

Poetry Series

Sir Jasper
- poems -

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Sir Jasper(01/01/45)

Very simple.

Me. My dog. My boat. Nature.

That's all.

A New Day

Here the barley doth but grow
by the sun in morning glow
so by nature is so slow
I sit down and have a blow.
The heat lies upon my face,
hope for the human race,
the hover fly stays in mid air,
lands upon my sweaty hair.
Piebald carthorse do I see
munching grass oh so free.
Cow sit there chewing the cud
by river not in flood.
The sun shines upon still water
until the river doth alter.

Sir Jasper

A Photo Of You

A picture of you is nice to see
so come to life in front of me
that silent photo that I have found
from those sweet lips doth utter no sound.

Sir Jasper

A Pigeon

A pigeon coos
for a distant mate
but sometimes I think
that he's too late
for the female hath
but flown away
to be someone else's
other mate.

Sir Jasper

Bus Stop

I wait near bus stop
but dark clouds appear.
Soon the rain will suddenly lash.
All at once Jasper decides to have a slash,
me trying to pull him to cover,
cursing him,
he is a muvver f*****r.
All of a sudden bus comes along,
thinking he's a trucker.
Hand held out,
other held Jasper,
he was on a mission that day.
'Come back tomorrow
then you can pay.'
Standing here soaking wet,
he speeds so fast looking agog
staring at my pissing dog.

Sir Jasper

Canal Contentment

Oh the break has come at last,
thou hast burnt thy bridges
and has come to terms with nature.
No more vehicles
stuck in traffic
where the mindless to and fro
of human mass went nowhere.
Here I sit
watching nature unfold
to the minute ant
busy about his business
and no thoughts about anything else.
Nature unfolds.

Sir Jasper

Candle Light

I sit here peacefully
by the light
to write my verse,
all is right.

I have Sir Jasper,
my best friend,
but crave a lady
for my heart to mend.

Three years gone
and grave gone my love
to wandering right
in heavens above.

Sir Jasper

Croaked (Death Wish Toad)

Today I walked along the road
where in the middle sat a toad.
Approaching him to goad
that fateful toad off the road
but he sat there
croaked in silent mode.
He stayed there and sat,
along came a car and he went
SPLAT...

Sir Jasper

February

The air is still, overcast,
seagulls hunt for food
but the canal lies dormant,
frozen,
ready to change its mood.

The air is cold.

Trees, bushes are in the grip of the cold
but around the corner
springtime evolves.

Sir Jasper

From My Heart

Of ancient land full of corn
to my heart where I was born.
The wind whispers in fields of corn
ushering across, swaying and swishing
to be there now and only wishing.

Sir Jasper

Golden Sunlight

The wind whispers
and the trees' leaves dance
to its ongoing song.
The boat she sways on the wind
that laps
the boat to and fro
on ripples of golden sunlight
on water
while a pair of wagtails danced within
and above the ripples of golden sunlight
and a man's best friend
lies at his feet
twitching
and dreaming of contentment.

Sir Jasper

Hop Picking (When I Was 5 Years Old)

I met an old farmworker today
fixing a fence in his old way.
He spoke to me and said 'Good day,
rains a-coming, ' he did speak
'but then it will reach its peak.'
Hay's a-coming in
I recall.
A long time ago when I was a lad
country folk was not all that bad.
All that's gone, it's so sad,
the smells of hay and wood smoke I yearn
which burn my nose and sting my eyes.
Of my old granny cooking rabbit pies.
Orchards of plum that did the trick
which I fed to granny until she was sick.
Hop picking for me
was for hard-working people
once a year
to bring in the hops
for good English beer
and still today
it brings a tear.

Sir Jasper

Hunting

I see a tern
with energy to burn
pluck a fish
off boat astern
to fly away
with beak so full
to return again till
he has his fill.
He returns home
to have his rest,
dreaming of
the next day's test.

Sir Jasper

Inspiration

The beasts of prey
for the night
circled me
and I felt as one with them
and as I recover
from near hypothermia
and listen to Nina Simone
in front of the log fire
I would not want it
any other way.

Sir Jasper

Jasper

He walks along so slow.
A pleasure to see Jasper
so free.
No care in the world
abound and for I to see,
of bone in mouth
and hobbling along
he does no wrong.
He sits there for a rest to start
and then grins and has a fart.
Now with that fart the air turns green
a fine green mist so I depart.

Sir Jasper

Jasper 2

Tired and weary he may be
but in his dreams he's young and free.
He lays there twitching oh so prone
thinking of his giant bone.

Sir Jasper

My Best New Year Treat

I spoke to the owls this morning,
New Year's Day.
They called me
and I called back
to have a fine day,
my companions of me and Jasper
are always there where I might be
as I write this
in the warmth of my boat.
I was naked outside
calling owls,
at one with nature.
Pure excellence.

Sir Jasper

Summers Dream

Of days of old
when I was a lad
of summers fields
I was so glad.
Of blackberries and apples
and pears galore
while playing with the girl
I adored.
I adored laying there
with the sun on our backs
swotting the midges
who then attacked.

Sir Jasper

The Orchard

Of days about a long ago
of summers which were warm and mild
for here was I oh but a child
of eating pears and apples and blackberries
to fill but all of a sudden
I begin to feel ill
a rumbling in my belly below
and out it comes
to say hello.

Sir Jasper

The Smell

The smell around me
never ceases but grows
above me give me peace.
The bloody noise of traffic around
but peace is here all around.

Sir Jasper

Thru The Eyes Of Sir Jasper

He looks across fields of corn
with rustling trees in early morn.
Thru his eyes he stares and stares
but I don't see anything there.
Maybe a ghostly shape he's seen
in the past where somebody had been.
Thru his eyes a dog he's seen
thru the wavering corn it's a sight to see.
Out pops a dog and Jasper is keen.
As they frolic and mate as one
I turn my head till the job is done.

Sir Jasper