**Poetry Series** 

# Roy Storey - poems -

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# Roy Storey()

I am now on a few poetry sites as i think this a way forward for poets no longer are we a few here and there. there are many of us and we will all work to help each other for better poetry.

I am enjoying my time on this site, i think i writing a lot better but only you can tell me.

# (1) Elizabath.

It is the time for moving. To a better time down the road,

over the hill and away with you.

# (1) Untill. (For Bet August 2006 To 2008)

The sun is still shining down english country lanes. Life changes the past overlaps, our todays and tomorrows untill?

# {1}at The End. [ For Bet. ]

Come flow with the river come flow with the breeze. Taking life slowly all ways at ease. We will take the couse away trough time. At the end of a lift time will you still be mine.

# 1342.

There is a spring at burton baset. By the edge of the road. The stone front is badly defaced, but if you look inside there is a stone block which says the year of are lord 1342

## 1for Ann Marie.

I.O.U. a smile. I.O.U. all the love from my heart. I.O.U. time i can never give you. I.O.U. everthing for you are my friend.

# 1friend.

They may break your heart i will pick up the pieces. You may feel alone i will all ways be with you. When you think all is lost i will still be your friend.

# 1green- Blue.(A M 3)

Do i care a little do i love a lot. The green blue eyed girl that time forgot.

# 1knights. (For A M 2 4 2008)

Knights with ladys fair. Sunlight shining in there hair. I pass to day. In a world far away.

# 1night Breeze. (For Ann Marie)

Night breeze moving in to the city, down its streets in to its house pubs and bars. Passed old, and young mothers to. Lovers may be me and you. Warm gentle moving away. In to the night on to day.

# 1she Was You. (For A M 2 4 2008)

I had a dream. I spent the night with a beautful woman. I did she was you.

# A Book.

A book, a book a wonderful book Robin hood and old frier Tuck. All in lincan green with forty shades in between. This is the emerald land a jewel they say. All in a book i read today.

## A Day Begins

Sitting on a balcony over looking the city gray lifeless, out to sea the first rays of light. Cut across the water lighting the out lines of the building pink turning red to gold light as a day begins.

# A Day.

A day will come i will not rise. Or wipe the sleep out of my eyes. Wash or dress with out a care. So do not look for me i am not there.

## A Life Time.

We will meet again on the highway to the stars. Walking you and i for there are no cars. Drinking from the stream freash as dew. A life times memories we can shair a new.

## A Life Worthwhile.

Only a life lived for others is a life worthwhile. From grand houses to a hut out in the wild. Helping others a way to be. Love and kindness constantly.

#### A Love Poem

To make her fall in love give her hugs and kiss to. Some flowers from the garden above to make her dreams, come true. Some times you have to say please. Give her a bit of squeeze. And say i love you.

#### A Poets Dream.

In the dark city streets no love did i find.

So i moved to the country to find some peace of mind.

All ways moving onward looking for to see, a land of peace and love where everybody free.

#### A Season Ends.

I ware my skin like an old coat. My hair has gone i have seen better days. As the sun plays. A cross the medow in dappled hues of green, gold, yellow, and brown, as a season ends.

#### Aftermath.

It is not a kiss it is the heart. It is not the poem but the rhyme. Within the aftermath of time.

#### Air Hostess.

She smiled her elmond eyes turned at the edge. A warm glow, came from her. She over wellemd me with can i help you sir.

## All Seasons.

Will you everwalk in England.Will you ever,talk in England.Going down to Warwickon a fine spring day.Dancing round the may polethe king and queens of may.A day for all seasonsall seasons in a day.

## Amanda.

Gently the wind blows amanda i can not feel the wind or the sun. Another day is done amanda with no place to run.

The room is small amanda break free. They are having friends for tea. Can you walk amanda ' no not on your knees ' come learn to talk amanda, amanda please.

Gently the wind blows her hair. A young woman without a care. But she remembers the pain of being alone on her own for years and the tears of amanda.

## And A Day

I am looking for a sliver dawn, blue skys where the land flows on for ever. Where you, and i can sit and talk untill the time of never. Of may be this, or may be that. A brown owl, a fluffy hat. Just to while the time a way. Forever, and a day.

#### Aeo.

Angle angle of the morning fading away. Angle angle of the morning smiling goodday. Angle angle of the morning i am starting to cry. Angle angle of the morning is this goodby.

#### Answer.

We are the children of the forest, and plan. Living our lives, our lives, are the same. If i had answer i would share it with you. To help us on our journey this life time through.

## Apex.

Between the apex of the rising. And setting. Of the sun is life guared by the moon at night.

# Apple

She has the charm of a flower in the time of may. Pink and white wild prfume floating on the air. Apple blossom, apple blossom, everwhere.

## Aquarius.

The dawn turns and there i lie. Ten thousand years have gone by. The change, has come once more unseen. Atlantis rise, in shades of green. As islands rise, as islands crash. In to the future, in to the past. Returning peace to palacasade. To woodland green, to forest glade.

