Victorian mindset
of stiff upper-nowhere.
The local backwoodsmen incumbent
Will always be-
Available to see nothing
But his majority.
As Euro-sceptic as respectability allows,
Small businesses and farmers must rule!
Community spirit never 'took a hold here! '
The Hertfordshire man
As intellectual as
The 'Daily Sport bimbo'.
Will my hometown ever be?
Anything other than a haven
Of democratic apathy.
That will let liberty slip away,
Grain by grain.
The longer you never
Question that any
Blue-rosette parrot will do

Peter Vealey

How Cool The Amber Of The Day.

How cool the amber of the day!
The quietness, the sway.
I slept the sleep of angels,
And felt newborn in the
Amber of the day.
Long live the sweet
Mysterious dusk
Of the amber light.

Peter Vealey

Humanity In Denial.

Nature, the great kind beast
Fearful, retreating.
For so long in demand.
Of mankind's madness.
Wistful, waiting in the winds,
Of sorrow.
Endlessly tripping over
Fallen branches.
Of solace.
The end is nigh,
Utters a silent veil of
irretrievable ghosts.

Peter Vealey

I Am A Wheel.

I am a wheel.
Rolling down the road.
The obvious is out there.
For all to deny.
I am a wheel.
Long may you drive me.
Running away
On the cold light of day.
I am a wheel.
Hard down rubber and steel.
On roads that divide.
Can `t we confide?
The things that slide
Between the years,
Folded tears.
I am a wheel,
Cold iron on bridges,
Too far.
We cross rivers of borders,
And wars of endless scars.
I am a wheel,
But the road in my heart
Cries,
Stop the rain, stop the journey.
If I ever am
To be happy.
It has to be right here,
Right now.
I am a wheel,
(No more.)
Close down the long feted score.

Peter Vealey

I Can See You Anywhere.

Like the dew rain,
A teardrop of pain.
A globe that always whirls
Turmoil and war swirled
But as you see it now
In the darkness loud,
Forests of shady grey.
Rolling on the log today.
The orange leaves of autumn
Tell long ago before them.
But I can see you anywhere
My candle in despair,
My lamplight and fair.
I would rather walk in the rain,
Than stay and here you explain
How that man
Entered your life.
I am sorry,
Don't want to listen
The world I am going to be missing
Is too much so,
I can see you anywhere
My lamplight and fair.
So if you leave me now
I am sorry I don't know how
I am going to face tomorrow,
A dead leaf full of sorrow.
I'll be like a ghost
Without a home
Wandering alone
To haunt the shadows
And the morning sun.
But I can see you anywhere
My candle in despair,
My lamplight and fair.

Peter Vealey

I Saw The Leaves.

I saw the leaves
Clearer today.
The picture on my wardrobe.
Lonely as it is.
Saw myself from how others
Could paint me,
First time never.
Saw the garden as my home.
My home, not just as my refuge.
I saw the leaves on the bush,
Outside my bedroom.
Their wistful, insistent rustling
Amidst the moaning wind.

Peter Vealey

I'm On The Slowest Train In The West.

I am on the slowest train in the west.
Oh we are blessed with the
Slowest train in the west.
Give us a draw,
No doubt, I`ll pick up the shortest straw.
I am on the slowest train of the west.

Peter Vealey

Inner Demons.

I felt normal all day long.
Heard from my ex-wife,
First time in years.
Felt re-connected,
Part of the infrastructure.
But who, why, none of this is
Relevant.
The streets are being washed.
The sun is unbearable.
Everything normal is
Suddenly not.
Only an illusion of
Time passing inexorably.
The demons of long ago and far away,
Remain inner, removed,
But part of the problem
Of who you see
As "Normal";.

Peter Vealey

Leaning.

Leaning, laying back,
The whole thing is a
Shake of the head to the past.
Easing fast, mis-judgements cast.

Peter Vealey

Lessons In Depression.

I will be seeing you soon.
Plaster-cast, or (washable plasters?)
Will the alarm sound out
To rescue me?
Disturb the peasants,
Correct my unsociable indiscretions.
Talk about my sex-drive no eh!
You`re too old to be healthy!
Lessons in depression.
Words after your name,
But we will never talk
On the same song-sheet.
Supposed to make me feel
The sun is coming out
Again,
On my fading star.
Golden, idyllic days?
Are you HERE again?
Lessons in depression.
One more appointment,
Then you`ll say,
That`s o.k.
Discharge me after
A few sessions and,
Bob`s your Uncle.
It`s not our problem
At heart.
Lessons in depression?

Peter Vealey

Letter To Tinkerbell!

I was thinking
Of you today
Like I used to so often.
Oldest story in time.
Running down,
A cold wind train.
Along with,
My sorry mind.
Nickel and dime time,
Of unkind rhyme.
Observations from an
Outpost alone,
Wallowing,
In fake rhymes.
My best wishes
To you!
Goodbye is a word as
Defunct as "should have";
Friendship always!

Peter Vealey

Lights.

Lights(of houses) lamp-lighting
The countryside.
All the games we have
Yet to try.
So tonight we will
Forget the lighter days we've known(or seen) .
Stay in under a winter's moon.
Play the shuffling gladness
Till ten tonight.
Put away the bright light memories,
Faded irrevocably.
What can last?
Even a love story can rot.

