

Poetry Series

**Wayne Leon Learmond**  
**- poems -**

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## Wayne Leon Learmond(12th March 1963)

Born in Liverpool 48 years ago, I have always held a fascination for words - especially words that rhyme. I am a 'Dark Writer', preferring to write about all things of a Supernatural or dark nature.

Most of my early work, that I have posted on here, and that I wrote many years ago, is quite light. But, I have always preferred to write dark, forboding, terror-filled pieces. When I am not writing I am THINKING about writing.

# Aborted

...I was formed  
Within this perfect space.

I yawned.

Opened my eyes  
Felt safe and warm.

Counting and counting  
My days to be born.

I turned my head  
Could feel my heart  
Could feel my legs.

Could see my fingers  
through this watery bed  
I hiccuped and smiled  
I was being fed.

Milk?

Yes!

Milk!  
I love milk  
I think mummy loves me  
I wonder what she will  
look like to me?

Has she got eyes  
as big as mine?

Does her hair  
go down her spine?

Will she love me  
As I already loved her?

But will she die for me  
As I have for her...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Africa

This continent  
as old as time

Where a fireball sun sets  
And throws deep red beams  
across the Serengeti

Where Mount Kilimanjaro  
stands:

Tall

Proud

Majestic

The Eye of God  
in all His majesty  
Surveying all that  
He can see  
Over His land

AFRICA

Were wildlife  
play out their games  
of Life and Death.

It's hide or be hunted  
Everyday the same -  
this survival game.

The lion stretches out  
his paws and yawns  
The hippos wade  
until the break of dawn.

And the pyramids  
of the Northern lands

are guarded by the ancient  
Sphinx of Giza.

She views,  
in her timeless silence  
once again -  
the Egyptian vulture

with his yellow head,  
and pure white  
feathers of snow,

glide over the valley  
as he has always done  
eons ago.

And the Sphinx  
this silent,  
ancient Goddess  
seems to nod,  
a nod of approval

Her paws stretching out  
across the sands of time.

This ancient land  
where the sun  
always shines.  
This...

AFRICA

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Awakened Are The Mighty Dead

Awakened Are  
The Mighty Dead

.....

Within the silence movements come  
just out of range of a viewing eye  
I think I heard a cry - a sigh?  
Could just be imagination

And within the cold dark  
deepest night  
a ruffle of the blankets  
out of sight

Caught in a dream  
yet I could not fight  
the fear and trepidation

For as I lay  
it seeks and comes  
Ethereal it roams  
to choose the one  
who it will haunt  
as the setting sun  
begins its manifestation

An entity dark -  
not of this world  
So dark, impure  
my heart was filled  
with fear and dread  
my heart was stilled  
I pray for my  
salvation

Yet prayers they fall  
on God's deaf Ears  
as the dead of night

heightens my fears

The banging on  
the bedroom door  
brings tears  
and closer  
to my annihilation

And so I shake  
alone in bed  
for awakened are  
the mighty dead  
that will haunt me  
to my dying breath  
as the bedroom  
door creaks  
OPEN...

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Awakened Are The Mighty Dead

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# Bell & Book

Bell  
&  
Book

In deepest silence  
the mourners walk  
as the rain does fall  
they do not talk

but following on behind  
one after another  
on that cemetery path  
they follow their brother

As within  
the casket  
he does lay

in  
slumber  
carried  
from this  
life away

on the shoulders  
of the bearers  
who lay him down

six foot deep  
within the  
burial ground

And the  
preacher man  
with his Bell  
and Book

the toll of the Bell

is the toll that broke  
that silence of this  
grim dark day

Reciting from the Bible  
as their brother does lay  
beneath the soil  
buried underground

as the call of the raven  
echoes all around

With earnest prayers  
they give him up  
The ringing of the Bell  
and reading  
from the Book

pierces their minds  
their breath is cold  
As the soil engulfs  
their brother's soul...

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# Blood Brothers

.....  
BLOOD BROTHERS  
.....

Within the darkness  
I walked,  
past street lights lit  
To light the way,  
they did their bit

The streets were empty,  
devoid of life  
but for a black cat there  
whose teeth  
like steak knives

pierced the neck  
of the rat  
he'd caught

A vampiric  
feline sating on  
dinner he'd sought

His green  
eyes locked  
on my eyes,  
brown

I turned away  
looked down  
at the ground

'So sorry to disturb you, '  
I whispered you see

For I knew him  
and he knew me

Many times we'd meet  
on full moon nights  
Two hunters with a  
disregard for life

To a back entry  
I made my way  
Followed by the cat  
who would always stay

with me,  
when the moon  
was bright

for the curse of the wolf  
I could not fight

And so it was,  
as it had been before  
Falling to my knees  
I began to roar

Witnessed only  
by the black cat see  
Gazing from the dark  
at this  
lycanthropy

Change from man  
to demonic entity  
The urge to kill  
burned deep within me

Raw flesh I sought  
my prey to seek  
Be they strong  
OR BE THEY MEEK

Running down the streets  
and the back alleyways

Saliva dripping  
as I hunt my prey

Chronic urge  
coursing through my veins

As the moon shines down  
upon my body and mane

Whoever comes across me  
this cold, dark night  
you'd better run  
IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE

A silver bullet  
fired from your gun  
Anything less...  
AND I WILL HAVE FUN

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BLOOD BROTHERS  
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# Choices

Food or warmth?  
What do they do?  
They can hardly afford the one  
But not the two.

Do they starve tonight  
And wait till morning  
No food in their belly  
the hunger gnawing?

Or do they eat  
and stay cold  
all through the night.?

With no bars on the fire  
Because their moneys tight.

Cannot afford both  
In this day and age  
They have fought for their country  
and their country repays.

By making them huddle  
In the middle of the night.

Two old souls  
who fought for the right.

To live out their lives  
in a decent way.

Without having to worry  
about keeping warm all day.

And, meanwhile, on the news  
There is the sickening sight  
Of a Chief Executive  
Giving himself a hike.

50 per cent pay rise  
On top of what he gets  
While pensioners, like them  
Cannot afford to keep warm yet.

And the moral of this  
I am inclined to bet  
Become a Chief Exec  
and you will NEVER  
be in debt.

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Depression (Like A Ten-Ton Truck)

Depression hits you  
Like a ten-ton truck.

One minute you are down  
Then you are up.

With depression  
there is no in-between.

You are in a dark tunnel  
with no light to be seen.

You try to pull through  
Try to cheer up.

You are sick of people  
telling you:  
'Enough is enough.'

It's energy-sapping  
And you're always feeling rough.

When you're feeling worthless  
friends and family you can't trust.

They are hanging around  
Making a scene.

You know that they are worried -  
still - you want them to leave.

Depression  
is a very selfish  
'State of Mind'.

But when you got Depression  
no other 'State' can you find

When people say to you:



'It's time to cheer up.'

