



THE ANSWER

A Book of Poems

Mason Chamberlin



About Mason

Mason Chamberlin was born in 1978 and lived in Deer Park Melbourne Australia until the age of sixteen and relocated to Camperdown in Victoria when his mother, father and brother left to run a motel business. Mason left school at seventeen to embark on an adventure to study art under the tuition of Patti Semmler and Robert Drummond; renowned artists who ran a community art school in Geelong.

As a boy, Mason was a member of the Australian Boys Choir (Australian Boys Choral Institute) learning to sing, and learning to draw early, as a member of the Hunt Club near where he lived. He spent a time finishing his voice training at the Melba Memorial Conservatorium of Music between 1999 and 2000. He has written classical and folk music and performed many places; however, Mason is not a recording artist. Mason earned his Bachelor of Fine Art at the Victorian College of the Arts University of Melbourne in 2004. He is self-taught in writing and reading verse and poetry and has been writing since he was a child, even though he is not a religious man, much of his creativity involves his channelling of both his pain recovery and faith and existentialism. The author has success in both music and art.

He lives with family and dual cares for his brother.

Mason Chamberlin

The Answer / A book of poems

© January 2026

The Answer

A Book of Poems

13 Naper Street Stawell Victoria 3380.

Web: www.lakebankartmusic.com

E: mason.chamberlin@bigpond.com

Please respect the rights of the author.

This Book is Dedicated to

My mum Gabrielle (Gay)

My dad Henry (Hank)

My brother Alexander. (Alex)

And my long-lost sister.

Love

The Answer

Shair's Journey.

Shair and the firebird took off to fly the turning globe.
Searching for the love he feels of the girl in the robe.
He turns up his tired and weary eyes to the icy air,
His locks of hair would flow as curly dreadlock fair.
Then the bird rose windbound upon swathes of kinetic fire,
Throwing over all her strength with his athletic tire.
Shair could with charm assure real calmness of true rest,
And then allure a love that shines like a golden crest.

This journey was a wondrous feat of imaginary action.
With thinking they strove long, and there were reels of passion.
Seeing malady, one can pray, to make great loving,
Yet Shair found his soulmate in the girth of Saturn's arm.
Child of Sol and of Luna he beheld the flitting dove,
Thieving a child away from the Firebird's protecting alarm,
Only in return: finding the journey round the Sun.
Where they found themselves stuck in a dis-passioned run.

Yet this little tale of a sonnet may not tell all
About all the graces from which one may then fall.
Turning over it the magic one feels in their head.
For it, a lye that fits one to rest in one's stead,
To live a life that is filled with such conscious pain.
Mine the bones of the spine is ankylosed in a chain.
With tears that ever fall with grimace of the lip:
Terrors of dysphagia obstructs my every sip.

Asking through the Firebird, and spirits in the night.
Why one weeps the way the lamb did at act of fight?
Then seeing a dying girl - noticed the dreaded crab,
Malign of the nerves and the matter of her brain
I saw her flaccid and felt the need to cry again.
Walking round rooms, of the sick and the sicker.
O' how my pain, has no bearing on the flicker.
The Journey with the Firebird here must end, O' no...

When the flames do then rise, the Phoenix flagged – sends.
Life after death and new journey's takes us a-rends.
Thanks, from us all for chances, new lives without trials.
To fight the Lion within magic beholding vials,
Touching gold; springs much safe care of our healthy ties.
Until the spell then runs out and our system dies,
Tour the world be in our liver or of our mind,
And love in being one's-own-self, then it's me I find.

Remembering though, that if then I must do cry,
 Vulnerable and exposed, I then must standup – try.
 The reel that one does feel, is deep and one understands,
 They all can sense it, see it, their trembling shaking hands.
 Wondering about why..., life; has me leftward into the bright.
 Imagining, all the bedazzling coldness through the night,
 Because all in the end we are on an island
 Reaching outward and toward the eternal hand.

The young girl died. All those in kind saw her. So, He wept.
 Life is to be with, and is to be without-being kept
 Humans and birds in ways are alike, needing to fly,
 One with tuft – others with a fibrillation sure apply
 A nest or a bassinet? one flits on leaving and,
 Another **crawls**, keen their worldly entrance – stand!
 Live, love, create, make life, grow within, birth, must persist.
 Creep, crawl, stand, step, walk, run, sneak, enter, exit: exist.

Kidney Bean. Sick in the morning, on waking and all day.
 She can't have it! It's effecting work. In-there does play
 Seen the Doc at four. Kidney Bean taking her instant.
 The mystery Me-thinks is yond the pleasure-constant.
 I've been waiting for four cancelled appointments
 And now beyond all feeling of any merriments.
 The principle of real pleasure is not feeling pain,
 And liberation transcends desires of loss or gain.

Mother and Father married and with child, are smitten.
 Birth enters the wonders of being a name is written.
 Leave of maternity is well worth the fun they've had:
 And the nature is right, yet neither good nor bad.
 Tales of phoenixes and boys, sounds of infant joys',
 Sleepless nights, up and down, soothe the beast, appease with toys':
 Playthings o'er the bouncing frame; flicks the rattle: she learns.
 Learns of safe and dangerous things; things she needs or yearns.

The seed of life that keeps the line ongoing, from love
 Where the one who needs but cannot fly the dove.
 Has the concept but is not inner filled, flawed be the gene.
 He feels love, yearns, yet cannot begin and end the scene.
 In solitary he frets, pining for relation,
 He lost the love of his life; he won't show his station.
 She gave him Hollyhock seeds and pleaded him return,
 He had problems; she had problems: memories ever burn.

