

Horrible Hums

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In the beginning

Dear Inspiration

Wondering how you reveal yourself, hungry like a child that can't wait to eat but greedily needs to write NOW... NOW... NOW...in the most unlikely and inconvenient moments. You fill me with meandering sentences untouched by the left brains language of grammar and full stops. You plague me until I give way and pick up the pen and blank sheet. Words fall like an unstoppered waterfall from the cliffs of my mind.

Lying in the bath exposed in body and mind I muse that finally my Moon in Gemini will come into itself and I will write and write for myself if no-one else, for it is like giving birth, inevitable after the initial pulsing. No, I will no longer abort myself.

I am haunted in the gentlest possible way by webs, reminders in my home as they waft across ceilings like those gossamer drapes I glance at in dentists waiting room magazines, good housekeeping for "distressed" mothers. I am in fashion at last!

My name rises to haunt me and I float in the centre of my own web, misshapen at the edges if indeed the edges are defined at all, and tread carefully along the dream threads I have woven to bring me to this particular centre, this particular moment in time.

I took a thread and linked along to the husks of people who have influenced and gifted me, sometimes painfully to bring me to this second. I see my mother and all her work and all her pain trapped inside her quiet body - full of giant strength. She painted her stories on canvas and even then dismissed them as worthless. And now they grace many walls with their colour and beauty.

I have also been blessed with a dear friend; a great healer now passed over. She used to breathe deeply in her healing and feel ice cold and darkness "can't you see it feel it?" - No, not me, I was wafting around, sliding down rainbows into pots of gold.

And my father, storyteller extraordinary -what fantasies wandered down his romantic mind. And what pain did they cause. All these memories and gifts bring me here talking to my muse as I wallow amongst the bubbles in my lazy self, no calls of 'Mummy' for a few minutes at least.....

So welcome to these word patterns that drift across pages, take what is useful and ignore the rest and let your creative muse peep out...these are just an example of writing for yourself and enjoying the experience!

Women's stuff

Now I am 48

I still kick the leaves in autumn
even tho' I am 48

I still weep at the sight of birds
sweeping across the water
even tho I am 48 -I do

I still skip hand in hand down the lane with my reluctant son
to embarrass his youth
even tho I'm 48 - I do

Yes - despite and even tho' the softer sweeter pace of maturity
has shortened my tolerance elastic
whilst wrapping me in its slower embrace
and gifting me with occasional moments of wisdom
quickly forgotten in this earthly race

I still see the absurdities of life sweep thro'
childlike and giggling
even tho I'm 48 - Yes I do.

Do you?



Ode to the wandering womb

Adrift in a sea of internal organs
My womb wanders in search of a new purpose
children come to manhood
as she seeks wisdom from new friends
calling on Kid Ney
lying fickle with Lun G
gossiping with Gall B' Laddeur
to no avail
no reason new, no hope of children
or even that familiar ebb and flow
haphazardly haltering this year past
sadly she makes her way thro' the invisible gateway
the imaginary healed hymen
of my born again virginity
to gaze out on the world
she startles into old fears this overseer of the body,
where normally reigns an orderly community - a hierarchy of organs and tissue
strict in its law that all have their place and role
to function comfortably for the whole
and in is in and out is out
and all should know their place
no wrinkled cervix of Norah Batty proportions
will rule here for long
As for myself supposed holder of the wider perspective
the captain of this ship Penelope
with newly won crone's power
which nevertheless can still not persuade this mutinous womb to obey
no matter what
standing on my head
making pictures in my mind
still that fertile frustrated fibrous child
which weighs me down with past patterns
in vain attempt to follow lost children to the light
insists upon coming to birth
thus ending its age old purpose
allowing the valleys of age to run across my features
disguising my youth
maybe its simply time for that which has fulfilled its purpose
to let go
so that I may welcome the next stage
and with a more or less grace
relax into mellower times of autumn.



Sunflower in Winter

The robin perched on the sunflower
An unlikely event riven with truth
November latens and the miracle flower begins to droop
after its joyous struggle to survive its season
The damp and frost of winter
finally and inexorably draw it to a close
just as I watch my mother's soul
withdrawing the sap of her spirit.
Shrivelling her body like a husk
and yet the brilliant colours shine through
as her skin becomes transparent.
Parts of her we had never seen appear
as she kicks her sweet child legs
accepting courageously in moments of lucidity
as the metallic leaves she had kept to protect that fragile self
finally open to that other sun
made from silver light in which she bathes at night
tentatively dipping her soul's toe into familiar water
then returning to us with the dawn.
The robin's magical message is written in the falling leaves
the greyness of winter is a poor reflection of her inner moonlight
One day soon she will be ready to let go
and the pull of that luminescence
will become irresistible and we will gladly weep
at the privilege of this time
we spent
in the simple things
and the space for love.