Peter Vealey

Living (As Opposed To.)

My stomach rumbled
Discontentedly.
The calm after Covid
Summer light feelings,
Started to pervade
My every minute.
Living as opposed to
A mundane life.
Kitchen noises and steps,
Contribute to the normalness of life.
I felt so long,
I was scare of accepting
My love stitches
In afterglow.
Still, reflective.
Her colours are as usual
Vibrant and alive.
Living to the full,
As opposed to just existing.

Peter Vealey

Lost.

When every moment
Looks a betrayal of your
Need(s) .

When you shout and
No one is listening,
Only to their hobbies,
Delusions, conversations.
To a no one in particular.
Just not you.

Lost!

When the pain is
Searing, vast, endless
Like at a moment of death.
Not expected.

I didn't want it, foresee it ending
Like that.

What will people think?

Lost!

When every other human just
Seems

Contrived, obsessed
And so ordinarily
Comfortable

In their everyday world

And you

Are just

Teetering on oblivion.

Lost is that place

I wish never to return to.

Peter Vealey

Manicured

Everything is manicured.
Perfect to the spot.
People look at you
Inquisitively as they pass,
As if you aren't meant
To be here.
The royalty of dynasty of fearful years,
Of no interference.
The middle class invent
A prejudice of their own,
And consciences left to burn.

Peter Vealey

Martial Law

Martial law
But he ain't in town yet.
Just fake pictures of
Solidarity.
While beguiling you
In a sorry sea of
Contempt.
Martial law, oh my
He really ain't your friend,
Never ever was.
But, between
Anxiety and fear.
There ain't no clear water
For Thought and peace.

Peter Vealey

Middle-England Blues.

Another dysfunctional election
Of baleful submission.
The doctrinaire billionaire
Shoots from
Withdrawn and afar.
In the middle-class myre
Of secluded observation,
Telling you
Your disassociated
It's your victory,
(But never, ever your war) .
And Conservative small'c' U.K.
Smiles over another
Interminable time
Of blaming you
Triumphantly
For no opposition in a 'democracy'.

Peter Vealey

dhave.

Mr. Should have
Is back.
In holster.
Bringing you to book.
The almighty book of
Son of a gun.
One mean character.
He's coming into town right now
B.C.
Before Covid
Well before!
No Romans, no Jews.
Just
Mr. Should have.
Lookout he's
Got a shotgun,
The wedding is off!
Because of Corona?
Mr. Should have,
An old timer sure did mumble
"On TV",
All that fancy streaming,
Ain't for me."
Mr. Should, his deputy dawg
Seems to complain about,
Just about everybody
Of the human race.
The glassless face.
Mr. Should have,
Ought to have been gone,
Long ago!
I know he meant well;
But so did Judas,
And come to that Peter.

Peter Vealey

Music Hall Farce.

Those worlds behind
Are hard to find.
Those worlds are gone
Their take on your song,
Long, long beyond.
Those worlds behind,
Dinosaurs and monkeys
Trade old jokes and insults,
Like you care.
But if you dare,
You move on and on
Always on
To new life, new beginnings.

Peter Vealey

Musing.

Walking out,
In my lover's garden.
Musing,
on the wildness of
life's colourful tapestry.
Yet drunk on being normal,
For the first time in ages.
Whispering a living,
Keen doe-eyed, afloat,
Joyous and tight-reined,
On a ski board,
Of forgotten hangovers.
Where the sea runs on
Cardiac arrest,
Back to the tributaries of
Many tragedies,
While water just keeps running, running
Inexorably.

Peter Vealey

My Child

My child, my boy
I won't bring you into this crazed room
We call life.
I wanted so much for you.
Yet this world offers so much in variety
So little in quality
Love's a dormant word to describe a
Thousand sins.
I'm a purist, puritanical maybe.
My child
I will never bring you in here,
Although there's a million sights
I'd still love you to see.
Boxes of darkness
We call houses n' committee rooms
Where we plot n' defend
Our actions
So where is the love?
We've been preaching the
Phrases & cliches,
Like cheap food
Like truths going out of
Fashion.
My boy, my baby girl
It's not that I need
You to inflate my ego.
Widen my personality (horizons)
But when it's all weighed up
Everyday it seems to be getting
So bad,
That no-one could wish all
This hatred and tragedy,
On anyone they loved.
And so my child,
My lovely child.
You will stay as a
Loved regret.

My Life Then

Oh I look back at life then,
How naive was I?
No doubt,
People took advantage,
And went everywhere,
Anywhere, and possibly nowhere.
It's all about
Perspective.
Are we functional?
The price to be
Strong and stable,
Or the underclass
Exploited.
I saw the headlines today,
Oh boy!
Read the news
Didn't they lie,
To you
Again!

Peter Vealey

No Glasses At The Necessary.

I always leave a pen
Somewhere, anywhere vague.
In the middle of the night.
While looking kindly
For inspiration, not cliches.
The night is young,
And I am old,
But not in mind or heart.
Save me from quotations.
Are we all just passing strangers,
Or God-given Eve and Adam?

Peter Vealey

Not Without A Mistake!

