

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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# A Halloween Charm For Sweet Dreams

May the ghost  
lie in its grave.  
May the vampire  
see the light.  
May the witch  
keep to her cave.  
And the spectre  
melt from sight.  
May the wraith  
stay in the wood.  
May the banshee  
give no fright.  
May the ghoul  
be gone for good.  
And the zombie  
haste in flight.  
May the troll  
no more be seen.  
May the werewolf  
lose its bite.  
May all the spooks  
and children fade forever.

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# Day Dream

The squelch of mud beneath my boots  
the wind is whistling around the coups  
chickens clucking around the yard  
pecking feed its raining hard  
raindrops getting bigger now  
i raise my head to see a cow  
is sheltered underneath a tree  
with big sad eyes he looks at me  
i wonder on across the farm  
to see the pigs in all there charm  
rolling in a muddy sty  
im wishing i was home and dry  
i open my eyes and see the sun beaming  
i relize i was just dreaming

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# Got The Hump

Gran says  
if she were a witch  
shed turn our cat (who's grumpy, who's always got the hump)  
into a camel.

Id like that.  
No one else  
in our street  
has a camel flap.

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# Grandads Will

Grandads gone he still lives on his features not forgotten  
for hes left the dad the face he had  
and me his windy-bottom

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# Hula Hooping

My little brother hula hoops  
he hula hoops all day he hula hoops before suns up  
and after its away.

My little brother hula hoops  
around his every limb  
but suddenly i realize that  
his hulas hooping him.

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# Is It Hunting You

At dead of night, when the moon is full  
it prowls across the moor.  
Its fangs are bared, its eyes throb red.  
What is it hunting for?

The air is still. Its chilling howls  
echo back in time.  
Against the moon, its silhouette  
sends shivers down your spine.

Its closer try to hide,  
there's nothing you can do.  
It's on its way and you are doomed  
if it is hunting you.

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# Midnight Feast

There was an old man from Peru  
who dreamed he was eating his shoe  
he woke in a fright in the middle of the night  
and found it was perfectly true

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# My Shadow

I have a little shadow that  
goes in and out with me  
and what can be the use of him  
is more than i can see  
he is very very like me  
from the heels up to the head  
and i see him jump before me  
when i jump into my bed  
the funniest thing about him  
is the way he likes to grow  
not at all like proper children  
which is always very slow.

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# Professional Writer

I'm a professional writer  
today i wrote the word Mother  
i've refilled my pencil  
and sharpened my pen  
so tomorrow i may write another.

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# Scary Night

On Halloween as she smoothed my bedspread  
my mum saw me shivering and here's what she said  
forget those stories you've heard and you've read now why don't you lie down  
and sleep tight instead  
no creatures'll get you you've nothing to dread  
my dad stood beside her and nodded his head  
and so did the witch as she flew overhead  
and so did the monster from under my bed  
and so did the werewolf who looked underfed  
and so did the zombie although kind of dead  
and so did our neighbors as each of them fled  
and so did the vampire as his victim bled  
and so did the victim whose neck was all red  
and me I just shivered beneath my bedspread  
and thought of the stories I heard and I read.

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# The Farm Town

I went to a little farm town  
and i was in a dressing gown  
i saw a man wearing a crown  
and a gent with a frown  
i couldn't believe the day i had  
when i was such a big lad  
i went back home  
and i was alone  
my son had broken his little bone  
i went to bed  
and felt like led  
i shut my eyes  
as i dreamed loads of lies.

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