My Body

Don't tell me that the moon
does not pull my restless body
each day
each month
swelling and bloating
ebbing and flowing
Don't tell me you scientists
smiling smugly with your research papers
counting this and that
and making four and a half
when we all know the answer is
42

I live here in my body
which bleeds for your children
as my heart does for mine
who you send
whither and whence
to fight and kill
for your silliness
your greed
your power
Don't tell me until
you've walked
worked
wept
and rejoiced a mile or two
in my body



Nuclear experiments

Do you tremble Mother
as they explode their obscenities deep in your body
where those sweet honey juices lie
that pulse in your veins
to your Great Heart

Or.....

Do you smile wisely
and wait
for what will be
your growth
and final fertility

or.....

Are you too like me
trembling and weeping for their pain
Yet somewhere else
wise...

And strong...

And patient....?



Breaking the waters

You were reluctant
even at the beginning
to be born
Can it all be blamed on my child bearing hips
that warm comfy darkness of my womb
your lack of ambition
to take that first step
away from your room in the nest I have woven?
Those invisible mysterious threads
still feed the parasite that is the embryo
still hold sway over the mother
ruling that deepest of instincts to feed
to protect
First child, second born
you must break free
to be what you may be
And there hope lies - wakening and stretching lazily now
raising a sleepy eyebrow.
For your strength and kindness
will flourish, moistened by humour
with confidence, ignited by work
“Love made visible”
And you will shine in your Leonine glory
so others may bask in your warmth.
Trust the process and the Benevolent Greater Knowing, my son
Walk your path with strength and humility
Re-membering your Self
And you will be a man indeed!



Wondering?

Do you ever wonder my child. . . .now a woman
About me?
Curiosity triggered by occasions?
Indifference?
Or hatred?
I wonder often. . . specially on occasions
If you are happy
Loved
And loving?
I wonder what you look like
If I have ever walked past you or unknowingly
After all these years
Missing you by a breath
Your awakening into womanhood
Your struggles
Your search for your Self
Do you know how young I was
How afraid?
“It’s best for baby” they said.
Do you know that I remember how beautiful you were
The pain of watching your sleeping innocence
Of handing you over, a tiny soft bundle
Too much even now
Each year I have returned
Flickering hopes maybe now news you had come
To search for your blood roots
Even to berate me
Maybe one day softness will touch you
To seek me out with understanding
Till then
I will be content
To wrap you in the light
Whose children we all are
One
In the end
I will wish you well on your own journey
In love.



Love and other foolishness

Angel's Kiss

Dawn mist on my window
Brings its soft breath on my cheek
Wakening memories
Of long ago
Sweet yearnings
Drift
Dreamlike
Across my mind
Then gone...Again
Before my brain can catch
The image
What a blessing
For that loss might be too hard to bear
As this sweet earth
Loses its hold
On my spirit



Careful

Webs of past dreams
Reach out
Tickling tendrils waken memories
of what could or might have been
Such lightness of touch
deceives me not
I know the depths of pain and pleasure
And even so the temptation
to weave again that sweetest tale
to fill the deepest unspoken need
No more romance----poems----stories
will fool me into believing it is true
pulling the unsuspecting innocent travelling my way for a while
to play the hero's role
created and scripted by me alone
No more illusions fashioned by fear
on the enchanted loom of my mind
Stillness and silence alone
will provide the backdrop and the foreground
of the Greater Story
placing my smaller needs
in per SPECK tive
Ah --- but
could that child within but dance and play again
resurrected by love
what joy!



True Love

Dogs draped languidly
on forbidden furniture
a luxuriating head dangles
at impossible angles
a delicate paw hangs
trembling and twitching
excited by invisible highly coloured scent trails
snuffling and yipping
running after dream chased rabbits
furry faced happiness
reminds us of forgotten delights
delirious and joyous greetings
wagging wafting tails
at the sound of a familiar step
unconditional love.



