

Poetry Series

william f park
- poems -

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william f park(16 April 1926)

A Voice From Afar

Like a songbird on a summer morn
And the warmth of the sun
I heard your voice
As we talked one to one
Captivated; as time passed by
I listened to the voice from afar
Enchanting as a mermaids cry
What magic is in the voice?
Which so disturbs my mind
And brightens my day
To leave all gloom behind
I live in hope to hear the voice
And tremble at the thought
That once again the songbird sings
With a sound which cannot be bought
Alas! This voice and I will never meet
Though I wish upon a star
Wonderful though it is
The voice from afar

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Adieu

Be still my heart
Whenever my love is near
Don't tremble
It makes my feelings clear
He waits for the smile
That touches his mind
And a kiss that caresses
Gentle and kind
In hope he continues
To show faith and expect
When she looks in the mirror
His love will reflect
Lonely is the man
Set apart
As the girl of his dreams
Shares naught with his heart
Goodbye seems so harsh
In saying to you
Softly my love
Can I just say adieu?

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Ageing Thoughts

Oft' times in sadness we sigh for what has gone
Wishful we think it will return
The youth that was yesteryear
When our world was small
And now; in ageing we fear

To read again the pages of our youth
And edit out the wrongs
Would it change what we now are?
Or, in changeing make it easier
The viewing from afar

There is no datum to check the past
On which to arbitrate
It's now in memory engraved
And still the same we are
Wiser; in age unchanged

The now is the moment
What is gone is the past
Think now of tomorrow to come
Acknowledge the joy of living
Older maybe; content more than some

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An Aged Desire

Should I with youth long gone conspire
To inter the seed of all desire
Then, shall all my thoughts be still
Cloistered within the walls of age
No needs, no joy, no will
When in my thoughts I do frequent
The long ago of random bent
And in the corridors of my mind
Remain; forever young
With memories entwined
While still within my body strong
Desire I feel and yet do long
As much as I did when I was young
For the kiss tomorrow may bring
With another dawn

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Conscience

If conscience is the guide we follow
Can we now repair the wrongs
Sometimes unknowingly we caused
To those we love
Which now is history
Does not the conscience of the deed
Repeal the hurt
And clear the book of debt
Owed to all the wronged
Into whose life we trod
It is unlikely to change the way we are
The wounding in our wrath
Could I my faults dispose
With eager will, I would
Conscience is the guide of right
Which knocks when what we do
Does not equate
When causing hurt
Unfailingly we feel shame

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Destination? Peace

What fate has brought upon this world
Where man must fight, not talk
What reason does each employ
To justify the death un-natural
For all who follow the hawk

Does desecration of the rules all were taught when young
Bring joy to those who guide
Their nation to the wall
Which; in the end
Is the catalyst to rot a nations pride

Alas! Ye advocates of war
There is no foe to fear
What is will be you cannot change
The wheel of destiny
That turns for all, your time is near

End this feast which stems from greed
To enslave your brother man
Begin; restore the peace of yesteryear
Make what has gone a dream
Believe in peace you can

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Disapprobation

Oft' times reflecting on our youth
In present day surrounds
We feel the pangs of what once was
A life constricted
As morally we were bound

Did not the youth of yesteryear
Rebel against the rein
And yet; did live within the canopy
Of laws that governed
To keep us free of shame

Each passing year as we get old
We censure what is now
Believing; that we were right
And judgeing all
With words which disavow

The era, of which once we were
Has come and gone
Discourage the narrowness of thought
And aged ways
Accept; our flower of youth has blown

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Emotion

Where'er there is a love emotion
Which agitates our heart
Wonderful, when running true
To build the house of life
In failing; succinctly tears apart
Invoking all the powers on earth
The storm within your mind
Does not abate
Clearly as our heart cries
Love as an emotion is still unkind
There is no bandage for emotion
To wrap around and heal
No panacea, or pill to take
To ease the mind
Emotion is the pain you feel
Recurring: love as it often does
Deletes all that has gone before
And in accepting, once again becomes
The epitome of joy
Emotionally inflamed once more

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Empathy

Softly, in the silence of the morning
I felt your need, and heard your tears fall
And in sympathy I grieved
Because I could not call
To allay your fears

To see you smile, away from tears
Is all I ask for me
Then; will what has gone before
Become a memory
Bereft of fears

Give me your troubled heart to nurse
To mend which gives you pain
To gently right the wrongs
With understanding
And make you whole again