That is when it hits you  
Like a ten-ton truck...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Drunkbeat Downandout

He's just a drunkbeat downandout  
He don't care what people shout  
Crawling through the streets at night  
Looks through bins  
Gets into fights  
Desperate for another jar  
He will visit every bar  
To guzzle the liquid  
down his throat  
Everyone thinks that  
he's a joke  
His clothes are smelling  
His body too  
He's decomposing in front of you  
Can never walk in one straight line  
His brain is blasted from all the  
Wine  
and the  
vodka  
and the  
lager  
you see  
He is just a man  
who wants to be free  
Trying to forget  
the horrors of his past  
What good times he had  
they would never ever last  
So he hides in drink  
and the possibility  
That if he carries on like this  
He'll be dead by 43  
But he don't care about  
any of that  
'Cause he's a drunkbeat downandout  
And down is where he's  
AT.



# Eternal Cries

Eternal  
Cries

The all-consuming dark -  
like the night -  
swallows my soul  
with her breath  
and her bite

Drowning yet drowning  
the pit that's the hole  
Taking my spirit  
my body and soul

No end to the fall  
I descend into madness  
Tossing and turning  
Burning in sadness

Screaming in pain  
yet the pain won't release  
My fear and the turmoil  
of descending deceased

Into the pit  
of my own special making  
Eternal damnation  
is where I be taken

to follow the demons  
of Hell that reside  
tormented forever  
the devils that cry

are nothing  
compared to my  
tears you see

Slash of my wrists  
and I thought  
I'd be free

of the pain  
and the sorrow  
that took me away

from the world  
of the living  
to a world of decay

As within the pit  
the darkness resides  
alongside with me  
and eternal cries.

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Eternal Cries  
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Wayne Leon Learmond

# Every Soul Does Matter

Every Soul  
Does Matter

.....

In silent night  
I sit and write  
I type the words  
in the dark - not light

For the  
shadows stand  
and watch over me

Place their hands  
on my shoulders  
in the silence  
see?

Whispering words  
of sweet regret  
and time stands still  
as I recollect

the past that haunts  
my very soul  
My mind is weary  
and I feel very old

Whispering words  
into my ear

'Put down put down  
what you hear.'

Incessantly they  
continue on  
until my mind  
is all but gone

Shadowy forms  
either side of me  
will never ever  
set me free

For they  
are the souls  
of those  
now passed

Reciting from  
the Netherworld  
that my work will last

Telling of a life  
beyond the veil  
of the grave

Whispering  
words  
to me

of the life  
that they  
once made

on earth

So we will  
not forget

that every  
soul does matter  
whether living  
or but dead.

Whether murderer  
or victim  
they whisper  
within my head

that every soul  
does matter  
whether living  
or but dead

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Every Soul Does Matter

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# Fairy Days

The fluttering of the fairies  
in the speckled sunlight,  
play.

Hardly seen by human eyes  
They watch us on our way.

Oblivious to their presence  
We are caught up in mundane things.

Worrying, only caring  
What the day ahead will bring.

'Other-Worldly Beings  
have been with us through  
age and time.

Yet, we cannot see them  
For our eyes,  
they block and blind.

Our eyes are blocked and blind  
by them  
Because you know  
they see.

The true nature of the Human Race  
which is our vanity.

To disbelieve the impossible  
Is always our forte.

And we always -  
without fail -  
Let our vanity have its way.

An arrogance that states  
so categorically and true.

We are supreme  
In all the world  
But we don't believe in you.

For those childhood days  
of innocence.

Are lost in the mist of time  
And those fairy-friends of yester-year  
will never come to mind.

We've lost our childhood innocence  
and wonder  
and the knack.

They have closed their gate  
forever now  
And were NEVER going back.

For adult worries  
adult cares  
wear us down each day.

What food is in the cupboard?  
What bills we have to pay?

Our eyes are truly closed now  
to what they used to see.

The innocence as a toddler  
With the little sprite - fairy.

Our eyes are truly closed now  
To the wonders of their world.

With disdain  
Has grown our vain  
Arrogance unfurled.

We don't believe  
in 'Other-Worldly Creatures'  
We've progressed.

In truth -  
we now are adults  
And as adults  
WE KNOW BEST.

Wayne Leon Learmond

# For All Eternity

For All Eternity

.....

As I walk through the  
Valley of the Shadow of Death  
My heart grows weary  
and I am short of breath

My eyes perceive  
the dark path ahead  
that the light tries to blind  
to guide me away  
from the dead

But still I walk  
and ever on -  
further away  
from the light of the sun

Further away  
with each single heavy step  
cold and dark surround me  
as they pierce my head

Leafless branches  
from the whispering trees  
whip my body  
as I crawl on my knees

Cut and wounded  
they whip me again  
Searing my soul  
in the thunder and the rain

Jagged shards of glass  
I walk upon  
A hell of my own making  
yet my hell is never done

For there is no end  
to where I be  
Forever  
cursed to walk  
for all eternity

And the devils upon  
black stallion steeds  
view my presence  
as my aching spirit bleeds

They point to me  
then gallop away  
hysterically laughing  
as their horses do bray

Now I join the shadows  
of the night  
numbered with them  
forever tonight

From this moment on  
I will never be free  
but to walk with  
the shadows  
for all eternity

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For All Eternity  
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# Glenorie Manor

{1837)

Gather round. And settle down  
And let us make ourselves at home  
And let us talk of all things dark  
For within this Manor, we were born.  
Let us talk of shadowy shades

Of lovers, past, that once did roam  
these halls of this great residence  
So empty now, and so alone.

And let us talk of jealousy  
Of murder and madness  
that took place.

And of ethereal shades  
that roamed the face  
of these halls and grounds  
through these Manor gates.

Whispers, sly  
while backs are turned  
of incestuous passion -  
bedrooms burned  
with heated desire  
behind locked doors

With the howling  
of the wolves  
upon those open moors

Let us talk of many things  
Of ballroom dances  
cursed diamond rings  
Of masquerades, so big  
and grand.

Of servant girls

who hand in hand  
did copulate  
and did conceive  
of devil's spawn  
from devil's seed.

Yes, this house  
held many more  
secrets  
behind these  
grandiose doors.

But alas, I feel  
our time is up  
For we have already  
supped from this cup.

Yes, of memories past  
we have talked  
We are the memories  
that we thought,

would last forever  
whilst alive  
But now we are dead -  
yet still survive.

Now cursed to roam  
and wander, forever  
within these  
desolate grounds  
of

GLENORIE MANOR...

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# Graveyard Bed

You're a Long Time Dead  
Or so the saying is said  
You waste you're time  
all day in bed.

Time is precious  
Time is short  
Yet you don't know  
how much 'Time' you've bought.

You take life for granted  
Pottering around.

Do you know  
what could be around  
the next corner?

If only you would  
take that chance  
Meeting new people  
Start a new romance.