The Edges

I love the edges of things
The touch of the ocean lapping on the beach
The breath of the wind teasing the surface of the waters
And the sigh of the sun as it melts into the horizon
I love the edges of things
where the marsh stretches interminably
stroking the hills in the distance
which roll lazily reaching into the sea
I love the edges of my body
when the wind kisses my face and dances with my hair
and my skin wallows luxuriously
into my invisible billowing cloak of energy
I love that point where my physical body touches its edge
and I press the air into mysterious shapes
extending
pulling
tracing patterns around myself
sometimes seeing those soft ectoplasmic finger stretching over time and space
touching you with the colours of my dreams
And I wonder how it would be
if the line where my lips touch
ever meets yours
and our edges dissolve
melt
for a moment
I love the edges of things



Ancient Hypu

Two candles
joined at the wick
a moments flame
then split apart



A Little Bit of Twinkle

They have it
Some of them
A bit of twinkle in their eyes
dancing round their mouth
It plays havoc with the knicker elastic!



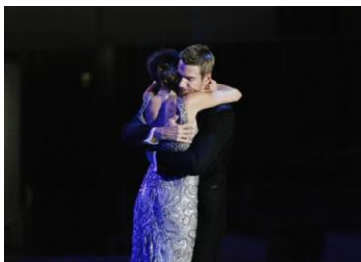
Little Marriages

Bored with celibacy
And a deep drive to entertain
I marry
At will
Fickly
Any unfortunate passer by
Mostly they never know
Though I get a perverse pleasure from occasionally honouring them
With that information
But by then
perhaps and possibly we are divorced
Where is equal opportunities policy now
Is it true I reply that we are multi cultural
And in Islam you can divorce by stating so
Three times makes it true
Thus and therefore
We surely must be able to marry the same way
And
That sacred coniuncto
Drifting like the wind in its whimsy
Unexpectedly and haphazardly
Occurs
And we wander a little along life's path
Married
With no obligations
Except
The celebration of this moment
In joint delight



Never pray for what you want

Spinning on that dark beach as the stars dangled
glittering hope teasing a wish from me
I stopped still
dizzy
hand clasped across my mouth
in case the words
squeezed out between my lips
oozing through my fingers
despite myself
for my thoughts stirred
when you dropped lightly
into my mind
“A perfect day”
and sweet close dancing
how do you know my lack and longing
to move close and breathe the music swaying between two
under the stars
do you know how long since I was held
rocked ? loved ?
Those memories are deep and well buried as fruitless
I thought
Never pray for what you want the small voice called
did the wish nevertheless seep out between my tight fingers
did the thoughts trickle from my eyes
as the birds called across the marshes
echoing my own forgotten aloneness
did my unspoken thoughts
call for you
across the emptiness
between us



Morning Dew

Morning dew lies

on my fertile softness

I wake as if

my body's been with you

dream-time

sweet wanton tears

from the darkest places

for the sun

stays hidden behind trembling clouds

and you, my love

elsewhere!



Did I Dream

And did I dream
I danced for you my love?
Took off the heavy robes
Of my physical body
To stand revealed
In all the ebb and flow
Of my feelings
The colours of my love for you?
I slip those liquid garments
From my shoulders
My thoughts naked now
Twinkling patterns round my Self
Like a million fireflies
Of different shade and hue
And finally here I am
Pure spirit
An explosion in slow motion
Now released from its prison
Of strength and power
Knowledge and love
It is there that I join you
If only I didn't have to take off these veils
To show my Self to you
I wish that it shone more brightly through
The flickering confusion of my other bodies
As yours does my love
Yet you don't seem to mind
And isn't it all
In this game of life
That I should dance for you
And reveal my woman's mysteries
Those sacred tides
That I can neither help nor deny
For I am
In the end
A woman Your woman.



Fire in my Heart

Great flame of spirit
Breath of God
Within which two became one
Twin souls
Two halves of the same shell
Fitted together
Whole at last
Enclosing that secret pearl
Moon spirit
Lying deep in the heart of the fire
broken
Divided for a time
Yet eternally
Coming together
In the infinite dance
Held for a moment
In the Greater Palm
Of the Lord of the Dance
Smiled upon
entwined in love and light
my beloved
fire in my heart



Friendship

Busy bees

An ode on using your neurosis to deepen relationship

I watched
As you busied yourselves
Scurrying magnificently
Amongst my cobwebs
Tidying out years of exhaustion
Ruining in your insensitive and shiny ways
My years stock of gossamer
For the horror film studios
The sun shone radiant
Through my windows
Sparkling with delight now to do their work
To fulfill their deeper purpose
The revelation that I do not live alone
That there is indeed another reality out there
And those carpets
You bravely waded through my shameless rolls of fluff
Ruining in your insensitive and cleanly ways
My entire years stock
Of hair for wigs
for rich and shining pates
Thank-you for your help
And time
And pain
And more than that your lack of superiority
At my filth
And degradation
I will share domestic chores with you
Watching
Making tea
Wandering absently and purposelessly
To help you feel good
And efficient
Whilst I, benevolently and gratefully nod in the sun