Paper youths: emerald and ruby – are shattered and weak
 "Hello, it's me Shair. Is Aine home? Err... Can we speak?"
 (Phoning her mother in a moment critically tense)
 "You can't... She walks 'round Royal Melbourne talking nonsense."

“Can I leave her a message?” - “Consider it sent.”
 The grief starts Shair to spin. What he hadn’t was only spent.
 The whirling world crashed like the words of the Kubla Khan.
 Sees a flying Barron Galian from the land of Shan.

Then the Phoenix from within rose from the pit of ashes,
 And the vision deep cut him like a convict’s lashes.
 The side of his manhood was turned by burning flames.
 He felt like love had taken him into a world of games,
 And his mental state was stolen by an incompleteness.
 Shair found in himself the truth of his obsolescence,
 And he wailed at his reflection in the mirror “Why?
 Why Me? Why God have you done this to her? Phy...

... The thief that of her life and I have no fatherhood,
 I now see that I am the end of the line... what’s good?”
 Shair stood like the first man, with a lumbermen’s peavy,
 He did stand, with pain. He saw all the trees are leavy.
 The spike hook dug in and turned as like a chorus chant
 But all religious birdsong was deaf as it did rant.
 When Shair lost Aine, it was the last straw, hearing the caw:
 Ravens coldly landward, stopping the phoenix’s thaw.

So, the fire within, no longer did flicker or crack,
 No reason there was to search another winding track.
 Shair cut off his heart and repressed what he loved, though square
 Even as he could care, someone new he would not dare,
 Feeling need for space, his fibrillation straight with trace,
 He’s heart breaking for a girl who can’t recall his face.
 Many years to find himself once again in this life,
 For what endears he is frightened of another strife.

He met her at the end of school graduation day
 They quicky found a fire spark igniting in each sway.
 Shair bought flowers at a stall and took them to her door.
 It opened “Kiss me” Aine said, she turned and danced the floor.
 He tailed her to the kitchen; she sat up on the bench
 Watched her swing her legs and told him stories of the French.
 She spent a spring in Paris with coffee, and brioche
 Got in trouble with the spike it hit her like *la roche*.

Shair knew her when she was straightening of the hard bend.
 She was safe to have a man that for her he’d defend.
 They walked and talked and talked and walked, falling deep in love
 He besought her to the truth “When push would come to shove,
 If she tries to thrust the imp on him, they would be cactus.”
 Sure, Aine tried and Shair went on his way said “its recked us”
 They broke up over the phone, it broke them down for to leave,
 And then on the story takes a messy tangling weave.

Shair was plagued by the feeling he needed to be wed.
It sent him off on a chase which the absurd had led.
He took himself to buy a suit and find his lost girl.
Found colours to wear: "looks nice... to put her in a whirl."
Observed in his belly the fire to free the phoenix
Completely blinded to the reality to the suffix,
There was a time they thought he had a mental crisis
In truth was he had the death of his hypophysis.

In his soreness he wandered the theatre of the ward.
Lost for a time the insight into his self, was on guard.
Always he would argue with himself what had of insight
Was not the malady they thought he had it was the fight
Hurting in the physic of his bones, the itch the burn,
And the fault that had been found in the olfactive base.
Shair found his heart did not respond to a sexy face
And he newly understood beneath it all he is an ace.

Twenty long years he wandered lone, deep, and lost.
Like Duvalier, was in comfort in the rain and in the frost.
Felt himself in a glass-dome, steps slipping on the stew,
A soul that was traveling all alone in a ship with no crew,
There was no captain, no sailors, and no passengers,
It was a sanctuary as he had no challengers,
*'In the fourth second, He closes his eyes with holy dread,
And now treated, he took the honey jar, then he fed.'*¹

The trouble is they treat the man as if he is doped,
On something he's never heard of or ever had been hoped.
Or he's stupid for believing or had been trusting:
Never be a taker or ever do the thrusting.
He exposed the lies of other souls, gave truth to life,
Where others lived in the spirit of unctuous strife.
Shair looked for messages to draft a book of answers,
Turning words in reverse, he searched to cure disasters.

Long years went in himself, slighting the fire in his being.
Until his eyes dazzled him to something he was seeing.
A change came. He could accept by finding in himself,

¹ Coleridge, Samuel Taylor: Kubla Khan A Fragment: lines 52 - 53

In the end the only one he'd need answer to be his self,
From now he'd not need a word, to describe reality.
He could be himself and do in his life his speciality.
Now he needs to come to terms with his soul that burns
Regardless to what all believe none of us returns.

So live.

Cats and Dogs

The cat, she plays with her prey,
Sly, with pleasure she juggles
Until the daylight is grey
She humours the struggles.
The dog he buries his catch
Until the meat is green blue
Marks it through his watch
And he then rolls in it, true.

Taste of blood wakes the killer.
Drunk by the raw squirm of flesh,
Crimes most vile is ever shriller.
How crazed is his cause, ever fresh.

Theres a killer calling deuce.
He will never call a truce.
As rough as a buckled wheel
His knife is cold and sharp steel.

Theres a killer on the prowl,
He is a dog that kills fowl.
While copying Mack the knife
And he is out to take life.

The name is shallow grave Jean
Leaves his murder site quite clean
Now, the corpse is left pristine
And the wound suggests Sistine.
All his victims are broken,
The killer he has spoken.
He keeps his time for flaying,
With the prey he is playing.

Young Police Detective Brown
There is a lead she has found.
And she is strong on the case.
Has a profile of his trace.

