

Poetry Series

**Dominic Windram**  
**- poems -**

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# Dominic Windram()

# ' Globalisation'

'Globalisation':

Loaded term used by the rich

To exploit the poor.

Dominic Windram

# 21st Century Shaman

Art can caress, but cannot heal.  
Words cannot tame the teeming wilderness.  
Yet people need connectors:  
Poets, prophets & painters  
To soar above the abyss like lovers;  
To provide life with ardent form.  
New dreamers are needed:  
That will speak to modern hearts & minds;  
That will transform the consciousness  
Of contemporary, disengaged tribes.

Dominic Windram

## 8 Questions

When will the silent sun merge with the restless sea?  
Who has the patience to find light amidst darkness?  
Can poetry really awaken consciousness?  
Why are inner realms so difficult to access?  
What are the precise meanings of spectral kingdoms?  
Where are the sacred angels and fiery prophets?  
How do we decipher the strange ways of the gods?  
What becomes of noble notions when we are dust?

Dominic Windram

# A 'Free' Press

O a 'free' press of  
Embedded journalism:  
That's democracy!

Dominic Windram

# A Barrage Of Snow

A barrage of snow:  
Covering the hills & fields  
With a winter cloak.

Dominic Windram

# A Beautiful Realm Of Dreams (Inspired By The Cocteau Twins: 1990)

Deep between the sunset and the sunrise:  
A beautiful realm of dreams: o the sounds!  
O the colours; O glorious moments!  
O sunbursts of joy; O blaze of flowers!  
Azure rivers and dewdrops glistening!  
Exotic forests; fields of green and gold!  
All these things are an eternal delight.  
They will remain in my heart 'til the end.

Dominic Windram



# A Belated New Year's Resolution

I will patiently, and gently, let things go;  
And like a river, move with life's constant flow.  
I'm tired of pursuing lonely, dark paths.  
I want to find something pure that will last.  
I shall no longer seek out mere novelties.  
I shall no longer follow nebulous dreams.  
I will endeavour to use my skills and gifts,  
And embrace the light wherever I find it.

Dominic Windram

# A Blueprint For Poetic Work

O photograph the first fall of snowflakes!  
Capture the sad, softened light of the moon.  
Let the inner realms glow and radiate.  
Let dreams unravel from the unconscious.  
Let plain particulars breed rich metaphors.  
Embrace not the lightning flash of chance.  
Balance structure with improvisation.  
Avoid angelhood and emotional flows.  
Forget well honed techniques at your peril!  
Watch pale shadows transform into bright flesh.  
Focus singularly on the details.  
Focus on the seed and not the flower.  
Wipe the sentimental from memories.  
Erase the persona from the poetry.

Dominic Windram

# A Calm Universe

A calm universe:  
Soft refrains of feathered sleep:  
After daily stress.

Dominic Windram

# A Capitalist World

O I have marvelled at your kingdoms of beauty.  
I have frequented your cathedrals of commerce.  
But I'm bewildered by the marked inequality,  
That you leave behind; yet it inspires my verse.

Dominic Windram

## A Certain Ray Of Light

A certain ray of light lingers for a while  
On my desk. Yet it will soon dissolve in time,  
Like everything else in this fleeting world.  
I gaze at it, as I try to form apt words,  
Relating to Beauty's infinite designs.  
Everywhere, we can discover its signs.  
And sometimes, we can be taken by surprise,  
Just like this subtle light which weighs on my mind.

Dominic Windram

# A Change Is Coming

This brief age of green  
Will soon submit to a long  
Winter of despair.

Dominic Windram

## A Change Of Direction

I'm not looking anymore for wisdom's roses.  
Their keen fragrance no longer seduces me.  
Worldly knowledge is but a shadow of the real.  
I'm not looking for verdant gardens of beauty.  
I'm now searching for something else, hinted  
At by profound poetry and art: A frail, yet  
Significant light at the centre of dreaming:  
That calls me softly from the other side of night.

Dominic Windram

## A Change Of Direction 2

I will now follow the strange pathways of  
The sun and moon. My poetry will be  
Rich and will have a surreal feel.  
I want to hear the very heartbeat  
Of the universe. I want to mirror  
The radiance of the stars in dark skies.

Dominic Windram



# A Christ Like Figure

' He who seeks knowledge discovers Sorrow.' (paraphrase of Proverbs 3: 13)

A Christ like figure  
Nailed to life's cross for his vast  
Wisdom and knowledge.

Dominic Windram

# A Christmas Sonnet

The splendid tinkling of sleigh bells in snow;  
The glow of roaring fires far and wide;  
The reindeer's hoof beats measure the flow;  
As frozen hearts melt slowly by and by;  
The meadows, woodlands are silent and bare;  
Rows of bleak, black branches on frosted trees;  
Yet birds are floating on the wind kissed air;  
Angels are descending from abstract heights.  
New worlds of wonder from visions and dreams;  
The Christmas spirit radiates in white.  
I glimpse the presence of a precious light.  
(One star glows in the icy realms of night.)  
Love's subtle symbols are searched for their worth.  
Spring's promise is buried deep under earth.

Dominic Windram

# A Cloud - Shaded Sun:(July 27th,2020)

A cloud- shaded sun:  
Smears of yellow and blue;  
Whispers of greyish white.

Dominic Windram

# A Cold, Grey Morning: December 23rd,2019

A cold, grey morning:  
Light will not come out to play.  
I'd best stay indoors!

Dominic Windram

## A Counterfeit Kind Of Control (H.C.F.E July 2003)

They try to baffle and bamboozle me with secretarial speak,  
Until my head is in pieces and my brain's on the blink.  
It feels as though I'm casting proverbial pearls before swine,  
In a sycophant's paradise of petty, back stabbing crimes.

What an insult!  
What a cheek!  
It smacks of the counterfeit  
It reeks of deceit!

Bureaucratic bilge piled up on desks of disarray,  
Leads to lots of bad feeling, depression and dismay.  
O why do I have to suffer these ignorant fools?  
Holidays not far off; please God make them soon!

What an insult!  
What a cheek!

It smacks of the counterfeit.  
It reeks of deceit!

I've given of my best; what more can one ask.  
I've completed all of their mind numbing tasks.  
But I'm gathering up my store of venom and bile,  
To construct new forms of edifying rhyme;  
To challenge all those engaged in the counterfeit;  
Hiding behind their masks of deceit.

Dominic Windram

# A Curious Witch Hunt

The dark agents seek  
To crucify n:  
Zionist deceit.

Dominic Windram

# A Cynic's Mask

I often wear the mask of a cynic.  
My being is tuned into lampooning.  
Perhaps it's because I've come to despise  
The pale light of monotonous actors.  
I'm not content with shadow plays. I want  
To feel the shining presence all around me.

O how long must one endure the futile  
Choruses of hysteria or, worse,  
Still, the platitudes of empty praise?  
The artist's boundless, sovereign soul is crushed,  
Under society's cold steel, stifling wheels.  
The prophet's burning words cannot be heard.

Dominic Windram

# A Deep State Of Disorder

A deep state of disorder at the heart of things;  
As the gross, disfigured dawn lolls its bloodied head  
Against my window. Then the light begins to fade.  
I perceive the deadly plague of swarming insects.  
Morning's vibrant birdsong seems almost out of place,  
Amidst the sordid cries of withering spectres:  
' O my God, my God: why have you forsaken us? '  
Their dry, broken voices drift on the wind & clouds.

Dominic Windram



# A Dream - 23/7/2013

The rock of the world  
Is founded on a butterfly's wing

Dreams glare at each other  
In vast mindscapes.

The tigers of Babylon  
Eat the pure flesh of Zion.

A profusion of champagne  
Flows In the house of decay.

The radio is buzzing  
With the sound of ancient Sirens.

A modern Orpheus  
Descends into the unconscious.

He brings back pearls  
For sacrilegious psychologists.

Beauty is reborn  
In a golden age of science.

Fresh, green beasts are stirring  
In the metal forest.

Dominic Windram

# A Dream Vision

I travelled far and wide  
Through many different times  
I saw the bright Truth,  
Behind the veil of Death's bride.  
I saw wisdom devalued  
And all knowledge destroyed.  
I saw blank generations  
Desperately clutching their toys.

I saw money rot  
The souls of financiers  
And presidents burn  
With the fires of their vices.  
I saw a mushroom cloud  
Turn a city to ashes.  
I saw Tsunamis, earthquakes  
And stock market crashes.

I saw needle and vein  
Engage in a kiss,  
That would lead to ruin,  
Not permanent bliss.

I travelled far and wide  
Through Stations of the Cross.  
I saw the power and glory of kings,  
With the mark of Cain on their sins.  
I saw the blood of Christ  
On the frenzied prophets' skins.  
I saw the cruel one sided show trials  
And death row's ragged strangers crucified.

I saw soldiers display  
Their precise killer's art.  
I saw poets & artists  
Weeping; torn between  
The light & the dark.  
I saw the holy Buddha  
Meditate to end needless

Suffering & cruel fate.

I travelled far and wide  
through the gates of Heaven & Hell  
I endured the pain of loss  
And enjoyed temporary thrills.  
I glimpsed aspects of  
The eternal design;  
As they appeared in fragments,  
On plagued, dead end streets at midnight.

I watched the human struggle,  
Both demonic & sublime.  
From Eden to Golgotha;  
From Auschwitz through to Palestine.  
I saw the face of fear  
Escape into the void  
I saw the face of love  
Embrace the rose of union.

Yes I travelled through  
Many different times:  
In a dream vision  
Far and wide.

Dominic Windram

## A Dream Vision (December 2008)

As I wandered along life's dark streets,  
A thousand kinds of spectres I did meet.  
I stared into eyes of love and hate.  
Yet most carried the cross of cruel fate.  
Some ghosts with radiant light did glow.  
Others shrunk under the weight of woe.  
Some wore the gilded masks of the vain.  
Others bore the bloody mark of Cain.  
Some of them were filled with joyous tears.  
Most of them were wounded by cold fears.  
Some were afflicted by crude madness.  
Others bore strange fruit from great sadness.  
Each one evoked either heaven or hell.  
I had to read the flashing signs to tell.

Dominic Windram

## A Dream Vision 3

Like cotton wool clouds my soft dreams drift by.  
Fragrant odours are floating on the breeze.  
As fragile cherry blossoms fall gently,  
The April rain heals in verdant springtime.  
Like the poignant whispers of love sublime.  
O the shining, silver rivers of life lead  
To the eternal sea; to the clear Light:  
Where the bitter wounds of hatred are healed  
The Dove descends from deep sapphire blue skies.  
All is one consciousness & all is free.

Dominic Windram

## A Dream Vision: June 6th 2019

In a dream vision I was caught between  
Two warring factions; clad in different colours:  
Of similar tongues and of the same blood.  
I wondered why they had split far apart.  
After witnessing the disturbing scenes,  
It seems like the conflict was mainly due  
To the same old flaws in the human realms:  
The quest for power; tribal jealousies  
And unjust laws. Yet one thing stood out most:  
Both factions had made money their Idol.

Dominic Windram

# A Few Words Of Advice For An Internet Troll

Your vile views and opinions  
Are of no importance at all.  
O you are a loathsome creature!  
Indeed, I think that you should crawl  
Back under the rock from whence you came.  
You're a waste of time, energy and space!  
So return to your sad, little life;  
And do try to think of something nice  
To say, next time you decide to engage  
With your fellow traveller beings,  
On the splendid internet highway.  
A kind word or two costs nothing.

Dominic Windram

# A Flash Of Lightning: (August 31st,2019, Witten, Germany)

A flash of lightning:  
This sultry summer evening.  
Then the rain pours down.

Dominic Windram



# A Full English Breakfast

Are you ready for this? Let's go!  
Rashers of bacon, tomatoes,  
Sausages, black pudding, mushrooms,  
Fried bread and our stomachs are doomed!  
Then scrambled eggs; perhaps baked beans.  
Though some find it rather obscene,  
Washed down with several cups of tea,  
A full English breakfast suits me!  
One wonders if there's any room  
Left for a slice of toast or two?

Dominic Windram

# A Futile Pursuit

He is now chasing  
His doppelgänger. O what  
A silly fellow!

Dominic Windram

# A Gradual Awakening

I am mesmerised by the candle flame.  
It makes me think of long forgotten days:  
When I was busy searching for a guide  
Who'd expose the grand theatre of lies.  
In time, I was awakened to the facts.  
Since then I've seen through all the masks & acts  
Of the vain elites and their loyal servants.  
Now I'm an expert; not a dilettante.

Dominic Windram

# A Hard Vocation

Once there was bold childhood vision:  
Memorable light & colour.  
Then there was icy darkness,  
That lasted for many years.  
Then there was you with your dreaming  
That melted the frost of the past.  
But that itself is now long ago  
And I realise in the rose pink dawn  
That you were only a brief light  
Between two dark eternities.  
My vocation is my refuge:  
To put germane words to my pain.  
My only claim on consciousness  
Is but the shadow of a rose.

Dominic Windram

## A Hard Vocation 2

The slow drip of publishing poetry,  
And the endless wait for recognition,  
Is so draining; almost soul destroying.  
Better to be satisfied with pursuing  
One's own goals. For it is a most lonely,  
Time consuming vocation. Yet I'm convinced  
That it's possible to achieve one's dreams,  
Moment by moment, and day by day.

Dominic Windram

# A Homage To Rural England: (Summer,2020)

A black bird's sweet song  
On a warm summer evening;  
The scent of freshly  
Cut lawns in quaint village greens;  
The golden cornfields  
Of Somerset and the rich taste  
Of home brewed cider;  
The gentle feel of breezes  
On Lake Windermere:  
O God bless rural England!

Dominic Windram

## A Hymn To Light: (Easter Sunday)

Today, I shall bathe and swim in the sacred Light,  
After weeks of dwelling in realms of dreadful Night.  
I'm so pleased to see fresh light pour into my room,  
As it spreads out into the garden; ending the gloom.  
It illuminates the flowers, hedges and trees.  
Their resplendent colours are glorious to see.  
Light emboldens the dreams of butterflies and birds.  
It reveals the rich patterns of the holy Word.  
Within its current woes are dissolved for a time.  
For amidst the heart of light we find the sublime.

Dominic Windram

# A Joke About Metaphysics

Woody Allen's wonderful quip  
About cheating on his Metaphysics  
Exam; by looking into the soul,  
Of the student next to him,  
Never ceases to amuse me.  
It would be great to break through  
The narrow realms of perception  
Like in Allen's joke, But  
Unfortunately, it seems  
Like an impossible dream.  
Yet it's something that can at least  
Be hinted at via poetry.

Dominic Windram



# A Kind Of Rebirth

I knock on the door  
Of the fabled house of Love.  
And I'm welcomed back.

Dominic Windram

## A Kind Of Rebirth 2

O I used to think there was something missing  
In my life. But in recent times, I've closed ranks,  
And removed myself from society's clowns.  
Despite solitude's trials and tribulations,  
I'm experiencing a kind of rebirth.  
Now I'm tapping into creativity's  
Warm, fresh springs on a regular basis.  
I feel so inspired, and indeed, complete.

Dominic Windram

## A Lament - 2016

If we were to have all the wisdom of ages  
Explained to us in detail; it would take too long.  
All we know is the flash of lexicons in passing,  
And the dying embers of Autumn's plaintive song.  
The great presences that emerge to expand our  
Collective consciousness, from generation to  
Generation, are so rare, we can only skim  
The surface of their profoundest significance.

If we could find warmest, holy sanctuary  
In somebody else's arms we would not fear  
The deadly spears of night. But the kind of deep  
Communion we seek so long to embrace, seems  
Impossible. As creatures of habit we tend  
To objectify The mysterious other:  
Whose ethereal essence cannot be captured.  
Hence, the blue eyes of love are tainted with sorrow.

Dominic Windram

# A Lament - 2019

The latest designs of the digital breed  
Bury our poverty; our scars & woes.  
O wanton world indifferent to our needs.  
I clutch the withered remnants of a rose.

Dominic Windram

# A Lament For The Slow Death Of The 1960's Counter Culture

O you were once wild and beautiful  
When summer's rays reclined in your hair  
And your Being blazed in valleys and hills.  
O you were a force so vital and rare  
When brief flashes and fragments of Grace  
Pierced the warm, feathered air  
And the light of love lit up your face.  
When crude flesh and fiery spirit were  
Wedded in deepest communal bliss  
And your youth's blood morphed into roses  
In the sweet Garden of Promise  
That once seemed so fruitful and endless.

O you were once wild and beautiful  
But now you're a ragged recluse  
Degraded by the needle chill;  
Lost in a twilight world of absence;  
Removed from a world you once infused  
With colour and art and consciousness.  
Now Innocence has been badly wounded  
And Despair corrupts our Sacredness.  
Yet I still cling tightly to the vast scope  
Of your Vision; in the spectral seas  
Of prayer; in the righteous rage of hope  
In plagued streets placated by prophecy

Amidst the glitter, neon and concrete;  
Amidst bleached ruins of modernity.

Dominic Windram

# A Little Knowledge Is A Dangerous Thing.

He claims he carried out in depth research,  
By constantly watching random YouTube videos.  
O he sought expert opinion by watching  
CNN, Fox and BBC News. What a fool!

Dominic Windram

# A Little Solace

A little solace,  
Now and then: in a sea breeze;  
In a flesh pink dawn.

Dominic Windram

# A Matter Of Perception

O the love filled whispers of light  
Punctuate the darkness of night.  
The spirit of grace radiates,  
In a world scarred by tribal hate,  
And division among nations.  
O the oneness of creation  
Still eludes us. Yet some perceive  
It, and it guides their hopes and dreams.

Dominic Windram



# A Modern Dilemma

Bright, virtual worlds  
Of tainted information.  
Truth is elusive

Dominic Windram

# A New Day Dawns

The new morning sun,  
Pleasant laughter in the streets,  
Hope springs eternal.

Dominic Windram

# A New Day Is Dawning

A new day dawning:  
Raindrops are beating on leaves.  
Flowers offer hymns.

Dominic Windram

# A New Prayer - 2018

May snowflakes of Grace  
Fall gently on battered, cryptic kingdoms.  
May the denigrated Spirit stir  
The misty realms of recollection.

May we discover the firm root,  
And forget the weathered fruit or flower.  
May we find solace in the sheltered flame,  
And trace hope to the unbroken Word.

May we redeem the prodigal flesh  
With the glistening bones of truth.  
May we transcend idle distractions;  
That disturb the pure pools of silence.

May we defy the skeletal chatter of cyberspace.  
And resist its distorted shadows. May we resist  
The constant cravings for a counterfeit light,  
That brightly shines but cannot guide.  
May we seek instead the blazing faith  
That moves the moon and stars.

May those who reject the higher grounds of glory:  
Who fervently weave wanton worlds of their own devising  
Return to Light and relinquish cold domains of darkness.  
May we still recognize Love amidst modern iniquities;  
Amidst digital fragments; amidst obscure symbols;  
Amidst fragile lullabies of the lost.

Dominic Windram

## A New Year Of Hope: 2020

O ignore the mad despots of despair,  
And live your life without a single care.  
Ignore the media's constant shrieking.  
And listen to bold, new songs worth singing.  
Ignore the vain politician's pointless creeds.  
Look to create flowers from longing's seeds.  
Take a step back from this roaring world.  
Wait for a golden future to unfurl!

Dominic Windram

# A New, Deep Blue Day

A new, deep blue day:  
Of oceanic feeling;  
Of endless dreaming!

Dominic Windram

# A Noble, Yet Ultimately Futile Quest

We poets work hard,  
To fix imprecise forms,  
On teeming existence.

Dominic Windram

# A Perfect Day: (June 25th,2020)

Each moment is burning  
Softly in the swell of dreams.  
It's a perfect day!

Dominic Windram



## A Perspective From The Margins (October 2019)

There are those who wait and there are those who worry.  
There are those who accept their place in the system.  
And there are those who speed like sports cars towards death;  
Via drugs or other wild, yet futile, pursuits.  
There are some who sharpen the teeth of the tiger.  
And some who indulge in animal ecstasies.  
There are those who don't bare their souls to anyone.  
They just partake in trivial conversations.  
They drift through life like ghosts; not really  
Feeling, or seeing, or hearing. Yet there are  
Others among us who have not postponed their plans  
And their dreaming. They are quiet, free spirits and  
Are most content with the beauty of the moment.  
They're keen to simply be; without reservations.

Dominic Windram

## A Plea For Rebirth (May 2014)

I've broken the black mirror  
That told me that the world was absurd.  
I've begun to light candles  
To receive the blessings of a higher force.  
Please no more crooked shadows!  
Please no more starless, brutal nights!  
Let me be gently reborn.  
Let me smell the sweet roses again.  
And if I escape this self imposed prison,  
I shall plough my life gracefully like  
A draft horse blended with a saint.  
I promise to honour the harvest.

Dominic Windram

# A Poem Inspired By The Genius Of Oscar Wilde

I'm channelling the blithe spirit of Oscar Wilde,  
As I fashion a fresh style out of dusty rags.  
I'd like to combine a sense of pure grace with  
Cold, cynical remarks; so elegantly phrased.  
I'd like to blend Christ's teachings with Moliere's wit.  
O I'd like to add a sprinkling of panache to  
The political. I'd like to renew a sense  
Of the magical in a disenchanted age.  
O I would like to merge the mystical and the  
Secular in seemingly effortless verses.  
I'd like to create new modes of beauty for the  
Connoisseurs of crass, modern day monotony.  
I'd like to celebrate cerebral, nuanced ways.  
For primitive grunts and groans are now so passé.

Dominic Windram

# A Political Donkey Derby: January 2020

O watch out for Labour's leadership election!  
Here are some of the risible contenders  
In this donkey derby: the charmless Keir Starmer;  
The teary eyed Lisa Nandy; the narcissist Jess Phillips;  
The sanctimonious 'Lady Nugee' and the  
Duplicitous David Lammy. If you fancy  
A bet on an outsider, there's always the cold,  
Calculated Yvette Cooper: yet another  
Loyal Blairite. There's sure to be a swing to the right  
Whoever wins. I couldn't care less as I'm now  
Completely finished with the ridiculous, pointless  
And pompous political class: that stabbed that true  
Socialist Jeremy Corbyn in the back; and  
So I won't be voting Labour ever again!

Dominic Windram

# A Prophecy

Lies & propaganda proliferate  
Across today's wayward, peregrine world.  
Yesterday's suffering's soon forgotten  
As we bask in the glow of neon gods.  
O we still worship spurious totems  
As absurd as they are irrational.  
All of the perennial games we play.  
To mask the pure pools of silence we fear,  
Can't absolve us of responsibility.

We cannot escape the terror of the Void,  
Via myriad idle flights of fancy.  
We cannot transcend this mortal Vale of Tears,  
By vain pursuit of animal ecstasies.  
We need to embrace all life's joys & sadness.  
We can only be still and pray for pardon.  
Please be still and penetrate the Light within.

Dominic Windram

## A Prophecy: 2

The moon and the sun spoke to me last night  
In a language I could not comprehend.  
What strange dreams navigate the febrile night?  
What alien gods dwell amongst the stars?  
Perhaps we'll know a thousand years from now;  
When bold technology is at its height,  
Space ships will explore distant galaxies  
And neon architecture will displace  
The old, crumbling buildings of yesterday.  
Will Utopia be achieved on earth  
Without a vainglorious revolution?  
Will society at large be organised  
In terms of survival of the fittest?  
Will there be endless wars with other worlds?  
Or will there be a profound peace on earth;  
That will make Heaven's angels weep with joy? !

Dominic Windram

## A Prophecy: 2007

Under a black cloud,  
Pregnant with lightning,  
Lies a ruined temple,  
Covered in ancient dust.

Recently, the bell in the temple  
Tolled a rusted bronze prayer;  
That echoed for moments.  
And everyone scattered,  
As though heaven itself,  
Had broken into pieces.

And now in the modern church of man  
There is a trembling blaze of candles;  
That seems to indicate that something  
Is terribly...terribly amiss.

Dominic Windram

# A Question Of Lights

Modern cities at night are a blaze of neon lights.  
Yet what is their worth compared to the one light that guides  
The troubled ship in the midst of the raging storm?  
How do they compare to the pure Light of the Word?  
That's rarely spoken of these days, and thus unheard.  
How does the fierce glare of millions of lights,  
Across a nation's soulless and cold, empty streets,  
Compare to the warm flame in the quiet, cosy home?

Dominic Windram



## A Ragged Prayer: May 2019

I pray for a tender light  
That will reveal hidden realms of beauty.  
I pray for a change  
In the absurd, arbitrary order of things.  
I pray for healing summer rain,  
In an arid age where flowers of Truth cannot grow.  
I pray for you in your last desperate hours:  
Now that faith and conscience are dead... so much is left unsaid.

Dominic Windram

# A Rebirth Of Sorts At Midnight

Okay my friend I'll compose a poem  
In the brief hours before darkness falls.  
I will paint a vivid picture of life reborn.  
Hopefully, it will reflect the former radiance  
Of an age that's been gradually rusted  
By crude contemporaneous concerns.

The clocks will turn silent  
At that interminable moment,  
When what you consider to be  
implacable emptiness & icy despair  
will be transformed In the twinkling  
Of an eye into teeming, holy vision.

O you'll learn to weave light  
Into the fabric of your being.  
You'll allow red needle suns, in peregrine flight,  
To burst the obscene, obese balloon of now.  
You'll watch it explode into a million fragments  
And then see the violets of hope scatter,  
And the universe explode with laughter.  
In this new moment -the ghosts of longing  
Will be released from the machinery of night  
You will be lost in their enchantments.

Dominic Windram

## A Recent Nightmare: (July 13th,2020)

In the vast corridors of memory,  
Doors are opening to emptiness:  
Where all life has come to an end;  
Wastelands of unrequited desires;  
Fresh blood that quickly dries  
And stains old stones in the desert.  
Nomadic strains of hunger and thirst;  
No warm shapes, patterns or faces  
Just cold, abstract notions;  
Just the vanishing spectre of a rose.

Dominic Windram

# A Report From The Outside (An Alien's Perspective On Planet Earth)

I have never really adjusted  
Or adapted to the strange colours of exile.  
Indeed this world, and its citizens,  
Constantly baffle me.  
O these peculiar creatures  
Bow down before crosses & other  
Symbols of ancient suffering.  
Pity pervades the human condition.  
However, wars are still waged  
All over the planet.  
Perhaps it's because  
War is very good for business.  
Although religion is waning,  
Its remnants remain  
Partly obscured;  
Partly deformed.

Millions live in cities.  
They rush around all day long.  
Many seem to lack, any kind  
Of real purpose, in their lives  
People are now addicted to gadgets  
And attached to small phones.  
They are constantly  
Reminded of time:  
Via constant deadlines.  
In love, these creatures  
Are irrational chameleons.  
Tragedy & heartache abound.

People are part false; part true  
In their social interactions.  
They work for money to buy things  
They need and dress well.  
Fashion is more of creed than a fad.  
Shopping is increasingly becoming  
The most popular leisure pursuit.

Pretty pictures adorn  
The walls of their homes.  
Via art, music and poetry,  
Or in rare moments of ecstasy,  
They are briefly lifted  
from the world's habitual weight.  
They admire pop/ rock and sports stars.  
Most are happy to spectate,  
Rather than participate.

Their schools train them  
To be compliant & obedient.  
By the age of seven  
Their imaginations are dead.  
And mind expanding drugs  
Are still illegal.  
They age too quickly  
To understand their true purpose.

They seem to think  
That they are a species apart.  
The animals are their slaves.  
People like to eat their meat.

They need leaders;  
Popes, kings & presidents  
To tell them what to think.  
I find this notion so naive and quaint.  
Despite their considerable wealth,  
They have not eradicated poverty.  
Indeed, the gulf between rich and poor  
Seems to be exponentially increasing,  
They are forever polluting  
Their beautiful, fragile blue/green planet.

Their opinions are formed mostly  
From T.V, movies and the internet,  
Although a significant number  
Of them still read books.

They've flown to the moon,  
But distant galaxies

And exotic life forms  
Remain a mystery to them.

At night, when the lights go out,  
They all seem to sleep like babies.  
In vivid dreams they learn  
About themselves and the world of spirits.  
Their minds are still  
Essentially primeval.

Dominic Windram

## A Secular Future?

These newly empowered secularists,  
Like to play, at being bright, modern gods.  
O I do not doubt their fervent passion,  
But I do question their integrity.  
I think they like to stir controversy.  
They seem not only keen to kick against,  
The time honoured, trusted bones of wisdom,  
But to devalue sweet visions of Grace,  
And the sacred. O their nonchalant sense  
Of crude relativism, not only  
Astounds me, but disturbs me, and makes me,  
Deeply worried about the world's future.

Dominic Windram

# A Slow Descent Is Necessary

I feel as though I've lost touch  
with the warm familiar world.  
I fear I will pay a heavy price  
For soaring like a comet,  
Through distant skies & stars.  
I need to slowly descend.

Dominic Windram



# A Slow, But Necessary, Recovery

I was reticent at first to come  
To the renowned house of healing.  
I was weary from hunger & habit.  
Yet here I was warmly received.

Slowly I retreated from the poetry  
And the prose & the radical politics:  
My joy & my cross; my passion & my dread

Slowly I recovered from the fever;  
As I oscillated wildly,  
Between boredom & joy.

Gradually I received blessings  
From those whom this cruel world  
Seems to scorn & marginalise.

Gradually I became aware  
Of a deeper consciousness  
That moves between myself and others;  
From which jewelled wisdom gently unfolds.

Dominic Windram

# A Slow, But Necessary, Recovery (Alternative Version)

I was reticent at first to come  
To the fabled house of healing.  
Yet it was necessary given  
The awkwardness of my circumstances.

I felt like a feather blown along  
By the cruel, bitter winds of Fate.  
I was weary from hunger & habit.  
Yet here I was warmly received.

Slowly I retreated from the poetry  
And the prose & the radical politics:  
My joy & my cross; my passion & my dread

Slowly I recovered from the fever;  
As I oscillated wildly,  
Between boredom & joy.

Gradually I received blessings  
From those whom this cruel world  
Seems to scorn & marginalise.

Gradually, I became aware  
Of a deeper consciousness  
That moves between myself and others;  
From which jewelled wisdom gently unfolds.

Dominic Windram

# A Society Of Snowflakes

They fold like deckchairs,  
And sulk, when anyone 'dares'  
To criticise them.

Dominic Windram

# A Sonnet For All The Poets & Prophets

'The One remains; the Many change and pass...'  
(Shelley, Adonais, 1821.)

As flesh pink Spring turns to golden Summer  
I contemplate the rare beauty of the Word.  
Though prophets of fire are in slumber  
And pilgrims are lost and cannot be heard,  
The flaming phoenix of faith will arise  
From the ashes of crude modernity.  
Crowns of thorn will cease to afflict the wise  
And we'll be free from trial by novelty.  
Yet it will not be like the ancient ways  
When fixed binaries coded our lives.  
We shall be free from the dogmatic haze;  
From the extremes of Lazarus and Dives.  
We will see everything as pure oneness:  
No more creed or tribe; race or sex - God bless!

Dominic Windram

## A Sonnet Of Sorts: For All The Seekers

Life's surreal procession moves on.  
My words are now seasoned by time,  
Vivid rituals...occasions.  
I've tried to search for the sublime.  
I've mined Vision's fertile soils.  
I've dug as deep as souls can go.  
I'm still seeking, despite my toils,  
For Beauty's frail, singular Rose  
Still I've unearthed hidden treasures,  
Amidst the dross of the ages.  
I've juxtaposed pain with pleasure  
And made my mark on pure pages.  
Yet this cruel labour I will cease,  
When I create my masterpiece.

Dominic Windram

# A Stagnant Old Town

A stagnant old town:  
Cursed by the slow drip of time.  
Nothing seems to change.

Dominic Windram

# A Stark Realisation

If we'd never departed down dark paths, from  
The original source, we'd have been okay.  
If we'd never deviated from Love's warmth,  
O we would have experienced brighter days.

Dominic Windram

# A Stately Garden (Raby Castle 24/07/2019)alternate Version

The garden abounds with butterflies & flowers:  
A profusion of purples, pinks, reds, greens and golds.  
The grand fountain sprinkles silvery blue water.  
The air is warm and still save for a gentle breeze;  
That seems to whisper lush nursery lullabies.  
I'm dumbfounded by delightful daisies growing  
From verdant grass. I wonder at weeping willows.  
It's a perfect post card picture of passing time.

Dominic Windram



# A Stately Garden (Raby Castle: 24/07/2019)

The garden abounds  
With butterflies & flowers.  
Fountains are sprinkling.

Dominic Windram

# A Strange Kind Of Resurrection.

Once I retreated from the roaring world.  
It took some time to heal my mental scars.  
And now I feel that I am born again,  
I will never follow Night's eerie paths.

Dominic Windram

# A Sun Burst Of Summer: Alternative Version

The sun sheds its light:  
On meadows of buttercups,  
daisies and willows

Dominic Windram

# A Sunburst Of Summer

The sun casts its light  
On meadows: filled with daisies,  
Buttercups and willows.

Dominic Windram

# A Thousand Bluebirds...

A thousand bluebirds  
Were singing; in sunny realms  
Of my deep dreaming.

Dominic Windram

# A Time Of Universal Deceit

When Truth's blazing sunlight is eclipsed by  
An abyss of deceit, you realise  
That you can trust no one and nothing but  
Your own ragged conscience. And when the dogs  
Are left to roam, and pick up discarded bones  
On darkened streets, you know you're in for trouble!

Dominic Windram

## A Tired Old Horse...

A tired old horse chews  
Away at young tufts of spring  
In the lush green fields.

Dominic Windram

# A Tribute To Hanna-Barbera 1

Over decades, Hanna- Barbera created lots  
Of quirky cartoons: from The Flintstones to Top Cat;  
From Wacky Races and the Jetsons to Scooby Doo;  
From Johnny Quest, Jabberjaw to The New Schmoo;  
From Magilla Gorilla, To Atom Ant and  
Secret Squirrel, Squiddly Diddly and winged Birdman:  
Powered by the sun god Ra. His bright solar ray  
Zapped baddies. The 40- foot purple Great, Grape Ape's  
Sneezes were equivalent to a hurricane!  
He relied on Beegle for he had little brains.  
Peter Potamus and So-So explored the world  
In their Magical Flying Balloon. How absurd?  
But as children we had no reason to ask why.  
There were talking mules and mice, and I tell no lie,  
A tiny detective named Inch High Private Eye!  
There were dastardly villains soaring so very high  
In the skies; seeking, 'to stop that darned pigeon now! '  
Dick Dastardly always seemed to get into a row  
With his incompetent crew: Muttley, Clunk and Zilly.  
Most of these shows were surreal and rather silly.  
Yet they were so action packed and tremendous fun.  
Did Quick Draw McGraw ever get to use his gun?  
O he was very clumsy like Hong Kong Phooey!  
That 'smarter than the average bear' named Yogi,  
Who with his pal Boo - Boo snatched picnic baskets,  
From folk In Jellystone Park, made Ranger Smith fret.  
And the zany Banana Splits Adventure Hour  
Was brimming with all kinds of psychedelic power.  
There was also a plethora of teenage gangs,  
Like Josie and The Pussycats, the Chan Clan,  
Goober and the Ghost Chasers, Captain Caveman  
And The Teen Angels; those in The Funky Phantom.  
But the original team was those who travelled  
Far and wide, usually to spooky castles,  
In the Mystery Machine, the friends of Scooby:  
Daphne and Wilma, Freddy and of course Shaggy;  
Who like his canine pal liked to consume lots of food.  
Mystery Inc, were generally speaking, no fools.  
They were always quick, well Wilma was, finding clues



To reveal the real villain behind the mask who,  
'Would have gotten away with it wasn't for you  
Pesky kids! ' Alas, like all good things tend to do,  
The show worsened with the risible Scrappy Doo!  
Yet there were still many scary monsters and ghouls:  
Enough to put the fear of God into children  
Who were taken to visit old mansions or museums!  
The Hair Bear Bunch were forever teasing Peevly  
And his large, 'harebrained' assistant: Botch. How we  
Used to laugh when they conjured up motorcycles  
From thin air in order to escape the confines  
Of wacky Wonderland Zoo. Shazzan, Speed Buggy,  
Space Ghost and Dino Boy, Mr Jinks and Pixie  
And Dixie are other shows that I can recall.  
O those were the days, when we kids had such a ball!

Dominic Windram

## A View From The Margins: (February,2015)

So many colours and sounds,  
And elaborate gadgets,  
To decorate the emptiness.  
So many quirky fashion tips,  
To prepare us, for the latest  
Contrived event or spectacle.  
So many cool items,  
But no warm communion.  
So many T.V hosts &  
Selected, well trained experts  
Spouting out absurdities,  
Or blatant propaganda.  
So many flashing codes & signs  
To distract us from sensing  
The pure ocean of silence.

Dominic Windram

## A Warm And Joyous Summer Evening: (July,2000)

O I like the way the roses' perfumed fragrance  
Hangs in the air, and translates the soft, summer light.  
And I like the way you always stir my senses,  
As we gaze at the harvest moon; this starry night.

Dominic Windram

# A Warning - 2019

The hyper real sirens are singing wildly  
Waiting by the proverbial rocks  
To bring us to wreck & ruin.  
Don't be distracted by the fake, neon gods.  
Don't be distracted by their shining pathways.  
Don't be distracted by shrieking idiots.  
Don't be distracted by superficial signs.  
That lead to nowhere in particular.  
Don't be distracted by worldly desire;  
By idols that masquerade as love's sumptuous promise.  
Remain ultra literate & lion willed.  
Lament the fact that the precious ways  
of the rich, vibrant green age have passed  
Although its now well hidden from curious eyes,  
There's still the original sun of Truth & Beauty  
That cannot be eclipsed;  
For Ideal Forms can never die.  
We creators should search for  
The fragments of a broken culture;  
Reassemble them with due diligence  
(And more than a little patience.)  
I hang on to this fleeting glimpse of hope.  
In a rudderless, wayward world  
That lacks a significant frame of reference  
To unify the listless, modern tribes.

Dominic Windram

## A Welcome Change Of Season

For many months now, I have been worn down  
By the bleak wintry darkness. But today  
I can feel the welcome approach of spring.  
The trees are now covered with pink blossom.  
O I shall throw open all the windows  
In my house and let the warm, fresh light in!

Dominic Windram

# A Wild Universe

A wild universe,  
Of dark forests & spectres,  
Emerges in dreams.

Dominic Windram

# A Winter Memory

A flock of grey geese,  
Emerging from the snow fall,  
Under the moonlight.

Dominic Windram

## A Winter Prayer

When autumn completes its final fables,  
When its rusted red and golden brown dreams  
Have passed. Like the wise animals, I will  
Hibernate and wait for the first snowflakes  
Of winter to will cover  
The earth in a soft, feathery carpet.  
O I shall pray and give thanks and praise to  
The Creator, for all the bright colours  
And intricate shades of the four seasons.  
In winter, they terminate in quiet,  
Ghost white sleep; and begin again in spring  
With a sumptuous flash of pink and green.

Dominic Windram



# A World In Need Of Gaia's Green Ways

O perhaps we'll rediscover Gaia's green ways?  
Perhaps we'll revive Springtime's warm and sacred blood;  
And cultivate gardens amidst deserts and waste:  
To prevent the dark coming of fire and flood.

What shall we do with our brief but precious days?  
Will we balance primal needs with our modern wants?  
Will we set ourselves free from pollution's haze:  
Before the dreaded coming of fire and flood?

Dominic Windram

# A World In Need Of Multi- Faceted Histories

Who will gather together  
These fragments of history  
And provide a context for them  
And a wider meaning beyond  
The stinginess of the provincial  
And nationalistic? Who will weave  
Together the general and the particular  
In a detailed yet impartial way?  
Perhaps one who is wise and compassionate  
Yet as detached as an a angel,  
With a gift for precise, yet poetic, words  
Will place them in a single folio  
Which will brim with hope and glow  
With the soft burning light of truth.

Dominic Windram

# A World Of Delusions

There are many delusions under the sun.  
There are too many fragmented puppets.  
There are too many trolls and grotesque fools.  
There is the foul magic of marketing.  
There are too many jesters in the court  
Of consumerism. There are many  
Obsequious politicians and agents.  
There are many dark roads to oblivion.

Dominic Windram

# Abundant Treasures

Abundant treasures  
Of late spring; of verdant days;  
Of birds and blossom.

Dominic Windram

# Acceptance

Accept the darkest  
Of nights, as well as the most  
Sunny of your days.

Dominic Windram

# Acedia

Wounded soul of night,  
Glints of light on broken glass,  
Can life be redeemed?

Dominic Windram

# Acquiescence

O some people still seem to prefer the silence,  
And solitude of prolonged servitude, to the  
Raging storms of freedom. That is perhaps why change,  
Here, in the U.K at least, is almost glacial.

Dominic Windram

# Action Not Just Words

Action not just words:  
Justice for the Ninety Six!  
Now not tomorrow!

Dominic Windram



# Acute Perception

O I know of secret entrances and exits.  
I know of elaborate roles and hideaways.  
I know of the profundity of social masks.  
I know how to close ranks and cut all the fools off.  
Now I am free from the frenzied fears and moves  
Of the amorphous crowd, and I watch from the wings,  
I know what the dark, stubborn prophet and mystic  
sche meant by mere 'flies in the marketplace.'

Dominic Windram

## Ad Astra Per Aspera.

When this cruel, prolonged winter is over,  
Spring will burst out in spellbinding beauty.  
There will be a resurgence of the Arts,  
And Love will take on epic proportions.  
Time will be condensed into soft minute  
Particulars of glorious moments.  
O we will move from dire circumstances;  
From adversity's prisons to the stars!

Dominic Windram

# Ad Buster

O I'm so pleased to have, quite recently,  
Installed an ad buster on my P.C  
It means that I now don't have to watch all  
Of the glossy, but irrelevant dross!

Dominic Windram

# Ad Meliora

Here I am so safe and snug in soft asylum.  
Even though I cannot venture out, I can read  
And write to my heart's content. Although the darkness  
Is growing rapidly; although life's pure magic  
Has temporarily departed, I glimpse  
A bright future where better things will come our way.

Dominic Windram

# Add Salt

I will salt my poems,  
With a tinge of bitterness,  
To add to their taste.

Dominic Windram

# Addict

Needle inducing rushes will not take away  
The pain. Your bloodied crown of thorns will still remain.  
You're another troubled type that this wanton age  
Has crucified in its cold, systematic ways  
For you the present is pitch black and the cold eyes  
Of despair penetrate deep within your soul. Lies  
And deceit are devouring you. Once you were free  
And life was filled with endless possibilities.  
But now the future is a chasm. You have aged  
Rapidly, as all your precious days fade away.  
Your frail dreams seem to turn to nightmares in the blink  
Of an eye. In twilight skies, another sun sinks.  
Then there is stark silence as the sweet birdsong dies.  
You're confronted with shadows in all their guises.  
You stare blankly at all the bleak textures of night.  
Your only hope appears in a smear of moonlight.

Dominic Windram

# Advantages Of The Internet

Instant access to  
Vast libraries of knowledge  
And pearls of wisdom.

Dominic Windram

# Advent

The new winter poems I write  
Are cloaked in frost and moonlight;  
Not the glitter and tinsel  
Of vain shadow festivals.  
They speak of ancient fable:  
Of Love born in a stable;  
Of the Kingdom of Mercy;  
Transcending frayed history;  
Of a star in deepest night;  
Of a different kind of light;  
Radiating Innocence  
And peculiar stillness.

Dominic Windram



## Advent: 2019

The bitter wind has flayed the trees to bone.  
The old leaves have been torn off and condemned.  
In this Advent season we remember,  
The one lowly born; yet rarer than gold.  
In these bleak, darkening days we remember  
This symbol of light; who still radiates  
Despite the endless din of distractions.  
In this wanton world, He's a calm centre:  
Whose birth was a sunburst of new meanings: .  
Whose love was adorned with flakes of beauty;  
Whose grace was as soft as snow & flowers;  
Whose ultimate sacrifice set us free.

Dominic Windram

# Advice For Aspiring Poets

A poet should renounce the empty world  
Of glittering appearances and  
Hackneyed decorations. Rather he or  
She should embrace the inner flame; the light  
Of Being and not be distracted by  
Mere should focus hard  
On sowing the right seeds and quietly  
Cultivating their body of work. They  
Should not be seduced by their status. They  
Should not exalt the fruits of their labours.  
They need to balance form, structure  
And colour. They need to blend light and dark  
In a nuanced way. For presently there  
Are a plethora of works that their keen  
Creators claim to be true poetry.  
When in fact, a closer analysis  
Does reveal, that they are mere painted  
Skeletons: lacking in content and substance.

Dominic Windram

# Advice For Climbers

Before you attempt to 'conquer' Everest.  
You might consider conquering yourselves first.  
Too many of you are dying recklessly.  
What for? To prove something in the name of pride?

Dominic Windram

## Advice For Fellow Poets

It's easy to get lost in creative oceans;  
Be wary of being shipwrecked in severe storms.  
Be wary of the unripe procreation of notions.  
Avoid convoluted digressions from the norm.

Dominic Windram

# Affluenza

In these strange times, we  
All seem to be afflicted  
with affluenza!

Dominic Windram

# African Madonna

An African Madonna;  
A compassionate mother,  
Tends to her silent son.  
He who is slowly dying;  
With washed out ribs  
And blown out belly.  
She combs the boy's hair,  
So softly. It is as though  
She is placing flowers  
On the tiniest of graves.

Dominic Windram

# African Relics

These relics are odes to creation:  
From planets to fragments of atoms.  
Certain turning of the sun; crooked fork  
Of the trees and their sprawling branches; □  
Flowering knot, water curve, living roots;  
The stern murmur of ancestral spirits;  
Divine drumming that once boldly declared;  
The radiant, resplendent rose pink dawn;  
That once proclaimed the tribe's soul blood,  
But now sealed up in solemn glass cases,  
A vibrant universe lies paralysed.

Cold, colonial eyes framed and reined in  
This continent's abundant mysteries;  
Where black was once the scorned colour of sin.  
Unruly, ferocious flames of conquest,  
Created a spurious enigma.  
Now we continually interrogate  
The tainted beauty of the wreckage.

These relics are not merely icons to  
Be righteously revered and worshipped,  
But precious prayers to the elements.  
Although they have been brought closer to us  
They remain as remote as evening stars,  
We might want their mute eyes and mouths to glow;  
Speak directly to us like oracles.  
Yet they will never submit their secrets  
To our crude, secular consciousness.

I sense the vital dance of life traduced  
To grey, utilitarian matters  
In the guise of curious inspection  
I sense obscure mysteries  
Trapped in an expedient age  
Where we freeze their grace and power.  
I sense the murmur of ancestral spirits:  
&quot; Yamaya - mother of tender blessings  
Yamaya - boundless womb of creation

Your poetry is lost in translation.&quot;

Dominic Windram



# After A Good Meal

After a good meal,  
There is always the prospect  
Of red wine and cheese.

Dominic Windram

# After False Visions

After false visions,  
The real world reawakens:  
More stark than before.

Dominic Windram

# After Our Exile...

After our exile  
From Eden, the emergence  
Of frozen kingdoms.

Dominic Windram

# After Summer Rain

After summer rain,  
Signs of creation seem to  
Sprout, from cobblestones.

Dominic Windram

# After The Fall

After estrangement,  
Love's secrets remain hidden,  
Inside Eden's womb.

Dominic Windram

# After The Strange Rain

After the strange rain:  
The yellow plague of sun.  
The gnarled, black branches  
Of skeletal trees  
Are dripping with blood.

After the strange rain:  
The ashes in the streets  
And the valleys & fields.  
There's no one left to weep;  
Diurnal time has died.

Dominic Windram

## After...

After the bright flesh pink dawn, morning  
Is getting frailer and darkening.

Dominic Windram

## Aftermath: (September 2008)

Aftermath in the pale afternoon:

The sunlight flickers through gnarled, black trees;  
Where warn torn creatures crawl to their doom,  
In nations brought to their very knees.

Weary pilgrims pray to neon gods.  
Sleepers awake with wounds in their sides.  
In Guantanamo Bay justice rots.  
Was it just in vain that Jesus died?

Psalms and hymns wither in the depths of night,  
While sinners feed like swarms of parasites;  
On trash, to feed their swollen appetites.  
Has the darkness now eclipsed the Light?

Cold systems crucify their chosen ones,  
And exalt all those who deceive and lie.  
Misery passes from father to son.  
Was it just in vain that Jesus died?

Dominic Windram



# Against Dogmatism

O strict, routinized theology,  
And stony, steadfast morality,  
Can guide at times, but they cannot heal  
The soul's angst & liquid laments.

Dominic Windram

## Age Reflecting On Youth

The old keenly remember when they were once young:  
When time seemed ripe with endless possibilities;  
When the angels were the guardians of the clouds;  
When Love sang its lovely melodies just for them.  
With age, they often have regrets for wasted moments;  
Now that their green and golden days have turned to grey.  
Despite all the wisdom amassed over the years,  
The sweet glories of their prime will never return.

Dominic Windram

## Ageing: (October 21st,2019)

I am haunted by visions of old age:  
Creeping quietly along indifferent,  
Grey streets and then fading away into  
The misty distance. I'm deeply troubled  
By time. I cannot get a grip of it.  
I cannot put it into perspective.  
It blazes like a fleeting candle flame,  
Its light is terminated much too soon.  
Things are now flowing like mad in this rampant  
Digital age; where speed is of the essence.  
Time seems to rush past me and slips away  
Like the wind. I remember key moments  
In my life as though they occurred yesterday.  
Although the trees along the grove where I  
Live seem to look like they did long ago,  
They now inhabit a different autumn.  
The flowers will come once again in spring.  
And grow throughout summer. Then they'll be gone.  
My child like heart now grieves over quickly  
Passing hours. O Why can't time stay still; just  
For several moments! For then we might glimpse  
Aspects of eternity... in moments.

Dominic Windram

# Age's Lamentations

Vanquished Age cannot mend Youth's broken wings.  
It can only speak of Time's slow decay,  
And myriad, needlessly suffering things.  
It knows too well mind numbing nights and days:  
Where Beauty hides from the world's prying eyes.  
It bears the weight of biblical bleakness.  
It sees through Life's novelties: smeared in lies.  
It knows that light is buried by darkness.

Dominic Windram

# Airstrike

Fear the F-16s:  
That strike the marked villages  
And sleeping children.

Dominic Windram

# Alchemy's Wondrous Ways

We can trace alchemy's ways  
In the union of rain and earth;  
In buried aspects of reality;  
In love affairs of chemicals  
And stars; in the fertility  
Of fire and romances of stones.  
Alchemy can turn base metal  
Into refined, erotic gold.

Dominic Windram

# Alexa Of Echo Dot

Alexa may claim  
To know everything, but not  
Alas life's meaning,

Dominic Windram

# Alienation

O it's so cold and  
Lonely, when you don't belong,  
In your own lifetime.

Dominic Windram



# All Styles...

All styles are served here:  
From surreal to romantic;  
From old to modern.

Dominic Windram

# Alok Sharma: The Clown Prince

The Tory: Alok Sharma is a charmer,  
Although there are certain cynical critics,  
Who contend that he is in fact a shambles!  
I think that he is rare comedic gold dust.

Dominic Windram

# Altered States

The stars are melting  
Into the swollen night skies.  
The moon is weeping.

Dominic Windram

# Although...

Although it's getting  
Much darker, I'm still tempted  
By sweet distractions.

Dominic Windram

# Amazon's Slave Labour

Amazon's so called fulfillment centres  
Don't recognise unionised labour.  
Indeed, they are now so draconian,  
That they should be entitled: workhouses!

Dominic Windram

# An Absurd Age

O bovine creeds prevail in the ignorant night,  
For no one seems able to resurrect the pure light  
The keen, noble matadors have gone underground.  
It's a world of furious sights and deafening sounds.  
Now there is only the shrieking of futile songs.  
No one is able to decipher right from wrong.  
Flowers and fields are replaced by steel and concrete.  
Clowns and jesters proliferate on absurd streets.  
In the East and West madmen grow obese with power.  
We're drawing near to that dark, fateful hour.

Dominic Windram

## An Artist In Exile

I feel like a remnant of something that has passed,  
In this crazed modern age that races by so fast.  
I feel like I'm watching a play within the world:  
Where the seasoned actors are constantly misheard.  
These days I seem to find solace in solitude.  
Shrieking, amorphous crowds are so sullen and crude.  
And modern relationships are so fleeting and vain.  
It seems preferable to go against the grain.  
So I'll labour by the warmth of inspired light,  
And slowly... patiently try to sculpt, paint & write.  
Perhaps one day, I might even get lucky and  
Create a gleaming masterpiece or something grand!

Dominic Windram

# An Autumn Hymn

Although the tender light is fading fast;  
And summer's hallowed flowers are dying;  
Although the precious lark is descending;  
And her sweetest songs are now in the past;  
I sense subtle shades & colours of art.  
I will gather in Time's golden harvest;  
And circumspectly translate the secrets;  
The eternal alphabets of the heart;  
In the rusted, brownish autumn of life.  
Quelled is the once furious, youthful rage;  
Scent of burnt leaves; smoky regions of age;  
Now crowd my fragile, dislocated mind.  
I'll seek to craft a deeper consciousness.  
For this is a season of stoic remembrance  
Despite modernity's rank decadence.  
I want to trace Nature's hidden circles;  
Til I hear winter's frozen warnings;  
When the life force & the senses are dimmed;  
When Love's carousel turns with solemn hymns;  
'Til the unknown, darker realms come calling.

Dominic Windram



# An Autumnal Grove (October 20th,2019)

This grove is covered  
In a cascade of colours:  
Reds, greens, golds and browns.

Dominic Windram

## An Autumnal Lament (October 25th: 2019)

The colours of the leaves, in the cold October  
Dawn, permeate my consciousness. They seem to tap  
Into long forgotten memories from youth and age.  
I'm filled with immeasurable sorrow as I  
See them scattered liberally across my garden.  
Five decades seem to have passed in no time at all.  
O Love breaks so easily! The world weighs us down.  
How to connect intangible strands of warm faith  
And cold reason? How to penetrate the heart of  
Darkness without losing one's vital inner light?  
What is to become of those who persistently  
Strive to kill time in the circus of distractions,  
Or those who prize the hollow idol's golden eyes?  
O we're merely pale shadows of what we could be.

Dominic Windram

# An Autumnal Sonnet

In this season of memories,  
Dreams unravel their strange secrets.  
All's a haze of gold, brown and green  
Between the sunrise and sunset.  
In dreams I see myself fading  
Like a trembling, withered flower.  
All the sweet birds no longer sing  
Of summer's melodic hours.  
I cry out in the cold, October dawn.  
Then watch the clouds as they drift by  
And the fragile leaves as they fall.  
Light no longer glints in my eyes.  
Life's subtle glories are too brief.  
Time deceives. It is a cruel thief.

Dominic Windram

# An Easter Hymn

Nature's rhythms reveal the primordial Word:  
That communicates the gifts of Love and Mercy  
They flow like teeming rivers to celestial seas.  
O the Word speaks, with lightsome grace, to our deepest needs.  
In secular festivals, it is now unheard.  
For we're distracted, by endless colours & sounds:  
That only serve to mask crude regions of darkness,  
Or to ease the symptoms of the amorphous crowd.  
O we need once again to embrace rootedness.  
We should consider the seed; not just be aroused  
By the cornucopia of fruit or flower.  
We need to listen closely to intricate powers:  
That constantly shape creation with boundless Love.  
We need to grasp the ways of the Lamb & the Dove.  
I hear rhapsodies and odes to strange suns & moons  
I hear voices sing of gilded domains of sin.  
Yet who will reflect Silence's wise & pure pools:  
Who will compose redeeming modern poems & hymns?

Dominic Windram

# An Island Paradise

Surrounded by a shallow coral reef,  
Lies a lime green island garden; in the midst  
Of turquoise ocean. Its pure powdered beach  
Is strewn with parched light brown palm trees & quaint huts.

Hear the sound of the surf; see neatly tendered crops.  
Here fruit gatherers, farmers & fishermen abound.  
Their core belief's Uropa meaning: 'To give thanks'.  
To Godhead supreme. They adore the holy ground  
Of ancestral spirits & the whitened realms of  
Coconut milk; part of Nature's myriad gifts.  
Everyone shares in Life's rich bold doves  
These natives sing radiant songs of love. Then they shift  
To offer quirky nose kisses for the tribe's chief!  
Hear the roar of the waves in the silvery night!  
Smell the scent of seaweed mingling with roasted fish!  
Watch the meeting of the Elders by candlelight!

Morning arrives with warm ocean breezes;  
All ages emerges from diamond dust dreaming;  
Thirsty for pineapple juice that seizes  
The senses: an elixir so refreshing.  
They float on rafts, canoes on cloudless days.  
Wide eyed, they taste the salty sea fresh air;  
And soak up the sun's streaming saffron rays  
They laugh and shake the wetness from their hair.  
Next, prayers are sent for sweet brotherhood and  
Sisterhood. Gleaming razor shells are blown  
To summon acolytes to service: hands join hands.  
Afterwards, the natives are free to roam.

This tribe is so serene & self contained.  
On their flesh, natives paint rainbow colours.  
The stars are their guides: & sun, moon & rain.  
They are Heaven's children; Nature's scholars.  
Nurtured to spear fish and capture sea birds,  
Their primal blissful beauty is beyond words.  
No crude capitalist could value its worth.  
O this place is truly paradise on earth!

Dominic Windram

# Ancient Mockeries

Ancient mockeries hover over modern ways,  
As true Faith and Love turn to dust.  
What shall we vain creatures do with these surplus days?  
O will we simply allow precious things to rust?

Dominic Windram

## Ancient Myths...

Ancient myths still haunt our consciousness.  
Despite all our modern placations.  
Our suffering is symbolised by  
Abysses, sea serpents, labyrinths,  
And ungodly, Minotaur terrors.  
Although we have made significant  
Technological progress; although  
We have identified far off stars,  
We have yet to truly tap into,  
The dark realms of the arcane psyche.

Dominic Windram



## Ancient Proclamations/ Modern Concerns

Ancient proclamations merge with modern concerns,  
In the chaotic workshop of the frenzied mind.  
I will sculpt words/ phrases while the inner flame burns,  
And transcribe vivid, esoteric symbols and signs.  
Despite the endless flow of garish distractions,  
This current age hints at the eternal design.  
Despite the artificial, teeming Creation  
Enters through the cracks, and is perceived by keen eyes.

Dominic Windram

# Ancient Voices Are Calling Me

Ancient voices are calling me  
From the other side of midnight:  
The voices of angels & prophets.  
I figure they represent Truth  
Amidst vast tapestries of lies.  
Although my eyes are blinded by  
Artificial lights and my ears  
Are deafened by discordant shrieks,  
I can still perceive and hear signs;  
Which others are barely aware of.

Dominic Windram

# Angelhood

Her gnarled fingers caressed  
The faded rosary beads  
Like a long lost friend.  
Like the violin virtuoso,  
Of a more enlightened age  
She played with them  
Until her hands bled.  
Unlike her contemporaries,  
Wracked by hydra headed neuroses,  
And myriad discontents,  
She was not obsessed  
by the meaningless meanderings  
Of decidedly lesser gods.  
Or distracted by the enticing  
Patterns & designs  
Of trivial particulars.  
Concerned only with the seed,  
And not the redolent glow  
Of flower or of fruit,  
She crafted prayers  
In perpetuity.  
Until they began to resemble  
The glorious form of an  
Otherworldly beauty;  
Beloved by the angels;  
Unexplored by modern minds.

Dominic Windram

# Angels & Dreamers

Angels & dreamers:  
Often mistaken for fools;  
Too weak for this world.

Dominic Windram

# Angels Come And Play

Angels come and play.  
The demons have fled away.  
The new dawn is here.

Dominic Windram

# Angels: (Inspired By Wim Wenders' Wings Of Desire)

Angels are like birds  
and yet they are so human;  
With hearts that can break.

Dominic Windram

# Angst

The chaos of the stars  
Makes me feel so dizzy;  
Signs in the blood red sky  
Mock my mortality.

The T.V is blaring out  
Its endless absurdities.  
Cartoon clowns, on all channels,  
Are juggling with my destiny.

I'd like to live alone  
In a cottage in the woods:  
The artist's ideal home  
Away from swarming crowds.

To create poetry,  
In this crazed, modern age,  
Is a pure, noble task.  
I want to fulfill my calling.

Dominic Windram

## Animal Antics (One For The Kids)

Chat with a rat; dance with the ants.  
Have a laugh with a giraffe.  
Go for lengthy walks with a stork.  
Go and shoot some pool with a mule.  
Listen to punk rock with a skunk.  
Play very slow games with a snail.  
Why you may even like to smile  
And a sly, scaly crocodile.

Drink orange juice with a mongoose.  
Take cups of tea with keen monkeys.  
Share a sandwich with an ostrich.  
Share your birthday cake with a snake.  
Enjoy a steak with a great ape.  
Give bags of sweets to parakeets.  
But remember that you should  
Never ever feed the lions!

Dominic Windram



# Animated Cartoon Heaven

O how I wish I were a character  
In an animated cartoon feature!  
I'd love to enter such a wondrous world  
Of unceasing laughter and great joy;  
Of endless, teeming possibilities;  
Of brightly coloured, magical travels;  
Of exotic adventures in a flash;  
Of manic car chases; all fun... no pain!

Dominic Windram

# Annoying Advert

The guy in the cap  
Is bellowing out nonsense.  
I wish he'd shut up!

Dominic Windram

# Anomie

Splinters of rainbow and aluminium  
in the mind's eye. Discordant sounds  
Are killing me. I need stillness; tranquillity  
The eternal conflict is inherent in nature and culture.  
The Dionysian defies; the Apollonian protects.  
In an age of excess, there is a grave imbalance:  
Impossible connections; widespread anomie.  
Icarus flew too close to the sun.  
All the fallen angels; inverted Christs  
Are corrupted by the world's vices.  
Infernal ageing process requires new flesh.  
The pursuit of novelty leads to despair.  
Woe to those who create iron cages.  
And scorn the greater offerings of the spirit.  
Woe to those who steal the light from  
Azure skies of grace and innocence.

Dominic Windram

## Anomie 2

O these sons and daughters of anomie  
Are so lacking in colour, form and shape.  
They are directionless. They merely chase  
The wind it seems. Unlike their ancestors,  
They have no notable frames of reference  
To rely on. They simply drift through life.  
They greedily devour the darkness,  
As the light is now out of bounds for them.

Dominic Windram

# Another And Another Etc.

Another token gesture;  
Another P.C prodigy;  
Another stuffed shirt;  
Courtesy of the barmy B.B.C.

Dominic Windram

# Another Day Drowns

Another day drowns, in a vast ocean  
Of illusion. There is too much confusion,  
This side of paradise. I sketch notions  
In hope of a warmer communion.  
Yet the spirits of darkness drag me down.  
I cling to a frail light on the horizon.  
I think of the artists of great renown.  
I praise their visions with each rising sun.

Dominic Windram

# Another Green World

Another green world  
Lies beyond the pale horizon.  
It's merely a matter  
Of reaching out for it.

Another pristine world  
Is not only possible  
Like an angel she is on her way;  
Drifting through the ether.

Dominic Windram

## Anticipation: (Early March 2020)

O The cold March winds  
May blow, but soon precious Spring,  
Will bloom once again!

Dominic Windram



# Ape Kingdom

No one deviates  
From the established pattern.  
In the land of apes.

Dominic Windram

# Appearance Versus Reality

The Light has been concealed from us  
For hundreds of millennia.  
We are like hungry prisoners;  
Trapped in a dark cave. We can trace  
Images, but the reality  
Of things constantly confounds us.

Dominic Windram

# Applying Poetry To Our Lives

O we need to apply poetry to our lives;  
And enhance small, everyday experiences.  
We need to revel in texture, colour and light;  
And ignore annoying inconveniences.

Dominic Windram

# April's Tears

April's tears soon appear as rainbows.  
They radiate brightly against the grey;  
Across this humdrum town. O how they glow!  
And then Saturday's sun comes out to play.

Dominic Windram

# Aquiesce

Slumber is my name:  
Several soft syllables;  
Two cushions of air.  
In which to recline  
While the rampant, roaring world  
Speeds by like a plane.

Dominic Windram

# Art And Poetry

Art and poetry involve surrender  
To greater forces. They're all about  
Throwing oneself in to mysterious realms  
And seeing what one can come up with.

Dominic Windram

# Art Heals

In an age of rampant indifference,  
I'm buoyed by Art's subtle compensations.  
They bloom slowly like flowers so deep  
In the heart of me. I'm grateful for that.

Dominic Windram

## Art Is...

Art is a profound, yet necessary fiction.  
It is a strange, enticing illusion;  
Which we require in order to make  
Sense of cold, unknowable reality

Dominic Windram



# Art Versus Insularity

This old town is filled with ghosts & shadows.  
I'd rather leave and converse with flowers;  
Just listen to the trees and the grass grow.  
I'd like to tap into higher powers.  
And not be dragged down by trivial talk.  
It would be great to contemplate beauty  
Not routine greyness; step outside for walks  
Amidst Nature's endless, verdant bounties  
I'm sick of ape men and their weak women  
I'm so tired of merely passing time  
In a place that the world has forgotten  
I would like to create something sublime.  
That would illuminate prosaic pages  
That would survive the miasmal ages.

Dominic Windram

# Arte Et Labore

This poem was forged  
From the deep silence of prayer.  
I labored long in solitude  
To realize its form.

It's a longing for insight  
In an age of indifference  
It's an awakening to the Light.  
It's a hymn to moon, stars and sun.  
It's the angel's lament in the fevered night.  
It's the soft embrace of lullabies.  
It's the profound kiss of wedded bliss.  
It's the peace that passes mortal cares.  
It's a sun burst of devotion  
To sweet visions of Eternity.

Dominic Windram

## Arte Et Labore 2

'A man's work is nothing but this slow trek to rediscover, through the detours of art, those two or three great and simple images in whose presence his heart first opened.' Albert Camus

Deep within the heart of my world,  
Is a heavy grey burden  
Which I have to shoulder and carry;  
Like Sisyphus chained to futility.  
I inhabit the shadow realms  
Of bleak, routine existence.  
I trip over every obstacle.  
Yet I continue to caress  
And shape the marble and stone  
Of my incessant dreaming.

My eyes are averted from the sky  
And all of the teeming spaces.  
Unlike certain carefree painters  
I'm not concerned; not at all  
With pretty postcard pictures  
Of sumptuous, Utopian living.  
Rather I rummage in the darkness  
To collect faithful symbols  
Signs & images; hidden amidst  
The vast debris of consciousness□

Creation is painstaking adaption  
To an indifferent climate;  
It is not verdant mystery or magic.  
Mozart's withered, editing hand  
Belies the myth of sweet, unfettered genius.  
It's not the soft embrace of lullabies;  
Nor sunbursts of blissful devotion:  
It's not a hymn to hackneyed idols.  
It's a longing for insight in an age  
Of rampant day glow surfaces.

My poems are forged in the silent,

Icy realms of ragged prayer & doubt,  
Before I pour out my gnarled presence  
Onto pristine white pages:  
Between crude notion & wrought conception  
Lies a lifetime's unacknowledged labour.  
Like fabled Jacob rapt by lucid visions  
I have to wrestle perennially  
With Art's writhing, disturbing angel.  
It's a slow awakening to the Light.

Dominic Windram

# Artificial Age

True Faith is frozen.  
Beauty's wings are now broken:  
No more transcendence.

Dominic Windram

# Artificial Eden: A Counterfeit Kind Of Love

Quick fix culture  
Terrified to face itself;  
Terrified to discover  
An empty shell

Ashes to ashes; dust to dust  
Love is reduced to animal lust.  
Love is now just an exchange of fluids  
Love is now just a fashion accessory.  
It's about what's compatible, (seriously!)  
Between well matched sets of personality packages

Where is the love that is real in space and time?  
And yet which transcends space and time;  
Which is fully conscious of itself  
And longs to embrace the divine.  
We can only regret our failure to achieve;  
That which the mystics claim is both real and transcendent;  
That which is within our reach; within our grasp.  
Some cannot regret as they know no better.  
They eat and sleep and go to work and fall, in and out, of love  
And engage in a wide range of leisure pursuits.  
And live their lives within a narrow frame of reference  
Because they know no other way of being.

Quick fix culture;  
Cold and numb,  
Born of frustration,  
Built for fun.

Dominic Windram

# Artificial Eden: Disney Land

Welcome to Disney Land  
A children's dream world  
A play of illusions  
A play of preposterous pirates

The Frontier; Future World;  
A microcosmic America  
Revelling in celluloid Eden;  
In its delights and its Idols;  
In its cosy, cartoon delusions;  
An escape from the malaise  
Of a world in denial  
And drowning in confusion.

Welcome to Disney Land:  
A refuge from our fallen state  
Pseudo paradise - we try in vain to reach  
No sense of inner calm:  
Just a series of distractions  
Mad parades and fireworks.

Phantasmagoria  
In the faceless crowds  
In the special effects  
A deep frozen  
Infantile world  
Like its creator  
Now cryogenized  
Mr Walt Disney  
Who lies as dead  
As a dodo  
Embalmed and pacified;  
Awaiting resurrection.  
Welcome to Disney Land;  
A children's dream world;  
An artificial simulation;  
A theme park hyper reality;  
Electronically annexed;  
Anaesthetising; soulless

A multi media experience:  
No guns; no homeless people;  
A far cry from the mean streets  
Of real, urban America.

But is this really paradise?  
Or just papering over the cracks:  
The new model for public space  
Sanitised, safe and sterile.

These sterile streets  
Make me want to weep.  
These sterile streets  
Are too dead for dreamers:  
A scrubbed clean replica  
Of Main Street America.

Dominic Windram



# Artificial Eden: Future Shock

Schizophrenic culture:  
Culture without memory;  
Culture torn between  
Agony and ecstasy

Can we ever experience again  
The subtle delights of nature?  
Or did we ever, will we ever embark  
On deep, fulfilling relationships?

This global village of instant access  
Cannot dissolve the boundaries between us.  
The vast universe of mysterious Presence  
is no longer sought out; no longer explored

Now we're satisfied  
With this virtual world  
That sustains and entertains  
Within our four walls;  
But we can't deny  
The existence; the cries  
Of a deep seated absence  
That demands attention.

In such a solipsistic universe,  
The schizophrenic prefers  
The electric aura of the virtual.  
Its radiance beats mundane reality.

Perhaps we're experiencing  
A collective schizophrenia;  
A normalised pathology  
Of illusory reality.

Endless amnesia,  
sound byte psychosis;  
Zapping or zero consciousness;  
Recession of reality

Impatience without depth  
T.V reveals everything  
But has nothing to say.  
The infinite variety  
Of classical music;  
Literature and painting  
Seems unable to relieve  
Our current malaise

Even newer art forms boldly mixing styles,  
Which can be vital and exciting,  
Are drowned out by the daily blare  
Of asinine advertisements

Idly scanned material:  
Switch from news to soap opera;  
From sports to documentary;  
Trapped in a permanent present  
Without reference point,  
Or historical perspective.

Counterfeit culture;  
A culture of denial.  
Everything is destined  
To reappear as simulation:

Anarchism as street smart fashion;  
Landscapes as photography;  
Perfect male and female forms perverted  
By the cheap lustre of pornography.  
The bleakest human face  
Of tragedy and disaster  
Is rendered meaningless.  
It becomes just another  
Freely floating image  
Competing for attention.

The media is like a black magician;  
Who dares to create graven images;

Who inverts reality:  
Who defies all deities;  
Who tries in vain to conjure up  
A spectre of authenticity

Which always ends up removed from reality  
This is the world's strange, dark destiny;  
The world reappears as pure artifice  
An advertiser's copy of its own totality.

What we can still  
Ostensibly call human  
Is quickly receding.  
An in built death wish,  
Thanatos in over drive  
Could wipe the slate clean.  
A cybernetic civilisation  
Awaits on the horizon  
Ready to rear its monstrous head  
A silicon gorgon so obscene  
Schizophrenic culture:  
A culture torn apart;  
A culture on the brink,  
Of permanent destruction

As this Artificial Eden we have foolishly created,  
Sinks further into a twinkling, babbling quicksand;  
We live dominated by and addicted to gadgets.  
And yet we have qualities sadly unused:  
Of creativity and spirituality.

Tied by a sense of common humanity;  
We share a rich, vibrant vocabulary.  
Now our sense of who we are, or thought we were  
Appears to be dragged down and dictated  
By futile consumer dreams and demands.

Dominic Windram

# Artificial Eden: Kari Ann

Kari Ann of Fashion TV,  
Seduced by her new found fame;  
Surrounded by flatterers and  
All the glitter and glamour,  
Every young girl desires  
Carries out her daily routine;  
Casually unaware it seems  
Of the barbed wire of excess;  
Which will blur her sense of who she is  
And mutilate her perfect skin.  
The latest face for chic designs  
With high cheek bones and wide set blue eyes:

&quot; My skin's gotta be perfect  
There's no doubt about it.  
I'm totally the girl  
Who adores attention! &quot;

A Barbie doll on benzedrines  
A million dollar contract queen  
Waif like, vain, commodified  
Depersonalised and distanced.

She offers another empty, programmed pose;  
To the camera on the catwalk of her dreams;  
A photo shoot follows; then 'it's party till dawn'  
Catch a few hours sleep then do it once more.  
In love with the lie that 'blondes have more fun';  
There seems to be an air of cruel disdain  
About her measured, 'calm demeanour'.  
To present herself to the eyes of the world  
As a deluxe darling - surly, sleek and cool  
Is an ideal which can become so mundane.

Only when she breaks down and cries  
Does she reveal a human side;  
Behind the faint, erotic guise  
Of logo and style.

Like a thousand 'Femme Fatales' before her;  
Like a thousand other nameless angels;  
Who parade their flesh for the multitude  
Of web cam voyeurs & screen diseased slugs;  
She is just another code or number  
Signifying the manufacture of desire.

'I'm the kind of girl who you identify  
With brand new cars and the very latest styles  
Your gaze constructs me; you reduce me with your eyes.  
I'm so tired of wearing this mask,  
It doesn't fit. I feel out of synch;  
Body distorted; I fear decay;  
Don't wanna end up wrinkled and old! '

Anorexic culture; a culture of expulsion:  
Born of longing; cold and numb  
Brand name culture; a culture of denial:  
Disposable, crude, carefree and dumb.

Dominic Windram

# Artificial Eden: Lament Of The Dreamer

“The greatest revelation is stillness.” (Lao -tzu)

## Prologue

Endless neon entertainments:  
Distraction follows distraction.  
There's no sense of stillness  
In this land that has not been blessed.

Between you and I there was once a deep blue sky.  
And there once flowed a river of such sweet sounds.  
It was a pleasure to be with you and 'fully' alive  
Now the brief affair is over; there is no more to say

No flower strewn thoughts to tease and delight;  
No magical walks by the bridge at night;  
No romantic interludes; no moonlight sonatas;  
No troubadour to serenade his gentle, coy mistress.  
No more shall the blood red rose blossom it seems  
In the sacred garden of visions and dreams.  
But is it just another illusion?  
A deluded, romantic ideal?

True love is two solitudes  
That meet and greet  
At the heart of silence:  
The still centre of life.

Modern lovers now form  
Effective, economic partnerships,  
Aligned to liberal bonds and creeds,  
But they do not seem to experience  
The shining presence of the other  
For them the physical encounter  
(Subject to object; as 'I' relates to 'It')  
Is their only refuge; their only sanctuary.  
Retreating behind our facades,  
We find ourselves intolerably alone.

Where is the scorned sister of solitude?  
Whose strange, unearthly presence could penetrate  
The flowing veils of darkness;  
Whose warm tears of sorrow could replenish  
And redeem this burnt out landscape.  
The pale ghost of her fondly treasured memory  
Seems to whisper to me softly.  
Her words reproach the pitch- black horror of the Void  
And reverberate across this urban hell,  
To the outskirts; to the long, forgotten wilds:

" Why are these flowers crushed by the doorway  
That leads to a new day?  
Where is the light and where is the key?  
Where is the love that was promised to me?  
Love is a white dove with broken wings.  
Its fragile heart of sorrow bleeding.  
The moon and stars have lost their spark.  
The streams of life are frozen  
But out of this winter a new spring time  
Of fresh promise will slowly arise  
Amidst the ruins of ancient custom  
And nature's cycles which we deride  
Lovers! Don't harden your hearts to the Light!  
For the Divine Sun shall eclipse this Night.".

Dominic Windram

# Artificial Eden: Numb Narcissus

Vanity of vanities - all is vanity" (Ecclesiastes)

Another numb Narcissus -  
(Or archetypal Adonis)  
Works out each and every day;  
In front of a myriad of mirrors;  
In his one room apartment;  
On the outskirts of town.

Pumped full of steroids;  
Filled with dumb bell delusions  
Of action hero physique.  
He glances in mirror 1,  
At his muscular body  
Of steel and raw iron.

The glint in his eye  
Reveals a kind of cold splendour  
For he only ever sees  
The image he desires,  
But never the Truth  
The nature of his obsession.

Dominic Windram



# Artificial Eden: Post Metropolis

## POST METROPOLIS

a. Viva Las Vegas!

### Prologue

A neon metropolis illuminates the desert  
A modern Mecca or Jerusalem  
Where pilgrims are merely tourists  
Their worship idolatrous

Drive through by night  
Its cityscape reveals  
A blaze of billboards; Flashing signs  
Bright casinos; hotels and bars

Viva Las Vegas! Drive through the strip  
To the centre of its brazen heart  
Dazzling gold and silver boulevards  
Skyscrapers and the slowly swinging  
Tower cranes dwarf replicas of lands  
And cities - New York, Paris, Venice  
Egypt, Camelot where jewel like -  
Neon lights so joyfully proclaim  
The attractions of garish night spots.  
Blitzkreig of blazing colours  
Lady Luck/ Stardust/ Flamingo's  
Shocking pink - ravishing delights  
Blinking like a million eyes.

Viva Las Vegas! Glittering ribbon  
Stretching towards the distant mountains  
Zig zagging wildly - red and aloof  
Against the cloudless, dry azure sky  
El Dorado; The Holy Grail in  
The blessed age of the spectacle  
Luxor resort's -black glass pyramid;

A monument from another time  
A light shoots skywards from the top  
As if to reach out to Heaven!  
Beacon to swarms of bats and insects  
A ten storey sphinx squats by its side.

Viva Las Vegas! Modern life rules!  
Desert climate - barely surviving  
On air conditioning - and  
Endless, artificial lights  
Clattering slot machines in mundane,  
Carpeted and windowless blue rooms,  
Banal background muzak; but no clocks.  
For time here has no real meaning  
Oxygen rich air keeps customers  
Alert, addicted and ready to play  
Life's a roulette wheel - so play the game!  
Seedy, sinful mafia moved out long ago  
Replaced by dull corporate, conveyor belt mentality  
Now all the dark Angels have fled  
The true King's Elvis Presley  
And his clone army ghoulish and ghastly  
In their diamond studded suits;  
In their cheesy show biz glitz.

b.) The Garden of Love

&quot; Do you think you shall enter the garden of bliss without such trials as those who come before you? &quot; (The Qu'ran)

.  
Like modern, ecstatic Adam and Eves  
Celebrities and sheep like 'wannabees'  
Rush frantically like moths to a flame  
To shiny Eden; by another name;  
To the Garden of Love; not to kneel and pray  
But to get hitched ' quick' for they have no shame

Engage in gaudy, plastic ceremonies  
To consummate their tainted love; so feral and free!  
Pink cadillacs escort them to paradise  
Of dazzling flowers, cherubs and twinkling lights

Drive- in chapels; with white cleric columns  
But it's fun on a whim; nothing solemn  
Draped with silk roses and hearts  
And lush, forest green carpets

Inside the shrine the 'Holy Spirit' flows  
In the form of a butter cup yellow glow  
Emanating from white taper candles  
Perched upon huge, golden candelabras

Awe struck couples can't believe it's real.  
It feels like something out of a dream.  
Barbie clutches Ken's hand and says:  
" Hey Ken, this just has to be real! "

c.) I consumer hallelujah!

Pseudo Buddhists pray for porsches  
I consumer Hallelujah  
Bulbous gleaming golden arches  
I consumer Hallelujah!

Shopping is the new religion  
I consumer Hallelujah  
I -me - mine - that's the manta  
I consumer Hallelujah!

" I followed my heart through the night  
Past a thousand windows yellow with light...  
Down down it fell and it landed  
In the window of an L.A hotel."

c. The City of Quartz

Carceral city  
Sun lit mortuary  
Where you can rot  
Without feeling it

Phallic skyscrapers  
Penetrate deep blue skies

Glass hotels by the freeway  
Reflect the frenzied outer world  
Of target driven insanity  
No time to kill; no time to breathe.  
Mazes of shopping malls  
Cathedrals of commerce  
Where eerie, new gods dwell  
Exhilarating interior spaces  
Of escalators and elevators  
People like to flock here  
They're like kids with new toys  
Going around in circles  
Like goldfish in a bowl  
Going nowhere fast.

Commuter belts coldly disclose  
Their dark, salacious underbelly  
Urban slums; vicious gangland crime  
Wide spread industrial decline  
High tech, zero tolerance policing;  
New repressions imposed daily  
On mean streets ruled  
By merciless drug dealers

Explosions of uzi fire;  
The constant scream of police sirens:  
The whirr and buzz of helicopters  
Over blood stained concrete jungles  
News flash - the latest headlines  
&quot; Ruthless killer wipes out rival!

#### d. Gated Communities

Gated Communities - tranquil - tree lined bill board free  
The ravages of real life are not allowed entry  
No more public parks and squares where we can roam free  
Just private Empires and theme parks built on gree

Dominic Windram

# Artificial Eden: Superficial Kingdoms

PROLOGUE -

Dropped from the eternal realms, submitted to time and death, human beings continue to believe in their own separateness and in the present. Modern life seems to nourish and inflate the spectacular; distracting us from developing ourselves emotionally and spiritually. Only by means of great suffering can we, as individuals, liberate ourselves from the control of time and return to eternity, leave darkness and return to light.

SUPERFICIAL KINGDOMS

&quot; Be on your guard against all kinds of greed. A man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions (The Bible)

So many distractions;  
More Idols than Realities.  
Diminished awareness  
More illusions than allusions  
To symbols and archetypes  
From a vast, cultural past;  
Which seems to have been forgotten  
Which seems to have been replaced  
By endless sounds and images  
Crammed full of tension, conflict and fear  
Colourful but caustic;  
Loud, diffuse and bright.

Behind this shrieking of image and sound  
A stark, empty silence  
Is all that remains  
Of a cultural past  
Imperious perhaps,  
But organic, rich  
And expansive.

From African origins  
To Ancient Greece and Rome;  
From the Eastern wisdom  
Of Tibetan monks

To Sufi mystics  
Transcending space and time;  
From great biblical scribes  
To prophets and priests;  
From lofty Renaissance  
To Romantic ideal.

Claustrophobic culture;  
Cracked up creeds and rank confusion.  
Iconic Christ is purely a cipher;  
For current market needs and false desires.  
Little better than a bride stripped bare;  
Little better than a cartoon character;  
Little better than, "Reality T.V";  
Crudely sponsored by Coca Cola

Claustrophobic culture;  
No time to pause or catch one's breath  
The chaos is all around; Of images:  
Images recycled and repeated.  
Give us our daily bread, we pray;  
Fast food (KFC): Nike trainers  
MP3 players; DVDS  
Big Macs; 7UP; Starbucks:

"Share coffee, community, camaraderie; connection! "

Rolex watches; computer games  
high tech gadgets and designer jeans;  
A plethora of God and Shopping channels  
An advertiser's glimpse of Heaven.  
What's the 'genuine' article?  
What's real or make believe?

Interactive TV; phone in surveys;  
Songs, ads and self help manuals  
Which implore us to find ourselves;  
To unlock the door to 'perfect' peace.  
The real is no longer what it used to be;  
The image now exceeds the reality;  
The real is now an official fiction;  
The real has disappeared from view.

Txt culture of interruption;  
Human dialogue defunct.  
It's like the last crazed act  
Of a malnourished tribe.

&quot; Txt me; txt me; please txt me  
I'm independent  
Yet always in demand  
Busy but not tied down  
So txt me; please txt me;  
And I'll get back to you later.&quot;

Corporate interest culture  
Of rampant materialism;  
Born without conscience  
Driven by the American dream

Look at all the phony people!  
Where do they all come from?  
Look at all the phony people!  
Where do they all belong?

These days Beauty is created by prosthetics  
Urban beauty by landscape surgery  
Opinion by opinion poll surgery.  
Genetic research offers a perverse kind of progress;  
Plastic surgery for the whole human species.  
And the birth of purified ` brave new' beings  
Like designer brands made to impress:  
Cute carbon copy; blue print babies.

An unrelenting hedonism  
Comes sweeping into view:  
The cult of vain celebrity  
Of cut price kings & anorexic queens.

Fake plastic trees and  
De rigueur designs adorn  
The palatial ` pleasure domes'  
Of the nouveau riche.  
Their status assumes

A warped normality  
As they seem to embody  
Everything we'd like to be

Our fascination  
With their lifestyles  
May sell millions  
of magazines  
But it expresses  
A deep sense of absence  
As they seem to live out  
A thousand dreams for us

Superficial saturation of T.V;  
Private lives going public  
In titillating talk shows;  
Horrors are regurgitated  
And sanitised in 24 hour

News programmes & documentaries.  
Forced extroversion of our interior lives:  
No halo of private protection surrounds us.  
The end of intimacy and inner growth  
Does it also mark the death of love?

A creed of profiteering  
Is driven like a callous nail  
Through the heart land  
Of this Artificial Eden,  
With its vast, sprawling kingdoms  
Superficial and insidious  
Built on the Puritan work ethic  
To improve each shining hour

Still falls the cold, stinging rain  
On the columns of the stock exchange  
Where slick, deranged financiers  
Are out of their minds on cocaine

Maggot infested heart  
Of the famed 'Big Apple':  
Rotten to the core.



Corporate run culture  
Air brushed dreams and desires;  
Commodity signs abound;  
The logo symbolises status;  
The divine Logos is now defunct;  
The Artificial rules over the Real  
Consumers not true citizens,  
Only desiring machines.

Dominic Windram

# Artificial Eden: The Pleasure Principle (Addiction Theme)

Quick fix culture - born of frustration  
We're perched headlong on the fast lane  
Of burn out leading to boredom.  
The desolate places within each of us  
Cannot be filled, refreshed or soothed by  
The relentless pursuit of one night stands

Prozac prescribed to millions of persons  
To numb the pain of existence  
But it never heals the inner kingdom  
Just scratches the outer surface  
Of the ravaged ego's deadly -  
Hydra like symptoms

All our lives we seem to move  
Back and forth from dark to light  
From light to darkness  
From the cradle to the grave  
We are the eternal seekers  
Expectant and self - serving  
But the search for new sensation  
Leads to the threshold of despair

Invasion of the pure pools of silence  
By the endless noise of desire  
Addictions that sidetrack and eclipse  
The hallowed energy of our higher selves  
Addictions that deaden our truest desires  
From tranquilisers to angel dust and heroin.  
If its ecstasy that you crave  
Desire creates more desire  
If its escape you crave  
Desire feeds off desire

Mainlining smack  
The ultimate fix  
When needle and vein  
Engage in a kiss  
That will lead to  
Closer communion

The rush of blood  
The sheer thrill  
When the brain  
Receives the hit  
Of rapid, small  
Explosions  
Oh the feeling!  
Oh the ecstasy

And then the swan dive slow  
Like falling flakes of snow.  
Words turn to dreams  
Flesh to phantoms.

The precious spark  
In all of us has died  
Fragments of beauty  
Lie paralysed.

Quick fix culture  
A tortured procession  
Of addictive personalities  
The desert grows within us all  
Woe to those who hide  
The wastelands of the heart.

Dominic Windram

# Artificial Eden: The Void

" Everything that is given to you is only the material of this life and its vanity. What is with Allah is far better and everlasting."(The Quran)

We cannot escape the Void through idle flights of fancy.  
We cannot escape the Void through animal ecstasies.  
We can only be still and pray for absolution.  
We can only be still and penetrate the Light within.

I hope and pray that the hidden face of God  
Will finally emerge from its seclusion.  
And the Veil of illusion will slowly lift,  
From this artificially inseminated Eden

Only such a seismic event will  
Reveal to us the emptiness  
Of our times; only then will  
The fleeting pleasures of this world;  
Of vanities and virtual phantasms  
Pale into insignificance and dissolve  
Like evening shadows into an abyss  
Of perpetual and nullifying darkness.

It seems that the worldly delights of this hedonistic 'paradise'  
Cannot bring us the divine peace that 'passeth' understanding;  
Cannot bring us into a deep and joyous presence with the Other;  
Cannot remove this Vale of Tears; part of life's rich fabric.

The hidden God; the fabled Holy Grail  
Is ours to uncover  
It is the purpose of suffering  
In the face of the Void;  
To teach us grace and warm humility  
Despite our anguish.

We should not deny it  
By a thousand desperate kinds of flight.  
For the fruits of suffering

(healed by Love's gentle caress)  
As they grow from tender vine:  
Are wholeness, compassion,  
A deep sense of awe and wonder;  
A heightened sense of spirituality;  
A sense of belonging;  
Of human solidarity  
From which we have been distracted  
From which we can recover.

Dominic Windram

# Artificial Eden: Torn Between Light And Dark

O my aching heart;  
Torn between light and dark  
Perhaps tonight I might feel  
The pure light descend on me.  
Perhaps tonight I might see  
The darkness that's inside of me.

Refuse to die - drift with the wind;  
Refuse to fade away.  
Let me glimpse frail rays of sunshine  
On a rainy day.  
Let me touch the earth and hold it close.  
May sweet violets of Spring bloom and grow.

Perhaps tonight that I might feel.  
The flashing light come down on me.  
Perhaps tonight I might see  
The bleak darkness depart from me.

We must stand still in the chaos  
Of our shattered pieces;  
Feel the pain of our brokenness;  
Before we can return to Light;  
So lost are we in the soul's dark night.

Dominic Windram

## Artificial Love:

Artificial love:

Cold metal of the closed heart.

Neon gods prosper.

Dominic Windram

# Artificial World

O we've lost a sense of life's mysteries.  
We are now content to watch cheap, empty shows.  
We cannot decipher the meaning of dreams.  
We're now content to bask in the neon glow  
Of artificial lights. Nature is merely  
The next screen saver on our glossy gadgets.  
We may be satiated; but we're not free.  
For our lives are marked by deep seated regrets.

Dominic Windram



# Artists/ Poets Versus Bureaucrats

While you sleep, we are awake.  
While you are pontificating  
We are busy: realising our dreams.  
While you are procrastinating,  
We are doing things moment by moment.  
While you are stagnating,  
We are evolving and  
Expanding our consciousness.

Dominic Windram

## Art's Purpose

Some believe in Heaven, whereas others believe  
In nothing. Some go with the flow; others feel that  
Happiness is merely a pretty mask that hides  
The monstrous face of Hell. Sometimes things get so dark  
It's hard to believe in the Light. The ancient Greeks  
Dealt so well with great suffering, not by simply  
Avoiding it, but by transforming it through Art.  
O we modern types should learn from their example!  
We should create Art that enchants, but that is not  
Afraid to confront the abyss that scorns Creation.

Dominic Windram

# As I Gaze...

As I gaze upon  
The vast, azure, open sky,  
I sense new freedoms.

Dominic Windram

## As I Observe....(Headland, Hartlepool, June 8th,2020)

As I observe the  
Waves and the rock pools I think  
Of life's ebb and flow.

Dominic Windram

# As I Retreat For A While

As I slowly retreat from the world's sweet madness,  
I shall gather in all the emblems of beauty  
And innocence: from fresh spring flowers to the meek  
Lamb's white I shall hibernate, like  
The animals in winter, and compose countless  
Odes to the earth, and hymns to the glory of stars.

Dominic Windram

## As I Walk Alone...(March 25th,2020)

As I walk alone along the seafront,  
I can hear the mournful voice of the wind.  
It seems to sing of long, forgotten things.  
It gently whispers its secrets to me.  
It knows of ebbing tides and distant shores.  
It has witnessed the turning of centuries.  
Although the future now seems uncertain,  
The sea wind will carry on and guide us.  
We just have to listen closely to its songs;  
As we walk slowly along the sands of time.

Dominic Windram

## As Night Leans Upon The Dawn: (July,12th,2020)

As night leans upon the dawn,  
I shall gather this heap  
Of broken, disowned words,  
And let them sing again.

Dominic Windram

## As Summer Turns To Autumn...(September 3rd,2020)

Summer is loosening its hold on Nature's canvas,  
As all of its warm colours are melting into  
The solemn ochres of autumn; which in turn will  
Transmogrify into the bleak whites of winter.  
This September light is decidedly dream - like.  
Although there is now a certain chill in the air,  
I can still perceive subtle glints of gold and green,  
As the sun intermingles languidly with grass  
And trees in the late afternoon under deep blue  
Skies that seem ripe with endless possibilities.

Dominic Windram



## As The Light Departs..

As the light departs and Earth is plunged into night,  
Silence permeates the mind and our thoughts slow down.  
We wonder if life under the stars is dream like.  
O soon we will drift off to sleep without a sound.

Dominic Windram

## As The Virus Continues To Spread....

We are still waiting for miracles to occur  
We would like to live amidst perpetual spring.  
I guess we are all searching for warm asylum.  
We still have faith that everything will be alright.  
But alas, the world tragically weighs us down.  
In these tenebrous, mortal realms, winter still reigns.  
The wild, passionate flowers of youth are too brief.  
Summer's carefree, innocent songs soon fade away.  
Autumn's solemn ceremonies makes us reflect  
On existence. Yet there's no hint of redemption.  
Time corrupts us and steals our precious hopes and dreams.  
O we are all heading towards a shallow grave!

Dominic Windram

# As We Entered

As we entered the vast doorway of dreams  
Things were decidedly not what they seemed.  
All that was bright was cloaked in endless night.  
All that was heavy became very light.  
Figures, shapes, once so big, appeared so small  
Eden was soon darkened by the Fall.  
And huge, lumbering monsters were transformed  
Into snowflakes and other fragile forms.  
We tasted shadow fruit that was bitter-sweet,  
And felt the force of original seeds.  
O flowers and birds turned into words!  
We couldn't work out their meaning. We heard  
Tender songs which quickly became the moans  
Of innumerable ghosts. The world's groans  
Seemed to settle upon us like insects.  
Every time, we attempted to dissect  
All that we had felt, tasted, heard and seen,  
They slipped away into the depths of dreams.

Dominic Windram

## As Winter Turns To Spring (Early March: 2017)

As the snow drop stirs under the still, white season,  
I contemplate the silence that creates tender faith.  
Although it is still cold and the wind is howling,  
And the streets are wet with interminable rain,  
I sense that a frail, warm light is drawing near.  
O I sense the soft glow of promise and surprise!  
I hope the spring will bring fresh possibilities.  
I hope this manic world will turn a little slower.

Dominic Windram

# Astronaut

I'm an astronaut.  
I visit alien worlds.  
I miss the birdsong.

Dominic Windram

## Astronaut Blues (Inspired By David Bowie)

Moon dust glowing in my fractured mind:  
Still dreaming of strange, distant green worlds  
Beyond the reach of familiar Earth.  
It's so awfully lonely in here:  
Weightless - in this accomplished spaceship;  
Floating amidst a phalanx of stars.  
Family & friends are receding  
Reduced to intermittent screenings.  
It is just me and technology  
For company. I guess that's progress.

Dominic Windram

# At Bochum's Fair Park

At Bochum's fair park,  
The sunlight streams through tall trees;  
Flowers are smiling.

Dominic Windram

# At Christmastime

At Christmastime, weather beaten houses  
Are lit up to disguise the wintry gloom.  
At Christmastime, new promise is aroused  
In the hearts and minds of both young and old.  
At Christmastime, we should reflect and listen  
As the picturesque, falling snowflakes glisten.  
At Christmastime, Love's fire is rekindled:  
Rich or poor we're one body; one spirit.  
At Christmastime, we give and receive blessings.  
For these are our most important presents.

Dominic Windram



# At Midnight

At midnight, when all is quiet,  
I hear the softest voices.  
Are the pale ghosts of yesterday  
Murmuring in the deep green trees?  
Are they hiding amidst leaves?  
Are they whispering on the breeze?  
About wondrously subtle things?  
Is there a light that never dies?  
At midnight, when all is quiet,  
My worries & fears dissipate.

Dominic Windram

## At Nightfall: (June 26th,2020)

At nightfall, a weariness comes over me  
And I dream of the pure, flowery beauty  
Of these warm, summer days. O I wish that they  
Would never end, but sadly they are too brief.

Dominic Windram

# At The Airport

Fractured voices;  
Labyrinthine corridors;  
Dizzying images:  
A blaze of gaudy colours;  
Consumerist paradise:  
Bewildered herds of buyers;  
Cattle like in their movement.  
Confusing check in desks;  
Constant surveillance...  
And then packed like  
Sardines in a tin  
We fasten our seatbelts  
And prepare for flight!

Dominic Windram

## At The Allotment (Summer 2018)

O wondrous, colourful flower,  
How I'm entranced by your power;  
To charm even the most pitiless souls:  
A joyous distraction from worldly woes.

Dominic Windram

# At The Crossroads

Fragmented signs are scattered  
Across this stony wilderness.  
A harvest of stars hangs heavy  
In the purgatorial night.  
The heat is sickly and oppressive.  
I feel no cooling winds of fortune.  
I see no angels of sweet mercy.  
I only hear temptation's whispers.  
I can almost taste bitter fruit.  
I sense the putrid scent of death.  
Nagging spectral forces seem  
To await my decision.  
Yet I cannot choose a path,  
For all roads lead to Golgotha.

Dominic Windram

# At The Food Market

At the food market,  
Bananas are resplendent  
In their golden skins.

Dominic Windram

# At The Fringe Festival (Edinburgh: Late August,2009)

▪

At the Fringe Festival, it is always the same.  
Ex private school and Oxbridge twits prancing around  
The stage, like cut price primadonnas; beguiled by  
The misconception that they are comedians.

Dominic Windram

# At The Old Headland

At the old Headland:  
The roar of silver blue waves;  
The cries of seagulls.

Dominic Windram



## At The Poetry Retreat (Late August 2015)

At the poetry retreat, we tried to master  
The subtle meanings, rhythms and flows of language,  
So that we could better describe our dreams and  
Our secret longings. We're still working hard at it!

Dominic Windram

# At The Supermarket

The supermarket contains a veritable  
Cornucopia of delights: from vegetables  
Fruits and meats of all kinds to fizzy drinks, beer, wine  
Clothes and toys. Its bright colours are simply divine!  
I can see how it inspired Warhol's Pop Art:  
From tins and assortments of sweets to cakes and tarts;  
From canned and frozen foods to pasta, bread and rice;  
From dairy to poultry; from heavy food to light;  
From kitchen appliances, DVDs,  
And computer games to books and stationery.  
There are always offers, sales, vouchers and coupons  
To tempt hungry customers looking for bargains.  
The modern supermarket fulfils all our dreams!  
For this vibrant place has everything one needs.

Dominic Windram

## Atrophy 2

In dreams I see you quickly decaying.  
O there are solemn tombstones in your eyes.  
And your hair is dripping with acid rain.  
And all the signs along life's pathways say,  
That you will never experience or taste  
The sumptuous joys & fruits of love again.

Dominic Windram

## August Arrives (August 1st,2020)

August arrives with  
Redeeming late summer rain;  
That falls so lightly.

Dominic Windram

# Augusta National: Home Of The U.S Masters

O it's like the Nineteen Sixties never happened!  
Here everything is frozen in time. It's so  
Damn perfect! There are the pristine fairways and greens;  
The sapphire waters and the azaleas  
In constant bloom. Yet something is amiss here.  
Behind this gleaming artificial paradise,  
Lies a history of ugly bigotry and  
Reams of downright dirty, despicable racism!

Dominic Windram

# Auschwitz

Black snow is falling.  
Silent screams drift on the wind:  
Millions of ghosts.

Dominic Windram

## Autumn Beckons: (August 27th,2019)

Dark green ending  
Of summer. Autumn beckons.  
Shadows now linger  
Like enigmatic figures.  
I trace the contours  
Of a fading, spectral light  
Which briefly suggests  
That the warm magic has passed.  
Yet it points to a  
More solemn, subtle season  
Of colour and shade:  
Ochre. crimson, rusted gold.

Dominic Windram

# Autumn Leaves

I have imbibed October's vintage blood,  
And I'm drawn to Autumn's solemn presence.  
I'm inspired by its eerie, fallen leaves;  
In all their rusty coloured variety.

O they lived with such purpose and keenness;  
With vitality in shining summer.  
Yet now they possess a profound, dream like  
Beauty and quiet dignity in death.

Dominic Windram



# Autumn Moonlight

The river rippling  
In the bright Autumn moonlight:  
The calmness of night.

Dominic Windram

# Autumn Musings

Watching the leaves fall:  
Notions sketched but not pursued.  
Light filters through trees.

Dominic Windram

# Autumn Poem

Rusted leaves gather:  
Autumn scene at my window  
Of red, gold and brown.

Dominic Windram

## Autumn Poem 2

Autumn has arrived  
In a heap of coloured leaves:  
Reds & golds & browns.

Dominic Windram

# Autumn Sketches

The cold, dark November dawn brings the rain.  
It splashes, splutters on window panes.  
The wind, as if in despair, moans and howls.  
The rusty coloured leaves are scattered around.

Dominic Windram

# Autumnal Moments (October 20th,2019)

Autumnal moments:

October's rich blood flows through

The veins of crisp leaves.

Dominic Windram

# Autumnal Remembrance - 2014

Time's rusted leaves  
Gather in the garden  
of my autumnal dreams.  
These scattered remnants:  
Burnt browns, reds and golds  
Are like Death approaching;  
Yet clad in a tarnished beauty.  
Deep within their vibrant colours,  
I glimpse the vague traces  
Of loved ones long gone.

The scent of bonfires,  
Lingers like an old friend  
In the crisp evening air.  
The blood of October  
Is like a vintage wine:  
So rich: both sweet and dry.

Autumn is all light and shade;  
offering more dimensions  
To the heart of our grief.  
This is a time to reflect,  
Before the bitter coming,  
Of the certain frost and snow.

Dominic Windram

# Autumnal Winds: (September 2019)

Autumnal winds stir  
The trees in the dream like park.  
The leaves are rustling.

Dominic Windram



# Autumn's Rusty Leaves

Autumn's rusty leaves  
Are a veritable feast  
Of red, brown and gold.  
I hear them crunch and crackle  
As I walk along  
This time honoured, tree lined grove.  
Another year will  
Soon be coming to an end,  
And I desire to  
Absorb Nature's rich harvest,  
Before the advent  
Of bitter winds and darkness.

Dominic Windram

# Avoid Distractions!

Don't be distracted.  
Avoid the fruit's aroma.  
Focus on the seed.

Dominic Windram

# Awaken Sleepers!

Sleepers in the twilight world,  
Awaken from placid dreams.  
It's the moment you must seize  
And let the future unfurl.  
Wrestle with inner angels.  
Give form to fleeting beauty.  
Though the storm of life rages,  
Cease to see through a glass darkly.  
Sow sacred seeds that will reap  
A golden harvest of stars.  
Dive for precious pearls that lie deep  
Within the Being you are.

Dominic Windram

# Awakening To A World In Need

Awakening to a world in need,  
Means identifying corporate greed.  
And combatting it with all one's might.  
It means putting unjust wrongs to right.  
We must remove the scales from our eyes.  
Systems must serve us throughout life;  
Not us serving systems: cold and crude.  
Let us deconstruct the so-called News,  
And create more edifying things  
To occupy our minds. We need new wings  
To soar above an abyss of lies.  
Will we respond to the oppressed's cries?  
Or will we continue in the same  
Old way; simply drifting through each day?

Dominic Windram

## B.B.C News

We still have to pay for the ' privilege'  
Of being submitted to constant state  
Propaganda 24 hours a day.  
I think it's high time we had pay per view.  
At least it would surely provide these bloated,  
Overrated presenters with something to  
Think about. I'm not at all interested  
In massaging their huge egos. I just  
Want to be presented with the facts.  
O surely that is not too much to ask? !

Dominic Windram

## B.B.C News - A.K.A State Propaganda

The news reader stares at me from the screen,  
In a calm, authoritative manner,  
Buttressed by a brightly lit studio.  
Then he addresses amorphous viewers,  
Yet speaks to no one in particular.  
Although he spouts Queen's English verbatim  
He's mouthing things I can't quite comprehend:  
Something strange about our current crisis;  
Something absurd about the Middle East;  
Devoid of the necessary context.  
Then the machinations of Parliament:  
Do these mandarins really speak for us?  
Next celebrities merge with sports items  
And then the 'humorous' story at the end.  
No significant communication  
It's all a game; just polished performance.  
I feel so powerless; I cannot act  
Only deconstruct the propaganda.

Dominic Windram

# Back From The Dead (The Incredible Escapades Of John Darwin: The Canoe Man)

In the old, crumpled town of Hartlepool:  
A place that's filled with its fair share of fools:  
From Andy Capp, monkey mayor & mad knaves,  
To dull ape men still grunting in their caves,  
There lived a con man: name of John Darwin.  
Who was last seen frantically paddling  
Out to sea in an old, battered canoe.  
Then soon reported missing on the local news.  
This seemed serious not the usual twaddle.  
For the very next day a double edged paddle,  
Was discovered among some rocks nearby.  
A dark shadow was cast over the Seaton skies.  
A week later came the rest of the wreck.  
But no news of the man who was in debt.  
Mr John Darwin was nowhere to be found.  
&quot; Presumed dead&quot;;, but the truth had sneaked out of bounds.  
Right under the noses of careless police inspectors,  
The canoe man was headed in another direction.  
For wily John had simply moved to sunny Panama;  
Using a false name he found in a local graveyard.  
Meanwhile his vile wife claimed on his life insurance,  
For a tidy sum in excess of ten thousand.  
Unbelievably, canoe man returned  
To his abode in monkey hanger land,  
And he now lived in an adjacent flat,  
Behind a wardrobe with a false back.  
Why he'd even walk the streets in a dodgy disguise  
With woolly hat & beard; but was spotted despite the lie.  
&quot; Aren't you supposed to be dead? &quot;  
One rather astonished local said.  
&quot; Shush...don't tell anyone.&quot; whispered John,  
As he feebly pretended to limp along.  
Then back to Panama he fled,  
This crude faker of his own death.  
Years went by; but he began to worry.  
The spies were out; he though he'd been seen:  
Courtesy of a picture that had

Been carelessly posted on the Internet.  
But devious John had one more trick up his sleeve,  
And what he did next is difficult to believe.  
He returned to London to a police station  
And boldly declared himself a 'missing' person.  
Crossing his fingers, he said that he  
Was suffering badly from amnesia  
And had no memory of the past five years;  
Didn't know who he was, why or where?  
Perhaps you can guess what happened next  
In this far fetched but sadly true story  
Of back stabbing, lengthy jail sentences,  
Public mirth and private misery aplenty.  
To us it's just another chapter in our town's  
Preposterous legacy: John Darwin  
The canoe man: international celebrity!

Dominic Windram



# Backward Town

Painted trash dig apes:  
That is the way of the world;  
Better leave this place!

Dominic Windram

# Bad Trip

A terrible sickness,  
Too vague to comprehend,  
Has entered our dreams.

Warning signs emanate,  
In the pits of our stomachs:  
Burning sensations that will not relent.

I'm moved by your presence  
As we cling to fading remnants of Beauty.  
I value small, consoling mercies.

I note the gradual collapsing  
Of every texture & surface.

Familiar objects become eerie & obscure.

O this unholy condition of atrophy!  
O this marked change in the weather!

The wind is now howling!  
The black dogs are barking!

The stars are dead.

Time is disjointed.  
Time is a terminal disease.

As we gaze into the dark mirror,  
We see ourselves ageing,  
Moment by moment.

The future is a chasm.

Dominic Windram

## Badly Damaged: (London 1994)

You wander the streets at night,  
Looking for a fix or hit.  
Tonight is no different.  
Now you're feeling nauseous,  
Because you're such a speed freak.  
You're looking emaciated.  
Your face is ghostly white and  
Your blood shot eyes scream out for sleep.

Dominic Windram

# Balloon Dogs

These metallic purveyors  
Of kitsch optimism,  
Glitter like cartoon gods  
In day- glow yellow, blue, green and red.

They may not be the real thing;  
These large, fluorescent structures;  
These bold, bloated reminders  
Of our cuddly canine friends.  
Yet they do depict an Age  
That worships cozy surfaces.

Meanwhile back in the cold steel  
World of hard fact; devoid of gloss  
Of starless nights and empty days  
The feral animals are howling.

Dominic Windram

# Baptism

The Light christens us,  
In desperate days, when we are  
Looking for a guide.

Dominic Windram

## Baptism 2: (July,2010)

I feel baptised by your eyes of deep blue  
With your beauty so elusive yet true.  
I feel reborn in your saintly presence  
O you capture summer's languid essence!

Dominic Windram

## Barnard Castle, Town Centre: (August 24th,2020)

Quaint, old town centre:  
Antique shops and jewellers;  
Charity stores and  
Second hand books; restaurants,  
Pubs, markets stalls, small  
Art studios, galleries,  
Odds and sods, florists,  
Picture post card perfection.

Dominic Windram

# Baudrillard's Beach

Piles of cool random objects of desire:  
(Watches & cans & bottles & gadgets)  
Are washed up on so called civilized shores:  
Driftwood of debt ridden economies.

Dominic Windram



## Baudrillard's Vision.

Millions of people are constantly dreaming  
Of sumptuous superstars & grand spectacles  
Beyond their reach. Each one repeats mindless mantras.  
From the office to the gym they sing the same hymns.  
Like infants snug in their cradles, they are still swayed  
By sweet illusions. Their gadgets have replaced toys.  
They're seduced by glossy adverts of happiness.  
O monotony breeds spurious fantasies.  
Every epoch has entertained distractions:  
From bread & circuses to T.V & movies.  
Today's world provides a plenitude of pleasures.  
It's just that right now things have gotten out of hand.  
No one wants to perceive the worms at the fruit's core.  
Millions of us are content with our dreaming.

Dominic Windram

## Be Prepared: : (As If Bojo Ever Is!)

Dyb, dyb, dyb, dob, dob, dob.

Where's BoJo? Down the pub? !

Again... dyb, dyb, dyb, dob, dob, dob

He's too lazy to do the job!

Dominic Windram

# Be Thankful For Small Mercies

Better to be human,  
Than to be lonely & blue  
Like the gods & angels -  
Forever imprisoned  
In heaven's solitary realms.  
Better to be human,  
In the truest sense,  
Rather than succumb  
To raging animal ecstasies.  
Better to be ordinary,  
Than a creative genius -  
Burning in their own fires;  
Torn between Eros & Thanatos.  
Be thankful for small mercies.

Dominic Windram

# Be Yourself

I've no ace of spades to play.  
I'm saddled with a useless deck.  
I'm no action man on the front.  
I'd much rather paint fresh flowers.  
I'm no fitness fanatic.  
I'm so pale and out of shape.  
I'm not into mundane health food,  
Just stuff that tantalises my taste buds  
I'm not a rampant go getter.  
I like to sleep long, pillowed hours.  
But at least I'm not a regimented sheep.  
And I thank the good Lord for that fact!

Dominic Windram

# Beautiful Blue Skies

Beautiful blue skies  
After the clouds have passed by:  
Summery moments.

Dominic Windram

# Beautiful Dreamer

She was a beautiful dreamer;  
A butterfly kissed by the sun.  
But now she's a permanent resident  
In the dark house of exile.  
The sweet flowers of her longings  
Are crushed by the doorway;  
That no longer leads to a new dawn.  
She knows the bittersweet emptiness  
Of cold winter evenings spent  
Chasing the dragon in smoky mind heaven.  
Still she spends days and night preparing  
A mask in order to confront the world  
Once again. Turning from the mirror,  
She's mesmerised by a solitary candle flame,  
She forgets her self, her doubts, her name.  
She was once a beautiful, but reckless dreamer.

Dominic Windram

# Beautiful Lyrics: (Inspired By Jeff Buckley,1966 - 1997)

Beautiful lyrics;  
Tinged with melancholia:  
Darkest of roses

Dominic Windram

## Beauty Among Ill.

Beauty among ill:  
Wondrous wings of a wild bird;  
Lullabies of Spring.

Dominic Windram



# Beauty Is Wounded

Beauty is wounded.  
She's breaking into pieces.  
The butterflies have  
Been drained of their bright colours.  
Tyrants are sneering  
Within this cold kingdom's realms.  
For Love is confined  
In the darkest of prisons.

Dominic Windram

# Beauty, Love And Freedom

Poets can weave webs of delicate imagery.  
Painters can create colourful worlds of beauty.  
And we with our pure love can change this wanton world.  
We can be free of stifling systems and soar like birds.

Dominic Windram

# Beauty's Rare Gifts

Delicate & rare

Are Beauty's fleeting flowers:

In this world of thorns.

Dominic Windram

# Becoming Whole

We find sanctuary in myriad guises;  
In imagined Edens before the Fall;  
In endless, green emblems of Innocence;  
In luxury items that lure us like Sirens.

Nursery lullabies & guardian angels,  
Once kept the miasmal darkness at bay.  
Now they seem to mock us intermittently.  
They can become grotesque when we turn to pray.

The distorted image in the black mirror  
Coldly reflects our fragmented nature.  
Lacan perceived the hard facts of the psyche;  
Behind this crude world's fragile mask of beauty.

O what blind, leech-like half formed creatures are we!  
We dwell in shadows; we're afraid of the Light!  
We must face life's long, arduous journey,  
Before we reach the asylum of insight.