Dancing Bird

A spirit laughs and leaps in every limb
It twirls around
and tugs me by the hair **anon**

Dancing Bird reminds us of our courage
takes our breath with her sharp words
cutting sword like through the slop
and fiercesomely defends us
in our defined and bounded need
bares fools only occasionally gladly
and boxes our ears when we forget her friendship

---apparently---

Dance on and delight us
with warrior like strategies
when mothering becomes tiresome to us
and we long for the unencumbered road
dear and rare, raw and unobscure Bird Woman.



Other times

The Fall

When first I fell - twinkling moonlight
captured by the beauty - of Mothers teardrop
I danced in the arms of the wind
Charged with life - excited by lightning flashes
illuminating the ocean below
I tumbled - blown
spiralling higher and higher
to cross the great mountains
Frozen now in my snowflake shape
uniquely patterned - I float and wait
until the season turns - dissolving again
I gaze upon the world - once more
from my watery bubble
as I skip across the rocks - feeling the sunlight
glisten rainbows through my being
with memories long forgotten
of my beginnings
There were times of fear
as I crashed through narrow gorges
battered again and again - upon sharp boulders
exploding in white foam - only to find myself shattered
tumbling - dizzy and breathless
ecstasies of terrifying delight - as I fell down waterfalls
and broke into myriad pieces - only to be gently re-formed
within the depthless lake - as if by some invisible hand
to flow slower now - through the foothills
meandering - growing - learning
from those who use me - to carry them as we travel together
a little way
or quietly tarry - in leafy byways
resting awhile in dappled sunlight
or rippled by soft breezes - which grace me with their gentle wisdom
stroking my soul into momentary wakefulness
and sometimes - surprised by angels
disguised as pain - whose sharp swords hasten me from now stagnant pools
but always, always - the shining path visible only in certain light
pulls me irresistibly - returning my watery being
to that Greater Ocean - which is my source



Hands

Look at those flowing lines
The waves and folds and ridges
Contours of our subtle body
frozen there for all with eyes to see
on the palms of our hands
And - could we see
there would be colours too
every conceivable shade and more
of iridescent tint and hue
merging and shimmering
in light and shade
hinting a unique ethereal beauty
So like our lovely Earth
With Her oceans and tides
watch those currents
massive shifting rivers
within our greater sea
sometimes twisting back upon themselves
coiling like a great dragon
to swallow its own tail
hot versus cold
creates hungry incestuous children
named Mist and Fog
lost in a labyrinth of confusion
And whirlpools
of ancestral memory
that suck us deep with its familial siren song
irresistible patterns
of past waste
of stagnant pools
clogged by the mouldering weeds of inertia and lethargy
a breeding ground for dis-ease

And maybe the Doldrums
paralysing stillness where no breath of spirit blows
where seaweed collects in soggy islands
as we float aimlessly
drifting in this watery desert for years
until some cyclonic force befriends us
spectacular in its destruction
crashing and spinning us



like the tidal wave
Blessed force beyond our puny self
Breaks and shifts the barriers
Clearing the way.
You can see the ridges
Steep sided gorges
Dangerous ravines
And craters on the Moon
Where we teeter
Often ignorant of those precipices
Until we fall again and again
Screaming with fear
Upon the rocks below.
But climb higher and you will see
The greater picture spread below
The psychic landscape
That is you.
From this space look down
Upon the beauty of your smaller earth
And wonder at the gifts and graces
The strange creatures that lurk
In colder places
Hidden -grieving and sometimes bitter
Until they too develop eyes to see
In their nether world .
Watch the story unfold
Of your soul - frozen momentarily
In this time
In this space
Possibilities of epic proportion
The adventure that is you.
Feel the flowing currents
and the whisper of the wind
Navigate your life in the starry night
Unafraid
And trust your rich messengers
Those inner angels
Twinkling in the eyes of those companions
Who dance with you
Along the way!

