



# **The Poetic Thoughts Of Meow See Tongue**

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## **1. The Lightning Strike**

The noise of Thunder echoed all around  
My very Bones shuddered to the sound,  
A bolt of lightning struck the nearest Tree  
And in my panic I twice banged my Knee.

In a Phone Box a Hundred Miles from home  
With little Money I was on my own,  
No communication now the Phone is dead  
And little Petrol I should have stayed in Bed.

It scared me a little if the truth be told  
Yes I was shaking and not just from the cold,  
The Welsh Rain also did not save my plight  
Nor the fact it was turning into Night.

Think that bad it gets better yet  
I had a Motorbike and was soaking wet,  
So I stood there sheltered from the Storm  
Sodden, down trodden and anything but warm.

Well I stood there and Twenty Minutes passed  
Though under Shelter I knew it wouldn't last,  
I had to get home, I couldn't hang around  
Though in my favour the Lightning went to ground.

The Rain though heavy had started to ease  
And so the shaking that had been my Knees,  
With grim foreboding I got on my Bike  
And apprehension set off into the Night.

## **2. Zombie Shopping**

Running late for my date  
In a hurry "Excuse me mate,"  
Crowded Street, Summer heat  
Pedestrians are not too fleet.

Stuck behind, restless Mind  
Wanting space but could not find,  
Slowed my pace, not a race  
But need to be another Place.

Up ahead a man half dead  
Unless he just got out of Bed,  
Going slow, erratic flow  
Impatient seeds begin to sow.

Try to pass, too much mass  
"Come on mate, move your ass,"  
Hit a death, hold your breath  
I think this fellow must be deaf.

Go to left, chance request  
At obstruction he is deft,  
Go to right he's blocked my light  
Manoeuvrability's lost its fight.

Can't get round, no space found  
The halt of progress has been ground,  
What to do, got no clue  
Unless he moves I'm in a stew.

"Come on mate, running late  
Stand aside I just can't wait,  
Are you deaf?" save you breath  
The Shops have made him wits bereft.

### **3. Colourful Tales**

At the foot of Mount Bloreng  
you'll find a hut that's painted orange,  
Outside of it you will see a Chilver  
that's known to all by the name silver.

Well alright I made it up  
for the sheep was really a Tup,  
but Poetic License is my thing  
it gives the rhyme more of a sting.

A Chilver is a baby ewe  
That's for those who had no clue,  
And Mount Bloreng is found in Wales  
So no more of my colourful tales.

#### **4. Drink will be the Death of me**

I abused the privilege of pleasure and it took it out of my health  
I'm not just talking physical as it also took my financial wealth,  
The pleasure actually wore off but still I carried on  
It now was part of me I fell victim to its con.

It started off quite early when I first left school  
I had money in my pocket and drinking was the rule,  
It was the adult thing, well that's what I was told  
And it gave me a strange feeling it seemed to make me bold.

Sure it had a down side I used to get quite loud  
And I could be aggressive especially in a crowd,  
But the feeling that it gave to me just could not be beat  
So I would drink that much I couldn't get off my seat.

Time marched quickly on and I was still under its spell  
I put on lots of weight and my stomach started to swell,  
It aged me quite dramatically and that is not a lie  
And another truth I've realised is that I'll be drinking till I die.

## **5. Wot You on?**

Sitting here on my own  
Pondering on thoughts home grown,  
Contemplate,  
Meditate,  
A restless Mind I cannot sate.

Sitting here by myself  
Not really in true Mental Health,  
Nothing taught,  
So nothing caught,  
But restlessness will not abort.

Sitting here all alone  
Delving into things unknown,  
Darkened plight,  
Need some Light,  
Just something to aid my plight.

Sitting here with no one  
Thinking maybe it's a con,  
Progress made?  
Mind decayed,  
A high price for that Smoke was paid.

## **6. In My Mind**

In my Mind I've crossed a Thousand Bridges  
And killed a Hundred Trolls,  
I've sailed across majestic Oceans  
In various heroic roles.

I've climbed the highest Mountains  
To conquer was my thing,  
I've sat and talked to interesting people  
From a Fairy to a King.

In my mind I've fought in many battles  
Roman, Greek and Celt,  
I've stood there with my Sword in hand  
Sweet victory I have smelt.

I've conquered and been conquered  
Vanquished as a Slave.  
Yes I've travelled many spheres  
A false memory to save.

In my Mind I've wrote a Poem  
To illustrate this verse,  
And though its there for writing  
I think I have a curse.

For though the thoughts are restless  
It will end in sorrow,  
The Television on the blink  
Will be fixed Tomorrow.

## 7. Non-Sense

Some People think I'm sick  
It's the way I'm brought up,  
Some People think I'm thick  
It's the way I wasn't taught up.

Some People take the Mick  
Well until I've caught up,  
And some get on my wick  
But I can keep this onslaught up.

So let's hear it for our Poetry  
A waste of time, a travesty,  
It's not how it's meant to be  
Metaphorical identity.

Let's hear it for our vibrant verse  
Devoid of meaning, clipped so terse,  
It's fell down to rational curse  
Mechanical musing, nothing's worse.

Some People read these words  
And look for understanding,  
They'll come back for seconds and thirds  
Finding it demanding.

They'll hunt for hidden girds  
To help the meaning's landing,  
The height of the absurds  
Pretentiousness outstanding.

## **8. Memories**

The Shroud of Time dissipates in my Mind  
Evoking scenes long since left behind,  
Situations suppressed by natural progression  
That will only resurface through mental regression.

Events once alive though now they are dead  
Consigned to the Archives of History instead,  
Yet still they exist, alive in my Mind  
Awaiting a purpose, a use for to find.

As I conjure them forward each bring their pain  
Sapping my Spirit, an emotional drain,  
Reliving past torment etched into my Soul  
No chance of redemption, despair my one goal.

As clear as now with sensation's intact  
The passing Mood to a scene so exact,  
The mental anguish as clear as a Bell  
A reawakening of a tortuous hell.

So what is it with Memories, the power they hold?  
Their vivid clarity that emotions unfold,  
Their fleeting reality, transfixed in a frame  
Dragged into Consciousness along with their shame.

Whispers of past times shout loud in my Head  
Before fading away to their Unconscious Bed,  
Yes the power of memory is out on its own  
Though this doesn't help me find that lost Phone.

## **9. Blockhead**

My thoughts dwell in the wilderness  
A barren, desolate place ,  
No more creative vibrancy  
It's gone and left no trace.

I struggle through the recesses  
Of a dark and empty Mind,  
I wander through a blank abyss  
For that is all I find.

No spark of inspiration  
No concepts to define,  
No lateral flights of fantasy  
Nor imagery refine.

No sight of Poetic vision  
To everything I'm blind,  
No depth of understanding  
Just the shallow kind.

So here I sit with Pen in hand  
Yet nothing can I write,  
Searching hard for material  
Guess it's a losing fight.

I can't seem to rid this block  
That's hampering my Mind,  
I think it's just a waste of time  
Till I lose this bind.

### **10. Writerwithastutter.**

Some people speak in song, that's how it's meant to be  
They just come out with words in such fluidity,  
They don't even have to think it just comes naturally  
It gives their words more power and extra vibrancy.

Me though I am different, I have a nasty stutter  
So everything I say just comes out as a splutter,  
It's actually quite embarrassing to have to live with it  
And it makes me reticent and not just a little bit.

So instead I put my thoughts to pen it's easy that way  
It does not distract the audience from what I have to say,  
It seems to give a better channel without self conscious clutter  
Yes it was a good day when I became the writerwithastutter.

## **11. Car Hoot**

Sunday Morning up before Dawn  
Splitting Head Ache, usual form,  
Dehydration, you know the score  
Saturday Night, say no more.

So I got up with aching Head  
Wishing I could stay in Bed,  
But I knew the chance was none  
Not when there's a Car Boot on.

Six o'clock waiting at the Gate  
My Missus hated to be late,  
She had bargains on her Mind  
And a strong desire to seek and find.

Impatiently she checks the Watch  
Whilst I yearn for a Triple Scotch,  
To compensate the warmth of Bed  
And prepare me for the fight ahead.

Gates are open and we pour through  
And she's in there a Ferret true,  
Rooting round without no shame  
Years of practice honed her game.

I look around, I can't complain  
Might find a Book to ease the pain,  
Yes I'll cope, without a doubt  
For it's the only time I take her out.

## **12. The Scrounger**

I never saw him buy a round  
Not in a couple of Years,  
Yet always at the Bar was found  
Looking for free Beers.

He'd look at you through pleading Eyes  
A sad pathetic sight,  
Unflinching in his desperate sighs  
Yes pity was his might.

No way could you blank him out  
He was always by your side,  
And though there was a Crowd about  
From him you couldn't hide.

I guess he must have took to me  
On seeing a soft touch,  
And though I liked his company  
I thought it cost too much.

Sometimes I would stay at home  
Just to avoid the cost,  
Though I hated it on my own  
So that cause was lost.

Complaining though seemed untoward  
A dead Horse to flog,  
I mean how do you tell the Pub Landlord  
He's got a scrounging Dog.

### **13. Ogress Kelly**

The Ogress Kelly was a cantankerous old Bidy  
She addressed every man with her pet name Kiddy,  
From the Postman dropping Letters at the Box  
To the Chinless Wonder pursuing the Fox,  
To her you see they were all the same  
Another target for her to blame.

When Grace was younger she had no rage  
They say it crept up along with her age,  
No to see her there in her youthful glow  
Was guaranteed to make desire grow,  
Yes in Days gone by she could turn a Head  
Long time gone, all those Suitors are dead.

I once heard tell she had a Beau  
A local Goat's Herd called Alan Roe,  
Who betrayed her on her Wedding Night  
Left her standing, a humiliating sight,  
She just stood there feint and giddy  
Calling after her beloved Kiddy.

Well time reneged on its deal  
Her emotional wounds did not heal,  
With bitter memories sown and grown  
Come to malice she was on her own,  
She judged the kind by the man  
And from then on life went down the pan.