Plots are weaved like a miller
'Close to catching the killer
She can visualise his face.
It has now become a race.

A healthy sense of self worth

A strong respect for the integrity of others'

Her Redemption

The lady now feels fearful and aghast.
Her eyesight is turning and looking down.
The dampened gaze is breaking up, into tears
And all her thinking is becoming fast.
Contained deeply within her grimaced frown,
She cannot now contain her deepest fears.

Indigo and Pulgar wring ivory hair,
She takes her fingers to wiping-dry her view,
Sorrowed, she tilts her head to her left side.
Words that of her remembering: are not fair.
Trying to rectify so many a stew,
None in her keeping would she confide.

A-gazing up and asking Heaven... Why?
The truth she cannot in her; reconcile,
And keeping all the losses to herself
The tiny reasons: she is keeping shy.
Where coming to terms, will take her a while -
She puts the time before up on the shelf.

Over some time, the weeping of the mind
Will pass, her feelings will render solute.
The life of sorrow will take a backward place,
And sobbing replaced, where joy she'd find.
The fears that come will not pollute
And she can now redeem a happy face.

Hindsight

It has been a long journey.
Woody by skill and sweet insight,
Rare stones and lots of money.
and the truth one cannot slight.
It is worth the inward look.
After all, knowing the right
A cup of tea and a book.

Time has come to then make steady.
To the grass on the other side,
I cannot get it from my head,
It was not a painless ride,
And it is green from where I stand.
To plainest sight which to hide
Holding life with my hand.

If you want to get run over,
It would better be a Tesla.

Oh, so quiet -
Silent but violent,
Silent and deadly.

Pain Song.

Have you ever felt the pain of real pain?
For when it relieved you know where you've been.
Pain comes on slow and dull and murders thine.
It crushes the nerves and causes tears,
The way onions burn.

Have you ever reeled the way no one ever reels,
And screamed upon standing and dropping to the floor,
To finding refuge from what is in store,
Crying to God or Allah if I should accept as true,
And then take my station?

Have you ever felt the deathly thud
In every single move and praying for relief?
Where the abstinence of the cold and sharp
The relief then found in science,
Nor faith or in belief.

Have you felt the pain of real pain?
For when you do you will know where you've been.
Relentless on every joint and nerve one wails
This ringing hurt you for ever hurt
And when you finally awake

The feeling is gone.

The Quietened Air.

As does the bush hiker hike
The horse was trained to run,
With sonance the singer sung.

Chords eclipsing does alike
The darkened Moon and Sun,
well-tempered; and highly strung.

*

The message of ringing sounds
Stronger than rhetorical lines.
The range in mind still astounds
With tears inside still one pines.

This inner voice is recitative.
Deleting all the pain and strife
Where all is found is relative.
Salute in song as in life

In losing what makes you whole
For in truth, one has no choice
The gift Holy Fortune stole
It was Fate that took a voice.

1

The light is right
A push of cars
A bus, a bike
Traffic moves.

Amber, red, green
Who then goes on through.
It is safe to say
Shove, for right of way.

Urge to then push
Before the caution light
To red

New causes now
Keeping the head
Safety in one's stead
All is not what it seems.

2

I sit upright in the café
My tips go to the barista
The coins are taken away
I look toward the vista.

The other girl makes me a sanga
Song of fifties rock and eclectic crass
Café-latte, wrap for gluten free, have ya.
Middle city chat like she's on the sassafras.
The vegetarian connoisseur asks for soya.

The lovely lass who is serving paper cups
Pass the time of day and keep on working.

3

I Must find a job
Off to the Agent
Tell then, all or nothing
I've been listening to
 Extended family
Need to receive work
Talk to the Agent
Listen to all; content is nothing
For them, must be
 Worthy occupied
Nut it out for a match
Relive the squeeze
Over-and-over the tightness
Jobs are everything
 For the worthless.

4

In the cafeteria
Across from the Carlton
'Used to stay there
 In that hotel.

Late night port wine
Music by a bedside stay
Up until the early hours
List'ning to a transistor
ABC the night away.
Symphonia, Cantata,
And Concerti,
 Old FM radio

You're on Adventure
Said my art-school teacher.
A little art school but
 A great movement.

In the cafeteria
Across from the Carlton
Between Malop and Clare Street
Biding time.

5

Waitress brings out
Yes! Here comes the meal
Café classic
 Raison Toast
Grannie Bread

Goodbye toast
Eat my Weeties
Everyday dining
Good break for pining
Breakfast sighing
Coffee — tea —
Option of milk
Option of sugar
Good times when fed.
The day I kidded her
Called her Grannie Davis
After the bread,
Gran did scold me so.

6

Six is for sex
The girl does a wax
Paint in linseed or flax.

Six sucks,
Love rocks
Love is tender.

7

Heaven comes with ability, no?
Live again or a saved sole, O'
Give a heart to what counts, love me?
One hurts after contact and loss, hurting be.

Love is rich, when one gets a hitch
Goodnight in a stitch.

8

You ate my mind

You state the bind

So, you're squaring round

the circle

Cubing the Sphere.

9

Count down the last moment
Count-up (micro-minute end).
Ten is one less-huh
One less than eleven (less1)

A sit in the park Remembering when
I could have been homeless.
A night guarded by possums
One day circled by a walking maggie.

It is good at least that I've a friend.
My buddy maggen-pie keeps time with me.
He's like a pet, but he's free.
I sit in the park with a magpie

Beautiful.

10

Train stations are dingy
Even so the cleaner stations

The terminals for busses are dirty
Butted extinguished cigarettes
and immorally stepped out
on concrete surfaces.

