

Poetry Series

**David Wood**  
**- poems -**

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David Wood(07 April 1950)

# 1914

Married villages emptied to the call.  
Young single men from well-worn towns  
Changed from suits and flat caps to khaki.  
They changed their hob nailed working boots  
To lugging clay-sucked boots of the trenches.  
They marched down roads lined with  
Loving wives and girlfriends waiving.  
They marched to the slaughterhouse of  
Flanders fields where poppies blossomed,  
Their blood filled petals beckoning all who  
Passed by and fell to the bullet or shell.  
Death clinging low to the ground. Death  
Walking, sickle sweeping from side to side,  
With Death saying, 'I claim him' over and over.  
August 1914 was just the beginning of hell.  
Lions marching into the unknown and oblivion.

David Wood

# A Blackbird In Oxwich Wood

I spied a blackbird with its jaunty hopping gait  
Gathering twigs, then stopping, tilting its head  
To one side to listen for worms in order to grate.  
With its fondness of litter leaf to lay upon its bed.

It lives in the beech tree or wild sycamore  
Breaking twigs with its beak which it shreds to the core.  
In winter it is beauty to behold, its plumage of black feathers  
And orange beak glistening in the snow and all weathers.

Its orange ringed eye is distinctive as is its beak.  
It flies through the woods or forest edge with its feathers so sleek.  
From the high treetops he springs to the hedgerow where he can be seen  
standing,  
Or, sometimes glides and flicks its tail upon landing.

David Wood

# A Bright Star

Nearly two hundred years have gone by  
When a man left these shores to die  
In foreign lands he did go, but on his way  
He landed in Lulworth Cove for a day.

What would I have said to him on that beach?  
For his gift to the world to me he could teach  
In that sweet short stay, in that tiny bay,  
He wrote a beautiful sonnet in just a day.

Only to depart in the mist of time gone by  
Makes the sadness of his departure cry  
But he did what he said he ought  
And thought his poetry came to nought.

And entered eternity a Bright Star.

David Wood

## A Casualty Of War (Triolet)

Somewhere under the frozen earth  
Beneath the snow so deep  
Lay a soldier born of humble birth  
Somewhere under the frozen earth  
He died an unsung hero for all its worth  
Now a mother stands silently to weep  
Somewhere under the frozen earth  
Beneath the snow so deep

David Wood

# A Christmas Dream

I remember when I was young  
When fine Christmas Carols would be sung  
I'd go to bed with such sweet dreams  
Of presents and toys and all that gleams  
Of Santa's reindeer and his sleigh  
Of toy cars and trains to make my day  
A Christmas stocking just for me  
And presents under a Christmas tree

Those were the days so full of joy  
When I was just a little boy  
That was so many years ago  
An age when the pace of life was slow

Now is a time of poverty  
No more gifts under the Christmas tree  
Of homeless sleeping in doorways  
And asylum seekers in a daze

Babe's born in an African drought  
Born only to die and all for nowt'  
A time when kindness has been lost  
A time when all hopes and dreams were tossed

Of climate change and corp'rate greed  
Ignoring the plight of those in need  
Of wars and battles fought for oil  
The poor working with blood, sweat and toil

I now dream what I want to see  
A Christmas that brings hope to many  
That kindness will soon reappear  
And give hope to all and dispel fear  
So one and all can come to see  
That there is hope for humanity  
This dream I have will not walk by  
A dream of hope that will never die





## A Christmas Poem:

The mad drive to the shops  
Cars driving bumper to bumper  
Pulling out all the stops  
Driver in front brakes, I bump her.

Finding a place to park  
Stress level high, I'm feeling whacked  
Shops are bare, rather stark  
Nevertheless, the shops are packed.

One toy would you believe  
The only thing I have to get  
And it is Christmas Eve  
And I said I wouldn't forget.

Now it's Christmas morning,  
The turkey is in the oven  
But we are all yawning,  
Wife's Mother here, from her coven.

Kids now open their toys  
With a puzzled look from the cat  
Bursts of tears from the boys  
Shouts and cry's; "I didn't want that".

Christmas now soon to end,  
Everything getting all too dear,  
No more money to spend,  
Just to wish you A Happy New Year.

David Wood

# A Climate Of Change

We didn't go abroad this year, we had our summer holiday  
Here in the UK where it had rained all summer long.  
We scuba dived in the sea but it was dead, devoid of all  
Life; we walked the coastal path to where the bungalow  
Fell in the sea last year, near to the wreck of the oil tanker  
That ran aground in a winter storm.

On the only dry day we had we went for a picnic sitting  
In a meadow beneath an oak tree but there were no wild  
Flowers, and no bees either; even the Holly Blue's didn't show.  
Only the soft noise of fracking in the next field. Cows that once  
Graced that field now stand farting and eating their lives away  
In a shed that's part of a factory farm.

On our last day we sat in the cafe eating cod and  
Chips, cod caught in the Irish sea loaded with  
Caesium 137 and strontium 90 that had been seeping  
Out of Sellafield nuclear power station over the years.  
We could have had the Pacific tuna irradiated from the  
Fukushima fall-out but preferred the cod.

David Wood

# A Fond Farewell

If I were not to write again  
Or bite into that cyanide laced apple  
To hasten a quick end.

I would have to make my peace  
And thank everybody I know  
For their kindness.

I would have to thank all my  
Fellow poets for all their kind  
Comments and remarks.

And then wish everybody well  
Saying that I hope their poems  
Inspire the world.

David Wood

# A New Day

Let not the night play its tune out.  
Oh let that deep sleep endure,  
Sweet dreams where I did shout  
That seemed to grip me so sure.

And let not my stamina fail  
Under the covers I have warm feet  
For the weakness of the night prevail,  
This morning is too early to greet.

The morning comes with such speed,  
The glinting light through the blinds,  
The morning's activities I must seed  
And start upon that daily grind.

Shall I roll over for here to stay?  
And force the night to more play  
Or go sure footed into the day  
And let come by what may.

David Wood

# A Nightingale Sings (Tanka)

A nightingale sings  
And silently I listen  
In the misty dawn  
As the wood wakes from its sleep  
And creatures begin to stir

David Wood

# A Rainy Woodland Morning

The morning lasted all day  
Rain dripped off the backs  
Of jet-black ravens  
Perched in the branches  
Of tired ancient larch.  
They looked angrily,  
More annoyed,  
At magpies foraging  
Through lonely sentinel bins.  
Who didn't care about rain,  
Only about thieving ravens.

David Wood

## A Shakespearian Farce:

Europe, do we stay in or do we exit?  
It is becoming a Shakespearian farce  
The public don't understand the merit  
Of in or out, the information is too sparse.

To be in or not to be in, that is the question  
As all sides drive their arguments home,  
Our politicians have verbal indigestion  
They're like two bald men fighting over a comb.

We will all be left to make a decision  
And be made to cast an important vote  
And it will be up to our own intuition  
Yet someone will be made a scapegoat.

Yes, it has become a Comedy of Errors you know  
As it is all Much Ado About Nothing; a farce  
And will end not As You Like It, but a tale of woe  
Not a Midsummer Night's Dream, but impasse.

But when China becomes a new EU member  
And Australia, Brazil and India too  
The UK will still be a lone arguing dissenter  
Whether in or out, moaning is all we can do.

David Wood

# A Very British Thing

The New Year's Honours list  
Has with its regular absurdity,  
And with many a wry twist,  
Showered baubles on celebrity,  
Athletes, pop singers: none were missed.

Peerages handed out with a splash  
On an industrial scale to party donors  
And party hacks does seem rather rash  
And don't forget intrepid business owners  
(And never let it be said, some even for cash) .

We need to balance this anachronistic  
And tawdry system with such egregious  
Recipients as Savile. We need something drastic.  
We need something for the idiot notorious  
Whose recipients would not be enthusiastic.

We need a Medal for Outstanding Stupidity  
To be awarded to the great and the good  
Only their stupid actions would be its validity  
And this should be clearly understood  
To win the Medal for Outstanding Stupidity.

There are so many that I could nominate  
But to mention them by name I would be sued,  
But we could all think of a few, none I'd eliminate,  
Their stupidity makes us all so amused.  
Those idiots in charge, even their names grate.

Most come from Eton and Harrow  
And end up with a parliamentary seat  
Their policies all short-term and narrow  
And their stupidity makes them complete.  
(As intelligent as a month old marrow) .

So let us institute this new medal  
And get those in charge to all agree  
And tell them not to interfere or meddle



With decisions made by you and me  
On who to award the Medal of Outstanding Stupidity.

David Wood

# A Walk Up Kilvey Hill

A path uneven and well-trod  
Winds up Kilvey Hill  
Onwards and upwards we plod  
We can't afford to stand still  
We started when the sun shone  
But half way up it rains  
We wondered where the dog had gone  
For it never had much brains  
Aunty couldn't keep the pace  
We lost her half way up  
Dad was all red in the face  
Mum gasping held out her cup  
We staggered to the summit  
And sat and had our lunch  
Then started the downward plummet  
Feeling pleased as punch

David Wood

# A Wanderer's Song

No more shall we go wandering  
By the light of the silvery moon  
Or drinking the night time hours away  
Because the evening goes too soon.

Less shall we woo young maidens  
To steal a kiss or two  
With fickle love in night-time bars  
As others seem to do.

The night was made for wooing  
Young damsels in early May  
Under a clear full moon's whisper  
As young hearts go astray.

But beware as autumn comes around  
There is a call from among the wild  
As some young maidens go to ground  
As they find themselves with child.

David Wood

# Agony Aunt

Dear agony aunt, I am in a bit of a fix  
My girlfriend caught me with another  
And I'm now in a terrible mix  
I've even been thumped by her brother.

Dear reader, this is what you'll do  
You will write your girlfriend a love note  
And tell her she's the one for you  
That she is the one who floats your boat.

Dear agony aunt, thanks for your advice  
I sent my girlfriend a love note  
She slapped me not once, but twice  
And called me a randy old goat.

She told me what I could do with the note  
And she no longer wants me you know  
Then told me to go jump in the moat  
Because she's going to find another beau.

Dear agony aunt, what now can I do?  
For me there can be no other  
I'm now left feeling sad and blue  
Tell me cos' you are her mother.

David Wood

## Agony Aunt 2:

Dear Agony Aunt, I'm not feeling fine  
My partner only wants to sleep with me  
After drinking a whole bottle of wine  
And when smelling like a brewery.

She says I snore and talk in my sleep  
And I need to stand closer to the shower;  
She say's my after shave smells very cheap  
And in bed I've lost my staying power.

Dear reader this is what you shall do  
It is vital you talk to your partner soon  
Preferably when she is sober and true  
And you don't feel so much of a prune.

Dear Agony Aunt, I did what you said  
We had a long talk the other day  
But she kicked me out of our bed  
And in the other room she told me to stay.

I now have to sleep with the dog  
Who snores much louder than me  
I'm kept awake and no longer sleep like a log  
Dear Agony Aunt, how can I end this misery?

Dear reader, love is a long and windy road  
Listen to your agony aunt because she is wise  
You have to turn to a prince from a toad;  
It seems to me to be a perfect compromise.

David Wood

## Agony Aunt 3:

Dear Agony Aunt, I'm in a bit of a mess  
My husband of thirty three years  
Has taken to wearing a dress  
Which leaves our neighbours in tears.

He says he doesn't give a fig  
That people point and laugh and stare  
But with the eye shadow and wig  
I feel nothing but utter despair.

Dear reader, this is what I suggest  
You take him on a foreign holiday  
You probably both need the rest  
To India like Delhi or Bombay.

Have two weeks without any stress  
Tell him that you do really care  
But if he still wants to wear a dress  
Come home alone and leave him there.

Dear agony aunt, I did what you said  
That was over two months ago,  
I left him lying in the hotel bed  
Came home and found a younger beau.

David Wood

# Alone On The Streets

She carried the whole world slung on her back  
Some threadbare clothes in a rotten old sack.

Heavy lines etched on her weary face,  
For her lot in life she had lost the race.

She once had a home with a respectable mother,  
Now hard life on the street, she knows of no other.

Her misfortune now plain for all people to see,  
A good outcome all lost and never to be.

She spends all her days alone on the streets,  
Not a friend in the world only beggars she meets.

How will it all end, does anyone care?  
Will anyone help, will someone be there?

If it was your daughter what would you do?  
For solutions to her life are all but too few.

David Wood

# Among The Cornflowers

I walk through the long grass thinking of you  
Soft summer rain doesn't melt my thoughts,  
My shirt sticky drippy wet with the heat and rain.

Cornflowers dipping their wet heads drinking,  
Breathing the soft gentle breeze blowing from the west  
Their flower heads waving in unison.

I remember your summer straw hat flapping  
Around your face and the hole in your jeans.  
And Clara wagging her tail nibbling the summer grass.

Through the clouds the moon looked down impotent  
In the daylight like some old maid at a wedding  
Standing in the corner of the room all alone.

I run my hand through the cornflowers as I walk  
Feeling the damp warm earth beneath my feet begin to  
Crumble in the soft rain.

David Wood



# An English Moorland In Summer

Slowly daylight breaks over a sleepy English moorland  
Casting long shadows as sunrise slowly ripens  
Throwing away the nights ghostly darkness and chill.  
Stunted ferns wake up and moorland flowers start to open  
And tired moorland heathers drink the early dew.

God's bright new canvas unfurls a vacant landscape  
As morning's weary eyes gradually begin to open.  
Nature slowly stirring from its night time slumber.  
Skylarks start to sing, leaping ever higher in the air;  
Their shrill chirping is nature's own alarm clock.  
Mountain hares standing bolt upright, searching nervously,  
Noses twitching, sensing with alert dark wide eyes,  
Then hiding between boulders scattered all around  
As they watch the antics of the skylarks with an amusing smile.

Timid field mice begin scurrying across open ground escaping  
Hungry red kites circling above, waiting to pounce.  
As hill sheep, now roaming closer, tiptoe over small rocks,  
With young lambs stumbling behind, hungry and bleating  
As shepherds amble along behind, closely watching their flock  
On an English moorland in summer.

David Wood

# An Ordinary Day

The joggers running around the lake  
Looked as if they were about to give birth.  
They say no pain no gain but they were  
Obviously stressed out to say the least.

My exercise was throwing the ball for Clara  
Who retrieved it and brought it back to me.  
This routine we did every morning for the  
Past year, except when it rained.

The lake was kidney shaped and was one  
Mile round and almost flat except for the  
Grassy mounds that were raised covered  
With bushes and ash trees and silver birch.

Joggers, dog walkers and the elderly plodded  
Around trying not to bump into each other  
With a 'Morning' or 'Afternoon' as the day dictated.  
Even young mums with pushchairs graced the day.

There was nothing special about the lake, in fact  
It was ordinary as lakes go with swans, ducks and  
Geese flapping about with coots and moorhens  
In their wake but it was popular with folk.

But this is the thing with life, we take the ordinary  
And turn it into something special, a cause celeb.  
And the moments we share with strangers can  
Be moments to savour in the course of the day.

David Wood

# An Unbroken Chain

The drive to the cemetery at Oystermouth  
That long crawl up that steep hill  
To the New Section to the south  
Was but the bitterest of pill.

The ritual completed the mourners now go  
I am left to go forth companionless,  
The days darken around me with nothing to show,  
To face the future years alone, nothing to bless.

The old order now changed forever.  
Scared of the future and what it may hold,  
The link with the past never to sever,  
And to hide my emotions I have to be bold.

But love is that unbroken chain  
That binds us together till we meet again  
My future is with her, its plain to see  
My hope is that she will now wait for me.

David Wood

# Anniversary

I awake by dawns early light  
And watch you sleeping beside me:  
You smile in your sleep and your  
Beauty shines through you.

A special day beckons with the dawn;  
Our special day when we were wed,  
This day will be filled with love  
And thoughts softly of you.

Remembering the love we have;  
You, the soft summer breeze wafting  
Through my life's hopes and dreams  
Making my life sweet and joyous.

My life committed to you for ever  
Putting your needs before mine  
Making everything in your garden  
Blossom, ever only all for you.

David Wood

# Arctic Sunrise

Heavy metal is coming to the Arctic  
Men will come and grind and drill  
And plummet the depths of the Arctic seas  
Plundering the wealth hidden in the depths.

The noise of their ships and drilling will  
Confuse the great whales as they swim  
Looking for krill to eat and survive.  
But there is oil in the depths of the Arctic.

How do you treat a polar bear covered in oil?  
How do you treat an oil covered walrus?  
How many Orca's and narwhal have to die  
When the arctic has been polluted with oil?

Recent years have shown ice in the arctic  
Has melted away and polar bears struggle to  
Survive. What arctic sunrise awaits them now  
That men have come to drill for oil?

David Wood

# Armistice

It's never the hard won battle,  
Or the glorious victory  
But the slender slim fingered hand  
That holds the pen that signs the paper.

The Golden Eagle, those talons,  
That dug into the flesh of the enemy  
Was only momentary, a distant nightmare  
Of sleepless nights, sweating, muttering.

Of Post-Traumatic Stress Syndrome.  
Twitching jerky movements that haunts  
Every moment awake with sweaty dread.  
The anti-depressants rattling inside.

Now only the slim fingers that signed the paper  
That stopped the fighting, that ends the war.  
Those fingers never twitched in anger  
Never touched other human flesh or a gun.

Fingers now holding the pen resting on the paper.  
Flowing ink, not rifles firing bullets,  
That stopped the fight. Those fingers  
From small weak sloping shoulders

That fails to find any tears to shed.

David Wood

# As The River Flows Along

The field was dotted with them,  
Hay bales stacked high on high  
With field mice and shrews making hay  
Running and playing between the bales  
And red kites circling overhead, waiting.  
The June sun shone down casting shadows.

A large oak tree accommodating all life,  
Grubs and worms weaved between its roots  
Ants, spiders and beetles made super  
High roads along its trunk and branches.  
Birds sang their song high on the bough  
And squirrels passed each other along its trunk.

Willow trees lined the banks of the river  
Separating fields either side of it.  
The field across the river saw rabbits  
Playing in the sun between rows of  
Corn, leaping and dancing without worry.

Bulrushes and toad rush lined the edge  
Of the river where coots, with their shiny  
Black bodies and white foreheads  
Swam with Mallard ducks and their young.  
The water sparkling in the sunlight  
As the river flows along towards the sea.

Farm workers returning after lunch with  
A tractor and trailer start loading bales of hay  
Laughing and joking as they worked.  
Smoke from a cigarette wafted in the breeze  
And noise from the tractor floated high in the air.

Nature in all its beauty filled the air, the fields  
And river as life passed slowly by as it had done  
For hundreds of years when men used Shire  
Horses and four wheeled carts and mice and  
Shrews played in the sun between hay stacks.  
The beauty of the countryside forever unchanging.

David Wood



# Asses Dressed In Ermine

The law is an ass dressed in ermine robes  
The ass is guided by the government monkeys  
Who wield the whip of parliamentary statutes.

The disabled, who store medical equipment  
In their spare bedroom, are to be evicted  
To go into smaller unsuitable accommodation.

The minister who introduced the Bedroom Tax  
Will probably be knighted or given an honour  
At the expense of the evicted disabled tenants.

The law is just the strong arm of the government  
To do the governments will at the expense of the  
Disabled and poor who are just trying to survive.

David Wood

# Asylum

Endless fighting  
Nowhere to turn  
Frightening shadows  
Food shortages

Barrel bombs falling  
Houses shattered  
Schools demolished  
No medical supplies

Pain of torture  
Seeking escape  
Looking for refuge  
Feeling desolate

Desperately paying  
Being trafficked  
Hunger and strife  
All at sea

Rescued at last  
Moments of peace  
Arrived in Europe  
Unwelcomed

David Wood

# At Sea (Tyburn)

Sailing

Boating

Floating

Sinking

Lure of the sea sailing, boating waves  
Out of your depth floating sinking graves

David Wood

# Autumn

Autumn prepares the earth for the cold of winter  
The warmth of the summer sun has gone  
Now chill winds blow autumn leaves from trees  
Making a patchwork quilt on woodland paths.

Autumn brings rainy days and cloud filled skies  
And chilled dark mornings glistening in the rain.  
On farms the harvest is gathered in and put  
In vast barns and silo's ready for winter.

Nature starts to gather food for the coming winter  
And birds play musical chairs with some flying  
South for the winter only to be replaced with  
Other birds flying in from colder climates.

The world turns as it travels through time and space;  
Soon winter will close down nature where  
Survival of the fittest is the order of the day  
And a snow covered landscape beckons all.

David Wood

# Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves begin to gently fall  
As summer just fades away  
And blackberries from the hedgerow  
Make a feast at the end of summer ball.

Golden leaves carpet the woodland floor  
And the branches of the trees,  
With colours ranging from gold leaf  
To rustic copper is something to adore.

Wearing jumpers in the autumn chill  
To keep warm, we sit in the garden  
Sipping tea instead of cold orange juice  
Watching the sun go down, all quiet and still.

And watching the garden birds going to their nest  
As the evening lengthens and dusk descends  
Thus marks the end of the day, of all we had done,  
And sitting in that twilight we simply take our rest.

David Wood

## Autumn's Colours (Triolet)

Autumn's colours of russet red and golden brown  
Lying on country paths they carpet the floor  
Greet people coming out from the town  
Autumn's colours of russet red and golden brown  
The beauty of nature wearing a diamond crown  
A final burst of glory for all to adore  
Autumn's colours of russet red and golden brown  
Lying on country paths they carpet the floor

David Wood

# Autumn's Tale

Autumn

Deep russet leaves

Windy days and cool nights

Picking blackberries in the hedge

Harvest

David Wood

# Back Soon

Back soon  
Gone to the shops  
Run out of tea and milk  
Your dinner is in the oven  
Ta ta

David Wood



# Bed Time

Do you talk in bed?  
Or do you read instead.

Or do you both lay there  
In silence. Wondering where

Life had gone wrong.  
Wedded bliss gone for a song.

What about those next door?  
Do they talk or just snore.

Is their life that boring  
Night taken up with snoring.

What about those in the next street  
Do they mutter under the sheet?

Time in bed before sleep robs agility  
A twilight time when mind lacks ability.

The time when the light is out  
Is to find something to talk about.

And to go to bed with a kiss  
Is something not to miss.

David Wood

# Beneath The Waves

Beneath the turmoil of rolling waves  
The ghosts of ships mark sailor's graves  
Of battles fought with shot and shell  
They found to their cost that war is hell  
Beneath the cold grey sea they lie  
Never to see another starlit sky  
Their duty done they claim their rest  
Now lay entombed with the very best  
To those who fought upon the sea  
Such valiant glory for all to see  
They fought their fight and lost and died  
Their comrades raise their caps in pride  
The glory of their battle fought  
Will live in history and not for nought  
Their loved ones have no grave to mourn  
No flowers to lay in the early dawn  
Their names are carved upon on a cenotaph  
All that's left is a faded photograph

David Wood

# Blackberries (Cinquain)

Autumn

Chilly evening's

Windswept leaves on the ground

Picking blackberries in the hedge

Tasty

David Wood

# Bluebells

Bluebells carpet the woodland floor  
Packed so tightly that insects tip-toe  
Softly and quietly between them.  
Their beauty unlocks a woodland door

With such colour of delicate blue,  
And a fragrance that is heaven sent.  
They droop their heads in the spring rain,  
With their beauty making all things new.

Their magic weaves a pleasant spell  
A sea of blue that meanders in the breeze  
And floats delicately over the forest floor,  
Their fragrance creates a delicate smell.

Nature now has all its beauty brought  
To the fore before summer casts its spell  
Delicate bluebells making spring so fine  
Their time on earth far too short.

David Wood

# Breath Of New Life

The breath of new life  
Enters your heart with joy  
To a husband and a wife  
Come a new baby boy

A lifetime full of love  
And happiness awaits you  
Sent from heaven above  
New life beautiful and new

David Wood

# Brief Encounter

I saw you out the other day  
And my heart skipped a beat,  
One of those moments I can say  
Where I paused and beat a retreat  
And walked away downbeat.

I thought of the deep love we had  
Moonlight walks on the beach,  
The times when we were both so glad;  
The good times now so out of reach  
Where love was just a peach.

I remember your laugh, your eyes,  
The wrinkle in your nose.  
When we walked with the good and wise.  
Now in the past, how time just goes.  
How swift came love's death throes.

Yes, I miss your soft lips, your kiss,  
Your lovely sweet embrace  
Yes, all those things I sadly miss,  
Gazing upon your gentle face  
You were so full of grace.

But you fell for another's charm  
And your heart turned to frost  
And love had lost its soothing balm  
To such, such, a terrible cost,  
And I felt Oh' so lost.

David Wood

# Butterfly Dawn

Beating with deathly silence  
With the stillness of the breeze,  
It flutters at will in the early dawn.  
Breathless beauty snowy white  
Holly Blue is a beautiful sight.

I lay sleeping silently on the wings  
Of a blade of grass when passed  
By the phantom *Celastrina Argiolus*,  
Going to or coming from her bed  
In the river of dreams with the troth

Of her majesty advertised in the broth  
Of the winding weeping willow which  
Stood still on the bank, watching, silently  
Whispering in the wind, go here  
Go there, deft turns on the wing  
Make the bright morning sing

With Joy.

David Wood

# Call Of The Sirens - Ballade

The harbour rests from the rolling waves□  
Of a windswept and tempestuous sea□  
Beyond the breakwater lay sailors graves□  
Where shipwrecks in eternal sleep rest free□  
Once lured upon the rocks they didn't see□  
Now ghosts of sailors take their endless rest□  
With sirens haunting cries, their bemoaning plea□  
Heard in the wind and the waves foaming crest□

Yachts now moored, as their owners misbehaves□  
In dim lit cabins with lovers on their knee□  
Pink gin's at sunset and acting like knaves□  
While jealous husbands spy hiding on the quay□  
And lovers sit on their boats drinking Chablis□  
Other yachts sit forlorn not looking their best□  
Their days spent at sea, with the call of the siren's banshee□  
Heard in the wind and the waves foaming crest□

Fishing boats chug past, their crew now waves□  
At those waiting for their catch with impish glee□  
On the quayside, fish, their customers now craves□  
And the fee for their catch they readily agree□  
Then having a meal completely buckshee□  
The fishermen go home for a well-earned rest□  
No more trawling, hearing sirens or wailing kelpie□  
Heard in the wind and the waves foaming crest □

Life in the harbour for some is all but carefree□  
Yet for others it may not be so heaven blest□  
As they sail troubled seas where sirens can be□  
Heard in the wind and the waves foaming crest

David Wood



# Celebrity

He stood all of 5 feet 5 inches,  
A legend in his own underpants  
Vainly displaying his credentials  
Of a rolling pin and soup spoon.

He was a television phenomenon  
A big TV star, a celebrity chef.  
The world was at his size 8 feet:  
A chef's hat hid his partially bald head.

He was a name on a thousand households  
Lips. His cupcakes a true legend:  
He was a boon to all marketers  
And starred in many TV commercials.

Heads would turn in the street when  
He walked past and people wanted  
His autograph, he always carried a pen.  
He was so proud of himself.

But what did he do for society?  
What did he do for the world's poor?  
Did he ever win a Nobel Prize for medicine?  
No, just another of life's parasites.

David Wood

# Cenotaph

In a foreign war grave  
The gallant lay side by side  
They did not wish to die

In the first flush of youth  
Death claimed them  
And many mothers wept

Now only a name on a village  
Cenotaph gently fading  
As the years pass by

It matters not the passage of time  
But that we always remember  
And ask ourselves, why?

David Wood

# Changing Times

Polar bears vying for accommodation  
Hanging their scarves over a crescent moon.  
With cliffs of sea ice crashing down,  
And ice melting into oceans clear.

