Little Zen Masters

Poems & Rhymes

By Jonathan Joseph
Preface

My name is Jonathan Joseph I live with my two children in Cheshire, England. One day I was reminiscing upon my younger days thinking about my school days in particular, and I remembered my teacher telling me she thought I was good at poetry. Some twenty years later I thought what the hell I will try and write some Poems and Rhymes. Maybe it has taken me twenty years to find my voice again. Thanks to my family and friends for their support especially the three gems Paul, Branka and Bryan.

My aim for this eBook is humble; I have no expectations. I just hope that one of my poems or rhymes touches you in some way, maybe making you smile, promoting deeper thinking within you, or helping you or someone in any small way.

Please feel welcome to visit my Blog and or follow me on Twitter or OPUSS

BLOG

www.allinrhyme.blogspot.co.uk

TWITTER

@ALLINRHYME

OPUSS

http://opuss.com/home/ ALLINRHYME

Please support Lara’s Page:

www.facebook.com/helplara

Images and Text created by Jonathan Joseph unless stated otherwise.
"All rights reserved" © June 2012
# Contents

*Click upon any of the titles below to go straight to a Poem or a Rhyme. Click upon the [Contents Page](#) bookmark to this page.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FUN</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coldplay A Musical Journey</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boy Within</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Have A Dream</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Money Tree</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Hand Washes The Other</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Instrumental Friend</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freda and Me</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BLISS</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heaven</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAB</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The F1 Fan</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tree of Lost Souls</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Zen Masters</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RAINBOW</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Déjà Vu</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Spiritual Journey</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hickory Six O Clock</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Love I Lost</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOBY The Lovers Note</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Martial Artist</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depart Earth Ascend To Heaven</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Therapy of Writing</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Friend</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Positive People Prosper</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thank You</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In the life of my daughter
    Time is for fun
    Trying out hobbies
    Never one by one

Watching the Television
    A cartoon or show
    A fairy called Tinkerbelle
    Or her chosen hero

Painting and drawing
    Factors high on her list
Unless it’s her Homework
    On which I insist

Hide and seeks her favourite
    On a swing, down a slide
Shush she has nearly found me
    She’s standing close by my side

Imagining Fairies
    The places they go
The fun of catching one
    Then letting her go

Disappointment is temporary
    There’s always much to do
Feeding the Birds
    Playing with friends, me or you

Contents Page
Coldplay  A Musical Journey

When in trouble
I turn to this band
Lyrics and music
Masterful and grand

A rush of blood to the head
Got put a smile upon you face
I tell myself don’t panic
I’m safe in my place

As the album continues
A yellow brick road appears
Laid out before me
I will fix you I hear

At the speed of sound
Like a shiver down my spine
The clocks of time are turning
I begin to feel fine

Using parachutes with friends
Landing on violet hill
What if I ignored the warning sign?
Would we fall or become ill

Please Turn Over…
Yes we’ve arrived
Starting at square one
We talk for a while
Could this be paradise we’re starting from?

The night time encroaches
White shadows disappear
Is that an alien with green eyes?
Or their UFO ship we can hear?

Postcards from far away
Sleeping sun on a rainy day
Feeling lost here now
I think it’s time I ran away

The gravity of our situation
A message from above
Up with the birds
We’re off like a Dove

The scientist among us
Says our journeys, only superstition
Right I say I am moving to mars
A hopeful transmission

And now the hardest part
A glass of water please
The ending of our music
It’s now us against the world
Mosses and Charlie Brown leave
The Boy Within

When with my son
It’s like looking at me
When I was young
Adventurous, care free

It was all about fun
And having a laugh
Going Chester Zoo
Watching a Giraffe

Smiling and running
Questions were plenty
Adults were giants
Grown-ups were twenty

Life’s become serious
Maybe it should be a toy
Maybe I will return
To being a little boy

Contents Page
I have a dream
Everyone’s kind
Gentle like birds
Selfish thoughts left behind

I have a dream
Anger no longer exists
Love penetrates everywhere
Like the sun through the mist

I have a dream
We all help each other
Creed, colour and labels
Causing no bother

I have a dream
Everyone’s my friend
Peace be with you
This sermon ends
Daddy daddy, can I have some money?
   Of course you can
   And I’ll tell you a story
   Which is really quite funny?