Life is mysterious  
an unknown quantity  
Yet you spend all day  
with a ciggy  
sipping tea.

You cannot be bothered  
to take a look around.

At the wonders of life  
And what could be found.

Opening doors  
is not you're cup of tea.

You're life is a gift  
that is wasted you see.



On yourself -  
You don't know what  
you want to be.

But you're grave  
is getting nearer  
Yet you're too blind to see.

That you are getting older  
Time is flying by  
And before you know it  
Within the blinking of an eye.

You are gone.  
You're a Long Time Dead.

Potential unfulfilled  
Within a GraveYard Bed...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# I Never Knew

I Never Knew

.....

I never knew  
that that day  
when I raised  
my resting head

That it would be  
the last day  
I would ever  
spend in bed

I never knew the  
the walk I took  
in the park that day

would be my  
last walk ever  
before I'd go away

I never knew the  
smiles I gave  
or all the hands  
I shook

I never knew  
the words I spoke  
or read from a book

I never knew  
the ride I took  
upon the bus that day

All of those things  
would be my last  
before I passed away

Beating heart  
stopped beating  
on my journey home

And life is just not fair  
when you are dying  
all alone

And whosoever  
should read  
these words

while taking  
their life  
for granted

be sure that Death  
will find you out  
sooner than you  
expected...

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I Never Knew  
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# I Sleep In Death

I Sleep In Death

.....

Such sweet caress  
the soil - no less -  
engulfed my mortal soul

In slumber sleep  
Please do not weep  
for what you can't have  
nor hold

For I am gone  
do not look upon  
my grave  
with sadness see

For I sleep in Death  
no tear nor breath  
will ever now depart  
from thee...

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I Sleep In Death  
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# If I Could Die Tomorrow

If I Could Die Tomorrow

.....

If I could I would die tomorrow  
and leave nothing of myself behind

If I could I would die tomorrow  
and no legacy would you find

If I could I would die tomorrow  
and leave what has gone today

If I could I would die tomorrow  
just close my eyes  
and pass away

If I could I would die tomorrow  
but eternal sleep is not for me yet

If I could I would die tomorrow  
For where I walk  
I cannot forget

of the memories  
all around me  
that continue to  
enter my head

I want to break free  
from the living  
yet I cannot face  
the dead

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If I Could Die Tomorrow

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# I'M Not An Alcoholic

Another battle with the bottle  
And this time I won't lose  
I sip this bottle of vodka  
Stopping when I choose

I'm not an alcoholic  
I can control what I take in  
If people all around me  
give me a chance,  
I can win..

I know I can beat the bottle  
And yes,  
I've paid my way  
It's temptation calling  
I'm gonna win  
tonight  
ok?

I'm not an alcoholic  
People take me  
for who I am  
I can beat this demon  
I'll just take  
another dram.

I'm not an alcoholic  
I swear to you I'm not  
But this bottle  
I have before me  
Is the only one I got.

I can always stop  
tomorrow,  
In fact,  
will start my battle then.

But until tomorrow's  
calling

I'll just take one more  
drink again.

Wayne Leon Learmond



# In Praise Of The New Knighthood

De Laude Novae Militae  
protected by the Holy See.

From out of the mists  
they came to be  
Their 'Order' grew  
They lived tax free.

And only those of  
'Noble' Birth  
Could join the ranks  
of God's Knights on earth.

They were God's warriors  
Bold and brave  
They fought for God  
and God repaid.

His Knights Templar  
Honest and true  
They lived on the lands  
that were taken from you.

They relied on alms  
from the pilgrims, poor  
And they became wealthy  
like never before.

But from eleven eighteen -  
within two centuries  
the Templars fell  
They fell onto their knees.

The powers they held  
were too many  
too much.

King of France  
and the Pope

both held a grudge.

And stripped them  
of their powers  
that be.

Wipe them from the pages  
of history.

In 1307 the arrests began  
The Templars fled -  
Yes, some of them ran.

Were caught and tortured  
and murdered in a spree.

Accused of homosexuality  
And sodomy  
And heresy  
And spitting on the Cross  
of Christ you see.

And so, within a short space  
of time  
The Templars were gone -  
and their crime?

They held too much power  
They lost the respect  
Of the Pope and the King  
and the people in debt.

But every-so-often  
from the mists of time  
You might see a white horse  
and the white knights shine.

Galloping through the years  
of history  
They will be the  
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR SOCIETY.



# In The Dead Of Day (Descent Into Madness)

There is a time  
called: 'The Dead of Day'

When it seems the silence  
will not go away.

When it seems that  
everyone has gone.

And you are here,  
left all alone.

To wander round  
the city streets.

While in you're mind  
you're madness meets.

The silence of  
The Dead of Day.

You descend into madness  
and scream away...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Invisible Love

God's whisper is the breeze  
whispering into our ears:  
'I am here.'

His voice can be heard  
in the wind that roars:

'I EXIST  
FOREVER! '

The delicacy of His hand  
you cannot fathom  
with a flower.

Or a snowflake  
that gently falls.

Each one separate  
from the other.

His sight  
Gives us light  
from the Moon, Stars and Sun.

His  
MAJESTY  
and  
MIGHT  
Cannot be overcome.

By disbelief.

And those that refuse to see

That God is so much more  
powerful than we.

The mind of Man  
is puny to compare.

With the One who made the  
Heavens  
The Earth, Sea and Air.

Who are we to question  
What we cannot understand?

Science can only go so far  
The rest is in  
God's hands...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Let The Grave Encompass

Let The Grave  
Encompass

.....

I am your shield  
from the brightest light  
Come with me now  
please do not fight

the ebony beauty  
within you  
you see

Take a deep breath  
and let it roam free

Solice in solitude  
touches your heart  
and try as you may  
you will never be part

of the world of the living -  
for they have their day -  
while we have our night  
as you wander away

From the pain  
and the sorrow  
that life brought to you

Come go  
with me now  
for your life is through

Encompass death  
and welcome me in  
and into the shadows  
your life will begin

For you have been  
touched  
by my ebony light

I hold out my hand -  
take it this night  
For your beauty  
is not for this world  
you see?

Soft satin  
and silk  
I place around thee

Close your eyes  
and together  
we'll be

as you walk  
in my shadow  
eternally

Let the grave  
encompass  
your body and bones

but your spirit  
is free  
and together  
we'll roam...

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Let The Grave Encompass  
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# Lipstick Powder & Blood

.....  
Lipstick, Powder  
&  
Blood  
.....