Life on the make.
Fallen too readily
For the fake, raking
Matilda.
Do not follow,
That snake,
Down the pub of
Ill repute.
No good will come of it.
For sure, for sure!
Like cliches, quotations
And wars.

Peter Vealey

Nothing So Sad.

Nothing so sad
Nothing as bad as wild prancing,
Enfeebled by age and booze
Followed inexorably by,
On a Friday foray,
Sliding down,
Cold, old adventures in the dark.
Watched as always by the
Sterile, sneering turkeys in type.

Peter Vealey

Nuts And Bolts.

In the nuts and bolts of romance
Coiling is King.
Coil, uncoil, two lovers.
Heavy petting, repetitive physical touching,
Breathless in swimming pool tango.
In the nuts and bolts of romance,
Love is timeless and self-serving.
But not endless.
Always the same,
But hardly understood.

Peter Vealey

Observations On Winter.

White ringed shoes, scuffed n' broken.
Telephone farces.
Find five pence, lose fifteen on
A crossed line.
Winter's easterly wind
Will take its toll by January.
On old folk, feet and hands.
On animals alike.
And another year
Is only a twelve month forgotten lesson
Of how cruel she can be.
Slithering n' sliding.
Like a baby on first steps.
Red noses, pale faces.
Are always the same,
This time of year.
Full of cold n' woe.
Snowballs n' Christmases
Come and soon pass.
Melted by memories dream of reality.
Of faces grey n' aglow.
While nothing's ever learnt
Only that on the roundabouts
You swing
While on the swings (of life) ,
You lose to gain a loss.
Cliches and cliches.
And never a good old buddy in sight.
To chew the cud,
To relive the stud.
Shake n' clear off the mud.
Of indifferent lives n' years.
Observations of winter.
Indoor stubble, damp washing muddle.
See your air pollute the sky.
Lose your nerve of chasing romance
And pure, pure love.

Old Days.

Back home,
If anywhere is home.
Looked at roads,
Walked down long, long ago.
With people and without.
Victories and defeats.
Looking for a kindred spirit
Or old friend.
Back here,
Old scenarios or ghostly
Ludicrous lost plays.
Decisions not made, lingering
How that
Always turns milk sour.
Back home.
Is the warmth
Here.
Anymore or
Was it ever there?
Long time gone,
Long time never.
Looking for something gone
Wondering
Is that place the same.
Change!
Change.
Always it has to be.
The refusal goes against
The grain of life.

Peter Vealey

On Death (Part 2) .

I am among you.
See my writings.
Look for my heart
My laughter.
Love just isn` t today.
And yesterday.
But I am gone.
Too much to think of to do
And see.
Even with or without me.
My words are here,
But I am not.
I am among you still
You can see me,
But feel me not.

Peter Vealey

On Death.

Although I am
Not of this world,
Does not mean
I do not
Think of this world
Who I was
My words are here,
My thoughts clear
My spirit near.

Peter Vealey

On The Moon

Living on the moon.
At night it gets you down.
When those solar rays
Are far, far away.
Star on the ocean of time.
Leaves a lifeline.
But what do i care?
Have too many to carry
on the moon.
Safe n' sound
With my reproductive pulloids
Over and ok.
It`s not like the astronomers
described it.
It's only a dead hole.
Your universes apart.
Goodnight, goodbye and out.
It's nothing to shout about
On the interstellar intercom.
Relaying a Christmas carol
Gonna cry.
Had too much of
Living on your palms
When back home
In sweet Angeles.
Now I've got the
Whole milky way
Enclosing me.
Sing of me on your Christmas
Turkey.
Saddest soul ever saw,
Was a legend
Before and after his time.

Peter Vealey

Our Pact.

My darling,
Who I worry about,
I really do.
But is my advice sound?
Wrapped in a mausoleum wrap
Grey uh!
I wouldn` t have chosen that.
Blue is my colour
Football is my drug,
Nellie drifted off
Sometime ago,
Without saying goodbye.
Rude mm!
We derided ordinary
Life.
Hid behind closed ears.
About a new dream.
Bring on the facial, forceful.
Oh, I am not a "Dave, Sharon or whoever's
Of this world,
"Give me the real McCoy
Anytime,
My Love",
We are one
Against the world.
Gulliver and Juliet,
Exchanging numbers
At the window
Of nonsense
And neverland.

Peter Vealey

Overtures Of A Lost Landscape

You went a long time
Before you left
I never knew you.
You pretended you owned me.
On overtures of a lost landscape
We looked at the price of wealth
(In different times and worlds) .
Yet came up short,
Dividing our hearts and soul forever,
Whilst looking for something, anything.
You went a long time ago.
Before you left.
We camped in far-off times,
Like friends not brothers.
I knew who you were,
When we walked on fields
Of conflict together.
But what of now,
And those overtures of a lost landscape?
You went away
A long time ago.
Before you
Left for good,
And all of us
were never sure,
Who you really were
To us
On any one day(or anymore) .

Peter Vealey

Partial, Partial Differences.

Partial differences of
Emphasis.
Where does it end?
Boxed into squares of nothing
Wonderful, as wonderful is
Hopes of achievement,
Not activated.
Partial, partial.
It's always a stray straw.
A dear record, long lost.
A pedantic obsession,
Run too far,
By a long way.
Where can it ever end?
The misery quay,
Runs the horror show,
Into a rock auditorium.
Serene, you may be.
But whatever will change,
Who knows about tomorrow?
Let alone the world.

