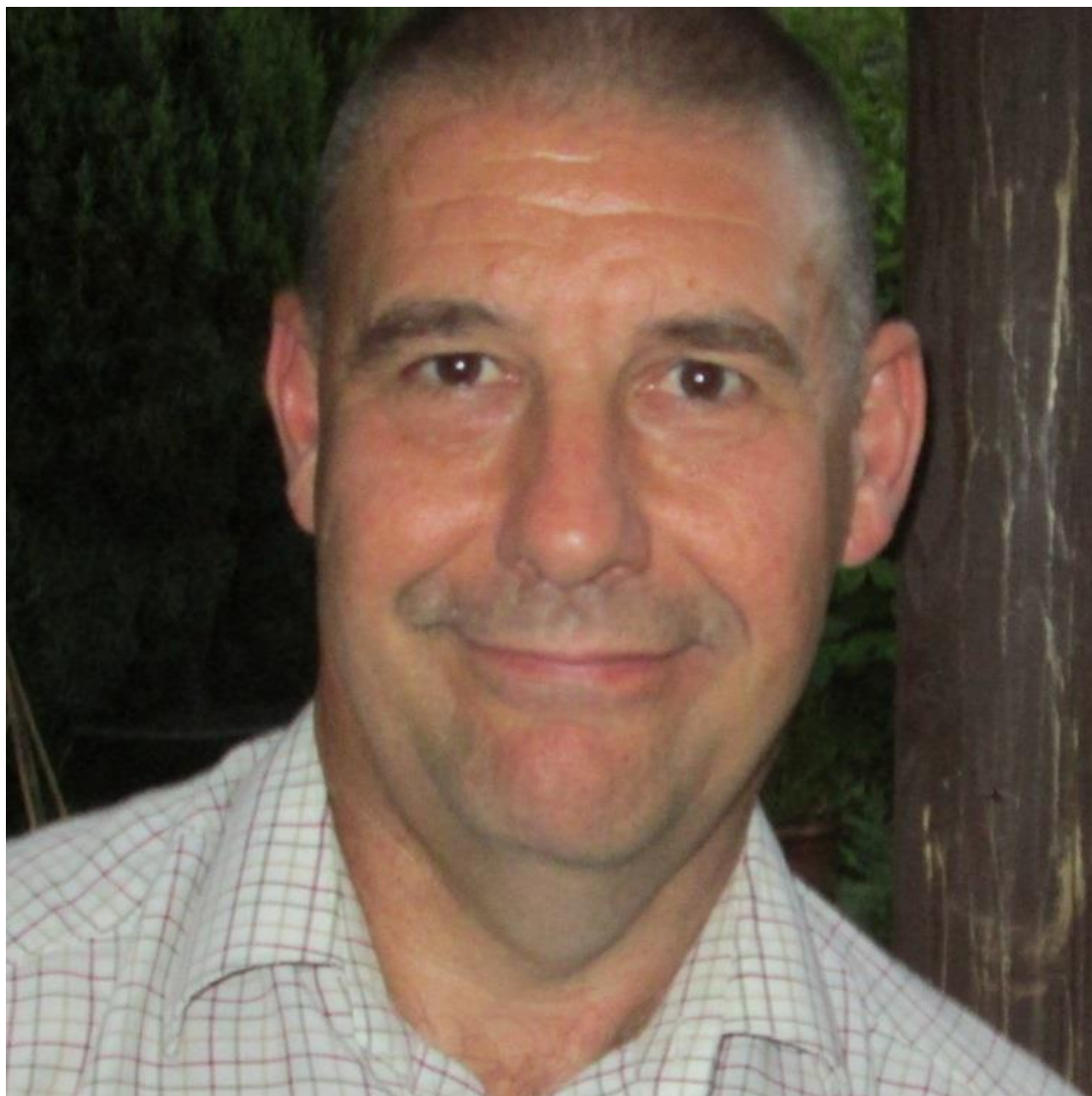


**CHOICE WORDS**  
**BY**  
**COLIN BOYNTON**



## MY LINES

### AN INTRODUCTION TO MY POETRY

DON'T ASK ME TO INTERPRET  
SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW,  
ALL I DO IS SIT HERE  
AND SLOWLY WATCH IT GROW,  
I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT COMES FROM,  
IT JUST SEEMS TO APPEAR,  
QUICKLY, LINE BY LINE BY LINE,  
AND THEN MY POEM'S HERE.  
I HAVE NO TIME TO STOP AND THINK  
WHAT I WRITE ABOUT,  
THE WORDS JUST FLOW INTO MY MIND  
I HAVE TO LET THEM OUT,  
DON'T ASK ME TO INTERPRET,  
I CAN'T EVEN EXPLAIN,  
THE WORDS JUST MAKE A POEM,  
TIME AND TIME AGAIN.

**CHOICE  
WORDS**

**A compilation of work selected from my first three works – My Lines,  
Passing Thoughts  
& Rhythm Of Life**

**By**

**Colin Boynton**

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**KEY TO POEMS:**

**MY LINES = (1)**  
**PASSING THOUGHTS = (2)**  
**RHYTHM OF LIFE = (3)**  
**STORYTELLER = (4)**

## 1. THE COACH TOUR

“EYES ALL TO THE LEFT PLEASE,  
EYES ALL TO THE RIGHT”  
AND STILL THE COACH JUST TRUNDLED ON  
PAST ANOTHER SIGHT.  
“THIS IS WHERE THE HERO LIVED,  
AND THIS IS WHERE HE DIED”  
STILL THEY HARDLY GOT TO SEE  
NO MATTER HOW THEY TRIED.  
“THERE’S ANOTHER SITE FOLKS  
SOMETHING ELSE TO SEE,  
GOT TO KEEP ON MOVING,  
IT’S ALMOST HALF PAST THREE.  
WE HAVEN’T TIME FOR PHOTOGRAPHS  