#### Are You? 1.5.2008

One mind. Can bring death one mind. Can bring life one mind. Can bring heat one mind. Can bring love one mind. Which one are you.

## Aries Rising.

Every time we touch i get this feeling i do not know why. Every time we kiss how the time dos fly. My heart beats so fast. This is love a love to last.

#### As A Woman.

I born at the top of the hill am king of all. I born in a hut by the river have notting,

I hunt in the forest with my servants and friends. I fetch and carry, scrub and clean and am forgotten.

As a man i will rule the world. As a woman i will be a slave.

I will die the death of a hero. I will see your memory fade and still be queen.

# Autumn (Two)

The smell of burning wood on the breeze. Falling leaves, play among the trees. Carts loaded with hay. travle home at the end of day.

## Autumn.

As the birds fly south heralding winter.

Logs staked for long winter nights a round the fire.

We will tell our storys of summer past.

## Balance.

At last the rain falls over the dry earth in to the cracks, deeper refreshing restoring the balance to bring forth life.

# Bangkok.

Heat beats down on the sukhumvit road a thousand traders a million dreams. The dragon of progrees weaves it way through the city. where hotei comes with his gifts of fruit and sweets for the angles of light.

# Begining.

Ice crystals falling, rising, twisting on the air a spiraling mass, on the wind falling covering the earth.

The warmth of the sun melting the crystals droplets. runing, tumbling down into the earth.

Warm moist, the seed unfolds pushes its way upward breaking through into the light to live a season long.

# Birthday.

Another year gone in time. A birthday glass of wine. Blow out the candles on the cake. If your two or ninetyeight.

### Bloom.

The cool breeze of the morning passes. The rising temperture of the day. Bring forth slowly opening a beautiful bloom.

# Blue Dolphins.

There a land called make believe. Just move this cloud with a heave. Then we can sale away. To where the blue dolphins play.

### **Book Of Dreams**

I carry it within my mind. I look within its page to find. My yesterday, todays, and tomorrows all lay within my book of dreams.

### Break Of Day.

Do you have the urge to write. Lines that come in the night. like dreams they fade a way. All gone by the break of day.

### Brotherhood.

The knowing of it. The growing of it. The kindness of it. The blindness of it. The love of it. Whole of it. The brotherhood of man.

# Calling.

Calling, calling on the wind drifting down the river high up in the trees. Carryed by the butterfies with the birds, and bees. Some call it love others harmony it passes everyday between you and me.

# Calls.

I have a dream of shelow rivers. Water falls, kids playing, buddhists praying. Thialand the dream still calls.

# Candle Light.

By candle light. She sits night afther night. Waiting waiting for her lover to return.

# Carbon.

Start your car and think of me. Black death ridding free. I will kill your wife and kids. Look at me. Your only part of histroy.

# Cat.

Watching the birds fly free waiting patiently moving across the lawn. Afther lifes new born. A run a leap a cry of fear. The bird lays dead the cat is here.

### Chiengmai.

The river runs slowly here children play in it cool waters. Green orange waters. Passing through the sea of life.

# City Day.

The gull fiys across a field as the rain falls. A crow moves thruogh the grass like an undertaker in a crowd as the day begins.

In the gray city streets gray city poeple move. Within the rhythm of ther day. To the rhythm of the rain and the pain of being alone.

The gull crys as the crow flys to roast. Spreading black wings as night falls.

### City Streets.

city streets are dirty there is no love there. But some times on a saturday a party takes the air. With the sound of laughter of poeple having fun. But city streets are dirty when the day is done.

# Coin

The sliver coin twisting turning on the air. Heralding, dreams of a dry bed food, a place to stay. For this begger this day.

# Coke.

One line of white powder drawen in to the body. A thousand cells in the brain burn and die. Then cry for more.

# Cry

You hide like a ghost in the shadows. Guarding your heart hoping for love. Afraid you may find it and cry.

# Cup.

We all sip from the cup of life brown, black, red, yellow, and white. All sip with equal stand. Through out the world in every land.

### Dance.

Harlequins and columbines all dance a round the fire. Reflections, in there eyes is filled with desire.

### Danceing Shadows.

Just to see the danceing shadows green reficshions in a stream. Taking life slowly moving onward in the dream. It is the dance of love it is the dance of life with loving children and a gentle wife.

### Dark And Light.

Am i here or am i there. A wind swept beach or the open air. Dark and cold snow and ice. The repper calls death the price. Am i here or there again. A wind swept beach or an open plane..

#### Dawn.

it is a gray dawn seen in the refiection of her tears. With the dreams of the night winds yet to come. As she pass through her day.

# Day.

I am the morning flow me till noon.

I am the sun flow me through the sky till evening.

I am the moon taking you, to a new day.

Roy Storey

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# Days Of Old.

Jupta and me would sit by the well. In the shade of a tree storys to tell. Of maidens so brave kings so bold. Wizards and giants in days of old.

