

Poetry Series

Stephen Nephetsen
- poems -

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Stephen Nephetsion()

Stephen Nephetsion. What shall we do with Stephen Nephetsion? Wrap him in foil and sell him as venison?

Consider The Dandelion

Consider the lonely dandelion
In his corner by the shed
An outcast from the flowers
that decorate the bed
He watches with his yellow face
the love and care they get
wishing he was in their place
his eyes a little wet
It takes him four hours
But he turns to the sun
For the sun is his god
And he yells to his god
Wouldn't you?
Am I not beautiful too?
Why am I hated
Killed and berated
My Genus classed as pests
While other flowers
In their ivory towers
Are treated like VIP guests
Wordsworth writes of daffodils
How beautiful they grow
But few have wrote of dandelions
And how they face the hoe
Yes
How they face the hoe

Stephen Nephetsen

Frog On A Wet Tent Roof

I lay in My tent
Alone
That is the truth
When I spotted
The frog
on my
Wet tent roof
Lit cigarette
Watched silhouette
Of the frog
So dark
And aloof
Rain coming down
Seagulls screaming
Thought at some points
I must be dreaming
But there he was
Alone
Aloof
The frog
On my Wet tent roof

Stephen Nephetsen

Mr Nephetsion

In a land of purple people
where the Octave owl hoots
Mr Nephetsion stands thinking
In his lace up green fur boots
He ponders all around him
While gazing at the sky
and wonders if its likely
that he'll ever find out why

It always rains before a storm
Gnats wear slippers to keep warm
Rainbow trout see black and white
Octave owls stay up all night
People come and people go
Nothings whiter than the snow
Can the earth really be flat
Why a dog will chase a cat
Is this world all that it seems
Are we dreaming in our dreams

'Who cares, who cares'

I hear you scream
'WHO CARES ABOUT HIS THOUGHTS '
'Fair enough' he answers
amidst his plates and pots
Yes
amidst his plates and pots

Stephen Nephetsion

My Secret Moth

On the moonlit slates
bathed in blue I first spied him
the moth
destroyer of humankind's cloth
With matchbox in hand
I approached his spot
with a cry of eureka
the moth I'd caught
And now every evening
I sit by my table
laughing at how the moth is unable
to escape his cardboard isolation
while I dine on meats and crabs
cutting my cheese in great thick slabs
my hungry prisoner flutters his wings
alone in his cell
freedom gone
no moon to chase
Just his desperate lonely face

Stephen Nephetsen

Realm Of Sensibility

You can spread jam on toast
Like a vulcanized Ghost
But rubber can get in the way
And if feeling brave
You can go get a shave
From a Vicar in Mandelay

They say that time heals
and shoes live in kreels
with their tongues ready salted
in brine
while Sirens swim past
their faces aghast
For they know it's an ominous sign

So tell me Sir Ass
with your buttons of brass
Can you sew by the light of the Moon?
can you do the Fandango
while chewing a spangle
You dredged from a salty lagoon

The more that I live
The more that I give
to the things that live down in the swamp
I often pass by
on a bird in the sky
Just taking my legs
for a romp
Yes
Just taking my legs for a romp

Stephen Nephetsen

The Bumble Bee

The Bumble Bee, the Bumble Bee
Scientists said in a serious key
he shouldn't be able to fly
But there he is
Floating along
in the deep blue Summer sky

The Bumble Bee, the Bumble Bee
I study how he soars and flee's
But he shouldn't be able to fly
So one day soon
by the light of the moon
I'll bake some in a pie
After all
They shouldn't be able to fly

Stephen Nephetsen

The Octopi. (Also Known As I Fell In Love With An Octopus)

I lay upon a shingle beach
All the fish were out of reach
But in the corner of my eye
I spied a group of Octopi
They stood there on the salty rocks
Deep in quarrel, deep in talks
Of how to find a worthy mate
When very few will copulate
I cried HELLO my leggy friends
If happiness on this depends
I'll gladly wed the lonely fish
And serve up joy upon a dish
They turned in anger, turned in awe
Stared in hatred, stared and saw
That I presented two legs only
I pled my case that I was lonely
In a flash they swam away
And I was left
In disarray

Stephen Nephetsen

The Riverbank

I sat by the riverbank
to dine on my crisps
watching toadstools
and blue bells
and willo'the wisps
across the river
stood an old oak Tree
It's beauty remarkable
beyond degree
but soon came a farmer
axe in hand
screaming HEY TREE
GET OFF MY LAND
His face bright red
spitting foam in rage
he wielded his axe
like a man half his age
he hacked and slashed
and yelled in tears
wasting his voice as a tree
has no ears
when all was over
and the tree was dead
I packed up my crisp poke
and went home to bed

Stephen Nephetsen

The Riverbank Revisited

I returned to the riverbank
I'd once enjoyed
Where
with my crisps and my blue bells
I'd once toyed
But that day
my last
I'd been aghast
At the death of an old oak Tree
As I sat now I saw a figure
Changed to the farmer
As it got bigger
But today his face was wet
With tears of sorrow
and regret
In his gnarled hand
Like a well loved pet
He held a tiny seedling
Our eyes met across the river
Instead of a taker
He was now a giver
And that young tree
Shall last forever

Stephen Nephetsen

The Worm

Consider the worm in his
living grave
doomed to toil
Deep in the soil
Nature's slave
Until one day
in heavy rain
He pops to the surface
Feel his pain
Carried aloft
by a hungry crow
It's not how you live
It's how you go

Stephen Nephetsen