Dominic Windram

# Beethoven

Beethoven gave great  
Voice, to the dense cadences,  
Of wild creation,

Dominic Windram

# Beethoven Was An Independent Soul

In a letter to Prince Lichnowsky, one of his appreciators and patrons, Beethoven wrote: "Prince, what you are, you are through chance and birth; what I am, I am through my own labour. There are many princes and there will continue to be thousands more, but there is only one Beethoven." (Ludwig van Beethoven, 1806) .

O Beethoven admonished his patron.  
He denounced unearned inheritance and  
Undeserved privilege in fiery words.  
He boldly proclaimed his own artistic  
Merits, ideals and independence. For  
He was a trail blazer; a world shaker.  
Unlike many of today's so called ' stars':  
Who sell their wanton souls for top dollar.

Dominic Windram

# Beethoven's Profound Discontent

Beethoven was a deeply troubled soul.  
For he felt that he had not yet composed  
Even a musical note of real worth,  
Despite his outstanding body of work.  
It seems that many artists feel this way.  
They spend their whole lives looking for a ray  
Of sunshine; within this cold, darkened world.  
They wish to capture sublime moments of beauty  
Yet what they glimpse, then grasp, are mere fading dreams.

Dominic Windram

# Begin Reading Books

Begin reading books.  
You're ignorant of the facts!  
You petty bigots!

Dominic Windram



# Behind Beauty's Veil

Behind Beauty's veil:  
A realm of hidden treasures;  
Eternal delights!

Dominic Windram

## Behind Masks And Illusions

Behind this pale, weathered mask lies,  
The transparent, shimmering Light.  
Behind this veil of illusion,  
Lie profound truths and subtle notions.

Dominic Windram

## Behind Rituals: Christmas Eve,2019

Behind rituals, we'll find the spiritual,  
And open our hearts to Love. We'll be as free as birds.  
We'll see that the sacred realms are perpetual.  
O we can bring into being the holy Word!

Dominic Windram

# Behind The Mask

Behind the mask, a  
Wintering heart of darkness:  
Time's frozen warnings.

Dominic Windram

## Behind The Veil...

Behind the fragile veil of creation  
Behind every noble, beautiful thing,  
Invariably there's desolation,  
And the dark marks of pain and suffering.

Dominic Windram

## Behind The Wall (Israel - Palestine)

Behind the wall:

The burning shrapnel flows.

Buildings lie in ruins.

Freedom's flowers cannot grow.

Behind the wall:

Grey streets of sadness;

A suffocating silence;

An Apartheid fuelled madness.

Behind the wall:

They don't really exist.

They're hidden from the tourist's gaze.

Yet they still boldly resist.

Behind the wall:

What the eyes of the world

Refuse to perceive; but slowly

The light is unfurling.

Dominic Windram

# Behold The Keen Light

Behold the keen Light  
That transfigures creation:  
Frees it from decay.

Dominic Windram

## Being A Poet

If you want to learn about loneliness  
Become a poet. If you want to learn  
About solitude and sorrow become  
A mystic. In my time I have explored  
Both paths. I've stuck with the former. And now  
I build worlds that I cannot inhabit.  
For wild dreams are transitory things.  
O the taste of freedom would be so sweet,  
If it wasn't for the perennial  
Weight of the intolerable ages.

Dominic Windram



# Bel Air

All those tennis courts,  
Swimming pools and sun kissed lawns,  
Seem so essential.

Dominic Windram

## Bel Air 2

Meaningless forms embellished with glitter;  
Manicured and oxygenated perfection;  
New faces, new fingernails, glossy brain cells;  
Overrated trash, cartoon gurus and sects;  
A plethora of alternative therapies;  
Effulgence of shimmering, garish blues and greens.

Driveways lined by palm trees and limousines;  
Nonchalantly zonked optimism: where tennis courts,  
Swimming pools and sun kissed, aromatic lawns  
Seem so essential in this modern, profligate world.  
Here the super -rich flit like spectres,  
In the monied glow of a hyper realist Hockney print.

Dominic Windram

# Belief

I don't believe in current flags of hate;  
Only the radiant banners of tomorrow.  
I don't believe in vain elites;  
Only the ostricised, ragged stranger.  
I don't believe in archaic monarchy;  
Only the supreme power of all people.  
I don't believe in stale religion or cold dogma;  
Only genuine spiritual interaction.  
I don't believe in fake, arbitrary order  
Only chaos that engenders a flux of stars.  
I don't believe in nebulous illusions,  
As I've awoken from the dream.  
I don't believe in grand spectacles;  
Only wild, raging voices at the margins.  
I don't believe in the bogus leaders  
Of servile, sheep like human kind.  
I don't believe in novelties;  
Only the substance not the style.  
I don't believe in crass gadgets;  
Only bold, elementary art.  
I don't believe in the system;  
Only the cries of the oppressed.  
But I believe in the bright flame of justice  
That will never ever be extinguished.

Dominic Windram

# Beneath The Bridge

Beneath the bridge the stream of blue and green  
Dances so dreamily; soothed by sunlight.  
I feel so free in this abode of peace:  
So far away from all the endless strife.  
This life has golden moments if we glance  
Beyond the ghostly grey, diurnal dread.  
Alas it seems cityscapes don't enhance  
The soul's natural hunger to be wed  
To pure sources of eternal bliss.  
But I will keep this splendid spot of time  
In my memory, despite the viper's kiss  
Of modern life and all its sordid signs.  
As you are here faithful, bright and bold  
In faithless Age of surfaces so cold.

Dominic Windram

# Benediction

Although we are no longer able to  
Decipher esoteric symbols and signs,  
The holy Word won't deteriorate  
Into brazen, hackneyed colloquialisms.  
Although secular gods seem to prevail,  
Grace resides in molecular structures.  
Although the wastelands of the heart  
Are vast, Love's remedies will still heal,  
While calm angels watch over the world. And  
The sun shall gleam on the fragments of hymns.

Dominic Windram

## Better To Be...

Better to believe in yourself  
Than crave a court of flatterers.  
Better to learn a lesson in humility  
Than give yourself ridiculous airs & graces.  
Better to be true to your art,  
Than indulge in shameless self - promotion.

Dominic Windram

## Between Poles Of Existence (March,2012)

Between surreal, twilight realms,  
And the dew stained, flesh pink dawn;  
Between winter's bitter warnings,  
And the first carefree flash of spring;  
Between the needle's stinging pain,  
And oblivion's lush dream worlds;  
Between liquidity of doubt,  
And frozen metal certainties;  
Between innocent Eden,  
And brutal crucifixion;  
Between the pale rose of absence,  
And the vibrant, sacred garden;  
Between transitory shadows,  
And the light of the Eternal;  
Lies the vital force of enchanted Creation.  
Its teeming essence emblazons our consciousness.

Dominic Windram

## Between Poles: (Edinburgh, September 2015)

Between the moon and the sea  
Lie silent, surreal mysteries,  
Between the fresh light of the park,  
Where keen children laugh and play.  
And the darkness and solitude  
Of the cold, grey cemetery,  
Fall life's long shadows.  
Between birth and dying lies  
This dream saturated world;  
With all its sorrows and fleeting glories.

Dominic Windram



## Between...

Between these mortal realms and the spiritual,  
Lies the Bible's time honoured, sacred covenant.  
Between vague conception and precise creation,  
Lies divinity's hand in the form of angels.

Dominic Windram

## Between...2

Between two dark eternities,  
The brief flash of Beauty's frail light.  
Between bleak Winter and the green surge of Spring,  
The first soft bloom of snowdrops.  
Between sunset and sunrise,  
The bold lucid dreaming of Being.  
Between Heaven and Earth,  
The healing descent of immaculate angels.

Dominic Windram

## Between...3

Between weathered reason and fresh compassion,  
The heart and soul's interminable dilemmas.

Dominic Windram

# Beware Of The Bride Tribes (And Stag Doos Too) !

Please be very wary of the fabled bride tribes:  
Sadly coming soon to a city near you.  
Watch them empty all the streets with their inane shrieks!  
Watch them trample all over style and etiquette!  
Watch these painted fools as they drink themselves stupid!  
As for all the crude stag dos, they are even worse!  
Could we perhaps put these people on an island?  
And then we can all breathe a huge sigh of relief!

Dominic Windram

# Bewildered

We try to decipher abstract  
Codes and languages  
As they drift peculiarly  
In the ether, to no avail.  
The world seem to move way  
Too quickly for us these days.  
I suppose everything's okay  
For those with butterfly minds.  
But for those of us who plumb  
Life's depths, it's rather confusing.  
Rudimentary signs have  
Now replaced rich symbols.  
Images constantly reoccur  
But what is their purpose?  
And what is their meaning? .  
Perhaps one simply needs  
To surf over all the chaos.  
But will there be time to breathe?  
Is there no way out of  
The postmodern labyrinth?

Dominic Windram

# Biased Broadcasting Corporation

O your vain Oxbridge brain is so blinkered!  
You really do not know what's going on  
In the putrid streets of austerity;  
In the dank domains of the dispossessed.  
You may try to patronize the public  
But discerning viewers see right through you.  
You merely echo state propaganda,  
Despite your baffling claims of balance.  
I think that you're in need of a real job,  
Far away from the concerns of elites,  
And obsequious, conformist culture;  
That's become your modus operandi.

Dominic Windram

# Biding My Time

Love's heartfelt whispers linger in my ear,  
Even though, she is no longer here.  
Yesterday's ghosts still crowd my consciousness.  
I'm longing for another chance at bliss.

Dominic Windram

## Biko (1946 - 1977)

They blinded him because  
Of the boldness of his vision.  
They crippled him because of his  
Consciousness raising activity.  
They clipped his wings because  
He dared to dream and soar  
Like a bird to unknown heights.  
But the force of his spirit  
Tore through the dark cloak  
Of their injustice and oppression.

Dominic Windram



# Birds & Clouds & Angels

Birds & clouds & angels  
Are the sky's lexicon  
For me they symbolize  
Transcendence from cold facts  
And freedom from the world's  
Intractable confinement.

Birds & clouds & angels  
Represent childhood's  
Innocent yet vivid  
& expanded perception.  
Sometimes I wish that  
My troubled soul could float  
From this mortal body,  
And join them forever,  
Among the blue heavens  
In blissful communion.

Dominic Windram

## Bitter Experiences With Elites

Just like Byron's bear, I am rather bemused;  
By your ridiculous airs and pretensions.  
For I'm too feral for ethereal heights.  
I've too much of the wilderness within me.  
Although I like to digress, I know my place,  
Like the peasants, pirates and knaves before me.  
I don't need an education in manners.  
For I deconstruct you. I can see right through  
Your refined, yet preposterous, rigid masks.  
Your academic walls and high brow fronts are  
A form of intellectual castration.  
I'm au fait with psychological warfare.  
I will drive your crucifying traditions  
Right up your pompous, proverbial backsides!

Dominic Windram

# Bitter Irony

Bitter irony  
Of poor, crucified Christ in  
Bloated Vatican.

Dominic Windram

# Bittersweet Memories

The memories of love, they just linger on.  
The blithe spectres of the warm breeze gently  
Stir tender flowers in the womb garden.  
The frail sunlight still filters through the trees.  
I long to trace places we used to hide.  
The fresh scent of roses drifts in the air;  
Warm, knowing glances roam from eye to eye;  
Fleeting glimpses of the grace of presence.  
O I still wait for a sign on the wind,  
That points to the path of pure angelhood;  
That frees us from the solitude of sin.  
Golden moments burn brightly in the blood.

Dominic Windram

# Black Friday

Those who stare into the hollow idol's eyes;  
Those who glitter with the garish glory of fashion & fame;  
Those who bless the bones of the carcass;  
Those who consume the swill from Modernity's trough;  
Those who call the darkness light;  
Those who raise the flags of fanaticism;  
Those who sharpen the tooth of the tiger;  
Those who chase futile, fleeting shadows;  
Are all lost in the murky realms of endless night.  
They can never awaken to the true source of Light.

Dominic Windram

## Black Friday Bargains: A Song For The Sisters.

Today we go for our Mulberry bags,  
Our Mulberry bags, our Mulberry bags.  
Today we go for our Mulberry bags,  
So early in the morning.

Dominic Windram

## Black Lives Matter 2: (June 8th,2020)

'...let justice roll on like a river, righteousness like a never-failing stream! ' (Amos 5: 24)

Senior police officer Dame Cressida Rose Dick  
Is another government lackey who makes me sick.  
She commanded the botched operation that led  
To the fatal shooting of J.C.M: 7 bullets ripped through his head.  
She cannot comprehend the nature of current protests.  
Yet people are incredibly angry and will not rest;  
Until justice is won. Perhaps the tide is now turning.  
Will we soon see pompous Westminster palace burning?  
For some see it as a pillar of imperial might  
That sows division between black and white.  
In Bristol, yesterday, a slave trader statue was torn down  
And thrown into the harbour. Racists should get out of town!

Dominic Windram

# Black Lives Matter: (June 7th,2020)

Slave trader statue  
Being torn down in Bristol  
No justice; no peace!

Dominic Windram



## Black Rivers...(February,2010)

Black rivers of dread  
And despair, flood my tired mind,  
In the septic dawn.

Dominic Windram

## Black Velvet Trails...(June 2005)

Black velvet trails its folds over the day.  
We light candles to bless this fevered night.  
Our hands are folded in prayer. This is now  
The way in which, we as exiled artists,  
Resolve our plight. And we commemorate  
Old friends long gone. Then we dissolve into  
The silent heart of the world. We dissolve  
Into the mysteries all around us.

Dominic Windram

# Blessed

Blessed is the love  
That kneels before eternity.

Blessed is the light  
That purifies the earth.

Blessed is the poet  
Who retains her dreams.

Blessed are the graves of the dead  
That the sweet summer rain falls upon.

Dominic Windram

## Blessed By Nature's Long, Silent Hours

I prefer the quiet ways of the countryside,  
To the roar of the city's incessant traffic:  
Where the deep, textured realms of beauty are denied;  
Where time speeds quickly by; life's clock constantly ticks.

I'm at peace when I see trees abound with blossoms;  
When I hear murmuring bees amidst the flowers.  
I awaken to the soft light of the morning sun,  
And bathe in the mirthful summer's long and drowsy hours.

Dominic Windram

# Blessed By The Light

Saved by the Light,  
In the hour of madness.  
Blessed by the Light,  
With new born awareness.  
Warmed by the Light,  
For my flesh is cold & weary.  
Awakened by the Light,  
For life has become hazy.  
Redeemed by the light,  
In an age of apathy.

Dominic Windram

## Blessing (December 2008)

O the prophets, the thinkers & the rule breakers;  
The poets, the painters & the music makers;  
All of the blessed, sun kissed creators light the way  
To a brighter dawn of such joyous, golden days.

Dominic Windram

# Bliar

He was the leader of the New Regime;  
That whitewashed workers tears and toil and blood;  
That stole a nation's soul and sold its dreams  
To private 'tooth and claw' equity clubs.  
A bigot born again like his best pal Bush,  
He waged two dodgy wars against Islam;  
Abused his role; betrayed gold tainted trust;  
Left countless victims in his wake...wham bam!  
Some view him as a smooth operator  
To others he's a crude, corporate vulture;  
A slick chameleon; shape shifter or  
A poster boy for crass, sound bite culture.  
So adept at burying his sins leaving  
Only a trace of his Cheshire Cat grin.

Dominic Windram

# Blissful Moments

The birds are soaring  
High in the gold tainted skies:  
Such blissful moments!

Dominic Windram



# Blood Moon

Blood moon in the sky:  
Curious prophecies breed.  
Doomsayers arise.

Dominic Windram

# Blood Or Money

What is it that you want from me?  
Is it blood or is it money?  
Is it love or is it cruelty?

I can never live up to the ideal  
You want be to me, Do you have  
To bring it up incessantly?

I'm no Jesus Christ;  
No holier than thou.  
I'm no King of kings;  
No sacred, Eastern cow.

All the true feelings  
You've denied will return  
To haunt you sometime.

I refuse to entertain  
All the lies you hide behind.

O you claim that your faith is strong,  
But to me it's just another crutch,  
You use to lean upon.

Dominic Windram

# Blue And Green Dreaming

Blue and green dreaming:  
Of bright rivers, hills and fields.  
Nature's wild and free.

Dominic Windram

# Bochum - Late August 2019: The Sunflower

The fair sunflower reigns supreme;  
Amidst an array of colours.  
She is Summer's glorious queen:  
A showpiece of Nature's powers.

Dominic Windram

# Bochum: August 29th 2019

Moments in Bochum:

The sun dissolves in my glass;

As time passes by.

Dominic Windram

# Bochum: August 30th 2019

In the beer garden:  
The first leaves of autumn fall.  
Summer is fading.

Dominic Windram

# Bochum: August 31st 2019

Late summer morning:  
Roses of red, pink and white  
Adorn avenues.

Dominic Windram

## Bochum: September 1st 2019

Sitting on the balcony at Haus Vocke;  
Between the violets and the orange tree:  
Waiting for the gift of magical words;  
Waiting to imbibe the colour of dreams.

Dominic Windram



## Bojo And Cummings: (A Very Dubious Double Act Indeed)

One is a pantomime clown; a glove puppet,  
The other is a third-rate puppet master.  
The former is a disgraceful charlatan,  
The latter is a lunatic control freak.  
They are both obsequiously supported  
By a cowardly Cabinet. They're quickly  
Bringing our, once noble nation, to its knees.  
O how can we rid ourselves of these fraudsters? !

Dominic Windram

# Bonfire Night: Fireworks!

On Bonfire Night a thousand bright lights  
Explode in November's autumnal skies:  
Moon Shadow, Crackling Glitter, Comet Bomb;  
Deadly Dragon, Pearl Shots and Flaming Sun;  
Clustering butterflies, Opal Orchids,  
Shanghai Surprise and sparklers of chrome and gold.  
Wondrous colours of saffron, silver and green;  
Scarlet, violet and short blasts of deep blue dreams;  
The Tomb of Treasures, The Flower of Spring;  
The slither of Shining Serpents that sting  
The air - and dazzling white snow lingering;  
There are so many dancing, delightful things:  
Ruby Red Storms, Summer Fountains, Orange Feasts  
And the whirling magic of the Catherine Wheel:  
Scenes that briefly extinguish our woes  
Until all that's left is a haze of smoke.

Dominic Windram

# Branded Academies

Branded academies with no academics;  
Just glorified bean counters & pseudo critics;  
Just managers that cannot manage anything.  
Yet another example of the marked dumbing  
Down of education. When will we see a change?  
You may well ask; not while current elites remain  
In power; not while money is their only god.  
The way things are shaping is decidedly odd

Dominic Windram

## Brian Clough On Closing Ranks

Brian Clough: that utter genius of  
A football manager closed ranks because,  
When the going got tough, he wanted his teams  
To retreat from the limelight and the extreme,  
Intrusive press attention. How right he  
Was to do so! Consequently, when I feel  
Stressed out by this maddening society,  
I stay at home and simply write poetry.

Dominic Windram

# Brief Communion

Brief communion:

As eyes meet eyes in joyful,  
Clear recognition.

Dominic Windram

## Brief Encounters

Brief encounters recur in time.  
Two incongruent worlds collide:  
Mine into yours; and yours into mine.  
Fragile lives exposed & scrutinized.

Eternity's blood red rose opens  
Petal by petal. And it oozes  
With the bitter scent of betrayal.  
It radiates for all the losers.

O what has become of the seeds;  
We nonchalantly tried, in vain, to sow?

Dominic Windram

# Brief Snapshots Of Time

Brief snapshots of time:  
Crescent moon in starless night;  
Pink blossoms at dawn.

Dominic Windram

# Bright New Horizons

Colours and sounds crash  
Through my fading consciousness:  
Bright new horizons!

Dominic Windram



# Bright Prophecies

Bright prophecies are  
Written on the city's walls,  
Yet no-one reads them.

Dominic Windram

# Bright, Modern Gadgets

Bright, modern gadgets  
Are conversation killers;  
In today's crazed world.

Dominic Windram

# Broken Hearts And Minds...

Broken hearts and minds:  
The black clouds are gathering.  
The light is buried.

Dominic Windram

# Broken Images

I'm drawn to broken images that are  
Juxtaposed with the glossy, airbrushed realms  
Of crude, rampant commercial advertising.  
For brokenness is far more real to me.

Dominic Windram

# Burn Hall

The river no longer echoes,  
With the voices & laughter,  
Of nymphs and a thousand  
Other nameless creatures.  
Its crystal blue waters:  
Once the symbol of a  
Keener sense of beauty,  
Now seems rather prosaic.  
The trees have shaken off  
Their ancient, teasing ghosts.  
As I have now; weathered  
By the cold winds of Time.  
I have long abandoned  
My deep, childhood dreaming

Yet our eyes avert themselves  
From the ordinary.  
And I still can recall  
Drowsy summer days here;  
Where the scent of Nature's  
Sweet perfume drifted,  
And then lingered in the air,  
For a jeweled eternity;  
When time was measured in moments  
Not in days and months and years.  
Thus Time has no hold here.  
..And still I can recall  
Searching amidst dark woods,  
Brimming with mysteries,  
Alongside my cousin,  
For dock leaves to ease,  
The nagging sting of nettles.  
All we could hear, moving deeper  
Into the heart of stillness  
Was the sound of our footsteps.  
We explored ever green dominions,  
That whispered their secrets into our ears;  
While the river's heady scent  
Burned in our nostrils.

Alas Time is a cruel thief!  
It robs us of our former glories.  
But as its steady clock has ticked by  
My soul has grown deep like the river.  
The blood that flows in my ageing body  
Predicts the dark days of flood.  
Yet now I feel that I can face  
The flashing madness of  
The interminable present;  
Reconciled with these memories.

Dominic Windram

# Burn Out

Derelict mindscapes:  
Love's an exchange of fluids.  
No day glo future

Dominic Windram

# Burned By Time & Pain

Burned by time and pain:  
Waiting for the summer rain's  
Gentle redemption.

Dominic Windram



# Burning Questions

Can the old, vibrant symbols be revived  
In an age that's seduced by garish signs?  
Can the sacred blood still cure Adam's curse  
In this prosaic world that lacks vital verse?  
Can the buried light be rediscovered  
Amongst the ruins of post-modern dread?

Dominic Windram

# Butler Service For Every Suite

We are the heavenly hoteliers sprinkling fairy dust  
We are here to please. Your every wish is our command.  
We are here to make your dreams come true.  
We provide a butler service for every suite.

Your butler will cater for your every whim.  
He will be unobtrusive and most attentive.  
He will be immaculately dressed at all times.  
He will ensure your suite is pristine at all times.  
He will be your guiding light in a world of darkness.  
He will make all of your dreams come true.

He will be most courteous at all times;  
Because he likes to serve; he likes to please.  
He will never ever let you down.  
He will always be punctual.  
He will chill your preferred assortment of beverages.  
He will suggest options for your breakfast orders.  
He will robotically serve your breakfast orders.  
He will make all your your dreams come true

He will serve your afternoon canapés.  
He will polish and condition your shoes.  
He will replenish your ice bucket on a regular basis.  
He will unpack your luggage in the blink of an eye.  
He will waggle his ears when you pat him on the head.  
He will dance on the table for a reasonable fee.  
He will always serve you with a smile.  
He will make all your your dreams come true.

Dominic Windram

## Butterflies Flutter: (June 24th,2020)

Butterflies flutter,  
Between the rows of flowers,  
In my warm garden.

Dominic Windram

# Butterflies Now Float...

Butterflies now float  
On warm, soft summer breezes.  
Magical moments!

Dominic Windram

# By The Deep River

By the deep river:  
Watching the sunlit ripples  
Gleam on the water.

Dominic Windram

# By The Fireplace

By the fireplace,  
Oak logs crackle, and the flames  
Of gold, softly glow.

Dominic Windram

## By The River

We're sitting so peacefully by the river,  
On bucolic banks bursting with green willow trees.  
This truly is a magical place for lovers.  
We're flanked by buttercups, birds, bees and daisies.  
What joy to hear the warm summer breeze whisper!  
We are imbibing this morning's sweet fragrances.  
The sun on the water is glinting and gleaming.  
Silvery fish delight in deep blue blissfulness.  
Patient anglers are now all drowsily dreaming.  
We kiss and give each other such knowing glances.

Dominic Windram

## By The River: (April 2009)

Spring's pink blossoms reside in the midst of deep green.  
We can glimpse fragments of light on water and leaves.  
Suddenly, I perceive the white radiance of grace  
Flicker across your pale, heavily burdened face.  
Such transfiguration, which nature's gods employ,  
In the brief moments of an afternoon. What joy  
To be here by this river; free from worldly chains!  
May the spirit of Love bless this transient age.

Dominic Windram



# Call Centre Asylums

Call Centre workers:  
Battery hens with headphones:  
Revolution please!

Dominic Windram

# Calming Ocean

The ocean's calm sounds  
Will sooth my tired, restless soul:  
O deep blue dreaming!

Dominic Windram

# Calvary Of The Mind

There is a Calvary of the mind  
Where the sufferer can trace neither  
The familiar light of sun or moon;  
Nor the vast blue empire of sky.  
O it is a starless place where one  
Can only feel the incessant heat;  
And perceive the endless dusty road;  
And implacable contours of bone.  
In nightmares we drag our crosses there  
Like lame, ragged beggars dying of thirst.

Dominic Windram

# Camberwick Green

As a child I adored Camberwick Green  
With Windy Miller and Paddy Murphy.  
I recall there was also Dr. Mop;  
Captain Snort who was always in a strop,  
And Mrs Honeyman who never seemed  
To stop talking! They lived upon a dream.  
And Brian Cant's narration was flawless.  
He provided me with much happiness.  
His delivery of quaint songs was filled  
With meaning as well as feeling. What skills!  
Now, that's been abandoned I'm not impressed.  
For modern kids' T.V is so senseless:  
Lots of garish colour and noisy sounds:  
Nothing sweet and edifying abounds.

Dominic Windram

# Can I?

Can I still capture scenes of divine innocence?

Can I still describe with flowing imagery and great detail.

The whiteness and splendour of lambs and snow?

Can I still raise lifeless words from their darkened tombs?

Dominic Windram

# Can We Build A Future?

O can we build a future from the fractured past?  
Can we transfigure these precious present moments  
Into a blazing light of hope: that can nobly  
Guide these current times and the coming centuries?

Dominic Windram

## Can We Poets Still Affect Things?

Can we poets consecrate diurnal hours;  
That nowadays speed by ever so rapidly?  
As for discarded particulars of beauty,  
Can we still help them ripen into perfection?  
Can we poets transmogrify this wayward world;  
That cries out in its troubled sleep for redemption?

Dominic Windram

# Can We Still Glimpse?

Can we still glimpse glittering traces of  
The immaculate kingdom; behind this  
World of sordid illusions? Can we still  
Embrace the purity of light buried  
Deep beneath us? Can master artists still  
Manage to sculpt perfect forms from marble?

Dominic Windram



## Canticle: (Easter Sunday)

We give praise to the pure Light that prevails.  
We praise the way that it illuminates  
These darkened mortal realms. We're glad it stays  
With us in distant realms beyond the grave.  
When the flowers of hope have withered away,  
We are grateful, and relieved, it still remains.  
It sanctifies every night and every day.  
It pours colour into worlds that have turned grey.  
It crystallises April's healing rain;  
And works in tandem with warm winds of Grace.  
It adds subtle splendour to Beauty's face;  
And defies the brutish forces of hate.  
It lifts us into a glorious state.  
We give praise to the pure Light that prevails.

Dominic Windram

# Capitalism

Capitalism

Spawns dry kingdoms of corpses,  
Across the third world.

Dominic Windram

# Capitalist Delights

Fantasy homes by the dazzling ocean;  
Bucolic cottages in the country;  
Carefully constructed capitalist  
Delights that draw us in, and take hold, of the  
all advertising,  
They distract us from the pain of living  
Many dreams and desires are satisfied:  
That is true, but all for the right price of course.

Dominic Windram

# Carpe Vinum

Praised be Dionysus! O I'm drinking lots of wine,  
To relieve the boredom; just like in former times.

Dominic Windram

# Cartoon Paradise

Cartoon paradise,  
That lies amidst perfumed clouds.  
Illusions prosper.

Dominic Windram

# Casino Blues

In all honesty,  
I'm not here to be  
Hypnotised by Lady Luck.  
I'm not here to salivate  
Slavishly like a Pavlov's dog.  
I'm only here as a favour  
For a most misguided friend.  
This place is so absurd.  
This place is pure purgatory.  
It's a million miles from reality!  
It's like a brightly lit prison  
That allows a modicum of freedom.  
Addiction is the sentence here:  
No one gets out unscathed.  
The hours pass by mechanically;  
Where there is no day or night or hour.  
I wish I could melt like plastic into  
The garish greens & reds of the carpet.  
Punters treat money so casually.  
It's like spitting in the wind.  
As golden tokens spew from slots  
I sense the aimless, uniform frenzy.  
As for me I'm keeping my head on  
Just in case I should lose it here  
Like my most misguided friend.  
Another gin & tonic should suffice.  
At least it will get me through this nightmare;  
Before the soft embrace of feathered sleep.

Dominic Windram

## Cast Aside...

Cast aside the grey uniforms of old.  
Clad yourselves in bright, enchanted clothing.  
Connect to bold dreams that enrich the soul.  
Watch Love's rare flowers gently unfolding.  
Behold the Light. Feel the Spirit's soothing caress.  
Step into streams of universal consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# Caste System; Class System, , , It's All The Same.

The caste system is  
Just like our class system.  
It condones elites.

Dominic Windram



## Cecil (The Snake)

Cecil was as cold blooded as a snake.  
He would never give; he'd always take.  
He sneaked his way into high positions,  
As he loved to influence big decisions.  
He smiled sweetly at friends he'd later smite,  
And kept his enemies within his sights.  
He would hiss out the smooth, well crafted lies,  
And would always repeat the party line.

Dominic Windram

# Censorship

They censor references  
To alternative worlds  
From time travel to metaphysics:  
From Romanticism to Rom coms,  
Because the sovereign state  
Will provide everyone  
With all they require.  
Other worlds are not necessary.  
Here the colours bleed into one.  
Here the uniforms fit perfectly.

Dominic Windram

## Censorship By Omission (Gaza 2009)

Black burnt remains of doll child:  
Countenance: blank; expressionless.  
Now merely like fragments of porcelain:  
Rendered a worthless object.

Orphan of the wilderness:  
Otherness denied;  
Reduced to a News item  
To prick the world's dwindling conscience.

Yet T.V image censored:  
Considered too stark;  
Too graphic; too brutal  
For 'refined' public consumption.

The media's silence;  
The world's silence  
Speaks louder than words  
And louder than bombs.

Dominic Windram

# Ceremonies

Ancient ceremonies of birth and death  
Add meaning to our tawdry existence.  
They embrace life in all its light and shade.  
They provide form amidst primal chaos.

Yet sumptuous ceremonies of love  
Elevate us to a god like status!  
When two beings come together as one,  
Love's force vibrates across the universe!

Dominic Windram

## Certain People...

Certain people react to complex poetry,  
Like a docile dog that's just been shown a card trick.  
They never get beyond misty, sentimental dreams.  
Alas, they can't grasp metaphorical magic.

Dominic Windram

# Channel Zero

O I would rather watch blatant  
Stalinist state propaganda  
Than the so called entertainment  
Of the BBC & ITV.

I would rather eat my own flesh  
Than watch the risible Ant & Dec,

Dominic Windram

# Chaos Creates

It is chaos, not  
Order, that gives birth to wild,  
Trembling stars of night.

Dominic Windram

# Chaos In The Blood

Chaos in the blood:

A cadence I cannot break,

As I scan the air,

And hold on to the frail light.

Trees appear surreal.

And leaves look broken in time.

Order seems to be

A dream, that I cannot grasp.

Dominic Windram



# Chaos Versus Order

A mythical moment of primal impulse:  
The animals break through cold steel cages  
The circuitry is irreparably damaged.  
The brave, new gods retreat from the scene.  
Dionysian chaos spits upon, and revolts,  
Against rigid Apollonian order.  
I prefer the freedom to protest vociferously,  
Rather than be trapped in a regulated society.  
I still prefer the wildflowers of an English garden  
To a predetermined artificial 'paradise'.

Dominic Windram

# Charting Our Progress Beneath The Stars

The world began in Eden  
And ended in Las Vegas;  
From beautiful garden  
To dazzling morgue.

The world began  
Snug in the soft feathers  
Of holy innocence;  
Now it hides its needle marks.

The world began  
With Adam, the first poet:  
Naming the animals.  
Now words are used  
To sanctify advertising  
And other disreputable arts

The world began  
With waves of hope.  
Now there is only  
Garish forms of lesser light;  
Amidst the infernal darkness.  
As we close our minds  
And caress our smart phones  
Like rosary beads,  
We live like strangers  
To one another.

The world began in Eden  
And ended in Las Vegas.

Dominic Windram

# Cheap Rate Churchill: (Bojo's Briefings During Lockdown,2020)

A cheap rate Churchill:  
Who always seems befuddled  
And then slurs his words.

Dominic Windram

# Cherry Tree Cottage

By the old cottage;  
Contemplating Spring's blossoms:  
Rose pink & snow white

Dominic Windram

# Childhood Memories

Childhood memories:  
The scent of incense & the  
Colour of the streets.

Dominic Windram

# Childhood Perception

The child does not decipher the world, like we, who  
Are wracked by Time's invariable sores & wounds.  
For he or she experiences, a glowing,  
colourful oneness, that we compartmentalise.

Dominic Windram

## Childhood Perception 2

Childhood perception:  
Flowers bend towards the sun;  
The green swell of time.

Dominic Windram

# Childhood Vision

As a small child I dreamt of sailing to  
The fantastical shores of fairy isles.  
O I would dream of sailing oceans blue  
And boundless; under diamond studded skies.

Now such exotic dreams are rather rare.  
Kingdoms of the mind are harder to find.  
Childhood offered freedom without a care.  
Yet it still spawns my poetic designs.

Dominic Windram



# Childhood Visions

Childhood visions are present in these streets.  
They're filled with a profound, yet playful light;  
That will never die. My senses run wild;  
When I revisit this place of lost youth.  
The houses and gardens are like things from dreams.  
There's a blurring of illusion and truth.  
It is a bright world which is frozen in time:  
My secret world of fables, symbols and signs.

Dominic Windram

## Children in The Park: (August 29th,2020)

Children in the park,  
Absorb the last fragile rays,  
Of the summer sun.  
Many years from now, they will  
Perhaps look back and  
Recall, the warm innocence  
Of days when they played  
Without mortal cares before  
The darkness arrives  
Like an unwelcome stranger,  
Or a pale spectre,  
That lingers eerily at Life's  
Abundant banquet.  
Children, hold on to the Light!

Dominic Windram

## Chris Whitty:Government Lackey (May 28th,2020) .

O professor Chris Whitty is a complete twit.  
He is as dull as dish water; a useful idiot.  
He says he doesn't get involved in politics;  
When he is standing next to our pompous P.M;  
Who is now defending the indefensible.  
Why can't he criticise contemptible Cummings?  
Afterall, the rest of us are raging with anger,  
At this vile creature for breaking the 'strict' lockdown.  
It's one rule for one and one rule for another,  
In the ' democratic' realms of the United Kingdom.

Dominic Windram

# Christ Versus So Called Christians: (Inspired By Liberation Theology)

' You cannot serve both God and Mammon.' (Matthew 6: 24)

I'm not too keen on Christians, but I like Christ,  
And his radical teachings. O I often think  
That many ardent believers give religion  
A bad name! Take those who regularly attend  
And worship, at the exceedingly rich Vatican,  
For example. Do they ever pause to question  
How this modern Mammon, in anyway, shape or  
Form can possibly represent the Love, Grace and  
Mercy of the beautifully expressed Beatitudes?  
Quite frankly, I wonder what Christ would think of it.

Dominic Windram

# Christ Versus The Church

Jesus Christ, was for the poor, not the rich.  
I wish my church would acknowledge this.  
But it is too concerned with petty rules  
And dogma. It treats us like paltry fools.

Dominic Windram

# Christ Versus The Vatican

Jesus Christ poured out His life blood for the oppressed:  
That is the meaning of the venerated Cross.  
He sought to liberate animal consciousness.  
Throughout the ages, pure Love is crucified whilst  
Crude, unchecked power extends its dominion.  
The Vatican's repressive, retrograde orders  
Grow obese & corrupt amongst their great riches.  
The lost, ragged strangers are hidden far from view.

Dominic Windram

# Christmas Cards

There are pictures of baubles, mistletoe and snowmen.  
There's Santa Claus, reindeer and stars that glisten.  
Yet the one picture, that's often curiously missing;  
That really matters; that gives the season true meaning  
Is that of the Christ- child born in a humble manger.  
In these times of secular glitter; He's a stranger.

Dominic Windram

# Christmas Markets

Christmas markets keep tradition alive:  
From the waft of grilling beef and mulled wine;  
To gleaming gold stars and silver bracelets  
From wooden toys to tankards and trinkets;  
To fresh flowers, art, crafts and antiques.  
They've got whatever it is that you seek.  
They're a thriving riot of sounds, colours,  
Smells: a wild world of wonders and splendours.  
They're an Eden of cheeses, cakes and sweets.  
Thousands of bright stalls fill the winter streets!

Dominic Windram



# Christmas Not Yuletide

Because I'm not a heathen or pagan;  
Because I'm not inclined to worship trees  
Or stones, I take issue with those who refer  
To Christmas as Yuletide. For I'm inclined  
Towards a higher light that respects the  
Human form while pointing to the divine.

Dominic Windram

# Christmastime

O Christmastime is colourful lights and mulled wine!  
It is the warmth of log fires on winter nights.  
It's the scent of pine trees and the sound of sleigh bells.  
It's a manic time of shopping: of buy and sell.  
It's the sublime taste of turkey, sweets and puddings.  
It's the joy of giving presents and receiving  
Them. It's about the birth of a heaven sent child.  
We often forget; as we hide from the divine.

Dominic Windram

# Christ's Sacred Blood

Christ's sacred blood,  
Burns right through the heart and soul,  
Before it can heal.

Dominic Windram

## City At Night (Newcastle Upon Tyne: August 2017)

O this fair city seems to be singing tonight!  
O love is in the air; it's swarming in the streets!  
It's all ablaze; a passionate flame burning bright.  
We'll share much laughter & drinks in this blissful heat.  
O this enchanted city is like a drug. It  
Desires to provide me with the highest of hits.  
O there are beautiful dancers with bright blue eyes!  
It is summer's last hurrah, before the light dies.  
I love the deep neon glow of silver and gold.  
My heart's as light as a bird's and I'm feeling bold.  
There's a full moon and a myriad stars are gleaming.  
I'm not certain whether I'm awake or dreaming.

Dominic Windram

# City Of Neon Lights

Neon lit city:

The endless flow of traffic.

Where are we going?

Dominic Windram

# Clarity

At first, I was blinded by the Light, but now  
I can see clearly. The past and all of its  
Disenchantments are a blur. O I will compose  
Bright odes to beauty; that are beyond compare!

Dominic Windram

## Close Encounters With The Third Way

They're the new improved hollow men:  
Such obsequious mannequins.  
They are purged of all doubt & sin.  
They are pathological liars;  
Yet left dumbstruck when faced with Truth.  
They're duty bound never to stray  
From the cool, slick, airbrushed message.  
They parrot sound bites for a living.  
They're the new improved hollow men:  
Such metal headed mandarins.

Dominic Windram

# Clovelly Fishing Village: North Devon, England: July 2019

Drowsy, summery days; dreaming by the bay:  
Where soft sea breezes merge with bucolic ways.  
Gulls and terns glide over deep set, jagged cliffs.  
Deep blue waters are pregnant with silver fish.  
O donkeys dawdle along old, cobbled streets.  
Time is frozen here; cottages are pristine.  
Their facades are filled with the freshest flowers.  
I savour the bright moments of each passing hour.

Dominic Windram



# Coded

Everyone has their own number  
In the crude, glorified system.  
Everyone has their own password,  
To access tainted information;  
Amidst the jungle of advertising,  
And, seemingly, casual propaganda.

Many are turned on by notions  
Of justice, freedom and passion;  
As they exist in magazines.  
Many see soft lights & roses;  
While some see cages & mazes.  
Some see their dream visions fading  
In the swamp of the spectacle;  
In the age of the hyper real.

Dominic Windram

# Coffee And Croissants: (July 26th,2020)

Coffee and croissants  
On a fine Sunday morning.  
What could be better?

Dominic Windram

# Cold, Calculated World

Our lives are shadowed  
By the cold stare of a star:  
In a regimented age  
Where we are governed by gadgets.  
It `s like Plato's apt cave image  
In which we're shielded from the sun.  
And seduced by simulacrum:  
Conditioned from the cradle to the grave.

What role is there for the artist  
In a world of shiny surfaces  
And meaningless day-glo symbols & signs.  
Other than to repeat the mantra?  
Perhaps bold creative types should  
Exist outside of the crude system  
And work with base materials:  
To construct new worlds of mystery.

Dominic Windram

# Cold, November Wind

Cold, November wind  
Blows so hard: scattering leaves  
Across avenues.

Dominic Windram

# Colourful Tranquility

A most pleasant afternoon by the water's edge:  
Reading a book and sometimes simply observing  
The foliage's softness and the rippling river:  
Such colourful tranquility...such indolence!  
How I wish all aspects of fleeting time could be  
Condensed into these precious moments of wonder.  
Then perhaps their brief rareness could last forever.  
O sometimes it's so marvellous to be alive!

Dominic Windram

# Comedic Genius Versus The Critics

O you made him into a caricature:  
A kind of second rate clown; a hollow man.  
Yet he was unique; a comedic genius;  
A bold chameleon: changing styles all the time.  
His timing was impeccable. The laughter flowed.  
He was the king of improvisation, for nothing  
Worth commenting on, would pass his curious eyes.  
You dour, constipated critics should shut up!  
You excel in mediocrity. I see right  
Through your fake because you lack  
Talent, does not offer you the God given right,  
To put others down; especially the great ones!

Dominic Windram

# Comfortably Numb

He can be considered comfortably numb.  
For nowadays he doesn't drink so often.  
But has Prozac prescribed sporadically.  
He takes regular exercise at the gym.  
How he loves to attend that secular shrine!  
He's a 24 hour news & sports junkie.  
A keen consumer of the latest products,  
He adores wearing anything with brand names.

He cannot be described as a citizen  
In the more traditional sense of the word.  
For he's a rather passive floating voter:  
Wooed by slogans and big personalities.  
He doesn't seem concerned about policies.  
Distracted by enticing lifestyle choices,  
He goes on many holidays in the sun.  
He likes to bet in casinos from time to time.

He avoids fatty foods; stocks up on yoghurt  
But still relies heavily on pre packaged meals.  
He frequents night clubs, when he is in the mood,  
But doesn't read fancy novels much these days.  
He prefers to go on line and surf the Net.  
And on Ebay, he buys and sells lots of junk.  
He likes to laugh aloud at surreal adverts  
And the classic comedy repeats on 'Dave.'

He gets on okay at his brand new work place.  
He is most at ease with fellow employees.  
And detached but still in tune with the rat race.  
He sleeps like a baby; so snug as a bug.  
And no longer experiences nightmares.  
Now he knows how to deal with all the madness.  
He has a certain interest in stocks and shares.  
He's no longer religious but humanist.

He is not in love but enjoys one night stands.  
He is adept at filling in forms like a

Lobotomised monkey, for all manner of things.  
For he's now very well adjusted to the game.  
He accepts the fact that he is truly trapped  
Like the proverbial hamster on a wheel  
Or a goldfish in bowl circling around  
Aimlessly but still functioning...just drifting.

Dominic Windram



# Comforted

This September morn:  
And the scent of fresh flowers  
Seems to fill the air.

Dominic Windram

# Comic Book Heroes

Comic book heroes:  
O come and be real for us.  
For we're truly lost!

Dominic Windram

# Communication...What Communication? !

To those who overuse modern gadgets,  
Let me remind you all, that effective  
Communication is a two way process.  
And not a kind of mumbling monologue.

Dominic Windram

# Communion

Sacramental wine,  
Fragments of mystical bread,  
Feast of compassion.

Dominic Windram

# Communion Now

I will not burden you with the weight of my love,  
Nor judge you harshly for your all too human faults.  
I prefer to embrace the fragrant flowers of forgiveness,  
Rather than draw from the darker realms that often consume us.

I know your eyes do not glimpse the same stars as mine,  
But I know we breathe the same air and feel the same rain.  
I know that life's blood red roses will wither,  
And I know that desire is inevitably fleeting.  
But I do not care about such meagre matters.  
For I shall build a home for you in my heart and soul;  
Not for some complicated ploy devised in private;  
Not out of pity or some pious sense of duty;  
Not out of some petty, puerile need for conquest;  
But for an older, wiser sense of communion  
That lies dormant within us, like a bible truth.

In this age of disposable pleasures;  
Amidst its instant access to animal ecstasies,  
I seek a more profound, pellucid angelhood;  
That exudes the warmth of grace;  
That is secure in itself; that recognizes  
The primal need to be acknowledged.  
I shudder at these self absorbed times.  
Yet you confirm the sunlight deep within me  
And for that reason I am truly grateful.

Dominic Windram

## Communion: (July,2019)

All the sadness and joy of being human,  
Is to be found here in this jewelled moment:  
Where we share sacred bread and wine and sun;  
Where we acknowledge death's sighs and laments;  
Where we awaken to the flesh formed Word.  
And the angels linger like quiet birds  
In this ancient, redeeming ritual.  
All the clinging, dark ghosts of the ages  
Are exorcised here; where the world changes;  
Bathed in the light of the spiritual.

Dominic Windram

# Company People

Now that I'm working on my own, I have to say,  
I don't miss the juvenile camaraderie  
Of company people. Quite frankly they  
Don't share my sense of high culture or irony.  
Nor do I miss the dumb, drunken office parties.  
I'm glad to breath in a more refined, rarefied air  
And study; read books; view art works; write poetry:  
Anything to avoid the company people!

Dominic Windram

# Complete Control

Complete control is what you most desire.  
For mystery is no longer a friend.  
You once marvelled at the sea's constant ebb and flow,  
And the subtle changing of the seasons.  
But now they mean nothing to you at all.  
Or so you say, as you repeat the mantras  
Of the cold, grey systems that you once despised.  
Remember the times you basked in the glow  
Of moonlight, as you poured out the secrets  
Of your heart. That now seems such a long time  
Ago. You've traded in your poetic  
Visions for starker, prosaic solutions  
Indeed, you have discarded all your dreams.

Dominic Windram



# Composing Poems

Composing poems is like submitting to a storm.  
You just have to suffer and wait so patiently;  
Until the metaphorical rain, in frantic  
Downpours, soaks you to the bone and the writing flows!

Dominic Windram

# Compromised

So now you're inclined to turning  
Tricks for the vain glitterati;  
Just jumping through hoops like a seal,  
For the proverbial pay packet.  
Chasing paper rather than dreams;  
Shacking up with all and sundry.  
So what's it like there in Purgatory  
Now Poetry's sweet angels have all fled?  
To be frank I can't say I'm shocked.  
I suppose it was good while it  
Lasted - however temporary.  
I've met your type so many times.  
It has become kind of hackneyed.  
I feel like a modern Tantalus.  
Yet it's still so hard to commune  
With someone who's reaching for the stars:  
Just to resign & throw it all away;  
To surrender to the status quo.

Dominic Windram

## Computer/ Internet Blues

Sometimes it's like Alice In Wonderland,  
As pages get really big then really small,  
For no apparent logical reason.  
Curiouser, and curiouser... absurdity abounds.  
Of course, there are all the pop ups that appear  
When one is in the middle of reading  
An interesting, edifying article.  
Then there's the invariable slowness  
With that damn blue circle constantly  
Whirling around. Sometimes, I'd rather  
Return and resort to books and compose poems  
By deploying simple pen and paper.

Dominic Windram

# Confronting And Embracing The Dark Stranger Within

Friedrich Nietzsche once warned us  
Not to battle with our own demons  
Or monsters in case we become one ourselves.  
For he reminded us that when we gaze  
Into the abyss; the abyss gazes into us.  
We will never free ourselves from its grip.  
In many ways, Nietzsche was the world's first  
Psychoanalyst, some years before Freud.  
In order to know ourselves fully  
We must venture deep into our own souls.  
But we must courageously confront,  
The dark stranger and potential foe within;  
Without being consumed by fear or hate,  
Sometime we catch a fleeting glimpse  
Of this shadow self in the familiar face  
That we constantly observe in the mirror:  
Eventually we must embrace him or her:  
In a difficult marriage of light and darkness.

Dominic Windram

# Congratulations To L.F.C: (June 26th,2020)

Congratulations to Liverpool F.C  
For winning the English Premier League trophy,  
For the first time in thirty years. O we kept  
Believing that you could reign over the rest!

Dominic Windram

# Consciousness Reborn

The red orange smear over blue:  
The light that rises over the sea,  
Is like our consciousness reborn,  
After life's dark and troubling storms.

Dominic Windram

# Consider

O consider the weight of innumerable  
Dark centuries on the backs of the dead and  
The living. Consider the distance between us  
Now that the fragile flowers of love have withered.  
Consider the plight of the artist or poet:  
Who constantly pour out their dreams and visions in  
A world of great indifference. They die a little  
Each day. O they speak from the heart and bleed for it.

Dominic Windram

# Constant Reveries

Constant reveries of our connected world:  
Our bright screens provide a million delights  
Why even Buddhist monks have stopped meditating,  
And are now busy with messaging and tweeting!  
Should we even bother with reality, when  
Illusions are infinitely more appealing? !

Dominic Windram



# Consume Don't Question

'Consume don't question! ':  
Proclaim impious elites.  
Nothing is sacred.

Dominic Windram

# Consumer Dreaming

O consumer dreaming saps our being.  
Like fabled magpies we are preprogrammed  
To scavenge wildly for glittering junk.  
For advertising burns brightly through our veins.  
And it contaminates our consciousness.  
We are now conditioned to scanning screens  
For intermittent flashes of offers;  
Linked to a vast range of brand new products.  
As Christ once opined: 'does it profit to gain  
The whole world; whilst losing our sovereign souls? '

Dominic Windram

# Consumerism's Fervent Disciples

The fervent disciples of consumerism  
Pray to their garish gods of greed and quantity.  
They are addicted to gadgets and always seems.  
To fail to appreciate the small things that make  
Life worthwhile. Instead they tend to incessantly  
Nourish and inflate the crass and spectacular.

Dominic Windram

# Contemplating Keats

'Beauty is the splendour of truth, &quot; (veritatis splendor) : Plato,

The Romantic poet, John Keats, believed  
That if we keen poets purposefully  
Pursue the truth, in time, we are bound to  
Discover a sprinkling of rare beauty.

Dominic Windram

# Control

I can navigate  
These constantly teeming dreams.  
The night is still young.

Dominic Windram

# Conversion

Now the scales have been  
Removed, in conversion's flash,  
I can see with fresh eyes.

Dominic Windram

# Cornucopia

Cornucopia:  
Of endless, dreamlike delights;  
In sacred moments.

Dominic Windram

# Coronavirus: Downing Street Briefings: (March To June,2020)

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!

Dominic Windram



# Corporate Control

Corporate control  
Of every living being:  
Resistance futile.

Dominic Windram

# Corporate Culture

Corporate culture corrodes consciousness,  
As one has to submit to the workplace,  
Like an obedient puppy. There is  
No room for misfits. One has to accept  
Prevailing beliefs and behaviours;  
Put on a mask and ignore one's conscience.

Dominic Windram

# Corrupt Stock Market

Corrupt Stock Market:  
It is a modern Moloch.  
We are its victims.

Dominic Windram

# Cosmic Evolution - (2001: A Space Odyssey)

Jawbone to spaceship:  
Fron Übermensch to Star Child:  
Reincarnation.

Dominic Windram

# Country Music Parody

I am just a world weary wanderer.  
And now I'm searching for sanctuary.  
When I think of all the time I've squandered,  
O it makes me want to lie down and weep!  
I've drowned my sorrows with whiskey and wine.  
I've gambled away all my good fortune;  
Oblivious to all the danger signs.  
And now I'm feeling so alone and blue.  
I've dwelt within a world of distractions.  
I couldn't see the light for the darkness.  
I ignored fruitful realms of creation.  
I refused the verdant paths; that were blessed.

Dominic Windram

# Creation

Traces of wild stars.  
O the lifeblood of flowers!  
Nature's disclosures.

Dominic Windram

# Creation Weaves Wonders

Vibrant Creation weaves constant wonders.  
A phalanx of stars ripens like fruit in  
A distant, dream like, milky galaxy.  
O how many worlds lie beyond our sun?

Dominic Windram

# Creation's Rich Tapestry

O I'm inspired by the colours, the forms and  
The textures of life's inexhaustible painting.  
I marvel at the diamond studded stars at night  
They radiate more than any fake, neon light.  
The beauty of the moon is more vital than art.  
The sun's primeval power is more profound than  
Our pale truths. Nature's rivers, hills, valleys and streams,  
Resonate in the memory, more vividly  
Than mimetic music or poetry's frail words.  
In Nature's hands, ethereal and earthy blend.  
Fluffy clouds float like angels in deep blue heaven.  
From Spring's first blossoms to bleak winter's sleet and rain,  
There's an immaculate contrast of flame and shade.  
The sweet miracle of verdant flowers, plants and  
Animals: in all their endless varieties  
Gives me pause for thought and further contemplation.

Dominic Windram



# Creative Freedom

I salute all those who stand for creative freedom:  
Pirate radio DJs, subversive poets  
Feral, graffiti artists and street musicians;  
All those who break crass rules that are rigidly set.  
For being part of the mainstream corrodes one's dreams.  
Better to be on the outskirts at the cutting  
Edge of culture. Better to explore novel themes,  
Than regurgitate a range of frayed, hackneyed things.

Dominic Windram

# Creative Work

Creative work can  
Heal the deep wounds of boredom;  
As one form new worlds.

Dominic Windram

# Creativity Versus Bureaucracy

O to all you meddling micro managers;  
To all you petty, pedantic pen pushers;  
And to all you crass, corporate bean counters;  
To those with the imagination of fleas;  
I'd like you to know that I possess a soul,  
And I will not be subject to your cold plans  
And idiotic strategies, in any way,  
Shape or d, I'll paraphrase what the  
Great poet/ prophet William Blake proclaimed:  
'I need to create a system of my own  
Or be enslaved by another's. My business  
Is not to merely analyse but to create! '  
I spit upon all of the mediocre schemes:  
Spawn by anally retentive committees:  
Who can't appreciate pearls because they're swine.  
O I spit upon all pointless paperwork.  
And portfolios are for the philistines.  
God willing, there is a special place in hell;  
Reserved for all those who sanctify order and  
Conformity, and crucify true artists!

Dominic Windram

# Creativity Versus The Conservative Order

Sparks of originality and roots of compassion  
Are often contained in the dark secrets of wounds.  
We should never try and build walls around our hearts.  
We can only receive grace when we are broken.  
The repressive systems, that are forced on the world,  
Are created by those who simply cannot bear  
Existential pale creatures of fear;  
These reducers of consciousness continue to  
Run our societies, and callously stifle  
Creative spirits and cultural alchemists.  
They invariably connect and glibly speak  
To the fascist within us all. 'Obey orders! '  
Is the crude mantra implicit in their message.  
They are now ubiquitous; as they dominate  
Our screens and our minds. They prefer the cold,  
Telescopic eyes of surveillance to the warm,  
Vibrant heart of universal communion.  
They cannot hear the angels' lamentations.  
They are doomed to fail. And because they will not look  
Deeply into their own souls, they cannot hope  
To transcend the worldly desires that confuse them.  
Hence, the mystical rose will always elude them.

Dominic Windram

## Creativity/ Destruction

All creative acts are marred by decay.  
O the bold dreams that we actualise  
Turn to nightmares and soon become ruins.  
The blazing light of hope soon turns to ash.  
When the child in us dies, we begin to  
Demand proof; no longer do things seem so  
Colourful and boundless. Warm innocence  
Is replaced by experience's cold fears.

Dominic Windram

# Crisis Point

Pale moonlight reflects  
In dark, foreboding mirrors:  
Shadows lingering.

Dominic Windram

# Crude Authority Versus Pure Creativity

Crude authority,  
Can often crush, wild flowers  
Of creative thought.

Dominic Windram

# Cruising Along The River Ouse 2: York, September 13th,2019

Such sights to behold;  
Cruising along the river:  
Light ripples on blue.

Dominic Windram



# Cruising Along The River Ouse: York, September 13th,2019

A most peaceful day:  
Cruising along the river.  
Watching time drift by.

Dominic Windram

## Cruising For A Bruising: (To The Clown)

One clown on here, who deploys many different guises,  
Seem to think he is a rather clever, elaborate liar.  
In fact, he's incredibly foolish and non-engaging.  
He better watch his back, as he's cruising for a bruising!

Dominic Windram

# Cultural Wasteland

O culture is a forbidden word  
In a dead end town where life resigns.  
How lonely are all the sweet caged birds?  
And how slow is the passage of time?  
Why are these flowers crushed by doorways  
That could lead to sunbursts of new days?  
Where is the light, and where is the key?  
Where are curious spirits like me?

Dominic Windram

# Cultural Year Zero

What has happened to our culture?  
Now, Z list celebrities are popular,  
Because they eat ghastly insects,  
In exotic jungles on Reality T.V.  
What is the point? What is the purpose?  
Is this someone's idea of a joke?  
I don' t think it's funny at all.  
Indeed, I think it's a crying shame.

Dominic Windram

# Culture, Sweet Culture

Culture, sweet culture,  
Is what separates us from  
The animal world.

Dominic Windram

# Cyberspace

O cyberspace's ethereal realms are so dense  
With images and information of all kinds.  
They seem so vivid and alluring to us that,  
Nowadays, even reality appears  
Grey and mundane compared to our bright, gleaming screens.  
It's merely cyberspace's distorted shadow.  
Yet these burning, pertinent questions still remain:  
How far have we evolved? How far have we progressed?

Dominic Windram

## D.I.Y: (Lockdown May 21st,2020)

I'm painting the walls with colourful whirls.  
I'm not worried about anything now.  
Who cares how the future will unfurl?  
I'll utilise the freedom I'm allowed.  
Then I'll meditate and focus on each  
Golden moment, as wonder is in reach.  
Later on, I will begin organising  
My precious library. I shall take time  
For any number of edifying things.  
O I shall decipher esoteric signs  
And ancient symbols from dusty, old books.  
I shall gently water the plants in my  
Spacious garden. The way the flowers look  
In late spring warms my heart. I'll spend my time  
With that which wasn't important yesterday,  
Amidst the machinations of the rat race.  
I shall stick to a schedule and keep things  
In perspective; just relax... hear those birds sing!

Dominic Windram

# Daily Constraints

Daily constraints of  
Straight jacket society:  
Freedom is a myth.

Dominic Windram



## Dame Vera Lynn: (1917- 2020)

Dame Vera Lynn was  
The greatest pop star of the  
Forties. God bless her!

Dominic Windram

# Dark Star Of Decay

Dark star of decay:  
Cold eyes roam from face to face;  
Keen senses expire.

Dominic Windram

## Dark Times Ahead: (August 28th,2020)

Summer's pale flesh  
Is now fatally wounded,  
By the incessant  
Driving nails of the bitter  
Wind and rain. Sorrows  
Cut deep. And I fear that things  
Will only get worse.  
Fragments of mercy and faith  
Lie scattered on these  
Cold and lonely, dead end streets.  
The light is dying,  
And no one communicates,  
With one another,  
Anymore. Dark times ahead.

Dominic Windram

# Dark Times Are Coming

The Rock of Ages  
Is beginning to crumble;  
Pitfalls marked on Time's  
Weathered map, suggest  
The gradual rise to power  
Of a cruel and vile  
Arbitrary order. It  
Will come like a bird  
Of prey in winter soaring  
Remorselessly through  
Biting winds. It will come when  
We least expect it;  
When we seem to be content  
And snug under  
Artificial lights; when we  
Are satiated;  
When Faustian longings are  
All the rage; when we  
Have forgotten faith and no  
Longer feel the need  
To kneel and pray. It will come  
When we're completely  
Immersed in secular ways.

Dominic Windram

## Dark Times: (In Memory Of Victor Jara,1932- 1973)

There is no gold at the end of the rainbow,  
For we who have been forced into exile.  
And there is no hope, when lights go down low,  
And masked agents try out new techniques and styles;  
In cold, damp interrogation rooms.  
They break our weak bones and crush our fragile minds  
We are like flowers cut down in full bloom.  
They spit on our poetry. These are dark times.

Dominic Windram

# Darkness And Silence

Darkness and silence  
Linger over Time's gravestones.  
At the still heart of  
Night, sometimes you can hear the  
Angels' softlamentations  
Under the severe, white moonlight.

Dominic Windram

# Darkness At The Heart Of The World

Darkness at the heart of the world,  
The poet's fire is extinguished.  
Blood drips from the wounds of the Word;  
Bitter cries of lost souls in anguish.

Dominic Windram

# Darkness Breeds

Wise voices of the old choir are being drowned out  
By modern cacophonies. Spiritual drought  
Is rife. We pretend that there is no fear and pain,  
Yet we're desperately in need of healing rain.  
It's bone dry in the deserts of our hearts and souls.  
Decades of avoidance are now taking their toll.  
All the great craftsmen with aged, wrinkled hands have gone.  
Love's music has been replaced by discordant songs.  
The time honoured seasons are now mere merchandise.  
Artificial designs abound. This world's cut price.  
Some may suggest that life seems so easy and smooth  
These days, but where is communion? Where is Truth?  
Now quick fix gadgets are our companions, we  
Dream of the 'perfect' future, meanwhile darkness breeds.

Dominic Windram



# Darts

Once it was spit and sawdust;  
Now it's champagne and stardust.  
Once it was a paltry pub sport;  
Now it packs out huge arenas.  
Once it was about averaging 90;  
Now it's a smattering of 9 darters.  
Once it was the butt of jokes;  
Now it's a cool, soaring sport.  
Once it was dropped by the barmy BBC;  
Now it certainly thrives on starry eyed Sky!

Dominic Windram

# Davros: Evil Genius Or Major Moron

That evil 'genius', Davros, was Dr Who's  
Greatest foe, always plotting someone's instant doom.  
He was certainly a grand master of science,  
And created some dastardly appliances.  
But in many ways he was a bit of a tool.  
Is it the case that he was somewhat of a fool?  
Sometimes it seems that he was unable to see  
The wood for the trees, to coin a phrase, so to speak.  
For example, his deadly creation, the Daleks  
Were unable to climb up stairs. O what the heck  
Were you thinking of Davros? ! O what a mistake!  
And what about the fact that you absurdly placed  
The black switch that controlled your life support systems  
On the front of your chair. What a major moron!  
Finally, you made sure that your Daleks were cold  
And calculated, just like you, if truth be told.  
This move backfired, when they decided to rebel  
And zap you. Your pleas for pity? What the hell  
Were you thinking of Davros? ! Were you having a laugh?  
O how could you possibly be so bloody daft? !

Dominic Windram

# Dead Zone

Frozen metal skies:  
Fractured media message:  
Truth is a carcass.

Dominic Windram

# Dealing With This Lockdown

We need to nurture  
Our houses with joy & light:  
keep darkness at bay.

Dominic Windram

# Dealing With Time (Inspired By Schopenhauer)

We can terminate time with a warm kiss.  
We can travel beyond time with a book.  
We can escape time with music's caress.  
We can freeze time with a long, patient look  
At a sunset or a surreal painting.  
We can feel time's rampant flow by writing.  
We can release time by slowly breathing.  
We can transcend time when we are searching  
For the eternal design; that's revealed  
Sometimes in soft burning visions and dreams.

Dominic Windram

## Dear Father (1995)

In dreams, I'm driving along endless roads  
Of mangled red flesh and dry, sterile bone.  
Driving along as the body decays:  
O there is nothing left for me to say.

I regret the things I should have said.  
I regret the things I could have been  
In your eyes; just for you dear father  
This is the cross that I have to bear.

Nightmares collide with cold reality.  
Feelings I thought, had long since died, now seem  
To flood back in waves of grief. How can we  
Resolve the immense weight of the past. These  
Intense, vivid dreams cannot help us move  
Ahead, when one step forward is the truth:  
That's all we've ever known. Life is precious,  
Yet broken hearts are hard to mend in time.

I regret the things I should have said.  
I regret the things I could have been  
In your eyes; just for you dear father  
This is the cross that I have to bear.,

Dominic Windram

# Death And The Maiden: In Memory Of Egon Schiele (1890 -1918)

Watching from the wings as desire dissolves  
On bulbous land. Brittle bones poke through the pale white flesh.  
This is the devil's bleak crossroads where attraction  
And repulsion meet. Contorted bodies: attached  
Yet so ng anguish of the torn world  
Behind illusion's veil; Behind the frozen masks  
We vainly hang on to dreams as they fade  
The artist knows his paltry acts of rebellion  
Are futile in an indifferent universe.

These eyes I have seen in dreams: wild, blank, blood shot eyes  
That have glared at the heart of the void for too long.  
O these twig like arms; hands and lips cannot connect.  
They would break into pieces with a mighty clap.  
Clinging and cleaving in despair to fractured flesh,  
The two figures writhe around like restless reptiles  
On a rucked fling of white fabric. O they are caught  
Between longing's rose and the dark kingdom of lust;  
With no shimmering deceptions of Love's warm light.

Dominic Windram

# Death Draws Closer

Death draws closer,  
To Summer's children of love:  
Ill fated murmurs.

Dominic Windram



## Death In Life.

In the shadowy world where we reside,  
The angels of mercy are receding;  
The clowns & monsters have taken over.  
Love is usurped by superficial signs.  
The clothes we wear reveal the scars of war:  
Cut price souvenirs for cognoscenti.  
Who said that the search for novelty leads,  
In the end, to the threshold of despair?  
The rain keeps pouring; it's never ending  
We haven't seen a hint of sun in months.  
Too much chaos! I need a change of scene.  
For I have seen the writing on the wall.

Dominic Windram

# Decades

O life's strange procession moves on,  
The summer is almost over.  
The air's heavy with nostalgia:  
With the scent of fading roses.  
I recall the tainted glories  
Of beloved ones now gone.  
O praised be the peace that passes  
Ordinary understanding.  
Its a design of rare gold  
Etched in the silvery night.  
The pale mystery of moonlight:  
Its sense of serene seclusion;  
Seems to remove the trails of doom.  
The ethereal beauty, of  
Mozart's piano concertos,  
Seems to fill this room's emptiness.

I cry like a child although I'm old now.  
I remember being young and carefree.  
I can still hear vague traces of laughter  
Of lovers & friends & acquaintances  
That float freely on the freshening breeze.  
I stand by the gate at the garden's end.  
Six decades have passed in no time at all.  
I see the children of morning's new face;  
Casually plucking flowers as they play.  
I think of all the time that's passed me by.  
Each inevitable turn of season.  
Between the primal, warm, green spark of birth  
And the mid summer of my tender youth;  
Between the pathways walked a thousand times  
In search of shining Truth and the time  
Spent alone as starry eyed creator.  
Between sketchy notion & the honed craft  
Of conception lies a lifetime's labour.

O I've so much work still left to complete;  
Many heavy burdens still to carry.  
O I'm haunted by unearthly figures.

They're half in soft light; half in shade;  
Always desperately calling out my name.  
Each evening I watch the leaves as they fall:  
Red, gold and brown on Autumn's solemn ground.  
I try to cry out in the cold October dawn.  
For I'm still moved by strong passions that burn  
Like slow, consuming fires deep down inside  
The time has come to retreat from this world  
Of fleeting shadows and embrace silence.  
I'll merely observe the birds as they nest,  
And watch the clouds as they drift by and die.

Dominic Windram

# December 1st: 2019

Frost covers the trees.  
The winter's here again.  
I shall hibernate!

Dominic Windram

**December 31st,2009.**

The dying embers  
Of a decade of broken  
Dreams & promises.

Dominic Windram

# Deconstructing Bruce Willis

Have a go/ Diehard 'hero':  
An apologist & ambassador  
For Stars & Stripes Empire.  
His earliest memory was  
Observing flags all around  
The mighty Washington Monument.  
Quick flashback to ground zero:  
Bald headed Bruce is the avenger.  
Via trials of blood and fire.  
Hollywood movies enact rituals  
Of violence as American as  
Homemade apple or cherry pie.  
He claims that he most admirers  
The brave soldiers fighting overseas  
In the name of liberty...while others  
See it for what it is...blood for oil  
Is it any wonder then  
That I cannot stop smirking  
When bold Bruce proudly proclaims that  
He believes in artistic integrity? ! !

Dominic Windram

# Deconstructing Media: In Memory Of G.S.

Some call it News, when it's propaganda.  
Some call them journalists, I call them hacks.  
Some label truth tellers as subversives.  
Are dissenters really unpatriotic?  
Some call social reformers: Communists.  
Some call murder: collateral damage.  
Some call brutal occupation: democracy.  
Some call bold freedom fighters terrorists.  
Some call wild genius: insanity.  
Some call it poetry when it's mere prose.  
Some call pointless bureaucracy: progress.  
Some call the shots, even though they're useless.  
Some call it light when it's really darkness.  
Some call it heaven when it's really hell.

Dominic Windram

# Deconstructing Romantic Dreams

Some say that Nature's red in tooth and claw,  
But for the Romantics things are different.  
Thus they create odes to birds and flowers.  
They refute notions of brutish progress,  
And drift through life as if possessed by dreams.  
They idolize trees and valleys and streams.  
Indeed at times I'm inclined to be one  
Myself and embrace an ideal world that  
Radiates with a reassuring light.  
But I observe too much darkness these days.

Dominic Windram



# Deep Blue Days: (The Profound Effects Of Meditation)

Deep blue days of calmness flow through my veins.  
There are no black clouds in my inner skies.  
There seems no real reason to question why.  
At night, clusters of stars illuminate  
My consciousness. I hear the softest sounds.  
Waves of oceanic feelings abound.  
There seems no reason to pontificate.  
My dreams are decidedly heaven bound.

Dominic Windram

# Deep Blue Sorrows

Deep blue sorrows grow amidst  
The green spring time of life. Troubled youth  
Dwells too long upon the place of shadows,  
And stops singing its potent songs.

Dominic Windram

# Deep Sea Diving

O the measured flood of surf;  
The cosmic rhym of tides!  
The world rolls like a pearl  
Through gulleys in the mind's eye.

The wind reports on a wreck'  
Breaking upon a reef.  
Its hull is dislodged and dragged  
Over a coral steeple.

Its sunken cabins are sequined  
By luminous shoals of silver fish.  
That I can only describe  
As resembling aquatic butterflies!

A myriad of shells are filched  
From watery caves by divers  
Amidst mutli coloured pockets of the sea.  
O observe its brilliant fauna and vermillion  
And saffron praires of weeds!

The deep sea diver extracts molluscs  
From shells with corkscrew twist of knife.  
Many times he has listened to the great roar  
Of the sea from the vast deeps of the shell's insides.

The waves unroll a white hem of lace  
On the soft pure sands.  
The sapphire water discloses  
A sea floor of zebra stripes.

A nervous cloud of pink fish  
Takes off into deeper water.  
Observe a heap of ink black pebbles  
And the sanded drag of smoke.  
Observe the blue dazzle of light above.  
O what dreams this undersea world evokes!



# Deep Within My Heart

Deep within my heart:  
A vivid universe is  
Slowly expanding.

Dominic Windram

# Deep Within My Soul

Deep with my soul,  
A vivid universe, is  
Slowly expanding.

Dominic Windram

## Defiant To The End

O I will never beg for praise  
From cold, faceless institutions.  
I prefer alternative ways.  
For I'm happy on the outskirts:  
Remaining true to my visions.  
I'm not impressed by fake outbursts,  
From the many fevered egos,  
That dance to corporate demands.  
People inevitably go  
Wherever the current wind blows.  
Yet so few seem to understand:  
There's nothing new under the sun.  
One has to see beyond the haze.  
I resist all crude distractions.  
I shall spend the rest of my days;  
Creating worlds to kill boredom.

Dominic Windram

# Delayed Acknowledgement

Those atheists that  
Turn pious in old age,  
Need a crutch to lean on,  
As rampant winter rages.  
A lifetime chasing shadows  
Has made them regret.  
It seems that His glowing signs  
Could always be traced  
In their every footprint;  
Which they once chose to forget.

Dominic Windram



# Delusions Of Grandeur

You claim the right to free expression,  
But I only hear the cacophony of words.  
You worship at the altar of the secular  
Whilst pouring scorn on the sacred.  
You revel in your spurious rebelliousness,  
But you don't suffer the birth pangs of creation.  
You blindly strengthen the status quo,  
As you caricature the culture of the other.

You crave immortality in the blink of an eye  
But to me you are mere insects reaching for the stars.  
You believe in a shining happiness for all,  
But you will not share the bread and wine.  
You believe that your purifying love will save the world  
But you don't see the worms at its core.  
You proclaim a 'brotherhood' of man  
But exclude those that are not born into 'light'

You extol the fruits of democracy,  
While you bless the might of the military.  
You like to preach that the pen is mightier than the sword  
Indeed it is: the poison of propaganda spreads far and wide.  
You weave wondrous worlds from myths & dreams,  
But you never stir our critical faculties.  
You may think that you are gilded guardians of peace  
But you are not fit to proclaim the prophecies of the Dove.

Dominic Windram

## Delusions Of Grandeur 2

You crave a court of constant flatterers,  
Rather than a critical readership.  
O what ridiculous airs & graces!  
You abound in decorative nonsense.  
Your poetry's a painted skeleton.  
You can't get your head around a concept.  
You use diction no one can understand.  
I will never pander to your demands.

Dominic Windram

## Delusions Of Grandeur 3

Vile of tongue and lacking in wit;  
Talk the talk; but cannot commit.  
Dull of mind and heavy of foot;  
A preening bunch of pampered mutts;  
With image rights and private jets,  
For laddish foibles: no regrets;  
With plastic WAGS to stroke their egos,  
Their self delusions just grow and grow.  
They'll blame the ball, the pitch, the ref.  
They'll blame VAR; constant stress.  
O they may beat their chests and try and  
Point so proudly at 'The Three Lions'.  
O they may even attempt it seems  
To display their marks, wounds and bruises,  
But to me the current England team  
Are a bunch of glorified losers!

Dominic Windram

# Delusions Of Grandeur: (In The Early Years Of The 21st Century)

We once took part in the amateur hour;  
In the dark basement of a cold Arts centre  
We thought that we were such precious flowers.  
And that our souls were fragrantly scented  
O we were at the height of our powers!  
But after that things began to turn sour  
O looking back we were so deluded!  
For we were not masters; merely students.  
The musicians played with great seriousness.  
They were followed by brain dead comedians.  
Next it was our turn to enter the scene.  
We walked on stage to fulfil our dreams.  
Then we began to read our poetry;  
Which seemed to fall upon deaf ears.  
We performed extracts from our latest works.  
We strived very hard to please not to irk.  
We thought of ourselves as modern Romantics,  
When in reality we were faking it.  
We tried to emphasise every golden word.  
We wanted our poems to sing like the birds.  
But the audience looked decidedly bored,  
And we left the stage to muted applause.

Dominic Windram

# Denouncements

I denounce the vast war machine of teeming male testosterone  
And plagued patriarchies that discredit the Eternal Feminine.

I denounce the deadened minds that dominate in the corridors of power  
And the regimented rhetoric that reduces consciousness.

I denounce the tribal deities that require constant sacrifice to maintain their  
control over fragile psyches.

I denounce the false preachers and prophets of hatred who proliferate in the  
shadow lands.

I denounce Mammon in all of its myriad forms and I despair of its devoted  
disciples.

I denounce the crucifiers of pure Imagination in callous, cut throat economies.

I denounce the mandarins of mainstream media whose task is to distract not to  
inform.

And I denounce the pitiful propaganda that propagates imbecile illusions of  
happiness.

Dominic Windram

# Depictions Of The Royal Family On U.K T.V

There seem to be two main types of depictions  
Of the Royal Family on U.K T.V.  
The BBC, tends to concentrate on its more  
Formal aspects, and its colourful history.  
Whereas ITV appears to accentuate  
Its celebrity status and considerable  
Allure, for the pleasure of us grateful peasants.  
Although they seem to offer different perspectives,  
What they share in common is a marked lack of  
Criticism, of what some regard as, an  
Archaic institution that still upholds  
The iniquities of a reviled class system.  
Yet the more discerning viewers among us,  
See right through the 'subtle' state propaganda.

Dominic Windram

# Desolation

Love and faith cannot  
Congregate here; in this  
Wasteland of dry bones.

Dominic Windram

# Despair

Despair is a disheveled moon;  
Whose blurred light corrodes heart & soul.  
It's night breaking through mundane day.  
It is the darkness of the Fall,  
After Eden's bright innocence.  
It is the starkest of meetings  
In the mirror; where one sees scars  
But never traces of beauty.

Dominic Windram



# Despite The Darkness

Despite the darkness,  
They ignore the sacred Word.  
Despite the darkness,  
They keep worshipping false idols,  
Despite the darkness,  
They dance like fools on the wires.  
Despite the darkness,  
They keep consuming like bloated pigs.  
Despite the darkness,  
They preen themselves like narcissists.  
Despite the darkness,  
They pretend as though they're saved.  
Despite the darkness,  
They only follow garish neon signs.  
Despite the darkness,  
They occupy their time with trivialities.  
Despite the darkness,  
They ignore the sacred Word.

Dominic Windram

## Despite, Or Perhaps, ...

Despite, or perhaps,  
Because of gut wrenching doubts,  
Blazing agonies;  
Slowly, the spirit seems to  
Grow wiser. Beauty  
Appears to glow with richer  
Textures: light and dark  
Shadings. For joy and sorrow  
Are integral to  
Life's strange, beguiling fabric.

Dominic Windram

## Despite...

Despite the rampant, instant communication  
So indicative of our brash, new modern ways.  
There seems to be little spiritual connection,  
Between many people these days, and widespread dismay.

Dominic Windram

# Despotic Leaders

O the 'Free' World's crazed, despotic leaders have  
The machines, the media & the masses  
At their disposal. They rely heavily,  
It seems, on their cult of personality.  
Democracy is merely a game to them.  
Image, like items/ products, is everything.  
And we, the people, just spectate. We never  
Really participate. That's the way the world works.

Dominic Windram

# Destroy Then Recreate

Bring down the old ways  
Build new monuments of peace.  
No war anymore!

Dominic Windram

## Diana, Princess Of Wales, Memorial Fountain (2004)

The fabled followers of fashion are drawn here  
To mourn the Princess of Hearts; England's modern rose.  
O they surround this 'sacred' site in their thousands.  
They are attracted like mad moths to a light bulb.  
Why are they here? Why do they need this granite shrine?  
To converse with the spectres of trite sentiment?  
Perhaps they've assembled to prove they still exist;  
By making the ground wet with their crocodile tears.  
Yes...they are here for something that is evident:  
Yet it's a something they can't quite articulate.  
Perhaps some kind of Holy Grail that is not here.  
It never was. And deep down, I think they know that.

Dominic Windram

# Diatribes Against The Poetry Slammers!

I'd much rather be considered antediluvian,  
Than pursue the trite novelty,  
Of the preposterous poetry slammers.  
It's truly pathetic that they prefer pantomime  
To vital, radical art that edifies.  
I have watched these painted zombies,  
prancing around the stage, so many times,  
And I find them vile of tongue & slow of wit!

Dominic Windram

# Dichotomies

The cold lips of narcissists are indifferent  
To the warm beauty of words; that carelessly  
Issue forth from them. Soft vision are heaven sent.  
Yet they are indifferent to hard reality.  
And the soul's white purity is indifferent  
To dark, sordid particulars. It will never  
Mingle with them. These dichotomies are present  
In time, and they will remain with us forever.

Dominic Windram



# Differing Perceptions

Many live their lives blithely without a care.  
Some glimpse the light, while for others all is grey.  
Some give in too easily to waves of despair,  
But the firm roots of faith and hope will find a way.

Dominic Windram

# Digital Communication

The endless chatter  
Across cyberspace's vast realms.  
It is mind boggling!

Dominic Windram

# Digital Culture

Digital culture:  
Social atomisation;  
Designer labels.

Dominic Windram

# Disconnected

O these bright fragments, leftover from childhood,  
No longer provide pleasure. They've lost their worth.  
As for Youth's brief arena of distractions,  
Its vivid colours used to arouse me, but  
It lacked substance and form. And now life's pressures  
Weigh heavy upon me. O there seems to be  
No escape from the all consuming rat race!  
It will take some time; but I will heal my mind.

Dominic Windram

# Disguising Despair

The comic mask you 'effortlessly' wear,  
Tells me nothing about your deep despair.  
It is your habitual persona.  
I'm afraid it has now become frozen.

Dominic Windram

# Disgust

As I look around this wanton world of today,  
I see everything that I once believed in fade.  
All I feel is a deep seated sense of disgust.  
What's happened to ethics? What has happened to trust?  
O why are the righteous prophets hidden from view?  
What has happened to me? What has happened to you?  
The dark agents still proliferate in the West.  
For them it's dog eat dog; survival of the fittest.  
O I've watched them crush all the creative flowers,  
And I know they'll continue to cling to power.

Dominic Windram

## Dislocation: (February,2011)

The wind's plaintive moans  
Are accentuated by  
Darkness. The bones of  
These dreams are stark. O they lack  
The rose pink flesh of  
Sumptuous inspiration.  
Tonight the stars are  
Dead in Time's rusted machine.

Dominic Windram

# Dismal Days

Slowly the light drags  
Across the dark, dingy room.  
Fear hides in sheets.

Dominic Windram



# Dismayed By These Redundant Times

Ignorant of divine origins,  
Yet familiar with spiritual hunger,  
This blank generation stumbles on;  
Making the same old mistakes;  
Such as referring to the darkness as light;  
Or sentimentally wishing upon dead stars:  
That are as cold and as bleak as night.

We cling on to brightly painted bones,  
That we assume will bring us luck.  
We are truly lost. We can't seem to see  
The verdant woods for the gnarled, black trees.  
We may assume that we are civilised,  
Yet our lives are plagued by superstitions.  
Like our ancestors, we still live in fear.

Dominic Windram

# Disney World

This is a thriving, perfect world  
Where golden dreams dance into life;  
With technology's magic wand;  
Sanctuary from today's strife;  
A cool, commoditized Eden  
Of story book fantasies,  
And clockwork pictures of living,  
Before the Fall's bitter coming.

Quaint symbols are replaced by fresh signs;  
Where one shalt always follow arrows;  
And where one shalt always stand in line;  
Directed by warm currents and flows.  
Blasts of hyper reality,  
At affordable rates for all,  
With wondrous waiting worlds to see;  
Childhood digitally recalled.

A world of great progress and perks:  
Of journeys to stars that dazzle;  
Of mad parades and fireworks;  
Of bright, pink fairy tale castles;  
Of hot dog and pop corn pleasures;  
Of reckless, preposterous pirates;  
Desperately hunting for treasure;  
Of heroes that pluck love from hate;

Of cartoon images made flesh,  
Providing plastic transcendence;  
Where's there no putrid scent of death;  
Just a blurring of the senses -  
(Just taste the sweet, swirling madness!)  
Of immaculate scrubbed clean streets;  
Of holidays all the year round;  
Of grand, exotic mysteries;  
Of international renown.

Compliant performers in costume  
Radiate such rainbow tinged fun,

Like bold spring flowers in full bloom;  
As cheerful as the summer sun.  
There is always a song to sing  
In swell, delightful Disney World.  
There is always a neat ending  
Where evil doers are defeated;

Where Mickey Mouse never ages;  
For time has no meaning here.  
The light of love shines on all faces;  
For fairy dust removes all fears.  
It's the perfect place for us dreamers;  
(The price we pay is merely pride.)  
For we are passive consumers  
Who like to be taken for a ride.

Dominic Windram

## Disney World 2

Disney world - is a world  
Sprinkled with fairy dust:  
Where dreams do come true;  
Where the colours are so bright;  
Where you can smell the popcorn  
& taste the sweet, swirling madness;  
Where pink plastic palaces penetrate the sky  
& thousands of fireworks explode in the night;  
Where the fleeting moment's celebrated  
& the troubled past is buried;  
Where the technology's amazing  
& the rides are so exhilarating;  
Where the experience hypnotises  
& the critical faculty sleeps;  
Where cleanliness is next to godliness  
& everything runs like clockwork;  
Where the staff are always smiling  
& having fun is mandatory;  
Where the brand is beautiful;  
& the image is everything;  
Where the products are cool  
& radiate with meaning;  
Where money is not the root of all evil  
But the enabler of all desires;  
Where the future is American  
For America is the land of liberty;  
Where the lights never go out  
& the magic never ends;  
Where time has no meaning  
& Mickey Mouse never ages;  
Where no one is excluded  
If they're willing to pay the price.

Hence the gates are open for the lucky ones  
Who are enticed by the dazzle of illusions.  
And illusions seem to carry great weight these days,  
While ugly, ragged reality is kept out.



# Disorder

The bruised, frosted dawn:  
There's blood in the fingernails;  
White lines on the floor.

Dominic Windram

## Disorder 2

The loss of feeling;  
Thoughts that violate the mind:  
Harbingers of doom.  
Sometimes in nightmares they stare  
So menacingly,  
Like the cold eyes of a cat.  
They're hard to remove.  
They're guided by a darkness  
Which knows no limits.  
They stem from the Shadow that  
We like to keep locked  
Tightly away deep within.  
But when we're broken,  
They seem to flood through the cracks.

Dominic Windram

# Disposability

'Everyone and everything is disposable!':  
That's what the corporate moguls would like us all  
To think. O they can turn warm hearts of innocence  
Into cold steel! O they want us all to consume  
Their latest creations and discard the rusted  
And the old! Indeed, they require us to reject  
The holy flame of conscience: that lies deep within  
Our sovereigns souls. We must try to resist them!

Dominic Windram



# Disrupt The Order

Disrupt the order  
Of routinized existence.  
Create novel forms.

Dominic Windram

# Dissonance And Melody

Dissonance and melody compete for the gifts  
Of the potent Muse of bleak nightmares and bright dreams.  
The beating heart of wild poetry and jazz riffs,  
Is a constant fusion of light and dark, it seems.  
The gnarled black dog of depression gives birth  
To pure white cherubim and seraphim of joy.  
When we're wounded, we can measure beauty's true worth.  
Praised be the visions, the sensations and the voice.

Dominic Windram

# Distance

We now seem as distant from each other  
As the stars are from the earth. The soft, warm  
Flame of longing has now dwindled in Time's  
Cold grasp. We're no longer friends,  
Or young lovers, but complete strangers to  
One another. It seems like we have turned  
Slowly into old and hardened cynics  
As all emotional ties are severed.

Dominic Windram

# Distillation

Let me gather up all the flowers you refused.  
Let me trace the star that gleamed on that fateful night.  
I don't expect any easy answers from the gods.  
I don't wait in patient awe like martyrs or saints.  
I don't believe in drugs or herbal remedies,  
Or engage in gambling as I don't have much luck.  
I don't do horoscopes for reasoned principles.  
I don't expect Love to find its way through wastelands  
Of despair. I only have faith in the power  
Of poetry to drive a bold light through the darkness.

Dominic Windram

# Distorted Mirrors

Distorted mirrors:  
All artificial Edens  
Disguise their dark ghosts.

Dominic Windram

# Divided World

Some side with the pure light of Jesus Christ,  
While others prefer the darkness of Cain.  
Some believe in the sacredness of life,  
While others proclaim that it's all in vain.

Dominic Windram

## Do Not Alter Your Love.

Do not alter your love.  
For it should not be distorted  
By myriad darker things:  
That cling leech like to the soul.  
Do not alter your love.  
Let it flow freely.  
Let it open petal by petal  
Like a violet emerging in Spring:  
Fed by the breath of warm breezes  
And the soil and the silvery rain.  
Do not alter your love.  
It should not be distorted.  
O allow it to radiate  
With an innocent kind of light.

Dominic Windram

# Do Not Disturb

Do not disturb the profound silence of mystics  
With your superficial, unholy bourgeoisie ways.  
Do not bore radical thinkers with statistics,  
For they can see right through you with their righteous gaze.  
Do not think that you can outdo the keen artist:  
Who can paint things that you can only imagine.  
And do not seek to patronise the dispossessed,  
Who know their plight and desire to begin again.

Dominic Windram



## Do You Dream In Multi Colours?

Are your dreams multi coloured or just black and white?  
Perhaps you perceive precious hints of sacred light;  
Even amidst the darkest, wintry realms of night.  
Perhaps you're a prophet blessed with profound insight.

Dominic Windram

## Do You Dream In Multi Colours? Version2

Do you dream in multi colours  
Or just in mundane monochrome?  
Do you live your days in fear  
Or do you like to wildly roam?

Do you reach for the golden stars  
Or are you bound by crude habit?  
Do you explore strange, exotic worlds  
Or are you anchored by creed & tribe?

Dominic Windram

# Document 2018

I document wastelands of endless sadness,  
For I feel adrift amidst the swarming madness.  
Angels have fled the desecrated garden.  
The Light's buried under illusory worlds:

We are mired in codes and absurd systems;  
In stale, mindless routines like frightened children.  
Butterflies suffocate in the poisoned air.  
The fake, plastic roses refute transcendence.  
The last trace of beauty struggles to survive.  
Paradise is a perfumed pipe dream for sale.  
There's no wild struggle of will, passion or faith.  
In a world of narcissists fame is the prize.

O I recollect Kierkegaard's caveat:  
That novelty's fruits turn bitter so quickly!  
We should look beyond masks for flakes of silence.  
We should search for wisdom that yet bears no name.  
The sword of Damocles hovers overhead.  
The prophets recede in the lengthening shadows.

Dominic Windram

## Document: 2007

Before I die, I must document these bleak times,  
Like a modern prophet or a subversive scribe.  
Haunting me always are the ghosts of memory,  
Sometimes I truly wonder whether they are real.  
Guilt runs like vital blood through my Catholic veins.  
O sometimes I feel as though I'm going insane!

Distraction constantly follows distraction.  
Endless distractions hide the cracks in creation.  
There is no sense of stillness. Nothing is at rest,  
In this artificial land that has not been blessed.  
I pray for the emergence of a brighter dawn:  
A pure rose of presence; in this world of thorns.

Dominic Windram

## Don't Follow The Fakers

The pied piper poets are courting  
The sweetly singing sirens by the rocks.  
In time they will both lead their acolytes  
To wretched oblivion; for they can  
Only offer the allure of novelty  
Not the potent wisdom of the ages.

Dominic Windram

## Don't Follow The Fakers 2

The pied piper poets are courting  
The sweetly singing sirens by the rocks.  
In time they will both lead their acolytes  
To wretched oblivion; for they can  
Only offer the allure of novelty  
Not the potent wisdom of the ages.

The true artist court no sycophants.  
His light emanates from deep within  
The vast, ethereal realms  
Of his self contained soul.  
He deplores dewy eyed disciples,  
And the doggerel of deluded amateurs.

Dominic Windram

# Don't Give Up

I know that you feel that the world is going mad.  
I'll bring you roses; now you are lonely and sad.  
O try not to worry, for it will soon be spring:  
When once again the blossoming flowers will sing.

Dominic Windram

# Don't Lose Hope

Don't let sweet hope grow old and grey.  
Let it sing within you like Spring.  
Let it guide you from day to day.  
Let it breed a thousand bright things!

Dominic Windram



# Dormant Humanity

O these eyes no longer glisten in the darkness.  
O these eyes can no longer perceive the Truth.  
O these eyes are unable to decipher the  
Writing on the wall like noble, righteous Daniel.  
O these eyes are distracted by eerie twilight.  
Nobody sees Grace fall from supple, tender skies.  
Everyone seem to wear bizarre masks these days,  
Because they are fixated on denying their  
Vibrant, inner selves, O that is a tragedy! .  
A cruel, wintry wind whistles through these empty skulls.  
Nietzsche embraced a horse that was being flogged.  
By its owner, yet was regarded as mad.  
Bright stars pass by us without being noticed,  
Yet we venerate crass mediocrities.  
We still seem to condone secretive torture.  
And surveillance's harsh flames burn everyone.  
While angels' wings are irretrievably broken.  
And the pure light is buried under floorboards.  
Every subtle symbol has become garish.  
Who can resurrect the corpse of humanity?

Dominic Windram

# Downing Street Briefings: (Lockdown: June 12th,2020)

Downing Street briefings  
Are now becoming surreal  
And ridiculous.

Dominic Windram

# Dream Consciousness

I'm seeking sanctuary on the outskirts of words:  
Amongst the sweetest melodies of spectral birds.  
I want to grasp the Light that transcends the senses.  
O I want to embrace the moon's subtle caress,  
And depict the endless weeping of pregnant skies:  
Where grief & sorrow are mirrored myriad times.  
I would like to perceive the potent roots of Spring  
And portray the birth of a plethora of things.  
I would like to experience Creation's oneness.  
Crude symbols cannot capture its' teeming essence.

Dominic Windram

# Dream Garden

The soft pink glow of  
Tulips in the warm spring light.  
Dreams are descending.

Dominic Windram

# Dream Operators

Dream operators,  
And unhinged, ruthless hucksters,  
Run this wanton world.

Dominic Windram

# Dream Worlds: (Inspired By Henri Rousseau)

Dream worlds of lions;  
Lingering in dark forests:  
Rousseau's strange conceits.

Dominic Windram

# Dreamers

The ways and the wanderings of dreamers  
Are decidedly idiosyncratic.  
For them the gleaming moon and stars are guides.  
They decline detailed, obligatory maps.  
Dreamers are perhaps careless, but they have  
Unlimited access to bright, inner worlds.  
There are those who critique such quirky folk,  
Yet, it's not a perfect world; hence we need them.

Dominic Windram

# Dreamers & Idealists

Flowery dreamers,  
And angelic idealists,  
Add colour to life.

Dominic Windram



## Dreaming And Faith: (27th August,2020)

It is not just dreaming, but faith,  
That is rooted in my being.  
O my poetry hints at Grace!  
It offers a way of viewing  
The world, that has been forgotten  
In this manic, modern climate.  
Soon the solemn winds of autumn  
Will drift towards us. Colours change  
With the weather: red, brown and gold  
Leaves will fall, as we contemplate  
Life's purpose; the fate of our souls.  
We need new words with which to pray.  
For these older forms do not seem  
To speak to us today. Let our dreams  
Decorate our weathered faith and  
Understanding. So the hand  
That guides them is vivid and clear  
To us. May we live without fear.

Dominic Windram

# Dreaming Of Eden

I shall pack my poems with plentiful rhymes  
And adopt a plethora of different styles.  
Renewed by the greater, pellucid Light;  
With a sense of firm purpose and power,  
I shall create garlands of poetic flowers.  
I'll pluck them from this vibrant genesis:  
This teeming green age of my dreams.  
I intend to reap all the benefits.  
I will aim to merge, what is with what seems,  
And I will put a stop to lesser schemes.  
Although there will be struggle, it will look like  
All was performed in the twinkling of an eye!

Dominic Windram

# Dreaming Of Eden (Alternative Version)

Poetic flowers:

From this vibrant genesis;

This teeming green age.

Dominic Windram

# Dreaming Of Escape

I'm tired of work and the heavy earth.  
I'd like my spirit to float in blue skies.  
O I'm tired of measuring my worth,  
Via my possessions and my lifestyle.  
I'd like to retreat from this absurd age  
Of wantonness and greed. I'd like to write  
Of magical things and wild, wondrous days,  
And escape the clutches of dreadful night.

Dominic Windram

# Dreaming Of The Headland: Hartlepool

Blue sea, seagulls' screams,  
Rock pools of deep mysteries:  
Nature's dream fragments.

Dominic Windram

# Dreamland

Once we stumbled upon a dream landscape.  
It was all the colours of the rainbow:  
The blithe fairies and elves came out to play:  
Where life was pure as the driven snow.  
O it was permanent summertime there!  
The satyrs and centaurs played their pipes.  
Then they warned us of the great dragon's lair.  
We heeded all their wisdom and advice.  
We visited some strange, exotic lands:  
Filled with unicorns, goblins and wild sprites:  
Many creatures we couldn't understand.  
We roamed the valleys and soared mountain heights.  
We stayed for what seemed like eternity.  
Yet when we awoke it was merely hours.  
Clearly we shared an enchanting dream.  
O we were called there by magical powers!

Dominic Windram

# Dreams

Dreams are wild flowers  
Illuminating my days.  
No more thoughts of sorrow.

Dominic Windram

# Dreams & Visions

Dreams and visions:  
Of pleasant moonlit rivers  
And calm blue oceans.

Dominic Windram



## Dreams 2

Dreams blessed by the Light,  
And nurtured by night's silence,  
Dissolve in the dawn.

Dominic Windram

# Dreams Are Descending

Dreams are descending,  
Like glistening flakes of snow:  
Magical moments.

Dominic Windram

## Dreams Are Descending 2

Dreams are descending,  
Surreptitiously. like snow  
In the depths of night.

Dominic Windram

# Dreams Are Piling Up

Dreams are piling up;  
Like the late December snow:  
Crisp and sumptuous.

Dominic Windram

# Dreams Flow

Dreams flow through the night.  
Will their light unlock my mind?  
Will I be wiser?

Dominic Windram

# Dreams Of Angelhood

I dream of angelhood and Love's promise; despite  
The desolation of the desecrated night.  
O the anguish of all the ages endlessly  
Recurr in need to be so vigilant.

Dominic Windram

# Dreams Transcend The Mundane.

I walk empty streets,  
Still holding on to rare dreams:  
Deciphering signs.

Dominic Windram

# Dreams Turn To Nightmares

Dreams turn to nightmares:  
Spectres crowd pale egg shell skulls;  
Serpents writhe around.

Dominic Windram



# Drifting Off To Sleep

The birds are drifting  
Off to sleep, under a bright  
And full summer moon.

Dominic Windram

# Drink Coca Cola!

Drink Coca Cola:  
Delicious & refreshing;  
Live the dream always!

Dominic Windram

# Dumbfounded By A Day-Glo World

The snow falls with supernatural slowness:  
As surreal as ceremonies of dying;  
As stark yet serene as a seer's presence;  
O mid winter's malignant spell is binding!

The soft spirit of grace fades from the world's face.  
I'm moved by the crescent moon's subtle caress,  
Not the dazzling, febrile glow of cyberspace;  
Where the blare of the counterfeit displaces,  
Our time honored notions of noble Truth.  
And floods the senses with miasmal confusion.  
In the fashion house of fleeting youth  
Sparks spatter from the anvil of illusions.  
Airbrushed models leap from magazines & screens.  
Their skin is as smooth & deluxe as vinyl.  
Symbolic myths are pasted onto tomorrow's dreams.  
Sentimental surfaces mask the violence.  
I watch, with august judgement from the wings,  
As the heady, hackneyed scenes are replaying

This is the era of the passing impulse.□  
Irony dissipates in the desperate light  
Of a phantom sun that mesmerizes us;  
While the frail human subject's shadow declines.  
Slyly parasitic in our 'cozy' homes,  
Like preening cats we crave supine asylum.  
We are content to embrace shadow kingdoms.  
We no longer seek a transcendent domain  
Of fire & air; that stirs the stars & seeds.  
We lack a profound hunger for higher needs.  
There are only intermittent murmurings  
- Lullabies of the lost that sing through the cracks.  
We're content with the cut price in sensation's quest  
Not the fresh miracle of warm surprise that's blessed.

Glittering fragments adorn our cave walls.  
We are far removed from ultimate concerns  
And the contemplation of Platonic Forms;

The pure pools of silence, in which we once  
Dwelt, are now polluted by the endless din  
Of distractions that deny the source of things.  
The Word is strangled by syllogisms.  
It is wrecked on the vast shore of sophistries.  
This is the age of tainted information.  
It's replaced the richness of ancient wisdom.  
An abyss now sneers at verdant creation.  
A brand new form of bigotry has begun.  
I detect it in the marked decay of doves.  
It can be deciphered in the death of Love.  
The halo is now outdated & defamed.  
Poets are ciphers writing metallic verse.  
And 'activists' reek of narcissistic aims:  
What manic, translucent clowns of dissidence!  
We seek an arbitrary sense of order.  
There are no more prophets or passionate pilgrims.  
Only starry eyed tourists crossing borders;  
There's no seamless coat of divine harmony  
I can only trace the warped patterns of those  
Who weave coarse fabrics of their own devising.  
I sense the power of the vainglorious.  
There are no reference points of virtue or sin.  
We are left with mere remnants of beauty  
That only the refined artist can perceive.□

I gaze knowingly at black, skeletal trees;  
For their gnarled, ice laden branches plague my dreams.  
In these bleak mid winter moments - dark spots in time.  
I await the coming of spring & its' vital wine.

Dominic Windram

## Dust On These Roses: (August 23rd,2020)

Dust on these roses,  
Marks the imminent death of  
Summer. I lament.

Dominic Windram

# Dystopia

Behind the gleaming skyscrapers,  
The silent screams from the ghetto  
Behind the bowers of flowers,  
The dry bones of penury.  
In the shadow of luxury hotels  
The graffiti & the slow burning rage.

Dominic Windram

## Dystopian Visions

O Love cannot hope to survive  
In a wilderness of stale lies.  
Mercy evades the stern judges  
Of humanity who never budge  
From their rusted old perspectives.  
They always take and never give.  
Innocence hides from crude search lights  
In the cold corridors of night.

Dominic Windram

# Each One Dreams

Each one dreams, in their  
Small, private cells at night time,  
Of glorious escape!

Dominic Windram



# Each Snowflake

Each snowflake is unique.  
Each one's a beautiful world  
Of wondrous design!

Dominic Windram

## Early Morning: (June 24th,2020)

Early morning in  
Mid summer: Benediction  
Of the blazing sun.

Dominic Windram

## Early September 2 (September 11th,2020)

Early September.  
And the wind and light suggest  
Autumn enchantments.

Dominic Windram

## Early September 3 (September 11th,2020)

Early September:

Leaves are beginning to fall  
From trees, through sunlight.

Dominic Windram

## Early September: (September 10th,2020)

Early September  
Is dark green with flashing hints  
Of golden promise.

Dominic Windram

# Early Spring

Sun rise, and a rose pink dawn is emerging.  
It is waking sound sleepers from their dreaming.  
Warmer light is now filtering through windows.  
Outside, a much calmer wind gently blows.  
O there is dew on the grass and the hedgerows,  
And white blossoms point to a bright tomorrow!  
In verdant fields, we hear the lambs soft bleating.  
Fresh in every detail, are the signs of spring

Dominic Windram

## Early Summer Rain: (Lockdown, June,2020)

Here comes the welcome, early summer rain;  
Softening; healing the obstinate ground;  
Replenishing flowers in parched gardens;  
Releasing the sweet scent of petrichor;  
Part soil; and part ethereal fluid:  
That is believed to flow like blood wine in  
The veins of the gods; o nature's magic!  
Soon rainbows, aligned with hope, will emerge.

Dominic Windram

## Easter - Children's Poem (For Lucy Windram)

Easter is such a special time of year.  
It brims with new life, love and light so rare.  
Sweet birdsong floats on the warm, April breeze.  
Pink & white blossoms scatter on the streets.  
The lambs & chicks play in fields of deep green.  
Once again the people begin to dream.  
The tulips & daffodils gently bloom;  
After winter's harsh reign of icy gloom.  
The shops are filled with all kinds of goodies;  
From colourful eggs to fluffy bunnies.  
O Easter's a magical time of year.  
It brims with new life, love and light so rare.

Dominic Windram



# Easter 2019

Nature's rhythms reveal the primordial Word.  
It flows like a river to celestial seas.  
O it speaks, with lightsome grace, to our deepest needs.  
In secular festivals, it is now unheard.  
For we're distracted by endless colours & sounds:  
That only serve to mask the regions of darkness  
Or to ease the symptoms of the amorphous crowd.  
O we need once again to embrace rootedness.  
We should consider the seed; not just be aroused  
By the cornucopia of fruit or flower.  
We need to listen closely to intricate powers:  
That constantly shape creation with boundless Love.  
We need to grasp the ways of the Lamb & the Dove.  
I hear rhapsodies and odes to strange suns & moons  
I hear voices sing of gilded domains of sin  
Yet who will reflect Silence's wise & pure pools:  
Who will compose healing modern poems & hymns?

Dominic Windram

# Easter Dreaming

Lamb like lullabies,  
Dreams flow like rose pink blossoms.  
Easter's warm surprise.

Dominic Windram

# Easter Musings

Every Easter, I think hard about life,  
I think of human suffering; the Word  
Made flesh and Christ's redeeming sacrifice.  
Yet there's still so much that I have to learn.  
We poets, are conversely: flesh made word.  
The seasons and the elements shape us.  
We seem to dream of impossible worlds.  
We are, at times, the essence of stardust.  
We are linked to the sweet songs of wild birds.  
Each fresh syllable we stress is heart felt.  
And often our very beingness burns  
With an eerie fire that is transcendent.

Dominic Windram

# Easter Sunday 1

I am feeling blessed,  
By the knowing caress, of  
Sweet eternity

Dominic Windram

## Easter Sunday 2

My soul floods with light.  
For through my deep faith, I know  
That He is risen.

Dominic Windram

# Easter Sunday: (In Relation To The Pandemic)

Frail human structures  
Are collapsing all around.  
Yet His Light prevails.

Dominic Windram

# Easter Sunday: A Meditation

We're distracted from seeing  
The divine source of Being.  
May we be reborn in Christ  
And discover God's pure Light.

Dominic Windram

# Easter Time 2015

It's Easter time again  
And there's sod all to do.  
It's raining cats and dogs  
And I'm frozen to the bone!  
I see that ITV are putting on  
All 31 'Carry On' films  
For our viewing pleasure  
How considerate of them:  
What depth of vision!  
What supreme imagination!  
O how I wish I was elsewhere,  
Maybe sipping coffee,  
In a cafe on the Champs-Élysées;  
With other arty types;  
Talking about Baudelaire & Bresson  
And the surreal blossoming  
of strange exotic flowers.  
Such joie de vivre!  
But back here among the grime  
And the philistines,  
It's Easter time again  
And there's sod all to do!

Dominic Windram



## Easter Trivialised On LinkedIn

O if you just post about cute Easter bunnies,  
You'll receive hundreds of comments; thousands of likes!  
However, if you think a little more deeply,  
And share posts about Christ's redeeming sacrifice,  
Or His radical agenda for humankind,  
The members' response will, invariably be,  
Negligible. O what has happened to this world? !  
This worship of sentimental guff is absurd!

Dominic Windram

# Easter Trivialized

In order to fully commemorate  
This significant sacred time of the year,  
When we recall, with due deference,  
The poignant meaning of the Passion,  
And the promise of a new life in Christ,  
We strongly recommend that you purchase  
The following items. Have a nice day:

A vine berry Bunny  
Wreath with burlap bow;  
A Blue beaded foam egg  
Placed in a white pot;  
A vintage true faith  
Resin egg;  
A fluffy ba ba sheep  
Designer bag;  
A lamb sun catcher;  
A metal chick in an egg kit.

A pink floral cross  
With green chevron;

And a ceramic fairy flower girl.

A Palm Sunday puzzle;  
A Last supper saucer;  
A saints & martyrs  
Sticker pack;  
A cream floppy eared  
Welcome sign'  
A crown of thorns  
Crayon set;  
A pastel praised  
Gypsum word;  
A crucifixion key ring;  
And a plastic wind up  
Swimming bunny.

A red fluorescent Christ;  
A light of the world lamp;  
A hop hop hop  
Bunny head with hat;  
A saffron jute with tulips;  
A 'we are blessed'  
Black wood board;  
A blood of the lamb,  
Ketchup bottle;  
A purple 'ice cream  
For Jesus 'onesie;  
And a 'He is risen'  
Paper bookmark.

Have a very happy Easter!

Dominic Windram

# Easter Vigil

The hard frost of Lent  
Has gradually thawed.  
And we calmly await,  
The subtle miracle  
That gives significance  
To life's shadowy forms.

This is a night of strife,  
That scans the centuries,  
When deliverance and despair  
Stake their claim on the psyche.

O Lady of Mercy,  
Bless us in our brokenness,  
As we offer bread and flowers,  
As we discard the old, habitual ways.

O Lady of Grace,  
Radiant heart of the Dawn,  
Accept our human flaws,  
May the spirit sanctify the flesh.

In this dreamless, cosmetic age  
Of endless distractions,  
We are lost in labyrinths  
Looking for guidance.  
We tend to inspect the air  
For the scent of permanence.  
Thus we cling to time worn rituals:  
The flickering of a candle flame,  
To symbolize His Presence,  
Emerging from the veil of darkness;  
Pure water and fresh fire  
To caress the scars of Time.  
We must prepare ourselves  
For the moment that merges  
With teeming Eternity;  
When the frail, battered self  
Retreats and a clear world

Of Being is born.  
When even in old bones  
The pith is gently stirred  
And purpose is rekindled.

Easter is the year's ascension.  
For at the stroke of midnight,  
Spring time's revelation  
Will herald the coming  
Of a Greater Light.

Dominic Windram

## Easter Vigil 2

O truly blessed night;  
That begets the arrival  
Of a greater light.

Dominic Windram

## Easter Vigil 3

O this profound darkness of pitch-black night,  
Will soon beget a fresh, forgiving light.

Dominic Windram

## Easter Week: Version 1

This week, eternity descends from wounded skies,  
And crashes like lightning into our humdrum lives.  
We are forced, at length, to decipher seemingly  
Obscure symbols, hymns and signs; which indeed, in  
Our glazed, modern eyes, belong to some other time.  
Flesh equates to bread; blood is conflated with wine.  
For this solemn week speaks of profound human pain,  
And life's redemption, like the healing April rain.

Dominic Windram



## Easter Week: Version 2

This week, eternity descends from darkened skies,  
And crashes like lightning into our humdrum lives.  
We are forced, at length, to decipher seemingly  
Obscure symbols, hymns and signs; which  
Our glazed, modern eyes, belong to another time.  
Flesh equates to bread; blood is conflated with wine.  
Yet this solemn week speaks of profound human pain,  
And life's redemption, like the healing April rain.

Dominic Windram

## Easter: April 2020

Easter is spring's crown.  
It adds to the fresh light with  
Its symbols and hymns.

Dominic Windram

# Ebay

Explore ebay now.  
We can sell you anything,  
Your heart desires.

Dominic Windram

# Echoes Of Another World

Echoes of another world:

Hiding deep within the shadows.

Sometimes we receive hints:

When a gust of wind sifts the leaves;

When the twilight turns to violet;

When a subtle light reveals,

The intrinsic beauty of things,

We often don't take time to notice.

Dominic Windram

## Eco - Warrior

Nature is on the brink of extinction.  
I sense the darkness mocking creation.  
I sense the suffering of innocent things  
I lament the butterfly's broken wings.  
Love's been sacrificed; the Lamb has been slain  
On the altar of monetary gain.  
I anticipate the days of fire & flood.  
A burning anger flows within my blood.

Dominic Windram

# Ecstatic Communion

Ecstatic communion:

When the blood burns through the veins;

When the world's weight is dissolved;

When the universe expands;

When the light is pellucid

When all the colours collide;

When all the flowers explode,

When wild heaven emerges.

Dominic Windram

# Ed Miliband (Former 'labour' Leader: Uk)

Ed Milliband is  
Middle class. He's more Marks and  
Spencers than Marxist!

Dominic Windram

# Edvard Munch (1863 - 1944)

Nature's dark angels  
Kept watch over his cradle.  
He was tormented.

Dominic Windram



# Eerie Easter Dream

The dark green agony  
recurs in Gethsemane.

The lizard is writhing  
On the blurred rock

The sun's blood burns  
In my Catholic veins

Golgotha's skull  
Leers in the savage light

Dominic Windram

# El Salvador

White hand on black paper  
Meant death for Romero -  
Revered archbishop.  
Yankee dollars were behind  
The mass executions;  
The rapes & electric shocks.  
The cameras recorded  
The vivid colour of blood.  
Armed dark angels still prowl  
The crumbling city streets.

Dominic Windram

# Election Day

We're requested by the elites,  
Every five years, to mark an X  
For our preferred candidate.  
It's a perfunctory task:  
Requiring little thought or effort.  
We're like B.F Skinner's rats  
Conditioned to pressing levers  
For small rewards it seems.  
Unfortunately, that's as far as our  
'Noble' democracy stretches.

Dominic Windram

# Elegant Gardens

Elegant gardens:

The church spire stands aloof  
And peeps through tall trees.

Dominic Windram

# Elemental Poems

I'll bring these visions drifting in the air  
Down to earth and transcribe them in soft flame.  
I will baptise them in the purest pools  
Of stillness and silence. I'll nurture them.

Dominic Windram

# Elites Appease Us

Elites appease us  
With new 'bread and circuses'.  
We've got to resist!

Dominic Windram

# Embedded Journalists

O embedded journalists thrive on illusions,  
Limos and lunches. O they know how to avoid  
The facts at all costs. O they serve their dark masters  
Very well; it has to be said. I ignore them.

Dominic Windram

# Emptiness

Intoxicated by worldly pleasures,  
And bitter sweet odours of faux flowers,  
The lost, feral children of the dust,  
Drift aimlessly & chase after shadow dreams.  
The neon gods they worship distract them  
From the blessed realms of ultimate concern.  
Their hearts prefer to dwell in the house of mirth  
Rather than the house of wisdom & sorrow.  
O the deserts grow deep within their souls.  
Novelty's futile pathways lead to despair.

Dominic Windram



# Enchanted Art

Enchanted Art, that soars like the angels,  
Is alas, very rare these days. There are  
Many dilettantes, but too few masters; .  
There are many in possession of a  
Keen entrepreneurial spirit. Yet  
Sadly, in these current, cynical times,  
There is an alarming lack of vision.  
O where are the bold experimenters?  
Where in the world, can one still discover,  
The wild, starry eyed, persistent dreamers? !