Cosmic Joker

Tinkling spiral bells herald his light steps
As Uranus dances and twirls
his bladder waving dangerously
unexpectedly heavy as he catches you
round the ears
BE warned
when he leaps out of the darkness
BOO.
WHO
maybe his victim?
Archetypal prankster smiles
BE prepared
by previous mistakes
lest you fall like the clown
over the same old brush
Again and again
Those silvery shimmers up and down the spine
open forgotten flowers
peeping shyly fearfully
Daring you, inviting you
to step into that too bright light
moth like
for messages from far away
reaching deep down to the essence of your soul
BE ware
of that trickster
ready to catch you out
if you walk familiar pathways
winding the labyrinthine dance of the fool
for he will surely trap you
And you will fall and hurt
Heavy price for hard won lessons
The joke is on me!



Lost Boys

Waste of time
Waste of space
Waste of life
Never fulfilled
Grieve for these lost boys
Who, in their anger and pain
Brain speeding faster and faster
Tempting them to
Too much of everything
Frighten and intimidate us
Where is the happy little boy
Sweet faced
Smiling at his mother's knee
Where has he gone?
Can I see him in this caricature?
Of adolescence
And then
One more moment of stupidity
Too much and too many
He's gone
Now wandering confused in spirit
Unhappiness chasing him even there
Go to the light
Re-member your Self
Weep for these lost boys
They maybe yours one day



Piper

His fingers danced along the length of the pipe
shaping his soul into tunes for the cosmic dance
Finally the sweet ripples of his harp drew
the ectoplasmic threads of my spirit
shifting memory shapes of times long ago
the child in smock and clogs
tapped her patterns on the wet cobbles
the young woman leapt and twirled
in delight
then she, the woman drifted and swayed
her spirit trails spiralling slow motion
reflecting the stars
as he piped the ghosts of her many journeys
thro' the music
and the dance went on as the story unfolded



Poems

Oh may I write a poem for you
That scans and rhymes with metre too
The likelihood is very weak
the poet in me hard to seek
Instead I'll write a silly hum
To start my brain I'll scratch my tum
So here we go - you're ready now?
Look seriously with furrowed brow.

Water dripping, sunshine shafts
fairy ropes "a joke" he laughs
What a joy this magic place
a smile of peace upon my face
Up there the water hurtles fast
foaming suds go floating past
Down here it's still and dusty too
petals and leaves go bobbing through

Well that's enough of scan and metre
I'd rather write a poem to Peter
It's such a shame that he's called David
I wonder if my rhyme he's savoured?
And David doesn't rhyme with metre
I'll change his name it's so much neater
Now that's enough so off I go
A poem? Answer "yes" or "no".

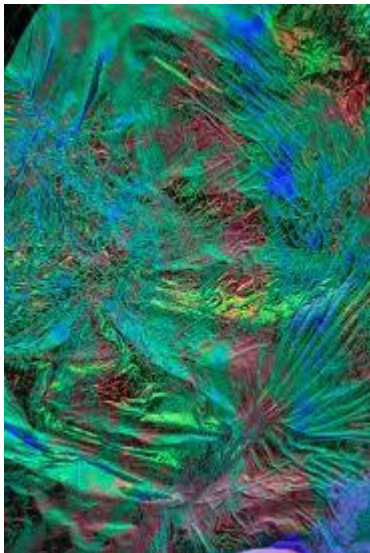
Rainbow Mirror

Called by the singing of the swans
The rainbow slipped silently
thro' the gap between worlds
It poured from the clouds
like a waterfall of colour and light
to meet itself
in the still reflection of the salty pools
remnants of full moon in Taurus
abandoned thoughtlessly by the ebb and flow
and I
most fortunate witness
stood still - staring
accidentally finding my-self in a pot of gold
alchemical child of a rainbow narcissus
after all those years of chasing rainbows
leaping across marshy gorges
to catch the impossible
IT came to me
as ,watching at the edge of the water
this sacred coniuncto
I paddled in iridescent hues
and if the myth be true
surrounded and wrapped by golden light.



