

Inspirations & Quotations

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a

A Ghost Sails by Scotland's Isles

A ghost sails by Scotland's isles,
And looks at a nation in chains
A spirit broken, a tongue not spoken,
Just brave defiance remains.

Each chieftain looks after his garden,
His gardens the kingdom he hopes to expand,
He swears loyalty to any king,
Bears none to his native land.

The people pure, their leaders not sure,
Declare allegiance to one and all,
Be you from Norway or from France,
When you upon them call.

The last of the Stewart kings,
Who fought with Highland men,
Looks on his land with tears in his eyes,
Knows he'll never rule there again!

With Passing Time Is Lost Forever

With passing time is lost forever
The opportunities of the past days,
But new case with the morrow,
And show in different ways.

To make the most of what we have
As a resolution may it be said,
For we know not the day or the hour,
When tomorrows we have none: we are dead!

Rain Beats At My Window

Rain beats at my window,
As the day it slowly dies,
As midnight approaches,
I'm cold I realise.
For long I've sat at keyboard
Typing words onto screen
Its seems as if no time,
And yet for hours writing I've been.

And I turn on the heater,
I get up from my chair,
I stretch and yawn, look in the mirror
Laugh at my reflection there...
And on the screen, to be on paper,
These words I wrote be they many or few,
As much as the mirror,
Are a reflection of me too!

A Rose is Still a Rose When Not in Bloom

A rose is still a rose when not in bloom,
To say so is like to say that grass is green,
But when something of beauty is not in flower,
The fact that it is a flower often is not seen.

Roses have thorns as well as blooms,
Then grasped can give pain, make us bleed,
So it is so, when one once we loved,
Speaks to hurt, or does against you a deed.

That they are still the flower let us not forget,
And flowers cannot all the time be in flower,
But when they do bloom, how lovely the display,
To be with such a bloom on their hour!

He Who Walks Among Thorns

An African proverb states:

*"A man does not walk among thorns,
unless fleeing from a snake
or pursuing one"*

He who walks among thorns,
Does not do so for its own sake,
No but rather he flees
From a chasing snake...

And if not so that the man walks
A path of thorns his way in bare feet to make,
Should he not be fleeing from: he must pursue
To capture a fleeing snake.

Silence is Gods Lullaby

Floating music and soaring voices
Break the silence of the night,
Singing Christmas songs in a tongue I don't know,
As outside nothing is in sight...

For it is but the early hours of a new day,
Even the birds are still silent now,
It is as if the world stands still,
The closest we get to God while living somehow...

For when life and all its craziness stops
And the worries of the world cease,
The ensuing silence is Gods lullaby
And we awake or asleep live in peace...

My Mind Is Wrapped In Stillness Deep

I

My mind is wrapped in stillness deep,
A calmness that's unbroken,
For it is night and it is dark
And there is not one word spoken
Outside in the empty street
That patiently waits the dawn,
And I as I try to sleep,
I turn in bed and yawn.

II

And in this emptiness of mind,
Images and words can play,
As I in slumbers drift in and out
In the early hours of day.
The devil finds work for idle hands,
Often by wise men it's said,
But for an idle mind open to God
Poetry finds it instead.

III

And images from those sleeping hours,
On waking are forgotten,
Though vivid they be at the time,
They are for the back of the mind begotten,
Of worries of our waking time
And of our fears and dreams,
Sometimes pleasant, sometimes nightmares,
Strange to me it seems.

IV

And this stillness is like a blanket,
Neath which all worries cease
And I am occupied by a force,
Of and for peace.
And in a heart that's peaceful,
You shall find only good,
And God at these times in such hearts dwells,
And its only right he should.

V

In our hearts he seeks to dwell
And tries to find out how,
To find a bed in our hearts to rest,
But sometimes we wont allow
The Lord in His goodness to come in,
And will not tell Him why,
And so by the trials of the world we are broken,
For our hearts to God we deny.