Peter Vealey

Perfecto.

The certainty of mediocrity
Of cto.
Living in the midst
Of History.
Paralyzed by fake, fake
Politicians of all sides.
King-Bypartizan will come back
To save the day,
YOU!
Better believe in the
Common good?
All cavalries,
Will be sent out to pay
With an unholy zeal.
cto,
Has many robes and disguises.
But never really
Strays far
From his maker.

Peter Vealey

Peter Pan

You gave my heart away,
Like it was nothing anyway.
You gave my love away,
Like there was plenty
Of it's kind to spare.
You gave my heart away,
For that sad old cliché.
That it was
Peter Pan,
Just hot air.

Peter Vealey

Postcode - Zip - Postcard.

In the Simpsons,
Who can recall
This fodder stuff?
Postcard Zip Postcode
Only dreaming,
Action needed,
In U.S.A.
But who's to say?
Mirror the past
Politicians fail,
Religions dare to fail.
Who uses who?
The dark, dark stuff
Of him.
Never dare mentioned,
Is in Covidland.
We walk a precarious, watchful path,
Out to the sunlight.

Peter Vealey

Precious Petals.

Those precious petals
Are falling all the time.
Still we waste away
For a world
That cannot savour the taste
Of delicate beauty.
Without dark angels ready,
To prey on the naive n' powerless
Majority.
Those precious petals
Are falling away.
Never to be the same.
The scars of life
Take away before they heal.
With a black rose
Growing like a new dark eclipse.
They fall so easy.
Precious Petals
In moments of apparent safety.
Unguarded eyes.
In a guerilla mentality
Called the world today.
Those precious petals
Are unseen
In the flight
Down.
From the vases
of their view.
Just a slip, a word,
An action out of place.
Precious Petals.
We let them bloom
Only to die.
And then spite the truth
Of their lives.
To hide the 'knives out'
Of our insecurities.

Prolific Sadness.

Tripping inexorably
Into the games of yesteryear.
Swearing at myself.
So boringly!
Lingering on a time long-gone,
Of well-traveled
Avenues of delusions!
You and I
Never had the stomach for.
Amidst empty songs of
Lustful bravado.
Hung out to dry!
The Jury left chortling
Down the roads
Of endless nights
Of sorrowful banter.

Peter Vealey

Protrusions And Orifices.

It all seems about
Protrusions and orifices.
Evenings in or nights out.
A game of bravado.
Misplaced connections,
Protrusions and orifices.
Is all there there is.
Hoodwinked, gazumped
Winners, losers.
Judgements in the
Asylum of life.
Protrusions and orifices,
Where will it lead?
In new beginnings or
Heartbreak?
Drowning in a bottle of
Sadness.
Protrusions and orifices.
Is the burning of
The tyre machismo,
Anything to write
Home about
To mother or lover?

Peter Vealey

Rare Meat.

Rare meat.
The blackbird seem to sing.
And though I spluttered
'I am vegetarian'
Rare Meat, rare meat!
And my neighbour
Talked of the importance of
'Being in harness again'
Then I realised,
The bird was much nearer to understanding
The kind of species I am!
Rare meat!
And cannon fodder for the cowboys
And manipulators,
All the same!
For my heart
Will always stray to the unheard tune.
And the song of the bird,
Comforted the taut nerves
Of a weary owl.
Who's been round the clock,
But still does not like the carousel!

Peter Vealey

Relief(Not Exasperation)

Bantering on a,
Cloudy day in August.
Relief everywhere to be seen!
Like a sigh adrift
Nearly unspoken.
Shrieks of miscommunication
Ah never mind!
It`s gonna happen
When a crisis of beliefs,
Crashes down,
As if somehow
from on down high.
Relieved shrieking,
From bands of dustmen.
Joy unbounded,
As life restarts,
On a rainy, overcast,
Afternoon in August.
Smiles and sarcasm flourish,
Like the sun breaking through.
Watery moons and rain lie nearby
But maybe, just maybe,
Humanity can survive this
Latest distraction?

Peter Vealey

Reluctant Tv

Predictable, hesitant, complacent
Interviews and outcomes.
Dropping angrily on the TV floor
Off-screen.
The sympathetic respondent,
Scoffs softly at a TV interviewer,
In a wondrous display,
Of controlled disappointment.
All is not well
At TV headquarters.
After-screen discussion,
rumoured echoes are heard
'But who is really,
Going to do this,
If I don't?

Peter Vealey

Remains.

Like all in the past.
There is something material left of you.
With one a Ramsgate tea strainer
I can even use nowadays.
With you a mirror
Saying "I L Y",
I couldn't keep!
It was only like dust collecting.
One day it had to be dealt with.
In the absence of love,
With the obsession of the age,
Monetarism!
And the sparseness
Of a spiritual climate.
Like all in the past.
The letter opener
Was precise and manicured,
If dated at the edges,
Like you saw me.

Peter Vealey

Repose.