THERE’S STILL A LOT TO DO,  
I KNEW I SHOULDN’T LET YOU STOP  
AT JUST TURNED HALF PAST TWO”  
“EYES ALL TO THE LEFT PLEASE,  
EYES ALL TO THE RIGHT,  
WE HAVE A LOT MORE THINGS TO SEE  
BEFORE DAY TURNS TO NIGHT”  
“YOU HAVE TO SEE THE SIGHTS FOLKS  
SO PLEASE DO AS I SAY,  
I’VE GOT MY LIST TO FOLLOW  
EACH AND EVERY DAY.  
I MUSTN’T MISS A THING OUT,  
YOU HAVE TO SEE IT ALL,  
AND HERE WE ARE AT LAST PLEASE  
OUR FINAL PORT OF CALL.  
WE HAVEN’T TIME FOR PHOTOGRAPHS,  
WE HAVE TO GET ON BACK,  
DON’T GET OFF THE COACH PLEASE  
YOU’LL ALL GET ME THE SACK,  
DO GET ON THE COACH PLEASE  
WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?  
DON’T GET ON THE TRAIN THERE  
YOU DON’T KNOW WHAT TO DO,  
PLEASE GET ON THE COACH FOLKS  
DO NOT WAVE GOODBYE,  
I TRY TO DO MY JOB WELL  
HONESTLY – I TRY!”

## 2. RETIREMENT PLAN

FEELING DOWN, AND FEELING GLUM  
NOW YOUR WORKING DAYS ARE DONE,  
SO NOW YOU'RE OLDER AND MORE WISE  
TRY TO SEE IT THROUGH MY EYES,  
I'VE GOT TO GET UP EVERY DAY  
RAIN OR SNOW COME WHAT MAY,  
I'VE GOT TO MAKE THINGS MOVE ALONG  
EVEN WHEN I'M NOT THAT STRONG,  
I CAN'T JUST DOWN TOOLS WALK AWAY  
AND TAKE AN UNPLANNED HOLIDAY,  
WEARY? TIRED? NEED A REST,  
BUT I STILL HAVE TO DO MY BEST,  
EARN A PENNY, EARN A POUND,  
THE WORKING DAY SOON COMES AROUND,  
GOSH, THAT MAKES ME FEEL QUITE GLUM  
I WISH MY WORKING LIFE WAS DONE.