#### **14. Crosswords Blues**

Black and white emptiness, boxed in like my Brain  
Cryptic Clues, ecliptic blues, causing Mental pain,  
Lateralism beyond my grasp, well outside my range  
Yet still I'll sit and ponder it, isn't that real strange?

Sometimes though I'll solve a Clue, get an answer right  
But generally though venerably I seem to lose the fight,  
I'll sit and stare for Hours looking for a breakthrough  
Though all in vain for, for all my pain I haven't got a clue.

### **15. The Dagger in my Heart**

They say that Love is blind, well its deaf as well  
Everybody warned me yet I condemned myself to hell,  
The endless void of emptiness where your Heart should be  
I thought that I could fill it, oh how foolish me.

I thought that you would change, guess it was my vanity  
I'm guessing that this Love thing took away my sanity,  
For all I saw was good, perceptions were love painted  
Those Demons that you carried I took them to be Sainted.

The illness that possessed your Mind I thought that I could cure  
I'm afraid this Love inside me made my judgement poor,  
For all I got was aching, my Heart found constant pain  
You sapped my Self Esteem, my Spirit you did drain.

You took away my joy, replaced it with who knows  
For all I had was emptiness, what should have been your Rose,  
All I had was sorrow, frustration and despair  
Knowing deep inside my Heart you would never care.

What keeps me in these chains of misery and woe?  
What is it that holds me when I want to go?  
What is this that binds me to this emotional hell  
With some misguided hope that things would work out well?

I've looked into my Soul, searching high and low  
If you ever find the answer please just let me know.

## **16. Heart Beats**

When the Wolf Man howls through the chill of Night  
And the darkness echoed to enhance the fright,  
When the threat of death is on your Door  
And you run on instinct nothing more,  
Be still my Heart.

When a man comes at you with a loaded Gun  
And behind him is the blinding Sun,  
When you know your judgement must be sound  
As you are on the final round,  
Be still my Heart.

When you're swinging on the high Trapeze  
And you sense your Partner is about to Sneeze,  
When you look down there's no place to go  
Just a one way war gravity your foe,  
Be still my Heart.

When you sit and gaze lovingly  
And I can feel its intensity,  
When your actions drive me to one Knee  
When I want you to be part of me,  
Be still my Heart.

When I'm lying forward cramped in pain  
Like a Bear has hugged me half insane,  
When I try to talk through gasping breath  
Knowing that I am close to death,  
Still be my Heart.

### **17. Let's Hear it For the Buoys**

Let's hear it for those true wise men  
Who define ideas with the Pen,  
Who make the knowledge come to ground  
With definition clear and sound.

Let's hear it for the Poetess  
Who hides her words in fancy dress,  
Whose insight goes through every portal  
With understanding more than mortal.

Let's hear it for those men of steel  
Who protect our Country and bring to heel,  
Our Enemies and those who harm  
Our peaceful ways through their alarm.

Let's hear it for the Pub Landlord  
Who serves his Fare with sweet accord,  
Who listened too with concerned Ear  
As you spill your problems and your Beer.

Let's hear it for our Football Team  
Our Saturday Milk not quite the Cream,  
They seem to think victory a sin  
Could they at least try and win.

Let's hear it for all of the above  
(Hopefully give the Albion a shove,)  
May they always lift our Spirits high  
And fill our emotions when we are dry.

## **18. Sorry**

I'm sorry, so sorry.  
I'm sorry how I talk to you  
I'm sorry what I've put you through,  
I'm sorry for the things I do  
I'm sorry that I leave you blue,  
Sorry.

I'm sorry, so sorry.  
I'm sorry that I'm quick to blame  
I'm sorry that I like to shame,  
I'm sorry I put out your flame  
I'm sorry for the odd Mind game,  
Sorry.

I'm sorry, so sorry.  
I'm sorry for the emotional drain  
I'm sorry for the mental pain,  
I'm sorry that I've become your bane  
I'm sorry that I try to reign,  
Sorry.

I'm sorry, so sorry.  
I'm sorry for my selfish ways  
I'm sorry for my glory daze,  
I'm sorry for my deluded haze  
I'm sorry for my wandering gaze,  
Forgive me.

### **19. Let Basking Lizards Lie**

I was born under a Mountain, my Mother was a Song  
My Father just a memory, we did not get along,  
My Brother was a Billy Goat my Sister a Great Bear  
My Grandfather was the shining Sun high up in the Air.

I was created for a purpose that is yet unseen  
I was brought up in the darkness to ignorance I am keen,  
I was raised in uncertainty heightened by my fear  
I never sort compassion nor did I shed a Tear.

I was suckled on Nectar from a Honey Bee  
I lapped up Ambrosia on my Mother's Knee,  
I was raised like a Lion though not by his Pride  
I was brutally beaten till my Childhood died.

I was thrown in the Daylight, dazzled and confused  
Looking for sustenance though it was refused,  
No quarter given just a need to eat  
I do not see Siblings but rivals for Meat.

You often might see me, for I have to bask  
I'm afraid my Heating System is an arduous task,  
Don't think me vulnerable, that's a bad mistake  
Don't come to close, it's a bad move to make.

You know my upbringing and my pedigree  
You know all there is so please leave me be,  
Now I know curiosity sometimes is flattery  
But not at the moment I'm charging my battery.

## **20. Twinkle**

In the farthest corner  
Of the glint in your Eye  
Save a space for me.

Don't become a Mourner  
Just look up to the Sky  
For that is where I'll be.

I'll be the Light  
That lifts up your senses  
And leaves a joyous sigh.

Love is my might  
I have no pretences  
Just let me reflect in your Eye.

## **21.Sweet Dreams**

The darkness came again last Night  
And caught me in my Sleep,  
With vicious flights of emptiness  
And stench too foul to speak.

With cold, so cold frigidity  
That froze my very Soul,  
That took away my confidence  
Lost in the darkest hole.  
Sweet Dreams.

## **22. The Wind**

The Wind was strong again last Night  
It took down Fences with its might,  
Ridge Tiles too, lay on the floor  
Smashed to pieces, whole no more.

Yes in its wake it left devastation  
Financial Bills to the Neighbours frustration,  
But not to me just a knowing smirk  
Knowing that I'll soon have work.

### **23. Fast Food**

God save me from that fast food with its morish taste  
It tempts me into gluttony and settles round my waist,  
I just cannot resist it it drives my taste buds wild  
Yes when I have it in my hands I feel just like a child.

It seemed to come from nowhere and it took over very fast  
With a myriad of choices and I mean truly vast,  
It was cheap and cheerful and I didn't have to cook  
It didn't take that long before the saucepan I forsook.

I started to get quite idle, lethargic you could say  
And I put on weight, I couldn't keep obesity at bay,  
My arteries got clogged up I found it difficult to walk  
But anyway my burgers here we'll have to end this talk.

#### **24. Rambling**

Yesterday when I was walking  
I was just continually talking,  
Though I was not consorting  
For all company I was baulking.

Some might think I'm rambling  
But I prefer to call it gambolling,  
Through thought and notion ambling  
Whilst cheeping like a Brambling.

## **25. The Smack Head**

There sits the Smack-head alone in his Flat  
He thinks he's invincible, what about that,  
A devious Creature, psychologically flawed  
Yet he thinks he is clever, well I'm over-awed.

Needle in Hand and then in his Arm  
He seeks inspiration to do others harm,  
A retarded Child enslaved to the brown  
Thinks he's the Ring Master not just a Clown.

There sits the Smack-head in the dead of Night  
The darkness his Friend, his hopeless plight,  
His Friends are all dead just like his Brain  
Fallen to Heroin, their life and their drain.

He thinks he's immune, well no, not really  
He can't lose its grip, it holds him so dearly,  
Its sapped his Will Power and left him Soulless  
Ambitions in life yeah right, he is goalless.

There sits the Smack-head alone in his shame  
No Friends, no Family, no one to blame,  
A sad pathetic man, tortured and twisted  
Living in memories, forgotten, drug misted.

He doesn't feel pain, he hasn't the sense  
He just drifts through life with no recompense,  
He doesn't want sympathy he'll just think you meek  
So shed no tear, he'll be dead by next week.

## **26.Mental Illness**

So this mental illness it seems to be everywhere  
I'm afraid with modern living it really isn't rare,  
Schizophrenia is all the rage and to it many fall  
Then as it gets stronger suicide makes a call.

Here's something I found out and this might cause a riot  
When you're diagnosed with it they tell you to keep it quiet,  
Do not tell anyone, make sure that it's not known  
So you end up isolated and have to deal with it alone.

Sure you get medication but it rarely does any good  
It hardly stops the voices as they say it should,  
And I'm afraid that therapy is too much of a cost  
It seems that from the very start most of you are lost.

## **27. Mental Illness Too**

Back to mental illness Society's biggest scourge  
And maybe how it works if you have the urge,  
It's like demonic possession if that will help the fight  
For the voices prefer darkness and do not like the light.

They like to keep you isolated and under their control  
For when it's only you and them they can take a dominant role  
They can tell you anything and it goes straight in your mind  
And with no one there to contradict you follow them blind.

They feed of negativity and from it they get stronger  
They'll make your life a living hell just to live much longer,  
Until it gets to the stage that with you they can not bide  
And then I'm afraid that they want out and that means suicide.

## **28. The Wannabe**

She sits there in reflected light  
No talent herself she isn't that bright,  
Sad I suppose but I guess it's her choice  
No personality and with it no Voice.

A pretty Picture well who knows for sure  
Under her make up a crushing bore,  
Behind the mask an inane fool  
Who hangs with the Divvies thinking it cool.

She sits there alone in her Mind  
Looking for depth, something she can't find,  
Ideas too, don't come her way  
Come to creation she has little to say.

“Emotional Beef, der what is that  
Is it something that I feed to my Cat?  
Well it is Meat I guess it must be  
Oh my Head hurts, where is the Dictionary?”

She sits there alone in a Crowd  
Conversations all round, to her though a Shroud,  
She just nods her Head and says “Ha, ha”  
When in reality she's hearing “Blah, blah.”