Tonight I  
must feed  
on the scarlet  
I need

Tonight I  
must sate  
my hunger,  
indeed

For I'll travel  
the length  
and the breadth  
of this land

to take  
what I can  
from child  
woman - or man

And whomsoever  
should stand  
in my way

their bones  
I shall grind  
for my powder,  
always

By the light  
of the moon  
I shall hunt you

all down

And your tears  
that you cry  
I shall place  
in my crown

A collection indeed  
of tears from the past  
Dark Jewelry  
that forever shall last

Ruby red lipstick  
I wear for the spree  
For I shall entice  
your temptation you see

Do not  
try to hide  
or escape  
from my sight

Or pray  
to your God  
if you think  
He can fight

For your faith  
must be strong  
to allow Him to hear

But His ears  
shall be deafened  
to your screaming  
my dears

And so  
I shall take  
what is  
rightfully mine

Ruby

red liquid  
of the  
sweetest kind

To quench  
my thirst  
is what  
I must do

So beware  
this night

FOR I WILL  
BE COMING  
FOR YOU

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# Loneliness When The Dark Brings Tears

Loneliness

When the Dark Brings Tears

.....

I gazed out toward  
the cold graveyard  
and wondered if  
she was peaceful  
this night?

Wondered if her eternal sleep  
brought to her nightmares  
she could not fight?

My eyes gazed from  
that cemetery  
down

to my  
writing pad  
and I did frown

upon remembering  
the time she placed  
her hand in mine

A delicate flower  
so very sublime

The Raven calls  
and his echo is clear

'Come to the grave  
where I am near  
Come look down.'

he seems to say

perched on that stone  
monument  
where she lay

'For your grief  
is strong  
but weep not  
see

Have no fear of  
mortality

For a message I bring  
to you this night

for death  
is but  
a long  
long flight

My darling dear  
do not fret

I lay in this ground  
but I am not dead

I live in your heart  
and will not stray.'

And with that  
the Raven  
flew away...

I watched his form  
glide into the mist

A dark messenger  
yes

And then  
I kissed

the stone upon which  
he was perched that night

Giving me hope  
that she was alright

For death is the beginning  
to a journey's end

As the tears stung my eyes  
I knew she did send  
the Raven that night  
to stem my fears

of loneliness  
when the dark  
brings tears

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Loneliness

When the Dark Brings Tears

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# Memoirs Of A Dead Man

Memoirs  
of a  
Dead Man

.....

The memoirs  
of a dead man  
I hold within my hand

Eyes skimming  
across the pages  
as I try to understand

Crumpled manuscript  
I turn each page to see  
the words of a dead man  
talking back to me

The imagery so strong  
as I live his life again  
through the pages  
of his manuscript  
I feel his deep set pain

I see his happiness  
and sadness  
and deep sorrow too

I see a lost love  
and loneliness  
and the suffering  
he went through

I see the blindness -  
the rage in him -  
the drinking constantly

I see the  
rope swinging

silently  
that holds his body  
see?

I see all  
these things  
before me  
as I read  
my words again

The memoirs  
of a dead man  
who finally went insane...

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# M'Lady Lay

~M'Lady Lay~

M'lady lay down  
in the grave with me  
Your eyes are closed  
yet still do you see

the beauty of death  
and all it brings you  
The deeper the darkness  
pulling you through

another dimension  
No place nor time  
exists within  
this world divine

So sublime  
like silk  
so fine  
this world of mine  
is never confined

to the casket -  
although we lay here -  
our spirits are  
somewhere else  
my dear

Do not fear  
for the darkness is right  
our bodies may lay  
both day and night

but our souls are free  
to travel the land  
of shadowy shades

so hand-in-hand  
we go  
to join the dead...

an eternal dream  
within our heads

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M'Lady Lay  
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# Moonrise

MoonRise

.....

A background  
of glittering stars  
enrobed by  
the velvet night

A silver ball  
of light  
pierces my  
very sight

And in awe  
I gaze upon  
rising to replace  
the sun

Rising to  
replace daylight  
the gleam  
of the moon  
so bright

Her reflection  
shimmers and shakes  
upon the water  
that vibrates

as lakes feel  
her frequencies  
and oceans buckle  
as if to please

As tides move in  
then out  
Her influence  
round about

touches the very air  
that carries her  
influence there

Moonrise  
I gaze upon  
at the setting  
of the sun

Her silvery  
light appears  
to waylay all my fears

Moonrise  
how I wish  
I could keep

a moment  
so precious  
and deep

An image  
so priceless  
and rare

So glad to be alive  
to be there

To view the sights  
you afford  
Your love  
is never flawed

for Planet Earth  
that you shine  
upon

and you are  
the night time sun

And so that image

is in my mind  
of a very special kind

Of a love for you  
that's deep  
Your silvery light  
I will always keep...

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MoonRise  
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# No Love Lost

There's no Love Lost between us  
It's there for all to see.

You like you're coffee  
while I like my tea.

They say opposites attract  
Well, that's not strictly true.

Truth of the matter  
I've had enough of you.

Telling me what to do  
What to think.

I used to love you once  
Now I'm married to the:

Sink  
and the  
Stove  
and the  
Washing machine.

Cooking and cleaning  
No excitement in-between.

I'm a ready-made skivvy  
and that's certainly true.

My love for you now  
is long since through.

I'm divorcing you baby  
Yet you want me to stay.

Can't you see  
you're not getting you're  
own way?

This time I'm of  
one frame of mind.

A man on a mission  
This time I won't be blind  
to you're whims and you're  
cries.  
I'm leaving today.

Goodbye baby  
This time I've had  
MY SAY...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# No Such Thing As A 'Rightous War'

And within those trenches  
thick with blood.

Thick with mud  
Bone and guts.

We wipe our eyes  
as best we could.

And wait  
for the order  
to go.

And many a friend  
And many a man.

The rich and the poor  
and the miner's son.

Stood side by side  
We did not hide.

From the enemy  
above  
or  
below.

And the mighty dead  
they will not rise.

From those trenches  
raise those eyes.

To see another  
red sunrise.

Or kiss their wives  
hello.



As the commander  
gives the order to march.

Bayonets in hand  
we begin to charge.

Over those trenches  
we did forge  
Into the unknown  
we flow.

We enter into  
'No Man's Land'.

'Parade Formation'  
Blood-spilled ground.

Machine gun bullets  
all around.

We fall into  
the mud and snow.

And what did we gain  
from the enemy?

125 square miles  
of mud, only.

At a cost of over  
600,000 men.

Oh my God  
were going again.

And those friends  
I once but knew.

Are nothing  
but mangled  
bone and spew.

Died there, forgotten  
in the snow and rain.

And this hell of a war  
goes round my brain.

The screams  
The yells  
The horror of it all.

When my friends  
and I  
Began to fall.

And the memories  
bring it back all the more.

There is no such thing  
as a  
'RIGHTOUS WAR'.

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Now Is Thy Darkness Of Discontent

Now  
is thy  
Darkness  
of Discontent

For now is thy  
Darkness of Discontent  
Dark Eulogy of  
a life misspent

Dark Tragedy  
within the rage  
thou vents

To seek  
thee out  
from Hell thou sent

satanic beasts  
from the  
bowels of Hell

Black of heart  
from thy wishing well

To torment thee  
every day and night  
This Satanic Spell  
thou canst not fight

For now is thy  
Winter of Discontent  
Thine anger is a rage  
so deep  
thou vents

Yet do not think it  
such a surprise

when thy soul  
is tormented  
by piercing eyes

Tossing and turning  
as thou dreams  
away

What dark spirits  
will come thy way?