### 3. HOME FROM HOME

UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES  
THE WIND BLOWS HARD AND COLD,  
LITTER PILES UP ALL AROUND  
NEW UPON THE OLD.  
HIDDEN IN A CORNER  
THE OLD MAN HUDDLES DOWN,  
COVERED UP WITH BOXES  
HE FINDS ABOUT THE TOWN.  
THE MORNING PAPERS KEEP HIM WARM  
TUCKED BELOW HIS THINGS,  
THE EVENING PAPER LINES HIS SHOES  
HIS TROUSERS TIED WITH STRINGS.  
EACH DAY PASSES INTO WEEKS  
YEARS KEEP PASSING BY,  
TIME IT HAS NO MEANING NOW  
HE'S WAITING JUST TO DIE.  
WHAT A SAD AND LONELY END  
FOR SUCH A LONG LIVED LIFE,  
TO END UP LIVING ON THE STREETS  
NO CHILDREN AND NO WIFE.  
AND PEOPLE PASS HIM EVERY DAY  
NO ONE SEEMS TO CARE,  
A GLANCE IS ALL THEY GIVE HIM  
THEY LEAVE HIM LYING THERE.  
UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES  
A STORY NOW IS TOLD,  
OF LITTER THAT IS PILED ON TOP  
A BODY STILL AND COLD.



#### 4. A FOOL SUCH AS I

I WANDERED THROUGH THE RAIN LAST NIGHT  
AND MY, I LOOKED AN AWFUL SIGHT,  
RAIN DRENCHED CLOTHES AND RAIN DRENCHED HAIR  
I REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN OUT THERE,  
MY DEATH OF COLD I'LL CATCH ONE DAY  
FOR WALKING OUT IN SUCH A WAY,  
THE FOOL AM I AND SUCH A TWIT  
FOR WANTING OUT A LITTLE BIT,  
THE FOOL AM I FOR GIVING WAY  
THE DOG FIRST WALKED – THEN RAN AWAY,  
I LOOKED AROUND, I GAVE A SHOUT,  
AND THOUGH 'T WAS RAINING I STAYED OUT.  
“POOR SOUL HE'S LOST WHERE COULD HE BE?”  
THIS THOUGHT AND MORE IT WORRIED ME.  
MIDNIGHT CAME AND MIDNIGHT WENT,  
ONE O'CLOCK I'M NOT CONTENT,  
TWO O'CLOCK AND STILL NO SIGN  
AND SOAKING WET I DRAW THE LINE.  
FEELING BLUE AND FEELING LOW  
I WENT BACK HOME – WHERE COULD I GO?  
MY DEAREST PAL AND LIFELONG FRIEND  
WAS THIS HOW IT WAS TO END?  
I PUSHED THE DOOR IT OPENED WIDE,  
AND THAT DAMN DOG WAS SAT INSIDE,  
KEEPING DRY AND KEEPING WARM,  
AND KEEPING WELL AWAY FROM HARM.  
AND THOUGH I'M TIRED AND SOAKING THROUGH,  
I LOVE THAT DOG –  
HE LOVES ME TOO!

## 5. THE GOOD AND THE BAD

PLAYING AS CHILDREN  
AT ROBBERS AND COPS  
FIGHTING THE BAD  
THE GOOD CAME OUT TOPS,  
DREAMING OF SOLDIERS  
AND GOING TO WAR  
WE DREAMED OF THE GLORY  
NOT OF THE GORE,  
WITH BOWS AND ARROWS  
OR GUN IN HAND  
WE'D KILL OFF THE BADDIES  
THROUGHOUT OUR LAND,  
KILLING MEANT NOTHING  
AS ONLY BAD DIED  
DAY AFTER DAY  
THE GOOD MEN SURVIVED,  
AS WE GREW UP  
WE CHANGED OUR GAMES  
DIFFERENT IDEALS  
DIFFERENT AIMS,  
AND NOW I'M MUCH OLDER  
THE KILLING GOES ON  
BUT THAT'S NOT MY HAND  
THAT'S NOW ON THE GUN,  
REALITY NOW IS  
ANYONE DIES  
THE GOOD OR THE BAD  
WOMEN OR GUYS.