Whale song echoing around the oceans  
But their cry was a pleading cry for help  
Haunting echo's from the deep  
But mankind turns a deaf ear.

Contrail lines causing deserts in  
Sub-Sahara nights flying people to holidays.  
Endless rain from autumn to spring amongst  
The daffodils and crocuses.

Long hot summers, drought days  
Endless. Heat strokes rise daily.  
Politicians meandering words  
Power play for big businesses.

Carbon trading, a trade off to nothing.  
The worlds people a minor commodity.  
The world turns to a new destiny,  
A new cycle begins as money rules all.□

David Wood

# Cherry Tree

Cherry blossom fell like confetti  
In the wind, but there was no bride  
Or groom only a pair of robins  
On the grass beneath the cherry tree.

A winding path led to a church once  
Full now empty; redundant in a society  
Trying to survive on pay day loans  
To pay absent landlords.

The cherry tree had seen a different  
Time, a time when the church was full  
And people sat beneath it, a time  
When the world smiled.

Now the world just turned and groaned  
But the cherry tree remained the same  
Throughout, each passing year it would  
Blossom and cherry blossom would fall  
And robins would play beneath it.

David Wood

## Child Of A Sylvan Brood

He stood out all alone ever new  
The first child of a sylvan brood  
While all around him ancients grew  
The tiredness of age worn yet shrewd  
Some put to sword and axe they knew  
Their life had come full circle now hewed  
O sweet natures sad frown its adieu  
When out from a human mouth timber spewed

David Wood

# Christmas Alone

Christmas will be lonely without Tina my wife  
For she died in hospital, and she was my life.  
She seemed for all to start to recover  
But died suddenly without warning  
A life alone I was about to discover.

It will be lonely this Christmas, lonely and cold  
She died so young never to grow old.  
I now watch others prepare for Christmas joys  
Out to the shops stocking up with food.  
Or out buying perfume, jumpers and toys.

What the future holds nobody knows  
My love for her only grows and grows.  
I think of her both night and day  
And when I take her dog for a walk  
For in my heart she will always stay.

I spend my time at the foot of her grave  
Thinking of the love to me that she gave.  
Of soft the times we went out for a walk,  
An afternoon drive in the countryside,  
Or sat in a café over coffee where we would talk.

But Christmas will come and Christmas will go  
And Christmas joy to others I must still show.  
For Christmas is about a new born child  
Brought into this world so meek and so mild  
To bring about healing for people like me

David Wood

# Chrysalis

The caterpillar resting on the stem of a plant  
Anchored itself with its silk thread and  
Waited and waited for time to pass,  
Resting for nature to run its course.

The caterpillar turned into a chrysalis  
And hung on the stem blowing in the breeze.  
The chrysalis warmed in the sun's golden rays  
And slowly things began to change.

The chrysalis opens and a butterfly emerges  
From the debris and stands on the stalk  
Slowly enlarging its wings waiting patiently  
For time to pass before taking its place in the world.

How often do we change from being a caterpillar  
Into a butterfly? What causes people to change?  
How often have we said, 'you're not the same person'  
When we let the trials of life to overtake us.

Life changes all the time; one minute we are  
One person, the next somebody else. Complex  
Changes on our psyche can make us  
Morph into new personalities for good or evil.

David Wood

# Church Of England 2012

The Church of England, so predictable.  
That bastion of souls, all respectable.  
With trendy vicars toeing the line,  
Hapless curates taking their time.

Of women bishops marching in the fray,  
And other clergy feeling gay.  
A lefty Archbishop with an old grey beard,  
A congregation thinking it all too weird.

Arranging flowers the elderly Mrs Brown,  
The choirmaster, man about town.  
The vergers hardworking and honest,  
The organ master writing a sonnet.

The leaking roof about to cave in,  
With the next sermon all about sin.  
The bells ring out in perfect chime.  
The whole church way behind time.

David Wood



# Closure

The gates now firmly closed and bolted shut  
With a rusty padlock and chain. The windows waiting  
To be boarded up shutting the world out forever.  
Faceless voices cry from wheelchairs and walking sticks,  
Placards waived in the frigid air. A solitary seagull sits on  
The roof mockingly. Inside gears and spokes from wheels  
Will gradually begin to rust with the unfinished widgets  
Lying in a deathless sleep where no man will visit them.  
The cold wet spring day slowly grinds towards lunch time  
Though the hunger for work never diminishes from the  
Crowd gathered to oppose the closure.  
The council employee with his police escort who locked  
The gates for the last time slowly walks away head bend low.

David Wood

# Clouds

From spring's soft cape gently blows wandering clouds.  
Cool winds create billowing wisps in gentle airs  
Casting moving shadows in green fields below.  
And in fields of golden corn prickly ears do blow.

To large towering clouds, cumulonimbus, spiralling,  
Swirling, growing rain clouds getting heavy, ready  
To drop their contents onto the earth below. Hail,  
Thunder and lightning. A spring festival of rain.

No more deep shadows of winter, Snow clouds now gone,  
A distant memory of snow and cold days and even colder  
Nights where sheep stood frozen in fields of frigid earth  
Now give way to warmer dryer days, this start of spring's birth.

David Wood

# Colours Of The Day

The flash of red sky in the morning  
Against a rising orange sun:  
Cool milky winds blowing gently  
Across the open earth.

A deep azure sky spanning the  
Heavens in the heat of the day  
With a scattering of white fluffy  
Cotton wool clouds drifting by.

The pale blue of evening cools  
The air getting darker as the evening  
Progresses with a silver moon rising  
In the evening sky with a tinge of red.

Grey black mackerel skies drift by  
As night's cape descends, a sky full  
Of blackness with the sprinkling of silver  
Stars shining in the night sky.

The colours of the day are taken for  
Granted as we pass through time,  
Often without noticing nature's changing  
Patterns in our busy lives.

David Wood

# Composure

She wandered down the leafy lane  
And into the village of Rhossili  
Past the car park on the hill  
And sat outside a café having tea.

She waited for the hour to pass  
By until the sky kissed the sea,  
And waiting for the right moment  
To capture the image forever free.

She stood by the edge of Oxwich wood  
Looking all about her. The sun  
Emptied its warmth glowing behind,  
The field with trees echoed back

As light and shade fought each other  
To win the battle of composure of  
Golden leaf delicately balanced  
On the bough seeped with green

Foliage. She waited, waited until  
The moment was right. Perfect.  
There, the flash of brilliance  
She captured the image forever.

An image that lasted for a brief moment  
In time. The subtleness of hue  
A time that will never be exactly the same  
Captured in essence and perfectly still.

David Wood

# Conscience

The refugees of this world  
Will forever be on our conscience  
And we will all need to be forgiven those  
Things of which our conscience  
Is afraid

David Wood

# Cormorants

Swash buckling pirate  
Sitting low on log pondering.  
Viper long neck still,  
Staring, motionless.

Standing idly around lazing  
Wings outstretched drying  
Corpse sliding down its neck,  
Once living, once swimming.

The Jubilee River swims by  
With life. Death machine sitting,  
Looking at the water like a prehistoric  
Pterodactyl perched motionlessly.

There is no point fishing here today  
The Cormorant has beaten me to it.  
Wide eyes gazing at me laughing  
Mocking the amateur.

David Wood

## Cosmic Dawn (Quatrain)

What hand cast stardust into the void abyss  
Thrust into the dark emptiness of eternity  
And whose breath cast them adrift with a kiss  
What source of Glory started this maternity

When the radiant glow of creation broke  
And tiny myriads of stardust start to glow  
The point when from nothingness time awoke  
Where glowing beauty of spheres did grow

Those youthful orbs then sped away  
Through the inky darkness they sung  
In glorious splendour of colour they play  
The symphony of their choir then rung

Oh Cosmic Dawn when did you start  
In the vast empty wideness of space  
Before time started to play his part  
Where is the Glory of your Divine face

Now you dance such glowing orbs  
You continue to expand in space  
Drunk with your charm our minds absorb  
The infinity of your ageless grace

David Wood

# Crickets

Crickets

Chirp all day long

And into the evening

Their incessant noise never stops

Can't sleep

David Wood



# Cry Of The Wild

It is a measure of man as a species  
How he treats the realm of nature.  
Man is still a hunter gatherer of food  
And clothing and wild animals suffer.

Man no longer hunts to meet wants  
And needs but plunders natures  
Resources almost to the very point  
Of extinction of entire species.

Worse is the man who hunts for profit  
Who with total disregard of nature  
Kills rhino for their horn and elephant  
For their tusk and tiger for their bones.

Evil is the man who rapes nature with  
Impunity. Misguided is the man who  
Uses the product of poachers and  
Blind are the governments who allow  
This to happen. Nature cry's out loud.

David Wood

# Daffodil

Oh, what fair beauty to behold  
Your colour so bright, so bold.

Rising in the early morn  
Resting your head in the mid-day storm.

Even in meadows of the underworld power,  
Persephone wandered to pick the flower.

The daffodil, a narcissi, a great bloom  
Becomes spring, bride and groom.

A pearl the morning dew caught,  
Their time on earth all too short.

David Wood

## Damn Noise (Cinquain)

Wind chimes  
Dance in the breeze  
But after a short while  
The bloody things get on my nerves  
Damn noise

David Wood

# Dawn

Dawn's birth  
Nightingales sing  
Sleepy bluebells waken  
Sparrows bathe in the morning dew  
New day

David Wood

# Day In The Life Of A Bee

I first landed on a fuchsia  
Drank my fill, then landed on  
A blade of fresh summer grass  
Warmed by the morning sun.

I hovered over a geranium  
Where I was kissed by pollen.  
And swam in cool water's  
Of a lily pond.

A south breeze warmed  
The air as I hovered over  
A hyacinth. My sacks full,  
I glided home to the hive.  
My days work done.

And at the end of summer  
I will be gone forever.

David Wood

# Days

In the distance the bus stop waits  
Married houses empty at dawn  
Blinds open, doors open, the day starts;  
Men and women walking down streets

Marching feet clatter, drivers, clerks,  
Supermarket workers and shop staff  
Walk towards the bus stop that waits  
For all people.

People walk over the two bridges  
Into the headlights of oncoming traffic.  
Daylight tells the crescent moon to go  
And puts on the clothes of a new day.

The river Tawe flows in time to the beat  
Of the new day under the two bridges  
Going out to sea past the marina towards  
Ireland or Cardiff in the distance.

Traffic heads towards the Mumbles  
Past the museums and library  
Not stopping to take out a book.  
Randomly people start their day.

The bus stop now waits for new people  
Going to or from their days shopping  
It waits whatever the weather  
Standing in the silence of the day.

David Wood

# De Vita Et Mors

Our days pass away like wisps of smoke  
Or as the wind passing over the grass  
Or as the fading evening shadow  
Like flowers we burst forth from the ground  
We flourish and our beauty shines  
In our day we arm ourselves with knowledge  
Then that knowledge is made obsolete  
Our days become as faded flowers their beauty gone  
When the wind blows they disappear  
And their place knows it no more

David Wood

# Death

Should the whole of nature fail  
That would be a terrible dream  
But God would see that it would prevail,  
Life seen as a flowing stream.

Thus runs my dreams living still  
That life prevails beyond the grave,  
Life empties after death the will  
Tis the spirit that God does save.

Death as though empty and pale  
Is a door we all travel through  
Decay is but a continuing tale  
And a spirit to be born anew.

David Wood



# Death (Tyburn)

Crying

Weeping

Mourning

Wailing

Death brings much pain crying, weeping fears  
And with it comes mourning wailing tears

David Wood

# Death's Kiss

I am death and I welcome you with a kiss  
And gently hold your hand as you drift off into bliss.  
Do not fear me as I welcome one and all  
At the end of all your days, at the end of your summer ball.

I am death, I am everywhere round about  
I welcome you in silence not even with a shout.  
I have been waiting for you all your life long  
To meet you and greet you with my song.

I am death; I am not to be feared with dread  
I know when to call you, when everything has been said.  
Though I may take you by surprise in an unexpected way,  
I will take your hand gently in the twilight of your day.

David Wood

# Decay

The woods, aye, they do decay,  
The ivy creeps forever upwards  
From the ground to the canopy,  
Up the trunk that rots from within.  
Branches fall gathering at the root.  
Dead branches pointing skywards  
With squirrel drays and bird's nests  
Exposed to the wind and rain  
And the wailing crying wind.

Man, he does decay from within.  
When once immortal love dies  
And the shadow of emptiness  
Creeps over his languid body.  
When memories of happy times  
Form a vacant dream like state,  
And the ever silent spaces of once  
Happy thoughts pervade his mind  
Now dulled with a morbid melancholy.

David Wood

# Decisions, Decisions

If in France I went to Toulouse  
I would have nothing to lose.

There would not be too much abhorrence  
If I went to Florence.

But would I become ill  
If I went to Seville?

I may be better off with a book reading  
In a café in Reading.

Ah! I may go to Thame,  
To me it's all the same.

Though I could go to Rome,  
Oh, decisions, I might as well stay home.

So is all the thought of travel  
Worth all the travail?

David Wood

## Distant Love (Quatrain)

She floated gracefully like a Holly Blue  
And brightened the lives of all she knew  
Her wit and charm seduced all beaux  
Spreading kindness wherever she goes

My heart burns like a raging fire  
She is everything that I desire  
My eyes have such passion for her love  
Cherubs dancing from heaven above

Oh how can I win a love so fair  
We would make a beautiful pair  
Can I tell her of my love so true  
That she could make my life so new

She is my Holly Blue sweet butterfly  
For her sweet love I would surely die  
My poor heart beats for her alone  
But all I can do is sigh and groan

Oh romance for us will never be  
She has another for all to see  
I will never know her love of bliss  
All I can do is blow her a kiss

David Wood

# Dogs (Tyburn)

Growling

Barking

Running

Chasing

Not all dogs are growling, barking brats  
But all dogs love running, chasing cats

David Wood

# Dreams

I think of you but you are not here,  
I picture your face in my day and  
I can see you clearly. The beauty  
Of your smile, that gap between  
Your front teeth, your sweet lips.

They are everything that the garden  
Of my mind focuses on, but you're  
Not here. Just the still air that I  
Breathe. I dream aloud that we are  
Walking together, holding hands.

I hold you closer through the ether  
That separates us yet binds us  
Until we can meet again. Reinventing  
The love that we had. Holding on  
To the vision until it fades in the distance.

David Wood

## Dreams (Tanka)

If only I could  
Capture your beautiful smile  
Wrap it with a bow  
Put it under my pillow  
To always live in my dreams

David Wood



## Dreams Of Past Love (Triolet)

Every day I sit in the café and think of you  
Over a glass of iced coffee and doughnut  
Our love was so sweet gentle and true  
Every day I sit in the café and think of you  
You walked away out of my life making me blue  
Now I watch young girls walk by flouncing their strut  
Every day I sit in the café and think of you  
Over a glass of iced coffee and doughnut

David Wood

# Dustbowl

Shimmering heat cracked the earth.  
This is the year of the heat wave,  
Sticky prickly high temperatures.

The rains have failed and the crop  
Dies in the hard crusty ground;  
Arid days lie ahead.

A carrion crow perched on the fence  
Looks at me as dust blows in drifts  
Hitting my face and eyes.

The umbrella, now redundant, leans  
Against the hall wall as the dog lies  
In the shade waiting for its meal.

Why oh why are we forsaken.

David Wood

# Earth Song

From the beauty of the earth  
To the pangs of sweet nature's birth  
From the depths of the oceans deep  
To the mountains tall and steep.

From the birds of the air that fly  
The whole of nature's symmetry.  
From frosts of early morning spring  
The summer's warmth do bring.

From autumns harvest dear and sweet  
The winter's coldest frosts do greet.  
From the beauty of the earth  
Comes the pangs of nature's birth.

David Wood

# Eclipse

Eclipse

Two hearts passing

Darkness is descending

Astronomical rendezvous

Soon gone

David Wood

# Elegy For A Drowned Child

When Death's pale decaying fingers  
Have caressed the face of beauty and lingers  
For a moment to gaze on that face so pure  
The innocence of the young there's no demur  
Death has no concept of age no mind to dwell  
On pity or the consequences of those who fell  
They rest now in Heaven's immortal light  
Where Angels shine in vestments bright  
Where He who makes all things whole  
Sends Glory to surround their soul

David Wood

## Embers (Triolet)

The kiss of twilight comes too soon  
Sun's dying embers faintly glow  
Dusk's fair cape now heralds the moon  
The kiss of twilight comes too soon  
And lovers emerge to caress and swoon  
Nature finds its bed in the hedgerow  
The kiss of twilight comes too soon  
Sun's dying embers faintly glow

David Wood

# Enigma

Does the past control us  
Or do we control the past?  
If what we are told by historians  
About some consequences  
Of an historical action, do we  
Control that fact or does the fact  
Control us?

The consequences of an action  
Can condemn in the future, or  
Be a salvation, whichever the  
Case may be, perhaps the  
Past we may not be able to  
Control but neither can we control  
The future, only the present.

David Wood

## Eternal Rest:

It is over, it is done  
My final race has just been run  
No more early morning dew,  
No more saying 'I love you'  
I've gone to take eternal rest.

The still heart within my chest  
Once beat in tune with yours  
Is now silent. So have no remorse,  
For I will wait for you, just see,  
One day you'll come and join me.

So shed no tears and feel no pain  
One day soon we'll meet again,  
And sparkle like stars in the night  
Where love once more will shine bright,  
And love once more will shine bright.

David Wood



# Eternity

Death will claim its  
Victory in the end  
It will stealthily creep up  
And tap you on the shoulder  
As you make plans for  
A redundant future.  
It will bear you away  
Swiftly before you can  
Say fond farewells and  
Create a rift with all you love  
That can only be healed in  
Time as your body returns to the earth  
And your soul takes its place in the heavens  
For all eternity.

David Wood

# Eviction Of A Farmer (Villanelle)

The farm has been empty all summer long  
Once a happy homestead thriving with life  
Barns now empty where did it all go wrong

Only the mice play and dance with a song  
Emptiness can be cut through with a knife  
The farm has been empty all summer long

Deserted yards where cows did once throng  
Waiting to be milked by the farmer's dear wife  
Barns now empty where did it all go wrong

Fields where cows grazed that once did belong  
Now where only the weeds and thistles are rife  
The farm has been empty all summer long

Squeezed by the supermarkets who prolong  
The inevitable who caused all their strife  
Barns now empty where did it all go wrong

A life now in ruins is their final swansong  
A farm once thriving surrendered to wildlife  
The farm has been empty all summer long  
Barns now empty where did it all go wrong

David Wood

# Excerpts From A Teenage Diary

Wind drifting through a rolling cornfield  
Far from the city lights  
Formations of silver grey clouds  
Billowing through a darkened sky  
Competing against each other

Rows of tall trees standing to attention  
Silhouetted against a low horizon  
Wisps of smoke waft up from a  
Bleak ancient farmhouse in the foreground  
Surrounded by a dilapidated fence

Daylight now failing as evening's shadow  
Begin to cast its silky smooth cape  
Tentatively over a tranquil landscape  
We sit in the car at the side of the road

And kiss

David Wood

# Expectations

The air scent heavy with the morning rain  
As tall as the cathedral spire looking to heaven.  
Tumbling out of the sky in big dollops falling  
To the ground forming puddles.

I remember the smell of the polished wooden pews  
As I entered the cathedral and the smell of wet  
Clothing mingling together, a musty odour  
Sometimes found in old wardrobes.

I remember the brass cross on the Communion table  
Like the one I saw in Paris, with all the home thoughts  
From abroad. It had rained there too, a softer rain that  
Kissed your face like a sprinkling of Holy water.

Upturned faces looking at lofty beams and arches  
Like tall masts of ships with lines of rigging pointing  
To God in heaven asking for a blessing and a safe  
to see this life through.

Outside the rain came down glistening the pavement  
With a shine as people walked about their day  
Looking for the meaning of life in all its complexity  
And seeking answers to their existence.

David Wood

# Facing Winter

The silky afternoon sun  
Bathed the river Tawe  
In silver streaks.  
From tree lined banks  
Fading leaves turned brown,  
Gave up and fell  
Like soldiers going over the top.  
Climbing up cast iron trunks  
Crept ivy,  
Choking their hosts  
Alder and sycamore,  
It didn't care which,  
Weeping willow,  
And white willow,  
Lining the bank fared better.  
Survival of the fittest  
Prevailing over God's plan.  
The beauty of nature  
Raw, ugly, brutal.  
Far removed from  
Manicured country parks.  
Late autumn,  
Preparing for winter  
And survival.

David Wood

# Falling Leaves

Oak trees  
Shed all their leaves  
In windy late autumn  
After turning a russet gold  
So nice

David Wood

## Farewell To Love (Triolet)

Bid farewell to loves embrace  
End of such passion, fire and heat  
Of love's sweet beauty and fair grace  
Bid farewell to loves embrace  
For I have run and lost the race  
Sweet love has fled with swift of feet  
Bid farewell to loves embrace  
End of such passion, fire and heat

David Wood

## Fields Of Corn (Triolet)

I walk in loneliness through fields of corn  
Caressing the corn with my hand as I stroll  
Soft wind makes sway in the early morn  
I walk in loneliness through fields of corn  
For I lost my sweet love now love is forlorn  
She has taken everything even my very soul  
I walk in loneliness through fields of corn  
Caressing the corn with my hand as I stroll

David Wood



# Fishing

Unite with bank and water  
Flare nostrils to river smells,  
Witness flow streaming  
Search far side eagerly.

Sit uniting hook and line.  
Low level sun breaking through,  
Mist rising.  
Damp grass holding rushes.

Kiss hook with bait,  
Cast.  
Silently sitting, drinking coffee.  
Float searching for prey.

Being deft by the sliding float  
The prow breaking waves gently.  
Become invisible.  
Camouflaged stillness.

Tweak line, bubbles looking.  
Universe sinking brain thinking  
Come back to life, look, stare.  
Light and shade kissing.

The world revolves.

David Wood

# Flavours Of The Day

This is summer. Long days and short nights,  
Time to ponder and reflect, of long unused  
Candles waiting for winter to be lit.

For whom does the bell toll as each hour passes?  
As the long evening descends from a cloudy sky,  
The last of the larks long since gone into the night.

Stars yawn awake from their daytime slumber  
Looking sheepishly vacant dressing the night sky.  
Our love existing long overdue.

I have to hold my breath and think of you. Once  
A flower in my garden picked months ago for a  
New spring day now gone.

Now long shadows cast images on my wall.  
A time for sleep to wash the day from my eyes  
The flavours of the day and thoughts of you.

David Wood

# Flower Song

I wandered along the lakeside path  
And listened to the daffodils song  
Carried along with the whistling wind  
To which the robins and blackbirds  
Danced along.

They sang of the wind and rain, and  
The sun and moon and clouds above.  
They sang of the eternal dream,  
They sang of the beginning of spring love.  
The song they sung for you and me.

They sang out the spring rains through,  
About the beauty of that time of year  
That holds the body light and new,  
With new love so young and true.  
I, their witness that bright spring day.

David Wood

## Foolish Heart (Triolet)

Fair love what do you want with my poor heart  
Have you come to taunt and play with me  
To lead me on then quickly to depart  
Fair love what do you want with my poor heart  
Will you take my love then tear it apart  
And leave making me fool for all to see  
Fair love what do you want with my poor heart  
Have you come to taunt and play with me

David Wood

## For Clara

Long nose of silken thread  
Swims through the swirling mist.  
Pitter patter of leather on path  
Steam threads loose with dog snot.

Leather lead stretched taut faint  
With anxiety of other sniffs and stains  
On lampposts outstretched.  
Wagging tail of delightful bliss.

Into the park with the sniffs and smells  
Of other slinky mutts and old dogs.  
With long dank grass in need of love.  
And strains and smells of dog poo.

Then along dark streets foreboding,  
Down the hill and up that long road,  
Over the crossing wet with early mist,  
Straining the lead and on to home.

David Wood

## For Keats

The poetry of earth is alive and well  
With all the song birds in wood or dell  
Chirping their orchestral music loud,  
Flitting from branch to branch proud.  
From the earth the worms do pass  
And slither between blades of grass,  
They take the lead in their quest  
To see who can travel the furthest.  
They suffer the warm sun and dry day  
In their journey they may lose their way.  
Only to be eaten by the birds from the air  
Seen swooping down with devil may care.  
The poetry of earth is alive and well  
Natures sweet story to share and tell.

David Wood

## For Winter Is Here (Rondeau)

For winter is here with cold days and deep snow  
The thoughts of hot summers gone long ago  
Now days are short and grey clouds fill the sky  
And shivering nights that make you cry  
Wearing colourful woolly hats wherever you go  
And cups of steaming hot soup making you glow  
Standing at a freezing bus stop Oh that wind does blow  
Then seeing the bus coming and driving right on by  
For winter is here

Icicles hanging from houses then dropping below  
Like arrows or spears that athlete's throw  
Walking snow in the house Oh nothing keeps dry  
The weather forecast is for more snow and you sigh  
So hunker down write poetry a Sonnet, Haiku or Rondeau  
For winter is here

David Wood

# Forever

Forever is but a concept  
That exists in our own minds  
Like railway tracks going off  
To infinity, to a finite dot.

But what is forever in our mind?  
Is it months in the future, a  
Series of never ending dates  
That melt into further months?

Forever is a time span that we  
Cannot imagine; like eternity,  
Never ending. Something  
Beyond our comprehension.

For some forever is all the time  
They have left in the moment  
Of life's complexity where even  
Tomorrow lasts forever.

David Wood



# Freedom

The only thing that is really free  
Is the wind  
It knows not from where it came  
Or where it is going  
It has no master

David Wood

# Freedoms Cry

The caged bird sits perched  
And silently  
Rages against his captor  
He is confined in his own thoughts  
Wings dipped  
Downbeat  
The sun warming his feathers  
His only joy  
His song is a cry for freedom

David Wood

## G8

The sun rises with the early dawn  
As G8 leaders breakfast in the morn  
The world looks on with hopes and fears  
As the hungry languish in their tears.

The world looks on with bated breath  
As hundreds die in Syria a slow death.  
With talks of arming the rebels beckons  
As both sides kill with chemical weapons.

The only way to stop a war is talking  
The refugees seen as dead men walking  
Only when men get around the table  
Can peace prevail and make Syria stable.

The world looks on and expects a great deal  
From world leaders as they eat their meal  
So put differences aside and do the right thing  
And bring about change that people may sing.

David Wood

# Gardening (Tyburn)

Sowing

Planting

Hoeing

Cutting

Gardening is sowing, planting seeds

All I do is hoeing, cutting, weeds

David Wood

# Glorious Love

Days of love and roses  
Given to my love with love.  
What heart could love more?  
How could you love less?

With each and every day  
Love unceasing, ever blest.  
Even if the days cease to be  
And there were no more years

Love would still reign in glory.

David Wood

# Golden Leaves

Autumn ushers in the golden blaze of leaf  
When every tree delightfully looks their best,  
And long shadows point with fingers brief  
With the sun slung on a low horizon blest.

The pale days, now shorter as of late,  
Mark the end of summer and the eve of winters fall.  
Blackberries sprinkled in the hedge soon to make  
A feast of a pie at the end of summer ball.

Night's cape draws its veil as we sit in the garden  
Sipping cool drinks as we did in high summer.  
Beginning to feel the chill wind begin to harden  
Our sleeveless arms. This autumn in its slumber.

David Wood

# Grace And Beauty

Her beauty walks before her  
Night and day blend together  
In cloudless skies and starry nights  
Her eyes warm the earth and  
Mellow human hearts.

Rays of the sun glow in her wake  
As she walks with grace and beauty  
Making her hair sparkle and shine  
With each step and lightens her face  
With an iridescent glow.

