

**GREAT DAWN  
POETRY**

**BY  
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## CONTENTS

- [1.....NORTHERN IRELAND](#)
- [2.....LEAVES](#)
- [3.....LOVE NOT LOST](#)
- [4.....OLD](#)
- [5.....PAINT A PICTURE](#)
- [6.....NATURES WARNING](#)
- [7.....WHITE STAR](#)
- [8.....SAMSARA](#)
- [9.....THE ROSE](#)
- [10...THE FAY \(HERB ROBERT\)](#)
- [11....MYSTERIES OF MAN](#)
- [12....COLORS](#)
- [13....WELL FED TED](#)
- [14....AT PLAY](#)
- [15....OLD MAN](#)
- [16...I LEAVE](#)
- [17...A WINTER IN AUCKLAND](#)
- [18...KIDNEY STONES](#)
- [19...THE WIND BLOWS](#)
- [20...THATS ALL](#)
- [21...SHEPERDS PIE](#)
- [22...SWEET BREATH](#)
- [23...IN LOVE \(AGAIN\)](#)
- [24...AN OLD ENGLISH TOWN](#)
- [25...DO YOU UNDERSTAND MY DEAR](#)
- [26...DUNE OF FRUNE](#)
- [27...DONT MEAN TO BE NAUGHTY](#)
- [28...GOING NO WHERE](#)
- [29...A DOSE OF THE FLU](#)
- [30...PURPLE DAWN](#)
- [31...AT WATERINGBURY](#)
- [32...ODE TO THIS LIFE](#)
- [33...ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE](#)

34...STARS  
35...LINES PENNED BY RK AND AM  
36...LADYBUG  
37...DONT LIE (S)  
38...MAGICAL RUG  
39...SCOTLAND  
40...I HATE FLYING  
41...LOVE IS  
42...THE LOVE FOR GOD  
43...GREAT DAWN  
44...AND IVE SAID  
45...LONDON  
46...INNER VOICE  
47...THE PLEAD  
48...AHIMSA  
49...WHITE CLOTHES  
50...STRANGE WORLD  
51...YOU ASK ME  
52...COULD NEVER TELL  
53...RINGS OF SATURN  
54...MONKS  
55...DO YOU SEE ME  
56...DOES IT SHOW  
57...HOW MUCH LONGER

## NORTHERN IRELAND

Well, here I am Traveling the World  
Wondering, what on Earth shall I do,  
My hair is always, but curled,  
And I ask? ,can a bite chew?.  
And here I am in Belfast  
Where religion, becomes a dirty word  
People are walking around, with a mask  
And I ask?, does milk turn into curd?.  
And its a place called Ireland I did come  
Where Old churches, still stand  
But that's not all right for some  
I only wish, they'd walk hand in hand.  
Its sad, and its a shame  
To see shops, bolted with iron bars  
Where many have come to lame  
With the stupidity, of bombs in cars.

## **LEAVES**

.....Come out of serene scenes  
Leaps out of dreams like these  
Such stuff is made of dreams  
Woven into the scheme of things.

## **LOVE NOT LOST**

Love - is not lost

Dove - at no cost

Sky - that is Blue

Die - all for you.

You - make me feel good

Do - you know you should

Be - with me for ever

See - no mater the weather.

## OLD

And now I'm a man of Old  
I cant even stand the cold  
I wonder where my youth has gone  
But its gone, just like a passing song.  
My back aches, and I cant walk as far  
Everywhere I go, I have to drive a car  
How I wish, I had my youth again  
And I wish my body wasn't so lame.  
But here I am , getting lame and Old  
If it lasts much longer, I'll turn into mold  
There's no chance now, I'll get my youth  
I'll just have to cry out "struth".  
Well, I'll face the facts, I'm getting Old  
And I'll hang a message around my neck, "sold".  
To the laws of time and age  
I'll just have to wait, until I leave this cage.



## PAINT A PICTURE

If I could, paint for you  
A picture in words.  
But would you listen to  
The poor Kurds.  
If I could make it beautiful  
And rhyme.  
Would you, to the staving  
Give a dime?.  
If I could make it speak  
And talk to you.  
Do you think , you could not  
Give ,and be true?.  
If I could make it walk  
And sing.  
Would you give up  
Your wedding ring?  
For someone ,starving, destitute  
And poor.  
Do you think, you could ever  
Give more?.  
And even if I could write  
One such as this.  
I'm afraid, all you would do  
Is give it a miss.  
But if I could of stirred  
Your heart.  
Please, Please do give before  
You depart.  
But I know, I could not write  
One to stir the heart  
Of Man.  
Its a shame, but only his own  
Conscience, will stir his

Own hand.

Oh, One would be happy

In heart, if only

He Can.

## **NATURES WARNING**

The smoke from the fire, is rising high  
Higher than a buyer, could ever buy  
    Burning twigs, branches, logs and air  
Animals running, Pigs Finches, Frogs and Deer.  
Burning forests down, majestic trees once stood  
Turning the wind around, might save them, it should  
Oceans roar, against the Land, Typhoon warning  
No folk lore, Devastation is at hand, people are hoarding.  
Houses, Trees, Lie all around, wind this time is to blame  
House Keys, make not a sound, wind this time, its not the same  
No matter if you go to space, or scream and shout  
Nature sees to it, that its all balanced out.

## **WHITE STAR**

Look at a White Star

Glimpse of Time

Years Ago

And don't forget

The things

I said to you

The other day

You don't do

What you oughta.

## **SAMSARA**

Time spells  
A singing well  
Of Death.  
Hello My Old friend  
Its good to see you again  
You're life's been a game  
Your not to blame  
Your life's gone  
Gone all wrong  
Don't despair  
You know we care.  
Visions of the future  
Just like Karma Sutra  
Visions of the Future  
Just like Karma Sutra.  
Time spells  
A singing well  
Of rebirth.  
Hello My Old friend  
Its good to see you again  
How's your new life?  
And your new wife?  
I have some news  
Its that time again  
Life goes on  
Just like a song.  
Visions of the future  
Just like Karma Sutra  
Visions of the future  
Just like Karma Sutra.

## **THE ROSE**

And he takes a Rose  
And places it in her hand  
From whence it came from  
Know one knows  
And pulls another from the sand  
And where its going too  
Somebody ought to know.  
And he reaches to the Stars  
For he has a certain amount of breaths  
He will definitely reach Mars  
But he definitely has no more deaths.  
And he asks many Questions  
But does not receive an answer  
He watches a lot of Westerns  
And dances like a cosmic dancer  
But, he will never know why?  
Why we all have to die.

## **THE FAY (HERB ROBERT)**

A Fay flew over a fen  
Sat down, at the bole,  
Rootlet of a Herb Robert,  
That did allay in a Glen.  
A Jay would moot with the Mole  
Over the villi of Sweet William.

## **MYSTERIES OF MAN**

Do you know the mysteries of Man  
Tell me, Tell me, Tell me if you can?.  
I've traveled the green hills of England  
From London, to Exeter, To the Exmouth sand  
But tell me, can you tell me?.  
The mysteries of Man.  
I've read great works of Keats, Shelly and Blake  
And none of it, I've learned to hate  
And seen great works of Turner, Constable at the Tate  
And I've listened to many an exotic English band  
But tell me, Can you tell me  
The mysteries of man?



## **COLORS**

Red - I wonder about the things she said

Blue - I wonder if they were true

Green - I know you weren't trying to be mean

White - Sometimes I think you were right.

I read about you

The other day

I heard you

Were going away

I heard

You've left your Cat

And your

Funny little purple hat

Trying hard

Not to cry

Sometimes I

Wana die.

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