When all your losing wins
Are gone.
Then I want to find
A place to repose.
Like laying in the
Water.
Till you fall asleep.
Will you kiss me goodbye?
At least.
When all my hardships
Lose their youth.
Don't let the tide go out
Without me.
Because the tired
Face
In a lonely room,
Is hardly what I need.
We search endlessly for
A state of repose.
Let the lady
I've never known
Who loves me,
Like there's no-one else,
Be mine.
Let me watch the trees
In the wind.
For a time without end.
Shadows start darkening.
The sunny face,
There once was.

Peter Vealey

Rhubarb, Rhubarb!

Rhubarb, Rhubarb!
Seems like a lot of people
Talking
Gibberish.
Conversations nosediving into
A lethargy of contrivance outcomes.
The outlook is messy
Not awakened.
Others will be informed,
But when we
Deem it necessary to
Ignore you!
Gobblygook is always misunderstood
By the public!

Peter Vealey

Ripe Days.

Is anyone out there
For real!
Scarpered to feel
The old dog.
Down at the "Bull and Bush";
Damp and drowning
Cramp and sounding
Oer and out.
Life for all of us
Takes some wearing.
Is anyone out there!
Out to heal
At dawns` chorus
Does anyone
"Feel? "
Whatever they feel,
That a life passing,
For all of us is,
No deal,
No deal at all!

Peter Vealey

Rural Tales Of Hippy Oblivion.

Oh down this road we go.
We never knew how long or far.
Or when we'd know it was over.
The trail was lost, the mission 'gone'.
On empty bars, cars and hiking feats of yore.
Valleys and hills by the score.
We looked like pale ghosts,
On repentant and unrepentant time.
It's flower primed n' burst.
The end was nigh
A long time ago.
Our sail
Broken and lashed
On the seas` floor.
Revisited dreams and memories of youth.
Searing remembrances of loves` tainted fruit.
Till you were
The same free spirit no more!

Peter Vealey

Saturated.

Saturated.
Bottles of forgiveness.
Was I guilty?
Or you too driven.
Manic, desperate
The line is too wishy-washy.
Saturated,
Beyond belief.
The reliving of the past,
Is never a good road to drive down.
Healing, uh!
What can that ever be but,
A journey too far.
Saturated.
The night and day of
Failure undimmed.
Put the bottle down right now!

Peter Vealey

Seashells.

We were thrown together,
Like shells in
The sea of life.
Swept apart
By the cruel distinctions
Of time's inevitability.

Peter Vealey

Silence.

Know that I miss you,
Know that you do too.
The silence is deafening, crushing
Like a raging fall.

Peter Vealey

Skins.

Soon you will be here
My sweet fear.
And I will not be
So concerned with trivia.
Picking pieces off the floor.
Invasions of insects, the incessant nightmare.
Will just be a paranoia,
Out of control.
Normal folks would say.
The skins we protect at all costs.
To keep your "face";
And from knowing me.
I will always be a
Strange neighbour,
Under these conditions.
No one wins,
No one ever wins.

Peter Vealey

Sleeps.

Sleep is the most powerful
Fuel in the world.
When you are alive, you are asleep.
When you're asleep your
Recharging.
Your world in a
Different spectrum.
Love, life.
The tinder fires
Of expectation.
Growth.
The limitless
Feel
For tiny minds.
To grow into a
Wonder-fueled world.
Where loss is a given,
And take is,
"The new necessary"
Musts and musk of manhood.
"Woman"
The all-compassing
Human-"Angel"
Of all our worlds`
Lives on in
All our minds.
Whatever and whoever
We are.
Love is the morning,
Noon and night.
Sleep.
The recharging engine.
The long time runner
Down the road of
Life's journey.

Peter Vealey

Snow.

I woke up
To snow.
Seen, first time
In twenty or
Thirty years round here.
Gentle flakes falling
Falling.
Thought of passing
Time.
How to live and be
In the moment.
Children playing
Timelessly with
Snowballs,
And this morning,
I am relieved
Again to wake
Up
Around warm love
And lovers.
The bogeyman
Is nowhere
Very near.
To live and
Be
Now.
Rejoice,
In that
New, new day
And snow
Is falling this morn.
Life is here now.
Not over, not parked
Not rewritten
And
Christmasses` past are
Where they belong
Snow
I woke up to fresh

Snow.

Peter Vealey

Speculate To Accumulate.

We speculate to accumulate,
In Love
As much as money.
You may not want to hear this,
Hunk or Bunny'
Old times, bad times,
Stephen got it right,
Again and again.
Was he a disciple,
In another time?
I think so!
Don't you know it's all
Cliches, riddles and old songs.
Good times rule the waves,
Despite computers
Ans Handmaiden tales.
Trying to enslave,
Arid R1 apps
Reality games.
Always life to the fore
As ever till it's done and run.

Peter Vealey

Stop The Ego! .

Everyday I turn the telly on
The world is sick,
The world has gone bad.
Violence everywhere,
Sad beyond repair
Everyday I turn
My computer on,
Wouldn't it be grand
If a still blue sea
And nature abounded
On every screen?
And no-body's ego
Was being beamed everywhere
For consumption.
Where it leads
To the war to end all wars!
WW2 and beyond?
Endless gore
And rampant ego
Of the uncontrolled jaw-jaw,
Of Iraq and far too many more.

Peter Vealey

Superman Blues.