Her smile warms everybody she meets  
With such softness and eloquent grace  
Yet with the innocence of youth  
She puts men's hearts at peace  
With her inner calm and kind heart.

David Wood

# Green Tea

Beauty in perforated silk  
Encased within porcelain  
Deep desire beneath  
Their delicate feet

Wafting vapours float  
With delightful fragrance  
Brings peace and serenity  
Where time stands still

I stir with love

David Wood



# Haiku 1

It was the mighty  
Oak that hid the birds from the  
Hungry village cats.

David Wood

## Haiku 10

Spring is the season  
That says goodbye to winter  
And hello summer.

David Wood

## Haiku 11

Wars start when words fail.  
War stops when words prevail: Peace  
Is the Holy Grail.

David Wood

## Haiku 12

When man puts himself  
Above God all his efforts  
And plans come to nought.

David Wood

## Haiku 13

We know wars are fought  
Because of the rigid mind  
Set of dictators.

David Wood

## Haiku 14

Why are dictators  
Allowed to rule when they all  
Fall in their lifetime.

David Wood

## Haiku 15

Whoever has not  
Sighed on a midnight pillow  
Has not truly loved.

David Wood

## Haiku 16

Blighting those in need  
But feathering their own nest  
Politicians greed

David Wood



## Haiku 17

Morsi now deposed  
Egypt is now in turmoil  
Democracy failed

David Wood

## Haiku 18

There is a poet  
In every serving soldier  
Who can write on war.

David Wood

## Haiku 19

Banks are pure evil  
Self-serving institutions  
That hoard your money.

David Wood

## Haiku 2

Water Lilly met  
Algae Bloom in the lake and  
Fell deeply in love.

David Wood

## Haiku 20

He who talks too much  
Is like a clanging cymbal  
That does your head in.

David Wood

## Haiku 21

Show the poor kindness  
And all heaven sings with joy  
And you will be blessed.

David Wood

## Haiku 22

The white butterfly  
Landed on the pink dog rose  
And rested a while.

David Wood

## Haiku 23

The red kite soared high  
Over the wild countryside  
Looking for rodents.

David Wood



## Haiku 24

Her lupine features  
A she wolf in sheep's clothing  
Playing with their hearts.

David Wood

## Haiku 25

A beautiful word  
Whispered to your sweethearts ear  
Is worth more than gold.

David Wood

## Haiku 26

On their rocky shelf  
Puffins rage on Ailsa Craig  
Among the sea spray.

David Wood

## Haiku 27

The words poets use  
Are mightier than the sword  
And live forever

David Wood

## Haiku 28

King Henry the Fifth  
Won the day at Agincourt  
With British archers.

David Wood

## Haiku 29

Remember the poor  
The poor are always with us  
So be generous.

David Wood

## Haiku 3

The seven ages  
Of man is but a twinkle  
In the night time sky.

David Wood

## Haiku 30

Happy is the man  
Who is content with his life  
His soul is at peace.

David Wood



## Haiku 31

If we trash wildlife  
And destroy their habitat  
Nature won't exist.

David Wood

## Haiku 32

I am good in bed  
I can lay in it for hours  
What more can I say?

David Wood

## Haiku 33

Glorious colour  
Of delightful kimono  
Shining with beauty

David Wood

## Haiku 34

A moment in time  
A thousand suns exploded  
Leaving just shadows

David Wood

## Haiku 35

Fragrant lotus leaves  
In the silence of the dawn  
Have graceful beauty

David Wood

## Haiku 36

All politicians  
Fight like ferrets in a sack  
Getting elected

David Wood

## Haiku 37

Man is made for love  
He cannot live life alone  
Two hearts beat as one

David Wood

## Haiku 38

Life has to be shared  
No man can be an island  
True love conquers all

David Wood



## Haiku 39

Tea ceremony  
Brightly coloured kimonos  
With graceful respect

David Wood

## Haiku 4

We are but stardust  
Sprinkled upon the Earth from  
The heavens above

David Wood

## Haiku 40

Only the Weak Man  
Hunts and kills wild animals  
His sport is not sport

David Wood

## Haiku 41

Peace will only come  
After man renounces war  
And wisdom prevails.

David Wood

## Haiku 42

Seeking worldwide peace  
For the sake of all mankind  
Is a noble cause

David Wood

## Haiku 43

When man learns to love  
And puts away tools of war  
He becomes human

David Wood

## Haiku 44

From within the soul  
A peaceful mind generates  
Radiant beauty

David Wood

## Haiku 45

Japanese garden

Water, rocks, gravel, miniture plants

Ideal harmony

David Wood



## Haiku 46

Beautiful garden  
In Idealized harmony  
With miniture plants

David Wood

## Haiku 47

A happy marriage  
Is like a tall strong fortress  
Unassailable

David Wood

## Haiku 48

Those helpless people  
Escaping persecution  
Finding no respite

David Wood

## Haiku 49

The world is littered  
With dashed hopes and faded dreams  
Of good intentions

David Wood

## Haiku 5

Lotus flowers graced  
The lake where frogs danced amongst  
Them and played all day

David Wood

## Haiku 50

Secluded mountain  
Listens to all the echo's  
Of lonely people

David Wood

## Haiku 51

Night bears no witness  
To peoples evil intent  
It wears its own cloak

David Wood

## Haiku 52

When evil is spread  
And all justice is denied  
Humanity fails

David Wood



## Haiku 53

What graceful beauty  
With shafts of light reflecting  
A long slender neck

David Wood

## Haiku 54

All humility  
Starts with kindness to others  
And denying self

David Wood

## Haiku 55

The fruit of kindness  
Comes from the tree of wisdom  
More trees need planting

David Wood

## Haiku 56

A lonely mountain  
Is silent in its own thoughts  
Clouded in mystery

David Wood

## Haiku 57

A song of the breeze  
Mellifluous wind chimes  
Dancing melody

David Wood

## Haiku 58

Those Fragrant flowers  
Are watered by the rain god  
To bring such beauty

David Wood

## Haiku 59

On a wet morning  
Sparrows huddle together  
Lost in their own thoughts

David Wood

## Haiku 60

Well-fed mice gather  
Around split open grain sacks  
Silent cats stalking

David Wood



# Haiku 61

Japanese painting  
Of graceful water lily  
Refreshes the soul

David Wood

## Haiku 62

Sweet summer's delight  
Bouquet of bright butterflies  
Dancing in the breeze

David Wood

## Haiku 7

Man cannot live this  
Life alone he needs true love  
And companionship

David Wood

## Haiku 8

The stars that twinkle  
In the night is much better  
Than any streetlight.

David Wood

## Haiku 9

The trite chrysalis  
That became a beautiful  
Coloured butterfly

David Wood

# Hapless (Tyburn)

Building  
Plumbing  
Drilling  
Sawing

Husband is a building, plumbing fan  
Wife enforces drilling, sawing ban

David Wood

# Hard Times

The cold winter of austerity.  
In the high street,  
In the homes of people who  
Hunger for good times,  
In the offices and supermarkets,  
In the parks and in the hills  
Where ever people are found.

Empty public houses once full  
Of people enjoying themselves.  
People standing idle in the streets.  
People chatting in the high street.  
Some people went fishing to pass  
The day, or bought cheap beer in  
The supermarket to ease the pain.

People behind drab houses pass  
The time watching TV, eating  
Economy burgers and chips from  
The supermarket. Life in Swansea  
Lives on in all its form. Empty day  
After empty day living off pay day loans  
Until happier times dress their day.

David Wood

# Haymaking (Villanelle)

On a long sunny warm July day  
When the early morning grass is dry  
Men head for the fields to make hay

In meadows mowing gets under way  
The tall grass now standing high  
On a long sunny warm July day

When the day has been cast away  
Comes rest but dawn soon comes by  
Men head for the fields to make hay

When bailing hay all hands enter the fray  
Hard work makes the time all but fly  
On a long sunny warm July day

Bails now standing tall where they lay  
Mice play in the hay under a blue sky  
Men head for the fields to make hay

The harvest now in for all to survey  
It's done for another year said with a sigh  
On a long sunny warm July day  
Men head for the fields to make hay

David Wood



# Hear Me My Love

(You Tube - Jean Sibelius: Finlandia hymni version)

Hear me my love, as I lay slowly dying  
With my last breath I whisper 'I love you'.  
For eternity you'll be my only love dear,  
I go to God, He'll comfort me with love.  
As I lay here, I see an Angel waiting  
To take me home my place among the stars.

Be strong my love in weeks and months to follow,  
For I'll be with you walking by your side.  
Be patient now, I stand here waiting for you  
You're not alone I hold you in my love  
Until you come and join me in God's heaven  
And we can find our true eternity.

David Wood

# Heather

Dense evergreen, acid soil.  
Pink bell flowers crying on Mumbles heath,  
Heads bent, brooding at the stones.

Soil rich in love, hardy, heavy  
Yet frothy loom. Crumbling at  
The root. Deep blue sky looking on.

Soft rain kissing the buds of May  
After the hard frosts of March.  
With bees dancing a merry tune.

Walkers brushing their legs  
Against misty leaves.  
Their perfume wafting.  
In the breeze of time.

David Wood

# Heaven's Gates

I cannot reach the apple on the tree  
It is always too high for me.  
I can never write that perfect poem  
It always eludes me no matter how  
Hard I try.

Walking through the wood and on to  
The lake – is that paradise found?  
That drifting cloud – that blue sky?  
Are we in heaven here on earth  
To see such beauty?

Are heaven's gates ever locked if  
Beauty cannot be seen by the beholder?  
Is heaven a step too far, a place one  
Cannot reach, or are there glimpses  
Of heaven we can see here on earth  
As our life drifts from day to day?

David Wood

# Hero The Trophy Hunter

Hero follows closely his guide  
The Pride of Nature in his Glory  
Unsuspecting his last moments  
His last breath in the wild

Hero stalks from behind  
Decimation his only aim  
A massacre of his own doing  
He epitomises the Weak Man

Hero makes death last forty hours  
The Pride of Nature slain in cold blood  
Hero the Destroyer of Creation  
The Weak Man in all his glory

David Wood

# Hiroshima Remembered

What has man become?  
Where is now  
His shame?

Was the suffering of humanity  
Ever justified  
By the action of that day?

Has history been forgotten  
All the horror and the pain  
The flower of humanity  
Forever  
Lost.

David Wood

# Home From The Sea

As we go forth a sailing  
On a starry, starry night  
With the wind moaning and hailing  
And a full moon still and bright

And those rolling waves a pounding  
Like galloping white horses  
With the mate taking a depth sounding  
And the navigator setting courses.

The wind singing in the rigging  
And the sails set a reef or two  
With the whole ship's crew a singing  
And my home thoughts just of you.

Our home port just a day away  
As the ship pounds through the waves  
Soon we can drink, rest and play  
And not make the sea our graves.

Soon I will be with you dear wife  
In our home right by the sea  
Once again you'll be the centre of my life  
As things just ought to be.

David Wood

# Hope

Sitting on the bed they once shared  
The old man opened an old shoe box  
He kept on the wardrobe floor.  
Inside were the memories of a  
Past life, a past love. He opened  
The box and tenderly ran his hand  
Over the photographs selecting one.  
A face stared back at him, a young face.  
Smiling at the camera with kind eyes.  
He picked up the wedding ring and  
Looking at it and kissed it gently.  
The bracelet he bought her on her  
Last birthday twinkled in the morning  
Light, and her watch, the strap now frayed.  
He put them all on the bed next to him.  
More photos' brought back memories  
Of days gone by, happier days, fond days.  
He looked and the last photo of their  
Wedding day and blinked a tear.  
The box was empty but for one thing.  
A glow at the bottom of the box that  
Was hope.

David Wood

# Hope Springs Eternal

Mohammed al-Ajami wrote a poem  
&quot;We are all Tunisia, &quot; Mr Ajami declared  
&quot;We are standing up against the repressive  
Elite.&quot; He stated failing to mention Qatar,  
His home country, but they sentenced  
Him to life imprisonment anyway for his  
Crime of writing a poem of hope.

A hope for a future. Hope to feel safe  
And secure in the whole of the Middle East.  
Hope for thousands of people despairing,  
Shackled under the yolk of oppression  
From totalitarian states quick to hand out  
Long sentences for minor crimes. This is  
A poem for all poets who speak out.

This is a poem for hope everywhere.  
This is a poem for all those under the  
Oppressive yolk of harsh regimes.  
This is a poem of solidarity, standing  
Shoulder to shoulder with poets branded  
By the whips of oppression everywhere.  
Hope springs eternal

David Wood



# I Dreamed A Dream

I dreamed a dream in nights gone by  
Of sailing ships and of the seagulls cry  
Of the setting sun late in the afternoon  
And a starry night and a rising moon.

And of mermaids singing their sweet song  
High above where the albatross throng  
Where the sea laps on the wooden bow  
And sailors mop a salty brow.

Of rigging singing as the wind did blow  
With sailors working on the deck below  
And of tall masts with a full set of sails  
The captain with a spyglass looking out for whales.

I dreamed a dream in nights gone by  
Of sailing ships and of the seagulls cry.  
Theses dreams with a vivid colour of life,  
Make a pleasant break from life's trouble and strife.

David Wood

## I Still Dream (Rondeau)

I still dream of my love in the brightness of our days  
When we walked along the beach our love ablaze  
When I held her in my arms my own sweet song  
Through life's challenges our love remained strong  
Of birthday cards presents and daffodil sprays  
Or picnics in a field under a tree where we'd laze  
Where lost in that limpid blue of her eyes I'd gaze  
It was in my own heart that her love did belong  
I still dream of my love  
Our love was pure bliss and never did faze  
It grew stronger and stronger a flame to a blaze  
We thought love would be forever but we were wrong  
But nothing is forever and nothing life long  
An angel claimed her and left me in a daze  
I still dream of my love

David Wood

# I Walk On Alone - Roundel

I walk on alone in Autumn's fading sun  
Along the Gower's windswept lanes blown  
By wind off the sea with leaves now spun  
I walk on alone

The wind in tall trees voicing a quiet moan  
As I join the coastal path that begins to run  
Around the wild rugged Welsh coastal zone

Such views of sea, sky and cliff second to none  
In all of nature never was such a glorious throne  
Passing hikers mesmerised by the view, hearts won  
I walk on alone

David Wood

# Ice Cream (Cinquain)

Ice cream  
I love ice cream  
I could eat it all day  
But it always gives me toothache  
Not fair

David Wood

# Ides Of March

Beware the ides of March goes the saying  
The 15th of March was one of the coldest  
Of days with the wind chill down to minus  
Ten and the wind blowing right through  
Clothing chilling flesh to the bone, numbing  
The senses.

The river Tawe was but an icy flow of  
Cold water flowing out to the Bristol  
Channel under the city's two bridges  
Where traffic flowed unaware of the cold,  
As the sun shone through fast moving  
Cumulus clouds.

People waiting for busses shivered in  
Big coats and long faces as passers by  
Walked to keep warm in this cold snap  
Of weather sent with love by Russia.  
Swansea shivered in the embers of  
Winters cold chill.

David Wood

## If.....

If man had the compassion  
To end all suffering  
In the world  
If man had the wisdom  
To live in peace  
With his fellow man  
If man had the will  
To end all hunger  
And poverty  
If man had a conscience  
To learn to forgive  
If man had the love  
For the realm of nature  
to conserve and not kill  
If man had the strength  
Of his own convictions  
If man had the courage  
To win freedom for others  
And not to count the cost  
Then humanity has  
Just a chance  
Of survival

David Wood

## In Mourning (Triolet)

Young widow stands at the foot of a grave  
Her love taken in his prime by an awful disease  
Now all alone in a world trying to be brave  
Young widow stands at the foot of a grave  
With tears overflowing she's unable to save  
And fatherly figure tries to put her at ease  
Young widow stands at the foot of a grave  
Her love taken in his prime by an awful disease

David Wood

# In The Dead Of Winter

White feathery frosts of ice on grass  
And trees. Heavy frigid breaths do pass,  
With blustery icy cold wind on your face.  
Damp paths and wet cold roads trace  
A pattern and icicles hang from gutters.

Mist swirls around wispy folds unwinds  
And forms cold clumps of foggy binds  
Like some super glue in low lying lands,  
That saps the strength and chills the hands.  
Of stamping feet of cold dead legs.

With cars not starting and batteries dead  
And frosted windscreens is enough said.  
The wet glistening vapour on metal glowing,  
And water running down the window showing.  
Of wispy smoke rising aloft from chimneys.

Of hard cold vegetables stuck in the ground  
Hoar frost freezing the hard grown mound.  
Dark clouds rising from grounds so harden  
And snow falling in the dank cold garden.  
The frozen earth does not complain.  
The dead of winter comes round again.

David Wood



## In The Summer (Rondeau)

In the summer we look forward to the sun  
To hot sunny days and going for a run  
Along golden sands and miles of beach  
Then lay in the sun with an ice lolly each  
Those long endless days of having fun  
With your love two hearts that beat as one  
Giving her that teddy bear you have won  
In the arcade on the pier Oh life's a peach  
In the summer  
Groups of old ladies the heat they do shun  
And old men chat about yarns they have spun  
Children's sandcastles the tide will soon breach  
And mothers telling their children to stay within reach  
Then return to the hotel when the day is now done  
In the summer

David Wood

## Innocence – Terza Rima

My only advice is teach the child nature  
To see the face of God in a flower  
And look with love on every creature

To love trees their canopy a tall tower  
And that every season has a reason  
Then teach nature's awesome power

And admire the poppy a delicate crimson  
To see the whole world through tiny seeds  
That form buds early in Spring's season

And to know the plants from the weeds  
Hear a Nightingale sing in the wood  
To marvel at the variety of animal breeds

Feel the rain in your face under your hood  
And not to get angry in the wind and wet  
Then you will know nature as you should

Teach the child nature and it will be an asset  
To keep that innocence and you'll not regret

David Wood

# January Frosts

Frosty icicles thrust up from the ground  
Make sheep tiptoe between them.  
Robin's sing on an icy bough found  
Their voice on this cold earth's stem.

Blackbirds with their orange bills  
And their jaunty hopping gait  
Look out from their window sills  
In the wood, standing they wait.

A watery sun high in the sky shines  
Its weak light over the cold earth  
The cold in all its labour grinds  
The sap of the deep winter's birth.

David Wood

# June

June burst forth with sunshine blest  
Buds awakening on the stem of trees  
Life awakens like a treasure chest  
And butterflies flutter in the breeze.

Cygnets follow in line astern their mother,  
And other ducks swim along with pride  
Ducklings bobbing in the water, one behind the other  
In shimmering lakes and rivers country-wide.

Weeping willows gracefully kiss the water's edge  
Their leaves blowing gently in the wind  
Gagging geese chatting as they sit on the ledge  
And the old man sitting on a bench just grinned.

Dog walkers with their pets strolling on the grass,  
Mum's with babe's in pushchairs following on behind,  
Joggers running round and round trying hard to pass.  
All enjoying the June sunshine away from the daily grind.

David Wood

# Kingfisher

The sudden flash of delicate blue  
That lightning strike so wondrously true  
There, gone in the blink of an eye,  
And no matter how hard you try,  
The only evidence were the rings  
Of bright water that sweetly sings.

It is very rarely seen sitting ghostly  
On a low slung branch, or twig, mostly  
Just above the waters edge,  
Or on their perch just above the ledge  
And to return with their kill  
To bash to death with their bill.

And swallow whole their gotten gain,  
Small fry, tadpole or molluscs strain  
Their way down to the depths.  
I saw one once standing on the steps,  
Near Rhayder, on the river Wye,  
It flew off before I could say good-bye.

David Wood

# Korean Dream

Oh Korea, when will you be one  
When will the stain of the North go?  
Your people cry out in despair  
And waiting for the world to love them.

The world feels for your hunger  
And anguishes over your poverty  
And cries 'change, open your borders'.  
The blot on the landscape has to go.

Oh change, when will it happen?  
The world is waiting to welcome you  
As brother into their arms.  
Oh Korea, when will you be one?

David Wood

# Lament For Syria

Barrel bombs fall like summer rain  
From a clear blue sky,  
Causing suffering and pain,  
Causing kids to die.  
People flee a war-torn home,  
You can hear them scream.  
And to Europe thousands roam,  
A relentless stream.  
Unseen from high altitude  
Death comes silently  
With absolute certitude  
Life led violently  
All that's left a shattered ground,  
A broken landscape;  
Nothing left for them to pound,  
Nowhere to escape.  
No one to turn to,  
Nowhere can be found a friend,  
No one comforts you  
When will all the suffering end?

David Wood

# Lessons

Life is a school full  
of many lessons  
If we don't learn  
From the past  
How can we  
Survive the future

David Wood



# Let Justice Prevail

Loyaulte Me Lie  
Echoes through history  
A sacred oath, a blessing  
A cry for truth and justice  
Of equality and freedom  
That lies at the heart of  
Kingship and of princes and men.  
Let justice prevail in all its form  
Let the truth be known  
That Loyalty Binds Me.

David Wood

# Life (Tyburn)

Living

Growing

Learning

Knowing

A life full of living, growing tall  
And of lifelong learning, knowing all

David Wood

# Life In The Pub

Low cloud hugs damp close to the ground  
Slurred speech from a beer cost only a pound  
Smoke from cigarettes on the terraced street  
Swirled and its odour hangs around the feet  
Of those who indulge in that ludicrous sport,  
And reflect, or ponder silently in a glass of port.  
Of dark shadows as the dusk spreads wide  
As drinkers spill on the pavement outside.  
The sound of laughter mixed with music loud  
Echoes from the lounge, or snug, made proud  
And soft rain on the street spread with puddles,  
Of those with brains in disintegrating muddles  
Of too much drink.

The shadows of parlour pubs pervade the area  
Of not outstanding national beauty, but drearier  
Abodes in indifferent streets with modest cars  
Parked outside married window blinds. Starved bars  
With few punters coming and going into the mist  
Of drink at the bottom of the glass, totally pissed,  
Before staggering home to a nagging wife  
Sums up the meagre story of their miserable life.

David Wood

# Lifecycle

Sweet youth  
Gone so quickly  
In a moment of time  
We become old senile and deaf  
Then die

David Wood

# Lifecycle (Tanka)

The new buds of May  
Bathes in the sun's warm embrace  
Drinks the early dew  
Matures in the summer sun  
Fades in glorious colour

David Wood

# Life's Dreams

Waves crashing around my ankles  
Onto the sandy shore below,  
The tide swirls around my feet like  
My life, rushing in and crashing onto  
The beach only to ebb and go  
Back from whence it came.

The sand between my toes moves  
With the flow. Little patches that  
Move in and then out with each wave,  
Just like the ebb and flow of life's  
Rich tapestries. Snippets of activity  
That you remember of the day.

That life is fragile with pitfalls and  
Incomplete wishes and desires  
Mark the time wasted on hopes  
And ambitions that your life written  
In water is your only epitaph.

David Wood

# Life's Storm

What of man's tiny footprint left  
As his mark, his worth bereft  
Of true greatness; of all that he was,  
All that he was meant to be.  
His life lived to what end.  
To others will he stooped to bend.

With his dismal daily labours  
He ages with each cold grey dawn,  
Each changing tide of drifting flotsam,  
And blows in any direction like the wind  
Tossed leaves of autumn's gales.  
Nothing he has done has been of worth.

Life's great problems still remain  
Hard and cold they remain unsolved  
Never having the resources be free  
Always tied to the daily grind  
And bringing along the next generation  
To inherit their crown of thorns.

David Wood

# Lost In Time

The sand coloured shard of pottery  
Sat uneasily on the windowsill  
After 2000 years of laying on the  
Ground in the Cypriot sun at Salamis  
It now gathered dust in the bedroom.

It had once graced the kitchen of a  
Cypriot home when Saint Paul visited  
That city. Now a knickknack next to  
The photos and other ornaments  
Waiting for a decision.

It had lain undisturbed for all time,  
From the dawn of Christianity; from  
When the Romans invaded Britain.  
It was there when Vikings roamed.  
It lay undisturbed during the heat of the  
Crusades.

Inert now its only function was to  
Gather dust and be wiped by the  
Duster. Is this the end of its long  
Journey into history or will time  
Give it another journey.

David Wood



# Love

True love transcends all, it is  
The power behind the universe.  
Every human will experience it  
At some point in their life.

Even species demonstrate  
Feelings of love in their own way;  
Love they show towards their young,  
And when mating for life.

But what is love? Love cannot be tamed?  
You cannot bottle love or put it in  
A drawer and lock it away. It comes  
From deep within the soul and is  
Freely expressed.

Love has two homes, the first home is  
With the person who loves and the second  
Home is with the recipient. To love and  
Be loved is life's ultimate goal. Life's  
Greatest treasure store.

But we live in a world where love is not  
Expressed, where it is hidden from view,  
Where hatred exists between people  
And an eye for an eye prevails.  
We need to give love a chance to thrive.

David Wood

## Love On The Rocks (Triolet)

I didn't know when we married I married a shrew  
That love would need many a sticking plaster  
We argue and bicker and now love's lost its glue  
I didn't know when we married I married a shrew  
How can I change her I just don't know what to do  
Our marriage at present seems to be one big disaster  
I didn't know when we married I married a shrew  
That love would need many a sticking plaster

David Wood

## Love Story 2:

What to do Oh mother  
Thought by now he'd have found another  
I saw him talking with his brother  
My head is in a mess.

I don't know what to do  
I still have many feelings for you  
I wonder if we should start anew  
I need time now to think.

I need to take it slow  
What to do I really just don't know  
Will there be a chance for love to grow  
I'll go for a long walk.

Oh does he still want to be with me  
And come back in my life  
Or do we just let past things be  
And start a whole new life.

I'll call now on the phone  
I know that now he will be at home  
Sitting there silently all alone  
And just say I love you.

David Wood

## Love Story:

Sitting here all alone  
Sitting here just waiting by the phone  
Wondering if you will be coming home  
I'm missing your sweet touch.

I'm sorry love, you've gone away  
I'm sorry that our love went astray  
Tell me now just what I have to say  
I miss you Oh so much.

Our love was so very strong  
I'm wondering why it all went wrong  
For in your heart is where I belong  
Come back to me my love.

If you don't want to be with me  
I'll quietly go away  
But if you still want to see me  
Then come to me I pray.

Sitting here all alone  
Sitting here just waiting by the phone  
Wondering if you will be coming home  
I miss you Oh so much.

David Wood

# Love Will Survive

Love is stronger than Death  
More precious than life,  
Until you find it you may disagree,  
But you will confirm when it has  
Touched you.

Death's sting cannot disarm love  
It is a veil that we all travel through;  
Our life is but a time interval where  
Love flourishes and exists, and Death  
Is an open door we all pass through.

Love lives in the heart but is more  
Than the heart. It is part of the soul  
That is eternal, and once in eternity  
Love will be waiting and not left wanting:  
All else may die but love will survive.

David Wood

# Loves Last Letter

Her letter left slightly open on his bed  
He went out on patrol and now he is dead  
Young life ebbed when he stepped on an IED  
Letter left unread.

Held to his nose he recognised her perfume  
Remembered the first time she walked into the room.  
A young life once lived, once loved, so full of life,  
Soon to have a wife.

Oh, what such bright future, two hearts twined as one.  
Their six week old baby, new life, perfect son  
He has not yet seen, not even held in his arms,  
New widow with child.

Only now he lay dead on the hard cold ground.  
Life ended early without whimper or sound.  
The pain of his passing about to engulf  
All those who love him.

David Wood

# Loves Red Rose

A lover's rose does have a thorn  
That has to be held gently, like love  
Must reign gently, not to be torn  
By words. Words gentle as a dove

Spoken out of true love from the heart  
To only one so divine and sweet  
Who in turn plays their part  
Every time they kiss and meet.

