

Introduction

The poems in Orb and Orb II are my very earliest writings. They were written between 1967 and 1970 when I was 15 to 18 years old.

Originally, I was going to pick out the best 10-15 poems and put them into a book. I think it would have made a fairly descent book of poetry. But as I began reading through the work, after these many, many years, I saw that the poems presented a natural progression in my writing abilities, and so I decided to keep them all together in the order in which they were written.

Many of these poems reflect the influences of the times. The Viet Nam war and the assassination of Robert Kennedy are two events that stand out. I also see the influence of the Beatles, especially the Sgt. Pepper's album, along with Simon and Garfunkle. It's obvious that some of these poems were meant to be songs, although I cannot remember having ever written any music to go with the lyrics, like I did with the Long Road series. Most of the poems simply reflect the thoughts of a young boy entering adulthood. Some are good and some are bad. A couple of them represent the biggest bunch of drivel I think I have ever read. They make me wonder, "what was I thinking at the time?"

Of course, poems should be timeless. And many of these are. The ones that are stuck in time are interesting in their own way, but the poems that transcend time constitute the best poetry.

I hope you take the time to read through both these books, Orb and Orb II. The poems get better as you go along. And if only one of them touches your soul, it would not be considered a waste of time.

ORB
A Book of Poetry

- 1 Ascent unto Providence.....September 1967
- 2 The Heritage.....October 1967
- 3 The Illusion.....October 1967
- 4 The Way of Society.....November 1967
- 5 To Outshine the Sun.....February 1968
- 6 Resplendence.....February 1968
- 7 The Snowfall.....March 1968
- 8 Like Death.....January 1968
- 9 The Love Dream.....February 1968
- 10 Crecian Dames.....March 1968
- 11 The Prophet (a fantasy).....April 1968

- 12 To Be All Alone.....April 1968
- 13 Photograph.....May 1968
- 14 To Nancy.....May 1968
- 15 Castle.....June 1968
- 16 Robert.....June 1968
- 17 Earth as a Background.....July 1968
- 18 Fawn.....September 1968
- 19 Skunk.....September 1968
- 20 Conquests (over Simple Sanderson and the Wretched Establishment).....Sept. 1968
- 21 Speak of Love.....October 1968
- 22 But for Dreadful Time.....December 1968
- 23 Dream of the Scot.....January 1969
- 24 Juggernaut.....January 1969
- 25 Laurie.....February 1969
- 26 Orb.....March 1969

Ascent unto Providence

I go into the valley
Through the tall grass so indifferent
That leads unto the cypresses
Where grow the lilies and the mint
And the brook so gently bubbling
In the sweet scent so like wine
Solitude I find
Peace that now is mine

So I stretch out with my laziness
On the moss so soft and fine
And I think of things that matter
And love that once was mine
And I doze off in a while
My heart conceives a smile
And soon will come revival

The daytime will surcease
Yet the minted breeze will linger on
And I'll follow into the doorway

And outside death can only portray

The inevitable decay

God's dismay; the devil's display

And I'll dwell in the house of the Lord forever

The Heritage

I stood beneath the lamplight

My shadow washed into the dark night

I washed into the dark night

And there stood the Rev. Mr. Brown

There stood the Rev. Mr. Brown

The snow fell down through the trees

Covered up the cold, dead leaves

I was the cold, dead leaves

And there stood the Rev. Mr. Brown

There stood the Rev. Mr. Brown

The church was somber, and aware

There was no one there without a prayer

I was there without a prayer

And there stood the Rev. Mr. Brown

There stood the Rev. Mr. Brown

Everyone lies down to sleep

There is no one here left to weep

I am here but not to weep

For the Rev. Mr. Brown

And the congregation within the ground

And the congregation within the ground

The Illusion

It was a time of plenty

The grass grew, the flowers bloomed

For in 301,574 A.D.

There was love

A bride and a groom

About the hill

Sage scented the still air

And the man

Looked over the lush countryside

To the Thames. He cared

He had blown his mind

He ran down one peasant and more

Which he left in the street

And the rats came out to eat

He was from the House of Lords

The Way of Society

People in the street

Like statues stood

For their life

No one dared move

Lest they die

This is society

Not to be disturbed

No one can revolt

Lest they be turned away

Lest they die

The air becomes stagnant

Will no one dare breath?

For his life?

But 'tis not for them to innovate

Lest they be turned away

And they die

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