To all that do know her it's easy to see  
Past her disguise, a pathetic wannabe,  
Think this is cruel, well yes I concede  
Though she won't notice, she probably can't read.

## 29. Signs

'Topics for discussion' it said on the Door  
So I entered in not knowing the score,  
To talk about Chocolate was what I thought  
Yes come to stupidity I'm truly caught.

'Wet Paint's another that gets me each time  
It's even induced me to commit a crime,  
Well not just one it happened with frequency  
Surprising the Fine for Public Indecency.

'Turn Left' as well. I don't want to be told  
What Political Views that I should uphold,  
I'm not a Tory don't get me wrong  
But dictation like that is a little too strong.

And that 'Stop' sign, that's not to my taste  
Standing around like I've time to waste,  
It's been 3 Days and I've not moved a foot  
I'm getting impatient and causing a rut.

Yes come to Sign reading I'm at a loss  
I don't even know the Sign of the Cross,  
I seem to discern Signs the wrong way  
And misunderstand the thinks that they say.

My Lateral Mind takes things as Literal  
And leaves me stranded, it's almost a ritual,  
To the Meat of the Message I'm but a Vegan  
One thing's for sure I will not make a Pagan.

### **30. Jezebel**

Jezebel, oh Jezebel  
To taste your Wares I'd go to Hell,  
I'd walk through Fire just to smell  
Your fragrant Hair and exquisite Shell,  
I'd suffer torment in a dank grey Cell  
And face the wrath Candle, Book and Bell,  
For I am truly under your Spell  
You foul dark Creature Jezebel.

Jezebel, oh Jezebel  
You have my Heart, my Soul as well,  
You took my Senses, they quickly fell  
To lurid passion, in which you excel,  
My sense of reason you did quell  
My imagination you did compel,  
My very being I would gladly sell  
To the thought of you foul Jezebel.

Jezebel, oh Jezebel  
You have the power for desire to swell,  
Your very touch ignites to tell  
That I am nothing, an empty Well,  
The sensual force that you impel  
Has took me over, my death knell,  
No longer am I Pete Burnell  
Because of you Sweet Jezebel.

### **31. Some Girls I never knew**

Well first there's Henrietta  
She was a real go getter,  
Forgot how I first met her  
But when she went I let her,

Then I think was Suzie  
Now she really was a floozy,  
She used to send me woozy  
When we played in the Jacuzzi.

Then of course there's Jane  
Now she really wasn't plain,  
But she had a callous vein  
And liked to give me pain.

Not forgetting Rita  
No Kisses were more sweeter,  
I used to love to meet her  
Until I found she was a cheater.

Finally there's Daisy  
She would drive me crazy,  
Her thoughts were always hazy  
And in action she was lazy.

These are the Girls my love outgrew  
After the hell they put me through,  
Beat me emotionally Black and Blue  
These are some Girls I never knew.

### **32. Cheer Up (for God's Sake)**

My life is over since you've gone  
Memories are just tears,  
The flame of joy that once burned  
Snuffed out by my fears.

That zest for life once in my grasp  
Has all but gone away,  
All I hold now is solitude  
Loneliness moulds my Day.

My Heart shattered and scattered  
Carved up in my Mind,  
Searching hopefully for some solace  
But in despair I'm searching blind.

No comfort in the darkness  
Just desolation pains,  
No end to all this starkness  
No chance of making gains.

Oh yes to woe and misery I still hold the cup  
It's either Church or Suicide; oh I wish I could cheer up.

### **33. The Hangover**

Woke up this morning with an aching head  
Took me 10 minutes just to leave the bed,  
Had a grim foreboding about the day ahead  
'Never again,' a thought came in, one I often said.

So why would I do this I wouldn't call it pleasure  
Surely there's a better way to spending time of leisure,  
I don't get any benefit, well none that you can measure  
And with its huge expense it soon absorbs my treasure.

I vowed that I would give it up, that would be my quest  
Though I knew I never would as it was too much of a test,  
Many times I've said it but it's always come out best  
Yes I'm truly under this most tenacious pest.

### **34. The Dawning**

The twi-light of the Dawning  
Dim lit the spartan Room,  
And gave the darkness warning  
Of its impending doom.

The darkness took to shadow  
To hide itself away,  
But it was just a death throe  
As Night had had its day.

### **35. Happiness.....**

A fleeting moment of content  
A glancing glimpse of merriment,  
Surely it can't be a State of Mind.

An uplifting, a joyful burst  
A temporary quenching of a thirst,  
Though not enough to take away the bind.

A climax of mental ecstasy  
A vanquished second of misery,  
No more than 10 minutes you will find.

A playful burst from a mirthful jet  
Or even just a Cigar from Hamlet,  
Now thank you for your time you're really kind.

### **36. A Well Lubricated Nut**

The most dangerous part of a Motorcar is the Nut that holds the Wheel  
I found that to my cost once these Legs had lost their feel,  
He just came out of nowhere, high on Alcohol  
Didn't even see me yet launched me like a Bull.

I still hold the memories; they haunt me in my Sleep  
I yet wake up in terror under their heavy keep,  
Flying through the Air down a leafy Country Lane  
And only waking up just before the pain.

Though I need no memories as the pains with in my Head  
It's my only bit of company in this sterile Hospital Bed,  
Every little movement and it comes straight to the fore  
Tearing at my senses and causing sweat to pour.

Leaving me quite breathless, gasping out for life  
Quite ironic really as death would end this strife,  
I know one Day I'll be strong enough to bare this heavy Cross  
But no, not at the moment, it's too much of a loss.

No my life is hell, I have a broken back  
Just through some Drunk Drivers concentration lack.

### **37. Flower Power**

Won't you come with me through the Buttercups and Bluebells  
And see those Dandelions resplendent in their Manes,  
Walk in company with the Flowers and their Dew smells  
The sweetness of the springtime those Daffodil Candy Canes.

Those humble little Daisies stand there in a cluster  
Conversing with the Wind as it gently passes by,  
The great Hyacinths with the beauty they can muster  
Fighting for the attention of a passing Butterfly.

Yes I like to walk in the vivid World of Flora  
Nature's majestic beauty growing in the ground,  
Leave my cares at home and immerse in the aura  
And take in all the goodness, there's a lot around.

### **38. A Recipe for Disaster**

I had a Chicken Tarka; it's like a Tikka only Otter  
Followed by some Naam Bread, I used it as a blotter,  
Three Pints of Lager just to wash it down  
Mixed liberally with Whiskey, I was on the Town.

Then I dropped a Tablet, I think it was an 'E'  
I wasn't really sure though, dyslexic you see,  
Had a few more Lagers, getting quite a taste  
With some high brand Cigarettes for my Lungs to baste.

Twenty Minutes later saw me at a dance  
Doing the Travolta, my Mind was on romance,  
Sweating like a Papist and didn't it just pour  
Though I didn't notice, I just topped up more.

Over in the corner some Carcass got my Eye  
Well not being funny I was pretty Fly,  
Sidled over quickly but no Wedding booked  
For the Night's ingredients had just been cooked.

Instead of down on one Knee waiting for the nod  
I was down on both Knees calling out for God.

### **39. The Angel of Death**

Old Ma Kelly lived on her own  
She never had company nor even a Phone,  
She lived like a Hermit with no Money to save  
Her only real purpose was tending a Grave,  
It was that of her Husband her only real love  
Now she had no one except the Good Lord above.

Her Children now grown up had long fledged the Nest  
And as for their Mother she was seen as a pest,  
Their lives were too busy and already planned  
There was no place for distraction and its costly demand,  
So Ma Kelly found solitude and something to fear  
Her future was bleak there was nothing to cheer.

Her health too was ailing, she should beware  
For if she couldn't manage she'd end up in Care,  
She had heard about Care Homes and it filled her with dread  
And desire to join one she would rather be dead,  
She cursed her old Body as she sat in her Chair  
And then cursed her life, it was so unfair.

Outside in the darkness she was not alone  
A Predator lurked there its intentions unknown,  
As it watched old Ma Kelly she was unaware  
She never saw danger only despair.

#### **40. What Could Have Been**

He sits alone remembering what could have been  
If only he had had the courage to make life less obscene,  
The opportunities, chances missed, that had plagued his life  
His constant need for Alcohol to cope with any strife.

He could have been a Shaker, a Mover or a Player  
But he lacked the Heart of a Dragon Slayer,  
He could have been somebody, the Party's Life and Soul  
Instead he just plays Solitaire, loneliness his goal.

He could have been what should have been  
And would have been if his fear wasn't keen.

**41. The Whole That was my Heart**

A darkened Cavern on a Stormy Night  
A wall of silence devoid of Light,  
A stagnant odour, a rancid smell  
A place of solitude, an emotional hell,  
The darkest darkness, you know the blackest part  
That was the whole that was my Heart.

**42. Women You Can't Live with Them .....Yep**

Nice name for a Title, pretty controversial  
But imagine for a moment a little role reversal,  
Instead of here to read, why not here to write  
Can you justify the Title without a stereotype?

Think that it is easy, well maybe that is true  
I don't know myself so I'll leave it up to you,  
I would like to see it done if it's to your taste  
For the simple reason it's too good a Title to waste.

Well now I've said my piece I have time to kill  
And with Four Verses left that's a lot of Blood to spill,  
So I thought I'd use these lines to cut through all the hype  
And get down to the core, what is a stereotype?

Many times I've heard the term, usually on T.V.  
And though it comes in many forms what does it mean to me,  
Quite a complex question worthy of some thought  
See you in the next verse if attention's caught.

What is a stereotype, right down to the core?  
Trivia aside, I mean I want the answer pure,  
Cut through all perceptions there only is one answer  
One line left to go then the Final Stanza.

So the stereotype then that point I'll now address  
It's a Metal Plate in the Printing Process,  
Cast from set up Type you could say a Template  
So tell me why this thing should inspire so much hate?

### **43. Women.....Yep**

The little Spider tapped the Web  
What thoughts were going through his Head?  
As he moved towards his destination  
A dangerous act of procreation.