A red rose given as loves great token  
Will prick the heart with love's desire  
Where hardly a word needs to be spoken  
And will kindle any love about to expire.

David Wood

# Maid To Measure

The old man in Wellington boots  
With heavy clod under the sole,  
And an old dog called Shep  
Across the fields they'd patrol.

Across the field they would go  
To round up the sheep on the hill  
And bring them down the track  
To count them when standing still.

Week in, week out, the story is the same  
They'd march right up that hill  
And march the sheep back down again  
With old Shep doing his masters will.

Till yonder maid came with her goats  
All alone in the next field,  
And an old man with a spring in his step  
Did stoop to this maid and yield.

He lost count of his sheep, so the story goes,  
They would gather on the hill in a huddle,  
As the old man chatted to the maid  
And his counting got in a muddle.

David Wood



# Malum Hominis

How long shall the wicked exult  
In pouring out evil talk  
And boast of the lives they have taken  
With sickening images

They pour out arrogant words  
And destruction is their trade  
A scorched sterile earth  
Is all they leave in their wake

When will these fools ever be wise  
That they destroy their own heritage  
Rampaging over all the earth  
Until death overtakes them

David Wood

# Market Day

Cloudy days when the rain held off  
Market day came with its regularity.  
Covered stalls like Wild West wagons  
Trundled into place at the crack of dawn.

Stalls with sweets galore, skirts and hand bags.  
Electrical goods, greeting cards and pet food.  
Aroma of fruit and veg, wet fish, meat, tea and coffee.  
They plied their trade shouting their wares.

People from all walks of life like woolly sheep  
To the slaughter pressed coins into cold hands  
Stealing a bargain stolen last night in the dark  
From behind the pub full of hapless drunks.

Hapless drunks now sober walking through the  
Market, their clothes revealing their poverty, all  
Out for that elusive bargain, to what gain?  
That something they didn't realise they wanted.

David Wood

# Medusa

Self-opinionated stony mouthed  
He sat and fired off criticisms with  
Several snake heads shouting all at once.

People buckled under his savage attacks  
Reeling back under the weight of  
His slingshots ricocheting off computer screens.

He was perfect in every way. Every time  
He looked in the mirror he would smile  
At his perfection with a twinkle in his eye.

He was the master of his craft and in his  
Mind he was excellent in every way  
A true paragon of virtue vainly wearing the  
Emperors very own clothes.

David Wood

# Mellifluous Wind Chimes

The breeze whispers and wind chimes dance  
Dangling in the air they swing  
And bump into each other  
Their haunting melodies echoes  
In my mind  
As I sit on the veranda  
Under a purple  
Night sky  
And quietly  
Listen

David Wood

# Memories

The week after the funeral the house was cleared  
Memories taken to the auctioneers to be sold off,  
The polished sideboard and dining room table,  
The picture frames now empty of smiling faces.  
Treasures collected and stored over fifty years.  
Memories now fading, scattered to the four winds.  
Only ghosts remain.

Now the house is empty and a for sale sign hangs  
From the bedroom window as the cold winters chill  
Blows freely through the house into empty rooms  
Once full of laughter. The scratches on the bottom  
Of the door where the dog would scratch. One day new  
Memories will fill the house but until then the house  
Remains silent.

David Wood

# Mindful Wisdom

A rampaging mind  
Knows no wisdom  
And its tongue is  
A senseless babble

Only the fool wags their tongue  
And speaks evil of others  
Their lips condemn them  
For they cannot remain silent

The wise keep their tongues  
From speaking evil  
And their lips from lying words  
They hold their silence and wait

A sign of wisdom is a controlled mind  
And patience is her sister  
Those who can control their mind  
Are on the path that leads to wisdom

David Wood

# Mirror

I am your faithful friend, I cannot lie  
My silver charm waits upon your desire  
As I stand and wait patiently for you.

You look at me, through me, as if, as if.  
As if you wanted to look younger,  
Sleeker, slimmer. You gaze and gaze.

You never talk to me but I look back at you  
Without wondering, without comment  
And I am truthful; I am your faithful friend.

I cannot lie or be unfaithful but when you  
Look at me you are unhappy with what  
You see. You are critical and sigh.

I will always be here for you, waiting.  
My silver charm just a reflection  
Waiting to make your day seem happy.

David Wood

# Mistletoe

Tracy stood by the checkout till  
Put up some mistletoe for a thrill,  
To steal a kiss from all the boys  
Out shopping for their Christmas toys.

Young and old with five days stubble  
Asked for a kiss if it wasn't too much trouble.  
There was a time when she wished she had a double,  
Time passed slowly as if she was in a bubble.

The supervisor came and with a frown  
Asked Tracy to take the mistletoe down.  
'This is a supermarket not a celebrity show,  
Kindly remove that mistletoe'.

The moral of this story will show  
That there's more to life than mistletoe  
For a kiss is a special gift between two,  
For lovers, friends and those who are true.

And for special days that come and go,  
Like Christmas with its mistletoe,  
Where lovers steal a belated kiss  
With hearts entwined in loving bliss.

So when you see that mistletoe  
Think of what love you are trying to show  
For love is unique, kind and true  
A very special kind of brew.

David Wood



# Moonlight

The wood slept in the moonlight.  
Fox prowled beneath a starry sky,  
Narrow eyes searching for prey,  
Mice and voles out walking  
Gracefully taking the evening air.

Owl perched on a crescent moon  
Looking down blinking in the night.  
Motionless it stalked its prey  
Waiting to outwit the prowling fox.  
Its young gaping for a night snack.

The moon looks on hanging in the air,  
Boughs gleaming in the halo from her  
Silver charm. Though fear stalks the  
Night; Moles dig in darkened rooms  
Causing the worms to shudder in fear.

Robins and blackbirds snoring the  
Night away oblivious to the midnight  
Woods dark secrets. The moon rises  
In the dark night as the wood sleeps on.  
Only the night shift stirring restlessly.

David Wood

# Moonlight Sonata

Hypnotic full moon  
I gaze at you and in that flood of limpid pale light  
My spirit wanders free  
Mesmerised by your charm

High wispy translucent clouds glide effortlessly by  
In silent respect  
I sit on the beach drowning in your charm  
The sea but a silhouette in the moonlight  
Waves gently beating  
Against pebbles

I lay inebriated by your radiant beauty  
Surpassing all I survey  
Spellbound

David Wood

# Moonwalking

I walked Clara under a full moon  
Through empty streets of glistening  
Stone houses shining in the moonlight  
That hid people behind closed blinds.

Echoes of my footsteps the only  
Sound invading my thoughts.  
Reflections from the moon lit up  
The street and cars parked at the side

Of the road. Soft transparent clouds  
Drifted high in the night sky making  
The moon rounder and brighter.  
Breath hanging in the January air.

And the street I walked, past the pub  
Smelling of stale ale and fags,  
Was an ordinary street in an ordinary  
Part of Swansea with ordinary people.

David Wood

# Mortality (Pathos)

Anguish spread morbid wings  
In dark foreboding skies  
Doors slammed shut  
Nowhere to hide  
The world falling falling

Emptiness greets with open arms  
Breathless heart pounding  
Emptiness in every direction  
Its prophecy a silent voice  
Opaque bandaged light burning  
Inside a smouldering fire

The cup of pathos an elixir  
Fails to give everlasting life  
Only bones remain

David Wood

# Natures Melody

They wander with the breeze  
For company  
Gracefully billowing  
Floating  
Become heavily pregnant  
Brooding in their depths  
They cry and kiss the Earth  
In beautiful abundance

Sometimes angry they  
Flash their anger shouting  
Loudly with thunderous voices  
A wind whipped tempest

On heavenly clear blue days  
They sit lost in their own thoughts  
Silently thinking  
Lonely

Or transparent in brilliant reflections  
Of moonlight in a night sky  
As they pass gently by

They are like wisps of cotton wool  
I try and touch them  
But I can't

David Wood

# New Dawn

Dawn's birth  
Nightingales sing  
Sleepy bluebells waken  
Sparrows bathe in the morning dew  
New Day

David Wood

# New Day

Each day announces its arrival to  
The following day without speaking,  
Night throwing of its garments to be  
Clothed anew with suns golden rays.

No sound is heard not even a whisper,  
But each new day is heard throughout  
The world in the brightness of a new  
Dawn kissing away night's charm.

The sun warms the heart of the day  
And dances across the heavens until  
Nights silver halo says "hello" again.  
And owls silently go about their business.

And the moon gently breathes the star  
Lit nights silver glow. Stars revolving  
Around the heavens each one a grain  
Of sparkle illuminating earths night span.  
Until the suns dawn glow prevails.

David Wood

# New Year's Resolution

My New Year's resolutions  
I made on a cold Boxing Day  
Didn't provide all the solutions  
They all slowly faded away.  
I'd go to the gym to lose weight  
I said with eager passion  
But that was only tempting fate  
The telly is such a distraction.  
I'd get a dog and walk round the park  
That would soon get me slim and fit  
We'd get up and rise with the lark  
And find the nearest bench to sit.  
But a dog I would have to feed  
And take it sometimes to the vet  
And I don't know what type, or breed  
I'll buy a bike, it's a safer bet.  
But with a bike I could get run over  
By a truck, a bus or a car  
Or a farmer with tatty Land Rover  
I'll stay at home, it's safer by far.  
I'll stop eating a donut or two  
And cut down by a gallon of beer  
And think of what else I can do  
Then put it all off for another year.

David Wood



# O Britain

(Finlandia Hymn, Flash Mob)

O hear my song, my prayer of supplication  
We the oppressed, abandoned and the poor.  
We have no voice, and suffer subjugation  
By those who lead and rule our every way.  
Only the rich and multi-national companies  
Benefit here, their influence hold sway.

Our students pay for all their education  
It should be free, it burdens them with debt  
Our elderly, impoverished on their pension  
While those who lead are out for all they get  
Where is a voice, O where is there a leader  
To rescue us and free us from despair.

David Wood

# October

Sunny days with drifting clouds  
Football matches spilling crowds  
Cold grey mornings, grassy dew  
Chilly winds that blew and blew  
Blowing leaves off all the trees  
Final song of wasps and bees  
Spiders looking for a mate  
Found in baths await their fate.

Trees with branches ever bare  
Falling leaves without a care  
Russet reds and golden browns  
Line the paths as autumn's gowns  
Acorns lying on the ground  
Squirrels hiding what they found  
Hopping here and hopping there  
Gather nature's tasty fare.

Poppies with their crimson hue  
And cornflowers painted blue  
Where gather woodland fairies,  
And wild birds gather berries,  
To keep safe from winter's frown  
As nature starts to wind down  
Summer days all gone too fast  
Winter comes with icy blast.

David Wood

## October, A Prelude To Winter:

Summer's lustre has faded and the world  
Turns and waves farewell to long hot days.  
A balmy September now turns into a wet October  
As chill gusty winds blow empty beer cans and  
Crisp packets down glistening tranquil streets'

Summer came, lingered and swiftly went away  
Without a whimper or murmur. One minute here,  
The next - gone. A cold October breeze swirls through  
trees beginning to show autumnal hues as leaves  
Gather around my feet as I walk silently alone.

Nature begins its annual closure, its retreat until Spring.  
Squirrels hurrying to gather nuts to bury and then forget,  
Field mice gather their harvest of oats the farmer drops  
As autumn casts its cape over soon frosty ground.  
October, a prelude to a cold winter of ice and snow.

A month of preparation. A time to catch your  
Breath: To take stock and gather in the harvest and  
Get ready for a long winter until soft Spring rain  
Falls and fresh new shoots begin to emerge and the  
World once again turns and starts anew.

David Wood

# Ode To A Nightingale

The dew of early dawn cannot compare  
Or even legions of golden daffodils standing tall  
Or shafts of morning light breaking through the trees  
Even the gentle sounds of the wood become silent  
Pause and listen as summer's song has just begun  
Nature bows to Nightingale's melancholy tune  
It surrenders its spirit in gentle song  
Then as the warmth of the day lengthens into dusk  
It heralds the evenings tepid hues  
It's song welcomes the early twinkling stars  
As the wood yawns and begins its slumber  
If you close your eyes listen and muse  
To the beauty of its song so bright  
And take it with you as you depart and say  
Farewell my sweet feathered friend  
Until the dawn we meet again I pray

David Wood

# Ode To A Sunflower

Nothing can compare to walking  
Through a meadow of smiling sunflowers  
Their warm beauty falls upon my face  
As I wander silently alone among such a  
Rich company of friends

Their radiant colours of shining yellow  
And brown have passed down through  
Endless eons of past summers  
Their thirst quenched by the early dew  
Now graced by the warm morning sun  
As they try and touch the sky

What can compare to your iridescence  
Summer cannot compete with your allure  
Even rainbows in the sky lose their lustre  
Or bouquets of butterflies floating in the summer sun  
The whole realm of nature bows down in homage  
To your beauty but alas your life on Earth  
Is far too short all too soon you are gone

David Wood

# Ode To A Tree In Autumn

You carried us all through Earth's fragrant song  
Did blossom from birth throughout glorious days  
But we did not notice we walked on by so wrong  
Now in tragic splendour your allure now decays

Chill August days slows your faint heart of fire  
Russet and golden leaf crumbles in colds extreme  
Fate is a metaphor of a life about to expire  
Fate we all meet after life's figment dream

Your bridal beauty now faded your life at an end  
I remember your virgin charm at the onset of spring  
And warm raptures when June became your friend  
Now at an end your greatness now vanishing

Winter fast approaching you stand now undressed  
Alas wind and storm's echo will be your only choir  
Until by Spring's magnificence you are again blessed  
When once again your noble splendour we can all admire

David Wood

# Ode To Spring (Terza Rima)

Spring gently breaths soft winds over still bare trees  
Rustling last year's dead leaves on still cold ground  
It glides along paths floats over lakes with a soft ease

Faded russet reds and golden hues lying all around  
Now crumpled and brittle they crunch underfoot  
With each step along the path you hear their sound

Birds in their nests telling their young to stay put  
And trees have new buds of spring start to emerge  
Men on horseback with hounds their game afoot

Spring rain now falling over hills town's roads or verge  
Young plants push their way through the damp earth  
Standing tall in their bright youth they start to surge

Last year's seeds with the sun sprout giving new birth  
All plant life growing as the sun sends its warm rays  
Even mankind benefiting from a spiritual rebirth

Spring is where everything's grows in the lengthening days  
Where new life springs forth in a glorious colourful blaze

David Wood

# Ode To Spring (Villanelle)

Soft shoots spring gently forth from the earth  
They look to the sky with their open face  
After the cold winter comes springs rebirth

New buds on trees grow for all their worth  
Each day they welcome the suns warm embrace  
Soft shoots spring gently forth from the earth

The sparrows and robins have all given birth  
And nature wakes up at a slow walking pace  
After the cold winter comes springs rebirth

The daffodils now open their face full of mirth  
And crocuses blossoms all over the place  
Soft shoots spring gently forth from the earth

Natures bright canvas spreads forth its girth  
Apple blossoms fragrant blooms now race  
After the cold winter comes springs rebirth

The warmth of the sun providing safe berth  
For all creatures of the wood or open space  
Soft shoots spring gently forth from the earth  
After the cold winter comes springs rebirth

David Wood



# Ode To The Golden Daffodil

Daffodils in their twilight fade  
As May begins to shine  
Their fragrance lost for another year,  
A display both delicate and fine.

Wrinkled flower heads droop with age  
As a blaze of golden yellow turns brown,  
The whole of nature bows its head  
And says goodbye with a frown.

They came at the end of winter  
To grace nature with their charm  
And stayed until the end of spring  
Making all things sweet and calm.

David Wood

# Of Gods And Atoms

Man is now among the gods  
The power of the radiance of the sun  
Exploding upon the Earth  
With all his knowledge  
Death has become his own end

David Wood

# Of Golden Leaves

'Tis time to mend this wounded heart  
Since it slowed to a miniscule beat  
To see with my eyes the face of the world  
And say 'hello' to all I greet.

My days are now of golden leaf  
The fruit has passed its sell-by date  
And the best of love has now gone,  
The distance travelled has been great  
And I have sung loves only song.

New hopes and fears now line my path  
As I travel down this road alone  
And running nature's ultimate course,  
Past mistakes my soul does now atone.

We make a grave in our heart for our sorrow  
And wait for a greater peace than we have known  
When fear and worry no longer matter  
After we have reaped what we have sown.

David Wood

## Of Love (Cinquain)

Of love  
What do we know  
Blows either hot or cold  
Love is a capricious power  
I'm told

David Wood

# Of Poetry

Poets are martyrs to their art  
For every syllable on every page  
Words used sparingly with love:  
What is their fate in future years?

Artists leave a visual record where  
People can gaze upon their paintings  
In galleries; paintings which could be  
Worth a fortune as time passes.

Musicians leave their work for future  
Generations to listen to and they become  
Rich and famous in the process.  
But what is the future of poetry?

Book sales are in decline as the years  
Progress and social media networks  
Are not poetry friendly and English as  
A language is changing rapidly.

How will poetry be expressed in the future?  
Does anyone care?

David Wood

# On Line Dating

Time dripped of the wall clock  
Easing into a quiet evening  
She sat posing at her laptop  
Looking at entries on screen.

She looked almost bored  
At the matches, new loves.  
More souvenirs, more trophies  
Toy soldiers all shiny new

Lined up to do some imaginary  
Battle. The queen to rule  
Her soldiers who die heroically  
Willingly at her command.

Her horse at the ready a  
Charger ready saddled.  
She selected one to be  
Sacrificed asking for a date.

David Wood

# Otter Delights

Chief member of the press gang,  
Cudgels warming to the blow.

Porcupine quills pointing, whiskers  
Sharp, tingling with excitement.

Bubbling waters skimming over  
Grey boulders swirling, dancing.

The trout swim in fear of the otter,  
Lutra Lutra, king of the river Wye.

Its plush home adorned with flowers  
Lighting the sky, kissing the water.

Sitting on its veranda, surveying  
Its territory looking out over the evening  
Sunset, taking trout from its larder.

Taking a cool long drink in the setting sun,  
With young playing in the watermaking to run.

Men walking dogs along the river fail to spot  
The party playing hide and seek.

Trout and grayling hide, otters seek  
They play this deadly game every day.

David Wood

# Our World

It's our world and you cannot enter,  
You're too tall and you'd have to stoop.  
We crawl on our hands and knees,  
Though you seek and you try  
When you get too close we start to cry.

You buy us toys with which to play,  
And there we'll spend a happy day,  
Then you feed us food which we will not eat  
And give us a bath, and call it a treat!  
Then when we are awake you put us to bed

And when we are tired you keep us awake  
With a bed-time story, oh for heaven's sake!  
Then in the morning when we are half asleep  
You make us get up when we're still counting sheep.  
And make us wash and clean our teeth.

It's our world and you cannot enter,  
Our world is too small for you to understand  
It is full of innocence and blind trust, and is mild.  
Your world has no trust is not that grand  
You need to look at the world with the eyes of a child.

David Wood



# Pain

Pain of the heart  
That exists from its own side,  
Not physical, not cancerous,  
But deep and enduring.

A pain that can last for years  
Growing and eating away the soul.  
In a way it has no end but yet  
Circumstances cools its ardour.

Heart pain lives in the past and  
Has no future, ever present  
And silent of all words, an enigma.  
It is tamed by time's cooling balm.

David Wood

## Picnic Under An English Oak (Ottava Rima)

We meander through meadows of blazing corn  
Sit under ancient oaks now dry in the sun  
The dry hot summer making flowers forlorn  
An everlasting drought that that took all the fun  
Under its canopy in the early morn  
We sit entwined our two hearts beating as one  
Thoughts of love flowing rampantly through my head  
But the sight of your husband filled me with dread

David Wood

## Pond Life

Silently the pond stirs from its sleep  
Nymphs drifting in the calm backwater  
When spring warms still waters  
Amphibious delights anchor to stems  
Living between two worlds  
Grotesquely shedding their coat  
Metamorphosis of new life  
Transparent delicate wings  
Upholding bright emeralds  
All you can accuse them of is their  
Beauty

David Wood

# Poppies

Not even the warmth of the day  
Could even dent their soft glow, the  
Crimson red flooding through  
The meadow, waving gently in the breeze

Not even the song thrush or nightingale  
Could sing of their beauty. Only the  
Hearts of mankind are warmed by  
By their delicate shape and colour.

They stand in the stillness of the day  
Waiting, waiting, their long stalks  
Standing to attention as we, mere  
Onlookers, gaze at their beauty.

David Wood

# Poppy

O sweet scarlet poppy how strong you do grow  
The earth has no finer flower I know  
I see you in fields by roadside or lay-bys  
Your seed is taken wherever the wind cries  
And where they fall they make their sweet bed  
And remind us all of Our Glorious Dead  
They were found scattered among Flanders field  
Where young soldier's lives gladly did yield  
They speak of the horrors the hell of all war  
The rivers of blood the guts and the gore  
Sweet flower of the field your legacy goes on  
A symbol war of young lives that are now gone  
O scarlet flower of delicate red  
Reminder of Our Glorious Dead

David Wood

## Prologue To Spring:

A frozen winter's chill hangs in the air  
Icy landscape under a cold clear blue sky  
Frosty branches point skyward accusingly.

The cold brittle air catches in the throat  
As if it is about to break in two as  
Winter casts its frigid cape all around.

The golden leaves of autumn are now brown,  
Crumpled underfoot, or turn to wet mush  
Beneath the bare trees standing like sentinels.

What can break the spell of winters grasp?  
What magic can turn the season around?  
Or is it better now to hibernate?

As frosty air rises over the lakes,  
February is such a cruel sad month,  
The heart of winter, yet a prologue to Spring.

David Wood

# Public Toilets (Tyburn)

Dirty  
Grimy  
Smelly  
Whiffy

Not cleaned they're a dirty, grimy loo  
Definitely smelly, whiffy, phew!

David Wood

# Quiet Evenings

Evening is a time to rest, to switch off, to stop,  
Night time beckons, television to watch.  
Catch a movie set in L.A. or Colorado,  
Rome or London, with an interesting plot;  
Young lovers eloping perhaps, running, on the go,  
Perhaps watch a musical instead like Les Mis.

Time perhaps to write a love poem that's sad,  
Inspiring, and tugging the heart strings too  
Or just spend the evening reading a book for fun  
Nodding off and waking halfway through the night.

Some may enjoy spending their evenings also  
Organising a holiday, finding somewhere far off  
Dreaming of sandy beaches and rolling surf.

David Wood



# Rain

Be not angry with the rain  
The earth is thirsty and parched  
Dark skies of swirling clouds  
Drop their heavy payloads

The sound of rain sings aloud  
On the leaves of trees and shrubs  
Forming pools of bright water  
That quenches the thirst of birds

Wild flowers bow their heads  
And drink their hearts content  
It sustains crops in the field  
And nourishes their roots

In cities towns and villages  
Rooftops and pavements glisten  
As the rain runs its course  
And washes window panes

Be not angry with the rain  
We all need its gentle kiss  
It gives life to all it touches  
Natures own perfect gift

David Wood

# Rain, Rain, Rain

Rain, torrential rain lashing,  
It ran down my neck making my collar  
Damp and sticky drippy wet.  
I cannot brush it aside or hide  
From its attack for it is relentless.  
It splashes around my feet  
As I walk Clara around the lake.  
The car seats will be wet again  
From a summer, autumn and winter  
Of relentless rain hammering down  
As if the saturated earth depended on it.  
Waterlogged fields and roofs: Rain dripping  
From tree branches in big dollops  
Exploding on the ground in front of me.  
Even the robins and blackbirds lose,  
Their voice, their orchestra remain silent.  
Only the swans and moorhens with  
Their waterproof jackets seem oblivious  
And the seagulls mocking all around.

David Wood

# Red Kite Hunting

Circling overhead in roundabouts.  
Loitering with latent intent  
Above old deciduous woodland shouts  
Loud with no excuses to invent.

Wide eyed spotting their prey,  
Deeply forked rusty red tail  
Twitching in the breeze today,  
In light delicate airs they sail.

Eager eyes balanced thought  
Calling hei-hii-hii-hei.  
Learning what their mothers taught,  
Rodents in the open soon die.

Gyrating on the wing in the air,  
Red Kites sails aloft silently stalking.  
Grey head still and staring fair  
To capture rodents out walking.

David Wood

# Refreshing Delight

Green Tea

Is nice to drink

At any time of day

It is a refreshing delight

Try it

David Wood

# Reminiscence

When as a young boy  
I'd stroll through a meadow  
Clothed with wandering sheep  
Along a slow meandering brook  
To a lake  
Where a silent willow tree stood  
And there beneath I sat  
In the shade of slender leaves  
To ponder a while.  
Mayfly hovered and danced  
Over the water  
Tempting trout  
Brooding  
With latent intent.  
I'd gently hold a blade of grass  
Between my teeth  
And raised my knees to  
My chest  
Straw hat shading the sun  
Dreamily glancing across the lake  
And watched  
As the morning slowly  
Drifted into afternoon.

David Wood

## Rendezvous (Tanka)

Trees in the Autumn

Brightly coloured patchwork quilt

Crunching underfoot

Winds a path to the hay barn

With an old tractor outside

David Wood

# Requiem

Heartfelt mourning

Silently

I kneel

David Wood

## Retirement (Ballade)

The final day done and now my Liberty Bell  
No more work retirement is now for me  
Others come to shake my hand to say farewell  
Oh now work has just become history  
I can now put my feet up and watch TV  
No more listening to what the boss has to say  
I can walk in the park just let life be  
Is this retirement now one long holiday

My first day I achieved so much I did do well  
I walked the dog for an hour for all to see  
We walked in the wood where I tripped and fell  
Then went to a café for a cup of tea  
Drove home again behind a slow old taxi  
I then watched the sunset at the end of the day  
To see the moon rise over our old cherry tree  
Is this retirement now one long holiday

I've been retired now a year you can tell  
I thought in retirement I'd be happy and free  
Sitting in the park I often gaze and dwell  
Of times when I worked I was so happy  
With a secretary so young and carefree  
Now I feel like an old brewers dray  
Sipping coffee at the café and eating brie  
Is this retirement now one long holiday

Retirement is fine for some I think you'd agree  
But I miss my colleagues that's all I can say  
With days that are long the dog my company  
This retirement is no long holiday

David Wood



# River Dance

The chequered rug lay on the ground  
Hard boiled eggs and tomatoes on  
Plastic plates. A jug of lemon juice  
With bees buzzing all around.

Sitting by the river breaking bread,  
With children playing on the grass  
Dancing round and round in circles,  
And ducks and swans waiting to be fed.

Clouds billowing up in an overcast sky  
Brings gentle rain falling to the ground  
That is over before it truly began,  
And the dog stealing a piece of pie.

Buttercups and dandelions carpet the green  
And pleasant field, and weeping willows  
Sigh with their leaves kissing the river.  
The family picnic is a sight to be seen.

David Wood

# Romeo

Young love seen through old eyes  
How will their life pan out? Sitting  
Here in the park watching them walk  
Hand in hand just as we used to do.

Young love just starting out fresh  
Exploring each other, all new.  
Exploring their bodies, her perfume  
Exploding in his mind, his masculinity.

And think of Romeo lying in the chapel  
On that cold slab in the town of Verona.  
And of pining Juliet, that worried frown.  
The wonder, where was Romeo?

Would Romeo that potion take knowing  
That Juliet lives? That carefree love  
What life would be lived, what dreams  
Fulfilled? What tales to tell their children?

My love is no longer with me, taken away  
By deaths dark sting. No longer holding  
Hands walking in the park or on the beach.  
Life left empty in the cold light of day.