Seets with the purpose of waiting
And taxicabs circle round
The carrousel of partings.

Let there be danger
Walking in front and in behind

Don't expect stayers
Poor are those cleaners with
Their brooms and shovels
To make the space ginger.

Pickup
Stopping all stations
To Warrnambool,
Dropoff.

Hail a yellow
Cab drivers
Chat.
Each yarn at the terminal
Posturing
Smoking
Distracted by rot.
Geeting out of the yellow

With an enviro-bag in hand
Looks a little female
Theres a girl on a mobile,
Bus turns the roundabout
Its sign say's "OUT OF SERVICE"
I move onward in space,
Forgive me for the prattle.

11

The freeze of the early dew morning,
As the flutter of my aorta which is cold.
Holding my angst while I am thawing,
Her cloudiness shines a sky ruddy gold.
Hands and feet crossing palms and soles,
Our years beyond ages ever live until old.
Combining emotions, as stable as shall be,
We focus our feelings intense as the rain.

Eyes hanging on an event horizon,
Glitter of strings that gather in our hold.
What is to do is what is being won,
Magnetic push and pull the wavy fold.
Grazing on today and tomorrow's journey,
Where feats for a one and two are a portion.
Glory be a landmass, talking like a blarney,
Anticipation marks the reason for contortion.

12

I am ace, there is only room for one.
I do have, take me dear as I am sincere.
All others, jointly do and have done.
Cards of clubs, and lucky aces, I adhere.

Lucky I, an ace of hearts, for I'm on my own,
By myself, 'Assos Adamus' dancing free.
The end, of my people I have not ever sown.
The reach; now is short of reining the spirit tree.

13

If you fool with me
I shall become your Lord.
If you feed me your thoughts
I will turn myself to Lard.
If you scare of me
You will witness me scarred.
I am serious
and I am Tired.

People follow, for a very long time...
Before they're at ease to then lead.

War

Warring is begun by the powerful and the rich,
The poor get caught in propaganda and wind up in it.
When plotting to inspire and their itch can't longer pitch,
Once-for and from the start and to the end all remit
Calls of Rousseau; 'The General Will' be no-longer,
No voice of the United Nations for peace wins a hold.
'Put down of violence' Wells torts of war ever stronger
'Mans' Rights' be it said, must be awakened and not sold.

A concept that is filthy and a fill of each evil –
Burns the fodder by the weaponry feeding the Earth.
Humankind is in the mud and dirt of the Devil,
The fighters all too feel the grimy pain of Raven,
Too fast and too dire struck to feel the onward hurt,
Where piles of soil are intrenched; men see Idols Graven,
Those who are the all-powerful flirt with lives they spurt,
Are those in charge sitting cushy within their haven.

One hopes that from such be the letters from the falling,
Showing truths about the corrupt horrors of a licence,
Which is a prospect of the Satan's message calling,
An acquiesce, not be taken as in displicence.
Who is more the worth, by the coin of the wealthy
to the lives of us be securely safe before defence.
It is the key to give us all a place forever healthy.

Is the gift in-kind to keep our peoples safely sound,
Or the maxim, of a real true hell to all confound?

The Skull

I

In the window reflection is a skull,
It feels like one is seeing apparitions.
Calls of the trees are with an open cull,
Swaying bodies speaking commendations,
The mirror surface of glass brings crows.
It is the light dim and dull with light
That reveals inside a sense of throws
Mind begins to race into the turns of flight,
In panic and feeling faced with loss of face.
There is no redemption in spinning into fight.
Too much be the introvert, pondering the race.
It is in the crow-claw that bounds the conscience.
To begin with, this bony head, reveals an historic trace.
Could this be a relic of one's own innocence?

II

In situ at the eye-height
Is the vulture of soul sight
A cypher of nurtured plight,
Sharpening wits and real might.
Curbing all the hate to love
Compassion one's state to shove,
Listening out the window above
Further move and grasp with glove.
Satyr by nature, angel by curse,
Love in skeleton, death be in purse.
Black is the water, and it is a soul's nurse:
Re-paging of a life in deeming an imburse.

III

Cranium, like blood, frightens but how?
Pitch the minding seat; there's places to go.
Needing to release the self from the now,
Changing the musical lang from *Ut* to *Dó*.
And trying to place all afar an awe and wow,
Loving the creatures that are alive or dead.
Still in a struggle with love that's in life,
And measuring existence that lives in dread.
Here is the middle-age reflecting in the mirror
It is a myth to grow aged and be graceful
While stressed to see the facts in sensing horror.
Becoming old, lonely, or die with one and only,
Still the view reminds' the ancestral eyeball
To ponder what makes this man become to fall.

IV

The dark, pray, is the place to think –
In truth the lights tell of things to know
Flickers in eye but move and then a blink.
World's may be barren, but it needs to show,
That amore may flow and commune.
The path that of the just is in what makes,
And the good in thought and deed fortune,
Souls do sit alone and try divining wakes.
One here stays put, points Charms to gift,
The cook is chief – pushing dust through sieve.
What dough he guides through roll and lift.
The ways the monk does chant the breve.
 Secerning the matters of kind fate.

V

What is it to love someone,
To be near and to be at one?
Sad is existence, and to be the saved,
Give and take reason while being raved.
Here and there, with hopes for contact
And alone with no sign of contract.
Love is lost in a guise, that is hidden, and
Worry-full of many a question that is at hand.
The object now and here is one must smash
the scull, as thinking is a rash,
Live to be calm now, *please* do the math.
Insomnia: turning, needing to engage the wrath.
Now gaze to her in limbo, while I cannot reach.
Needing to be guided in purging what they teach!