## 6. AFTERNOON TEA

SOMEONE CRIED “SMILE!” AND WE ALL DID,  
MY, WHAT A SIGHT THAT MUST BE,  
US TOOTHLESS OLD WRINKLIES ALL HUNCHED TOGETHER  
HAVING OUR AFTERNOON TEA.  
CRUMBS ON THE TABLE AND DOWN ON THE FLOOR  
IT CANNOT BE HELPED YOU SEE,  
THEY FALL THROUGH THE GAPS THAT WE HAVE IN OUR MOUTHS  
THE ONES WHERE OUR TEETH USED TO BE.  
THERE’S PUDDLES OF TEA IN OUR SAUCERS  
AND DRIBBLES HAVE RUN DOWN OUR CHIN,  
AND IF THEY’D PUT SOMETHING INTO OUR CUPS  
JUST THINK OF THE MESS WE’D BE IN.  
WE COME HERE EACH WEDNESDAY P.M.  
TO PARTAKE OF OUR AFTERNOON TEA,  
BUT TODAY IS A SPECIAL OCCASION  
OLD TOM IS 100 YOU SEE!

## 7. INSOMNIA.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT I LIE AWAKE  
WAITING FOR THE DAY TO BREAK,  
TOSSING AND TURNING THROUGH THE NIGHT  
UNABLE TO SLEEP I'LL TURN ON THE LIGHT.  
IT DOESN'T HELP TO SEE THE CLOCK  
AND LISTEN TO IT'S TICK AND TOCK.  
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT LYING AWAKE  
DREADING THE TIME THAT DAY WILL BREAK,  
FOR WHEN I RISE GO DOWN THE STAIR  
I FALL ASLEEP IN A CHAIR.  
I REALLY SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN BED  
TAKING TIME TO REST MY HEAD,  
BUT WHEN I LAY MYSELF BACK DOWN  
I LIE AWAKE AND WEAR A FROWN.  
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT JUST THE SAME  
SLEEP FOR ME NEVER CAME,  
LYING AWAKE AND TOSSING AROUND  
THE WORLD OUTSIDE MAKES NO SOUND.  
I CLOSE MY EYES COUNT TO TEN  
THEN I COUNT THE SHEEP AGAIN,  
ONE SHEEP, TWO SHEEP, THREE SHEEP, FOUR  
STILL AWAKE I COUNT SOME MORE.  
AND AS I COUNT THEM PASSING BY  
I SEE THE SUN RISE IN THE SKY,  
TOO LATE FOR ME TO FALL ASLEEP  
AFTER COUNTING ALL THOSE SHEEP.  
WHAT A WASTE OF ALL THAT TIME  
I MUST GET UP AND START BY NINE,  
AND NOW I'M FEELING QUITE WORN OUT  
I'M SURE I'LL SLEEP TONIGHT – NO DOUBT.

OR WILL I?

## 8. THOUGHTS

WALKING THROUGH A GRAVEYARD  
ON A WINTER AFTERNOON,  
THE DYING LIGHT REFLECTING  
ALL THE MISERY AND GLOOM,  
A LAYER OF SNOW IS HIDING  
ALL THE FOOTSTEPS OUT OF SIGHT,  
AND ALL TOO SOON THE WORLD  
WILL BE HIDDEN BY THE NIGHT.  
READING NAMES AND SENTIMENTS  
FROM AGES NOW LONG GONE,  
MAKES US STOP TO THINK ABOUT  
THE THINGS THAT'S YET TO COME.  
A FLEETING SHADOW FROM THE PAST,  
A FADING MEMORY,  
OF PEOPLE, PLACES THAT YOU KNEW,  
OR THINGS THAT USED TO BE.  
AND AS YOU LEAVE AND CLOSE THE GATE  
YOU LEAVE THOSE THOUGHTS BEHIND,  
HIDDEN IN A CEMETRY,  
BURIED IN YOUR MIND.