The Cloth

The fabric shimmered
Many coloured in differing lights
It was soft as silk and strong as steel
Yet warm and cosy too
And crinkle and crunch it
As you may
It held its new shape
For a while
Then returned pristine
Uncreased
As before
She took the iridescent threads
Weaving them deep into the heart of the cloth
then embroidering delicately
The surface
With the story of our lives



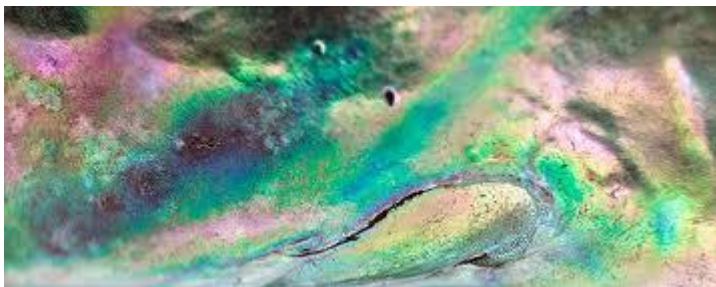
Winter Lace

Thick hoar frost
ices the trees
with a delicate filigree
more lovely than our own complex knotting
with the finest silk
hours of work
for our feeble imitations
of reality
immediate icy caresses of nature
lace the branches
such simple awe-full magic.



Christmas Eve

The cloak of many colours billows around me
swirling and folding in graceful rhythm
matching Mother's rocky mantle edged with black
where death touches me and weaves His gentle way
into the fabric of my being
loving memories of those who've gone before
whisper
to remind me of my Real Self
and home
but still the colours call
in my children
in my work
in my friends
and adventures yet to come
loneliness shadows me at times
marking with dappled light the darker caverns
where parts of me curl
sleeping
or wounded
still
all in all
this Earth is a beautiful place
to fall into
and play a while
lost in the game
and my cloak of iridescent hues
ripples and glimmers around me
on and on and on
this long dark night.



On My Mind

So many years to cultivate
moments of emptiness
And there you are smiling from the centre
and me on the edge
Did you creep up my nose?
shrink yourself down to your essence?
a homeopathic nosode
a hologrammatic image
crawling up
or erupting like an upside down sneeze?
And if so
was it through the right or the left nostril?
You are affecting both sides of my brain
as it were
standing like a human corpus Collosus
astride that secret bridge
filling my left brain with your chemistry
my right brain with confusion
a kaleidoscope of colours and patterns almost familiar
So I battle to suppress stories to wrap around you
tales of old and forever
that spring to mind to entice and lure this fool
into falling for the same old pattern
Perhaps you flowed in miasma
at first sight perhaps
for there never was a space - a decent interval
a journey
just immediate connection
then a leaping back in shock and fear
at such immediate intimacy
Maybe I breathed you in through my pores
by osmosis
or is it that you have always been there
under my skin
waiting for time to reveal
Where is my mind
that you can be on it - under it - part of it?
You have not yet taken that ancient gateway
to my soul, only in my thoughts do you mind, dear old friend?
Or am I unwittingly already lost in the story?

Survive

I saw,
lost in a puff ball of green mist
Little drops of kitten faced mid-night
smiling sweetly
pansies - called “precious love”
in Portuguese,
so my long ago friend whispered
despite the fumes
despite the litter
still struggling through the tangle of weeds
surviving
despite man’s best attempts at destruction
to remind me of infinity and its final triumph



Quiet Places

Raindrops drip quietly from the leaves
Green moss clad trees
Ivy dangles from the branches
Moist dampness of this would be jungle
Almost steaming as the water rushes
Wildly
Crazy like an animal
Blindly through the gully
Pushing between the steep rocks
White water foaming
Wearing the rocks to a smooth shiny darkness
And the rainbows in the deep dark hollow
Ethereal flickering colours
Spiders' webs glisten in the light
Beautiful lace covered in diamonds
High up in the trees
Allowing the sunlight through
For a moment a sunbeam touches me
Fills me with radiant light
And now no words
As the quiet places dwell in me.



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Space between breaths

There was a moment
When
Stillness touched me with its gift
Yes, more deeply than any lover
As I drifted inside on my breath
Floating
Petal light
I found my Self in that space
Between breaths
At last



Did you ever?

Did you ever
Skip on clouds
As you ran across
The watery valleys
Those undulating tiny dunes
Of the beach
Upside down and inside out
Then the sea must be
Washing over my head
Yet here I am
Dancing on sunshine
feet in the clouds
Sucking into the mud
Squelching between my toes
Both
At once
Together!