VI

The bones a set off rear the bed lamp
And reflect like the metal reddened brass.
Trace with your finger alike a stamp
And notice how it does not feel so crass,
Compete with shadows to learn desire
Still, it is a weight on the shoulders
Now tell yourself how to learn to *live*
The facts of words read by the elders.
The sway of limbs makes great pictures
Come here by way you're not so young
The bony face now seems like features.
With leave of breath and a grasping lung.

VII

Feathers of this a weird bird called the Mopoke
Wings as hard as bones, as wiry as a spoke.
She is hard to find here on a crooked branch,
The eyes do focus, and seeing from the ranch,
Her's the skeletal movements are blending in,
Up inside an Aussie Oak, she does begin
And she does dance in that way, which is so stiff,
Teetering here and there, like she's on a cliff.
The call does alarm the stoic in the night,
And hearts do fibrillate from it, all that fright.
You will keep; she implies, be alert to fate
This bird will cause you're spirit to elevate.
With fear in having all this, night is coming
When flight of conscious is a pigeon homing.

VIII

I write you a letter my dear Emm
I have lost you to another gem.
How you wrapped yourself in a cloth
You reminded me in your sari doth:
Indian braids a beauty you wear
And what became of love I need swear.
To lose you to a thing you can't restrain,
For I will never see you again.
It must be said It shan't be forgiven,
Scratch: a poison takes - and be driven
Mad by a desire that no one need.
This toxin be refused at the seed,
You feel your arms conscious of the dirt
So why with this evil do you flirt?

IX

Rene, I knew you when your hair was brown.
Your apparition is now a blonde to own.
You self-express, horrid choice of behaviours
That is dangerous through moments and hours.
So borderline and thrashing in a social fury
Please don't try and think and don't be your jury.
Walking down the street in the evening chill
Your harrows will not dissolve at you're will.
You have got caught up in the eve of dawn
Where you remember when the pain did spawn.
A chameleon you have now made yourself
Please do place the others back on the shelf.

X

Jesse goodbye, realising has happened.
Now the true vision of mind is sharpened,
From seeing all the others in there.
But you should, please should, please let go now,
Please do not ask why and not ask how.
We have not seen each other for so long
And do not ask what has happened wrong.
You grasp how the tremored feelings show
And everything-else you would never know.
There are no false beliefs or words not real
It is coming from the bone pain I feel.
The light has soon, no more be frightened
The truth is found, and I am enlightened.

XI

To be a one, one as one, one is just.
One must credit what is their due.
It is in people, to have fate and trust,
Time does pass and so the words are true,
As of whole all are a somebody
With status of when to be Lion.
And none will falter to nobody,
There is no haste to climb Mount Zion
The answer is to shape a good side,
Assuring and honest do confide.

An Answer from the Master Musician.

So then, why did the son cry?
I have done so for him too.
Yet I shall here not speak wry,
 nor wrong I do.

Do seers, shout out to their GOD?
To be sad is a true toy.
It is time to drop the rod,
 and sing with joy.

Catharsis

Lupo has a pathway only to lose it,
His soul is neither here nor over there.
He views a source of light to be lit,
In speech, he talks out to nowhere.
Neither-nor, schisms pushed aside,
Silently wearing a sheepskin shawl,
In marrow of mutton his guts confide,
Speaking a scourge' of smile and drawl.
Days are fathomed long and figured
Of a time where one's cries are Dacrystic,
And the laughing fits a man does Gelastic.
Questioning why, for be right or wrong,
He cannot remember the lyrics to his song.
The fright from being an injured child,
And the boiling of beans within the pot,
With a flash that turns one's calm to wild,
Stitched up yet turned in a timeless knot.
Neediness for to thrive and get a winning,
All must lend your ear, and all then hear,
His recessive eye conducts the singing,
Through the disjunct by the mode of fear,
So do run along now, sweet shepherd dog
You must 'Go and Do' like the word of God,
'Do and Go' too, your way out of the fog,
I command you know it, and then you nod.
To fly in the face of the doll of cardinality,
As is to bring myrrh rocked by a lesion
To know all you are feeling is all reality.
And that catharsis is insightful cohesion.

Footsteps

I used to love a girl; her name was Sally.
But the crush was greater on E.M.
Emma was the universe, I was a blind Phally,
And of all; them from the world I stem.
As I now see beauty in a Miss named Manon.
Her name is French for a beloved child,
Sweet but bitter like the green thereon,
And she the brew with hops from the wild.
I am robbed by the sculptor in my name,
My heart builds a farm to grow the barley,
Where to hang the bitters high, fresh and tame,
And the grain sways where the space is harley.

I tread softly,
Stepping on the tips
Of my toes.
I am treading on eggshells,
Please don't walk away.
The crazy path beneath our feet,
Supports us where we go.

Many years I was besotted over a Kattie,
Although I was tempted by a Millie,
I had a mate named Kasey, who had no
Resemblance to the girl I came to know.
Casey was a first-time kiss, but her name
Sounded much too close for comfort so,
I had to let her go.
She a foot prophet girl named Shrub

Said about my kiss that I can't,
So, I said a goodbye to her.
There's a lass I see as a foolish loss
Completely on her behalf,
Don't accept cigarettes from a fem
Who smokes so as not to eat
As she has the aim that does stem,
From a vanity and self-defeat.

