

And the Cosmic Dance goes on Forever...

Poems

by

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(version 2)

Falling Leaves

Winter's approach with darkening skies
bring a biting cold and an icy reprise.
The winds from the North a freezing chase
none in this land are keen to embrace.

Falling leaves bring sorrow untold
of summer forever gone from mind and fold.
Dark flows through every crevice across the land
chasing the light off this land of soil and sand.

Fleeting shadows roam unbound
as candle light flickers without a sound.
A bang in the night brings fear to most
and thoughts turn to an unwanted previous host.

Falling leaves bring on a season of dreams
of sunny days spent walking by babbling streams.
To run through fields of brilliant green
before thoughts of winter return unseen.

The spindly branches of trees in the moon silhouette.
Icy winds across the land do pirouette
and rattle on your door as you lie in the warm
protected by bricks and mortar, though your thoughts are forlorn

Falling leaves, when the sands of time run low
and another year begins to fade and go.
For men and women folk alike the years do stack
and for all, alas, there is no way back

Dark

Winter days so short soon pass to night
where a chill dark wave flows o'er the land
creeping into crevice and hollow, the light to chase
controlled alas by no man's hand.

Street lights glow and push the dark away;
a small repose in an eternity of black.
To try to escape would be an insanity
for if light be found, soon to the dark you're drawn back.

Silent and cold, dark seeps under door and through window.
Across bridge and headstone the liquid form covers all.
Dark suffocates and engulfs the unwary mind
as shadows dance o'er floor and leap o'er wall.

Peace lies o'er the graveyard as dark creeps up
and scales the gate, for between the headstones to flow.
Around the ancient mausoleum nothing left untouched
The light can only run from this natural foe.

Blossom Trees

The pearlescent sky lies o'er the town
as I climb high on Boulzie Hill for the sea to gaze.
The peal of church bell breaks the Sunday peace,
as No 5's dark windows take me back to childhood days.

Dreams of summer morns running across the park
and further back to blossom trees,
fill my mind and chase away the dark.
I start to feel the ancient breeze

Innocent days now long gone
I'd lie on soft grass and upward stare,
up past the tips of stately trees
up toward the heavenly glare.

I dream of blossom trees so far off;
back in mind to a long lost glory.
An astral traveller back for a spell?
Not a dream, but a long lost memory.

Echoes

Past life calls to you
from beyond rebirth.
For a fleeting moment
you look back for what it's worth.

Long lost friends are waving,
they linger then move away.
You reach out, but they're gone
beyond the veils of yesterday.

The dream world seems so real
could it be the memories of another world?
Or just a brief escape
from this life through which we hurl.

Live in the present is the cry,
but ghosts from the past do call.
Echoes from your childhood and beyond
creep up and steal a moment from all.

Have I Been Here Before?

I gaze up to the hazy blue of a summer sky
and then out across green land to the sea and more.
Memories of this sun-lit place hover just beyond my grasp.
Or are they dreams? Have I been here before?

The lay of the land, the sway of the trees in the wind,
rolling thunder in the night and the rattle of rain on my door.
All things I have seen and heard, it seems, from centuries past.
But I don't know. Have I been here before?

Seasons which change as day turns to night,
the chuckle of a friend immersed in folk-lore
and a friendly smile from someone on the street
make me feel like I have been here before.

Bird song so sweet and so pure on a warm summer's eve.
The star-lit sky, the glow of the moon are all in my core.
A loving caress, the beat of a heart, a shadow that passes
my window at dawn. Have I been here before?

The trees in spring blossom remind of a place
in spirit I have been and returned once more.
I breathe the air, feel the gentle breeze on my face.
And I have to ask: Have I been here before?

A Brief Moment in Time

Illusion, illusion it's hard to believe;
the material world is solid to the touch!
A testing ground for souls to retrieve
their spiritual path to the infinite and such!

When revealed, normal life seems to fade
into a background maze of the ethereal.
But, through the mire we wade
in search of, well... material.

So much for when we were little...
stick in at school; get a trade lad!
No time for questions of this world of the brittle
like: what's it all about? Have we been had?

Perhaps there's nothing to discover
So, when you can find no reason or rhyme...
lets raise a glass here together
to a brief moment in time.

Dark Gothic

A house silent in the light of day
begins to creak and groan by night.
Shivers climb my back as a door
opens itself on the edge of my sight.

Flickering candles in ancient rooms
illuminate old faces in panels of wood.
Moonlight lands on dusty rugs
as the phantoms appear to walk and brood.

Howling wind; a banshee's scream.
Shadows that creep...
through a moonlight beam
and into my mind will give me no sleep.

I hum a nervous tune
to fill the room with sound
but fluttering curtains in the dark
doth make my heart start to pound.

