

Poetry Series

# **Raymond Edward Archer**

## **- poems -**

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# Raymond Edward Archer()

# Oh Blue

To my Friend  
yes it's true  
we do feel blue

It's not nice to be down  
Sadness covers you like a dressing gown  
It shows in your smile  
I notice it after a very short while  
'Tis true  
we do feel blue

I did to  
We want someone to accuse, but  
we need to remember being down is like a bruise  
Painful at first  
part of a game  
Something you feel until it starts to heel, but  
You never forget from whence it came  
It is blue

It's no disgrace to feel blue  
we all do  
'tis true, but  
Being blue will make you dreary

Having a Friend like me  
Always there to make you a cup of tea  
can get you to talking  
even while walking  
Will help to ease your tension  
Even if you think its not worth a mention  
It will ease your tension so you don't have to go on premature pension.  
'Tis true  
I like you  
even when you blue

Blue becomes purple, violet, yellow and green  
As time passes your thoughts will return to mellow and serene

I tip my glasses  
Bow my head and think of you  
oh blue  
'Tis true, but

It's not for you

Raymond Edward Archer

# The Defeated Man

A last brave act of defiance  
Identifies the defeated man  
Acquiring a jeer he performs in jest  
He does not think, and cannot for see it not best

This brave act loses the battle and thus  
His war  
He is the sad subject  
The son of a mischief whore

The hair on his face frames his success  
In this one little skirmish  
Leaving his life in a mess

He glares ahead  
Insisting you warrant a guess  
But tough as it is, you indulge upon his story  
Knowing it will end like a horror movie bloody and gory

For a moment he is lost and  
Free in his head  
Of all things normal  
On another plane instead  
It's a shout of short sharp words  
That pulls him from the clouds and  
Breaks his rainbow shroud

He puts on a smirk and turns away  
Knowing full well he is going to pay  
Yet he amuses  
The normal will envy and decay

To you and I who think the same  
He grants a wish  
That we steel a minute and take the stage  
Complete the act and forget our age  
This is the game in his head  
The poor loving child is  
So easily mislead

Progeny of error  
He is plagued by you still  
Contaminating his mind  
Through every endeavour

Will he ever learn?

The normal say never

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# Tinkering Tinker Box

A simple and grotesque mind  
Has a gross number of ways  
To either be cruel or kind

The destruction incited through angry words  
Soils our lunchtime air with putrid curds  
So severe, you taste the tension  
Some love milkshakes  
That's what I failed to mention

Through a muddy lens  
Scratched by suspended rock  
The paths to the tinker box tend to block  
Clear and rational light gets lost in a  
Confusing and complex concoction  
But changing the state of the tinker box is  
Not a sustainable option

So, with blackened eyes and shaken nerves  
The world begins to reshape and discolour  
This only brings frustration and fear  
Like gum losing its flavour

And so it begins, with a simple mind  
Grotesque and destroyed in a gross number of ways  
never to be kind

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# Your Son

Pattering a slobbering dog  
Running on a slippery log or  
jumping in the stream to catch a swimming frog

This is your son my beautiful wife  
Who cuts his finger testing his birthday knife  
being a boy and experiencing life

He alone loves you the most and among your friends  
you about him boast but  
Scold him for messing his toast

He runs about, here and there  
Out the door but not quite sure where  
and you smile upon his mop of fair hair

Climbing trees  
and grazing his knees  
You are his pirate ship as he sails the seven seas

At the end of the day, it's you he hugs  
and shows you his collection of wonderful bugs  
You keep him safe from the boisterous thugs

He will grow up and make great friends  
Wink at girls and follow the trends  
but it's still you he loves and you he defends

Becoming a man is no easy feat  
Harder still, is showing humility in suffering defeat  
It's you who taught him how a girl to treat

He will find Love and you cannot be sad  
He will smile at you and want you to be glad  
Even if she drives you stark raving Mad

Remember my darling wife, you have not been replaced  
Our son has two feet  
and two boots to be laced



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