Court the one who pulls astray?
Be a Jade to love than any other,
Or in asylum be forbidden sway?
Take advice from one's mother,
Not like the madman who would flay.
Beit losing the skill and the tether,
Where all potency has gone away.

I proved to myself you can have your apple
And we all can eat it too.
There is more to living than to grapple
The pigeon, let it softly coo.
Now of the woman who was my charm,
We were shy with our terms,
Softly, we did respect and gave no harm
We knew the kernel that germs,
She was the one I left standing on the path
And by what I did I have within me wrath.

Love Attacks

Love is like a scorpion. It stings
Attacks with a tale of parts
And it's wound pains like a torsion,
The pain will never let go.

Stuck with a wound
That will never leave
Deep is the throb,
She sees him
Through her virgin blues.

One good, respects
The stress and tension
Of the very act of thinking
Deeply, her soul is breaking.

Before the moment of the month,
She feels the scorpion,
Of the spike that strikes
The peaking story.

Is love like a drug,
Or is it a poison?
The rattling tail points
Through and over, endlessly.

Feelings are persistent.
Time rolls on and,
Desire fades with time.
I'm frustrated with desire.

Garden Fire

Dollars shall not pass, as does
 The vine climbing from the mud.
 The old fingers of the widow trace,
 As they circle the ever no more
 When the other side is heard.
 Go by way as you buy time,
 Remember skin - along it's tropes
 and traces all the veils.

Dragonfly

Is all as real as you say?
 Does the field of passing
 rose buds answer?

Damselfly

Thoroughly grief is reminding you
 About concerns, that you guard,
 Health will take you in your life.

“I am fallen by the brawn
 Of a swimmer diving under oceans
 Where my I lie on the coral floor.
 No raging of niceness does
 With me away, while rocky colours
 Burn my eyes. Allaying in the lea.
 Do I have the right of way
 Around and parting with growth?
 Am I still able to see your identity?
 Every act I make resumes my fight,
 Knowing resemblances in reflections.
 Reveal me, levitate my way across,
 But do not mast me to the table
 Like a sail.”

Dragonfly – Damselfly

An Indian giver hammers a peg-nail
In my hands, and sees no mirror-call
'Ere mercy all (I keep),
Arching the otherness, now
 is pluming up slowly.
She turns the leaves over and amid
 making many deductions:
Live, love and leave: duties' call,
Man surrenders to the woos
 Of her fatale womb,
And the truancies are in the
 deathly fight and struggle.
Having surrendered to his damsel
 He submits with deep belief.
 "I be and leave in you and
 honour your worth, devoting."
Over the Earth in the water and the sky
They had every thought, once.
A burning bush? Humans need
 to have everything.

- **Dragon** -

All gives over dimensions,
Swathes lie low under, releasing
 Intensions distained
Flying in schwa round the turning wheel
It is a garden shower,
Memories extend from the heavenly.
You Isis, you light and spread a flame
That stings the fingertips, brazenly.
The brush, it stars out, flickering,
 for you and I.

- **Horsefly** -

Old
Dreams
Of
Nature
Always
Tending
A Burning Bush

u **e**

m **e**

b

l

e

A Way

Between the hold of things seen
Girding to an inward flight,
And wanting exactly what I need.
The heaviness of one's inner truth
While knowing the reality of right,
One embraces the idea in between,
Keeping adhered to the mean.

The golden shadow that is within
Has no doubts, going one way,
 and another way,
 and another way.

Must not haste and not be quick,
Also, too, don't finger flick.
Airs and graces, choice and state
The image between eclipses all,

I may not be lucky in love
But I'm lucky in friends.

A Psalm

All I need soulfully, is to be enriched full longingly,
By you all; you have given me back to me.
A heart to match another in a way, feels hauntingly
Like a gift of forgiveness and freedom to be.

When there's a win between us, something's gained.

All I ever need is togetherness, that is true and is honest,
Ripe is the redness of the fruit that is the fact.
Being just who one is, knowing what makes one's best,
Is embracing what one has and with it, to act.

We're in the world together and that is ingrained.

Life is full of senses, and what we have it surprises,
Misses and close calls, in-betweens and conclusions,
Thinking about everything and nothing still reprises,
Chances given and taken, mistaken within seclusion,

Creating again returns; to my own. Un-strained.

Andromedas Experiences

For to like a love, and shout it out aloud
Is it but crushes, that repeat again alike?
Us birds that nest on the whites of a cloud
Dancing in plumes, claws always strike.

Our markings display a wilderness dream,
Agreeably fliting about like forest dancers.
She is our witness to the colours that gleam.
She will give choice to one of her trancers.

The lady who is hurt both today and yester,
This time is beholden to her many a visitor.
Tending to her real time sore with a fester,
Andromeda's call is much like an inquisitor.

Bleeding though she does through her arms
Madder flowing through the valves of her heart.
Trapped by the chains holding in her charms.
Ruddy tears from her eyes are creating fine art.

She's propping herself up; leaning upon the rocks
Of a cavern, that her weight is across, over an eon.
Her jewels and her balms are tied chaste in locks
When a note arrives donned by a flying pigeon.

So now she reads a letter from one who sees
Beyond all her faults and entrapments.
He has found the wood through the trees
And tries to reveal to her, her enchantments.

His words to her pleads a profound apology
For he knows he has taken so very long,
Seeing her suffer applied phenomenology,
Then he says she will know from his song.

Now the saviour wears a jasmine crown,
And plays the finest nylon string guitar.
And when he sings the words are his own,
And his fervour is filled most with feldspar.

So, the Jasmine King asks her to reply,
By sending her answer by pigeon mail.
He respects she has a choice she'll apply,
Please don't walk away, I'd hate to fail.