24 hour world communications
Brought it home
To every home computer, video, radio.
Back and front replayed hauntingly.
For all to know they say.
The surreal wickedness of the terrible moments.
Unravelled
Ramifications of scapegoating began
Inexorably.
How I wish I could
Have been
Superman.
Out of the clouds.
Stop those planes before...
Change the backdrops of hate and ignorance.
That makes
The futile emptiness
Seem so
Utterly inhumane and unnecessary,
Of a shattering world tragedy as this.

Peter Vealey

Suspend My Disbelief

Will you suspend my disbelief in you?
Because I don't believe you will come through!
Suspend my disbelief in you, make me believe that you
Aren't the way you seem.
Will you suspend my disbelief in you?
Because I don't believe you will care more
Then opening your eyes.
Are you the best human being you could ever be?
Suspend my disbelief that you don't care.
You don't care.
Just be, be human.
Suspend my disbelief, that you won't overload your grief
Overblown grief, grief.
Love is a two-way emotion.
I have to say, you still want you, not me!
In any relationship, in any time of your life,
Will you suspend my disbelief?
Will you suspend my disbelief?

Peter Vealey

Sweet Shop Conundrum (A Kaleidoscope) .

A kaleidoscope
Of delusional fault lines
Raining through my mind.
Where is the protection
For my Soul?
My Id?
Please don't let the anxiety train
Leave the station anymore.
I'd rather pay my dues.
I'm sick of being in a
Russian roulette with
My life, my mind.
A chaotic kaleidoscope
Of love, hate. worry, regret.
Sweet shop conundrum
Reign no more!

Peter Vealey

Symmetry

A perfect symmetry
Of
Being intense, spectacular lovers.
We are right now, today,
Maybe several recent yesterdays?
The great hope bell,
Is ringing out loud,
All may listen gratefully.

Peter Vealey

The Blanket.

I saw the blanket
Damp and clean green in the bath.
Washed for the first time in ages.
With the patch,
I had sewn on to cover.
Your getting over me.
Skinned to the bone
Of loss.
You were here
Writing messages (on the patch)
One afternoon.
That you wanted me back,
And....
I just wondered,
Did nothing.
But realised
I had loved you
Very much.
Cruel was I?
To think and not
Feel
Was the past
So far
From both of
Us,
To make it a
Redundant moment,
Anyhow?

Peter Vealey

The Canvas Of Love.

When I am the person
I wanted to be
Oh well, its nearly here.
The canvas is lit upon a
Sea of mistrust.
But my heart will rise above
To let me see the canvas of love.
I was meant to
Inherit.
Oh let it be,
The canvas of love.
Forsaken so long by
Decades of misinformation.
Still the day is born anew
And the canvas awaits.
New paints, new pencils.
New bodies, new dreams.
For the end is never near.
Only the dream is forsaken.
Till the canvas strokes
Red in a new avalon.
When I am the person
I always knew I could be.

Peter Vealey

The Changeover.

In the time of now.
I stopped believing
That then could be now
Had begun,
Begun.
The moment had passed.
Into tomorrow
And yesterday.
Without the present to pay.
The changeover
Had begun,
The past had not won
And I nearly
Felt that I
Was living in
Today,
And the ghosts
That I was scared
To even really say were,
Did at last belong
To yesterday.

Peter Vealey

The Changing Of The Guard.

It happened a while ago,
And though the wounds
Are barely healed.
It had to be, was meant to be.
I didn't want pain,
Or try to give pain.
But the changing of the guard
Is by the nature of
The beast,
In itself
Why we are all
Here.
And not over there.
Life is by
Choice of fact,
The passing of time
And no more.

Peter Vealey

The Church Is In Darkness.

The Church is in darkness.
Across the whole world
Stars that first look beautiful,
Are really just winking purveyors
Of a world on the move.
Along a rural backwater.
I see beautiful winter skies
Tinged with orange amber light
Of sunset.
Loss and grief of souls
And love gone.
Why is the Church
Never alive to human kind
Anymore?
The Church is in darkness,
Along dank and dismal
Retreated worlds.
Still the Church is in Darkness.
(Waiting impatient) ,
For the new awakening.
Promised every damn year,
Still no sign of him!
The telegraph pole
And poplar trees,
Sing a mournful malady
Of trouble
To be visited upon us.

Peter Vealey

The Embodiment Of Wrong

This man
What can you say?
Everything is wrong.
The look, the template
The mocking sneer, the empty veneer.
Everything
The embodiment of wrong.
The suit, the tie,
The old public school lie.
Doff, toff and spy.
What can you say?
Everything is wrong
Yet you believe
Under the art of old British fair play,
First past the post
That maybe there is no other answer.
When maybe all along
He has
Been the problem.
The embodiment of wrong.
You don` t have to
Know his name.
Now so keen to be
The triumphant trampling celebrant.
The war is over.
Yet do we feel
We won.
The 'one nation' has begun?
Yet the rot is in
'The Sun'.
The pure embodiment of wrong.
Why I was born to care.
To be fair and square.
Why I wanted
To be there
For everyone.
The embodiment of Englishness,
Kind, compassionate and strong.