David Wood

# Saturday's Game

They came from all directions,  
Matchstick men and women in  
Matchstick long overcoats walking  
In the rain towards the gates of the  
Liberty Stadium.

They walked stooped heading one  
Way, to the main gate; hands in  
Pockets to watch the Swans play  
Arsenal who travelled along the M4  
By coach.

Cars blocked every street and every  
Home for miles around the area  
Upsetting residents who could not  
Park their own cars outside their  
Own homes. A typical Saturday.

David Wood

# Savouring Wisdom

Wisdom sets a table  
And sends her servants out  
To all seeking insight  
Inviting them to eat and drink  
For wisdom is a dish  
Matured over time  
Few savour its delights

David Wood

# School Days (Tyburn)

Reading  
Learning  
Writing  
Swatting

School days were spent reading, learning tests  
With those exams writing, swatting stressed

David Wood

## Seasons - Alexandrine

Spring we started planting, after tilling the ground  
Summer's blissful weather, nature's beauties resound  
Tiny seedlings hatching, now grow towards the sun  
Growing ever skyward, their growing nearly done

Summer's growing season, its sights and smells and sound  
Nature's blessed harvest, brought in from all around  
Autumn's pleasant bounty, gathered from all the fields  
Over until next year, winter's coldness soon yields.

Nature has done her best, she has given her all  
Coming hibernation, at the end of the fall  
Wearily now waiting, knowing winter's approach  
Nature starts to wind down, at winters rude encroach

Now the ground is icy, snow drifting in the hedge  
Waiting for the springtime, to cut winter's cruel edge  
Shortened daylight hours, winter's darkest shadows  
Slowly daylight lengthens, springtime surely follows.

David Wood

# Self Portrate

I'm sitting at my oak  
Dining room table  
Threading the line  
To weave the thread  
That lines this page.

Clara's at my feet  
And Tina on the sofa  
I gaze and  
I write  
Languid lines.

My laptop speaks  
To me slowly  
As I sip sherry  
Or coffee.

Oh poetry,  
a bitter sweet  
Pill.

David Wood

## Serenity (Tanka)

Snow covered mountain

Sends cool waters flowing down

Over big boulders

Quenches the thirst of tall trees

Makes a beautiful picture

David Wood



# Sex

In the corner of every furtive mind  
Sex stalks its victim  
In dark webs that spin and wind

Participants are ensnared but willing.  
Undoing all virtue  
And lust posing as love all the chilling.

Why are the pleasures of the flesh  
So enduring?  
This spider's web of such deep mesh.

Nobody can explain the reason why  
Lovers lay entwined  
Later feeling remorse and wanting to die.

David Wood

## She Was Beauty Rare - Roundel

She was beauty rare, kind, fair with soft blue eyes  
But quiet in her size four shoes and mousy hair  
When she spoke of her youth it was with sighs  
She was beauty rare,

Her beauty came from within, she was born to care  
But these days 'I want' is what everybody cries  
In her short life she put others first often with a prayer

Into my world she breezed and we shared our two lives  
With such bliss there was nothing that could compare  
But by spring she was gone with such sad good-byes  
She was beauty rare,

David Wood

# Shifting Sands

The wind blows from the sea  
In gusts along the beach  
Whirlwinds of sand fly  
High in the air on the breeze.

Striking like grit getting into  
Eyes. Tourists, holiday  
Makers holding fast their hats.  
Walking along the beach and  
Promenade.

Getting deep into sandwiches  
Gusting everywhere high in the  
ng onto the pavement  
And road in deep drifting piles.

Slowly the beach moves.  
Slowly change takes place.  
When the wind does stop the  
Beach is everywhere.

David Wood

# Should I Die Tomorrow

Should I die tomorrow  
Lay me with my wife  
Shed not a tear of sorrow  
For I have tried my best in life

My love she went before me  
A long long time ago  
And she will be the first I see  
For that I surely know

I never did love another  
She was the only one for me  
The earth will be our cover  
Our home for all eternity

I bequeathed all my belongings  
To the charities of the poor  
For I have no further longings  
As I go through Deaths dark door

A new name will go on the headstone  
So carve our names with pride  
Now she'll never sleep alone  
Together we'll lie side by side

As I leave this Earth behind  
Shed not a tear for me  
For new pastures we will find  
A whole new destiny

David Wood

# Silence

Sitting on the promenade  
Or the sandy beach below,  
Feeling the wind blow softly  
Through your hair and kiss  
Your face.

Or walking through a woodland glade  
With the wind rustling the leaves  
On golden trees in autumn.  
And litter leaf blowing under your  
Feet as you walk.

Or watching a milky moon softly  
Glide across a clear night sky,  
A clear orb shining through in the  
Night. Silence speaking volumes  
Pregnantly profound.

That peaceful silence, still, yet  
Living, surrounding your thoughts  
As your mind meanders like the gentle  
Waves of an oasis in a desert  
That will revive lost souls.

What peace there is when the  
World is still, where we can listen  
To the silence that floats through  
Our mind, relaxing our whole  
Being. Silence and stillness does  
Quietly speak.

David Wood

# Silence Of Love

New silence  
The pensive awkward silence  
Of a new relationship  
Sitting, waiting, hoping  
For something to say  
To break the ice  
Fear of rejection.  
Painful  
Silence.

Old silence  
So intimate  
So intentional  
Timed to perfection  
Lost gazing  
At love  
Broken only with  
A kiss

David Wood

# Sitting At The Cemetery

I sat alone at the cemetery on a bright sunny day  
Listening to the song birds sing aloud and at play  
The sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky  
And thinking of my love a tear I did cry.

The headstones stood fast and true  
With flowers, pink, yellow, erect and new.  
And people carrying fresh flowers for their loved one  
Whether that be mother, father, daughter or son.

They came but on this bright clear day  
Their love and respect they wanted to display  
For love, like hope, springs eternal and new  
And their only chance to say, 'I love you'.

David Wood

# Snow Drift

Oh that wind, that symphony  
Of oboes wailing and moaning.  
Snow in drifts high to the eaves  
Blowing, covering lanes leading  
From iced village to iced village.

Telegraph wires and power lines  
Bending under the dead weight  
Of ice waiting for their moment  
To snap. Shrieking horizontal  
Wind piling snow on snow.

The road to the town cut off,  
An umbilical cord snapped  
In a white out of hill and sky.  
Sheep buried with their lambs.  
A community isolated and alone.

And nobody stirs from the darkening  
Land as night's cape begins to  
Cover the earth with its shadow.  
Only the oboes making their  
Distinctive wailing sound.

David Wood



# Snowdrop

In this cold snap of spring  
Delicate snowdrops ring.  
They pierce the frigid earth  
At January's end to March's birth,  
Spreading petals of pure white  
To the naked eye such a delight.  
From woodland to roadside verge  
Delicate flowers start to emerge.  
With the yellow wild daffodil  
They create such a thrill.

David Wood

## Snowdrops:

The most welcoming sight to see  
On a cold February day  
Are flurries of snowdrops blowing free  
In the breeze as they gently sway.  
This gallant flower breaks through snow;  
A harbinger of the coming spring,  
Their white petals in the sun glow  
The purest white, their glories sing.  
The first flower of the New Year,  
Tis fitting they are clothed in white;  
With tall stems standing bright and clear,  
They make a cold winter warm and bright.

David Wood

# Solitaire

On my own my memories of my childhood  
All alone without any love from people  
Love being an absent friend I never knew  
A young life spent alone with only books  
As company.

Books became the friends I never had  
I marvelled at the covers, the bindings,  
The words that filled each and every page,  
The library my new home from home.

On my own my memories of my adulthood  
Work became a new friend dressed in  
Deceit and lies. I had many friends over  
The year's mostly ending in disaster.

Love came in late adulthood with joy  
It lasted a brief moment in time when  
Death snatched it away from me:  
Loves beauty lost for all time.

On my own the future years to come.  
Books, and old friend I greet with a hello  
Come back into my life, they cannot hurt  
Like love hurts when lost forever.

David Wood

## Someone Else

I am looking for someone else you see  
But that person always eludes me.  
For when I walk through the park  
Or on a lonely street after dark  
And I see beer cans thrown in the street  
Or crisp packets, or cartons I do greet  
That other people have cast aside,  
Who discard their rubbish far and wide,  
For it's always for someone else to pick up  
That beer can, wrapper or paper cup.  
That someone else must be a busy guy  
For no matter where I look or how hard I try  
I cannot find them, it makes you want to cry.

David Wood

## Sonnet 1: Ah, Who Is This I See Before My Eyes

Ah, who is this I see before my eyes  
Such a delicate flower I behold  
Listen, she fills my heart with such sweet sighs  
With her sweet love I could gladly grow old.  
But what do I see, she is with another  
Who holds the key to her heart's desire  
How to win her heart I must discover  
Because my heart now burns with such fire.  
How can I win the heart of this sweet girl?  
To win her heart and make her mine alone  
And separate her from her love's dull churl;  
Until I win her love my heart will groan.  
Will she be the one that I will marry?  
And to the church I will one day carry.

David Wood

# Sonnet 10: Oh, Where Shall My Wandering Soul Seek Rest

Oh, where shall my wandering soul seek rest?  
A wound that runs deep rents my heart in two  
Another's head now rests between those breasts  
Whose lithe tongue speaks of love you believe true.  
I am a tortured soul, my heart a slave  
You gaze at me and I am smitten deep.  
Oh, for your love I will fight to the grave,  
And then once slain slumber in death's deep sleep.  
But your new love may not last times great test  
Your new true love may wither on the vine  
And fall by the wayside like all the rest  
And I may have the chance to make thee mine.  
Love is a restless wind that can blow cold  
Then your heart I will win with my love so bold.

David Wood

## Sonnet 11: My Love Is Infected With Wild Desire

My love is infected with wild desire  
To gather you and hold you in my arms  
With a new song I hope to inspire  
And serenade your heart to my sweet charms.  
Any doctor will agree with such action  
A prescription most suited to my needs  
To dwell within your heart for just a fraction  
Would be a starting point to sow my seeds.  
But would loves labours last the test of time  
Or would your sweet heart grow cold with languor  
Where times ancient clock softly fails to chime  
And where my love will find no safe harbour.  
Is it therefore better to love and lose?  
To love or not to love, I will have to choose.

David Wood

## Sonnet 12: Nature's Beauty Does Not Give But Only Lends

Nature's beauty does not give but only lends;  
Youth's beauty lasts only but a short time  
Age racks the body that nature boldly sends  
And worries make infirmity a crime.  
Look in the mirror and what do you see?  
Has nature given you its beauty gift?  
What is the image staring back at thee?  
Are you pleased with this sight and get a lift?  
But despite the wrinkles of a future age  
We must take advantage of nature's charm  
And not be too eager to turn the page  
And to apply nature's sweet lemon balm.  
If nature failed to send you its beauty  
Make sure kindness becomes your main duty.

David Wood



## Sonnet 13: My Love's Complexion Is Like A Red Rose

My love's complexion is like a red rose  
Her cheeks blush pink and those sweet lips bright red  
And oh, that smile makes her wrinkle her nose,  
How glad I am that we met young and wed.  
Those lips delightfully made for kissing  
Makes my heart skips a beat when they do meet  
Is something that I am never missing  
Every time we kiss each other and greet.  
But nature blessed you with such great beauty  
That makes others desire your dear hand.  
Will your love for me become your duty  
And with pride, my love, wear your wedding band.  
Our sweet love is made to last forever  
Others may look but we will part never.

David Wood

## Sonnet 14: Oh, What Wonderful Music We Did Make

Oh, what wonderful music we did make  
When we danced happily the night away.  
Those sweet memories are for my keep sake  
And will stay in my mind never to stray.  
When days were longer than the time we had  
And long summer days shone with bright sunlight  
Made my dear heart sing and made me so glad  
That my sweet heart's love shone so very bright.  
But that Time's hour glass has now run out  
And Death's sickle gleaming in the night hour  
Separating our joined hearts with a clout  
Taking you to much higher power.  
Now our sweet love is an unbroken chain  
That binds our two hearts till we meet again.

David Wood

## Sonnet 16: How Can Anybody Say I Don't Love Thee?

How can anybody say I don't love thee?  
When I bring fresh flowers to my sweet love  
Or hold your hand when you are out with me  
And coo in your ear like a Turtle Dove.  
You have always been my heart's desire  
From that first day when we came together.  
You gave me the hope that did inspire  
To be the man to cope with whatever.  
My only hope is that with me you'll remain  
And no other will steal away your heart,  
For it is your love that keeps this heart sane,  
And for your love I will play cupid's part.  
In love there can be no hate in thy mind,  
Those who cannot see we're in love are blind.

David Wood

## Sonnet 17: Oh, Was It A Shrew That I Didst Marry

Oh, was it a shrew that I didst marry  
That now makest this heart of mine to groan  
Whose warring quarrelsome tongue does tarry  
And to make this thine husband's heart to moan.  
Thine sweet tongue lashes like a thousand whips  
And tortures my soul with such deep pain  
Shouting and scolding with thine hands on hips  
Does make my head spin and drives me insane.  
When all I did was to look at another  
Whilst we were shopping in the market square.  
She was old enough to be thine mother  
And we would have made an unlikely pair.  
It's thee my sweet that's my heart's desire  
Our love is not for the funeral pyre.

David Wood

# Sonnet 18: When At Night I Watch My Dear Heart Sleeping

When at night I watch my dear heart sleeping  
After the labours of the day before  
Sometimes a tear starts my sad eyes weeping  
And I love my dear sweet heart all the more.

Having thus gone gently into the night  
Taking labours rest to rejuvenate  
With dreams that will bring us into the light  
Of the new day in order to contemplate

Thoughts of love's riches both tender and bright.  
With all the hope that a new day will bring  
As we take part in labours hardest toil  
We will remember what makes our hearts sing

Labours of the heart are life's sweet treasure  
A heart full of love is the greatest measure.

David Wood

## Sonnet 19: The Fire Breathing Dragon Came Calling

The fire breathing dragon came calling  
And her fiery tongue breathes against me.  
With you she sides, I just hear her bawling  
When my sweet heart all I do is praise thee.  
Why does your dear mother bark so loudly?  
She would put many a guard dog to shame  
How does she do this exercise proudly?  
In my own home and profane my good name.  
But if I ply her with good wine and food  
Would this now soothe her angry frame of mind?  
And put her in a more delicate mood  
And bury this hatchet that she does grind.  
A mother in law can be a blessing  
But when crossed can be very distressing.

David Wood

## Sonnet 2: Loves Sweet Labours

Two swans graced the lake with wings spreading wide  
Gliding one behind the other in love  
The sun glinting down the shimmering lakeside  
Like a sparkling glinting turtle dove.  
Two lovers walking hand in hand with one heart  
Along the lakeside path, two hearts beat as one  
Loves sweet labour found never to depart.  
Two swans with necks entwined, loves bright sun,  
Their white virgin feathers gleaming brightly.  
Two lovers lips entwined in love face to face  
Two hearts beating as one beating tightly.  
A cool breeze blows windswept leaves that gently grace  
The winding lover's path meanders along  
The lakeside that loves sweet labours with a song.

David Wood

## Sonnet 20: Thine Eyes Look Upon Me With Such Disdain

Thine eyes look upon me with such disdain  
How they torment my heart and make it sad  
Those eyes that once loved with such sweet refrain  
Oh, what have I done to make thee so mad?  
Was it what I said about thy mother  
That now causes thee to be so distressed  
As a woman she is like any other,  
Into my affairs she is never blessed:  
Which she often sticks an unwelcome face.  
My roost I must rule, with the help of thee,  
Yes, two not three, the company of grace  
And this heart is for thee alone you see.  
Two is company and three is a crowd  
Mothers in law often cast a black cloud.

David Wood



## Sonnet 21: Your Sweet Love Is Such Music To My Ears

Your sweet love is such music to my ears  
A gentle symphony quietly played,  
The sweetest music that any man hears  
Always vibrant and alive, never staid.  
I am the violin that you deftly play  
With nimble fingers and such a light heart,  
Our sweet love is the music of today,  
And we the sweet lovers who play the part.  
We have to keep that violin in tune  
Or loves sweet song will be lost for ever,  
And love, like a cool breeze can end so soon,  
So those fingers should cease playing never.  
That music and love can bring so much bliss  
When two hearts are joined and sealed with a kiss.

David Wood

## Sonnet 22: Homes Are Made By The Wisdom Of Women

Homes are made by the wisdom of women  
But can be destroyed by the words of a fool  
That dearest is a proverb of wise men.  
Only a fool buys a two legged stool.  
You have created a beautiful home  
That is full of my loves delightful charms  
That makes my heart to stay and not to roam  
And soothes my aching temples with sweet balms.  
The home is where heart's cupboard is not bare  
Where peace and comfort roams freely about  
Where loves garden is tended with such care  
And love's talk is never raised to a shout.  
Our home is a tribute to our sweet love  
A dovecot fitting for a turtle dove.

David Wood

## Sonnet 23: Who Is To Persuade Me That I Am Old?

Who is to persuade me that I am old?  
Is it for the mirror to condemn me?  
For in my heart is still the youth so bold  
Who around the bedchamber did chase thee.  
Times furrows around my brow don't worry,  
The stiffness in my joints prevent me not,  
I have done nothing to make you sorry,  
Through many cold winter and summer hot.  
Ambition now gone all that's left is love.  
You are still beautiful, my love's sweet dream  
And love is something we cannot remove  
It flows through our life like a living stream.  
A rose has more beauty as time passes  
And true love lasts with rose tinted glasses.

David Wood

## Sonnet 24: No Winters Storm, Or Tempests Vile Power

No winters storm, or tempests vile power  
Can wrest my love for thee from my bosom  
Thou art dearest my love's sweetest flower  
That doth form our gardens greatest blossom.  
Thou art summers sweet honey to my lips  
Whenever I kiss thee my heart skips a beat  
When I stand with my hands on those firm hips,  
Or sleeping with thee under our beds sheet.  
But will Love's passion last the test of time  
Or Love's ardour's cool like the summer's rain?  
Love has to be worked to keep it in its prime  
Or two hearts may be the subject of pain.  
Love is a flower that must be tended,  
This beauty is what nature intended.

David Wood

## Sonnet 25: 'tis With Heavy Eyelids That I View Thee

'Tis with heavy eyelids that I view thee  
In the darkening evening of the day  
When duty is done and sleep beckons me  
And in our bed for your love I do pray.  
Even in thy slumber thy beauty shines  
As I view thee in the darkness of night  
And shadows creep over me like green vines  
And dreams and nightmares do often cause fright.  
But In the morning light when I awake  
I look at thee sleeping still having dreams  
Smiling, I watch over thee for thine own sake,  
Your fresh complexion, clear as living streams.  
For I watch thee sleeping just before dawn  
As the sun rises in the early morn.

David Wood

## Sonnet 26: Love Can Make The Young Fool Blind By Its Charms

Love can make the young fool blind by its charms  
When new love cannot see the surface cracks,  
Where an eagerness to please sometimes harms  
And two hearts may walk along separate tracks.  
They gaze at each other but fail to see.  
Only physical beauty holds the eye,  
Oh, who knows what the future holds for thee?  
Will true love fly off into the night sky?  
But remember when we were young lovers  
And Cupid's eye watched over our two hearts  
How we used to laugh at all the others  
And with love showing its many true parts.  
We all make mistakes and love can be blind  
You must have true love, a true state of mind.

David Wood

## Sonnet 27: Oh, What Cunning Plan Has My Love's Brain Hatched

Oh, what cunning plan has my love's brain hatched?  
What devious plot occupies your mind?  
Your kindness, my love, is but strangely matched  
Feeding me my favourite food, so kind.  
Is it a new dress that you want me to buy?  
I am sure that it cannot be a new iron,  
Your kindness is to my patience do try  
To the shops we go for a dress to try on.  
But you have only to say what you need,  
My heart will agree with your desire.  
You do not have to sow any deep seed  
In my mind, fine food does me inspire.  
However, I shall savour the moment  
And dally before passing a comment.

David Wood

## Sonnet 28 My Sweet Love Does Keep An Orderly House

My sweet love does keep an orderly house  
Her tidy kitchen is her pride and joy  
'Tis swept clean, no dust not even a mouse  
With her rolling pin, her favourite toy  
Which she claps when with cross swords we do row  
When I fail to become her favourite boy  
And to keep the peace I do take a bow,  
When with a peaceful tongue I then employ.  
But those cross swords are few and far between  
And most of our time spent we are happy  
With our love we do paint a pretty scene  
Except when it is my turn to change a nappy.  
Oh, the cup of life can be a strange brew  
One minute up the next down, how so true.

David Wood



## Sonnet 29: For My Sins I Love Thee With A Light Heart

For my sins I love thee with a light heart  
For I am happy in your company  
And my Love's sweet spirit plays well the part,  
The laughs we have had are splendid and many.  
It is with you my Love I'm pleased to dote  
My heart is in agreement with your dear heart,  
I cannot find errors in which to note  
You have sung love's song, in a pleasant part.  
For my actions, my love has been blinded  
By your beauty in which I find no fault  
My love for you has now been grinded  
And now fill this my heart a giant vault.  
Winning your love has been my greatest gain  
Losing your love would be my greatest pain.

David Wood

## Sonnet 3: This My Love Is Our Glorious Big Day

This my love is our glorious big day  
When you look as nice as any flower  
You grace the hour with a golden ray  
And make even the sun lose its power.  
The azure Cypriot sky beckons calm  
As we walk down the amphitheatre steps,  
This blessed day as sweet as cooling balm,  
Let the ceremony start with our short preps.  
Rings exchanged, the deed done, we are now wed  
The honeymoon begins with our two hearts:  
With speeches over and kind words been said  
Let our life begin to run its many parts.  
Let us start our new life in wedded bliss  
And start and end each day with a soft kiss.

David Wood

## Sonnet 30: My Love Is Not Disdained By Thy Sharp Tongue

My love is not disdained by your sharp tongue  
I'd rather your tongue hate me than your eyes  
Time has mellowed that what we did when young  
With our courting under brooding dark skies.  
Our love has stood the test of time quite well  
In my heart there is lots of room for thee,  
It's where my love for thee richly does dwell  
And quietly lets by what has to be.  
Be whatever you are for you are strong  
But curb that sharp tongue and not let it rule  
And do admit that you are sometimes wrong  
For anger is something not learnt at school.  
Don't let anger rule your heart, it's not wise  
It could thus make another's heart despise.

David Wood

# Sonnet 31: I Have But Two Loves, The Greatest Is Thee

I have but two loves, the greatest is thee  
Oh, there can be no argument with that,  
Now my second love is sweet poetry  
The most sweetest wine in the largest vat.  
They are both spirits free and demand much  
Of my time and effort to keep them sweet.  
That lifts this heart with a purity of such  
Variety, yet you are the heart I greet.  
Now I cannot live without my two loves,  
They complement each other gracefully,  
And as compatible as two white doves  
That enables me to live my life gratefully.  
And I know which love takes priority  
Not to risk a life in solitary.

David Wood

## Sonnet 32: Times Ancient Clock Etches Lines On Our Face

Times ancient clock etches lines on our face  
We are not young anymore, fresh youth's song  
Is an old tune now as we run life's race.  
And youth's beauty have cast deep shadows long.  
Now sweet heart our good health is on the wane  
With hair once long and dark is going grey  
We only have ourselves to keep us sane  
A cold comfort that leads to cold decay.  
But our love keeps the heart warm and tender  
It's grown over the years with tender bliss  
Loves rapture that my heart does engender  
Does make my heart leap with your tender kiss.  
True love does not weary with age nor fade  
It lives in the heart and is heaven made.

David Wood

## Sonnet 33: Where Beauty Lay My Love Lies Alongside

Where beauty lay my love lies alongside  
In your beauty lies the truth of my heart  
How therefore can the truth of my love chide?  
And so I have to play sweet Cupids part.  
This love of mine cannot be unfaithful  
For to neglect this love would be a lie,  
And to love thy beauty is delightful,  
So a lie is something I would not try.  
With your hair coloured like the daffodil  
Your complexion like a pink rose  
That does give my dear true heart such a thrill,  
Out of all others it was thee I chose.  
The beauty of love is truth itself blest  
And the truth of love is a treasure chest.

David Wood

## Sonnet 34: I Am As Content As A Summer Breeze

I am as content as a summer breeze  
With gentle airs brushing against my face  
And blowing through your hair, the softest tease  
That dwells within my heart, a gentle grace.  
We sit relaxed on our holiday beach  
Soft warm days we idle the time away  
My love laying still, a delicate peach  
With children making sandcastles all day.  
But our holiday will soon come to an end  
And then we will resume life's daily grind  
With all the daily trials that fate does send  
All we have is our love, two hearts that bind.  
A holiday is that much earned break away  
A time of rest, re-cooperation and play.

David Wood

# Sonnet 35: We Sleep Through The Beginning Of The Day

We sleep through the beginning of the day  
Our hearts rest do sleep and love in slumber  
My dearest wakes with the suns golden ray,  
The day starts as a delicate number.  
My love muses at the kitchen table  
As breakfast is prepared to start the day,  
My thoughts wander to my latest fable  
As now I sit holding my breakfast tray.  
But the day moves on and waits for no man  
And soon the time comes when to bed we go  
For weariness overcomes the best plan  
And Cupid his arrows and bow does stow.  
Love never slumbers as the body does rest  
Sleep rejuvenates hearts to be their best.

David Wood



## Sonnet 36: Sweet Love, We Did Renew Our Marriage Vows

Sweet love, we did renew our marriage vows  
And our love soared to ecstasy's new height,  
I stooped to conquer with several deep bows  
And woo thee again with all of my might.  
Our love, now renewed, let nobody say  
This our sweet music is not Loves main dish  
And two hearts united in love we play,  
I aim to please thee with your every wish.  
Now these new vows I do not take lightly  
And Love must be worked on with Cupid's grace  
With my dear hearts joy so very sprightly  
When this talk of love brightens your sweet face.  
With these new marriage vows I love thee still  
Forever in your heart my greatest thrill

David Wood

## Sonnet 37: Those Sweet Lips That Nature Designed For Thee

Those sweet lips that nature designed for thee  
Made especially for love and kissing  
Does now with harsh words sorely rebuke me  
Love in your heart is now surely missing.  
Oh, what have I now done to earn thy wrath?  
Was it what I said about thy mother  
That more often she needs to take a bath  
And now you will go and tell thy brother.  
But my sweet, I jest, surely thou dost know  
Thy sweet mother is always in my heart,  
The ends of the earth I would surely go  
For her joy I would always play the part.  
Mothers-in-law are always a treasure  
But do not incur thy wife's displeasure.

David Wood

## Sonnet 38: When I Leave You For The Morning's Workload

When I leave you for the morning's workload  
I have your dear picture in my mind's eye  
And your sweet fragrance in my mind explode  
Such are the dreams that my heart does comply.  
And when I drive our battered car to work  
You are not absent in my thoughts sweet heart  
This daily grind's labours I must not shirk  
But think of you until I can depart.  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder my sweet  
So that we can enjoys loves sweet labours  
When evening time comes and our paths do meet  
And the talk of the day are loves sweet savours.  
I do think of you when we are apart  
A forced absence makes for a stronger heart.

David Wood

## Sonnet 39: My Love Reminds Me Of A Summers Breeze

My love reminds me of a summer's breeze  
That wafts gently through a wildflower meadow  
That rustles the leaves on golden beech trees  
And your love keeps me in your cool shadow.  
When other lovers drift apart with ease  
Our love grows stronger with each passing day  
And in the pleasures of the night we tease  
Keeps our two kind hearts from going astray.  
This love must not be allowed to tire  
And Cupid must not be allowed to rest  
Or love will end on a funeral pyre  
Time will only judge in loves supreme test.  
Loves sweet power is tested every day  
In life's interactions and when we play.