Dominic Windram

## End Notes: (Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow, July 7th,2020)

O I shall embellish these final notes  
With a sprinkling of magic and beauty:  
The wind's soft whispers; the fragrance of rose.  
Then I'll return to my visions and dreams.

Dominic Windram

# End The Licence Fee Now!

O I'm so sick and tired of paying a licence fee,  
For the 'privilege' of watching the barmy BBC.  
O why on earth should we pay for what's ostensibly state  
Propaganda or face imprisonment? ! I'm so irate!  
Even Joseph Stalin never came up with something like that!  
It's a corporation of the pompous and rich fat cats.  
Its general tone is patronising; it's so out of touch.  
O it provides very little; yet promises so much.  
Its programmes never point out the elephant in the room.  
And when someone does, they're labelled as mad, subversive fools.  
Personally, I think that the weary British public  
Have had quite enough. So move over BBC and quit!

Dominic Windram

# End Times

The modern world worships idols of gold:  
From Vegas glitz & Disneyland theme parks,  
To crude celebrities who sell their souls.

Quick fix culture: torn between light & dark  
We now need prescribed drugs to cure boredom.  
The rampant rat race madness leaves its mark.

We have lost the keys to inner kingdoms.  
We cannot find our way through the labyrinth.  
We will pay the price like fabled Sodom.

Dominic Windram

## End Times 2

The great image is shattered.  
The wild birds are no longer singing.  
All I hear are stagnant, hollow sounds  
The warm colours have been drained  
From the sun and sky. Creation  
Has now sunk into an abyss.

Dominic Windram

# Endless Distractions

People's lives are invariably traces of  
Debris; distractions that try in vain to defy  
Inevitable death. There are those who indulge  
In animal ecstasies; until they are left  
Satiated, but inconsolably alone.  
And there are those who meditate from sunrise to  
Sunset. Yet they can only glimpse a fragile light.  
There are those that seek myriad novelties,  
Yet all they discover are the dregs of despair.  
And there are those who gamble obsessively,  
Yet so often 'Lady Luck' is not on their side.  
There are those who glitter wildly with fame's glories.  
Yet they can't face themselves in the clear mirror.  
There are those who stagnate in rooms of contentment.  
They keep death in its place on a daily basis.  
There are those who need conflict to feel more alive.  
Yet thrills of endless wars can't fill their empty souls,  
Yet there are some who face death; look it straight in the eye.  
And create something precious; that's worth living for.  
For they are the true prophets, poets and artists.

Dominic Windram

# Endless Possibilities

Too many choices!  
Which symbols should I select  
To paint Life's patterns?

Dominic Windram

## England: 2020 (January,2020)

O those bleak nocturnal scenes of junkies,  
Winos and beggars still disturb my dreams.  
This broken, bloodied nation is deeply  
Divided. Things are not what they seem,  
In England's fabled green and pleasant land.  
They are so few that even understand  
Brecht's belief that bread is more important  
Than morals when living on a knife's edge.  
All academic talk of reform is cant.  
As are politicians' spurious pledges.

Dominic Windram



# England's Dreaming

I hear the plaintive strains of Green Sleeves  
Emanate from colourful ice cream vans.  
Pummelling Punch and poor Judy are still  
Popular in certain seaside resorts.  
Leather clad bikers, on Bank Holidays,  
Often hang around quaint old villages.  
Maypole and Morris dances go round and  
Round and leave me gladly dazed and confused.  
The sweet, familiar scent of fairground  
Candy floss and toffee apples still drift  
On warm summer breezes. And fish and chips,  
With batter, wrapped in newspapers,  
Cockles and winkles also with salt and  
Vinegar, are simply divine to eat.  
These idiosyncratic reminders  
Of England's dreaming still fascinate me.

Dominic Windram

# Enlightened Artists

Your colour & craft  
Increase our consciousness  
Like angels dreaming.

Dominic Windram

## 'Enlightened' Humankind.

Humankind is now so enlightened,  
That it can send spacecrafts to other worlds,  
And glimpse the most distant light in our  
Teeming universe. Yet often it seems,  
That vain, distracted humankind, cannot  
Perceive the pure light within its own heart.

Dominic Windram

# Enlightenment

An enlightened trance  
Of glowing inner heaven.  
Sun filters through dreams.

Dominic Windram

## Enlightenment 2

Spring illuminates  
Old bones in memory's cold  
Graveyard. The fragrance  
Of budding flowers frees up  
The senses. Words  
Hint at metaphorical  
Falcons that soar through  
The centre of consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# Ennui

I walk along these paralysed streets;  
Vainly searching for something precious.  
Like a faint blast of exotic music  
Or a preacher with a golden throat:  
Something soulful in this plastic age:  
Where everyone seems to act out a part.

Dominic Windram

# Enraptured

I am enraptured:  
Now that strange, magical winds  
Have entered my world.

Dominic Windram

# Enter This Broken World

Enter this broken world,  
Light that knows no limits;  
Reality beyond all words;  
Mystical glory of the teeming universe.

Enter this dark house of sorrow,  
Life creating Art; Vessel of Eternal Joy;  
Indescribable treasure: subtly  
Transcending summer's hazy transience.

O Holy Queen of the Angels,  
Our sweet Lady of Solitude:  
Transfigure the scattered fragments  
Of tainted matter & ghost.

Comforter of The Afflicted; stranger to sameness;  
Enter through the cracks in our dreams.  
For we shall praise & crown you with flowers:  
Light pink & snow white roses.

Enter my broken world:  
Firm Throne of Wisdom;  
Mother of Mercy;  
Gleaming Star of The Sea.

Guide us who are lost:  
Tossed & torn & shipwrecked  
By life's cruel  
& turbulent storms.

Refuge of Sinners:  
Calm translator of  
The Spirit's unsettling  
Yet healing fire.

Guide us through this Vale of Tears.  
For in our exile from Innocence's garden,  
We see through a glass darkly.  
Make us whole with thy grace.



Dominic Windram

# Entropy

A curious trail  
Of tenebrous connections:  
The death of angels.

Dominic Windram

# Epiphanies Of Light

Epiphanies of light emerge in the garden  
Of dreams. There's a merging of what is and what seems.  
There's a fluttering of birds and magical wind.  
There's a profusion of colours from gold to green.

Dominic Windram

# Epiphanies Of Wind And Light

Epiphanies of  
Wind and light emerge on this,  
Vivid, summer day.

Dominic Windram

# Epiphany

Praised be - the rebellious gestures of Christ echoing through time  
& the dialogues of dreamers in the potent bliss of Spring.

Praised be - the ripening of stars in the fertile night  
& the diaphanous words that glide with the birds on the wind.

Praised be - the peace activists railing against the vast, intractable machinery of war  
& the so called mad who've broken out of capitalism's metallic ways.

Praised be - the wounded children of the dust who lie weeping  
In the graveyard of frozen vision; may this curious age address their suffering.

Praised be - the unknown saints so humble in their utter ordinariness & the most fragile of flowers barely surviving amongst neon & concrete.

Praised be the angelic artists scratching at the heart of life; searching for a pulse behind the plastic  
& the wilder ones with wandering, fevered minds who cannot rest.

Praised be - those who sip the liquid light from the vital sun of longing & those who proselytize in plagued streets at midnight.

Praised be - those who find a dwelling place in the soft embrace of imagination  
& who oppose its strangulation in the crucible of calculated education.

Praised be - the non conformists refusing to follow regimented consumption  
& the debunkers of myth & fairy tale & all those who deconstruct the caustic kingdom of advertising.

Praised be - the poetry - a flash of light in the midst of a dark, discordant universe.  
& the revolutionaries buttressing the burning question marks of these times.

Praised be - The flesh & the fire of genius thought which reinvigorates leaden lexicons  
& the mellifluous music that heightens critical consciousness.

Praised be - The saviours of wanton humanity who sacrifice themselves so that

we may live

& the mystics and the monks who repeat their mantras to end all pain.

Praised be -The holy ocean of infinite wisdom in an age of tainted information  
& the immensity of joy that refuses to be crushed by fear monger Pharisees.

Praised be - the fruits of eternity sweetening in the gilded gardens of existence  
& the secular prophets who denounce hierarchy but pronounce the Word's  
gleaming reality.

Praised be - the redeeming rain pouring through the cracks in our elaborate  
designs

& the healing days when limitless Love soars over the abyss.

Praised be - The rebirth of wonder in deadening democracies  
& the Spirit that remains as fleeting illusions fade away.

Dominic Windram

## Epiphany 2

O these febrile nights of birth  
Are draining my lifeblood!  
Each wrought syllable  
Seems to sigh  
With deep longing.  
Eventually,  
A tender beauty  
Is laid bare across  
Burnt, weathered pages:  
The profound laments  
Of lonely dreamers  
Radiating amidst stillness;  
Angelic wisdom,  
Phrased in crude animal yelps;  
A small rage against  
The grinding ubiquity  
Of machine consciousness;  
The soft air of grace  
In these arid times;  
A harvest of stars  
In all their spectral radiance;  
The scent of violets  
In an odourless age;  
A hint of moonlight  
On the shadow lands;  
A passionate prayer  
Amongst cool objects.  
Then dawn arrives cloaked  
In rose pink splendour:  
A blast of birdsong  
Suddenly awakens me.  
Despite the fresh pain  
& the stinging rain,  
Perhaps it's the slow  
Resurrection of love  
From emptiness.

Dominic Windram

## Epiphany: The Three Kings

Although they did not know his name, they sought  
Him in the bleak darkness of wintry night.  
It defied all the wisdom they'd been taught,  
Yet they were drawn to a mystical light.  
With pilgrims' keen eyes that see beyond stars,  
They followed the light until they found Him.  
They offered gold, frankincense and myrrh  
To the new born King of Kings without sin;  
In a humble stable of hallowed ground.  
They wondered how such bright glory dwelt there.  
Yet through it all, He slept without a sound.  
They realised their riches weren't so rare,  
Not compared to divine innocence's worth.  
That blessed night they perceived heaven on earth.

Dominic Windram



# Epiphany's Secrets

As Epiphany's secrets flow through my mind,  
I shall decipher rare symbols and signs.  
For truth is so complex and multi layered.  
Endless streams of distractions make us wayward,  
We must focus on the original source  
Of things. And feel the warmth of a greater force.  
The mystics have taught that throughout the ages.  
We need to write new words of light on Time's pages.

Dominic Windram

# Escape

I'd like to leave the constant urban grime,  
And the modern, manic merry go round.  
I'd like to escape to verdant valleys  
And meadows fresh with bright sun & soft rain  
I would like to breathe in the country air  
And the pleasant aroma of flowers.  
The raw, unspoiled life is perfect for me;  
Not the rampant artificial designs,  
Of the ubiquitous corporate powers  
That supplant our vital consciousness.

Dominic Windram

## Escape 2

Scarred by the city:  
I retreat to rural realms;  
Paradise at last!

Dominic Windram

# Escape From The Rat Race

I can't keep up with this mad rat race pace;  
So to the countryside I'll escape.  
There amongst sweet birds, fields & flowers,  
I'll regain my poetic powers.

Dominic Windram

## Escape: March 28th,2020

O in these times of grave uncertainty,  
I like to escape by thinking of things,  
Like the vast, bountiful oceans and seas,  
Or the fragile beauty of butterflies' wings.  
Or verdant fields and hills and drifting clouds;  
That are far removed from amorphous crowds.  
I like to think of colourful delights,  
That inspire my mind through long days and nights.

Dominic Windram

# Escaping From Selfhood

O we cannot wish  
Away, the heart's darkness, with  
Wit, wine and whimsies

Dominic Windram

# Escapism

How I'd like to lie  
On some vast, faraway beach:  
Where dreams are woven.

Dominic Windram

# Essence Of Angelhood

O I want to grasp the essence of life;  
Despite the dark paths of the heart's turmoil.  
In my dreams I still pursue fleeting shadows.  
I cannot find the fabled Holy Grail.  
Recently, waves of madness have broken  
Through the rock of habit.O I will try  
To extract long, forgotten phrases from  
The shimmering lines of ancient wisdom.

Dominic Windram



# Establishment Stooges

Every day and every night they shine  
With pellucid, patriotic light.  
Pulled by strings; governed by the divine.  
They boldly proclaim that might is right.

They proliferate in the crude press.  
They are prone to spouting platitudes  
Across social media; across  
The tainted items of mainstream news.

As for me I tend to switch channels,  
For they're vile of tongue & slow of wit.  
They perform like circus animals.  
I've no time time for their games & gimmicks

Across the crinkled airwaves I hear  
The febrile, rabid skeleton chants  
Of bought talk show hosts rehashing fear.  
Even sports reports are full of cant.

I anticipate that things will get  
Even worse as time speeds quickly by.  
Better take some Prozac and forget,  
As Truth submits to hearsay & lies.

Dominic Windram

# Estrangement

We are far removed from Nature's rich cycles.  
The elemental forces escape us.  
We are now more familiar with the  
Odourless scent of artificial worlds.  
We ward off fears of death's finality,  
By inhabiting bright illusory realms.

Dominic Windram

# Eternal Essence

Eternal essence

Of all things; known and unknown:

Hinted at in poems.

Dominic Windram

# Eternal Outsider

In dreams she hears the butterfly's silent screams.  
She has lost the keys to her secret kingdom.  
All too aware of the world's endless labyrinths,  
And the myriad games the populace plays,  
She extricates herself from the swollen realms of delirium.  
Everyday objects appear eerily unreal.

Sometimes it feels like she's been here forever.  
Life is like a withered leaf; condemned by the clockwork seasons.  
All the vivid colours have faded.  
All the frozen certainties have melted.  
In dreams she hears the butterfly's silent screams.  
She has lost the keys to her secret kingdom.

Dominic Windram

## Eternal Outsider 2

O how wretched and broken am I:  
Lost in this dire town of hostile hordes.  
O how alienated I am,  
Amidst the bovine, conforming clans.  
O they cannot comprehend my words,  
And they sneer at my dark poetry.  
Although my voice is now weak and worn,  
And Romance's flowers have withered,  
I'm still blessed with gifts of prophecy.  
I'd like to purify perception.  
I seek to reclaim consciousness from  
The violent grip of the crudest of tribes:  
Whose foulest poison pollutes the air.  
I see things that they don't want to see.  
Like the proverbial ostrich they  
Place their heads in the sand. But I see  
Far beyond this absurd place and time:  
Of bright logos, flags and uniforms;  
Of endless chatter; devoid of meaning;  
Of bleak 9 to 5 existences:  
Where real freedom is illusory.  
Yet still I will continue to plant  
The seeds of my visions... perhaps in vain.  
For, as Oscar Wilde once cleverly quipped:  
'Society often forgives the  
Criminal, But never the dreamer.'

Dominic Windram

## Eternal Outsider 3

O I can only exist in poetic realms,  
Because this cruel world offers me no faithful friends.  
I can only exist on society's margins,  
Because I'm not accepted by clowns & mandarins.

Dominic Windram

# Eternal Recurrence

Sometimes I feel I've been here before,  
As detached as an angel from on high.  
Love's carousel seems so familiar.  
The seasons come in glory then they go.  
History repeats itself in colour.  
Symbols of the prophets regurgitate:  
Spat out into facile, glossy slogans.  
Crude desires breed & thrive like maggots.  
All salient forms are mere vanity.  
There is nothing novel under the sun.  
All is meaningless like chasing the wind.  
The centre of existence is missing.  
Sport & leisure themes are but surrogates.  
Festivals mark the time between birth & death.  
Sometimes I feel I've been here before,  
As detached as an angel from on high.

Dominic Windram

## Eternal Recurrence: (Inspired By Friedrich Nietzsche)

I have witnessed the time - honoured dramas,  
And I have seen the writing on the wall.  
Sometimes, I feel as detached as angels.  
Sometimes, I wish that I'd never been born.

I have witnessed the wild, futile pursuits  
And all bold human 'glories' turn to dust.  
Sometimes, I feel like I've been here before.  
Everything recurs again and again

Dominic Windram



# Eternity

Sometimes behind the door of dreams,  
I perceive sweet eternity.

Dominic Windram

## Eucharist (April 9th,2020)

We share in the sacred bread and wine.  
And we are remade, moment by  
Moment, in the creative thrust  
Of His Word. In Him we place our trust.

Dominic Windram

## Even Profound Poems...

Even profound poems, can only hint, not define  
The vast, inexplicable ways of the divine.  
They can be compared to the remnants of a dream:  
Mere shadows of multi layered reality.

Dominic Windram

# Even The X- Ray (Technology Versus Subjectivity)

Even the X-ray,  
Could not display, the thing that  
Caused me so much pain.

Dominic Windram

# Everything Soon Fades

Everything soon fades.  
Time's weight crushes innocence;  
Brief blossoms of spring.

Dominic Windram

## Everything's Fine: (Tout Va Bien)

We don't need to hear about  
The prophets' revelations;  
The despair of philosophers  
& the ravings of revolution.  
For we are seemingly content  
In this cosy, artificial world  
Of remarkable, cool gadgets  
& of instant communication.  
We stare with the cold eyes of cats  
As the world unfolds on our screens.

Dominic Windram

# Evolution Please!

Hartlepool is a backward town of fools.  
It doesn't respect those of us who're schooled.  
It drags down anything that attempts to  
Transcend the provincial mindset. It's true  
That it's well known for hanging the monkey.  
Well that just sums up its stupidity.  
Here it's merely football, chavs and beer:  
No surprise that it's the butt of jeers.

Dominic Windram

# Evolution Versus Ignorance

If the matador symbolises the artist,  
Then rival bulls represent crude, brutish nature.  
It seems that the battle between them continues  
In modern times: the battle between brawn and wit.  
Although it seems, in this troubled life at least, that light  
Cannot endure and that ultimately  
Darkness and ignorance prevail, there is always  
An evolved consciousness that keeps on breaking through.

Dominic Windram



# Exhuming Pinochet

You trampled on the radiant dreams of the weary children of the dust.  
You armoured yourself against compassion and wonder.  
You created the iron cage to incarcerate the singing birds.  
You devised perfect systems to cure the deviants.  
You silenced dissenters in the twinkling of an eye.  
You ripped out the flowers and desecrated tender earth.  
You drilled through the flesh of Beauty and Innocence.  
You masterminded the machinery that broke the bones of paradise.

In memory of Salvador Allende and Victor Jara.

Dominic Windram

# Existence

For some, this life is strange; absurd even.  
While for others, possessed with warmer frames  
Of reference, it's fairly purposeful.  
For some, this world is grey purgatory;  
Or even, on occasions, sheer hell.  
While for others it's fairly heavenly.  
Whatever one's perspective might be,  
Existence is certainly a mystery.

Dominic Windram

# Exorcising Ghosts

Although I once eloped with you  
I now prefer to sleep beside truth.  
Yet in the house of decay  
Dreamy melodies still play.  
O Dawn's rose pink daughter:  
She once brought me fresh water,  
Sweeter than vintage wine.  
The summers have passed us by.

The sweet birds no longer sing  
Since the cruel gods burnt their wings.  
We will never wander again  
In meadows filled with gentle rain.  
We can't revisit the sacred place;  
The once flower strewn oasis.  
So I think I shall drift with the tide.  
There is no point keeping ghosts alive.

Dominic Windram

# Exorcism

Exorcise dark ghosts.  
Let the healing process start,  
In the soul's desert.

Dominic Windram

## Expanded Consciousness: (Glasgow 1993)

Bright, eternal colours and an endless array,  
Of flashing sensory delight, s come out to play;  
In the wild, vibrant garden of my consciousness:  
Such intoxicating sunbursts of sweet madness!

Dominic Windram

## Expedient Escapades

You're all the comfort that I need,  
(For the time being at least)  
As I turn towards the deep suburban gloom,  
As I rail against the dying of the light;  
As I gently weep beneath a ghostly moon;  
As I piece together these fragments of grace;  
As I cease deciphering bright visions of prophecy;  
As I try to redeem my tortured style;  
As I pluck a tune from this time of discord;  
As I roll the dice and pray to Lady Luck;  
As I invent new jokes for the prisoners of boredom;  
As I turn to face you in the crepuscular realms.

Dominic Windram

## Explore Inner Worlds

O wise ones who try to decipher the secrets  
Of the universe, should look within their own souls,  
And watch carefully as the crude veils are lifted,  
And all manner of strange beauty gently unfolds.

Dominic Windram

# Exposed

Beneath the slick, airbrushed surface skin,  
The wild, rebellious blood rages.  
Behind the world of staged appearance,  
Lies the bitterest reality.  
Beneath the contrived illusory light  
Lie the cold, hidden realms of darkness.  
Behind the commercialised designs,  
The dishevelled truth of poverty.

Dominic Windram



# Extricate

I've cut out all the deadwood from my life.  
And now finally I can focus on  
My art. For too long, I have put up with  
Futile, energy draining dramas and  
Distractions. I guess that's the modern vibe.  
But to hell with that. It's time to move on!

Dominic Windram

# Facebook

The dense fog pervades  
Realms of social media.  
Such idle chatter!

Dominic Windram

# Facebook's Community Standards

You have the right to free speech, as long as  
You use it for endless palaver and trivial dross.  
Once you start asking pertinent questions,  
About the state of the world, then we get concerned.

Dominic Windram

# Facing My Nightmares

All is out of synch, and not what it seems;  
As I toss and turn in the fevered night.  
No one, but me, can hear my silent screams.  
I awaken ghost white from such a fright.  
There are things, I've left undone in my dreams.  
I must return to sleep and put them right!  
Although I fear the unknown, darker realms,  
I want to spread some light where danger dwells.

Dominic Windram

# Fading Consciousness

All the butterflies of my dreams  
Have lost their precious, fragile wings.  
And the wildest birds are screaming,  
As they've lost their pretty colours.

The old guardians of beauty  
Have been deposed by the vulgar.  
And the bright rose has been disrobed;  
Replaced by the simulacrum.

In these caustic, indifferent days,  
I long for higher consciousness;  
That will soar to unfamiliar skies.  
I pray that I remain wide awake.

Dominic Windram

# Faith

Darkness engulfs us.  
I share light with those who know  
That faith is the key.

Dominic Windram

# Faith...

Faith clings tightly  
To vivid colours of dreams:  
The landscape is grey.

Dominic Windram

# Faith's Warm Light

Faith's warm light will burn  
Brightly; even in darkest  
Depths of dreadful night.

Dominic Windram



# Fallen Angel (For Dylan Thomas)

He fell from the heavens like a comet;  
That darkened angel with broken wings.  
O he will never ascend again to his  
Former glory: gliding across versed skies.  
His being will not be reassembled  
In ethereal factories of clouds.  
O his bones will not be resurrected  
But perhaps they are still singing in hell:  
Bellowing out their raw 'bible black' truths  
That only the anguished can comprehend!

His strange, fevered mind bred a myriad  
Of feral similes & metaphors.  
He captured the pulse of a blood red sun  
And the canarin mysteries of moon.  
He perceived the spark that spawned creation  
His genius is lost in the mists of Time.  
Yet his blazing poetry will remain:  
As long as stars illuminate the night;  
As long as there are readers who adore;  
The surreal power of vital beauty.

Dominic Windram

# Fallen Angels

Granite grey cities in the pale dawn light:  
Birds circle overhead in rose stained skies.  
Love lies bleeding; dripping down dead end streets  
Where spectres prevail and faith's obsolete.  
Fallen angels, clutching their broken dreams,  
Starve in cold subways-scarred with graffiti.  
All alone; so far from the sun kissed heights  
Of former golden glories - fading lights;  
Ragged refugees of the state machine  
Spat out by a system of obscene greed;  
Oblivious of the commuters' ebb & flow;  
Needles in their arms where the lucre goes.  
The hit's worth it as every junkie knows;  
In the modern world the emptiness grows.

Dominic Windram

## False Consciousness: (Drugs For The Right Occasion)

We work hard, and when we come home, we want to relax.  
We adore our smart phones and our wide screen T.V.s.  
We can phone up for pizzas whenever we wish  
We don't need to cook; so we don't have to wash up.  
We don't like to plague our minds with politics.  
For we're free to do what our government wants.  
We don't like radical we don't require  
Revolution. We simply want someone to love.  
We don't want to think; we want to be entertained.  
Reading heavy literature is such a drag!  
It seems certain drugs are very useful for us.  
They are the ones featured in the advertisements;  
In between the sports and the music programmes.  
It's merely those mind expanding ones that are bad.  
We don't want or care to expand our consciousness.  
O we imbibe caffeine from Monday to Friday;  
To make us productive members of society.  
And then we consume lots of alcohol from Friday  
To Sunday; so that we will remain blissfully  
Ignorant, of the brightly lit prison, in  
Which we're living. O the scales will never fall from  
Our eyes! We adore our 'comforting' servitude.

Dominic Windram

# False Worship

I will not worship  
At the feet of fallen gods  
Or tainted idols.

Dominic Windram

## Far From Home: Dark Night Of The Soul (A Winter Retreat, December 2000)

I came in good faith; in search of something,  
But I cannot find it. It feels as though  
I'm staring into an abyss. Nothing  
Is happening...there's no mystical glow:  
Only a stark silence here; as the stars  
Glisten above in the eerie night sky.  
O I am lost, and so alone; so far  
Away from the warmth of home. It feels like  
Time itself has turned cold. Love's swift arrows  
No longer guide me in my desperate plight.  
The gods have fled...o the depths of sorrow!  
I've lost the gifts of vision and insight.  
Each minute is a leaden century.  
The hours are long; like an eternity.

Dominic Windram

# Fashion House Beauty

Fashion house beauty:  
Her eyes are like an angel's,  
But her heart is cold.

Dominic Windram

# Faux Democracies

Faux democracies:  
They will never cease fuelling  
Their vast war machines.

Dominic Windram

# Fear

Dark forest of ghosts,  
The haunted trees at midnight,  
Whisper their secrets

Dominic Windram



## February Winds (Storm Dennis: 2020)

How the mighty wind roars & wails & shrieks!  
How it sings and whistles throughout the night!  
How it shakes the very structure of dreams!  
It's accompanied by the driving rain:  
That pelts and rattles on my window panes!  
I'm so glad I'm snug by the fire's warm light.

Dominic Windram

## Finally At Home

For many years I have wandered  
From pole to pole and never felt  
Comfortable in my own skin.  
But now sweet angel of mercy,  
In the blessed light of your presence,  
I recognise in your deep blue eyes;  
The warmth of true communion  
And a flashing glimpse of heaven.

Dominic Windram

# Finally The Light Of An Idea!

This cold, starless night seems to last so long!  
I'm so tired, and yet I cannot sleep.  
I drift through the days and later I write.  
Yet now my thoughts will not flow like rivers  
They've hit a huge metaphorical wall.  
I wait patiently for waves to break through.  
Finally, the light of an idea  
Appears amidst my crumpled paper.

Dominic Windram

# Financial Risks

Financial risks in  
Debt ridden societies,  
Lead to a great fall.

Dominic Windram

# Finding Oneself

Lost in this fractured world, we tend to look  
To mythologies to satisfy our needs.  
The moon and stars take on arcane meanings.  
Fate consumes the deepest realms of our psyches,  
Rather than the idle winds of mere chance.  
O we're obsessed by the bloated lives of  
Celebrities and the 'accomplishments'  
Of sports stars: all the heroes and heroines  
That seem to provide a purpose to existence.  
We seem to be addicted to noise and  
Violent colours: that pollute pools of silence.  
We're drawn to anything that keeps our gaze  
Away from the are drawn to  
Distractions, rather than involved in finding  
The courage to simply be. Because of  
Modern circumstance and habit, we have  
A tendency to neglect our own souls;  
And the necessary exploration  
Of their vast, inner realms. We're still afraid.  
We are a long way from the sacred garden.

Dominic Windram

# Finding Peace And Stillness Within.

O there are many pathways to the grave:  
Via drugs or through other wild pursuits,  
Or violent means. There are some whose minds are wrecked,  
By imbibing obscure ideologies.  
There are others who cling to rusted idols:  
That are empty of feeling and meaning.

Yet there are those who've learned to tap into  
An inner fortitude; a deep stillness  
At the heart of silence. They're far removed  
From the incessant roaring of the world.  
Sometimes, I am one of them, when my pen  
Pursues the silence of the morning light.

Dominic Windram

# First Class Service For Every Suite

We are the heavenly hoteliers; sprinkling fairy dust.  
We are here to please; your wish is our command.  
We are here to make your dreams come true.  
We provide a butler service for every suite

Your butler will cater for your every whim:  
He will be unobtrusive and most attentive.  
He will be immaculately dressed at all times.  
He will ensure your suite is immaculate at all times.  
He will be your guiding light in a world of darkness.  
He will make your dreams come true.

He will be most courteous at all times:  
Because he likes to serve; he likes to please.  
He will never ever let you down.  
He will always be punctual.  
He will chill your preferred assortment of beverages.  
He will suggest options for your breakfast orders.  
He will robotically serve your breakfast orders.  
He will make your dreams come true.

Dominic Windram

# First Light

The first warm light that the young child absorbs,  
On her first, flower strewn day in the world,  
Is composed of calm, gentle, gliding birds.  
It's such a soothing light that slowly pours  
From the tender skies of a flesh pink dawn.  
Where dewdrops glisten on freshly cut lawns.

Fluffed clouds drift by like sly, muffled creatures,  
Amidst a deep blue marble world so bright.  
She observes the divine day's feathers fall,  
Before the light fades and then pillowed sleep;  
Where eerie, starry dreams merge with the real  
And she hears the magic spirits' call.

Dominic Windram



# First Love Often Fails

First love often fails.  
Time's blood red roses wither.  
Life turns to despair.

Dominic Windram

# First Snow Fall At Dawn

First snow fall at dawn:  
While its spectral beauty fades,  
The spirit awakes.

Dominic Windram

# Fish And Chips

Fish and chips soaked in salt and vinegar,  
With mushy peas, and crispy batter,  
When eaten from a newspaper wrapper,  
Taste delicious. O what could be better? !

Dominic Windram

# Fishermen Sages

Their long stares, towards  
The blue horizon, mark them out  
From the modern, aimless crowd.  
They are dreamers in a dreamless world  
And they dread the weight of land.  
They ask the world for so little:  
All they ask for is pure calm:  
Small miracles of wind and wave.

Their primal philosophy  
Is born from the elements;  
And their gnarled hands  
Evoke an ancient art.  
They are more aware of greater powers  
Than financiers & marketers:  
Whose gods are gold and silver  
Not the ultimate ground of being.

They are more aware of their human frailties  
Than those from more removed, sanctified orders.  
For they are forced to confront death daily,  
Rather than coldly contemplate its mysteries.  
They patiently cast their nets for long hours  
Within & without for watery darlings.  
They don't bemoan their shoddy, rusted equipment,  
But focus instead on the thriving points of the significant sea.

Dominic Windram

## Five Gemstones To Cherish In A Dreamless World: (August,2015)

One a streaky, blue - green miniature globe  
That radiates with all forms of teeming life;  
One pure white: a gift for us frightened,  
Lost, disillusioned children of divine origin;  
To clutch tightly in life's pitch- black, starless night.  
One fiery red - orange that contains within it  
The power and innumerable secrets of the sun;  
And two golden ones left, to burnish the eyes of a sphinx.

Dominic Windram

# Flashing Blissfulness

Flashing blissfulness:  
A golden eternity;  
Enclosed in brief hours.

Dominic Windram

## Fleeting Impressions In Time (August 2008)

Into the blue heavens I gaze,  
As buds of cotton clouds drift by.  
On this lazy, languid summer's day,  
Reason's fled; no need to question why.  
The sun is a great, golden god:  
Pouring out its radiant light;  
Bestowing its beauty upon  
This garden of endless delights:  
From the miniature waterfall's  
Cascading, soft silvery flow;  
To the dark green, moss covered walls  
And the perfumed scent of the rose.  
From oceans of violets in bloom  
To painted wings of butterflies.  
Blackbirds descend by the rock pool.  
A jet leaves its trails in the sky  
In a ribbon of wispy white;  
Amidst the blue infinity  
For a fleeting moment in time.  
This world brims with delicate dreams.

Dominic Windram

# Flickers Of Eternity

Flickers of eternity  
Permeate the mind's eye.

Truth is not a golden god,  
But a seed blown by the wind

Beauty is not an angel,  
But a mirror polished by a child

And Love is not a blazing flame,  
But a desperate hand reaching out to us  
From the depths of darkness.

Dominic Windram



# Flickers Of Eternity 2

Flickers of Eternity  
In the mind's eye:

Truth is not a golden god  
But a seed blown by the wind

Beauty is not an angel,  
But a mirror polished by a child

And Love is not a blazing flame  
But a hand reaching out to us  
In the darkness.

Love bridges  
Howling distances.

In love the forbidden  
Is abolished.

Love is perfect freedom.

Dominic Windram

# Floating Freely

Floating freely in  
The divine red orange glow:  
Erase all borders.

Dominic Windram

# Flowers Of Hope

Violets are growing,  
Amidst the grey ruins, of  
These ancient houses.

Dominic Windram

## Football Crazy; Football Mad

I was very happy when I walked hand -in - hand  
With my dad to Hartlepool's Victoria Ground.  
Recently I've visited it with my brother and  
Nephew, I like the vivid sights andfrantic sounds.  
It seems that a love of football matches flows through  
The generations. Families always seem to  
Listenfor the results on the radio  
Or see them on T.V, as warm winter fires glow.

Dominic Windram

## Football Supporters (August 20th,2019)

It's the beginning of yet another season,  
And the football supporters are out on the streets  
In their droves. Clearly, sartorial splendour  
Is not their thing. They proudly wear their branded shirts  
With beer bellies poking out. They're spectators  
With regard to their own lives. The sport is perhaps  
One great object for their huge appetites. O they  
Consume all the expensive paraphernalia.  
They purchase the latest strips with superstars'names  
Emblazoned on their backs: courtesy of sweatshops.  
I could refer to this phenomenon as false  
Consciousness, but I'm afraid of their aggression.  
They are very well versed in arcane, sporting facts.  
Rich or poor, they travel to watch their prized teams  
All over the globe. While tellingly the players,  
From the big clubs they worship, are worth millions!

Dominic Windram

## For A Cynic

You walk around in maddening circles.  
For you are perpetually distracted.  
And why is it that you always have an  
Axe to grind? ! Indeed, your cynicism  
Knows no bounds. You crush the fruits of others'  
Hard won labours. Yet you're so impotent.  
Perhaps, that is why you drain the very  
Lifeblood out of creative acts. Alas,  
It will be a long time, my friend, until  
You finally awaken to the Light.

Dominic Windram

## For A Distant Friend

I've studied the ways of dark and secret strangers.  
I appreciate the beauty of silent fires.  
There's nothing in this world that can compare to your Grace  
And Mercy across connection's multifold wires.

Dominic Windram

## For A Friend

May grace & wonder warm you with their wisdom.  
May joy replenish your soul's empty vessels.  
May you translate abstract contours of light.  
May you be transformed by an inner brightness.

Give colour and shape to your wildest visions.  
Provide a receptacle for childhood dreams.  
Imbibe the summer's potent, consecrated wine.  
Affirm your devotion to Love's higher laws.

Dominic Windram



## For A Friend 2

Although you may find yourself  
Lost, among the dark realms of your being,  
Your pain will soon be but a shadow in time.  
Although the bright, precious flowers of youth,  
Will inevitably wither and die,  
The fruits of your long labours will ripen.  
Although teeming dreams are lost among sorrows,  
You will be warmed by poetry's soft flames.

Dominic Windram

## For A Friend 3

May the sweet blessing of deep sleep  
Bring you refreshment and release.  
May Mercy's angels guard your dreams.  
May you discover inner peace,  
As the blue silence stills your mind.  
May life's wonders and mysteries  
Gently unfold around your eyes.  
May you float on ethereal seas.

Dominic Windram

# For All The Modern Cave Dwellers

Painted zombies dig  
Obnoxious Neanderthals.  
Nothing seems to change.

Dominic Windram

# For All The Narcissists

When you're finally ' famous', you will find  
That the world watches you instead of you  
Watching the world. Will you spot warning signs,  
When you become a cool magazine's tool?  
Or will you be so damned deluded that  
You cannot differentiate between  
What is mere illusion and what is real?  
If that's fact, then you'll be called a pompous prat!

Dominic Windram

# For An Anonymous Troll: ( Inspired By Shakespeare's Famous Sonnet)

Shall I compare thee to a waste of space?  
I hope your 'comments' sink without a trace!

Dominic Windram

# For Creative Spirits

The artist hurls spears of light  
As he soars over the abyss.  
He refuses to submit  
To dark forces forged by fear.  
He longs to capture  
The beating heart of the sun.  
And return it to earth  
In glints of silvery incandescence

The artist desires order  
In a fractured world.  
She explores the realms  
Where dreams are woven.  
She praises beauty  
As fragile as angel's wings.  
She searches for pearls  
As perfect as the moon.

Dominic Windram

## For D.B

O he was a man of the most exquisite taste;  
Unlike most of the bovine, tawdry human race.  
He was highly advanced in all aspects of the Arts.  
He was adept at expanding his consciousness.  
O he created worlds of incredible bliss!  
He was a cultured pied piper; changing minds & hearts.  
He wore myriad masks, as he was so profound.  
In many ways, he was both a prophet and clown.  
He possessed, in spades, both substance and style.  
And retained the immaculate dreams of a child.  
I wonder if one like him will ever rise again?  
He was truly heaven sent; an angel among ape men.  
He remained apart from all petty minded tribes.  
His unique vision could never be compromised.  
I think of him when I'm among amorphous crowds,  
And I always spot silver linings in the clouds!

Dominic Windram

## For Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)

To be born for beauty  
Only to reflect sadness;  
To be born of genius  
But live like a pauper:  
O it all seems so cruel.  
It all seems so tragic.  
There are so few of us  
Who can embrace this life;  
With all its turbulent storms;  
In all its flashing madness.  
Alas dear Franz Schubert,  
One of the most sublime,  
Yet frailest of all souls,  
Was not of those rare breeds.

Dominic Windram



## For My April Love

Malignant winter's sullen spell  
Has finally been broken.  
Even in old bones the pith is stirred  
By warm gusts of wind;  
Brimming with the scent  
Of fragrant spring flowers.  
Birds' wings are sprinkled silver  
In the sudden downpour,  
Of refreshing, healing rain.  
While I am busy gathering  
Splendid pink & white blossoms,  
To scatter liberally before your feet.

Dominic Windram

## For My Father: (Father's Day,21st June,2020) .

The summer wind seems to be whispering  
Its warm blessings, through the leaves on the trees,  
Above my father's black gravestone. I lay  
Down flowers in order to brighten it.

Dominic Windram

# For My Former Muse And Friend

My most beautiful one time friend,  
The distance between us has grown.  
Different seas and suns have changed us.  
Perhaps we'll never meet again.  
O we'll never look into each  
Other's eyes again with the same  
Warm innocence and tenderness,  
As we once did in Youth's Spring days  
And blazing, flower strewn summers.  
That vibrant time has surely passed,  
Now darkness has tainted the light.  
Yet the immaculate dream born  
From our love and freely shared  
Will never fade or die. For its'  
Force is woven into the vast  
Folio of my elusive,  
Wounded heart of poetic fragments.  
It transcends cyclical seasons.  
It will survive all bleak ages.  
For it is written in the stars.  
It flows like rivers endlessly.  
It is sweet eternity.

Dominic Windram

## For N.Y.C (April 12th,2020)

O I feel so sad for New York City.  
It's been hit by so many tragedies.  
Its' great poets and artists have always  
Inspired me. They will always remain  
In my heart; along with its' sacred workers:  
Its taxi drivers; firefighters and nurses;  
As well as its destitute and homeless  
Who are now being buried. God bless them!

Dominic Windram

## For Nietzsche

All this sin business is getting me down.  
I am for the noble and proud of heart.  
Better to grow and flow like a wild flower;  
Blessed by the sun and rain's primal power,  
Than to lead a pale, pious, spotless life  
Of utter misery. Don't you agree? !

Dominic Windram

# For Now I Am Content

I'd like to create a poem  
Of such translucent beauty,  
That it could melt the stars  
And make the moon bleed.  
I'd like to discover imagery  
That would make the gods weep!

But for now I am content  
To carry on with my craft  
In the hope that a slither of sun  
Can be caught in my net;  
In this shifting world,  
Where Ideal form is so elusive.

Dominic Windram

# For Percy Shelley

The poet's winged words  
Soar like wild birds in cloudy  
White skies of language.

Dominic Windram

# For The Oppressed

O in this war torn world of greed and division,  
We poets need to share our bread with everyone.  
We can be Christ like conveyors of compassion.  
So we should plant the sacred seeds of righteousness:  
That shall bloom into the fiery flowers of  
Love, mercy, transcendence, truth and liberation.

Dominic Windram



# For The Philistines

Look closely at this world so potent;  
You crude falsifiers of beauty.  
Embrace the wonder of the moment.

It's the frozen past that you lament,  
But Time's sea ebbs and flows most freely.  
Look closely at this world so potent.

Your hearts are dumb to fresh sounds and scents.  
Awaken from the sleep of apathy.  
Embrace the wonder of the moment.

Artists and poets never relent  
In their pursuit of hidden glories.  
Look closely at this world so potent.

And why do you take care for raiment?  
Be like the lilies - bloom lazily.  
Embrace the wonder of the moment.

Why do you grow so grey and silent?  
Life's a multi coloured mystery.  
Look closely at this world so potent.

As you drive out all that's transcendent,  
You cling to superficial kingdoms.  
Look closely at this world so potent.  
Embrace the wonder of the moment

Dominic Windram

# Forget All Troubles

Forget all troubles:  
Dreams are dipped into each night.  
Angels merge with stars.

Dominic Windram

# Fortune Is Fleeting

Fortune comes quickly and fortune soon goes.  
And we are not prepared for fate's cruel blows.  
In the depths of your eyes: the fading light.  
We're left defeated in the sagging night.

Dominic Windram

# Fragile And Fleeting

Fragile and fleeting,  
Like flowers, these dream - visions  
Will soon pass away.  
The trick is to transcribe them  
With poetic tools.  
Capturing their essence is  
Very difficult.  
It is like holding on to  
A kite, at the height,  
Of a mighty thunderstorm.

Dominic Windram

# Fragile Blue World

The world is a fragile blue marble;  
That hangs in the vast, inky darkness.  
Amidst chaos it is so stable.  
It swims in a plethora of stars.  
It brims with the glory of Creation.  
Some view it from the moon or high heavens.  
It causes immediate elation.  
In terms of God's design - faith is strengthened.  
O it is a rare, sublime sight indeed.  
It makes the angels & astronauts weep.

Dominic Windram

# Fragile Empires (The Personal)

Fragile empires not built to last  
Soon shatter like sheets of glass.  
O fragile hearts that beat so fast  
Cruelly break in love's desperate grasp.

O we play endless, futile games  
To mask the stillness & silence.  
We fabricate faux lives every day;  
To distract ourselves from the darkness.

O how our fragile empires rise and fall  
Until we cannot build them anymore.

Dominic Windram

## Fragile Empires 2 (The Political)

The fragile empires and the cold steel systems,  
That you have devised over many centuries,  
Will, in time, eventually decline and fall.  
You may say you possess your Pentagons and your  
Grand Palaces. You may possess deadly weapons.  
You may distract us with your dazzling spectacles.  
You may lull us into sleep with your opiates:  
Manufactured for the 'good' of all the people.  
Hidden deep within gleaming glass towers, you may  
Monitor us closely twenty four hours a day.  
You may hide behind your frozen masks and cover  
Up your mounting crimes with vast tapestries of lies.  
O you may control the obsequious servants  
Of the press: the so called 'embedded' journalists.  
You may control our modern, sanitised screens  
And the crinkled airwaves with frenzied rhetoric  
And curious mind may pull the levers  
Of power, and manipulate and command your  
Mercenary armies, as you crush dissenters;  
And all the fresh flowers of Utopian dreams.  
Yet we are the watchers, the witnesses to all  
Of your cruel, dirty wars: done in your Deity's name.  
And even you, cannot prevent, the rampant march  
Of Progress. And, in the end, you will be brought down.

Dominic Windram

# Fragile Light Of Dawn

Fragile light of dawn:  
Wounded by the broken glass  
Of acute longing.

Dominic Windram



# Fragmented World: August 2015

The garish glitter  
Of fallen Modernity: □  
The old gods have fled.

Shadow plays of signs;  
Alphabets of the absurd:  
The light is fading.

Diamond studded skulls  
& artificial roses:  
Lines of angel dust.

Cool operators;  
Gadgets for every season  
Media dreaming.

Scarecrows & scapegoats:  
The cold eyes of surveillance;  
Widespread social compliance.

The double coding  
Of constant advertising;  
The death of symbols;

A harvest of stars  
Over the collapsed centre:  
Circus distractions.

A labyrinthine world:  
That we can never access;  
Only imagine.

Dominic Windram

# Fragments Of Faith And Hope

The fragments of faith  
And hope I have glimpsed, during  
This rainy season,  
Remain locked in mydreaming.  
If only I could  
Find the key to warm freedom,  
Within this wounded,  
Tiredheart of wild, incessant  
Distractions. O if  
The will could just point the way!

Dominic Windram

# Free Jazz

Free jazz is liquid & fire.  
It is sheer ecstasy.  
It is vital, primal force  
As wayward as the wind.

Its wild improvisations  
Transcend mundane melody.  
It's a longing for the moon  
It's a longing for the sea  
It's a longing for life's essence  
In all its multi - layered radiance.

Dominic Windram

# Freedom

Chrysalis unfolds.  
A butterfly emerges  
To taste freedom's air.

Dominic Windram

# Freedom & Perception

My freedom manifests itself poetry,  
As I try to blend the light & dark of being.  
Words don't dictate, but suggest possibilities.  
Poems explore an entire new way of being.

Dominic Windram

## Freedom 2

Viva Zapata  
And viva Palestina.  
Freedom breaks the chains!

Dominic Windram

## Freedom 7

Better to be footloose and fancy free,  
Than be at the mercy of cold, sullen gods.  
Better to be an independent craftsman,  
Than work like a slave for a big company.  
Better to be a living, breathing thing  
Than a shadow on someone else's wall.  
O it's better to feel pain and sorrow,  
Than to be numb and feel nothing at all!

Dominic Windram

# Freedom Of Speech (Inspired By Noam Chomsky)

When the elites exalt 'freedom of speech'.  
They basically mean the right to post  
Innocuous, infantile gibberish.  
Those who ask relevant, burning questions  
Are usually silenced by omission.  
As the parameters of debate are set  
Within certain talk about standards.  
Yet we all know that they have no standards.

Dominic Windram



# Freedom Tower

Here is a modern tower of Babel:  
A monolithic steel & glass structure  
That so proudly reflects the deep blue skies.  
A nerve centre of capitalism,  
Buttressed by bold billion door dreaming.  
It looks down on its skyscraper rivals  
And is fit with cloud bursting antennae:  
To receive keen signals from lesser gods.  
It's sentimental, but eschews the tragic.  
Born of hubris; deliberately detached  
From the world's perpetual sorrows & pain;  
For progress must continue unabated,  
In spite of contemporary hindrances.  
O this modern tower of Babel:  
This steel phallus that penetrates the sky  
Is illuminated intermittently,  
With the splendid red, white & blue of a  
Peculiar kind of freedom & justice.

Dominic Windram

# Fresh Consciousness

Delicate angels,  
& butterflies, permeate  
My fresh consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# Fresh Fragment Of Love

Fresh fragments of Love  
Are now cascading down from  
The heavens above.

Dominic Windram

# From Darknessto Light

I don't want to end up writing dirges  
Of brokenness, pain and suicide.  
For I want to compose odes to beauty  
And freedom. I want to walk in the light.

Dominic Windram

# From Eden To Agape

Dreaming innocence in Eden:  
The oneness of God's creation  
Humanity before the curse.  
Verdant Nature before the Fall.

Searching for a new life in Christ:  
To transcend this worldly domain.  
Agape is the star of life  
Above the chaos of the abyss.

Dominic Windram

## From My Window...(Lockdown)

From my window I watch the stars of night;  
As they glisten. I pray for a long time.  
O I pray for a greater, healing light:  
To emerge from this wasteland of broken signs.

Dominic Windram

# From The Blue Heavens...

From the blue heavens,  
A subtle light appears:  
So soft and graceful.

Dominic Windram

## From Visions...

From visions, fragments  
Emerge. Gathered together,  
They perfect my art.

Dominic Windram



# From Winter To Spring

From winter's dryness,  
To the freshness of springtime,  
And the healing rain.

Dominic Windram

# Fully Alive

O when my five senses are fully alive,  
And respond instantly to the spirit of things,  
The pure light is no longer abstract. It's like  
The flow of blood; the vital source of Being.

Dominic Windram

# Functionalism Versus Poetry

For me these machines  
Stand for normalisation;  
Functionality;  
The death of the magical.  
They just plod along  
In their monotonous ways;  
Tried and tested, yet  
They don't soar like the angels.  
Soon, no doubt, they will  
Be replaced by 'better' ones,  
As metallic grey  
Turns red with rust. These machines  
Are here today and  
Forgotten tomorrow. I'm  
More interested in  
Poetry's obscure purpose:  
How suns and moons turn  
To pure gold in the mind's eye;  
How certain moments  
And memories linger like  
Spectres at twilight.  
How the seeds of strange notions  
Grow into wild and  
Beautiful, blazing flowers.

Dominic Windram

## Futile Acts And Gestures

O we attempt to fill up the void of our days  
With all manner of mundane tasks. And then each grey  
Moment is temporarily relieved by our  
Obsessive pursuit of elaborate fancies.  
O we often seem bereft of vital powers.  
We seem fearful of facing our own emptiness.  
O can we rediscover the spring time of life? !  
Or will we remain chained to diurnal time's strife.

Dominic Windram

# Futile Longings

By sundown they will be gone:  
The shadows of my longings  
Idle flights of fancy,  
From potential inner harmony

Plato's cave allegory  
Warns us not to seek answers  
In the blueprint of images.  
We should look to the eternal forms.

It's loss that teaches us  
The worth of things.  
Superficial meanderings  
Lead nowhere.

Thus, I will paint hymns  
To land; sky and star  
Forged from the core  
Of deep lamentation.

Like the nomad in the desert,  
I'm not afraid of not belonging,  
And not having a language  
To live and breathe in.

In affairs of the heart,  
We are like refugees  
In our wild wanderings,  
We ultimately seek sanctuary.

We look for that one flower  
That is more bright & precious  
Than any other flower.  
We seek the spiritual.

The flesh hates its finitude.  
It seeks permanent union  
In the arms of another  
But alas; this is impossible.

Dominic Windram

# Future Days

O I feel the weight of the centuries  
Upon my meagre sholders. I perceive  
A winged, bright future that will soar above  
These mortal realms like an innocent dove.

Dominic Windram

## Future Days (September 8th 2019)

I sense deep blue waves of new possibilities.  
For poems are flowing like oceanic dreaming.  
I sense a time when the Arts will reign supreme:  
A time that will perfectly blend thought and feeling.

I sense an end to crude power and cold control.  
I see the doves of freedom gliding on the wind.  
I sense the wondrous wedding day of heart and soul:  
When humanity will transcend its mortal sins.

Dominic Windram



# Future Shock

The child surrenders to myth & nightmare.  
While frenzied adults fear their own shadows.  
High tech prying eyes mark our every move.  
Yet, in many ways, we ourselves are blind.  
Paradox prevails with global exchange.  
For there's no noteworthy interaction.  
Among the expensive junk & flowers,  
I sense the darkest spectres lingering.  
Modern life's so impeccably deranged.  
It consists of commuters & consumers:  
Endlessly regurgitating hackneyed  
Motifs & styles; chanting mindless mantras;  
Irrevocably chasing their own tails.  
O I guess I'm chained like a beaten dog  
To this wanton world of sweet madness;  
To this absurd vale of endless tears.  
O it's too late to scatter fresh violets  
In order to redeem the deadened Time.  
Better drink till we're intoxicated.  
Better to draw the blinds on tomorrow.

Dominic Windram

## Future Shock 2

O the oppressive thought police can read our minds.  
On surveyed airwaves, we detect the warning signs.  
They proliferate in the East and in the West.  
They put paranoid populations to the test.  
O how can we break free from their total control?  
How can we possibly maintain our sovereign souls?  
It's not good merely smashing their machines and screens,  
For they have found new ways to infiltrate our dreams.

Dominic Windram

# Future Shock: Prologue

The sadness in your pale blue eyes:  
The distance between you and I.  
These sordid scenes of madness,  
Deny the pure light of the Word:  
That's hardly uttered nowadays  
And thus remains widely unheard.

This empty world of surfaces,  
Betrays the still heart of silence.  
Its coldness kills warm embraces.  
In the end it will replace us.

Dominic Windram

# Garden Odours

The garden's fragrant,  
Soft odours linger briefly,  
In the late spring air.

Dominic Windram

# Gated Community

O there is a gated community  
On the outskirts of an old Northern town:  
Where the rich & the wannabees reside.  
They live removed from ragged poverty.  
They are kept safe by surveillance's cold eyes.  
They are possessed by their possessions.  
They are keen on image, health & fitness;  
Rather than the finer points of culture.  
They may think they are better than the rest.  
Yet it's clear that their hearts & minds are dead!

Dominic Windram

## Gavin Williamson: (He's Not The 's Just A Very Naughty Boy!)

O Gavin Williamson, the Tory MP  
Is, in my eyes, a very naughty boy indeed!  
He once told Vladimir Putin and the Russians  
To shut up when he was Defence Secretary.  
I am sure they were really scared of this pipsqueak.  
With all their military might, perhaps they'll seek  
Him out and give him an awful fright! Now he is  
Education Secretary he is making  
A right old pig's ear of things with his juvenile  
Tantrums and nonsensical antics. He's 44  
Going on 4! Perhaps he'll get a damn good spanking  
And be sent to bed early without any supper!

Dominic Windram

# Genesis Or Nemesis?

We should be on good terms with the fragile green earth.  
We should recognise Nature's inherent beauty.  
Yet the rapt pursuit of ' progress' has seduced us.  
Machinery is scattered across our world  
Like coins or confetti. It is ubiquitous.  
From deadly weapons of war to elaborate  
Domestic gadgets, o we seem to endlessly  
Pollute the pure pools of stillness and silence!  
We lack a refined sense of the spiritual.  
The secretive ways and truths of the holy Dove  
Elude us, as we cling to the shadows of things.  
We need to change our current narcissistic  
Ways before the desperate days of fire and flood.  
We need to forge bold, new symbols from the fragments  
Of ancient schemes and their subtle words of wisdom.  
We must be on good terms with this fragile green earth.

Dominic Windram

# Genius Feeds From Another Kind Of Light

Genius feeds from another kind of light:  
Not the secular light of accepted wisdom;  
Not the familiar, diurnal light  
That regulates circadian rhythm;  
That compensates for swollen, dissonant nights;  
Not the surreal, violet light of twilight;  
Not the neon glow of shadow kingdoms;  
Not so novel under a lesser sun;  
Not the monk's small light of sanctuary;  
Not the lyrical light that punctuates  
The vast, azure abodes of sky & sea;  
Not the solitary light of candle flame  
Flickering in archaic cathedrals  
To complement obscure liturgies;  
But the light that purifies lexicons  
That streams, wave like, from unknown galaxies;  
That burns through brittle illusory realms.  
An invisible presence from afar  
That impregnates spectral, alien forms□  
And most rare, incomprehensible stars;  
The light that traces the contours of dreams  
That doth plummet thousands of fathoms deep.  
Genius feeds from another kind of light  
Which for crude corporeal vision, is too bright.

Dominic Windram



# Genius Is One Percent Inspiration And Ninety-Nine Percent Perspiration

That Pop Art Legend, Andy Warhol, once remarked,  
To Lou Reed, that the most important thing is work.  
O it doesn't matter a damn, how heaven sent,  
Your gifts and talents are. You must make a commitment  
To work hard at your craft, or all your 'noble' dreams  
Will be lost forever, within Time's fleeting streams.  
Beethoven and Mozart spent long hours perfecting  
Their music. They set their sights on the sublime things  
Of ultimate concern. In these times, laziness  
Tends to prevail. Any crude idol can be blessed.  
We continually lavish undeserving praise,  
On those who offer meagre light to mundane days.  
No doubt, Warhol would have smirked at this, as he proclaimed,  
That everyone would have their fifteen minutes of fame!

Dominic Windram

# Genius Is Pain

John Lennon quipped that: 'Genius is pain.'  
Indeed, poetry's despair is profound  
It is a dark, surreal form of wisdom:  
It's relieved when a little light enters.

Dominic Windram

# Genius Often Wears A Clown Like Mask

Those in possession of a certain genius  
Often appear as crazed clowns or comedians.  
For to be understood by conventional crowds  
They must forget depth and simulate a surface.

Dominic Windram

# Genuine Amazement

It never ceases to amaze me,  
How in this broken world of ours;  
Which desperately needs to be healed;  
Why entire nations will rise for a notion  
Conceived by an emotional cripple;  
A puffed up President, a puppet Prime Minister,  
A tinpot dictator, or an impotent king;  
Who want to play with skulls; instead of toys.

For the pride of such infantile men,  
Will turn deep green fields into blood red;  
Will bomb villages into dust and ashes;  
To reinforce their slighted egos;  
And receive applause from their loyal sycophants,  
And obsequious media servants.  
And it never ceases to amaze me,  
Why the masses go along with this charade.

Dominic Windram

## Get Back To School! .

O those incompetent fools,  
Want all the kids back in school,  
As quickly as possible! ! !  
Surely that's impossible  
Given the current pandemic? !  
Politicians make me sick;  
Here in the U.K at least.  
They seem to lie and deceive,  
In an effortless manner.  
Note those blue Tory banners!  
Obsessed with the economy,  
They rather conveniently  
Neglect human misery;  
A mirror of bleak history.  
Big business is their main thing,  
Not the lot of us groundlings;  
Who merely have to spectate  
While those ' noble' ones dictate.  
Throw scientific expertise  
To the wolves if it pleases  
You. But don't expect us to vote  
You in again..you obnoxious toads!  
That's why I don't have to think twice,  
When I state that they're as cold as ice.  
Some of them are two bit actors,  
Like our pompous Prime Minister.  
Who's akin to a crazed clown;  
Performing circus tricks. And how  
They all like to drone on and on  
About nothing in particular.  
They avoid the burning questions.  
Indeed, they're quite ridiculous.  
Safety should come first.  
Yet I fear the worst.

Dominic Windram

# Gethsemane: (The Agony In The Garden)

Something terrible occurred in that garden.  
Night like a black sun disfigured His being.  
It cruelly drained away His dream like beauty.  
In His anguish, He sweat blood from every pore.  
He who was Nature's most immaculate flower.  
He who had stared too long into human eyes,  
And perceived the perennial conflicts there:  
Between the legions of angels & dark beasts;  
Now knelt stripped of certainty's consoling cloak.  
Although His prayers tried to split the sky apart,  
Suffering's cup would not be taken from Him.  
The Heavens that had moulded His miracles,  
Now seemed to be as stark and silent as the grave.  
They were oblivious to His inner screams.  
They offered no shelter: no calm asylum.  
Something terrible occurred in that garden.

Dominic Windram

# Gethsemane's Agonies Keep Reoccurring

The cold blooded hounding of compassion;  
The torchlit betrayal at the garden gate,  
Are replayed throughout the insolent centuries;  
As Love is ambushed by dark spectres & shadows.  
In modern times, the metal ways are more deadly  
And infinitely more refined; with search lights  
& mind numbing interrogations at night.  
The torture of the disappeared via electrodes,  
Has replaced the rudimentary measures,  
Deployed at Christ's crude crucifixion.

Dominic Windram

# Ghost People

These days, there are so many ghost people  
With nebulous presences and secrets.  
It seems as though they cannot be redeemed.  
They walk around like they're lost in dreams.

Dominic Windram



# Ghosts

What is a ghost:

A spirit free from mortal constraints?

A flash of light across the abyss?

Is it an emotion suspended in time?

Like a blurred photograph

Or an insect trapped in amber.

Is it a mere fable?

Or just pure fantasy born from

Our febrile imaginations?

Perhaps ghosts are memories

That cling to us; that we can never forget;

Like the voices & gestures of loved ones long gone.

Their place in sweet eternity,

Is guaranteed, as long as

We remember them.

Dominic Windram

## Ghosts 2

Ghosts travel to us  
From far away; from a vast  
Wilderness of stars

Dominic Windram

## Gibside Hare: Late August 2017.

Walking deep inside wild woodland;  
Far from modernity's crude sheen,  
We came across a light brown hare:  
A pleasure so rare given the gloom

We glimpsed its stone still silhouette;  
Half sunken in wizened heather;  
Trying hard to forget the pangs  
Of primal fear; its ears  
Had most acutely  
Mapped out our coming.

One may surmise, that its' racing heart  
Willed the wind to whisk us far away,  
From its half baked hideout in the heather.  
Then suddenly... exploding into life,  
From its tiresome attempt at statue,  
It fled to play a game much more satisfying.

We watched in wonder as it disappeared  
Over the horizon to be with creatures:  
Blessed with a similar free born nature;  
Sunned by the spirit of fresh greening fields;

Dominic Windram

## Give Me...

Give me concrete frames of reference.

Give me stars and moons rather than complex codes.

Give me time honoured biblical insights.

Let me know Truth's raw flesh.

For these post modern, painted skeletons

Seem to lack any discernible meaning.

Dominic Windram

# Glittering Advertisements

O these constantly glittering advertisements,  
Are seemingly designed, to confuse and reduce  
Our consciousness. They crack, like luminous whips,  
Over bruised retinas. I'm so tired of them!

Dominic Windram

# Global Networks

Vast, rampant networks  
Of unreal circulation.  
The centre's missing.

Dominic Windram

# Glorious Sunrise! (June 9th,2020)

Glorious sunrise!  
The light is orange and red:  
A dream world of bliss.

Dominic Windram

# Goats & Sheep

Goats & sheep come in many forms.  
They pervade all social classes.  
O they baa & bleat on command:  
Follow orders; never complain.

Dominic Windram



# Goats & Sheep Extended

Goats & sheep come in many different forms.  
It seems they pervade all social classes.  
They internalise societal norms.  
They acquiesce and eat their leaves & grass.  
All they do is baa & bleat on command:  
Always follow orders; never complain.  
O they can never hope to understand  
Crucial things; in ignorance they remain.

Dominic Windram

# God's Presence In Advent

O during Advent's wintry season, God gently  
Whispers His profound secrets into our ears.  
And If we listen closely to His wondrous words,  
Our hearts will be as light and free as wild, blithe birds.  
O fear not the raging winds of rampant change,  
Nor the icy claws of grief and silent despair.  
Fear not the ragged, infirm realms of old age.  
We should live out our lives fully; without a care.

Dominic Windram

# Goethe's Last Words

Goethe's famous, fatal, last words were, ' Light! More Light! '  
Perhaps he perceived dreaded realms of endless night.

Dominic Windram

# Going Beyond The Mere Surface Of Things

Although many in these crude modern times,  
Only perceive the surface gloss of things,  
We poets and artists can describe and  
Interpret: the darkness that lies beneath  
Elaborate deceits and the light that  
Lies behind this life's veil of illusion.  
We tend to do this in myriad ways:  
Via the surreal or the ethereal.

Dominic Windram

## Golden Rod (Overlooking Colden Valley)

Noble flower; glory of the garden:  
Attracting swarms of insect acolytes  
To its fluffy, saffron surprises.  
With its long, slender green stem it looks down  
On its less fortunate pale pink neighbours.  
It bends its head in the soft, summer breeze  
Like a gentrified giraffe and surveys  
The scene which is more than favourable.

Dominic Windram

# Golfing On The Moon - (Alan Shepard: Apollo 14)

He was a good old American boy:  
Draped like an idol in the stars & stripes.  
He was a firm believer in freedom  
And the grand power of progress.  
He was a bright, comic book Buck Rogers:  
Made flesh & blood; stylish, cool & cocky.  
O he dreamed of scaling heavenly heights  
Like Belief's kind angels..o how he dreamed!

Yes he was born to roam the galaxy!  
O if you could picture him in his prime!  
With his bulky suit and bubble helmet  
Dragging His N.A.S.A space cart behind him  
To collect the random, lunar rocks;  
Wearily climbing significant craters:  
All in the name of cold, calculated science.  
O but he is most fondly remembered  
As the first man to hit a golf ball on,  
The crude media saturated moon.

In that same crucial mission, he swung hard  
And true with trusted, rusted six iron  
At a teed up, miniature pock marked moon.  
O yes it shot out of a spray of dust  
And it traveled for miles & miles & miles...  
Our hero would become immortalized!

Dominic Windram

# Good Friday

Humankind's saviour:  
Nailed to the black, bitter tree  
Broken & bloodied.

Dominic Windram

## Good Friday (Haiku)

Tender fruit rotted  
On the cross at Calvary.  
Yet the Light prevailed!

Dominic Windram



## Good Friday 2

Tender fruit rotted on the cross at Calvary.  
The callous thorns and nails ripped through the weary flesh.  
Then the rain fell like shards of glass. All was darkness.  
The violet veil of the temple was torn in two.  
Sacred love retreated into a stark silence;  
Waiting to return on the blessed day of glory.  
From the depths of darkness, a new springtime for flawed  
Humanity emerged. Life was being renewed.  
Henceforth, because of His redeeming sacrifice,  
Adam's curse was cancelled, and the pure Light prevailed.

Dominic Windram

## Good Friday 2 (Haiku)

Between the darkness,  
And the blood soaked crown of thorns:  
A glimmer of light.

Dominic Windram

## Good Intentions

I'm going to drag these repressed feelings  
Within my darkened heart, out into the light.  
I'm going to call on all the angels  
To help those who're lost in endless night.  
I'm going to spread a little happiness  
Rather than cynically attack everything.  
I'm going to fuse my art with my life.  
O I shall have some bold, new songs to sing!

Dominic Windram

# Google - Inspired By ge.

Google like to shape  
Our perception of the world.  
O it steals our souls!

Dominic Windram

# Goya It Aint!

I went to the Exhibition at the Tate,  
To view the latest in artistic outrage.  
O one 'objet d'art' was just splashes of paint.  
It might create headlines but Goya it aint!

Next...I saw a huge pile of bricks alongside  
Some sticks, cow dung and straw. I noted that it  
Was entitled: ' The Decay of Life Amidst  
An Abyss of Lies'. It really blew my mind!

To my amazement one of the walls was left bare.  
I stared but couldn't spot anything I swear.  
It was entitled: ' The Emperor's New Clothes'.  
So that's why the pseuds had turned up in their droves!

There may be those who proclaim that it is great.  
To view such novel works right now in this place.  
Well if this is the Zeitgeist- it's so third rate.  
And I hope and pray it sinks without a trace!

Although it may please Mr Charles Saatchi  
And make him tons and tons of easy money,  
I'd much rather view work by those who can paint,  
Like the old Masters, who some now class as quaint.

I'm sure this base stuff will soon be out of date.  
' Tis the deeds of dilettantes...but Goya it aint!

Dominic Windram

# Grab Your Umbrellas!

Grab your umbrellas!  
For it's raining dazzling deals!  
In cut price Eden.

Dominic Windram

# Gratitude

O release me from this coat of darkness  
Noble Spirit - who subverts the seasons;  
Who fuses all of daylight's elements;  
Who transcends pale, a priori reason.  
It was you who planned my very being.  
And built me cell by cell in the warm womb.  
The exalted flesh and bones are singing  
Odes to creation that defy the tomb.  
Though its' eerie, cold silence engulfs me,  
I know that Love's wisdom shines brightly.  
Even in the midst of profound ennui  
I can find a place of sanctuary.

Dominic Windram

## Gratitude: (Easter Monday,2020)

O gratitude is a gift sent from the heavens.  
It softens the heart's harsh, unforgiving kingdoms  
It make us whole; as it redeems and enlightens.  
It's the true source of inner wisdom and freedom.

Dominic Windram



# Great Art Arises

Great Art arises,  
When tribal beliefs and rules,  
Are abandoned.

Dominic Windram

## Great Artists & Mad Clowns

Great artists hover between light and dark.  
Their inner turmoil permeates their work.  
The mad clowns of culture balance between life  
And death. They're like nervous acrobats who,  
Although they taste fear, are addicted  
To danger. They're certainly no strangers  
To controversy. And it only takes,  
One mistimed step to fall, and end it all.

Dominic Windram

# Greek Myths And Legends

Greek myths and legends were once the crowning glory  
Of Western culture. They were multi- layered and  
Informed our consciousness. O they were not only  
A great influence on the likes of Shakespeare,  
Shelley and Keats, but Freud and Jung as well: so rich  
With meaning. Now they've been abandoned: replaced by  
The dumbed down, bargain bin monstrosities of the  
Media age. O how long will we stand for this  
Squalid state of affairs? We need a revival  
Of the Arts: from poetry, painting to music.

Dominic Windram

## Green Divided By Blue: (Rothko,1968)

When I contemplate  
'Green Divided By Blue',  
I sense forests and  
Hills with a stream running through.

Dominic Windram

# Greeting Card Poems

O greeting card poems  
Are truly sentimental.  
But they don't question.

Dominic Windram

# Grey Angel

O I'm as old and weary as a grey angel.  
My carefree, winged, white innocence is forever  
Dragged down by earthbound prisons,  
And darkened by time and painful experience.  
Once I followed the roaring ways of the sun, now  
I can only observe the saddest of twilights.  
No longer will my senses stream free in clear skies.  
For my heart is broken, and my soul is frozen.

Dominic Windram

# Guidance

O I'm guided by  
The fiery signs in the skies;  
Like ancient prophets.

Dominic Windram

# Guilt

O guilt runs like blood  
Through my stern Catholic veins.  
I aim for release.

Dominic Windram



# Gun Control

I've heard the mindless mantras  
Oft repeated & I'm not convinced:  
'The guns provide us with protection!  
The guns represent our freedom! '  
The 'Wild West' metaphors now  
Seem rather hackneyed & outdated.  
And given the current lay of the land:  
Deeply troubling & insidious.  
It's easy to trace the grisly connections  
Between cartoon cowboys & so called rights  
& the chilling trajectory: from macho toys  
To testosterone fueled destruction.  
Yet the deadly bullets & the bleeding are REAL,  
Everything else is pure baloney!

Dominic Windram

# Half Way To Damascus

Half way to Damascus:  
My back pack is heavy;  
Slowly weighing me down;  
With every step I take.

Half way to Damascus:  
Now glimpsing a faint light  
On the blue horizon,  
And feeling slightly dazed.

Dominic Windram

# Halloween

The beating of wings,  
Under a bright harvest moon.  
I can taste the fear.

Dominic Windram

# Haloed, Heroic: (For Buddy Holly,1936 - 1959)

Haloed, heroic  
Is your brief, dazzling legend.  
We still remember.

Dominic Windram

# Happy Birthday? !

It seems that LinkedIn wants me to wish people  
I hardly know, and likely will never meet,  
A happy birthday. Although I wholeheartedly  
Welcome the sentiment, is it not perhaps  
A tad superficial? Or have I, once again,  
Missed a meeting of the cool and enlightened? !

Dominic Windram

# Happy Meal Culture

Happy meal culture,  
For the happy go lucky.  
No need for dissent.

Dominic Windram

# Harvest Moon (September 2019)

The magical light  
Of a gleaming, harvest moon:  
Glittering night sky.

Dominic Windram

# Harvest Time

For the conniving wheeler dealers,  
It is harvest time in the city.  
For the poor & the marginalised  
It is the same old hackneyed story.

Dominic Windram



# Has Christmas Lost Its Meaning?

Do we still possess the same awe  
And reverence towards distant stars  
That the ancients did in their time?  
It seems that we do not, given  
The secularised territory,  
And the marked retreat from nature's womb  
Can we still offer the supreme gift  
Of love to the other in good heart?  
Or do we prize the glitter of icons  
That pervades our swollen media?  
Do we remember the ragged child  
Who gave a name to this famed season?  
Who held the vast universe in his hands;  
Whose divine innocence was richer than gold

Dominic Windram

# Haunted By Time

We die a little,  
Each day in our dreaming.  
We are bound by Time.

Dominic Windram

# Heady Childhood Days

Heady childhood days:  
Of burning gold memories;  
Of fields and sunshine.

Dominic Windram

# Healing Rain

I'm waiting for the healing April rain,  
To wash away all the anguish & pain.

Dominic Windram

# Healing Summer Rain

Healing summer rain  
Is falling down heavily  
Over parched gardens.

Dominic Windram

# Hear The Music!

Hear the music!  
We poets shape this fractured world.  
Art crowns consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# Hearts & Flowers

Hearts & Flowers

Cannot redeem the present's  
Significant crimes.

Dominic Windram

# Heaven Is Here

Heaven is here.  
The blinding love of bluebirds  
Quells the world's fears.

Dominic Windram



# Heidegger

His ghastly notions slowly descend  
Like grey ashes after an explosion;  
Suffocating & extinguishing minds.  
That could prosper freely  
In rarefied realms of beauty:  
Which his tarnished 'philosophy'  
Seems to completely deny  
And will never recognise.

Dominic Windram

# Help..Please...S.O.S!

Help...please...S.O.S.

I'm marooned in monkey land!

O it's sheer hell! ! !

Dominic Windram

## Here I Am - Lost & Broken (2011)

Here is a glimpse behind the mystery.  
I court surfaces to hide the tragedy.  
Here's the scars behind masks of comedy.  
I dwell in shadow kingdoms. I seek release.  
Perhaps you would like to drop me a line  
With regard to artistry's vital wine?  
I'll show you realms of darkness and of light.  
I'll reveal to you the rare ghosts of night.  
I have profoundly sad stories to tell  
Of power struggles in heaven and hell.  
I'll show you all of the bitter heartbreaks.  
And all of the hollow, hackneyed outtakes.  
I'll hint at crude tribal allegiances  
That leave no room for the stranger's stance,  
Despite inspiration's lightning flashes,  
And the plentiful poetic caress.  
Here's a penny to patronise the prophets;  
Courtesy of the bloated, corporate sects.  
Yet they can never kill the bright concepts,  
Born from fevered minds that fathom the depths.  
I'll speak of bold exits and entrances  
At the heart of a cultural desert.  
I'll speak of infinitely suffering things:  
Of the plucking of a butterfly's wing;  
Of the coldest steel that apathy brings;  
Now I truly know why the caged bird sings.

Dominic Windram

# Here In This Darkness

Here in this darkness:  
My forced prayers are futile.  
There's only the ashes  
Of yesterday's dreaming.

Here in this darkness:  
The spectres of beauty,  
Continue to call me,  
But my Muse has fled the scene.

Here in this darkness:  
I feel my lifetime's scars  
And all those I've dismissed  
From my cold kingdom of curses.

Here in this darkness:  
Where love is a fable  
And faith is a bad joke,  
There's no hope of a new dawn.

Dominic Windram

## Here, With You

Here, with you, in this small, benign realm;  
Where the roars of the town cannot enter,  
We gently contemplate new worlds of light.  
For we share a deep distaste of darkness.  
May Love's sweet flowers continue to bloom.  
Did my eyes first meet yours; or did yours mine?  
O it seems such a long time ago now.  
All I know is that you're my saving grace,  
In a restless age, that has forgotten  
How to kneel, and forgotten how to pray.

Dominic Windram

# Hey You!

Hey you! Take a course  
In philosophy today:  
Because you're worth it.

Dominic Windram

# Hibernation

I feel the coming  
Of winter's frozen warnings;  
Time to hibernate!

Dominic Windram

# Hidden Treasures

I recall the sweet remnant of a dream:  
The ruins of a church on an ancient street.  
Inside its weeping walls were worn and grey  
And old stone statues seemed to grimly stare.

Although its columns were cold and broken  
And where we stood shadows seemed to lengthen,  
It was filled with a gentle, mystic light:  
Healing our hearts with its radiance white.

And in that most solemn of sanctuaries,  
A cross of gold was shining so brightly.  
In that humble abode eroded by time:  
A flashing glimpse of the eternal design.  
How sad to think that such a wondrous place  
Is disdained in this rampant, modern age.

Dominic Windram



# Hidden Treasures (Revised For Notre Dame: Easter 2019)

I recall the tragic remnants of a dream:  
Of cathedral ruins on an ancient street.  
Inside its weeping walls were worn and grey  
And old stone statues seemed to grimly stare.

Although its columns were cold and broken  
And where we stood shadows seemed to lengthen,  
It was filled with a gentle, mystic light:  
Healing our hearts with its radiance white.

And in that most solemn of sanctuaries,  
A cross of gold was shining so brightly.  
In that mighty abode eroded by time:  
A flashing glimpse of the eternal design.  
How sad to think that such a wondrous place  
Is disdained in this rampant, modern age.

Dominic Windram

# His Heart Is Troubled

His heart is troubled by endless inner battles between  
Ravens and doves. His brittle prayers do not match his bold dreams.

Dominic Windram

# Hold On To The Light.

Although Death's shadows  
Linger in this Vale of Tears,  
We cling to the Light.

Dominic Windram

# Holding On To A Light Within

A dark, starless night:  
Nothing but a fragile light;  
Glowing within me.

Dominic Windram

# Holiday Memories

Holiday memories:

Back when I was a child whether  
Playing on golden,  
Sandy beaches or hiding  
In deep green forests.  
Time seemed to have no meaning.

Dominic Windram

# Home Made Apple Pie With Cream

Home made apple pie,  
With cream, is a delightful  
British born dessert.

Dominic Windram

# Honest Labour

I labour long hours  
Cloaked in a halo of light:

Not for commercial gain  
Or for the raised flags of the faithful.

I write not for the reluctant applause  
Of pedantic critics.

I create not for gods or idols  
Or for ubiquitous tribal creeds:

Nor for the glory of eternity  
Long after my bones are ash.

But only to communicate honestly  
With the heart of common humanity.

Dominic Windram

# Hope

Hope springs eternal!  
Deep in the dark realms of life,  
Our dreams still gleam.

Dominic Windram



## Hope 2

There is no despair;  
Whilst night's stars are still gleaming.  
There is always hope.

Dominic Windram

# Hope And Despair

O hope and despair,  
Seem to feed regularly,  
On one another.

Dominic Windram

# Hope In Dark Times

A potent spring time,  
Of fresh possibilities,  
Will surely arise.

Dominic Windram

# Hope Springs Eternal

O it's almost the end of another decade.  
And alas time is not on my side. Too many days  
Have been wasted on the margins; licking my wounds.  
For too many years, I have fraternised with fools.  
I'm slowly picking up the fragments of a bleak  
December. I'm trying to forge new hopes and dreams  
Out of the ashes and rags of the spectral past.  
I still desire a deeper Love that will last.

Dominic Windram

## Hope Springs Eternal 2.

A ruined grey wall:  
Where coloured ivy still clings.  
Hope springs eternal!

Dominic Windram

# Hopelessly Lost

Lost amidst the garish chaos of manic days;  
Lost within Modernity's labyrinthine ways;  
Lost like a traveller in a bone dry desert;  
Lost in a world that constantly seeks to divert  
Attention from the original source of things;  
Lost amidst cold, absurd machinery that brings  
Us to our knees. Lost in shadow kingdoms wherein  
The immaculate Light of hope is blurred and dimmed.

Dominic Windram

## Hopes & Dreams Deconstructed.

O I no longer put much faith in dreams  
They are too lavish and must be controlled.  
I have seen too many expectant springs  
Mercilessly smothered by fog & rain.  
As for hope, it's for Dopey & Dumbo  
And their deluded disciples & fans.  
As far as I'm concerned these doubtful days.  
There are too many cracks in the pavement;  
And too many warped phantoms in the machine.  
So try cynicism; bin sentiment.  
As Woody Allen once acutely quipped:  
' I felt much better when I renounced hope! '

Dominic Windram

# Hot News

You call it 'hot' news,  
I call it propaganda.  
You say that life is  
Getting much better, but I  
Glimpse those black clouds  
Hovering above and I  
Tell you, quite frankly,  
That things are now worsening.

Dominic Windram



# How Can I Begin Anything New?

How can I begin anything new?

When yesterday burns deep within me

My eyes have become accustomed to the habitual.

They have armoured themselves against wonder

I've traced the holy word in the dusty book

And I've salvaged the light from the dying sun,

But beauty does not stimulate me these days

And it rarely flashes its flowers my way.

Dominic Windram

# How Can I Compose New Poems..?

How can I compose new poems when I'm afraid  
That I might stain the pure realms of beauty? !

Dominic Windram

# How Can I Describe?

How can I possibly describe,  
The way the sunlight swims in your eyes.  
Words are too weak to ever convey,  
The blissful silence between you and I.

How can I possibly describe,  
The beauty of your smile's design.  
Poetry can only hint at  
Flashing glories between you and I.

How can I ever hope to describe?  
The softness of your snow white skin.  
Your kisses are blue oceans deep.  
Your beauty would make the angels weep.

Dominic Windram

## How Can We Break Free? : (August,2019)

How can we break free from this system obsessed world:  
Machines now consume us: nine to five daily grind;  
The mind numbing repetition of deadly clocks.  
Meanwhile, we are ceasing to dream of other worlds.

Dominic Windram

## How Does It Feel?

How does it feel now all your angels have flown  
Away, and the precious seeds that you once sowed,  
No longer produce vibrant fruit and flowers?  
How does it feel now that you've lost the power  
To charm. How does it feel now your senses are  
Stripped of pure imagination. From afar,  
I feel your desperation. But I cannot  
Interfere with the stringent ways of the gods.

Dominic Windram

## How Quickly...

How quickly Love's warm promise turns into  
Cold, sharp glass fragments that threaten to tear  
Us apart. How quickly ideals and dreams  
Are broken; then cynicism takes hold.

Dominic Windram

# How Times Have Changed

Nature gave the Romantics such rich verse.  
The world throbs to a different rhythm now.  
It is tainted with a deep sense of loss  
And a fleeting, superficial beauty.

Dominic Windram

# How To Become A Performance Poet

How to become a performance poet:  
First spike up your hair and get it dyed blue.  
You must make an impression. Go for it!  
Hire someone who plays the didgeridoo.  
Then you'll need a suitable pseudonym.  
Like Dommy Rotten or Sinister Sue!  
Embrace absurd notions; forget wisdom.  
Add everything to your poetry stew.  
Be the ultimate con artist, until  
Even the Emperor's New Clothes will  
Have nothing on you. O never stay still:  
Keep changing; keep on seeking novel thrills!  
And remember to compose doggerel  
And other assorted nonsense performed  
In a quirky, sometimes wild way. O to hell  
With well structured verse! You'll go down a storm  
If you break all the rules; try it, you'll see.  
Next, you'll require a pack of cronies  
Who will wax lyrical about your work.  
O they should sing your praises constantly!  
And most importantly, be greater jerks.  
Than you. All in all, it should be easy  
To make a quick impression: just ad lib,  
Tell a few coarse jokes. I'm sure they'll clap  
Your mad offerings; the cut of your jib  
And none of them will dare call your act crap.  
Forget nuanced diction, simply scream out  
Your meagre scribblings; and let it all out.  
O you will become hackneyed style without substance  
With devoted disciples in abundance!

Dominic Windram



# How To Deal With Many A Fool

O I seem to be confronted by many fools,  
Along the path of the perennial joke, that  
Is modern life. Now, I am equipped with the tools  
To deal with them, one by one, I never look back.  
Indeed, my favourite phrases these manic days  
Are. ' It's not MY problem! ' and, ' O well... at least,  
They don't pay my wages! 'I don't care what they say.  
They are best ignored, as I wish to live in peace.

Dominic Windram

# How?

How will we fill up all these vast, empty spaces  
Within us. Shall we take to alcohol or drugs?  
Shall we visit gurus, counsellors or priests?  
Shall we purchase even more shiny, new items?  
Perhaps, we can find 'true love' on the internet,  
Or maybe experience a few casual flings.  
Perhaps, we can fill our emptiness with the fake  
Hysteria of modern spectacles: from sports  
To rock music. Perhaps, we can get our kicks from  
The sheer speed of flashy, expensive racing cars.  
Perhaps, we can join a political party,  
Or compose pretty poems to relieve the boredom.

Dominic Windram

# Human Constructs

It seems that we need to believe in  
Various constructs that have been passed  
Down through the ages: from poetry,  
Art to politics and religion,  
To provide us with guiding lights in  
A world shrouded in darkness. We need  
Clear frames of referenceto give  
Form and meaning to our troubled lives.

Dominic Windram

# Human: All Too Human

Slow burning moments in Time:  
Of scarred epochs well lit with signs.  
From Eden to Golgotha;  
From Auschwitz through to Palestine.  
Was the Word made flesh for nothing?  
Did pure Love die only in vain?  
Is the frail light now extinguished  
Only for darkness to remain?

O crude, blind & vain creatures are we!  
We crawl around in purgatory.  
We stumble over potent symbols;  
Words & concepts we can't decipher..  
Human all too human...and yet..yet  
There is still a hope that never fades:  
A peculiar primal longing  
Groping awkwardly towards the sun.

Was the Word made flesh for nothing?  
Did pure Love die only in vain?  
Is the frail light now extinguished  
Only for darkness to prevail?  
Despite this world's cruel thorns I know that  
The blood red rose will blossom again.

Dominic Windram

# Humanity At A Crossroads

O this modern world has yet to solve suffering.  
Despite it's golden promises, it's empty, dark  
And cruel. Its neglected animals are howling;  
While its once verdant fields and meadows are parched.  
All of the sweet flowers of Love are now disgraced.  
Perpetual wars maim the flesh of Innocence.  
Entire cities are ruthlessly laid to waste,  
While multimedia screens dazzle the senses.  
The burning question is: will we submit to Grace,  
Or will we remain lost and sink without a trace?

Dominic Windram

# Humankind - 2018

Humankind cannot commune directly  
With Nature's beauty as in ancient times.  
Distant from this fragile world of blue and green  
It schemes to create utopian designs.  
Behind elaborate social masks it hides  
Within artificial sanctuaries.  
It's fixated with rampant technology,  
And the faux, arbitrary order of  
Reified market forces, that perceive  
Not the whirling dust of catastrophe.  
It cannot live side by side with death's domain.  
It consoles itself with monetary gain  
And clings to cold, systematic science.  
It is divorced from rituals that once  
Embraced the power of sun, moon and rain.  
In order to forget its profound pain,  
It chases myriad pleasures endlessly.  
It no longer needs the mystical creeds.  
It no longer shares the sacred bread and wine.  
It courts the secular and shuns the Divine.

Dominic Windram

# Hundred Acre Wood

Hundred Acre Wood:  
Ablaze in the febrile night.  
Childhood's vision dies.

Dominic Windram

# Hyenas Versus Lions

Hyenas may laugh  
And mock. But the literate  
Lions reign supreme.

Dominic Windram



## Hypocrites 2

Don't believe their lies!  
It's still 'Us' versus 'Them' as  
Far as they're concerned.

Dominic Windram

# Hypocrites!

I see that all the hypocrites are still spouting  
Their empty rhetoric. Truly, there is something  
Particularly sickening about the way  
In which they are now at pains to endorse and proclaim  
Those whom they have, for numerous decades, not cared  
About a jot. When this is over, we should swear  
Blood oaths, to finally rid ourselves of their kind;  
From the realms of power in which they still reside.

Dominic Windram

## Hypocrites! 3

If the Tories claim they believe  
In the 'nobility' of work,  
How come their crazed, pompous leader,  
BoJo, is such a lazy jerk?

Dominic Windram

# I Always Question...

I always question  
Prevailing orthodoxies;  
From left of centre.

Dominic Windram

# I Am A Dissenter

I am a dissenter.  
I prefer not to conform.  
The system's uniforms  
Don't fit me. They never will.  
I prefer the wild plants  
And flowers off the beaten track.

Dominic Windram

# I Am Emboldened

I am emboldened,  
By the certain blossoming,  
Of inner flowers.

Dominic Windram

# I Am Learning To Be At Peace

I am learning to be at peace:  
Between the rose tainted dawn,  
And darker strains of moon lit hours.  
I no longer fear the silence.

Dominic Windram

# I Am Now Searching...

I am now searching  
For bold signs of hope among  
The wild graffiti.

Dominic Windram



# I Am Returning

Still reeling from the shock,  
And the lightning flash of the new,  
I am returning  
Stumbling back through  
The stinging rain and the darkness,  
I am returning.  
Pulsating like night's impeccable stars,  
I am returning.  
I feel alive for the first time in an age.  
I'm returning,  
With something precious,  
Like the gods' secrets;  
That will replace what went before.  
I am returning.  
Emboldened by a batch of small miracles;  
Set free from Time's plagues and wantonness;  
I am returning.  
The world is now ablaze with colour,  
And a plethora of different meanings.  
I am returning.

Dominic Windram

# I Am Searching...

I am searching for poetic pearls that  
Are perhaps hidden deep within a vast  
Oceans of dreams. I am searching for light  
Within a world; that's shrouded in darkness.

Dominic Windram

# I Am Still Here

I am still here:

Dreaming in a certain way,  
Like a rapt prophet.

Dominic Windram

# I Am Uplifted...

I am uplifted  
My endless summer dreaming:  
Magical moments.

Dominic Windram

# I Beat The System!

O I broke the unwritten, golden rule;  
And decided to work away on my own:  
No more wasted time with liars and fools.  
Now I sit back and marvel at new seeds sown.  
No more shall petty micro managers  
Or bovine bosses tell me what to say  
Or do. No more shall I have to concern  
Myself with pointless paperwork. Now days  
Are so much freer, joyous and lighter.  
And the future seems a great deal brighter!

Dominic Windram

# I Believe

I believe in love that's constant:  
That concentrates on the essential;  
That doesn't seek to dazzle the eyes,  
But that is comfortable in its own skin.

I believe in love that defies the solitude  
Of the heart in its most frozen forms:  
That sees beauty in joy & in sorrow;  
That doesn't reduce the stars to atoms.

I believe in love that doesn't age:  
That doesn't worship the fleeting moment.  
But glows endlessly from within  
With the assurance of warm communion

I believe in love that has faith  
In the other's blossoming:  
That is concerned with higher laws  
Not with its own desiring.

Dominic Windram

## I Believe 2

I believe in the belittled and the benumbed:  
Gazing like dumb beasts in the wounded night: .  
Not knowing or caring where they are going.  
For they know only refusal and constant flight.  
I believe in chaos that gives birth to stars.  
I believe that God resides in the mad;  
And that the pious are way off the mark.  
I don't believe in the sermons of the rich  
And the wretched rhetoric of elites.  
I believe that Love abides in a diaspora of dust

Dominic Windram

# I Call On The Angels

O I call on all the angels to bless the earth.  
I call on them to reveal soft worlds of sadness.  
O let it fall and dissolve like fresh flakes of snow!  
I call on them to bring joy that flows like rivers.  
I call on them to announce peace throughout the nations.  
I call on them to provide a pure, warm light to  
Liberate all of the long forgotten souls from  
The coldest regions and the darkest kingdoms of  
Dreadful night. I call on them to deliver mercy.  
O I call on them to pray for us; who are lost  
In these mortal realms. I call on them, to  
Return sweet fragments of Eden, that went missing,  
After the Fall. I call on all the angels to  
Redeem these godless times and mend what is broken.

Dominic Windram



# I Can Imagine (Inspired By John Lennon)

I can imagine a world of wonder  
That would be as clear as a crystal.  
I can imagine a world without the  
Constant need for war. I can imagine  
Love's sweet promise take the beautiful form  
Of radiant rainbows in deep blue skies.  
I can imagine the warm winds of change  
Direct small sail boats to exotic lands.  
I can imagine these things because I'm  
A dreamer. And I'm not the only one.

Dominic Windram

# I Consumer Hallelujah!

I consumer hallelujah!  
Bulbous gleaming golden arches:  
Pseudo Buddhists pray for Porsches.  
I consumer hallelujah!

I consumer hallelujah!  
Shopping is the new religion.  
O I - me - mine: that's the mantra.  
I consumer hallelujah!

I consumer hallelujah!  
I adore the sweet elixir  
Of Fanta & Pepsi cola.  
I consumer hallelujah!

I consumer hallelujah!  
O I'm up to my neck in debt,  
But I must spend more; what the heck!  
I consumer hallelujah!

Dominic Windram

# I Dare To Dream Big!

I dare to dream big!  
And I am determined to  
Achieve all my goals.

Dominic Windram

## I Denounce 4

I denounce all the conspiracies  
Of cold, calculated bureaucracies.  
I denounce the many fashion victims:  
Who claim they are progressive artists.  
I denounce those who speak of freedom & light,  
Whilst they continue to propagate their lies.  
I denounce the role of mainstream media:  
In spreading fear, hatred & hysteria.

Dominic Windram

# I Denounce....

I denounce all those who persecute subversives.  
I denounce all those who ridicule true artists.  
I denounce all those whose souls are arid wastelands.  
I denounce all those who worship golden idols.  
I denounce all those whose gods are money and fame.  
I denounce all those who bow down to vain elites.  
I denounce all those who'd rather spectate than act.  
I denounce all those who promote war over peace.

Dominic Windram

# I Don't Believe In You And I Never Will.

O you want me to believe in your grand visions;  
In your slick, preposterous systems! But I can  
Only feign interest. To be frank, they bore me  
Rigid. I'm unwilling to play your phoney games.  
For I've placed my sights firmly on higher pursuits.  
Your drab uniforms don't fit me. Your trumpeted  
Slogans are discordant shrieks to my refined ears.  
You may possess all the riches and the power.  
But they're merely shadow plays compared to Truth's Light.  
I'm the proverbial round peg in a square hole.  
I prefer ragged prophecies to your conceits.  
I will resist your inhumane plans to the end.

Dominic Windram

# I Dream Of New Worlds

I dream of new worlds.  
I await the sweet coming  
Of keen, tender times.

Dominic Windram

# I Dream Of Noble Orpheus

I dream of noble Orpheus.  
Like a ravaged, wingless angel  
I can no longer venture alas  
Into unchartered skies & realms.  
I'm too burdened by mortal cares,  
To carve art from marble & stone;  
To collect the sea from the sun's rays.  
I'm left to ponder fragments of bone.

I dream of noble Orpheus.  
In this half lit purgatory,  
Beauty's broken into pieces,  
And I need new ways to perceive  
The warm heart of life that shimmers  
Under cold, elaborate surfaces.  
In my veins still burns the summer.  
I seek Nature's knowing caress.

I dream of noble Orpheus.  
There are agonies of the mind,  
Conceived in the depths of silence,  
Where no marked wounds or bruises lie.  
O it is cruel to pour out one's  
Spirit into this wanton world;  
Where no one takes care to listen;  
As we dive like beggars for pearls.

I dream of noble Orpheus,  
Whose music soothed the wildest souls,  
And transmogrified pale distress.  
Praised be poets who become whole.  
I sense the promise of fresh forms,  
Drifting innocently on the breeze.  
I'm so tired of well worn norms.  
These jewelled moments I will seize.

Dominic Windram



# I Dream Of The Future

I dream of the future and it is bleak.  
I dream of vanishing oceans and seas.  
I see scattered coloured stones and seashells,  
That disappear into the foam of time,

Dominic Windram

# I Dream...

I dream of a silent, star filled heaven;  
Far away from this world of decay.  
I dream of true beauty that radiates,  
Like an eternal form amidst darkness.  
I dream of gardens bursting with fresh light:  
Where flowers of all colours bloom and grow.  
I dream of an inner happiness that  
Cannot be dissolved by crude distractions.

Dominic Windram

## I Fear ....(Late August,2019)

O I fear growing old and pale as another  
Solemn autumn is fast approaching. I feel that  
Summer's warm colours and fragrant songs are too brief.  
The seasons now appear to change so rapidly.  
I didn't perceive things this way, so long ago,  
When I was a boy. Time cast no eerie shadows.  
Everything seemed to unfold like a slow dream:  
The type of dream that is captured by poetry.

Dominic Windram

# I Feel Like A Worn Out Boxer

Lately, I have poured all my energy  
Into creating reams of poetry.  
I feel like a boxer: desperately  
Flagging on the ropes and almost beaten  
Into submission by the writing gremlins:  
Who want to break my I'm patiently  
Waiting for a second wind, so that I  
Can, at last, deliver the fatal blow!

Dominic Windram

# I Feel So Refreshed...(June 29th,2020)

I feel so refreshed  
By this welcome summer rain:  
Silvery downpours.

Dominic Windram

# I Glimpse...

I glimpse rich patterns  
In the night skies of summer:  
Wondrous universe.

Dominic Windram

# I Guess That's Just The Way It Is Now.

Crude, modern ways are  
Now stripping away;  
Life, love and faith's rich,  
Symbolic meanings

Dominic Windram

# I Have Awoken.

I have awoken  
And returned from bright dream worlds  
Of inspiration.

Dominic Windram



# I Have Faith

I have faith that the flowers of tomorrow,  
Blessed by sacred light and water, will gently  
Bloom and grow in consciousness' royal garden  
They'll prove to be the splendour of creation.  
They'll radiate with such beauty and colour.  
They'll redeem this pale age of disenchantment.

Dominic Windram

# I Have Found The Key

I have found the key  
To the garden of soft light  
And wild mystery.

Dominic Windram

# I Hope...

I hope that these pure poems of mine  
Will outlive these cruel, sordid times.  
For they detect divinity  
Within the mundane. And they speak  
Of inner kingdoms of wonder.  
They embrace the prophets' thunder;  
Whilst drawing out profound moments  
Of Beauty: often soft and silent.

Dominic Windram

# I Lament

I lament the passing of the golden age,  
When bold dreamers once glared  
Longingly, at the moonlight on the water;  
And thrived in their wild summer madness.

I lament the loss of belief in a higher force:  
Once teeming creation was thought  
To be charged by a divine spark:  
That gave meaning, form and drive to life

Dominic Windram

## I Lament...

I lament the passing of light figures:  
Whose flashes of genius help the world  
To evolve. I lament the loss of their  
Spirit: from which new creations unfurl.  
I lament the darkness that destroys dreams.  
I lament the darkness that seems to breed  
Ignorance and bigotry. I lament  
These times when no one will dare to dissent.

Dominic Windram

# I Love A Challenge

If you provoke me,  
I will relish the challenge.  
So please bring it on!

Dominic Windram

# I Must Learn To Focus

O I must learn to focus and avoid  
Trivial distractions! I must complete  
My work before it piles up. Furthermore,  
I must stop composing poems; for a while  
At least. When all the many tasks are done,  
I'll patiently wait for the precious gifts  
Of vision and inspiration. I will  
Then draw deeply from creativity's well.

Dominic Windram

# I Must Learn To Let Go

O I must learn to let go when the anger brews  
Inside. I must learn to gently appreciate  
The finer things of life like love and art; sunsets  
And spring's blossoms. I must learn to let go of all  
That belongs to the past: all of the heartaches and  
All of the mindnumbing, mundane hours working for  
Those whom I came, in time, to despise. I must learn  
To let go to regain my sense of sanity.

Dominic Windram



# I Need To Escape From The Rat Race!

I'm worn out by clocks,  
crude consciousness and gossip.  
I need to escape!

Dominic Windram

# I Need To Slow Down

It's hard to pin down and fix this roaring,  
Chaotic world. One is need of new frames  
Of reference in these perplexing times:  
Where constant information is brought to  
Our attention and speed is of the essence.  
There is too much pressure. There's too much stress;  
Too many futile deadlines to address.  
Perhaps, it would be wise to accept things  
The way they are and just go with the flow.  
Yet I cannot help but wonder, what it  
Would be like, to live in a world that moved  
Much more slowly and allowed time for us  
To breathe gently; that allowed time for us  
To absorb the Light and then let it be.

Dominic Windram

## I Need...(Lockdown: June,2020)

O I need to feel summer's warm blood course through  
My cold, blue veins. I need to turn grim age to youth,  
As wounds I thought I had covered, have emerged  
Once more. I'm hosting myriad solitudes.

Dominic Windram

# I Perceive...

I perceive the fading of Beauty  
In this malignant, star - crossed night.  
And as the darkness surrounds me,  
Poetry is my only light.

Dominic Windram

# I Pray For...

I pray for light, because my mind is blurred,  
By the darkness of fear and despair.  
I pray for the gift of wise, warming words:  
That will transcend all rampant, mortal cares

Dominic Windram

# I Pray...

I pray for the kind and noble spirit,  
Of divine Love, to revisit us and  
Reclaim our hearts. For they have turned bitter  
Within the crucible of crude commerce.  
Now all values... principles have their price.  
O kind and noble spirit, set us free.  
Judge us not for our complacency.  
Bring us healing rain in a dry season.

Dominic Windram

## I Prefer...

I prefer landscapes,  
To photographs of people,  
Who seem to just get  
In the way of pure beauty.

Dominic Windram

# I Recall A Dream

Moving like a restless ghost, between twilight worlds,  
I wandered back through childhood's bright, treasured realms.  
I visited the places where we used to play:  
All the verdant fields & the rivers & gardens.  
I saw the face of Youth bathed in Beauty's soft light.  
I saw my friends immersed in myriad delights.  
Back then, the sun seemed to pour down like liquid joy,  
And the stars in the night sky glittered like diamonds.  
I remember the sweetness of my first kiss one spring:  
When life seemed ripe with endless possibilities.  
Knowing that I could watch these fruitful, former days,  
Like an angel from afar, but never return,  
Filled me with immeasurable sadness. I still  
Don't whether I've truly awoken from that dream.

Dominic Windram



## I Recall...

I recall that many years ago, as  
A keen middle distance runner myself,  
I was inspired by MessrsCoe,Ovett  
And, of course, Cram, because they seemed to break  
World records on a regular basis  
And obtained an array of gold medals:  
From the Olympics to the Commonwealth games.  
They were my heroes and still are today.

Dominic Windram

## I Regret: (November,2000)

I regret having let a broad dream  
Slip through my fingers, not for the first time,  
It must be said. I let it slip away  
Without learning anything from it.  
Now I'm sinking into oblivion.  
My dream arrived this glorious summer.  
But now it has sadly dissipated  
In the bitter winds of autumn.

Dominic Windram

# I Remember

I remember fragrant moments in time:  
Of wild flowers on the lush hillside;  
Of sunlight on water; the first fleeting kiss,  
And the fresh, cascading flakes of Christmas snow

I remember well those rose tainted days  
Of childhood dreaming; the spring time of life:  
When the world seemed as innocent as doves.  
It was like a perpetual playground!

□

Dominic Windram

## I Remember 2

O the house where I once lived now looks like  
Something out of a dream. I can perceive  
Ghosts of yesteryear; playing happily  
In the garden. I remember those times.  
Places we used to go when we were young  
Look so different in the dark. Perhaps  
It is because they shone so brightly in  
Childhood days of seemingly endless summer.

Dominic Windram

## I Remember 3

I remember when we were young and the light  
Played on the lawns and fields, for what seemed like,  
A golden eternity. Sadly,  
Sweet innocence has slowly turned into  
Bitter experience. And all the bright  
Colours of childhood and youth have faded  
Into grey. Hope's frail flowers have withered.  
Guardian angels seem like pale ghosts.  
All of life's vital gloss has been removed.  
Now the days speed by and we chase shadows.

Dominic Windram

# I Remember Summer Days

I remember summer days,  
Before the pain of mortal troubles.  
I remember jewelled moments,  
Just after the gentle rain;  
When the air was soft & warm;  
Tinged with the scent of roses.

And I recall that we would count  
The diamond like evening stars,  
As the day grew dark and  
Time's shadows lengthened.

I remember summer days,  
When I catch myself dreaming:  
Days when the world seemed  
To burst with light,  
When death & despair seemed  
Like distant fictions.

O I remember summer days,  
When the grass seemed greener,  
And we would make daisy chains  
Without a care under the sun.

Dominic Windram

## I Remember: (Childhood Days)

I remember the flowing, milky daylight  
Of childhood dreaming. I recall warm, fresh hours when time  
Was a friend that allowed me to play and be;  
Among wide, vivid streets and gardens and fields.  
O I recall the profuse coming of Spring:  
So resplendent in all her verdant blessings.  
I remember whirling colours and visions,  
And the myriad wonders of creation.  
I recall the faithful light that never failed,  
Before innocence died and the darkness came.

Dominic Windram

# I Scatter Flowers

I scatter flowers  
That contain, the frail remnants,  
Of matter & ghost.

Dominic Windram



# I Sense The Despair (January 6th 2020)

It's the beginning of a new decade.  
I sense the despair of once great cities;  
Now liberally littered with bones and  
Broken walls. In the end, will we all be  
Consumed and destroyed by fire and flood? .  
Unless things change, in a dramatic way,  
A grave silence will descend upon the earth.  
Life's sweet flowers will no longer blossom.

Dominic Windram

# I Shake Off The Ghosts

I shake off the ghosts,  
And call out to the angels;  
To redeem these times.

Dominic Windram

# I Try To Hold On

I try to hold on  
To soft moments of beauty;  
But time slips away.

Dominic Windram

# I Try To Hold On...

I try to hold on to  
Gold tainted moments of time.  
But they slip away.

Dominic Windram

# I Try To Possess

I try to possess  
Vibrant moments of beauty;  
But time slips away.

Dominic Windram

# I Walk Through...

I walk through the shadows of memory  
To catch a glimpse of time's golden moments  
I feel like a ship lost in stormy seas.  
Feelings of deep regret will not relent.

Dominic Windram

# I Wander Between...

I wander between broken words and dreams  
Like a jaded prophet. Now days are bleak  
And nights have extinguished their gleaming stars.  
Love, Faith and Mercy have fled far away  
From this arid land; that remains unblessed.  
I'm searching for sweet asylum so I can rest.  
O can this wanton world still be redeemed?  
I wander between broken words and dreams.

Dominic Windram

# I Wandered Through A Dream...

I wandered through a dream of many realms;  
Where I comprehended symbols and signs,  
That previously, I couldn't discern.  
I was struck by the indescribable  
Beauty of bright inner landscapes and worlds.  
I was aware of a balance between  
Light and shade: which even the great artists  
Could not conceive. I was aware that Love  
Is the force that guides the universe. It  
Radiates in molecular structures.  
I was aware that life's but a shadow,  
And that death is not the end, but merely  
The beginning of a lengthy pathway:  
That leads to sweet, golden eternity.

Dominic Windram



## I Want To Awaken...(London: 1994)

I want to awaken from black dreams of despair.  
I want to live my life freely; without a care.  
Although I'm still entrapped in icy solitude,  
I can glimpse a way out of my incessant blues.  
O it shall be a long, hard road towards the light!  
But I will make it, before my days turn to night.

Dominic Windram

# I Want To Hold On...

I want to hold on,  
To the warm hand of healing,  
And never let go.

Dominic Windram

# I Was Never Really There

I was never really there.  
I was just a casual tourist,  
Searching for shiny signs of novelty.  
I never established firm ground.  
Like a spectre clinging  
To the crumbs of other people's dreams,  
To fill what it lacks in substance,  
I was never really there.

I walked the streets a thousand times  
Looking for a guide.  
But all I found were faceless crowds,  
Scurrying aimlessly through life.  
I never let my mask slip.  
I never got close to anyone.  
Like a bit part in a play,  
I was never really there/

I tasted love's fleeting thrills.  
But they lacked colour and shade.  
Love lacked a deeper purpose,  
It all seemed to be in vain.  
I watched them form paltry unions  
From the vantage of the wings.  
But I was not impressed,  
I was never really there.

I sought hackneyed information;  
Not the fruits of knowledge  
I wasted my time with horoscopes  
And other disreputable arts.  
I was a shadow chasing shadows;  
A blind man without a crutch.  
Now all the roses have turned to dust.  
I was never really there.

I looked into the mirror,  
And was confronted  
By my own emptiness,

And age old fears.  
I watched the world on T.V,  
As the great events passed by.  
I never raised a flag or fist.  
I was never really there.

And now I recline on my winter throne:  
A cynical king without a crown.  
Like my kind father before me,  
Old but, unlike him, not so wise;  
Counting the days and hours left;  
Before the dark departure;  
Before the senses expire.

And pray that I may be reborn,  
As I was never really there.

Dominic Windram

# I Welcome This Rain: (July 6th,2020)

In early July,  
This gentle afternoon rain,  
Is most refreshing.

Dominic Windram

# I Will Be

Within wild dreamscapes of moon and stars, I will be.  
On floating, blue, oceanic visions, I'll recline.  
O I have been blinded so long by the icy  
Realms of solitude and darkness, now I can see!  
I've embraced the singing light and it is divine!  
The late spring flowers seem to bend towards the sun  
In ecstasy. New waves of joy flow through my mind  
Which is all aglow: such rich sights to gaze upon!

Dominic Windram

## I Will Keep My Focus On The Poetry.

O I'm tired and weary. For too long now  
Have I wasted my energy on wingless  
Trivialities and dead end, bankrupt schemes.  
Yet my one saving grace is my poetry.  
So I must concentrate on distilling and  
Refining it. I must pluck bright metaphors  
From the depths of my being and my dreaming.  
O I shall focus hard on the poetry.

Dominic Windram

# I Will Light The Fires...

I will light the fires  
Of my imagination:  
Inner, golden flames.

Dominic Windram



## I Will Paint A Poem...

I will paint a poem, that lies deep in my dreams,  
With wild, vibrant colours. I will seek  
To bless and beautify the common word.  
I'll make it melliflous like the song of birds.

Dominic Windram

# I Will Seize The Day

There seems to be no point in chasing the wind,  
As I've still got so much to offer and say.  
Others may spectate and passively  
I intend to seize each moment; every day.

Dominic Windram

# I Will Still Be There For You

O I will still be there for you  
When the ocean is no more blue;  
When the darkness blots out the light;  
When the rich bloom slips from the rose;  
When the gleaming stars become cold;  
In icy depths of endless night;  
When nature is a mere ghost  
When the husk devours the host  
When the pale moon turns to blood red  
When Love itself is pronounced dead.

Dominic Windram

# I Will Submit

O I will submit  
To feathered grace and mercy.  
This world is too harsh.

Dominic Windram

## I Wish...

I wish to capture the flashing snowflakes of dreams  
And the colours and notions of oceans and seas.  
O I seek the haunting mysteries of trees,  
As they whisper secrets in forests of deep green!  
O I seek the wisdom at the heart of the sun,  
And metaphors that can be shared by everyone.  
I want to transcribe the strange language of gods, moons  
And stars. I want my poems to be finely hewn.

Dominic Windram

# I Would Like To Dream...

I would like to dream  
Of heavenly seraphims:  
No more bleak nightmares!

Dominic Windram

# Ian Curtis R.I.P

He was a dark soul.  
Unlike the second rate goths,  
He wore no clown clothes.

Dominic Windram

# I'd Like To Capture...

I'd like to capture,  
The colours & forms of dreams,  
In poetic works.

Dominic Windram



## I'd Rather Be...

O I'd rather be a poet,  
Imbibing the sunlight and rain,  
Than a bored soldier on parade.  
I'd rather be a bold prophet  
Than a poor office worker.  
I'd rather be a creator,  
Than a politician canvassing  
Like a huckster, to gain your votes.  
I'd rather be a fine artist,  
Painting things in colourful ways.  
Than a meddling entrepreneur.  
I would rather raise consciousness  
Than conform to absurd diktats.  
I'd relish my new found freedom!

Dominic Windram

# Idiot T.V

Idiot T.V:  
That has no discernible  
Purpose anymore.

Dominic Windram

# If I Were The Only One Left Alive...

If I were the only one left alive  
I would compose poems till the day I died.  
If I were the only one left alive,  
The teeming elements would be my guides.

Dominic Windram

# If Jesus Christ Ever Returns: (Paraphrase, And Extension Of A Joke By The Late, Great Comedian And Social Critic Bill Hicks)

If Jesus Christ ever returns  
Do you really think he want to see  
Crosses? Now, before you fret, I am  
Fully aware of their profound  
Theological significance,  
But surely, you can see, that they  
Are highly likely to bring back such  
Damn, awful memories to Him!  
On the contrary, I think it would  
Be so much better, and perhaps,  
Infinitely more life enhancing,  
If Christians instead wore small,  
Delicate, silvery fish pendants  
Or perhaps gleaming snow white dove  
Ones around their necks: no trace of blood,  
Or stigmata, for that matter;  
No crown of thorns; no deep anguish.  
No lamb to the slaughter, rather  
Something suggesting harmony.  
For they are time honoured symbols  
Of peace in a world preoccupied with  
Endless war, pain and suffering.  
That is why I've always favoured  
The wearing of a white poppy,  
Rather than a red one, on  
Remembrance Day in the U.K  
Anyway, It's merely a suggestion.  
Sometimes, it's good to go beyond  
Dogmatic beliefs, and think outside  
The box, so to speak. Well, what do you think?

Dominic Windram

## If There Was At Least...

If there was at least a light within our hearts:  
To shelter from the pervading darkness.  
If there was at least something sacred between us;  
Rather than fleeting desire and monetary gain.

Dominic Windram

# If Words Spring From Wounds

If it is the case that words  
Spring from wounds, then perhaps,  
Paradoxically, the rare light of their meaning  
Can heal the scars of night.

Dominic Windram

# If You Do Not Dream

If you do not dream,  
Angels will cease to guide you.  
Poems will turn prosaic.

Dominic Windram

## If You're Good/ If You're Bad

If you're very good you'll receive  
A jar of moonlight and rainbows;  
A ticket to the kingdom of dreams;  
A spoonful of blue heaven;  
A swan made of delicate crystal  
That can float upon the air.  
And a lush velvet photograph  
That changes with the seasons.

But if you're very bad you'll receive  
A bag of sweets that taste very bitter  
A cushion forged from old, dry bones;  
A crown of thorns that can never be removed;  
A black box that contains abominable ghosts;  
A pair of gloves that turn into serpents;  
And a pocketful of fears made of all  
The dust and ashes of the centuries.

Dominic Windram



# I'll Gather And Craft

I'll gather and craft  
These broken fragments; with an  
Acute consciousness.  
I'll gradually piece them  
Together and restore  
Their intrinsic meanings with  
A deftness and lightness  
Of touch, so that they glow with  
Lyrical grace and  
Tender, sumptuous magic.