VI

After to sleep drifting I wake again,
And in the bed I turn
An image or though from the sleeping time
Vivid in my mind does burn,
Through sloth to get up to write I fail,
So it is written never,
For in the morning its long forgot,
To be remembered never.

VII

And sloth it is a sin they say,
Which I never understood,
For slothful I love to be,
And as I explained sleeping idleness is good!
But sloth makes us fail to work,
And it makes me sleep all night,
And so the words God sent through sleep to me,
I never get to write.

VIII

No, God speaks not to me,
I must tell you in a rush,
Im not that crazy, just a poet,
Im not like George Bush!
But God gives us a talent,
And God he gives us time,
And God gives both to me at night,
When my mind can rest and rhyme.

IX

And talent is like the biblical lamp,
To show light it was made,
Why light a lamp to show the light,
Then hide it neath a shade?
Shade is the passing hours
Tween when I think and rise,
And lost through the shade is the light of my words
And this I realise.

X

Though still from bed I refuse to rise,
And my words write for all to see,
And so I waste talent God does give,
And so with Sloth, God can charge me.
To change from Sloth I resolve,
But I know not how,
Before I die I'll find a way,
But be content in sloth for now!

(cont... *My Mind Is Wrapped in Stillness Deep*)

XI

To think of the verses that are lost,
As must happen to other writers too,
I wonder how to sleep and write they got,
Or of lost work like me did they rue?
The stillness of my sleep held brain,
Matches the stillness of the night,
I must get myself a Dictaphone,
Record the thoughts I don't want to rise for to write!

THE END

Broken Hearts and Broken Dreams Make Heartache and Great Songs

All the futures finished
They've lost those who once to them did belong
Broken hearts and broken dreams
Create heartache and great songs.
And as the music dies away
A broken heart slowly heals,
One wonders if ever the same
A broken heart ever feels?

And so we dance along,
Look into each others eyes,
We think not of the future,
For we may end up as the song too...
The happiness before the heartache,
The smiles before the tears
The kisses before the hatred
The youth before aged years...

Hope and love it seems...
Among fantasy belongs...
For broken hearts and broken dreams
Inspire heartache and great songs...

Click, Click goes the Keyboard

Click, click goes the keyboard,
And words appear on a screen,
To be printed one day for all to see,
Which heretofore only in my mind have been.

Words woven that once were faint
Ideas in the obscure corners of my mind,
Come together to form verse in rhyme
And as stanzas on paper themselves find.

And they, those who read my words,
Know that upon this day,
What I was thinking, and what I wrote
And of it, what they like, they can say!

Dark Hills and Dark Nights Foreboding

Dark hills and dark night foreboding
You'll not find me there at all
But there are those on both good and bad days,
These hills, by the mane of heaven, they'll call!

For to walk in but ones own company
To climb to the top to look down,
As in wonder, as if it were a kingdom,
And you were its king with no crown...

Slothful I prefer sleep to relax,
I recharge my batteries in bed,
And I will explore many landscapes
In the fitful dreams of my slumbers instead!

Wisdom, It's Said, Comes with Age

Wisdom its said, comes with age,
Though that you'd never know,
For mankind is but fools,
This to you I'll show:

For to spite all the wars we've had,
Caused by senseless hate,
We still despise each other,
And fight until stalemate...

Wisdom its said comes with age...
It appears this times old rule
Is true in all times bar its exception:
Wisdom never comes to a fool!

He Shall Be Humbled, He Who Is Proud

He shall be humbled, he who is proud,
And will know shame to his name,
For to be so of yourself is not allowed,
For the mighty will know shame.

The least man shall be exalted high
It says so in the bibles Holy Word
Though he may not get his dream, he can try,
No matter how much it seems absurd.

Some things are meant to succeed or to fail,
Unless we try we will never know,
And the fool for one day can we a wise man,
The clever man, the fool he is in time will show!