## 9. GOODNIGHT

THE WORLD KEEPS SLOWLY TURNING ROUND  
TIME KEEPS TICKING BY,  
OLDER NOW, AND WISER NOW,  
JUST MY FRIEND AND I  
THE FIRESIDE GLOW  
MAY WARM OUR FEET  
ON LONG COLD WINTERS NIGHTS,  
VALLEY SIDES AND MEADOWS,  
OUR FAVOURITE SUMMER SIGHTS.  
NO LONGER CAN WE RUN AROUND  
AGE HAS MADE ITS TOLL,  
BUT STILL WITHIN US THERE REMAINS  
OUR SAME OLD CHEERY SOULS.  
WE MAY NOT SEE AS MANY FRIENDS  
SO MANY HAVE GONE ON,  
I KNOW YOU WON'T DESERT ME  
YOU'VE LOVED ME TRUE AND LONG,  
AND AS I WAIT HERE TO RETIRE  
I WATCH THE EMBERS DIE,  
YOU WAG YOUR TAIL CONTENTEDLY  
AND LOOK ME IN THE EYE.  
WE LIFT OUR FEET SO WEARILY  
MAKE OUR WAY TO BED,  
WE'LL CLOSE OUR EYES FOR ONE LAST NIGHT  
AND REST OUR WEARY HEADS.

10. CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU

I KNOW I'VE SEEN YOU HERE BEFORE  
AND TIME AND TIME AGAIN,  
I'VE WATCHED YOU PASSING SLOWLY BY  
AND ONCE MORE FELT THE PAIN,  
THE PAIN OF KNOWING WHAT I KNOW  
OF THINGS I CANNOT HOLD,  
I KNOW THAT I MUST WEAR A SMILE  
APPEAR THAT I AM BOLD,  
YET EVERY TIME I SEE YOU,  
I FIND I STOP AND STARE,  
AND STILL YOU ALWAYS PASS ME BY  
AS IF I WASN'T THERE,  
COULD ANYBODY TELL ME,  
WHAT I NEED TO DO,  
TO MAKE YOU STOP AND NOTICE  
AND KNOW MY LOVE IS TRUE?  
I KNOW THAT YOU'RE WITH SOMEONE ELSE,  
SO WHAT AM I TO DO?  
TRAPPED HERE IN THIS DOGS HOME  
IN NEED OF ONE LIKE YOU.

## 11. STOP!

WATCHING THE WORLD GO PASSING BY  
DAY AFTER DAY ALL THE SAME,  
PEOPLE ALL MOVING IN ONE DIRECTION  
EACH WITH A DIFFERENT AIM.  
MOVING ON FORWARD, NO TIME TO STOP  
NO TIME TO LOOK AROUND  
RUSHING THROUGH LIFE DAY BY DAY  
MAKING A DIFFERENT SOUND.  
GOING SO FAST THERE'S NO TIME TO THINK  
OR CARE ABOUT WHAT IS OUT THERE  
ALL BY OURSELVES YET OUT IN A CROWD  
NO TIME TO STOP AND SHARE.  
THE WORLD KEEPS ON TURNING DAY AFTER DAY  
AND TIME PASSES TOO QUICKLY BY  
BEFORE WE HAVE CHANCE TO SAY "HELLO"  
WE HAVE TO SAY "GOODBYE"  
SO AS THE WORLD GOES PASSING BY  
STOP FOR JUST A WHILE  
TAKE TIME JUST TO LOOK AROUND  
AND MAYBE TRY A SMILE.

## 12. LEFT ALL ON HER OWN



SHE SEEMED SO SAD AND LONELY  
AS SHE WAS SITTING THERE,  
NO ONE SEEMED TO BOTHER,  
NO ONE SEEMED TO CARE.  
SOMETIMES IT DIDN'T MATTER  
THAT SHE WAS ALL ALONE,  
SHE'D PLEASE HERSELF JUST WHAT SHE DID  
WHEN SHE WAS ON HER OWN.  
BUT SOMETIMES ON A WINTERS NIGHT  
THERE'S SOME THINGS SHE WOULD MISS,  
LOVING ARMS TO HOLD HER,  
OR SOMEONE JUST TO KISS.  
IT ALWAYS SEEMED LIKE OLD AGE  
COULD REALLY BE A PAIN,  
IF ONLY SHE COULD SEE HER LOVE  
JUST ONE MORE TIME AGAIN.  
TAKEN FROM HER LONG AGO  
AND LEFT ALL ON HER OWN,  
WAITING FOR THE DAY TO COME  
WHEN SHE TOO WOULD BE GONE.

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