Dominic Windram

# I'll Have My Revenge

I'll have my revenge on all those dumb idiots  
Who've betrayed me. For I don't mind my food served cold.  
I see they're still mired in parochial gloom,  
While my work's being published all over the world!  
O they may greatly prosper as pantomime clowns,  
But they're soulless and lacking in integrity.  
My oeuvre will survive when they are mere dust.  
I'll have my revenge on the petty North East tribe!

Dominic Windram

# I'll Have To Close Ranks

I'll have to close ranks,  
As I sense the fast approachment,  
Of deadly, new storms.

Dominic Windram

# I'll Paint A New Poem (For Lukas: Witten, Germany August 2019)

Okay my long time friend. I'll paint a new poem,  
One brief hour before the darkness creeps in.  
I hope it will reflect the former radiance  
Of a golden age that's gradually rusted.  
The clocks in the hotel will turn silent  
At that interminable moment in time,  
And what you now consider to be a crack  
In consciousness; an immutable emptiness  
Will be softly transformed into holy vision.  
Light will be woven into the fabric of  
Your being. Red needle suns in peregrine flight  
Will quickly pierce the obese balloon of now.  
You'll watch it explode into a million pieces  
And then you'll see how the dream like violets scatter.  
And you'll hear the universe burst into laughter.  
In this new moment in time, the angels and ghosts  
Will be released From the machinery of night.  
You'll be lost in the poetry of becoming!

Dominic Windram

# I'll Still Be There For You

I will still be there for you:  
When darkness blots out the light;  
When the bloom slips from the rose;  
When the gleaming stars turn cold.

Dominic Windram

# Illusion Versus Reality

I am not enamoured by fragrant promises.  
I deride all the hackneyed comments about hope.  
I've no time, these days, for nebulous illusions.  
The vivid drugs of contemporary media  
Fuel such baseless visions, dreams and demands.  
I'm more inclined to the stubborn and the bizarre:  
In reality's stark irregularities:  
In darkness that dwells behind artificial light.

Dominic Windram

# Illusory Realms

T.V images:

Muscular & beautiful;

Worlds of fantasy.

Dominic Windram

## I'm A Poet...

I'm a poet, a misfit, a dreamer,  
A thinker, a rebel and a schemer.  
I'm part time prophet and educator.  
I'm a system hating liberator.  
I love the Romantic and the surreal.  
I'm inspired by my most vivid dreams  
I'm guided by a peculiar light:  
That helps me make it through the darkest nights.

Dominic Windram



## I'm Aiming...

I'm aiming for perfection,  
Yet all I perceive are cracks;  
In the far from pristine pavement.  
All I can do I suppose, is  
Keep struggling towards the Light,  
And leave the darkness far behind.

Dominic Windram

# I'm Bored By This World

I'm bored by this world  
Of crass games & pantomimes:  
Futile endeavours!

Dominic Windram

# I'm Comfortable In My Own Skin At Long Last

O it does seem such a long time since we last met.  
The person that you once knew no longer exists.  
He is now like a shadowy stranger to me.  
I've moved on since, via many different masks.  
Yet it's only fairly recently that I feel  
I can truly be. And I say, "Amen to that!"

Dominic Windram

# I'm Deeply Troubled....(March,2011)

I'm deeply troubled  
By a sense of impending  
Loss, doom and despair.

Dominic Windram

# I'm Free To Think My Own Thoughts

I'm not tied to any rigid school or system.

I'm intellectually promiscuous.

I say: 'Let a thousand bright flowers bloom!

For this world, has multiple textures of meaning.

Dominic Windram

# I'm Going Out To Vote Today (December 12th,2019)

I need to vote today, to stop the Brexit brutes  
From taking control of my town. For their rancid  
Bigotry and racism has no place here.  
I fear the worst as the dark clouds of hatred  
Are gathering and storms are surely on their way.  
O I need to vote today! It's so important.

Dominic Windram

# I'm In This Game For The Long Haul

I'm always busy writing to create  
Some kind of art. Certain things I inflate;  
That others refer to as voice & style.  
I have walked ten thousand poetic miles,  
Yet I still feel as though I'm just starting  
To get a feel of things. My words should sing  
Rather than sound like discordant shrieks.  
Like in sports, I'm trying to reach my peak.  
Yet it's so hard to balance light and shade.  
The old masters knew how to blend the grave  
And the joyous. I've still got time to learn.  
While the inner flame continues to burn,  
I'll defy the boredom of daily life.  
I shall transcend this wanton world of strife.  
Although it's getting darker in the West,  
The prophets can see beyond the unrest.  
They have heard bleak winter's frozen warnings.  
But they have glimpsed the warm coming of spring.  
Although there are many who value nothing,  
And who know the market worth of everything;  
So dazzled are they by cut price souvenirs,  
There are still sacred realms that are revered.  
I'd like to document the mood of the times;  
Whilst hinting at signs that point to the sublime.  
I'll attempt to forge beauty from doubt and pain.  
I'll call on the gods for healing summer rain.

Dominic Windram

# I'm Just A Number

I'm just a number  
In the modern scheme of things:  
Better to be dead!

Dominic Windram



## I'm Just Planting Seeds...

I'm just planting of them will grow  
Into blazing fruits and flowers. And yet  
I know that many of them will never  
Flourish because they fall upon deaf ears.

Dominic Windram

## I'm Losing My Patience....

I'm losing my patience with administrators.  
O they communicate by uttering jargon!  
They are forever chasing pointless paperwork.  
They possess the creativity of insects!

Dominic Windram

## I'm Opposed...

I'm opposed to the narrow ways of the tribe:  
That label and ultimately crucify,  
All those who seek a different path in life.  
Believe me, I've lived it, and it is a curse.  
It's crap. I cannot think of anything worse!  
Yet being ostracised has many plus points.  
I feel it means, that you can say what you want.  
I'm for beauty that resides on the outskirts.  
The mainstream, corporate consensus has no worth.  
I'm against the false church, I only seek Christ.  
I'm against establishment hypocrisy.  
I only look to potent visions and dreams.  
I'm against obsequious Queen and country.  
I'm for a Republic where we can be free.  
I'll always support justice for Palestine.  
All those who oppose it are Gadarene swine.

Dominic Windram

# I'm So Bored Of Television

I flick idly through  
All the usual channels:  
Nothing worth watching!

Dominic Windram

# I'm So Fed Up With You!

O I'd like to engage in dialogue.  
But all you seem to want is monologue.  
You never listen to a word I say.  
Added to that, you are such a snowflake!

Dominic Windram

# I'm So Restless

I'm so restless. Visions are calling me away.  
O my dreams are being pulled by the stars again!  
Elegant angels are listening to me pray.  
I've cast off trivial things; only light remains.

Dominic Windram

# I'm So Tired!

I'm so tired! Tonight, I will gladly  
Welcome the soft, silky embrace  
Of soothing dream coloured sleep.  
Let it cover me in light & grace!

Dominic Windram

## I'm So Tired...

I'm so tired of your insane demands:  
Of your vain, elaborate strategies  
To divide and conquer. For they lead to  
Places that are cold, dark and dangerous.  
Simply put, I want to feel free enough,  
To compose my poetry, ideally  
In silence; far away from the bright realms  
Of shrieking madness. I don't want to be  
A mere slave of fortune. For I seek  
Full control of my destiny. Unlike  
Many, I like to look before I leap;  
So to speak. I hate this current chaos.  
I prefer peace of mind. I don't want to  
Be caught up in the whirlwind of these times.

Dominic Windram



## I'm So Tired; Yet I Sense A Change.

I'm tired of chasing after the wind.  
I'm bored of merely marking tender time;  
Trying to find 'truth' amidst stony fragments.  
I want to glimpse aspects of the eternal.  
I'd like to capture life's ethereal glints;  
Transcribe strange sunbursts of consciousness.  
I need to feel the vital blood flow through me,  
And seek unconditional communion.  
Yet I shall not compromise colour & shade.  
I'd like to detail the seed's potential;  
Not be distracted by the flower's fragrance.  
I want to know the myriad ways of the moon;  
Convey its spectral, canarin mysteries.  
O could I disclose nature's verdant secrets,  
In a language soft & pure yet knowing?  
We poets, prophets should not seek asylum  
In some lustrous, imagined Eden, rather  
Decipher the writing on the wall: the signs  
Of the times: that blurt out bleak contingencies.  
We should stir the cold cinders of memory;  
And revive the soul's multi foliate rose;  
Confront the wind - blown struggles over meaning.  
And enable leaden lexicons to breathe.  
We should ignore the world's discordant music,  
And seek guidance in ancient plainsong or prayer.  
We should brace ourselves for spiritual battle  
Against the dark agents that proliferate.  
Haunting me always are grave, dreadful voices.  
They warn me to withdraw in desperation.  
Although the pure fountain has shattered;  
Although the new gods are but rusted idols;  
Although Love now dons Vanity's grotesque mask;  
Although we're still engulfed by evening's shadows;  
I sense fresh light breaking through the heart's cracks.  
Acedia's malignant spell is breaking.  
I sense the coming of a bejewelled dawn.

Dominic Windram

# I'm Still Searching

I'm still searching for my lost heart  
In a bleak, indifferent world.  
I'm still searching for the flowers  
Of truth amidst ruined gardens.  
I'm still reaching out for lovers  
In an age of narcissism.  
I'm still searching for golden words  
To describe this modern malaise.

Dominic Windram

# I'm Still Working At My Craft

I'm working with a profound inner glow,  
Now I'm no longer chasing mere shadows.  
Although I'm getting older, and my days  
Are numbered, I'm exploring different ways  
To express myself. I'll never submit  
To the status quo. I will never quit  
My duty to subvert & enlighten.  
And I'll never receive this chance again.  
I'm still imbibing summer's vital wine.  
I'm still ripping up the fabric of time.

Dominic Windram

## I'm Talking In Tongues (July 2007)

I'm talking in tongues, now that I've fallen in love  
I feel like I've witnessed the fiery coming  
Of the divine dove. But this has happened many times  
Before. And it usually turns quite ugly.  
Nevertheless, I shall try to give it my best shot.  
At least it's a release from everyday boredom.  
I shall wine and dine my beloved. I shall dance  
And sing and shake the perennial blues away.  
I shall pluck flowers from the garden of dreams and  
Hope Lady Luck favours me, as I roll the dice!

Dominic Windram

# I'm The Matador

I'm the matador and they are the bulls.  
I'm too quick for them. They are too slow.  
For they are the proverbial numbskulls.  
I sow seeds of poesy that will grow.  
I have all the skills, as well as the moves,  
While they are attached to base desires.  
Although they prosper, they'll be removed.  
I want to rekindle inner fires.  
I want to see humankind's spirit glow.  
While they rot in the sty of contentment,  
I'm still adding vital strings to my bow,  
And I refute their mawkish sentiment.  
I challenge and subvert cold steel systems,  
While they are happy with the status quo.  
They offer no substantial resistance.  
Like dead fish, they seem to go with the flow.  
I think they are the quintessential herd.  
They prefer bigotry to basic facts.  
They resist the blazing light of the Word.  
Crass consumer items fill what they lack.  
They are hypnotised by their gleaming screens.  
O they do not lead but simply follow.  
I intend to burst their impotent dreams,  
Before I deliver the final blow.

Dominic Windram

## I'm Thinking..(Summer,2000)

O I'm thinking of summer's flowers and their grace.  
I'm thinking of deep blue skies without dark clouds' trace,  
And the subtlest beauty that lights up your face.  
I'm thinking of sweet visions for the human race.

Dominic Windram

# I'm Trapped

Like many in this modern world,  
I'm trapped between contrasting worlds:  
The secular and the sacred.  
I'm torn between the light and dark.  
I can't seem to forge a balance  
Between the rose and the fire.

Like many in this modern world:  
Will I submit to base desires?  
Will I remain snug in Babylon  
Or raise a hand to aid the wounded?  
Will I be true to my conscience,  
And be saved by Christ's healing blood?

Dominic Windram

# Imagination's Gifts

Our consciousness sets us above the fixed form of things.  
O we can illuminate dark kingdoms with our minds!  
Equipped with imagination's fertile powers,  
We can create wondrous worlds in our own image.  
O we can compose veritable empires,  
Of poetic significance and endless delight!

Dominic Windram



# Imagine

Imagine a desert,  
Without sanctuary,  
As dry & hard as bone.

Imagine a river,  
Ceasing to flow,  
As it changes  
from azure to mud.

Imagine black blanches,  
Dripping with blood,  
Devoid of birds.

Imagine the spirit:  
The vital force of life;  
Extinguished from the mortal flesh,  
Like a rose turned to ash.

And then imagine,  
A world that has lost  
Its boundless gift for dreaming.

Dominic Windram

# Imagine...

Imagine all of the slow centuries that passed  
Before us. With this in mind, what shall we do with  
This gleaming present and all its multifold days?  
O we should rejoice at pregnant moments in time!

Dominic Windram

# Immaculate Angel

Immaculate, all seeing angel;  
Perfect among all God's creation;  
Beyond rational conception;  
Beyond narrow perception.

Form beyond all forms; beyond mortal notions;  
A being untouched by human corruption.  
Her eyes shine forth with the purest white light;  
That blinds the creatures of the dust,  
And raises the faithful to phoenix heights

Unmoved by the despair of the world,  
Within her presence the future unfurls.  
Her presence speaks of infinite joy & pain  
Of divinity's bright redeeming flame.  
Her compassionate tears fall like rain,  
Into the darkest abyss that brutally devours  
The holy, white flesh of pure Innocence.

Dominic Windram

# Immanuel (God Is With Us)

All around, we can hear winter's bitter moans.  
O the icy wind has flayed the trees to bone!  
The old leaves have been torn off and condemned.  
It's a time to reflect; to make amends.  
In this Advent season, we keenly recall,  
The one lowly born; yet rarer than gold:  
He was as pure as the coming of spring.  
A symbol of light; amidst suffering:  
He was a world shaker; a dream weaver;  
Who boldly confronted our howling days.  
Whose kingdom is beyond all mortal power;  
Whose love is adorned with flakes of beauty;  
Whose grace is as soft as snow & flowers;  
Whose crucifixion was a new beginning.

Dominic Windram

# Immanuel (God With Us)

Three small words; only one syllable each;  
Less than ten letters to convey meaning.  
How can such simplicity; concision  
Convey such profundity of wisdom?  
God with us: King of kings and Lord of lords;  
God with us: Love that guides the universe;  
God with us: in snow fall and wild sunbursts;  
God with us: in skies and seas; moon and stars;  
God with us: who created the heavens,  
And the earth, and every living thing.

Dominic Windram

# Impressions Of The Lake District

Late October's brown, red and golden bliss;  
Flashes, fragments of cottages and trees;  
Small islands afloat in the smoky mist;  
Unmarred by the blasts of the centuries.  
A shaft of soft light penetrates the gloom,  
And points at a solitary sail boat.  
What has brought me to this place? Is it fate?  
Amidst the world's troubles, a glint of hope?  
Sunset turns the lake to liquid scarlet  
A swan transforms into a silhouette.

Beneath mountains and stars I feel so small,  
At odds with these bloated times so near;  
Yet so out of reach; with too many walls;  
Where artificial things hide our fears;  
I watch the water cascade tumultuously,  
Over rocks, under overhanging branches.  
Everything flows like silver studded dreams.  
I'm at one with a Spirit that enchants.  
Here, the putrid spectres of the past  
Can't haunt me as I'm blessed by Nature vast.

Dominic Windram

# In A Deep Dream

In a deep dream, I glimpsed an ancient house:  
Where the raging tribal elders once met.  
O they seemed eerily familiar.  
I watched them perform ceremonies  
Of birth and death. I watched on  
Intrigued, as their servants took to the stage  
In masks of comedy & tragedy.  
The poignant play, they performed, was concerned  
With the most profound events in heaven.  
And in hell. It was a revelation.

Dominic Windram

## In A Rather Strange Dream

In a rather strange dream I travelled along  
Subtly coloured paths of an autumn wood.  
I observed the seasonal fall of red,  
Gold and brown leaves. Ghost like they stuttered  
Their way to earth. O they were akin to  
Broken syllables; half-lost in the wind.

Dominic Windram



# In An Old Town By The Sea (Llastres, Asturias,2001)

In an old town by the sea.  
I am strangely moved by  
The plangent cries  
Of a Spanish guitar.

Stray dogs hungrily roam  
The cobbled streets;  
With wild, searching eyes.  
They seem to mirror my state.

In the bustling marketplace,  
The locals gather for warm connection:  
Absorbed among the fish, the meats and spices;  
And fashionable garments and bracelets  
Some older, but wiser, withered faces  
Look to night's stars for guidance

I came here to escape the fevered city,  
Now I find myself in this torpid town.  
But I am far from here; my mind  
Still fixed on a million trivial things

I'm so tired of all the futile games  
We're forced to play under the sun.

What is it that I'm looking for  
On this retreat from routine life?  
Perhaps Nature will open her arms  
And embrace me like a long lost son.

In this toxic age of doubt  
I desire the dreams of flowers.  
I want to learn ancient joys and laments  
That will bind me to the earth.

I understand in my bones  
That there is no paradise;  
Only fleeting illusions;  
Fragments of childhood visions.

Some say that love is the answer.  
But in the teeming, chaotic world  
That we call love. there is no guide  
And the archers are seemingly blind☐

Dominic Windram

## In Anticipation Of Spring

I can't wait to awake in the midst of spring's light,  
And know the months of cold are gone. Still the March winds  
Rage on. O I can't wait to awake to the sight  
Of bright violets, tulips and golden daffodils!  
Soon frozen joints will loosen. Nature's blithe spirit  
Will course, like rare blood, through our frail veins once again.  
Life's magic abounds; if we can but perceive it.  
Praise be warm breezes and the gentle April rain!

Dominic Windram

# In Bygone Epochs

In bygone epochs,  
Life shimmered with mysteries.  
Poets dreamed of angels.

Dominic Windram

## In Carlisle... (June 12th,2020)

In Carlisle, a quaint old horse- and- cart rider  
Was refused entry to the drive -thru  
Of the ostensibly customer friendly;  
Ultra - modern Corporation commonly  
Known to the general public as KFC..  
The rider believed that it was disgusting  
The way him and his poor horse were treated.  
O who would have ever thought that something  
So crass and cheap like a fast food outlet  
Could be so snobby and so demeaning? !

Dominic Windram

# In Casinos

In casinos, no one tells you the time.  
You're locked into an illusory world.  
O they offer you the moon and the stars!  
These crude places are a confusion of  
Bright lights and existential emptiness.  
The intention is to gradually  
Strip clients of their consciousness; until  
There's nothing left but an empty wallet!

Dominic Windram

## In Dark Dreams & Visions

In dark dreams and visions, all the clocks have slowed down,  
And the seasons have lost their colour and fragrance.  
Across vast deserts of modern life there's no sound.  
The beauty that you once wore so well has vanished,  
And I sense the presence of cold, evil forces;  
Drifting on the surreal, rusted metallic breeze.  
Humanity's vital blood no longer courses  
Through the pale blue veins of vibrant living creatures.  
For this bleak realm I observe is shrouded in death.  
Is this the future? The last gasp of the world's breath.

Dominic Windram

## In Dark Dreams 49

In dark dreams, Love's idols are broken  
And scattered across modern wastelands.  
The churches and chapels are all empty,  
As the old, weary gods and angels have fled.  
No one seems to mourn the death  
Of divine notions. These profligate pagans  
Just go about their squalid days;  
With nothing much of worth to say.  
Today, all the talk revolves around how much,  
Rather than the intrinsic value of things.  
Is this an age that ushers in a new light  
Or does it mark the end of life as we know it?

In dark dreams, I walk along cold, desolate beaches.  
As I search desperately amongst grey rocks,  
Coloured stones and shells for fragments  
Of the precious life that I discarded so long ago.  
Yet alas, I can find no rare pearls of wisdom;  
Just the skulls and bones of obscure mammals  
And other strange, yet insignificant debris;  
That is constantly washed up on life's shores.  
The waves are now frozen on the inky, black sea:  
That eerily seems to mirror a myriad anxieties.  
I wish I could glimpse a light in the heavens  
But everything is shrouded in miasmal mists.

Dominic Windram



# In Defence Of Art And Poetry

Like butterflies trapped in jars, art and poetry:  
These symbols of profound beauty, need to be freed.  
For they're treated like strangers in a hostile world:  
Where love and grace have been replaced by the absurd.

Dominic Windram

## In Dream- Visions 7

In dream visions, the angels are calling:  
' Forget mortal cares. Come with us and sail  
Across rivers of light and celestial  
Oceans and seas. Sail with us endlessly.'

Dominic Windram

# In Dreams

In dreams, I often  
Find my other self drowning;  
In a black river.

Dominic Windram

# In Dreams 11

In elegant dreams,  
I glimpse vast gardens filled with:  
Flowers and fountains.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 14

In dreams, violets and snowflakes are falling  
Through the night. Freedom's sweet angels are calling.  
In dreams, Love extricates itself from darkness  
And seemingly implacable realms of sadness.  
O it is reaching out to a higher light!  
In dreams, I glimpse a divine radiance white;  
That seeps through this world's bitter, broken fragments.  
The heart's verdant life force will never relent!

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 16

In dreams, I see Heaven's angels crying.  
I see discarded, wanton worlds on fire.  
I see hypocrites deny their desires.  
I see blood flow from land mines and barbed wires.  
I see Love sacrificed on pleasure's altar.  
I see vile tribes persecute 'the other'.  
In dreams, fascists are burying the light.  
I see them call on creatures of the night.  
I see Christ like figures nailed to crosses.  
I see weapons bring about great losses.  
I see the future and it's an abyss.  
I see the darkness of the serpent's kiss.  
I see bold art and poetry dying.  
In dreams, I see Heaven's angels crying.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 2

In dreams, I can sense  
A warm, gentle breeze; that melts  
Cold metal & steel.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 27

In dreams, I see us as old men knocking  
On heaven's door. But there is no answer,  
And we head back along the dust covered  
Long, hard road towards cruel purgatory.  
We can still remember when we were young:  
When the grass was so green and the skies were  
So blue, and then we fell deeply in love.  
Then we grew old, but sadly not so wise.  
For we wasted precious moments in time.  
And now all is silent. There's no answer,

Dominic Windram



## In Dreams 3

In dreams I'm blessed by your sweet kiss:  
A sign of soft divinity;  
Another flashing glimpse of bliss.  
Only in dreams are we set free.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 35

In dreams, I observe the brief shadow plays of youth.  
I hear remnants of laughter and birdsong  
Streaming freely through a doorway:  
Leading back to a summer I vaguely remember.  
In dreams, I feel the beating heart  
Of the universe and sometimes I see  
The biblical scenes at fabled Eden unfolding  
And replaying. They seem so deeply embedded  
In the fabric of time. I hear psalms and hymns  
That praise the Light, but speak of a scarred world  
And the inevitable decay of green ages.  
I hear temptation's whispers on the wind.  
They're as sweet as the sound of Sirens:  
Reclining On the rocks, yet laden with doom.  
In dreams, I hear the lamentations of willow trees  
And angels as the wounded skies darken.  
In dreams, I sense the presence of a myriad  
Suffering things crying out for redemption.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 4

In dreams I float, in  
Vast seas of silvery light:  
Guided by the moon.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 5

In dreams, I move like a ghost between worlds.  
In dreams, I am young again: striding through  
The corridors of knowledge; the hallways  
Of the imagination: desperately  
Searching for answers to burning questions;  
Looking for meditative remedies;  
Clutching at crucifixes & candles;  
Scattering flowers in hazy summer.

In dreams, I perceive the bright sun of joy  
And the pale moon of madness & sadness.  
In dreams my former self is enraptured  
By the sheer beauty of the seasons.  
I'm looking through fresh eyes that were once mine.  
And despite brief liaisons it seems that,  
I never really did get to explore  
The endless labyrinth's of another's soul.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 50

In dreams, I trace the angels' slow decay  
And the declining spirit of the age.  
I sense deep sadness at the heart of things.  
I sense Love is grounded with broken wings.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 6

In dreams, wild birds with  
Great wings of glass and steel and  
Razor sharpbeaks burst  
The fiery, multi- coloured  
Skies into thousands  
Of glittering particles  
That drift aimlessly,  
On the wind, like confetti.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 7

In dreams, I see doves and angels rise to heaven  
Like white helium balloons. In dreams, I perceive  
Seeds of Love rapidly becoming beautiful  
Flowers. In dreams, I am warmly embraced by peace.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 777

In dreams, monkeys turn  
Into gold in the jungle.  
Miracles occur.

Dominic Windram



## In Dreams 80

In dreams I perceive,  
Vast seas of snowflake crystals;  
Shining like diamonds.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 801

In dreams, the raging wind in my heart,  
And the dust particles in my head,  
Suggest the call of ancient forces;  
That defy the artificial ways  
Of the modern world. In dreams I tend  
To perceive dry bones rotting in the  
Desert. I'm still not certain what they  
Symbolise, but they terrify me.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams 90

In dreams, I walk along dark, silent streets.  
I'm chilled to the bone, as I continue  
On my way. The air is eerily still.  
High above in plagued night skies of sorrow,  
The stars are fading from view. Purest light  
Is buried underground. It seems to me  
That it will take slow, troubled centuries  
To dig it up again. Time splutters out  
An abyss. Love is frozen at the heart  
Of winter. Everything is winter here.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams: 100

In dreams, flesh pink lobsters are screeching  
Like incompetent violinists;  
When threatened by an approaching pack  
Of wild, growling dogfish. It's eerie!

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams: 101

In dreams, a rusted mechanical sun shines on  
Rivers and seas of dust. Human life is long gone.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams: 102

In dreams, I perceive myriad paths to freedom.  
But in the cold light of reality, most prove  
To be illusory. We live, increasingly,  
In a glossy, airbrushed world; that's studded with ' stars'.  
Yet we often lack a true sense of our selfhood.  
Behind smooth surfaces, there are constant ruptures.  
Behind elaborate masks of order; there is  
Primal chaos. There's no guide to show us the way.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams: 13

In dreams, deep blue skies are turning to grey.  
The splendour of paradise drifts away  
From the fallen angels' eyes. O Time seems  
To be stalling. It cannot be redeemed.

Dominic Windram

## In Dreams: 15

In dreams, I watch the playback of life's key stages:  
From fiery youth to the curious quell of age;  
From quirky, carnivalesque scenes to the dark heart  
Of solemn ceremonies; from cold solitude  
To wild wanderings into unknown realms; from stark  
Reminders of mortality to joy's newness.  
From the weight of wisdom and knowledge's suffering  
To inner stillness and the soul's flame rekindling;  
From art's magic and poetry's vitality;  
To the innocent dance of trivialities;  
From autumn's sadness and winter's frozen warnings;  
To spring and summer's sweet, melodious singing;  
From microcosmic Edens to their eerie Falls;  
I see it all clearly and remember it all.

Dominic Windram



## In Dreams: 2020

In dreams, I perceive,  
Death's cold, beady, bird-like eyes  
Focus upon me.

Dominic Windram

## In Every Age...

In every age, there are sorrows  
That cut through our hearts like knives.  
In every age, there are rare angels  
To guide us through this Vale of Tears.  
In every age, there are joys  
To behold in the blossoming of spring.  
In every age, there are lovers  
Who walk and talk like dreamers.  
In every age, there are new idols  
And cold tyrants to be revered or feared.  
In every age, there are prophets  
Who question prevailing orthodoxies.  
In every age, there are rigid tribes  
And reducers of consciousness.  
In every age, there are mystics and poets:  
Who are expanders of consciousness.  
In every age, there is the human condition  
Of light and dark; which never changes.

Dominic Windram

# In Expansive Dreams

In expansive dreams,  
Lush fields of violets in bloom:  
New born awareness.

Dominic Windram

# In Finely Woven Dreams

In finely woven dreams, I pluck  
Soft, snow white feathers from swans and  
Collect pieces of pure blue skies.  
My new dreams lap against the shore  
Of consciousness. Perhaps they will  
Provide me with wings to soar once more.

Dominic Windram

## In Former Days...

In former days, we marked time  
By constantly quoting obscure references  
About things no -one had heard of.  
We also liked to play devil's advocate.  
We protested too loudly and too much.  
Now we are wise like the angels,  
And remember to keep our distance,  
And maintain our silence at all times.

Dominic Windram

# In Leafy Suburbs (An Instant Reaction To The Fatal Stabbings In Crawley 22nd December 2019)

In leafy suburbs,  
All is not quite what it seems;  
As psychopaths prowl.

Dominic Windram

## In Limbo (Glasgow: 1993)

My thought patterns waver wildly  
Between the seen and the unseen.  
Where are the guardians; the guides  
In this strange, fuzzy realm of dreams?

Dominic Windram

# In Love's Brief Hours

The Rose is fading,  
As fragile hearts are breaking:  
In Love's brief hours.

Dominic Windram



# In Love's Golden Realms

In Love's golden realms:  
Stars burn so sumptuously  
And Time seems to stop.

Dominic Windram

# In Lucid Dreams

In lucid dreams that seem  
To translate themselves,  
Stringless kites hover across the heavens.  
The spectres of care free artists  
Sing madrigals to the sun.  
In forests filled with dewfall,  
The bright leaves & birds  
Broadcast their longings;  
In the sweetest of lexicons.  
Death has no hold here.  
A kind of subtle glory endures;  
That enlightens diurnal consciousness.

Dominic Windram

## In Manic Times

O in manic times, we do not reflect.  
But scatter our seeds under the sun.  
We desperately search for connections;  
To transcend the brokenness of this world.  
O we reject empty rituals that  
No longer provide meaning. We search  
For lost treasures, while we move in circles.

Land fills are crammed with disillusioned hearts.  
The manic birds in anxious flight shatter  
Modern windscreens. The matador suffers  
And yet finds pleasure in a ring of blood.  
The nomads trace their tracks in the desert.  
Urban commuters closely guard their dreams;  
As they try to survive these bankrupt times.

Dominic Windram

## In Many Ways...

In many ways, we are still suffering  
From our forced exile from the pure Garden.  
Perhaps that why we poets feel the need  
To create. We are constantly searching  
For a kind of wholeness; which we have been  
Denied. In dreams, I still perceive weary  
Troubadours of the Light wandering through  
The darkness of the stifling centuries.

Dominic Windram

## In Memory Of Bob Paisley (1919- 1996)

His words of wisdom were so much softer  
Than his daring deeds. His philosophy  
Was not bawled out, but hidden snug beneath  
The ordinary, flat cap that he always wore.  
He, the Master, desired no other crown.  
He was the first manager to conquer  
Europe on three occasions and his teams  
Dominated the top league in England  
From the mid Seventies to the early  
Eighties. Yet he was very underrated.

O he understood the profundities  
Of paradox: the meaning of silk and steel.  
He could sum things up in a telling phrase  
Or gesture. There was nothing flash or pompous  
About his didn't need to  
Riddle, a simple, yet beautiful game  
with cold, senseless complexities,  
Or unnecessary, overblown tactics.  
It was basically about movement,  
Great vision and keeping the ball rolling.

His tender heart wrapped itself in the warmth  
Of human affection. The fickle spotlight  
Of insufferable celebrity  
Was not for we miss that quiet,  
Humble man! Indeed, Paisley's absence is  
Particularly striking, when one considers  
This crass, current era: where flawed egos  
And petulant prima donnas demand  
Money & praise. Yet evidently do  
So little to deserve it. God bless Bob!

Dominic Windram

## In Memory Of Nick Drake (1948 - 1974)

He was a fragile angel  
With wings of paper:  
Who dreamed of other worlds;  
Who sensed the moon's phantoms.  
Too weak for earth's weightiness,  
He sought sublime transcendence  
But like Icarus before him,  
He flew too close to the sun.

Dominic Windram

# In Memory Of Nietzsche

The preachers of death transmit an  
Emaciated, trembling, pale divinity.  
Their piety kills creative life forces.  
Their beliefs & dogmas are outdated.

Some need a crutch while bolder others  
Are looking for a ladder to the stars.  
I await the birth of a new god:  
A roaring Dionysian genius.

The fragile power of cold institutions old or new  
Are no match for the prophets or poets' fiery words.  
For the former enforcers are involved in reducing consciousness;  
Whereas the latter creators are inspired to expand it.

We need to worship the beauty of the rose;  
Not the steely merits of the skyscraper.  
We need to breathe in fresher air;  
Not Modernity's stale poisons.

We need to be reborn and thrive  
In green hills, wild woods and pastures  
And leave soul destroying, decadent,  
Grey urban centres far behind.

Dominic Windram

# In Memory Of P. T.

Bouquets of precious,  
Fresh flowers for the funeral  
Of Beauty's' daughter.

Dominic Windram



# In Memory Of Thomas Spence (English Political Radical & Reformer - 1750 - 1814,)

I believe you will not disappear.  
You will not die in children's hopeful eyes;  
In every living human heart,  
That dares to dream beyond its scope;  
Beyond the gratified peasantry  
Of this compliant Kingdom.

The old, rampant tribes are beating their chests  
Raising their flags and fists against the tide;  
But I still cling to the singular rose of your vision,  
Amidst the ruins of tainted modernity.

If you were with us now you would surely  
Advocate vital insurrection; in the name of love;  
In the righteous spirit of Christ's radicalism  
Surely like a raging prophet you would call us to:  
Awaken from the deep sleep of self servitude;  
Awaken from gleaming crass consumer dreaming  
Awaken from the media's mad circus of distraction;  
Awaken from the spell binding delusions born from  
The pitiless minds of sordid symbol manipulators;  
And arise blessed by the sun of new born awareness.

Dominic Windram

## In Memory Of Tony Hancock (1924 - 1968)

O he effortlessly moved between  
Light and shade. He wore the masks of  
Comedy and tragedy. And  
His timing was impeccable.  
If he were still with us today,  
He would surely teach this current  
Crop of overrated amateurs,  
A thing or two about his noble,  
Nuanced craft. There is no doubt.  
He must be turning in his grave!

Dominic Windram

## In Memory Of Vincent Van Gogh (1853- 1890)

O he dragged the weight of dark centuries  
Up towards the Light. O he plucked cold stars,  
From the vast, solitary realms of night,  
And reanimated them on his canvas:  
In fiery golds and bold oranges.  
Although he was thunderstruck, and indeed  
His blessed powers were curtailed by raging  
Bouts of madness, he was a trailblazer:  
A comet charting unknown galaxies  
Of vision. His swirling brushstrokes and his  
Vibrant colours electrified consciousness.  
He was an original, master artist.

Dominic Windram

# In Memory Of William Blake (1757 - 1827)

A wild, easily shattered flower  
Is more precious  
Than a million modern gadgets.

Eternity's presence  
Can be discovered  
In molecular structures.

Nature's infinite yield  
Cannot be measured  
By gross economics.

And pure, universal love  
Cannot be diminished  
By the rise of globalisation.

Dominic Windram

# In My Dream Home

In my dream home new rituals unfold.  
I must open all the windows to let  
In the fresh light of serendipity.  
Then I must tend to the dense garden of  
Memory and vision. I must remove  
Unwanted weeds, and keep on pruning, to  
Enhance vibrant colours and softer shades  
Not yet the seeds that I sowed, so  
Long ago, have bloomed into bright flowers.  
I'll pluck a few and send them straight to you.

Dominic Windram

## In My Eyes...

In my eyes, spring is the insurrection  
Of nature's wild, yet playful, wilfulness.  
In other ways, it's the resurrection  
Of love and life from utter emptiness.

Dominic Windram

## In My Mind...

In my mind, light dances relentlessly.  
It cannot rest. O colours, signs & symbols  
Infiltrate my consciousness! I will try  
To capture their teeming fragments of magic;  
In words that, are perhaps, imprecise. I'll  
Edit and refine in a lifetime's labour.  
Then, I will gently bless them, before I  
Gather them into a single folio.

Dominic Windram

# In My Town

In my town, people wear T- shirts in the winter,  
While others like to wear thick coats in the summer.  
In my town, people once hung a poor monkey on  
The Headland as, in their great, collective wisdom,  
They thought that it was a French spy. This strange event  
Occurred during the Napoleonic Wars. Since then  
Nothing much has changed; alas not much has been learned.  
If smart aliens land here, no doubt they will be burned.  
In my town, people conglomerate in their droves  
On beaches, in bars/ restaurants; even when told  
And warned to comply with social distancing rules.  
What on earth should be done with these ignorant fools? !  
In my town, people tend to speed up when they are  
Approaching roundabouts, while others drive in their cars  
At a leisurely pace. Some go 30 mile per  
Hour on a 60 mile per hour road. O they are  
So frustrating, whether they're too fast or too slow.  
One day I'll leave this mad, wretched town, even though  
It's rich in comedic gold. I'll look for somewhere  
New and bright and breezy, Then I won't have a care  
In the world and life won't be so cold and dreary.  
Indeed, away from morons it will be easy!

Dominic Windram



# In Night's Bleak Garden

In night's bleak garden,  
He was consumed by fear:  
Sweating blood and tears.

Dominic Windram

## In Our Exile

In our exile, we try desperately  
To cultivate the wastelands of our souls.  
We build huge towers that pierce the skies.  
We make great leaps of creativity.  
O We have now invented cyberspace!  
Yet we seem to lack a profound sense of  
The spiritual. O we need wisdom.  
For it's not measured by worldly success.

Dominic Windram

## In Pale Blue Futures

In pale blue futures, no one can connect;  
No one can communicate. There's only  
The vague shrieking of nothingness. There are  
Only fragmented voices, coming through  
The airwaves, like spectres of dreadful night.  
There is no redeeming light there. There is  
A profound absence at the heart of things.  
It's as solitary as distant stars.

Dominic Windram

# In Poetic Dreams And Visions

In poetic dreams and visions, I enter  
Dazzling worlds of swirling green, aqua blue and  
Wild silver on black: that look remarkably  
Like peacock feathers against a pitch - black night.

Dominic Windram

# In Praise Of Autumn

Spring nor summer can compare with Autumn's  
Ripening beauty; its subtle colours:  
Rusted reds and browns; greens, golds and ochres  
Cover the trees; and are liberally  
Scattered over groves in late October.  
It is indeed a solemn season. Yet  
There's a perfect blending of light and shade.  
Where life's joys and sorrows intermingle;  
Where we gather in the harvest of our  
Annual gains and losses so patiently.

Dominic Windram

# In Praise Of Carl Jung

O there are those who would banish the mystery  
Of the world with their crude microscopic mind sets,  
And their wilful denial of the greater light;  
Had they the chance to fully enact their theses.

I'm much more concerned with the vital connections:  
Between Buddha like awareness and Spring blossom;  
Between the blood red rose and the lily white dove;  
Between symbols, archetypes and teeming creation.

Dominic Windram

## In Praise Of Carl Jung (Alternative Version)

O there are those who would banish the mystery  
Of the world with their keen microscopic mindsets;  
By their complete denial of the greater Light  
Yet they can never fully enact their theses.

Like Jung, I'm more concerned with vital connections:  
Between Buddha like awareness and spring blossom;  
Between the blood red rose and the lily white dove;  
Between the rich symbol and teeming creation.

Dominic Windram

# In Praise Of Ordinary Lives

I don't wish to lavish gifts  
On the world's fabled leaders & heroes,  
Or those blessed by the divine light of genius.  
I'd rather beautify the common voice  
Of the poor and the marginalised:  
Of those whose lives are not recorded in history's pages;  
Of those whose names don't appear in gilded obituaries.  
No honours & titles elevate their status.  
And no monuments are built for their service.  
I want to compose a folio of longing.  
That will contain new hymns in praise  
Of the communal kingdom of justice:  
I shall renounce ornamental verse.  
For poetry, like bread, is for everyone.

Dominic Windram



# In Praise Of Silence

I like to dwell in  
Pure realms of silence, as I  
Transcribe winged hope, in  
The form of hymns, prayers &  
Poetry. I don't wish,  
The shrieking darkness of the world  
Outside, to break my  
Focus, and interfere with  
My calling. I want  
To capture moments that are  
So precious and rare.  
I want to hint at the timeless.

Dominic Windram

# In Praise Of Vinyl & Tape

In the cold and darkness of dogmatic days,  
I reached out for words, forms. colours and sounds,  
That emanated from vinyl and tape.  
Thankfully, I have never looked back since.

Dominic Windram

## In Praise Of You

O it is so dark and lonely where I wander,  
But you shelter me in the deep warmth of your grace.  
O I think of many years I have squandered,  
But I'm emboldened by the beauty of your face.  
Your sweet whispers are as pure as the driven snow.  
And your lips are as red as roses or rubies.  
When you with me my heart and soul are all aglow.  
You'll always be the Muse of my visions and dreams.

Dominic Windram

# In Quiet Hours

In quiet hours:  
The soft humming of a bee;  
Amidst the flowers.

Dominic Windram

# In Search Of Some Peace

Too much speed & noise!  
Nature's sure remedies are  
Sun, rain & birdsong.

Dominic Windram

# In Search Of True Joy At Christmas.

During Advent we see the word joy everywhere  
It is plastered on department store walls. It hangs  
In lights over town squares. It is embossed in gold  
On the cover of greeting cards. On our screens  
It is ubiquitous. Pure joy seems to be  
The mascot emotion of Christmastime.  
And it should be. For Jesus wanted us to be  
Joyous. He made it possible for us to know  
The true meaning of joy. So why then is there so  
Much loneliness, emptiness and despair in our  
Plentiful modern world? We seem to search for joy  
Via selfish means. We clamour for attention,  
Material possessions and recognition.  
Yet we can discover true joy by loving God,  
With all our hearts, and by loving other people  
As we love ourselves. This Advent season we need  
To listen closely to the Word and give praise to  
The profound joy and glory of the holy birth.

Dominic Windram

## In Silvery Dreams (October 2nd: 2019)

In silvery dreams, wild rivers and streams  
Seem to flow through me with an eerie ease.  
And then I find myself gently merging  
With the spirit of exotic flowers:  
In lush fields where dewdrops are glistening:  
Fresh with such radiant force and power.  
Have I at last found the key to the Light;  
Beyond the bitter realms of fractured night?

Dominic Windram

# In Solidarity With Edward Snowden

Power remains strong  
When it is hidden in the dark.  
Yet when you expose it  
To the sunlight it will evaporate.

If you are courageous enough  
To carry this out,  
They will hunt you down  
To the far corners of the world.

Dominic Windram



# In Summer Dreaming

In summer dreaming,  
Soft pink petalled truths, replace  
Hardened perspectives.

Dominic Windram

# In Summer's Garden

In Summer's garden:  
Frail beauty of butterflies;  
A joy to behold.

Dominic Windram

## In Summer's Garden: (July 2019)

In summer's verdant garden, a profusion  
Of wonderful flowers: from blood red roses  
Of passion; to milk white ones of innocence.  
From bluebells soaked in the colour of the seas  
And oceans; to the pink glow of carnations.  
From the golden radiance of sunflowers;  
To the enchanting sight of sweet buttercups  
And daisies. All's a veritable Eden!

Dominic Windram

# In The Birthing Room

In the birthing room of the heart,  
I nurse and coax tender art.  
Here I work hard at my craft:  
Setting out reams of mental drafts.  
Here I detail light and shade,  
And create in uncommon ways.  
Here I blend form with content;  
Until flashing notions relent.

Dominic Windram

## In The Birthing Room...(Haiku)

In the birthing room:  
The spluttering of spring and  
The splash of colour.

Dominic Windram

## In The Bright Nursery Of Dreams.

In the bright nursery of dreams,  
Smatterings of pink, white and blue worlds,  
Whirl around in the child's mind and  
Recline in sweet lullabies of sleep.  
Illusions blend into the real.  
Light emerges from torn toy boxes.  
The sun has departed and now  
Delicate moon beams form arabesques.  
Fluffy pillows, balloons and kites  
Are juxtaposed with the bleak night skies  
Small explosions of paper stars,  
Far beyond the fading horizon.  
Perfumed winds are blowing gently  
In gardens spawned from fairy tales,  
As ghosts emerge from the dying  
Embers of fire sides in mid winter.

Dominic Windram

# In The Damaged Night...

In the damaged night,  
Warm blood is dripping slowly  
From cold syringes.

Dominic Windram

# In The Death Throes Of Winter

In the death throes of winter, dark angels  
Announce implacable realms of sadness:  
That come to us with icy blasts of wind;  
That depress the tender Christmas spirit.  
They linger in the air like swollen ghosts.  
They're deep in the frost and the falling snow.  
They embed themselves at the heart of things.  
We pray in hope for the first bud of spring.

Dominic Windram



# In The Depths Of Night

In the depths of night:  
The sea's star reflecting waves;  
The glowing golden  
Moon, and the leaves the wind blows  
Across my garden;  
The surreal beauty of green  
Nature in repose.  
In the depths of night, creatures  
Normally silent,  
And anonymous, during  
Mundane, diurnal hours  
Curiously come out to  
Play for a while in  
Their beguiling ways: from owls  
And bats to moths and  
Eerie, radiant glow worms.  
In these cynical,  
Modern times, could it be that  
They signify a  
Certain kind of magic, that  
Still manages to  
Attract and prevail, despite  
Persistent doubting  
And widespread disenchantment?

Dominic Windram

# In The Dying Light

In the dying light,  
I pour my secrets onto  
The pure, faithful page.

Dominic Windram

## In The Garden: (July,2019)

In the garden, the water sprinkler,  
Is replenishing the desiccated grass.  
The sky is blue as sapphire,  
And everyone is just fine.

In the garden; the birds are singing  
The ancient hymns of joy & gladness  
That elevate the weathered soul;  
From its habitual decay,

In the garden, the flowers are stirred  
By the gentle, summer breezes.  
The roses and begonias are smiling.  
And everyone is relaxing.

In the garden; the sky is darkening;  
And there is a soothing silence.  
The evening sun is as red as wine.  
And everything is just fine.

Dominic Windram

# In The Healing Light

In the healing light  
Of the Spirit we gather  
Up our brokenness.

Dominic Windram

# In The Presence Of Beauty

In numerous fiery visions,  
I have seen the face of Beauty.  
She looks so young, yet is ancient.  
Even springtime and its budding,  
Dream - like flowers have nothing on  
Her. Summer's golden days pale in  
Comparison to her jewelled eyes.  
All the gods and angels adore her.  
O she is like, the enchanting light  
Of music, that warms frozen hearts.

Dominic Windram

# In The Presence Of Spring

Flashing pink splashes; budding promises;  
The hard, wintry heart is surely softened  
And present troubles are briefly halted.  
Even in old bones, the primal pith is stirred  
And a deeper purpose is rekindled.  
Fresh petals strewn across the dew stained lawn;  
The trees flourish with rose and milk blossoms.  
Precious purple stars of tulips unfold;  
A spirit, pure and joyous, fills the soul;  
Where time lets us be in warm, winsome ways;  
Where love is a dove newly inspired;  
The hour of the lamb and the leveret;  
The hour of Hyacinth's ascension;  
Sweet scents whisper their secrets in the air  
Like a hallowed ritual now so rare.  
O the colours, the textures, the magic;  
The bright, lyrical sunbursts of surprise;  
The sheer ecstasy of grand design;  
A hint of Eden's bloom before the Fall.  
The lingering presence of gold tinged bliss;  
Miracles of forgotten symphonies;  
Resurrected in radiant repartee.  
Twinkling birdsong buttresses the dawn,  
Laying claim over our consciousness.  
Lush lexicons of nursery lullabies  
Comprise this season's murmured choir,  
To add a sprinkle of fairy dust so  
That forgotten memories are revived.  
I hear, I sense its subtle rhythms  
And its elegant, ornamental rhymes.  
It's a sanctuary from emptiness.  
It is redemption from spectral kingdoms.

My April dreaming is bold and boundless.  
I pray for pellucid light to pour through  
The cracks in our fragile empires;  
To silence the rebirth of bigotry,  
Forged from pungent tribal orthodoxies

And coarse patriarchal hierarchies.  
In febrile visions I select symbols  
From the insistent turning of the year.  
The cuckoo's first plaintive call is my guide  
It points me to this life's very essence.  
I pray for fiery fruits of the vine  
To dispel contemporary inertia.  
I pray for a flower strewn leveling.  
An archetypal need for harmony  
Spreads through this most abundant occasion;  
It's not a strained transcendence; just a change  
In the general direction of the wind.  
The force that flows through root and branch and stem  
Moves me. I can trace its wild, strident cries.  
I can hear, in the loins of the earth,  
The rowan launch its radical agenda.  
I embrace warm, vibrant blood bursting through  
Veins of antiquated ceremonies.  
Lovers of very different persuasions  
Walk like dreamers in madrigal measure,  
Hungriily towards azure horizons.  
They turn away from stifling centuries;  
Finally free from the absurd burden.  
For Spring's the season of insurrection;  
Of Nature's verdant, teeming willfulness.  
I hear rumblings of the first thunder  
And anticipate the crisp rush of rain.

Dominic Windram

# In The Skeleton Night

In the skeleton night,  
Taxis loaded with  
Drunken, spectral strangers  
Drive solemnly along  
Quiet, dimly lit streets.  
No lovers can be seen embracing  
And basking in the soft neon glow.  
It's as though there's a plague.  
It will soon be dawn  
And the bruised, purple skies  
Throb with stark meaning.  
Perhaps someone somewhere  
Is planning a murder  
Or starting up a strange cult;  
Between the coming dawn,  
And this skeleton night.

Dominic Windram



# In The Sweet Remnant Of A Dream

In the sweet remnant of a dream,  
The pure light settles on the heads  
Of the poets & the prophets;  
As they translate teeming visions.

Dominic Windram

# In The True Light

In the superficial light of sordid pleasures,  
The soul is briefly distracted from its sorrows.  
But in the tender, warm light of Grace & Mercy,  
The soul is redeemed & cleansed by Love's endless seas.

Dominic Windram

# In The Twilight Realm Of Dreams

O in the eerie, twilight realm of dreams,  
Verdant spring days turn to a wintry white;  
Flowers turn to rocks and stones; blood to dust.  
And the teeming world of light turns silent,  
Like a grave, in the darkened realm of dreams.  
O how pleasing it is to awaken!

Dominic Windram

# In These Cold Subways

In these cold subways,  
Long shadows are lingering.  
The dark spectres prowl.

Dominic Windram

## In These Days Of Exile...

In these days of exile, we cling tightly to dreams.  
We walk for miles and miles in the bleak winter rain;  
Searching desperately for new ceremonies.  
But our search is in vain and things remain the same.  
We've merely found amulets that seem to attract  
Alien gods. When the fires go out we seek solace  
In prayers and hymns. We've formed spiritual pacts  
And keep our distance from hostile tribes. We promise  
One day to return to the unblemished Kingdom  
From which we broken, fallen angels were expelled.  
Once we were given the gifts of divine wisdom,  
Now we dwell here half - blind in this dark, modern hell.  
O we are now confined within an absurd world!  
Like Faust before us we desired greater powers.  
We perverted language and refuted the Word.  
Alas we can remember that last, fatal hour.  
The city's garish, neon lights in the distance  
Tempt us to sin, but we cannot allow them to  
Distract us once again. Now we have discarded  
Our wings, at all times, we must remain resolute.  
For once we basked in the pure light of God's glory  
And floated so freely on ethereal streams.  
Once we tasted the sweet fruits of Grace and Mercy,  
Now we can only glimpse them in blurred, fading dreams.

Dominic Windram

# In These Golden Years

In these golden years,  
Beauty floods through every vein.  
Warm promise abounds.

Dominic Windram

# In These Times

O in these times, cartoon and advertisements  
Are sets of symbols and signifiers,  
For a whole manner of things which don't exist.  
They inhabit imaginative worlds.  
They're only 'alive' in a commercial sense.  
For they help to sell a vast range of products.

Dominic Windram

# In These Twilight Realms

In these twilight realms,  
I hear the music of long forgotten fables  
& the slow, burning glimmer of fading stars.  
I smell the potent scent of pinewood on the breeze  
As I see the deep green forests glowing in mystery

In these twilight realms,  
Dreams watch each other so curiously.  
Blue merges with violet in Monet skies.  
Spectres whisper their secrets to the wind  
Where memory and repressed desire meet.

In these twilight realms,  
The sporadic rain is studded with diamonds  
& the crescent moon is a chimera.  
The soul is trapped between two dying worlds.  
I sense that the wounded light is getting fainter

Dominic Windram



## In These Twilight Realms 2

In these twilight realms:  
The music of long forgotten fables  
& The slow, burning glimmer of fading stars.

In the twilight realms:  
The potent scent of pinewood on the breeze  
& the deep green forests glowing in mystery.

In these twilight realms:  
Dreams watch each other so curiously  
& blue merges with violet in Monet skies.

In these twilight realms:  
Spectres whisper their secrets to the wind  
& memory and repressed desire meet.

In these twilight realms:  
The sporadic rain is studded with diamonds  
& the crescent moon is a chimera.

In these twilight realms:  
The soul is trapped between two roaring worlds  
& the wounded light is getting fainter.

Dominic Windram

## In These Twilight Realms 3

In these twilight realms,  
I'm trying to decipher  
Obscure mysteries.

Dominic Windram

# In This Age Of Excess

In this age of excess, there are those who  
Always reap a golden it's  
The opposite case for many, who're forced  
To live so cheaply, on the cold, plagued streets

In this age of excess, there those whose dreams  
Always seem to come true; while others try  
To desperately escape from the pain of  
Living, for a brief time, in drug fuelled haze.

Dominic Windram

## In This Age...

In this age of wantonness,  
And potential oblivion,  
Who will teach us enlightened ways  
Between the poles of birth and death?  
Who will talk of warm progress  
Under the stars, despite the darkness?  
And who will wrestle with their angel  
And be transformed by divine Light?

Dominic Windram

# In This Brief Moment

In this brief moment,  
Love's pure light emphasises,  
Your ocean blue eyes.

Dominic Windram

## In This Brief Moment 2

In this brief moment,  
I glimpse a small, precious light:  
Hope it stays awhile.

Dominic Windram

# In This Corporate World

In this corporate world,  
We're like dogs begging for scraps.  
Is there no exit?

Dominic Windram

## In This Cruel World:

In this cruel world of constant suffering,  
We need to keep on creating something  
That is pure, precious and transcendent:  
Something that can evoke great wonderment.  
We poets possess that higher power:  
That can transform wastelands into flowers.  
We adore the magic of creation.  
We can be guiding lights of salvation.

Dominic Windram



# In This Dark Hour

Speaking to you  
In this dark hour  
Isn't easy for me.  
For I have lost  
The softened words  
Of feathered poetry.

Now the bleak rains  
Of separation  
Surround us, all the wise blood  
Has fled from my forehead.  
I pick golden fragments  
From time's ruins.

O Time is a malignant beast:  
Pitiless in its passing!  
Each moment seems to be  
A hell of our own making.

In this dark hour  
It is not your body  
I want; but your dreams  
And your quiet company.

Dominic Windram

## In This Dark Hour Alternate Version

It's such a relief to speak with you again.  
In this dark hour when I have discarded  
The feathered heaven of poetry.  
For all the words have lost their meaning.  
Although the bleak rains Of separation  
Surround us, I'm pleased that your here.  
All the wise blood has fled from my forehead  
O I guess Time is a malignant beast.  
It is pitiless in its monotonous passing.  
Each moment seems to be a hell of my own making  
In this dark hour, it is not your body  
I want; but your dreams and your quiet company.

Dominic Windram

## In This Garden: (Lockdown: June,2020)

In this garden, I dream away the sultriness  
Of sleepy sun kissed afternoons. O the fragrance  
Of heavenly flowers soothes my soul! I'm trying  
To revive my spirits; before colder winds bring  
News of autumn; when I must face the world once more.  
Until then I'll keep composing poems by the score.  
I wish I could store summer's essence in my heart.  
For its radiant days inspire magical art.  
O summer is the season of laughter and wine!  
It is two soft syllables in which I recline.

Dominic Windram

# In This Gleaming, Twilight Kingdom

O here in this gleaming, twilight kingdom,  
Roses cling to gold crested memories.  
The divine sparks of moon and stars and sun  
Flow through our frail veins; forever to be.  
As we gaze up at the bright evening sky;  
It seems studded with lights of our dreaming.  
This grey world of shadows withers and dies.  
For here, now, you are Queen and I am King.

Dominic Windram

# In This New Century

In this new century,  
Softened by simulacra,  
Revolutionaries are stripped  
Of their wild symbolism.  
Poets, prophets & angels  
Are cut price souvenirs.

In this new century,  
We are imprisoned by  
A plethora of images.  
Ideal form is as distant  
As stars in a debased culture.  
'Reality' has slipped from view.

Dominic Windram

# In This Red Sunset

In this red sunset,  
I await the coming of night;  
And endless dreaming.

Dominic Windram

# In This Twilight Hour

In this twilight hour,  
I labor by the soft fire,  
To capture in breathing symbols.  
All the sorrows of the ages:  
Minor chords out of sync  
With these ecstatic times.

In this twilight hour,  
I long to create a lexicon  
For the lost world of the heart;  
Not for the routine applause  
Of indifferent crowds;  
Nor for crude ambition.

In this twilight hour,  
Dream-visions come in waves,  
Like an alien god,  
Set adrift in space and time.  
And consciousness runs  
Like a celestial river.

In this twilight hour,  
The deadening life  
Is briefly suspended.  
Then ever so slowly,  
Out from the ether,  
Image and form emerge.

Dominic Windram

# In This World Of Darkness

In this world of darkness,  
The wild birds have lost their wings.  
I see the fading dawn and I hear  
The cries of myriad suffering things.

In these realms of madness,  
Ennui flows endlessly like a stream.  
Within the world's wanton kingdoms,  
The heart of poetry bleeds.

Dominic Windram



# In Violent Dreams

In violent dreams:  
I'm troubled by the spectres  
Of past enemies.

Dominic Windram

## In Violent Dreams (Alternative Version)

In violent dreams, I'm troubled immeasurably,  
By the lingering spectres of past enemies.  
In violent dreams, I cannot reach out to you  
For help, because it seems you're so lost, cold and blue.

Dominic Windram

# In Your Pale Blue Eyes

In your pale blue eyes:  
A wilderness of cold stars;  
The ghost of a rose.

Dominic Windram

# Inconsolable

Although the moon and stars are glowing,  
The eyes of humanity are closed.  
Although the rapt birds are still singing  
Elites reject the signs of the Rose.  
Although the Word's power still resounds,  
The prophets have lost the sacred ground.  
Although communication's thriving,  
Christ like communion is dying,  
Although the sovereign light still shines,  
The darkness corrupts pure designs.  
Love is crucified by seduction.  
Faith is reduced to mere function.

Dominic Windram

## Inconsolable 2

The sadness in your pale blue eyes  
Marks the distance between you and I.  
This current age of distractions  
Pollutes the purest pools of silence.  
There is only the neon glow  
Of unfettered, rampant illusions.  
I can hear the Seraphim sigh,  
As the love between us all has died.

Dominic Windram

# Infantile Meanderings

Infantile meanderings in virtual kingdoms;  
Where Truth & Beauty are but painted skeletons.  
I perceive endless chatter but no real awareness.  
I sense the futile ecstasies of insects.  
This is the era of spurious claims.  
I hear the contrived cacophony of conspiracy theories.  
Keyboard warriors wage war against nothing in particular.  
Applause is sought by those who seek to fill a void.  
Where is the trace of Nietzsche's bold endeavour  
To craft a deeper consciousness; to will a self?  
Is there no light here? Is there no mirror  
To reflect the swarming madness of unfounded fears?  
Meanwhile in the 'real' world; devoid of gloss.  
The feral animals are hungry & cold & howling.

Dominic Windram

# Inherent Beauty

Inherent beauty  
Of quiet miracles; that  
Seek no attention.

Dominic Windram

# Injustice

The wronged ghosts cry out,  
In the septic realms of night.  
No one hears them.

Dominic Windram



# Inner Darkness

Darkness devours the flesh of light,  
And it slowly corrodes the soul.  
As secretive as starless nights,  
It conjures up the icy cold,  
And steals all of our noble dreams.  
It has to be confronted boldly  
And not allowed to plot and scheme.  
From its prisons, we must be free.

Dominic Windram

# Inner Liberation

I want to dismantle my machine mind;  
That makes me so rigid, stubborn and blind.  
Via sacred techniques of meditation,  
I will light the way to liberation!

Dominic Windram

# Inner Worlds

Bright inner landscapes:  
Vast caverns of secret joys;  
Revealed in a poem.

Dominic Windram

# Innocent Perception

I recall fluffy,  
Cotton clouds drifting by in  
Inky blue skies;  
Grass and trees were as green as  
Emeralds. The sun  
Always seemed to glow like a  
Fiery, golden god.  
Warm breezes whispered to me.  
Days were timeless and  
Flowed on like silvery streams.  
Life was like a dream:  
Brimming with faith and wonder.

Dominic Windram

# Insight

I'm lost in labyrinths filled with  
The lamentations of angels.□  
The flashing signs & warnings  
Evade my weary consciousness.  
The spectral animals howl  
In the vast desert of my soul.  
In dreams I seek the curves of  
Aphorisms & metaphors,  
Yet I'm forever confined by  
The syllogisms of straight lines.  
No bold troubadour or wounded saint  
Can capture Being's cryptic design;  
They can only craft ornamental rhymes,  
Or compose paltry hymns dipped in darkness.  
No mortal artist or poet  
Can trace the tortured genesis  
Of the teeming realms of creation;  
They can only weave frail fabrics  
From the coarsest of materials.  
This world's bleak limits weighs them down.

Dominic Windram

## Insight 2

O to observe a thousand, precious flowers  
And not pluck one: that's the warmth of compassion.  
To question the cold conveyors of power:  
That is true wisdom; the hard eye of Vision.

Dominic Windram

## Insight 3

The ethics of wounds:  
The fragile heart's teachings;  
Reservoirs of light  
And dark feelings redeemed by  
Faith, love and mercy;  
No need for cryptic  
Or obscure references.  
It's all here flowing  
Like blood through Nature's green veins.  
The mystics call it  
Insight. It transcends futile  
Doctrines and systems.  
It is always becoming.

Dominic Windram

# Insight?

Something is bathed in light  
That I cannot comprehend:  
Perhaps it is a vision of beauty  
That the world has suppressed?

It evokes in me joy & pathos  
And a rebirth of wonder;  
That I thought were long banished  
Since the brief days of childhood

Perhaps it is the spectre of a rose;  
In a dreamless age that merits  
Only its material aspects.  
Perhaps it's just the remnant of a dream?

Words can only trace the effects  
Of this something bathed in light:  
Not the splendour of its essence.  
I do not know how to interpret it.

Dominic Windram



# Insomniacs (Lockdown; June 14th,2020)

Insomniacs are  
Watering their plants in the  
Middle of the night!

Dominic Windram

# Inspiration

Wild flashing colours  
Permeate my consciousness:  
Inspiration's dreams!

Dominic Windram

## Inspiration 2

Bold flashes of light  
In vast, dark caverns of thought;  
Wild inspiration.

Dominic Windram

## Inspiration: (July 20th,2020)

Obese skies are pregnant with black clouds.  
Soon there will be thunder and lightning  
Within my summer fueled consciousness.  
I seem to have a myriad, starry visions.  
O these brightly coloured thoughts move  
Like starships in my fevered mind!

Dominic Windram

# Inspired By Shelley

The sweet, flowing verse  
Of Shelley sings like the birds.  
O it soothes my soul!

Dominic Windram

## Instant Karma: (A Short Satirical Sketch)

In early April 2020 apparently our great, dear leader BoJo was eventually admitted to hospital after apparently contracting coronavirus. Here is a short sketch about it.

A hypothetical hospital somewhere in London:

BoJo (looking very pale and weary) : I'm feeling terrible. I think I need to be put on a ventilator a.s.a.p!

Nurse: (nonchalantly): Sorry but there's none available currently.

BoJo: What? ! But this is urgent! ! !

Nurse: (again nonchalantly) : Sorry, but since the cold, calculated Tory government has drastically undercut services, over a 10 year period, due to its ruthless ideological pursuit of austerity, we have very little in the way of equipment. You'll just have to wait in line like the rest of our patients...equality and all that. I'm sure you understand.

BoJo: Oh..erm...yes..yes...that's all fine and dandy... but don't you know WHO I AM?

Nurse: (angrily) : Certainly...you're a first class plonker, like the rest of your cronies, who helped put us in this dire situation in the first place...TOO BAD!

Dominic Windram

# Instant Reactions

Instant reactions,  
Not considered responses,  
Seem to be the 'norm'.

Dominic Windram

# Institutionalised Religion

A crutch for the weak:  
A vast mansion for the strong.  
The Spirit has fled.

Dominic Windram



# Institutionalised Religion (Inspired By Marx)

Institutionalised religion:  
It is a crutch for the weak.  
Yet it is a mansion for the strong.  
For the poor it is a lifeline.  
For the rich it justifies  
Their power and control.

Dominic Windram

# Insufferable

You dwell in realms of  
Bad faith and dank illusions.  
I cannot bear you!

Dominic Windram

# Insurmountable

Light cannot redeem  
Darkness & rarest flowers  
Will not grow again.

Dominic Windram

# Inter Caelum Et Terram

Perhaps we should pray for those who dwell in darkness;  
Who prefer spurious dreams and do not wish to be redeemed;  
Who wander aimlessly, like modern day nomads,  
From season to season; without purpose or reason;  
Whose hearts are devoid of the deep realms of sorrow,  
Yet filled to the brim by the foolish realms of mirth;  
Who are distracted by dazzling secular spectacles;  
Whose minds are invariably filled, with the rabid dogs  
Of enterprise, incessantly barking out orders to them;  
Who are passive recipients of tainted information;  
Who pursue primal ecstasies; from the cradle  
To the grave; without regret; without due diligence  
Who follow self serving celebrities and opinion leaders;  
Who follow all manner of contemporaneous trivia;  
Who listen to myriad whispers drifting on the breeze;  
Who are inclined to follow fragments of artificial light;  
Who intermittently spend time seeking out obscure mysteries  
And outlandish conspiracy theories. They have not  
Achieved stillness and rush around in circles like madmen.  
These puppets are pulled, this way and that, by idiot forces.  
Their personas are frozen; they have no significant inner life.  
Yet it seems they're in search of of something they can't quite articulate. They  
demand attention. Despite their worldly yearnings, They tend to gather, like lost  
children, at the gate That leads To the sacred place: the Eternal, verdant garden.  
The're too afraid to enter; yet will not leave. We pray for them.

Dominic Windram

# Irredeemable

You may say that you want to communicate,  
But you never listen to a word I say.  
You may say that you've finally found the light,  
But you still dwell in the sullen realms of night.  
You may say that truth is your only guide,  
Then why do you hide behind so many lies?  
You may say that you're searching for something profound,  
But you still keep moving around the same old ground.

Dominic Windram

# Is Nothing Sacred Anymore?

Junk culture prevails.  
The sacred has expired.  
Money reigns supreme.

Dominic Windram

# Islam: The Direct Word Of God

Islam's the direct  
Word of God. While certain faiths  
Rely on hearsay.

Dominic Windram

# It Has Stopped Raining In My Heart

It has stopped raining in my heart.  
Perhaps a rainbow will appear:  
Beautiful and frail.  
Its' spectral radiance  
Will perhaps pointing to new horizons:  
Beyond this city I call a prison.

Listen to the forest.  
Listen to the wind that blows  
From clusters of faraway stars.  
A garden's silence is formed from subtle sounds.  
Press your ear to a tree and listen  
To the universal heartbeat.

Dominic Windram



## It Is A Fine Morning: (1/ 06/ 2020)

It is a fine morning, as I watch time,  
Pour out its brief moments of marked splendour.  
A delicate light flickers on the leaves  
And flowers. It beautifies my garden.

Dominic Windram

## It Is Simply About The Words

I am not into popinjays and 'well known' names,  
Rather each golden word that glistens on the page.  
For there are those who graft and craft regularly,  
While others rely on their 'personalities'.  
It seems, that those who like to scheme and chase big dreams;  
Those who constantly seek applause and faux glory,  
Are often the ones with nothing of note to say.  
They're as fleeting as sunshine on a summer's day.  
O in my time, I have seen them all come and go  
And very few of them can move my sovereign soul!

Dominic Windram

## It Seems...

It seems that these corporate reactionaries  
Fear our freedom to dissent. They want us all  
To think the same way, as far as I can see.  
Instead of bridges, they want to build walls.  
They fear that we will awaken to the Light:  
That's why they oppose consciousness raising.  
For they know that in the valley of the blind,  
It is always the one-eyed man who is the king.  
They want us to be lost among distractions;  
Deprived of any real insight or vision.  
Indeed, in all truth, they are the killers of dreams.  
They only desire our 'happiness' it seems,  
On their own terms; within their myopic world view;  
Based on their sordid schemes. A reckoning is due!

Dominic Windram

# It Was In My Sixteenth Year

It was in my sixteenth year,  
That the poetry first flashed my way.  
I saw the sky of dreams unlock,  
And pour out its secrets.  
The world appeared afresh:  
A plethora of pulsating spaces.  
My soul was gripped by a kind of fever.  
I've never quite managed to shake it off.

Poetry has been my placenta.  
It has nourished me all of these years.  
Although memory has stained time with mist,  
I can still recall my first vague sketches;  
When I was still a seed dwelling in shadow;  
When I was still beautifully unlearned.  
The subtle electricity flowed through me.  
It engendered the blazing fruits of my labor.

Dominic Windram

## It Wasn't Love

Whatever you may choose to think,  
It wasn't 'love'; whatever that means  
In these crude, modern times. I guess  
You could say it temporarily  
Satisfied a primal urge.  
But no more or less than that.  
It wasn't love because, please understand,  
I felt nothing. I was just going through  
The motions. I was playing a part  
In a ridiculous, overrated game:  
The kind of game that's so colourfully  
Promoted in countless, glossy magazines  
It wasn't love, notwithstanding,  
All the faux, misty eyed sentiment.  
It wasn't love; because true love  
Is, in essence, pure communion.  
It wasn't love; it was just another  
Convenient crutch to lean upon.

Dominic Windram

## It's A Curse!

Lately I've become jaded. I feel cursed!  
I'm so tired of political life.  
Since Brexit, it's gotten much worse.  
O these bigots get their kicks out of strife  
And division. Although they're on a mission,  
They don't possess one ounce of true vision.  
I'd like to move to another country.  
Preferably one that values poetry.  
England has far too many philistines  
For my liking. I'll go out of my mind  
If I stay any longer. Flashing signs  
Are warning me to leave it all behind!

Dominic Windram

## It's A Desolate, Frozen Season: (For Dylan Thomas, 1914 - 1953)

It's a desolate, frozen season  
Now all the wild blood has been  
Drained from the poet's veins.  
All the fires have been extinguished.  
Bad drugs and unfaithful lovers  
Crowd the vast, starless universe  
Of his fractured consciousness.  
It's a desolate, frozen season.

Dominic Windram

# It's A Perfect Day! (June 1st,2020)

The warm gusts of wind  
Accompany the sweet scent  
Of verdant violets.

Dominic Windram



# It's A Sunny Day (July 2019)

It's a sunny day.  
There's not a cloud in the sky.  
And I'm feeling fine.

Dominic Windram

# It's Getting So Dark, Yet There's Still A Frail Light

Although I hear the rumbling of thunder,  
And the moans of solemn winds approaching,  
I still have hope in life's little, bright things.  
Although power still works vertically,  
And Freedom's fresh flowers are often crushed,  
I do not look to cold, stone monuments to  
Provide grand, authoritative answers.  
I still believe in small, silent prayers.

Dominic Windram

## It's Good To Smile: (Have A Nice Day!)

O it's good to smile; smile and others will smile back.  
Keep smiling, if you have nothing at all to say.  
O you can pass on your apathy to others.  
You can show how candid and transparent you are.  
O you can smile to reveal your gleaming new teeth.  
Just keep smiling and let your emptiness shine out!

Dominic Windram

# It's Raining

It's raining locusts & fire.  
It's raining poison pellets.  
It's raining frogs & lizards.  
Damn it...I forgot my umbrella!

Dominic Windram

## It's Raining Today: (June 6th,2020)

It's raining heavily on the fevered garden  
And I am busily counting this year's losses.  
I'm praying that my tender heart will not harden.  
For I dream of war torn fields filled with small crosses.

Dominic Windram

## It's Raining, Yet Again! (June 9th,2020)

The summer rain's dismal commentary  
Sums up my current sullen state of mind.  
O itnow seems as cold as February.  
And the thick, black clouds are not silver lined.

Dominic Windram

# It's So Hard To Be A Poet In Present Times

O you look at me like I was some kind  
Of exotic animal in a zoo.  
You consider my frames of reference  
To be incredibly obscure.  
You don't seem to be able to think  
Beyond these present times.  
Well that seems to be  
The way of the world these days:  
Where casual signs are worshipped  
& profound symbols are marginalised.  
True poetry is maverick gold dust;  
Amidst a cartoonised, cultural landscape.

Dominic Windram

# It's Too Hot Today! (August 7th,2020)

It's too hot today!  
I think I need to cool down  
In a shaded room.

Dominic Windram



## It's Too Hot! (July 2019)

The sun beats down heavy  
On creatures of flesh & blood.  
It's good to cool down.

Dominic Windram

# I've Heard Enough

I hear all the vain politicians proclaim  
Sanctimonious platitudes; in relation  
To the glory of democracy. Yet I see  
Our hard fought for freedoms being erased daily.

Dominic Windram

# Jazz Versus The K.K.K

Jazz versus the K.K.K:  
Bebop beat the bigots.  
Dazzling Dizzy G. in his heyday  
Silenced all the critics.  
Coltrane crushed the Tin Pan crew:  
Made it cool to improvise.  
Miles concocted his 'Bitches Brew':  
It was a hybrid mix of styles.

Dominic Windram

# Jealous John

Dear John, I see that the green eyed monster.  
Is raising its' ugly head once again.  
That is such a shame, because I was told  
Recently, that you'd finally changed your ways.  
Why can't you just relax and simply be,  
Instead of being bitter and constantly  
Looking over your shoulder? You should live  
Your own life, and be content. What's wrong with that?

Dominic Windram

# Jesus Of The Streets

The ragged beggar prowls the frozen streets.  
He smells of whiskey & miracles.  
His bright eyes speak of a greater love  
Beyond the sadness of this wounded night.  
His beatific, Buddha like smile,  
Suggests ancient, hard won secrets,  
We will never get to know;  
In our cool, regulated world,  
Where life is as airbrushed, smooth and crass,  
As the surface of a magazine.

Dominic Windram

# Journalists & Angels

Journalists & angels  
Watch the revolution,  
But they seem unable  
To grasp it. Our T.V  
Screens blur fact and fiction.  
Our newspapers print words,  
Often for the sake of  
Printing words. Nothing changes.

Dominic Windram

# July 30th, 2015

I try to connect  
These scattered fragments  
Of tainted memories:  
Withering roses  
Drooping like sloughed skin  
In the heart's desert;  
Half glimpsed suns and moons  
Of sweet enlightenment.  
Futile attempts to  
Fix meaning on the  
Incomprehensible.  
Long, cold exiles from  
The plastic kingdom,  
And feathered words  
Teeming with beauty  
Defying metal ways:  
Drifting on the breeze  
Of sacred longing.

Dominic Windram

# Just Another Day In Dear Old Blighty

It is not true our lives  
Pass before us  
In rapid motion.  
Our culture of overly keen  
Ticking machines  
Creates this illusion.

Our 24/7 media  
Also magnifies the impression  
That time is speeding by.  
O this rampant age  
substitutes pearls of wisdom  
For tainted information.

I prefer the slowness  
Of long, drowsy hours  
Especially in soft summer days.  
I like to contemplate Nature.  
My living room is a veritable  
Sanctuary from today's madness.  
Littered with books; DVDS  
And piles of scribbled paper.

From my window,  
I scan the plagued streets;  
The traffic is snarling  
There's a flag at half mast:  
Sure sign of some  
Disturbance in our weary world.

O we still have not learned  
From the follies of our forefathers:  
That violence begets violence.  
Thus we are perennially condemned  
To live amidst terror.  
It just keeps on breeding.

As I glance at the news  
It seems my fears are well founded.



And the cheerful morning sun  
Suddenly turns eerily away from me.

Dominic Windram

# Just Another Pawn In Their Game: (Inspired By Bob Dylan)

You are a code; just another number  
For crude, institutional amusement.  
You may have served your Queen and country well,  
But be warned you'll never change anything.  
Not a jot. For in the insidious  
Eyes of the powers that be and all their  
Minions you're regarded as mere pawns  
In a perverse, political chess game.  
I hope you awaken to the Light one day,  
Because you and I deserve so much more.

Dominic Windram

# Justice For The 96!

We still seek justice for the 96.  
We will not rest until it has been achieved.  
We see behind vast tapestries of lies.  
We know that the vain elites serve themselves.  
We can clearly perceive that grieving  
Families have been betrayed by the courts:  
They've turned logic and law into an ass!  
We still seek justice for the 96!

Dominic Windram

# Keep A Little Sunshine In Your Heart

Everyday contains a soft measure of sunshine.  
I always like to keep in my heart summer days  
Of yellow glories; of buttercups and daises;  
Of beatific smiles and fresh dew on garden lawns.

Dominic Windram

## Keep It To Yourself!

Those who blurt out their inner most feelings  
On Facebook; forever chasing street cred,  
Are, in my refined eyes, unappealing  
For I think, a still tongue keeps a wise head.  
One thing is for sure I won't let it eat  
Up my precious time. There are so many  
More edifying things to meet  
And greet people face to face; or any  
Good poem, novel or art work will suffice.  
Why choose hell when one can have paradise? !

Dominic Windram

# Keep On Moving.

O whether it is  
Summer bright or winter bleak,  
We must keep on moving!

Dominic Windram

# Keeping Up With The Times

Are my poems up to date and hip,  
Like rock music, that let's it all rip?  
Do they have commercial potential?  
Or are they merely non - essential?  
O I can wax lyrical about flowers!  
But is this refined, poetic power  
What people really desire these days?  
What are my poems wanting to say?  
Should they embrace gangster rap or grime?  
O it's so hard to keep up with the times!

Dominic Windram

## Kierkegaard Once Claimed...

Kierkegaard once claimed that life can only be  
Comprehended when one is able to look back  
At events and perceive their causes and effects.  
However, he stressed that life must be lived going  
Forward. Although I sometimes feel frozen in time,  
I wholeheartedly subscribe to that wise notion.

Dominic Windram



# King Of The Elks

Bill's got some new antlers  
For the world to admire.  
Not content with the biggest yacht,  
And the most beautiful wife,  
He's now got himself a mansion on the hill.  
I guess he'll pay the servants peanuts,  
As they polish his vast array of trophies,  
And cater to his every whim.

I guess he'll cosy up to the plutocrats,  
And buy himself some tax relief;  
By giving nobly to charity; and appease them  
By turning a blind eye to their dirty wars.

Yes Bill's got some new antlers.  
He thinks he's king of the elks.  
Now he's climbed the proverbial ladder,  
I hope he falls and breaks his god damn neck!

Dominic Windram

# Know Who You Are At Every Age

O know who you are at every age.  
Express yourself in every season.  
Add your light to history's pages;  
Blend warm emotion with cold reason.  
Listen to the whispering angels.

O know who you are at every age.  
Fear not the most dreadful realms of night.  
Fear not the icy wind's bitter rage.  
Embrace this world of sublime delights.  
Be blessed by all redeeming angels.

Dominic Windram

# Knowledge And Belief

I seek full knowledge;  
Not belief's fleeting shadows.  
Yet I seek in vain.

Dominic Windram

# Labour's Billy Bunter

Labour's Billy Bunter fled his party  
Because he was just a spineless coward.  
He carried out witch hunts regularly  
Yet it seems for him things really soured,  
When the progressive movement exposed him  
For the Zionist shill he truly is!  
O he was a constant threat to Corbyn  
With all his lies; but now he's a has been!

Dominic Windram

## Lacking Spiritual Sustenance (July 2015)

I am lost in the twilight realms of creation:  
Desperately trying to reignite the old,  
Rusted mechanisms and the battered structures:  
That once gave bright form to lifeless particulars.

Another summer is passing me by. I watch  
In wonder as the birds blend with drifting clouds  
In the blue distance. How I wish I could rise high  
Above this tainted world of tenebrous shadows.

Dominic Windram

# Lady Darquiss' Banquet

Lady Darquiss held an annual banquet  
At her enormous mansion in the woods:  
In honour of all those poor, desperate souls  
Who nobly fought and died in the 'Great' War;  
In her view, they were the noblest dead of all.  
It was said, that all those who attended  
Always had a spiffing, thoroughly good time.  
They wined and dine and everything was just fine.  
Some talked reverently about historic  
Victories that marked the 'End of all War.'  
O they recalled battle after battle,  
As bottle after bottle of red wine  
Was eagerly consumed. It flowed freely  
As thick and red as poor soldiers' blood,  
In Lady Darquiss' mansion deep in the woods.  
Glasses were all raised to those long departed.  
&quot; They shall never ever be forgotten! '&quot;  
Exclaimed the dear, noble Lady Darquiss.

Lady Darquiss soon became a figure  
Of national renown. Indeed she was praised  
And honoured by Parliament many times.  
She was held in high esteem in every  
Major city and every major town  
Across England's fabled green and pleasant land.  
Every year, thanks to her, the dead were born again.  
&quot; Never to be forgotten; the noblest dead of all! &quot;  
Unfortunately one dark day Lady Darquiss  
Passed away and left her mansion and all its rich remains  
To her young niece and her latest fling:  
Who typically, and promptly, sold it to  
A rock star and his supermodel wife.  
Currently, they use it as a holiday home  
Which they visit several times a year.  
Now the banquet is over and only shadows remain.  
But I'm sure someone, somewhere will raise a glass  
And reminisce about that dear old soul: Lady Darquiss.



# Lament Of The Dreamer

O where's the love that once did bloom  
Like the red rose in summertime?  
Now silence fills this empty room.  
Now that you're gone the light has died.

O where's the love that we once shared?  
No more bright flowers for the spring.  
Now tears stain the frosted ground.  
There are no more new songs to sing.

Dominic Windram



# Lament Of The Dreamer: March,2020

Crushed flowers & broken dreams are littered  
Across time. The vital, healing blood of  
The prophets & the poets has dried up.  
We inhabit superficial kingdoms.

Dominic Windram

## Las Vegas: (Two Haikus)

Cut-rate Babylon:  
Where you can experience  
Infinite pleasures.

O one armed bandits  
Populate its casinos.  
Cash flows like water.

Dominic Windram

# Last Chance For Humankind.

We, unhinged by, our modern predicaments,  
Should create sanctuaries of unbroken light.  
For our hearts are now closed in stifling darkness.  
We risk becoming shadows of our former selves.  
We need to transcend the utter meaninglessness  
Of these, increasingly contrived, blasé times  
We need to maintain vital connections with the  
Verdant realms of Nature and each other. We need  
To keep on cultivating a small plot of land.  
We need to develop constant communion.  
We need to reap harvests of our own devising,  
Or all our efforts and all that we hold precious,  
Will prove to be futile: an elusive pipe dream.  
All will be ultimately irretrievable.

Dominic Windram

## Last Night.... (February 10th 2020)

Lat night I observed  
The majesty of the moon;  
Drifting through the clouds.

Dominic Windram

## Late Afternoon: (July 27th,2020)

Cloud-shaded sunlight:  
Wild birds and butterflies drift  
In afternoon skies.

Dominic Windram

# Late Autumn Visions

Late Autumn visions:  
Outside the ruined old house,  
The wind is howling.

Dominic Windram

## Late February Blues: 2020

Birds have stopped singing. The snow is falling.  
The wind is rain is pouring.  
I'm so glad I don't have to venture out  
Today. I'll stay indoors by a warm fire!

Dominic Windram

## Late March Magic

O the season's first scent of freshly cut lawns  
Delights all my keen senses! It sets me up  
For the day ahead. And I get the feeling  
Something magical is about to happen.

Dominic Windram



# Late Spring Afternoon (2019)

Late spring afternoon,  
And I'm drifting off to sleep;  
Bathed in a warm light.

Dominic Windram

# Late Spring Evening

The sweet birdsong fades.  
The flowers' fragrance remains;  
This late spring evening.

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Haiku

Soft wind through the pines;  
Colours of butterfly's wings:  
A sight to behold!

Dominic Windram

# Late Spring Sketches: 1

Bumble bees arrive;  
Seeking honeyed gold; from spring's  
Abundant flowers.

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Sketches: 10

The healing spring rain  
Nourishes this parched garden.  
Nature's sweet magic!

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Sketches: 11

The boughs of the trees,  
In my garden, are covered  
With rose pink blossoms.

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Sketches: 12

Soft, warm breezes drift  
Across this verdant garden.  
Spring leans on summer.

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Sketches: 2

Perfumed daffodils,  
Seem to fill our souls, with some  
Deep eternal need.

Dominic Windram



## Late Spring Sketches: 3

Blue violet flowers  
Symbolise, the Spirit that  
Flows, all around us

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Sketches: 4

Spring's fresh colours,  
And soothing music, transcend  
Our dark, mortal cares.

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Sketches: 5

A little rain, in  
Late spring's garden, is giving  
Rise to such sweet scents.

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Sketches: 6

The light is fading.  
Thick, black clouds are gathering:  
Storing late spring rain.

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Sketches: 7

My spirit awakes  
In the delicate spring light:  
That filters through trees.

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Sketches: 8

Spring's green radiance  
Courses through wearied nature:  
Adding such beauty!

Dominic Windram

## Late Spring Sketches: 9

Spring's rain and thunder  
Boldly promulgate Nature's  
Vast, sublime wonders.

Dominic Windram

## Late Summer Dreaming: (August 29th,2020)

The spectres of stars  
And trees run wild in my dreams:  
Summer is fading.

Dominic Windram



## Lately...

Lately, I'm plagued by dreams in which I am dying.  
I fall into unfathomable darkness. And  
Clearly no one can hear my silent screams.  
Is this a bleak omen of things to come or the  
Usual effects of way too much alcohol?  
It's, after all, that season of making merry.  
I worry that excess creativity tends  
To go hand in hand with death and blind destruction.  
It seems that, through my pain, at times, I can compose  
Myriad forms- worlds of beauty in the twinkling  
Of an eye. I've noted that the more detached I am  
from ordinary ways, the greater is the harvest.  
I'm haunted by regrets for past misadventures;  
For severe judgements I've made that didn't bend.  
Although I've remained true, and suffered, for my art,  
In many ways, I've closed myself off from thriving life.  
I'm beginning to pay a heavy price for my  
Self imposed isolation. These dreams trouble me.  
Perhaps they're a warning sign that things need to change.  
In the New Year, I intend to embrace the Light.

Dominic Windram

## Lately...2

Lately, I feel as though my whole life has been  
A desperate search for a poetic ideal.  
It's only in recent years that I've seen the light,  
So to speak. I've now made it through bleak realms of night.

Dominic Windram

# Learning's End

O the long, torturous path of learning  
Leads to the gentle, unfolding of Grace;  
When obscure, abstract notions become flesh.  
The speculation about distant stars  
Is piecemeal compared to dark inner kingdoms:  
Illuminated by His profound presence.  
When we share common yet blessed bread & wine,  
We transcend the limits of this crude world.

Dominic Windram

# Leave Us Alone!

O I wish these irritating people would leave  
Us alone! They think they know so much yet they know  
So little! O they can't tell their arses from their  
Elbows! They have the imagination of fleas.  
They are lacking in poetry; they're so prosaic.  
Yet they are the ones we're all forced to listen to.  
They're inept. Yet they always are the first ones to  
Point out our 'mistakes'. I hate them with a passion!

Dominic Windram

# Leaves Of Brown Turn Gold: (November 6th,2019)

Leaves of brown turn gold,  
As they fall so softly, on  
Autumn's solemn ground

Dominic Windram

# Leaving Memories Behind

Memories are filled with flashes of years & tears;  
With brief roses of burning desire & cold fears.  
Yesterday's ghosts have lost their power & meaning.  
Now it's time to add colour & flesh to dreaming.

I'm searching patiently, for love & truth, in a world  
Of doubt. Tired of striving, I'll let things unfurl.  
O as the bitter winter sorrows fade and die,  
I'll wait for spring's blossoms to finally arrive.

Dominic Windram

# Leaving The Past Behind

Some say the past is another country.  
If that's so, then I'm keen to forget it.  
I've moved on to a place of sunnier climes.  
And now life is a constant source of joy.  
I do not regret, not at all, leaving  
The bitter, biting winds of time behind.

Dominic Windram

# Lenny Bruce

He was the king of comedy,  
With eccentric tastes to subtle,  
For their dull minds and prying eyes.  
He was a free wheeling satirist;  
An iconoclast; a verbal gymnast;  
Who soared like a comet amidst the stars;  
Who was like a bomb in a museum  
Who would have preferred to keep on gliding;  
Rather than beat his broken wings,  
Rather than die naked; overdosing on smack.

Dominic Windram



# Let It Be

Let the dewdrops of blessing; the snowflakes of grace;  
Fall lightly upon you and sweeten your nights.  
Let the mysteries unfold in the softly burning moment.  
Let new worlds grow from you like grapes in a cluster.  
Let the light enter through your broken kingdoms.  
Let the hidden radiance of the Word dwell gently in you.  
Let the Mystical Rose bloom in your inner garden.  
Let not the husks that surrounded the host distract you.  
Let the angels' joys and lamentations guide you  
Let not the darkness engulf you all the days of your life.

Dominic Windram

## Let Me Awaken (Easter, April 2020)

Let me awaken from the nightmare of despair,  
So that I can once again bask in God's healing light.  
Let me discover beauty that's subtle and rare,  
In sweet fragments that are left over from this blight.

Dominic Windram

## Let Me Know...

Let me know Truth's flesh.  
For these painted skeletons  
Are so demeaning.

Dominic Windram

# Let The Spirit Be

Let the spirit be.  
Let it dwell in the wild light;  
That transcends this world.

Dominic Windram

# Let The Teachers Teach!

Let the teachers teach and let the bean counters count!  
The middle managers may keep on meddling and  
Irritate like midges at a campsite; but hey  
Who cares about them? Just allow teachers to teach,  
And things will work out just fine. You will see in time.  
So let the teachers teach; while those bean counters count!

Dominic Windram

# Let Us Build A Light

Let us build a light  
On the edifice of being.  
Let us make new roots  
In disputed earth.  
Let us build a dream,  
With the fragrance of fresh vision,  
That stirs all the senses.  
Let our spirits guide us  
Past the blunt edge of silence.  
Let us taste freedom's fruits.

Dominic Windram

# Let Your Divine Grace

Let Your divine Grace,  
As lightsome as a snowflake,  
Settle over us.

Dominic Windram

# Liberate Your Minds

Liberate your minds  
From rigid orthodoxies:  
Seek freedom's fresh light.

Dominic Windram



# Licht Und Blindheit (Light And Blindness)

Ich suche das Licht  
aber ich bin verurteilt  
die Dunkelheit ertragen  
von Schattenkönigreichen.

Ich suche das Licht  
aber die Gespenster von gestern  
klammer an mich  
und halte mich zurück.

Ich suche das Licht  
aber die helle Parade der Liebe  
ist jetzt eine krasse Beerdigung.

Ich suche das Licht  
aber die Engel werden zum Schweigen gebracht  
durch die materiellen Ablenkungen des Lebens.

English translation:

I search for the light,  
But I am condemned  
To suffer the darkness  
Of shadow kingdoms.

I search for the light,  
But the ghosts of yesterday  
Cling to me,  
And hold me back.

I search for the light,  
But Love's bright parade  
Is now a stark funeral.

I search for the light,  
But the angels are silenced,

By life's material distractions.

Dominic Windram

# Life

Life is like a crude  
Claw crane grabbing machine:  
That can be found  
In any provincial arcade.  
It promises to deliver  
Us many delightful gifts,  
But invariably crushes  
Our dreams and hopes.  
It often makes us bitter.  
It's rigged from start to finish

Dominic Windram

## Life 2

In time, Life sucks the blood out of  
Youth's tender, familiar flesh  
And it darkens the sun fuelled realms  
Of innocent childhood dreaming.  
That's the tragedy of this world.  
Whoever created it does  
Not seem to possess compassion,  
Or the intricate surgeon's art.  
The dying moth with crumpled wings  
Creeps towards a smear of light.

Dominic Windram

# Life In The U.K - 2019 (Where Food Banks Are The Norm)

We are marked as modern malcontents.  
We have to suffer the threat of sanctions.  
We are fed the stale bread of bitterness.  
We are the invisible majority.  
We're the inconvenient truth that festers.  
We're the carcass that contrasts with your bright flesh:  
Ragged strangers that mock your day glow deceits.  
We're the despair that counters novelty's dreams.  
We're the disease that should remain hidden.  
We are the blight on the Union Jack.

Dominic Windram

# Life Is Absurd

O these tired, yet curious eyes have stared  
Too deeply into the dark heart of the world.  
They've analysed all the masks that we wear,  
And they've concluded that this life is absurd.

Dominic Windram

# Life Is Becoming A Soap Opera

O modern life is  
Starting to resemble a  
Bad soap opera!

Dominic Windram

## Life Is Precious

O we poets should concentrate on things  
Of wonder: like a rose pink sunset or  
The blissful beauty of a bluebird's wings.  
For it's seemingly easy to ignore,  
Nature's subtle magic in manic times.  
We should seek out moments that are sublime.  
Although life often becomes torn and frayed,  
Everything is filled with a certain grace.

Dominic Windram



# Life Is So Brittle

Life is so brittle:

Cracked eggs, dead birds and fragments

Of porcelain dolls.

Dominic Windram

## Life Is So Easy These Days.

Contemporary houses are invariably  
Filled with all kinds of garish gadgets & junk.  
Sentimental ornaments and framed pictures  
Still adorn mantelpieces, tables and walls:  
To add a touch of colour and homeliness.  
Thanks to technology passivity is  
Now a luxury everyone can hope to afford.  
and various screens of all shapes  
And sizes sing and drone endlessly on in  
A language everyone can hope to understand.  
These modern oracles help to form  
Views & opinions. From today's far off wars  
To yesterday's cute nostalgia industries;  
From parliamentary concerns & matters:  
Pertaining to the provincial; to the  
Various goings on of royalty and  
The rich and famous: necessary distractions.  
They keep us lost, listless home dwellers informed  
And entertained from the cradle to the grave.  
They manage to keep death & decay at bay.

Dominic Windram

# Life's A Brief Span

Life's a brief span of  
Sweet songs & bitter heartaches:  
Realms of light & dark.

Dominic Windram

# Life's Alluring Melody

Over this Life's common musical chords,  
A sweet melody seems to linger on.  
O it transcends the confines of mere words!  
It suggests pathways to glorious suns.

Dominic Windram

# Life's Fragile Moments

This fragile night is now shattered  
And the stars have disappeared.  
Long ago, she once filled this void.  
All that remains is to withdraw,  
From the fake, yet revered spectacle.  
All that remains is to meditate,  
And contemplate life's scattered fragments.  
Love is brief; yet memory lingers.

Dominic Windram

# Life's Not Black And White

Life's not merely black and white binaries.  
It is a series of subtle lights and shades.  
Yet there are still those among us who don't seem  
To comprehend this fact. Indeed, everyday  
They deal with things via rigid absolutes.  
For them, a bold judgement made can never bend.  
They dictate the terms that serve what suits  
Their prejudices. O they prefer to send  
Out rather than receive. They spew out their bile,  
Rather than engage in fruitful dialogue.  
Indeed, some of them are incredibly vile.  
O why should we tolerate these demagogues?

Dominic Windram

# Life's Strange Procession

Life's strange procession moves on,  
Although the flowers have withered  
And the great fountain is shattered.  
Praise to all the Prophets now gone.

New, sun-kissed clowns come out to play,  
Yet Love lies wounded in the shade.  
We're bound by Power's rusted chains.  
We must break free; and seize the day.

The artists pour out their lifeblood,  
While gold plated Neanderthals,  
Boast of billion dollar deals.  
How soon the Fire & the Flood?

Dominic Windram

# Life's Tapestry

Life's tapestry is part shade; part colour.  
This world's woven from contrary elements.  
We have to face the shadow & the storm,  
Before the gleaming, crimson roses bloom  
We have to labour long into the night,  
Before the dawn arrives in streams of light.  
We have to taste the strange ice of fear,  
Before we absorb the joy of living.  
We have to suffer a thousand heartbreaks,  
Before we can unfold like rare flowers.

Dominic Windram



# Light Bringer

When night time arrives  
The stars seem to shine  
Softer than satin.  
And we pray for a time;  
That there will be a sign  
From the heavens above;  
That will fill us with love  
and light and all that  
We know deep within  
Our hearts to be true.  
For this impatient world  
Is waiting to be born anew.

Although we may think  
We have made progress  
By sending rockets  
To distant stars,  
And have developed  
In terms of science  
And the scholarly arts,  
Still when we call upon  
The holy, humble presence  
Of the light bringer,  
A primal joy is rekindled.  
Fresh hope sets us free

And we begin to feel that  
what we now know is merely  
Where the journey starts.  
For we all still seek  
The sweet fulfilment  
Of our secret longings:  
Whether we be adult  
Or child at heart.

Dominic Windram

# Light Enters When We Are Wounded

My words are weeping twilight and sunset  
As I pick at fragments of my general ruin.  
Days and nights speed by so fast it's surreal.  
I can't seem to get a firm hold on Time.  
I think, that the glittering veil of Mammon,  
Hides the bleakest of truths from our eyes,  
And only when we are burnt by  
The black sun of despair, can we be reborn.

My heroes are the biblical prophets:  
Who knew the dryness of bones in the desert;  
Who knew that holiness had to be earned:  
From bitter trials by fire, locusts and flood.

What I've learnt from them is crystal clear:  
What is torn or broken lets in the light.

Dominic Windram

## Light House 7

Under stars, beguiled by seagulls' cries,

A tall, hollow tower at cliff's edge;

With its faded paint of spectral white;

With its walls drenched in battered sea mist;

Blessed beacon of the bleakest night.

No neon shrine or crude symbol:

Born of restless modern dreaming.

Yet iconic and immovable;

As it fulfills its time honored role,

Of guiding lost ships in troubled seas.

Dominic Windram

# Light Is Expanding

Light is expanding;  
As winter turns to spring once more:  
A time of rebirth!

Dominic Windram

# Limitless Language

Language is not akin  
To the coldness of distant stars.  
Rather than leaves us awe struck,  
It is a light that guides and is accessible to everyone.  
It is a living, breathing flow of symbols  
And a silvery cascade of cadences.  
Language is not prescribed order,  
But a wild dance of signifiers.  
It's not august certainty,  
But Dionysian revelry.  
Language is not monolithic.  
It is not rigid form nor rusted monument,  
But a teeming seam to be mined perennially.  
It offers us curious, eager poets,  
Such a wealth of jeweled meanings,  
And infinite possibilities.

Dominic Windram

## Limitless Language 2

Language is not an icy, distant star:  
That is intended to leave us awe struck.  
Rather it's a living flow of symbols.  
And a shining cascade of cadences.  
It is not pedantic, prescribed order;  
Rather a wild dance of signifiers  
It's not Apollonian certainty;  
Rather it's Dionysian revelry.  
Language is not merely grey, settled stone  
It's not a rigid, rusted monument.  
Rather it's a teeming seam to be mined.  
It offers us keen, curious poets,  
A rich treasure trove of jewelled meanings,  
And such infinite possibilities!

Dominic Windram

# Linkedin

O when they gleefully advertise and tell you  
That your 'dream' job is closer than you imagine.  
Don't be fooled, it's like a mirage in the desert.  
Anyway, I don't require the services  
Of the corporate sector and their glossy ilk.  
I have my dream job. I created it myself.

Dominic Windram

# Lions On Fire

Lions on fire:  
In the bright jungle of dreams.  
The call of the wild.

Dominic Windram



# Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue has got hip to new shoes.  
Having purchased the latest pair of Nike's.  
He's no longer blue. Indeed, he's real street wise;  
No longer the victim of quaint nursery rhymes.

Dominic Windram

# Live The Dream Now!

Live the dream now!  
In consumer paradise.  
Nothing else matters.

Dominic Windram

# Liverpool F.C

Liverpool F.C:  
Klopp is the King of the Kop!  
We'll win all trophies!

Dominic Windram

# Living Room Factories

Living room factories:  
The new products being made  
Are you the viewers.

Dominic Windram

## Lockdown (April 1st,2020)

Only by the ticking of this old clock,  
Do I know that Time is still alive and  
Well. Only by the moon's enticing glow,  
Do I know that Nature's gifts still abound.

Dominic Windram

## Lockdown 2: March 25th,2020

I'm walking on my own through streets that are dead.  
And I can't even hear the murmur of the birds.  
I'm only going out for some wine, milk and bread.  
I'm tired of listening to all the empty words.  
Of the politicians and their ilk. I think I'll  
Try and compose something new. It might take a while,  
But hopefully, it will perhaps reflect how I feel.  
I won't allow my aching heart to turn to steel.

Dominic Windram

# Lockdown In Late Spring

O a medieval sense of horror and doom,  
Casts long shadows across this lonely, half - lit room.

Dominic Windram

## Lockdown: (March 25th,2020)

O I'm looking at this meagre stream,  
But I'm really thinking of the sea.  
I'm searching hard for something arcane,  
But I'm surrounded by the mundane.  
There seems to be no way to escape.  
I suppose I'll still try to create.  
O my dreams are large, but my days and nights  
Are short. I can't grasp the healing light.  
Now fresh spring blossoms are arriving.  
Yet I feel my life force is fading.

Dominic Windram



## Lockdown: 25/ 04/ 2020

The saffron moonlight briefly lifts this sense of doom;  
That I've been feeling; locked inside this empty room.  
The stars are out tonight; they glow like pinpricks of hope.  
They make me dream of bright things beyond mortal scope.

Dominic Windram

# London - July 2018

Pinhead President,  
In the midst of mass protests,  
And quaint pageantry.

Dominic Windram

# London's Gated Homes

These days, it seems that London's gated homes,  
Seek to replicate the dry, modern soul.  
They're an exclusive archipelago  
Fortress of distance, coldness and control.

Dominic Windram

# Long Road To Salvation

From Eden's first sweet flowers; from teeming  
Genesis to the Fall, and long lasting  
Separation from the source: God's absence.  
From trials by fire and flood; from forced wanderings  
In the wilderness, to sealed covenants.  
From rigid Law, to outpourings of Love;  
From broken voices fading in the wind,  
To heavenly choirs announcing Christ's birth.  
From the plagues of time to the healing blood;  
From new born awareness to angelhood.

Dominic Windram

## Longing For Former Days Of Green

Last night, things appeared eerie and surreal in the dark.  
Now our bright childhoods are scattered across the grass.  
Green shoots of longing permeate Rossmere Park.  
Today's light brings vivid images of times past.  
It still lingers by the pond; where we used to play:  
When innocence had not been tainted by life's trials.  
Day- Glo colours of swings and roundabouts remain.  
The fresh scent of spring flowers stays with us a while.

Dominic Windram

# Longing For The Emergence Of A New World

O I denounce all those who sell their souls  
For money, fame & social advancement.  
I denounce all archaic class systems.  
I denounce the modern tendency of  
Apathy. I denounce celebrities.  
I celebrate flowers blooming in spring.  
I celebrate expanded consciousness.  
I celebrate those who create themselves.  
I celebrate radical solutions.  
I celebrate the birth of a new world.

Dominic Windram

# Longing To Escape

I need to exit  
Grey, miasmal cityscapes,  
And breathe in spring air.

Dominic Windram

## Longing To Leave This Grey City: (London, March 1995)

No more grey days in the city.  
I want to return to the light  
Of blue seaside or green country.  
I shall leave crude kingdoms of night  
In all their sickly, neon glow.  
I'm so bored of the banal and  
The artificial. O it shows  
In the quirky way I fold my hands  
To pray. O Lord please lift me from  
These illusions, so I may know  
Only you! For I don't belong  
Here, lost among the hollow ones.  
People here; they rush everywhere  
In swarms; seemingly without a care.  
I'm still not sure if it's the darkness  
That's inside me, or the darkness  
All around me, that's causing me pain.  
Perhaps it is the constant rain.

Dominic Windram



# Look!

Look where the light is purest!  
Look there among bright cornfields!  
Look deep into eyes of azure.  
Look closer at each passing hour.

Dominic Windram

# Looking Ahead

I see beyond winter's cruel, sterile kingdom.  
The wind's adverse discord won't defeat me.  
I look to a green spring of fresh promise.  
I look to vibrant, teeming symbols;  
In which the bright future is encrypted.  
I seek obscure insights and new words;  
That will emerge, like rare flowers from earth  
Laid waste, into wilder, deeper meanings.

Dominic Windram

## Looking Back...

Looking back, I was just going through the motions,  
I was distancing myself from deep emotions.  
I was treating the world as though it was a prop.  
Only lately, so to speak, the penny has dropped.  
Now I can clearly see the error of my ways.  
Now I want to embrace the joys of precious days.  
We're only here on earth, for the briefest of times.  
Now I'll celebrate each burning moment in style.

Dominic Windram

## Looking For Sanctuary

I'm so repelled by these callous times.  
I can't keep up with the constant buzz  
Or the manic turning of the wheel.  
I'd like to move away from the dregs  
Of this boorish, bargain basement world.  
Perhaps I could rent a cottage deep  
In the woods - far from compliant crowds:  
Write poetry to my heart's content.

Dominic Windram

# Looking For The Right Words

Looking for the right words, to make a poem,  
Is akin to waiting to catch a fish.  
I think it's quite an apt analogy  
As I will endeavour to explain: for  
It can take several or many hours.  
Firstly, it pays to be prepared and next,  
You have to be ever so patient. And  
Then suddenly, you can reel them all in!

Dominic Windram

## Lorca (1898 - 1936) .

O his poems were more precious than silver or gold;  
His pen more powerful than a thousand rifles!  
He was a fiery flower at odds with cold steel.  
A surreal innovator: magical with words.  
He was killed for his culture fuelled rebelliousness,  
Yet his spirit remains: a brave light in dark times.

Dominic Windram

# Lost

I seek the light, but I trapped in a dark cave  
Of fleeting desires and illusions.  
I seek a place of tender sanctuary,  
But I cannot find the keys to the kingdom.  
I seek Christ's love in other fragile beings,  
But I only see the worst aspects of them.  
I seek heaven through simple acts of kindness,  
But I'm still distracted by Babylon

Dominic Windram

# Lost Daughter Of A Frozen Generation - 1991

Lost daughter of a frozen generation,  
Born of suffering & cruel degradation:  
All the wondrous colours & the subtle shades,  
That bought you the luxuries of wealth & fame,  
Are now just shadows of your wounds & your pain;  
Merely pale spectres without sanctified names.  
O free yourself from the rusted chains of Time  
And focus on the most sublime, sunlit sign.

Throw yourself into the devouring Light,  
Lost daughter of the bruised, wanton, starless night.  
Fill your empty veins with Summer's vintage wine;  
Dissolve your keen mind into the mists of Time.  
As the mental clouds of doubt disappear,  
The Eternal Forms gradually appear.  
Hosts of Angels gather 'round your saintly eyes,  
Inside their pale blue depths the harsh winter dies.  
Hold onto the Vision; the encircling flame.  
Look to the sacred Kingdom that calls your name.

Dominic Windram



# Lost In The Labyrinth

Lost in the labyrinth of words:  
Waiting for the light's descent  
Waiting for water to gleam  
On my bone dry Calvary.

Lost in the ragged realms of night:  
Without a wise guide to lead me.  
I cannot connect the fragments  
Of a swollen, dreamless culture.

Waiting for summer's blood wine:  
To cleanse me of wintry sins;  
That freeze the flowers of love;  
That cage the withered spirit.

Lost in the labyrinth of time;  
Of tedious ticking clocks:  
Waiting for the miracle  
Of the rapt eternal now.

Dominic Windram

## Lost In The Labyrinth 2

Lost in the labyrinth of words:  
Waiting for the light's descent  
On my bone dry Calvary;  
In the ragged realms of night.

Waiting for summer's blood wine  
To cleanse me of wintry sins:  
That freeze the flowers of love  
That cage the withered spirit

Lost in the labyrinth of time  
Of tedious ticking clocks:  
Waiting for the miracle  
For the rapt eternal now.

Dominic Windram

# Lost In The Modern Wilderness

We are lost in the miasmal darkness  
With inadequate tools to help us find  
Our way to the unbroken kingdom.  
We're guided by a garish profusion  
Of fleeting, neon lit symbols and signs.  
We are lost in the labyrinth of words.  
For we are incapable of naming  
The essence of blood or fire or star.  
We are far from hearing wise voices  
Or deciphering the fabled burning bush  
That illuminated the wilderness.  
Instead we follow arrows on treadmills  
And resign ourselves to fragments of bone;  
To obscure purposes that cannot  
Be placated by the pale light of reason.  
We pretend that we have made progress with  
Our secular, elaborate designs.  
We cling to opiates of all kinds and  
Lexicons that cannot comprehensively  
Describe the sheer fullness of Being.  
Yet there's a reassuring, spectral wind.  
From Time's distant, long forgotten shores; that  
Still sirs intermittently through the cracks  
In the frail and all too human structures.

Dominic Windram

# Lost In The Twilight Realms: July 16th 2019

I am lost in the twilight realms of creation:  
Desperately trying to reignite the old,  
Rusted mechanisms and the battered structures;  
That once gave bright form to lifeless particulars.

Another summer is passing me by. I watch  
In wonder as the wild birds blend with drifting clouds  
In the blue distance. How I wish I could rise high  
Above this tainted world of tenebrous shadows.

Dominic Windram

# Lost In Translation For Now

I attempt to translate  
Soft visions of eternity:  
Gleaned from meditation.  
But like a paltry part-time painter  
I can only transcribe in vain  
Mere shadows on reams of paper.  
For the slippery yet profound truths  
Emanating from the translucent light of being  
Are seemingly beyond the scope  
Of mortal earthbound expression.  
Perhaps I should take heed  
Of wise Mr Wittgenstein;  
Who once pronounced that we should  
Remain silent about all the things  
We cannot speak about.  
I know that frail words are  
Imprecise tools: Conveying  
The bare bones of symbols & signs.  
But I simply cannot rest  
Until I have mastered  
My art; so that I can convey  
In my own idiosyncratic way  
Life's flowing textures of meaning  
Like spring flowers in full bloom.

Dominic Windram

# Lost Inside These Twilight Realms

I'm lost inside these lonely, twilight realms:  
Half way in soft flame and half way in shade.  
The saffron moon mirrors my feathered sorrow.  
It seems I've been here for such a long time.

I'm lost inside these surreal, twilight realms:  
Looking for a guide to take me by the hand.  
I'm a soul out of time and out of season.  
I'm searching for someone who will understand.

Dominic Windram

# Love

Love soars above the abyss.  
Love's the kiss of consciousness.  
It's vital communion  
In an age of delusion.  
It's the bread & it's the wine,  
It's the mark of the sublime.  
Love subverts the status quo  
Love is life's radical flow.

Dominic Windram

# Love And Beauty

A sweet array of kisses float across the years  
O what bright modern masks and costumes Beauty wears!  
Red roses look delightful in your long, dark hair  
It's all about finding magic in moments rare.  
Everything perishes, but Love's power always  
Seems to prevail. I'm spellbound by its subtle ways.  
Hang on to wondrous dreams for the rest of your days.  
If you don't you'll regret it, when you're old and grey.

Dominic Windram



# Love Cannot Blossom

Love cannot blossom  
In this age of masquerades:  
No communion.

Dominic Windram

# Love Is A Drug

Love's a drug I can never do without.  
It's like violets exploding in the sun:  
When eyes meet eyes in joyous communion;  
When the beauty of the other's revealed.  
The world seems tinged with glorious meaning;  
As though blessed by a more profound magic.  
O moments burn with a soft, summery light.  
Grey existence melts into rainbow dreams.  
Yes love's a drug I can never do without.  
O it's like violets exploding in the sun!

Dominic Windram

# Love Is A Game

Love is a game that I have no pressing urge to  
Play these days. There seems to be, as far as I can  
See, not much in the way of class, style or culture.  
It's more of a choice between the cheap, the nasty  
And the vulgar. And anyway I haven't had  
Much experience in the preposterous ways  
Of amateur dramatics! I think they should leave  
The histrionics to Hollywood actresses!

Dominic Windram

## Love Is Fading (July,2005)

The light that once burned brightly in your eyes,  
Is quickly fading and soon it will die.  
The love that we nourished has now decayed.  
There is nothing left to do now but pray  
All the angels have departed and we  
Are lost amongst the shadows. We were free  
As birds, now we traverse purgatory.  
What happened to all our bright visions and dreams?

Dominic Windram

# Love Is To Be Found

Love is to be found  
Amidst the scent of flowers:  
Blooming in springtime.

Dominic Windram

## Love Is...

Love is an explosion of light  
In a cold, inert universe.  
How it brightens the starless night!  
It blends with Beauty's countenance.

Love is a constant, driving force.  
It is buttressed by dream visions.  
It never wavers from the source.  
It outlasts Time's sordid fashions.

Love is like the lotus flower:  
Opening out into the world.  
Petal by petal, it unfurls.  
Softness is its subtle power,  
As it spreads its divine fragrance.  
It's a gift for all the Ages.

Dominic Windram

# Love Island: 2020

Love Island 'celebs':

O let them swim with the sharks!

Terrible programme!

Dominic Windram

# Love Prevails

In each slow, tortured century,  
Of the poets' sowing & reaping,  
Love's pure light is the guiding force.  
It connects rusted, darkened fragments.  
Although bright, youthful dreams descend  
Into self destruction, Love prevails.  
It heals crude hearts that have turned to ice.  
It soars above the abyss of nightmares.

Dominic Windram



# Love, Grace & Mercy

Love's healing powers;  
Grace of transfiguration;  
Sweets fruits of Mercy.

Dominic Windram

# Love, Grace And Mercy

Love, Grace and Mercy dwell in the sacred garden:  
Where the children of Light are forever playing.  
True conversion will happen all of a sudden.  
O the heart's transfiguration is a wondrous thing!