#### December.

Far a way long a go glowing now as an ember. Things my heart would know, once upon december.

#### Democracy.

Democracy, the free will of the many entrusted in a few. For the freedom of all.

#### Deshonest

Dedicated to you gracing inside on the highway. Like a fine tequila nights spent alone, naked. I can taste you in my sleep. The vision standing behind every dream. Every morning between the stillness violent love. No turning back now are you dishonest with your life.

# Down By The Sea.1977

Her eyes are like pools Her hair like corn. For she is here she is the dawn. Here to welcome the day. Where the children play. There games of can you see. in and out of the coves, and caves down by the sea.

### Drawing.

The girl was drawing water from the well. As the horses darwing the cart past. The arties darwing a picture of the house. Were the maid was drawing the curtains. As the day was darwing to an end.

#### Dream Maker.

On a night when the moon is brit i will come for you we will dance in your dreams. over mountains, valleys, streams. In distant lands, to rock and roll bands. On sliver sands, at the threshold of life where the dream maker stand.

### Dream.

Living, living a dream. Strawberry cake with ice cream. Heroes behold a rising queen. All, are all within a dream.

#### Dreams Of Life.

The wine flowed in to water. The water in to tears tears. in to dreams dreams of life.

### Dreams.

Intrigue me, inspire me, amuse me, please me, with dreams on the wind.

# Drought

Hot, dry, mile upon mile. The sun beats down upon the earth. Locked deep within lies the seeds. Waiting, waiting, for the rain.

## Earth.

You say you know me then look again. From my jungles to my plans. The sun is shining we our free. Do you, know me.

## Empty Houses.

Laft is the spirit from the rooms. Now the barbarians have ripped down the walls. All the dreams have laft blown away in the wind.

#### **Enchanted Dreams.**

Swells of orange dust move round and round in the breeze by the molly tree with white, fragrant blooms. Filling the air with beautiful perfume. As the music of the flute flows through the trees across medows green. Lost in the babbling of a stream. Of the land of enchanted dreams.

#### Endless Dream.

I can feel the love here its warm, friendly, it makes the rooms glow. As it flows through the house as an endless dream.

# England.

You can feel it the bit in the air on a winter morn. Golden sunlight through the trees on a spring day. The glint on the river in may. As the may flies dance there day, in England.

#### Entertainment.

Gripping a master, building slowly unfolding events. Divulging just the right information. of plot, sub plot an high octane entertainment.

### Everyday.

This is the passing of time, everyday is everyday. flowing, one to another baby, woman, old and gray, everyday is everyday.

## Exploited.

The trouble was she had such a pretty face. They took advantage of her looks. She did not realise they were being unkind.

### Famine.

Rotting flesh drops, from the bones in to the limpid waters of a lifeless stream. Trees blacked decaying stand, under a sky as blue as yesterday. As today.

# Far Away.

She rises as mist on the morn. Travling through the day. To sleep in the evening in another land far away.

### Farry.

Life could be merry on a boat or a farry moving a long the river of time. So while we are walking. We can keep on talking. As the river flows gently through our minds.

# Father And Son (14.8.1971.)

You look like a tramp said a father to his son. All you do is watch the river run. You could be so many things if you would only try. I am what iam was the boys reply.

### For Ever

Thinking of dust filled fields with dry stokes of rice. Others with small bush tomatoes plants that look like coquets and taste like cucumber. Sweet corn fishing pools, dust traks that go to nowhere. Each day to the next. life after life for ever.

### For Today.

Is it a poem or a test of time. Or just another pretty rhyme. To make the day go. A little faster a little slow. A rhyming, flower a touch of may tihs is the poem for today.

#### Forgotten.

The drip of the water from the rusty tap. Chewed pile of paper the home of the rat. These words, on old paper a forgotten page. Simply says death of an age.

#### Fortune Teller.

In the square. Looking up to take the air. It is a lovely day. But she know that anyway. A shadow cast on the ground. The fortune teller turns around. Not forseen and not fortold. This fortune teller is very old. On this time on this day. The fortune teller passed away.

### Forward.

Days are fast life is slow. Moving forward as we go. Out to where the rainbow ends. Once more to see our friends.

## Fourth Of July.

Join the fun its the fourth of july. A joy in the air no fears, no sighs the birth of a nation power and dreams. Rivers and mountains forest and streams. The fourth of july a wonderful day. Bowing our heads to God we pray.

### Freedom.

Freedom wins freedom falls. Wisedom out lives it all. Runing pushing all the time. This freedom yours this freedom mine.

#### Games.12.9.1971.

Dogs paly as children play, there games you can not see. Ships and planes a bit of history. Football, netball, balls on string. Flies that dance and birds that sing. So many games to play. Untill the end of day.

### Ghost.

Moving through the water sliding through the grass. A serpent, bound in histroy a ghost from the past. Hiding in the shadow away from the sun. Just a lonely ghost on its lifes run.