My dear  
canst thou not feel  
the rage thou sends?

So deep  
so dark  
there will be no end?

It will pierce thy soul  
torment thy mind  
Make thee see things  
of another kind

Manipulation  
of the elements  
is all it took

Reciting from the  
tome  
by  
Bell,  
Candle  
and  
Book

Do not think it so  
thou will get away  
For awakened are  
those demons  
who have come to play

For now is thy  
Darkness of Discontent

Now is thy time  
of  
RECOMPENCE

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Now is thy Darkness  
of Discontent  
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Wayne Leon Learmond

# Oh, How I've Gone And Blown It All

Oh, How I've Gone  
and Blown it All

.....

Oh, how I've gone  
and blown it all  
Sad memories do I recall

Memories of a time  
that's now gone by  
Now your shadow  
from my past  
causes me to cry

Oh, how I've gone  
and blown it all  
I fall to my knees  
as I recall

the times when  
you were within  
my grasp

Your hand  
in mine  
how I wish  
I could clasp

Oh, how I've gone  
and blown it all  
I cover my face  
as I recall

Upon my knees  
I see an image of you -  
a dark deep shadow  
of the you I once knew

Oh, how I've gone  
and blown it all  
I reach out my hand  
for you to hold

I shiver at the feel  
of your shadowy touch,  
this man on his knees  
who still loves  
you so much

Oh how I've gone  
and blown it all  
No more in this life  
will I behold

the presence  
of your love  
like the brightest light

Now your hand  
on my shoulder  
disappears into  
dark night

Oh, how I've gone  
and blown it all  
Took your love  
for granted  
as I recall

Your heart  
stopped beating  
that grim dark night

Now my love  
has gone forever  
away from my sight

Oh, how I've gone  
and blown it all

Should have told you  
that I loved you  
as I recall

A broken-hearted man  
in deep despair  
calls out your name  
but you're no longer there...

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# On The Outside (Looking In)

I am a stranger  
in a strange land.

A lost soul  
who does not understand.

Why people do not  
speak to me.

Why they ignore my presence  
constantly.

I am here  
I exist.

I jump about  
SHOUT!  
But they insist.

On walking right on by  
Without a look  
I take from their eye.

What's going on?  
Have they all gone blind?

And deaf as well  
As far as I can tell

For I shout and yell  
and yell and shout.

But they just go  
right on about  
their business.

And it is with a heavy heart  
I find myself here.

Drawn back to the place that  
I do not hold dear.

For I have been  
On the Outside -  
Looking In -

At everything I used to do  
Everything I used to be.

Now, those things are past  
and silently.

I make my way back  
to the grave.

And one day,  
dear reader,  
you will be.

On the Outside -  
Looking In  
Like me...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Possession

Possession

.....

If you feel  
that the spirits  
are not with you  
when you write...  
then why write?

Even though spirits  
may be from an  
ebony light

Yes, even  
darkness personified  
is so right

For whether they be  
from the light  
or the dark

They guide  
our hands  
upon the keyboard

Each letter and word  
is placed within our heads  
by those secretaries  
who are long since dead

And we are taken  
in a trance-like state  
Our minds are not ours  
until we negate

everything that we  
must put down  
you see

For we must  
purge the words  
which they order we -

to place down  
upon our  
computer screens

Possession  
is a beautiful thing  
when you are a writer  
of light  
or  
dark things

Our minds  
our given up  
to the powers that be

until they have said  
all they need too...  
through we...

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Possession  
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Wayne Leon Learmond

# Prelude Doux De Marque 1

Look how they perform upon the stage  
Darkness portrayed, relayed and replayed

Over and over, hypnotic to some  
Prelude Doux De Marque Number 1.

The lights they are dimmed  
as the play does commence

In masquerade costume  
there is no recompense,

for the audience there,  
sitting this night,  
watching in wonder,  
in the dim of the light.

A comedy yea,  
to some it shall be  
In masquerade costume  
their act is for free.

Yet the only thing they want  
from thee  
is thy blood in its entirety.

Tragedy, such a mystery,  
reveals their faces  
for all to see.

Reveals the truth  
behind the masques  
reveals the evil  
of their past.

Not true, one might say,  
yet they lure you in  
to their Play for Today.

Lure you in, as you stare at the stage  
Lure you in to their act relayed  
to your eyes and ears.

Such a prelude indeed -  
for what is to come -  
a scarlet feed.

Background music,  
as the harpsichord plays  
Comedy and Tragedy upon the stage.

The prelude is over, the play begins  
Scene 1 Act 1...WON'T YOU  
JOIN IN?

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Wayne Leon Learmond

# Racism

Racism  
Eats you up inside.

Plays upon  
you're insecure mind.

Perceptions of threats  
that are not there.

You hate his dark skin  
and the black man's hair.

You hate the white skin  
of the blue-eyed boy.

This hatred -  
you taste -

it does more  
than annoy.

It consumes  
you're very  
identity.

Eats you up  
psychologically.

Prepares you  
to murder  
indiscriminately.

And destroys  
all who are touched  
so  
tragically...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Santa's Sack

I opened my eyes and there he was. His back was turned, it was such a buzz. to have him right there, inside my room - but my face turned to terror - for all too soon.

He turned to me with an evil glint. Pulled from his sack - linomint - and proceeded to smear around my neck. Although I struggled, I would soon be dead.

To saw through sinews, muscle and bone, he wiped the blood and left, alone. Placing my head within his sack. Leaving the scene of a bloody attack.

So now he wanders through the night. Bringing terror, is his delight. This one time of the year he is free to reign. To cause much horror, mayhem and pain. For the little dears, this Christmas night, will not bring excitement, it will be RED, NOT WHITE.

For your blood shall flow, instead of snow. So if you've been naughty... he will let you know.

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# Say How Do

My love  
Say how do  
All these gifts  
I bring to you.

My love  
can't you see?  
You mean so much  
more to me.

You're like a flower  
in the Winter  
Soft petals I stroke.

My love  
Here am I  
I wipe the tears  
from you're eyes.

Take, take  
what you need  
My lady of the winter breeze.

You're love is tender  
soft and gentle  
and I love you so.

Protect me  
from this world.

You are the one  
My love's unfurled.

Take, take  
what you need  
My winter flower  
that bares my seed.

Our child will grow

in love and laughter  
And her dark hair will flow, ..

Wayne Leon Learmond

# School Bully

YOU!

School Bully

You who thinks you're hard.

Picking on that little girl  
in the school play-yard.

What you mugging her for now?

Her money?

Are you bored?