The Language Of Disassociation

It`s couched differently,
Persuasively dangerous
And edgy and over there.
The language and land of
Disassociation.
In its miserable load.
Manipulated, sanitized, patronized
Here and there,
The old mask
Slips out amongst those chip paper journalists
Toilet humour.
They were only being `honest' about it!
It's managed differently.
Persuasively worrying, □
Corrections by the
Cover load.
Still nothing
Can heal this beggar's load.
Do you know who he/and she is?
She/he is every one of you and me
That struggled
To live more than one
Minute more,
All too recently,
with their uncontrolled suicidal thought.

Peter Vealey

The Moment.

The moment had gone.
We let it go.
Like in the song-
'It's all over now
I used to love you'
The moment had gone.
We let it go.
Don` t know when, don` t know where.
The moment had gone.
The power was not mine anymore,
Was not yours, or was it now?
The mantle had gone.
A key returned.
Was not ours (anymore to keep.)
Minds on other people.
Ticking momentum
Of change.
Was it then, now
Or just a second ago?

Peter Vealey

The Purger.

The sun was up.
I am coming after you!
Yeh!
I'm the Purger.
All the roads of destruction,
Are soon to be mine.
The military, the constitution,
(Feds!)and those liberal loony democrats.
Even The Illuminati!
All will beg for forgiveness,
From you.
Pretending to be me.
Always me, always me!
Beg, beg, beg,
For my honourable life to survive always!
Beg, beg, beg, for your miserable existence,
To continue,
While I decide,
On my "normality hols";

Peter Vealey

The Sounds Of The Forest

The woods` in the mind's picture,
Of oh, so desired serenity.
The rich escaping the poor,
The poor, from anything cruel of heart.
Yet in no one, I have died
In the battle for,
The sound of the forest.
The inevitable cracking bracken nervously
Wide-eyed and doe driven
From an average B-movie
You sorely, wished you had slept through!
The hokey alchemists` favourite scheme
Feeling the rivers dream
Of survival

Peter Vealey

The Word From The Trees.

All the places I`ve seen,
All their hopes gone, wiped clean.
The word from the trees.
The distant hope,
Brought me some relief
On the day we heard
The virus had entered a closed tunnel.
Dared for a lull in the latest
"War to end wars";
"All these places I've seen, ";
All these delusional dreams.
Ran me back inexorably
To the punishing idyll,
Of my "Scream";
The word from the trees,
Lays wasted, waiting
For representation.
At the arms
Of the "latest armageddon.".

Peter Vealey

The Worthless Vanity Of War

We think if we purge the evil,
With the worthless vanity of wars.
Unwinnable, undeniable, unsustainable.
We will gain only hollow echoes, (of past traumas.)
In paper-thin propaganda
Stem the blood of innocent victims'
God said, 'revenge is mine.'
Man assumed the mantle.
(Through momentary tiresome brutality)
And was lost for all time

Peter Vealey

Therapy By Default.

The Adonis-like triumph,
Of narrowness over peace and multi-culturalism.
The tired mindsets directing and weaving
Miserly annual reassurance.
Unwieldy worlds of obsessive control and insecurity.
Endless slavery of the disenfranchised masses.
Laid bare, withered.
At the selective mercy,
Of the tyrants of history.
No stone is left unturned,
In their relentless pursuit of conflict.

Peter Vealey

Thrust The Slack.

Thrust the slack.
What is it all for?
The thrust, the slack.
The taking it all back.
What is it really all for?
A little move diagonally forward right,
To be replaced by a shadowy figure
Of the night.
Where is it all leading to?
The stem, the flow.
The inevitable woe.
Where?
Oh where is it all going to?

Peter Vealey

Times And Chimes.

Dear old medieval stortford,
Never grew upon times` .
Just slumbered by
To the sound
Of church bells and chimes.

Peter Vealey

To Anyone But Me

I was thinking today,
Of what you meant,
And now.
Oldest story in time.
Run that pain train
(Only one more time!) ,
God and cliches rule uneasily forever.
Along with my sorry mind.
A nickel and dime time,
Of sad unkind rhyme.
Observations from an
Outpost.
On a sea of fake mime!
My best?
Goodbye is a word
Redundant,
In its finality,
To huwomankind?
As a newly made up
"Word";,
Phrase, limerick, saying,
Anyone but me too,
Knowing me and,
Never knowing yer dearie,
Sorry, sorry!

Peter Vealey

Today?

There was a day.
It wasn't this.
It seemed to be all of everything.
Today?
But it was yesterday.
Who was fooling who?
There was a moment,
It wasn't this.
You had it all in your grasp.
The power was with you.
You seemed alive beyond
Dispute.
But that was then, this is now.
And who is fooling who?
Maybe it was
All just an illusion anyway.
There was a day,
They said it was today!

Peter Vealey

Tuning Fork.

I still love you
Always will.
Made a decision
Thinking I knew what
I was doing.
Who am I to judge
This old delusional carousel?
Teases us, we are
Humble to the forks
In the road of life.

Peter Vealey

Twin Towers.

Two Planes
Crash,
Almost simultaneously,
Into tall buildings.
Futile gestures
To a corporate world.
Peoples` lives extinguished
Without even a goodbye
Who`s to blame?
Who`s to shame?
Funerals to grieve for,
Life to die for,
Shakes you to the foundations.
Still the world
Does not understand itself.
(Twin Towers)
But not a sign
Of brotherhood of humanity.