## Girl On A Swing. For Fay

Violines and rose a girl on a swing. A stairway to heaven where angles do sing. Then comes the day when we all fly high. As the girl on a swing with rose near by.

### Good Friends.

A shaft of light in a wood on a summerday. In the cold streets of a winters day. Smiling smiling in my mind. Runing through my life untill the end of time.

## Good Luck For You.

Kwan yin comes with her kindness her friends come with there treats. Through out Thialand in all the city streets.

## Goodby.

At the parting there will be tears. Tears, of happyness tears, of love tears of saddness for a safe return home.

## Greater Story.

Is it the rise or fall of man. The hate or the pain. Or a greater story where we all live again.

### Havens Door.

They have strange things to tell the people of sandmodo. Of our journey from life, to life, a life to start a new. All must be laft behind from the one before. To see the light of life within havens door.

#### Hellowmass.

The mist is swirling down veokrey street. Its only the sound the sound of your feet. Its only the wind moving a chain. On heloween night but then again.

Its only your foot steps just you and the fog. The fearsome sound of a howling dog. Home at last you step inside. A blood soaked body your latest prize.

## Henry. (My Greyhound)

I will tell you a story of henry the dog. He is big and he is greyfog. Trip by the yard chiken by the pound. henry the dog makes no sound. he is soft he is fun and i forgot to say. Just say boo he will run away.

# Her Eyes.

I did not see her growing up the wind is softly sighing. When she seen her first pup by its mother lieing. The tears she shead the day she wed. Did not pass my eyes. for i died long a go when she opened her eyes.

## Heros. (1985)

The buble gum heros of yesterday play on the planes of war. The victor or the vanquest.

The rice fields flaten the eturnal hell. of the snipers bullit the odd whining shell. No one knows why they came or what it for only the buble gum heros who love to this war.

## Home.

As i walked the pathway across the stream entering the village of my birth i was reminded. Of the hardship here within the joy of living i know i was at my jounreys end home.

### Hour Glass.

The hour glass turns sand runing through crystals of timeless bays. Silent days. When we were free free to hunt, free to sing our song. Then time was court in a bottle. Killing our song time turns in the hour glass. Time running by Time turns in the hour glass us we die.

## I Love You.

Only words up on a page. Say i love you only words another time another age. I love you.

## I Walk, I See, I Run.

I walk trough city streets hearing many thing but talk of none.

I see the passage of time and beyond.

I run with the rich who never need never seeing a village girl standing on the streets of Bangkok hoping for food to make her day.

## Image.

Looking at a photograph a image burnt in time. The lady from the cornershop she was a friend of mine. Look heres henry with his sister sue. An old school photograph of me and you.

## Imagine. (1989)

Close your eyes imagine, a warm breeze thruogh a temple courtyard. A candle, a tiny tinling bell. Incense on the air a small coin floating away in a tiny leaf boat. To honour, the spirts imagine peace.

### In The Heat Of A Summers Day.

The flies dance between the sun and shadow. Dust floats on the air round the doodway green paint peels, potatoes roll out of sacks across the open floor. The old man sits slumped in a chair; sweat rolling, running, dripping down into pools in the dust; only stirring when a fly runs over his hands or face. Hot, dry, the sun beats down. Nothing moves, only the flies; buzzing, running, rising, circling between the sun and the shadow.

# In The Night.

Rain falls hiting the road. Runing here, and there, reflecting. Red, blue, white, neons in the night.

#### Intra Muros.

You can feel it in the sunrise you can see it in the air. He is all round you he is every where. In every birds song in every plant that cries. As the tears of happness fill all our eyes.

He is the beauty of the morning a star in flight. The safety and the warmth in the dead of night. He is your friend, he is your maker he is the night, he is the day. He is allways with you as you travle on your way.

I walked in the watars i was not afraid. To see all his wonders the beauty he had made. And all along the shore line living i could see. The souls and the spirits of those who are free.

### Isaan.

Isaan the poor lands of northeast. Thailand where everyday is everday. As lives slip way. Within the life of Buddha.

## Janey Brennan.

You sit near yet a far, you smile you do not see me at all, you talk to me, but never hear my words, you leave as you came alone all ways alone.

# Joy.

Petals on the wind have passed all blown away. Butterflies in the grass on a summerday. The coloured leaves of auturm lost gone on the road to christmasday. To the joys beyond that of new years day.

# Kite [for Somjeen]

Today i flew a kite. As well i mint. Was king of all the bees. That dance a round the trees. For you, my love for you.

### Kwan Yin.

She is buddhas child, she is kindness, she is freedom, she is love, she is generosity, she is Kwan yin.

# Lady Eat

Can i shair your tooth paste for we are only friends. We can walk a long this pathway to where the rainbow ends.

(For My Friend Eat)

### Last.

So far from our twised roots down the reems of time. Knights and queens spring to mind. Through all the days of glory heroes of the passed. Just one glass of water this could be your last.

