

Poetry Series

**Stuart Munro**  
**- poems -**

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## Stuart Munro(3/9/48)

i live in Wimborne dorset england

i started writing poems which progressed into songwriting,

I like mucking around with word play

I like abstract poems, the bizarre, humour

I also like serious geometry, Tarmac simulation, and French fries thrown up in the air and catching them and putting them back in the bag

# Birds Of Love

who gave the birds voices  
Who gave them thier songs  
Who gave them the trees  
For them to sit on  
From early morning  
Till the end of the day  
They sing songs for Jesus  
To brighten his day

Sing on, sing on,  
With the birds of peace  
All the little birds of love  
Keep singing on to me  
Sing on, sing on  
All the birds in the trees  
Sing on

Stuart Munro

# Cloud Watch

Cloud watch.

The clouds have no time  
But my eyes have to obey  
Every second in my mind

Cloud watch

The clouds are so free  
The white or the black  
That sends the rain so free.

Cloud watch

They come and disappear  
Into the skies heart  
They float through no fear

Cloud watch

They enter my eyes  
Calm my soul  
From the pain and lies

Stuart Munro

# Eating Paradise

If everything was perfect  
There'd be no life  
We'd all sit around  
Eating paradise  
If there was no negativity  
There'd be no point  
Just living in positivity  
Orgasmatically stoned on a joint  
If we had no pain  
Nothing would be done  
Laying around with no feelings  
The world wouldn't have begun  
If we had no religion  
The world would be perfect  
We wouldn't expect heaven  
And hell is all you'd get

Stuart Munro

# Garden Of Joy

I'm sitting in my garden of joy  
and all my flowers are my toys  
a gardener who loves the rain and sun  
i sometimes wonder how the world begun  
and i wonder how from a seed a flower sprung

i'm sitting in my garden of joy  
i've been sitting here since i was a boy  
butterflies flutter by my old privet hedge  
my small dog fred barks as they fly overhead  
and i wonder how from a seed a flower sprung

i'm sitting in my garden of joy  
on a rusty bench by a blue rotting shed  
and if your wondering whats in my head  
its just this beauty that i take to my bed  
and i wonder how from a seed a flower sprung

who needs knowledge  
your become a wicked florist  
a horticultural pain  
you can flocculate  
and irrigate  
but it wont tell you  
how a flower came

Stuart Munro

# If Every Man Was Like Jesus

If Everyman was like Jesus  
And every woman like the Virgin Mary.  
In life there wouldn't be any point  
Everything would be perfect  
No need for miracles  
No one would die or get ill  
Everyone would love  
Everyone wouldn't need to worry  
Everyone wouldn't need to work  
Everyone wouldn't have to go anywhere  
Everyone would have a good day  
Everyone would talk good talk  
Everyone would be physically perfect  
Everyone would be mentally perfect  
Everyone would respect everyone  
Everyone would not harm anyone  
And if we all had it this way  
There wouldn't be any point  
In achievement  
There wouldn't be any point  
In doing anything  
We'd just look at each other  
Wishing someone wasn't perfect

Stuart Munro

# Indian Colours

Take your mind through the boundaries of reality  
What you feel you don't always touch  
Overlook the small distractions within your eyes  
What you see you don't always see

Indian colours direction of mothers  
Born through the pass of the spine  
Living through sleep keeping the keep

Giving the give we reap where we leap

Override the commotion of sound through your ears  
What you know you don't always learn  
Put out the fire of dillusion and fear  
What you live you don't always know life

You can ask but your tongue won't always say  
You can see but there won't be a day  
You can leave but the place you won't ever know  
You can be here before your there will show

Inside you could be a guru before a god  
Outside you could look like you arrived before the spot  
Within without time can't take control  
You live under a world over a hole

Stuart Munro

# Sylvia Plath

Sylvia Plath  
was my favourite poetess  
still so beautiful  
up to her death

beautiful poems  
stored in her mind  
even in her grave  
they are inside

poems can hide you  
if your unhappy inside  
you can write but your sight  
isnt always right

she took her life  
before the poem that night  
no stars shone from her ceiling  
her pen had no light

why did she do it  
poems are life  
the words ran out  
from the pen and the mind

Stuart Munro

# Twenty Ways To Stay

You said you never knew  
What was coming out today  
You had a hundred ways to think  
And twenty ways to stay

You lived like a statue  
Until the night arrived  
Kept your car in the garage  
And let your clutch out on the drive

You smoked at a bus stop  
Had a ticket in your mind  
You once stole a hamburger  
From a traffic cop wasting time  
He arrested you with a garden pot  
Tucked under your arm  
You tried to be angry  
But you did it so calm

You crashed through  
The garage doors  
But managed to survive  
You said it was the only way  
To keep alive

You smiled before you grinned  
You looked at loud art  
Climbed in a rubbish bin  
Looking for a missing part

You lived like a shadow  
Protruding from the light  
But you always kept your head out  
Looking for a fight

You had a surfboard  
You kept in your bed  
Your girlfriend was an athlete  
With only one leg

You wanted to serve the sentence  
But the crime you forgot  
You once cut down a tree  
In a parking lot

You almost lost your mind  
Your brain wouldn't play the game  
They put your head in a frame  
And your body on a sign

Stuart Munro

# Two Women On The Same Road

I'm too scared to leave my abode  
There's two women on the same road  
Driving cars like feminine toads  
There's two women on the same road  
And every zebra crossing knows  
There's two women on the same road  
And every traffic light on red blows  
There's two women on the same road

I'm In a traffic jam  
It's like Pushing a recycled pram  
The tarmacs like napalm  
The towns like Vietnam.  
Hear the driver groan  
In a mesmerised mechanical moan  
Hear kamikaze engine tone  
Steering bringing your knuckles to the bone  
And your horn isn't alone  
Drivers voices float like invisible drones

I've abandoned my shopping load  
There's two women on the same road  
The overgrown lawn I havnt mowed  
There's two women on the same road  
The empty pavements wherever you go  
There's two women on the same road  
The jelly nerved policemen hides or goes  
There's two women on the same road

Stuart Munro

# Wild And Tame

i see the eager rain  
dancing on my window pane  
your in my cool eyes again  
looking wild and tame

dropping coins in the wishing well  
we met under the roped church bells  
in the ache of years ago  
on the monastery tuck end row

pottery your hands of life  
working by my old bee hive  
hidden by the spokes of green  
a summer wild machine

in the crushed drops of vivid light  
the scuba dive at night  
in the torpid waves of spright  
incompass the sight

on the rusty rails the train  
rattling by a sewer drain  
cornered in sounds of spain  
the wheat, the corn, the grain

the fade of the ruin of sun  
a bellowing blue of rum  
defeated and asking questions  
your laugh and quick inventions

we fell into each others arms  
like empty brain box beds  
jumping on legs we danced  
got close made a sweet advance

logs under buttered toast  
the fire like a diamond roast  
in to steal harboured wine  
laying on the sweating straw of time

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