David Wood

## Sonnet 4: What Soothing Balm It Is To Watch My Love

As we start our wedded life together  
I'm pleased that Cupid was given a shove  
And his arrows formed the perfect tether.  
My love brightens up this bachelor pad,  
This home that I have lived in all alone,  
And she makes this lonesome soul feel so glad  
Those long summers and sad winters made moan.  
But what does the future now hold in store?  
And will our life be filled with wedded bliss  
I promised to look after her rich or poor  
And pray that fate's hand will not be amiss.  
We have to go forth with all hope assured  
Such uncertainty we can ill afford.

David Wood

## Sonnet 40: Oh, Cruel Heart, How Canst Thou Say I Don't Love Thee?

Oh, cruel heart, how canst thou say I don't love thee?  
And those eyes look at me with such hatred  
What now has our broken love come to be?  
In this silence with nothing to be said.  
Is the love we had something to forget?  
And all the years of building love lost hope  
Love is not to be gambled like a bet,  
Our hearts were once joined with the stoutest rope.  
The labours of love is like childbirth's pain  
For with loves joy also comes loves sadness  
When into love's joy comes a spell of rain  
And soon the sun shines again with gladness.  
Cupid has now taken his holiday  
And who knows how long will he be away.

David Wood

## Sonnet 41: Now Looking After My Loves Daily Needs

Now looking after my loves daily needs  
Makes for an easy glove for me to wear  
Doing things for my love is sowing seeds  
That brings forth sweet flowers for thee I bear.  
My love is a delicate rose so sweet  
That does flower in my life's great garden,  
Every time we kiss and each other greet  
Cements our love and this love does harden.  
But Love's sweet flower does need constant care  
It has to be watered for it to grow  
Otherwise it will droop with age and wear  
And Love's tiredness will then surely show.  
Love does need regular lubrication  
A soothing and calming embrocation.

David Wood

## Sonnet 42: Two Weeks Your Mother Has Now Been With Us

Two weeks your mother has now been with us  
She has eaten me out of house and home  
When will she pack her bags and take the bus  
Or off to the pub I will sadly roam.  
We have taken her for walks in the park  
And drives in the countryside twice a week  
As for meals, she has eaten like a shark  
How long does she want to stay, I must speak.  
Time passes with monotonous languor  
And I am beginning to start a twitch  
I hope you don't mind me speaking with candour  
But her presence is now making me itch.  
When mother in law comes with a suitcase  
Life will take on a new meaning and pace.

David Wood



## Sonnet 43: Your Fine Friends Come With A Mouthful Of News

As he and his wife visit us tonight  
We are all ears as we listen to his views  
He plays well the part of a playful sprite.  
They play cards well and win at gin rummy  
And the wine they brought is of the finest  
You too cooked a fine meal that was scrummy  
As were their comments that were the kindest.  
But I look forward to when we are alone  
And then I can take you into my arms  
I can then switch off that infernal phone  
And woo you dear with my eternal charms.  
Entertaining friends is both fine and great  
When words are of friendship and not of hate.

David Wood

## Sonnet 44: Oh, With These My Eyes I View Thee With Love

My sight blinded with love is indeed true  
Somebody did give cupid a big shove  
And arrows fired turned old love to new.  
'Tis my fair maiden that my love now dotes  
And tarries such with a light hearted flair  
If not, then love is well that love denotes  
With all her sweet charms and her long blonde hair.  
But how can this love remain true and fresh  
With everything life's tempests has to throw  
That can burn deeply within our sore flesh,  
Sweet love needs all the help for it to grow.  
When eyes and hearts agree love is not blind  
And true love that overlooks faults is kind.

David Wood

## Sonnet 45: Those Actions That Love Committed Deemed Wrong

Those actions that love committed deemed wrong  
When temptation does lead Love's heart astray,  
Whose eloquent words seem like a new song,  
That ruin true love must be kept at bay.  
The love at home is worth keeping sweet  
And indiscreet liaison's not worth it  
Many are caught out when secret love's meet  
So, to second hand love best not commit.  
But true love overcomes all temptation  
So commit yourself fully to its cause  
And do not seek out a new sensation  
You will only suffer pain by its claws.  
Why have a takeaway when there's steak at home  
Eyes feasted on your heart's love do not roam.

David Wood

## Sonnet 46: Time's Hour Glass Has Spun Another Year

Time's hour glass has spun another year  
And Time has passed quickly through its main arc  
The anniversary of our Love dear  
Starts the day with Love walking in the park.  
Hand in hand we walk smiling at all folk  
Our friends communicate their good wishes  
The day goes gently, work an easy yoke  
Then go out for our favourite dishes.  
The Harvester Inn my love I do take  
Eating her favourite meal, stuffed mushroom  
Whilst a glass of ale I now do partake  
And thoughts of the day when we were bride and groom.  
Another anniversary shines bright  
Another year of Love's wondrous might.

David Wood

## Sonnet 47: The Spirit Of Love Is Never Ending

The spirit of love is never ending  
When in the park lovers walk hand in hand  
And fleeting eyes with loves message sending  
With sweet talk of wearing a wedding band.  
The spirit of love is alive and well  
And lives deep in the hearts of young lovers  
Where two hearts sing, and love does bond and jell,  
And married couple kiss under the covers.  
The spirit of love is both rich and true  
Cupid's arrows never more in demand  
When sweet love is alive and never blue  
And lovers talk of their greatest command.  
The spirit of love is the sweetest thing  
When love fills the air and all the birds sing.

David Wood

## Sonnet 48: I Am Here To Look After My Sweetheart

I am here to look after my sweetheart  
Whose sickness has taken me by surprise  
I pray that the doctors will play their part  
And from the prognosis what they'll surmise.  
It pains me to see my dear love unwell  
For it wounds my heart with such deep sorrow  
Now life is uncertain of what may tell  
We go back to the doctors tomorrow.  
What the outcome will be nobody knows  
And I now fear for my frail wife's poor health,  
For in sickness and good health thee I chose  
For your recovery I'd give all my wealth.  
Oh, what has made my lovely so unwell?  
I pray that it will be for a short spell.

David Wood

## Sonnet 49: Please Do Not Mourn For Me When I Am Dead

Please do not mourn for me when I am dead  
For I have hence gone to a higher place  
And I have said all that had to be said  
I have done everything and run the race.  
I have loved you dearest with all my heart  
And have fond memories in my minds store.  
And you my dear sweet have played well the part  
Of loving spouse even when we were poor.  
My love, I do not want you to be sad,  
But enjoy what life has in store for you,  
And to think of our past love and be glad.  
Look to the future where all things are new.  
You were everything I ever dreamed of  
My best friend, confidant, my own sweet love.

David Wood

## Sonnet 5: True Love

I do not only love you with just my eyes  
And not just with my heart too, my dearest.  
Nor do I sweet talk you with deceitful lies,  
Nor do I just love you when you are nearest.  
But with every fibre of my being:  
My love for you is built to last for ever  
For it is your face that I love seeing  
And ensuring you are unhappy never.  
For when I send you love's pages in a note,  
Or a special card on your sweet birthday,  
I find that I am pleased on you to dote  
And I to spend those happy times at play.  
Your only happiness is my utmost gain  
And your love for me is what keeps me sane.

David Wood



## Sonnet 50: 'tis Love That Makes The Widowers Eyes Weep

'Tis love that makes the widowers eyes weep  
Love's sweetness lost to death's kiss wounds the heart  
His sweet love is now lost to death's deep sleep  
Memories fill his mind not to depart.  
A heart now consigned to a single life  
His only comfort the food he now eats.  
The world will be colder without his wife  
And a lonely life is now all that greets.  
But life must go on and time does but heal  
And the wounds of the heart will indeed mend  
Life's daily grind will soon seem all too real  
And then he will find many a true friend.  
Until then he will feel that he is slain  
And find no comfort to heal his deep pain.

David Wood

## Sonnet 51: The Hedgehog And Caterpillar

When all the birds are asleep in the trees  
And the earth cooled from the heat of the day  
And the chilly night broken by a breeze  
The prickly hedgehog comes out to play.

Silently stirring from its daytime sleep  
It wanders slowly through gardens and parks  
Far away from its home in the compost heap  
Ears pricked, nose twitching it stands still and harks.

Caterpillars asleep dreaming on the leaf  
Hanging in the night airs a ghostly white  
Do not hear the prickly lowly thief  
Creep up and take them in the dead of night.

Caterpillars do not get a good deal  
When the hedgehog's seeking a tasty meal.

David Wood

## Sonnet 52: The Fruit Pickers

The new dawn broke into a clear blue sky  
Shadows of people emerged into the light  
Fruit lay in fields over which skylarks fly.  
The start of the day and the end of night.

Tractors now humming away in the field  
People bent double picking the new crop  
The harvest bringing in a bumper yield  
Picked, packed and sealed now ready for the shop.

But what of the incoming bad weather  
Days of rain when there is no work to do  
And the wages are light as a feather  
Ah, those circumstances are nothing new.

They say to make hay while the sun does shine  
And to work hard whilst the weather is fine.

David Wood

## Sonnet 53: On Sleep

Oh sleep, you hide from me until the dawn  
I lay awake through the dark of the night  
My head on my soft pillow until morn  
When I awake from a nightmare with fright.

Sleep you escape me in the night time hours,  
Time lying awake which should be sleeping  
Oh, how can I overcome your powers?  
You leave me lying there alone weeping.

Oh to sleep perchance to dream of my sweet  
Is but a day dream that I allude to  
For we will never again meet or greet  
And there is really nothing I can do.

To lay alone between the sheets awake  
Is a pastime I wish not to partake.

David Wood

## Sonnet 54: The Seas

From Artic oceans to tropical seas  
The oceans are full teeming with all life  
With disregard man will do as he please  
Polluting and causing all of manner of strife.

We cannot go on polluting the sea  
And plundering the oceans fish stocks at will,  
Oh, why is it that mankind cannot see  
Damaging the sea makes the whole world ill.

But we still continue to over fish;  
And heavy shipping disrupts the whale song,  
We can all try and eat a different dish  
Or the fish stocks will not last very long.

We cannot continue to trash the seas  
When will we learn we can't do as we please.

David Wood

## Sonnet 55: The Day Now Gone

The evening of the day is upon us  
All our hopes and aspirations lay bare  
All the accomplishments and all the fuss  
All the hundreds of things we did with care.

Now twilight will soon bring the night time rest,  
Stars begin to wake up in the night sky,  
The moon shines through the window; welcome guest.  
Time to sit and ponder, nothing awry.

Time to relax and let the day take its course  
Just to unwind as the evening unfurls  
The day can no longer make claim with force  
To meditate on and remove all the whirls.

Spend the day well, you will be rewarded  
With comforting thoughts so well afforded.

David Wood

## Sonnet 56: A Life In The Pub

Low misty cloud swirls damp close to the ground  
Ancient parlour pubs lined the terraced street,  
Slurred speech from beer costing only a pound  
And smoke from cigarettes hangs around their feet;  
Drinkers in rough clothing prop up dark bars.  
And those who indulge in this ludicrous sport  
Live in abodes in streets with modest cars,  
Reflect silently in a glass of port.  
But from whom are these drinkers trying to hide  
Before staggering home to a nagging wife.  
In their poverty they only have their pride,  
Thus sums up their story of a sad life.  
These dark lives lived in pubs spread far and wide  
Are but chapters lived that life cannot hide.

David Wood

## Sonnet 57: To Keats

Keats, how sad your troubled life seemed to be  
'Twas TB, that dreadful great leveller.  
What a pity it robbed the world of thee  
You became a European traveller.  
Your works remained hidden from our still heart,  
And you suffered such pain and awful distress.  
Missed by your loved one you had to depart  
To the city of Rome for you did bless  
To breathe fresh air from a milder winter.  
Your sorrow does not make thee less of a man  
Because you thought your life writ in water.  
But, heaven blessed, your poetry still can  
Reach the modern man of many still parts  
And open up that mind and reach our hearts.

David Wood



## Sonnet 58: The Haunted Wood

Time drips off the wall clock and down the wall  
Sunset throws its cape down over the land,  
Evening comes and birds do end their day call  
And lovers stroll out and parade hand in hand.  
When I see tall trees blowing in the breeze  
And a crescent moon rising in the east  
With owl searching for rodents not to sneeze,  
Or he will lose out on his night time feast.  
But with the night comes night time demons clear  
Of hobgoblins and witches and their brew,  
And ghosts haunting the wood both far and near  
To get you feeling very scared and blue.  
So stay in the light and stay close to home  
Then you only have to fear the garden gnome.

David Wood

## Sonnet 59: When You Consider Nature All Around

When you consider nature all around  
You see the total perfection complete  
Beauty in nature perfectly profound  
In the eye of the beholder discrete.

What is obvious and to all distinct  
Is that man tramples over this nature,  
Causing animals to become extinct  
Believing he has a higher stature.

But nature's beauty must be protected  
And wildlife habitats must be preserved,  
Into men's mind this must be injected  
And the whole of nature must now be served.

To serve nature and not to be master  
And protect nature for ever after.

David Wood

## Sonnet 6: Unrequited Love

Oh those lips that Love designed for kissing  
Are of such beauty and so soft to kiss.  
Yet Cupid's arrow fired but keeps missing  
Our paths seldom cross and do often miss.  
I sometimes do view you dear from afar,  
From my seat in the town square I see thee.  
I pray you keep the door to your heart ajar  
For Cupid's arrow to fly straight from me.  
But I see you with another bright flame  
Strolling through the town, your sweet hearts delight.  
I have yet to know my heart rivals name  
To challenge him to a duel, a lovers fight.  
Yet to hate him is wrong, I must succumb  
And wait for love to die, and hearts to numb.

David Wood

## Sonnet 60: The Night

Gently the night descends all around us  
The day now run its course about to close  
The dusk of evening swirls without much fuss  
And stars twinkling in the night do pose.

Starlings in the night time sky overhead  
Circle in the sky like a flowing stream  
They begin to settle down in their bed  
As nights cape descending closing its seam.

The still of the night allows all to rest  
To rejuvenate and make bodies new  
That allows people to be at their best  
In whatever labour they choose to do.

The darkness of the night allows for sleep  
To dream soft dreams until the dawn does creep.

David Wood

# Sonnet 61: Upon Reading Shakespeare's Henry Iv

Oh you usurper king Lord Bolingbroke  
What did King Richard do to make you mad?  
When you came from France across the old soak  
To fight for Richard's crown, you were all bad.

A Lancastrian born of the old stock  
From the seed of John of Gaunt you lay claim;  
You stole the crown of England, a great shock  
And upon Richard's head laid all the blame.

But uneasy lies the crown on your head  
And behind your back you have to keep watch  
Or you will end up like Richard – very dead  
And the rumours that he lives you'll have to scotch.

Will Shakespeare did write a wonderful play  
That should be read by all, even today.

David Wood

## Sonnet 62: Stardust

Poets write about stars in the night sky  
They twinkle and glow or sit shining bright  
They inspire lover's dreams not to be shy  
About loves beauty shining in the night.

Stars awake after their daytime slumber,  
They shine so brightly from light years away  
Too many to count, such a vast number,  
Still poets write about them anyway.

Oh, how black would the night be without them  
Hot inferno's of distant suns hot light  
Of galaxies and a tight spirals stem  
White dwarfs and supernova's burning bright.

Stars in the night sky make all poets glow  
So eloquent words on the page may flow.

David Wood

## Sonnet 63: Dragonfly

The beauty of the lake on a summer's day:  
Gentle ripples of cool water soothing,  
Wildlife basking in the sun's golden ray  
And calmness keeping life gently moving.

With cool leaves softly blowing in the breeze  
And a dozen blackbirds pecking the grass  
Water lilies float in the shade of trees  
Frogs and toads swimming along their paths pass

But it's the dragonfly catching insects  
That's life's delicate beauty beholding  
Resting on the stem of a reed inspects  
The still air around him, life unfolding.

Emerald dragonfly's their beauty and grace  
Puts a sweet smile on anybody's face.

David Wood

## Sonnet 64: Hidden Love

Sad is the man whose love he cannot show  
When bursting with love he remains aloof  
Afraid to show his true feelings that glow  
In his heart, his love always seeking proof.

'Does he love me' she says, 'or does he not'  
Always wondering if love has ended  
Never hearing the words 'I love you a lot',  
But detached, aloof equally blended.

True love needs to be expressed and declared  
And constantly spoken with very sweet words,  
Love with all of nature must be compared  
Like a summers day with sweet singing birds.

Love that is stifled may soon end in tears  
Love needs to be shown to allay all fears.

David Wood



## Sonnet 65: On The Birth Of A New Royal Baby

A wonderous delight has come to pass  
The birth of a baby royal to our Kate;  
The whole of the Kingdom will raise a glass  
And toast this birth with a feeling so great.

William and Kate are the happy pair,  
The whole nation is joyful and happy  
The baby born with the greatest of care,  
Both have to learn how to change a nappy.

One day he will come to rule the nation  
That is steeped in our histories greatness:  
No one could rise to a greater station  
To learn to rule in grace and stateliness.

So let us celebrate this great event  
To a new born babe that was heaven sent.

David Wood

## Sonnet 66: On Sonnets

Will Shakespeare, our greatest sonnet writer,  
Left his mark in history with his plays;  
Crafted his sonnets making his words brighter  
And his plays most enjoyable in all ways.

Sonnets can be rich with eloquent words  
On love's labour's won or lost by rhyming  
Or writing about love as two young birds  
So penning a sonnet can be charming.

But modern poets leave the sonnet alone  
And will write verse that may or may not flow  
About lovers who may have hearts of stone;  
Perhaps that's the way poetry will go.

Lots have changed in over four hundred years  
And some modern poets leave you in tears.

David Wood

## Sonnet 67: Heat Wave

What I'd give for a nice juicy apple  
A green one a red one I do not care  
For a cold one I'd even go to chapel  
Or failing that I'd have an ice cold pear.

For this heat wave has now gone on for weeks  
Sticky prickly days and hot sticky nights  
We all listen when the weather man speaks  
Lying awake until the morning lights.

The car is now like an oven inside  
And the dog is panting in all this heat  
And keeping her cool is hard to decide  
As she's always running around my feet.

In times when it rains all we want is sun  
But we just get heat waves, and that's not fun.

David Wood

## Sonnet 68: Red Admiral

Patrolling small stretches of the hedgerow  
Like a silent sentry on guard duty,  
Other butterflies they will overthrow;  
The Red Admiral, nature's real beauty.

Seen fluttering throughout summers hot days  
From buddleia to Michaelmas daisies,  
And sheltering from the sun's golden rays,  
All the people will sing of their praises.

But they cannot survive the winter's cold  
Their life is all too brief, a crying shame:  
Alas none of them will ever grow old  
Their short life is all part of nature's game.

Their beauty we cannot take for granted  
For they are delicately enchanted.

David Wood

## Sonnet 69: Northern Lights

Oh those flashing green eyes so briefly seen  
That turns night into day across the sky  
Those mysterious lights of such soft green  
That flash across the heavens that sail by.

Those Northern lights are so clear, crisp and bright  
And casting a shadow on the landscape  
Are like your sweet love on a soft warm night  
That so lightens the veil of nights dark cape.

But will your love fade like the Northern lights  
Or flash and glow as your mood will change,  
Those Northern lights are wondrous sights  
That flashing green so amazing, so strange.

Now when Love flashes like the Northern lights  
Sparks may well fly and there may well be fights.

David Wood

## Sonnet 7: Let Not The Look Of Love Stray From Thine Eyes

Let not the look of Love stray from thine eyes  
Or show a frown on such a sweet forehead,  
Or look disdain with breasts of such deep sighs,  
And lay quiet and still in our marriage bed.  
Or accuse me that sweet Love has thus failed  
And that a gulf now exists between our hearts,  
For Love is a ship I have gladly sailed  
Through oceans deep with many savoured parts.  
But Love will always have its ups and downs  
And Love will conquer all deep seated fears,  
That Love's face does sometimes have smiles or frowns  
Is part of life's grace that sometimes brings tears.  
Your Love to me is like a summer breeze  
That blows softly and gently through the trees.

David Wood

## Sonnet 70: On Rain

Softly falling rain from a brooding sky  
Kissed my face and gently watered the ground  
As dark grey clouds in the sky drifted by  
And large glassy puddles gathered around.

Droplets making the flowers bend and droop  
As they drank their fill from nature's reservoir:  
People caught in the rain began to stoop  
And rain catching people driving their car.

Refreshing and calm on a summer's day  
Cooling the hot air like a soothing balm  
We all need the summer shower they say  
To bring to this sweet earth both peace and calm.

We all need soft and gentle rain to fall  
But we don't want rain in torrents at all.

David Wood

## Sonnet 71: On Love

We have all had that Romeo moment  
When something we said to our love went wrong  
And then eat humble pie in atonement  
And to go off and rewrite loves sweet song.

Or when we said something to our sweet love  
That took offence, and off they would go in pain;  
We would call out to the heavens above  
Or go off in a huff and to what gain.

T'was poison the potion Romeo took;  
Guilt is our potion when our love is hurt,  
Looking for the words to appease that look  
Guarding our tongue we have to be alert.

Love can be so easily forsaken  
When lovers messages are mistaken.

David Wood



# Sonnet 72: Love In Ones Older Years Is Sweet And Kind

Love in ones older years is sweet and kind  
When grey hairs and frail bodies take a hold  
And memories of your love fill your mind  
When you were once young and your love was bold.

Now life is taken at a slower pace  
And everywhere you go you just hold hands  
The look of love is expressed on your face  
And seen visibly in your wedding bands.

But when God calls your love away from you  
And you are left to roam the world alone  
The love still remains as if it were new  
And your resolve then stiffens like a stone.

True love evolves and grows over the years  
And true love soothes all life's worries and fears.

David Wood

## Sonnet 73: On Pollution

We pollute the atmosphere day by day  
With heavy industry belching out fumes  
Burning fossil fuels is not the game to play  
With smoke from chimneys pushing out dense plumes.

With aircraft making contours in the sky  
Polluting higher in the atmosphere,  
Pumping out dioxins the higher they fly;  
Polluters that have no conscience or fear.

But is this the right way to treat nature?  
With dioxins killing off all the trees  
Nature is a resource we have to nurture  
Not bring it crashing down around our knees.

We only have one earth, so treat it right  
And those who pollute it we have to fight.

David Wood

## Sonnet 74: Time

If we could only see into the future  
Like we can see our mistakes of the past  
We could just be like the surgeon's suture,  
Cut out life's mistakes with a stitch to last.

We could prevent bad things from happening;  
Oh, then we'd know our whole life and its end!  
And to most that would be quite startling  
And could drive some people around the bend.

But Time is relentless, a one way street;  
Better not to know what the future holds  
Keeping life's mystery each day we greet  
The shocks and balances as life unfolds.

Time is constant, it moves at a set pace  
As we all play our part in life's great race.

David Wood

## Sonnet 75: Solitude

Solitude that is now part of my life  
Since my love was swiftly taken from me  
It cuts through the joy of life like a knife  
As for the future and what that will be?

The city with rows of married houses  
Can be an empty place in which to dwell  
And the High Street shops in which one browses  
Can stifle and become a kind of hell.

But I have the dog and we go for walks  
Along a soft sandy beach on warm days  
Where with other dog owners I have long talks  
And then go off on our separate ways.

You have to take all what life throws at you  
With a positive heart for all things new.

David Wood

## Sonnet 76: Excalibur

Who on earth could put that sword from that stone  
Many had tried but all failed in their quest  
But one man did when he was all alone  
When all other knights had tried their very best.

And Excalibur entered history  
In the hand of Arthur with all his knights  
In times of tales, fables and mystery  
When men were jousting days and feasting nights.

But Arthur in battle to him forsake  
And he did die a hero's death indeed  
And Excalibur thrown into the lake  
To wait until England was once more in need

Arthur and his knights are resting at peace  
Excalibur's resting too will never cease.

David Wood

## Sonnet 77: Reflections

I enjoyed buying flowers for my love  
Though they did not compare with her beauty  
She is now with the angels high above  
I now place them on her grave, 'tis my duty.

We really had fun when she was with me  
When off to the High Street we would wander  
So our time together was meant to be  
And all the time my heart would grow fonder.

But time was a luxury denied us  
And I take my place in the world alone  
To continue a life without much fuss  
And make the best of things and not to moan.

Time immortal is as endless as space  
And true love is that everlasting grace.

David Wood

## Sonnet 78: My Love Will Live In My Heart For All Time

My love will live in my heart for all time  
Truly she is my bright eternal flame  
She is the poem that will deftly rhyme  
And my heart sings at the sound of her name.

For together we are a good love match;  
That Cupid and his fine arrows did well,  
She is a handsome woman, a good catch  
That Cupid united under his spell.

However, love will have its ups and downs  
And we may suffer from a stormy sea  
We have to take the laughter with some frowns  
And weather come what may, it has to be.

True love will ride out all stormy weather  
And life's problems we will face together.

David Wood

## Sonnet 79: The Nightingale And The Lark

The Nightingale her sweet music does bring  
Beautiful melodies to the woodland floor,  
On a clear still day you can hear her sing  
Beautiful songs unlocking nature's door.

Even sparrow's hedgehogs and squirrels hark  
At such a delicate sound in the air  
Even when a new song is sung by the Lark  
They compete making a formidable pair.

The Lark rising in the early morning  
Found singing his heart out come rain or shine,  
While other woodland birds wake up yawning  
No sweeter sound can make the day so fine.

The Nightingale and Lark sing songs of love  
Blessing all nature with songs from above.

David Wood



## Sonnet 8: My Dear Sweet Love Is But An English Rose

My dear sweet love is but an English rose  
Delicately picked for this heart of mine,  
With such fragrances that greet every nose;  
A bouquet of the sweetest tasting wine.  
Such love is so hard to find in this land  
Of deceitful lies and unashamed lust  
Where unfaithful lovers walk hand in hand  
And relationships are not built on trust.  
But our love is both true and strong dear heart,  
Your faithfulness is but your true nature,  
And your gentleness does play a great part  
And your love in every part is all the greater.  
With you I hope to spend all of my days,  
For you are everything on which my heart stays.

David Wood

## Sonnet 80: The Look Of Love

It is your eyes that show your love for me  
Limpid blue pearls that smile with gentle love  
That dispel any fear of what might be  
And unites our love from heaven above.

They twinkle like stars shining in the night sky  
And create a calming and soothing balm  
They are gentle and kind not set to pry  
That eases my soul making all things calm

Your eyes are the mirror to your kind soul  
Which puts one at ease in your presence  
They do not burn like some eyes burn a hole  
But form a calming and soothing innocence.

There is more truth when we speak with our eyes  
Than with our mouths alone which often lies?

David Wood

## Sonnet 81: On Nature

If you go down to the woods and listen  
At the sound of nature all around you  
To the Lark and humble cricket glisten  
As the sun awakens the morning dew.

You will hear the most amazing sound  
Of bird song and crickets in the warm breeze  
And see squirrels coming from all around  
And hear the wind rustling through the trees.

Cuckoo's can be heard in the morning air  
Woodpeckers hammering away all day  
A brace of roe deer make a perfect pair  
As they both run and skip and jump and play.

Nature's wonder is beauty to behold  
To behold this beauty is worth more than gold.

David Wood

## Sonnet 82: On Youth

All the youth of today want is their 'I' phone:  
Communicate through social media,  
Just sitting in their room all alone  
Unknown friends acting all the seedier.

With very few real friends they are an island  
Drifting through the day missing nature's feast  
They wear their loneliness like a garland  
They are under the power of the beast.