#### Late. For Keran

Its eight oclock, i tap the dile. It has been fast for a while. Then again, thoughts of fear. She could be playing very near. Or run down by a car. Followed, by the man with a scar. She all ways late it true. Ill keep her in thats what ill do. Ten past eight, i am sorry dad. I could not get home the roads are bad. Would you like a cup of tea. Theres one for you and one for me. I am sorry dad, i am late again. Every night its just the same.

# Lazy Days.

Still waters where the river flows slow. Where the sunshines and the fish bit on lazy days.

## Leaving Tomorrow.

Planting seeds for the future. Moving old letters papers in to a box from the past. as i am leaving tomorrow.

# Life.

A lazy day by the river. Sunshining casting dappled shades, of trees on the water as it flows life after life.

# Light.

Rays of the sun, light falls through woodland. With hues, of gold, yellow, green, birds fly within the golden rays of light.

### Lost.

The seedling grows one year two years five ten. Fifty more and on again. Then cut down making paper rolling round. Pages for me to write in the middle of the night. Another dream that went a stray. They do turn out that way.

# Love (2008)

All i see or have seen. Is the dream, within a dream. Of love.

### Love And Hope.

Love is the light of the acquiescent flam. in the temple of life where all laid bear, on the shrine of love and hope.

## Mask. (9.7.2008.)

The mask i where the shadows hide. The moon glow on the rising tide. All is here, all to see, look, look, you can not see me.

### Moods

The mist of moods moves in. and out, as the day moves in to evening on to night.

## Morning Town.

You think they do not love you. You think your all alone. On the edge of morning town finding your way home.

### Morning.

The eagle soars in the sky looking for pray.

The river flows swiftly over the stones.

The cart moves a long the track heading for market.

#### Move Away.

Leaving the past behind losing old friends making new. Falling in love me and you. Getting married our weddingday. Tomorrow we move away.

### Moving Away.

Wondering through the rooms that are empty now. The sound of babys crying. Children sighing, teenagers playing, wedding daying, me and you so much to do moving away.

# My Mind.

When all the prayers have been said.And all the children are in bed.On my own i slip away.My mind to dance, some times to play.A poem, sometimes a tune.In the peace of my front room.

### Nicky.

I see you working your way. A long a crowed street Your hair flowing in the breeze of a summers day. On staffard street in Walsall far far way.

### Nights.

On nights like this i reflicet the years. Household sounds within my ears. Kids grown up gone there way. I work i hope, i dream, i pray.

#### No Sound.

Come flow the willow come beckon the call. The owl is hunting no sound at all. The fox is hunting out on the fen. Long before day break he be a sleep in his den. Come herald the day break the horn and the hounds. The fox is dead the owl makes no sound.

#### No Tears.

Whats it like in your dreams i can only ask you why. Whats it like in your dreams do you really fly. So whats it like in your life do you ever wonder why. Then we are gone forever with no tears or goodbyes.

#### Noble Joker.

I am the noble joker your dreams of me will fester i will not let you be.

I am the fool of dover who keeps on rolling over waiting to see the sea.

I am the avenger of the universe the light of man the dream of a million faiths the reality of none, i am you, i am me, i am eternity.

### Not Far Away.

Mount the stead ride away for ever and a day. With coral beads on a tread. Words are heard but never said. And peter pan is today in neverland not far away.

## Notthing.

No words

to write

notthing

to say.

A night

a week

a year

a day.

### Nowhere.19 October 2007.

We will sale to the edge of nowhere just you and me. Under a clear blue sky on a magic sea. We will love you and i the way its ment to be. In our world of reality.

# Old Man.

Old man sitting in a doorway. Hands clasped round a bowl of rice soup a days pay. bending his head sloely in to sleep he slips away.

# Olympiad.

Five sprites white, yellow, red, brown, black, within the five circles of power. To from the olympiad of man.

# On The Edge.

On the edge of dawn between night and day. Where the dreams are packed away. Where hope, love, peace, start there way. Through the world to the nights edge to sleep till dawn.

# On The Wind.

Cast your heart on the wind fly. Your life is for living. Love it the begining. Live everyday on the wind. Only you, the tears that your crying. Only you, this world never dieing. Only you, living your life on the wind.

### Once More.

It strange this feeling wild and free. It strange this feling is this really me. Out on a lagoon out on a sea. It strange this feeling is this really me. Love is an answer love is a door. Is this really me once more.

# One By One. [For Merie 2005]

Tears of saddness dryed by the sun. Tears of gladness one by one. Tears of joy a gift a child. Peace and love for a while.

## One More Day.

Are you happy well and fit. Got no money well thats it. Food for tomorrow love for today. God blissed you For one more day.

### Only One Night.

Remember the verse remember the rhyme. Remember the meter all set in a line.

Remember the story from begining to end. He is an old man with a young friend.

Is it a kiss, or is it a lie. Remember the verse and always asked why. Why is so why is it right. To become a poet for only one night.