Under sombre skies, the dark land lies.
Out I gaze and dream of better days
A lightning flash; a thunder crack!
How I long to feel the warm sun's rays.

Litter

Litter, litter everywhere;
does anyone really care?
Dog excrement here and there.
If you walk out you need to beware!

When I was young I was told
a kick in the back-side would unfold
if a sweetie paper I cast to the wind
was not picked up and thrown in the bin.

What's changed I hear you say?
Respect is missing from many today.
Generations subjected to moral decay,
and a careless attitude come to play.

So, pick it up you and me
keep the plastic out of the sea.
Clean it up; clean up our world
and you never know what can unfurl.

Winter

As another year doth wane
and the sun's grip grows weak
thoughts turn to winter's cold approach
with V's in the sky and lum's that reek.

Gates bang in frosty winds
as ice creeps down building and rise.
Ruddy faces before a roaring fire do sit;
snug from snowbound nights and starry skies.

For most an idea of winter from the past
the reality will be of fogs spreading wide
and damp seeping into wood and flesh alike.
From this malaise there is no place to hide.

The return of the light-a pressure release
as the sun lengthens our perception of day.
The clock to put forward, for some a great joy;
for others another year of this illusion we play.

What's This All About

Cars everywhere, congesting the planet
Drive-in this; drive-in that.
Anyway where's everybody going?
No time to walk, lets all get fat

Flickering screens in an empty room;
churning box washing yesterdays clothes.
Younsters engrossed in phones that chatter
there's a darkness in all this, which grows

What's this all about?
Money, money they say...
we need money to survive!
But, with faith, the Lord will care for us every day

Adverts which stick in our minds...
get a bigger house; buy a faster car-why?
I look up, there's metal in the air.
Aargh! It's enough to make you cry!

Dark manipulation of the Industrial Revolution

The Cosmic Dance Goes On Forever

Every morn the streets come alive
walking, talking always moving.
Cars that buzz like bees round a hive.
The cosmic dance goes on forever...

The 'off to workers' rush past one another.
Shop opens; shop closes same time every day.
No time to waste; there's money to gather.
The cosmic dance goes on forever...

Sun rise; sun set, tide in; tide out.
Moon spins round the Earth
and we spin round about.
The cosmic dance goes on forever...

Season into season the years go by.
Birth and death; we pass from life to life.
Escape this jaunt... dare we try!
The cosmic dance goes on forever...

Chasing Mammon

Everyday you work dawn to dusk
the Material World the master you serve.
Soon your soul will be but a husk
you never let up; you always complain.

Illusion, illusion-the material plane
you need money for that house in Spain.
If you let it... it will make you insane
turn your world around; wash you down the drain.

Work harder, they need more tax
pay for that rubbish your forced to accept
Work don't think; work don't relax
1984 ain't no dream...

Serpent's Pit

Your world is crashing down around you.
What do you expect all you do is stare at TV screens,
you've lost all respect and litter builds up around you.
Time to break the dark hold and move from the habit of sheep

Start to walk away from the serpent's pit
it's not supposed to be this way.
Take that mobile and shove it up a fat cat's arse.
Don't listen to what they say; think for yourself it's the only way.

Fight back, don't do what they tell you,
break out of the cell, it's not too late.
The Earth's ours not some money-mad corporation's.
Throw their money back at them and feel the infinite soar!

The Darkness of Materialism

Oh to gaze on all the crap in this world;
master mis-direction on a grand scale;
the magician's age old trick.
That's it, crap to trick our minds!

Fancy houses and cars; holidays in the sun;
gizmos for this... gizmos for that!
Where's it all going to end?
A choked up planet full of shit!

Industrial Revolution that's where it all started.
Mind control for the masses.
Ads on the TV appealing to your emotions;
selling you fucking rubbish you don't need!

Light and Dark

See the soldiers go to war;
darkening skies like never before.
A babies smile, a joy to find
before a taste of life's dark wine.

Life's first love when days are bright
to one last kiss on approaching night.
Hear the sound of a beating heart
next to you before you part.

Flowers in the spring; a return to the sun.
Dead leaves in the fall; another year done.
To feel the joy of a high unseen;
bitter the thought of the darkest dream.

The day of birth; a return to the spoil.
An astral free; a break from the toil
The cosmic dance goes on forever.
The cosmic dance goes on forever.

Dysfunctional

What we see and what we feel;
perceptive cank from fetid minds.
A world that covers our true mind state
with bileous thought and rancid ways

Rapacious fools who can't decide
if it's real or not-oh suffer!
Take a step back and focus your mind
on lucid thoughts and material ways.

If money you love-you're earthly bound.
You watch TV and clutter your mind.
To this world a stranger to be
turn your back on lugubrious ways.

People who feed and people who starve;
the distribution of wealth makes me sick.
Do we have a total earthly right,
or are we just here stood in the righteous shite!

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