You just want to see her hurt

Put her to the sword.

With ciggy in you're hand

You're gangster molls behind you.

Noone will make a stand

Noone will even dare to.

Challenge you're authority

Change the situation.

You are the rule

within that school

With a reputation.

To uphold.

And by God

you're gonna keep it.

You terrorise the teachers

And the knife you keep

a secret.

As a threat

When money dues are due

They are paying for the privelage

that you don't hurt them too.

But now those days are gone  
And the years have passed on by.

You're little girl's at school  
Tears of pride  
are in you're eyes.

But you don't know the agony  
that she is going through

When she has a knife  
held to her throat  
when her money dues are due...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Suicide

Don't ever think of Suicide  
Don't let it come to mind  
It never solves the mystery  
of the life you leave behind.

It never solves the agony  
of one pure tortured soul.

What has gone on before  
Just continues on a roll.

They say the grass is greener  
On the 'Other side'

Will it be any greener  
if by you're hand you died?

And the legacy you leave  
will be of agony and tears.

Carrying so much pain with you  
alone for many years.

As those years become  
eternity  
It is only then you'll see,

That you're problems  
never left you -

You just left you're  
family...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Suicide Bomber

He checks his  
satchel  
trouser pockets.  
Mobile phone he puts away.

Brushes back his hair  
He has fasted everyday.

Zippering up his jacket  
Into the mirror he does stare.

And with a deep conviction  
to Allah,  
say's a prayer.

Checking on his wallet  
Making sure his money's there.

He won't be coming home again  
But he does not really care.

And not so far away  
A young girl say's a prayer.

Checking on her handbag  
Her keys are always there.

Mobile phone in hand  
Her boyfriend asks  
Is she ready?

They are going  
to the pictures  
She's just started  
going steady.

But then,  
as Fate decrees  
She would never make that date.

Two paths crossing, silently  
With a stranger full of hate.

A fleeting glance  
A smile perchance.

They turn away then

NOTHING! ...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Sweet Suicide Senerade

Sweet  
Suicide  
Serenade

.....

Sweet  
Suicide  
Serenade

how you  
came to be

The tune  
that came  
to me

whilst in  
the depth  
of my sadness  
see?

I could not  
hide the pain  
The sorrow -  
or deep shame

The tears that  
fell that night,  
extinguised the  
brightest light

Now in  
a tunnel  
I despair

All alone upon  
this earth



The morbid music  
played,  
as I sat down  
and prayed

And so alone,  
I sit  
And yes, I  
do admit

that life for  
me had been

a nightmare -  
not a dream

All my hopes  
and fears,  
all my  
wasted years

are as of nothing -  
what's to show?  
Just a man  
who will die alone?

Sweet  
Suicide  
Serenade

Serenade me  
to my doom,  
within an  
empty room

I sit within  
the gloom

Sweet  
Suicide  
Serenade

Plays the  
final bars  
Plays within  
my head

I exit  
life

and  
welcome  
death

And so  
alone  
I hang

in silence  
swinging -

no one's hand  
did I hold  
that final night...

for no one ever  
held me tight...

And so  
alone  
I hang

My body  
swinging -  
silhouette

Lifeless in  
the living room

my shadow  
cast upon  
the step

And so

alone  
I hang

yet only  
within my head,  
did I hear  
the music play

Sweet  
Suicide  
Serenade

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# Television

Television  
is the curse of the nation  
Feeding ignorance  
from station to station.

Yes.

The Television  
Is the curse of the nation  
What you're going to watch  
is beyond explanation.

Information?

Useless  
you bet.

Over thirty channels  
and you have not picked one yet.

From  
The Television  
That stands there  
in the corner  
Hypnotic regression  
of the nation is the order  
of

The Television  
What have you learned of  
yet?

Generations of kids  
that still don't know  
their alphabet.

They watch  
The Television

With murder on their minds  
Images of death  
portrayed  
of every single kind.

On  
The Television.

And then we act surprised  
When a child commits a murder  
before our very eyes.

In a society  
That does not sanitise  
The only wonder is  
that we never realised.

That  
The Television.

Feeds off our very brains  
Sending out  
To all about  
Invisible radio waves.

Yes  
from  
The Television.

None of us are saved  
It feeds us ignorance  
Keeping everyone as slaves.

Television  
is the curse of the nation  
Feeding ignorance  
from station to station.

Yes

The Television  
is the curse of the nation

What you gonna watch  
is beyond explanation.

Wayne Leon Learmond

# The Devil Wears Denim

The Devil wears Denim  
Or so it's been said.

He's updated himself  
and got into our heads.

He's on a street corner  
Starting a scene.

Smiling beguinely  
Keeping it clean.

He always starts the trouble  
But he's the Teflon Don.

He's the one who is elusive  
He's the number one.

This scrawny gang member  
With his brushed-back hair.

Will outstare somebody  
if somebody wants to stare.

He's at the forefront  
when there is business  
to be done.

With his mobile phone  
and his little pocket gun.

But it don't matter  
where we live in the city.

The Devil wears Denim  
And it sure ain't pretty.

Wayne Leon Learmond

# The Doll

Upstairs she sits,  
within a darkened room.  
Upon a shelf,  
wide-eyed,  
in the gloom.

Listening out,  
for the slightest hint.  
Patiently waiting.  
She begins to blink.

A child is running,  
about this house.  
Downstairs.  
Upstairs.

Roundabout.  
She enters within,  
the musty-smelling room.  
Humming a nursery rhyme.  
Humming a tune.

And as her brown eyes  
fall,  
upon the  
doll.

A doll so beautiful -  
yet so droll.  
Oh, what fun,  
she could see.

Playing with her dolly,  
while her mummy  
and daddy.  
Argued - as usual -  
in the living room,  
downstairs.



Always caught in the middle,  
what could be worse?  
She will play with this dolly.

They will be good friends.  
Friends forever.  
Friends till the end.  
And as the days and nights,  
they went on by.

Her mummy and daddy  
ignored her cries,  
for attention.

She did not cry anymore.  
Playing with her dolly,  
as she locked  
the bedroom door.

Ring o' ring o' rosies,  
they would sing.  
From that darkened room,  
her parents' never went in.  
And then one night,  
the dolly whispered:

'Look.  
Would you like to stay  
with me,  
upon that shelf,  
amongst the books?

You could be with me,  
forever,  
Just say the word.  
And your mother and father  
will never be heard of again.'

And the little girl, said:  
'Yes.  
I want to stay with you

forever,  
upon that dusty shelf.'

So, one night,  
while they slept,  
in that big old house.

Down that darkened corridor -  
as quiet as a mouse.  
The dolly did creep,  
upon her plastic knees.

Her eyes wide,  
glowing,  
as the cool night breeze,  
flowed over her garments.  
Silken and fine.  
She thought to herself,  
That child will soon  
be  
mine.

Opening,  
slowly,  
the bedroom door.  
She crept across,  
the deep-piled floor.