So oblivious to the written word  
Educationally barren, what a waste  
And never hearing the song of a bird  
They lack life's experience and have no taste.

Oh, what does the future hold for our youth?  
Will they grow up and learn of nature's truth.

David Wood

## Sonnet 83: On Tea

We cannot live without our cup of tea,  
It's the staple drink throughout all the earth,  
And it is a healthy drink for all you see  
Therefore people drink it for all its worth.

Green tea with a slice of lemon is best  
But now lapsang souchong, that roasted brew,  
Is a drink that does not taste like the rest  
Though people drink black tea leaving it to stew.

Tea can bring the world closer together  
It can oft sooth the nerves and make you calm  
And can be drunk whatever the weather  
It is that one drink that does you no harm.

Tea is a healthy drink for everyone  
It has a delightful taste second to none.

David Wood

## Sonnet 84: Joys Of Love

Man has not lived until he has been loved  
His mighty works and good deeds count as nought.  
Any man without love needs to be shoved  
Into the bosom of love as he ought.

No man is an island; he has a heart,  
And without love he is a clanging gong  
Because love makes him play the lovers part,  
His heart will burst into a lover's song.

A heart full of love makes the world go round  
And love greets each day with a fine blessing  
For there is no sweeter or finer sound  
Than a lover's kiss and deep caressing.

True love is indeed nature's sweetest charm  
For it soothes the heart and makes all things calm.

David Wood

## Sonnet 85: To Blind Jack

Blind Jack plays sorrowful tunes in the street  
On his old accordion so battered  
He begs pennies from all that he will meet  
His weathered face said nothing now mattered.

A witness to poverty and despair  
He knew no other way to make a living  
He had no breaks in life which was unfair  
And now relied on people's kind giving.

Standing on the street corner all alone  
Playing to passers-by his sweet sounds  
For his lot in life you will not see him moan  
He ekes a living with only a few pounds.

We have to be generous to those in need  
And have a kind heart to do a good deed.

David Wood

## Sonnet 86: For Your Today

There he stood, never kissed a girl before  
Not even made love, even with his eyes,  
Now he stood guard in the trenches of war  
While generals prepared their battlefield lies.

Over the top they had to go to fight  
Valiantly walking in no man's land  
Hiding their inner fears and endless fright  
Locked in combat, some fighting hand to hand.

The only sound they heard was shot and shell  
And the mud sucking clay that held them back  
Turning a living nightmare into hell  
For courage was the thing they did not lack

Remember all those who fell with sorrow  
For your today they gave up their tomorrow.

David Wood



## Sonnet 87: Ode To Spring

We wander aimlessly down a country lane  
Springtime daffodils perfume fills the air  
And holding hands with my sweetheart again  
As a couple we make an enchanting pair.

Morning skylarks sing in the sky above  
And happy spring lambs playing in the field  
Making our two hearts sing aloud with love  
Watching robins dance, their red breasts a shield.

Spring is a season to look forward to  
With winters cold snowy days now long past  
And April rains and early morning dew,  
With lovers out walking finding love that last.

Spring is a time for love to shine brightly  
New life comes forth and nature glows rightly.

David Wood

## Sonnet 88: Trees

There is never a sight more beautiful  
Or so amazing than that of a tree,  
In summer with branches and leaves so full  
With gently swaying boughs for all to see.

Sure footed roots set so deep in the earth  
Where wriggly worms and microbes do dwell  
To branches where robins nest and give birth,  
Oh how these trees have some stories to tell.

In spring comes gentle rain over the ground  
And summer's heat offers shade from the sun  
Autumn leaves see such beauty to be found  
And deep winter's snow can be so much fun.

Trees are the earth's lungs, not to be destroyed  
They're to be gazed in wonder and enjoyed.

David Wood

## Sonnet 89 The Glorious Dead

Hearts of oak once pounding beating with joy  
Waves of emotions of love sorrow mirth  
Kind generosity did once employ  
Now lying at rest their sunset the earth

In their youth they responded to the call  
Forsaking everything for a damp trench  
Going forward in no-man's land they fall  
The smell of flowers exchanged for Death's stench

Once wounded they lay with bodies broken  
Lying in mud their life but a trickle  
Silent words that will never be spoken  
Death walks slowly claims all with his suckle

Now glowing with shining peace where they lie  
Unending glory in their clear blue sky

David Wood

## Sonnet 9: How Proud I Am Of My Love When We Step Out

Even wandering through the High Street shops  
For my love for her is never in doubt  
And for her joy I pull out all the stops.  
My love does in turn put me at my ease  
When one evening we go out for a meal  
For my love I do try so hard to please  
Her company puts me at rest I feel.  
But providence is not my good fortune  
If our small car breaks down when we are out  
When the car engine is not thus in tune.  
And I hailing for a taxi do shout.  
They do say that things are sent to try us  
When my love and I have to go home by bus.

David Wood

## Sonnet 90: Summer Dawn

Clouds float gently above a tranquil sky  
A semi-transparent lustre high above  
Red Kites circling the higher they fly  
And song thrushes loudly sing songs of love

Nature still slumbers in the early dawn  
Early mist gives way to shafts of bright light  
Blackbirds and robins feed their newly born  
And tired bats wonder why it's not night

Bees now wander from flower to flower  
Butterflies skip and dance their merry way  
A gold sun rules with absolute power  
Summer's delights are here and here to stay

Early summer morning gently unfold  
The story of the wood starts to be told

David Wood

# Spiders

We're living in the year of the spider  
Of woven golden silken thread  
Of sticky drippy weave filled dread  
That capture small fly's that stray.

Cobwebs that spiders climb each day  
Up ladders in the sky filled room  
That spells a fly's quiet doom  
As the spider toy's to play.

This is the year of the spider,  
All fly's take note with dread.  
You only keep the spider fed  
In those cobwebs so enticing to climb.

David Wood

# Spinster

Every day after walking the dog I slip  
Into the café and every day she walks in alone.  
Toast washed down with tea then reads the paper.

No suitor for her, her barriers and defences are up  
High for everybody to see. She is like a solitary cuckoo  
In a nest high in the trees surrounded by a wood wrapped  
In a forest. An enigma.

She was the perpetual winter of discontent. Frosty. Cold  
Icy finger tips wrapped around the cup on a hot summer  
Day. Where were the flowers in her borders? Where was the love.

Her flowers were in disarray, as barren as a drought in summer.  
Yet she was delicate, willowy; a frail frame holding everything  
Together. A rare beauty like a wild cornflower  
Blowing in the wind waiting to be picked.

David Wood

# Stargazing

The night sky doesn't change, just look up on a clear night  
And you will see the same constellations drifting  
Through time and space, unlike life here on Earth.

Life. Turbulent, troubled, tedious after adolescence,  
Only to improve towards the end with a burst of radiance  
Like a brilliant new supernova in a far-flung galaxy.

I remember, several decades ago, long school holiday's  
Spent playing with other children from the street. Long hot  
Summers drifted by, and come August there would be a  
Hosepipe ban. Now, in August, the leaves on the trees turn  
Brown, not through drought, but endless cold, wet windy days.

Winter turns to spring and spring turns into autumn and the  
circle is completed by the return of winter. You have to travel  
Abroad to find summer, whilst at the same time, others are  
Leaving drought ridden countries for a better life in the west.

So much to contemplate as I cut the grass in the brief dry  
interlude between showers, and decapitate patio weeds, which  
Reappear with morbid regularity, the very next day.  
So, perhaps it's not just the stars that are unchanging after all.

David Wood



# Starlight

Bright Star  
Lone splendour hung  
Loves sleepless eremite  
Gazing down upon this poor Earth  
with mirth

David Wood

## Starlight (Triolet)

Look up at the stars tonight  
Close your eyes and make a wish  
Just for you they will be shining bright  
Look up at the stars tonight  
In the soft darkness of the night  
At a full moon such a perfect dish  
Look up at the stars tonight  
Close your eyes and make a wish

David Wood

# Starry Night

Oh for a starry, starry night  
Heavenly lights burning bright  
Shining forth their sheer delight  
Oh behold what a wonderful sight.

They twinkle in the night time sky  
When people look up and wonder why  
Under which lovers laugh and cry  
In days of old when time gone by.

To see them in the heavens above  
Make lover's hearts melt with thoughts of love  
With cooing words like Turtle Doves  
From sandy beach to sheltered cove.

Our starlight is both beautiful and true  
A blaze in the heavens so dark, so blue  
Their brightness makes all things new  
Without our glorious starlight what would we do.

David Wood

# Starting The Day

Soaping away nights stale breath,  
Sleepy eyes blinking in the light  
Of the day, staring back wearily.

The machete cuts a solitary path  
Under the shaving foam  
Hiding the evidence.

The air is fresh, too fresh for comfort  
The stale beer gone too soon  
Steam hangs thickly in the air.

Swirling mists in old time  
Steaming up the mirror  
While to dog pines for its food.

David Wood

# Steam Trains

Steam trains  
Huffing puffing  
Belching smoke coal and steam  
Travelling down the railway track  
Timeless

David Wood

# Stillness

Venus's cloudy image  
Filled the room with  
Breath taking stillness.

Even the beams shouted  
In their silence of  
The gulf that existed.

Our love pregnantly  
Profound, cold as any  
Iceberg.

Embers of the day  
Captivating the cold  
Stillness of life.

David Wood

## Stood Up Again! (Triolet)

Waiting quietly in the soft falling rain  
Rose in my hand outside the cinema  
My first date stomach in knots real pain  
Waiting quietly in the soft falling rain  
For an hour I stood I'll not do it again  
I saw you drive past with a man in a car  
Waiting quietly in the soft falling rain  
Rose in my hand outside the cinema

David Wood

# Storm Clouds

Look up  
At the storm clouds  
Scent the rain in the air  
Autumn wind time to find shelter  
Rain comes

David Wood



# Summer

The summer breeze has turned to autumn rain  
Yet August has yet to close its door  
Summer has so far failed to mature  
And the spring rains have not tired

The air is damp with the smell of mown grass  
Its fragrance hangs in suspension  
And the day is filled with passing clouds  
Heavily pregnant they empty their contents

Unripe blackberry's glisten in the rain  
Poking their heads through the hedgerow  
As they wait for September's harvest  
Field mice and blackbirds wait in anticipation

Only the ducks and other water birds happily play  
As rain gently falls round about them  
As the remnants of a lost summer dampen spirits  
And rain relentlessly falls without reprieve

David Wood

# Sunflowers

Will Gauguin like them in his room?  
Even van Gogh said he was mad about  
His sunflowers.

Gauguin even painted van Gogh  
Painting his sunflowers.

Those sunflowers, the cycle of life.  
From those buds to showing maturity.  
Then death in its final epitaph not on  
A gravestone but on the canvas.  
Spiky twisted stems that epitomise

Life in the raw.  
Of green sepals and bristling seed heads  
That speak of the passion of life.  
But Gauguin didn't stay; van Gogh  
Frustration seen in the melting gold flowers.

David Wood

# Sunflowers (Tanka)

Van Gogh's sunflowers  
Are captured beautifully  
They live in my heart  
Like a chocolate nut sundae  
On a sweltering hot day

David Wood

# Sunrise

In the pre-dawn darkness the herdsman awoke.  
On the trees outside woodpigeons and magpies  
Fluffed up their feathers and crows shifted on their perch.  
The shower was hot and steam filled the bathroom  
Soon breakfast of tea, cereals and toast was over.

It was the robins that started to call followed by the  
Woodpigeons. Their long low coo, coo echoed  
As the veil of night lifted to the grey of dawn.  
Light came from low down on the horizon in a pink  
Faint glow. Soon an orchestra of birdsong filled the air.

The herdsman walked the cows down to the milking  
Parlour, the only sound came from their hooves and the  
Swishing of their tails striking their back bone. The sound  
Of woodpigeons, magpies and crows filled the air. On the  
Horizon the pink glow had turned into a faint orange.

The sun began to lift low on the horizon as the herdsman  
Entered the milking parlour with the first half dozen cows  
Ready for milking. In the field the first rabbits surfaced and  
Scurried across the field, faint shadows of trees as darkness  
Was replaced by light. And still the birds sang their dawn chorus.

The sun rose on the horizon and over the land and hoarfrost  
Began to glisten in the field. Magpies and crows began to  
Look for worms and robins darted here and there and  
Cornflowers and poppies opened their petals to start their  
New day. Squirrels came down tree trunks as the sun began to rise.

David Wood

# Sunset

That glowing orb of yellow daffodil  
Darkening from yellow to orange glow  
From the west faint embers that thrill  
A shimmering breeze that dips below  
The horizon like a mirage in a desert of sea.

From the east darkness spreads its dark cloak  
As night creeps slowly in what must be  
The closing of the daylight hours now broke.  
Sweet nature governs what you and I now see  
That orb, now gone, just a dim faint glow  
Marks the end of today and what may be.

David Wood

# Swan

Delightful cool breeze  
Light reflecting  
Nomad  
Under nights sky  
Floating drifting  
Grazing  
Their love everlasting  
Their fortune the wind  
Graceful  
Nature  
Chose you  
To be a  
Swan

David Wood

# Swansea Bay

How many feet in times long ago  
Felt the sand between their toes  
The warm golden sand threading  
Their beads between each toe  
Those footprints lasting until  
The wind or tide consigns them  
To history.

Only remains the oyster shells  
Making islands in the sand  
Around Swansea Bay.  
How many feet in medieval  
Times danced on that beach?  
How many oystermen launched  
Their boats out on a pale blue sea?

How many Victorian children  
Danced and played, their footsteps  
The only trace of their existence  
Left behind in the golden sand.  
How many lovers walked  
Hand in hand, or sat and picnicked  
Looking out to sea?

People come and people go,  
They fade with each passing year.  
They are but a shadow in the sand  
Their laughter but a distant echo,  
Their life but a footprint in the sand.  
The beach is now for future footprints  
That pass in coming times.

David Wood

# Swansea Marina

Yellow sun low on horizon  
Masts of yachts point  
To pale blue sky above.

Rigging singing in the wind,  
Water lapping against hulls.  
Swansea marina sleeps on.

Men with woolly hats and  
Faded jumpers tinker.  
A lick of paint here,  
Touch of varnish there.  
Sitting on deck smoking.

One yacht leaves her berth,  
The sound of her diesel motor  
Softly breaking the silence  
Of the misty tranquil morning.

David Wood



# Sweet Valentine

To lay forever never to be parted  
Is but a sweet lover's dream.  
Somewhere the chord snapped  
And we were parted.

Eternity took you away  
From my sight, your sound no  
Longer audible. I am left to drift  
Thinking of you my dear Valentine.

I wander the long days alone  
In the hills or through the park,  
Walking Clara around the lake  
Or along the sandy beach.

I sit and wait for my time to come  
When we will meet, walk and run  
Through green fields of eternity  
And you can once again be my  
Sweet Valentine.

David Wood

# The Artist

The artist sat at her easel,  
In front the lake made music  
With swans dancing  
And cormorants stunningly  
Clapping their wings.

Green and red splashed  
The canvas with dots of white.  
The sun created shadows  
That looked suspiciously  
Creamy in the distance.

The artist didn't see the poet  
Open the five-bar gate and  
Climb into the picture as the  
Cloud hid the sun from view  
And the paint began to dry.

David Wood

# The Awakening

Slowly the heart wakes from hibernation  
And begins to heal and mend itself  
Untold endless days and dark empty nights  
Persisted through long summers and winters

Time is a healer and its passage the treatment  
For the languid heart sapped of life's love  
Beating in largo, a slow but dignified beat  
Has now begun to beat to a different tune

Memory is an infinite library that I can go to  
And open past thoughts of shared moments  
Of a life that once was yet still is filled with love  
And exists in the cosmic space of my mind

The treachery of death that wreaks havoc  
And steals loves beauty whilst in full bloom  
Has done its worst life's hopes and aspirations  
Dashed forever has now run its course

Time has sailed its turbulent course the  
Treatment now over time now to get back in  
The saddle before sunset's glow fades and  
Becomes caped in darkest night

David Wood

# The Bus Stop Flasher

The police looked here  
The police looked there,  
Oh, those police looked everywhere.  
Behind the library, through the shops,  
Around the corner where the bus stops.  
They tried the High Street – not there  
They couldn't find him anywhere.  
Those who saw him didn't see his face  
Because when they did, off he'd race.  
Doris saw him, and to her amazement,  
Her false teeth fell on the pavement  
And chatted and chatted to what gain  
Oh, that Bus Stop Flasher strikes again.

David Wood

# The Christmas Gift

Thank you for your present aunt Jane dear,  
Three bars of soap, so thoughtful, coloured blue,  
The same brand that you bought me last year  
They now take pride of place, in the loo.

And for your gift too dear uncle Brice,  
One bottle of aftershave with 'two for one'  
Marked on the packet, makes my beard smell nice  
It's the same present you bought your son.

And thank you sister Jo, so kind, so meek,  
For the lovely red woolen jumper you got,  
The same one I took to the charity shop last week  
That wasn't difficult for me to spot.

And grandma, thank you for the socks too,  
There is nothing wrong with them being pink  
I can see that they are nearly new  
Dyed at least twice, I think.

And granddad, the cheque was a nice thought  
And for so much, I nearly had a fit  
But the bank rejected it and I was distraught  
Because when I looked closer, you hadn't signed it.

It's not about the gift but about the giving,  
Christmas presents are for those you hold dear,  
When you consider the high cost of living.  
But wait and see what I'll get you all, next year!

David Wood

# The Copper Beech

Sunlight Streaming through  
The sombre canopy illuminating

A smooth gray trunk and  
Arched boughs.

A Cathedral atmosphere  
Of broad appearance.

Glinting sunlight  
Flashes on the eye  
Of deep wonder  
And might descending.

In the litter of fallen  
Leaves and fruits  
Depending.  
Fresh bulbs prosper.

Of copper leaf,  
Purplish radiance

Create a feast  
Of colour blazon in  
Natures delight.

Natures beautiful tree  
In anyone's sight.

The Copper Beech  
In full radiant sunlight.

David Wood

# The Dead Of Winter

The bitter cold air can be cut with a knife  
Weighed down by a long cruel winter,  
Sparrows and robins shiver away their life  
While frozen twigs snap underfoot and splinter.

The early evenings damp mist swirls aloft.  
The city streets, now empty and dark.  
That cold night air, anything but soft,  
Freezing everything frigid and stark.

A blustery icy cold wind slaps at your face,  
A homeless man covered in yesterday news  
Sleeps in a doorway about to lose life's race  
Enters the long eternal dream, his final cruise.

As people walk on by, or simply look away.  
He once had a home, a job and even a name.  
But all that now gone as winter seeks its prey.  
Yet, when all is said and done, who is to blame?

In the morning, the street will be swept clean  
And a new bitterly cold damp day begins,  
Where the wind will blow, hard and mean,  
And life will continue, for all our sins.

David Wood

# The Dog And I Go Camping (Quatrain)

The dog and I went camping  
On a cold wet July day  
We couldn't find the camp site  
Because sat-nav lost our way

We pitched the tent in the rain  
And got inside to huddle  
Everything damp Oh what a pain  
A complete and utter muddle

I then put fresh dry clothes out  
And laid them in the tent  
A wet dog then shook all about  
So my anger I did vent

I unpacked our stove to cook  
Beans and sausage were nowt to scoff  
A girl walked by I had to look  
With the sausages the dog ran off

I bedded down for the night  
With the dog I was still sore  
Sleep eluded me nothing was right  
As the dog continued to snore

This went on the whole of the week  
The rain did not stop or relent  
We packed out gear and did not speak  
Our energy all but spent

This is what camping is all about  
We drove home dreaming of a beer  
Just as the darn sun came out  
Holiday over for another year

David Wood



# The Elusive House Sparrow

Where have all the house sparrows gone?  
Will we ever hear again their beautiful song?  
Here one day gone the next.  
It makes a sorry story vexed.

When will we hear them chirping loud?  
They used to fly around in a crowd.  
Fluffing up their feather to get a mate  
Building nests for food to grate.

Soon they will be gone forever  
And we will see them never.  
Only in pictures or in books  
Will we see their graceful looks.

David Wood

# The Eye Of The Needle

All the needles sitting to attention in the packet  
Waiting for you to pick one with the biggest eye  
Their shiny coat glistens in the bright day,  
Their fine lines waiting to be caressed.

Brightly coloured cotton reels of differing sizes  
In the sewing box like a multi coloured painters  
Palette. A rainbow of colours both big and small  
Roll around the box.

You select one reel and run your fingers through  
The packet of needles, looking for the right one.  
The one that you can see that you can thread  
The cotton through – but Arrghh – C'est impossible.

Needle in one hand, cotton in the other, you spend  
Ten minutes squinting at the eye of the needle  
Trying to thread the cotton. The cotton brushes  
Over the eye but alas, it passes along side.

Life can be a bit like threading cotton through the  
Eye of a needle. You look at a problem yet the eyes  
Deceive and you lose the thread. Only patience prevails  
In this uncertain world. Patience and perseverance.

David Wood

# The Float

Hovering silently waiting for its prey,  
Fours fifths under water and painted dark grey.  
To the fisherman it bobs up and down in the swell  
With its red tip, a miniature liberty bell.

The line passed through a small rubber band  
Attached to the neck of the float, it's not that grand,  
To the hook which may rest below in the sand,  
Or gravel, or the weeds where the pike stand.

The fisherman looks and wonders the reason why  
Life is so hard, or ponders on the universe and sky.  
Hour upon hour he looks at his float.  
It's tatty and scratched and nothing to gloat.

It's his link with the prey, and he's in a fishing match,  
With the number of fish he is hoping to catch.  
He looks and looks at the float again and again.  
The wait is tremendous and it's beginning to strain.

The float bobs in the water and blows in the breeze.  
The fisherman sees it there, is afraid even to sneeze.  
Oh, a tug on the line is all that he wants to haul a fish ashore,  
But the fish are too clever, they have seen the float before.

David Wood

# The Floating Mind

Thoughts

Cycle through my mind

Or the drift in

And then float away

On the whim of a breeze

They start

I ponder and reflect

Sometimes

They cause me to

Reminisce

Yet I am the only one

To blame

David Wood

# The Girl With The Pearl Earring

What was she thinking, sitting there?  
Her blue and gold head scarf hanging  
Down her back, that pearl earring, those  
Bright red lips drawn slightly apart.

Was it a worried look on her face? A look  
Of a servant girl about to be found out by  
Her mistress wearing THAT earring. Those  
Deep brown pleading eyes looking at Vermeer

With affection waiting and wanting to be loved.  
How many times had she sat there posing for  
Him to paint that beautiful face whilst the  
Mistress of the house was away?

And what did his wife think on first viewing  
The painting? Was she pleased, jealous,  
Upset, angry? And what happened to the girl?  
There is more to a painting than what you see.

David Wood

# The Gower

Mottled green, grey, yellow and brown  
Dot the rugged landscape down.

Houses, farms and hamlets abound.  
Blackbirds, thrushes and ravens sound.

Sheep in pastures green surround  
Heathland, scrub and meadow land.

Their speckled faces look around  
Sights and smells of nature all around.

Wide sandy beaches often found,  
And long breaking waves do ground  
The sand and seashells do they pound.

The Gower in all its splendour found.

David Wood

# The Harvest (Quatrain)

September brings a final burst of sun  
The harvest is in stacked in barn or shed  
Mice feed fat faces before they go to bed  
Or play in the barn to have some fun

Cattle are still in the field grazing  
Calves suckling to get their fill  
The twilight evening all calm and still  
Stars coming out truly amazing

Sheep huddle together in the night  
Keeping warm in the chilly night air  
Over a Welsh landscape kind and fair  
When dawn breaks in soft glorious light

Wisps of grey smoke stirs from a farmhouse  
Men with flat caps emerge from their sleep  
The cold of the dawn makes their eyes weep  
Enter the barn where scurries a mouse

The day starts as it always had done  
Cattle on the hill calves at their side  
Sheep in the field roaming far and wide  
And mice in the barn all having fun

Nature is a wonderful charmer  
We can do without most things in life  
But it would indeed be full of strife  
As we can't do without a farmer

David Wood

# The Haunting Flute

O flute your music  
Floats on the air  
You are pure ecstasy  
My heart melts whenever I hear you  
I am at peace  
My soul at rest  
Your frail vessel gives such  
Pleasure  
Such delicate  
Haunting  
Melodies  
That I am  
Captivated  
Spellbound  
By your ageless  
Charm

David Wood



# The Library - Rhyme

The Library was a quiet place  
I'd go there twice a week  
To find solitude and my own space  
Where nobody would speak.

Books upon books adorned the shelves  
Some were unread for years  
All covered in dust with musty smells  
Or tea and coffee smears.

Where I'd find me a quiet corner  
Nose buried in a book  
The librarian looked a scorner  
Disdain with every look.

Now the library has gone  
Peace and quiet now gone  
Banks of computers the new frontline  
With printers added on.

And tiny tots run and scream and play  
While mothers sit and smile  
As everyone's nerves begin to fray  
And looks become hostile

Days are gone where silence was kept  
And talk was met with "Hush"  
Where you sat and read or even slept  
And woke up feeling lush

Your books are now read from a tablet  
Downloaded yesterday  
Library no longer a magnet  
At much to your dismay.

David Wood

# The Moon In The Wood

Walking the street on a clear crisp  
Winter's night in the light of a crescent  
Moon, Orion tightens his belt in full  
View of the Plough making furrows  
In a starry sky.

Clara's tail wagging in front of me  
Held tight on her lead, head down  
Already racing to the next lamp post.  
Magpies already fast asleep in the  
Wood as the night shift stirs in the

Dark green depths of a cold night  
Where even the daffodils sleep.  
We come to the edge of the wood  
And Clara's nose works overtime  
Sniffing the sweet scent of the night.

Owl silently perched on the bough  
Eyes blinking scanning the area for  
Rodents out taking the night air.  
Only silence fills the air and peace,  
Or the hope of peace, prevails.

David Wood

## The Old Corner Shop:

When I was a lad all those years ago  
We'd get our shopping from the corner shop,  
There were no supermarkets then you know  
The pace of life slower, now it's nonstop.  
We were served by a little old lady  
Who would gather our order while we wait,  
I think her name was Mrs O'Grady,  
And nothing ever had a sell by date.  
She would tot up our order in her head  
There were no computers then, or fancy till,  
Just a pad and a pencil tipped with lead  
We knew she was right when we got the bill.

Her husband delivered the milk each day  
He had a horse and cart to do his round,  
He'd leave a pint of milk in our doorway  
And collect all the empties that he found.  
The bottles were all cleaned and used again,  
No plastic dumped after only one use  
In landfill, that would seem very insane,  
And from which there could be no excuse.

But along came the supermarket chain  
And we all had to stand in a long queue  
We'd walk round the aisles again and again  
And we got our Green Shield stamps which was new.  
We collected thousands of them each week  
The dreaded Green Shield stamp books grew and grew  
They became an irritant, something pique,  
Gone the old way of life, the life we knew.

David Wood

# The Path Undecided

Walking through a wood one day  
I came across two paths leading around a lake  
I pondered which one to take; looking at  
Them both they looked almost identical,  
After all they may both circumnavigate the lake.  
But looking closer I could see one path was  
Overgrown with weeds and wild flowers  
And the other had potholes.

Undecided I let Clara off her lead to see which one  
She preferred. She sniffed the air and looked  
Trusting at me to decide. If I took the path with the  
Potholes I thought I could walk around them.  
If I took the path covered with weeds and wild flowers  
There might be snakes in the grass: The decision was  
Mine alone.

David Wood

# The People Decide

The people decided and voted for UKIP  
Who made big waves that rocked the ship  
Of main parties now wounded and feeling sore.  
The TV's full of politics and becoming a bore.