Thoughts of impending ecstasy  
Or more of caution because he could see,  
That though he might have found a Mate  
Death could join him on their date.

The little Spider tapped again  
The restlessness he could not feign,  
His appetite it needed sating  
All his desire quenched through mating.

The Primal Urge that had brought him here  
Was so strong it could quell his fear,  
His need to seed to carry his kind  
Was the only purpose in his Mind.

The little Spider found frustration  
Could it be she's in gestation?  
All the fear and his utmost care  
Didn't matter she wasn't there.

So he turned away from death  
And I'm sure he muttered under breath,  
Though I might not quite have grasped the Lingo  
“Oh 'eck I think she's still at bingo”

(Sorry about last line I know it's a stereotype but I couldn't resist it)

#### **44. The Gigolo**

I'm 6'2" which you might construe  
Is the Height of Romance,  
With vibrancy and fluidity  
I could lead you on a dance.

I can guarantee when you're with me  
We'll light up the Floor,  
When we dance as one under the setting Sun  
A whisper, nothing more.

When you sit with me in good company  
Conversations never crude,  
I will stimulate, educate  
And per chance enhance your Mood.

I will invigorate, exaltate  
I have the power that flatters,  
Yes when you're with me you will see  
You're the one that matters.

Sure you have to pay but in a way  
It's really not a crime,  
There's nothing lost, it's worth the cost  
To be made to feel divine.

It isn't sordid it should be lauded  
A Service to Mankind,  
For I bring bliss and happiness  
To those that cannot find.

#### **45. Guinevere**

She glides with the grace of an elegant Swan  
One stolen glance and my Heart it was won,  
One stolen glance was all that it took  
For my Heart to fall victim and forsake its nook.

Yes when I saw sweet Guinevere  
She trivialised all I held dear,  
A goddess in the land of time  
A supernatural being divine.

She speaks with the voice of a Thousand Caresses  
In the softness of a Million Silk Dresses,  
Her warm dulcet tones hold me to her  
With the strongest of chains yet up most of care.

Yes when I heard sweet Guinevere  
She seemed to vanquish all my fear,  
She soothed my clumsy restless Mind  
In a tone so strong yet so refined.

She holds herself like a goddess incarnate  
In an aura so subtle with pure resonate,  
Such marvel, such beauty, such strength in her pose  
My Heart lost its Thorn and threw her a Rose.

Sweet Guinevere to you I hold dear  
You light my passion and subdue my fear,  
You are desire to my aching Heart  
You are my reason, my sensual start.

She comes to me in the cold light of Day  
Her Spirit absorbs me then throws me away,  
To her I was nothing, a minor distraction  
I was the one with the fatal attraction.

Sweet Guinevere don't shed a tear  
For though I'm not with you I'm pretty near,  
Without your love my life I can't face  
Now underground is my resting place.

#### **46. Time Travelling**

The Years are flying by but that I guess you know  
Remember when we were younger didn't it go slow?  
So what is it I wonder, are we nearer to the Sun  
The Global Warming they talk off, is it just a lie that's spun?

Is it really heating up because the Sun's Rays are much stronger  
We're getting closer to the source so our orbit is less longer?  
Yes come to lateral thinking that one gets the cup  
Did time go slower on your Grandfather's clock, the one I'm winding up?

Time does go quicker when it's not the structured kind  
Time you see in passing is just a State of Mind,  
A watched Pot never boils would be a good example  
A shallow one perhaps, merely just a sample.

But it shows a variance to illustrate the case  
And promote the Theory time has a complex face,  
No, structure gives it purpose, a boiling Cup of Tea  
So why does time go slow then, I would say impatiency.

Back to when you were younger, you were still at School  
Every Year was different, the Syllabus the rule,  
Your purpose was to learn, your Mind was in full growth  
Time was put to purpose (well except if you had Sloth).

On leaving Education though the Mind might get defiant  
For the next Milestone it must reach is its own Retirement,  
It just switches off, concentration lacks  
Then time comes into play and with speed it attacks.

**47. Sunday Done Day (the Pressure Cooker Released)**

Sunday Afternoon with my Mates  
Getting into altered states,  
Restless Mind I must be bored  
Conversation untoward,  
Mind expanding not so terse  
So now I open up this verse.

Well there I was in the middle of a Wolf Pack  
All wild and single and no holding back,  
Yet I was a Dog, domesticated and tame  
My Live In Partner, it's her that I blame,  
But as I listened into their conversation  
I thought reality has gone on vacation.

Debating which Sugar Babe was the best looker?  
No not at all, a Pressure Cooker,  
Sure they over stressed the Swear Word as compensation  
But listening in it was no exaggeration,  
I think that I cringed, not visibly  
Surely this Sunday was not meant to be.

#### **48. The Banks of Despair**

On the Banks of Despair my Heart lies there  
By the Sea of Misery for that is all I see,  
The Island of Sorrow is my home tomorrow  
If only I get through, this sea the darkest blue.

On the Waves of Misery is how I cross the Sea  
With emotions so strong they help me float along,  
Constant annoyancy is my only buoyancy  
And heartfelt dejection my only direction.

On the Banks of Despair you left my Heart there  
When love lost its say and you took your Heart away,  
Wrenched from my being and thrown from my seeing  
But I will cross the Sea till my Heart belongs to me.

#### **49. Conversations with Ghosts**

Hello, how are you?  
(What do you care?)  
I thought as I was passing through  
(No don't you dare.)

I might just drop in for a while  
(No you'd better not,)  
Just to see how you are feeling  
(Like you care a lot.)

Now I know we've had our differences  
(That's to say the least,)  
But these things want sorting  
(Don't make this Meal a feast.)

My T.V. For a start  
(Oh God, not again,)  
And then of course the Hi Fi system  
(Save me from this pain.)

Now I know we don't get on  
(Picture already signed,)  
And so save a lot of trouble  
(You're so bloody kind.)

I'm bringing Dave with me  
(Not that bleeding Nutter,)  
I hope that you don't mind  
(Melted well that butter.)

Well anyway things to do  
(Like I really care,)  
I'll see you at 2.30  
Okay (I will not be there.)

(A one way Telephone Call from an ex claiming back her life)

## **50. Swan Song**

A Virgin's Tear, a brutal smear upon the Land  
Deprived of goodness a greedy Heart makes its demands,  
Balance lost, the shallow cost of foolish Pride  
The purity we once held dear has all but died.

Arrogance now moulds our thoughts and taints our being  
Misery is all around but we're not seeing,  
Self Centredness is our redress to the reality of truth  
Common sense no recompense, it's too aloof.

Trivial pursuit once a game is now our Grail  
The Higher Truths our passage home has long set sail,  
Understanding long since lost in histories pages  
Ignorance has blinded us to the Wisdom of the Ages.

We've lost our way, the Path of Light, what a crime  
And ultimately we've made our lives a waste of time.

### **51. The Chicken and the Frog**

I went into the Library the other Day just to have a look  
And whilst I was there browsing a Chicken asked for a Book,  
Quite a surprising event but here's the funny thing  
It was given one which it put under its Wing.

The Chicken waddled out but before 5 minutes through  
It returned with "Book, book" and ended up with Two,  
Come the Third occasion with Three Books under Wing  
I decided to follow, curiosity was the thing.

Well he took me to this Field in which there was a Pond  
On the edge there was a Frog and they must have got along,  
For the Chicken passed the Tomes saying "Book" each time he fed it  
The Frog just looked at them and to each one just said "Reddit."

## 52. String

I was in the Pub the other Day serving a drink as was my way  
When a Piece of String came in,  
Well curiosity must have been my buzz for I asked it what it was  
Which I guess it thought the gravest sin.

“I am a Piece of String; it ain't no real big thing  
Now do I get a drink?  
It's really no big deal; you don't need to make a Meal  
There really is no need to raise a stink.”

Well I could not refuse so I served the Cord some booze  
And carried on behind the Bar,  
Then in a case of Deja vu, well not one it was actually Two  
I had 3 Pieces of String having a Jar.

Well a Fourth one came in and I guess he was not of Kin  
For it was a manky thing,  
By now though I was wise, curiosity would not rise  
I said “You're a Piece of String.”

Well it looked straight at the ground, no answer first was found  
It seemed to shuffle round a bit,  
Then it said in a little Voice, forced though not by choice  
“No sir, I'm a Frayed Knot.”

### **53. Yer my Best Mate**

Johnny Walker was a talker; well that's what I found  
When I'm with him he creates a din, a most unholy sound,  
Obnoxious too before he was through I'd get into a fight  
But in the end he is a Friend so every thing's alright.

When we first met I was a boy and yet I thought I was a man  
I'd drank before, you know the score, straight out of the Can,  
The Village Green was our scene, where we used to meet  
Then he turned up and took the Cup, he could not be beat.

I've stuck with him thick and thin he's never steered me wrong  
And though often rude sometimes in a mood we generally got along,  
Sometimes he'd flare but I didn't care after all he was a Mate  
Yes we were Friends and to those ends I could tolerate.

#### **54. All of the Above**

Have you ever seen a Snowman whose Nose was not a Carrot?

Have you ever seen a Pirate that actually had a Parrot?

Have you ever seen a Dove?

Have you ever known a Police man that actually had the time?

Have you ever met a Poet that never had a rhyme?

Have you ever been in Love?

Have you ever crossed a Zebra and got a bloody Nose?

Have you ever found a Centipede and trod on all its Toes?

Have you ever felt that shove?

Have you ever scanned a pointless List?

Have you ever pondered on something missed?

Have you answered all of the above?

### **55. The Auld Romantic**

When Mills and Boon turned to Pills at Noon my Head renounced romance  
With a dodgy Knee my only company, no longer could I dance,  
Now the only Rose is my ruddy Nose, Cupid's Arrow is a Lance  
As I sit and stare in my new Wheelchair no emotions left to chance.

But with in my Heart there is a spark, a stirring of new life  
And though it's low it's soon to grow with memories of my Wife,  
How we used to Court how we never fought, neither liking strife  
And that fateful Day when she said OK and we shared the Wedding Knife.