A Sinners Plea

If an ill thought is bad of the dead
Oh God, what a sinner am I
Guilty of lust and of greed
Damned for eternity when I die.

To be damned if I get to enjoy
Sins committed: I say, fair enough
But to suffer if not having enjoyed
Is in my opinion quite tough!

Oh, we aspire to be holy,
Yes, thoughts so are said to be a good deed,
If so, with thoughts so I am holy
And so for salvation shall plead...

Christmas Eve 2006

An empty coke bottle rattles as it spins round,
Twirled by idle hands in the darkest hours of night,
Outside, cars speeding by make the only sound,
And the shouting of a couple having a fight...
A dark December night, slowly the hours pass by,
It seems so cold... I cannot get any heat
The worlds asleep neath the dark night sky
As I, to the radiator press my feet.

An hour into Christmas Eve... on the screen I see
Cars coming and going from the town
Other people, other lives unaware of me,
Who is working as they are gulping their drinks down...
Nor think did I, when one of tem I was,
Out with friends at a party, drinking late,
Life is good, and of others we don't think because,
Life's to short, is to be lived: Life is great!

No blue flashing lights, but as the hour turns and dies,
An ambulance arrives and who's to say
What story of misery lies inside...
Maybe just a drunk: maybe an RTA.
And those who work in A&E, who with this will deal
They are the real ones working tonight, not I,
And for whinging ashamed I feel,
A silent prayer for them I say, with a sigh...

The World Is Grippped by Hatred

The world is grippeded by hatred,
Help firmly in its clasp,
Though we cant alone break the world free,
We though love can loosen its grasp.

So love each other a little more today
Defeat hatred a little bit at a time
Win the battles and dont worry of winning the war
For not to fight hatred is the only crime!

First Ode to Wordsworth

Early writings of Wordsworth were libertarian and reactionary in nature, full of the joys of life, to which he signed his name "Will Wordsworth".

However, a change in the tone and subject matter arrived in the second period of his life, and on these more socially standard works he wrote his name in the more formal "William Wordsworth", by which we know him today.

This poem is inspired by a "Readers Digest" article from 1970 that explores his work and asks why as to the change in the name and tone of works from Wordsworth.

Verses of Golden daffodils I've read
That waved in the varying wind around
That showed the beauty of the world
That in the sight he found.
Such verses of serenity,
Of ambience and of peace,
That he desired for the world,
And of global freedom were to cease...

And the champion of the underdog
The republican, and of those not free
Was to change in the blink of an eye,
To champion the system, empire and monarchy.

And bonny Wordsworth who with pen
Signed his works with name as "Will"
Changed to the more formal "William"
And wrote his name as such his death until...

What caused this change I do not know,
To find out is an impossible task,
But if to where he is on death I go,
The question to him I'll surely ask!

I Am Awake, As Others Lie Asleep

I, awake as others lie asleep,
Gaze out upon the silent scene,
All is quiet now, and nothing moves...
Where hours ago, a throng had been...

The night passes, Im told so by a screen,
That slowly changing numbers shows,
Each hour, minute and second that dies,
Another night into oblivion goes...

And this night, like that day to me,
Is as if it never was at all...
And each to the next to come shall be
As dawn is followed in time by nightfall.

And on a day to come we will pass
- And be to some a memory
Who some cherish, more maybe not -
As if we did never be...

The Great Mc Gonagall!

William "Topaz" Mc Gonagall was poet from Dundee, who discovered he could make a rhyme at the grand old age of 52 or so.

He considered himself second to Shakespeare in Britian, and it will be of no surprise that he was of Irish stock to have a neck to make a claim such as that considering the quality of the verse he wrote.

Today he is lauded as probably the worst poet in history, and some say he was a fool, more say he was a satirist. His style is like the peasant songs, except not set to music, and presented as pure poetry.

His style of delivery left a lot to be desired, and he was mocked frequently when doing readings in his native city and beyond.