Making her way,  
toward the bed.  
Grimace on her face.  
Parents', snoring,  
off their heads.

Climbed upon the blankets.  
Stood over the face,  
of the father.

While the child  
looked on,  
from the  
corridor,

where they both  
came from.

The pillow came down.  
A muffled cry.  
He did not take long,  
to slip away and die.

And then the mother,  
fast to the world.  
Suddenly opened her eyes.  
But her heart was stilled.

With a look of  
shock  
and  
terror,  
upon her face.

Her heart stopped beating,  
as that dolly took the place,  
of the parents.

Hand-in-hand  
from the room,  
they walked.  
Singing  
Ring o' ring o' rosies,  
as they talked.

.....

Now upstairs  
they sit,  
within a darkened room.  
Upon a dusty old shelf,  
wide-eyed,  
in the gloom.

Listening out,  
for the slightest hint.  
Patiently waiting,

they begin to blink.

A child is running,  
about this house.

Downstairs.

Upstairs.

Roundabout...

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Wayne Leon Learmond

# The Gates Of The Cemetery

The Gates  
of The  
Cemetery

I gazed upon  
that stone that day  
breathed in slowly  
as the branches did sway

Death surrounds  
this mind of mine  
Caught up in the moment  
frozen in time

Desolation holds  
hands with fear  
Makes me wonder  
if he is near

Eyes fall upon  
the ground where  
I must lay  
One day in the future  
far away?

Or will it be tomorrow?  
Or anytime soon?  
as my eyes gaze upon  
the inscription on the tomb

.....

'If stranger thou who treads  
this mournful spot  
when all around thee  
soon will be forgot

A moment, pause...

think what thyself will be  
when death has hurled  
his fatal dart at thee...'

.....

Death reaches in  
and touches my heart  
makes me ponder  
so very hard

upon my own mortality  
as the leaves fall gently  
from the trees

Blown by the breeze  
if you please  
as if to ram home  
my very fears

That death  
surrounds me  
is all around

With head  
bowed low  
walking  
desolate grounds

Have no fear  
of what death  
may bring

for the winter  
in my heart  
will become  
a new spring

A new awakening  
one day maybe  
Or is death  
the ultimate  
finality?

Wind does blow  
a gentle breeze  
With hands  
in my pockets  
I make to leave

Pausing to gaze  
just one last time  
Touching the gravestone  
that one day will be mine

Gentle reminders  
I am reminded see  
Leaving through the gates  
of the cemetery...

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The Gates of the Cemetery

Wayne Leon Learmond

# The Left-Hand Path

.....  
THE GOAT  
.....

Come gather round  
my left-hand side  
for the left-hand path  
is so easy to find

Open your minds  
to the beauty within  
of such sweet sorrow  
darkness and sin

I see all  
before my sight  
every creed  
and colour  
of meek and might

Follow not - like sheep  
the path of the Right -  
but the Path of the Left  
do not fight

For I am no judge -  
and will judge thee not  
Do what thou wilt  
and whatever I spot

is allowed before  
my Satanic Hoards  
Come, gather, my children  
before your Lords

No matter the deed  
no matter the sin  
they are never too deep



so enter within

.....  
The Left-Hand Path  
.....

The Left-Hand Path  
is yours to take  
hear the music  
of the damned  
when they begin  
to bake?

See the  
funeral pyres  
rising high  
so dense  
you cannot  
see the skies

So black you  
cannot see beyond  
the Lake of Fire  
with unlimited throngs

See my angels  
with their  
fork-pitched tongues

whip and lash  
the screaming hoards  
of men and women before  
my throne

giving homage  
to the Great Goat  
alone?

.....  
The Mighty Satan  
.....

And I gaze down  
at the pitiful sight  
upon my Throne  
so dark yet bright

The Mighty Satan  
who judges not  
the sins of men  
within my melting pot

.....  
El Diablo  
.....

El Diablo  
I salute you with  
Come, my children  
enter my abyss

and wallow within  
the pleasures of Hell  
that for you I have created  
oh so well.

The Left-Hand Path  
has brought you to me  
Breath free my children  
can't you see

that the pain  
all around you  
is perpetual bliss

Such sweet sorrow  
feel the whip of my kiss

Now my angels  
drag you away  
Now here, forever  
you will stay

I gaze down

from my Throne -  
such delectable sights

My black eyes piercing  
the fiery nights....

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The Left-Hand Path

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# The Mists (Of You'Re Memories)

The fine mists  
come rolling over.

And it is a fine  
crisp evening  
to mull things over.

You are here, again  
All alone.

Lost in you're thoughts  
as you roam  
this desolate park.

It's wide-open spaces  
Seem to engulf  
you're very being.

As the cry of the Raven  
echoes  
Carried upon the breeze.

You're feeling

Cold.

Pulling you're coat up  
closer to you're neck  
You shiver.

And with hands in pockets  
quiver with rage.

At the injustice  
of it all.

Relationships?  
Who needs them?

And, with an empty heart,  
you gaze upon the lake.

You are feeling  
NOTHING  
As the trees begin  
to take  
a more menacing shape.

The mists come rolling in  
from afar.

In a park that held such happy  
memories  
of things gone by.

And, with head bowed,  
you once again,  
make your way.

Back,  
through the mists of time  
and cry...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# The School

She made her way, down the  
desolate hall

She was late for school  
But with it being winter an' all

Stuck in a traffic jam,  
upon the old  
school bus

Her teacher would be angry  
and would probably make a fuss

She arrived at the gate,  
around ten past nine

Walking down  
the empty corridor  
her shoes, echoing in time

to the beat of her walk  
as she hurried along

Panting, out of breath  
Telling herself to stay strong

'YOU, THERE GIRL!

YOU'RE LATE!

WHAT TIME DO YOU

CALL THIS! ? '

'I'M SORRY, SIR!  
IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! '

But her voice echoed  
in the mist

of the school breeze

That had suddenly come along  
Engulfing pupil and teacher

Who had played out  
the very same song

Everyday for years  
within that desolate school

Two spirits joined together  
And the teacher he stil  
RULED

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Wayne Leon Learmond

# The Telephone

You know it's going to ring  
But what does it care?  
Seeing you tormented  
pulling at you're hair.

It's lair is the table  
Where the thing resides  
And if it had an attitude  
you should not be surprised.

For the thing likes to tease -  
likes to cause you fear  
Ringing when you least expect  
When there's noone here.

Who would be calling  
at that time of night?  
For you're a loner  
and it's got NO RIGHT.

To ring like that  
Scaring you witless  
Making you jump  
and making you nervous.

These calls you've been getting  
in the middle of the night  
The silence is deafening  
But you're too tired to fight.

When you lift the receiver  
When you say hello  
You know you're tormentor  
and you're tormentor  
has to go.

But the thing has become an entity  
Battling for you're mind  
It rings when you're asleep



Ringing nearly all the time.