But Andromeda was to forever be pent
And when she read the note, she tore it up.
She took up her broken limbs, and sent
A response on tippy toes, kicking a pileup.

Silently the lass did walk away,
She sent an empty letter.
Leaving her admirer in a sway
She did not want to get better.

May

One beloved girl I'm mad to say
shes crazy. She pushes me away.
Patience tells me she is fine today:
Her daddy grinds his teeth all day.
Filing his molars short and away,
"What has got her this way?"

I saw her and asked her too, only
to be pushed back every try.
I cannot live for this loss, so fonly
I see she is always there to cry.
Her words tell me a desire to die
And she states this without a lie.

If I go mad, I tell; I shall pray,
To meet again with May.
May, I assert I am sad to say,
Repositions of truth, okay,
are never joyous I must bay,
May ticks her time her way.

The Tropic of Cancer

She aims to walk on in reverse
inward across, chapter and verse.
She wears a tiara with a little ruby
gardenias in her hand, a little luby.
Poppyseeds scatter over her skin
Dancing in the salty strand to win
It makes her a delph, and she'd sin.
A detoxed body and a cleanly head
Her flesh is as doughy as is bread.
No, she shall not be trodden down
For she is freed again with a frown,
In oceans, part Venus and part Moon,
She is longing to earn her mate soon.
Her man be able to make her swoon.
This woman has an old consciousness
An aura displays great graciousness,
Because of damage she is deeply old,
And of the ocean she feels very cold.
She has her eye on a gentle mountain horse
Who's trapped in oceans Chinese and Norse.
If the Hercules be both born and petrify
Trips on the crab and measures rectify,
And the taste of salts of a savoury heart,
Drives a man take sail, and gage the chart
To sail the world and find she who talks
In a forward manner as she walks.

Leap day

The child hears the whip of the wooden spoon
Stirring the light and dark of the sun and moon.
The ecliptic energies making her ups and downs,
Throw about her nihility contained in frowns.

It must be taught, to view duality of two domains.
Like a surgeon, it is always the blood that stains.
Eyes that stagger are whom be depth of field blind
Seeing like a river always checking out the behind.

Blue is the view of life, and thoughts must be clever,
When others lie, it pulls her, and she shouts, “never!”
Her feelings must be centred, and she must be at one,
Aleithia knows the truth and all that is bare and done.

Scattered is the magic throughout the neuronal brain,
The heat of the solar trick, flashing hot and not in fain.
In the middle of everything and outside all in nothing,
Moving round in a dance trying to conjure up a thing,

Crossing fields of deep sadness and light and airy joy,
She imagines by checking visuals of her friend the boy.
Sacrificing one ability for another from her natural way
Holding her destiny, Aleithia walks from a day to a day.

Always accepting the concepts, she has deep inside,
That it be painful to take the palomino for its ride.
Grasping the force of morning, and of noon and of night
Are wars that do not end, and her soul will take flight.

She jousts with her tongue from cheek to cheek
Like a sword piercing her lip with air to seek.
She is in her now, and her pulse she extinguishes –
Square-foot on her toes ability she relinquishes.

Turned on her side, on diagonal, her frame shows
As her hands an injury reveals the past she knows.
This taste before her is the truth revealed by warning
A sketchy spiral of language she is steadily scorning.

And the answer most easy, as she conditions her hair,
The act is loopy, while she strokes every strand of fair.
She's not showered for days; she's swathes on her arms.
Scuffing tattoos, she has ideations and she self-harms.

The fill of the cup, swishes the wino's quiet sound,
In half sips until the drunkards plastering is found.
Surely you are completely fully full as a boot
Then from your brain all sharpness you'd loot.

Sipping is an anticlockwise movement down in a loss
It's so much nicer to have a thought of soil and dross.
The wider the spectrum, hearing your daughter blurt,
All her ideas whittle down to how she feels her hurt.

Onion Man

Seek out the onion man
Why don't you peel him back
Now hear the soldiers cry
Feel all the hand make a pact.

Their guns won't be loaded.

It is dawn inside
They want to hide
An end to the tide

Look into each man's eyes
They say this can't go on
We don't have to die.

At the command of a propaganda machine.

Fighters at once withdraw
Each and all at the same time
What a day it must have been

Review books both red and green
And leave the script alone
For another fool to spin.

Dissipation of the Battles, letting the fields grow.

The proof is in the baking
The devil is the price
Slicing up hot onion rings
And an end to bitter vice.

Savoured is the sweetness
Sharing portions of the rings
Peace by piece' a new world order
When the time comes

Skirmishes are then intervened.

Humanity is checked by nature
In the order of our populous
It may be, in kindness of worth,
We all fall victim to Mother Earth.
We are thinned out by age and birth
Little play-acts' are all the wars,

The method is sure of and by its own need.

The players are checkered in numbers,
There are those who can't come home,
They make it so with barbarous embers
Of the fiery hell known all too well.
Those who do the bitter deeds
The real comes fast and ever strong.

To think a cause be right or wrong...

King For One Day

Shadows your fighting
Screaming and shouting
Trying to find a true way.
Hit it and miss it
Fall-down below me
Sitting where you will stay.

I will never follow
The way you are heading,
I guess I know I have to say
I'm feeling your ecstasy
While you fall into decay.

With crippled *trophia*:
Enlightened messenger,
Infertile children
Asking the way.
A mother who's crying
"Don't lock him away."

Burly the lies,
Dismantle the fiction,
The Phoenix is burning,
Help it live through.
Must hide in plain sight
There will be no change in you.