Whether satirist, fool or genuine and misguided, this poetic anti-hero can be found in all writers, and this poem is written in his style to recount his tale!

Of awful verse he was the master,
Writing of the Tay Bridge disaster,
Stating Shakespeare the best wordsmith be,
In Britain to date, and second he,
No disrespect to Burns the Bard
No desire for a great name to be tarred,
He was second best Scottish son,
North of the border, Mc Gonagall was number one!

On receiving inspiration divine
Pen he seized to write a line
Continued to write, such verse he penned:
Was to cause mirth until his end!
His first verse was to the Rev. Gilfillan, an address
Which was judged by same to be a poetic mess
Wryly the poets efforts the minister did dismiss
Stating "Shakespeare wrote nothing like this!"

His verse on theatre and street he read,
With laughter and derision he was met instead,
Of the respect he expected, while reading pompous
Clad in Kilt he caused quite a rumpus!
He tried once to America to go
But on its shores no-one did know
Found himself cut loose, culturally cast away
His homeward fare a kind stranger did pay

Once fifty miles or more he walked
To read verse to the queen: but when he talked
To the guardsmen at the gate
He was turned away in indignant state
To be poet laureate he said he wished to seek,
To be told that to try he had a cheek,
And he'd better move while still was free,
To go as he pleased all the way home to Dundee.

And them his finest hour came,
Or maybe his greatest composition of shame!
When the Tay Bridge collapsed in a gale
While upon it crossed a train by rail...
And to write upon it he was possessed
To read his words few were impressed
And his ode to the tragedy of the bridge of the Tay
Causes smiles to all to this very day.

Was he a fool... or just a bad poet
If he was a fool he seemed not to know it
Some say he was clever acted if on a stage,
Commanded an audience as he read each page.
Though they laughed at him things threw,
That he brightened their day that much he knew
And how many writers who so serious could be
Will be long forgotten when remembered is he?

How many poets refuse to use rhyme
Mc Gonagall insisted to use it all the time
Unfortunately the pattern often fell out of place,
For the Romantics cast him from grace,
He was but a common man, at least he did try,
To be like him, none want to be including I,
But still to convention he was never a slave,
And to his emotions was never the knave

As I this verse write in his appalling style
I admire his bravery, smiling all the while,
Though great are his foes and his friends are few,
To his art in his heart he tried to be true,
Those who read his words may mock and may grin
But to be a weaver and a poets no sin
And as I sit here more poetry to write,
May I be pure as heart as he as I scribble tonight!

His Hand in the Wound Had Been

His hand in the wound had been
Then he knew they did not deceive
Happy are we who there have not been
But in the Resurrection believe...

Though it is good not to be a fool
To seek to prove what you are told,
Trust among the Apostles was the rule,
In respect and honour each other to hold.

Verses on Big Folk and Little Folk

A little king looked on his kingdom
That no mortal eye could ever see,
And to be one of these little folk,
Was indeed a blessing, said he.

The Little Folk unlike mankind
Knew no wars and done no wrong,
Lived in bliss, a life of music,
A life of laughter, lust and song.

They were here long before the Big Folk
Aye, were here thousands of years...
In a realm of peace and of magic,
Where only falls brought to the eye tears...

On the arrival of the Big Folk,
The little folk fled underground,
And that is why to this day
In open fields they wont be found.

The little king looked on his kingdom
Where to be hidden was to be free
He knew Big Folk believed his world did not exist,
"Long may they so think!" said he!

Tore Down by God, Who Was Angered by Man

As today we reflect,
On how our faith is wrecked
By faiths, so many
The saved, the chosen and the few

Our faith, as one, we tried to make
United for our glories sake
A tower, like Babylon to build high
Assure ourselves of heaven when we died...

And God, by our effort was not amused
Sowed doubt and debate and so confused
Caused us to fight, wage war and die:
Pride of man is the reason why.