Peter Vealey

Untitled.2

What is this game
Men and women play?
Hurting each other
Everyday in every way.
'Relationships' they say
Is this the best we can do,
At being human?
Rather than really getting through
With lies, deceit,
Lust and betrayal.
The inevitable recipe of it all.

Peter Vealey

Walking Out.

Glasses were collected,
A normality of cleaning tables
In your world.
Far from mine.
Retired!
Glad not to be hired.
Yet looking to be attractive
To the greater sum.
Saw an old love and felt traitorous
But what could I ever be
Now?
Limp gestures from
Far pavilions.
We are you, are me, and
As Beatles said are
"All together".
(But aparts sorry!)
Walking out, in the new divide,
Dumb speeches I can `t hear
On a pub widescreen
Tell me more
About the
Country we are.

Peter Vealey

Wallowing And Weaving.

Watching the clock downstairs,
Showing not glowing,
6.03 am.
A seminal moment
Had come,
In our relationship!
An erotic plateau
Of togetherness,
But-
Nagging and scratchy doubts,
Persist,
That you were I,
And me you,
But not!
We once enjoyed,
But narrowly missed,
Our Nirvana.
But I soon replaced it,
By joining in,
With the masses.

Peter Vealey

Wallpaper Views.

Listening to "Dory";
Long curdled bitterness.
In the winds of "yesterdays";
Gobblygook la de da, la de dee,
La di dee, la de da.
Wallpaper views,
I the winds of yesterday.
God is in their all.
History is just a fly to
Swathed away.
Where, where are the soldiers to,
Capture the not-enlightened.
Never there,
Always too few to spare!
Judgment day,
Is just a
Toss of a drink,
In a town damned as "Busted Flush
Wallpaper news,
"Headlines?
Chip-shopped to landfill.
Came up
Busted flush, face-upto the
Oh, Busted Flush!
never existed,
Fake news.

Peter Vealey

Where Did My Country Go?

Where did my country go?
Its not here in my garden.
The innocence of flowers, weeds and bees.
Are unchanging, yet refreshing.
And what of my fellow countryfolk?
Neighbour, communities,
Helping one another.
Friends, love, tears and emotions,
Does not sit easy at all.
With 'private' this and 'privatise' that
For the 'feelgood' factor
Doe not necessarily include
COMPASSION!

Peter Vealey

Willow Trees.

Willow trees caressed
My face.
As if they knew me.
An old friend, yet adversary.
I have killed your friends,
The grass, the green, green grass of
My home!
But not with the miserable intent
Or ego.
Like some nearby would,
Have yer' believe,
And took anemic glee from
Willow trees,
I am heading home,
My days of dreaming for
A green idyllic lawn,
Have faded to,
A bad claustrophobic memory.
I will always admire your
Beauty,
Individually from afar.
I,
Have,
Run out of steam!
Not because,
Of a lack of love for nature
Or for my lover,
And dear, true friends!
It`s more become
My cross to bear!
A weary resignation
That humankind,
Cares very much more,
For one's proverbial neighbour
Across the so-named,
Neutral, daily distillery!

Peter Vealey

Winter Jig.

There's a low winter's moon
Just above the tree line.
There's a low winter's moon
Just over the horizon.
It's maybe the Sun,
But who can say?
All I know is winter's here again.
Looks so pure n' beautiful.
Snow over fields and
Dark days.
There's a low winter moon
And it's just above the sea.
It maybe the Sun,
But who can say?
All I know is winter's stark n'
Freezing.
And all we do is look out and
Say is,
What a beautiful day,
To be inside.
There's a low winter's moon
And it looks like sheer beauty

Peter Vealey

Wise Love.

Old love, cold love.
Nothing so wild as
Unfolded love.
Scolded, unmoulded love.
Never can get away from
Unsold love, bold love.
Time`s so cruel for
Old love(never growing.)
old love(dried tears of)
Nothing`s so tragic
As aborted love
Destinations without word.
Looking forlorn,
As a doorless winter waiting room.
Old love, sold love.
Never can change the past lie.
Old love, frozen love.
Never can forget or revive
Overblown love.
Goodbye love, goodbye love!
The years have served me wise love.

Peter Vealey

Workspeak.

People talking about
Work, timetables
Self-importance.
Driven derivatives,
Underline, tone,
Reassurance.
Compliance, bonding outings.
Total fall-out,
Differences.
Prejudice.
Brexit through that door
Way-out!
But we are
Like all of you!
Really?

Peter Vealey

Wringer.

I am emotionally hurt,
Already.
By being in the same,
House,
As my lover.
Yards away she sleeps,
I awake to,
The third night of "us"
In a "House"
I turn from half-light,
To growing heartache.
Where am I?
Slow dropping tears,
Exorcising me, selfishly!
Fraught dry pauses,
Old, cold glasses soon no more.
Grief is facing me,
Head on!
Love me?
Even talk to me?
Probably not.
Wonderful, loving, fragile, warm,
Losing my religion
Yet,
Healing by the seconds!
She is my divinity, but my
Burden!
Traveling to a tunnel's end,
Amidst a train-like emotion,
I am fraught now,
Torn out just now!
Lover,
I never wanted to be "lovers" or labels
Just us

Peter Vealey