# Our Song.

Our song is on the breeze. The wind in the trees. A stream sings i love you.

### Pathway.

Enter the darkness words winging to the heart. The dead welcome you, listen there skulls echo the silence.

There bones sing, they have trodden the pathway.

To the threshold of light they burn with the star. they are one.

# Poetry.

Poetry gives the universe wings. Soul to the mind, imagination to everything with love to all.

### Pool.

This silver round disc reflects on the surface. Stretched like a canvas within, its circuler edge in shades of green and grey.

# Quake.

From the sea comes the wind. From the wind comes a wave from the wave. Comes death then the silence broken only by the tears. of the world.

# Question.

Should we rise or should we go. Is it yes or is it no. The answer could be the same the same as this the same as that. Is it round or is it flat. Now should we rise and go. Is it yes, or is it no.

### Rain.

Rain falls soaking in to the earth. Down, down, rising up as a stream in to a river of life. Flowing past huts, villages, cities, to the sea of life. Rasing on the wind to fall as rain.

# Reality.

Sitthing here in England or Turnersvill U. S. A. With the stroke of a pen a million miles away. In a cart, in old chiang mai oh, no i hear you say. So what is reality is it here today.

# Realty. (2008)

You think this is realty its not. In the world that time forgot. Just believe in each and everyday. realty Just gets in the way.

#### Recession.

Millions of dreams slip down the tube. As the world dies. From the lies. We have been told. Of the dreams we were sold. now there is notthing untill tomorrow.

# Rhyme

Heres a rhyme that stands in time. As the haze upon the plan. Waithing for the clouds to come then it starts to rain.

### Robots.

You say you are free these are just words. To blind, the braying hurds. As living in paradise. Just a dream of your own device. So are you free in any land. Or part of the growing band. Of robots.

# Robyn.

Would it ever work for us lines burning on a page. So near, so far in another age. Of love in all its glory of noble king and queens of lifes own true story. Of a love, that could have been.

#### Romance.

One glass of wine a romantic tune. Stars in your eyes and a ring a round the moon.

# Running.

Running out of words to write a poet with no stage. No romances, or histroy, to write upon the page.

# Sand.

I have lived in mighty towns seen noble king and queens. Flowed nations lived within there dreams. Seen heroes, and poets but alas no more. It all turned to sand a long the sea shore.

#### Sands Of Time.

Sands in the time of yesterday. Crystallised fused in the form of a dove to bring peace to a world.

#### Sawatdee Chan.

Sawatdee chan is welcome friend. May your day go well to your journeys end. Sawatdee chan the welcome call. Every day to one and all.

### Searching.

Love is the answer there is nothing more. Across many life times what fate has in store. For we have always loved you near or far. Spending lives searching to be where you are.

#### Season.

Ice crystals falling, rising, twisting on the air a spiraling mass, on the wind falling covering the earth.

The warmth of the sun melting the crystals droplets, runing tumbling down into the earth.

Warm moist, the seed unfolds pushes its way upward breaking through into the light to live a season long.

# Silent

It is silent here where the cold wind blows. It is silent here down the street were nobody gos. It is silent here gone the memories of the past. No more the lover and his lass. There are no yesterdays. It is silent here.

### Siripanneem.

The old man sit watches the day. Sioipannee greets him they sit and talk. Bond as one he on his journey to enlightenment. Hers to share the life of Buddha.

## Sitttinging On Walls. Lenny

Sitting on walls, spitting through windows drinking the world gos by. Saturday, sunday, soon be monday in the twinkling of an eye. Young folk, old folk, down and out folk drifting slowly by. Sitting on walls, spitting through windows take a drink and say goodby. Cars, and churches, bells and people friends come to say goodby. Sitting on walls, spitting through windows God bless him why did he try. Drink a toast to Lennys passing rise your glass to the sky. Sitting on walls, spitting through windows let us drink the bottle dry. Grapes, and barley, hops and water time slips slowly by. Sitting on walls, spitting through windows fair ye well, and goodby. I will see you all tomorrow at the guest house in the sky.

# Smile. { For My Friend Kwan.}

You smile when i talk to you. Your rays of love shine through to my heart. Giving me the light to pass through my day, to see you smile tomorrow.

### Smoke.

Smell of burning wood on the air. smoke drifts curling trough the trees. Lazy white gray clouds moving spreading out to nothing on the evening breeze.

### So Long A Go.

Across the hills of avealon then through the mist of time. We are the warrior race the hand of selandine. We lived in the north land of wind and ice and snow. Dieing in a blizzard ho so long ago.

# Some Thing New.

Wondering through the ways. That lead to an end, of a begining of some thing new.

### Songkian.

The songkian again a happy new year good luck in your life. Walk without fear. Be happy with life starting today. May peace and love pass your way.

# Sorry.

We will be sorry when this world is over. We will be sorry that we told such lies. We will be sorry when we are all dieing under blackened skys.

#### Starway.

A starway of clay pots filled with glowers, stars covered in flower petals from the wedding, now the cleaner sweeps it all away untill tomorrows dream.