Glass in the Hand

Glass in hand, staring into space,
As the night is old, the brain is confused,
Swaying as he staggers forward,
The fool who his alcohol abused.
He falls against a stool by the counter
Someone lends a steadying hand,
To be thanked by a torrent of abuse
Slurred so much none could understand.
And so he moved out of sight,
As at a friend who speaks to me I look,
If only at him youth could learn,
From his folly a lesson be took!

Brave Wallace Lies Neath Weeping Skies

Bold Wallace lies neath weeping skies
That cry on a land not free,
And many more beside him will lie
Who Scotland liberated wont see.

The cruel hand of England
Even when she lets a land go,
She keeps a hand upon its tiller
So that shes the master, they know.

And England, who their freedom stole
Makes sure from her colonies freedom she gains,
The flags and the army may be gone,
But the Saxons power remains.

For a land is but free when England says:
At her decree your a free man,
And she will return and crush you again,
If you against her plan.

And a weeping sky for Scotland will cry
For to come many many years,
Even in freedom she'll be bear the Saxon yoke,
Drawing from brave Scotland more tears!

This Rainy Night Where Is She?

This rainy night where is she?
Is she in Dublin town
Racing along O' Connell Street,
As the rain comes thundering down...

Does she go home to a lover,
Does she go home alone,
Does another man share the love
That I could never had known?

Or is she home in Italy
In her town I don't know where,
Or maybe she's from the country,
Or from the mountains air...

As I think I know I don't know her,
Although I once thought I did,
I wonder if she knew I loved her,
If she cared why my love so I hid?

Maybe she's in the arms of another,
Some lucky man darling she does call,
I wonder if ever I met her,
Would she even know me at all?

I Often Think... If God is Islamic

In death I'll face God as a sinner
As each in our time we will do,
And if for now of my sins I don't worry
At that time each one I'll heartily rue!
But I'm hoping he'll be judging me kindly,
When me to account He does call,
For I as a sinner have failings...
And sure I'm Irish and all!

I often think... if God is Islamic!
And as I'm cast to Hell as I don't believe
In things like the Koran and Mohammed
Because circumstances me did deceive...
The opportunities for sin I'd have missed
The excesses in life I could've enjoyed,
The bills I'd never have bothered paying,
And the devious schemes I could've employed!

Its one thing to go to eternal damnation
Having enjoyed to the full both life and sin,
T'would be a shame to be cast away to the flame
Without enough wrong to have beforehand indulged in!

Dancers Move Upon the Stage

The Dancer moves upon the stage
All eyes on her look down
Some with joy at her movement
Others over technicalities frown.

The crippled walks ungainly down the street
Having being crippled as a boy
Some look in disapproving pity
None share his mothers pride and joy.

For every step ungainly that allows him progress
Is another step in life as his own he stakes,
Not pretty to the eye is his step
But to many ugly even a limp a walk makes...

Let us not pity the cripple,
Rejoice he walks, as he is glad of the chance,
Enjoy the movements of the dancer on the stage,
See not the faults in her dance!

A Prayer Tonight Let Me Say

A prayer tonight let me say
Though great my belief may not be
For in times of need I pray
And ask God to help me.
Though believe in him greatly I do not
I don't hesitate to plead
To him for assistance
When great is my need.

The Ballad of Old Clonbroney

One night dark walking along
A lane onto its end,
A neighbour walked up to a house
To call upon a friend.
The neighbour was new, his friends wife too
Had arrived not long ago,
And friendship new as neighbours do
They called on one another each other to know.

And as he approached the house,
He wondered at how strange shadows moves,
It looked as if it were a hearse,
And all of a sudden a sound of hooves,
And a wall through at terrific speed,
Driven by a horseman with no head,
A hearse up through the fields fled
To Old Clonbroney with its dead.

Our hero stood there shaking,
Wondered if he imaged was what he had seen,
When the woman opened the door to the house,
Asked where the horses had been?
He raced into the house so fast,
Slammed behind him the door,
Told how the hearse before him passed,
And where it came from before...