It seems to always sense  
when you are all alone  
And plays upon you're fear of the  
TELEPHONE

Wayne Leon Learmond

# The Tramp

Here he lies  
On his side  
On the ground  
amongst the rubbish bins.

The people stare  
with uncaring eyes  
but he knows what they think.

He goes to town  
to try and scrounge  
some food -  
or a bit of bread.

He has not eaten  
for three days  
He wishes he was dead.

At seventy- three  
Society  
Has forgotten this old man.

Who won a war  
for British shores.

And a bullet  
in his hand...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# The Wind's Lullaby

A cool wind is blowing  
Across the land tonight.

The stars are shining  
brightly.

In the darkness of  
Twilight.

The trees are whispering  
silently.

The birds,  
have taken flight.

And the wind -  
she hums - a song of old  
And kisses the land goodnight.

Wayne Leon Learmond

# To Touch Her Hand

To Touch  
Her Hand  
.....

Oh sweet slumber  
come to me,  
stop this heart  
that has no  
excuse for beating

For my love has gone...  
gone far away  
to a place where she  
be eternally sleeping

I reach out to touch  
the empty space  
but alas I find  
my eyes a weeping

I do forget -  
and the sorrow  
on my face

makes me touch  
her ring  
that I have  
been keeping

A memory of  
a time now gone  
where once  
there was sunshine  
now there is none

And making my way  
to her lonely grave  
I stop to pause

as the mist surrounds

Reaching out  
I touch  
the hallowed  
cold stone

and fall  
to my knees  
upon wet  
sacred ground

No more will  
my love awake  
to greet me  
with a smile so pure

For she sleeps  
in death -  
for Heaven's sake

Yet I  
can never sleep  
no more

She rests in peace  
Yet my heart does ache  
with loneliness  
that forever gnaws

And I would  
welcome death  
so much you see

Crack open his  
gaping yawning jaws

to be with her  
this one last time...  
and to touch her hand  
that once touched mine....

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To Touch Her Hand

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Wayne Leon Learmond

# Twilight Whispers

Listen, carefully  
can you hear?

the twilight whispers  
in your ear

The sounds of her darkness  
brings you near

makes you wonder  
in awe and fear

And fascination  
of the starry light

twilight whispers  
mysterious sight

Shadows forming  
here and there

twilight whispers  
in the air

You walk the night  
the velvet sky

enthroned with stars  
so bright so high

A gleaming array  
of Nature's clothing

she disrobes at night  
before day is dawning

As the twilight whispers  
gently in your ear

embrace her darkness  
do not fear

Walk with her  
kiss her, sweet

Upon the grass  
you place your feet

Listen can you hear  
the twilight whispers

As your human lips  
come out to kiss her

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# Under The Bed

What if there is  
Something there  
Under the Bed  
or under the stairs  
That only comes out  
in the dark of the night.  
To creep round you're home  
after you turn off you're lights.

But childish fears don't persist  
When you're 'grown up and 'adult'  
So you resist  
The temptation to look  
Under the Bed  
You close you're eyes  
and rest you're head.

And think about people  
And think about places  
And think about times  
when you went to the races  
And think about happy  
and broad-grinned faces  
Don't think of the evil  
that lies in dark spaces.

You try not to breathe  
Holding you're breath  
You're alive  
But you're feeling like death  
You're heart is loud  
BANG! BANG!  
On you're chest  
You're mind is running  
Can't get any rest.

And there you see  
the sum of you're fears  
An old enemy

From you're childhood years.

It's rising,  
yet rising  
Molding and yet  
It's coming to get you  
as you try to forget.

The shape that it takes  
The form that it makes  
In you're room  
Now you're face to face  
with this inter-dimensional  
Demon of Doom  
An enemy old  
in you're bedroom.

You reach for the lamp  
Switch it on  
In less then a second  
the demon is gone  
It withers away  
from the light in the room  
You've done the thing down  
back into the gloom.

But still it awaits  
Awaiting and still  
Preying on you  
and getting it's fill  
of you're fear -  
of what's Under you're Bed  
In the dead of the night  
while you're laying you're head.

So, dear reader  
It should always be said  
That you never look EVER  
Under you're Bed.

What entities, there  
in the dark you might find

are not always from  
an over-active mind...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Under The Shadow Of Cathedral High

Sequinned mannequins  
giving the eye.

Flashing a leg  
beneath darkened skies.

Punters that stop  
rarely pass them by.

Under the Shadow  
Of Cathedral High.

Junkies and druggies  
on corners, stand.

Sharing their needles  
giving each other a hand.

Oh, man,  
what a way to die.

Under the Shadow of  
Cathedral High.

A rape is committed  
The scream goes unheard.

A baby is born  
on the derelict earth.

And the mother -  
she runs off  
into the night.

Leaving her baby  
'cause the needle  
is her light.

And hope is abandoned

from the faces of the few.

Because the love of God  
for them  
Cannot shine through.

In this place of desolation  
their Creator cries.

And His tears  
are like the rain  
from darkened skies.

'Cause their phobia  
for living is within their eyes.

Under the Shadow  
of Cathedral High  
Oh, man,  
what a way to die.

Under the Shadow  
of Cathedral High...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# What Is Love?

What is Love?  
someone once asked me.

Love can make you  
Sad or happy.

Love can turn you're world  
upside down.

Get you so high  
Feet not touching the ground.

Or love can send you  
to the deepest lows.

A place - sometimes -  
where you don't want to go.

Makes you sick  
Not being able to eat.

They are on you're mind  
You cannot sleep.

Tossing and turning  
the night away.

You wonder what  
he/she is doing today?

All in all  
I have to say

That Love is a a feeling  
you cannot explain away...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Where Is God?

Where is God among us?  
That is the question  
that needs to be asked.

Where is God during the famines  
And the murders  
of the present and past.

Why does he stay so silent?  
Are we all alone?

Are we praying in vain  
to nothing?  
Why does He not answer  
our phone?

With everything going on  
around us  
Now would be the time  
to show.

That You are right behind us  
When our cries  
are so bitter and low.

God, if you are listening  
Then You're wind  
does need to blow.

To blow away the cobwebs  
of evil  
That envelope us so...

Wayne Leon Learmond

# Wife Batterer

'What time is it?  
5pm  
Oh no  
He will be home again  
Got to get ready  
Got to make sure  
everywhere's clean  
before he opens that door  
Is the tea still hot?  
If it is not  
Can't bare to think  
what weapon he got  
Will his mood be good?  
I'm in such a panic  
Calm down, deep breath  
Need help from this habit  
I want to scream  
I want to escape  
I am in prison  
My life is not great  
My make-up is on  
But don't feel like a woman  
I'm dying inside  
My spirit is crushin'  
Don't want to feel  
like this anymore  
OH MY GOD.  
HE'S OPENING THE DOOR! '

Wayne Leon Learmond