# Still Born. (30 June 1985)

Through sparks of light i am coming to you. In shads of red not breaking through. Lost life burning ember to haven i must part. Not to leave saddness but love within your heart.

#### Stone Vases.

Stone vases in a courtyard. Filled with cut blooms perfumes malt in to the breeze. Among the trees swept away on the river.

#### Summer Morn.

The wind changes as it runs over the water, peace to rage then dies, the peace before the storm. Of a new day a summer morn.

#### Summer Wine.

It is not what we have thats worth a lot. It is more in the days that we forgot. In the sun we take our time. Drinking the last of the summer wine.

# Sunday Night.

All is quite. its peace all is quite. Not a sound all is quite. Your dead its a war.

# Sunset. Haiku (3,2,3,)

In the sky burning orange the setthing sun.

### Suz Cok. For Suzan.

Runing in the forest fishing the rivers of time. Flying with the eagles all ways being kind. The birth of a nation look and behold. Suz cok living memory a dream to unfold.

### Taking It Easy.

Moving a long making it easy Is the only thing we can do. Moving a long making it easy for me and you. Moving a long taking it easy loves light shining through.

#### **Tears Of Man**

Trails of star dust trails of dreams. Summer vallys mountain streams. A view i see today moving on, blown away. Blackened skys coked streams. With the dieing screams. of man.

#### Tears.

Playing the odds trying to make it through. Looking for a future what do, i do.

Moving on from day. To day. In the wind and rain. Tears of bitterness here they come again.

### Templars.

We are the templars thron and sage. That set the words upon the page. The page of death the page of life. God is all God is light. Love him not it so be. Love him now and forever be free.

# Thailand. (1)

Close your eyes imagine, a tiny tinking bell carried, on a warm breeze through, a deseted temple courtyard, imagine, a candle, incense a small coin floating, in a tiny baanana leaf boat, to honour the water sprits this is thailand.

### The Barley.

The seed that grows the barley to see the barley grow. Makes a drink, a wonderful drink that we all know. It makes the old feel young again and die before there time. The love of the barley drink is yours and mine.

## The Cafe.

The youngman in the corner. The old man talks of his yesterdays. To the woman dreaming of tomorrow. I write, we are all alone.

# The Gift.

My cousin was out in the jungle for ten long years or more. He bought me a snake for christmas that slithered on the floor. It ate the cat at sunset it had disappeared and gone. the budgie by christmas eve and the capon. It grew and grew in the months that passed winter, spring, and fall. It ate my couson this christmas the best gift of all.

### The Moon.

You say, you do not know what freedom is its your and mine. Travling any where you like in this band of time. The lakes and the rivers a summer night in june. With three wishing rings all a round the moon.

## The Poet

The figure that ploughs this field calls himself a man. Of wit, of pen the sod turns, to rise falls on the whiplash of thought. Vision of innocent, call to god as the furrow turns home. The sprit darts free. Sweat, with earth, the seed grows to illusions of grandeur is this the poet.

(3/8/1987)

### These Things.

To live, to love, to play the game. To walk, to run, to see. All these things, these things are me.

## Thialand.

There is a magic here i can feel it its in the streets. All round me in its mountains, lakes, rivers, and seas. Timeless never moving all ways so Thailand.

### This You Know.

Heart to heart its all been said. The heart rules the brain not the head. Do i love you this is so. Heart to heart this you know.

#### Through These Eyes.

Through these eyes i see the waters run. A fishing boat as the day is run.

Through these eyes i see a mother and son. Shoping today just having fun.

Through these eyes i see far a way. from the shore. A boat sink to the ocean floor.

Through these eyes i see a mother and son. Full of saddness as this day is done,

# Tide.

Rolling back surging forward carring a plastic cup, a dead fish, and a picture of buddha.

### Till Dawn.

Runing my hands through your long hair. Caressing your neck, slowly moving down, your dress. Kissing you undoing the ribbon.

It falls away i get a shiver, that runs its course down my spine. That makes my entire body tingle.

Rising as the dove of dawn carrying peace to a world. Moving up, and down within the day higher and higher untill the night we sleep till dawn.

### Till Never.

When the winds are cool. I will come for you across the bands of time. Over rivers woodland, into your dreams. There we can dance in the light of love till never.

## Time To Get Up.

Time to get up in the morning feeling fine. Time to get up in the morning felling kind. Time to get up.

### Time.

Her hair refects the light. Blond now young bright. The world turns night to day. From gold, to white, and then to gray.

### To Say Goodbye.

Harks and eagles wheel and fly lovers kiss and say goodbye the old man turns away. Thanks the lord for another day. What of you and what of me. So much to do so much to see. Our lives slipping by so soon, so soon, to say goodbye.