Long ago-a remembrance of age

I looked and saw so long ago
behind and within
The poor sick face of my friend
Preparing now to move on
Waiting patiently, with hope
With desperation...misery
For that sweet ending and rest
Yes I saw
Flickering like and athlete leaping across the bridge of life



To its final moments
Before touch down
The memories of all your moments
Flickering like an old movie... Fading into sepia gold
From the child to the woman at the peak of her power
Fading quickly then
Shrinking back to the smallness of childhood
Yes that second childhood
I saw you long ago
and now I glance and sometimes catch
A stranger, hunched , small now with age
And nod to greet those other parts
Shadows and light of their great dance
I remember with you
All those Selves you have been
Namaste

Travelling

Gypsy caravan

Age matures those new raw vibrant colours
to a gentler wisdom
moss green wraps itself around the faded pink
of wooden flowers
carved with love.
Wheels - still now
rust restfully
blanketed in weeds
No more the clop of giant hooves stirring them to movement
eternally wending wearily home
where the heart lies hidden.
In quieter times when life was slower, sweeter somehow
with time to gaze at wild flowers
in passing
with space to pass the time of day
in smiling
with others on the road
to drift through sun-dappled forests that robbed our land
make fires under the moonlight
to tell stories of long ago and not too far away
and if you were lucky
a wandering minstrel to enchant your spirit into dance.
Slip inside now and rest upon the bed
where layers of tender loving creation have been conceived
and brought to birth
and voices of children chuckle before murmuring finally to sleep
as the rhythms of the gypsy caravan
drifts into dream-time
entrancing our own greater Selves
to play the game
and weave the web.



Pipes

Spirit danced as the piper played his merry tune
striding through the leafy glen
leaping the wild river
into the bleak wilderness
alone
and then returning
to wallow
luxuriate
in the soft green warmth of the summer



Shame

Alba smiles gently in her ancient wisdom
At the noisy arrogance of ownership
Shallow traditions of recent times
Driven by sport and not necessity
Glorifying suffering under the security of class
And forelock tugging serfs still needing to rub shoulders with aristocracy
Tally ho
Oh for shame
True service you do not know
Excuses fade in our new knowledge and understanding
Science shames you in your brutality
Cock fighting, badger baiting failed now
So despised townis cannot see, understand
The glories of skeins of geese flying more ancient traditions than yours
Beauty that impulses you to own by killing
Those rich layers of story, his, hers
fall like some ancient cloak
Fold upon fold
Hill upon vale,
hiding dreams of the many
Coming and going, crossing and re crossing
Happy and sad
Dear England, most pleasant land
As time and cultured manifest their own dreams
In homes of materials old and new
Because our hands aren't dipped in shit and blood
Does not mean we do not love
Sweet Albion as much as you
England passing by...



There is another web

From which to watch the world
Powerless to work I can only observe
Dear England
As she wilts like the lavetaria
From the hungry youth of Brazil
But a jolly good game..hey..what?
And that is after all what counts
I love England
Its generous tolerance and sense of fair play
Sometimes paternalistic..yes..still
It is a journey, a moving towards
And no..we are not there yet
Brambles flower madly on the embankments
With a graffitti backdrop and funny little concrete sheds
with '*prisoners*' writ huge above the door
old carriages from fifties movies
allotments squash determined
yet inarticulate
demanding of their space
neat and tidy or wild and abandoned
represent English eccentricity or prim and proper polite society
the river winds historically
great bridges reach to touch the shores
the Tower and the Eye
with planes hovering motionless
a delusion like my journey in the ever moving sky
Clapham Junction..lines and lines of busy..ness
I watch lovely England
And remember her
With Love



Musing again

Poems fly in and out of my sieve like brain
About geese that scribe secret hieroglyphs across the windy sky
Empty railway stations with William Morris ceilings
Where nose picking workmen wander haphazardly
Peering at mysterious things underneath the platform
Chugging cargoes lurch and squeal like the denizens of Hades
Past my vaguely curious gaze
Deeply suspicious of toxic waste polluting our green and pleasant land
Denied at our peril
Oh to be innocently living in ignorance
Of our benighted society and governments
Ruled by greed
So
Here am I
Writing inane musings
For computer practice
For now good-night



Measuring

I'm measuring time and doing my list
In half hour blocks so nothing is missed
People will come and people will go
That is on my list also
Margaret Thatcher you were right
Only need a few hours sleep per night
Measuring ,measuring here I go
How tall? How old? How wide? How slow?
Must be busy, be constructive
Or how will I know I've been productive
I'm a measuring human doing
But wait, hey something's brewing
What is this ahead I see
It's a window of opportunity
So climb out of it and walk free
Sometime maybe you'll talk with me!! Anon?



Quiet Ways

There are other ways for those who know,

Quiet networks of ages past

where the yellow iris flags wave delicately.....as we pass.

No raging speed... no squealing stops

Just quiet chugging amongst the flocks.....of ducks and swans.