Never a cave to leave.

A boy of seventeen and a half
And he never knew what it meant
Could not understand the Ram or the Calf:
Why one could learn he was sent
 Onto the Earth to create nothing.

A boy could not learn
That faith is not just to believe
To help another's concern
While there's never a cave to leave.

Now everything is All ___ Ah ___
And nothing doesn't really exist,
Where a poor-man be a Shah
In quite a Solomon trist!
Which half will I take

So a man may make art,
Or build with blocks of stone...
From an end returned to its start,
While some die all alone
Where others have it all....

Love, Bring me my guitar

Well, a man is a dog, with the best of crimes.
Try, to move a log, and turn *sugar* into rhymes.

Love, Bring me my guitar
 I'm going insane in this place.
 I know I should be a star.
 As I'm lost in this blackened space.

For integrities sake
Be aware what can be done.
They ask your trust and they take
Yet you're not the only one.

I live on the back of a tortoise shell
And I have a lion's roar.
Like Teddie bears I have a heart
And I've teeth as cute as a shark.

Don't knock me down – I am smart
And I am funny like a Gallah.
With words – don't let me start,
At the end of the day, I sigh an "Ah!"

Twaddle Girl

So, I wrote you a letter of apology.
It was never a fault of mine.
You stole a thing, an analogy,
It was a full curve of a sine.

I tried to meet you in the middle.
Instead, you said I crossed a line.
All I've heard from you is twaddle,
In the end *I'll* be doing real fine.

Know girl; you sit pretty, over there,
With your feet spread to one side,
I don't think I know how or where
This princess takes here pony ride.

The Warning

Please don't lather my ego
Or butter the bread you saw.
It's good to justly say a hello,
If you say that I'm greatly –
I'll give you a painful glass jaw.

So, this one he walks in with a swagger
And is really-so-very-much different.
In the end his words will speak a dagger,
Words he speaks are cool and eloquent.
He's keeping well out in the open.

When he saw she could be pretty,
One said to me she rips out men's hearts.
For reasons only known she is petty,
She makes ends wherever one starts.
Wearing oversize to hide that she's light.

Now a star is the retrograde of rats:
She brands herself on her left knuckles
Like smokers' smoke, she's proud of her tats,
She's so weak under her toes she buckles,
Walking *en pointe* through the night.

So, I may be good with many verbs
Now I don't flick food when there's none.
In full truth I've never done herbs,
When she walks away the charade is done.
Now she has gone and left and in flight.

Me Back to Me

So, at the mouth of the grandest of rivers
Where the tourists play ball by the water,
And the crested sulphur birds are the livers,
Truth is in the green earth and the matter.

The clouds hang grey over the Aestival.
It's like a dream to taste the grassy spray.
The summer inlet birdlife is a festival,
And all nature is handed to you on a tray.

The clouds hanging over have an aura,
Pale and slight in tone and in its falling.
It's not plain here to see the pink aurora,
In the nightfall of a December calling.

Things seem up, at this time of yule
Remembering the journeys we all take.
For us all he took the hide of a mule,
And we celebrate his making and
we mourn his wake.

I

I learned very recently a simple proverb,
That I just cannot forgive a simple foe.
Changing positions and turning the adverb,
Selective pardons will only give me woe.

It's between me and my God, my deeming
I must acquit my-own-self before the rest.
What I did before... all may be gleaming,
Yet in my mind might be worth the arrest.

I stood in the chapel with desperation,
I had tears rolling down my frozen blush,
A bead from my eye took in me station,
To wash the Lord's wound; and
Surely, I dare not rush.

I stood at the back with the Pieta,
Sobbed with the weight I hadn't before,
The puzzle no more did need the Vieta,
Taking a tear and washing Jesus's sore.

I dare not approach the Holy Rose
 But look into the eye of my God,
 To let my-self to God I now chose,
 I rested down the staff and the rod.

Balling at the colours of the circle,
 I asked if it be the right way to pass.
 Would it be of any length of a miracle
 To forgive all the world myself
 God and the compass?

To be alone, and empty in a chapel
 Knowing this, my last horrible resort,
 Abseiling the most dangerous rappel,
 As a Lewis doing a chess move retort.

One dares not walk before a pulpit
 But kneel behind, the very last pew,
 At the very right hand of the church
 And suffer it,
 I felt old, and my eyes felt the dew.

I could not have done this in catharsis
 I was there at my very last refuge,
 This could never have been
 A kind of arsis,
 To others I'd be in a mental deluge.

I'd try to be a noble servant master
 Born with fire of every single hair,
 You may mock me blind to the Aster,
 I shine golden and as a son am fair.

II

I won't be forced into submission,
 But I'll do all to end a sequence.
 Help men curb a vengeful mission!
 And he may feel his anger
 With less frequency.

A man once said a thing of perfection,
 "A life unexamined" to the effect,
 "is a life unlived" they he did sanction
 Him to die one way or by poison; elect.

Now mental disease is a feeling
When one is morbid of meaning in life
When an honest man becomes reeling,
He will win at the face of the strife.

I took their medicine and went to my home
And the remedy was worse than the pain,
I was a bit of a Remus pup in greater Rome.
“I suckled at the She Wolf’s milky rain!”

I shall never take any your dose of salt
That turns me toxic in every single nerve,
With the help of those who couldn’t halt,
And legally get me off what they’d serve.

Now, God I think is who me mellows,
Blocking the suggestions of a Devil,
As though one neither retreats nor follows.
It is ‘for giving’ that saves us; and we Live.