Yes within my Heart we will never part she's still here with me  
When I look around and Love is found she is all I see,  
When I'm feeling low and my pain won't go it's she that sets me free  
Yes the Head was wrong now my Heart is strong she's my reality.

## **56. My Cat**

I looked into an open Grave which soon a cherished Friend would save,  
My Cat.

My Mind drifts back to the good old Days when we used to play in a joyful haze,  
My Cat.

How he'd run and jump without a care, how he'd greet me with a loving purr,  
My Cat.

How he'd sit contently on my Knee almost like he was part of me,  
My Cat.

How he used to scratch, how he used to bite, how he'd always stay out every Night,  
My Cat.

How he used to defecate the House and occasionally leave a butchered Mouse,  
My Cat.

How he...ah what's the point it's not like he was Kin  
Forget about the empty Grave I've got an empty Bin,  
Sod that.

**57. And God Created Eve**

Her playful Eyes flicker with my Heart  
And tease my Senses tearing them apart,  
Her silken Hair falls around her Face  
Soft sheened in Gold though only just a trace.

Her laughter lifts and takes my Spirit high  
Her kisses tingle and leave a heartfelt sigh,  
She is all Woman my Senses don't deceive  
For I see her in me and God created Eve.

**58. And Adam and Eve just Created**

“Stand back Eve, it's your safest bet  
I don't quite know how big this will get,  
All this is new to me.  
I don't quite know what is going in  
This is a recent phenomenon,  
How will this help me wee?”

Well Eve looked at Adam with intent  
And her Face did gladden with content,  
It reminded her of the Snake.  
So she sidled up seductively  
And she straddled him erotically,  
With the Apple gone it now was time for Cake.

### **59. Mental Illness Free**

Now finally with mental illness this might help you a bit  
If you recognise it in its early stages you can deal with it,  
I'm not taking about the illness but actually the cause  
The situation that brought it on so its evolution will pause.

The first thing you might notice is unhappiness in yourself  
you're reluctant to leave your bed even though your in good health  
As the situation deteriorates panic attacks might come to light  
and you may take to drugs or alcohol to aid you in your fight.

Further deterioration sees panic attacks much stronger  
and maybe paranoia too as you're thinking straight no longer,  
Deteriorate some more and the paranoia comes out best  
And it's around about that time that the voices manifest.

## **60. Apathy**

I am writing a Poem about apathy  
And I think that it is contagious,  
For I'm afraid the words won't come to me  
They find the effort too outrageous.

### **61. The Wise Hedgehog**

Cedric of a Thousand Points called forth all the Kin  
He had some wisdom to impart that hopefully would sink in,  
It wasn't just the mundane kind, roll into a ball  
No this little gem of his could have saved them all.

It concerned the Two Eyed Monster that took out most his kind  
And how you could be safe from it, quite an unusual find,  
He had tried it many times and it took away his fright  
Now he had no fear as he walked about at Night.

“Just stand there and face it, you won't come to harm  
Do not fear the noise; it's there to cause alarm,  
Right between the Eyes is the safest bet  
I've done it many times and I've not been hurt as yet.”

No one would believe him, what else could he say  
He would have to prove it, sort of lead the way,  
So he walked into the Road with grim determination  
Hoping some would join him but he got frustration.

So he stood there on his own, solid and defiant  
It was just a shame that the next Car was a Robin Reliant.

## **62. Mental Illness, A Cure?**

So Mental Illness here's some help in your fight  
First thing to do it to bring it to light,  
Maybe with others who are suffering the same  
Then you know you're not alone nor are you to blame.

Next thing to do then is to strengthen your Will  
for it gets diminished when you're Mentally Ill,  
Write about how you got into this mess  
And it should give you the strength to make some redress.

Perhaps do some reading of the Esoteric kind  
for that is a good way to strengthen your mind,  
And Mantras too can help in your case  
by purging the negativity that is the Voices' base.

So then these Mantras where to begin  
There's seven of them each one a Sin,  
Pride, anger, envy you know the score  
The rest you can look up if you want to know more.

You surrender each Sin to the Great Divine  
so instead of negativity the light will then shine,  
Then to finish it off and go for the kill  
just say 'to do with as thy will.'

When you say them you'll get some resistance  
but with strength of mind and your persistence  
In the battle of Wills they will become weak  
and by the time you have finished they will become meek.

**I surrender my (sin) to the Great Divine to do with as thy will.**

### **63. Universal Flaws**

People talk in Spiritual Terms as if it was Au-fait  
But do they truly understand what they actually say,  
They spout out about things Mind, Body and Soul  
It's just New Age Psychology in a different role.

They throw in Spiritual Terms to try and uphold the Cause  
Just knowing the Effect, what about Spiritual Laws?  
Sure they'll talk of Karma but see it more from fear  
What about its bounty, it's there to give you cheer.

Fate too is another word, situations through the Stars  
But come to understanding, they're still restrained by Mars,  
Find your Inner Child they say, it won't guide you wrong  
Through it you'll find Inner Peace to help you get along.

Go out there and find yourself, that's another one  
Then you'll truly know Thy Self but is this just a con?  
They think that they're enlightened and in a way they are  
It's just that the Light they have will not take them far.

They think the Universe works for them when it's not the way  
All that gives is Spiritual ruin, oh and Soul decay,  
The arrogance of Man it seems has no limitation  
It sees the Spiritual World and creates an imitation.

One that is so far removed it will never come to Earth  
It will never truly understand it and miss out on rebirth,  
No Humility's the key for a oneness with all kinds  
Yet they'll see it as a weakness for inferior minds.

Sure they'll get Material Reward for the Universe is all giving  
But they won't get Peace of Mind, just the stress of living.

#### **64. The Voice of Reason**

I've lived before, a Thousand Times, no doubt I'll live again  
I see this life for what it is and that takes away my pain,  
I've never craved Material Things it goes against my taste  
In the pursuit of happiness they are just a waste.

Shallow satisfaction that leaves you wanting more  
You forget the Big Picture, what is it all for,  
No keep your greed and all that stress that seems to go with it  
That's not my way; it has no say so from it I will flit.

I'm not Self Righteous, don't get me wrong that is not my way  
No it's peace I want; immune from stress, Avarice has no say,  
To get this peace, well I believe is live a balanced life  
When luxury becomes necessity surely that gives strife.

Your perceptions they get tainted, your wants become your needs  
You Envy others what they have you have a Race of Greeds,  
Surely that's not Peace of Mind; it's heading for a fall  
Your evolution as a Being stops after a stall.

A wasted life to put it bluntly that is what you'll find  
Really not the basis for a true well balanced Mind,  
You forsake the Higher Truths, the Purpose of your Being  
The clues are all around; it's just that you're not seeing.

Materialism blinds you to the truth of Spiritual Bliss  
So the chance of Immortality is a chance you're going to miss,  
That's right Immortality, truly Peace of Mind  
A life without the worries that I call the Mortal Bind.

The choice is yours for I'm afraid it actually is a choice  
Materialism or Immortality, which one has your Voice?

### **65. Speechless**

How can I describe your beauty when its took my breath away  
How can I define your elegance, its more than man can say?  
Your charm transcends anything that I articulate  
I could never do it justice, not at any rate.

To even try in truth would be a waste of time  
No, much more than that, it would be a natural crime,  
For when you were created Nature found perfection  
Flawless in your being, Love without defection.

Purity divine beyond my understanding  
Sublime loveliness with no chance of landing.

## **66. The Restless Mind**

Meandering thoughts, myriad points  
All interlinked with tenuous joints,  
Rapid procession, no natural progression  
Instead of advancement I just find regression.

No static illusion, no logical conclusion  
No Peace of Mind just rational confusion,  
Abstract concepts with no definition  
Floating through time with no recognition.

No contemplation just mental frustration  
Come to enhancement I just find stagnation,  
Fleeting allusion with outside intrusion  
I think of achievement but it's just delusion.

Inspiration a bind perceptions not kind  
No insight to find with this restless Mind.

### **67. Reality**

From the Light of a Thousand Smiles  
To the darkness of my being,  
From the joy of Poetic Styles  
To the sadness of my seeing.

From the depths of a Hundred Hearts  
To the height of mediocrity,  
From the bliss of our virtuous parts  
To the Mortal Sin of Gluttony.

From the echo of my Childhood days  
To the memories that still hold,  
From the illusion of reality's haze  
To the drink that makes me bold.

You may travel many thought forms only to find  
That ultimately reality is just a State of Mind.

### **68. A Mammoth Task**

Og and Ug left the Cave in a Philosophical mood  
For having killed a Mammoth there was no urge for Food,  
Their Mind could dwell on other things, how things came to be  
They were looking for expansion, past reality.

Now in their quest for knowledge they were pretty raw  
They knew of life and death but in truth nothing more,  
Up until just recently they were hunting smaller Prey  
So that meant time was short, they were hunting every Day.

Now though with the Mammoth time was on their side  
So Philosophical Concepts, they could open wide,  
Why is Water wet, why does Fire burn  
As you can imagine they had a lot to learn.

Why is the air changeable, it goes from hot to cold?  
Yes it is amazing when curiosity takes a hold,  
Many, many questions but answers they were few  
They would be wise men by the time they were through.

Not though at the moment they were starting out  
So they left the Cave to see what was about,  
Now usually with Philosophy the questions start with why  
But they did not know that as they looked up to the Sky.

They were looking at the Sun; they knew it to be hot  
That was all they knew so the question was a what,  
It was Og that asked the question as the Sunset neared  
Quite a little poser so Ug scratched his Beard.

He watched it for awhile as it set behind the Hills  
Though for all his pondering all he got was ill,  
“Well as to what it is, I'm afraid I'm unaware  
But see behind them Hills there must be Thousands there.”

### **69. The Writer's Lament**

I have the Pen that ignites a Hundred Dreams  
I have the Pen that excites a Thousand Screams,  
I could take you to a World of your own making  
With Characters so close to life, too deep for faking,  
I could take you from the heights of joy to the depths of sorrow  
Plough through your emotions effortlessly with the deepest Furrow,  
Yet no one is listening.