My feet dangle a few moments above the murky water

where, nevertheless, float the soft reflections of trees,

some with spring snow, sweetly fragranced may, whose petals flutter on my face.

Electric blue dragons fly, hovering anciently.....there and gone!

Swallows race and play, dive bombing the water

like some youthful ace of long ago...streaking midnight blue delight.

....across the stillness.

Richly coloured drakes aggressive sexuality

fight for the plainer female who, tiring finally of their squabbling attentions....flies off in

disgust

The swan's graceful whiteness, disguises hidden teeth in its pink beak

reminding us of the loneliness of the ugly duckling with its fearsome hissssss

....now grown to beauty

I lie on the white deck and doze.....as the clouds dream by

Peace at last.



Dee! Dee! Dee!

Salt caked travellers wearily but happily clamber on to shore
The estuary stretches into the greater ocean
with memories of empty sand banks
rising hillocks like small landscapes viewed from space
where the water flows its familiar paths
on the land -
or in the branches of the trees
or the subtler spreading fingers of our veins
or in our brains
where the tree-like dendrites too share that ancient template
thoughts drift us back to those real streams
that meander down the small sandy hillsides
The haunting moan of the seals reflects the sound of the wind
perhaps they are singing re-telling their adventures
to the playful westerlies who whisper or howl of the ocean secrets
gathered as they dance and play with the water
For a moment balanced between land and ocean
I teeter on the edge
Feeling the arms of the Welsh mountains
and the softer heights of the Wirral holding me safe,
whilst I dare to glimpse Earth Mother
in Her awe-full wild and naked delight
Free of her children,
Sacred enchantment
And the rainbow round the sun to bless the day!



It isn't funny.....

I ain't nothin

A Bird in the hat
is worth two on the head
of a sleepy old cat
oh how silly she said
is the hat on the bird
or the bird on the dog
is your brain in a spin
or is mine in a fog?
A bird with two hats
is a fine sight to see
it reminds me of Mum
and sweet times of family
this must be the end
of this infamous poeme
so with a flourish of licence
I'm actually goin'



A Cautionary Tale

Twas a famous young Wiz known as William
Noted for freshness and fun
He used to read palms down at Blackpool
He was right on most every one
He knew about fairies and pixies
and goblins and ghosts and those things
He knew all about spells and old potions
and stars and invisible rings
Now young Wiz's as every one knows it
likes to get up to some tricks
so he looked and he quickly did find one
a witch riding on her broomstix
Now he said "just look here little witchi
for a ride on your stick I will swap
this ring and this magical potion
What say you?"
"Now hold on just stop.
For a ride on my broomstick good fellow
I'll need more than a ring and a drop
of your magical potion fool wizard
It's your wand that you'll have to swap.
Now young William looked wide eyed and innocent
"My wand little witchi you say
you think that a ride on your broomstick
will make me give this stick away?"
And he laughed and he took it and waved it
And she said "My word what a size
Is it alder or ash or an oak tree
I'd never believe my own eyes."
She sidled right up and she stroked it
and it shivered and trembled and shook
She smiled and she giggled all coyly
And then said she'd like a good look
"Well perhaps if you waves it to show me
the sparkles and twinkles inside
the magic that comes running through it
might enchant me and help me decide."
So being quite young and quite foolish
He waved it and out of it came
some diamonds and lustresome jewels
green frogs and strange things without name

“Oh my,” she said “do let me try it.”
So he trustingly let her take hold
of his wand and quite quickly she wove it
painting pictures of silver and gold
Now young Will watched her quite fascinated
for he never attempted such things
“I’m shocked and amazed at your talent
Can you do me some butterflies wings?”
How she laughed and she chortled at William
And she danced and she spun in delight
He just watched, yes he oggled and boggled
never dreaming the depths of her spite
He forgot all his philtres and sorcerie
he gave her his ancient grimoire
he shared all his physics and secrecies
he felt that they both could go far
Now after a while of her weaving
she got powerful and wicked and bad
She decided to go off and leave him
Not caring if she made him sad
So she flew off one day on her broomstick
not forgetting her hat and her cloak
Not a wave nor a kiss or a cackle
just leaving his heart which was broke
This poor Wiz he walks sadly about now
deprived of his wand and his ring
“I carry my dictionary with me
I can spell just about anything
But a Wiz with no wand is a sad one
even with a white beard and long hair
even looking a little like Merlin
with a deep pennytratinous stare
So young Wiz’s take heed and take warning
lest this terrible fate you might share
Never lend your wand to no-one
even if the sun shines on her hair!