That it went up to Old Clonbroney,
After driving through a wall,
But it was not real: twas but a ghost,
For the wall was not damaged at all.
And drinking whiskey strong his nerves settled down,
Though still great in him was fear,
Though you may mock and you may frown,
You too'd shake if the headless horseman did appear...

And in time the husband returned,
A miller he was by trade,
He came to see his wife terrified,
And his neighbour, a man strong, afraid,
They told him of the horseman,
Of the hearse, that the man had no head,
He shrugged his shoulder with a sigh,
Declared one of the neighbours dead.

It was like the banshee,
The miller said of the apparition,
When these neighbours died, the spectre you'd see,
So was local superstition,
And so all a prayer they said,
For their own and the deceased sake,
Its not told the name of who was dead,
Or if the miller and his neighbour slept or stayed awake!

In Darkness Crept Shadows Dark

In darkness crept shadows dark,
Of forms that could not be seen
It seemed as if I was awake
But it was just a dream...

Though knew it not I at the time
When among these shadows I walked,
And though I heard not what they said,
I understood when they talked.

These forms invisible to the eye,
Could be felt by the moving air,
The little cold breeze of a moments life,
That says something has moved that once was there.
And a shiver went through my spine,
Though I knew it was not bad,
Still I shiver as if in fear
Of a soul distressed and sad.

I knew not of the shapes
Their kind, origin or name,
But knew they grieved a wrong to them done,
Or mourned an unrightable shame.
And the tears of these silent shapes
Splashed onto cold cold stone,
I stood, with no-one near me,
And yet I was not alone.

The very fact that I was there
Brought to these souls some ease,
I though scared, I was glad
These distressed souls I could please.
And as around me the faded,
One to me he spoke,
Reached out and took my hand,
And in a cold sweat I awoke!

Stars Twinkling, Unseen, Behind Cloud

Stars twinkling, behind cloud,
As if they were not there, to my eye,
A night dark, as around I walk,
To keep myself warm I try...

Among the ranks of the lost and the poor,
Are burdens great we never see,
As the clouds of poverty keep them so
Should we do nothing, this will forever be.

What I See Before Me

What I see before me as I look around
At where there is nobody or nothing
I see peace, I see heaven and tranquility
As a chorus of songbirds start to sing.

At another time, if such a scene I see
I would find it distressing, feeling alone
For we see what we see not as it is
But rather how we feel on our own.

Days Gone And To Come

Of days that are gone some try to remember
Days that are gone more try to forget
Of days to come some wait in wonder
As others in dread pray "Don't bring them yet@!"

Life for different people brings different things
Different people different ways to the same thing feel
So we must play the cards that we have got
For in the Poker of Life there is only one deal.

The Crying Sky

The rain is falling as I lie awake
Beats a soundtrack to my wakeful night
And I the dreamer who cannot sleep to dream
Those raindrops are music to me as I write.

Yet footsteps neath my window move quickly I hear
As someone is soaking and quickly moves by
The darkness covers all so none can see
Under the blanket of the crying sky.

Shall Another Read My Words

Shall another read my words
In a far off distant da
I hope that they enjoy the rhymes
That I on paper lay.

And if they look in wonder
At the world that through my eyes is seen
Then, I the writer will have known
My life as a writer: a waste has not been.

All Are Dead

"For Lords or Kings I dinnae mourn
E'en let them die, for that they're born"
- Robert Burns
"Elegy on the Year 1798"

All are dead, both great and small men
Never to be known or heard of again
And all shall rise in turn when
The time it comes for man to be judged.

Then: see the King in fear shake
His turn before the Judge take
His case for clemency for to make
As to his fate he's nudged...

Behind him stands the man that's poor
Who always of Gods love was sure
With prayer, not complaint, he his cross did endure
To his Salvation he has trudged!

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