   Money grows on trees
   It’s a secret you know
   It’s how the banks started
   Long Long Ago

   They planted a penny
   They soon had a pound
   Which then became an Orchard
   This investment was sound

   Planted deep in the ground
   Out of plain sight
   Checking their progress
   Quietly at night

   Then one summer’s day
   When the weather was fine
   Silver coins would appear
   A few at a time

   The leaves of these trees
   Twenty pound notes
   Guarding these forests
   Heavily armed moats

   Money grows on trees
   Let’s plant your fifty pence
   Surely you agree
   It makes perfect cents
One hand washes the other
Just like Yin and Yang
Can helping each other
Be so hard to understand

You scratch my back
I’ll scratch yours
Karma in action
Kindness prevents wars

Helping a pensioner
To cross the road
Don’t shy away
One day you will be old

Collaborative action
A charitable group
The twelve apostles
Humanitarian troops

It’s really easy
To help a friend
Helping enemies?
On this thought I end
My Instrumental Friend

Strumming my guitar
Stress disappears
Lyrics of fun
Joy and tears

Singing along
To a riff or a jingle
Poetic verses
A favourite single

Sounds playing chords
To keys deep inside
Picking emotions
From where they reside

Music and melodies
Slide, hammer and bend
Playing my guitar
My instrumental friend
Freda and me
Happy as can be
Sat in the sun
With Panda my teddy

Peace, protection and safety
Is what you brought
The meaning of your name
Who would have thought?

My first lady
Lying by my side
Tickling her tummy
Smiling wide

Running and playing
Going for a walk
I wished, hoped and imagined
You could talk

Well there is one thing
I think I must say
Memories are forever
In my heart you will stay
It’s bliss, be quick
You don’t want to miss
A beautiful moment
On which to reminisce

It’s bliss, this image,
How else could you define?
Something special
Unique or divine

It’s bliss, be delicate,
It’s fragile and could break
Disturbance of stillness
Ripples in a lake

It’s bliss, be grateful,
This experience is rare
It’s touched your soul
Flown through the air
A drip, a splash
A river or lake
Droughts in Africa
Rain for God sake

A trickle, a torrent
A stream or the sea
Heavy rainfall and flooding
Noah’s Ark, catastrophe

Stagnant, Flowing
Glaciers or rain
Tsunamis, global warming
Mother Natures to blame?
Heaven

Is heaven a place?
Or is it a goal?
Does Peter guard the gates?
What is his toll?

You reap what you sow
Surely the Angels know
If you inspired happiness
Misery or sorrow

Heavens in your heart
It’s where life starts
Would you be satisfied?
If you were to suddenly depart?

Contents Page

Thank you to James for kindly letting me use his image

http://skaylez.deviantart.com/
My son secretly works
In an ice lolly lab
When he comes to my house
All he wants is a FAB

This ice cream
Resides in his dreams
All the ingredients
In carefully aligned teams

He runs through my door
Runs straight for the freezer
If he gets there before his sister
He doesn’t half tease her

Undoing the wrapper
He puts on a dance
Overcome with joy
The perfect romance

To increase his fun
He wants me to join in
I’m not even allowed
To put my wrapper in the bin

His smile is endless
As he quickly devours
Having my son and daughter is FAB
Enjoyment for hours
The F1 Fan
Supporting Driver and Team
Sharing their excitement
Being part of a dream

A grain of inspiration
Cheering from the stand
Subliminal encouragement
Surely the driver understands?

Politics and Controversy
On and off track
Who will set Pole Position?
Who will start from the back?

Watching from Home
Or visiting the race
Identifying the leading pack
Who will set the pace?

Meeting their driver
Face to face
Chatting for a while, shaking their hand
Wouldn’t that just be ace?

Budgets of millions
A plethora of staff
Without the F1 Fans
Would this season be our last?

Contents Page
Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below