Dominic Windram

# Lovers

Lovers soar above  
The world's dark realms: in search of  
Sky blue clarity.

Dominic Windram

# Love's Alchemy

Love transmogrifies being & matter:  
From the erotic union of rain  
And earth to the fecundity of fire;  
From the green fusion of flowers & plants  
To simple romances of rock pools & shells;  
From love affairs of chemicals & stars  
To corresponding human realms: where things  
Get decidedly more rarefied & complex.

Dominic Windram

# Love's Fallen Nature

Love's fallen nature:  
Darkness corrodes the spirit;  
Hubris clouds the soul.

Dominic Windram

# Love's Flashing Madness

Love's flashing madness:  
A golden eternity;  
Encased in brief hours!

Dominic Windram

# Love's Light Creates Shadows

Love's light creates shadows.  
Moments in Mozart's music  
Hint at birth and death.

Dominic Windram

# Love's Long, Patient Road

Love's long patient road  
Leads to sweet |Eternity:  
Where faith's flowers bloom.

Dominic Windram



# Love's Radiance

O Love's white radiance shines forth  
From the still centre of the world.  
It is a spark of the divine;  
The essence of man, beast and bird!

Dominic Windram

# Love's Tears

Love's tears are pouring  
Down over this burning ground;  
This modern wasteland.

Dominic Windram

# Love's Warm Blood

Love's warm blood rises  
Up to blend with the roses;  
In summer's garden.

Dominic Windram

# Ludwig The Second Of Bavaria - The Moon King

The Moon King was a great, restless spirit  
Who teetered on the verge of madness;  
Who knew the joy of verdant creation  
And the icy solitude of dark stars;  
Pale, mysterious brother to the sun;  
Swan feathered dreamer in a prosaic world.

His troubled legacy remains despite  
The mists of time and the twilight shadows.  
His fairy tale castles were forged from legends;  
Where picture book rays of beauty abound:  
Opulent statues and chandeliers;  
Porcelain peacocks of permanent bliss;  
Ivory candelabras with dozens of branches;  
Sumptuous carpets spun from ostrich plumes;  
Crystal mirrors, vast silk and velvet drapes;  
And marble rose petals gleaming with dew.

O fabled kingdom of colour and light  
Built on cruel earth of decay and despair.  
Archaic diamond studded dynasty;  
Where illusion confounds reality;  
An artificial paradise removed  
From life's unceasing change and sorrows

Dominic Windram

# Lux In Tenebris

The distances of stars; the depths of space;  
Cannot compare to the heart's dark places.  
They're hinted at in poetry and art,  
But even the most skilled of masters can't  
Ever hope to transcribe their vast sorrows.  
How can one convey the layers of grief  
Caused by cruel Time's deadly, piercing arrows?  
How can one decipher Death's winding sheets,  
Or the raging, inner realms of madness?  
Easier to describe crass sentiments;  
Than try to trace the deep roots of sadness.  
Easier to focus on the ornamental;  
Than depict the wounded soul's bleakest nights.  
Or to draw darkness out into the light;  
Where it can be confronted and conquered  
And, to a certain extent, comprehended.

Dominic Windram

# Luxor Hotel: Las Vegas

Monolithic black pyramid;  
Fronted by a garish sphinx.  
For the ancients the tip  
Of the pyramid was the point  
Where time touches eternity:  
A symbol of transcendence.  
Here it's a sign without meaning;  
A glorious laser show,  
Housing a dead god;  
Where the prodigal sons  
Sow their wild seeds  
In an expenditure without reserve;  
That ends in spiritual decay,  
Not inner transformation.

Dominic Windram

# Mad Drivers!

I don't wish to moan or shout about it,  
But is it too much to expect careless,  
Frenzied drivers to slow down at junctions  
Or when they are approaching roundabouts?

Dominic Windram

# Mad World

Nobody listens.  
In the mad, modern circus  
It's just dog eat dog.

Dominic Windram



## Mad World 2

I will sleep in peace until tomorrow,  
When the shrieking world breaks through the silence,  
And it's brightly coloured chaos again:  
All the political machinations;  
All the striving to serve economics  
All the pointless celebrity gossip;  
All the endless chatter about nothing;  
Surely there is much more to consider.

Dominic Windram

## Magic And Wonder Versus Sterility.

There's a profound magic in the creative mind.  
For certain wild artists and poets, it washes  
Over them suddenly, like a tidal wave or  
It strikes them instantly like lightning. They absorb  
Nature's sublime power. Yet for others it is  
A very different matter. For those ones of  
A more pedantic persuasion, their view of things  
is blinkered by custom and habit. For they  
See the world, as bereft of magic and wonder,  
As deserts are of water. Dryness claims their souls!

Dominic Windram

# Mainline Connections

Mainline connections:

In a dark world of absence

And disenchantment.

Dominic Windram

# Mainstream Media: Oh How We Love It!

They tell us that they want to make programmes  
That everyone will watch and like. Really? ! !  
Well if that's the case then I think that they  
Should take a hike, as that's impossible!  
Their cheap bargain basement shows are surely  
An affront to entertainment. Their News  
Bulletins are blatant propaganda.  
As a person of exquisite taste,  
I'd like to make a quick suggestion to  
The powers that reign supreme in T.V land.  
Let's have more of Bergman and Tarkovsky!  
Let's have more of Bresson and Fellini!  
And much, much less of the usual diet  
Of moronic, Americanised crap!

Dominic Windram

# Maintaining The Status Quo

The hackneyed, old machinery targets  
Those still willing to question the sickness.  
The austere officialdom that drives it  
Is incapable of comprehending  
The consciousness of Mercy's warm kingdom.  
For the blood hardens in its metal heart;  
As it devours the devout resistance  
Of fresh, fluid philosophies;  
As its' hired media mercenaries  
Extinguish Utopia's hopes and dreams.

Dominic Windram

# Make Me A Mask

Make me a mask to hide from the world's pain.  
May no lamentations dampen my eyes.  
May all black clouds, filled to the brim with rain,  
Drift from view and be replaced by deep blue skies.

Dominic Windram

## Making The Most Of Lockdown: (Sort Of)

I'm trying to decipher scribbles of rain:  
In random patterns across my window pane.  
Perhaps that just goes to show how bored I am.  
Yet I am sure some of you will understand.  
I have even started to compile long lists  
Of all and sundry; from the best works of Lizst  
To the greatest U.S golfers of all time.  
(And rating poets/ painters is simply sublime!)  
From my top 100 pop/ rock albums, to  
My favourite films and singers: old and new.  
I don't know how long this bleak lockdown will last,  
But I'm certain that I've more than enough lists  
To occupy my time. It can't be denied  
That it is much better than watching paint dry!

Dominic Windram

# Malls Are Here To Stay

O these malls are vast climate controlled domes:  
Where it is permanent, joyous spring time  
And the fragrances are always so sweet;  
Where one can pleasantly shop till one drops  
While breathing in the warm, micro waved air;  
Where the looped pop music must always play;  
Diurnal Time is of no real concern;  
Where calendared holidays and seasons  
Have been so carefully commodified,  
And airbrushed for our total pleasure.  
These bright malls have replaced the old town square  
And the quaint yet earthy outdoor market  
They're modern cathedrals for consumers.  
They glow with a soft, artificial light.

Dominic Windram



# Manic Modern World

As I drive through the city streets at night,  
All's a blaze of billboards & flashing lights.  
I speed past fast food outlets & cheap stores.  
I notice beggars brace the cold by shop doors.  
This manic, modern world is dog eat dog.  
It now worships idols and lesser gods.  
I'm so tired of this bankrupt nation  
Of postindustrial alienation.  
So many are trapped by the nine to five.  
Who knows what it means to be fully alive?  
We need to slow down, and take time to reflect.  
That goes for me too, as I'm feeling wrecked!

Dominic Windram

# Manic World

No backward glances.  
There's no time for reflection:  
Just propaganda.  
Blame your government!  
And compliant media.  
We need to keep moving on  
No back stage moments.  
&quot;Life's not a dress rehearsal&quot;;  
But a rudderless boat  
Adrift on a vast ocean.  
Nothing is certain.  
So one needs to 'improvise'  
At every moment;  
On a regular basis.  
No thinking allowed:  
Just vaguely follow one's heart.  
Prepare for the fight  
And peg on a persona.  
Just pass the Prozac.  
There's no time to meditate.  
Just keep busy by  
Doing nothing of great note.  
Go with the sweet flow  
Of the bland, amorphous crowd.  
No lions just sheep;  
No visions just edicts.  
Art & music are  
Now all out plagiarism:  
Just an ad man's dream.  
The locusts are descending.

Dominic Windram

# Manifesto

I denounce the frozen metal certainties  
Of the faceless machine; I refuse to pray  
To primitive totems adored by elites.  
Leech like passion clings to crude idols of clay.  
I will keep on wrestling with my angels, □  
To create feral forms of vital beauty  
I'm tired of paltry, painted skeletons!  
I'll compose vast sketches of reality.  
And utilize the hard - bitten bones of Truth  
To sustain and order bold layers of flesh.  
I will plot profound dreamscapes of Age & Youth.  
I will mine mortal seams of hope & distress  
And gather them into a single folio.  
I shall reclaim the prodigal rays of light  
That flood through imperious stained glass windows.  
And via Art I shall filter and refine.  
My heart will throb to a different rhythm.  
Transitory matters shall be transcended.  
I know my gifts are girded & God given.  
I will capture sordid things and make them blessed.  
And they shall become sweet hymns of devotion.  
I will speak of molecules, moon, flower, star.  
I will praise deep mysteries of Creation.  
I will pour my life's blood - my peculiar,  
petulant essence onto the pure white page.  
Until the precious light of words leaps like flames!

Dominic Windram

## Manifesto 2

We need drive, wisdom and vision. We must escape  
The inertia of so called art institutions.

We must always seek to inspire, transcend and  
Stimulate. We need to help others to perceive  
Realms of pure light; that are hidden from us by  
Ubiquitous media commercialism.

We must transform humdrum lamentations into  
Songs and hymns of rapture: beautify consciousness.

We must plant seeds in the minds of the populous;  
In the hope that a million flowers will bloom.

Dominic Windram

# Manifesto 7

Let us begin us expand consciousness.

Let the bleak deserts of war be replaced by fields of fresh flowers.

Let life take on the form of a more refined poetic beauty.

Let true democracy arise so that people will not rely on self serving leaders and their obsequious acolytes.

Let ragged justice be released from its dank, dirty prison.

Let grey, archaic institutions of crude power  
Be transformed into lush playgrounds of love.

Let authentic freedom reign supreme, so that it is not just an ideal  
To be discovered in a textbook or glossy magazine.

Dominic Windram

# Manifesto: 2019

Let the vast deserts of war be replaced by fragrant fields of flowers

Let life take on the form of poetic beauty.

Let true democracy arise, so that people will not rely on leaders.

Let justice be released from its dank, dirty prison.

Let archaic institutions of crude power, be gently transformed, into playgrounds of love.

Let freedom reign supreme, so that it is not just an ideal to be found in textbooks.

Let us provide everyone with the tools to experience holy,  
Infinite consciousness.

Dominic Windram

## Many Nights I Have Waited...

Many nights I have waited for beauty  
To whisper to me, but it seems that dreams  
Are not always fulfilled. O I still reach  
Out for the stars, although these times are bleak.

Dominic Windram

# Many Times I Walked The Streets With Visions (Glasgow,1993)

I walked the streets with bold, electric visions.  
I sensed instinctively the cold steel machinery  
Behind ungodly, urban designs.

I walked the streets with lucid visions.  
I saw the skull beneath the skin;  
In the face of the frenzied crowd.

I walked the streets with nightmare visions.  
I beheld the sons and daughters of  
Contemporary acedia. They were  
Wearing ancient crowns of thorns.

I walked the streets with sorrowful visions.  
I heard the cries of the dispossessed;  
Rotting in their ragged poverty.  
I witnessed the desperate junkie fix:  
In the swollen, starless night

I walked the streets with tenebrous visions.  
I watched the sweet flowers of love  
Shrivel up: in an arid desert of lust.

I walked the streets with toxic visions.  
I smelt the stale aroma of modern living;  
Wafting aimlessly through the air.

I walked the streets with prophetic visions.  
I passed countless shops of consumer dreams;  
Glittering with a thousand lights.  
Yet how quickly they turned to dust  
In the twinkling of an eye.

I walked the streets with apocalyptic visions.  
The sky was ablaze with white seraphim  
And black devils in eternal battle;  
Over the dominions of earth and heaven.



I walked through the streets with redeeming visions  
I observed pugnacious yet poetic protests  
against the vast, iron tentacles of intractable war.

I walked the streets with golden visions:  
Warmed by a feeling, that despite all the blight,  
There are still spaces within this broken world;  
That cannot be infiltrated by its dark agents.  
For holy is the power of pellucid, limitless imagination.

Dominic Windram

## Marginalised Poets

The progressive draining of light,  
By the forces of pitch black night,  
Has left them lost and broken.  
Their notions remain unspoken.

Dominic Windram

## Mark Rothko (1903 - 1970)

He captured Beauty's blurry edges  
With soft colours; evoking stillness.  
Some people have broken down, and  
Wept, when confronted with his work

Dominic Windram

# Mark Rothko, No.7 (Dark Brown, Gray, Orange) ,1963.

Soft, brushy borders  
Surrounding fields of colour:  
Dark brown, gray, orange  
Juxtaposed, elicit a  
Multi - fold range of  
Emotional responses.  
They suggest new realms,  
Possibilities; layers  
Of deep mystery  
That revitalise the soul.

Dominic Windram

# Marketing Tactics

Marketing tactics:

A thousand ways to distract

The conforming herd.

Dominic Windram

## Marking Time: (August15th,2020)

Summer's blood flows like  
Wine through the verdant veins of  
Trees, plants and flowers.  
Yet within us, it often  
Seems to be stifled.  
Consciousness can kill the flow  
Of tender insight  
And feeling: human failing.  
Many troubled thoughts  
Sneer and snarl at well-being.  
Miracles of light  
Slowly emerge from behind  
Drowsy, thick, white clouds.  
Nature's forgotten whispers,  
That once emitted,  
Hope to past ages, drift on  
The curious wind.  
Time passes by. O It is  
Indifferent to  
Our present woes! Yet I ask  
Surreptitiously  
When will Love sprout wings again?  
Can we ever hope  
To break away from self - doubt  
And the confines of  
This purely functional age?

Dominic Windram

# Marooned In Monkey Land

The lone poet grieves.  
Angels bleed in purgatory.  
Life is a lead weight.

Dominic Windram

# Mask Of Vanity

Remove the vain mask,  
From your scarred, embittered face,  
And look me in the eye!

Dominic Windram



# Mass Murderers

For seasoned killers,  
Bombs are like budding roses;  
Bullets are like rhymes.

Dominic Windram

# Master Painter

He's the master craftsman of soft burning bliss:  
Who's concerned with the seed and not the flower.  
He captures the light and shade of joy and loss;  
He's blessed with a subtle, discerning power.

He's aware of extremes that spoil the effect:  
Such as when one object obscures another.  
He discovers then creates; never dissects.  
His palette abounds with vivid, fresh colours.

He is so self assured in his wisdom that  
The slow arrow of beauty will hit the mark.  
From purple tainted skies of evening twilight  
To rich golden cornfields and silver strewn stars.

From his pristine dove whitened winter landscapes  
To his surreal meanderings; genius prevails.  
He's a painter who portrays, but doesn't preach.  
The detail in each brushstroke is so complete.

Dominic Windram

# Maths' Dream

Hovering between  
Twenty six & twenty nine  
Maths dreams descending! '

Dominic Windram

# Maths Help

O I have got numerous solutions  
To those tricky quadratic equations.  
I want to eliminate all confusion;  
And face the problem; not seek evasion.  
I can make surds and trigonometry  
Seem rather interesting and quite easy.  
Don't let Pi and Pythagoras stagger you.  
Don't allow algebra to give you the blues.  
Don't get entangled in questions on angles.  
There's really nothing that you cannot handle.  
I've got lots of papers and topic tests.  
You see with Maths, your brain can never rest.  
Please remember to set out your work neatly  
For if you don't, you'll fail your G.C.S.E!

Dominic Windram

## Matt Hancock's Half Hour (Lockdown: June 7th,2020)

O I notice that the government scientists  
No longer accompany mad Matt Hancock  
On T.V for the daily coronavirus  
Themed briefing. Is this wise I wonder? On Friday  
He took questions on his own. He reminded me  
Of a nervous, yet adventurous boy setting  
Off to ride his beloved bicycle for the very  
First time; without the aid of stabilisers.

Dominic Windram

## Maundy Thursday: (April 9th,2020)

O we should embrace our common humanity,  
And share the sacramental bread and wine. We need  
To be united; as we move ever onwards;  
Towards a deeper, more perfect, communion.

Dominic Windram

## Maundy Thursday: (Sweet Brotherhood And Sisterhood)

"A new command I give you: Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another." (John 13: 34) .

O the April winds have turned decidedly warmer.  
The white blossoms are as soft and light as snowfall.  
Everything around us, that not so long ago  
Was once so hard, bleak and frosty, now seems tinged with  
A subtle beauty. Yet this humane Eucharist  
Of promise; of sweet brotherhood and sisterhood;  
Revealed to us throughout the centuries, is still  
To be realised, in our crude, profligate world.

Dominic Windram

# Mausoleum Smiles

Adverts are always overtly optimistic:  
Filled with shiny, happy, youthful faces.  
Nothing that suggests sorrow.  
Or hint at darker aspects of life,  
Is allowed to enter the airbrushed  
Sentimentalised world of their dreams.  
Yet there's something odd & perverse  
About these saccharine smiles;  
Like the contrived smiles of corpses,  
In flower strewn, fragranced funeral homes.

Dominic Windram



# May Has Now Arrived

May has now arrived.  
The leaves look greener in the  
Ripening sunlight.

Dominic Windram

# May I Never Cease To Wonder

May I never cease to wonder:  
At the cascading crystal blue waters  
Of the waterfall; at each new dawn's  
Sweet sunbursts of flesh pink magic.  
At the moonlight flashing in the mirror;  
At the night's stars gently vibrating;  
At the jellyfish swell of oceanic dreaming;  
At the sheer joy of eternal becoming.

Dominic Windram

# May The Palaces...

May the palaces  
Of our souls never become  
Haunted by spectres.

Dominic Windram

# May We Remember M.L.K Every April: (April 4th 2020)

When we think of Love's insights, we recall his name.  
In the face of inertia, he represented change.  
The wisdom of the centuries flowed through his veins.  
The power of his epic speeches still vibrates.

Dominic Windram

# May Your Angel...

May your angel free  
You from guilt, and dark prisons,  
Of angst and despair.

Dominic Windram

# Media Control

Media control is ubiquitous.  
Like bacteria & beetles,  
It breeds exponentially.  
Images crack like whips  
Over bruised retinas until we acquiesce.  
The contrived colonization of concepts  
Renders us blind to those who endure  
The ragged indignity of occupation.  
Collateral damage - is the euphemism  
That covers a multitude of sins.  
Digital screens mask the silent screams  
With perpetual theatrical spectacles.  
Artificial barriers compromise  
The teeming essence of humanity.

Dominic Windram

## Media Control 2

Thousands of channels,  
Yet mainstream media seems  
To speak with one voice.

Dominic Windram

# Media Montage 1: September 5th 2019

Testing times in Trouble land!

News flash: some people heard a bomb explode this morning and saw shrapnel fly out in all directions. We do not yet know the numbers of casualties or fatalities.

Are you an informed citizen or a casual spectator?

Where do you stand on the deployment of tasars?

What do you think of the inevitable proliferation of nuclear weapons?

What is the will of the people with regard to Trump and Brexit?

Now the powers that be have paved verdant life away and turned it into a wasteland, what is your opinion?

What has happened to standards in public life I hear you say?

But no matter...not to worry we still have bright illusions that will dazzle you.

We've polished up plastic fragments and created new get ready for a wonderful world of non stop fun.

Believe us you'll start seeing things differently:

Deep cleaning is easy, fast and fun.

You can sanitise your home from top to bottom.

We have turbo charged workouts

To get you into the best shape of your life.

What do colours taste like?

Find out with Rainbow Riot fresheners.

Go see a gig. Grab your tickets now!

We have comfort and support for a great night's sleep.

We have pillows that look and feel luxurious.

Wake up feeling fresh and revived.

O that was so soothing wasn't it?

We've gotta get the world off our backs.

We have wireless headphones for free.

They are brand spanking new.

We have unlimited films and

Lot and lots of sports

Live with no irritating interruptions:

Our programmes abound with incisive commentary.

We have thousands of websites to suit your needs;

No need anymore for ideas scribbled on scraps of paper.

Deworm your dogs in case of internal parasites.



For they are wonderful pets  
There's no sitting back anymore.  
You have to regain control of your life.  
These products are game changers.  
Absolutely nothing else will do.

O Love is in the air!  
You might meet someone special tonight.  
Modern love will pull you up from the underworld.  
You will feel like a Greek god or goddess!  
Don't go chasing crooked shadows.  
We have everything you need right here...right now.

Dominic Windram

## Media Montage 2: September 5th 2019.

She was a wild girl: she was freedom's daughter,  
But look at her now confined to corporate controlled Hades;  
Selling random products with such inane glee.  
Without the faintest hint of irony,  
She says that you have to order via free phone:  
You receive 50% off your first purchase apparently.  
Still one never knows; the gods might yet call out her name...  
He was growling at her like a grizzled bear.  
But all in all he's a good egg...'a real nice guy'.  
He just feels he has to prove himself from time to time.  
O they could be so much more than part time lovers.  
But couldn't he, just for once, buy her something that doesn't remind me of her  
recent past...

We casually flick through channels;  
In a mind numbing state of zero consciousness.  
O what words of wisdom the media voices are mouthing today:  
'Being an astronaut is possibly the coolest thing in the world.'  
'When starting a business you sometimes need to improvise.'  
'There must be some way to retrieve that data! '  
Nowadays we can travel to iconic landmarks anywhere in the world:  
'Hey you guys..it's as hot as hell over here! '

Industry experts and business leaders are as irritating  
As midges at a camp site. How I'd like to swat them all away!  
Endless labyrinths and mazes of colour and sound.  
Lost values and creeds wither away in the heart's wastelands;  
Unnecessary intrusions into private lives  
By the overtly curious modern generation...  
I have profound visions of many things  
But I feel that happiness is merely an illusion.

The tennis star is saying that he just kept on going point by point.  
O he played such lovely strokes and timed them really well!  
Of course, it seems he's happy as long as he's making plenty of Wonder Core  
exercise guide tells me that its fine brand  
Will get my entire body working effectively  
And that I will be in the best shape of my life.

The ageing politician is utterly untrustworthy.  
Indeed, he is a compulsive liar.  
Now he faces a highly charged legal challenge.  
One in ten of his countrymen are openly racist.

Woe to those who bless the bones of the carcass.  
Woe to those who sow seeds of dissent and confusion.  
We need miracles more than ever in this wayward world.  
Got to keep hanging on. According to the glitsy God channel,  
The key is prayer. Prayer is required.  
So pray, pray, pray...have a nice day!

Dominic Windram

## Meditation 7

Search for the inner Light,  
In the name of stillness.  
Discover profound truths,  
At the heart of silence.

Dominic Windram

# Meditations (The Headland, Hartlepool, November 2017)

The red and white boat goes gliding by  
Under a golden, autumnal sky;  
Searching for the silvery treasures  
That the sea provides in vast measure.

Life's like a boat in which we recline,  
From smooth sailing to great storms sublime  
We should not dwell too much on dark things,  
But we should embrace all that joy brings.  
Surely we can turn discord into rhyme  
As we `re only here for a brief time.

Dominic Windram

# Medjugorje

Apparitions are said to appear here:  
The Virgin Mary clad in blue and white;  
Regulation rosaries changing colour;  
Hearts and crosses spinning round the sun.  
For me there's too much noise & hysteria here;  
To expect visitations from the great beyond.  
Invariably what one chooses to perceive here  
Is a placebo effect; a self - fulfilling prophecy.  
For me this is a kind of cut price religious practice;  
So typical in tourist themed, modern times.  
Why summon fluorescent presences? Surely it's  
Better to leave them be? Far better to cultivate  
An inner sanctuary of profound peace  
Within oneself: via silent prayer or meditation.  
Although it's much less enthralling,  
In the long term, it's much more liberating!

Dominic Windram

# Melodies Of Light

Melodies of light,  
Play across my garden lawn,  
In rhythmic patterns.

Dominic Windram

# Memories Endure

Youth's sun is setting:  
Photographic memories  
Of enchanted days.

Dominic Windram



## Memories Of A Music Festival (2008)

All the 'cool' tribes were assembled there  
Musos, ravers; extras from the cast of 'Hair'.  
Goths, trendies and punks; new age travellers;  
All sorts of rapt, pleasure seeking revellers.  
O they spouted such nonsense while on the 'grass':  
Not so peaceful after the stupor had passed.  
I witnessed such wild, surreal antics from everyone;  
Under a blazing sun, as the music played on (and on and on...)  
I never did return after that  
I guess I still wonder what they meant  
When they said, 'Hey man this is where it's at!'  
It seems I see right through all the misty sentiment.

Dominic Windram

# Memories Of Spring

Memories of Spring:  
The vivid blossoms remain  
And their keen fragrance.

Dominic Windram

# Mental Chess

Be warned. I'm aware  
Of every key move you make.  
And then it's check mate!

Dominic Windram

## Mephistopheles (Dedicated To T.B.)

Even though you invoke God's name,  
You cannot fool us anymore.  
Although you still cloak your black desires  
With the superficial gloss of sound bites.

You cannot fool us anymore  
With your Cheshire Cat grin;  
With the superficial gloss of sound bites.  
We perceive your forked tongue.

With your Cheshire Cat grin,  
You still haunt the hallways & corridors of power.  
We perceive your forked tongue.  
The blood money still pours down to you.

You still haunt the hallways & corridors of power,  
Despite the ragged prophecies.  
The blood money still pours down to you,  
In hell's dark basement where you now dwell.

Despite the ragged prophecies,  
You're still a media darling;  
In hell's dark basement where you now dwell;  
With all the police protection.

You're still a media darling;  
Backed by corporations.  
With all the police protection.  
The angels have fled the sordid scene.

Backed by corporations,  
You set fire to the Middle East.  
The angels have fled the sordid scene  
Because of all your lies.

You set fire to the Middle East  
In the twinkling of an eye  
Because of all your lies  
We no longer believe a word you say.

Dominic Windram

# Metamorphoses

The soft light that captures a rose in bloom  
Transforms the stream into sapphire blue.  
It caresses the delicate wings of birds;  
Transfigures poets as visions become words.  
O it seems for brief, flashing moments of bliss  
To enlighten & enlarge our consciousness.

The sovereign Light that shines gently forth from  
The still heart of the world, redeems kingdoms  
Hidden from the eye. It punctuates dreams  
And turns despair into silvery streams.  
It seems to resurrect our mortal clay  
From the darkest realms of doubt and decay.

Dominic Windram

# Metaphor Versus Literal Truth

O I consider it most unwise to conflate  
Fluid metaphor with rigid, literal truth;  
Just as it is to idly spend one's precious days  
Dreaming up arcane conspiracies without proof.

Dominic Windram

# Micromanagers

Micromanagers:

Like midges at a campsite,  
They're so annoying!

Dominic Windram



# Mid September Dreams

Mid-September dreams,  
Of bright, birthday surprises,  
And then the silence.

All the wasted years,  
Come flooding back frequently,  
Like unwelcome guests.

Dominic Windram

# Middle Class Masquerades: (A 2.00 A.M Report From A Party In A Remote Part Of England: 2015)

I'm at a preposterous party  
In a ruined mansion by the woods.  
Let me describe the absurdist scenes:  
Educated airheads with bright green  
Fingernails are chain smoking cigars  
And cigarettes in the hazy hallways whilst  
Swooning over Leonard Cohen & J. B Corbyn.  
The pseuds & dracs are drinking gallons  
Of home brewed beer & cider:  
Bullshit stories are abounding.

Dreams dance wildly in the dining room.  
There are poets & pantomime clowns  
Dangling from broken chandeliers.  
In the lounge self congratulation  
And self abasement compete for attention.  
Barmy boffins & retro beatniks  
Gather near the billiard table:  
Ruminating about roundness.  
And there are vast trays of vegan treats  
For those who have gotten the munchies.

The air is thick with incense smoke,  
Cannabis & coriander.  
I'm becoming slightly dismayed  
With constant blasts of nothingness  
& idiotic middle class masks;  
That fail to hide deep neuroses.  
I've got to take some pure air  
Outside of this pretentious purgatory;  
And listen wisely, intently  
To nature's sweet & soothing music.

Dominic Windram

# Middle Management Disease

O those meddling, middle managers!  
They are of no real significance.  
They're mere flies in the marketplace.  
Their presence is as thin as credit cards.

Dominic Windram

# Midnight

Midnight's deep silence:  
The moon and stars are glowing  
Over the grey streets.

Dominic Windram

# Military Might

Military might:

Torturous processions of  
State sponsored power.

Dominic Windram

# Mind Heavens

Mind heavens emerge  
Now, and ever so gently:  
Inner blissfulness

Dominic Windram

# Mind's Flowers In Bloom

Mind's flowers in bloom:  
The great gift of consciousness;  
Inner worlds emerge.

Dominic Windram

## Miracle Worker/ Miser

There was once a bloke from Leeds  
Who did miraculous deeds.  
He could make it rain at will.  
He could make the rivers still.  
But he couldn't control his greed!

N.B Yorkshire men are known for their tightfistedness with money! .

Dominic Windram



# Mirrors

I stare in mirrors  
To decipher my dark soul;  
But it evades me.

Dominic Windram

# Misidentification

You like to refer to them as rebels,  
But for me they are mere fashion victims.  
You may say that they represent freedom,  
But I see them as akin to wild dogs  
Barking in the dark. You claim that they are  
Inventing a new language, but all I  
Hear is the cacophony of crude words.  
You may adore them, but I certainly don't!

Dominic Windram

# Missing You

When I wandered down to the hallowed place,  
Where we once used to love and laugh and play,  
I thought I caught a flashing glimpse of your ghost:  
Among the roses where the summer breeze blows.  
How I miss your smiles and your shining presence!  
Now there's only the darkness of absence.  
Perhaps we'll be reunited in eternity  
With the elegant angels for company.

Dominic Windram

# Model Railway Enthusiasts

Cranky collectors and creators  
Of a curious miniature world;  
Dedicated to correct design;  
Disciples of detail; colour and shade;  
Driven by a childlike wonder of  
Scaled down stations and handmade wagons.

Pedantic problem solvers engaged  
In this surreal, microcosmic world;  
Of cool, clockwork regularity;  
Of quiescent tracks bordered by trees;  
Of steam, diesel, electric engines;  
Where finely painted passengers are  
Always gently (ever so gently)  
Depicted browsing newspapers;  
Where commuters with stiff upper lips;  
Patiently wait on pristine platforms;  
Where sheep are forever grazing;  
Fluffy white in evergreen fields;  
Where the sun streams from the blue heavens;  
Bathing everything in golden light.

Lost steam age of Albion that throbs  
Longingly in fading memories;  
Nostalgic dreaming for a time;  
That never really was in truth;  
A semblance of order for those so  
Woefully out of tune and out of step  
With the spirit of modern times.  
It's a chance to play God for a while.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Apathy

Modern apathy:

Who will trace the lost voices

Fading in the wind?

Dominic Windram

# Modern Behaviour

Modern behaviour:  
Ridiculous dramatics  
And fake engagements.

Dominic Windram

## Modern Britain (August 2019)

Junkies & beggars proliferate in plagued streets.  
Poor families have to feed their kids from food banks.  
While the rich still feed like swine from golden troughs.  
Austerity for the many; tax cuts for some,  
In a callous land where elite Tory boys rule.  
Is it the 51st state of the U.S.A?  
Pointless paperwork to keep teachers and nurses in line;  
While hospitals and schools remain underfunded.  
The vain establishment papers over the cracks;  
while a dwindling few try hard to expose the truth.  
Some want to resurrect old, imperial ghosts;  
While others just want to make it to the next day.  
Some are 'Little Englanders': their false consciousness masked  
By tales of former glories and lots of flag waving.  
Modern Britain: it's a complete hell hole for most.  
Better get out quick before the whole place subsides!

Dominic Windram

# Modern Circus

Mad, modern circus:  
Angels & artistes have fled.  
Only clowns remain.

Dominic Windram



# Modern Communication

People have two ears  
And only one mouth. I wish  
They'd remember this.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Day Circus (Inspired By Guy Debord)

Modern day circus of bright distractions:  
Replete with clowns and crude celebrities  
Witness the wondrous acrobatic feats  
Of rhetoric and disinformation!  
Witness strong men of action hero fame.  
Witness jugglers replace social critics.

The Media run this multi coloured show.  
Citizens are content to acquiesce.  
Power is concealed. For we never get  
To know the shadowy ringmaster's name.  
There is still a way to break the cycle.  
Simply wake up and smell the coffee!

Dominic Windram

# Modern Day Crucifixion

I've observed the crucified sons  
Of countless, dead end Northern towns.  
All the glamour & the sparkle  
Has slowly faded from their eyes.  
They're merely twenty four hour servants  
To a corrupt system they despise.

Trapped like caged rats from cradle to grave  
Cold, grey ghosts now crowd the ruins of  
Their lost selves. Strange thoughts of suicide  
Betray the search for real meaning.  
And nebulous thoughts of Utopia  
Betray the need for real living.

Slow death; the evil stench of lies:  
Something terrible in the air  
That always pollutes the pure pools  
Of profound stillness and silence.

Night like a black sun smears the sky.  
O fear the warm pistol behind,  
The cold embrace. And curse the day  
You were ever born. O burn down  
The frayed house of vain illusion  
You cannot live there anymore.

Love lies wounded among the thorns;  
Bleeding afresh. The ruined flesh  
Of Innocence has lost touch with itself  
And all that held it close. Despair's cancer  
Is terminal. Starved off affection,  
Love is now just an exchange of fluids.

Something in all of us has died.  
Something in all us has died  
Needle & vein engage in a kiss  
That will lead to closer communion.

New horrors unfold at the break

Of each day; at the turn of each page;  
In bold newspaper print; In some  
Shelter or abandoned home.  
In solitary confinement,  
We are holding on for dear life.  
For, it seems, we know nothing else.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Day Delinquents

O they are attached to their smart phones,  
Like moths to light bulbs or candle flames.  
O they play infantile games;  
Seemingly twenty four hours a day!  
They've the attention span of goldfish;  
And are abysmally lacking in:  
The noble art of conversation,  
Common courtesy and compassion.  
How I wish I was a million miles  
From here; on a more evolved planet!

Dominic Windram

## Modern Day Hamlet (Soliloquy)

O they were my cursed, former friends:  
The bland Rosencrantz & Guildenstern;  
Such superficial fools; blinded by  
The spurious light of crude custom:  
Of gimmicks & gadgets & fashion.  
O they were unreconstructed sheep;  
Mere lickspittles of the status quo;  
Poor players in life's profound pageant.  
They reckoned that I would not succeed.  
O where are they now? Where are they now? !

Dominic Windram

# Modern Day Masquerades

What guises shall we wear to engage in  
Society's modern day masquerades?  
Shall we just play it safe or go for broke?  
Will we be classed as left wing radical  
Or perhaps conservative conformist?  
Will we be classed as trendy liberal?  
Will we be labelled as hero, villain,  
Dilettante, gambler, cynic or crazed clown?  
It all depends on mainstream media  
And tainted, titillating tabloid press.  
Just be careful they do not turn you into  
A caricature, as they've successfully  
Done with Mr Corbyn, who is in fact,  
A warrior for the working classes.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Disenchantment

O we move uneasily through the cold realms of  
The interpreted world. We seek more vital  
Forms of existence; beyond stifling concepts.  
We desire the dreams of angels; but we remain,  
It seems, merely shadows of what we could be.  
We seek profound intimacy with others.  
Yet this profligate, modern world appears primed  
For crude, casual affairs of the heart and soul.

Dominic Windram



## Modern Disenchantment 2

We're caught up in the barbed wire,  
Of this modern disenchantment.  
We seek release. O we are tired!  
It means that we have to dissent.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Educational Establishments And More

O these shiny, new colleges look more like  
Airport lounges, than key centres of learning.  
There seem to be a marked focus on design,  
Rather than actual course content. Things  
Appear to be going more and more that way,  
As I look around this 'brave new world' that we  
Have created. My local pub was quite plain,  
But now it's gone all Day- Glo. Whose dreams are these  
That permeate our modern landscapes? They look  
More like bright Pop Art paintings, than anything  
Resembling reality. I miss the old pub's  
Grubby, yet convivial atmosphere. Things  
Are now so different. Now one can't even smoke  
Freely there any more. It's a complete joke!

Dominic Windram

# Modern Gadgetry

O what would life be like without flat screens  
And Broadband 'speeds' to suit our wants and needs? !  
Perhaps we'd have to read more ' boring' books  
Or converse properly, with any luck.

Dominic Windram

## Modern Goddess: (Love Is A Drug)

O she is a goddess sublime:  
Of many light & shadowed aspects.  
From time to time, I glimpse her signs.  
Her countenance is powdered perfect.  
She takes the form of crystal white  
And purifies my darkened mind.  
She scatters angel dust at my feet  
As soft and white as snow; bitter sweet.  
She quickens the blood in my veins  
And stirs illusions in my brain.  
She makes me feel like soaring high  
Into the sun kissed, deep blue skies.  
She's gently sculpted beauty rare:  
An arch seducer beyond compare.  
I dream of her every day & night.  
O I fear the descent from such heights.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Life

O Modern life seems to nourish the trivial  
And inflate the spectacular! Celebrities  
Assume a warped normality; as they seem to  
Live out a thousand dreams and desires for us.  
We witness the superficial saturation  
Of our screens via private lives becoming  
Increasingly public in titillating  
Talk shows and ridiculous ' Reality'  
T.V programmes. Tragedies and horrors are now  
Regurgitated and sanitised in rampant  
Twenty four hour news programmes and documentaries.  
The bleakest human face is rendered meaningless.  
It has become a mere freely floating image  
Competing for attention; amidst myriad  
distractions: information collides with advertising.  
With the exponential rise of social media,  
There is now the forced extroversion of our  
interior lives. No halo of protection  
Surrounds dity signs abound. We are  
Drawn to the faux beauty of plastic surgery.  
The logo symbolises status in a shrinking world.  
Yet, the once revered, divine Logos is now defunct.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Living

The clothes that we wear:  
High fashion to hide the scars  
In these banal times.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Living In 2020

O we have become hollowed out creatures.  
We're like shadows: lacking colour and form.  
We are strangers to one another.  
We work in silence behind glass counters.  
We've become accustomed to the mundane.  
O we drift through the days, as though we had  
All the time in the world. We're not present  
In the true sense of the word. For we need  
To be fully present to receive love.  
For currently, we only seem to glimpse  
A flicker of sun; the spectre of a rose.  
We cling to obscure objects of desire;  
But soon find them nebulous.. meaningless.  
Occasionally, a frail light flashes  
Across our consciousness. And we are once  
Again reminded of life's preciousness.  
We dream of what we could be. Yet if we  
Are to remain in the presence of grace,  
Moment by moment, we need to let go  
Of our fears, and embrace the ways,  
Of warm communion. And if we can  
Manage that, the light will grow stronger.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Maelstrom

Millions of images speed past us daily.  
The incessant blurring of space and time,  
For many of, is still truly frightening.  
We're lost in virtual labyrinths.  
Symbols of violence pervade the ages  
From the baiting of bull and bear,  
To extravagant film spectacles.  
Now we have sanitised wars on screen;  
Where the innocent invariably die,  
Before the casual gaze of our eyes.  
This involuntary compliance  
To the prevailing forces of darkness  
Strengthens the need for more  
Edifying frames of reference.  
Indeed, some might say that  
It strengthens the need for prayer.

Dominic Windram



## Modern Maelstrom: (With Picture)

Millions of images speed past us daily.  
The incessant blurring of space and time,  
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Edifying frames of reference.  
Indeed, some might say that  
It strengthens the need for prayer.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Malaise

There are too many flaws in Modernity's ways.  
We have lost a profound sense of Nature's beauty  
There are too many wrinkles in the face of meaning  
Now information is instant; where is wisdom?

Dominic Windram

# Modern Man In A Hurry

For the modern man,  
The clock ticks by so quickly.  
There's no time to breathe!

Dominic Windram

# Modern Mystic

Hidden away in a house on the hill,  
The modern mystic ponders the world's woes.  
He studies all the infantile games  
That the people perennially play.  
O from the cradle to the grave they go  
In their merry, care free way and recline  
In the sty of spurious contentment.  
He avoids ape men & their painted zombies  
And shuns the company of useful idiots.  
He sneers at the all too human systems  
That only function to frustrate and curtail  
The noble artist's pure visions & dreaming.  
He is at one with nature's rhythms and cycles.  
He has no need for disposable items.  
He declines the rampant, febrile offerings  
Of social media. He firmly believes  
That it's function is to distract not enlighten.  
For him it is merely idle chatter;  
Not teeming primal communion.  
That seeks the fruits of mystical union.  
His gaze pierces the skull beneath the skin.  
In deepest meditation he's seen it all.  
He knows that fragile empires rise and fall.  
And that history's blood stained lessons have not been learned.  
He has no need for disposable items.  
He abhors conventional creeds, clans & tribes.  
He pities the profound petty mindedness  
Of his contemporaries; those who are too blind  
To read the bright symbols & signs  
That flash across consciousness from time to time.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Political Rhetoric

Redundant statements,  
Continually repeated:  
Dressed up to look good.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Prophet

I shall walk through the city streets of dreadful night,  
Until I find a small sanctuary of light.  
I shall pass through vast modern dwellings of dry bones,  
Until I find kindred spirits and sovereign souls.  
I shall be met with a million banal signs,  
Yet the vital force within me shall be my guide.  
I shall keep venturing amidst death's dark vale,  
Until I discover the fabled Holy Grail.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Shaman

A modern shaman can appear in many forms:  
Whether as poet, prophet, painter or actor.  
He or she often lifts life's veil of illusion.  
So that we are able to see the world clearly.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Surveillance

O I dream of dark towers of hidden power.  
I can imagine that someone is constantly  
Watching over us. Unfortunately it is  
No fairy godmother, or guardian angel.,

Dominic Windram



# Modern Systems Of Communication (2020)

Everyone seems so near; yet in many ways, we're  
Still as distant to one another, as the stars.  
O Facebook's convenient, airbrushed ways cannot  
Ever hope to extinguish our primal fears.  
We merely tread lightly on we  
Never explore the inner depths. For that would mean  
Surrendering and trusting in the warm arms of  
Love and relinquishing control. Can it be done?

Dominic Windram

# Modern Versus Old (From The Perspective Of A Millennial) .

I prefer to pluck Modernity's fresh flowers,  
Rather than sanctify Tradition's solemn mould.  
I like the neon lights of buzzing cityscapes  
More than quaint, deserted villages drenched in green.  
I'm transfixed by Technology's bright teleos,  
It sure beats the decrepitude of yesteryear.  
Yet most of all I adore the bold democratic vision,  
That levels out all rigid hierarchies.

Dominic Windram

# Modern Wastelands

Once there was a warm sea of faith to bathe in;  
Now it has all but dried up. Modern life has  
Turned to worldly pursuits and yearnings.  
A certain darkness has claimed our sovereign souls.  
Everyone's so busy in the market place.  
Woe to those who know the price of everything  
And the value of nothing! Woe to those who  
Stagnate in spurious sties of contentment!  
Woe to those, who substitute grace and mercy,  
For sordid pleasures and drug fuelled ecstasies!  
O woe to those who engage themselves in the  
Rapt worship Of spurious golden idols!  
Darkness penetrates beyond the city walls;  
To the subways, offices and factory floors.  
Although the sacred sun's eclipse seems final,  
Surely the spiritual will rise once more.

Dominic Windram

# Modern, Mind Numbing Asylums (Inspired By Pink Floyd's The Wall)

O the bastards grind you down into small pieces,  
For the great pleasure of their corporate masters.  
And to meet their quota, they work unceasingly;  
Until they crush all of your creativity.

Dominic Windram

# Moments Of Beauty Slip Away

I try to keep hold  
Of beauty's vibrant moments,  
But time passes by.

Dominic Windram

# Money Isn't Everything

We may not be rich,  
In monetary terms, but  
Our love is pure gold!

Dominic Windram

# Money Makes The World Go Round

Money, it seems, may make the world go round,  
Yet there are some that say it's the root of  
All evil. I have come to believe that.  
The frenzied pursuit of it, often drowns  
Out, the more refined music of the soul.  
And it can crush Art and Beauty's flowers

Dominic Windram

# More Donkey Derbies

More donkey derbies:  
Courtesy of the elites.  
They treat us like fools!

Dominic Windram



## More Mayhem And Madness At Christmas!

O furious families fight at Hamleys  
Over toys for their kids! Unfortunately  
This kind of madness is becoming the norm  
Not the exception. The sacred has been torn  
To shreds by the secular - so it seems.  
We're lost in a world of consumerist dreams.

Dominic Windram

# Moribund Monarchy

Pomp and pageantry  
Disguise repressive forces.  
Revolution now!

Dominic Windram

## Morning Dew: (June 14th,2020)

The dew spreads tiny  
Glistening stars; across the  
Grass in my garden

Dominic Windram

# Morning Star

It is twilight and the Morning star is shining.  
The new Empress of the East is meditating.  
She wishes to remove all of the sombre ghosts  
That guard the gate to the inner realms of her heart.

As she gazes from her balcony she perceives  
Pagodas & temples adorned with precious stones.  
She observes the moon sink below the great mountains.  
She feels the flow of the universe expanding.

As she enters the sweet sanctuary of stillness:  
Gentle breezes penetrate her room & the first  
Soft rays of sunlight punctuate her fine features  
And the intricate rose pink patterns on her dress.

As calm and elegant as a revered goddess,  
She's a Persian design of divine symmetry  
She mirrors fabled lotus flowers unfolding.  
The light caresses her like a long lost lover.

As she gazes into the azure blue heavens,  
She thinks of all her subjects: starless & unblessed.  
She prays that they will all receive the Spirit's gifts.  
Her dreams like angels seem to hang on the crystal air.

O Morning Star: precious & patient redeemer:  
The sublime sign of the new day's divinity.  
O Morning Star: illuminator of consciousness:  
The certain sign of the sacred, enchanted hour

Dominic Windram

# Mortality

Sip the liquid sun as it gleams:  
Before the light fades from your eyes;  
Before the redness slips from your lips;  
Before your golden hair turns to grey.

Weave frail rainbow dreams of wonder:  
Before evening casts its shadows:  
Before the moon turns into blood:  
Before the stars fall from the skies.

Dominic Windram

# Moving On

Although memories are deep; with roots entwined,  
This time I'll leave the ruined old life behind.  
Since the future's reborn in every new spring,  
I'll wait for flowers to bloom & birds to sing.

Dominic Windram

# Mr Billionaire

His stars glisten like gold.  
He is arrogant and aloof.  
He is so cold & high above  
The hot struggles of the poor.

Dominic Windram

# Mr Misunderstood

He wrote night and day.  
Then he placed pearls before swine.  
What a waste of time!

Dominic Windram



## Mr Morose

Mr Morose wanted to live out his dark fantasies.  
So he contacted the crude princess of the night.  
O she charged him fifty pounds for her services.  
He was satiated; but alas not redeemed!

Dominic Windram

## Mr. New, ' Improved ' Labour: (Sir Keir Starmer)

O you are a stuffed shirt; a pompous twit!  
You don't invigorate me; not one bit.  
You're a millionaire. How dare you claim  
To represent the working class...you snake!

Dominic Windram

## Mrs Rosary Beads (1990)

O you are so pious Mrs Rosary Beads!  
It is not just for your sake that Jesus Christ bleeds.  
Just ponder that before you make the sinners feed,  
Upon your 'service' and your high and mighty creeds.

Dominic Windram

# Murmurings Of Autumn

Murmurings of autumn: look out for leaf fall:  
Stuttering colours of gold, brown & crimson;  
On their way to ground like broken syllables;  
That once formed part of summer's enchanted words;  
Now blown by the high wind; stirring the senses.  
They're like crazed dancers in life's final flourishing;  
Soon to be condemned by winter's austere reign.

Endeavour to walk along woodland pathways:  
Where dreams merge with this sombre, rusted season:  
Listen to the crunch & crackle underfoot.  
Smell the acrid scent of mourning in the air.  
Remember all the wild & gentle souls;  
Still half - lost in the labyrinths of memory.  
They once, like us, travelled through this strange, roaring world.

Dominic Windram

# Music

O music still seems magical to me  
And not so mathematical as some  
Scholars of Bach or Mozart claim. Perhaps,  
I feel this way because I cannot play  
Myself. I don't think that I would like to  
Pick it apart or unravel its 'secrets'.  
For I'm happy to let it wash over me,  
And allow its sense of magic to remain.

Dominic Windram

## Music Arouses...

Music arouses poetic temperament  
Its chords and melodies; its utter power seep  
Deeply into consciousness. It seems to  
Want us to move with another world's strange rhythms.

Dominic Windram

## Musings In December: 2019

December: the seasonal snow is coming soon;  
That's according to the latest weather forecast.  
If that is the case then it's time to hibernate  
And reflect perhaps on a strange, frantic decade.  
O it seems that old certain symbols have now been  
Discarded. Currently, obscure codes define us.  
I think that there's a distinct poverty of language  
And a general degradation in terms of art  
And beauty. New neon signs, that have never been  
Present previously, pervade the early part  
Of this century. Instant communication  
Is everywhere: at all times of the day and night.  
Yet do we really find the time to engage in  
Meaningful, in depth conversation anymore?  
Do we listen attentively? Is anyone  
Really moved by the warm presence of another?  
It seems that many are constantly on the make.  
There are more deceivers than enlightened healers.  
I feel there are too many brash talkers and not  
Enough genuine builders. It's rather tragic.  
When the snow finally arrives, I'll close my blinds  
And curtains, and pour myself a strong drink or two.  
I shall raise a toast to grace, mercy and silence,  
And shut myself away from the world from a while.

Dominic Windram

## Musings In Rome: (July,2005)

Between Rome's broken columns and the pure blue sky  
Lies the ancient promise of rare, redeeming light.  
Between the moon and the stars that look so sublime  
Above this veranda, lie the secrets of night.

Dominic Windram



## Mutton Dressed As Lamb

You paint your face and switch off your troubled mind,  
But you don't seem to perceive the warning signs.  
You frequent the trendy restaurants and bars,  
As you seek a free ride in life's flashy car,  
You may dye your hair and consume fashion's fruits,  
But you won't disguise the wrinkles and the roots.  
You may sup deeply from the fountain of youth,  
But you're growing old and grey - and that's the truth!

Dominic Windram

# Mutual Visions

Last night I caught a glimpse of your dreaming.  
It seems we share a refined consciousness.  
Now let's capture life's teeming mysteries.  
In all our poems, our songs and paintings!  
Let us now provide colour and form to  
Thousands of lingering thoughts and fancies!

Dominic Windram

# My 7 Inch Vinyl Collection

My 7 inch vinyl collection  
Is a veritable cornucopia  
Of delights: from the light hearted and quaint  
To the absurd, the eerie and the manic.  
Recently, I've gathered them together  
And placed them in several bright boxes.  
Which ones I choose to play, on my retro  
Record player, I guess will depend on  
My mood on a given day. But there is  
Plenty in the way of lyrical light  
And contrasting shade to keep me occupied  
And engaged. My collection: my pride and joy.

Dominic Windram

# My Aim Is True

I strive to say in concise, poetic lines,  
What others chronicle in an entire book.  
Moreover, to be admired, is not my desire.  
I'm much more concerned with being understood!

Dominic Windram

# My Beliefs

I believe in the stubbornness of stones  
& the fragile beauty of flowers.

I believe in the mystery of trees  
& the wisdom of light.

I believe in the passion of martyrs  
& the madness of dreams.

I believe in the solitude of saints  
& the sweet miracle of stars.

I believe in the ubiquity of grace  
& the abiding warmth of communion.

Dominic Windram

## My Beliefs 2

I don't believe in fixed predicaments.  
I believe in the warm, fresh winds of change.  
I don't trust in monarchs or presidents.  
I believe in transformation from  
The bottom up. O I denounce all forms  
Of idolatry! For I believe in  
The oneness of creation. And I hope  
That this notion's reflected in my art.

Dominic Windram

# My Childhood

O my childhood lies there, among the grand houses  
And the lush gardens, in the dream-like part of town.  
O there the bright spectres of love and laughter still  
Linger, in the blithe, verdant places where we played;  
So long ago now. For me it will always be  
Spring there: pulsating with colour, light and freshness.  
In darker moments, I often think of that time,  
And wish I could return; but alas I cannot.

Dominic Windram

# My Computer

My computer is so slow; it's remedial!  
It never follows my considered instructions.  
I would much rather watch a snail exert itself  
Or maybe a tortoise or perhaps watch paint dry!

I swear that it's decidedly irrational.  
It refuses to burn ; doesn't resume  
After it's switched off! Indeed, I think it's a case  
Of deliberate, authorised obsolescence.

Dominic Windram



# My Dark Poems

My dark poems are tinged  
With a little light; that's left  
Over from childhood.

Dominic Windram

# My Days Are Now Ripe

My days are now ripe with poetry's plentiful  
Fruits & flowers. The songs of the seasons seem to  
Flow through me. And currently, the keen power of  
The elements, is transforming my consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# My Dreams

My dreams glide upon a silvery sea.  
A fresh wind guides them like a long lost friend.  
Then they drown in deep blue waters of sleep.  
Suddenly, I awaken to the light  
Of a new day: wishing for something  
More substantial than fragments of transience:  
Wishing for Love's promise to set me free;  
Wishing for golden realms of eternity!

Dominic Windram

## My Dreams 2

My dreams provide me with a rich array  
Of melodies to lighten the darkness  
Of my poetry. Often when I pray  
For guidance, they tend to relieve my stress.

Dominic Windram

# My Eternal Rose

My eternal rose; my most faithful valentine:  
Your smiling face is as sweet as heavenly wine.  
Your ruby red lips are the fruits of paradise.  
And your milk white skin is every dreamer's delight.  
May the flowers of love never wither and die:  
As long as the bold light illuminates your eyes;  
As long as the blue heavens remain in the sky;  
As long as myriad stars continue to shine.

Dominic Windram

# My Favourite Foods

Here are a few of my favourite foods:

Fillet steak and chips with a garlic dip;

Langoustines and fresh, warm soup with croutons,

Mussels. And on occasions I like to grip

A large ham and mustard sandwich in my hands.

I greedily devour it and wash it down,

With a full fat coke. You wouldn't understand.

If you've not ate one, but it's really sound!

Dominic Windram

# My Favourite Ice Creams

I simply adore all kinds of ice creams.  
They seem like they're made from sumptuous dreams:  
From mint choc chip to mango and coffee;  
From nut, rum and raisin to toffee;  
From raspberry ripple to strawberry;  
From plain vanilla to Tutti frutti.  
And they are rather nice with cone and flake.  
It's difficult to know which ones to take.

Dominic Windram

# My Feathered Dreams

My feathered dreams are  
Taking flight: into the depths  
Of this star filled night.

Dominic Windram



# My Frail, Ariel Soul: (Inspired By Shakespeare' S The Tempest)

My frail Ariel soul is blown towards other shores  
Of consciousness; beyond this conventional world.  
O it will not be confined by space and time or  
Be simply satisfied with the mundane! With words,  
Abounding in rich and strange imagery, it will  
Weave its wondrous dream kingdoms of soft light and shade.  
It will search for the heart of silence and stillness,  
And the timeless in pregnant moments, as each day  
Drifts by. O it will look for fragments of beauty;  
In long forgotten places! So that pale, weary  
Eyes will once again become curious and learn  
To see clearly, like in childhood's vivid kernel.

Dominic Windram

## My G.P

O when I visit his surgery, my G.P  
Never listens, and he has his backed turned away  
From me? ! O he might be a medical expert,  
But I think he needs to be taught some people skills!

Dominic Windram

# My Gaze Turns Seaward: (Headland, Hartlepool June 8th, 2020)

My gaze turns seaward.  
The mackerel shoal gathers  
Densely at sundown.

Dominic Windram

# My Home Town

My home town is filled with grubby little tribes,  
That feed on gossip and perpetuate lies.  
Like Plato's cave dwellers, afraid of the light,  
They shun anything that would open their minds.  
Even if it smacked them right between the eyes,  
They wouldn't understand Culture's higher prize.  
These inbred morons have no sense of Beauty.  
They spend their time on all that is crass, ugly  
And vile, They have no style. They are philistines.  
They eat and drink in their sties like bloated swine.  
Some places in the world want revolution,  
But this town is in need of evolution.

Dominic Windram

# My House On The Hill

My house on the hill is filled with light.  
It's a domain of artistic delights.  
It's not too far from teeming, daily life,  
To be considered remote, yet it strikes  
A nice balance as it is ideally  
Situated in a most quiet, tree  
Lined grove. It is a great place to compose  
Poetry. It's where I like to repose.

Dominic Windram

# My Hunger...

My hunger for a flash of holiness  
Is lost in the cold light of a metal dawn.  
For the sovereign flesh of Christ like wisdom  
Was ravaged & left gravely wounded,  
By the black beast who devours dreaming.  
In the ragged realms of the fevered night.  
My desperate search for communion  
Withered in the arid desert of false needs.  
Endless warm visions of undying love  
Are swiftly replaced by bleak needle chills.  
The glory of angelhood, that once spoke  
To me so tenderly, is now mere dust.  
And the last fragments of faith & mercy  
Are aimlessly scattered in plagued, dead end streets.

Dominic Windram

# My Ideal, Multi - Layered Cheeseburger

Sometimes I'm consumed by a pressing urge  
To indulge in a multi- layered cheese burger:  
Like the wild ones created by Claes Oldenburg.  
Indeed, I would perhaps venture even further.  
Mine would be filled with fried onions and lettuce,  
Tomatoes and smeared with mustard and mayonnaise.  
And I might add some pickles, and how could one forget,  
Several rashers of smoked bacon? O happy days!  
My textured cheese burger would be a work of art,  
But unlike Oldenburg's, surely bad for my heart.  
Especially, when maybe accompanied by  
A large, sugary milkshake and salty French fries.

Accompanying picture: Claes Oldenburg: Two Cheeseburgers, With Everything  
(Dual Hamburgers) ,1962.

Dominic Windram

# My Inner Sun

My inner sun is  
Now hidden, among black clouds,  
Of profound despair.

Dominic Windram



# My Journey Of Faith

Over the slow course of this past three years,  
I've moved from casual observation,  
To thresholds of devout worship & prayer.  
It began with an outbreak of wonder,  
And ended after long, tiring travels,  
Through the soul's darker realms, in gratitude.  
With Love that unites both rose & fire  
With warm remedy & rich fulfillment.

O now I've witnessed the complete collapse  
Of twilight idols & sterile kingdoms,  
No longer shall I bind myself to objects  
Of desire or the latest world crisis.  
I note, after this summer's first downpour,  
The evidences of creation sprout.  
Before my eyes, between paving stones,  
In potent moments of the here and now.

Dominic Windram

## My Library: (August 24th,2020)

Books, vinyl records  
And tapes are still strewn across  
The floor. All is well.  
I kind of like the chaos.  
I don't like order,  
When it comes to my sources  
Of inspiration.  
O there are a myriad things  
That compete for my  
Attention! And this cluttered  
Library is where  
My vivid dreams are woven.

Dominic Windram

# My Mind Is A Blur.

My mind is a blur:  
Too much confusion; many  
Burning illusions.

Dominic Windram

# My Poems

My poems document these turbulent times.  
My poems are lamentations to the death  
Of the Spirit in the West. Yet they seek  
To revive a sense of the vintage blood;  
That pulses wildly through the veins of trees,  
Flowers and leaves. Sometimes they burn brightly  
With the fires of ancient prophecy.  
Other times, they hint at peace and silence.  
My poems are small epiphanies amidst  
Great, raging institutions. They cannot  
Be quelled by the rampant powers that be.  
For true poetry, it seems, sets us free.

Dominic Windram

# My Poetry

My poetry is a subtle ploy  
In the cold machinery of now.  
My love of rich, flowing textures  
Subverts all rigid convergence.  
My metaphors are wild flowers  
In an unweeded garden of words.  
My concerns are multi-versed  
Not narrow, tribal laments.  
My heart is with the oppressed  
Not the cold, corporate elites.

Dominic Windram

## My Poetry 2

I have written over a thousand poems  
But so few have been read or understood.  
In an age where images are highly prized,  
And the sovereign Word is now unheard,  
My blazing sermons & hymns & sonnets  
Have a certain power but no prestige.  
They delve into the heart of vital matters:  
Which this wayward world tries in vain to silence  
Of course I have high hopes for my poems that like  
Vintage wine a welcoming time will arise.

Dominic Windram

## My Poetry 3

My poetry speaks of twilight worlds;  
Their sight; their sound, their taste, their touch; their smell  
Within a welter of dreams and visions.  
My poetry aims to highlight fragments  
Of subtle beauty that this stifling world  
Has not yet recognised; that bear no name;  
That transcend these claustrophobic times,  
And narrow conventions of perception.

Dominic Windram

## My Poetry 4

My poetry, like beliefs, forms colours and shapes  
Which should possibly be more obscure and abstract.  
For how does one capture life's subtle, secret worlds?  
Sometimes words seem to get in the way when we try  
To register our feelings and convey our hopes  
And dreams. It's so hard to constantly paint with words,  
As we don't possess a limitless palette of  
Colours. Our lexicons can only hint at things.

Dominic Windram



# My Poetry's Lethal...Figuratively Speaking Of Course!

'For all those dissenters who are engaged in cultural/ artistic wars: '

My poetry's lethal.  
My words are my bullets.  
My work is outspoken.  
It's louder than a bomb.  
I'm an army of one.  
I march to the beat of  
My own drum. I never  
Bow down to anyone.

Dominic Windram

# My Sanctuary

O I like to bask by the fireside;  
In the warm glow of familiar flames.  
O I like to watch classic, old movies,  
While it is windy and raining outside.  
I'm happy in my safe sanctuary.  
Here I compose my essays and my poems.  
Here I willfully create strange, new worlds.  
Here I'm so snug and very self contained.

Dominic Windram

# My Sanctuary (In The Woods)

I love the warmth of my sanctuary,  
In the dark woods away from prying eyes:  
Alongside love that flows naturally.  
Alongside a light I know that is mine.

I love the warmth of my sanctuary:  
Writing poetry by the knowing fire;  
With you as my Muse. At last we are free  
From the modern world's miasmal desires.

O I do not miss the rampant rat race.  
I'm relieved to avoid the constant stress.  
I'm looking for something akin to Grace.  
I'm longing for Nature's healing caress.

Although I hear the harsh winds beat against  
My doors; although the skies are turning grey  
And we'll soon be flooded by mocking rain,  
I'll endure all; as there'll be brighter days.

Dominic Windram

# My Seaside Home Town

My seaside home town  
Struggles to survive & thrive;  
In austere times.

Dominic Windram

# My Shadow On Your Wall

My shadow on your wall  
Tells me I lack flesh and blood.  
What I could have been!

Dominic Windram

# My Spirit Has Been Set Free

My blithe spirit has been set free.  
I now drift through enchanted days:  
That are bathed in a calming light.  
I haven't a care in the world,  
And the poetry just keeps on  
Flowing, like a gleaming river.

Dominic Windram

# My Spirit Still Burns

My spirit still burns,  
Throughout these bleak, wintry times;  
With a fiery passion.

Dominic Windram

# My Springtime Colours

My springtime colours  
Are green, flesh pink and milk white.  
They are a delight!

Dominic Windram



## My Valentine (2009)

O I glimpsed Heaven's light when your eyes first met mine.  
My soul was filled with soft dreams & visions.  
My heart of ice melted in the briefest of time.  
In that jewelled moment, the darkness dissipated:  
When I first glimpsed your eyes as blue as the ocean:  
When I first glimpsed tender light beyond illusion.

Dominic Windram

# My Words

My words search for meaning,  
But they become lost in the haze of memory,  
And modern distractions. I try to focus hard  
And gradually retrieve fragments of truth,  
From black clouds of despair, and from  
The circuitry of conventional machinery.

Dominic Windram

## My Words...

My words are still marked  
With the world weary sorrows  
Of a wanderer.

Dominic Windram

# Mysterious Things

O what is it that I'm desperately searching for?  
Is it a new nomenclature or lyrical  
Lexicon to clearly redefine the human?  
Is it that I'm simply looking for a little light  
In a lost world of prevailing darkness. Perhaps,  
I'm trying to find whispering voices of stillness;  
That intermittently drift on the wind and speak of  
Other softer, more graceful realms. They still remain  
Invisible to curious, but crude mortal eyes.  
Sometimes, we poets can hint at such mysterious things.

Dominic Windram

# Mystical Longings

Mystical longings:  
Innate in our blood & bones:  
Written in the stars.

Dominic Windram

# Myths And Legends

Myths and legends capture a sense of the sublime  
In all its light and dark aspects. Moments in time  
Of magic and glory now seem so rare these days.  
Yet myth's and legend's wondrous ways will always remain.

Dominic Windram

# Nature Inspires

The vibrant fabric  
Of nature inspires music,  
Poetry and art.

Dominic Windram

# Nature Is My Muse

Nature is my Muse.  
Her bright colours and forms flow  
Through my consciousness.

Dominic Windram



## Nature Merges With Dreams: (St Oswald's Pastoral Centre, Sleights, July,2009)

The hills are merging  
With snow white mists. Nature and  
Dreams are intertwined.

Dominic Windram

# Nature's Boundless Bounty

O Nature's rich, profound language abounds  
With verdant metaphors & similes.  
We poets are seduced by her sweet sounds  
And subtle, perpetual mysteries.

Dominic Windram

# Nature's Hunters

The birds of prey stare  
Into the heart of the sun:  
Red in tooth & claw.

Dominic Windram

# Nature's Mask Of Beauty

O Nature's verdant mask of beauty  
Is worn for bright, young lovers' pleasure.  
From season to season it reveals  
An array of heart warming treasures.  
From summer's deep greens to autumn's flames;  
From winter's whitened, frozen warnings.  
To Spring time's subtle rhythms & aims  
And the ornamental rhymes it brings.

O Nature's verdant mask of beauty  
Is worn for the eyes of Innocence.  
For in childhood's magic light, dreams  
Flow like rivers in blue crystal bliss.  
And when blackbirds sing in apple trees  
For glorious, brief moments in time  
Their sweet songs of longing seem to be  
Potent signs expressing the divine.

Dominic Windram

# Nature's Mysteriousness

Anyone who thinks,  
That Nature is a system,  
Is most mistaken.

Dominic Windram

# Nature's Power

Waterfall cascades:  
Nature's sheer vitality.  
The sound of thunder.

Dominic Windram

# Nature's Remedies

Nature's remedies  
Are raindrops, sun and birdsong.  
They revive our souls

Dominic Windram

# Necessary Change

I want to experience a sea-change  
In my poetical style, content and form  
That will bear exotic fruit: rich and strange.  
I'll have to plant new seeds and be reborn.

Dominic Windram



# Necessary Diversions

They can divert us  
With their dazzling spectacles  
Of hysteria.

Dominic Windram

# Neo Liberalism

It seems to me, that  
Your vast, swollen enterprise,  
Is now breaking down.

Dominic Windram

# Neon Gods

Neon gods are all  
Around us. I'd rather pray  
To old ones instead.

Dominic Windram

## New Actors Required.

We require new actors to occupy  
Contested spaces. We need poets/artists  
To create myriad alternative worlds.  
From dark forest to bright beach, the wild roses  
Shall be liberally scattered, like angel fire.  
Spiritual content will be wisely fused  
With base materials of necessity.  
The symbolism of the hammer is as,  
Pertinent as the metaphorical flower.  
We need to reclaim the corporate owned terrain.

Dominic Windram

# New Dawn

Angel come and play.  
The demons have fled away.  
The dawn is here.

Dominic Windram

# New Dreams

New dreams are now flowing through the ruins of time,  
Like the warm, vital blood that flows through cold, blue veins  
The sun and rain of longing floods summer gardens.  
I can hear the ancient hymns of the verdant earth.  
The air is pregnant with myriad fragrant scents  
And spiritual presences. Within the day's  
Slow rotation, the snow white emergence of doves.  
Beyond this Vale of tears; beyond momentary  
Perspectives of sun kissed appearance, lie the  
Profound secrets of the immaculate Kingdom;  
That are hidden deep within molecular structures  
They speak to those of us who still wish to listen.

Dominic Windram

# New Dreams For A New Year

I observe the dying embers of the old year:  
As bleak winter sets everything to waste & silence.  
The new year, offers promise: a golden chance to  
Rekindle the blazing fires of hopes and dreams.

Dominic Windram

## New Faith Arises: (August 30th,2020)

New faith arises  
As the summer is fading.  
Light is a glint of  
Yellow. Winds are colder.  
Soon dark days will be  
Upon us. And I desire  
Something precious to  
Hold on to, as larks descend.  
Now night's beguiling  
Music gently ushers in  
Ocean waves of deep  
Blue dreaming. I celebrate  
The death of old fears  
And anticipate the soft,  
Warm embrace of sleep.  
Tomorrow will be fine as  
I predict the fresh  
Coming of a rose pink dawn.

Dominic Windram



# New Gods

Now the tribes worship  
Bright lava lamps on the beach.  
The old gods have fled.

Dominic Windram

# New Horizons

Follow the drifting star of beauty.  
Follow the heart's slow burning longings.  
Not so long from now it will all be over,  
And you'll be chastised for wasting the dawn.

Follow the dream that references its workings.  
Follow the intangible trail of the sun.  
Forget the remnants that you could not put together,  
They have nothing left to offer you.

Dominic Windram

## New Horizons 2

I'm aiming to bask in this town's bright lights:  
To hide all of the darkness and sorrow.  
I'm searching for stars that pierce the night.  
I couldn't care less about tomorrow.

I'm waiting for Lady Luck to arrive.  
For it's been a long time chasing shadows.  
I'm looking for a new reason to strive.  
So I'll have to watch which way the wind blows.

Dominic Windram

## New Love

Between the rose and fire of new love,  
Regular, diurnal time is suspended.  
Each moment bursts into golden blossoms,  
And eternity's sweet realms are revealed.

Dominic Windram

# New Orleans' Pulse

O New Orleans' pulse  
Still beats to the distinctive,  
Wild rhythms of Jazz!

Dominic Windram

## New Possibilities

I am searching for the heart of my dreams. I'm looking at a time when I was free.

I'm so bored of old, familiar ways.

I want to embrace rare beauty these days.

Although the joys of youth have passed away,

I still have time to escape age old pains.

I'm not scared to let go of past glories,

For they are a confusing blur to me.

My mind's open to possibilities.

I want to achieve new goals clearly.

Dominic Windram

# New Symbols And Signs

New symbols snarling:  
Signs of fractured understanding  
Pervade this crude world.

Dominic Windram

# New World Disorder

History is doomed to repeat itself.  
Empires are built over blood and bones.  
Crude power is the ego deified.  
Some like to bless the ribs of a carcass.  
Others sharpen the teeth of the tiger.  
The microcosms of grave disorder  
Permeate this world that breeds black flowers.  
Flotsam & jetsam; cracked mirrors, dead birds  
Ancient superstitions arise in droves,  
For nature abhors a vacuum.

Dominic Windram



## New World Disorder 2

New World Disorder:  
A grey spectre is rising:  
More mushroom cloud fears.

Dominic Windram

# New Year's Day

Old dreams and desires melt with the snow,  
On this day that brims with significance.  
As I look deep into the world's eyes aglow;  
Blessed by the sun of new born awareness;  
I look beyond tarnished symbols and creeds,  
That span the somnambulant centuries,  
To the fragile radiance of a leaf  
Or flower...fruit born from knowing seeds.  
Redeemed by a force so light and rare; by  
Winter's frosted miracle of surprise,  
I look towards the altered twilight sky,  
And glimpse the rose and flame of paradise.

Dominic Windram

## New Year's Eve: 2019

Tonight, as frost conglomerates outside,  
We can leave the absurd world for a while.  
We can dwell amidst the soft light of grace.  
The deep orange glow from the fireplace  
Hints at contentment: of new hopes and dreams.  
Of myriad bold ventures, plans and schemes.  
As the old year dies, in its seasonal way,  
This room's darkness is pierced by candle flame.

Dominic Windram

# Nietzsche's Lonely Room (Sils Maria)

Nietzsche's lonely room:  
What profound, world shaking thoughts  
He must have had there.

Dominic Windram

# Night Clubs

Night clubs are for those  
With no imagination:  
Too crude, bright and loud!

Dominic Windram

# Night Of The Blood Red Moon

Creatures are stirring  
Under the bright blood red moon.  
So strange is this night.

Dominic Windram

# Night Time Meditation

Moments before sleep:  
Miracles of warm surprise;  
Sunbursts of magic.

Dominic Windram

# Nightmare

On gnarled black branches,  
The bird's blood drips constantly.  
Nature is dying.

Dominic Windram



# Nightmares

I dream of spectral figures with ashes  
On their breath. Do they symbolise my death?  
In dreams, I walk solemnly along a bleak,  
Deserted beach. I cannot seem to find  
My way back home. I am forever lost  
Among the labyrinthine caves and rocks.  
O I pray but my prayers are not answered.  
I meditate but find no inner stillness.  
I am cursed, like Sisyphus, to endure  
The sheer monotony of futile actions.

Dominic Windram

## Nightmares 2

Nightmares sneer and snarl at tranquil, deep blue dreams  
They mock precious, soft burning moments in time.  
O they constantly blur what is and what seems.  
Yet unlike sweet dreams, they tend to rob us blind.

Dominic Windram

# Nightmarish Nature

Nightmarish Nature:  
Visions of evil flowers;  
Screams of butterflies.

Dominic Windram

# Nightmarish Visions

Nightmarish visions:  
Fractured bones turn to ashes:  
The fading voices.

Dominic Windram

# Night's Music

Night's music whispers  
To us in dreams and visions  
Like a gentle breeze.

Dominic Windram

# No Dialogue

There's no dialogue.  
Hence, there is no real friendship.  
Goodbye forever.

Dominic Windram

## No Entry

I wish I had a current passport  
To enter your secret, untainted world:  
Of exotic flowers & hexagrams;  
Of love endlessly flowing & forgiving;  
Of rosaries as delicate as snow.  
But in any case, I'd never make it past  
The border police that patrol your soul,  
I guess they would refuse a leper like me.

Dominic Windram

# No Exit

Another gnarled night.  
Love is a mental illness.  
Faith's a forlorn dream.

Dominic Windram



## No Exit (Inspired By Wim Wenders' Paris, Texas)

The sadness in your eyes; the distance between us;  
Now the ravens of dark desire have slain the doves.  
I lament the endless roads that lead to nowhere.  
O I must scan urban wastelands for beauty rare.  
O I lament the rise of the digital at  
The expense of the spiritual. I think that  
Neon & steel have terminated our dreaming.  
We're now at the mercy of corporate scheming.

Dominic Windram

# No Fixed Ideas

I have no fixed ideas as I write:  
Only to go with the sweet flow of words,  
As they enter my inspired consciousness.  
Perhaps, I'll merge the abstract with the surreal.

Dominic Windram

# No Future

O take a drive through the city's limits.  
It's all crass billboards, neon & cracked glass:  
Where corporations control hearts & minds;  
Where plagued poverty & crime breed like lice.  
It emanates with crude false consciousness.  
No future: I need to escape from here.

Dominic Windram

# No Guiding Lights

O there are no guiding lights anymore.  
There is only monotonous darkness.  
There are no wise gurus or true sages.  
Life's merely the lies of marketeers.  
There is nothing that we can call sacred,  
Now it seems the profane is glorified.  
There's no trace of the radical in art.  
It's all elaborate decoration.

Dominic Windram

# No Horizons

No horizons in  
Brittle democracies of  
Empty rhetoric.

Dominic Windram

## No Justice; No Peace: (Palestine)

We're less than human in your hateful eyes  
And you treat us as you did your prophets.  
We're flowers crushed by your cold steel machines.  
We're the profound otherness that you deny.  
We are condemned to a life of servitude.  
We're your hewers of wood; drawers of water.  
You only want ` peace' on your rigid terms.  
As you hypnotise the world with your lies.  
While the real problem screams of injustice.  
We are a stain on your glorious state.  
We almost feel that we should apologise,  
For having the temerity to live here.  
But it is you who are the occupiers,  
And it is you who will leave in the end

Dominic Windram

# No Longer Adrift

No longer adrift; lost in the haze of the centuries,  
I'm now embarking on a pilgrimage towards clarity.  
No longer a mere cog in the system's rusted machine,  
I'm as free as a bird; soaring to new heights of consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# No Man's Land

A godless, sickly yellow sun  
Belches on muddy, blood stained ground.  
Gnarled, black trees, like the outstretched arms  
Of the dying, malign mad war;  
That sweeps over the centuries,  
Like an unsatiated beast.

Dominic Windram



# No More Am I A Sentimental Fool

Flowers cover up,  
The horror and the bloodshed,  
Of tyranny's reign.

Dominic Windram

# No More Hearts And Flowers

Hearts and flowers  
Are now crushed beneath our feet.  
The music is on  
A maddening loop. It no  
Longer resonates like it  
Did on those blessed nights,  
When we heard sweet angels sing.

Dominic Windram

# No More War

No more flag waving  
And clenched fists raised to the skies;  
No more metal tigers  
With their deadly cutting teeth;  
No more shattered glass  
And loss of innocent blood;  
The demise of ravens  
And the beginning of doves.

Dominic Windram

# No More Wars

Winston Churchill quipped:  
That jaw jaw is better than  
War war. It's so true.

Dominic Windram

# No Progress

Hegel saw the world spirit  
Gradually unfolding,  
Via precise dialectics.  
I do not share this notion.

I only glimpse a frail light,  
Glowing in the eyes of the forsaken,  
That does not speak of progress  
Moving beneath the stars.

I only hear fading voices,  
Carried by the wind,  
That are lost amidst the grey clouds  
Of this, eerie skeleton dawn.

Dominic Windram

# No Reply

All alone: so far from the sun kissed heights;  
I knelt down to pray in the church of Love;  
Hoping that God's grace would fall from the sky.

I pictured him dwelling in clouds above;  
With flowing beard on a golden throne;  
Surrounded by angels & snow white doves.

But he would not reply to my moans & groans.  
All I heard was stark silence; nothingness:  
No light was cast on the Great Unknown.

Dominic Windram

# No Room For Difference

There's no room for troubadours on paralysed streets.  
There is no place for Karl Marx or Utopian dreams;  
Among the current glossy ideologies.  
There is no room for Love in a world ill at ease

Dominic Windram

# No Sanctuary

Nowhere left to hide:  
When all the angels have fled:  
Just drown one's sorrows.

Dominic Windram



# No Sense Or Purpose

No sense or purpose:

Crude settlers despoil the land

Where the green ants dream.

Dominic Windram

## Noble Lord Craig (London,1994) .

You stand above us all: so smug and vain  
O most noble Lord Craig: long may you reign!  
Are you the Chosen One sent down from above?  
Are you perhaps the most immaculate Dove?

Are you here to enlighten us all?  
Will you help us stand up before we fall?  
Will you take away our heavy burdens  
Or perhaps help to lighten our loads?

Can Jesus Christ or Buddha even compare  
With your status: wisdom and knowledge so rare?  
O forgive me Lord Craig but it has to be said.  
Your false view of yourself is all in your head!

Dominic Windram

# Nocturnes

Nocturnes brimming  
With the glory of moonlight;  
And the murmur of insects;  
And the beating of wings;  
And soft layers of sadness;  
Nocturnes studded with stars;  
In the blue black immensity;  
In my mind they are  
Shadows, shapes  
That won't stay fixed.  
Light clouds transforming  
Into fantastic beasts  
And filling the sky.  
Chopin composed 21.

Dominic Windram

# Noise Pollution: (Inspired By Shaun Cronick's Lockdown Experience)

Fireworks that bang in the middle of the night;  
Cars that constantly screech past, driven by mad fools.  
When will this crumbling society see the light?  
Will blind fear and ignorance continue to rule?

Dominic Windram

# Non Communication

Mask encounters mask,  
In chat room mausoleums:  
Dialogue defunct.

Dominic Windram

# Normalised Violence

Normalised violence  
Of the state apparatus:  
Resistance futile!

Dominic Windram

# Northern Arts' Blues (September 2010)

Come gather 'round friends  
And I'll tell you a tale  
Of the vicious, tribal Teesside Arts.  
The pantomime dames; the clowns and the fakes  
Tell you now that the whole scene is empty.

'Twas a year ago, on this very day,  
That our hopes and dreams were rising.  
Little did we know, that four seasons in Hell,  
Were sadly only just beginning.

We worked long and hard to sculpt our vision.  
Some thought it light years ahead of its time.  
It blended dazzling images, sounds and words  
To transcend the provincial party line.

We booked some venues to showcase our work,  
But the silence of tongues was building.  
Then one day we awoke to the mind games they play,  
And realised we were dealing with petty children.

'It's all about me!' said the vain queen of the Arts,  
As the airwaves were filled with her screaming.  
Still the acolytes marched in her mad parade.  
But we saw through the mask of her scheming.

Soon the gates were locked and the battle lines drawn.  
And the evil stench of lies was spreading.  
Yet the sad, silent songs of our troubled souls went on.  
Until the Autumn leaves were falling.

Well 'twas a long winter's wait,  
But from my home I still composed.  
My true friends couldn't have been kinder.  
But my Muse had departed and I quit in the Spring,  
And prayed for strength and guidance.

We complained to the chief Pharisee;  
That 'noble' guardian of Beauty.

He said that our themes weren't worth writing.  
He claimed that it's much better to be  
A puppet on a string, than risk lots of in house fighting.

It seems like they want plenty of bums on seats,  
For their workshops of half baked notions.  
I suppose they're okay with their snouts in the trough,  
But it seems like they're just going through the motions.

The summer has gone; the ground's turning cold.  
The stars of our dreams are fading.  
And so I suppose I will soon go to the land of Castro,  
Because there's nothing here now to hold me.

Dominic Windram



# Nostalgia Seems To Be Provoked

Nostalgia seems to be provoked  
By the senses. Amidst Time's smoke,  
The cherished scent of nostalgia:  
Burning leaves on autumn's bonfires.

Dominic Windram

# Nothing Ever Changes

I'm tired of tradition's arcane ways;  
That merely keep everyone in their place.  
I'm tired of the archaic monarchy.  
It is now merely empty pageantry.  
I'm sick of a class system that divides.  
I'm sick of a privileged elite that lies  
Through its teeth. I am bored of the petty  
Conservatism of voters. They resist  
Any change, so stubbornly, at every  
Opportunity. And O how I wish  
The press and media were much more balanced.  
It's always the case, that dissent is silenced.

Dominic Windram

# Nothing Is New

Plato would not allow poets or artists  
Into his Republic. They were subversive  
In his eyes. Certain regimes still hold this view,  
In our current world; it seems nothing is new.

Dominic Windram

# Nothing Is Permanent

Summer's roses fade.  
It seems nothing's permanent.  
Treasure Time's moments.

Dominic Windram

## Nothing Is Permanent 2

Nothing is permanent.  
We spend our lives  
Trying to retrace  
The lost moment;  
The stolen kiss.  
A shaft of light  
On the water's surface.  
And the flesh pink  
& snow white blossoms  
That briefly entice us  
Every Spring,  
Are perhaps our only claim  
On consciousness.  
Nothing is permanent.

Dominic Windram

# Nothing Left To Lose

The garish glitter  
Of fallen Modernity: □  
The old gods have fled.

Shadow plays of signs:  
Alphabets of the absurd.  
The light is fading

Diamond studded skulls  
& artificial roses;  
Lines of angel dust

Cool operators:  
Gadgets for every season;  
Media dreaming

Scarecrows & scapegoats  
The cold eyes of surveillance:  
Social compliance.

The double coding  
Of constant advertising:  
The death of symbols.

A harvest of stars  
Over the collapsed centre:  
Circus distractions.

A labyrinthine world  
That we can never access:  
Only imagine.

Dominic Windram

# Nothing Left To Offer

O I have nothing to offer but confusion.  
I'm surrounded by mind's  
Filled to the brim with empty illusions.  
I am watching out for more danger signs.  
I cannot hear the whisper of a prayer;  
Only a constant buzz that irritates.  
In this darkness, I'm still searching for light rare;  
Something precious that transcends mortal cares.

Dominic Windram

# Nothing Moves Me These Days

I want to be moved by something  
Much more substantial than what's currently on offer  
In the preposterous post modern pageant:  
Where the shadow fruits have turned bitter;  
Where the ironic gesture has become absurd.  
I want to be free of ubiquitous screens  
& their frivolous illusions. A kind of chaotic emptiness  
Currently hangs over me like a black cloud.  
I'm tired of absorbing digitalised schemes.  
I want to experience something ablaze with life.  
I'd like to be redeemed by strange, primal gods  
That evoke nature's sheer vitality  
It would be great to bathe in their inspired light  
And decipher their esoteric symbols.  
I would want them to leave me picked clean,  
But invariably asking for more.

Dominic Windram



# Nothing Seems To Change!

O I'm simply astounded that people  
In this, the 21st century, still  
Swallow the sordid propaganda of  
The tabloid press & mainstream media!

Dominic Windram

## Nothing Seems To Endure: (July 3rd,2020)

I recall meandering streams from childhood days and  
The shifting patterns of clouds in the vast blue sky.  
I recall vivid moments like in early spring  
When things begin to bloom in such delicate and  
Colourful ways. I recline in 'long', drowsy hours  
When the bright summer sun blazes in my garden.  
I marvel at the moonlight and the way in which  
Silvery stars glow in their rich array at night.  
Yet nothing worthwhile seems to endure. The 'closeness'  
Of a lover in the flesh pink dawn is just as  
Fleeting as everything else in this tarnished world.  
O these crude, brittle words, are lacking in subtlety  
And precision! They cannot possibly capture  
That which emerges and dissolves so quickly.  
Yet experience cannot be prescribed or fixed.  
Perhaps we should approach time with child-like wonder,  
And embrace this life with all its joys and sorrows.  
And never close our hearts to brief, yet precious moments.

Dominic Windram

# Nothingness

There is no longer firm belief in divine ways.  
There is no faith or hope in these shadow kingdoms.  
There is only the flicker of solitary  
Candle flame in archaic, abandoned churches.  
There is no longer warm surprise in cold steel eyes.  
I watch as these autumn leaves are blown by bitter  
Winds across black cemetery gates and listen  
In vain to the empty prayers of stone angels.

Dominic Windram

# Novel Ideas

Novel ideas

Are running wild, like tigers,  
Through my febrile mind.

Dominic Windram

# November The 5th

Burning effigy,  
Wild colours light up the sky,  
World of distractions.

Dominic Windram

# Novenas

Novenas are vignettes from a vanishing world:  
The sublime repetition of sacred words.  
For prayers are a kind of refined, concise  
are not flowery, but precise.

Dominic Windram

## Now...

Now that there is sweet clarity in my mind,  
I shall dive into dream oceans to find pearls.  
I will strive to create bold symbols and signs;  
That mirror the joys and sorrows of this world.

Now that there's balance within my heart and soul,  
I will blend vital aspects of light and dark.  
And then I shall add new flesh to old, tired bones.  
I will refine my poetry and my art.

Dominic Windram

## Nowadays...(Inspired By Faux Identity Politics)

Nowadays some people seem to like to play  
The race card; the gender identity card  
While real injustice appears to slip away  
From view. To me, as a political bard,  
It's still really all about the class one serves.  
In my opinion, the rest of it merely  
Skims the surface of things. We should have the nerve  
To tackle the root of the problem. You see  
There are still rich, powerful elites who prey  
On the poor and oppressed; regardless of race,  
Creed, gender or age. Nothing will ever change  
Unless we look behind images and face  
Reality. Marx was prescient and right,  
For we 'workers of the world' need to unite.

Dominic Windram



# Numb Narcissus

Another numb Narcissus  
- (Or archetypal Adonis)  
Works out each and every day,  
In front of a myriad mirrors  
In his one room apartment  
On the outskirts of town.

Pumped full of steroids;  
Dreaming dumb bell delusions  
Of action hero physique,  
He glances in mirror 1  
At his hypertrophied body  
Of steel and raw iron.

The glint in his eye  
Reveals a kind of cold splendour.  
For he only ever sees,  
The images he desires;  
Never the truth;  
The nature of his obsession.

Dominic Windram

# Nursery Lullabies

Nursery lullabies  
Of love gently unfold us.  
They weave sweet fictions.

Dominic Windram

## O All The Stars...

O all the stars, in my febrile night time visions,  
Drip down like syrup. Yet the taste is not so sweet.  
There is something amiss in the remote heavens.  
The centre is missing. Everything seems to be  
Falling apart. I lie here on the strangest ground  
Waiting for a sign; for the clear light of day.

Dominic Windram

## O Billy Bunter...

O Billy Bunter is new to Poemhunter.  
But beware, he is bound to gobble up points  
For breakfast! He's the greediest character  
I know: a very obnoxious, bulbous boy!

Dominic Windram

## O Deep Is The Silence...

O deep is the silence all around at night.  
Dark is the path that we tread in our dreaming,  
As we stumble towards the redeeming Light.  
A new dawn of hope within us is burning.  
For, sometimes in dreams we may experience  
A profound awakening that shakes our world:  
It may take some time to make a difference.  
Yet in that moment, we feel as free as birds.  
The bright star of faith adorns life's lonely realms.  
Although our hearts are often wrapped in sorrow,  
And we're haunted by place where fear dwells,  
We pray for the sweet promise of tomorrow.

Dominic Windram

## O Eternal Creative Force...

O eternal creative force, of the teeming universe:  
Bless the vibrant light that flashes across  
The blue heavens of my consciousness.  
Restore my faith amidst dark hours of doubt.  
Provide me with the time and energy  
To realise my innermost dreams.

Dominic Windram

## O Express...

O express the flesh and spirit of poetry;  
In flowing lines of metaphor and simile.  
Punctuate it with splendid alliteration.  
Let it breathe with soft assonance; and look upon  
It as adding vibrant colour to Creation.  
O complete what the spellbinding gods have begun!  
Structure every essential word bone and highlight  
Every pertinent syllable to keep things tight;  
But allow for imagination's feral light.  
Deploy all your senses; from sound and taste to sight.  
Be a world - shaker; fiery prophet; dream weaver!  
Make your poem enjoyable for curious readers.  
Accentuate its music and its meaning.  
Emphasise its grand themes, but make sure that it sings!

Dominic Windram

# O Great Creator

O great Creator  
Of sun & moon & stars;  
Of all possible worlds;  
Guide us as we are frozen.  
Give us time to nurture  
& perfect our higher selves.  
Redeem disturbed objects.  
Straighten crooked pathways.  
And set us free from prisons  
Of crude conformity.  
Free us from the allure  
Of surface appearance.  
Free us from tribal patterns  
Of perpetual war.  
Help us to see beyond  
The miasmal mists of rusted Time.  
Help us to see beyond  
The spurious light of idols.  
Help us to recognise  
The writing on the wall &  
All the sordid distractions  
That dominate our lives.  
O great Creator  
May our prayers be heard.

Dominic Windram



# O Great Creator Of Being

O great creator of Being,  
Grant me time to perfect my art.  
Provide me me be  
Guided by your gentle, healing Light.  
Help me in my endless solitude.  
Help me in my mundane, aimless tasks.  
Help me to purify and sweeten  
The common word. Help me to survive  
In this soulless, modern wilderness:  
Where all the dark hucksters seem to thrive.

Dominic Windram

## O Great Creator....

O great creator of being  
Provide these pale spectres with tears.  
So that they move from nothingness,  
To sorrowful realms of softness.  
So that they can become humane:  
And be redeemed by sun & rain.  
Let them know the caress of light,  
As well as the bleakness of night.

Dominic Windram

# O Great Poetry...

O great poetry  
Is a richness of gestures;  
A harvest of styles!

Dominic Windram

# O Grief Has A Form

O grief has a form.  
For the lamenting willows  
Come to leaf in May.

Dominic Windram

# O He Will Return

O He will return,  
Like soft snow white Spring blossom.  
He will rise again.

Dominic Windram

# O Heavenly Realms!

O heavenly realms:  
Where roses spill from blue skies,  
And Love is boundless.

Dominic Windram

# O Holy

O holy, infinite consciousness  
I've tried to be faithful to your subtle commands.  
O holy, bird of words,  
You soar swiftly towards the sun of your deepest longings  
O holy desire,  
I feel you slowly, blossoming into fulfillment.  
O holy stream of light,  
I am humbled by your presence.  
O holy Buddha,  
Teach us not to be distracted  
O holy, transfigured art  
Shimmering with multiple layers of meaning.  
O holy is each person  
Wounded by suffering, singular, unique!

Dominic Windram

# O Honest, Calm Saints

O honest, calm saints,  
I pray to you for guidance.  
For I'm truly lost!

Dominic Windram



## O How I Wish!

O how I wish I could create a poem  
As significant as a prayer or hymn:  
That would blossom like a beautiful, bold  
Flower with a power drawn from within!

By blending noble thought and warm passion,  
It would transcend the world's fleeting fashions.  
More precious than countless, verbose pages;  
O it would echo throughout the ages!

Dominic Windram

# O I Dream

O I dream of green  
As I roam these plagued, grey streets:  
This concrete jungle.

Dominic Windram

## O I Feel Blessed...(June 22nd,2020)

O I feel blessed by  
The tender light of this warm,  
Summer afternoon.

Dominic Windram

## O I Often Dream....

O I often dream of an idyllic cottage  
Deep in the woods: Where I could take time to compose  
A plethora of poems. Fragrant with aged herbage,  
It would be a perfect blend of wood and stone;  
Solid enough to withstand any raging storm.  
It would be surrounded by precious rose gardens.  
And it would contain a small hearth to keep me warm;  
In bleakest winter when fingers are frost bitten.  
Each season would provide me with inspiration.  
My little cottage in the woods, with its delights  
Would endlessly feed my potent imagination;  
Whether, in times drained by darkness, or bathed in light.

Dominic Windram

# O I Remember

O I remember,  
All those precious moments, that  
Will never return.

Dominic Windram

## O I Wish...

O I wish that all  
The Arts could bleed into one:  
Colours coalesce!

Dominic Windram

## O I Wish...2

O I wish faith wasn't so secretive.  
I wish it would fill the morning skies  
With fluffy, billowing clouds of ecstasy  
How I wish it would finally reveal  
Itself to the waiting world and light up  
Dark, moribund churches and burst into  
Song. Now wouldn't that be so inspiring? !  
O I wish faith wasn't so secretive.

Dominic Windram

## O In This Spring....

O in this spring of verdant joy, our hearts lighten.  
We have discarded the heavy weight of winter.  
And now we look for the buds of our dreams to bloom.  
So often we're dismayed by mundane days and hours;  
But blessed by April's pure, warm light we are reborn.  
In this season of subtle magic, we notice  
Vivid colours and sweet sounds; that we'd forgotten  
Existed. Such is the power of icy winds;  
That contribute to winter's white and grey bleakness.  
Now we feel Creation's essence flow through our veins.  
Flashing pink and purple splashes punctuate our  
Newly inspired consciousness. We're uplifted!

Dominic Windram



# O Joy And Wonder!

O joy and wonder:  
Let a thousand flowers bloom!  
Resist the darkness.

Dominic Windram

# O Just Set Me Free!

O just set me free!  
Please extricate me gently  
From your beauty's web.

Dominic Windram

# O Light A Candle

O light a candle,  
And carry it like a god,  
Across dark waters.

Dominic Windram

## O Lord...

O Lord soften my cold and stony heart.  
Please make it warm and innocent again,  
Like in golden days when I was a child.  
For the passing years have taken their toll.

Dominic Windram

## O Lord...(Easter Vigil Prayer)

O Lord, please release me from this prison  
Of dark solitude. Give me a reason  
To live again. Guided by your Grace  
And Mercy, I will hold on to my faith.

Dominic Windram

## O Love Is Often...

O love is often  
Chameleon. It seems to  
Wear many colours.

Dominic Windram

# O Master Artist

O master artist:  
Instruct me how to employ  
My sorrow and pain.

Dominic Windram

# O Master Painter

O master painter colour the dreams in my mind.  
For I am poet who is lost in the wilderness.  
O master painter unveil your latest designs.  
For I'm certain they will be beautiful & blessed.

Dominic Windram



## O Mr Conman...

O Mr Conman, you're a compulsive liar.  
And I do not require the use of L.S.D  
To see right through you, in the twinkling of an eye.  
Oit's such a pity, but par for the course, that  
The same thing can't be saidabout yourex wives and  
Various girlfriends. But then again the flash cars  
And the sharp suits are such a turn on for some out there.  
As I say, I see right through you. So watch your back!

Dominic Windram

# O Music & Art

O Music & Art:

How many of us depend

On your nourishment? !

Dominic Windram

# O Music And Art!

O music and art  
Can sooth and heal all heartaches!  
They can cleanse the soul.

Dominic Windram

## O My Dreams...

O my dreams are like balloons or kites:  
Hovering in ethereal skies;  
So high above the hardened earth.  
Here I measure beauty's true worth.  
For when I'm watching from the wings,  
I see a blue and green world of great  
Wonder and splendour: where birds sing  
And flowers bloom in golden ways.

Dominic Windram

## O My Dreams...2

O my dreams are deep, wide and aquamarine,  
Like constantly flowing, bottomless seas.

Dominic Windram

## O My Fate...(July 16th,2020)

O my fate seems to be indelibly inscribed  
In this soft, summer light. I sense autumn's shadows.  
For the briefest of moments I glimpse the colours,  
Forms and gestures of those I once knew and loved in  
The bright days of green and gold before Eden's fall  
Yet I cannot reach out to them. For they are long gone.

Dominic Windram

## O My Silent Prayers...

O my silent prayers,  
In the spirit of Truth's light,  
Embellish the night.

Dominic Windram

# O Mystical Rose

O Mystical Rose you once appear to me  
Clad in your long, flowing gown of blue and silver.  
Guide us as we are frozen in time's wintry haze.  
Guide us as we try to give life colour and form.

Dominic Windram



## O Nature Is...

O Nature is endless delight & joy.  
It cannot be grasped by cold steel systems.  
It cannot be measured by microscopes.  
It can only hinted at by metaphor.

Dominic Windram

# O Nightmares Darken...

O nightmares darken,  
Subtle colours and textures,  
Of soft, warm dreaming.

Dominic Windram

## O No More War...

O no more war please.  
The world is badly wounded.  
Stop it all right now!

Dominic Windram

## O No More...(April 4th 2020)

O no more will my life be a mere play  
Of flowery poetry and blithe art.  
O when this pandemic has ended,  
I will continue with blessed rituals  
Of prayer. I shall turn my attention to  
Matters of ultimate concern.I shall  
Seek symbols of light in the everyday.

Dominic Windram

# O Noble Spirit

O noble spirit:  
Bringer of redeeming rain  
in a dry season.

Revisit our hearts.  
We praise thy great fortitude.  
We praise thy wisdom.

Dominic Windram

# O Numberless Worlds

O numberless worlds  
In glistening galaxies:  
Teeming with beauty.

Dominic Windram

# O Poets And Prophets And Dreamers...

O poets and prophets and dreamers, pray  
Earnestly, for the complete destruction  
Of sinister, life denying systems.  
For they're waiting for a new world to be born.

Dominic Windram

# O Poets; Artists

O poets; artists  
Respond to your unique gifts.  
Follow your calling!

Dominic Windram



# O Pour Out The Wine...(Saturday 15th February: 2020)

O pour out the wine  
And put on the pop music.  
Let's have a good time!

Dominic Windram

## O Soon I will Mourn...(Late August,2019)

O soon I will mourn  
The passing of summer as  
Autumn's winds approach.

Dominic Windram

## O Spring...

O spring marks the rampant spreading of new light  
And glorious ascensions of aconites.  
It creates epic poems about daffodils,  
As they lean together in the warm dawn wind.  
Even in old bones the pith is stirred at last.  
On other days we can witness sweet bird flight:  
A proliferation of finches; with wings  
Of green, gold and purple that curvet and flash  
In the lenient air. It's a time that brings  
Birth and rebirth. It's a time when Beauty sings.

Dominic Windram

# O Superficial World

O superficial world of trash T.V culture  
And cheapened universities: where no one  
Communicates anymore. I predict a time  
When all wisdom and knowledge will vanish into  
Thin air. Perhaps there will still be ragged prophets,  
Existing on the margins, who can decipher  
The writing on the wall I do fear that  
Radical change will prove to be impossible.  
O when I think of the future it resembles  
A chasm; while sweet freedom's an empty slogan.

Dominic Windram

## O The Angels....

O the angels are longing to take me  
To the sacred garden. I'll embrace death  
Like an old, long lost friend when it arrives.  
For grace & warmth will replace cold fears.  
While I wait, I will try to create works:  
That reflect the world's long standing concerns,  
And it's current spiritual malaise.  
I'll dredge up the light from the darkest realms.

Dominic Windram

# O The Codes Of Poetry Are Broken

O the codes of poetry are broken  
By those who want to desecrate the Word.  
All I hear now is doggerel or  
Even worse: crass, sentimental bullshit.  
I hate to see such wilful destruction  
Of what was once deemed such a noble art.  
It seems that we now live in a doomed age,  
That courts the popular, but not the great.

Dominic Windram

# O The Frail Beauty!

O the frail beauty  
Of a bluebird's wondrous wings:  
A joy to behold!

Dominic Windram

## O The Loss...

O the loss of vital mythologies  
Has punctured our dreaming. And today we  
Perceive the world with our cold, modern eyes.  
We no longer hear Beauty's plaintive cries.

Dominic Windram



# O The Love That You Crave

O the Love that you crave,  
Is merely a shadow,  
Of the original dream;  
That began in Eden  
And ended in exile.

Dominic Windram

## O The Moon...

O the moon is an enchantress! An eerie light  
Emanates from her. She weaves her magic, amidst  
Drifting clouds, in secret dominions of night.  
She is a vital source of deep poetic bliss.

Dominic Windram

## O The Moon...2

O the moon is beautiful, yet so eerie  
Like a wild and darkly seductive stranger.  
It's soft, mysterious glow seems to turn deadly  
In the hour of madness, when Time suddenly  
Stands still, and all those roaring memories flood  
Consciousness; until old fears overflow its  
Serene banks and streams. And the night extinguishes  
Its frail stars, and pours out its terrible blackness.

Dominic Windram

## O The Poet...

O the poet hovers between what is hidden  
And what is revealed. He merges truth with illusion.  
He is intensely curious about the world:  
Which would be so much poorer without his presence.

Dominic Windram

## O The Poet...2

O the poet weaves wondrous words from dreams  
And visions. He connects the seemingly  
Unconnected streams of pure consciousness;  
That flow through our minds on a daily basis.

Dominic Windram

## O The Seasons...

O the seasons flow within my blood stream,  
Like silvery streams or enchanting dreams!  
I am one with the white blossoms of spring  
I can hear the wild birds of summer sing,  
Of innumerable, beguiling things,  
In timeless visions, beyond the fleeting.  
I sense autumn's subtle colours and shades.  
I'm deeply moved by winter's solemn ways.  
Nature's endless cycle permeates my  
Mind. It drives the winds and directs the skies.  
I trace the birth and death of leaves and trees.  
O the seasons flow within my blood stream!

Dominic Windram

## O The Whining Wind: (December,2019)

O the whining wind  
Seems to typify winter's  
Discordant music.

Dominic Windram

## O These Days...

O these days, modern universities  
Are more like revamped airports rather than  
Centres of academic excellence.  
It seems to be all about 'bums on seats',  
Rather than quality education.  
I returned to one earlier this year.  
I have to say that my experience  
Was certainly very 'interesting'.  
Although I really liked the lecturer,  
He was 'castrated' by all the cold bean  
Counters and pen pushers. Just like I was  
So many years ago. Nothing has changed.

Dominic Windram



## O These Fools...

O these fools glitter with the glory of peacocks,  
As they vainly investigate, the character  
Of love in reflective pools of their own desires.  
Meanwhile, the desert grows within their dried up souls.

Dominic Windram

## O These Imbeciles...

O these imbeciles salivate like a Pavlov's dog  
When they share sentimental and silly posts on  
Social media. But try getting them to read  
Anything of merit or worth and you will face  
A seemingly, never ending, uphill struggle.  
O they seem to have the attention span of gnats!  
While there are, indeed, so many great things about  
The internet, are we really 'communicating'  
Effectively with one another? Does it not  
Contribute to a reducing of consciousness?

Dominic Windram

## O These Long Shadows...

O these long shadows breed a kind of strange remorse.  
Sometimes the world seems so pregnant with emptiness.  
O some are more carefree: filled with golden delights;  
While others are forced to roam ragged realms of night.

Dominic Windram

# O These Modern Gods...

O these modern gods  
And idols don't impress me:  
Fleeting shadow plays!

Dominic Windram

## O These Pink Petals...

O these pink petals,  
Are falling slowly, like soft  
waves of solitude.

Dominic Windram

# O These Twilight Skies!

O these twilight skies;  
Brimming with surreal colours:  
From purple to pink!

Dominic Windram

## O These Words: (July 12th,2020)

O these words are my  
Small monuments to these rare,  
Summery moments

Dominic Windram

# O This Vintage Wine...

O this vintage wine  
Warms the blood in my cold veins.  
Spring's overflowing!

Dominic Windram



## O We Are Drifting...

O we are drifting  
Gently like small, sturdy boats  
In the stream of life.

Dominic Windram

# O We Are Merely...

O we are merely  
Creatures of flesh and fancy;  
Waiting for rebirth.

Dominic Windram

## O We Poets 2

O we poets like  
To edit our memories;  
For posterity.

Dominic Windram

## O We Poets...

O we poets weave  
Cobwebs of words, in order  
To trap our readers.

Dominic Windram

## O We Poets...3

O we poets are restless creators.  
We still search for the original seed  
That gives birth to a myriad flowers.  
We never conflate false wants with real needs.  
We travel far and wide from pole to pole;  
From icy realms to roaring worlds of fire  
We never lose sight of our sovereign souls.  
We are witnesses to a world that's mired  
in a swamp of narcissistic frenzy.  
We still believe in following the light.  
We keep uncovering subtle beauty,  
Despite the emptiness of starless nights.

Dominic Windram

# O Welcome To This Brave New World!

Internet fuelled rage;  
Instant phoney connections;  
Social media  
Of incoherent loners,  
Spammers, narcissists,  
Impersonators and trolls;  
Relativism  
Corrodes human relations.  
Indifferent text culture;  
Psychic distortions;  
T.V and fast food junkies;  
Fractured consciousness;  
Neon lit billboards  
Permeate city limits.  
Endless labyrinths  
Of garish colours  
Bleeding into each other;  
A cacophony  
Of novel sounds on a loop;  
Everywhere now seems  
To be a microcosm  
Of the worst aspects  
Of modern America.  
Infantile voices  
With no sense of perspective;  
Fragmented meanings  
Without clarity  
Or purpose; now we're adrift  
Because the sacred  
Centre of things is missing.

Dominic Windram

## O What A World!

O world of constantly flowing distractions:  
Of crass cartoons juxtaposed with tragedies;  
Of farcical plays produced by popinjays;  
Of noise pollution and myriad bright screens  
We are like lost children in neon lit lands.  
We still seek a guide to take us by the hand:  
To escape all of the labyrinthine madness.  
We have forgotten noble ways of wisdom

Dominic Windram

## O What A World! 2

World of noise and speed:  
Vain-glorious inventions  
And endless chatter.

Dominic Windram



## O What Can Be Done?

O what can be done when things lose their novelty?  
Or when cold reality replaces warm dreams?  
Familiarity often seems to breed contempt.  
What happens when our creative powers are spent?

Dominic Windram

## O What Do We Do?

O what do we do now the angels have all flown  
Away? O lamentation's cold seeds have been sown!  
What do we do now that the glory of our prime  
Has passed? Should we spend our days merely marking time?

Dominic Windram

# O What Shall We Do With Our Time?

O what shall we do with our time?  
Will we contemplate something sublime?  
Or will we just drift through each day  
With nothing of interest to say?

Dominic Windram

# O When The Darkness Finally Arrives

O when the darkness finally arrives  
Flimsy thoughts of heaven and all of its  
Nebulous contraptions will not save you.  
In dreams you may appear angel-winged  
But in the cold light of day; you are brought  
Crashing back down to earth. You will have to  
Renounce music, art and poetry for  
More pressing matters. Urgency is key.

Dominic Windram

## O Why Am I Waiting So Long? (July 30th,2020)

Waiting for my car to get fixed is like  
Waiting for paint to dry: that is no lie!  
O I have taken it in many times  
And new problems emerge: what a surprise!  
Please God let those cretins sort it out soon,  
Or tonight I'll be howling at the moon!  
If I were mechanically minded,  
I'd fix it myself. I'm being robbed blind!  
I guess they know that I haven't a clue  
About cars. Well yes, that is sadly true.  
Perhaps, when one of those ignorant chaps  
Requires extra help with English and Maths,  
I'll get my revenge. I'll charge them double  
The rate by the hour. They'll be in trouble  
When I keep them at such a low level;  
They won't pass their exams. If they quibble  
About it, I'll just remind them smugly  
About my car and, ever so slowly,  
Take back every single hard earned penny  
Of my 'stolen' money...and suddenly  
Things, for them at least, won't seem so funny.  
Rough justice perhaps. Yet it speaks to me!  
Because waiting for so long makes me mad,  
And there is nothing worse than being had!

Dominic Windram

# O Woe Is Me!

O woe is me! O what am I to do?  
For I cannot compete with the crazy  
Performance poets. Should I dye my hair blue;  
Make it very spiky and then simply  
Refer to myself as 'Dommy Rotten'? !  
Then I suppose I would be really 'cool'  
Perhaps, I could make a pact with Satan  
Or play the part of a pantomime fool?  
O I despair of this current, plagued age,  
Where the act is considered sacrosanct;  
Not the gleaming, golden words on the page.  
That's why there's so much doggerel and cant.  
Thank goodness, I now perform my poems  
Solely on the radio: my natural home.  
Where diction and clarity are everything  
O radio allows my poems to sweetly sing!

Dominic Windram

## O Wondrous Words...

O wondrous words are born from mystery.  
And they can be gently formed into poems,  
Prayers or hymns. They can capture lucid dreams:  
That transcend the crude realms of mortal scope.

Dominic Windram

# O World Of Wonder!

O world of wonder;  
O world of bright enchantment,  
Let joy reign supreme!

Dominic Windram



# O You Just Can't Beat A Good Sunday Roast! (July 26th,2020)

Roast beef, lots of veg,  
Crisp, gold-brown Yorkshire puddings:  
Swimming in gravy!

Dominic Windram

## Observe The Press

Observe those reptilian creatures of the press  
As they incessantly point their intrusive cameras;  
As they coldly drain the blood from their latest victims.  
They are like vultures descending on a carcass.  
O they seem to have absolutely no scruples!  
It appears they will stop at nothing to obtain  
Yet another sordid story. Even a tragic  
Death fails to stop them in their tracks. O there are  
Many reasons why I won't wax lyrical about,  
The often sanctified, freedom of the press.

Dominic Windram

## Observe...

Observe the poet's  
Brilliant track record and  
Appreciate it!

Dominic Windram

# Ocean Drenched Dreams

O ocean drenched dreams:  
Of exquisite starfish  
And blazing coral!

Dominic Windram

# Ocean Shell Whispers

Ocean shell whispers  
Drift across vast seaweed strewn,  
Powdery beaches.

Dominic Windram

# Ocean Shell Whispers: (Alternative)

Ocean shell whispers  
Drift across the vast, golden,  
Powdery beaches.

Dominic Windram

# Oceanic Dreaming: (Inspired By J.M Barrie's Peter Pan,1911)

Oceanic dreaming:  
Of beautiful young mermaids;  
Bathing under stars.

Dominic Windram

## October Moments: (October 24th,2019)

October moments:

The acrid scent of rusted  
Leaves burning slowly.

Dominic Windram



# Ode To A Pine Tree

Hidden pine tree:  
Concealed in dark woods on a high hill  
Here the soft summer air is so still.

Secluded pine tree,  
She does not need to overdress;  
No, not this immortal goddess.

Ghostly pine tree,  
Her floating fragrance abounds,  
In a white river of sounds.

Tranquil pine tree,  
Her sumptuous song; a mysterious thing;  
Gently touches & plucks the heart' s strings.

Dominic Windram

# Ode To Beauty

You are Spring's first bloom  
Opening petal by petal,  
Your sweet perfume,  
Is carried by the wind.

Dominic Windram

## Ode To Beauty 2

My soul is inclined to beauty  
In all its bright myriad forms:  
From vital art to poetry  
To music that defies all norms.

O my soul is wedded to beauty,  
Not to the crude allure of gold,  
Or to the cold order of machines.  
Creation is a joy to behold.

Dominic Windram

# Old And Modern Prisons

From the grim workhouse to the asylum;  
From the rigid school to wage slave labour.  
From regulated play to the confines  
Of the office or behind the counter.  
From the ghetto to concentration camps.  
From crude scapegoating to mass surveillance.  
From cosumer driven addictions to  
Increasingly routinised ' entertainments'  
O there are so many prisons out there!  
They merely call themselves by different names.  
They persist throughout the slow centuries.  
I suppose they will exist forever.  
All the dreams we have, from the cradle to  
The grave, alas, will never come to pass.