Now it's all over bar the accusing & shouting  
With new politicians strutting around pouting.  
Look, we now have new kids on the block  
In four years' time they too may get a shock.

The schools will still open & busses still run  
With street lights not working creating such fun  
And bouncing into potholes that remain unrepaired  
And the angry public making politicians run scared.

Of long debates in the council chamber each evening  
And lengthy discussions forming the basis for reasoning  
With delicate Town Hall flowers all neatly arranged  
We get another four years when nothing has changed.

David Wood

# The Rape Of The Wild

The farmers cleared the forest,  
Cutting, slashing, burning.  
Smoke from fires came down like a fog  
Choking everything in its path.  
Killing all that was enveloped in its dense pall.

Animals of every description fled from  
Its path, those who were too slow were  
Burned alive. They ran, skin burning, only  
To fall as their life was extinguished by fire.  
The earth was scorched and crackled.

Wildlife habitats destroyed on an hourly  
Basis world-wide as the need to feed an  
Ever growing army of human mouths continue  
Unrelenting. When will people understand  
That nature is held in balance.

David Wood

# The Rising Of The Lark

Night cast its cape aside and golden rays  
Glanced across the early dawn,  
A soft breeze rustled tired leaves  
And began to melt the morning dew.

The lake in the wood began to wake from  
Its slumber as mallard ducks and coots  
Began shaking their cold weary feathers.  
Jackdaws and blackbirds looked for worms.

High above a skylark called out in the morning air  
Hovering above the wood and started collecting  
Insects for its young, their beaks agape  
Waiting for their breakfast.

Slowly the wood began to stir. The sound of a  
Woodpecker echoed through the trees and a  
Cuckoo's haunting melody drifted high in the breeze.  
All the time the skylark sang in the early dawn.

David Wood

# The Shed

It stood at the bottom of the garden,  
Old creosote worn wood chipped.  
Time rusting away its thin hinges  
That holds the door in place.

Inside cobwebs hang like faded  
Curtains in far corners whose  
Occupants crawl between plant-pots  
And rusted tins of screws and nails.

A toothed rake and hoe stand talking  
In one corner with a rusting spade  
Among shelves with paint pots and old  
Coffee jars containing nuts and bolts.

An electric mower with spaghetti lines  
Hide behind a wooden bench that had  
A vice bolted firmly at one end waiting  
For work opposite a dusty window.

David Wood



# The Shepherdess (Villanelle)

A shepherdess with a lamb to her breast  
Against a dry stone wall on a windy hill  
She cradles it with love so truly blessed

Over steep Welsh hills they roam best  
Hardy hill sheep bred to wander at will  
A shepherdess with a lamb to her breast

Long fleeces waving in springs unrest  
Bleating lambs at teats taking their fill  
She cradles it with love so truly blessed

A brooding landscape the ultimate test  
The valley below a patchwork sits still  
A shepherdess with a lamb to her breast

Her love is her flock she tenders with zest  
Caring for her lambs with love and skill  
She cradles it with love so truly blessed

A shepherdess her lambs so caressed  
Her life with her sheep is always a thrill  
A shepherdess with a lamb to her breast  
She cradles it with love so truly blessed

David Wood

# The Turning Of The Page

The monastery sat high on a hill closer to heaven,  
Four tired buildings facing each other forming a  
Square with a grass covered courtyard containing  
Pretty border flowers seeking God's forgiveness.  
Poppies gazed from a farmer's field mingling with  
Corn surrounded by broken hedges that once  
Formed a fairly straight line.

What took us by surprise was the silence. The only  
Sound was birdsong rising above the breeze,  
And the absence of monks distorted the picture,  
Presumably they were at prayer or working in their  
Vegetable or herb garden. A bell sounded like an  
Orchestra in the silence of the day as the world  
Turned another page.

David Wood

# The Winter Sheep

Welsh sheep bleary eyed  
Looking dolefully wide  
In the snow field.

Fleece, like steel,  
Not letting a drop  
Of water touch  
Their skin.

The bitter  
Cold ground where  
Hay lies around, and  
A tray of oats, meet  
Where sheep's feet  
Walk to eat and drink  
From an ice covered  
Trough.

Bitter winds  
Blow cruel as snow  
Drifts in whirls bind  
All that shows  
Winters' cruel mind.

David Wood

# Things To Get - Sonnet

Six slices of Yorkshire ham  
1 jar of raspberry jam  
2 tins of baked beans  
Half a pound of winter greens

6 large free-range eggs  
6 large chicken legs  
4 large baking potatoes  
6 large ripe tomatoes

1 packet of Hula Hoops  
A selection of country soups  
Half a pound of French Brie  
1 packet of green tea

David Wood

# This Earth's Tiny Plot

Oh' how rolls that deep blue sea  
What tales it could tell you and me  
Its constant rolling, its breaking spray  
In the moonlight at the end of the day.

Oh' land what changes you have seen  
Your woods and rolling hills of green.  
Land under the plough being tilled  
By farmers who, strong willed

Rotate their crops in all seasons  
Their year dictated by all reason.  
Fields harvested now industrialised  
That farming now is marginalised.

Settlements aeons now passed  
Middle age villages now grassed.  
They melted in the mist of time  
Lives lived through ages rhyme.

Of the future what tales will tell  
And what ideas will they sell  
To future generations to blot  
Upon this earths tiny plot.

David Wood

# Thoughts

Subconscious thoughts echoing through  
A room full of noise bouncing off the walls  
Creating sometimes a double echo true,  
Sometimes false, bouncing like tennis balls  
Hit by an invisible racket of reasons.  
Chiselled out of rocks throughout the seasons,  
Trying to make sense of life's do or die  
Making the best of others sense's that cry  
At you in all directions.

Compartmenting thoughts in sections.  
But what is the rule book and what does it say?  
Where is the logic that understands the way  
The thought processes are mined?  
Invisible thoughts that are entwined  
With outside background noise that scatter.  
Reason that rhymes does seem to matter.  
Invisible reason taken from the rule book of the mind  
That creates the trueness within should it we find.

David Wood

# Time

Tick tock, relentlessly  
Echoing their tale.

Tick tock, the echo  
Of their calling into the day.  
Their information is  
All they have for sale.

Tick tock, in railway waiting rooms,  
Hospital waiting rooms and GP surgeries.  
Time goes by second by second  
Tick tock, the cry of the whale.

Tick tock, slowly, minute by minute  
Hour by hour  
Time passes slowly  
Under their veil.

Tick tock. Men are governed, and  
Businesses groan under its pressure:  
Working to a deadline.  
Pressure making you pale.

Tick tock, there is a time  
For everything.  
There is no time at all.  
Pressure working under the sail.

Tick tock, the time cometh!  
Time waits for no man.  
Who can beat time?  
That is the Holy Grail.

David Wood

# Time Immortal

The fallen tree lay across the lake  
Moss covered wood, swollen decay,  
Branches drowned lay half submerged  
At years end that the swan died.  
Glassy waters with a hidden secret  
Passing through the time of day  
Thus the immortality of time  
Tis only this that does not cry.

Fish weave between the branches  
Unable and uncaring to understand  
Each precious moment that passes;  
Their only clock is the light and dark  
As they till the murky waters deep  
And plough furrows as they swim  
And reap a harvest in the mud  
As they swim around thatfateful swan  
That time allowed to die.

David Wood



# Time Shift

Walking through the last few years  
The High Street suddenly changed.  
No longer were people going into shops  
No longer were they buying things.

They were walking around chatting,  
Peering in through the window from  
Outside, looking and walking away  
Empty handed.

The old order had changed, the old  
Guard had gone. Old shops closed  
And new ones opened. Pawn shops,  
Pay day loan shops, charity shops.

These were for the new poor who  
Didn't realise they were poor at all,  
For nobody had told them. Austerity  
Britain eating their money and hopes.

Only the robins in the wood with the  
Blackbirds knew they were rich, for  
Them nothing had changed. Their  
World still revolved as it always had done.

David Wood

## Time, Endless Time:

The seasons always come around;  
For time cannot be interrupted  
A frigid winter cold and frosty  
Gives way to a fleeting spring  
Where new life is found.

Time is a never ending race,  
The hours, days and weeks pass,  
Sometimes unnoticed in our busy lives  
Then the long eternity comes with a kiss  
When our time gives up its final pace.

Time is something we have to give  
To those whom we love, it can't be rushed  
It is a soothing balm to heal and calm  
When all of life becomes too much  
And tender hearts again learn to live.

Time is like the vast vacuum of space,  
It is endless. Time is forgiving if not rushed  
And we have to catch those special  
Moments in time as it cannot be reversed  
And guard them with such sweet grace.

David Wood

# Tina

I wake and you are beside me sleeping  
Breathing heavily, labouring with each breath.  
Your illness masking your fragility.  
I pause to gently kiss your forehead.

Your garden is overgrown with unplaced  
Flowers. Dreams unfulfilled are but weeds  
Covering the daffodils and crocuses.  
An early breeze blowing the long grass.

The wind dissolves gently amongst your  
Early morning dreams as you gently wake  
Looking like the first daffodil in spring.  
The veil of night shattered as light drifts  
In through the blinds creating shadows.

You are inside my head now, calculating  
The tablets you need to keep you alive  
Keeping the garden in good order until  
Summer brightens your sky.

David Wood

# To My Sweet Love

I lay here dreaming that you love me  
In that half twilight world between sleep  
And being awake just before dawn  
When it is neither night nor day.

And a tear comes to my eye as I cannot  
Have your affection. In this dream you  
Are smiling at me with your iridescent eyes  
Of limpid blue looking softly through

The haze of that smoky mist of dreams.  
Your soft mellow brow twinkles a  
Beguile wanton softness as I slumber  
In this my twilight world.

I gaze and in that flood of limpid blue  
My spirit wanders free. Only that now  
The new dawn begins to wake me from  
My slumber and my lonely torture begins.

David Wood

# To Spring

Winter casts its cape aside  
Though frosts still greet the frigid earth.  
From which snowdrops take their pride  
And daffodils form an easy birth.

Lambs leap in the early frosty dawn  
Taking their mother's milk with ease  
And crocuses sprout in the hedge and lawn  
With buds on the twig and stem do tease.  
Spring lightens up the days to please.

Robins and blackbirds sing their song  
While magpies cruise with ravens in the sky  
As rabbits in fields run all day long  
With chicks in nests for their food do cry.

The seed in the ground begins to stir  
As shepherds manage their lambing season  
The cat out catching rats begins to purr  
In the farm shed for no particular reason.

We have seen the back of winters chill  
That cold chilling wind and driving rain,  
The dark nights and snow that snaps the will  
That makes old bones ache with pain.  
Summer is round the corner now, our gain.

David Wood

# Toad's Day Out

Flip flop, hip hop,  
Toad came to a dead stop  
Landing in a puddle  
He got into a muddle  
As to where he was.

Rivet, rivet, he called out loud  
Expecting to hear from the crowd,  
But silence was in the air.  
So with devil may care  
He hopped along the path.

Flip flop, hip hop, he felt silly  
And hopped onto a water lily  
At the edge of the pond.  
Then climbed to the top of a frond  
From which to see.

Rivet, rivet, he called out loud  
And this time he heard the crowd.  
"We're hiding under the lotus leaf"  
"I thought you'd gone", he cried with relief.  
And toad smiled broadly.

David Wood

# Tranquillity

Our soul searches for truth:  
It seeks an orderly house  
And to coexist with love.

Then it finds contentment  
And an eternal peace  
With each heartbeat.

The soul is a well-tended  
Garden with sweetly scented  
Blooms in gentle breezes.

It is not overpowered by  
Summer rain or occasional  
Drought but overcomes both.

Where harmony and grace  
Compliment truth and love  
To live in perfect harmony.

David Wood

# Tree Of Life

We all start as buds on a tree  
Miniscule pods on the stem  
Day by day we start to grow  
Nourished by sun and rain

Our spring brings forth the  
Delicate fragrance of blossom  
We begin to shine in our youth  
Until wind blows the blossom away

Hues of new green as leaves unfurl  
And they begin to learn about life  
The brightness of innocence  
Taken on the breeze of the day

As spring turns to summer  
The leaves on the tree darken  
As they mature into adults  
Their career takes many a turn

We all face the end of summer  
The leaves fully developed  
Giving shade to birds on hot days  
All the leaves united as one

The autumn of our days  
Sees the leaves enter their  
Golden sunset their russet  
Colours bring beauty in old age

Gradually the leaves fall their  
Death marks the end of their days  
They decompose in the damp earth  
Their place in time but a moment

Of history  
The tree stands dormant through  
The long dark cold winter  
Until spring buds start to form again



David Wood

# True Love

The poetry of love is never dead  
When couples kiss and lose their head  
In romantic talk for no rhyme or reason  
As they stroll in the park whatever the season.  
And songbirds sing in the trees above  
And hearts are warmed with talk of love  
As couples sit on benches in the park  
And remind themselves of loves first spark.  
The poetry of love is ceasing never  
This true love that fails to sever.  
The sense of belonging is plain to see  
This poetic love between you and me.

David Wood

# Trumpty Dumpty

Trumpty Dumpty is having a ball  
Trumpty Dumpty will have a big fall  
When he opens his mouth and has something to say  
Even the Republicans just run away.  
Trumpty Dumpty has a new friend  
The Democrats, they'll love him till the very end,  
As people go over to them with a burning desire  
He'll leave the Republican Party in the deepest mire.  
Trumpty Dumpty deserves a medal with great rapidity,  
So award him the Medal for Outstanding Stupidity.  
He should stick to selling, which he does with great zest,  
And leave all the politics to those who know best.

David Wood

## Twilight (Triolet)

Our youth has now faded with winged feet  
And age has lined our weary face with sighs  
The mirror does not lie nor does it cheat  
Our youth has now faded with winged feet  
Time ends and Death we will soon greet  
And will take us by the hand to our demise  
Our youth has now faded with winged feet  
And age has lined our weary face with sighs

David Wood

# Velvet Lines

The Humming Bird is my pen  
It writes syllables on the page  
And a poem develops in the womb  
Of inspiration from my heart.

Stanza's fall on the page as  
Evening falls and night claims  
The end of the day and a cool  
Evening breeze gently blows.

David Wood

# Waiting

Standing on my front step  
Leaning against the door frame  
I wait with frozen hands for -  
The post man.

The streets stray cat sits on  
Number eighteen's window ledge  
Licking its cold body after  
Last night's supper of rodents.

Smoke rises from tall chimneys  
Standing to attention in monotonous rows.

Cars drive down the street going  
To work in the factories only to wait  
In cold car parks for their owners return.

Today I am waiting for a letter,  
Its journey across the country  
Being unassumingly ordinary.

Minutes tick by as the world turns  
I clench my fists then rub my hands.  
The clock bends time slowly at first  
As I wait and wait and wait.

Time slowly dripping off the wall clock  
Eating into the day. Time marching on.

David Wood

# Waiting By The Window

I waited by the window  
My breath making a smoky haze  
A pensive gaze the gate was open  
I am but a caged bird waiting  
The crooked path empty alone  
Waiting for somebody to come  
It leaves a sinister space  
Leaves forming a golden carpet  
Rustle

I waited by the window  
Staring, looking over and over  
But everything is still, quiet  
I am waiting for her kiss  
I am waiting for her footsteps  
But all I have are my dreams

David Wood

# Waiting For God

Sitting by the window looking out  
Over the manicured lawn green,  
Black birds and robins did shout  
Their calling, wanting to be seen.

Memories were his only comfort  
Of his dear wife of years gone by.  
Life now seemed to be so short,  
So lonely, he'd sometimes cry.

His family seldom visited him  
Waiting for God at the farm  
They came once a month on a whim  
In the hope he hadn't come to harm.

Surrounded by others the same age  
Old and infirm in their ways  
Writing their last paragraph on the page  
Waiting at the end of their days

David Wood



# Waiting For Water

Drip, drip, drip goes my tap.  
Drip, drip, drip goes my patience  
As I wait for the water company  
To come round, my patience to sap

They have given me a six hour run  
To come to my rescue today  
On a warm beautiful sunny day  
Where the dog wants to go out for some fun.

I wait in looking at the clock  
Waiting for the time to pass  
Listening for every car in the street  
But the cars just drive on round the block.

The dog's looking forlorn and glum  
At the waste of a sunny day's play  
As we play their waiting game,  
Waiting for the water company to come.

David Wood

## Walking In The Rain (Terza Rima)

I am fully acquainted with walking in the rain  
I have walked for hours and hours soaked to the skin  
The dog and I have wandered down many a country lane

Seeing other dog walker's on our route we smile or grin  
Sometime around a lake we go and cut through a wood  
Wet leaves drip on my head echoing and making a din

Head bent down in driving rain lucky I have a hood  
Though wet grass and undergrowth make my legs wet  
And rain runs down my face nevertheless it feels good

We love the rain the dog and I she's a wonderful pet  
And afterwards I dry her off and she'll lie on her bed  
Looking forward to the next walk without any regret

Rain is part of nature's rich tapestry when all is said  
We love the rain but for some folk it fills them with dread

David Wood

## Wandering As A Cloud - Analogy (Quatrain)

Our lives are but clouds wandering across a sky  
Restlessly drifting along with a tempestuous wind  
Sometimes billowing puffed up sometimes thinned  
Or grey with darkened streaks of lightning flashing by

They speed with no mercy in the jet stream high above  
Or labouring they shed their heavy load upon the soil  
With cymbals' of crashing thunder they bubble and boil  
Yet with ageless beauty they're looked on with love

Like clouds our lives are full of wandering thoughts  
Those times we feel happy or pain or laugh or we weep  
We play and we work and make appointments we can't keep  
Of winning the lottery a cheque ending one and six noughts

And have dreams of wielding power prestige or of love  
But spare a thought for those with monotonous dread  
We all drift through this mortal life until we are dead  
And live in memories and history that once we were part of

We are those wandering clouds in the heat of the day  
We start out as nothing just a few gentle wisps that grow  
Shaped by the wheel of fortune as fate takes a throw  
Then when our cloud evaporates we simply fade away

David Wood

# Wanting

What does love do  
When love goes away  
And that love still cares.

The heart aches still,  
Longing, caring feeling.  
A bough blowing in the wind  
Then breaking with a crack.

Once two swans entwined  
On a glassy twinkling lake  
Under a harvest moon.

Now the harvest has been  
Gathered by the grim reapers  
Sickle, one taken one left.

Two loves joined at the hip  
Now love abandoned  
Love alone.

David Wood

# Warmth Of The Sun (Ballade)

Sun's faint rays in early dawn  
Melts the earths morning dew  
Each new day our star is born  
Bringing with it warmth anew  
Nights shadow fading to blue  
Nature stirs from its night's rest  
And greets the day bold and new  
The warmth of the sun at its best

At noon the sun warms the corn  
In the field all the way through  
Warms ewes with their lambs recently shorn  
And making all plants grow tall and true  
Their colours becoming a brilliant hue  
Nature at peace all heaven blest  
Tranquil surroundings to give it its due  
The warmth of the sun at its best

At dusk the sun is now tired and worn  
Shadows fall over the land hiding its view  
The warmth now lost we all have to mourn  
And just sit on the veranda sipping a brew  
Listening to the wind chimes as the wind blew  
Evening sees nature having lost all its zest  
Crickets in the grass start chirping on cue  
The warmth of the sun had done its best

The sun finally sets but don't be forlorn  
As this golden orb sinks and sets in the west  
Nature in its beauty will tomorrow be reborn  
The warmth of the sun at its best

David Wood

## Waterfall (Terza Rima)

Gentle murmurs caught in whispering winds quietly flows  
Gathering momentum in soft sunlight through willow trees  
A cool meandering transparent watery bliss that grows

Over the precipice their curtain hangs moving with ease  
Forming eddies whose chorus sings nature's sweet song  
A mild turbulence of frothy spray rising in a cool breeze

Spreading to either bank rings of bright water flow along  
This beautiful sight spread before my deep pensive eye  
This image to remain in my heart so incredibly strong

Where kingfishers live alone in the banks dive and try  
To catch confused minnows caught up in the rush  
Now it's only a stream flowing along just a gentle sigh

A waterfall can be a foaming torrent or a quiet soft gush  
Its rich perspective is a reward that is so pleasantly plush

David Wood

# What Love

Oh what faith do we employ?  
And what love do we enjoy  
True faith live from the heart  
Deep faith never to depart.

What grace can we now see?  
The grace that He shows me  
Standing from outside the door  
Welcoming both rich and poor.

□

Hope that springs eternal and true  
For the beauty of all things new  
From the shadow of the cross  
He paid in full for my sins and loss.

What love must I now show?  
For in my heart it must surely grow  
A love strong enough to endure  
A love so mighty and so pure.

David Wood

# When

When

I write

Languid lines

That fills this page

That weaves this new plot

Of loves labours

Or past loves

It is

Joy.

David Wood



# Where The Wildflowers Bloom (Villanelle)

In the warmth of the sun wildflowers bloom  
Along the side of the road and on the Gower  
Where Cornflower Poppy and Daisies lift the gloom

Summers blaze of colour explodes with a boom  
With such an overwhelming sense of power  
In the warmth of the sun wildflowers bloom

They blow in the breeze with their sweet perfume  
The Autumn Hawkbit foxglove and Cuckooflower  
Where Cornflower Poppy and Daisies lift the gloom

A wildflower meadow charm will utterly consume  
And the thoughts of their beauty will empower  
In the warmth of the sun wildflowers bloom

Bewitched by the beauty of their petal costume  
Or the colour of Foxgloves delightful bellflower  
Where Cornflower Poppy and Daisies lift the gloom

Wildflowers are the glory of nature we can assume  
In their company your senses they will overpower  
In the warmth of the sun wildflowers bloom  
Where Cornflower Poppy and Daisies lift the gloom

David Wood

# Whispers

O break you waves, break  
Over the sandy beach in the bay  
That I may hear you speak  
Of the oceans great story today.

The fisherman, his line out to sea,  
The boy flying his kite on high,  
People on the ferry do see  
The Mumbles go sliding by.

O for the touch of your tiny hand  
Never more to be held so dearly,  
The walk along the beach so grand,  
My mind on softer times so clearly.

Only the wind and waves do speak  
Telling me their tales of travelling far,  
The wind over my head does streak  
With the waves crashing over the bar.

David Wood

# Whitsun

Whitsuntide fast approaches,  
Another Bank holiday beckons.  
Time for a long week-end in the pub  
Or sitting in the garden whose grass  
Needs cutting with dandelions like  
Saucers. This is the new Pentecost,  
People mooching around the shops  
Looking for that something that they  
Didn't realise they wanted only to find  
They had one when they got home.  
People enjoying the Bank holiday  
Not realizing what the holiday means.  
Of family day trips to the seaside with  
Children eating ice cream that spread  
Around their face and noses.  
A day to escape the daily grind.

David Wood

# Winter On The Farm

Highland cattle with horns outstretched,  
On hard frost covered short spiky grass,  
Like jagged shards of broken glass.  
Winter on the farm seems not that far-fetched.

Cattle staring wide eyed and steady.  
Their frosted breath hanging in the air,  
The cold morning air all naked and bare,  
Calves at their feet waiting and ready.

Icy wind whipping up the animals coat  
As one starts to walk, he must be the leader,  
To the snow covered hay in the high animal feeder.  
And eat his fill of hay; others look on as if to gloat.

The others soon follow to take in their fill  
Then stand in the lee of a hedge out of the breeze  
Keeping out the wind and trying not to wheeze  
Standing by the trough with icicles hanging over the sill

Day after day they stand as the snow drifted  
In whirls around the hedge, and it gets even deeper.  
The calves find it harder as the ground gets steeper  
To suckle from their mothers as dark clouds lifted.

Week after week they wait for the spring,  
They know it will come for that they are sure,  
But for now they know they will have to endure  
They are tough and hardy and ready for anything.

David Wood

## Winter Path (Triolet)

I walked along a winding path through an ancient wood  
Where a carpet of autumn leaves I trod crumpled underfoot  
That squirrels who gathered winter nuts fully understood  
I walked along a winding path through an ancient wood  
Squirrels gather all their food and in secret were hidden good  
With sparrows and nightingale's watching wondering what's afoot  
I walked along a winding path through an ancient wood  
Where a carpet of autumn leaves I trod crumpled underfoot

David Wood

# Winter Song

I walk through the winter leafy glade  
A carpet of gold and red and brown  
Cascade at my feet through which I wade  
In the wood at the edge of the town.

Bare trees thrust their branches skyward,  
Like pointing fingers accusing the sky  
Of creating a cold dank misty wood  
Where a solitary magpie does fly.

Songs sung by the robins echo around  
The wood and an orchestra of blackbirds  
Make music come to life with their distinctive sound;  
A solitary nightingale knows all the words.

The fountain from the lake falls in perfect pitch  
Forming eddies which the fish swim through.  
And voles and mice dance through a ditch  
Where squirrels gather nuts quickly and true.

The wood was rough with several meandering tracks  
Where people wore their days with long masks  
Sowing dreams and reaping realities hard facts  
Some recall the drabness of life's hard tasks.

But the wood will live on for many a year  
And robins and blackbirds will entertain all  
Where life in the wood will remain everything dear  
Looking forward to spring and the mid-summer ball.

David Wood

# Winter Storm

Without warning Desmond came sweeping in  
Like a roaring lion devouring all before it.  
Young and old alike, rich or poor, it didn't care.  
It came with the wind blowing aside everything  
In its path; trees, bridges and roads, all overwhelmed.  
Nothing survived its fury.

Rain fell on the hills, it fell in the towns, and it fell  
In the villages, it fell on the farms, shops and schools.  
Rain swollen rivers flooded everything in its path,  
And new flood defences breached. Christmas was  
Cancelled in thousands of homes.  
Nothing was spared.

And the inexperienced and unqualified politicians, totally  
Out of their depth, gave their feeble excuses and shifted  
The blame as they did the last time; cold comfort for  
People standing in chest deep water in their flooded homes.  
Nothing changes.

David Wood

# Winter's Mask

Naked, the tree looked perplexed,  
Self-conscious. Its leaves had long  
Gone, fallen to the ground creating  
A carpet now mashed to pieces.

Its branches pointed to the sky  
Accusing the sun of being cold.  
Winter had put its overcoat on,  
Deep cold permeated frozen ground.

The tree cast its shadow over the lake  
Where a crane stood motionless, waiting  
For its date to swim by while swans  
Shivered in the cold February day.

Cormorants regretted getting up  
Wishing they had stayed in bed.  
So the cold grey day began to make  
Its mark on nature all around.

Autumn had retired and winters mask  
Forged cold windy days with little food  
Survival was the order of the day  
Until they could dance again at the  
Spring and summer ball.

David Wood



# Wisdom

If a wise man argues with windy knowledge  
Filling his head with a cold wind  
And cloud his speech with unprofitable talk  
Then all his words can do no good  
By his own mouth he is condemned  
And his lips testify against him

Wisdom like wine matures with age  
And knowledge is his brother  
Although knowledge is key  
Man is only truly wise  
When he knows the worth of wisdom

David Wood

# Words

Do words come like a rider less horse  
Gallop across green fields, jumping  
And running free, kicking the air with  
Its hind legs with hoofs kicking up turf.

Do words come like a sail-boat riding the  
Waves with a southerly wind blowing  
And sea spray from bow waves breaking  
In the wind, hitting your face.

Do words come like riding a fast motorbike  
Through winding twisty country lanes  
In the early morning calm as the sun  
Grows large on the horizon.

Or do words come in like a gentle breeze  
Kissing your face on a warm summers day,  
Words that grace the page with lines  
Of thoughts that slowly turn into poems.

David Wood