## Today.

Biood runs cold, through ice water veines as she picks her way across, the open land. The dead husk of last summer pierce the patchs of snow. She pulls her coat closer to keep out the wind. Heading for the ruins that is her home now. Ruins, she remembers, the houses full of life. Children running, dogs barking, women hanging out washing. Thats gone now that was yesterday today she is alone.

# Tomorrow [2005]

Rising out of the morning our new hopes. Rising out of the morning our new dreams. Rising out of the morning is a new day. A new way. For a better tomorrow.

### Tomorrow [2008]

The plague comes with the light of morning. Moving on through the day. As men, woman, and children fall in its wake. Never resting, moving on in to the night. leaving death, only death, for tomorrow.

#### Tomorrow.

Lets make love in the snows of winter. The birth of spring, the heat of summer, and shades of autumn, all in a day. Tomorrow i will love you all over again.

### Udon Thani.

The sun beats down on the dry orange earth. Chickens scurry picking for food here and there.

Children play the game of life for when they grow.

The rain comes fast, furious, beating down. Washing a way the dryness and is gone.

Leaving the sun baking the earth once more.

## Vampire.

He lives undead in time master of darkness cursed by sunlight. Exaited by the night. Embrace he starkes his human prey.

# Village.

People have the time to stand and talk here. As there days move one to another. Birth, wedding, death, all within the village.

## Walking.

Walking with our friends and you. Walking passing time not much to do. Walking parting on the corner we go our derferent ways. Seeing you again tomorrow helps me through today.

#### Warrior.

I am the warrior of the morning i will fight with you this day. Giving mortal man dreams and watch them while they play.

#### Warwick

Going down to warwick to take in the view. To meet some friends just one or two. We will go to the castle and off round the fair. And may be in passing i wiill see you all there.

### Waterfall.

Falling clear waters, sunlight casting shades of light. Blue, green, yellow, orange, red, gold, through the rushing waters. Falling, falling, for ever.

#### We Will Catch You All.

Is this it all when all been said. Chips in your brain chips in your head. No hope laft freedom dead.

#### When The Wind.

When the wind is high i will come for you with love in a mist. With a bit of a twist. As our hearts entwine.

### Where The Phonix Fly.

I see plans over a city droping death from the skys. I see the ashes bodys piled hige. I see the people returning, building a city, a new where the phonix fly.

### Whitley Abbey (Ruins)

This smooth hard block of stone helped build an abbey. Foster a dream of love, of hope, of peace, the abbey destroyed it lies in the ruin forgotten.

#### Why.

As the last solder dies in a ditch by a field' All for notthing, a herald did reel. All for notthing, no say i. It was worth the learning, the sun, and the sky. The trees, and the breeze with the sea rising high. Love court in a young girls eye. With all ways one question why.

### Wind.

Moving in the wind secrets of yesterday lovers dreams, of tomorrow through out time. Rising and falling. To the death of it all. On the wind.

#### With Dreams.

Words falling bouncing over the page. Forming puddles of storys, poems, plays. Feeding a world with dreams.

#### With You.

Round the corner the sun is shining. Fields are greener rivers, wondering, in to long nights after dreamy days with you.

#### Wolves

When the moon is high wolves run wild. When the moon is high all move within the pack. When the moon is high no one is safe untill dawn.

## Words (2008)

Words are only notthing said the poet to the sage. Just mans hope and dreams set upon a page.

#### Words.

Look at the words we use. Freedom, wisdom, which to choose. Which is wrong which is right. To fight, the battle or win the fight.

## World [ For This Time ]

There are no mountains laft to clime no land, nor air, or sea. It is time, to learn to be free.

#### Would You.

Would you like a place to hide. Behind the wall the otherside. Where all are free. With justice peace and liberty.

#### Writers.

Writers the ragged dreamers the eyes. That see the dawn the rose that crys with eyes. That otheres see through the eyes. Of the writers.

#### Writing Dreams.

Flowers, sun, seasons gone by. A pretty girl a little shy. Gods and angles hate and pain. Riding to Bangkok on a train. Rivers race, an easy flow. Writing dreams well may be so.

### Writing.

Writing is good for you. It helps you through the haze. To make a little sence of these crazy days.

## Writing. (2005)

Some times it flows like water then it stops? no tears. They dryed on the page. In another time in another age,

X marks the spot where time began. The rise and fall of man. His rise again another try. X still marks the spot near by.

#### Yesterday Morning.

In the heat of yesterday morning sir. I dance a merry tune. I dance a ring a round the moon. In the heat of yesterday morning sir. I sang a merry song. I sang and sang the whole day long. In the heat of yesterday morning sir. my heart begain to prance. As i did sing and i did dance.

in the heat of yesterday morning sir. In the sun of the day. I lived my life and watched it slip away. In the heat of yesterday morning sir.

## You Are Tomorrow. (For Ally)

I am sorry that i laft you. It was the only way. As i wast away. On another line of death today. you are tomorrow.

# Zip.

Zip to pip or a to z. Letters, words we are all feed. As we live from day, to day, a to z is all i say. Zip is moving fast. Here, gone in to the past.