I could give you the insight to the World around you  
You'd be erudite in Nature before I'm through,  
I could make an imaginative Picture of your locality  
With such vividness that it is reality,  
I could Baptise you with the heat of Creative Fire  
With words so melodious, a Mental Lyre,  
Yet no one's at the Christening.

So why it is my words have lost their favour  
What has caused the taste to lose its flavour?  
My Books lie dormant on the Shelf  
No Audience where once there was a wealth,  
Have I lost my touch and became too twee  
Or is it that you can watch it on T.V.  
Well I'm done with glistening.

## 70. Gone but Not Forgotten

My Mind it sometimes wanders to events of long ago  
When I was but a Child with so much time to grow,  
I would sit and listen for Hours to my Mother's Song  
And sometimes if the mood was right I would sing along.

“I'm a Rambler, I'm a Gambler  
I'm a long way from home,  
So if you don't like me then leave me alone,  
I'll eat when I'm hungry and I'll drink when I'm dry  
And if the Moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die.”

Sure now there were other Songs all of an Irish vent  
It reminded her of home, the place her Childhood spent,  
But that was the one that I remember most  
It seemed to stick with me as through the Years I'd coast.

Now as the Years moved on my Mother's health just failed  
To have to watch this happen well my Heart just ailed,  
The feeling of helplessness that the scene evoked  
Even to this Day my memories still choked.

Well the final outcome, I think that you have guessed  
I stood there full of grief as they laid her down to rest,  
The only strength I had was the Song she gave  
So I stood through Tear Stained Eyes and sang it to her Grave.

“I'm a Rambler, I'm a Gambler  
I'm a long way from home,  
So if you don't like me then leave me alone,  
I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry  
And if the Moonshine don't kill me I'll live till I die.”

### **71. The Dance of Death**

They circle around in a dance to the death  
Each one a Predator with quickened breath,  
Both to the left, then to the right  
Looking for weakness to finish the fight.

Weapons are ready coiled for attack  
No chance of a truce, no going back,  
One will taste victory, the other defeat  
One will see triumph and live to eat.

One edges forward on the attack  
The other keeps check and slightly falls back,  
One feigns a thrust the other a parry  
Then quick to the right, no chance to tarry.

A lightning strike, off target wide  
Back to position, next chance to bide,  
No quarter asked, no quarter given  
Each in pursuit, each deadly striven.

The dance it continues, motion intense  
Both in attack yet both in defence,  
A battle of wills, which one is stronger  
With the speed of one plunge the battle's no longer.

The dance it is finished, a victim was found  
There motionless it lies on the ground,  
Where once was life now it's let loose  
The scorpion is dead long live the mongoose.

## **72.Kissing**

In my life there's something missing  
It seems I'm never kissing,  
My affection doesn't want to come to ground.

I have often asked me why  
Is it because I'm too shy,  
Because that's the only answer I have found.

Now I'm sure that it goes deeper  
For shyness is not my keeper,  
Maybe something from my dark and hidden past.

But as to what its cause  
Well I'm afraid I'll have to pause,  
For to me the mould is well and truly cast.

Could it be lack of affection?  
My Mind tends to that direction,  
My Parents I remember were quite cold.

Maybe it left me in a muddle  
For I never had a cuddle,  
And maybe this aloofness took a hold.

Now please don't get me wrong  
You see we really had a bond,  
It's just that Love to them was a different way.

They gave me understanding  
In a World that's too demanding,  
Which I'll be honest gave my Mind a stronger say.

Now they say that by your knowing  
Your Mind excels in growing,  
And so hopefully my Mind is now at peace.

If that truly is the way  
Then all I've got to say,  
Is that my lack of affection will now cease.

### **73.Napper O'Grady**

Napper O' Grady had an Eye for the Lady  
And an outlook on life that some would call shady,  
A bit of a Dealer and sometimes a Stealer  
One thing about his he wasn't a Squealer.

A Second Hand Car you would not drive far  
Something would go wrong and your Day it would mar,  
A dodgy Green Suit, all Whistle no Flute  
It might look the part but the Stitching's a hoot.

Yes Napper could sell and do it quite well  
His words over powered the Rats that you smell,  
A Natural Gift through your Pockets he'd shift  
And if he was lucky its bulge he would shift.

With buying too, you wouldn't have a clue  
You'd think it a favour before he was through,  
The man could sign read and assess your need  
And believe me he made any Stone bleed.

A Builder by trade and sometimes he played  
Though often the game was stopped or delayed,  
For Napper my Idol was pretty idle  
On hearing a deal off he would sidle.

So here I stand on my Piece of Land  
Where a Conservatory once had been planned,  
No Napper around, the Job gone to ground  
Yes come to Napper my logic is not sound.

#### 74. Reality Bites

The Cat looked at the Mouse and sneered with disdain  
Before sinking its Teeth and giving more pain,  
The Mouse squealed in fear for it knew the cost  
No chances of leniency its life was now lost,  
It looked at the Cat and just asked it why  
Why was it that it had to die?  
A pertinent question and not one that's rude  
For the Mouse knew for a fact that it wasn't for Food.

It had seen its dead Friends with their bodies intact  
And although badly mauled they still were exact,  
The Cat looked at the Mouse and it deigned to speak  
“So in your death throes its answers you seek,”  
It sank in its Teeth thus increasing the grip  
And tossed back its Head so the Mouse had to flip,  
It hit it mid air with Paw open handed  
And caught it again before it had landed.

It dropped it floor bound, it was going nowhere  
And answered the question, it was only fair,  
“I could pontificate but at the end of the Day  
I am the Predator and you are the Prey,  
That's what it is; it's just Nature's Law  
I was created to give you what for.”

“I hear what you're saying but it's just deceit  
For Natural Law says that I you must eat,  
You don't kill me for Food, nothing of the sort  
You seem to perceive it as some sort of Sport,  
So tell me the truth as I'm waiting to die  
Give me an answer, please tell me why.”

“I kill because I can, you wanted the truth  
There, now you have it, it's not that aloof,  
I can't rationalise it, it defies understanding  
Even to try just seems demanding,  
Instinct maybe, hell I don't care  
You're starting to bore me, I'll end the despair.”

The Cat killed the Mouse; its life was now done  
Strange when you think it had actually won,  
For intellectually speaking it carried the Day  
It left the Cat flustered with nothing to say,  
But life's not like that for Reality's a Thief  
And the size of your booty is the size of your Teeth.

### **75. Life-A Metaphor For**

Life to me is a lonely existence in my Prison Cell  
Death would be a welcome release though I fear to go to Hell,  
The Mental Bars that hold me seem unbreakable  
And though it's not a Physical thing to me they are unshakable.

Life to me is a Battery always on full charge  
I like to taste it at full flow, go out and live it large,  
Yes it's there for living if you have the Bottle  
To treat it like a Motorcycle and ride it at full throttle.

Life to me is a fragrant Rose just beyond my clasp  
It disappears and reappears so I can never grasp,  
A whole spectrum of colours but in the end they're blue  
So Dreams are best forgotten, disappointment nothing new.

Life's to me is an Open Book thrown upon the ground  
Smudged with Soil its legibility isn't very sound,  
Each time I try and read it I end up in defeat  
A victim of Earthly Things and with it their deceit.

Life to me is a bitch; well that's what they say  
As it is ambiguous I look at it my way,  
It's the Icing on the Cake if you know how to cook it  
Basically become a Dog and then go out and #####it.

Life you see is a Metaphor though it's not for life  
It changes with the Mood you're in and degree of strife,  
To some it is a ticking Bomb but I do digress  
Anyway where has time gone I must get back to stress?

## 76. The Taxi Driver

I am a Taxi Driver and Night Time is my Day  
I pick up Drunks and Lary Punks high on Mind decay,  
I've seen the sordid side of life that I won't deny  
Tragic lives and misery, enough to make you cry.

I could tell you many Stories, enough to write a Book  
Though judging by the Audience some are best forsook,  
So instead I'll give you insight into the effect of drink  
And hopefully if I tell it right you might stop and think.

Now I am not a preaching man nor will I patronise  
And I also know to most effects that all of you are wise,  
But here's a little pearl that I've bet you've never seen  
One with realisation will make you not do keen.

It concerns the drinks influence upon your memory  
And how it alters confidence effecting how you see,  
You might think you understood drink that is not the case  
I'm afraid that come to judgement you're barely at first base.

Consciousness is a mixture of thought and memory  
It's quite a finally balanced piece of machinery,  
Mixing it with Alcohol is like watering the Oil  
It hampers your performance; your body control will soil.

It nulls your reflex action, you forget to steer  
It taints your Natural Instinct; you lose your rational fear,  
Basically it blocks you from your Instinctive Side  
It actually makes you vulnerable, a fact that you can't hide

### **77. Alone in a Crowd**

Here I stand alone in a Crowd  
Conversations all round but to me just a Shroud,  
Think that I'm lonely, it would seem to fit  
But like Da Vinci's last supper I'm aloof from it.

Everyone is talking in groups or one to one  
Want a lesson in Psychology this one should be fun,  
As I sit and listen, hear what they have to say  
My Mind goes a little deeper, insight comes to play.

I don't listen to the words that would be banality  
No what I tend to do is to gauge the groups mentality,  
I could talk of Alpha Males and mutual respect  
And the lesser mortals they seem to neglect.

I could talk about the dominance that comes into play  
And how they vie for precedence to have the greatest say,  
I could talk about the pecking order and their inter action  
And designate Labels to a professional satisfaction.

I could mention all of that and perhaps a little more  
But it's been done to death; I would be just a bore,  
So to make a change I'll try something new instead  
Find what stitches the Labels, you know the Common Thread.

Yes there actually is one; I'm not one to deceive  
It's the fear of judgement, it you can believe,  
All of the participants from the Lion to the Mouse  
Harbour the same fear it's sort of in house.

Not wanting to sound foolish they're careful what they say  
Because to them a loss of Face is a heavy price to pay,  
So forsaking the Heart they speak from the Head  
Depth of conversation, the chance of that is dead.