Dominic Windram

# Old Eccentrics Versus The Fake New Breed Of Poseurs

I like the old eccentrics,  
With their extravagant talk,  
And their outdated ways.  
They are far more preferable  
To me than the designer breed:  
Who converse in clichés;  
Filled with a thousand fancies;  
Blown by the winds of fashion;  
Devoid of any real meaning.  
How I despise their kind.  
Give me nuance and style,  
Rather than garish colour.  
Give me wit & wisdom,  
And the art of conversation,  
Rather than bovine grunts  
Give me subtle recognition,  
And finely honed philosophy,  
Rather than fake hysteria.

Dominic Windram

# Old Long John Silver & His Poetic Parrot Meet Their Nemesis

O that sly, old Long John Silver & Polly  
His 'poetic' parrot plotted to deceive,  
The naïve denizens of Treasure Island,  
Because they both greedily wanted more and  
More points and pieces of eight. But then they met  
Their nemesis. Their deeds, they were to regret.  
For in the form of two noble British knights  
Wrong was quickly, and ruthlessly, put to right.  
One knight was from Wales, and one was from England.  
And they both made those crude villains understand  
The true meaning of pain, as they strung them up  
On the gallows. They were never seen again.

Dominic Windram

# Old Versus New

Some want to preserve the past and all its 'glories'.  
While others want to move on to more 'modern' ways.  
Some want to uphold the legacies of the state.  
While others want to see the system swept away.  
And there are those who're just happy to go with the flow.  
For in these dark times, who knows what tomorrow might bring.

Dominic Windram

# On Art

Art is the fountain  
And source of joy in the world.  
It enriches us.

Dominic Windram



# On Bournemouth Beach: Inspired By An Incisive Comment Courtesy Of Shaun Cronick (Lockdown: June 25th,2020)

On Bournemouth beach, the brain - dead chavs are out  
For a good time in the baking hot sun.  
Yet they seem to be wilfully ignoring  
The strict guidelines of social distancing.  
O what can be done with these idiots! Perhaps  
There's a remote island, possibly in  
The South Pacific; where they can all be  
Shipped to...that would be most pleasing to me.

Dominic Windram

# On Halloween Night

On Halloween night,  
A thousand ghouls and monsters  
Emerge from their graves.

Dominic Windram

# On Poetry

O I don't think that poetry can change the world,  
But I think it can mirror the times we live in.  
It's worth writing and performing because it  
Means that something new and colourful can  
Then be added to our collective consciousness;  
No matter our meagre. It's well worth the effort.

Dominic Windram

# On Retreat In An Old Town By The Sea

Plangent cries  
Of a Spanish guitar.

Stray dogs roam  
The cobbled streets;  
With wild, searching eyes.

In the bustling marketplace,  
The locals gather for warm connection  
Absorbed among the meats and spices  
And garments and bracelets.  
Some older, but wiser, withered faces  
Look to night's stars for guidance.

I came here to escape the fevered city  
Now I find myself in this torpid town.  
But I am far from here; my mind  
Still fixed on a million trivial things.

I'm so tired of all the futile games  
We're forced to play under the sun.

What is it that I'm looking for  
On this retreat from routine life?  
Perhaps Nature will open her arms  
And embrace me like a long lost son.

In this toxic epoch of doubt  
I desire the dreams of flowers.  
I've come here for reassuring answers  
And to learn an ancient lament;  
That will teach me compassion; .  
That will bind me to the earth

I understand in my bones  
That there is no paradise:  
Only fleeting illusions;  
Fragments of childhood visions.

Some say that love is the answer,  
But in love the archers are blind.□

Dominic Windram

## On Saturday Afternoons...

On Saturday afternoons, I put the racing on  
The T.V and listen to the commentary.  
It 's a peculiar ritual that I've been  
Religiously observing for the past three years or so.  
O I like the way they announce and phrase  
The horses' poetic names. I also like all  
The bright colours and pageantry. Then I slowly  
Drift into deep sleep, in my favourite armchair.  
I guess you could say it is the time of the week  
That I look forward to more than any other!

Dominic Windram

# On That First Christmas Eve

On that first Christmas Eve, many aeons ago  
Angels appeared to humble shepherds. They filled  
The skies like radiant clouds; singing glorious  
Praises about the newborn child: The Son of God.  
Their songs have since inspired countless hymns, carols  
And symphonies. Although this beautiful chorus  
Undoubtedly Illuminated the world, it  
Wasn't the melody, the chords or the joyous  
Harmony that provided this pure song with  
Its timeless appeal. It was its divine message.

Dominic Windram

## On The Beach...(August 9th,2020) .

On the beach, children  
Busily collect feathers,  
Coloured shells and stones.

Dominic Windram



# On This Night: (Easter Vigil)

On this night, we move  
From gloom and darkness; to the  
divine light of grace.

Dominic Windram

## Once I Was Lost, But Now I Am Found.

For a long time I felt lost; without style or grace.  
I wore the system's drab uniform for my sins,  
And a frozen mask slowly formed around my face.  
The world appeared to me to be bleak and grim.  
But now that I've escaped from the darkest of fates,  
I've discovered a real, potent sense of freedom.  
Incessant trivia rarely makes me irate,  
Now that I'm born again under a bright, new sun.

Dominic Windram

# Once My Dreams...

Once my dreams were close:  
In reach. Now they're faraway;  
Just like in the movies.

Dominic Windram

# Once Upon A Time

Once upon a time, when I worked so aimlessly,  
At the local college of spurious knowledge.  
We had to develop things called ILPs: that's  
'Individual Learning Plans' for those not so  
Familiar with so called ' educational'  
y, to cut a long story short,  
Like lesson plans, they were a real pain in the neck.  
So I decided, in my wisdom, to refer  
To them, rather cynically, as 'Incredibly  
Laborious Paperwork', since I considered  
The whole enterprise to be nothing but a sham!  
O it was like teaching with a straight jacket on!  
Now that I'm free, from this most repressive system,  
I can plan and teach so much more creatively.

Dominic Windram

# Once We Were Free

This is the place of forgotten youth:  
Where music once redeemed starless nights;  
Where blazing flowers of love once bloomed;  
When we were guided by greater light.

This is the place of discarded youth:  
Former idols have begun to rust.  
We once believed we were free to choose;  
Now fragile empires turn to dust.

This is now the place of fractured youth:  
Smear of sun across Time's abyss;  
Love's sweet realms ripped apart at the roots.  
Now fear has usurped our bliss.

This is now the place of spectral Truth.  
The crazed street prophets are now silenced.  
For the neon gods control the minds  
Of the anaesthetized populace.

This is the place of discarded dreams.  
Take a drive through the city's limits.  
See today's cool, multi-coloured themes.  
See the junkies looking for a fix.

This is the place of forgotten dreams,  
Now the spectacle has supplanted,  
Sheer vital force of playful forms.  
The sacred carnival has ended.

I see faces in the candle flame;  
Some are dead; some are barely living.  
I cannot recall all of their names;  
Only the glory of their giving.

Dominic Windram

# One Consciousness

All matter is merely a form of energy;  
That's condensed into a very slow vibration.  
The mystics and the shamans know this to be true.  
They suggest, we are all in fact one consciousness;  
But we experience ourselves subjectively.  
We're not, in essence, separate, Cartesian selves.  
We should leave the dark domains and return to Light

For those noble, enlightened ones who have access  
To deeper Truths, there's in fact, no such thing as death.  
It's just a gateway to the other side; beyond  
These troubled, fleeting realms. This world is but a stream.  
Eternity is a teeming ocean. We should  
Liberate ourselves from Time's diurnal cycle.  
We should leave mundane domains and return to Light.

Dominic Windram

# One Day I'd Like To Write An Epic Poem

One day I'd like to write an epic poem.  
That could mirror the fragility of life  
It would be as light as a butterfly's wing  
And as sublime as a crimson sunset:  
Radiating with the beauty of the Word,  
And capturing all the sorrows of the world.  
It would be as clear as purest crystal  
Yet as elliptical as a distant star.  
It would face the monstrous, raging darkness  
With matador like skill and elegance.  
Its great power would lie in its gentleness  
And its sense of grace as soft as snow flakes.□  
In time it might slowly expand consciousness.  
And I hope it would make the angels weep!  
One day I'd like to write an epic poem  
That could mirror the fragility of life.

Dominic Windram

## One Hell Of A Party! (Glasgow,1993)

As we sneaked into the student party,  
All kinds of hell seemed to break loose in there.  
The details of which, I'm not prepared to  
Disclose... probably because I was so wasted.  
But it must have been rather exhilarating,  
As I recall, that we didn't leave until dawn!

Dominic Windram



# One Trick Pony

One trick pony boy  
So ignorant of the facts:  
Petulant & spoiled.

Dominic Windram

## Only God Can Provide Us With Peace.

The loudspeaker blares out the words, of ' Silent night'  
Yet ' Sleep in heavenly peace! ' sounds so ironic,  
As the crowds surge forth in a crazed quest for presents.  
Although Christmas is now hailed and branded as a  
Holiday of joy and peace, it seems anything  
But peaceful! Yet, we know deep down in our hearts, that  
Christmas is clearly not about a peaceful  
Shopping experience or an idyllic snow  
Covered holiday. It really has nothing to  
Do with the weather, or the music, or the gifts.  
Rather Christ came to provide us with lasting peace.  
He left his heavenly throne so we could find peace  
With God. Although this wayward world can be incredibly  
Noisy, crowded and cold, God can place peace in our souls.

Dominic Windram

# Order Hides Chaos

O we're born into a world  
Of ostensible order:  
Where all things seem to rotate  
Around a bright, certain sun.  
Yet the dark chaos that dwells  
Behind the pristine dream of  
Love and happiness, is  
Never far from the surface.

Dominic Windram

# Organic Intellectuals (Inspired By Gramsci)

We need creators...connectors who build  
Solid bridges of understanding across  
Communities; across the class divide.  
We need their presence now more than ever:  
To piece modern culture's fragments together;  
In an increasingly polarised world.

Dominic Windram

# 'Originality'

It is not that the artist discovers  
Something new, rather he detects something  
Old, that was once familiar, but that  
Has now been forgotten; at the edge  
Of the world: like wildflowers in the desert.  
It's usually to be found in a  
Desolate place; where nobody can perceive  
Any sign of life or bright promise there.  
Yet the keen, curious artist sees it,  
And then claims it. He brings it back into  
Focus, and it commands our attention;  
So that we can marvel at its delights.

Dominic Windram

# Our Art

O our Art cannot transcend  
This most wanton, mortal of worlds.  
It can only touch the surface;  
Only smooth the marble & stone.  
It cannot penetrate darkness.  
It cannot identify light.  
O it cannot communicate  
Our deepest secret fears.

Dominic Windram

# Our Brave, New Modern World

Our brave, new modern world is now filled  
With harsh sounds that deafen the ear,  
And bright images that disturb the sight.  
Alas, I think that they are contaminating  
Our collective consciousness. We seem  
Unable to decipher the codes that perhaps  
Will lead to some type of enlightenment.  
Currently, the technocrats have the power  
To contrive spurious dreams and visions.  
The Internet weaves myriad, enticing webs,  
In which we feel invariably trapped.  
We seem to be attracted to shadow plays,  
Rather than concerned with seeking the Light.  
In prayers, I ask for fresh wings to transcend  
The sordid vagaries of this age, But all  
I receive are fragments of feather and bone.

Dominic Windram

## Our Dreams...(Easter Monday 2020)

Our dreams are covered in a silvery mist.  
To be like the angels, is our secret wish.  
Our eyes perceive beauty and expand its scope.  
Our consciousness is lit by a sense of hope.  
The rivers and seas seem to whisper to us.  
Our meditations are as gentle as doves.  
Love penetrates our hearts in magical ways.  
Creation's crowning glory is endless Grace.

Dominic Windram



## Our 'glorious' Nation (May,2018)

So resistant to change of any kind,  
This nation plods on; ignoring the signs  
That spell its doom. Please try and understand  
That there is no vision; only half baked plans.  
We just procrastinate. We don't react  
Fast to serious matters; that's a fact!  
Rigid structures restrict England's dreaming.  
From monarchy and parliament to sporting  
Teams. From public services and the Arts,  
To the courts. We're still stumbling in the dark!  
We're mere subjects, not true citizens.  
Archaic, iron rules can never bend.

We are living in a land of philistines.  
Yet some still claim that we're doing just fine.  
As long as the pub beer keeps on flowing;  
As long as footballers keep on playing;  
As long as London's grand bankers are thriving;  
As long as the homeless are surviving.  
Meanwhile Beauty's roses are withering;  
And the wild birds are no longer singing.

O this is still a land ruled by elites  
And populated with 'peasants'. It's like  
No one can see it. Perhaps that is due  
To the propaganda spewed out as 'News'.  
O we're sold the old lie that we all live;  
In a thriving democracy. What gives?  
We're told that there is now no class system;  
Only meritocracy. Where's wisdom?  
Where's truth? When will the scales finally  
Fall from people's eyes; so they can clearly  
See what is happening to them? It seems  
That for now, at least, they're content to bury  
Their hopes and dreams. O we who still seek change  
Will keep struggling on; we'll just have to wait.

Dominic Windram

# Our Hymns & Prayers

Our hymns & prayers  
Proclaim a deeper glory,  
Beyond earth's limits.

Dominic Windram

# Our Modern Dilemma

There are too many talkers  
And not enough builders.  
There are too many pilgrims  
And not enough prophets.

And there are too many artists  
With limited self awareness.  
Seduced by the aroma of the fruit;  
Not the possibilities of the seed

Dominic Windram

# Our Modern Malaise

Some are keen to adorn themselves in the  
Latest fashions; for weekend revelries.  
Some seek atonement in worldly fame.  
Others cling to obscure mysteries.  
Many read nothing but the sports' reports.  
Some use speech for endless trivia.  
Others seek refuge in dazzling dream worlds.  
Some pursue material possessions.  
While the intellectually lazy,  
Endorse crazy conspiracy theories.  
Others hide the emptiness within them;  
By wearing the well worn social masks of  
Conviviality. There are those who  
Have constant need for novel ecstasies.  
Some turn to drugs to distract themselves;  
From this life's apparent meaninglessness.

Dominic Windram

# Our Modern World

Our modern world values youth & beauty;  
To a ridiculous extent it seems.  
For everywhere we look these days we see,  
Perfect, airbrushed bodies and smooth faces  
Radiating on our screens and leaping  
From glossy magazines. They are plastered  
On billboards and on the sides of buses.  
Young celebrities have their own talk shows  
And are constantly promoting their books.  
O it doesn't seem to matter a jot,  
If they have any age old wisdom or  
Life experience. They're modern emblems  
Of beauty; so we feel a deep need  
To listen to them. It is most foolish!

Dominic Windram

# Our New Gods

Gone forever are the days of gold & green.  
For the old gods are new gods create  
Bleak skyscrapers. These cold steel & glass towers  
Serve the vain interests of rampant power.  
Our new gods devour mountains & forests.  
And regurgitate endless sterile quarries.  
They spit out multitudes of polluted cities  
And motorways, supermarkets & factories  
They mould assembly lines of human robots:  
Who're obedient workers; mere automatons.  
Our new gods are fleeting & fragmentary;  
Devoid of vital spirituality.  
These new neon idols seek to dazzle us.  
For they function to distract us from ourselves,  
And from the genuine possibility,  
Of connection; of solidarity.

Dominic Windram

# Our Prime Minister

Our Prime Minister  
Breathes, talks and walks like a posh,  
Bemused gorilla!

Dominic Windram

# Our World

Our world is filled with  
Great suffering; even though  
Flowers of spring bloom.

Dominic Windram



# Out Of The Shadowlands Into The Clear Light Of The Sun

I don't believe in apathy;  
In the endless treadmill of days.  
I believe in compassion that casts  
An ever widening pool of light.  
O I don't want to spend too much time  
Brooding in the bruising darkness.  
I want to embrace the world again  
With my full being - unrepentant.

Dominic Windram

# Out Of Time And Out Of Season

O I can never return to winged joys of youth.  
All I can do is dig up fragments of Truth.  
I can never taste and touch Time's sweet, textured days  
Again. Now, I'm no longer blessed by the sun's golden rays.

Dominic Windram

# Out With The Old; In With The New!

O I want to create a lyrical light  
That will outlast the dull, prosaic mind set  
Of the bigoted and the ignorant.  
I'm so tired of the aimless ways of  
Bureaucrats and their ilk. I would rather  
Explore rare beauty at the edge of the world.  
O I want to see a marked change in the  
Political weather. From my perspective,  
Things have swung too far to the right over  
The last four decades. It's time to transform  
The way things are run. It's time to embrace  
New flowers in bloom, and discard the old!

Dominic Windram

# Overload

I cannot reach out across this great void.  
There's too much noise and confusion here.  
Our hands cannot embrace; nerves are jostled.  
Communion's a distant memory.  
Everything is near yet so far.  
I'm tired of talking to mere masks.  
Spectres gather in the virtual world.  
Serpents uncoil in the mind's darker realms.  
You say you're free but you love servitude.  
You once spoke the truth but now you deceive.

Dominic Windram

# Oxbridge Blues

O this course is full  
Of dead reactionaries.  
It's getting me down!

Dominic Windram

## P.C Politics

PC politics?  
Another token gesture  
Of middle class land.

Dominic Windram

# Painted Zombies

Hard faced; with no class:  
The painted zombies run wild  
Across Northern towns.

Dominic Windram

# Palestine Is Still The Issue

The stars are dead over this fabled land.  
Beauty is bleeding; her light is fading.  
Everything human is drifting from her face.  
As she breaks like porcelain in the war torn night.

After the metal birds have breathed out their deadly fire;  
After the media have moved on to other matters,  
Others will surely carry on the struggle;  
Among the ruins and the awful daylight.

Dominic Windram



# Panopticon (Inspired By Foucault)

We inhabit a polished, carceral world.  
We are passive creatures that court the absurd;  
Merely docile bodies controlled by  
Power's cold, feline, telescopic eyes.  
Eyes that burn through us like needles in dreams;  
Eyes which do not glow with a greater light;  
Only the flicker of neon emanates  
From ever watchful eyes that remain unseen.

Yet the scales will not fall from our own eyes.  
Unlike Saint Paul we will not be reborn.  
There shall be no sudden flash from heaven;  
No immersion in beatific vision.  
We only see the surface procession.  
We adore our patterned servitude.  
We move like cattle along the treadmill  
Of living, but the source remains concealed.

Dominic Windram

# Pan's Labyrinth

The horrors of war  
Darken the colour of dreams.  
She's trapped between worlds.

Dominic Windram

# Pantomime Poets (Stockton, February 2006)

We are the artless ones:  
Who stare blindly into space.  
We chatter aimlessly in the wind.  
Our heads are filled with sawdust.  
If you are not part of our gang,  
Then you will be cast aside.

We prefer popular doggerel  
To snobby Shakespeare,  
Because in truth we don't  
Really understand his work.  
We are full of sound and fury:  
Signifying nothing.

We are pantomime performers.  
We drink like fish.  
We are conceited clowns:  
Conglomerating in a mad circus.  
We like the wild applause  
Of the semi-literate.

Our colloquial expressions,  
Are strongly emphasised,  
For maximum effect.  
Our stanzas are liberally littered  
With pointless profanities.  
So sit back and let us entertain you!

Dominic Windram

## Pantomime Politics: (May 26th,2020)

The way that the Tories have handled  
This current crisis, so far, has been  
Absolutely farcical. Indeed  
I feel that a pantomime would be  
More believable. Truth is being  
Sacrificed here. Is the lockdown being  
Adhered to? ' O yes it is! ' claim the culprits,  
'O no it isn't! ' shout the critics.  
Perhaps BoJo could be Widow Twankey,  
And Cummings could play the part of Buttons,  
When the peculiar pantomime season  
Arrives once again in December.

Dominic Windram

# Paradoxical Products

Bottled water is invariably  
Branded with beatific images  
Of deep blue, pristine lakes  
And gleaming snow capped mountains.  
Yet it seems that this  
Faux green age worship  
Is rather nonsensical  
And patently paradoxical.  
One just has to consider  
The carbon dioxide  
Emissions generated;  
From the making, filling  
And shipping of millions  
Of plastic bottles.  
O how advertising distracts  
From elementary logic!

Dominic Windram

# Paranoia

Why are these flowers,  
Crushed by the doorway;  
That leads to a new day?

Where are the lovers,  
Whose tears of remorse,  
Once spawned rainbows?

Where are the poets,  
Whose words once soared above,  
The abyss of this burnt landscape?

Why are the prophets,  
Still locked in their prisons,  
Sleeping like babies?

Where is the light  
& where is the key?  
Where is the life  
That was promised to me?

Dominic Windram

## Paranoia: (Lockdown, April 2020)

This fragile house of light and love has darkened.  
Teeming words of magic have fled from the page.  
Everything is descending into a vast chasm.  
I'm lost in labyrinths of animal howls;  
Far away from treasured, ethereal realms;  
Where I suppose the angels are now weeping.  
Crude, irrational fears have captured sanity.  
Febrile imagination is a curse

Dominic Windram

# Paranoid

I sense voices, but perceive no angels.  
I smell violets, but only glimpse spectres.  
I crave sweet fruit but its taste is bitter.  
Where are the lost, sovereign kingdoms of light?  
Where's the guide that will take me by the hand?  
Where's authentic love in a sordid age?  
Why are these flowers crushed by the doorway  
That leads to a new dawn? I wish I knew.  
O I wish I cared! But lately life's torn,  
Dishevelled circus leaves me cold and scared.

Dominic Windram



# Patience

Patience, like faith, is the key to life's dreams.  
It is the virtue of angels and saints.  
Think of the old, wise angler who waits so  
Long to hook his prize of silvery fish.  
Think of the kind- hearted teacher who waits  
For her students to gently awaken  
To jewelled comprehension. It is with  
Patience that we learn to surrender to  
The divine unknown and trust completely  
In its mysterious, yet worthwhile ways.

Dominic Windram

# Peaceful Moments

Ships of fluffy clouds  
Sail on an ocean of sky.  
Such peaceful moments.

Dominic Windram

# Peacekeeper Missile

Peacekeeper missile:  
What a chilling example  
Of oxymoron!

Dominic Windram

# Peel Me From Your Wall

O peel me from your wall and then calmly ask me  
Who I am! For these days, I still find it so hard  
To wear key social masks in the real, roaring world.  
Please tell me how to change my wretched circumstance.

Dominic Windram

# Pentecost

The dove of the divine streaming with light,  
Comes like a wind that stirs the torpid air;  
With courage, risk, disturbance, enterprise;  
That reignites the weary, sovereign soul;  
Spreading its profound parables of love;  
Amidst summer's flowery transience.  
Born from ancient words on dusty pages  
Yet transmogrified in pregnant moments;  
A symbol of peace in prodigal times,  
That does not travel through the well marked tracks  
Of the all too human; of complacent  
Creeds & conjectures; of vain plans & schemes;  
Of worldly hopes & fears and does not deal  
In cheap grace amidst the vast sea of faith,  
But shines in a welter of conversion.  
Essence of sun pouring from azure skies;  
Rekindling, refreshing the inner flame;  
Swooping heavy with fiery promise  
And calling us to awaken reborn:  
From the quietus of mundane hours;  
From rabid twenty four seven treadmills;  
From crude, obscure signs that divert us;  
From a digital age that cannot serve  
To acknowledge our primal concerns;  
Only bombard us with endless distractions;  
Colourful processions of the trivial.  
Detached from life's counterfeit carnival;  
It is us for us to lift our eyes  
Heavenward in awe, and scan eagerly,  
For those flesh pink segments that daybreak brings  
And feel the stress of the focused spirit,  
At the thriving heart of the turning world.

Dominic Windram

# Pentecostal Dream Visions

I move between the fire and wind  
In Pentecostal dream visions.  
I drift in and out of plagued existence  
In an elusive manner. At time,  
I'm chameleon like; changing colours and styles.  
I'm torn between the light of the spirit  
And darker pleasures of the flesh.

Dominic Windram

# Pentecostal Vision

The weathered flesh is  
Revived by fresh tongues of flame:  
The Spirit's descent.

Dominic Windram

## Perennial Failures

O they're so vile of tongue & slow of wit.  
They're lacking in class and are heavy of foot.  
These jerks are overpaid & proud of it.  
What a preening posse of bovine mutts:  
Replete with image rights & private jets!  
For their laddish foibles they've no regrets.  
What with plastic to stroke their egos,  
Their crude, self delusions just grow and grow.  
They will blame the ball, the pitch and the ref  
Or the fact that they're under constant stress.  
They may point proudly at the 'Three Lions'  
While showing off their wounds, lumps & bruises  
But to me the current England squad are  
A sad bunch of perennial losers.

Dominic Windram



## Performance Poets

O those poets who like to make the biggest noise,  
And attempt to dazzle us with their modern toys,  
Do not necessarily have a way with words.  
Alas, at times they seem to be rather absurd.  
What they lack in diction, form and structure, they make  
Up for in shock value and all that irritates.  
Indeed, they are often vile of tongue; slow of wit.  
As the Immortal Bard once wisely quipped:  
'..full of sound and fury signifying nothing! '  
Appears to aptly sum up their predicament.  
They constantly speak of myriad, senseless things,  
And believe their spurious gifts are heaven sent.  
O those poets who like to make the biggest noise  
Are so similar to obnoxious girls and boys.

Dominic Windram

# Perhaps Love Can Redeem

Perhaps love can redeem; like dreams  
It can inspire. But currently  
It seems, for various reasons:  
Out of date, and out of season.

Dominic Windram

## Perhaps...

Perhaps I should wear a fancy space suit;  
To protect me from the nasty virus.

Dominic Windram

## Perhaps...(Life After Lockdown)

Perhaps the spirit of grace will show its face  
Perhaps the noise will eventually  
Quieten; in attention seeking, virtual worlds.  
Perhaps we can then step back, and contemplate,  
The endless, flowing seas of pure silence.  
Perhaps, at last, our inner selves will ripen.

Dominic Windram

# Pest Control Required!

P.H trolls are the  
Lowest forms of 'human' life:  
Obnoxious creatures! ! !

Dominic Windram

# Petty, Jumped Up Bureaucrats

Petty, jumped up bureaucrats  
Can go and take a hike. These mere  
lickspittles will never psych  
Me out. O I could steal their souls  
And they wouldn't notice. I can  
Do things they can only dream of.

Dominic Windram

# Philosopher King (Inspired By Plato)

O I am a philosopher king.  
I can achieve almost anything!

Dominic Windram

## Philosopher King 2

I am a philosopher king.  
In time, I will achieve great things!

Dominic Windram



# Philosophy Versus Poetry

Philosophy boldly confronts  
Life's prevailing orthodoxies.  
O it torturously describes  
The limits of human knowledge!  
Whereas refined poetry, like  
True religion, is concerned with  
The unfolding of the soul.  
It employs a lighter touch;  
As its weaves its subtle magic.  
In many ways, it is indeed  
An endless search for the blissful  
And the 's why  
I've discarded philosophy,  
And put my trust in poetry.

Dominic Windram

# Phosphorescent Stars...

Phosphorescent stars  
Illuminate the realms of  
Deep childhood dreaming

Dominic Windram

# Pieta

The cold marble is caressed with fiery grace;  
In sculpted textures of figurative skin.  
She holds the body lost in grief's solemn place.  
She cradles Him as though he was a child still.  
And calmly surveys His bruised and mortal flesh  
In a cool ocean of soft folded garments;  
Cradles this broken figure transformed in death  
Who will inspire Art's most blessed moments.

One whom she bore in the ragged light of faith;  
Who is the sacrificial, bloodied fulcrum  
Of creation's sacred fulfillment...some say  
Not a glittering god of the moon or sun.  
Her repose dissolves the driving, brutal nails  
Of suffering in this wayward, wanton world;  
Where the howling beast not the angel prevails  
Where the primordial Word is seldom heard.

Yet in the redemption of diurnal time  
The crude particular courts the Eternal;  
And a profusion of new symbols and signs  
Are prepared to transcend the all too human.

Dominic Windram

## Pink On Pink: (Rothko,1953)

Textured, smeared pinks like  
Lobster shells or human flesh  
Or fragile blossoms  
In springtime. Red represents  
Passion. But pink is  
More subtle and profound as  
Its hues and shades point  
Towards a poignant new dawn  
Of becoming;of  
Tenderness and agape.

Dominic Windram

# Pink, Purple Sunset

Pink, purple sunset:  
Colourful melancholy;  
The passing of time.

Dominic Windram

# Plastic People

Hopelessly distracted by infantile joys,  
The plastic ones continue to play with their toys.  
They see crude profit in every coded season.  
They prefer pleasure's warmth; rather than cold reason.  
They dwell in realms of sentimental emotion.  
Their plastic brains are empty of profound notions.  
Hysterical reactions, rather than measured  
Responses, are their forte. They fill me with dread!  
O they fear the inner freedom to truly be!  
That's why they hate all those who resist their fake dreams.  
They don't wish to face the darkness that surrounds them.  
They go around in circles; again and again.

Dominic Windram

# Plato

He was like Apollo: god of sun & light.  
He was blessed with wisdom: so lucid & pure.  
Cold, stern perhaps; yet eternal & secure:  
The first one to see beyond fleeting shadows.  
Unlike the disciples of Dionysus,  
He was not a wild instigator of change.  
Today he'd be considered conservative,  
In this war torn world: that's not such a bad thing.

Dominic Windram

# Pleasure And Pain

O pleasure and pain,  
Seem to feed regularly,  
On one another.

Dominic Windram



## Poem Hunter Trolls

Those that skulk in the dark and issue  
Their crude comments, (you know who you  
Are) should be hauled out into the light,  
And be reproached for their false insights.  
O these impotent, semi -literate  
Morons simply love to aggravate.  
Yet evidently they cannot create.  
That's why they're so full of bile and hate.  
They're so cowardly they don't provide.  
Their real names. They flourish on lies.

Dominic Windram

## Poems, Poetry

Poems should sparkle  
Like small lights in darkened rooms.  
Poetry should be  
Natural, like pebbles washed  
By the surging waves.  
Weathered objects seem to be  
Much more appealing,  
Than fake, airbrushed perfections.

Dominic Windram

# Poet In Turmoil

Poet in turmoil.  
She's harbouring dark thoughts in  
The house of decay.

Dominic Windram

# Poet Of Extremes: (For Dylan Thomas,1914 - 1953)

Poet of extremes:  
Of ice and fire. Wild notions  
Once coursed through his veins.

Dominic Windram

## Poet, Prophet, Visionary.

He's lion willed and ultra literate.  
He is poet, prophet, visionary.  
For he has access to secret, sovereign worlds;  
Beyond the reach of limited mortal sights.

Dominic Windram

## Poet: (August,2020)

Fragment of Being,  
A ghost among the living.  
One who perceives all  
Human joys and sorrows; as  
August and detached  
As an angel or a god;  
One who documents  
Modernity's discontents;  
One who traverses  
Twilight realms; one who dreams of  
Worlds beyond the sun.  
One who is most reluctant  
To participate  
In life's corroded circus.

Dominic Windram

## Poet: 2010

He who salvages the forgotten word  
From the dark catacombs of history:  
Who captures the sacred, golden moment;  
Otherwise doomed to fade into obscurity.

Who paints flesh pink the pale skeletal bone  
Of squalid life: adding form & beauty;  
Who speaks for the voiceless: all the caged birds  
Singing sweetly, longingly, for the right to be.

Who traces the sordid particular  
And endows it with soft divinity;  
Who anticipates the future age in verse;  
Formed from fiery trials of experience.

Who liberates thought dreams from their prisons  
Of rigid mind set & prescribed duty;  
Who charts the rise and fall of human gods  
And murky trails of idolatry.  
He alone who documents the dull groans  
And silent prayers of flawed humanity.

Dominic Windram

## Poet: 2014

He whose senses stir the heavens:  
Who sees the stars and moon on fire;  
Whose pen scratches at the heart of life;  
Who mirrors universal tragedy;  
Whose love is a banquet for everyone;  
Whose restless dreams create worlds;  
Who turns sea foam into crystal;  
Who glimpses beyond the veil of illusion;  
Who walks beside the down trodden  
Through the valley of ashes.

Dominic Windram



## Poet: 2020

The words, at first, issued forth fluently:  
Nourished by the elements and seasons.  
From esoteric symbols, he drew deeply.  
He wished to transcend cold realms of reason.  
But now it's more like an uphill struggle,  
As he tries to work out this complex world;  
Where once he was clear, now he's muddled.  
He no longer soars freely like wild birds.

Dominic Windram

# Poetic Contrast

Murmured syllables;  
Soft assonance; the lightning  
Flash of metaphors.

Dominic Windram

# Poetic Pearls Before Swine

Poets who capture the essence of dreams,  
Who bring fragments of heaven down to earth,  
Are a rather rare breed, these days, it seems.  
For they can recognise Beauty's true worth.  
While others merely decorate the page,  
With pretty images and hackneyed words.  
That's the norm in this sentimental age:  
Where refined things are considered absurd.

Dominic Windram

# Poetic Phrases

Poetic phrases hit  
The sun, and gently fall down  
To earth as colours.

Dominic Windram

## Poetic Sketches

The secrets of the moon and stars of my dreaming,  
Are scattered across these crumpled, scribbled pages.  
O I do not know where they end or where they begin.  
I don't know if they'll echo throughout the ages.  
But I do know that they are my spectral children.  
And I've composed and nurtured them for many years.  
The ones conceived in pink & purple twilight realms  
Are my favourites, as they hint at beauty rare.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Cannot Change The Scheme Of Things

I stand in the liquid light by the water's edge;  
Wondering what's happened to my childhood dreams.  
So far I've built my life on poetry. Yet it seems  
As though I've raised nothing but a house of sand

I thought that I could heal our contaminated consciousness.  
With radiant, transcendent words But I have been rather naïve  
It seems. I didn't take into account  
People's desire to dwell simply in shadows.

Some say that art is the proper task of life  
That might be the case. But to do it right,  
You have to adapt to the conditions  
Imposed by rampant post modernity.

Or live in a state of permanent exile,  
While others shut their eyes to truth and prosper.

Dominic Windram

## Poetry Creates...

Poetry creates the colours and forms  
Which can embellish and enhance our lives.  
It's the clear light at the end of life's storms.  
Its' subtle beauty always seem to thrive;  
Even in a crude, prosaic world that seems  
To have forgotten how to dream. It can calm  
The wild, fevered mind and it can set free  
The caged bird of longing with its sweet psalms.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Displaced

I'd like to proselytise passionately  
About violent oppression on a grand scale,  
But I end up merely regurgitating myths  
And reporting on the absurd routines of  
Ragged circuses: run by dark dream operators.  
I cannot crack conspiracies of silence!  
I'd like to wax lyrical about the blood  
Of flowers & creation's profuse green age  
But I cannot get past the scent of paltry petals  
& the fluffy clouds of misty sentiment!

I want to glorify the fabled Godhead  
But I can't catch a falling star from heaven  
And put it in my proverbial pocket!  
No flames of transcendence burn in my blue veins.  
Instead, I'm bewitched by a crucifix on the wall  
With a leaden Christ that stares blankly back at me!  
I want to echo the lush lamentations  
Of angels, like the raging prophets of yore;  
I'd like to write about the joy of living;  
Instead, I'm left searching like a wretched beggar for  
Signs of a pulse to check if I'm still breathing!

It would nice to testify, like a mystic  
Or a scribe, to the teeming, holy progress  
Of the endless, oceanic universe  
With such imagery to make the gods weep.  
I'd like to describe the mysterious realm  
Of inner beauty with its' vibrant melodies  
& its' warm, intricate honeycomb centre;  
But I end up pontificating about  
The preposterous allure of plastic idols!

I cling tightly to the golden horns of truth  
But I cannot capture its potent essence.  
I try to resurrect radical consciousness  
But I end up blessing the bones of a carcass.  
I'd like to study & record in detail,  
The redeeming power of romantic love;



& the blossoming of exotic colours;  
But I'm end up revealing repression & hunger!

I want to write of softly burning insights;  
Of wisdom traditions that span the ages.  
Not plumb the depths of my perennial woes.  
Regrettably, I represent my scars  
In tainted symbols of scribbled graffiti;  
Rather than plant profound seeds of poesy  
And embrace the enchanted order of art.

It would be great to create hymns of Oneness.  
But I cannot leave the stifling, tribal grounds:  
Where I am condemned like a rat in a cage  
To perennially play the part of Hamlet:  
King of endless space bounded in a nutshell  
Heckled by the same old superficial creeps:  
The archetypal Rosencrantz's and Guildenstern's  
Of this soulless, vaguely human world.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Has Gotten Hold Of My Soul

In the ancient church:  
Stained glass windows  
Like butterfly wings;  
Sprinkled with gold,  
Used to inspire my fevered  
Catholic imagination.

But I now belong  
To the twilight realms of poetry:  
Where alien gods and demons  
Adorn me with strange gifts:  
Serpents & wild flowers  
Dust & melting roses.

In my time I've wandered  
From the prescribed path,  
And looked beyond the dark glass,  
That the world equates with truth.

How I long to return to  
The simple but unexamined life:  
That childhood confers on us.  
Of course some remain children,  
While others walk the tightrope  
Between the mysteries of life & death.  
With poetry I'm sure of nothing,  
And in this lies a sad kind of freedom.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Is A Form Of Meditation

These fragmentary  
Lines were composed in silence;  
Conceived in stillness.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Is A Kind Of Kite (Inspired By Joan Miro)

Poetry is a kind of kite  
Blown this way and that  
By the unpredictable winds of time.  
It is forced to seek out strange,  
indescribable skies,  
As it charts the vastness  
Of new experience.  
As it hovers longingly  
Like a trained bird turned wild;  
Caressed by the sun,  
Over verdant fields  
& sapphire rivers.

When we creators gently tug it back:  
To finally rest on familiar earth.  
It lies irrevocably transformed:  
Fresh, shimmering and lyrical.  
It enables us to see things,  
From an entirely different perspective.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Is A Reassuring Guide

O it's so hard to relax in these crazed,  
Impatient times. I'm lost in endless mazes.  
Yet I know of a reassuring guide.  
I will look to poetry's gentle light.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Is Dead

The wild spirit of poetry is tamed,  
By customary, hackneyed, mundane prose.  
Creative forces bow to the functional.  
It's not about art, but slick portfolios.  
It's getting worse in this world of today:  
Where love has been replaced by cold fears.  
The vultures of constant surveillance are  
Undermining our rights and our freedoms.  
There is no light here. There is no key.  
It is only the darkness that prevails.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Is Dead 2

Poetry's pure fire  
Has turned to dust and ashes:  
World of philistines!

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Is Like An Orchestra

Poetry is like an orchestra  
It marks the rhythms of the centuries:  
In swirls of joy & sadness;  
In symphonies of hope & despair.

Dominic Windram



# Poetry Is Like...

Poetry is like  
The rarest of birds; that sings  
The most sublime songs.

Dominic Windram

## Poetry Is Like...2

Poetry is like a wild flower of beauty,  
In the tall grass of our fulfills our dreams.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Is So Much More Than Inspiration

The poetry comes to me in stages,  
Not like a sudden, explosive rose pink dawn;  
That dissolves the night's chaos and confusion  
In a flash of fabled, redeeming light.  
It involves long, tiring travel through  
Vast roads of marked indifference to the calling.  
It begins in wonder and goes forth:  
Surrounded by a halo of humility.

Dominic Windram

## Poetry Is The Light...

Poetry is the light that always shines  
Amidst darkness. It satisfies the soul.  
It's a gift bestowed by the gods. Its signs  
Are subtle. If you care to look around  
Closely, you will discover its magic.  
It's so enticing. It courts the tragic.  
Yet it captures joy and wonder. It seems,  
At times, to mirror inner realms of dreams.

Dominic Windram

## Poetry Is...

Poetry is a kind of refined consciousness.  
It shines a light on unfamiliar particulars.  
Poetry cuts through the crude machinery of now.  
It is akin to vintage wine: it matures with time.  
Poetry quickens the senses and delights the soul.  
It is everything and nothing. It is paradoxical.  
Poetry is an exploration of the kingdom of the mind.  
Its symbols span the centuries and many lifetimes.  
Poetry is a turning away from the amorphous crowd.  
It is best composed in the deep silence of solitude.  
Poetry at its finest provides a voice for the voiceless.  
In the ragged realms of night, it is a constant source of solace.  
O may sweet poetry always burn brightly throughout the ages,  
In spite of the dark powers that strive in vain to bring it down.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Mirrors Painting

Like vibrant paintings, poetry can be  
Dense with rich textures of profound meaning.  
It is condensed language; layered with keen  
Phrases and brimming with small miracles.  
Colours and sounds can bleed into notions.  
Poetry can sumptuously highlight complex,  
And dream like inner kingdoms and landscapes:  
That remain invisible to the eye.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry On A Precipice

I put out my poetry on the edge  
Of a precipice. If it stands or falls  
Is down to the reader. Personally,  
I'm thrilled by the sense of fear & danger!

Dominic Windram

# Poetry Reviews

Poetry reviews,  
Are just a matter of taste,  
And perception.

Dominic Windram



# Poetry Season.

Grab your umbrellas!  
It is raining metaphors;  
Pouring similes.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry's Meanings

Poetry's meanings  
Are reliant on readers;  
To decipher signs.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry's Purpose

I do not think that poetry can change the world.  
or that it can ever subtly transform consciousness.  
I even doubt that treasured work last forever.  
Yet I'm certain that it serves a special purpose.  
Perhaps poetry like butterflies or flowers  
Or lullabies can leave a light mark on the mind;  
That clings to memory and can soon be recalled,  
When occasions or situations demand it.

Dominic Windram

# Poetry's Sounds: (Assonance, Consonance & Sibilance)

O the seemingly dream like themes  
Of our drowsy flower strewn days:  
In the slow flow of assonance;  
The breathtaking, relentless beat  
Of rapt, cutting edge consonance,  
And the slithering serpent like  
Hiss of seductive sibilance;  
Provides poems with such vital sounds.

Dominic Windram

## Poets & Artists

Poets & artists painstakingly chart  
The heart's vast, inner landscapes. Yet their work  
Often remains unnoticed among the  
Listless, modern throng. That's a tragedy.  
While all the fashionmongers celebrate  
The nebulous & the superficial,  
Somewhere there is a poet or an artist  
Exiled from the world; working in solitude.

Dominic Windram

# Poets & Painters

Poets & painters  
Merge into one great spirit.  
They transcend their time.

Dominic Windram

## Poets Attempt...

Poets attempt to reveal life's mysteries  
With their meagre gifts and imprecise tools.  
It can often feel like a futile dream,  
They are pursuing: a quest made for fools!

Dominic Windram

## Poets Can Hint...

Poets can hint at the inner kingdom of things.  
They can mimic its music, textures and colours.  
Yet it's essence, akin to the Platonic realms  
Of Forms, alas, always eludes them. O it's like  
Chasing dreams! That's why we require symbols and myths  
To guide us. The sublime ways of eternity  
Are beyond our grasp. All we can hope to achieve is  
To capture Creation's teeming, yet fleeting, impressions

Dominic Windram



# Poets Contemplate...

Poets contemplate  
Mysteries of moon and stars;  
The night's wild secrets.

Dominic Windram

# Poets In The Wilderness

Troubled poets searching for sacred sainthood;  
Are repeating like mantras, hackneyed rhymes;  
And fumbling over half remembered lines.  
They're confronted by demons in the wilderness.  
And when they are tempted to turn stones to bread,  
They transform them into wild, exotic flowers instead! ,

Dominic Windram

# Poets Sing Your Songs!

Poets sing your songs!  
Dream away all the heartaches!  
Love with bright passion!

Dominic Windram

## Poets, Artists: Sail Forth!

As poets, artists of a certain solitude:  
That stays with us; that spurs the bold, creative act,  
We should not dwell in the modern house of false mirth.  
We should not participate in the narrow realms  
Of smirking rituals and superficial signs.  
We should forget the limitations of the tribe.  
Like restless adventurers of noble spirit,  
We should be searching for the fragrant, magical,  
Undiscovered land in the most distant ocean.  
May the winds of serendipity guide our sails!

Dominic Windram

## Poets...

Poets can sing about moon, stars and seas  
They can reveal the secrets of their hearts.  
They can be inspired by visions and dreams,  
As they refine the techniques of their art.

Dominic Windram

# Political Correctness

People express their views in shrouded forms.  
But often the bigotry still remains.  
Some pay lipservice to societal norms.  
Yet the darkness dwells within them all the same.

Dominic Windram

# Political Debate

I'm so tired of rambling monologues,  
And all the hackneyed, empty rhetoric.  
I'd rather listen to edifying debates,  
Than watch these 'polished' performing monkeys.

Dominic Windram

# Polluted Planet

The sacred garden  
Has become a wilderness.  
Grey has replaced green.

Dominic Windram



# Pondering The Postmodern

We are now exposed  
To a plethora of new possibilities.  
Yet this bountiful banquet of life  
Is often without taste or aroma:  
No sweet juices flow from spectral fruit.  
It's like chasing mirages in the desert.

Dominic Windram

# Pondering...

Pondering damp stones,  
And the emptiness, of this  
New world of lockdown.

Dominic Windram

## Pop Art; (Summer,1991)

Was it art or anti- art  
That hurled a bright, fiery dart  
Deep into the bourgeois heart?  
This mimicking of advertising.  
Was perhaps a mirror of the times.  
Warhol's images were repeated  
And repeated from shopping  
And pop culture: from Brillo boxes  
To Campbell's soups; from Chairman Mao  
And Elvis Presley to Marilyn  
And Jackie Kennedy. Lichtenstein  
Borrowed from comic books and  
Oldenburg replicated fast food:  
Modern signs worth turning into art.

Dominic Windram

## Post Millenium Tension (2010)

We seem more or less content, these days,  
With the given in sensation's quest.  
Spectacles of sweet madness seem  
To mock our deeply entrenched inertia.  
Words are becoming impoverished,  
By the sheer ubiquity of flashing signs.

We communicate like solitary commuters.  
We are like wayward ships that pass in the night.  
Hauling our hearts around circular tracks,  
We put on our worn out masks and compromise daily.  
Items and possessions burn our fingers;  
Like power, want and greed, know no bounds.

We remain hypnotised by glittering icons,  
Yet the image we most desire always escapes us.  
Yet Art can still awakens deep longings  
Within us. We're currently mere shadows  
Of what we could be. Once our eyes have been  
Opened, we can no longer return to sleep.

Dominic Windram

# Post Millennium Apathy

False consciousness breeds  
In call centre asylums,  
Revolution please!

Dominic Windram

# Post Modern Culture

A plethora of bright symbols & signs  
Arise from mere cartoons & illusions.  
So called 'factual' news wraps itself up  
In entertainment. Truth is subversive.  
Indeed, it's hard to distinguish between  
The real and the fake, across the vast realms  
Of sites and social media;  
In a relentless post modern culture.

Dominic Windram

# Post Modern Madness

Scentless day-glo seasons breed  
A plethora of exotic, commercialised themes.  
All that's on offer are cut price gestures in the face of the void.  
The garish light of innumerable icons drains consciousness.  
Marketeers are complicit in the wholesale perversion  
Of colour and sound. Incongruous, sneering symbols and signs  
Are now disconnected from the original source.  
Adverts squeal hysterically like choirs of swine.  
We're now hard wired to vivid fantasies  
And the insolent silicon of circuitry.  
All I see are pointless liasons and junk parodies;  
Regurgitation of bovine designs and bloated billboards;  
Complete cannibalisation of previous codes and styles  
And vast constellations of digitalised cartoons.

Hidden networks weave intricate webs of deceit  
The obese public sphere intrudes on frail private realms:  
Violent exposure of the heart's secret wounds.  
The blood runs cold in the veins of dark stars.  
The sun's radiant dreaming is dwindling.  
Veritable armies of health crazed, treadmill obsessed sheep  
Are constantly on the march; to nowhere in particular.  
O implacable solitude of empty city streets!  
O all the fake news. and viruses of all kinds!  
I can almost hear the silent screams.

Dominic Windram

# Post Modern Society

You call it Eden.  
Yet it's so artificial.  
It should be called Hell!

Dominic Windram



# Post Modern Terrors

I'm aware of terrors that lurk behind  
Surface realms of light. I'm now becoming  
Aware, that dark actors and agents, are  
Being deployed to conceal things from us.

Dominic Windram

# Postmodern Blues

We used to believe  
In the hallowed aura  
Of authenticity.  
Now the recycled  
Is all the rage.

Now we travel through forests  
Of ironic gestures,  
And formulaic retorts,  
But sometimes it's fitting  
To call a spade a spade.

We have armoured ourselves  
Against the sacred.  
We have reduced this world  
To spiteful fragments.  
Now relativism reigns supreme.

Dominic Windram

# Post-Modern Confusion

Each curious eye betrays its bias.  
There is no such thing as objectivity.  
It wasn't always this way it seems,  
In former times of wonder and oneness.  
Today, everything is over-conceptualised  
Innocence is now a crib of dry bones.  
And there is no sense of stillness,  
In this wild world of endless distractions.  
This post - modern age is filled with  
Shrieking notes that fracture glass.

Dominic Windram

# Postscript: A Report Into The Aftermath(Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya, Syria)

The cities break up.  
The earth is dust.  
The animals  
Are in mourning.

The few drops of rain,  
That rarely fall,  
Have become tears  
On heaven's cheeks.

The tribes are displaced  
From their sacred places.

The killing has changed  
The country's shape.  
The rocks are bones.  
The mud is thick with blood.  
The smoke is the people  
Slowly breathing...

The wilderness is vast,  
But not as vast,  
As the spaces that now exist  
Between the populations.

Although they remain hidden,  
Invisible to the eye,  
The deserts of the heart are widespread.  
It will take a long time,  
And new form of warm communion,  
To connect the spirit's fragments.

Dominic Windram

# Power

Power is the Way, the Truth, the Light.  
Power is the proud ego on steroids.  
Power dresses smartly on formal occasions  
Power is the great deceiver.  
Power is a bloated business man in suit & tie.  
Power hypnotizes via media.  
Power breaks the fragile wings of the Dove.  
Power crucifies Christ & His creed of Love.  
Power spits upon ragged, dispossessed strangers.  
Power resides in search lights; barbed wire.  
Power is the flag that always flies at full mast.  
Power is the blood that boils in bigots.  
Power likes to pit nation against nation.  
Power feeds from the ravages of war.  
Power rejoices in warped destruction.  
Power spawns the splintered bones of children.

Dominic Windram

# Power & Control

Power & control:  
Surveillance of the spirit;  
Dreams are devalued.

Dominic Windram

# Power Deploys Masks

Power deploys masks:  
Myriads of images;  
Endless distractions.

Dominic Windram

## Praise Be 2

Praised be:  
Flashes of insight  
Amidst transient things.

Praised be:  
Oceans of infinity  
In minute particulars.

Praised be:  
The fragile beauty of butterflies,  
In a disenchanted world of steel and glass.

Praised be:  
Sweet miracles of Grace  
In a cold, godless Age.

Praised be,  
The Rose of Mercy  
Amidst the thorns of hate.

Praised be,  
The radiant glory of angels  
Amidst the desperate howls of animals.

And praised be:  
Those who glimpse the sovereign sun;  
Although they still dwell in the shadow lands.

Dominic Windram



## Praised Be - 10

Praised be the sweet, redeeming summer rain:  
Replenishing the last remnants of green  
In a monotonous age of neon and steel.

Praised be the vivid colours of rainbows:  
A hint of light amidst the urban greyness of the purely functional.

Praised be the infinite ocean of consciousness;  
In which we poets swim in holy ecstasy.

Praised be the great symbols of Love;  
Still radiating within outdated institutions.

Praised be the slow awakening of humanity  
From the long, deep sleep of mass conformity.

Praised be the glorious scent of flowers  
In bone dry desert landscapes.

Praised be the union of flesh and spirit,  
In the midst of social atomisation.

Praised be Art that is too perceptive  
For the machinations of the market place

Praised be the prophets that proclaim the trembling beauty of the Word  
Amidst the media driven circus of impoverished semantics.

And praised be the multi layered wisdom of the ages  
In a digital world of gleaming but tainted information.

Dominic Windram

# Praised Be The Light

" And the darkness could not extinguish the Light." (The Gospel of John: Chapter 1)

Praised be the consoling light that protects:  
The light of sanctuary from the darkest fear;  
The light, that glows for those, who meditate in the midnight hour.

Blessed be the singing light that beautifies:  
The light that fractures through figurative stained glass panes;  
The light that punctuates the pure womb of blue; of sky and sea

Praised be the profound light that guides:  
The light that inspires the genius of creators;  
The light which is invisible to mortal vision.

Blessed be the warm light that unites:  
The light of grace; of silent communion  
The light which dissolves the boundaries between us.

Dominic Windram

## Praised Be: 7

Praise be those who can decipher the signs of the times.

Praised be those who weep like angels for the oppressed.

Praised be those who oppose the crude diktats of elites.

Praised be those who cultivate flowers of hope, despite the darkness.

Praised be those who proclaim the profound ways of the Light.

Praised be those who compose the music and art of dreams.

Praised be those who glimpse the timeless in mere moments.

Praised be those who balance the fire of desire with the mystical rose.

Dominic Windram

# Praised Be: Original

Praised be: the rebellious gestures of Jesus Christ echoing through time & the dialogues of dreamers in the potent bliss of Spring.

Praised be: The ripening of stars in the fertile night  
& the diaphanous words that glide with the birds on the wind

Praised be: The peace activists railing against the vast, intractable machinery of war & the so called mad who've broken out of capitalism's metal ways

Praised be: The wounded children of the dust who lie weeping  
In the graveyard of frozen vision; may this abundant age address their suffering

Praised be: The unknown saints so humble in their utter ordinariness  
& the most fragile of flowers barely surviving amongst neon & concrete

Praised be: The angelic artists scratching at the heart of life; searching for a pulse behind the plastic & the wilder ones with wandering, fevered minds who cannot rest.

Praised be: Those who sip the liquid light from the vital sun of longing & those who proselytise in plagued streets at midnight.

Praised be - Those who find a dwelling place in the soft embrace of imagination & who oppose its strangulation in the crucible of calculated education.

Praised be: The non conformists refusing to follow regimented consumption & the debunkers of myth & fairytale in the caustic kingdom of advertising.

Praised be: The poetry - a flash of light in the midst of a dark, discordant universe & the revolutionaries buttressing the burning questions of these desperate times.

Praised be: The flesh, the air and the fire of genius thought which reinvigorates leaden lexicons & the mellifluous music that heightens critical consciousness.

Praised be: The saviours of wanton humanity who sacrifice themselves so that we may live & the mystics & the monks who repeat their mantras to end all pain.

Praised be: The holy ocean of infinite wisdom in an age of tainted information &

the immensity of joy that refuses to be crushed by fearful philistines.

Praised be: The fruits of eternity ripening in the gilded gardens of existence.  
Shame on the secular prophets who refute the Word and deny its gleaming reality.

Praised be: The redeeming rain pouring through the cracks in our elaborate designs & the healing days when limitless Love soars over the abyss.

Praised be: The rebirth of wonder in deadening democracies  
& the Spirit that remains as fleeting illusions fade away.

Dominic Windram

# Prayer

All grand churches are  
Made possible, meaningful;  
By small acts of prayer.

Dominic Windram

# Prayer Personified

I am the soft light  
That permeates the beliefs  
Of the centuries.

Dominic Windram

## Prayer To A Newborn Child (1990)

Come out sacred star child:  
Enter into the lightning dance of life.  
Don't fear this world  
with all its flashing madness.  
Don't be afraid to endure  
The fiery trials of youth  
And the slow decay of wrinkled age.  
In springtime bloom like the flower.  
Rejoice in summer's passionate hours.  
Yet don't be afraid to tread  
The bitter realms of doubt and darkness.  
Embrace this world in all its flashing madness.

Dominic Windram



## Prayer: 2020

O great creator of Being  
Bring colour & flesh to old, dry bones  
In the desert. Transfigure the  
Cruel, grey winter of these current times  
Into a summer of splendour.  
Give form to these poetic fragments.  
Restore your pure kingdom of Light,  
In a world that is getting darker.

Dominic Windram

# Preachers Of Darkness

Preachers of darkness  
Refuse to embrace the Light.  
They are scaremongers.

Dominic Windram

# Precious Moments In Time

The dream like slowness  
Of softly burning moments:  
In childhood's sweet realms.

Dominic Windram

# Predator Stalks Prey

Predator stalks prey  
As the angels depart.  
All this vibrant beauty,  
That's lasted the ages,  
Is now being torn apart.  
Pyramids are being defiled  
And then set on fire.  
The blood of summer  
Has congealed. And there  
Is no sign of healing rain.

Dominic Windram

## Princess Marina (Stratford Upon Avon -July 2016)

Sunlight on the river,  
The day's softest feathers  
O how gently they fall!  
Firmly anchored under  
Deep green weeping willows,  
The 'Princess Marina'  
Now lies freshly painted,  
In bright red, white & blue.  
She's ready and waiting  
For another journey,  
On the pure, sapphire  
Waters of Avon.

Dominic Windram

# Priti Patel: U.K Home Secretary

Priti Patel seems  
To me, to be just as cold  
As a razor blade!

Dominic Windram

## Profligate World (April 8th 2020)

O we inhabit a profligate world;  
That's being stripped of radiant meaning.  
We wear social masks of separation.  
Our consciousness is being corrupted  
And corroded. Perhaps these terrifying  
Current events will provide a wakeup call  
To those among us who resist the Light;  
To all among us who dwell in darkness.

Dominic Windram

# Profound Poetess

Profound poetess:  
She wears a myriad masks:  
Hints of light & dark.

Dominic Windram



# Profound Sadness

O I have suffered the sadness of sunsets,  
And wept over myriad human follies.  
The roots of my being are now gnarled and dark.  
I'm blinded by the radiance of pure light.  
O the moon's soft glow is all I can endure.  
For I have suffered too long, and too deeply.

Dominic Windram

# Progress?

Our marked 'progress' towards the stars  
Is littered with failed experiments.  
And although we are now comfortable  
Navigating through cyberspace,  
We are losing kudos in terrestrial terms.  
We are still paralyzed by unfounded fears  
Like children afraid of the dark.  
And the spiritual has been filtered out  
From the infotainment of existence.  
Woe to those who unknowingly hide  
The parched wastelands of their souls!  
Perhaps we need to reconsider  
The blueprints of our elaborate designs:  
Reflect on their innate purpose,  
Rather than seek supine asylum  
In a plethora of glistening gadgets.

Dominic Windram

# Prolonged Nightmares

In fevered dreams & visions, my soul's madness  
Is juxtaposed with the purely functional.  
On plagued, wintry streets in the skeletal dawn  
There's only the flicker of grave neon signs.

The flowers turn to ash in acedia's dark fields.  
Machine consciousness creates cold steel empires.  
Incessant noise pollutes the pools of silence.  
The warm heart of the universe has frozen.

Dominic Windram

# Prolonged, Starless Hours.

Prolonged, starless hours:  
The blue depths of solitude;  
The flickering flame.

Dominic Windram

# Propaganda

They close the curtains  
On dialogue & debate.  
They're puppet masters.

Dominic Windram

# Prophets...

Prophets are praying  
In the desert with ashes  
On their breath. As they cling  
To feeble dreams in the parched night,  
The tender light seems  
To evade them. They cannot  
Grasp the subtle  
Meanings of the moon and stars.

Dominic Windram

# Pros And Cons Of The Internet

A certain consciousness has now expanded  
From sparks elevated to a great Light.  
That is what occurs when one researches  
Intently into the great scheme of things.  
Yet vivid distractions often hold sway.  
And so many of us prefer to view  
Preposterous cats on trendy youtube,  
Than search for jewelled edification.

Dominic Windram

## Pros And Cons Of The Internet 2

The wonders of the internet offer  
Bright realms of easy access. It seems like  
I've got the whole world at my fingertips  
Yet it's very much my joy and my cross;  
It's indeed a double edged sword of sorts.  
As endless annoying adverts and pop ups  
Compete for attention with pure gems  
Of edifying information. Too  
Many crass distractions for my liking.  
Take a look at this site for example....

Dominic Windram



# Provocateur

I've attempted to subvert LinkedIn from within  
With my political articles and so forth.  
I know its ostensibly a business forum,  
But its peppered with keen artists and lecturers.  
I'm tired of reading about marketing tactics.  
And seeing infantile pictures of dogs and cats.  
Because of this, it's increasingly difficult  
For nuanced notions to be read. People  
Seem to want to remain in a permanent state  
Of ignorance. Yet I'll keep trying to subvert!

Dominic Windram

# Psychological Warfare

The poet versus  
The cold hearted bureaucrats:  
O who will prevail?

Dominic Windram

# Pulchritude

Fragments of beauty:  
Angel & butterfly wings;  
The fresh light of dawn.

Dominic Windram

# Punch & Judy Politics

Punch & Judy politics now proliferate  
In England's green and pleasant land. Whether they are  
Remainers or Brexiteers, all behave  
Like pantomime clowns. The opposition have now  
Renounced democracy; while the P.M  
And his trite ministers are bumbling buffoons.  
We now await a General Election in  
Bleak December. O we should vote all of them out!

Dominic Windram

# Purification

O purify the realms of love  
with soft fire & fresh water.  
Make summer's vigour permanent.  
Don't let the flowers decay there.

Dominic Windram

## Put Them All In The Stocks!

O put these crap politicians in the stocks,  
For a prolonged period of time please God!  
Let us throw rotten fruit and vegetables  
At them to our heart's content. That would surely  
Be cathartic for us, as well as providing  
Some much needed entertainment in the light  
Of this current lockdown. Let' start with BoJo,  
Mad Matt Hancock, then the entire Cabinet!

Dominic Windram

# Quaint Home In The Woods

Quaint home in the woods:  
Where I can think, paint & write;  
Away from mayhem.

Dominic Windram

## Quick Fix Culture

Broadband speeds serve to realize our needs.  
For now our half closed eyes seek little more  
Than the radiant 24/7  
Procession of enticing images.  
The sacred doesn't move us anymore.  
Today's technology has replaced grace.

Dominic Windram



## Quick Fix Culture 2

Quick fix culture where  
Everyone's disposable;  
Just like plastic bags.

Dominic Windram

# Quiet, Intellectual Pursuits Are Still Deeply Satisfying

I suppose Saturday night is alright  
For those who like to dance and drink and find  
Romance, or pursue more 'quick fix' delights.  
But not for those who exist in their minds.  
For quiet nights indoors; simply reading  
Are like Keats ' notion of beauty: a joy  
Forever; when bright dreams are overflowing.  
Give me books. I don't need gadgets or toys!  
They are for the man boys and bored children.  
Give me Shakespeare, Dickens, Shelley and Keats  
Or Walter de la Mare's mystic, golden  
Words: without them life would be incomplete.

Dominic Windram

# Quietly Confronting Society's Madness

Some now deify vile celebrity creatures.  
They conflate the eternal with the mere mortal.  
O they spend most of their time chasing futile dreams!  
While wiser others are content to simply be.  
Like the Taoists, their minds are not filled with endless  
Wants and needs. Paradise for them is a world free  
From life's constant strains and stresses. They are seeking  
A neat, concise world of quiet contemplation.

Dominic Windram

# Quietly Suffering

Quietly suffering,  
From the deep-set needle chill:  
Longing for escape.

Dominic Windram

## Quietus (Lockdown: Summer,2020)

Nothing much has happened lately,  
And I am hosting a myriad solitudes.  
So I have sunk with the year into a quietus,  
As I watch the sun imbibe the dew;  
That's scattered across the morning grass.  
I am becoming decidedly lazy.  
Summer seem to slow down time in a surreal way.  
It blurs truth and fiction; like the hazy spread of dreams.  
Summer, is for me, the gentle pronouncing  
Of two soft syllables; cushions of air  
In which I now recline. I watch its drowsy light  
Sprawl among the red campion and the dead-nettle.  
I watch it as it pauses briefly to meditate  
Upon the windblown remnants of forget me nots.  
I find this bittersweet, as Love's illustrious angels  
Have long since departed, the ruined realms  
That I now inhabit. I'm briefly soothed by  
The murmur of bees and melodious birdsong.  
Yet I'm aware that the sundial casts unnerving  
Shadows across my future. I'm plagued with grave doubts.  
Soon solemn autumn will issue forth colder winds,  
And I want to be ready to face the world again.

Dominic Windram

## Quivering Mysteries: (Headland, Hartlepool, June 12th,2020)

I search these rock pools,  
For quivering mysteries,  
In this red sunset.

Dominic Windram

# Radical Poets/Artists

Our art & our words;  
Our freedom of expression  
Our only weapons.

Dominic Windram

# Rainbows

The thunders cease. April showers fall.  
Then the transient gleaming.  
Colour christens heathen skies.  
Rainbows are clear metaphors  
For a kind of transcendence.  
They soar and span in spectral  
Radiance: beautiful, frail:  
The poet's inspiration.

Dominic Windram



## Rainbows 2

Rainbows soar and span  
In rapt, spectral radiance:  
Beautiful and frail.

Dominic Windram

# Raise No Monuments For Him (In Memory Of M.L.K)

Raise no monuments  
For him: who was a restless soul  
Struggling towards the light  
Amidst a corrupt, decaying nation.

Raise no monuments for him.  
For he was not like the rest.  
Those chiselled portraits  
Of power may stand proud;  
Removed from reality.  
Yet they're exalted by  
Those revisionists with  
A tainted view of history.

Raise no monuments for him.  
For they're hard and cold and grey  
They will, in due course, erode in time.  
But the soft flowers of grace and mercy  
Shall bloom and grow eternally;  
In Truth's serene garden.  
There the heavenly birds of Light  
Shall Sing their praises to him.

Dominic Windram

# Rampant Marketing

Rampant Marketing  
Of nostalgia industries  
Preserves the status quo.

Dominic Windram

## Rare Moment In Time (July 2019)

Rare moments in time: when the spirit feels free,  
And the welcoming scent of freshly cut grass,  
Fills the summer air. And birdsong is so sweet  
To the ears. We relax and watch time pass.

Precious moments in time; when what we perceive  
Unfolds like a dream and life's weight is untied  
From our weary bodies. At last we can breathe  
In the silence and gaze into deep blue skies.

Dominic Windram

# Reach Out For The Stars

Reach out for the stars!  
For blue heaven is here.  
It's within our grasp.

Dominic Windram

# Reasons To Be Cynical

O I prefer the slow wisdom of the ages,  
To the ruthless speed of rootless technology.  
O I prefer to listen to poet-sages,  
Than listen to those who seem so vain and empty:  
Like slick politicians, garish celebrities,  
Or those who strut around like beautified zombies!  
I'd rather read, than watch the garbage on T.V.  
I'd rather be free, than just follow the money.  
I'd rather remain on an island and eat my own flesh,  
Than be forced to be a dumb fashion victim like the rest.  
But most of all, I like to listen to Nature's sweet sounds.  
I've little time for the crude, the obnoxious and the loud.

Dominic Windram

# Reasons To Rejoice

Reasons to rejoice:

Love's light shines throughout the night:

Hope springs eternal!

Dominic Windram

## Rebirth In September: 2019

O recently I've felt fresh and reborn.  
I have achieved a kind of transcendence.  
Although it has taken such a long time,  
The wounds and the scars in my heart have healed.

Like Saint Paul, the scales have now fallen from my eyes.  
I perceive the future not as a dead end,  
Rather a realm of teeming possibilities.  
I'm so grateful for the chance to live once again.

Dominic Windram



# Rebirth Of The Poet

I am like a saint tonight,  
As I resist habitual animal urges.  
I'm as pure as the white dove,  
As I leave the dark ravens to their prey  
I am a link between the stars,  
As I deny stale, earth bound rituals.  
I'm the solitary candle flame,  
Amidst shivering cathedrals of darkness.

Dominic Windram

## Rebirth Of The Poet 2

I'd like to move away from established patterns,  
And stale routines, that stifle creativity.  
I'd like to develop new, wild forms of beauty  
That can articulate the human condition.

Dominic Windram

## Rebirth Of The Poet 3

With each fresh bloom,  
Of spring's vibrant abundance,  
I am born again.

Dominic Windram

# Reborn In The House Of Joy (For All My Fellow Poets & Artists)

O enter the sumptuous house of joy;  
You who are weighed down by pain & sorrow.  
You who've looked too deeply into the eyes  
Of the world, O prepare to be reborn!  
A cornucopia of sweet, flowery  
Delights awaits you; as in the great days  
Of the golden age. Bitterness will dissolve.  
For the darkness will pass away from you.  
It will seem like a fleeting shadow play.  
Your hearts & souls won't be frozen by fear.  
Here the soft flame of youth still burns brightly.  
Here the wine & laughter flow like water.  
Here you'll be healed by the warm light of friendship.  
Here there are no masks, but pure presences.  
Here you'll be one with the gods and angels.  
Here your singular gifts will be welcomed.  
Your art & poetry will always glow.  
Here you will experience miracles.  
You'll not be heavy burdened, but given wings.  
Where there was once only wilderness, there'll  
Be verdant gardens of permanent spring.  
Here you'll find yourself & your true purpose.

Dominic Windram

# Reckoning

Grandiose dreaming  
Turned to nightmarish visions.  
Did know one warm them

Of Greed's nemesis?  
Billionaires' toys & playgrounds  
Now engulfed in flames!

Dominic Windram

## Reckoning 2

Light is weak in the death throes of this age.  
The earth moves beneath these frail dream landscapes,  
As we brace ourselves for stormy weather.  
We'll remember former times of tender  
Joys, as we face the driving wind and rain  
Together. We're victims of the insane.  
We've deciphered the writing on the wall,  
And we know that crass kingdoms soon will fall.  
What will replace them is anyone's guess.  
But we do know that this land is unblessed.

Dominic Windram

# Reclusion

I long to be tied like  
An umbilical cord  
Of pure gold  
To nourishing nature.

I'm cut off from this wanton world  
Of cut price souvenirs; I'm a man  
Out of time and out of season.  
I'm okay with being ostracized by oafs.  
I'm satisfied with my small plot of land.

I reject society's subtle systems of control.  
I reject its banal optimism.  
I reject its hollow idols.

It breeds asinine monsters.  
It kills creativity.

Dominic Windram

# Reclusive Stars: (In Memory Of Scott Walker 1943 - 2019)

Reclusive stars glow  
With an eerie kind of light:  
Gifts of solitude

Dominic Windram



# Redeeming Love

I'll love you until  
The moon turns to blood.  
I'll love you until  
Heaven falls from the sky.

For you are my guiding angel  
In an age of doubt and fear.  
You create magic in my world.  
You redeem me with your love.

Dominic Windram

# Referencing...

Referencing is clearly necessary;  
But it's a veritable minefield. There are so  
Many different kinds: that it's most confusing.  
The more I research and read about it,  
Paradoxically, the less I understand.  
I feel that common sense should be applied.  
For it could be considerably simplified;  
Although I doubt it. Indeed, I'm impishly  
Wondering to myself how many academics  
It would take to change a standard light bulb?  
Perhaps it's a subtle form of petty authority;  
Deployed to make one neurotic? Or perhaps,  
It's designed to weed out the free thinkers  
And to stifle renegade genius via  
Creative and intellectual castration?  
For them, it takes up too much valuable time,  
Which could be better spent on dynamic debate.  
For those who are resplendent in divergence,  
It's a considerable pain. Sometimes rules are for fools!  
Pedantic popinjays appear to thrive on them.  
Neat and tidy; clear and concise reigns supreme  
Over imagination's wild and wayward powers.  
The plodding tortoise always defeats the nonchalant hare.  
It's the same old story: from nursery through to school;  
From college to university... and beyond.  
E.g. some people seem to get through it all  
By regurgitation and later by slavishly  
Quoting 'important' sources; without one  
Original thought ever entering their heads!  
Many merely internalise the norms;  
Clearly self-reflection is not their thing  
Perhaps, that's why we're stuck with the status quo.  
As for me, I just play along with the game;  
No point rocking the boat...for the time being at least.

Dominic Windram

# Reflecting On Good Friday

Truth isn't pleasant.  
It burns through our hearts and minds,  
Like a stinging pain

Dominic Windram

# Regret

Whispers of regret:  
The cold cinders in my heart.  
The emptiness grows.

Dominic Windram

## Regret 2

It looks like we managed to destroy each other.  
O you couldn't remove yourself from your entrenched,  
Parochial ways. And as for me I couldn't  
Relinquish rabid, quirky eclecticism.  
Yet you badly needed poetry & culture;  
Whilst I needed a connection with the wild world.  
Inevitably, we lost out to all the brutes  
And philistines who populate this backward place:  
Where there's not the slightest chance of evolution.  
Now there's only silence and the passing of years.  
You're bored out of your mind amidst the nouveau riche:  
Where to possess a soul is most unappealing.  
Whilst I'm treading water with jesters & fraudsters.  
We've most certainly angered the gods & the saints.  
We wasted precious moments, that won't come again.  
It's only now I wish that we'd never parted.

Dominic Windram

# Regrets In November

Wind scatters the leaves.  
The autumn dusk is here.  
Waves of loneliness.

Dominic Windram

# Rejecting The Status Quo

I reject the following modern obscenities:

Firstly, the preposterous possibilities of the selfie.

Secondly, the sycophancy of so called radical comedians.

Next, the acquiescence to power of mainstream media.

Then, the nauseating retreat into bovine nationalism.

Finally, the narcissism of shameless fame seekers

And the endless cacophony of fake hysteria.

So turn off the T.V & the internet... and relax.

Dominic Windram

## Relaxing In Summer: (June 24th,2020)

A soft breeze flows through  
My open window: sounds of  
Traffic & Birdsong

Dominic Windram



# Release

His vast realms of silvery Mercy  
Rain down on me in the house of decay.  
This time I will extricate my soul  
From the cold tentacles of Moloch,  
And the twisted wires of machinery,  
At the heart of consumer dreaming.  
I need to escape the faceless crowds  
Of the rampant marketplace:  
Where the fake, plastic flowers  
& the billionaires bloom.  
I could live with rocks and silence.  
I could live in awe not comfort.

Dominic Windram

# Release That Weight From Your Shoulders.

Day in day out; stone upon stone  
We build monuments to our woes.  
O the Light is buried deep inside.  
It cries to break out from time to time.  
We need to seek new forms of release:  
Discover wise ways to profound peace.

Dominic Windram

# Religion

Born from dogma, and often circumscribed,  
The stern, yet dedicated nurse  
Soothes our usual wounds and patiently deals  
With humankind's litany of time honoured  
Complaints. For some this suffices. While there  
Are more adventurous others, who may  
Seek out alternative ways: more modern,  
Enigmatic or esoteric solutions.  
For there are many pathways to the Light.  
There are also many distractions: from  
Pastimes, drugs, idolatry to vulgar  
Jingoism; from incessant work to  
The wild pursuit of sordid ecstasies;  
From vain meanderings to the worship  
Of lesser gods at the neon market:  
That's more alluring than church or temple.  
Each distractions seems to be an attempt  
To fend off death for as long as possible.  
Whether we remain with, or return to  
The trusted, yet stern nurse is a matter  
Of conscience. Do we break away from  
The doubted centre of Being as we  
Continue to deny the darkness, or  
Decipher obscure mysteries on our  
Own? Or do we simply stick with the tried and  
Tested, in warm communion with others?  
Perhaps it's the case that we are now so  
Self - aware and self-actualised  
That we no longer require a crutch to  
Lean upon? These questions still plague my mind.

Dominic Windram

# Remain In The Light

We seek the things of wonder in our wildest dreams.  
We are bored by mundane routines; cold plans and schemes.  
We know that art/ poetry expresses the soul.  
In acts of creation, we connect with the whole.  
We move away from separation/ division;  
As long as we remain true to our bright visions.  
Although we're tempted by the dark agents of night,  
We should seek wondrous things and remain in the light.

Dominic Windram

# Remembrance

Sunlight on the skin.  
Ethereal murmurings  
In the rose garden.

Dominic Windram

# Remembrance Day

Solemn processions,  
Praise to the 'glorious' dead;  
The laying of wreaths.

Dominic Windram

## Reminiscing (Headland, Hartlepool, January 23rd, 2020)

At this ancient, battered headland my gaze  
Is seaward and merges with the cold blue  
Tainted moments of surreal mid winter.  
The soft, unbroken vowels of the tide  
Are enclosed within the wind's gutturals.  
Gulls stutter their syllables of longing.  
And I reminisce about time spent here  
In wilder days of youth; when summer was  
Still green and gold promise and we enjoyed  
A certain kind of freedom; that is now  
Lost forever deep within the debris  
Of these myopic, insubstantial times.  
I'll try to recall this freedom clearly,  
Before my ageing mind turns foggy grey.

Dominic Windram

# Remnants

The fresh dawn's light is a remnant of childhood days.  
Poignant, troubled songs are the remnants of lost love.  
Religion is but a remnant of the sacred.  
Miracles are the remnants of God whispering.  
Heartfelt hymns are the remnants of eternity.  
Every poem is merely the remnant of a dream.

Dominic Windram



# Repression

The repressed beasts at the heart of my dreams,  
Growl menacingly in cages of steel;  
With wild, staring eyes as bright as the sun.  
Indeed, they look decidedly sullen!  
Their bodies are lean, dark and muscular.  
They appear primed to kill potential prey.  
It seems they will not settle until they're  
Satiated. I wonder what Freud would say? !

Dominic Windram

# Requiem

O in these brief, solemn hours by candlelight  
True faith, hope and warm desire fade from your eyes.  
O once your lips were the colour of blood red wine,  
Now they're cold and pale as we say our last goodbyes.  
Once we were lovers in the summer of our youth,  
When skies always seemed so blue and the roses bloomed.

In this solemn, moonless night our visions and dreams;  
Our paradise; our future schemes have flown away,  
And turned to dust, as I suppose they surely must.  
Now the vital gods have fled this desolate place,  
As the stars of wonder have drifted from your face.

Bitter sweet is the scent of flowers. In this room  
Dwells the darkest of hours. For with each passing  
Moment, the distance grows between us. Time stumbles  
On in its fashion, and we're left lost and broken

Dominic Windram

# Requiem For The Nameless Ones

In fevered dreams I sense the heavy scent  
Of incense and flowers at the funerals;  
Of all the nameless ones who dared defy,  
The prescribed paths of routine existence;  
All of the mind numbing mortal trappings:  
Like feathered Icarus of legend they,  
Flew too near to the devouring sun.  
In plagued dreams I wrestle with dark angels.  
I sense the skeleton beneath the flesh  
And the frail beauty behind hardened masks.  
I sense the vague poetic traces of  
Innumerable scattered souls, as I wander  
Aimlessly along the treadmill of life.  
In blessed dreams I'm still touched by their presence.

Dominic Windram

# Requiem For The Planet

O the light is slowly dying and deep green  
Forests are being cut down. O we see,  
Now scattered all around us: broken dreams.  
O we know that the once clear, pristine  
Blue oceans are crammed with garbage. It seems  
That it's too late for life to be redeemed.

Dominic Windram

# Reservoirs Of Silence: (Crimdon Dene, Hartlepool, June 6th,2020)

Reservoirs of warm silence seep by osmosis  
Into my cold, frail veins. I can feel them flowing  
And murmuring in the bloodstream. They seem to work against  
The present tense of the post modern driven pulse.

Dominic Windram

# Resilience

Hartlepool: I hate every inch of you!  
O you make me feel so alone and blue!  
O you are such a boring, backward place!  
You're so lacking in refinement and grace:  
Filled to the brim with petty, little tribes.  
You act glibly as precious flowers die.  
Your conception of culture, I fear,  
Is rather stone age: just 'birds' and beer.  
I'll wave the white flag and admit defeat.  
You hold all the cards. You cannot be beat.  
Yet the anger and resentment I feel,  
Helps fuel all my efforts at poetry.

Dominic Windram

# Resist Settler States!

The sacred power,  
In my heart and in my soul,  
Will drive them away.

Dominic Windram

# Resist The Corporate Sharks!

The compliant corporate instructors  
Have no time for renegade genius.  
They only require fawning yes-men.  
That's the problem with today's bankrupt world:  
Too many donkeys; not enough lions!  
Too much bureaucratic jargon; not much  
In the way of pure creativity!  
It's a wanton world where: having refined  
Taste and a strong sense of social conscience  
Is decidedly unhip. To hell with that!

Dominic Windram



# Resist The Rulers Of The World

Our hearts and souls should be plentiful:  
With the grace and mercy of the Spirit.  
Because the conductors of our world,  
Rely on our utter emptiness.  
They rely on our passivity.  
For they've utilitarian designs.  
We need to focus on the poetry:  
That will confound all of their dreams & plans.

Dominic Windram

# Resist!

We're living in a crass age of distorted facts:  
Courtesy of embedded journalists and hacks;  
Courtesy of governments and their dark actors.  
It's a wanton world, where noble whistle blowers  
Are now criminalised, and crucified like Christ.  
Truth is incarcerated; lies proliferate.  
And consciousness is slowly being corroded.  
The mainstream media merely confirms people's  
Deep seated prejudices. We must awaken  
From our prolonged sleep, and turn against our jailers.

Dominic Windram

# Resisting The Prevailing Orthodoxies

I will cultivate  
A small plot of new land, as  
Often as I can.

Dominic Windram

# Resplendent In Divergence: (For David Bowie: 1947 - 2016)

He was resplendent,  
In all the vivid colours,  
Of wild divergence.

Dominic Windram

# Resurrection

Sweet Spring resurrects  
In April's flesh pink blossoms;  
Easter's healing Light.

Dominic Windram

# Retreat

O I shall retire for a while at least;  
Until I feel I can craft new notions;  
'Til they can be neatly framed as poetry.  
I know that, between thought and expression,  
Lies a lifetime's labour. With Vision's guide  
I'll search amidst dark kingdoms of the mind.  
Many are called; but few are chosen.  
I'll swim in metaphorical oceans:  
To find lost, abandoned; yet rich treasures.  
O I want to discover unknown pleasures!

Dominic Windram

# Return

O When this crisis is finally over,  
I think that I shall change my dwelling places.  
For I've always been somewhat of a roamer.  
I'll return in good faith to a state of grace.

Dominic Windram

## Return (March,2020)

He tells us that Youth doesn't dwell here any more;  
That spring no longer knocks on sweet flower strewn doors.  
For that abundant time, has long since passed away.  
Now there's only the frail echo of former days;  
When we played under the blissful sun, moon and stars,  
Before we felt the darkness and its mental scars.  
O if we could only glimpse, and clutch, a fragment  
Of that which went before, we would never lament.

Dominic Windram



# Return Of The Prophet: (Inspired By Friedrich Nietzsche)

After a long decade spent living frugally  
On society's margins, I am now ready  
To return with the blessed light of new prophecies;  
With nuanced words that celebrate moon, stars and seas.  
O the clear, calming spirit of profound solitude  
Has provided me with firm, lucid inner truths;  
That I want to share with this fearful, wayward world.  
O, it seems, to raise the consciousness of the herd  
Is a Herculean feat! Hapless Human kind  
Can perhaps, in time, reach the sublime, hallowed heights  
Of angelhood, if heart and soul and will are one.  
In everything, our curious eyes gaze upon,  
May we see beauty that transcends mortal despair.  
May we live our lives freely without undue cares.  
May we translate our bold, flowing visions and dreams  
Into music, art and poetry that redeems.

Dominic Windram

## Returning To Scafell Pike

O this ancient, mountain resounds, it seems,  
With the languid moans of the centuries.  
I'm searching amongst the rough crags and stones,  
For dream fragments I lost so long ago.  
The sense of solitude is overwhelming.  
I can only hear the wind; and lambs bleating.  
The fog is deep and blinding; it remains  
Until I glimpse the first welcoming signs  
Of fragile, wild flora; that gently bathes  
In a little light by verdant hillsides.  
Perhaps, I've now found what I was looking  
For: rare beauty amidst bleak, grey things.

Dominic Windram

# Revelations

Elegant angels,  
And hard, mean spirited beasts,  
Battle endlessly.

Dominic Windram

## Revelations 2

Heaven's gates remain closed to us earthlings  
In all our, often wayward, wanderings;  
Until: we are redeemed from Adam's curse;  
Until we are healed by Grace's kind nurse;  
Until we have erased the mark of Cain;  
Until we have merged Love's rose with desire's flame;  
Until the full moon turns as red as blood;  
Until the world is consumed by fire and flood.

Dominic Windram

# Revenge Is Sweet!

I would like to salute the connoisseurs  
Of culture; the guardians of beauty:  
Here in the bleak North East of England,  
For unintended opportunities,  
They unknowingly provided for me.  
They made my life a sheer, living hell due  
To their profound ignorance on matters  
Pertaining to art and poetry. Now  
I've risen like Lazarus from the dead  
And am thriving on U.S radio.  
Moreover, my work has been published in  
Numerous, world wide magazines. Henceforth,  
I'd just like to say to all my critics,  
Doubters: 'Put that in your pipes and smoke it! '

Dominic Windram

# Revival

I will rekindle  
The fire in my heart and soul.  
Inner stars will blaze!

Dominic Windram

## Revival 2

Although the world is becoming darker,  
I will fill my days with joy and laughter.  
I will fill my poems with rare emotions,  
And the flowers of glorious notions.

Dominic Windram

# Revolution & Art

O the vital heat of revolution  
Is quelled by the cold, calculated state.  
And the artist's constant evolution  
Tends to make all the philistines irate!

Dominic Windram



## Revolution Now! (Inspired By J.L. Godard)

I know it's not discussed in the refined realms of  
Polite society, but it's the people who  
Have the power! If only they could realise.  
Although we need robust discussion, it's clear  
That change cannot be fashioned at dinner parties.  
All kings, queens & puppet presidents are tyrants.  
They're the fools kept in office by obsequious  
Servants, court jesters and by the perennial  
Purveyors of false consciousness across mainstream  
Media. With this in mind, I raise my glass to  
All dissenters who defy repressive systems.  
I shall raise my voice for instant insurrection.  
Imperialism is a paper tiger.  
O I pray in hope for speedy revolution!

Dominic Windram

# Revolution Please!

False consciousness breeds,  
In call centre asylums:  
Revolution please!

Dominic Windram

# Revolutionaries

Revolutionaries,  
Hold on to the unbroken light.

Revolutionaries:  
Hurl bold, burning questions at the moribund status quo.

Revolutionaries:  
Pour scorn at inept, repressive authority.

Revolutionaries:  
Bring a thousand flowers to bloom.

Revolutionaries:  
Feed from the hot energy of the oppressed.

Revolutionaries:  
Reject the wounded world's grey inertia.

Revolutionaries:  
Sacrifice themselves for jewelled ideals.

Revolutionaries,  
Turn imperial paper tigers into mere confetti.

Revolutionaries:  
Are the polar opposite of cool celebrities.

Revolutionaries:  
Awaken communities from complacent dreaming.

Revolutionaries:  
Rip up the rule book and invent new ways of being.

Revolutionaries:  
Hold on to the vision of unbroken light.

Dominic Windram

# Rich Pearls Of Blessings

Rich pearls of blessings,  
Lie in vast oceans of faith:  
Surrender oneself!

Dominic Windram

## Rich Versus Poor

You might feel you have a right to all your riches,  
You might like to engage, in cathartic acts of  
Phony philanthropy, to ease your troubled mind.  
But be warned: the poor see right through all of your  
Elaborate disguises, and they're busily  
Preparing to wage war, against you and your kind.

Dominic Windram

# Robotic Customer Service

Customer service  
Is becoming robotic.  
It is such a drag!

Dominic Windram

# Robots & Sheep

Crude robots & sheep,  
They act, move & think alike.  
They grow in numbers.

Dominic Windram

# Rock Pools - Headland, Hartlepool - August 2017.

Tonight the late summer breeze is warm and fresh.  
Tonight the potent seaside air smells of nostalgia.  
It invigorates the senses - sharp & salty light.  
The rock pools are pure, primal delight!  
To more discerning eyes, they are ancient  
Intricate patterns of earth's strange pageant,  
Set cyclically by sun, sea and moon.  
They are a cornucopia of aquamarine dreams;  
Of microcosmic life & death dramas.  
They spin sea breezy tales of love and doom;  
Known only to anglers, fish & birds.  
Who habitually trace the rich, wild embroidery.  
Who know deep within their bones  
The rock pool's textures & sheen.

We hint at such mysteries with mere words.  
We observe the way its restless rhythms ripple out,  
In a mini universe of ebb & flow.  
This is a surreal realm which confounds the common place:  
Where small pearls glow with a silvery light;  
Where velvet crabs, blue beadlets & limpets  
Emerge from bulbous black bubbles of seaweed;  
Where deadly dog whelks devour and mate;  
Where pristine pink anemone vibrate;  
Where neat clusters of grey barnacles feed;  
Where star fish spread their salmon coloured hands.  
I'm struck by a sharp, sudden fragrance  
Like that of plants left too long in vases;  
That now seems to linger across the sands.

Dominic Windram



# Roll With The Punches!

Roll with the punches!  
Patience prevails in the heat  
Of intense battle.

Dominic Windram

## Rome: (July,2005)

Flashes & fragments of frantic night life;  
Modern clashes with ancient; colours collide.

Dominic Windram

# Routine Existence

Nothing interesting to do today  
It's just the same old nine - to - five routine.  
Get in a car or catch the bus or train  
Off to work again; clutching broken dreams.  
Then some hours later, it's back home for tea;  
Watch T.V and then we retire to bed.  
Not much of a life I think you'll agree.  
I wonder if we'd be better off dead.

Dominic Windram

# Ruins Of Power

Ruins of power:  
Broken bodies & scorched souls;  
Frozen personas.

Dominic Windram

## Runswick Bay (September 2010)

A post card picturesque bay; fringed with golden sands;  
Seaweed draped over copper coloured rocks and stones;  
Sea blasted caves echoing with the ghosts of yore;  
White washed cottages set against small, neat gardens.  
In days gone by fishermen and their families  
Abounded here. O I can imagine the scenes! :  
The constant lighting of fires to keep out the cold;  
The gutting and salting of herring in hard times.  
The children praying for their fathers to come home  
Safe and sound. This bay blends the present with the past.

Dominic Windram

# Safe And Secure? Surely Not!

Mister 'Safe and Secure', in your dirty blue van,  
Please explain to me, so that I can understand:  
Why you're driving all over the bloomin' road mate!  
You are such a make me so irate!

Dominic Windram

# Salmond & Sturgeon

Salmond & Sturgeon:  
A couple of rotten fish;  
Tyrants in tartan.

Dominic Windram

# Same Old Story

O in the name of Jesus; in the name of love  
Why do we have to crucify all the sweet doves  
And let the vicious hawks and ravens run amock?  
When will we ever learn; when will we ever stop?

Dominic Windram



# Sanctuary

O don't cloud the mind with unnecessary things!  
I dwell in the calm realms of love where the stars glow;  
Where stillness blends with joy in perfect symmetry.  
I wrestle flecks of magic from the clutches of  
The abyss. Then I create fragrant bouquets of  
Poetry to revitalise inner kingdoms.  
To offer one's lifeblood for the bright, precious Word;  
In these crude times, seems right now, like a noble goal.

Dominic Windram

# Sapientia

As night jostles  
With its wayward stars,  
Sapientia is sleeping.  
Her dreams are as vast  
As the universe and as bright  
And tender as rainbows.

She awakens to a rose pink dawn.  
She is beauty that never ages.  
She is singular flame that never fades.  
She is wisdom beyond mortal cares.  
She is divinely feathered spirit that  
Illuminates this fractured world.

With skin as white as alabaster;  
With lips of rose red and teeth of pearl;  
With eyes of pure light; hair of wood fire;  
And firm throat of wide, golden valley

As wondrous as the moon and the sun  
All creation is inspired by her.  
For she is the eternal feminine;  
Beyond this fleeting veil of illusion.

Dominic Windram

# Satire Is Dead

Satire is dead.  
Now we have Trump & BoJo,  
What more can be said?

Dominic Windram

# Satnavs

Satnavs are the ideal  
Companions; for many  
Lonely commuters.

Dominic Windram

# Satori

O holy creative force  
Of the teeming universe:  
Bless these words dipped in light.  
Give us time to perfect our art.

Give us time for revelry.  
We who are formed from stardust;  
Nurtured by significant soil  
& bathed in ethereal streams.

Give us a simple creed to believe  
In a world of decadent idols;  
Allow sensual pleasures to breed  
But let the rose guide the fire.

Give us colours of every shade & hue  
From damask & saffron to sapphire blue.  
And we shall compose new hymns & prayers,  
In praise of a deeper union.

Dominic Windram

# Save Gaza - Free Palestine

These things I have noted  
From dream saturated consciousness:  
A trickle of lacerated light,  
In the smoking ruins of deceit;  
Bleak, belligerent symbols,  
Freed from the tyranny of language;  
Splinters of repressed memory,  
In a glazed, perpetual present;  
The pale, ravaged spectre of the real,  
Amidst the graveyard of illusion

Dominic Windram

# Save Us From Singular Vision: (Inspired By Black Lives Matter)

O surreal creator of Being save us from singular vision!  
Let your Light and Grace bless all of us who suffer  
Under the cruel injustice of cold steel systems.  
Let us cut against the grain of prevailing orthodoxies.  
Let a thousand schools of thought and flowers bloom!  
Let the quirky, the idiosyncratic and the chequered flourish.  
Let the diverse and the dappled spread across this humdrum land!  
Let the great awakening of the Nineteen Sixties happen all over again.  
Let poetry, art and music, that stirs the senses, flow like silvery rivers.  
Let us erase all the grey monuments of bigotry.  
Let us make new roots in disputed earth.  
Let us build a dream with the fragrance of fresh visions.

Dominic Windram

# Scapegoating The Stranger

The 'stranger' was sensed as a great menace  
To ancient communities and still seems  
To be today, wherever he or she  
Is regarded as gypsy, foreigner or  
Refugee. And if you happen to have  
The great misfortune of abiding in  
A small, petty -minded provincial town  
Never ever refer yourself as an  
Artist, a poet, or even a dreamer.  
For any kind of difference or subtle  
Deviation from the norm tends to  
Be frowned upon. Just like in the Westerns:  
' You aint from these parts are you boy? ! &quot; It seems  
That ignorance tends to breed like rabbits  
In certain parts of our world. Enlightenment  
Is sadly still a rare commodity.  
With this in mind, the great writer and wit,  
Mr. Oscar Wilde, once notably quipped  
That: 'Society often forgives the  
Criminal. But alas not the dreamer.'

Dominic Windram



## Scarred Skies Of Sadness: (March,2011)

Scarred skies of sadness  
Unveil their clouds of despair.  
They move towards me.

Dominic Windram

## Scavenger Of The Night: (June 10th,2020)

Late last night, I think I spotted a creepy  
Looking ghoul, or perhaps it was a zombie.  
I'm certain its flesh was all wrinkled and lined.  
Why it appeared to be as old as time:  
Possibly around the age of ninety nine.  
It eerily scowled and snarled, but never smiled.  
Anyway, it looked a lot like Prince Philip,  
And it was scavenging for food from my bins!

Dominic Windram

# Scented Flowers...

Scented flowers thrive  
In my spring garden. Summer  
Is fast approaching

Dominic Windram

# Scents & Sounds

For me, scents & sounds  
Stir the memory, rather  
Than the visual.

Dominic Windram

# Sculpting Dreams In Time

Sculpting dreams in time:  
Angels take on human form;  
Love's birds are set free.

Dominic Windram

# Seagulls Are Soaring: (Headland, Hartlepool, July 15,2020)

Seagulls are soaring  
Over the white frothy waves,  
As the tide comes in.

Dominic Windram

# Searching For Lost Moments In Time: (Inspired By Marcel Proust)

I am searching for lost moments in time:  
Where the absurd mingles with the sublime.  
I'm looking for the very heart of Light:  
Amidst teeming visions of star filled nights;  
Amidst the debris of dark memory;  
Amidst childhood's forgotten ceremonies.

Dominic Windram

# Searching For Sweet Sanctuary

Take me where the light is flowing,  
For this darkness is too much to bear.  
Take me where violets are blooming.  
O let me transcend mortal cares!

Dominic Windram



# Seaside Of Delights

Seaside of delights:  
See the break of frothy waves  
On a crystal shore.

Dominic Windram

# Seaweed Spattered Dreams

Seaweed spattered dreams  
In the beach of memory:  
Golden sands of time!

Dominic Windram

# Secret Rituals: (Inspired By An Amnesty International Report On Torture)

They hammer nails into their victim's skulls.  
Ever so cruelly, and slowly, they drain  
Away the essence of poetry's rose.  
Blood red petals turn pale in the scarred night.  
Summer's beauty turns to bitter winter.  
Dark spectres cling to maimed, lifeless bodies.  
Will fresh flowers spring from mangled torsos?  
Perhaps in an absurdist play but this  
Is as bleak and raw as it gets: butchered flesh;  
Fingernails broken to their roots; staggered  
Stutters of confessions still hang in the air,  
Like the lamentations of lost angels.  
The eyes of the world are fixed on other  
Matters. They're half- blind, and unaware of  
These secret rituals...yet Jesus wept,  
They hammer nails into their victim's skulls!

Dominic Windram

# Seeing Rather Than Believing.

Save 50%

On prescription glasses that

Help you see the truth.

Dominic Windram

# Seeking Calmness

I sometimes listen  
to the sea; hoping to hear  
Its waves of calmness.

Dominic Windram

# Seeking Sanctuary

Now that we are lost,  
And wounded, in these dark times;  
We should hide away.

Dominic Windram

# Seeking Silence

Mad urban terrains,  
Of flashing lights & noises.  
I pray for silence.

Dominic Windram

# Seeking Unknown Beauty

O I want to let go of the familiar,  
And dwell in realms of unknown beauty for a day.  
I want all the old, mundane ways to disappear.  
I want the ghosts of yesterday to pass away.  
Some say the search for novelty leads to despair.  
But I'm tired of life's well-trodden tracks. They bore me.  
I'm drawn to new sensations. I really don't care  
About naysayers and crude, conventional creeds.  
I want to discover the universe's secrets:  
Both inner and outer. For I want to go beyond  
Mere dogma. I don't want to end up with deep regrets.  
I'm waiting for all the ages' strange gods to respond.

Dominic Windram



## Seize The Day (Carpe Diem)

I intend to live out the rest of my days  
By rejoicing in every fleeting moment;  
By courting love & beauty not dark despair;  
By praying that vital gods will bless me.  
For I know not the day nor the hour  
When death will hover over me and beat  
Its terrible wings and it will all end.□  
In a heartbeat; in the twinkling of an eye.

Dominic Windram

# Self Containment

O I do not trust the pious or the Pharisees.  
I don't admire smug born again wannabees.  
I tend to be drawn to those whose souls burn with passion,  
And to those who are not swayed by fleeting fashions.  
I'm for the sheer oneness of verdant Creation.  
I've precious little time for petty tribes and factions.  
I am for small, but fruitful, plots of land and light:  
That shall endure, despite the threats, of dreadful night.

Dominic Windram

# Self Deceit

I disguise my flaws with flowery words.  
My metaphors are grand sublimations.  
I hide amidst cloudy skies with the birds.  
I don't really marvel at Creation.  
I don't want to walk down rain soaked, darkened streets:  
Where the light of hope is a sickly moon;  
Where love is but a putrid piece of meat;  
Where this life is meaningless, endless gloom.  
Perhaps, Art is merely pretension;  
Cloaked in copious colour & glory.  
O it's a deluded kind of ascension  
That vainly symbolizes our poetry.

Dominic Windram

# Selfish Dreamer

O you may like to light your scented candles;  
Whilst gently whispering that we are all one  
In essence. You may wear your hippie sandals,  
While idly worshipping the moon, stars and sun.  
Yet in fact you're a part of a select few;  
In love with bliss; blatantly oblivious  
Of the real, desperate needs of the many.  
What would it take to shatter your fake pipe dreams?

Dominic Windram

## Sell Out!

The record company is rubbing its hands with glee,  
As its cult star has decided to become mainstream.  
No longer shall he write dirges about despair,  
Instead he has promised to breathe in fresher air.  
For he shall relinquish his obscure image,  
And produce shiny, plastic pop hits verbatim.  
He will be sponsored and preened by Pepsi Cola  
To the tinkling tune of ten million dollars.  
Alas, he has sold his soul to corporate Satan,  
And now it seems that his true fans truly hate him!

Dominic Windram

## September Dreaming: (September 12th,2020)

The wind and the sun whisper words of Love.  
Fragments of pure light descend like a dove  
From the blue heavens above. My new dreams  
Dissolve tired old ways, like an autumn breeze.

Dominic Windram

## Serendipity 7

I'm always surprised by windows of light,  
That appear to us from time to time;  
Particularly in dark, lonely hours;  
When we're bereft of key, inner powers.

Dominic Windram

## Serendipity: (April 29th,2020)

Clear, golden rays of  
Sunlight, are now pouring through,  
My desolate room.

Dominic Windram



## Serial Daters

They are well groomed but so devious.  
Women are their prey; they've no conscience.  
They tend to look for painted zombies;  
(Types that abound in many a town) .

They try to mimic love's sweet language,  
But they end up sounding like parrots.  
They boast about driving fancy cars  
Because they fall short on other things;  
As one can easily imagine.  
Those seduced by them must be brain dead!

Dominic Windram

# Serpentine Road: Hartlepool

O Serpentine Road, and its verdant gardens,  
Slither and wind around the heart of the town.

Dominic Windram

## Servants Of Smurf Land (2001)

Sunny Smurf men peek out of mushroom shaped houses:  
With permanent grins pasted on their bright blue faces;  
Only too happy to serve and entertain us,  
Now that the real jobs are jettisoned and there's no  
Hope or sign of a unionised labour force.  
O these trivialised spectres of leisure time  
Are left stranded with their zero hours contracts.  
Such blatant exploitation is the unsettling  
Reality, behind the colourful facade  
Of the sentimental. Indeed, the whole world is  
Now beginning to resemble a kind of bland  
Bargain basement. It's cartoon themed absurdity!

Dominic Windram

## Several Years Ago...

Several years ago, I heard that a student  
Received an incredible mark of precisely  
One hundred per cent on his A level philosophy  
Examination. Well, correct me if I'm wrong,  
But I was under the distinct impression  
That it's in fact impossible! Not even  
Plato or Aristotle were always right.  
Isn't it the case that there are endless  
Arguments and counter arguments with regard,  
To topics and subjects of ultimate concern?  
O this current tick -box culture, that pervades  
The educational curriculum,  
Is seemingly pointless as well as absurd.  
What happened to the art of critical thinking? !

Dominic Windram

# Shake Off All The Ghosts

Shake off all the ghosts,  
In a New Year ritual,  
And return to Light.

Dominic Windram

# Shakespeare

His words in rich verse,  
Flower like fresh spring blossoms,  
On the trees of Time.

Dominic Windram

# Shakespeare's Verse

Words sealed in rich verse,  
Flower like fresh spring blossoms,  
On the trees of Time.

Dominic Windram

## Shameful! : (London, February 12th,2019)

O the cold, empty subway stations are haunted.  
Neon icons illuminate the dreadful night.  
Far for the glitz of the fabled West End; far from  
The sumptuousness and splendour of the Palace,  
I sense the lamentations of the heart's wastelands  
In every alley way; in each plagued, lonely street.  
Rough sleepers are just like broken angels: clutching  
Desperately to fading dreams of former glories.

It's twenty years since I was last present here.  
Little has changed; but now you can taste the fear.  
Undoubtedly, this can be a thriving place to  
Live for the rich: dirty money flows like water  
for the poor it's sheer misery.  
O they constantly have salt rubbed in their wounds, as  
The advertisements dazzle from all directions.  
It will be some time before I return again.

Dominic Windram



# Share These Fragments Of Art & Poetry: (To My Fellow Poets, Artists And Adventurers)

Share these fragments of art and poetry,  
As we always need to disseminate,  
Our sweet visions across vast, silent seas.  
For to create work is to liberate.

Dominic Windram

# Sheep & Goats

Goats & sheep come in many forms.  
They pervade all social classes.  
O they baa & bleat on command:  
Follow orders; never complain.

Dominic Windram

# Sheep Skulls

Sheep skulls are scattered.  
They're bleached by the awful rays  
Of a tyrant sun.

Dominic Windram

# Sheltering From The Storm (Inspired By Kurosawa's Rashomon)

As we sheltered from the raging storm,  
We told our tales of love and loss.  
It seemed like many hours passed by,  
While outside the rain kept pouring down.

Then we discussed karma and rebirth.  
We discussed dogma and Christology,  
And other types of religious matters.  
While outside the rain kept pouring down.

Since we suspended our sense of judgement,  
We now saw things from many perspectives.  
We planted new seeds in each other's minds,  
While outside the rain started to cease.

Dominic Windram

# She's An Angel

The darkness cannot quell her blithe spirit.  
She's an angel floating through a wanton world.  
Her immaculate poetical mind  
Is a dance of daisies; a whirl of rainbows.  
It's a constant sunburst of blissfulness.  
Vital forces of creation flow through her.  
Sapphire oceans lie deep within her eyes.  
Her dreams are punctuated with profound truths.  
The darkness cannot quell her blithe spirit.  
She's an angel passing through this wanton world.

Dominic Windram

# She's The Greatest Dancer (For Lucy W)

When she dances, Lucy moves like music.  
For she is filled with elegance and grace.  
O who can tell what forces make her tick?  
The softest light emanates from her face.  
She's always trying hard to raise the bar.  
O she is a bright star who will go far!

Dominic Windram

# Shoddy Patriotism

O those who want others to die for the bright flag  
Of a nation, should be gently reminded, from  
Time to time, that shoddy patriotism is  
Considered by the wise, to be the last refuge  
Of the scoundrel. Yet how many will listen as  
The body count invariably increases?

Dominic Windram

# Shoddy Times

Increasingly we are moved by the shoddy  
And the garish. Given this state of affairs,  
A new form of plastic beauty has emerged.  
We see its curious development on screens.  
It is contrived in neon lit studios.  
And we spectators emerge out of shadows,  
Like the wounded or the dying, and wait  
For its vulgarised 'magic' to revive us.

Dominic Windram



## Short Tribute To The 1970s

In terms of popular culture, in my view,  
The 1970s was the greatest decade.  
It represented freedom in all that was new.  
Even though most of it, was fuelled by cocaine!

Dominic Windram

# Silence And Stillness

There's strength in silence.  
There is beauty in stillness:  
Sweet moments of bliss

Dominic Windram

## Silence: (Headland, Hartlepool, June 17th,2020)

I'm sitting alone, on this bench, watching  
The cotton wool clouds drift across the sky.  
The sun, sands and calm sea are glistening.  
The silence is like reassuring light.

Dominic Windram

# Silent Epiphanies

Small epiphanies at the silent heart of things:  
The soothing light of the Word in the verdant garden;  
Calming colours in the warm domain of dreaming.  
These items extinguish the dark realms of sadness.

Essential oils soften the pain of existence.  
Love's indescribable magic is rekindled.  
Beauty's splendid roses dazzle the senses.  
The sweet flowers of longing will never dwindle.

Dominic Windram

# Silent Screams

Her silent screams in the night,  
Are like the radio waves;  
That are emitted from a  
Solitary, dying star.

Dominic Windram

# Silent Suffering

Silent suffering:

Night's demons, like a black sun,  
Absorb my being.

Dominic Windram

# Silver Rain

Silver rain falls on  
Pink, blue and lilac tulips:  
Spring's vivid colours.

Dominic Windram

## Since This Pandemic...

Since this pandemic, the scales should have fallen  
From our eyes; so that we can now see clearly  
That the political elites just don't care!  
They may claim that we're all in this together but,  
Now their words are sounding like empty rhetoric.  
Some of us are still being forced to go to work  
Or else wait days, or weeks, or months for benefits.  
Our health services are now showing the strain,  
As they have been underfunded for many years.  
If we come out alive, God willing, we should vote  
Most of them out! Here, the cold hearted Tories  
Have tried to kill off the old and the infirm.  
I'll never forgive these vermin if anything  
Happens to my mother. We need revolution!

Dominic Windram



# Sing Me A Song

Sing me a song: an old song perhaps  
Of beauty, ease and abundance;  
Of love, peace and true gladness;  
Of fertile nature and resurrection;  
Of life where one is surrounded  
By a pure blue sky and waterfalls.

Dominic Windram

# Sir Keir Starmer: (Labour's New 'Improved' Leader)

Establishment stooge:  
So wooden; that birds are now  
Nesting on his head!

Dominic Windram

## Sketches Of Summer (2007)

O the hue of the sky is a deep azure blue.  
The budding roses are still wet with morning dew.  
A dazzle of elegant butterflies emerge  
Over quiet country lanes' lush green grass and ferns.  
In the hedgerows gleaming fox gloves stand proud and tall,  
As a lone blackbird trills out its welcoming call.  
Poplar trees sway gently in the soft summer breeze.  
While the sharp crow cries echo through golden cornfields.  
In the haze of the heat, bees are buzzing around.  
The scent of fresh, fragrant pollen has them aroused.  
The forests, valleys and hills flourish with new life:  
Nature's drunk on drowsy summer's rich, vintage wine.

Dominic Windram

## Sketches Of Summer: July 2007

The July sky is a deep azure blue.  
Budding roses are wet with morning dew.  
A dazzle of keen butterflies emerge,  
Over country lanes, lush green grass and ferns.  
In the hedgerows, fox gloves stand proud and tall,  
As a blackbird trills out its welcome call.  
Poplar trees sway gently in the soft breeze,  
As the crow cries unsettle the cornfields.  
The golden sun's a bold god: pouring light  
Upon the streams that glisten diamond bright.  
In the haze of the heat, bees buzz around.  
The scent of fresh pollen has them aroused.  
The forests and hills flourish with new life:  
Drunk on drowsy summer's rich, vintage wine.

Dominic Windram

# Skies Are Darkening: (August 19th,2020)

Skies are darkening.  
Stars are hidden behind clouds.  
The wind is moaning.

Dominic Windram

# Sleep

Sleep is sacrosanct  
In this mad rat race world of  
Constant speed & stress.

Dominic Windram

# Sleepers Are Dreaming

Sleepers are dreaming  
Of endless wishes & rainbows;  
Of boundless journeys.

Dominic Windram

# Slow Blossoming

The slow blossoming  
Of inky-black words on the  
Poet's pure, white page.

Dominic Windram



# Slow Cascades Of Light

Slow cascades of Light  
Raindrops suspended in time.  
Hold on to visions,

Dominic Windram

## Small Miracles In Midwinter: (January 2020)

Although it's midwinter and the world is getting darker,  
And grave News channels issue their frozen warnings,  
Love and hope and light still break through the cracks in our  
Insufficient designs. Hence, we should be grateful.  
O the spritual wind blows against billboards,  
And carries pure snow like grace through neon lit streets.  
O the eternal design can still be found amidst  
This modern chaos and all its sordid details.

Dominic Windram

## Small Town Mentality

These creatures mark out their territories,  
Like great apes in the densest of jungles.  
They shun ' outsiders' of many different  
Colours and creeds. They only accept  
Those who never seek to deviate from  
Their narrow definition of what they,  
In their infinite 'wisdom', consider  
To be ' normal'. I've had more than enough  
Of them and their kind. Someday I'll move far  
Away from this place, which, I feel, cannot  
Be redeemed...not in a million years!  
Consequently, I'd like to move somewhere  
More enlightened where I can dream freely,  
And not have to put up with bigotry.

Dominic Windram

# Snap Shots Of Life

I believe in poetry  
That captures completely  
The innate grace & magic  
Of faces along casual streets.

Dominic Windram

# Snapshot Of A Heron: Chapman's Well Durham 2018

Heron: grey and white, long legged predator:  
Is now standing, most icy and motionless,  
Amidst the stream's silvery blue waters;  
Waiting for its prey to come into range.  
And then suddenly...and o so swiftly,  
With a dart like, laser precision, its  
Sharp yellow bill spears a surprised fish:  
Its first significant catch of the day.

Dominic Windram

## Snow Drops Are Stirring: (February,2020)

Snow drops are stirring  
Under the still white season.  
Silence begets faith.

Dominic Windram

# So Called Suburban Bliss

I've read all the signs,  
And it seems you're bloated, and  
Bored out of your minds!

Dominic Windram

## So Many So Called Teachers...

So many so called teachers, predominantly  
From my local area, constantly look at  
My wide array and plethora of articles  
On LinkedIn. Yet they never, ever feel the urge  
To comment on them. Even if they happen to  
Fundamentally disagree, I wholeheartedly  
Welcome their thoughts. It seems rather bizarre to  
Me, as I write about all manner of things from  
Poetry to politics, from Renaissance art  
And modern paintings to Shakespeare's major plays;  
From postmodernism to English history;  
From religion to sociology; from films  
To psychology; from philosophy to Greek  
Mythology. OMG, surely, there must be  
SOMETHING among that little lot which appeals to  
Them! In my eyes, at least, it speaks volumes about  
Current obsessions with phony business models;  
That clearly are not fit for purpose and tick box  
Educational systems and increasingly  
Narrow curricula. O do these people no  
Longer perceive teaching as a noble and highly  
Rewarding vocation? ! O do they not discuss  
Weighty subjects and topics anymore? Perhaps,  
They're just incredibly bored or apathetic.  
Surely, they should be the ones I naturally  
Gravitate towards. Where else, pray tell, do I turn?  
It could be that they're ignoring me because I'm  
Freelance, and they envy me as they're still in chains.  
Maybe, they no longer feel that they need to learn  
Anymore, unlike committed scholars. Yet why  
Do they persist on viewing EVERY article.  
That I post. Surely, they can find other things to  
Entertain them. O why are they so curious?  
Why bother? It's so puzzling. to me! Indeed, it  
Makes no sense whatsoever! It defies logic!  
Yet, after ruminating about this matter  
For some considerable time, I think I know the reason.  
So I write this with a mischievous grin spread  
All over my shining face. In all honesty,



It does not seem to me that they are equipped  
To read anything that probes or challenges things.  
I imagine them as dogs; being shown card tricks.

Dominic Windram

## So Many/ So Few (Saturday Night T.V)

So many nonsense acts;  
Some in poisonous, puerile pacts.  
So many pantomime performances;  
Ostensibly from the heart.