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Gemini Girl

Oh! Gemini the star of twins
Of legend which we know
A story told which could begin
A maid of long ago

I think of thee as maiden fair
With whom I feel so young
And to whom the ancient knights declared
Their love, as minstrels sung

When harp strings plucked the notes resound
As music fills the air
My arms lift high and you surround
With love, my maiden fair

Those ancient times which is the theme
Seems right for us to share
With this in mind to you I say
Thou art my maiden fair

Oh! Gemini of classic verse
Accept this story told
These words which I could not repress
My maiden fair of old

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If

If all our dreams were real
If wishes all came true
If what you feel is wonderful
I wish it all for you

If your heart beats faster when each is near
If touching makes you feel secure
If what was wrong, now is right
I wish it all for you

If being apart feels lonely
If all you want is each other
If the need to please is a feeling
All this I wish for you

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January Morn

Quietly, in early morning
As I sit reflecting, hearing the silence
Wondering what the day ahead will offer
If, like a flower will open and be full
The quietness overwhelms

Positioning my mind in the frame intended
Like a painting being aligned
Preparing for the day
Lighting shadows with beams of thought
A mystery, yet to unfold

Midmorning, susceptible to the hush
Being cold, overcast without
Naught disturbs the peace that is
Peaceful in the extreme
These moments, or hours are a joy

In the world of today
May all be as peaceful as now

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Only A Kiss

One magic moment when saying goodbye
Became a dream; a wishful thought
To come and go within my mind
Why should this be so? Who knows?
It was only a kiss
For days on end it was always there
This wishful thought of being close
Will it happen?
It was only a kiss
Yet do I dream each day since then
That sometime soon my dream will end
To clear my mind
Hopefully, in reality, with another kiss

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Perfection

Perfection, the myth of all our desires
Which, with inner eye we seek
For the beauty which will satisfy
All our wants
And our need to deify

Who shall define perfection
When each of us is judgmental
And only in what we love
Without explanation
Is perfection near

If content, embrace the myth
For what it is
As beauty for you sets alight
A warmth in what you behold
Accept it as right

As the eye beholds
The myth that perfection is
Can we judge and agree
That; that which is flawed for some
Is perfect for me

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Tell Me

Is it too late to cry the tears?
For all that could have been
Is it too late for the love we both knew?
Tell me, all is not lost but enduring
Till when we can make it come true
Again and again I remember
The wonderful times that we shared
Those magical moments returning
In secret my mind turns them over
Enjoying the knowing you cared
Is it too late to cry the tears?
Why did it all go so fast
Tell me why does it all keep returning
My hope is it will always be true
For me it will never be past
Tell me again that you love me
Whisper the words I hold dear
Holding my hands while you kiss me
And tell me there is nothing to fear
Forever, together, at last

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The Muse

Whereof ye gods speak softly now
Of all my thoughts inflamed
Which, through my mind is trawled
And offered out untamed
A lovers kiss avow

Through trials of happiness and guilt
Months of sorrow when amiss
Remembering that which mattered most
In certitude would come again
And chalice raised in toast

In innocence I did entrust
The cloth of hope I wore
For now was come our great intent
A time for us to share
Alas! for me no more

Greet me warmly, in your arms enfold
Hold me softly to your breast
While all the world revolves
And quietly at rest
The muse, his story told

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Thoughts Of Love

Of love I speak in hush-ed voice
The times of joint accord
And in the garden of my mind
In memories rejoice
To all who have known the pangs of love
The feeling of elation
When all of life is electric
And touching, is sensational
What would you give to keep love safe
To have and hold forever
Within the confines of your heart
That nobody could sever
Alas! With love when things go wrong
The side effects amazing
Passion, jealousy and rage are strong
When rejection brings deflation
Love is living on the edge
A cliff face; its up or down
No in-between
Accept the law or drown
Yet! I fantasize each day
And dream of love once more
The dangers little
For the feeling of 'Amour'

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Walk With Me

Walk with me
Along the path of time
As memories we gather together
Will hold
To bind with ties forever

Although the path does twist
In many and varied ways
If bound with memories of love
Will ever
Be the datum, if you are here to stay

To walk alone the path of time
At best is unrewarded
To share and talk of dreams to be
Or memories
Together, are in our minds recorded

As aged is the path we follow
With memories the key
Then life is but a stroll
Come:
Walk with me

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