Yes come to listening, my mental skills are honed  
I guess it is my fault, I shouldn't go there stoned.

**78. State of Kind**

Through Angry word no solace found  
Through selfishness no common ground,  
For the sake of peace we like to go to war.

Through strength of arm, diplomacy  
Through the threat of harm, democracy,  
For injustice the pledge on which we swore.

Through Self Pity vengeance caught  
Yes through hurt Pride revenge is taught,  
For Peace of Mind it has to know the score.

Through recognition that's the key  
We are all Friends, there's no Enemy,  
It's just our state of mind that has a flaw.

## **79. The Arsonist**

**1** The fire flickers in my Eyes, a reflection of destruction  
That seems to beckon it to me, the Mistress of seduction,  
It holds me tightly in its gaze and leaves me in a trance  
As I stand there all senses held enchanted by its dance,  
Oh what marvel to my Mind, what magic you unfold?  
When I can be with Heat like yours what need have I for cold.

### **Chorus**

Just give me a match and I'll change the World, I am the Arsonist  
I'll purge the old and bring in the new with a flick of the wrist,  
Just give me a chance and watch me sow the seeds of mass destruction  
Then when I'm done I will move on and leave you the job of construction.

**2** I guess it started when I was young, naive and free from blame  
A burning Candle was my spur; I was enchanted by its flame,  
I tried to touch it, hold it tight and found out to my cost  
That fire burns; it causes pain, though its enchantment was not lost,  
No in fact it made it worse, I was excited by the danger  
From then on I made the vow that fire would not be a stranger.

**3** As I grew older though my exploits got more daring  
The fire needed feeding and I was more than raring,  
Derelict Houses, Garden Sheds they all soon fell to flame  
And I moved on to bigger things, what need have I for shame,  
One Day though it will take me for it's a hard Task Master  
My aged Legs have lost their strength and the fire it moves faster.

## 80. The Curse

Paddy O' Shea lived down our way  
Give him a drink he had plenty to say,  
Down at his local loud and vocal  
Attention to him was always quite focal.

Conversation unfit? Not even a bit  
He was considered by all as some what a Wit,  
The man was a Poet and didn't he know it  
Yes come to Verse he just seemed to flow it.

I remember one day, I think back in May  
He'd been out on the Town and drinking all Day,  
No more the swagger the man was a Blagger  
The best he could manage no more than a stagger.

Yet still with the verse abrupt and terse  
His Voice slurred heavily as he uttered a Curse,  
To some Taxi Driver, a Ducker and Diver  
Who Paddy was convinced had stolen a Fiver.

Well time became past, it never does last  
I'd forgotten completely the Curse had been cast,  
Till I read a Story, resurrected with glory  
About a man who had died in an accident gory.

A Moral Tale, its message won't pale  
Don't Curse in Verse it will never fail,  
The Powers that Be, their Language you see  
So to make a Curse work that is the Key

## **81. A Chequered History**

Cheques in the Post  
Check the Pig Roast,  
Check out that walk  
Czech, how they talk

Check, is it mate?  
Check, you're too late,  
Check on a Dress  
Check, to repress.

Check out, the Till  
Check up, Health Bill,  
Check, to restrain  
Check, hamper gain.

Check is it ready?  
Check are you steady?  
Check can we go?  
Check, stop it grow.

Check an advance  
Checkers Twist dance,  
Check out, The End  
Goodbye my Friend.

**82.Life's a Bitch (But I'm a dog so I say F##k it)**

I live in a world where truth is a crime  
And lies just repeated time after time,  
Where people use anger to get what they want  
And love is no more, it drowned at the font.

Where cruelty is normal, it's every day life  
No more contentment we just get strife,  
Fear is our captor and didn't it do well  
It turned our world into a living hell.

They have us enslaved to poverty  
No time for leisure for you and me,  
Life is just toil to make others rich  
Guess that's enough of my hate fueled bitch.

### **83. The Golden Egg**

Story Time with a rhyme  
Concerning little Pixie's crime,  
Mother's Goose now is loose  
The naughty Fairy cut the Noose.

Flapping round, what a sound  
Feathers flying all around,  
Damage done, no peace is won  
The giant Goose is on the run.

Fairy Queen is getting mean  
Looking at this frantic scene,  
What a mess, with no redress  
But little Pixie can't care less.

Laughing choke, to her a joke  
Watching as the things get broke,  
Tears run, guilt there's none  
Everything to hers just fun.

Goose meanwhile used its guile  
Took to the air with such great style,  
Tragedy, it hit a Tree  
It and life parts company.

Goose is dead Queen sees Red  
Smacks little Pixie round the Head.  
Pixie begs quickly legs  
Her mum will miss those Golden Eggs.

Strange Story, a little gory  
Looking for its hidden glory?  
Take to ground something profound  
Don't look here as it won't be found.

#### **84. Grow Up**

My Partner's Daughter is like a Snail  
Where ever she goes she leaves a trail,  
Discarded Books half empty Cups  
I'm afraid she sips instead of sups.

Her dirty Clothes strewn all around  
Then she wonders why nothing's found,  
I've never met such a wayward Child  
Seriously she drives me wild.

My Partner's Daughter is thoughtless too  
Come to Others she has no clue,  
She'll want to shift and need a Lift  
No notice given, you get the drift.

Yes I'm afraid that little Flower  
Always calls during Rush Hour,  
Oh how I pity her poor Mam  
For ever stuck in a Traffic Jam.

My Partner's Daughter's quite a cost  
With her bad memory things get lost,  
Mobile Phones, her Mother moans  
Then Sunday Morning Car Boot combs.

Yes life with her is a constant strive  
You wouldn't think she was 25,  
Yet come to life she's but a pup  
Oh how I wish that she'd grow up.

### **85. Kayley the Gnome**

I have a Gnome called Kayley and we will never part  
Though he has a nasty habit, he just loves to Fart,  
It's sort of a defence mechanism to keep People at bay  
If you come too close to him he will rip away,  
Now it doesn't smell, please don't get me wrong  
But as a shock value it is pretty strong.

Yes he is a Tyrant, with him there is no messing  
He even holds his Hands out like it was a blessing,  
You think that he's benign, there's nothing to be feared  
He looks a bit like Santa Claus with his long white Beard,  
But that is just a trap to lure you to his Heart  
Once he has you in his grasp he'll loose a giant Fart.

Many he's caught out with his innocent air  
From the young to the old they all fall to his flair,  
He doesn't discriminate, equality is his way  
Yes come too close and everyone will pay,  
Sometimes I do worry though, he might cause great harm  
Someone could have a Heart Attack with his false alarm.

Many Years I've had him through the heat and cold  
And there's truth in what they say, he never grows old,  
But I have noticed that time has made him dour  
He's lost his joy of life; he's lost his trumping power,  
I will not forsake him though and sent him to a Cattery  
No instead I think I'll invest in a new Battery.

## **86. Lost Horizons**

Where the Sea blends into the Sky  
There you will find me,  
In Medusa's loveless Eyes  
There I will be.

From the Pipes once held by Pan  
I am the melody,  
To the mysteries of life  
I am the key.

Yea though you walk with death  
I am beside you,  
Yea though you talk with breath  
I am inside you.

Yea though you look for me  
I can't abide you,  
Yea though you search the Sea  
I have defied you.

Whenever you call my name  
I will ignore you,  
Whenever you fall to shame  
I will abhor you.

Whenever you look for blame  
I will explore you,  
Whenever you search for fame  
I will deplore you.

### **87. Obsession**

Say my name once again  
Take away my pain,  
Show me that you care for me  
So this life is not a bane.

Let me hear your velvet tones  
Caressing sweet my Ears,  
Let me know you're still with me  
Alleviate my fears.

Once you used to have my name  
Through our married vow,  
Once you used to hold my flame  
That was then not now.

Love seems to have lost its way  
Where did it go wrong?  
How I yearn for times gone past  
When our love was strong.

Though you never wear my ring  
You're still part of me,  
And though you've left my Heart unlocked  
You still hold the key.

Though my love lies on the edge  
I could never fall,  
For I sit here by the Phone  
Just waiting for your Call.

### **88. Distraction**

My Mind drifts onto the noble Rose  
With the fragrance of the Spring,  
The slenderness, the tenderness  
Of a Butterfly's Wing.

What marvel, what majesty  
Perfection is the thing,  
Truly Mother Nature's Prize  
It wears her Wedding Ring.

How often do I contemplate  
On its pure untainted form,  
A model of completeness  
That transcends the norm.

Fragile in its nature  
Subtle, uniform,  
And yet it has an inner strength  
To weather any Storm.

How often do my thoughts dwell  
On the things I've said,  
I find it quite distraction  
My concentration bled.

I'm trying to write this Poem  
But chance of that is dead,  
God this bleeding Flower  
Just will not leave my Head.

### **89. Sunday, Fun-Day**

There I was sitting in the Pub  
Smashed and mashed now here's the little rub,  
Though my Mind's coherent, as clear as a Bell  
I found co-ordination had gone to hell.

I knew I had to go whilst my Mind was winning  
For if I left it any longer my Head would soon be spinning,  
No Common Sense dictated leave and pretty quick  
I couldn't cope with the embarrassment of ending up Sick.

So I edged towards the Door looking for my chance  
Knowing that my walk would be more like a dance,  
I did not want attention I could not live it down  
I didn't want the knowledge out I was a drunken Clown.

I grabbed hold of the Chair and with a push got up  
Vowing that in future times a little less I'd sup,  
Keeping to the Wall I crept towards my goal  
Pretending I was Sober, quite a difficult role.

I'm guessing People noticed but by then I didn't care  
I saw the Doorway and I was nearly there,  
Just a few more Feet and I'd be out the place  
Dignity intact, without a loss of face.

Just a few more Feet but it was open ground  
Nothing to hold onto and co-ordination unsound,  
So I put my hand against the Wall, gave myself a push  
Heading to the Door and I was in a rush.

Still an open channel and not far to go  
Just another Foot and then came the bitter blow,  
The Door you see it opened and it came at quite a cost  
The shock to the system, well my balance it was lost.