Such preposterous posing;  
Such coming and going  
Such dazzling lights;  
O they are way too bright!

So many sycophants  
And sickly genuflections;  
Before the 'guardians of culture'  
i.e..baffled, big head judges.

So many fake affectations.  
O and such histrionics,  
On third rate versions,  
Of songs I really like.

So many hopeless triers  
So many falsifiers;  
So many downright liars.  
So few genuine poets,  
Musicians and artists.  
So few raisers of consciousness.

Perhaps there's some like me  
On their fourth or fifth drink;  
Now turning of this crap,  
And wasting their time in ink.

Dominic Windram

## So Near; Yet So Far

I am a small pocket of existence:  
Surviving in the shadow lands  
I have tasted the exquisite delights  
Of poetry's potent honeycomb.

Yet I cannot enter the world's  
Exclusive club of chosen ones.  
For it's reserved for those who have  
Played the cherished game oh so 'valiantly'!

Dominic Windram

## So Now I'm Free; Then What?

I have set myself free from the system,  
Only to discover more illusions.  
Although the light on the water still glistens,  
I'm aware of darkness breeding confusion.

I have set myself free from the bigots,  
Only to discover more prejudice.  
Although I have awoken from clocks,  
Time's rampant march cannot be dismissed.

Dominic Windram

# So Red Is The Rose

So red is the rose, in summer's most potent hour.  
O its rich fragrance fills the warm afternoon air.  
Nothing can compare to its beauty and power.  
Except for you, with your features: graceful and rare.

Dominic Windram

# Social Media

Social media:  
It make us feel important.  
Yet it's a mirage.

Dominic Windram

## Social Media 2

Social media:

Everyone is within reach.

Yet as distant as stars.

Dominic Windram

## Social Media 22

Social media is like a minefield;  
Someone's always trying to trip you up.  
You're always waiting, in anticipation,  
Of an ill conceived verbal explosion.  
God knows what certain, lower forms of life;  
Who vent their vile garbage, get out of it.  
It's certainly beyond my comprehension!  
As for the standard of discussion, well I'd say  
That it's invariably infantile.  
The level of sentimental bilge is  
Simply staggering! Hysterical reactions  
Are not my bag. What happened to logic  
And reason? Have I missed something here?  
With this in mind. I would like to offer  
A sensible suggestion. Next time you  
Care to post, make sure you do your research;  
So you're in possession of pertinent facts.  
Then again there are very few who will  
Bother to listen, because most are so  
Wrapped up in themselves, and in their oh so  
Important lives. I can do without it!  
These days, I have very little to say  
To most people; yet, perhaps surprisingly,  
Lots to say to a significant few.

Dominic Windram



## Social Media 3

It seems like somewhat of a double edged sword.  
Is it a novel way to communicate,  
Or just a playground for rambling narcissists?  
Curiously, it reminds me of a circus;  
Overrun with two bit clowns & fantasists.  
What kind of conveyor belt mentality  
Ponders the lurid lives of celebrities?  
There's lots of information available  
To satisfy pseudo intellectuals.  
At times, it's a blurring of fact & fiction:  
Where research surrenders to absurdity.  
Do we need a plethora of puerile jokes  
Juxtaposed with crass political intrigues?  
Does social media fabricate events  
Or allow the 'peasants' to participate?  
Perhaps, it is a form of passive protest  
That takes away the need to actually  
Do anything of merit in the real world.  
As for me, I take it with a pinch of salt,  
For in truth, it's really not that important.

Dominic Windram

## Social Media 4

Social media:

Garrulous gossip mongers

Are thriving !

Dominic Windram

# Social Media 7

Modern meeting points  
For dynamic dialogue  
Or echo chambers?

Dominic Windram

# Social Media Circus

Social media

Is a circus of endless

Asinine chatter.

Dominic Windram

## Social Media: 56

Dialogue is no longer edifying  
Or ebullient; it is just another  
Rampant, yet curiously superficial  
Signifier, of a virtual presence.

Dominic Windram

# Society Of The Spectacle (Inspired By Guy Debord)

Millions of people are constantly dreaming  
Of sumptuous superstars & grand spectacles  
Beyond their reach. Each one repeats mindless mantras.  
From the office to the gym they sing the same hymns.  
Like infants snug in their cradles, they are still swayed  
By sweet illusions. Their gadgets have replaced toys.  
They're seduced by glossy adverts of happiness.  
O monotony breeds spurious fantasies.  
Every epoch has entertained distractions:  
From bread & circuses to T.V & movies.  
Today's world provides a plenitude of pleasures.  
It's just that right now things have gotten out of hand.  
No one wants to perceive the worms at the fruit's core.  
Millions of us are content with our dreaming.

Dominic Windram

# Socrates

Gadfly sent by the gods,  
To sting in the name of truth;  
Killed by the cold state.

Dominic Windram

## Socrates Once Stated...

Socrates once stated that it's better  
To be a dissatisfied human being  
Than a contented pig. I'm not certain  
He was right about this. Sometimes it seems  
Infinitely more rewarding to slob  
About like an ignorant, selfish pig,  
Than coldly contemplate the meaning of  
Life, the universe and everything in it.

Dominic Windram



# Soft Winds Of Vision

Soft winds of vision,  
Whisper across dream oceans,  
Of aquamarine.

Dominic Windram

# Solemn Human Hymns

Solemn human hymns about perennial wars,  
And grinding poverty, mirror the darkness  
That surrounds us. The greater light is now buried.  
Nothing seems to change. Time rolls on indifferently.

Dominic Windram

# Solemn Moonlit Night: (Halloween)

Solemn moonlit night:  
The pale ghosts of October  
Linger in the skies.

Dominic Windram

# Solemn Rituals

Solemn rituals, at the threshold, bar the way  
To our blithe wanderings. There are times we need to pray,  
And reflect on our deeply flawed humanity.  
Sorrow's dark realms, are wiser, than mirth's brightest dreams.

Dominic Windram

## Solemn Rituals 2

Solemn rituals

Unfold, in the darkest hours,  
As things fall apart.

Dominic Windram

# Solitude

My dream visions are drenched in blue.  
I'm lost in my own solitude.  
The days are long and filled with fears.  
I can feel the dark spectres' sneers.  
The wild gods have abandoned me.  
I'm left with fragments of novelties.  
Where's the key to unlock my mind?  
O where does the hallowed light hide?

Dominic Windram

## Some Of Them...

Some of them walk where angels fear to tread,  
While others are filled with the upmost dread.  
Some of them are creative and well read,  
While others resemble the living dead!

Dominic Windram

## Some Of Them...2

Some of them walk where angels fear to tread;  
While others drift among the living dead.  
Some of them are like beacons of pure light;  
While others are lost in the depths of night.

Dominic Windram



# Some Pedantic Fools

Some pedantic fools  
Try to compartmentalise  
Creativity.

Dominic Windram

## Some People...

Some people are saying it's the end of the world;  
While others carry on in the usual fashion.  
Some people are waiting in hope for Jesus Christ;  
While others have to get on with everyday tasks.  
Some people would now like to escape from this world;  
And live on space stations in artificial worlds.  
Some people are storing up tons of food and drink;  
While there are others who get by with what they can.  
Some people get depressed and turn to drugs and vice;  
While others want to educate themselves further.

Dominic Windram

## Some Poets

Some poets contain the wilderness within them.  
They boldly seek out stranger skies, seas and climates.  
They are not so enamoured by the provincial.  
Even the whole world is somewhat of a prison.  
They are not swayed by the whims of fashion.  
They don't pursue novelties, but inner visions.

Dominic Windram

## Someday...

Someday I'll compose a poem in an e - mail;  
As my correspondences are mainly mundane.  
It doesn't have to be anything flowery;  
Just something that concisely mirrors my dreams.

Dominic Windram

# Something Is Missing

I see all the young lovers  
As they go about their day;  
Forgetting all their troubles  
Absorbed in their joyous ways.  
How I wish I were like them.  
Alas it seems I'm condemned  
To play the part of Hamlet;  
As life piles up deep regrets.  
Spring's flowers have now withered.  
I have no faith to face dread.  
I've no love or light to lean upon:  
O it seems time waits for no one!

Dominic Windram

# Something Magical: (Headland Hartlepool, June 26th,2020)

Something magical  
Seems to stir, when the stars are  
Mirrored in the sea

Dominic Windram

# Something So Cold (London,1994)

Something so cold, here in your presence.  
Something unreal, that will not relent.  
Something unspoken, a brooding discontent.

Although I only met you yesterday,  
I feel as though I once knew you long ago.  
Yesterday in that darkened room,  
Your skin was so pale,  
Your eyes were so deep with ruin.  
Yesterday, I saw the corpse like beauty  
Of one so young, so lost and doomed.  
Across the room as the fires faded out;  
The serpents of fear seemed to loom.  
But you seemed not to notice;  
You seemed not to care.  
Your voice was weak and worn  
As you ran your fingers through your hair.

Something so cold belonged to you there.  
Something so cold returned to me there.

True beauty is cruel or so they say.  
Your beauty lies in solitude;  
Night's stars breaking through each day.  
As I look into your eyes,  
I sense a deep blue mystery there,  
As the grey mists try to hide.  
Yet I cannot reach out to you.  
There's something cruel  
About your eyes so strange and icy blue.

I shall never know you.  
And you shall never know me.

Is there true sanctuary  
Behind this darkness  
Which divides us?

Is this shattered glass

On the carpet, an omen?

You know we shall never meet again.

You know we must never meet again.

Something so cold belongs to you here

Something so cold returns to me here.

Dominic Windram



## Sometimes Poetry Is...

Sometimes poetry is a running brook;  
That flows and dances like sprightly music.  
It can connect to nature's beauty,  
With its vivid, dream like imagery.  
It can tap into life's primal essence,  
It can hint at spiritual presence.  
Poetry that really speaks to us eschews  
Ornamental traits; garish colours and hues.  
O it delves deeply into the heart of things,  
And confronts sullen darkness with light that sings.

Dominic Windram

# Sometimes 'true' Love Fails

Sometimes 'true' love fails.  
Time's blood red roses wither.  
Life turns to darkness.

Dominic Windram

## Sometimes...

Sometimes I feel like I've been here before.  
Sometimes I have rather eerie notions.  
Sometimes I feel as though I don't belong  
In my own lifetime. And on occasions  
I'm overwhelmed by the darkest sorrows.  
I can't be revived by soft persuasions.  
Sometimes I can't glimpse a bright tomorrow.  
Sometimes truth's a bitter pill to swallow.

Dominic Windram

## Sometimes...2

Sometimes a hint of gold  
In the rustle of the quotidian.  
This poet prefers to glide,  
Not beat his broken wings.

Sometimes the spark of grace;  
Amidst the hubris of humanity.  
If only Love would gather in,  
And connect all the fragments.

Dominic Windram

## Sometimes...3

Sometimes, I find, it's the small things in life,  
That mirror the rare beauty of this world:  
The soft, calming voice in times of great strife;  
The wise, and considerate, gentle word.  
These things are like precious flowers that grow  
In the desert; often unnoticed by  
Modern eyes; that are incessantly prone  
To seeking, that which glows with garish light.

Dominic Windram

## Sometimes...4

Sometimes it feels as  
Though life is as fleeting as  
Rainbows or lightning

Dominic Windram

## Sometimes...5

Sometimes composing poetry is like playing  
At being God, as one is involved in creating  
Entire worlds woven from pure imagination.  
All the light and dark aspects of one's creation  
Can be detailed and refined so that it starts to  
Come alive upon the page or screen. Something new  
Has been added to collective culture. And we  
Are somehow transfigured by capturing our dreams.

Dominic Windram

## Sometimes...6

Sometimes we perceive  
A starker kind of beauty.  
Light strikes broken glass.

Dominic Windram



# Somewhere Between

Somewhere between the slow birth of consciousness  
And the emergence of soft, radiant words;  
Between twilight realms invisible to the eye  
And the solid world of static certainties...

Somewhere between the glow of the first star,  
And the butterflies fluttering about the bloom of flowers,  
Lies the hidden place where the ego dissolves;  
The unblemished realm of profound, pellucid light.

Dominic Windram

## Sonnet - July 2018

I have glimpsed love but it is a mirage.  
I have tasted pleasure's infinite ways.  
Bitter shadow fruit is all that remains.  
All is vanity till the end of my days.  
I have tried to exorcise nagging ghosts  
But they cling leech like to my tortured mind.  
Deceived by the husks that surround the hosts,  
I cannot decipher symbol or sign.  
I have profoundly sad stories to tell:  
Of frail flowers dying; starved of sunlight;  
Of wild struggles in heaven and in hell;  
Of angels' laments in the fevered night.  
Life's veneer of enchantment has passed.  
Now I know nothing of value can last.

Dominic Windram

## Sorrow...Summer,1990)

O sorrow flows like endless rain and hail  
In the heart's meagre, unsteady domains:  
Which were not built for such intense downpours.  
The sun of happiness no longer roars.  
It has vanished some time ago; along  
With hope and faith. O they may say stay strong,  
But what can one do when the will has gone? !  
No point to night skies; I once gazed upon;  
The stars no longer shine so bright; just glow.  
I contemplate the ashes of a rose:  
No beauty in summer's lush, fiery flowers.  
In my eyes, they have lost their vital power.  
There is nothing to do; nothing to say,  
Now the mind's clear blue skies have turned to grey.

Dominic Windram

# Sorrows...

Sorrows drift across tenebrous skies.  
I can hear the seagulls' plaintive cries.

Dominic Windram

# Sovereignty

O the sovereign blood that flows through my veins  
Creates all the possibilities for  
My poetry. I don't want to harden  
My heart. I want to remain open to  
New experiences. That is why I  
Welcome the spring rain and the splendour of  
The sky and sea. That is why I welcome  
Wild, exotic strangers to life's banquet.

Dominic Windram

# Spellbound

O dreams drip so quietly and slowly.  
In the deep heart of midnight, I'm spellbound  
By their myriad wondrous, glowing worlds.  
Reality's bleakness seems a mere  
Shadow play, compared to these radiant  
Inner kingdoms; that seems to whisper to me  
Softly like kindred spirits: to have no fear  
But to come and play in strange, twilight realms.

Dominic Windram

## Spellbound 2

As I wandered through the dark, wintry streets,  
By heart was gladdened by the starry glow,  
Above me in the night skies. The moon seemed  
To whisper its secrets, as its light flowed  
Across my path. And despite feeling cold  
And lonely, I felt as though I was blessed  
By a higher power, if truth be told.  
O I felt like I was strangely possessed!

Dominic Windram

# Spirits Out Of Time

Spirits out of Time;  
Haunting deserted beaches;  
Until the Judgement.

Dominic Windram



# Spiritual Dryness

The ancient hunger, that has persisted  
Throughout the ages, is ubiquitous.  
O it can never be satiated  
By the remedies of new, neon gods!

Dominic Windram

# Splintered Messages

Splintered messages:  
We only communicate  
Like cold, distant stars.

Dominic Windram

# Spring Awakening

The light is slowly expanding  
After winter's prolonged shadowy reign.  
The perfumed aroma of hyacinths  
Floats on the fresh April breeze.  
Rose pink & snow white blossoms are scattered  
All over expectant avenues and streets.  
Vibrant tulips are sprouting profusely  
And there are violet strewn blessings  
To spring's prodigious Muse.  
Rejoice in Easter time of redemption  
After the heartrending sorrows of Lent.  
Spring's subtle awakening brings:  
New lifeblood for the ancient ritual;  
Vital wine to uplift the sovereign spirit;  
And warm, transforming communion  
After the time honoured, solemn ceremony.

Dominic Windram

# Spring Cleaning: 2020

O this spring I shall clean the rooms and paint the walls  
Within my heart and soul. I will begin again.

Dominic Windram

# Spring Moves Like Music

Spring moves like music  
Through these warmer April days.  
It spreads its colours.

Dominic Windram

# Spring Offensive

From dark, lonely knight of resignation,  
To a newly inspired troubadour;  
Who celebrates the oneness of creation.  
I have gladly opened perception's doors.  
I'm finished with rigid doctrines and schools.  
Now, I'm preparing for a cultural war.  
I say let a thousand blazing flowers bloom!  
Let spring arise in my old heart once more!

Dominic Windram

# Spring Sketches

April's silver rain enriches dull earth.  
Green shoots emerge from tender, wounded ground.  
They announce the return of Spring's bright mirth:  
The season of soft light, warm tones and sounds.  
Soon sweet violets will bloom, and avenues,  
Will be covered in pink and white blossoms.  
We will recover from the winter blues,  
And awaken from bitterest boredom.

Dominic Windram

# Spring Time Offers

'Spring time offers are in full bloom:  
Twenty percent of all products.'  
O the imminent debasement  
Of the seasons' symbols & signs.  
No irony - just the hard sell  
Of decorative distractions.  
It's just a random array of  
Garish colours & wild shapes;  
That form our modern consciousness.  
Life is increasingly puerile.

Dominic Windram



# Spring's Healing Dominion

It's hard to find a metaphorical bandage  
For mental scars. Yet I will look amidst the heart  
Of spring's warm, healing dominion for something  
Precious, rare and life affirming; that will sooth them.

Dominic Windram

# Spring's Promise

Grey mists are fading.  
Sunlight filters through the trees.  
Spring's birth is a joy.

Dominic Windram

# Spring's Sacred Symbols

Spring's sacred symbols  
Are imprinted deep within  
Primal consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# Spring's Vital Blood

Spring's vital blood flows,  
Like warmest vintage wine, through  
My cold, frail, blue veins.

Dominic Windram

# Spring's Welcome Blossoms

Spring's welcome blossoms:  
Explosions of pink and white  
Cover trees and streets.

Dominic Windram

# Springtime Seems...(April 24th,2020)

Springtime seems to  
Anticipate summer with  
Its colourful blooms.

Dominic Windram

# Spurious Acquiescence

You might say that you have settled down  
To lead a regular life. But I know  
You all too well. I think you have too much  
Of the wilderness within you for that.  
Remember that summer when you gladly  
Abandoned all your brittle safety zones?  
You wanted a change in the scheme of things  
So badly. I guess that's why you found me.  
In the end, you surrendered your hopes and dreams,  
But they cannot really be extinguished.

Dominic Windram

# Spurious Liberation

Cold commands are issued.  
Blue skies are ripped open.  
Here come the fighter planes  
From the land of freedom.  
Here come the bringers  
Of truth & liberty.  
Here come the bringers  
Of modern democracy.  
Here come the planes  
And the metal rain.  
Here come the planes  
And the stinging rain.  
Here come the planes  
And the children's screams.  
Here come the planes  
And the death of dreams.  
Here come the planes  
And collateral damage.  
There go the planes...  
And then the silence.

Dominic Windram



# Star Glitter

Star glitter relieves  
The bleakness, and stark silence,  
Of this wintry night.

Dominic Windram

# Stark White Solitude: (Billingham, February, 2001)

Stark white solitude  
Of these bitter, wintry days:  
No soft, warm colours.

Dominic Windram

# Statues Of Angels

Statues of angels,  
Look so smooth and untroubled:  
Far from mortal cares.

Dominic Windram

# Step Inside The Dream

Step inside the dream although you feel afraid.  
Enter the unknown realms free from space and time.  
Then you will be unchained from wintry warnings  
And frozen metal certainties. Your blithe spirit  
Will be released from tedious, mortal constraints.  
You will be set free to discover and roam  
Other bucolic green worlds beyond the stars  
And dissolve into endless streaming summer.

Dominic Windram

# Still Compromised; Despite All The Effort

I agree with William Blake when he proclaimed  
That he would create his own system in order  
That he could not be enslaved by another man's.  
I want control, yet I only experience  
Paltry half measures. I want complete access to  
Inner kingdoms. Yet what I perceive is opaque.  
I want to be master of my own destiny,  
Yet I'm always brought down by fools & popinjays.

Dominic Windram

## Still Dreaming; Still Hoping.

It's a dream I carry in secret;  
That something miraculous will happen;  
That closed hearts will let in the light;  
That clenched fists will release,  
And finally embrace the other.  
That the hawks will be transformed into doves;  
That the doors will open for dissenters;  
That pure love will rise from the grave;  
From the desert of non communication;  
Amidst civilisation's discontents.  
And that one day I will glide easily  
Into some warm sanctuary I didn't know was there

Dominic Windram

# Still In Denial

You never stray from your silly, middle class world.  
You'll never comprehend Reality's hard edge.  
You're content with the sycophants & flatterers.  
You should interrogate yourself in the dark mirror.

Dominic Windram

## Still Life With Melons & Peaches: (Inspired By Edouard Manet's Painting 1866))

O light gleams upon incandescent white  
And silver of pristine, flowing tablecloth.  
Its solid textures contrast subtly with the  
Soft, dream-like rose of snow, that lies gracefully  
Upon it. O witness exhilarating  
Gamut of robust, luminous greens and bright  
strong, firm black bottle provides  
A reference point to settle the restless  
Eye and anchor the wavering mind; amidst  
Tender, fleeting 's a masterpiece!

Dominic Windram



# Still Seeking

Jesus Christ are you there?  
Behind surreal smoke screens  
Of incense and theatre.  
Or are you hidden deep  
Within the inspired words  
Of serious scripture?

Are you perhaps concealed  
By mumbling, pious tongues?  
Are you weary of worship and praise  
And the thick, dusty verbiage  
of claustrophobic committees  
And cold ecumenical councils?

Are you happy to be  
Presented as an icon:  
A cultural commodity;  
A mere caricature?  
Are you hiding behind  
The kitschy statues of  
Touristy Lourdes and Fatima;  
Deploring the pilgrims' blindness?

I offer a heartfelt prayer,  
Shorn of all pretension.  
Will you reveal yourself  
To those who truly seek you?  
For I believe you do exist  
But it's just so hard to see you!

Dominic Windram

# Still Thinking Of You

I'm doing well in knowledge's revered realms.  
I'm at the peak of creativity, and yet  
I'm afraid that lately I've become a slave of  
Boredom. I would like to hear from you again.  
O I miss your voice, your smile, your singular ways.  
Although we have been separated through the years,  
I still feel that divine magic draws us near.  
O it is hard to define in terms of logic,  
But sometimes, it seems, cold reason runs warm and wild.  
Alas, I only possess the cards I was dealt,  
And they aren't all aces. Yet, I have still got the  
Romantically mischievous Jack of Hearts to play.  
Make of that what you will. But solitude's ugly.  
And true love soars like a bird over the abyss.

Dominic Windram

# Still Waiting

In this cynical age of crumbling faith,  
I cling to sacred objects blessed by light.  
Although the bold lightning flash of the new,  
Has now replaced the thunder of the old,  
We have not yet reconciled the wisdom  
Of the heart with technology's telos.  
Are we about to witness the birth of  
A more altruistic epoch? Will we  
Reveal our brokenness? Will we allow  
Ourselves to be healed in communion  
With the other? I lie patiently, amongst  
Modernity's ruins, waiting for a change.

Dominic Windram

# Still Waiting For Spring

Still waiting for spring  
To blast away these grey days;  
With its fresh magic.

Dominic Windram

# Stop The World. I Want To Get Off!

The days speed by so fast.  
I seek the profound stillness  
Of nameless mystics.

Dominic Windram

# Stranded

Stranded between the rocks and the desert:  
Condemned like a burnt red leaf in Autumn;  
An ocean of knowledge & wisdom,  
Cruelly rejected by his puerile peers.

O now he performs minor miracles  
At night, in order to keep himself sane.  
Not for him the glory of shared moments,  
Just the monotonous treadmill of time.

Dominic Windram

## Stranded 2

Lost in this old town:  
A shadow of my former self:  
Ghosts observe ruins.

Dominic Windram

# Strange Enchantments

I draw from strange enchantments from the past;  
That linger like worlds: beautiful and vast,  
Or bright memories of good loyal friends of old.  
As poetic inspiration, they're pure gold!

Dominic Windram



## Streams Of Sadness: (August 2nd,2020)

Streams of sadness:  
The riches of summer are  
Now passing away.

Dominic Windram

# Street Lights

These street lights emit  
An eerie glow, as the night  
Slowly turns to dawn.

Dominic Windram

# Strictly Prohibited

Counterfeit Botox;  
Ketamine tranquilizers;  
Cohiba cigars.

Dominic Windram

# Structure And Form Before Magic

We poets should study  
Structure and form, before we  
Consider magic.

Dominic Windram

## Structure And Form Enable Magic.

Always be clear and precise when constructing  
Words of magic. Think of the intricately  
Woven spider's web. Think of the form and structure  
Of a sonnet that contains flashes of beauty.

Dominic Windram

# Structured Beauty

The stronger the stem,  
The more vivid and vibrant,  
The flowers and leaves.

Dominic Windram

# Stuck Here For A While (At Least)

Stuck here for a while.  
My dreams through empty streets,  
Go wandering still.

Dominic Windram

# Students Versus Townies

O they relaxed and sunned themselves at the beach,  
While we stressed out about upcoming exams.  
They walked hand in hand with lovers around parks,  
While we contemplated Nietzsche and Kierkegaard.  
They concerned themselves with trivial matters,  
While we fretted about the meaning of life.  
They are still as happy and as ignorant as larks,  
While we are still struggling to find ourselves.  
They have no regrets about their radiant past.  
O looking back we were bloody idiots!  
Yet why is it, despite strife and constant woes,  
We still insist on the merits of learning.  
Could it be because we cling to higher things?  
And ultimately, surely it's all worth it? !  
Well that's what we might say to convince ourselves,  
But I'm not sure it would have any takers!

Dominic Windram



# Subtle Miracles

Subtle miracles

In the early light of dawn:

Nature's remedies.

Dominic Windram

# Suburban Emptiness

Behind the brittle dream,  
That's sold to us daily,  
Lies suburban emptiness:  
Permanent imbalances;  
Distortions of the psyche;  
Silicone breasts & little deaths  
Electro pop perversions;  
Neon balloons explode  
In the ravaged, sordid night;  
Endless, abundant images;  
Yet so many of us are skeletal.  
Convenient spectres deny  
The search for real meaning.  
Mass surveillance corrodes  
The very heart and soul of  
Our hard won civil rights.  
Prozac generation; so blind  
And apathetic. Life's modern  
Motorways are filled with  
Thrill seeking, speed merchants  
Constant car crashes are the  
Consequence of one's actions.

Dominic Windram

# Suburban Gloom

Here amidst this deep suburban gloom,  
Time moves slowly and solemnly  
Along like a medieval liturgy,  
It no longer moves lightly with  
The blazing rhythms of the sun.  
Perhaps, Time's corpse cannot be reborn.  
Hence, I pray to the gods of cadence  
For a marked change in the weather.

Dominic Windram

# Success Deconstructed

No glory for thee.  
I put no trust in milestones;  
Just bare survival.

Dominic Windram

# Such Bankrupt Hours

Such bankrupt hours:  
Bureaucracies of boredom  
Now rule this crude world.

Dominic Windram

# Such Beautiful Dreams

Such beautiful dreams:  
Of sweet sounds: of rare flowers  
Slowly unfolding.

Dominic Windram

# Such Sumptuous Dreams

Such sumptuous dreams  
Of stars, moon light and rainbows:  
Lightning flash of hope.

Dominic Windram

# Sudden Creative Storms

Initial inky rain drops  
Of words gently fall, and soon form neat  
Patterns on weathered paper.  
Black clouds are beginning to swell deep  
Within the birthing - room. Sure,  
There will be chaotic storms. And then  
Perhaps, if the gods are kind,  
There will be intermittent lightning  
Flashes of pure poetic  
Gold. O I can dream and live in hope!

Dominic Windram



# Sultry Afternoon

The afternoon is overripe  
It's as if thousands of strange fruit  
Are about to fall into our laps  
The summer sun is like a beast  
Draining us of our very life-force  
I feverishly contemplate  
How these sultry, wearisome hours  
Will influence my dark, tenebrous art.

Dominic Windram

## Summer (Longing)

Rose scented sadness;  
Red summer sunset;  
Puzzling circles;  
Projects discarded.  
Where has the time gone?  
Why can't I connect  
With this world that speeds by  
So indifferently; so fast?  
Summer's now fading  
And leans upon Autumn.

Dominic Windram

## Summer Days.

It was the height of summer and we lived  
In a quaint cottage by the winding stream.  
It seemed like the sun was always shining  
And the flowers' scents were always fragrant.  
It was like a dream! I always like  
To recall that time to alleviate  
My darker hours; when time seems to drag  
And the light of hope seems to be dimming.

Dominic Windram

# Summer Has Arrived

Summer has arrived.  
Slow down and embrace the dreams  
Of sun & roses.

Dominic Windram

## Summer Is Almost Over: (August 2nd,2020)

Alas it's August and summer's almost over.  
And I find that I am another year older,  
But perhaps not much wiser, it has to be said.  
Although the dark ghosts that once haunted me have fled,  
I feel that I have wasted so much precious time.  
I must keep reaching out for realms that are sublime  
And reflect them precisely in my poetry:  
These vast dream worlds that float on ethereal seas.

Dominic Windram

# Summer Is Fading

Summer is fading.  
Absorb the sun's golden rays.  
Soon days will shorten.

Dominic Windram

## Summer Is Fading 2

Summer is fading.  
I can sense it in the breeze;  
Announcing Autumn

Dominic Windram

# Summer Is Fading 3

Summer is fading;  
Flowers of sweet genius:  
Fragile in the dusk.

Dominic Windram



# Summer Is Surging

Summer is surging  
Through England's valleys and hills.  
Beauty's everywhere

Dominic Windram

## Summer 's Roses: (July 2019)

O these white roses of innocence,  
And these deep blood red ones of passion,  
Permeate my fragile consciousness;  
Under the light of a gracious sun.

Dominic Windram

# Summer Senses Autumn.

It seems that Summer senses Autumn:  
In the soft dying light of its sunsets;  
In the darkening of its flowers;  
And in the cadence of its birdsong.

Dominic Windram

# Summer Wind

The wind blows gently  
Through the trees in my garden:  
The whisper of leaves.

Dominic Windram

## Summer's Almost Over: (August,2019)

I'll pluck these roses before they wither and die.  
For summer's dream garden will soon no longer be.  
I will recline, lulled by the warm breeze, and I'll try  
To absorb the sun's golden secrets. I'll just be.

I'll pluck these roses before they wither and die,  
Because I want to recall their perfumed essence  
Before autumn's discordant winds begin to arrive.  
O I shall rejoice in nature's brief blessedness!

Dominic Windram

# Summer's Pure Light

Summer's pure light is  
Now pouring through my window.  
Joy is unconfined!

Dominic Windram

# Summer's Rose

Although one day your tender beauty,  
Will surely fade and wither like a rose,  
Your inner light will always shine brightly  
As lovely summer's weary eyelids close.

Dominic Windram

# Summer's Sweet Magic: (June 24th,2020)

O I feel at one  
With sun, trees, sky and flowers:  
Summer's sweet magic!

Dominic Windram



# Summer's Warmth Is Here

Summer's warmth is here;  
Amongst the fields & flowers:  
In your deep blue eyes.

Dominic Windram

# Summertime Dreaming

Summertime dreaming,  
New worlds of light & flowers,  
Form in the mind's eye.

Dominic Windram

## Summertime Dreaming 2

Summertime dreaming:  
Of distant stars and moons:  
Heightened consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# Summery Daydreams

Summery daydreams  
Permeate my consciousness;  
As the cold wind blows!

Dominic Windram

# Summery Moments (July 2019)

Summery moments:

The soft humming of bright bees

Among the flowers.

Dominic Windram

## Summery Moments 2

The scent of the sun;  
Mingled with freshly cut lawns  
Is so sharp, yet sweet.

Dominic Windram

## Summery Retreat: (Sonnet, July,2009)

I have chosen a place where I can rest awhile  
Away from troublemakers and mad, howling crowds.  
On this summery retreat, I'll try out new styles  
Of poetry. And I'll embrace new sights and sounds.  
The weather here is lovely. O the flowers and  
The trees and the hills seem to glow with a profound  
Sense of stillness and silence. Do they understand  
The original source of Being. Have they found  
Life's meaning, unlike us who dwell in grey cities?  
Perhaps, I will be able to decipher their  
Secrets during my short stay. Perhaps the warm breeze  
Will gently whisper them to me. My fears and cares.  
Are now gradually beginning to dissolve  
Here, I will be able to stiffen my resolve.

Dominic Windram

## Sun Bursts...(May 25th,2020)

Sun bursts through the trees,  
In my verdant garden. Summer  
Is fast approaching.

Dominic Windram



# Sun Kissed Memories

Sun kissed places that have dissolved in time,  
Appear to intermittently return,  
When a soft light arises in the mind.  
Amen to the beauty of inner worlds!

Dominic Windram

# Sun Life Funeral Plans

They seem so pleased to be planning their funerals.  
O why can't these ghoulish, sickly smiling creatures,  
Enjoy the precious life that they have been given? ! .  
For them it's all about the money. Yes even  
Death pays handsome dividends these days. It irks me  
Considerably that these cut rate creeps spread their  
Superficial 'happiness' across our flat screens;  
In a flattened out society; with no depth.

Dominic Windram

# Sunbursts Of Beauty & Blue Waves Of Sorrow

Sunbursts of beauty  
And fragrant flower strewn joys:  
Some are bound to hit  
The mark. Some are bound to fail.

Blue waves of sorrow  
Lap against life's endless shores.  
Although they cut deep,  
They will quickly pass away.

Dominic Windram

## Sunbursts...(Inspired By Mark Rothko)

Sunbursts of bright pink,  
Orange and yellow; dreams are  
Colliding, and then  
Leaking into each other.  
Blazing flowers of  
Blissfulness proliferate  
In summer gardens:  
That are filled with sweet  
Songbirds and the golden light  
Of eternity.  
Sudden wild flashes of warm Inspiration are Descending from the binds together  
Fragments of loss and longing.

Dominic Windram

# Sundazed And Snowblind

Sundazed and snowblind:  
Lost in the welter of dreams,  
And teeming visions.

Dominic Windram

# Sunlit Avenues: Bochum- September 1st 2019

Sunlit avenues:

Roses of red, pink and white.

Adorn neat houses.

Dominic Windram

# Sunrise (January 17th 2020)

Darkness turns to pink;  
With hints of aqua blue hues:  
Winter's cold beauty.

Dominic Windram

# Sunset In The Park: (Ward Jackson Park: Hartlepool, December 7th,2019)

From the pond's calm waters, the brightness slowly drains.  
The flowers and the trees turn to a darker shade.  
I recall all the wild summers I spent here  
As a child; before the coming of cold fears.

In this surreal sunset, I perceive such strange things.  
The fountain, the bandstand, the roundabouts and swings  
Are now populated, in my mind's eye at least,  
By the blithe spectres of yesterday. They're released.

These dream like moments in time, I'll never forget  
Even in old age; as the sun will never set  
In the same way again. As the light fades from view,  
I'm glad that I shared this enchanting sight with you.

Dominic Windram



# Sunset In The Park: Alternative Version

Sunset in the park:  
Memories come flooding back  
Of long summer days.

Dominic Windram

## Sunset Over The Sea (Headland: Hartlepool, July 2018)

Watching the sun setting over a calm sea,  
Is like pondering the deep textures of dreams.  
Striking colours of blood red and fiery gold  
Elicit a sense of awe within one's soul.  
They seem to challenge artists to paint something  
As sublime. Yet the magic that Nature brings  
Forth surely cannot be surpassed. We poor poets  
Can only hint at what she constantly begets.

Dominic Windram

## Sunset: (July 20th 2020)

O I am drawn to  
The surreal beauty of this  
Red and gold sunset.

Dominic Windram

# Superfast Broadband

Superfast Broadband?  
You must be having a laugh.  
It's slow as a snail!

Dominic Windram

# Superficial Societies

We always have to look our best  
For the hallowed, family photograph;  
That goes without saying it seems.  
And now thanks to Instagram,  
It's a narcissist's paradise.  
Yet somehow it feels, like the  
Remnants of a vacuous dream.  
Adverts flash endlessly,  
On Modernity's bright screens.  
Everyday life is becoming  
Like a crass Hollywood movie.  
It all make me want to retreat  
Back, into my shell, like a tortoise.  
For in these current times,  
Of shameless self - publicity,  
Surely silence is golden.

Dominic Windram

# Superficial World

Superficial world:  
So many empty vessels;  
So many robots.

Dominic Windram

## Surely...

Surely, the scales have now fallen from people's eyes.  
Surely, we can now clearly see the light of truth.  
Surely, this is a time for significant self reflection.  
Surely this is a time for acute political awareness;  
Rather than, perhaps well meaning,  
But ultimately empty, sentimental gestures.

Dominic Windram

# Surreal Ruminations

The force of nature  
Creates symbols for poets:  
The blood of flowers.

Dominic Windram



# Surreal Universe

Surreal universe  
Of blood and bone: Fragile light  
Is buried under  
Rocks and stones, in vast deserts,  
Where Time stands frozen.  
There is no trace at all of  
Healing summer rain.  
There are only eyes, that stare,  
Like wild birds of prey,  
From the shadowy realms of  
Disordered psyches.  
This dry kingdom is lacking  
In the blessed ways of  
Grace and faith. The Void beckons.  
All dreaming is dead.  
Insects feed on rotting flesh.

Dominic Windram

# Surrender To Truth's Light

O great creator of Being; of galaxies:  
You who transcend our limited understanding;  
Ensure that the gleaming beams of truth fall across  
Our small joys as well as our bitter dilemmas;  
So that we can accept life's precariousness,  
With the sacred assurance that all will be well.  
From the cradle to the grave, let compassion reign.  
Although our hearts and souls are often distracted,  
Fleeting darkness shall not eclipse the sovereign Light.  
The eternal design outlasts shadow kingdoms.

Dominic Windram

# Surveillance States

O we are seen by cold camera eyes,  
Yet we are unable to perceive them.  
We are the objects of information;  
Never subjects in communication.  
O we are passive creatures. We are pawns  
Of social control. The puppet masters  
Are hidden far from view; planning their next  
Moves. O we need global revolution!

Dominic Windram

# Swallows

Welcome signs of Spring:  
Brave little swallows twitter  
On telephone lines.

Dominic Windram

# Sweet Angel Of Night 7

Sweet angel of night:  
She plucks the darkness from dreams.  
Her wings are gold tinged.

Dominic Windram

# Sweet Angels Of Night

Sweet angels of night:  
Asylum from Adam's curse.  
Life without regret.

Dominic Windram

# Sweet Eternity

Sweet eternity  
Gleams deep within your blue eyes.  
All else is fleeting.

Dominic Windram

# Sweet Marie

If I could slay the ghosts & monsters  
From a thousand bad trips & dreams  
I swear I'd do it for you sweet Marie  
Just to be with you again.

If I could make the diamond studded stars  
Fall from the skies and place them one by one  
By your side. I swear I'd do it;  
Just for you sweet Marie.

Dominic Windram



# Sweet Suburbia

Sweet suburbia offers domestic bliss:  
All kinds of creature comforts to quell emptiness.  
What with several fancy cars and 2.4 children  
Who could possibly ask for more? - it's God given!  
Facebook's bucolic postcard pictures of living  
Convey a cut price paradise: pristine... shining.  
I sense the careful masking of unconscious fears;  
While serpents lie in wait in modern day Eden.

Dominic Windram

# Symbolic Seasons

Symbolic seasons:

Adored by poets and artists:

From spring's innocence

In fragile rose pink blossoms,

To summer's vivid

Greenness and parades of light;

Autumn's remembrance,

In rusted red, brown and gold;

And Winter's stark, white

Solemnity: Magical

Moments constantly

Arising in rich cycles.

Dominic Windram

# Symbols

Rich, vivid symbols:  
Hint at the greater Light of  
Teeming creation.

Dominic Windram

# Symphonies Of Birds

Symphonies of birds:  
In the cathedral of dreams:  
That is my garden.

Dominic Windram

# T.V Hell

Welcome to T.V hell:  
Where crude choirs of swine  
Are squealing their brains out  
On the typically  
Asinine, redundant  
Saturday evening show.  
My God - it's so awful!  
O Lord - please lift me from  
This world of illusion!  
I'd rather eat my own flesh.

Dominic Windram

# T.V Repair Man

He proudly sports an 80's permed mullet  
And a tacky ear ring; slightly eccentric  
With bits of stubble on his double chin.  
He drives a rusted white van; now looks grey.  
He is known to exceed the speed limit  
In built up areas & town centres.  
He greedily gobbles greasy fish & chips  
On weekdays; out of newspaper wrappers.  
He watches Sky Sports; reads the Daily Star.  
He has recently quit smoking but still  
Likes the lagers while he's out on the lash.  
He's quite stocky and 5ft six; although he  
Has a stomach that bulges through his T Shirt.  
He's an ardent fan of the Toon army  
And likes a Kitkat with a cup of tea.  
He's divorced but would like a brand new wife;  
Likes AC/DC & Guns N' Roses;  
Plays air guitar at the club on Sundays  
He takes his time on jobs for what it's worth.  
And makes damn sure that he charges the earth!

Dominic Windram

## T.V Schedule

O the current U.K T.V schedule seems  
To serve up a crude menu of quiz shows and soaps!  
What has happened to the Arts; refined comedy,  
And vital documentaries? Is there no hope  
For those of us possessed with exquisite tastes?  
The fact that we still have to pay a licence fee,  
For utter garbage, makes many of us irate.  
The vain media moguls are too blind to see!

Dominic Windram

# T.V Spectacles

T.V Spectacles: .

Opiates of the masses

Watch now - pay later!

Dominic Windram



# Tainted Products

Bottled water is invariably  
Branded with beatific images  
Of deep blue, pristine lakes  
And gleaming snow capped mountains.  
Yet it seems that this  
Faux green age worship  
Is rather nonsensical  
And patently paradoxical.  
One just has to consider  
The carbon dioxide  
Emissions generated  
From the making, filling  
And shipping of millions  
Of plastic bottles.  
O how advertising effectively  
Distracts from elementary logic!

Dominic Windram

# Taking Teesside By Storm (And Strategy)

The reclusive poet Kevin Jones  
Was incredibly hacked off,  
With compliant media  
& crappy government plans.  
He was so sick and tired  
Of brand new business types:  
Abounding in his local region  
With their smarmy smiles and smart phones.  
So he decided one day  
To become Commandant Kev.  
Then he went out & recruited  
Jaded 'Job Seeker' renegades.  
At first he looked aghast at them:  
With their tattoos, jogging bottoms  
And Middlesbrough football shirts.  
Yet he moulded them as best he could  
And transformed them meticulously  
Into a piecemeal, militant army.  
As he stood splendidly dapper; clad  
In Maoist cap and slightly creased jacket,  
He provided them with an aim  
And named them his 'Jogging Bottom' brigades.

After a few rudimentary discussions,  
They assembled at a remote base  
In the gloomy Cleveland hills:  
Where devious Commandant Kev  
Coerced them with cans of cider  
And boxes of Regal King Size.  
His aim was to take Tees - side  
By storm & by strategy;  
And impose his great vision  
Of mass collectivism.

But he was thwarted by sneaky spies:  
Who poisoned the minds of his gang.  
So there was no need to send in,  
Bovine police or brute army,  
As guerrilla tactics never

Got off the ground. There was  
Too much talking about trivialities  
Like football, cars, darts  
& birds who they had been with.  
There was not much in the way of  
Dedication & discipline;  
Not much discussion about Marx;  
Just scapegoating of foreigners.  
Kevin's Jogging Bottom Brigades  
Were permanently drunk  
And when our Kev ran out of supplies  
Of bog standard booze & fags,  
It was inevitable that  
His recruits deserted one by one.  
Still he cursed them for their  
Profound, petty fickleness.  
O he cursed them loudly night and day!

Yet although he was disillusioned,  
He vowed to rise again:  
With stronger purpose & plan;  
To fight corporate greed & power  
Wherever and whenever it sprang.  
But he has yet to emerge  
From a decade's hibernation.  
When he does you can be sure,  
He'll take Tees side by storm...  
And perhaps with better strategy!

Dominic Windram

## Taking Time Out (From Creative Work)

O the fires have faded from my dreams.  
I'm trapped once more by the mundane it seems.  
I'm suppose it's okay, as now I know,  
How to handle darkness and its hard blows.  
I will wait patiently for Vision's gifts:  
For pure insights and rapt poetic riffs;  
As the thick, black clouds continue to drift  
Across my consciousness. I think I will shift  
My perspective slightly; and look at life  
From a different angle. Despite strife,  
And its accompanying sense of despair,  
I will endeavour to look for beauty rare.  
O I will seek the soft embrace of sleep,  
And glide through the days; not thinking too deep.  
I'll return redeemed from pale lethargy:  
Brimming with bold sunbursts of energy!

Dominic Windram

# Tangled Up

I'm so tangled up in vain illusions.  
I cannot perceive the pure light of Truth.  
O my mind is a maze of deep confusion  
As I ponder on Age and recall Youth.  
Where is Faith amidst this Vale of Tears?  
Where is one who will not bend or break?  
Who will not submit to worldly fears?  
Who'll sacrifice all for another's sake?

There's a thousand signs in plagued streets of sin.  
Yet not one of them has any meaning!  
There are those that crave the sacred Kingdom,  
But they will not let Love & Mercy in.  
In these manic times none of them listen.  
Yet they all have something to say.  
I want to stand tall and face life head on,  
Yet all I seem to do is run away.

Dominic Windram

# Teesside Park

Killing energy  
Of sharp plastic designs:  
Ominous Feng Shui.

Dominic Windram

# Television Hell

Television hell:  
Constant fake hysteria  
Pours through our plush screens.

Dominic Windram

# Terns...(Headland. Hartlepool, June 8th,2020)

Terns arc and frolic  
Through the warm, sea salty air:  
In and out of sight.

Dominic Windram



# Text Messaging

Text messaging is now ubiquitous.  
It appears as strange as hieroglyphics  
For those who're still uninitiated  
In this ritual of the modern tribe.  
In the future perhaps all known language  
Will be reduced to elementary ciphers.  
Then the noble art of conversation  
Will be dead...a truly sad state of affairs!

Dominic Windram

# Textures Of Reality

I cannot grasp the fullness of these bright moments  
As they glide by like wild soaring birds of summer.  
O what is the essence of this fresh, spectral light?  
Is it a constant dance of energies? Perhaps,  
The cold, detached quantum physicists can explain  
It to me. Perhaps, the mystics will know via  
Their prolonged, patient meditations. I've too much  
Of a butterfly mind for that. I would rather  
It remained shrouded in a certain mystery.  
Although I'm happy to accept established strands  
Of knowledge, it seems that poetry, art and dreams  
Hint at other hidden textures of reality.

Dominic Windram

# Thank God I'm Free From Bureaucratic Tyrannies!

All those bureaucrats and so called liberals;  
All those who castrate creativity;  
All those who desecrate the intellect;  
All those connoisseurs of culture; all those  
Guardians of 'Beauty' create obstacles  
And unnecessary diversions. They manage  
To pollute the clear waters of Truth.  
They fawn over two bit celebrities;  
Hyped actors and washed out comedians.  
They wax lyrical about all kinds of  
Obscure nonsense, while significant  
Matters and issues always seem, somehow,  
To elude them. Well... that is their problem.  
Thank goodness, I have parted ways with them.  
Now I can focus solely on my art  
And yes..now I can dream big once again!

Dominic Windram

# The Absence Of Communion

Sound bites; fractured speech.  
Cold, disembodied voices;  
No communion.

Dominic Windram

# The Advent Wreath (December 2008: For Hannah)

Four candles we shall light  
To brighten this starless night:  
A violet candle for penance:  
To prepare us for His blessings;  
A blue candle for hope:  
For times when we can't cope;  
A rose pink candle for joy:  
In the midst of life's turmoil;  
And a white candle for peace:  
For redemption; for release.

Dominic Windram

# The African Madonna

The African Madonna:  
A compassionate mother;  
Tends to her silent son:  
He who is slowly dying  
With washed out ribs  
And blown out belly.  
She combs the boy's hair  
So softly it is as though  
She is putting flowers  
On a tiny grave.

Dominic Windram

# The Ageless Sun...

The ageless sun of divine wisdom  
Is not bound by time's changing fashions  
It transcends the fleeting shadows  
Of contemporary knowledge.

Dominic Windram

# The Aim Of Prayer

It seems that, prayer is primal longing  
For a bright, yet ordered universe:  
Ablaze with birds & stars & flowers;  
Always teeming with Mercy & Grace.

Dominic Windram



# The Amazon Way

It's the Amazon Way:  
One click of a button  
And you can purchase  
A fragment of your dreams.

It's the Amazon Way  
Customers are kings & queens;  
Living it up everyday:  
In consumer heaven.

It's the Amazon Way:  
All light & shiny surfaces;  
Designed to conceal  
The company's dubious workings.

It's the Amazon Way:  
A unionised work force not allowed.  
Rather an assembly line culture of modern slaves;  
Constant surveillance & new forms of Taylorism.

It's the Amazon Way:  
Warehouses are re-branded as 'fulfilment' centres  
Yet there is sporadic lighting  
And no air conditioning.

It's the Amazon Way:  
Workers don't steal precious time:  
Three strikes and you're out!

It's the Amazon Way:  
Make a huge profit anyway you can  
The ends justify the means every time.

Dominic Windram

# The Ambiguity Of Art

There are those who know in their bones that life  
Is a joke. and there are those who feel that,  
There is some deeper purpose to it all.  
As for me I prefer not to reveal  
My cards. For I like to move between light & dark;  
As I'm concerned with the scope of my poetry

Dominic Windram

# The American Dream

I see traces of the American dream  
In power centres; where hawks devour doves.  
I see it as a form of propaganda,  
As it pursues its globalized agenda.  
In its' broken backyard, blood flows like water.  
In the Middle East, regime change reigns supreme.

I see traces of the American dream  
In celebrity playgrounds governed by greed.  
To be honest, I'm so tired of dreaming.  
I'd rather frequent a hard headed chemist's:  
Who would listen to my plethora of woes,  
And prescribe a strong dose of reality.

Dominic Windram

# The American Flag

What is the American flag?  
A floating chain of signifiers  
From light seeking liberty  
To pug faced patriotism?

Some say they'd die for  
This flag - or rather the ideal  
It seemingly represents.  
Others have angrily burnt it.

Its colours are revealing:  
Red stands for hardiness and valour.  
White for purity and innocence.  
Blue for vigilance and justice.

Some say its famous stars and stripes  
Symbolise imperial glory  
But at what expense  
To less 'civilised' nations.  
Others suggest that they represent  
Unity and freedom from tyranny.

As for me, I prefer Jasper Johns'  
Less striking, ghostly, monochrome version.

Dominic Windram

## The American Flag 2

What is the American flag?  
But a floating chain of signifiers  
From light seeking liberty  
To pug faced patriotism.

Some say they'd die for  
This flag - or rather the ideal  
It seemingly represents.  
Others prefer to simply burnt it.

Its colours are revealing:  
Red stands for hardiness and valour;  
White for purity and innocence;  
Blue for vigilance and justice.

Some say its famous stars and stripes  
Symbolise imperial glory  
But at what expense  
To less 'civilised' nations  
While others suggest that they represent  
Unity and freedom from tyranny.

I find Jasper Johns' less striking,  
Ghostly, monochrome version intriguing:  
Where many voices of dissent  
Seem to be eerily silenced  
With stars and stripes submerged  
Under thick paint and beeswax.

Dominic Windram

# The Angel - Stranger

The angel - stranger came from outside our city.  
He had no halo, no family, no possessions.  
No one seemed sure whether he was from the holy  
House of God or a skilled agent of the devil.  
Yet he was blessed with the rare gift of prophecy.  
With his phantasmagoric new dreams and visions,  
That offered many signs of hope and redemption,  
He helped restore trust amongst the citizenry.  
But our cruel leaders feared his unusual powers,  
So they met and plotted between themselves slyly,  
And found ways to charge him with alleged blasphemy.  
Now he rots away in a dark, foreboding tower.

Dominic Windram

# The Angel Call

The Angel call is beyond our grasp,  
Now we are drawn to a secular sty.  
We think we've gathered in golden harvests,  
But we dwell in dry realms of mould and stone.  
We believe we live in an Age of Progress,  
Yet we are spiritually inert.  
We are like children lost in a dark wood;  
Afraid of spectres & their own shadows.  
Hence the refuge of the psychiatrist's couch,  
And the contemporary cult of counselling.  
For we are trapped in a labyrinthine world  
Without richness of rarefied reference points  
Without the pellucid Light to guide us.  
This era's colours and sounds are deafening.  
Have we forgotten the still, pure pools  
Of silence that flow through verdant creation?  
Have we forgotten that ancient wisdom  
Transcends fleeting, digital information  
Have we forgotten that Love soars above  
The abyss of social atomisation?  
Do we no longer seek the fabled Keys  
To the vast, unbroken, azure kingdom?  
The Angel call is beyond our grasp,  
Now we are drawn to a secular sty.

Dominic Windram

# The Angel Of The North: (An Elegy) .

Bored of the obtuse mutterings  
Of the amorphous crowd;  
Tired of the familiar greys & greens  
Of her immediate surroundings;  
She ventured into twilight realms,  
And scanned the potent air,  
For rare, inscrutable treasures;  
Which she'd weave into arabesques.  
Her profound poetry glowed  
With a kind of fiery glory.  
It fed on obscure symbolism.  
And abounded in Grace.

Beauty reclines in molecular structures.

Her art was punctuated  
By strata of paradox.  
The themes were portentous:  
Tenebrous; often funereal.  
Yet her style was as mellifluous  
As birdsong and as delicate  
As a butterfly's wing.  
Like a modern Columbine,  
Playing many a part  
In life's strange pageant,  
She simulated surfaces,  
In order to communicate,  
Her radical philosophies.

Everything profound adores the mask.

Dominic Windram



# The Angels Of Mercy

All night long they listen to my prayers.  
They affirm me in my darkest hours.  
They purify the cold, secular air.  
And proclaim that Love's a higher power.

O those wise, swooping Angels of Mercy:  
Who turn nightmares into radiant dreams!  
O those sweet, sacred sisters of Beauty:  
Their Visions unfold in silvery streams!

Dominic Windram

# The Angels...(Inspired By Wim Wenders' Wings Of Desire)

The angels are witnesses to all that we do  
And say. Their hearts often bleed for us yet  
They cannot appear to us from their lofty heights.  
They only visit us via visions and dreams.

Dominic Windram

# The Answering Phone

The answering phone:  
The anti social plague of  
Modern gadgetry.

Dominic Windram

# The Art Of Perception

Can we still perceive the first murmurings  
Of Easter's teeming, violet agenda;  
Pouring through the cracks of this stifling world?  
Or have we been conditioned to accept  
The surface gloss of lesser festivals?  
There are many trivial distractions  
That feed the secular imagination.  
Can we still perceive spring 'sfresh plethora  
Of lush colours blossoming all around?  
Can we still embrace this life's deeper realms:  
The profound things of ultimate concern?  
Can we still brave the wintry heart of darkness:  
Betrayal, torture & crucifixion  
And the hard-wrought yet tender redemption?

Dominic Windram

# The Art Of Propaganda

The Russian is an enemy  
Iran is also an enemy  
The government of Iraq  
Is now no longer an enemy.

Saudi Arabia is a kingdom  
And therefore a friend.  
It provides us with our oil  
And helps us out from time to time.

Israel is our little friend  
And it is often bullied.  
We need to protect our little friend  
And pat it on the back every once in a while.  
America is our greatest friend.  
Its light shines brightly all over the globe.

Our government promotes capitalism.  
For capital is still the pride of the country.  
Wealth creators increase prosperity  
And it trickles down to the poor.  
Our leaders despise strikers,  
As strikes are bad for our economy.  
Strikers and dissenters are cancerous.  
They represent the enemy within.

We live in a democracy.  
We are allowed to vote for our leaders.  
We live in a democracy;  
Where minorities are tolerated.  
We live in a democracy.  
We have so many choices.  
We live in a democracy.  
Our media is free to express itself.

There is the BBC.  
There is ITV.  
Sky TV, Channel 4  
And Channel Five;

The Daily Mail,  
The Guardian,  
The Independent,  
The Times;  
The Telegraph;  
The Mirror & The Sun

We are revered by lesser nations for our liberty.  
It's our great hope that one day they too  
Will realise our noble are very lucky to live  
Under the fine colours of the Union Jack.  
And the splendour of a constitutional monarchy:  
Where all subjects are equal under the law:  
Where we are all working together for a common purpose.  
God bless the Queen and her may she reign over us!

Dominic Windram

# The Art Of Surrender

I have wept at sunsets of red and gold.  
I have felt the sublime force of oceans.  
I've trembled at the sight of bright starfall.  
I've heard the ethereal angel call.  
I've dragged fragments of splendour, love and light  
From fading shadowy worlds and kingdoms.  
I have experienced profound moments,  
By surrendering to the infinite.

Dominic Windram

# The Artist As Chameleon

Chameleon - like  
She changes colour with the  
Seasons: gold to green.

Dominic Windram



# The Artist Is An Alchemist

The artist is an  
Alchemist: turning base form  
Into pure gold!

Dominic Windram

# The Arts Are Inspired By Dreams And Visions

We can paint or compose music or poems,  
That are inspired by streams of lucid dreams.  
We can sculpt figures and scenes from visions.  
We can create vital Art that redeems.

Dominic Windram

# The Awakened Ones

I believe in all the dreamers:  
All the poets & prophets;  
All those who despair  
At the rigid claims of the tribe:  
Who refuse to worship  
At the altar of its hollow idols;  
Who refuse the call  
To work under systems  
That discourage  
Studied contemplation  
Of a deeper beauty;  
Who labor long hours  
To create wondrous flowers,  
Despite the degradation  
Of rich, sacred realms  
By crude commerce;  
And all those who connive  
To promote indifference.

I believe in all the dreamers:  
All the poets & prophets  
Whose vision reaches  
Beyond familiar skies  
To incomprehensible stars;  
Who cannot be controlled  
By dark agents & actors;  
Who are not afraid  
To hurl burning questions  
At the frozen centers of power;  
Whose beatific creeds  
& Christ like ideals  
Drive their courage to be  
& cannot be broken  
Whatever the cost  
To heart & soul.

Listen to the prophets:  
To the awakened ones;

Who disturb the sleep  
Of the easily satisfied;  
Who proclaim the beauty  
Of the Word even in  
The midst of suffering;  
Who reveal the Truth's light  
In the land of shadows;  
Who sing of the angelic  
Despite the great depths of sin;  
Who are rooted in the world  
But know the sovereign  
Ways of the winged spirit;  
Who are not weather vanes  
Moving mechanically  
With the wind of the Times,  
But signposts for the centuries.

Dominic Windram

# The Battle Within

The constant battle  
Within my soul between the  
Forces of calmness  
And chaos is often so  
Draining. Indeed, it's  
Hard, at times, to maintain a  
Nice balance between  
Light and dark; between pink and  
Grey; between joy and  
Despair. O it's so draining!

Dominic Windram

# The Beauty Of Spring

From winter's drabness  
To a riot of colours:  
The beauty of spring!

Dominic Windram

## The Bicycle Boy (For Bobby W.)

Bobby is riding on his bicycle today  
O what wild dreams he has in his heart - who can say? !  
He'll have a taste of the wind and the open sky;  
Around Ward Jackson Park: watch him as he speeds by!  
O pleasure belongs to him and the glowing sights  
Of tree lined groves and avenues of great delight!  
He rides with adventures and a feeling of joy.  
For he is our bright Bobby: the bicycle boy.

Dominic Windram

# The Black Dog Of Depression

Scattered papers lie  
Across the floor, as the moon  
Swells like a gland in  
The night's throat. Time seems to flow  
As slowly, but not  
So sweetly, as molasses.  
It tends to leave a  
Bitter taste in my parched mouth.  
Nothing illuminates.  
The light of the troubled mind  
Is cold, blue and black.  
Time is falling on its knees.

Dominic Windram



# The Blazing Light

O the blazing light  
Flows like warm, vital blood through  
The veins of summer!

Dominic Windram

# The Blood Flowers...(April 27th,2020)

The blood flowers are  
Blooming in the veins of spring:  
Soft joys unfolding.

Dominic Windram

# The Blue Lagoon (Seaton Carew: Hartlepool)

At the magical blue lagoon:  
Amidst the powdery sand dunes,  
We can escape and find release.  
O we can search, for shells so freely  
Along the lonely beach. Sometimes  
We may find driftwood that the tide  
Brings in. Here, there is such peace.  
O we can watch the sea and dream!

Dominic Windram

# The Bluebird Of Happiness

When you awake in the morning my dear,  
Let go of yesterday's cold, nagging fears.  
Take some time to listen to the bluebird's  
Sweet song of perfect peace and pure joy.  
For music rectifies quicker than words.  
Listen closely to its' melodic ploys,  
As its star enchanted tune floats upon  
The air. It will remove all dark despair.  
O it's like the warmth of the summer sun!  
It's a moving experience I swear!

Dominic Windram

# The Bold Boys Of Business

The bold boys of business,  
In sharp suits & flashy ties,  
Cut deals in the blink of an eye.

The bold boys of business are  
As ruthless as ravens;  
As slippery as snakes.

The bold boys of business,  
Get their testosterone highs  
In the gym or the squash court.  
They're always so busy.

The bold boys of business,  
Know the price of everything,  
And the value of nothing.

The bold boys of business:  
Irony's not their thing.  
Just the crude slogan & the hard sell.

The bold boys of business,  
Snort lines of snow white dust,  
In restaurant toilets.

The bold boys of business,  
Treat women as trophies,  
To be won; then swiftly dumped.

The bold boys of business  
Will be nowhere to be found;  
When the market crashes,  
As it surely must.

Dominic Windram

# The Bold Business Types

The bold business types are always sun tanned,  
And incredibly well groomed. They like to  
Purchase obligatory, expensive  
Sports cars, and must always be seen wearing  
Flashy designer clothes. And they must have  
Typical trophy girlfriends to cling to:  
Who hang on to their every golden word,  
To compensate for their own emptiness.  
These smooth narcissists have many goals  
Yet all their money can't buy them a soul!

Dominic Windram

# The Book Of Love

The book of love has many intriguing chapters.  
O it travels from light and dark, and back again!  
It describes the secret, hidden realms of the heart;  
In minute detail. It speaks of heroes and heroines:  
Who venture into places where angels fear to tread.  
It brims with images of fairytales and rainbows.  
It speaks of labyrinths & mazes & flowers & death.  
Indeed it is a must read, It is filled with joy  
And sorrow. It revels in human folly.  
Yet it's profound. It's a tale as old as the world.

Dominic Windram

# The Brain Dead Brigades

O the brain dead brigades are now running our schools  
And our hospitals. They are such ignorant fools!  
To call them incompetent would be a compliment.  
Their petty, pedantic ways are to the detriment  
Of all of those whom they are supposed to serve.  
O how they have the brass neck and the very nerve  
To criticise conscientious workers astounds me!  
They do nothing but add to the general misery.

Dominic Windram



# The Bride Of Spring

Out of the bleak, wanton winter a new Spring  
Of possibilities slowly arises.  
Bold signs emerge from ancient custom's ruins;  
Which are now conveniently derided.

Here the Bride of Spring will provide guidance.  
And calmly reveal her learned wisdom.  
She holds the keys to Nature's secret realms,  
And to long discarded inner kingdoms.

As she walks tall; yet so serene and slight,  
In a bright, flowing gown of purest white,  
She scatters violets across gravel paths,  
And quietly creeps towards the sacred light,

Then she kneels down to pray and clutches  
A silver crucifix in her sweet hands.  
Sunlight filters through the trees and bushes  
Making intricate patterns at her feet.

She softly murmurs to those whose child like hearts  
Have not yet hardened. Her words seem to drift on  
The warm breezes and echo like tinkling bells  
Within the walls of her fragrant rose garden:

'Love's a profound dip in the ocean of dreams.  
It cannot be measured by diurnal hours.  
It transcends all the grandest of mortal schemes.  
It is a gift bestowed by higher powers.  
It's soft & gentle: an eternal delight.  
It is the heart of Light; between you and I.'

Out of the bleak, wanton winter a fresh Spring  
Of possibilities slowly arises.  
Bold signs emerge from ancient custom's ruins;  
Which are now so cruelly derided.

Dominic Windram

# The Business World

The business world  
Has corroded/ corrupted  
The liberal Arts

Dominic Windram

# The Case For Art, Music And Poetry

We have our art, in order,  
Not to die of sheer boredom  
We have the warmth of sweet music,  
To escape the world's cold sorrows.  
We possess poetry, so that  
We can purify consciousness.  
Although they're not as practical  
As bloodless science, we need them.

Dominic Windram

# The Cephalopod Saint

A broody octopus kept a vigil.  
For four years and five months she bravely clung  
To a rock, and guarded her ripening  
Eggs from predators. She starved to death to  
Give life to her young. One may regard this as  
A reproductive flesh  
Was consumed by ravenous angel fish.  
She was obliterated in a flash.  
Perhaps her death is symbolic of Nature's  
Altruism or is just a matter  
Of primal instinct? That said, whatever  
One's perspective happens to be, it seems  
That if she had been human she would now  
Certainly be revered as a saint.

Dominic Windram

# The Changing Of Seasons

Summer's faint spirit senses Autumn:  
In the dying light of its sunsets:  
In the darkening of its flowers:  
And in the cadence of its birdsong.  
O it laments its blithe transience!  
Yet it will burn long in the memory  
And return fresh, lyrical & blessed.  
After the glorious surge of next Spring.

Dominic Windram

# The Childish, Spurious Tutor

O spurious tutor you say that you prefer  
Pretty pictures, not diagrams, to illustrate  
Complex words. Well that's all fine and well my good sir.  
But your ' noble' intentions make me so irate.  
O why do you have to be so patronising?  
When I look at you; the lights are on but no one  
Is at home, if you get me drift good sir. The thing  
Is your way out of your depth, as you're a moron!

Dominic Windram

# The Chimps' Tea Party

The chimps' latest zany tea party  
Involved the reading of 'poetry'.  
Most of it was, to speak quite frankly,  
Utter gobbledygook! The chimpanzees,  
Nevertheless, in their state of profound  
Ignorance, seemed to enjoy it immensely.  
O they made such crude, cacophonous sounds;  
That bore no resemblance to poetry!

Dominic Windram

# The Chosen Ones

They're God's chosen sons and daughters:  
Full of rhetoric; full of grace.  
Carrying briefcases full of faith;  
Innocent as doves; already saved.  
Well groomed; very nicely attired.  
They think that they are wired to wisdom:  
These keen followers of a plastic 'God'  
That illuminates cartoon skies  
They claim they're well read messengers;  
Not deceived by secular lies.  
It appears that they are well prepared  
For Armageddon, should it soon arrive.

Dominic Windram



# The Christ Like Artist

O they offered him all the kingdoms of the world.  
And they promised to make him a media star,  
If he would just bow down and worship their idols.  
Golden Oscar awards were guaranteed for him.  
But he remained true to his ultimate purpose,  
And he steadfastly refused their profitable  
Enticements. For he was the true Christ like artist:  
A thorn in the side of the corporate sectors.  
Although he is now ostracised, he is happy  
To create his bold, worthwhile works on the outskirts.

Dominic Windram

# The City At Night

The city at night: a blaze of speeding cars;  
The constant flashing of frantic lights and  
The eerie white glow of spectral faces.  
What ecstatic dreams and visions pour out,  
From the hearts and souls of the ragged  
Urban prophets, under wild, starry skies!

Dominic Windram

# The City At Night 2

The city at night:  
Streets are ablaze with billboards  
And colourful lights.

Dominic Windram

# The Cold Silence Of Grief

Cold silence of grief:  
When Love has wandered away  
From its warm domains.

Dominic Windram

# The Collector

He has amassed a vast collection  
Of Elvis memorabilia.  
He keeps it all in pristine condition:  
Presley's mint records and glittering costumes;  
Golden telephones and mini pink cadillacs;  
Golf buggies and other assortments of junk.

And one day he'd like to visit Graceland:  
The decadent home of his tainted idol.  
For him this would be akin to dying  
And going to heaven. Why this obsession?  
Perhaps it's because this super fan lives  
Such a hum drum, routine existence in Hull.

Dominic Windram

# The Colour Of Dreams

The colour of dreams;  
The mysteries of beauty:  
Life's bright carnival.

Dominic Windram

# The Colours Of Autumn...

Autumn's subtle colours  
Have been replaced by winter's  
Pervasive whiteness.

Dominic Windram

# The Coming Of Spring

Trees are fresh laden  
With blossoms of pink and white.  
Welcome to springtime!

Dominic Windram



# The Conscientious Objector

I won't fight in your dirty war.

I will stay at home

And cultivate plants & flowers instead.

I will paint & write guided by

The blessed light of a higher consciousness.

I will compose epic odes to Beauty.

I will pray for your wanton soul.

I will not be part of a conspiracy of silence.

I will denounce your war from the roof tops.

I will disseminate sweet Visions of beatitude

On the paralysed streets.

So hand me a white feather,

And call me a coward.

I really don't care at all.

Dominic Windram

# The Crazy Conductor

In a sudden fury, the conductor  
Unleashes the mighty collective force  
Of his orchestra; with wild, improvised  
Gesticulations and deranged movements.

Dominic Windram

# The Creative Spirit

We need to create.  
To exist is not enough.  
Transcend mortal cares!

Dominic Windram

# The Creative Spirit- 1990(To Van Gogh, Hendrix, Dylan Thomas)

You are Nature's blazing flower  
Charged by summer's sovereign power.  
The dark serpents of desire coil  
Around your writhing, restless soul  
Never satisfied with partial dreams.  
You're forever searching for the whole.

Both beast & angel dwell within  
The chambers of your love struck heart  
The destroyer & creator  
Always driving your frantic art.  
Like a comet with a brilliant tail,  
You pass through galaxies unrestrained.

Through the swirling, roaring colours  
Of starry midnight; through sweeping clouds  
And sudden flashes of electric sunlight,  
The bold gestures of genius,  
Shine forth from your work.

O you can turn kingdoms of ice  
Into softest flakes of snow.  
Like a phoenix from the ashes  
Only wilder, stronger do you grow.  
Like a dark creature of creation  
You walk the finest of lines  
Between stillness & disturbance;  
Between beauty & decay.

Dominic Windram

## The Crystal Ocean (February 2010)

O a thousand rivers run into the sea;  
On to the crystal ocean that flows through me.  
The soft light of joy flows through the faint blue veins,  
Beyond prayers and Prozac that only numb the pain.  
Love's certain communion slays all the ghosts,  
Of yesterday's long shadows, and fading hopes.  
Despite suffering, radiant Grace still abounds.  
Although blood stains the wren bone on stony ground,  
Spring's green roots emerge at the chosen hour.  
The elements contain a matchless power.  
The funeral lament, of winter's bitter songs,  
Cannot freeze the Spirit's sustaining wells:  
Where pure water cleanses the heart's ageless wounds;  
Where there is rebirth in a warm womb of blue.  
O a thousand rivers run into the sea;  
On to the crystal oceans that flows through me.

Dominic Windram

# The Cultural Alchemist

The keen cultural alchemist  
Can turn base metal into gold,  
And chaos into thriving stars.  
For he is a master of the Arts.

At key times, he can create wild,  
Surreal worlds in the blink of an eye.  
He disturbs the compliant dreams  
Of those who propagate crude systems.

Dominic Windram

# The Current State Of Things: March 2020

Now the fountainhead of things is broken,  
And life's deep wounds and scars cannot be healed.  
Even Spring's promise seems like a mirage.  
We are like shadows replaying old scenes.  
We place our trust and faith in brand new gods.  
O at times they seem to mirror our dreams!  
Yet they cannot replace our emptiness.  
They can only further its symptoms it seems.

Dominic Windram

# The Current U.K Education System

There are thousands of  
Pen pushers but very few  
Real educators.

Dominic Windram



# The Dark Night Of The Soul

Darkness contaminates the heart of being.  
The serpent's venom stains salvation's cross.  
Summer's vital blood has quickly congealed.  
The wild, black dogs are devouring the light.  
Modern idols have replaced ancient gods.  
The people now worship Truth's pale shadows.  
They're all afflicted with the mark of Cain.  
Darkness reigns in the kingdom of being.

Dominic Windram

# The Darkness Shall Not Eclipse The Singing Light

The darkness shall not eclipse the singing light.  
Though dream visions have been stripped of their colour,  
Still the slow winter chrysalis unfurls.  
And brief butterflies of this faithless Age  
Emerge in Spring to flaunt their crumpled wings;  
That will pulsate in the passion play of life.  
Though the world is now shadowed by a strange cloud,  
The hard rain won't fall while the white roses bloom.  
The Word won't be torn while the patient still breathes.  
And the darkness shall not eclipse the singing light.

Dominic Windram

## The Days Are Long (July: 2019)

The days are long, and tainted by sorrow and pain.  
Summer's brief butterflies provide a glimpse of hope;  
As our dreams escape and become lost in the haze.  
May these sweet flowers refresh my heart and my soul

Dominic Windram

# The Death Of Genius

The creators of stars  
Have all perished.

There's no one left  
To guide the slow arrow of beauty.

There's no Orpheus,  
To tame the feral beasts,  
With the sweetest of refrains.

No one to caress  
The marble and stone;  
No one to carve the perfect form.

No one to collect the sun  
from the sapphire sea.

All that remains is to  
Cannibalize old styles.

All that's left for us artists  
Is to trace lines of light in the desert.

Dominic Windram

# The Death Of God

Nietzsche - that dark, daring prophet -  
Was the first to proclaim God's death.  
As Nature abhors a vacuum,  
He offered the stern ubermensch  
To the tenebrous, lonely crowd.

When God's sudden death was announced,  
The obituaries were blank,  
And others weighed in with further,  
Fresher, free form philosophies.  
At last we were to discover  
Our original selves; stripped of  
ornamental superstition.  
And choose finally unfettered  
Our unique human destiny.

Yet the more perspicacious ones  
Hearing it; wept bitterly;  
Knowing with complete certainty of  
Beating pulse just how pitiless  
The brand new, 'improved' gods would be.

Dominic Windram

# The Death Of Innocence

Nursery dreams fade,  
As cotton wool clouds drift by,  
Soft eyes of sorrow.

Dominic Windram

# The Death Of The Soul

The death of the soul:  
In callous, cold steel systems  
Innocence is crushed.

Dominic Windram

# The Deep Wounds Of Love

The deep wounds of love:  
Invisible to the eye;  
Silent, hidden pain.

Dominic Windram



# The Defeatist

O you once told me  
That you wanted why  
Did you surrender?

Dominic Windram

# The Demise Of Comedy

The U.K's current crop of so called comedians  
Acquiesce to power. They are like court jesters  
As they flatter Lords like creepy Alan Sugar.  
I remember a time when bold satire was  
At its height and subversive acts flourished,  
Sadly those days are now gone, and we're left with all  
The lickspittles and all the mediocrities  
Who appear on our screens; seduced by money!

Dominic Windram

# The Desecraters (Addressed To The I.D.F)

O the desecraters of humanness,  
Grip tightly to their guns and hoist their flags;  
With prescribed, 'God given' authority.  
Yet they only rule over the chaos and  
Decay they have cynically created.  
Their marching songs are just discordant shrieks,  
As they wage constant war against Mercy.  
On the streets, the brutish mercenaries,  
Are a mirror of the general malaise.  
As they bark out their crude monosyllables,  
They are fuelled by hatred and hysteria.  
They're a phalanx of search lights & barbed wire.  
Their covenant's broken and dishonoured.  
O they have turned justice into wormwood;  
Their ancient crowns of beauty into ashes.  
They shall be mere carriers of water.

O the desecrators of the spirit,  
Believe in the laws of their great nation.  
They employ religion for their own ends.  
And emphasise its empty rituals.  
Unlike Jacob, they do not wrestle with  
Their angels. In time they will decompose  
Behind their masks; their flimsy deceits and  
Rigid uniforms. They coldly want  
Generations of 'lesser' beings to  
Pay for their exodus in the wilderness.  
Their paranoia strikes at the heart of love.  
They present a picture to the waiting world  
Of a pure, glorious and noble land;  
Poisoned by the 'illegitimate' other.  
O the truth seems to be lost in translation,  
And endlessly mired in mythologies.

Dominic Windram

# The Development Of Weapons

From jawbone, flint & fire to steel  
And uranium; from frenzied  
One to one combat to the cold  
Detachment from reality;  
And the mere pressing of buttons:  
The long trail of a killer's art.

Dominic Windram

# The Disciples Of Light

The disciples of light  
See the nobility of nature  
Everywhere they roam.  
Thus the verdant fields  
& flowers & stars  
Are the sweetest of things.

The disciples of light  
Love the whiteness of purity.  
For them a virgin birth  
Is the highest attainment.

The disciples of light  
Are often oblivious  
To the shadow  
Lurking within the psyche.

Indeed, the disciples of light  
Have never created  
Anything but a ripple  
On the surface of things.

The disciples of light  
Have never got their hands dirty.  
Thus reality's varied contents  
Will always elude them.

Dominic Windram

# The Dogs Of War

The dogs of war always seem to be howling,  
And fresh rivers of blood continue to  
Flow through darkened, foreign streets. Of such things  
Why do we say so little? And why do  
We do almost nothing to prevent these  
Needless killings? Only our screens reflect  
The silent screams. These days, I cannot sleep,  
As I'm plagued by bad dreams. What will come next  
Is anyone's guess. But I know that we  
Cannot go along with this much longer.  
As we move between the hawks and the doves,  
We should awaken to the fact that they  
Are rather alike. They share the same blood,  
Despite outward appearance. On us they prey.  
Although we are ruled by modern elites,  
A marked change in political weather,  
Will surely arrive like the wind. I can sense  
That the time is right. I await its presence.

Dominic Windram

# The Dove Descends

The Dove descends:

Baptisms of fire;

Transfiguration:

Dominic Windram

# The Dove Of The Divine (Poem For Pentecost)

O the dove of the divine streams with light!  
Like a rare wind that stirs the stagnant air,  
It reignites the tired, sovereign soul  
And spreads its profound parables of love.  
It is born from ancient words on dusty pages,  
Yet transmogrified in pregnant moments,  
Amidst summer's flowery transience.  
It symbolizes peace in prodigal times,  
As it counsels the original curse.  
It is the lightning flash of conversion  
That does not follow the familiar paths  
Between this dreamscape of birth & dying.

O the dove of the divine is the sun  
That pours profusely from azure skies.  
O how it rekindles the inner flame!  
It swoops heavy with fiery promise  
And boldly calls us to awaken reborn:  
From the quietus of mundane hours;  
From rabid twenty four seven treadmills;  
From crude, obscure signs that divert us;  
From a digital age that cannot serve  
To acknowledge our primal concerns;  
Only bombard us with endless distractions;  
Colourful processions of the trivial.

Weary of life's counterfeit carnival;  
We are inclined to gently lift our eyes  
Heavenward in awe, and await the coming  
Of those jewelled moments shining in time;  
Blessed by the breath of the buoyant spirit,  
At the thriving heart of the turning world.

Dominic Windram



# The Dream Is Over

The figurative has engendered fatalities.  
The words cannot redeem anymore. They are  
Laid out flat in the mausoleum of language.  
Forget the mantra of the old weathered script,  
The ornamental rhymes are now bankrupt.  
Draw precise lines not fabled flowers.  
For they don't attract attention to themselves.  
And beauty is in the eye of the beholder.  
We need to purge ourselves from the sentimental,  
And heighten the spare and the stark.  
So darken the colour of each syllable  
To mirror these tenebrous times.  
Don't eulogize sun, moon or stars.  
There are too many cracks in the visionary bone.

Dominic Windram

# The Dreamer

I am somewhat of a dreamer.  
I don't believe in clockwork time.

For what is Time? It's surely nothing else  
but regulation's simplification.  
Rather I am content to embrace  
The warm expanses of eternity.

I am a boneless creature:  
Born of soft visions.  
I can assume the form  
Of anything in my dreaming.

I find it hard to attain  
The flesh of the everyday.

Dominic Windram

# The Duality Of Human Nature

O human nature's marked duality  
Emerges in symbolic myths and dreams.  
For the troubled heart is often torn between  
The mystical rose and the wild, black beast.

Dominic Windram

# The Eagerly Awaited Entrance Of The Pantomime Horse: (The Tory Government's Latest Foolhardy Strategy)

O we all await with baited breath,  
The entrance of the pantomime horse,  
On tonight's coronavirus briefing!  
Who will be at the front and who will be  
At the rear? Will it be bonkers BoJo  
Heading, with creepy Dom Cummings at  
The back, or perhaps mad Matt Hancock;  
Accompanied by cracked Chris Witty:  
The witless wonder? Whoever gets  
Picked out of the blue Tory hat, it's bound  
To raise a few chuckles, and perhaps  
A smattering of belly laughs, across  
Our cynical, beleaguered nation;  
That's simply now had more than enough!  
To be completely frank, I wonder  
If this mock horse will be able to  
Walk straight given the type of nincompoops  
That will be inside it; 'controlling' things.

Dominic Windram

# The Earth Is Dying

The earth is dying.  
Plastic prospers; flowers wither.  
We need to change now!

Dominic Windram

# The Educational Gestapo

O the educational Gestapo  
Don't want us to think freely for ourselves.  
For we must conform to the status quo.  
These servants of arbitrary power  
Are not concerned with creative flowers.  
They're icy cold and abominable.  
They promote paperwork and the prosaic,  
Whilst denouncing the profound poetry  
Of the soul. They are the state's dark actors,  
And they'll use all means at their disposal.

Dominic Windram

# The Elements

The primeval force,  
Of the four elements, flows  
Through my consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# The Elephant In The Room: For Simon: (Inspired By Noam Chomsky)

O you can talk about justice, rights and freedoms,  
Within certain prescribed limits, of course Simon.  
But whatever you do (for it will spell your doom) ,  
Don't ever mention the elephant in the room!

Dominic Windram



# The Emptiness Of Modern Life

Modern life is like  
A wild goose chase: a waste of  
Time and energy!

Dominic Windram

# The End Of It All

The slain carcass of Truth  
Is rotting in Vanity's desert.  
Beauty, Faith and Virtue  
Are now burning amidst raging fires.  
As Life's centre falls apart,  
Time's old, gnarled roots strangle young flowers,  
Innocence's snow white wings  
Will break in that last fatal hour.

Dominic Windram

# The Enemy Within

A Manichean world:  
Outlined in black & white.  
Once it was great Satan  
Now it's the socialists.  
Once it was the miners  
Now it is Muslims.  
Once it was the I.R.A  
Now it is refugees,  
Or even the homeless  
Or perhaps the disabled.  
The enemies change  
But the agenda remains.  
All in the name of  
State sponsored propaganda.  
The mainstream media internalize it.  
It make me sick!

Dominic Windram

# The England Football Manager

The England football manager, who is  
Typically a 'yes man', is always  
Planning for a sumptuous future that  
Never becomes present reality.

Dominic Windram

# The Eternal

The soft light of joy flows through the faint blue veins:  
Born of Beauty's splendour; beyond brittle words;  
Beyond the transient concerns of this age;  
Beyond the darker regions of Adam's curse.

The hard eye of Vision penetrating dreams,  
Guides us towards a deeper communion;  
Beyond the senses' shadowy images;  
Towards the stillness at the heart of the Sun.

Beyond the silvery sounds that stir the soul  
For a brief time then drift into the ether;  
Beyond the narrow creeds & earth bound goals,  
That fade forever like fleeting illusions.

For currently we see through a glass darkly,  
Yet Beauty's infinite textures remain.  
Its' design burns golden in the memory;  
A glimpse of the Eternal beyond these days.

Dominic Windram

## The Evil Light: (A Nightmare 13/ 8/ 2020)

The evil light has  
Transformed into white heat;  
That scorches the earth.  
It seems to move so quickly.  
The bones of the dead  
Are being dug up by wild  
Blood thirsty, black beasts.  
The stitches of time are now  
All torn and broken.  
Preachers & prophets &  
Poets are choking  
On their glorious, golden  
Words. The dark angels  
Are feeding on innocent flesh.  
Things are out of joint.  
Life's dreams cannot be redeemed.

Dominic Windram

# The Evils Of The Internet

I've always felt that the macabre ending  
To the film 'The Raiders of the Lost Ark':  
Where the Angels of Death, rather than those  
Believed to be beautiful: bestowers  
Of great gifts and powers,  
Are unknowingly released,  
And cause havoc in their deadly swarms  
Could be an apt metaphor  
For social media/ the internet.  
Although it promises so much:  
Entertainment, knowledge and information.  
It is somewhat of a Pandora's Box:  
From phony advertising, trolls and scammers  
To all kinds of unsavoury criminals.  
Can you remember when Indiana Jones,  
Tied up tightly to a pole, screams out  
To his beloved Marion: ' Keep your eyes shut!  
Whatever you don't look at it! ' as the faces  
Of the foul Nazis begin to melt? Perhaps,  
We would be wise, at times, to heed his warning.

Dominic Windram

# The Falling Snowflakes...

The falling snowflakes  
Seem to mirror all the world's  
Sorrows and heartaches.

Dominic Windram



# The First September 11th, Chile 1973

Salvador Allende and Victor Jara  
Were Christ like in their profound suffering.  
August Pinochet was their Crucifier,  
Whilst Kissinger was Judas Iscariot.

Dominic Windram

# The First Sign Of Spring: March 2020

The first sign of spring:  
A snowdrop is emerging  
From the wintry ground.

Dominic Windram

# The Fleeting Days Of Youth: (Inspired By St Cuthbert's Playing Field, Harlepool)

In former days, I studied our fleeting shadows,  
Under the warm afternoon light, in the deep green  
Playing fields of youth; when we ran with the spring winds;  
And roared like lions in the blazing summer sun.  
The trees and flowers seemed so vivid way back then.  
In time, their poetry would become more prosaic.  
I sensed that there would be a marked change in the weather.  
Somehow I knew, that white, fluffy clouds would darken.  
And I wondered how long those joyous days would last.  
For in the shadows, I glimpsed the cold hand of death.

Dominic Windram

# The Flip Side Of Vision

Intense moments of vision can  
Disorientate rather than edify.  
There is much more darkness,  
Than life changing light.  
There is much more ocean,  
Than familiar land.  
There is much more shadow,  
Than colour and form.  
And there is something terrible;  
With death's claws at its core.  
I think this is best left alone.  
Let it remain shrouded in mystery.

Dominic Windram

# The Flower Not Seen

The flower not seen but imagined  
Is so rare and radiant.  
It's presence in my consciousness.  
Makes we want to abandon language.  
Fallen realities are mere shadows  
Compared to Eden's original oneness.  
Yet there are signs of redeeming light,  
If we care to look deeper.  
For at the centre of the world,  
The fiery spirit still glows.

Dominic Windram

# The Formal Rituals Of Life

The formal rituals of life  
Destroy the creative spirit.  
They censor the feral promise  
Of the bold, aspiring artist.  
And these days it's getting much worse.  
Everything is so prescribed.  
When piecemeal portfolios thrive,  
The vivid imagination dies.

Dominic Windram

# The Frost And The Snow

The frost and the snow  
Have a strange kind of beauty:  
Winter's cold symbols.

Dominic Windram

# The Futile Search For Sublime Similes

I write for long hours  
In semi darkness,  
Until dreams are descending;  
When my fingers are  
Searching frantically  
For a hint of magic.

I attempt, always in vain,  
To create art  
As profound as prayer,  
As fragile as a bird's wing,  
As fresh as the coming of Spring,  
As innocent as first love.

Dominic Windram



# The Future Is Already Upon Us

The digital architects are  
Busy mapping the near future  
Of garishly coloured conurbations:  
Teeming with buildings and boulevards;  
Blending neon, glass and concrete  
In increasingly exotic, innovative ways.  
Gleaming advertisements now abound  
And encode us in every street & home.

Endless, pointless entertainments  
Now distract us from harsh reality.  
And malcontents do not escape  
The cold steel eyes of surveillance.  
The aim is neat, cosy, customised living  
As soft and glossy as magazines.  
There are now satellite dish societies  
Of perfect compliance without creed;  
With a surplus of gadgets from which  
We can choose and mark our social status.  
It seems the old, serious quaint world  
Is gradually being eroded.  
Our very notion of space  
Is challenged by the virtual.  
Nuclear families frozen in time  
Still cling to secure, time honoured symbols  
Of precious Sunday Roast & Sabbath.  
But things are changing at lightning speed  
In this rampant, best buy Babylon:  
Where the surface is always shifting  
There are already 24 hour  
Shining, drive thru, fast food establishments  
In every major city; in every minor town.  
Crudely served cheap crap has replaced culinary delights.

Deluxe casinos and shopping malls  
Will soon eclipse grey, dusty churches;  
Whose relevance ceased long ago.  
And rows and rows of wrecked, junk den  
Terraced houses will be demolished;

Along with creaking, archaic town halls  
Where the public once communed  
To articulate their concerns.  
Teams of educated hypnotists  
Are always at hand to lull us. Although they are  
Well trained to gently extinguish  
All of our burning questions, I'm still perplexed.  
Does the modern world really have to resemble  
A cool, simulated Las Vega

Dominic Windram

# The Games People Play (Inspired By Eric Berne)

I'm well aware of all the petty games  
That people play. Indeed, I have to say  
It's all a ridiculous waste of time.  
I prefer to contemplate the sublime.  
The pure pools of silence, tend to provide,  
Much more than the idle gossip of tribes.  
Since I've retreated from this wanton world,  
My keen, creative spirit has unfurled.  
Now my energy is not drained by fools;  
Better to develop poetic tools.

Dominic Windram

# The Ghost Of Maggie Thatcher(2014)

The ghost of Maggie Thatcher is at large and well:  
In the form of my girlfriend. She's a living hell!

Dominic Windram

# The Gifts Of The Gods

The gifts of the gods:  
Strange textures of sun & moon;  
Wild colours and forms.

Dominic Windram

# The Global Village

'Things go better with Coca Cola! '  
So say the vivid, beaming billboards.  
That overlook pyramids of crap.  
Families are squeezed into make shift shelters.  
While keen consumers discard the old ways  
And cling to modern, alien gods.  
The ravens of commerce mock frail doves.  
Flowers for the West; ghettos for the East.

Black, skeletal dogs chew at nothing  
While the streets are ruled by drug barons.  
Nobody listens; no one comprehends  
As shiny gadgets continue to sell.  
Toothpaste commercials of pure whiteness  
Still weave their seductive illusions.  
While real hunger doesn't murmur but screams.  
Flowers for the West; ghettos for the East.

Dominic Windram

# The Golden Age Of Coaches - 1950's

Coaches of bright blue, red & green:  
Symbols of adventure, freedom;  
Safe, comfy capsules on wheels;  
Following the path of the sun;  
From slow moving, sleepy villages,  
And spluttering, chimney choked towns,  
Into the big wide world beyond average  
Backyards & backwater sights & sounds;  
Golden days of radiant movement,  
Glimpsing wonders - such magic moments!

Dominic Windram

# The Gospel According To Margaret Thatcher

Margaret Thatcher, U.K Prime Minister (1979 - 1990) was essentially an incredibly evil witch who did everything in her power to overturn Christ's Beatitudes and corrupt society in the process.

'For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. ' (1 Timothy 6: 10)

The gospel according to Margaret Thatcher:

'There is no such thing as society. It's dog  
Eat dog. Everyone for themselves. Let the poor starve.  
The most important thing is to get rich quickly.  
And I don't want to hear any quaint talk about  
Such things as ethics. For ethics are for losers.  
Where does kindness and compassion get you?  
Do you want to be victims all your lives  
Like that coward Jesus Christ who was crucified?  
Religion is a crutch for the weak. Your focus  
Should be solely on making money. For money  
Makes the world go round. O what else can compare with it? ! '  
You may turn away from ruthless ways if you want to.  
But the Iron Lady is not for turning!

Dominic Windram



# The Gospels Of Grace

O the gospels of grace are called for in the streets:  
Where there are many lost, desolate souls in need.  
Yet who among us will answer their constant prayers  
And cries, in this broken world, where mercy is rare?

Dominic Windram

# The Graceful Dancer

The graceful dancer.  
Moves like a swan, and reflects  
Creation's beauty.

Dominic Windram

# The Grand National

One horse wins and is soon immortalized.  
Another horse falls and is 'retired'.  
That's the way of this ruthless world I guess  
We honour winners & forget losers.  
There are no grey areas; just black & white  
When it comes to 'sporting' competition.  
We crown the great with flowers & glory.  
The weakest ones are confined to the dust.  
While somebody always profits richly.  
For money is the root of all evil.

Dominic Windram

# The Great Artists

The great artists pass through this life  
Like stars of different seasons;  
Like comets that span the centuries;  
Like broken messiahs bloodied by doubt;  
Like flowers barely surviving in frost.  
They have a primal need and purpose,  
To reveal the glory of their gifts,  
As they patiently carve out precious forms,  
From the marble and stone of their dreams.  
Yet they are rarely comprehended,  
Or regarded, until long after their deaths;  
In a world content to live amidst shadows.

Dominic Windram

# The Great Forms Of Life

When we grapple with the great Forms of life  
We often appear enthused at first.  
But end up bewildered by the vastness  
Of the task, like owls squinting at the sun.

Dominic Windram

# The Great Noam Chomsky

O these historians and scholars are patsies,  
Compared to the great intellect of Noam Chomsky!

Dominic Windram

# The Great Silence

O the silence lasted for twenty years  
Each month seemed so long; filled with mortal cares.  
O no- one could communicate clearly,  
Except via obscure texts and signs it seems.  
No wanted to talk openly about  
Their feelings; no one dared to shared their doubts.  
Everyone wore frozen masks and played  
Mind games. O those were truly troubling days!

Dominic Windram

# The Haunted Castle

As we approached the spooky castle,  
We heard the moans of numerous ghosts,  
And the eerie flapping of bats' wings.  
O we were cloaked in a whirling, white mist.  
It was like something out of a grave dream!  
Our very souls seemed to be hypnotised.

Fear enveloped our senses on  
That fateful night; under bright starlight.  
The moon looked pale and weary with yellow dread.  
Even the wind seemed to whisper warnings  
To stay away! How I wish we'd listened.  
For now our lives are greatly troubled..

Dominic Windram



# The Healing Power Of Laughter

We construct, with laughter, a glorious  
Dwelling place: where the world's turned on its head  
And the daily gloom is lifted. We are  
Thankfully restored once more to our  
Natural state of grace. We are at one  
With an inner light that will never fade.

Dominic Windram

# The Heart's Wounded Realms

Curious poets draw open the heart's curtains,  
And reveal a strange, dark: yet profound presence there.  
It is half - formed and often cowers in fear and dread.  
It is the part of being that we tend not to acknowledge.  
It seems accustomed to hiding in the grey domain of shadows.  
For these cold, inner realms are rarely filled with love or warmth,  
Or significant flashes of pellucid, healing light.  
Perhaps, this marked lack, is why we worship beauty  
And try to mirror it with our paltry poetic works.  
The ancient Greeks believed via art,  
That we are able to transmogrify our suffering.  
It seems, we have forgotten this, in modern times,  
Perhaps, the heart's wounded realms are indeed,  
The wellspring of all notable creativity.

Dominic Windram

# The Holy Trinity (Corrupted)

'Nothing is sacred anymore.' (D.M.W)

I'm surprised the corporate powers that be,  
Haven't yet corrupted, the profound notion  
Of the Holy Trinity: 'Buy one get two free! '  
Would probably set their keen wheels in motion.

Dominic Windram

# The Honours System

The Honours system is a remnant of Empire.  
It is a pompous pantomime for flatterers and fakes.  
It is a ridiculous charade. It is designed  
To keep people in line. To me, it wreaks of class divide.

Dominic Windram

## The House That Job Built: (April 6th,2008)

God told Job to build a house in his honour:  
Where only the most righteous could enter  
So for 40 days and nights - poor Job  
Worked his socks off- until it was complete  
However, this ill- fated chap was doomed  
To fail due to his scheming ' so called friends: '  
Who appeared holy and as innocent as doves  
But really were corrupt; their hearts as black as coal  
Naive Job had wrongly assumed that they  
Were philanthropists raising piles of dosh for charity  
So he had allowed them to help him fund his project  
But as it turned out it was only for their own greedy ends  
For they could see the house of worship was magnificent;  
A certain money earner - a guaranteed investment.

Job had built it, only to see it sold and later torn down  
No thanks to sly back stabbing cowards, sycophants and clowns  
As well as all the provincial parasites and philistines;  
By gross lack of judgement not by well planned design  
By the half witted hypocrites: who believed that they could do better;  
Maybe convert it into a small hotel then flog it off to the highest bidder.

To cut a long story cut, a beautiful house of dreams  
Made to honour the Creator was destroyed by  
Some rather jealous, ignorant, silly little boys  
Whose egos were so much larger than their  
Feeble minds: puffed up by their own self-praise  
And swollen pride. Poor Job should have realised  
That it's futile to cast pearls before swine.  
But like those vain, greedy odious fools  
That killed the gift of the precious, prized goose  
That laid the golden eggs immortalised  
In classic legend, fable and fairytale  
In the end they were left penniless;  
Destroying themselves in the process.  
For God was most displeased with the errors of their ways  
And Job was raised to heaven; while those sinners paid  
By being cast into the very bowels of hell!



# The Human Condition

We are always seeking sanctuary,  
Under the warmth of an innocent sun,  
But dreadful desires will not let us rest.  
The fabled descent of the star & the dove  
Hasn't changed the discord of lamentation  
And the skeleton ways of constant war.  
We are tied like prisoners to the dark earth:  
Where fertile redemption is a distant light.  
The fabled Wings of Love are too frail  
To soar above this broken world of shadows.

Dominic Windram

## The Human Condition 2

O we are all engulfed in the same old darkness.  
Yet we're all looking for common, redeeming Light.  
O we all know, in the end, we share the same fate.  
Yet deep down within, we know there's an answer.

Dominic Windram



# The Human Zoo (Reality T.V)

It's another purgatorial summer.  
The crude exhibitionists  
Conglomerate to entertain us  
And learn something new  
About themselves:  
In a journey of sorts.

Some plod round and round  
The small garden pool:  
Grunting like their  
Hairier but nobler  
Common ancestors.  
Some snarl and screech  
About nothing in particular.  
Others engage in puerile  
Conversations about  
Drinking and sex.

They're docile bodies  
Under constant surveillance;  
Fed treats  
Like chimpanzees  
If they play  
The absurd, preset games.

And of course there are  
The usual suspects:  
Insomniacs who  
Roam like zombies  
In the artificial night;  
Smoking like troopers;  
Obese buxom blabbermouths  
Who eat out of boredom  
Like grizzled, old bears;  
And scantily clad  
Sun tanned, anorexic Barbie dolls;  
Desperately hoping to become  
Models in the gleaming future  
With the opposite problem.

Welcome to  
The neon lit asylum  
Of matted plastic grass:  
That bakes in the sun.  
Half eaten meat & crisps  
Are scattered liberally  
& soggy towels  
Strewn everywhere;  
Like discarded  
Nonsense rhymes.

Hoe I'd love to pin one  
Of these petulant poseurs  
Against a wall and ask  
The burning question:  
Whether it was all worth it;  
For a fleeting glimmer of fame  
In a slowly ticking lifetime;  
Where many no longer need  
To dig deep to find treasure;  
Yet so few discover rare gold.

Dominic Windram

# The Hyena & The Lion

The grinning, imbecilic hyena:  
That constantly courts the superficial;  
Can dance on the grave of the  
It will never be, not in this lifetime,  
Nor in the passing of a thousand years:  
A noble, ultra literate lion.

Dominic Windram

# The Ideal Consumer

I am immeasurably moved by McDonald's;  
Particularly it's delicious milkshakes.  
O I'm naturally inclined to Nando's.  
And I am simply potty for Pepsi Cola.  
I am besotted by Dolce & Gabbana.  
And I'm addicted to Amazon and eBay.  
Just like a magpie I collect shiny objects.  
I always have to shop: constantly spend, spend, spend.  
O yes I am the token consumer junkie:  
A gift for all those involved in advertising.  
Because I am really easy to hypnotise.  
Because in truth I'm never ever satisfied.

Dominic Windram

## The Idiot Known As A.J

O he is tattooed, bulbous & useless.  
He's a bigot with a bad attitude.  
I'm so relieved to be rid of him and  
His dumb plans. O he is a parasite!  
It is all about the money with him.  
O he thinks at he is so important;  
When in reality he is vermin!

Dominic Windram

# The Ignorant Ones

The ignorant ones possess the subtlety  
Of sledgehammers! They've no sense of culture.  
O they praise their own nation's Queen and flag;  
Whilst they spit upon unwanted 'foreigners'.  
They know nothing beyond their petty tribes.  
They are decidedly vile of tongue and  
Slow of wit. Indeed, they make me feel sick!  
They can only converse about sex, beer  
And sport. These philistines seem to thrive,  
In provincial towns, up and down the land.  
They massively outnumber us artists  
And poets. That is why I still dream of  
Faraway places, where perhaps one can  
Just be, and express oneself without fear.

Dominic Windram

# The Image & The Reality

Do you know we embrace  
The image not the reality?  
We say we're free,  
But our freedom's prescribed.  
We live in the shadow lands;  
Blind to the sun of original design.  
We are like prisoners in the dark:  
Carving idols out of stone;  
Creating images on the walls  
Of our 'civilized' caves.  
Culture keeps us safe; keeps us warm.  
A magic lantern box of tricks, flickers on  
Perpetually, to keep us entertained.  
We are living a lie from day to day.  
From the cradle to the grave,  
Everything here is pure fantasy.  
It smacks of deep repression.  
It is a gross denial of self hood.

Dominic Windram

# The Imaginary New Wave Bands

In dreams, I looked upon an empty stage  
Where all the young bands had one played.  
Here they strutted and fretted those  
Precious hours in the midday sun of their lives  
With such passion and burning desire.  
Such ferocity was never to be heard again  
Although they were full of sound and fury  
They certainly signified something.,  
I remember; The Golden Dawn'  
Performing their wild rendition  
Of a long- forgotten teenage angst song  
Entitled: 'Summer Time Burn Out'.  
I recall Mr X and the Misanthropes  
And their heavy, ground breaking tunes;  
Which were a kind of hard metal blues explosion  
I remember the Exterminating Angels  
With their homages to unrequited love:  
' Blonde Venus and ' Ice Maiden'  
And of course the caustic, ' Cover Girl Blues'  
And there was Droid Boy Vox,  
Former lead singer of the Sanhedrins,  
Who crooned and wailed like a banshee.  
'Love is like Cocaine' was my favourite song  
Of his. Those were the days. I'll never forget them.

Dominic Windram



# The Impermanence Of Things

O empires rise and empires fall. Youth turns to age.  
Everything passes into the stream of Time.  
All possessions are fleeting; only Love remains.  
Distractions give way to profound symbols and signs.  
In the depths of darkness, the Light can still be found.  
Although summer's brief roses wither and die,  
And sweet blossoms of desire no longer abound,  
The deeper, warm realms of inner beauty survive.

Dominic Windram

# The Incomparable Radiance Of Love

Love redeems as it renews;  
Defies all icy solitude.  
Love transforms us  
From vain creatures of night  
Into pure angels of light.  
Love is the affirmative answer  
To every troubled question mark.  
It is the greatest of gifts.

Love is the blood red rose  
In a cruel kingdom of thorns.  
Love is the Word made flesh;  
The sacrificial Lamb.  
From its spirit new life  
Is continually formed  
Within the empty vessels  
Of this wanton world.

And the longer we strive,  
The more we may find  
That Love is the force  
With which we all seek to defy  
The dark realms of the abyss  
Which lie within each one of us.

Dominic Windram

# The Incomparable Wit Of Oscar Wilde

His wit reigns supreme.  
Even his throwaway-lines,  
Are simply divine!

Dominic Windram

# The Incredibly Pompous Michael Gove

O Michael Gove is such a pompous bloke.  
He's the butt of every comedian's jokes.  
He patronises everyone he meets.  
I remember on one occasion he did greet  
The Queen, as though he was the latest Pope!

Dominic Windram

# The Ingenious Creators

Ingenious creators are rare among us.  
O they possess a fiery joy in their hearts;  
That's stimulated by the seasons' vital blood.  
The sheer force of their labour expands our crude,  
Earth bound consciousness. They defy the ancient norms.  
They cannot be controlled by the codes of the tribe.  
They proclaim the cosmos; beyond the world's limits.  
Yet they are all too familiar with the icy  
Depths of inner kingdoms and their implacable  
Sadness. Thus they are torn between the light and dark.  
Within this desperate struggle, we find the fuse  
That sparks and fuels their teeming creativity.

Dominic Windram

# The Inner Light

The inner light is so near,  
Yet often out of reach, in a  
Wayward world: that drives people mad  
With all its dazzling distractions!

Dominic Windram

## The Inner Light 2

The inner Light is  
The key to great truths. Darkness  
Is a delusion.

Dominic Windram

## The Inner Light 3

I don't need a fairytale perspective on paradise,  
As long as I am guided by a blazing, inner light

Dominic Windram



# The Inner Light: (Love Sets Us Free)

The inner light glows deep within the heart  
Of darkness. It can emerge via Art;  
That transcends fleeting time and place.  
It is conflated with religious Grace.  
Although modern sensibilities may  
Deny its presence; it will never fade.  
The ancient mystics knew this to be true.  
For under the sun, there is nothing new.  
It can be hinted at through sacred prayers.  
It stands steadfast, despite all mortal cares.  
And Love is the cornerstone of the Word.  
It softens the heavy weight of the world.  
The inner light guides us ever gently  
Towards it. In the end, Love sets us free.

Dominic Windram

# The Ipad Junkies

The iPod junkies:  
They pursue their dreams on screens.  
Life passes them by.

Dominic Windram

# The Iron Cages Of Capitalism

Trapped in their 'iron' cages,  
The birds of forgetfulness;  
The birds of longing  
Are singing sweetly:  
Some in ignorance  
Of their captivity.  
Some enraptured  
With their own voices;  
Some for the shiny objects  
That they are bred to adore.  
Some merely beat their wings  
Monotonously against the bars.  
Some sing to mask their hatred  
Of life denying systems.  
While others are still dreaming  
Of their right to be free.  
And as they see the beauty  
Of the world beyond them  
They are devising plans  
For their eventual escape.

Dominic Windram

# The Joy Of Artistic Creation

Flowers are in bloom,  
For all those that work within  
Kingdoms of the mind.

Dominic Windram

# The Joy Of Being: (June 22nd,2020)

The joy of being,  
Breaks through the eerie silence,  
Of these mundane hours.

Dominic Windram

# The King Of Rock N' Roll

He was the Voice made flesh;  
The King of rock n' roll.  
He was a secular Christ in  
A diamond studded jumpsuit;  
A plastic poltroon so regal,  
In a gleaming pink limousine.  
He had a flabby belly; full  
Of burgers and barbiturates,  
And an iconic mansion filled  
With piles of expensive junk;  
With a prized telephone made of gold  
He was the American Dream made real;  
From scarred realms of ragged poverty,  
To the bovine light of bloated riches.  
Now a thousand clowns impersonate  
His gilded, gluttonous legacy  
He was the Voice made flesh;  
The King of Rock N' Roll.

Dominic Windram

# The King Of The Court

The sheer force of  
Federer's forehand motion  
Is like a profound liquid whip.  
And he's as graceful as a swan.  
He moves like a ballerina.  
His slice backhand  
Is indeed a thing of beauty.  
With such fluid style of play,  
He caresses the ball,  
As though he owns it.  
He's a master artist:  
A genius of his era.

Dominic Windram

# The Lake District: (Cumbria, North West England)

Immortalised by William Wordsworth,  
The Lake District is a place of sublime  
Beauty and tranquillity: where green earth  
And blue skies coexist in timeless realms  
Of harmony. Its valleys, and streams;  
Its mountains and hills are picture postcard  
Perfect. They are the quintessence of dreams.  
They will always inspire painters and bards.

Dominic Windram



# The Land Of Creation

You are indeed wise  
To promote the best features  
Of your brand;

As you invite us  
To ride the vibe  
Of fabled Tel Aviv.

I can smell the fragrance  
Of your dreams and desires;  
Where new fruits grow from disputed soil;

Where the stilted light  
Casts no wild shadows  
Upon your pristine streets;

Where the ragged strangers  
Are hidden far away  
From your gleaming facades;

Where the legacy is glorified  
And the present airbrushed;

Where selective memory  
Is always kept alive.

But I won't allow myself  
To be distracted or bribed  
By the souvenirs of your deceit.

Dominic Windram

# The Last Decade: (January 3rd,2020)

The last decade is now  
Neatly folded, and stored deep,  
Within memory.

Dominic Windram

# The Last Traces Of Love

O the last traces of love are now scattered,  
Over this darkened room, and pale ghosts whisper  
Falsehoods into our ears. O this room  
Was once adorned with all the fragrant flowers  
Of the seasons, and glowed with a magical  
Light. But Time's shadows seem to be lengthening,  
And it now provides no comfort for the wounded;  
And no warm shelter from the incoming storm.

Dominic Windram

# The Late Autumn Wind: (November,2019)

The late autumn wind  
Seems to usher in those pale  
Ghosts of yesterday.

Dominic Windram

# The Leader Of The Opposition

The press create a caricature of the man.  
They ridicule and malign him anyway they can.  
They get their bovine readers to hate him and what  
He stands for. O how they would like to see him rot!

Dominic Windram

# The Legend That Is Link Wray

I adore Link Wray!  
His wild, primal guitar sounds,  
Cut through mainstream crap.

Dominic Windram

# The Light Cannot Be Extinguished

The Light cannot be extinguished,  
By descendants of Adam's curse,  
Or by modern, idiot sins.  
It will continue to shine forth,  
In the East and the West, until  
The false mirrors have been broken.

Dominic Windram

# The Light Is Dancing...(Headland, Hartlepool, June 23rd,2020)

The light is dancing  
On the waves, as boats drift by,  
On a calm blue sea.

Dominic Windram



# The Light Of Knowledge And Wisdom

If I had limitless time, to ponder  
And penetrate the knowledge and wisdom  
Accumulated over the centuries;  
Even then I would only be able  
To scratch the surface of significant  
Consciousness. Perhaps I might be able  
To perceive key elements of design,  
But not the origins of its pure light.

Dominic Windram

# The Light Of Love

The light of love advances in great strides.  
It shatters dark mirrors and agonies.  
It reveals tender aspects of the world;  
That have been silenced by counterfeit dreams.

Dominic Windram

# The Light Of My Muse

She creates the words that I might write down.  
Her soft embrace cautions my fevered soul.  
She, who guides the slow arrow of beauty.  
She, who seeps quietly through the heart's cracks.  
Her light is not familiar, diurnal;  
That regulates circadian rhythm.  
It is not the surreal, violet twilight  
Beloved of dark, eccentric artists.  
Nor is it the neon glow of shadow kingdoms.  
Hers is invisible, hallowed light:  
That punctuates obscure mysteries;  
That traces the contours of visions & dreams.  
Her light is solitary, lyrical.  
Her fire purifies leaden lexicons.

Dominic Windram

# The Light Of Solitude

The solemn monk is praying  
In the old church at midnight.  
He contemplates silent things;  
Bathed in a halo of light.

Though darkness has engulfed him,  
His devotion has strengthened.  
The blazing Word will save him,  
As Time's cruel shadows lengthen.

Dominic Windram

# The Light Of The Spirit

The Light of the Spirit  
Flows through verdant creation.  
It heals and renews.

Dominic Windram

# The Light Of Wise Words

The light of wise words  
Transcends the pale shadows of  
Contrived appearance.

Dominic Windram

# The Light Seems To Drip...

The light seems to drip  
From the moon. This summer night  
Is very surreal!

Dominic Windram

# The Light That Heals

Ethereal garlands of soft, flowered light  
Are drawing me, ever so gently, back to  
Nature's subtle, flowing beauty. I want to  
Bathe, for a significant time, in its warmth  
Like a new born lamb in the first green surge of  
Springtime, so that I can face the world again.

Dominic Windram



# The Lighthouse

Tall, hollow tower at cliff's edge;  
With faded paint of blue and white.  
Its walls drenched in battered sea mist:  
A beacon in the bleakest night;  
An ancient, eyeless monitor.  
Crass neon shrines or crude symbols,  
Cannot weigh its intrinsic worth.  
Modernity's fabled angels,  
In their frantic ubiquity,  
Can't decipher its coded beams.  
Yet it still stands: intransigent;  
Iconic & immovable;  
As it fulfills its trusted role  
Of guiding ships in troubled seas.  
It represents wisdom's triumph,  
And nobility's sovereignty.

Dominic Windram

# The Lightning Flash

The lightning flash of  
Heightened consciousness makes me  
Feel more heavenly.

Dominic Windram

# The Light's Rich Patterns

The Light's rich patterns,  
Reveal layers of wisdom,  
As the sun unfolds.

Dominic Windram

# The Limits Of Poetry & Art

Although our minds can soar as high as surreal birds,  
For imagination opens the door to dreams,  
What we capture are fleeting glimpses of rare worlds.  
That is as far as poetry can go it seems.  
Life's mysteries cannot be grasped by brittle words.  
And all Art is a mere shadow play of the Real.

Dominic Windram

# The Living Dead

At Tesco's car park it's like the movie  
'The Night Of The Living Dead.' People walk  
Like zombies with neither rhyme nor reason.  
My five year old niece has more awareness.  
At least she knows how to look around for danger.  
Yet these fools are seemingly oblivious  
To anything that stirs their consciousness.  
I have to rev my engine to remind  
Them of my presence. Some are on their phones,  
While others are simply ambling by without  
A care in the world. O I ask in deep  
Despair: 'What the hell is going on here? ! '

Dominic Windram

# The Long, Hard Road To Poetic Ideals

I'm working my way slowly, but surely  
Towards achieving my creative goals  
Although the road is long and tiring,  
I'm committed to the cause. And I am  
Intent on pursuing bold, new dreams and  
On perfecting my poetic ideals.