My Legs just went beneath me and I fell to the Floor  
I remember Peels of Laughter and then nothing more.

## **90. Confusion**

As I sit here and dwell on life  
I'm under no illusion,  
People judge on trivial things  
And this leads me to confusion.

Is there a point to this?  
Is it just an Ego transfusion?  
Or is it a little more sinister  
A case of Mass delusion.

They may wrap it up in fancy words  
Psychology comes to play,  
They may condescend and to that end  
Think they've got their way.

They may prevaricate till their Hearts content  
And think that it's okay,  
But in the end it's a waste of time  
I'll wait to Judgement Day.

No to hear them going on  
Fair keeps me amused,  
The Flowery Words and Butterfly Stings  
They think I'm being abused.

Nothing new ever comes from them  
It been already used,  
I'll leave them to their own delusion  
I'm never that confused.

### **91. The Poet's Prayer**

Long may substance overcome flair  
So when we look there's something there,  
And when we listen to the Poet's rhyme  
We know it's not a waste of time.

Long may depth fill our verse  
And take away our mortal curse,  
May we never fall to mental vanity  
Forsaking truth and with it sanity.

Long may suffering have its place  
For life's experience has a varied face,  
May we never fall to material delusion  
And be tempted by conceptual confusion.

Long may insight rule our World  
And wisdom too, once its unfurled,  
May we always walk in the light of Day  
And ne'er crave darkness through Mind decay.

Long may purpose bless our being  
And bring clarity to what we're seeing,  
May our life become a lucid Dream  
And our verse flow freely without a seam.

Long may understanding be our aim  
May we strive to grasp the eternal flame,  
May we lose preconception with its rigidity  
And achieve perfection with its fluidity.

## 92. Derry City

Well I went up to Derry City  
A fair Colleen I hoped to find,  
On hearing that they all were pretty  
And the Streets were Maiden bound.

I brought with me a Pot of Money  
My one intention to impress,  
And to show no motive funny  
I even donned my Gentleman's Dress.

Well I must have looked a real Picture  
Walking round with Watch in Hand,  
Shame it wasn't a permanent picture  
Relieved from me by Thieves demand.

They also took my Walking Cane  
And the Money Belt I owned,  
And the Cloak that sheltered Rain  
Even though it was only loaned.

Well I gave to them without resistance  
It wasn't like I had a choice,  
Then I ran to seek assistance  
Hoping to hear a friendly Voice.

I came across a burly Scuffer  
Who excelled in flagrancy,  
Thinking I was just a bluffer  
He had me up for Vagrancy.

### **93. Use Your Imagination**

My Father used to say to me when I was a Boy  
“Sorry Son, times are hard, we can't afford that Toy,”  
Sometimes it would bother me and I would find frustration  
But generally I took it well and used Imagination.

Yes Imagination as a Tool brought me loads of fun  
See that Stick upon the Floor, to me it was a Gun,  
It all so worked with role play, I could be anyone  
A Cowboy or a Soldier, without Uniform to don.

Now as time passed by I grew into a Teen  
Circumstances never changed, they still were pretty mean,  
Struggle brought me character, I was never materialistic  
Let's be honest, come to life, you have to be realistic.

No I took to reading, mainly because it was free  
It was only just a short walk to the Library,  
I learned of different Worlds, it filled me with elation  
To occupy my Mind, lost in another's creation.

Time passed by once more and life was still a fight  
I evolved some more and from reading I did write,  
Folk Tales and Fairy Tales, Mythologies by the score  
I was creating my own Worlds, who could ask for more.

I found piece of mind, my imagination had a use  
It now was creative so lost its destructive abuse,  
Yes your Imagination is quite a Mental Tool  
Don't ever neglect it; you'll become a lethargic fool.

#### **94. The Nightmare**

Do you sweat, do you scream,  
When you wake up from a dream?  
Do you gasp short of breath?  
A near miss with death.

Are you restless excited?  
Imagination ignited,  
Do you find things unkind?  
That pester your Mind.

Are you negative bound?  
With no comfort found,  
Do you only see pain?  
With nothing to gain.

Do the Demons at Night  
Torture through fright,  
Do you pray for the day?  
For the fear to allay.

Do you fringe Self Despair?  
Though not quite get there,  
Do you dread to go back?  
And so Sleep do lack.

Do you crave for the end?  
To this torment I've penned,  
Well just answer please  
And lay off the Cheese.

### **95. The Drifter**

My Mind it gets so restless if I hang around too long  
I need to travel all the time; it's a pull too strong,  
Guess it is my destiny, no place to rest my Head  
When the Stars become my Blanket what need I for a Bed?

Yes I am a Nomad though I do not have a Tribe  
It's just its in my nature to roam the Countryside,  
At one with the World, at one with myself  
Surely I'm the sane one, well balanced Mental Health.

Once we were all Nomads, many Years ago  
We understood our World for it paid to know,  
The life skills that we once had, have now all but died  
But those day things were different, the World was opened wide.

We knew what we could eat and where it could be found  
We could make a Dwelling Place with things lying around,  
We could read the Skies, know the Climate it could bring  
Yes we knew our World, survival was our thing.

Nowadays things are different we think we're above it all  
And yet we have short memories, how often do we fall,  
Cataclysmic Disasters, to us they are a mystery  
But they are well known, remembered in prehistory.

Should one ever happen we have lost our hope  
With our limited knowledge how are we to cope?  
Imagine for a moment if your Electricity was cut  
What will you do for Food when the Super-Markets shut?

## 96. The Memory Key

Intelligence, the ability to be  
Imagination, the Mind's ability to see,  
Which of these hold the key?  
When it comes to creativity.

A strange question at first thought  
When you utilise what you've been taught,  
But things aren't quite as they purport  
So sit awhile and we'll consort.

I would like to dwell on Poetry  
The medium that sets your Spirit free,  
You'd think imagination held the key  
And you'd be right it was meant to be.

Though nowadays some Poetry isn't pure  
It knocks sharply on the intellect's door,  
With Poetic Comparisons by the score  
Yes it seems to dwell on the Metaphor.

In olden days, I mean long ago  
Before the Pen when you had to know,  
They used the verse for Story flow  
And to aid your memory and help it grow.

It sounds simplistic, well I suppose  
But this should keep you on your Toes,  
You see with verse experience shows  
Its recall is much more than Prose.

Poetry though has another side  
One which some of you'll deride,  
One which now I'll open wide  
If it's pure the Creative Spirit can bide.

You see Poetry when it's pure  
Promotes Creative Growth nothing more,  
From its wholesome vial a Spiritual pour  
Don't spice it up, it's more effective raw.

### **97. Just Doing my Thing**

Sometimes I like to rest awhile and let the World pass by  
I like to try and answer questions that generally start with why,  
It sort of gives me peace of mind and hopefully I'll grow  
For when it come to Imaginative Thought, well you never know.

I sit awhile and wonder about the World beyond  
To try and light the darkness and who knows get strong,  
It's not a permanent picture; I'm not a mad recluse  
It just that sometimes I need to stray from his World obtuse.

Sometimes I like to lounge around just watching T.V.  
I find it pretty stimulating dependent what you see,  
Nature Programmes generally but also Worldly things  
Oh and mad Comedy, to me there's many kings.

I could sit and watch for Hours, growing, passing time  
Or depending on my mood watch a gritty Crime,  
I'm not a Telly Addict though please don't get me wrong  
But a mild diversion helps me get along.

Sometimes I crave companionship, a sharing of Minds  
Stimulating conversation and maybe hidden finds,  
I could sit and talk for Hours if the conversations good  
If it's caught your imagination anyone would.

Busy doing nothing, I guess People might say  
Though I tend to see things in a more constructive way,  
There's a World of Knowledge in which I am the king  
I yearn for understanding because that is my thing.

**98. T Hee**

John Litten was a friend of mine  
He liked to play around,  
Often on the Course  
Was he to be found.

He was always chasing Birds  
Eagles, Albatross,  
And often at the Swingers Club  
Would their paths cross.

He told me once come down  
Though I'd never played before,  
I would have a real good time  
And who knows maybe score.

At first I was reluctant  
Perhaps a little shy,  
But eventually I succumbed  
And kissed my Wife good bye.

Well the place was full of Holes  
That seemed to want filling,  
And though my aim was bad  
I was more than willing.

I don't think I'll go back though  
I much prefer my Bowls,  
Besides there's too much walking  
Just for 18 Holes.

### **99. Mumble me**

Windy City, nasty ditty  
About how I came to grief,  
Heavy Rain once again  
Is there no relief.

Coming home, end of roam  
Just been to the Pub,  
Had a drink, well Two I think  
I'd only a small sub,

Pretty sober, been on Cobra  
Taste to me like.....  
Better not, might get shot  
Besides they call it lite.

So walking briskly might risky  
But I was getting wet,  
Couldn't see in front of me  
Head down, safest bet.

Normally speaking no solace seeking  
I would have been okay,  
But the Wind took what's binned  
And just threw it away.

Some stale Bread hit my Head  
And though it didn't hurt,  
Made me wonder, something stronger  
I was on alert.

Looking round, nothing found  
Yes I was distracted,  
Didn't see in front of me  
A Lamp Post had refracted.

Hit full bore, on the Floor  
Head hurting like hell,  
Mustn't grumble, only mumble  
But with that you can tell.

**100. Envy**

I see what I want to see  
I do not see what belongs to me,  
My whole perceptions are based on you  
The things you have and the things you do.

In my Mind you are always better  
I'm the slob and you're the go-getter,  
Here's something and this is true  
I don't like me, I want to be you.

**101. Life Smiles**

When life gives you shit  
Turn it into manure,  
Then grow from it  
And it won't happen any more.

When life becomes a bitch  
And you wish you had forsook it,  
It's just a temporary glitch  
So become a Dog say "Fuck it."

Life is a Cucumber  
Don't take this as farce,  
For if it's not in your Hands  
Someone will shove it up your arse.

Life is a State of Mind  
And to some it is no joke,  
So I apologise for this verse  
And the fun I poke.