Dominic Windram

# The Loss Of Magic & Wonder

The vibrant myths no longer have any meaning,  
To a world that's focused on rampant progress.  
Yet superstitions still linger. We're still afraid  
Of snakes and the dark. And no amount of novel  
Technology can dissuade us from our fears.  
The powers that be have tried to bury the light.  
They've attempted to drain away life's mysteries.  
Beauty has collapsed into digitals and dust.  
Only in our dreams can we feel completely free.  
For our consciousness has not yet been colonised.

Dominic Windram

# The Loss Of Reverence And Awe

It seems to me, that modern, godless ways  
Are deeply flawed. They appear to pale  
Into insignificance when they are compared  
With ancient reverence. Now awe is rare.

Dominic Windram



# The Loss Of Usual Language

The loss of language  
In Eternity's maelstrom;  
The ripening of stars  
In vast, verdant fields  
Of fertile galaxies;  
The moon's fevered glow  
Mirrors my heightened state  
Of awareness. Now I'd  
Like to gently sink into  
The blue depths of silence.

Dominic Windram

# The Loss Of Wonder

The faint scent  
Of old, familiar skin  
Lingers in the cold, October dawn.

The day job seems  
Never ending.

The gradual freezing  
Of child like emotions  
Accompanies ageing.

Light recedes  
In the mind's eye.

Protean words  
Are lost in the autumnal sun.

Time is built  
Around scars.

The habits of a lifetime  
Die painfully.

We have armoured  
Ourselves against wonder

We have forgotten  
The ways to the kingdom.

Dominic Windram

# The Lost Lyrics...

The lost lyrics of  
An unheralded poet:  
Vanished forever.

Dominic Windram

## The Low Points Of Lockdown: (May,2020)

A million trivial things are sapping  
My substance. They are tainting my dreaming.  
I'd like to compose an ode to the moon  
And stars, but my powers are weakening.  
I'd like to dwell on oceans of azure blue,  
But my mind is troubled by impending doom.  
I can't hear the sweet, garden birds singing.  
I would like to bask in silence's pure pools,  
But dark spectres are constantly calling.  
A change in life's scheme is long overdue.

Dominic Windram

# The Lunatic

The lunatic stares  
Longingly at the full moon,  
With wild, blood shot eyes.

Dominic Windram

# The Magical Light Of A Harvest Moon: (For Lucy W.)

O my lovely child don't close your tired eyes, and drift  
Off, into the soft, warm embrace of sleep too soon.  
For you must look outside, and view Nature's new gift  
This night: the magical light of a harvest moon!

Dominic Windram

# The Magical Wind....

The magical wind,  
Is now whirling and singing,  
In late spring's garden.

Dominic Windram

# The Mall

Rabid shoppers don't seem perturbed  
By the mall's humid microwaved air.  
In this cathedral of consumption  
The new gods are glossy items;  
Cut price souvenirs not ancient relics.  
The glassy eyed worshippers here,  
Kneel before miracles of mass production;  
Genuflect before inflated jeweled junk.  
These acolytes are vaguely connected  
By a shared fetish for branded idols.  
They do not come here to converse  
Or communicate soul to soul  
For this is the way of the world now.  
There's no place for obscure mysteries;  
Only the allure of desirable objects;  
Only deluxe rituals of ornamental order  
Can assuage the perennial, mortal despair.  
Yet no one is to be redeemed it seems,  
Although this curious, secular congregation,  
Is bathed in a halo of cool, artificial light.

Dominic Windram



# The Man Of Steel

O mighty superman do we still need you now?  
The platitudes that drip from your cold steel lips  
About Truth, Justice and the American way,  
Now seem somewhat lame, bloated and misconceived.  
You and your cartoon ilk represent a fading  
Era: a crude, brutish ideology;  
That is neatly wrapped up in the Stars & Stripes.  
We no longer need your airbrushed, mawkish visions.

Dominic Windram

# The Matador As Artist.

The cool matador  
Beats the bull: with elegance  
And inventiveness

Dominic Windram

# The Meaning Of Life

We are not here:  
To merely pursue the feral fires of desire;  
To consume the darkness via animal appetites.

We are not here:  
To follow well worn formulas; to bleat like lambs;  
To mouth sentimental lullabies to plastic angels.

We are not here:  
To create novel kingdoms or to resurrect  
The symbolic traces of ancient ceremonies.

We are not here:  
To bless the scattered bones of the carcass  
Or to stare too deeply into the hollow idol's eyes.

We are not here:  
To invent a junk culture of distractions;  
To escape the Void via myriad flights of fancy.

We are not here:  
To strengthen the fangs of the serpent,  
Or to sharpen the weapons of metal tigers.

We are not here:  
To raise the tattered flags of our forbearers;  
To filter out all of the disagreeable colours

We are not here:  
To clad our innermost fears  
With inelegant uniforms that do not fit us.

Rather we are here:  
To fulfil the sovereign needs of heart & soul;  
To rein in our wanderings & nobly refine our primal consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# The Metallic Rain

The metallic rain  
Pours down like bullets from dark,  
Dystopian skies.

Dominic Windram

# The Military Industrial Complex

Whether it be Hawk or Dove in charge,  
It's always business as usual.  
The too well oiled war machine rolls on.  
For brute power seeks to represent its  
Depraved form in bloodshed & crushed bones.  
Perhaps it's a primal drive nurtured  
By repressive patriarchal designs.  
Perhaps it's merely a distraction  
From more pressing domestic matters.  
It's easy to wrap ideology within  
The dubious patriotism of a flag:  
'The Stars & Stripes' logo is a most  
Notorious form of marketing.  
It's easy to create convenient scapegoats:  
Perpetual enemies: old & new.  
Perhaps it's because money is now  
The main god: ubiquitously worshipped:  
Never really questioned or investigated:  
The main concern of Western discourse;  
Propelled by a peculiar 'democratic' impulse.

Dominic Windram

# The Military Industrial Complex 2

War mongers remain;  
Whichever actor happens  
To be President.

Dominic Windram

# The Miraculous Swan

O wondrous swan,  
When I gaze upon,  
Your graceful presence;  
Your snow white plumage;  
Your sense of promise;  
Your air of stillness;  
I marvel at nature;  
At sweet creation.

Dominic Windram

# The Modern Airport

The modern airport:  
A glitzy shopping centre  
With runways attached.

Dominic Windram



# The Modern Cave Dwellers

Moving along in our, bright modern ways:  
What shall we do with our time today?  
Shall we visit the familiar sties,  
And stuff ourselves with burgers and fries?  
Perhaps we could frequent the new shopping  
Centre and purchase more expensive things?  
We will probably discuss the weather  
Or the latest disaster... whatever.  
Perhaps we'll invest in the Stock Exchange,  
Or travel to the seaside for a change.

O what shall we do; o what shall we wear?  
Which tribe should we cling to in our despair?  
Perhaps we'll mingle with the nouveau riche?  
These days they seem to be so out of reach.  
To be quite frank, I don't know how they dare!  
Who shall we vote for and who really cares?  
It's so confusing these days! We should choose  
Carefully and pick the one who'll not lose;  
With the best suit and cleverest catchphrase.  
O what shall we do with these pointless days?

Dominic Windram

# The Modern Malaise

Some absorb the blatant media lies  
Others are addicted to exercise.  
Some are now seduced by fads & gadgets:  
So many elaborate ways to forget.  
Some consult the stars to trace their destinies.  
While there are many who identify  
With the daily lives of celebrities  
Some kill time in brightly lit casinos.  
Some are motivated by constant gain.  
Others indulge in drugs to ease life's pain  
Some like to shop in overcrowded malls.  
There are those who find Jesus and are reborn.  
Others follow sports of all kinds; played by  
Man boy millionaires, snug in their sties.  
Some satiate themselves with crude fast food.  
Some deal in conspiracies - idle fools.  
Others decipher obscure meanings  
From the bones of a controversial king.  
Some prefer to proudly raise their nations' flags  
Others salivate about designer bags.  
Some are just content with the status quo.  
Like modern peasants; they go with the flow.  
As for me I'm quite happy to reside  
In quiet realms away from prying eyes.

Dominic Windram

## The Modern Recluse: (Inspired By Wilhelm Reich)

He lived like a recluse in his wooded grove,  
As he was sceptical of the human race;  
Its crude systems and all the problems they wove.  
So he devised something better in their place.  
Yet no one cared for his 'eccentric' notions.  
His wise, intricate plans fell upon deaf ears.  
That is the way of the world since creation.  
Evolved consciousness is trumped by petty fears.  
Now he no longer casts his pearls before swine.  
He just sits back and imbibes his vintage wine!

Dominic Windram

# The Moon Is Wounded: (January 25th,2011)

The moon is wounded  
And wintry skies are broken:  
This desolate night.

Dominic Windram

# The Moon King

Sleigh rides in the snow,  
Under bright, saffron moonlight,  
Winter's strange magic.

Dominic Windram

# The Moon...

The moon is looking very curious tonight  
Her radiant light seems to scan the blue - green sea.  
Perhaps she is trying to captures its secrets.  
Perhaps she is attempting to dream once again.

Dominic Windram

# The Moonlight (Ward Jackson Park: Hartlepool, June 27th,2020)

The moonlight reveals  
The pond's splendour, as we walk  
Through the silent park.

Dominic Windram

# The Morning Sunlight

The morning sunlight  
Nestles on trees and flowers:  
The trill of sparrows.

Dominic Windram



# The Multi - Coloured Swap Shop

Does anyone recall the wildly eclectic  
Children's TV show from way back in the '70s:  
The Multi- Coloured Swap Shop? With Noel, Keith, Maggie  
And John, and of course, the one and only: Posh Paws!  
O there were interviews with pop stars and cartoons  
Galore! There were interesting news and issues  
Covered by Mr. Craven and 'Swaparama'  
With the seemingly, ever so excitable,  
Mr Keith Chegwin, regularly travelling  
To various locations across the U.K.  
O there was so much to take in; so many things  
To fuel my already febrile imagination!  
Sadly like anything we tend to enjoy in  
Our youth, albeit through rose - tinted spectacles,  
The show ended, and our Saturday mornings were  
Never the same again; not so multi - coloured!

Dominic Windram

# The Murder Of A President

Flags unfurling  
Beneath crystal blue skies.  
Cheering crowds  
& docile birds.

Snakes hiss in the grass.

The wind whispers its warnings.

Suddenly a shadow descends  
& bullets jostle the skull's quietus.

Screaming crowds & screeching birds.

These fragments stain the memory.

Fear grips God's ' anointed' nation.

The ' sacred' is shattered by the profane.

Even now the eyes of the world  
Are still watching closely; frame by frame.

Dominic Windram

# The Mystic Poet

The mystic poet can turn funeral laments  
Into hymns of rapture. For he's blessed by the gods.  
He emphasises verdant creation's oneness.  
He is driven by the light of faith in dark times.

Dominic Windram

# The Mystical Moon

The mystical moon  
Is golden, and is gliding,  
On a sea of stars.

Dominic Windram

# The National Lottery: U.K (Inspired By Maureen Hanson..Formerly Cosgrove)

The National Lottery, to me, is a tax on the poor.  
I wish people would wake up and realise that  
Much of the money they spend on it  
Goes to refurbish the mansions and stately homes  
Of the rich and the powerful. But I guess there will  
Always be those among us who are locked into  
A permanent state of false consciousness.  
Karl Marx, will undoubtedly, be turning in his grave!

Dominic Windram

# The Negotiating Table

They talk in sound bites  
To the amorphous masses.  
They drone on and on  
Around the fabled table;  
About conflict & peace.  
But nothing ever changes.

Same as it ever was.  
Same as it ever was.

They like the sound  
Of their own voices.  
They've designed  
A blueprint for the future:  
To seal their names in history.  
But the body count just gets higher.

Same as it ever was.  
Same as it ever was.

Dominic Windram

# The Neon Boneyard

Washed out greens and blues; dirty pinks and whites;  
Signs with broken bulbs; scorched regal purples  
And scandalous scarlet lights stripped of notoriety;  
Garish signifiers of bold billion dollar dreams,  
Now reduced to faint whispers  
Like the fleeting fires of sun drenched fame.  
Think of bloated Elvis in drug addled haze.  
No vibrant splashes; just weak hues and shades.  
Rusted gold lettering that once proudly  
Adorned a world of decadence:  
Now forlorn; inverted - rendered obsolete;  
Rotting and peeling in the severe desert heat.  
All that appears to remain amidst  
Mammon's conspicuous ruins  
Are sprinkled fragments of stardust  
Frozen glyphs in the ashes of time.

Dominic Windram

# The New Dawn Fades

The new dawn fades before it can offer,  
Any hint of hope or sign of promise.  
We still trudge along the treadmill of life.  
We're chained to work and prescribed leisure.  
While the homeless stammer, cough and stagger  
From one doorway to the next; such is life.  
The light's buried under cold steel structures.  
We all know deep down in our weary bones;  
That there will be no road to paradise:  
Just prolonged treks of meaningless miles.  
I select fragments of art & poetry  
From modernity's vast landfills and ruins.  
Times are dark, but I can still appreciate  
The inherent beauty of hymns or flowers.  
The new dawn fades before it can offer,  
Any hint of hope or sign of promise.

Dominic Windram



# The Next England Football Manager?

What can be done with our national team?

Einstein proclaimed that insanity is

Doing the same thing, over and over

Again, and expecting a completely

Different forth, true to form,

The F.A should appoint Kermit the Frog

As the next England football manager.

As every other muppet has had a go!

Dominic Windram

# The Night Of The Lost Souls

Warmed by poetic flames, in the house of sorrow:  
A little light to quell the constant waves of darkness.  
Although our dreams are now dying, we cling to faith.  
Love's last fragments are scattered all over the floor.  
It seems as though we've been stranded here forever.  
We're looking for a guide to take us far beyond  
This place of unknown fears, but the signs remain  
Obscure. Our visions are dimmed; we see no angels.

Dominic Windram

# The Night...

The night inspects me  
With its trembling eyes of stars;  
That see all my fears.

Dominic Windram

# The Nursery Room Of Dreams

The sprightly ghosts of yesterday linger  
In the vivid nursery room of dreams.  
Soft voices slowly become louder.  
Lullabies abound with profounder themes.  
Forgotten memories come flooding back  
Like endless blue streams of joy and sorrow;  
Like spiritual light that the flesh lacks.  
Deep within me the flowers of faith grow.

Dominic Windram

# The Old Faith Still Flows Deep Inside The Heart Of Me

I can sense the rich scent of incense in the haze  
Of incomparable, sacred yesterdays.  
Bold metaphors of pure gold still  
Burn through my Catholic veins like vital blood.

I hear the Angels' prolonged lamentations  
In the fevered realms of faithless night.  
I perceive the abyss' countenance as it sneers at creation.  
Profound symbols disintegrate into mere signs.

Where is the deep communion  
In an age of instant access?  
Where are the noble Beatitudes  
In a world of wanton excess?

I await the coming spring time  
Of a greater light that will seep  
Through the cracks in our dreams;  
And our elaborate but superficial designs.

Dominic Windram

# The Old Houses Of The Headland: Hartlepool 3rd Of March 2020

These old white- washed houses contain secrets.  
Sometimes their ancient ghosts seem to whisper  
Of strange dreams and sailors' bold adventures;  
Of the warm light of love that never fades.

These old white- washed houses always stand firm.  
They have outlasted Time's fleeting fashions.  
Battered by wind and covered in sea mist;  
They ache with the passing of centuries.

Dominic Windram

# The Old Masters

O the old masters composed Haikus of the seasons.  
I think of them, as most humble, patient and wise.  
I think of them, when I'm attempting to condense  
My endless flow of thoughts, into a few brief words.

Dominic Windram

# The Old Mystic

The old mystic glows like a source of light.  
O he has endured dreadful realms of night.  
Yet he has remained patient through it all.  
For he still hears the ancient spirits' calls.  
He glimpses God's presence in fields and trees.  
He hears summer's whispers on the warm breeze.  
He has no need for austere churches and  
Dogmatic creeds. For he now understands  
The oneness inherent in all Creation.  
He sees the hope in human situations.  
He doesn't judge; just contemplates life, death  
And rebirth. Spring's fresh scent lingers on his breath.  
His presence is always so warm and bright.  
The old mystic glows like a source of light.

Dominic Windram



# The Old Prophet

The old prophet smelt strongly of the wilderness.  
He didn't disguise his hatred of convention;  
Nor his deep loathing for ludicrous modern ways.  
Yet his unutterable grasp of truth and beauty  
Marked him as a wise, enlightened one; far removed  
From all the glaring vicissitudes of his time.  
He had traversed all the kingdoms of light and dark  
And knew all the temptations contained in the soul.  
He wished to obliterate rigid ritual,  
And expand the reach of Love's sacred consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# The Old School

This old place echoes  
With childhood dreams forgotten;  
With yesterday's ghosts.

Dominic Windram

# The One And Only Scooby Doo! (For Bobby & Lucy Windram)

Cowardly canine:  
Who adores sumptuous meals  
And delicious snacks!

Dominic Windram

# The Only Hope

The only hope is,  
For you and I, to commit  
To a noble cause.

Dominic Windram

# The Originality Of George Stephenson (1781 - 1848.)

George Stephenson was the one:  
The gleaming soul of all motion;  
Whose gnarled, hard, coal picking hands  
Became soft & graceful with magic,  
As he tinkered with primal machines,  
Turning base metal into gold.

Stephen's Blucher drove at a snail's pace;  
Compared to contemporary, speedy designs.  
Yet still it was a giant stride  
For evolving, human kind.

In 1814, in a monochrome world,  
The first drowsy steam engine set off:  
Puffing, hissing, spluttering up a steep hill  
And easing with a sigh down the tracks;  
Heroic in billowing clouds of smoke  
With fire belching from its stomach;  
Bold, black beauty of a restless Age;  
Life would never be the same again!

Dominic Windram

# The Osprey: (June 16th,2020)

Collaboration with Lucy W.: Homework Task

The osprey's body,  
Is as dark and white, as an  
Old photograph. Its eyes  
Are bright yellow like the moon.  
It whistles like a kettle,  
And its elegant wings,  
Are as soft as velvet.

Dominic Windram

# The Paradox Of Poetry

Tenebrous notions and heavy thoughts, are  
Often lightly expressed, in dream like verse.

Dominic Windram

# The Paradoxical Nature Of Oscar Wilde

His words were heavy  
In meaning, but ever so  
Lightly delivered.

Dominic Windram



# The Passing Of Time

The passing of time:  
Spring's bright blossoms come and go.  
O world of sorrow!

Dominic Windram

# The Passion Of Dreamers

The passion of dreamers  
Sets fire to the halls of injustice  
And the false evidence burns  
To a sumptuous whiteness

It rattles the Houses of Parliament,  
And forces the windows wide open  
So the fatuous speeches can fly out.

The passion of dreamers wipes away  
The mist from the spectacles of the old.  
It infects their creaking bones with new desire  
And they laugh as if they were children again.

Even prisoners in totalitarian states,  
And the scorned whistleblowers  
Of the 'democratic' West,  
Imagine they see daylight,  
When they remember  
The passion of dreamers.

It runs across caustic systems that divide  
And it reconciles rival regimes.  
It longs for a time that unites all the tribes:  
When all colours & creeds will blend into one.

What a curious thing it is; the passion of dreamers  
High - flying and subversive: flexible & idealistic.  
Long before rigid regulations; long before iron law  
And the dusty, well worn pages of scripture  
We felt the passion. Now we need to forego platitudes  
And empty rhetoric. We need to differentiate  
The spurious from the true. For we must understand  
In our hearts the real meaning of freedom but alas so few do.

Dominic Windram

# The Past Is A Blue Note Inside Of Me

The past is a blue note inside of me  
For life's joys have passed me by endlessly.  
Black's in fashion for this winter's passion;  
So I try to create sonnets & ballads  
For the living dead; for the silent ones:  
Who never know comfort or happiness.

Some say that time is the great healer.  
But what if time is really the disease?  
Psychologists speak of learned helplessness.  
I can't erase sorrowful memories  
And the so called future is a chasm.  
The past is a blue note inside of me.

Dominic Windram

# The Pelting Political Rain....

The pelting political rain  
Reveals the cold, withering petals  
Of flowery egos. O these  
Are dark times! Weneriously await  
For further storms to blow our way.  
We cling to 'democratic' illusions.

Dominic Windram

# The Perennial Struggle Between Culture And Ignorance

I'm the matador; the true creative spirit;  
For I have thwarted many dumb bulls in my time.  
I'm in this for the long haul. I'll always persist.  
I will do everything in my power to resist.  
With my flair for words, and constant movement,  
I will keep the cretins guessing. I will create  
A series of brand new notions, symbols and signs.  
I will not allow crap to replace the sublime!

Dominic Windram

# The Place Where I Grew Up

The place where I grew up, now looks so small and quaint,  
O but what bright, vivid memories it still paints  
In my consciousness. The houses and the gardens  
Remind me of a blithe time of fairytales: when  
I was content to play and dream the days away.  
Although I know I can never return again,  
I will always cherish the treasures I found there.  
For sweet childhood visions are so precious and rare.

Dominic Windram

# The Poet Dwells Among Them

Among grey rocks of bigotry,  
I am the protean one.  
Among weary flesh and bone,  
I am the spirit of enchantment.  
Among gnarled trees and thorns,  
I am the blood red rose.  
Among authorised answers,  
I am the bold, burning question.  
Among perfect skin,  
I am the fresh wound.  
Among the blazing light of technology,  
I am the shadow of doubt.

Among power,  
I am the lamb.  
Among flags,  
I am the purifying flame.  
Among wars,  
I am the deserter.  
Among family,  
I am the recluse.  
Among august gods,  
I am the iconoclast.  
Among great, raging religions,  
I am the small, silent prayer.

Dominic Windram

# The Poet Is An Alchemist

The poet looks beyond  
Mere appearances  
To discover ideals of beauty  
At the centre of vision.  
The poet is an alchemist.  
He is involved with the slow  
Transition of sounds and images  
Into peculiar, golden words;  
In fertile, mysterious works  
Of intense creation.

Dominic Windram



# The Poet Whispers...

The poet whispers  
Her secrets to the new moon,  
In the red sunset.

Dominic Windram

# The Poet...

The poet fuses  
All elements of daylight;  
Within his tired soul.

Dominic Windram

## The Poetry Slammers - Version 2

I'd rather my poetry  
Was considered antediluvian  
Than pursue the trite novelty  
Of the preposterous poetry slammers.  
Fads will come & fads will go  
And it's amazing what they reveal.  
Their maddening masquerades  
Are full of fury signifying nothing!  
These clowns are pure pantomime  
But they don't make me laugh.

Dominic Windram

# The Poet's Fire

The poet's fire:  
Alone in secluded woods;  
Burning so brightly.

Dominic Windram

# The Political Class (September 2019: U.K In The Midst Of Brexit)

Who among you cannot but admire the political class?  
Who believe that Britannia still rules the waves;  
Who weep crocodile tears and disrespect democracy;  
Who stink to high heaven on all sides of the debate;  
Whose narrow visions allow for no kind of awakening;  
Whose truths are hot air balloons floating in the breeze;  
Whose elite schooling distances them from cold steel reality;  
Whose speeches are epics of empty rhetoric;  
Whose point scoring would be better suited to game shows;  
Whose egos are obese and in need of counselling;  
Whose blood is decidedly bureaucratic;  
Whose world view is shaped by doubt & fear;  
Whose allegiance to the Queen is laughable;  
Whose honours system is a relic from some bygone age  
And whose hearts and souls are as bleak and grey as tombstones.  
Who among you cannot but admire the political class?

Dominic Windram

# The Political Elites

They keep telling us we're all in this together,  
But they only say that when there is a crisis.  
O they keep spewing out their elaborate lies.  
Yet they still expect us 'peasants' to believe them!

Dominic Windram

# The Postmodern Jukebox

The postmodern jukebox is a mishmash  
Of musical styles. It blends Johnny Cash  
And Elvis Presley with new techno beats.  
It serves up a lot of surprising treats!

Dominic Windram

# The Power Of Dreaming

I want to create wondrous worlds  
That cannot be replicated by machines.  
I'm keen to experience  
Sun bursts of new madness.  
I'm so bored of the plastic flowers  
Protruding from blasé bouquets.  
I'd like to embrace the elements  
& bask in their molecular beauty.  
I'm keen to describe the subtle  
Textures of the seasons:  
O how miraculous are the colours & shades of autumn!  
I'd like to taste the violet fragrance of spring.  
I await the smell of fresh summer rain;  
That transfigures the grey, concrete streets of apathy.  
I'm prone to ridiculing  
The rampant neon & steel designs  
Of the dreamless ones.  
I'd like to hear the golden hymns of angels.  
I want to compose a pure poem  
That can redeem the ravaged night.  
I'm keen to capture  
The utter mystery of the moment;  
Wrap it up like a birthday gift,  
And cherish it like a long lost friend.

Dominic Windram



## The Power Of Dreaming 2

Nightmares may sap our substance, but sumptuous dreams  
Enable us to transcend these mundane, mortal realms.  
They represent a kind of flight from the physical.  
There are as many, as there are, migrating birds or  
Flocks of angels; assembling in pure blue skies.  
O dreams are like gleaming stars spread across the night!  
They are perhaps, the only heaven we'll ever know.  
O they are pinpricks of hope in desolate times!

Dominic Windram

# The Power Of Love

O she came into my world with magic meaning.  
She arrived brightly; with the summer sun blazing.  
Her radiant beauty was such a sight to see.  
The freedom she brought with her was gold dust to me!

Dominic Windram

# The Power Of The Mask

O everyone, who is profound, adores the mask.  
And that is why the philosopher king, often  
Appears, in the guise of a comedian.  
For, to be understood, he has to appeal to  
The crowd and mirror common surface behaviours.  
Yet he sometimes gives himself away, as there is  
Perhaps too great a display of light in his eyes,  
And a reckless, sardonic smirk that speaks volumes!

Dominic Windram

## The Powers That Be (April 2020)

O those who manage the machinery;  
Who darken the bright realms of our dreaming;  
Who manipulate our thoughts and feelings;  
Are becoming unstuck in current times.  
O their petty attempts at deception,  
Are becoming increasingly transparent.  
They still rely on old tricks and techniques;  
That have long since passed their marked sell by date.

Dominic Windram

# The Powers That Be (In Solidarity With J.A)

O we will no longer follow your cold commands,  
Now that your wretched, swollen plans have been exposed.  
O we will no longer believe in your fake creeds  
And your crass mantras. Power to all the people!

Dominic Windram

# The Presidential Election: 2016

O there's no sign of life here.  
There's merely the power to sway.  
It's like a postmodern take on  
Punch & Judy shows but less quaint:  
With the spouting of platitudes;  
Lots of flag waving; fist pumping;  
Flashes of cartoon like debate,  
That flood and distort the senses.  
It's a brightly lit distraction  
From issues that really matter.  
Do they really consider this  
Circus to be democracy?

Dominic Windram

## The Prophetic Poet: William Blake (1757- 1827) .

He captured the wild beauty of hidden worlds.  
He defied the prevailing orthodoxies,  
Of his stifling times; with bold, prophetic words;  
Which he conceived from blazing visions & dreams.

He wept at the sight of appalling poverty.  
He railed against all corrupt kings & callous priests.  
For the very heart of his religion was Love:  
A force from within; not dictated from above.

Dominic Windram

# The Proverbial Elephant In The Room

O they pretend that they cannot perceive  
The proverbial elephant in  
The room. But the more discerning viewers  
Among us can see passed their spin and lies.

Dominic Windram



# The Psychiatric Ward

Keep them in line - they must take their pills  
Religiously. Keep these malleable objects,  
Of Freud's apocryphal vision,  
Constantly active, constantly busy.

Keep them tied to the womb; don't let them be born.  
Deter them from thinking strange thoughts.  
Keep them drawing aimlessly with crayons,  
And cooking barely edible cakes & biscuits.  
Please remember, that for some, flower arranging  
Entails the very meaning of existence.

Timetables, with a vast array of tasks,  
Produce obedient dummies;  
And with clockwork precision  
Dissolve a fuzzy kind of freedom.

Dominic Windram

# The Pure Light

It is the pure Light  
That silences the babble  
Of desperate voices.

Dominic Windram

# The Queen Of Green

She's the Queen of Green; she wants to save the planet!  
Her solar powered house is built entirely out,  
Of recycled stone & wood. She grows organic  
Fruit & veg... and being so P.C there's no doubt,  
She's very kind to animals: taking care of  
Two cute dogs and two cute cats; she rescued from harm.  
She's also in possession of four cute horses.  
And they all live so happily on her ranch farm!

Yes she's the Queen of Green; she wants to save the world.  
She drives around in an eco-truck that runs on  
Cheap sun flower oil and the waste grease from fast foods.  
It's converted to bio diesel..huge engine!  
She's the Queen of Green; she appears so perfect.  
Before she built her dream home she lived in a tepee.  
She still camps out in summer surrounded by elks  
...as well as deer, owls, eagles, brown bears & coyotes!

She loathes waste so much: particularly packaging.  
That's why she always carries a stainless steel bowl  
And idiosyncratic bamboo cutlery.  
She knows pollution's effects can corrode her soul.  
Yes she's the Queen of Green; the coolest girl in town!  
Her goal is to be completely self sufficient.  
She relies on Nature's plentiful womb - o how  
It sustains her on her noble, saintly mission.

Dominic Windram

# The Radiance Of Love: (Wedding Poem)

Love redeems as it renews. It defies all icy solitude.  
Love transforms us from vain creatures of night  
Into pure angels of light. Love is the affirmative answer  
To every troubling, burning question. It is the greatest of gifts.

□

In this cruel kingdom of thorns, Love is the blood red rose.  
It is the Word made flesh; the sacrificial Lamb. □  
From its primal spirit, new life is continually formed  
Within the empty vessels of this wanton world.

Love is freedom's Dove. It cannot be constrained  
By crude conveyors of power. It is as soft as snow and flowers;  
Yet resilient; unyielding. Indeed, the longer we strive,  
The more we may find, that Love is the force  
That drives verdant Creation. And it seeks to defy  
The bitter realms of the Abyss; which lie within each one of us.

für Lukas und Franziskas Hochzeitstag;  
31/8/2019.

Dominic Windram

# The Realm Of Culture

The realm of culture  
Is now the place where we wage  
Our secretive wars.

Dominic Windram

# The Return Of Dick Dastardly & Muttley

Beware Dick Dastardly and Muttley have returned!  
They are currently dredging up Treasure Island.  
Quite frankly, we keen members should be very concerned,  
As they make their dastardly way across the sands.  
They've built a huge digger equipped with suction pipes,  
With which these villains hope to extract loads of gold.  
They're not interested in poems. They think they're tripe.  
They only seek gold. O they're so cunning and bold!

Dominic Windram

# The Return Of Mavis Riley: (Coronavirus Daily Briefings, U.K)

Apparently, the dithering Mavis Riley  
Has been appointed as the latest government  
Spokesperson; which is bound to raise a few eyebrows;  
As this fictional soap opera character,  
Is renowned, for answering every question with  
The memorable line: ' Well, I don't really know.'  
Perhaps, there's method in this apparent madness.  
Perhaps, it's the ultimate' joker in the pack'.  
Perhaps, it will provide yet another welcome  
Distraction for bumbling BoJo and his cronies.

Dominic Windram

# The Return Of The Plague Doctors

Mad Matt Hancock, the Health Secretary  
Is becoming increasingly desperate.  
Why just the other day, he requested the aid  
Of intimidating plague doctors. Thus,  
He wants to take us back, literally,  
Hundreds of years! They wear bird - like beak masks  
To protect them from being infected  
By deadly diseases like the Black Death  
And now the deadly corona virus,  
Because they believe that they are air bourne!  
O they are so cold and calculated!  
And also carry canes to examine  
And direct pale, poorly patients, without  
The need to make direct contact with them.  
With mad Matt Hancock in complete 'command',  
I wonder what could possibly go wrong!

Dominic Windram



# The Return Of The Repressed

Fascist forces are on the rise again  
In ultra modern, 'civilised' Europe.  
Spurious democracy's been abandoned.  
Hear the hackneyed blood & soil narratives;  
The clenching of fists & the flying of flags.  
Now the abject has reared its ugly head;  
Amidst the planned, pristine conformity.  
Could this have stirred the dark beast to action?  
Nietzsche prophesied the future's heartache.  
And I'm sure Sigmund Freud would have ruminated  
About its wild, horrifying occurrence,  
If he were still alive today. It seems  
The return of the repressed is here.  
O I have seen the writing on the wall!

Dominic Windram

# The Rose Of The Romantics

O we need to grow  
And nurture, the blood red rose,  
Of the Romantics.

Dominic Windram

# The Rothko Chapel

These dark abstracts, with  
Purplish hues, linger long  
In the mind. They are  
A window to the beyond.  
Every uneven  
Brushstroke is so detailed and  
solemn  
Depths like profound poetry  
Seem to convey the  
Hidden realms of silence that  
Dwell like whispers or  
Feathers within the centre  
Of the world. As I  
Contemplate them for a while  
I'm rendered awestruck.  
I feel as though I've witnessed  
An eerie sense of  
The sacred and infinite.

Dominic Windram

# The Saddest Dusk

The saddest dusk emerges in this hollow world.  
Sorrows cut so deep, they cannot be grasped by words.  
We reach out for miracles, but there is only  
Stark silence. We look for the wild rose of Beauty,  
But there are only thorns. Promises are broken.  
Fragile empires of the heart and soul rise and then  
Fall perpetually; until we're overwhelmed.  
Now we are merely marking time in twilight's realms.

Dominic Windram

## The Saint And The Sinner (London: 1994)

The white monk and the black monk embraced each other.  
In truth they were much like Siamese twin brothers.  
O they could recognise each other's brokenness.  
They were tuned to one another's joys and sadness.  
Then they both knelt down together to pray in awe,  
In the Almighty's house, on the cold, marble floor.  
They prayed for tolerance, love and peace; and then  
They prayed intensely for the living and the dead.

After several years had passed they realised that  
They were inseparable and most exact.  
O they were undoubtedly made for each other.  
It's just like I said they were much like twin brothers.  
It's not one's half of two, but two maketh the one.  
Light has no meaning without dark to muse upon.  
There is no calm heaven without fiery hell.  
There is no joy without pain as Blake said as well.

The two wise monks knew that life contradicts itself.  
From the beginning to the end: disease courts health.  
With their combined gifts they passionately believed  
That they could attain the Lord's kingdom. For you see  
One would live fully; while the other would reflect.  
One would visit brothels; the other gain respect.  
One devoted to spirit; the other to flesh.  
They imagined their different attributes would mesh.

They lived for ten decades with no doubts or regrets  
Well... the white monk had a few: lack of drugs and sex!  
On the day they both died (at the same time in fact)  
Their two great spirits arose: one white and one black.  
Straight up to heaven they went happy together:  
united at last as spiritual brothers.  
At long last they came face to face with their God:  
Beyond dualisms; beyond evil and good.

Once inside, the brothers could not believe their eyes:  
Eternity's indeed a playground in the skies!  
But things began to turn sour when the Lord spoke

From his gold throne surrounded by misty white smoke.  
He said, ' Indeed you had a most promising scheme  
Which included both sacred and sensual themes.  
But it seems you've each only lived half of your lives  
And in my book, this scheme was somewhat of a skive'.

God sighed and then suddenly summoned his angels.  
'Take this saint and sinner back to my earthly realms.  
One will become a snake and the other a rock.  
Since they are clearly not twins but of different stock! '  
The saint and the sinner protested but in vain.  
They were soon whisked away as it started to rain.  
So please take note all ye who try to tempt your God;  
Behind that kind disguise lies a cynical sod!

Dominic Windram

# The Scorpion

O the scorpion is a rather strange creature:  
A deadly member of the arachnid species;  
Associated with evil in common myth.  
Unlike us mammals, it dwells in warm, dry regions;  
Which many would consider inhospitable.  
Its fine tail comprises of five prismatic joints.  
It can emit a poisonous, barbed sting and its  
Pincers pierce enemies with cold precision.  
A friend and natural lover Of unholy  
Darkness, it burrows slyly under rocks and stones  
To avoid the glare of the sun. I'm curiously  
Attracted and repulsed by this puzzling creature.

Dominic Windram

# The Scream (London - 1994)

I hold my spectral, skull like head  
In desperation and unleash:  
A gut wrenched scream for sanity;  
O it's an empty debt to faux liberty!  
I have imbibed the bitterest poison;  
I have endured the darkest angst,  
Yet I cannot break free from the past.  
It hover like a solemn, black cloud  
Draining all that I feel and am.

I long for holy resurrection!  
I long for new distractions!  
I long to commune with  
Verdant nature's teeming spirit!  
I long for love that exudes,  
The essence of fiery passion!  
I long for insight/ deeper visions.

Dominic Windram



# The Seagulls' Cries: (Headland, Hartlepool, June 12th)

The plaintive cries of  
Seagulls, over the green sea,  
As dusk approaches.

Dominic Windram

# The Sea's Constant Waves: (Headland Hartlepool, June 29th,2020)

The sea's constant waves,  
Slowly lick the paint away,  
From the lighthouse walls

Dominic Windram

# The Seasons' Textures

As I grow older, I'm just beginning  
To appreciate, Nature's verdant richness.  
Its vivid colours are a delight to  
Behold. On long walks in the countryside,  
I perceive its endless realm of treasures.  
I'm inspired by the seasons' textures:  
From Winter's crisp whiteness to Spring's bright blooms;  
From Summer's splendour to Autumn's solemn flames.

Dominic Windram

# The Secrets Of A Summer Night (Gibside - August 2017)

When at last the diurnal light dies  
And the skewed, spectral shadows lengthen,  
Slowly a profound stillness arrives  
Cloaked in a velvet gown. Birds settle  
In their nests of twigs and thistledown.  
And flowers close their drowsy petals.  
There are only lullabies of sound:  
A time of sweet repose so subtle,  
Where in wild woodland nooks and crannies,  
Only small, surreal creatures gently stir.  
In leafy murmurs of summer's breeze,  
They dart between bush and conifer.  
Under a harvest of stars, the owls  
And bats have taken flight on noiseless,  
Beating wings; softly nurtured and crowned  
By the moon's mysterious caress.

My spellbound pen is inclined to transcribe  
The deeper beauty of this potent night;  
And the secret realms where dreams are woven;  
Which our ordinary senses suspend.

Dominic Windram

# The Secular Gods

The secular gods  
Are worshiped in their thousands.  
Yet lack grace & light

Dominic Windram

# The Seeds Of Dreams

The seeds of dreams will  
Soon bud and blossom into  
Wild and radiant  
Flowers, if we artists and  
Poets nurture them  
Tenderly; in the right way,  
Organically.  
Too much light or too much shade  
Can stunt their growth and  
Ruin them. We must be wise.

Dominic Windram

# The Seven Deadly Sins: (2009)

## Pride

I am a mirror that reflects your ego.  
I will always massage it, and tell  
You how truly wonderful you are.  
I will reveal your craving for power.

## Wrath

I am a black knight with a bloodstained sword.  
My anger constantly overwhelms me.  
I shall unleash my fury on all my enemies!  
I will take no prisoners.  
I always leave behind me  
A trail of death and destruction!

## Envy

I am a green eyed monster.  
I hate to see others succeed.  
I am ugly, sullen and devious.  
There's nothing I wouldn't do  
To prevent you from  
Achieving your desired goals.  
I want what you have got,  
Because I lack fulfilment.

## Avarice

I am a golden man with four arms.  
In two of them I hold bags of money;  
Which cannot be procured from me.  
The other two are welded to my body.  
I cannot give, but I like to collect.

My heart is made of the coldest steel.  
I'm never satisfied with my present fortune  
For I'll always want more and more!

### Gluttony

I am a ravenous wild boar with deadly tusks  
Protruding from my rather large snout.  
I left the meagre realms of my home  
In the dark green forest a long time ago.  
And now I dwell contentedly in the plentiful city.  
I always wear a napkin around my neck;  
That is stained with rancid food and wine.  
I will eat you out of house and home, so to speak.  
I can drink for England! I will leave your wells bone dry.  
Even in times of drought and famine, I will be satiated.

### Lust

I am a temptress.  
Sometimes I wear a red dress.  
Sometimes I wear nothing much at all.  
I wear many different guises.  
I will seduce you in the twinkling of an eye.  
I will satisfy your every carnal desire.

### Sloth

I am an obese, lazy good for nothing.  
I lie on a huge sofa all day long.  
I like to watch the world go by,  
As I recline on the softest of cushions.

Dominic Windram



# The Signs Of Secret Lives

Although, these days, we rarely remove our  
Elaborate masks, such is social pressure;  
The signs of secret lives that we create  
From hour to hour; from day to day  
Permeate our dream worlds and infiltrate  
Our waking consciousness. You could say  
That they are remnants from childhood's sweet haze.  
Is the rose in summer's garden more vivid  
In the memory than in actuality?  
Is our faith in the bright fables of Eden  
Merely a sham? These signs are rather fuzzy.  
They straddle the line between light and shade.  
O they move freely between what is real  
And what is imagined like a soft breeze.  
Intermittently, they pierce the cracks  
In our frozen masks and we're uplifted.

Dominic Windram

# The Silencer

He works for the Bald Eagle,  
In its disheveled backyard.  
He believes in order  
And crushes wild flowers

As he deals with the 'sinners'  
He is blessed by the state.  
As he issues electric shocks,  
Their bold dreams quickly fade & die.

As he drills through the flesh.  
Their poetry is silenced.

Dominic Windram

# The Silencing Of Dissent

These dark agents employ many forms of torture.  
They gather where solitary light bulbs flicker;  
In places far removed from everyday conventions.  
O they have the necessary instruments and  
The cold steel appliances at their disposal.  
They can silence dissent in the twinkling of an eye.  
But these sadists prefer, the much crueller, waiting game.  
They can break down the most resilient of wills.  
They can reduce human beings to shrieking ghosts.  
O they can dissolve Mercy's rose into ashes!  
They have slashed the poets' tongues. O they have broken  
The limbs of artists for painting ' obscenities'.  
They work incognito; they cannot be traced or tracked.  
The source of the power behind them is always  
Concealed from us. O their work is never complete!  
They are not content until the 'crooked' is made  
Straight; until the flowers of compassion are crushed,  
And the pure light of liberation is extinguished.

Dominic Windram

# The Slow Death Of Stars

The slow death of stars,  
Seem to suggest a blueprint,  
For an epic poem

Dominic Windram

# The Snooker Bore Versus Natural Genius

O this is a tester,  
For the so - called Jester,  
From flipping Leicester!  
Will he try and blast it into the pocket,  
Like his nemesis Ronnie the Rocket?  
Or will he play safe  
In order to save face?  
I expect the latter,  
As despite all his patter,  
He is a snooker bore.  
And that's his major flaw.

Dominic Windram

# The Snouts

O Snout the Elder passed on his pig ignorance  
To Snout the Younger.O they lived in a great sty  
And guzzled and gorged from weighty troughs night and day.  
They were incredibly fat, uncouth and lazy.  
They got their dozy, brain dead wives to do all the work.  
They were decidedly parochial and they  
Were not concerned with international affairs.  
They revelled in their petty seems  
They believed everything they watched on T.V  
And everything they read in the crude tabloid press.  
How they hated progressive, liberal education,  
Immigrants as well as social security,  
And a tax funded health service for the poor.  
Yet how they worshipped the archaic monarchy:  
Who deemed them low lives and obedient peasants;  
Occasionally patronising them with honours  
In order to reinforce the cold status quo.  
You see the Snouts were incredibly ignorant!

Dominic Windram

# The Snow Is Coming: December 19th,2019

The snow is coming.  
It will be a white Christmas;  
Like in the movies

Dominic Windram

# The Snow Is Falling: (February 26th,2018: The Beast From The East)

O snowflakes seems to be falling  
With an almost supernatural  
Slowness this evening. The ground  
Is whitening just like in the movies.  
It appears that Christmas time has  
Finally arrived in late February!

Dominic Windram



# The Snow Is Now Melting

O yesterday's pure, gleaming, snow that covered  
The streets like a blanket, is now melting.

Dominic Windram

# The Son Of God

So you thought that you were glimpsing the Light,  
When all along you were chasing shadows.  
You thought that you were connecting the dots,  
When you were really weaving illusions.  
You state that the British Royal Family  
Are really reptiles: lizards to be precise! ! !

It must have been one hell of a trip  
That blew your brainwashed BBC mind.  
But you never returned from cloud 9.  
And you sound like a broken record;  
With your crazy, half ass conspiracies,  
And your inability to mock yourself.

Dominic Windram

# The Soulless Ones

They close their doors and their minds to difference.  
O they watch lots of sports and junk T.V!  
For they are their only frames of reference.  
They believe everything they read and see.  
Although it's hard to be me, I'm so glad  
I'm not like them. I think I would go mad!

Dominic Windram

# The Soul's Dilemmas

The stones of thought  
And the flowers of passion:  
The soul's dilemmas

Dominic Windram

# The Spirit Of Creation

Between the crude concept and its clear expression;  
Between the thorns and the red petals of passion;  
Between the bold lover and the cherished beloved;  
Between the dark raven and the lily - white dove;  
Between the genesis and death of spring's soft light;  
Between the pale moon and the gleaming stars of night;  
Between the ship and the raging blue ocean;  
Lies the divine spirit; beyond worldly notions.

Dominic Windram

# The Spirit Of Creativity

Within this crude body of flesh & bone,  
My spirit is like a flimsy curtain:  
Swept this way and that by the slightest breeze.  
Like a world weary traveller, it is  
Often lost among strange lands & surreal skies.  
It seeks soft sanctuary. Yet among  
Amorphous shrieking crowds it is drowned out.  
It's forced to dwell high above in the wings,  
As it patiently watches life's futile,  
Pantomime scenes unfurl like shadow plays  
And pale dreams from another time and place.  
It's like a troubled ghost; never finding  
Peace with itself; always doubting the worth  
Of what it creates. At times, it's joyous:  
Warm and snug in the singularity  
of its utterly cosmic solitude.  
And that's invariably productive.  
Time is suspended and one is immersed  
In a golden eternity of bliss.  
And that's when I feel the best work is made.

Dominic Windram

# The Spirit Of Darkness

I am the spirit of darkness.

I am the desecrator of light.

I am the embodiment of envy.

I am the forked tongue of deceit.

I rejoice in wrathful vengeance.

I am the plague of all the ages.

I am your worst nightmare.

I delight in destruction!

Dominic Windram

# The Spirit That Abides

O The great spirit of Life isn't dead, despite  
The pervasive darkness of these troubled times.  
Not when there are song writers, painters and poets  
Who describe and document magical moments  
In time; who are inspired by all they gaze upon.  
And who can merge different colours into one  
For they are guided by a glowing, inner light  
That helps them make it through desolate days and nights

Dominic Windram



# The Spirit's Light

The Spirit's Light seeps,  
Through Life's mortal flesh and blood,  
Like a mighty flood.

Dominic Windram

# The Splendour Of Love

The splendour of love:  
Slowly transforming to gold  
In the depths of night.

Dominic Windram

# The Splendour Of Spring

The keen April rain descends from the skies  
Like a silvery god. It signifies  
The flow of fresh redemption from winter's  
Cruel, habitual, frozen ways; as it  
Heroically leaps to the rescue of  
Dry roots in great peril. The light of love  
Is now slowly expanding over hills  
And streams. Everything is so beautiful  
And dream like. Youthful, warm blood is revived  
In the cold veins of the aged. I feel  
At one with the tenderness of flowers:  
In a soft universe of spring blossoms.

Dominic Windram

# The Spoilt Child Of Capitalism

O he wants it all  
And he wants it this minute.  
It's never enough.

Dominic Windram

# The Spooky Castle

As we approached the spooky castle,  
We heard the moans of numerous ghosts,  
And the eerie flapping of bats' wings.  
Fear enveloped our senses on  
That fateful night under bright starlight.  
Even the wind seemed to whisper warnings  
To stay away! How I wish we'd listened  
For now our lives are greatly troubled...

Dominic Windram

# The Stars Are Bleeding: (January,2011)

The stars are bleeding,  
And the moon is wounded, in  
The bruised blue- black night

Dominic Windram

# The Storm Won't Relent (February 2020)

The storm won't relent.  
The wind howls and the rain pelts.  
I'll remain indoors!

Dominic Windram

# The Strange Case Of Nietzsche's Umbrella

Why did F. Nietzsche  
Forget his new umbrella?  
Was he being profound?  
Or perhaps witty?  
Was he alluding to things  
Beyond our grasp?

Dominic Windram



## The Style May Change, But Certain Things Remain.

O I have changed my style so many times,  
That now I no longer know who I am.  
And I've played around with symbols and signs.  
I guess you could call me chameleon.  
Yet one thing that seems to remain constant  
Is my planned pursuit of Truth and Beauty.  
I guess I have still got a lot to learn,  
But for now the wind seems to blow my way.

Dominic Windram

# The Sublime In Art

O Art's depiction of the sublime grips my heart,  
As it draws out the most intense light from the dark  
Realms of the world. It rises from ashes of birds  
Like the fiery phoenix: in thunderstorms of words,  
And wild lightning flashes of music and painting.  
It triumphs over the merely pleasant. It brings  
Us to an appreciation of Nature's power.  
It is evident in Van Gogh's blazing flowers.

Dominic Windram

## The Summer Has Faded:(August,2000)

The summer has faded in your soft, pale blue eyes.  
There's a sadness about you that can't be denied.  
O you may try to mask it with sweet illusions,  
Yet you can't prevent those fresh tears of confusion  
From bursting through. For these days of darkness, have cast  
Their shadows. You cannot break away from your past.  
You had the chance to go forth into fresher light,  
But you surrendered, as it came into your sight.

Dominic Windram

# The Sun Kissed Creators

Blessed by the light of a golden dawn,  
The sun kissed creators are now reborn.

Dominic Windram

# The Sun Of Longing

The sun of longing  
Cannot drink from these shadows  
Of pale existence.

Dominic Windram

# The Sun Of My Words

The sun of my words  
Burns brightly on this page:  
Miraculous gifts.

Dominic Windram

# The Sweet Fragment Of A Dream

O in the sweet fragment of a strange dream,  
I came across a most beautiful scene.  
I glimpsed some houses by a moonlit stream.  
They were so golden and marked as holy.  
They were described by a silver tongued bard.  
Here are the wondrous, wise words that I heard:  
'All aglow, blessed by the saffron moonlight,  
These sturdy, old, holy houses remain  
While we are born briefly and then we die.  
Under the sun, we cling to fleeting days.  
That is why we need to take time to pray.  
O sometimes, we seem to have so much to say!  
Better if we can open inner doors.  
Better to acknowledge grief and sorrow,  
Than waste all of our flashing tomorrows,  
With false ways of living, false hopes and dreams,  
Better to embrace the warm, tender light  
Than be seduced by the stark, star- crossed night.  
Better to remain still; notpursue wild desires  
And find refuge in a quiet temple. That is why  
These old, holy houses have lasted the ages.  
Their spiritpunctuates history's worn pages'.

Dominic Windram

# The Swollen Daybreak: (February,2011)

The swollen daybreak  
Is covered, in purple and  
Red, bruises and wounds.

Dominic Windram



# The Tabloid Press: U.K General Election; December 9th,2019

Rather than proclaim the pure light of truth,  
You spread your poisonous propaganda.  
Rather than present the actual facts,  
You hypnotise with wicked illusions  
And lies. You perpetuate ignorance.  
You distort and exaggerate. You create  
Caricatures and men of straw. You drain  
The vital blood from reality's flesh.

Dominic Windram

# The Task Of Poets

The task of poets  
Is to give birth to themselves:  
Turn chaos to stars.

Dominic Windram

# The Tender Light...

The tender light of  
Candle glow, is most welcome,  
In dark, lonely rooms.

Dominic Windram

# The Thorns Of Absence

The thorns of absence wound the fragile heart.  
Cruel time tends to harden the soft, sweet rose  
Of dreams; until it becomes nightmare dark.  
It seems that no verdant flowers can grow  
Within the cold kingdoms of loneliness.  
Only memory's withering bouquets  
Are present in those grey, unchanging realms.  
There's no way back to former, golden days.

Dominic Windram

# The Three Horse Shoes, Running Waters, County Durham:

England is rich in terms of the quaint and rare.  
The old Three Horse Shoes pub at Running Waters,  
In County Durham, is an idyllic place  
To eat and drink warm, drowsy summer days away.

Dominic Windram

# The Toldpuddle Martyrs

Labour organised under a sycamore tree;  
Where worker members swore an oath of secrecy.  
Determined to break the chains and set themselves free,  
Together they raised the watchword of liberty.

Dominic Windram

# The Troubled Poet

The troubled poet  
Clings on to wisdom's pearls and  
The rose of a dream.

Dominic Windram

# The True Artist's Work

The true artist's work opens out into  
The world: gracefully, petal by petal,  
Like a fresh flower blooming in spring time.  
Its textures brim with multiple meanings

Dominic Windram



# The True Creators

The true creators doesn't seek disciples.  
They do not follow the crude ways ofthe herd.  
They wait until their profound notions ripen;  
Before submitting them to the waiting world.

Dominic Windram

# The True Poet Of Her Age

The true poet of her age is fire born.  
She embraces this dream crossed, roaring world  
In all its vibrant light and dark aspects.  
She feels a kinship with the moon, the stars  
Hills, rivers and streams; the wind and the trees.  
Her visions transcend this bleak modern age.  
She finds no refuge nor comfort in houses  
Of decay; where grey spectres of boredom dwell.  
She prefers the wild beauty of the open road  
For there she feels that she can be truly free

Dominic Windram

# The Truth Will Set Us Free

We seek refuge  
From an exhausted world,  
By way of a thousand distractions  
Not elementary visions;  
By way of hallowed hierarchies  
Not sceptical, secular prophets  
By way of 'necessary' fictions,  
Not by bruised, hard won truths.

Dominic Windram

## The Turning Of The Seasons: (March 28th,2020)

The seasons' steadfast clock is now slowly  
Ticking in time with spring's flickering light:  
Which soon will pour out in myriad streams:  
To reveal green kingdoms of sweet delights.  
Winter's long shadows are fading from view.  
Bitter winds are gradually ceasing.  
For a desolate world is being renewed.  
Soon the birds will begin to softly sing.

Dominic Windram

# The Ubiquitous David Beckham

His 'divine' image is everywhere:  
Much to the delight of silly girls.

Dominic Windram

# The Ubiquity Of Images

O a flash of well phrased, poetic words  
Cannot make much of a mark on this world  
Of crass, regurgitated images.  
Like the iconoclasts of yesteryear,  
We need to focus all our efforts on  
Preventing their sordid ubiquity.

Dominic Windram

# The Ultimate Sacrifice

The scars and wounds of pure love originate  
From the ultimate, world changingsacrifice;  
That defies all dark, inglorious kingdoms;  
That marks the way to our hard - wrought redemption.

Dominic Windram

# The Ultra-Rich

Barricaded in their gated communities,  
It seems that the ultra-rich are not as happy,  
As we perhaps, imagine them to be. You see  
Like many of us, they're consumed by anxiety.

They are a rather disgruntled clique: constantly  
In and out of detox clinics; relentlessly  
Seeking 'comfort' from crude plastic surgery,  
And solace from psychics, shrinks and gurus. Get real!

Dominic Windram



# The Unforgettable Fire: (Hiroshima, August 6th,1945)

It began with a flash brighter than the sun.  
Everything was instantly  
Covered with pink and blue rays.  
There were strange whooshing sounds,  
And then the black rain came down in torrents.  
The mushroom cloud emerged from beyond the horizon:

Burning pine trees, torn breasts;  
Burned down electric power lines;  
Fragments of broken window glass;  
Dead people, dead horses, cats and pigs;  
Tomatoes, pumpkins, watermelons;  
Egg plants scattered across the fields and roads.

Screams of despair  
Amidst the driving wind and rain:  
'Please help this child!  
Someone please help this child.  
Please help. Someone please!  
Please give us water.'

The skin of her hands was swollen,  
Burned and hanging down.  
A piece of wood was protruding  
Out of her right eye. And she seemed to be  
In great pain. She was given a cucumber  
Which she held with her left hand.  
Perhaps she wondered in her desperation  
If spring would ever return again.

Skin of girl's hip was hanging down.  
The sight of a living horse burning  
Was very striking. Blood was spurting out  
Of the top of the man's head  
His clothes were torn from his back  
And his skin was trailing.

Another man, stark naked. standing

With his eyeball in his palm.  
A woman with her jaw missing  
And her tongue hanging out;  
Wandered around in the heavy, black rain.  
Perhaps she wondered if she would see another day

The last moments of a mother and child  
Too heartbreaking to cast a glance.  
Their blood spattered faces  
Swollen and burnt;  
Crushed in water bucket  
Revealed a horror in blue and black.

Corpses of girls  
Collected on the river bank;  
Where they once wandered.  
The child's head looked like a boiled octopus.  
His eyes were half closed.  
And his mouth was white, pursed and swollen.

She looked like a ghost  
Because her eyelids were  
So badly burned and swollen.  
Her lips, swollen and protruding  
Made her mouth look like a monkey's.  
Although she was under mosquito netting,  
The skin of her whole body,  
On which maggots were breeding,  
Had the appearance of the crust of a crab  
Her face was all splinters of glass.

The corpse lying on its back had  
Certainly been killed instantly.  
When the A - Bomb was dropped.  
Its hand was lifted to the sky.  
And the fingers were burning with blue flames.  
The fingers were shortened  
To one - third and distorted.  
A dark liquid was running to  
The ground along the hand.

This hand must have embraced  
His wife and children before  
The great, unholy cloud appeared.

Fires burned with such fury  
That they created wind storms.  
Black radioactive rain:  
Those who in desperation drank it  
Doomed themselves to an agonizing death.  
Hell on earth: no other way to describe it.  
Dante could not have dreamt of greater horrors.  
Bodies charred completely black.  
A slow parade of fevered ghosts  
With eyes melting in their sockets.  
Maggots moving in their wounds;  
Melted skin dripping off fingers.

Buildings turned into grey ashes  
Corpses in cisterns and rivers  
Floating down stream; bobbing up  
And slipping under the surface like radishes.

Black rain kept falling  
A pile of blackened bodies  
Had been gathered from the nearby ruins.  
They were being cremated  
One after another on the river- bank.  
Would cherry blossoms ever return?

A young boy, four or five years old,  
Was burned black, lying on his back,  
Like a discarded porcelain doll.  
His arms were pointing to heaven,  
I wonder if the angels retrieved  
And raised up his trembling spirit.

Dominic Windram

# The Unreliability Of Modern Gadgetry

We are forever being sold the lie,  
That modern gadgetry, makes things so much  
Easier. Well here's what's happened to me:  
In the course of a year: my printer's broken  
Down twice and also the damn ink never works.  
My 'Superfast' Broadband is as slow as  
A snail. And I'm so tired of repeating  
Meaningless orders and hackneyed passwords.  
I now use OpenOffice, and when I  
Send documents no one can open them.  
Also the files seem to be corrupted.  
There appears to be no rhyme or reason.  
My crude spell checker doesn't seem able  
To recognise any 'difficult' words.  
It also takes an age to remove unwanted  
Bullet points and footnotes. I have a naff  
Video recorder that records things  
For 10 seconds only. Thank Christ I  
Don't use a smart phone, O I can just  
Imagine the frustration! And last month,  
My university card refused to swipe.  
So I had to wait some time in the cold,  
For someone to help me open a door.  
Watched a webinar, and all I could hear  
Was a crackling, fragmented voice. My God!  
It seems like when I use Skype it freezes.  
I can get audio, but no visuals.  
Yesterday, true to form, voice mail failed to  
Function on 'fabulous' Facebook Messenger.  
O I must have wasted hours, of useful  
Energy and time, on so called labour  
Saving devices. Now, perhaps it is  
The case, that technology has something  
Against me. Who knows? It is not beyond  
The realms of possibility perhaps.  
But by applying elementary logic,  
To my soul destroying situation,  
I've decided that I'm a victim of  
Planned obsolescence. In the end, I guess,

It's all about making lots of money!

Dominic Windram

# The Varying Fortunes Of Poets

One stood among the sunflowers  
Listening to vibrant birdsong.  
Rare delights now flow like  
Sparkling streams through his blood.  
Another was particularly struck by  
The inherent beauty of moonlight  
In the febrile realms of night.  
One was lost in despair,  
For a dry, ungodly season.  
And then the thunder & lightning  
Arrived and she was reborn  
Blessed by silvery shards of rain

Another was plagued by madness  
And was sectioned. Now he is just  
Another sad spectre locked inside  
A gleaming white, sanitised ward:  
It turned out that words were no help.  
It was just like chasing the wind  
As for me, I'm hooked to magic  
And attached to the number 7.  
I now stand upon the precipice  
Bursting with fresh dreams & visions,  
With one hand on my horoscope,  
And one hand on the edge.

Dominic Windram

# The Vatican

You have reduced Christ to a cold, golden idol.  
O you seem obsessed with tedious rituals,  
Ornamental processions and regalia!  
Your acolytes wear habitual, pious masks.  
You're so short sighted, archaic and out of touch.  
There's a putrid scent emanating from your dogma.

You are content to clip the thriving spirit's wings.  
How you crushed your bold prophets of liberation!  
Your riches are obscene in the eyes of the oppressed.  
To them you're the crucifier of their ragged truths.  
Christ dares us to dream, and love beyond ourselves, yet  
All you seem to desire is to cling to power.

Dominic Windram

# The Vision Descends

The vision descends  
Like strange, heavy, silent snow:  
Slow awakening.

Dominic Windram



# The Vitalblood Of Poets

The vital blood of poets is being hindered,  
As it tries to flow freely in the veins, by cold,  
Systematic, modern ways. The Light is being  
Buried and replaced by myriad senseless things.  
Who can still comprehend the rich, complex music  
Of the seasons or understand what makes Time tick?  
Who can sense the sorrows of the wind, stars or moon?  
May frozen hearts melt in dream - visions of deep blue.

Dominic Windram

# The War Machines

O the cold, calculated war machines,  
That unleash the fury of war, are now  
Flashing through my consciousness; as I watch  
The latest news reports. I can only  
Assume the worst in 'collateral damage'.  
The death count will be unimaginable!

Dominic Windram

# The Waterfall

Between the setting sun and the sudden light  
Of the evening star; I came across a waterfall:  
A sparkling jewel: cascading, tumbling down  
From ragged rock & silver mist that bore  
The fragile beauty of rainbow glitter.  
The leaves in the valley seemed to whisper  
Of Nature's gentle music; the soothing flow  
Of crystal blue, where awe & mystery grow.

Dominic Windram

# The Waterfall Of Love

The waterfall of Love  
Will cascade forever.  
Like sweet Mercy and Grace,  
It will flow through dark hours;  
As it softens the cruel  
Vicissitudes of time.  
Its crystal blue waters  
Will never be tainted.

Dominic Windram

# The Wedding Party In Witten: August 31st 2019

O the wedding party in wonderful Witten  
Was like a vivid story book or fairy tale,  
As the late summer sun poured out its golden rays,  
From deep blue skies, across the wide, verdant gardens.

It was a blaze of colours; of light and flowers!  
It was a sweet lullaby of love and laughter;  
A warm domain of songs, fireworks and friendship.  
It will remain in my heart and mind forever.

Dominic Windram

# The Weight Of The World

I feel the weight of the world upon my  
Feeble shoulders. Like Sisyphus, I keep  
On pushing boulders, up the hill of life;  
Just to see them roll back to me again.  
I'm tired of this absurd existence.  
I'd like to retreat from society's  
Collective madness. For I don't wish to  
Waste the rest of my days chasing the wind.

Dominic Windram

# The White Van Man (For Bobby Windram)

O beware of the white van man!  
For he seems to do what he can  
To break every single rule that's  
Ever been carefully devised  
And set out in the Highway code.  
O he never ever signals.  
And ignores all the speed limits  
In and out of town. Because he's  
The white van man. He does what he likes!  
He doesn't seem to comprehend  
The concept of a mirror. And  
He leaves no room for bicycles.  
O he moves in and out of lanes  
In a decidedly dangerous  
And haphazard manner. Indeed  
As a matter of fact, he has no manners!  
So beware of the white van man.  
He's such a pest & a bloomin' prat!

Dominic Windram

# The Whitethroat

They skulk in bushes;  
Then emerge like kings to sing  
Scratchy, frantic songs.

Dominic Windram



# The Wild Flowers Of Hope

The wild flowers of  
Hope still grow in the wastelands  
Of common despair.

Dominic Windram

# The Wild Ones

The wild ones of summer catch the sun on their tongues.  
They're emboldened by Dionysian revelries.  
They get drunk on wine and life's teeming mysteries  
At night they wrestle with the moon and their angels.  
They reject all contrived manifestos and masks.  
For they are at one with primeval creation.

Dominic Windram

# The Wind Between: (June 27th,2020)

Between willow trees  
And starlight, the wind seems to  
Whisper its secrets.

Dominic Windram

# The Wind's Wintry Songs

The wind's wintry songs,  
Are now whispering to me  
Softly, like snow fall.

Dominic Windram

# The Wise Among Us

Elegant words can outlast empires.  
Pure faith will transcend base desires.  
For 'love' is only ripe for a season.  
Compassion is greater than cold reason.  
The wise among us know this to be true.  
They focus on the seed and not the fruit.  
They draw from inner strength not outward masks.  
They communicate esoteric facts.

Dominic Windram

# The Worst Aspects Of 1980s Pop & Rock Music

Bros were absolute dross!  
Wham! was a complete sham!  
Shakin' Stevens was Elvis;  
Without the voice or talent.  
Stock, Aitken and Waterman  
Produced Kylie & Jason;  
Mel and Kim; Rick Astley,  
And all that was ghastly.  
Poncy, permed haired 'heavy metal'  
Poseurs like Bon Jovi prospered.  
Most so called rock stars sold out  
For big bucks; of that there's no doubt.  
M.J became a ghoul: so creepy;  
Thanks to lots of plastic surgery.  
Even Bowie was at his worst.  
O this decade was truly cursed!

Dominic Windram

# The Wounded Night

The moon light has turned  
To daggers; cutting through this  
Bruised and wounded night.

Dominic Windram

# The Wren

O the wren is so boisterous and bold  
For such a small brown bird. O it flitters  
And flutters across my flowered garden  
Singing its eerie, wild & complex songs.  
Hear its rich continuous trills ascend:  
So beautiful, melodious and clear.  
Yet it's so loud, it makes itself tremble.  
O the wren is so enchanting and bold.

Dominic Windram



## The Wren (Alternative Version)

O the wren is so boisterous and bold  
For such a small brown bird. O it scuttles  
And flutters across my flowered garden  
Singing its eerie, wild & complex songs.  
Hear its rich continuous trills ascend:  
So beautiful, melodious and clear.  
Yet it's so loud, it makes itself tremble.  
O the wren is so enchanting and bold.

Dominic Windram

# The Year Of The Sheep

This is the year of the sheep:  
A title which is quite apt  
When given all of the facts.  
We're still living in a dream.

Although we often bleat about it,  
We still follow our trusted shepherds,  
Even when we suspect that they mislead us.  
We do not want to burst the spurious dream.

O we allow our precious rights  
To be stolen from us daily.  
We allow the press to invert truth  
And then boldly claim that we are free.

Have we lost that critical faculty  
To wisely discriminate between things?  
Are we content to be just passive pawns  
In a game played out by our 'good' masters?

This is the year of the sheep.  
We're still living in a dream.

Dominic Windram

# Their Comfort....

Their comfort rests.  
On the bleak poverty, of  
The majority.

Dominic Windram

# Their Eyes

O their eyes perceive no beatific visions.  
For they're firmly focused on more mundane affairs  
O their eyes no longer perceive subtle beauty.  
For they are now preoccupied with other things.  
O their eyes no longer seem to be able to  
Distinguish between light and dark. For they are so  
Often distracted by trivial matters and  
Senseless, futile quests. O their eyes are now half- blind.

Dominic Windram

# Them And Us: (Notes From An Imaginary Late 19th Century Colonial Expedition)

We are told that we are oh so 'civilised'.  
We are taught that it's always 'us' versus 'them'.  
They live the dream, while we plan maps.  
They dance with joy, while we procrastinate.  
They are not tied to rigid concepts.  
They do need to classify everything.  
They're not interested in building empires.  
They don't require a ridiculous monarchy.  
They feel the gods' flow, while we kneel in cold churches.  
They seem at one with bountiful Creation.  
They play and create while we dissect.  
They live the dream, while we plan maps.

Dominic Windram

## Then And Now: (September,2018)

Yesterday, the tribal festivals.  
Today, permanent sports  
& the National Lottery.  
Yesterday, the seasonal rites.  
Today,24 hour infotainment,  
& the lavish celebrity wedding.  
Yesterday, the ebb and flow of creation.  
Today, streams of neon ketchup and plastic.  
Yesterday, the richness of sacred culture.  
Today, the present our only passion.  
Yesterday is now but a dream.  
Today is all there is. And so I stare,  
Fascinated, and dumbfounded,  
At the void of the spectacle.

Dominic Windram

## There Is A Presence There.

I've interminable doubts about God.  
Yet when I focus my gaze, intently  
On the brown veins, of brittle autumn leaves,  
I experience a sense of wonder;  
At Creation's incomparable design.  
And when I feel the pulse of clusters of stars,  
In my night time dreaming, I sense that something  
Is moving through myself and the universe.

Dominic Windram

# There Is A Wild World

There is a wild world  
Of artistic endeavours;  
That we can't yet grasp,

Dominic Windram



# There Was Once A Saviour

There was once a saviour rarer than gold,  
Who emerged from ancient prophecy's dust.  
He was a voice for the voiceless: a bold  
Angel man who defied deep injustice.

His Truth was too much for this broken world:  
Where each man is scarred by the mark of Cain.  
And so he was condemned to brutal death.  
In every epoch, it's sadly the same.

Political elites prevail in the end;  
The consciousness raisers are always martyred.

Dominic Windram

# There's A Light That Can Never Die

O the world's incessant machinery  
Is just too much for me. I feel the need  
To cultivate a fresh flower garden  
Of consciousness. I desire a change  
In the weather. I desire a change  
In the scheme of things. Although the darkness  
Seems endless, there's a light that can never  
Die. And it glows brightly within our hearts.

Dominic Windram

## These Bleak, Wintry Thoughts: (January,2011)

These bleak, wintry thoughts  
Will not go away. O I  
Wish they were warmer,  
Softer, flower strewn and gleaming  
With a new sun of hope,  
I guess that's too much to ask.

Dominic Windram

## These Broken Shells... (Headland, Hartlepool, July 17th,2020) .

These broken shells are  
Scattered across wind blown shores;  
Along with dark green  
Strands of seaweed, They come in  
Every colour from  
Red coral and aquamarine  
To saffron, flesh pink,  
Stony grey and ghostly white.  
Some are spotted and  
Others are subtly patterned.  
They're gutted by gulls  
And bleached by salt, sea and sun.  
They are created  
By the patient artistry  
Of the tides: that sculpt  
These jewelled, washed up remnants.  
Yet they're perceived as  
Commonplace and will never  
Adorn our modern,  
Antiseptic galleries.  
For Nature's coarseness  
And primal beauty, is not  
Yet refined enough,  
For more 'exquisite' tastes.

Dominic Windram

# These Dark Leaves...

These dark leaves, add a  
Measure of vital restraint,  
To bright yellow blooms.

Dominic Windram

# These Days

These days the world crashes  
Into our sweet, cosy homes,  
Like a great, speeding train.  
There's no escape it seems  
From the constant barrage  
Of crass advertisements  
And other alleged  
Forms of mass entertainment.  
Perhaps we should switch off  
Our smart phones and screens;  
Just sit back and read some books.  
It seems it's best perhaps  
To ignore the buzz of the Zeitgeist;  
For it invariably leaves us  
With feelings of profound emptiness.  
It is constantly perplexing!

Dominic Windram

## These Days 2

These days, there is far too much reliance  
On technology and gadgets. There is  
Certainly not enough of the purely  
Personal touch or the creative flame.

Dominic Windram

## These Days 3

These days, everyone seems distracted by their  
Portable universes; their cool, handheld phones.  
Nobody seems inclined to engage or converse  
With anyone else. O what a sad state of affairs!  
What the hell's going on? ! What have we become?  
Are we now mere servants of corporate control?  
Apathy should be classed as a social disease;  
Not something to be worn like a badge of honour.

Dominic Windram



## These Days 4

These days, engaging on the internet's  
Plethora of social media platforms  
Reminds me of the popular  
Whac-A-Mole arcade game. Trolls pop up at  
Random. Even when they're swiftly ' dealt ' with  
By repeated employment of rather  
Apt verbal mallets, they always seem to  
Come back up for more, so to speak. Indeed,  
It's becoming so irritating that  
It's not worth bothering with anymore.  
Oh well... there are always books and art works  
To keep one edified and entertained.

Dominic Windram

## These Days, I Feel Reborn.

These days most of my time is occupied  
By creative tasks and challenging games.  
These days, I'm enamoured by the seasons.  
I see beauty in all manner of strange things.  
Where one time, I only perceived decay.  
These days, I feel like I have awakened  
From society's vast, contrived nightmares,  
And been set free from its cold, dark prisons.  
Now I'm focused on the undying light,  
And all obscure objects bathed in it.

Dominic Windram

# These Dreams

These dreams hang like the stars at night.  
These dreams desire freedom and hope.  
These dreams are openings to the Light.  
These dreams move beyond mortal scope.  
These dreams whisper their soft secrets.  
These dreams are silvery; tinged with gold.  
These dreams allow me to forget.  
These dreams are bright, bountiful and bold.

Dominic Windram

## These Dreams And Visions...

These dreams and visions are so pure  
Like marble statues gleaming in the sun.  
My anxiety has now departed and  
I feel as though I'm being schooled in  
The precious arts of humility and serenity.  
The vast ocean of enlightenment  
Breaks into waves that begin to lap  
Gently against the shore of consciousness.

Dominic Windram

# These February Days

These February days keep on postponing the spring.  
O They seem to be a strange conflict of light & wind.

Dominic Windram

# These Fragile Flowers

These fragile flowers,  
Struggle towards the light, as  
They wither and die.

Dominic Windram

# These Fresh Snowflakes...(February,2018)

These fresh snowflakes fall  
Like blessings, from a wintry  
White sky of promise.

Dominic Windram

## These Ghosts...

These ghosts hide behind the creeping sunlight.  
They always linger in my dreams at night.  
They're a creation of my troubled past.  
I cannot exorcise them. Perhaps, they last  
Because my memory cannot let them go.  
They're deathly silent; yet they tease me so.  
Perhaps, they're an omen from the spirit world:  
A symbol of something beyond mere words.

Dominic Windram



# These Important Events: (Palestine, Lebanon, Syria, Venezuela, Etc.)

These important events are  
Always filtered through a Western press.  
Truth hides from our glazed eyes.  
O we should be far more observant!

Dominic Windram

## These Light Figures

O let these light figures escape from living graves!  
For they're too precious to be crushed by crude systems.  
They can transform starless nights into golden days.  
Yet they are crucified for their wit and wisdom.

O let them be crowned with garlands of flowers!  
Allow their great Art to expand our consciousness.  
Let them exercise the full reign of their powers.  
May we find sanctuary in their blissfulness.

Dominic Windram

# These Local Tribes

These local tribes have their own ways and rules  
And codes. I will never be privy to  
Them. I must keep on charting my own path,  
And to hell with the vulgar and the naff!

Dominic Windram

# These Longings

These longings still continue to haunt me.  
They loom over me like eerie shadows.  
They are like lost birds in winter: who are  
Freezing to death on icy, black branches.

Dominic Windram

# These Magical Leaves...(Inspired By Walter De La Mare)

These magical leaves,  
Whisper in the warm breeze, of  
Soft and secret things.

Dominic Windram

# These Media Images

These hallucinatory media images  
Bleed into each other. They blur the lines between  
Illusion and reality. These days, there's no  
Distinction between the public and the private.

Dominic Windram

## These Modern Celebrations:

These modern celebrations are so bizarre:  
What with all the contrived hysteria;  
What with players ripping their shirts off  
And flexing their million dollar muscles  
To thousands of baying, frenzied football fans  
Are they in line for Hollywood movie deals?  
Or are they merely preening peacocks  
That are here today and gone tomorrow?  
Alas this narcissistic age appears  
To have no limits. Anything goes.  
I prefer Bobby Moore's joyous,  
Yet measured response when he proudly  
Held the gleaming Jules Rimet trophy aloft.  
In the golden, sun drenched year of 1966.  
It was understated and so dignified,  
And infinitely more civilised.

Dominic Windram

# These Modern Forums

These modern forums  
Are like conversing with a  
Brick wall...no response!

Dominic Windram



## These Moments..

.These moments glisten in the summer sun.  
They're consecrated by the tender light.  
They are too beautiful to gaze upon  
For too long. They're the elixir of life.

Dominic Windram

# These New Hymns

These new hymns speak  
Of miraculous moments  
In time, but somehow  
They stand alone; detached from  
The usual ebb  
And flow of things. August and  
Angel- like, watching  
From afar, they represent  
Order in the midst  
Of Modernity's chaos.  
Yet they are blessed  
With a certain tenderness.  
For they radiate  
With Love & Grace & Mercy.  
Enchanted like Art,  
They transcend our mortal cares.  
Perhaps these hymns are  
Immaculate conceptions.

Dominic Windram

# These Old Poems

These old poems are constituted of hard bones.  
They have endured throughout the troubled centuries.  
They are solemn and profound, yet not harsh in tone.  
They still seem fresh like the lightning flash of bold dreams.

Dominic Windram

# These Petty Tribes

These petty tribes hunt in savage packs and can  
Smell fear and blood a mile away. These ape men and  
Their crude, painted zombies don't like outsiders;  
Especially eccentrics and foreigners.  
They exist in darkness because they cannot  
Face the greater Light. Their loud, primitive grunts  
And groans mark them out from civilised fellows.  
O they are like Plato's fabled cave dwellers!  
They will always follow instinct not reason.  
Blinded by the light of an enlightened sun,  
They dwell within the realms of shadow kingdoms.  
They love their football, food and beer, but not  
Much else. They hate art and culture. These clowns  
Can be found in many a quaint English town.

Dominic Windram

# These Poetic Works

These poetic works  
Aren't fashion accessories.  
They are for all time.

Dominic Windram

## These Sacred Moments...

These sacred moments in time are aflame.  
The sorrows of the world are turned to ash.  
Nature's sweet melodies break through the cracks  
In the walls of tenebrous solitude.  
I dwell on the radiance of the Word,  
As I sculpt images from marble dreams.  
I'd like to create something complex, yet  
Something that's built on a simple structure.  
I'd like to compose work that is concise  
And precious like a modern psalm or hymn.  
Yet with a scope that's vast and intriguing  
Like a surreal symphony. Whatever  
Shape or form it takes, it has to transcend  
The narrow parameters set down by  
The current crop of myopic mandarins.  
And it has to outlast the whims and fancies  
Of this ever so predictable,  
Swollen, vainglorious generation.

Dominic Windram

## These Signposts: (August 31st,2020)

These signposts point in the wrong direction  
Far from pregnant realms of green creation  
Towards destruction. These actors and guides  
No longer speak the truth for now they like  
To twist words and phrases in order to suit  
Their agendas. Seeds grow into bitter fruit.  
A terrible wind is currently blowing through  
This wanton world. One just has to watch the News.

Dominic Windram

## These Starlit Secrets: (July 27th,2020)

These starlit secrets  
Travel on the summer wind,  
At late evening time.  
They move through the air,  
Like comets with brilliant tails.  
They enchant our consciousness  
In myriad ways.  
They permeate our dreaming

Dominic Windram



# These Stuttering Gods...

These stuttering gods,  
Repeat darkened syllables,  
From broken phrases.

Dominic Windram

# These Things I Recall

These things I recall  
In contemplative moments:  
Red and gold sunsets  
In summer; the light in your  
Eyes as soft music  
Plays on; autumn's falling leaves;  
October's vintage  
Blood coursing through oak trees' veins;  
Pale flames fading  
Into the fireside's embers.  
Sudden downpours and  
The poignant smell of pavements  
After the heat and  
The rain's volatile embrace  
The feral lightning  
Dancing freely on the wires;  
Snow flakes glistening  
On wintry streets at midnight;  
Pink and blue ribbons  
And nursery lullabies;  
Playing amidst Time's  
Green swell: weaving strange fictions;  
Fading footprints on  
Damp, desolate, windswept sands.  
Feathers, coloured stones,  
Shells; juxtaposed with seaweed;  
Silvery rivers  
Andream - like streams; the scent  
Of freshly cut lawns  
In late spring; a harvest moon  
Drifting through grey clouds  
Accompanied by  
A plethora of keen stars;  
And the hidden realms of Grace.  
These things I recall,  
In contemplative moments.

Dominic Windram

# These Thoughts & Words

O these thoughts flow like the river of dreams  
And these words move through blessed, flower - strewn streets.

Dominic Windram

## These Thunder Storms: (July 31st,2020)

These thunder storms strip away  
All flowery illusions. They are  
Nature's's harsh antidote for  
Idle hours spent basking in the sun.  
The world crashes down upon us,  
In sudden, dark, torrential moments.  
In some ways, we feel more in  
Touch with a sense of mortality.

Dominic Windram

# These Times

These times remind me of moths  
Constantly circling around light shades.  
These times are buried ostrich heads  
In the sands of proverbial settings.  
These times distract, and ignore  
The darkness, until it begins to fester.  
These times spawn rampant images,  
But I prefer the slow drip of words.

Dominic Windram

## These Token Gestures...

These token gestures are fine and dandy.  
Although they may deal with fleeting symptoms,  
They don't address the root of the problem.  
They simply brush things under the carpet.

Dominic Windram

# These Tribal Idols

These tribal idols:  
Club, nation and religion,  
Still rule the planet.

Dominic Windram

## These Wild Birds

These wild birds soar between the sun and humankind  
They represent a kind of freedom that's been denied  
To us, as we drift solemnly through mundane days.  
In dreams and visions, we long to mimic their ways.  
Perhaps they are messengers like Heaven's angels:  
With their plethora of songs and secular hymns.  
Undoubtedly, the fragile beauty of their wings,  
Indicates Creation's sublime manner of things.

Dominic Windram



# These Words...(January,2020)

These words provide me  
With warmth in the icy heart  
Of bleak mid winter.

Dominic Windram

# They Still Cling Desperately To Conspiracies

Your denial of the facts astounds me.  
You still cling to stupid conspiracies.  
With vision's hard eye, I see right through you.  
You are intellectually lazy.  
Power is still unchecked & triumphant;  
While you pontificate about shadows.

Dominic Windram

# They...

They are prisoners of false consciousness.  
They believe everything they read in the press.  
They are brainwashed by mainstream media.  
They are invariably strapped for cash.  
They blame it all on the poor immigrants,  
And all those who do not, and cannot, work;  
Rather than boldly question a corrupt  
Economic system; that does nothing for  
Them whatsoever. They love 'Her Majesty'.  
They ensure that the class system prevails.

Dominic Windram

# Things Are Falling Apart

Things are falling apart. The brave,  
New systems are now malfunctioning.  
The wires are all tangled up.  
Silvery, metallic forms turn red  
With rust. Dark spectres emerge.  
There's no communication, apart  
From intermittent signals.  
The void is devouring all longing  
And sentient life forms.  
O I feel like we've been here before:  
A long time ago, back when  
Icarus flew too close to the sun.

Dominic Windram

# Things Are Out Of Joint

O these howling days  
Beg to be blessed! They are dark  
And so oppressive.

Dominic Windram

# Think For Yourself

I try to think clearly and freely,  
But everyone else seems to want me to  
Think like them: which is so ridiculous  
And impossible for me! Although it's  
Hard, it's much more rewarding living on  
The margins, than being part and parcel  
Of this society's wretched mainstream.  
I try to stay away from conflict; yet  
It seems to follow me. So, I thank God  
For poetry: it's a perfect release.  
It's my natural home; my idea  
Of heaven: my flower strewn sanctuary!

Dominic Windram

# Think For Yourself

Think for yourselves.  
Don't depend on the 'wisdom' of the state.  
Demand your right to exist!  
For Truth is being straight jacketed  
While we remain distracted:  
Lost in a hyper real haze.  
Politics is so much window dressing.  
'Democracy' is just another form of church:  
With secular hymns and slogans;  
With its elaborate dogmatism;  
With its hierarchy unchallenged;  
With its liturgy so meticulously prescribed.

Dominic Windram

# Thinkers

The thinkers sit alone; howling at the moon.  
They look so scarred, as they grow old and bitter.  
They reach out for faintly glowing distant stars,  
But essential subsistence is out of reach.

Dominic Windram



# Thinking Of The Future

O I am still searching for the source of Mercy  
At the very heart of this battered, broken world.  
And I'm hoping for a marked change in the weather,  
As these political storms are getting me down.  
As I work in subdued silence by the soft flame  
Of candle light, I am deeply concerned about  
The world's future. Will it descend further into  
Chaos, or will it be saved by a profound sense  
Of Grace? Will humanity be able to prevail?  
I pray that sweet moments of clarity will be blessed.

Dominic Windram

# This Battered, Old Town

This battered town is  
A most peculiar place:  
Spectral; half asleep.

Dominic Windram

# This Blank Generation

This blank generation,  
That surfs virtual worlds,  
Are so untalkative and tense.  
They cling to their iphones  
Like they were rosary beads.  
As though they were keeping  
Death's ardent symbols at bay.  
They cherish glittering images:  
That flood the senses,  
Like swarms of mosquitoes.  
It seems that we are breeding  
A new race of high speed nomads:  
Solitary commuters that  
Avoid the keen light of communion.  
Everything moves so fast.  
Neurotics & narcissists  
Are in their element.  
Stillness is a pipe dream.

Dominic Windram

# This Bleak Night

This bleak night has stolen  
The soft glow from my eyes.  
This fevered night has grabbed  
Vivid dreams from my sleep.  
I toss & turn like a drunk  
Or madman: the stars are dead.

Dominic Windram

## This Brief, Lucid Time...

This brief, lucid time; that balances between  
Birth and death, is as irregular and rich,  
As the flowing textures of visions and dreams.  
And its subtle glories, can sometimes, be clinched.

Dominic Windram

# This Conservative Nation

O this country is so conservative!  
Any talk of change is deemed 'subversive'.  
It has been like this for hundreds of years.  
It still retains an archaic monarchy.  
It acts as though it is still an empire.  
Its Honours system is, quite frankly, a joke!  
It refuses to go with this new century's flow.  
O the political elites are so  
Privileged! They do not seem to care for  
Ordinary workers or the masses.  
They always condescend the lower classes.  
They rely heavily on an embedded  
Press and media to boost their ratings.  
Yet to more discerning readers and viewers,  
Their rhetoric is cheap; as they lie through  
Their teeth. Bring on the revolution please!

Dominic Windram

# This Deep Blue Current Of A Dream

This deep blue current of a dream,  
That flows gently through Time's ruins,  
Seems to meander like a stream.  
It creates new worlds from nothing.

Dominic Windram

# This Digital Age

This digital age,  
Of hypertext conundrums,  
Is claustrophobic!

Dominic Windram



## This Digital Age 2

This digital age,  
Moves by, like a high speed train.  
It's time things slowed down!

Dominic Windram

# This Fractured World Cannot Be Fixed

I sense the broken cries of millions across  
This purgatorial world of constant sorrow.  
The metal rain pelts the oppressed from wounded skies.  
There are stones at hand for every bigot to throw.  
There are prisons that cause a poet's heart to bleed  
And cages that corrode the colour of flowers.  
I see love and mercy turn into pale shadows.  
I hear the raven's triumphant shriek of laughter.  
I feel the weight of the gods' wrath and angels' grief.  
I refuse to be distracted by the Zeitgeist.  
I refuse to be seduced by gaudy idols.  
I refuse to be coerced by corporations,  
While digital eyes watch us from every angle.  
I'm so out of tune with the fashions of these times.

Dominic Windram

# This Fragile Green World

This fragile green world is slowly dying.  
We can't turn back the clock to days of bliss:  
Of lush flowers & forests & mountains:  
Now time is short; the ice caps are melting.  
Fear ancient prophecies of fire & flood!  
This fragile green world will soon become grey.  
It is now looking old and polluted.  
O it is being stripped of its beauty!

Dominic Windram

# This Is My Latest Poem.

This is my latest poem:

Conceived & nurtured in boredom.

It is a flash of ghost for the atheist;

A mirror for the most maligned;

A spanner in the works of machine consciousness

A singular rose to decorate the septic night.

Dominic Windram

# This Is The Age

This is the Age of the ironic gesture.  
This is the Age of the contrived sentiment.  
This is the Age of the knee jerk reaction.  
This is the Age fueled by hysteria.

Dominic Windram

## This Is The Age 2

This is the age when distant stars come into reach.  
Yet we seem to be constantly drifting apart  
From each other. There is no real communion.  
Nobody really seems to listen anymore.  
For we are so distracted by bright gadgets,  
This is an age of instant 'communication' &  
Instant disposability. This is the age where  
Everyone is entitled to voice their opinion.  
Yet freedom of expression does not seem  
To be accompanied by a sense of responsibility.  
There are many who spew out their thoughts  
Like crude graffiti; they lack nuanced language.  
This an age of abundant, accessible information.  
This is the age of increasingly complex technology.  
Yet this is an age lacking in profound wisdom.  
This is the age where love is for sale in the  
Postmodern marketplace. This is a cynical age,  
This is the age of narcissism: where everyone  
Eventually, will have their fifteen minutes of fame.  
This is an age that lacks coherent frames of reference.

Dominic Windram

# This Is The Dark Hour

This is the dark hour,  
When music cannot soothe the soul,  
And words are unable to arise;  
From imagination's dried up wells.

This is the dark hour,  
When the fabled gods retreat,  
When fragile beliefs are shattered;  
And time seems to grind to a halt.

Dominic Windram

## This Is The Dark Hour 2

This is the dark hour, when music cannot soothe  
The wounded soul; when the words will not flow.  
This is the dark hour, when mystery and magic  
Retreat into the shadows. Time seems to stand still.

Dominic Windram



## This Is The Place: (Modern Purgatory)

This is the place where scripture lies scattered  
Across desolate, forsaken ground.  
This is the place where the bones of Truth are broken.  
No one can decipher the Word anymore.  
This is the place where there is no sunrise or sunset.  
Everything seems to exist in a perpetual twilight.  
This is the place where crestfallen Love goes to die;  
Where silent screams are all that can be heard.

Dominic Windram

# This Is The Twilight Hour

This is the twilight hour, when mysteries emerge:  
When soft, gentle summer winds anoint the flowers;  
When the skies' colours complement butterflies' wings;  
When Time slows down, and we await night's arrival.

Dominic Windram

# This Late August Rain: (24th August,2020)

This late August rain  
Pours down, and rejuvenates,  
The fevered senses.

Dominic Windram

## This Late Summer Light:(August 8th,2020)

This late summer light,  
Unravels the indifferent  
Clouds, like keen needles.  
It highlights the tints  
Of the fresh, rose scented air.  
Its fragments quickly scatter,  
Like leaves in autumn,  
Across this garden: where I  
So patiently patch  
Together my memories  
And dreams. Soon dark days  
And nights will arrive again,  
Like unwelcome guests  
At a glorious feast, or like  
Gnarled, sullen strangers  
Bearing bad news. These frayed times,  
With their fragmented  
Hopes and smatterings of Love,  
Require a little  
Light to hold back the rampant,  
March of Time and heal  
The wounds caused by dreadful night.

Dominic Windram

# This Life In The Face Of Eternity

In these rampant, roaring times,  
It is never quiet enough to hear  
The wind whisper its secrets at dawn.  
Who among us can still hear voices  
Rustle in the leaves after they've dissolved?  
Autumn's falling leaves punctuate  
Our grief if we care to observe.  
The constant circling of planets:  
Spinning worlds measure our days.  
The frantic procession of the years  
And our unremembered pleasures,  
Seem insignificant compared to  
The Light that transfigures all forms  
Of life and Eternity's epic ways.

Dominic Windram

# This Life Is But A Shadow Play

This shadowy world will seem like a dream;  
Until we're reborn and return to Light.  
These mortal realms are not what they seem.  
Real insight is denied and cloaked by night.

Dominic Windram

## This Life Under The Sun...

This life under the sun is but a dream,  
And so we need to live each precious day,  
Without fearing too much of what may be.  
For when we finally become old and grey,  
Not to have lived fully will seem such a waste.  
But to pleasantly recall rich memories:  
A thousand treasures; revealed in golden days,  
Will keep our ageing hearts: young, warm and free.

Dominic Windram

## This Light: (July 12th,2020)

This light seems to glide like swan feathered dreams.  
It defies mortal woes and agonies.  
It advances across my garden lawn  
It suggests a new world is being born.

Dominic Windram



# This Modern World

This modern world is now dominated  
By technologically advanced gadgets.  
It is organised by executives:  
Who work in crystal towers and devise  
Bloodless systems of systems  
Are deceptive, in that they conceal their  
True nature, and their marked intent.  
For they appear to us as dazzling,  
Enticing illusions. We can observe  
The patterns from movies to 'democracies'.  
These executives are dark agents like  
Plato's allegorical puppet masters:  
The cave operators. O they promote  
Voluntary servitude and call it freedom!  
They are intent on hiding Truth's pure Light,  
And keeping us focused on mere shadows.

Dominic Windram

## This Morning (October 23rd 2018)

This morning seems eerie. It's almost out of place.  
The sun filters through my dark room in different ways.  
And symbols and fables, that I have never been  
Able to decipher, burst through my mind like dreams.  
I light candles to exorcise nagging demons.  
For I need to hold on tight to hard won freedoms.  
Although consciousness is derailed for the moment,  
The power and magic of words remain potent.

Dominic Windram

# This New Gadgetry

This new gadgetry  
Can't communicate, the stress  
I'm undergoing.

Dominic Windram

# This Permanent Present: (Inspired By Jean Baudrillard)

History' broken columns cannot be restored.  
Our current age is content to surf over chaos.  
Time is a mere plaything for this generation.  
We have lost touch with the gods and teeming nature.  
We can longer trace things back to their origins,  
Now illusion is conflated with reality.  
No - one, not even a poet, artist or prophet  
Can piece back together Life's inconsolable  
Fragments. All we can do is witness events,  
As they unfold, and faithfully mirror them.

Dominic Windram

## This September Light: (September 8th,2020)

This September light,  
Anticipates the solemn  
Scatterings of autumn.  
It underlines the last sighs  
Of green murmurings.  
Although it is fainter than  
Summer's radiant  
Splendour, it still offers  
A glint of gold in  
These darker, colder mornings.

Dominic Windram

# This Site Is As Slow As A Brontosaurus

O this site is unbelievably slow!  
It appears to possess the smallest of  
Brains like a brontosaurus. Its movements  
Are glacial. Indeed, I've seen garden snails  
Move quicker. It seems to have been programmed  
With little thought for conscious intelligence.

Dominic Windram

# This Sleepy Old Town: (Headland, Hartlepool, August 12th 2019)

This sleepy old town:  
Where seagulls' cries resound;  
Where time is frozen.

Dominic Windram

## This Summer Light: (June 25th,2020)

This summer light seems  
To spread joy in every place;  
Where solitude dwells

Dominic Windram



## This Time Of Year (Advent,2019)

This time of year, the cruel sleet pelts and the wind howls.  
Day is a brief flash of light between bitter realms  
of darkness; when birth and death are closest to one  
Another. In Advent, we look to a bright star,  
In the wintry night skies, to guide us. O We pray  
By our firesides, for the softly flowing streams  
Of the spirit to enlighten us. We pray for  
The grace and mercy of the Christ child to heal us.  
For we are lost and broken. We constantly bear  
The heavy weight of mortal pains. Don't forsake us  
O eternal, life bearing mother without sin.  
Let us gather together, in this coldest of  
Seasons, and bask in the warm glow of Him you brought  
And always bring to birth. For holy is His name.

Dominic Windram

# Those Were The Days It Seems

Birthday party games and treats linger long  
In the memory, like the calming light of dreams.  
O liquid days before stifling darkness!  
O wondrous time of innocent surprises!  
When cares and fears dissolved with the morning dew.  
O pleasant, languorous afternoon hours! ;  
Not measured by incessant clocks or deadlines;  
When life was covered in pink and white icing.  
Now it seems, in hindsight, that in a sense,  
A certain amount of sentimental  
Artifice, warms our very hearts and souls,  
And helps us to deal with cold reality.

Dominic Windram

# Those Were The Days!

It seems like, looking back. we were just killing time.  
We were drunk on love & laughter & poems & wine.  
O now those days are long gone, And we've left behind,  
All of our hopes and dreams by that old fireside.

Dominic Windram

## Those Who Can/ Those Who Can't

Those who can't create are always telling us who can  
How to go about our business. I wish they would  
Just shut up and leave us poets and artists to  
Get on with things. O how they like to interfere!  
Yet they appear to bring nothing of value or  
Worth to the table. They never seem to comprehend  
Anything. Ultimately, they're as irritating  
And as insignificant as common house flies!

Dominic Windram

## Those Who...

Those who goad the goat through the tyre;  
Those who reject the feminine light;  
Those who idolise tribal gods;  
Those who bless the bones of the carcass;  
Those who sharpen the teeth of metal tigers;  
Those who build bloated, garish monuments;  
Those who crush the fragile flowers;  
Those whose souls are pure machinery;  
Those who serve the darker powers;  
Have not balanced their vital life force.

Dominic Windram

# Those Wild, Soaring Birds

Those wild, soaring birds,  
With their wondrous wings, construct  
Our notion of escape.

Dominic Windram

# Thoughts At Dawn

April day dawning,  
Raindrops gently beat on leaves,  
Flowers offer hymns.

Dominic Windram

# Thoughts In Time And Out Of Season

As I drive slowly past the school,  
I hear children's laughter floating,  
Upon gentle summer breezes.  
Then I pass the cemetery gates:  
Where death's shadows seem to beckon me  
For the briefest moment in time.  
O the traffic is so manic,  
As I drive further into town.  
Will this mad rat race never cease?  
I would like to contemplate more,  
But these days speed by so quickly.  
Everyone seems disengaged.  
Everyone's busy doing nothing!  
Even birdsong here is haunting.  
The seagull's cries are deafening.  
The bill boards display their daily  
Illusions of happiness.  
I wish I were in the countryside;  
Marvelling at fields & flowers.  
But I guess that's a mere pipe dream,  
Now I'm chained to work and daily tasks.  
O life is eternal recurrence.

Dominic Windram



# Thoughts Of A Horse At The Trooping Of The Colour

How I wish I was in a field chewing grass  
Than in this stiff, regimented parade.  
I prefer the murmur of a gentle breeze  
To all of this absurd noise and colour.  
O to perform unnatural movements  
To satisfy this crass, archaic order!  
Surely it should be long deceased by now.  
O I find these humans rather crazy  
With all their screaming and flag waving.  
Don't they know of profound animal ways  
Of our primeval, inner stillness?  
I guess they're way too civilized for that.  
I know that I'm not very wise or learned,  
But I detest this stupid spectacle.  
How I wish I was in a field chewing grass  
Than in this stiff, regimented parade.

Dominic Windram

# Thunder & Lightning

The thunder of war;  
The lightning of capital.  
We are screwed all ways!

Dominic Windram

# Tiger, Tiger!

Tiger, Tiger burning bright;  
Hits a golf ball out of sight!  
What precise hand & eye contact;  
What sublime symmetry!

Is it futile to reason why,  
Such ambition burns in his eyes.  
To what great new heights does he aspire.  
Phoenix like, he is now rising  
Once again from the fire.  
It was once said that he had a wise head  
On young shoulders. How great thou wert.  
With the perfect swing; he competed from the heart:  
With an iron will that could not be beat,  
And an athletic build from head to feet.  
Unlike mere mortals his heart never fluttered,  
When he stared at the hole and drew back his putter.  
The Claret Jug & the Jacket he has clasped;  
Indeed every Major he has grasped.

O Tiger, Tiger, a force  
even now at forty three.  
Did He who envisioned  
The Ideal conceive of thee?

Tiger, Tiger burning bright,  
Prowls the fairway in delight!  
What precise hand & eye contact;  
What sublime symmetry.

Dominic Windram

# Tim Henman Versus Jimmy Connors: (The Massive Gulf Between Them)

Timid Tim Henman learnt how to play  
Via 'soft' tennis on Middle England's plush lawns.  
Whereas Jimmy Connors probably chased after  
Real tennis balls for hours and hours;  
Against hardened pros in the baking hot sun.  
I can imagine him living on a strict diet  
Of raw meat, baked beans and eggs.  
Perhaps he was trained by an aggressive coach  
By the hypothetical name of Buster Big Balls.  
Who would have most likely put him to task, every day and night.

Jimmy Connors famously went on to win eight Majors  
And over 100 tournaments worldwide. He challenged  
The likes of Borg and McEnroe for the number one spot  
Whereas poor Tim Henman, despite winning  
A few tournaments here and there, never won a major.  
Or appeared in a Grand Slam final. The many, many  
Reasons for the vast different interms of success, like the ones  
I've alluded to, are surely not difficult to figure out.

Dominic Windram

# Time

O time future has no image in space.  
But time past is substantial and can weigh  
Us down with its plethora of sorrows.  
Nevertheless, time present is still ours  
To shape. For we can create a life that's  
Unique; that inspires others to be.  
Perhaps we will slip and allow ourselves  
To be swayed by still born fantasies or  
Be mired in ruins of memory.  
Whatever happens next is down to us.

Dominic Windram

# Time Cannot Redeem

Time cannot redeem  
The wilting flowers of youth.  
Golden days are gone.

Dominic Windram

# Time Constantly Marches On Regardless Of Us.

I watch from the wings as the flowers of youth bloom.  
In time, they will wither and in winter be doomed.  
The seasons will keep changing; there'll be birth and death.  
There will be joy and laughter; sadness and distress.  
Time constantly marches on regardless of us.  
We cannot cling to it for long. Through us it cuts.  
In dreams, I watch the soft light fade from the faces  
Of those I once knew. I can't make out their ages,  
But I can sense they are becoming frail and old.  
I glimpse ominous shadows: longer do they grow.  
The blind and the naïve: so little do they know.  
O I remember glorious days that we sold  
For bit parts in life's paltry, preposterous play!  
What happened to our visions and our wondrous ways?

Dominic Windram

# Time Ebbs Away

O time ebbs away.  
Our sun lit souvenirs  
Will soon turn to dust.

Dominic Windram



# Time For A Change

When all the dark angels prosper and prevail;  
When Love disintegrates under a severe sun;  
When the people's eyes are filled with dollar signs;  
When crass, secular gods are worshipped daily;  
When the rose of beauty becomes a plastic idol;  
When flowers only have meaning at funerals;  
When justice only make sense in a text book;  
When the light is reduced to a candle flame;  
When prayers and poems cannot communicate;  
When wisdom is replaced by tainted information;  
When words are twisted and turned into harpies;  
When soundbites become living, breathing symbols;  
When democracy is a farce and not fit for purpose...

Then you know that it's time for radical change.

Dominic Windram

## Time Is...

Time is disease ridden.  
Its nerves are frayed,  
And its veins stick out.  
It's old blood and bones limp along  
Endless, forsaken paths  
Of wintry solitude.

Dominic Windram

# Time Laments Wasted Moments

Time is weeping upon rocks in the desert,  
For all its precious moments have been stolen.  
And they can never be retrieved.  
The spectres of time that haunt us  
Are merely the shadows of lost meaning.  
Can we still create poetic flowers  
Out of history's interminable ruins?  
Can we resurrect lost symbols?  
For the vital sounds of a new language  
Are constantly forming in our dreams.

Dominic Windram

## Time Slowly... (July 12th,2020)

Time slowly pours out its moments,  
As I absorb the colour of birdsong:  
Fragments of blue sky and deep silence;  
Trees primed for Eden's return;  
Vivid flowers for life's resurrection;  
Lime green murmurs of leaves;  
Soothing whisper of a breeze.  
The sun plants its gold tinged gifts  
Across this verdant garden;  
This living, breathing centre of summer.

Dominic Windram

# Time Speeds By So Fast

Time speeds by so fast.  
I can't get a hold on it:  
The whirlwind of days!

Dominic Windram

# Time's Fluid Harvest

Time's fluid harvest:  
The wild blood of October:  
Autumn's vintage wine.

Dominic Windram

# Time's Golden Harvest

Time's golden harvest.  
Summer's brief yet precious hours  
Before the darkness.

Dominic Windram

# Time's Nerves Are Frayed

O Time's nerves are frayed!  
Old blood and bones limp along:  
Wintry solitude.

Dominic Windram



# Tired Of Tribal Allegiances

Our passions play to tribal idols,  
Like proud love of nation, creed or class.  
We prefer to dwell amongst shadows,  
And confirm each other's prejudice.  
We are soothed by the sweetened music  
Of dream operators & and their ilk.  
Their madness is reflected in  
The dark mirror of distortion.  
No one will consecrate the wine & bread  
And share it with the ragged stranger.  
In the East & the West the stars are dead.  
The world plummets deeper into danger.  
We're chained to our fears at night,  
Anything to avoid the Platonic Light.

Dominic Windram

# To A So - Called Scholar

It seems that you would prefer to remain  
Ignorant of the facts, rather than do  
More research and read quality sources  
And articles. I think deep down you know that.

Dominic Windram

## To An Artist

You are an artist that creates wine from sunlight.  
You are silent like prayer; elegant like antique gold.  
I wish I could decipher your subtle mystery.  
I wish I could capture your spirit with words.

You change styles like the great Pablo Picasso.  
I like your Blue & Rose periods the best.  
You mingle experience with innocence so well.  
And your surreal figures are out of this world!

Dominic Windram

# To Have Or To Be?

To have or to be?  
Is the burning question  
Of the times.

In today's digital age  
Our collective consciousness is  
Contaminated by consumer dreaming.

We're like magpies  
We like to collect  
Bright and shiny things.

While we dwell in Mammon's murky realms  
We can lose ourselves; our heart & souls.

Dominic Windram

## To Hell With...

To hell with trite meaning and embellished rhyme,  
Let streams of consciousness flow undisturbed.  
Let it rain profusely with myriad metaphors.  
Let freedom's bold winds force a change  
In the stifling political weather. Let madness  
Break out in bleached white, sanitised rooms of sanity.  
Let the absurd court the colloquial in unholy ways.  
Let the arrows of longing hit sullen, slowly moving targets.  
Let sadness fall like soft flakes of snow.  
Let pure joy blaze like a raging fire.  
Let it burn down the house of vain illusions.  
Let love run wild in repressed, dogmatic domains.  
Let the flowers of truth grow in the wastelands of deceit.  
Let the sovereign light arise from dark prisons of despair.

Dominic Windram

## To K.

It's a long time since we last spoke.  
The gods of light abandoned us;  
Since we parted in acrimony.  
Now if you have a tragic story  
That you'd like to relay to me  
I wouldn't coldly turn away  
Like the old cynic you once knew.  
Although I'm a bluffer poet,  
With a heart that sighs for yesteryear,  
I could weave the magic again.  
I'd guide the slow arrow of beauty.  
I'd turn pathos into pure sunlight;  
Nightmares to silver tainted streams.  
I could chase the crude demons away.  
I know secret entrances/ exits.  
And I know your moves and your mind.

Did you ever stop to consider  
Where you were going those curséd days?  
Drifting in and out of existence  
Like an angel caught between worlds.  
O we could have shaped the scheme of things.  
We could have glimpsed eternity;  
In each particular that we crossed.  
O how you must look back and wonder  
What visions could have been realized.  
Now I'm living on the outskirts,  
While you are dying in your dreams.  
Perhaps there's a way to end the pain.  
Remember whispered words when we hid  
From the summer rain - an age ago?  
I still have the keys to your secret realms.  
Only I know your moves and your mind.

Dominic Windram

## To M.S

You weren't really interested in friendship  
Or dialogue. You were just being nosy  
As per usual. You always were somewhat  
Of a sheep, as well as a cowardly sneak.  
That's why I unfriended you from Facebook.  
And you can pass the message on to your  
Creepy pal..another stone cold loser.  
Well I say... good riddance to bad rubbish!

Dominic Windram

## To My Major Critic: (The Pseudo Psychologist)

O you are an insignificant worm;  
Whose only talent is to criticise!  
It seems that you are unlikely to learn.  
Behind your every word; jealousy lies!  
You are so impotent; you cannot create.  
That's why your very soul is filled with hate!

Dominic Windram



## To My Valentine (February 2020)

O my love, when I first met you it was like I'd  
Wandered into a fragrant dream world. My heart was  
Indeed gladdened, and I was newly inspired!  
O may the blazing flowers of our love never  
Wither and die, as long as the tender, sweet light  
Shines in our eyes. O may your beauty never fade.  
For it brims with meaning, like summer's bright roses.  
O it is a soft, warm flame in times of darkness!

Dominic Windram

## To One Of My Peers

O you try hard to cling on to your youth  
But those brief, golden times are now long gone.  
You don't want to face grey age's cruel truths.  
You listen to your favourite pop songs.  
But former feelings will never return.  
There are too many ghosts circling around  
Your head. All the friends and lovers you spurned  
Have now been replaced by cold, empty sounds.  
Another new dawn will soon fade away,  
As you turn to face another bleak day.

Dominic Windram

## To T.B (Inspired By Real Socialists)

O you may have the medals, but you command no respect.  
You may have the fancy sound bites, but your words are hollow.  
I see that you are still receiving red carpet treatment;  
Courtesy of the barmy BBC; which we still pay for  
By the way. How's that for democracy? Where is our voice?  
People may still not see through your fake Cheshire Cat grin.  
You may be courted by sickly establishment elites,  
But in my eyes, you'll always be a lousy war criminal!

Dominic Windram

# To Thy Ownself Be True

I need to promote new manifestos,  
Or else crude ads will get there before me.  
I need to proclaim vital dream visions,  
Or else I'll b governed by others.  
I need to extricate myself from fakes,  
Or else my rich blood will be tainted.  
I need to stay the journey: the long haul  
And not be distracted by novelties.

Dominic Windram

## Today, The Sea: (July,12th,2020)

Today, the sea seems to be  
Embellished by melodies of light.  
And the waves appear to be  
In harmony with the sun.

Dominic Windram

# Today...

Today the clouds and  
The sun appear to be  
Playing together.

Dominic Windram

# Tomorrow's Brands

We will soon be swamped by tomorrow's brands  
Last year's models will soon be obsolete.  
It will be more of the same shiny junk;  
But things will certainly be slightly improved.  
For the advertising machine will keep  
Regurgitating wants disguised as needs.  
O it's surely not possible to resist;  
Now our consciousness has been colonised.

Dominic Windram

# Tomorrow's New Dawn

Tomorrow's new dawn,  
Will hopefully bring, flashes  
Of Eternity.

Dominic Windram



# Tony Benn's Five Questions For The Powerful

Here are five questions that we 'citizens'  
Should always ask those who rule over us.  
Firstly, what power do you have? And on  
Receiving an answer we should ask them:  
Where did you receive your power?  
Then we should ask them in whose interests  
Do you exercise your power? Next, we should  
Ask them to whom are you accountable?  
Finally, we should ask them firmly, but  
Ever so 'politely', how can we get rid  
Of you? For if we remain apathetic  
And fail to ask these pertinent questions  
Nothing will change and they'll probably get  
Away with murder, as they often do.

Dominic Windram

# Tony Blair Is Back

Tony Blair is back.  
The devious warmonger  
Is so deluded!

Dominic Windram

# Too Much Information

The world constantly  
Pours out to us through our screens.  
It's too much with us.

Dominic Windram

# Too Much To Dream

I had far too much  
To dream last night. I'm afraid  
My mind's running wild!

Dominic Windram

# Torn

I'm bathed in innocence when I'm dreaming,  
But often troubled in my waking hours.  
Nightmares pervade my fragile consciousness.  
Angels lament when inner demons howl.  
O I'm torn between the light and the dark!  
How I wish I could fuse these two abstracts.  
I'm pulled between realms of surreal bleakness,  
And decidedly Romantic yearnings.  
I know of inspiration's warm flashes,  
And long, dark hours of icy solitude.  
And I know of the great power struggles  
Between tender Heaven and bitter Hell.

Dominic Windram

# Torn Between The Light & Dark

I am for a subversion of all systems  
That crush the wild, surreal flowers of beauty.  
I have no time for the pious or the blind.  
How I despise the squalid preachers of death  
Who deny the vital life force that shines.  
I refute machine consciousness that limits  
The scope of our immaculate perception  
And oppresses our divine angelhood  
That denies lucid prophecies & visions.  
I'm only interested in those who're torn  
By the primal horn; those who are caught  
Between the pure rose and desire's bright fires  
I'm only interested in those sweet souls  
Who sing like birds and play with pregnant words.  
Whose inner conflict creates poetry  
And art that will echo throughout the ages.

Dominic Windram

# Torture Of The Innocent

Cigarette burns to  
The body & castration  
For the truth tellers.

Dominic Windram

# Toxic Trolls

Toxic trolls pervade  
The Internet's glowing realms.  
Such gutless cowards!

Dominic Windram



# Tracing The Remnants Of Truth

The lost Word's fragments:  
Fading biblical phrases;  
Flirt with Mysteries.

Dominic Windram

# Training & Development

When I was once unemployed, many moons ago,  
They decided, in their infinite wisdom, to  
Send me on my merry way to study at the  
Local college. I had to attend a rather  
Spurious and, most certainly, instantly  
Forgettable: basic customer service course.  
I guess they thought it would bolster my confidence,  
As well as my thread bare C.V! ' We are here  
to make a difference' their bright advertisement  
Boldly claimed. To this very day, I still wonder  
To myself, if this measure was born from saintly  
Compassion, or merely to place more bums on seats!

Dominic Windram

# Tranquility

O beautiful fish  
Abound in crystal oceans:  
In deep blue dreaming.

Dominic Windram

# Transcendent Ceremony

O I know of strange secret rituals  
Where poetry reading forms a part  
Of the initiation ceremony.  
For poetry provides the heart with wings!

Dominic Windram

# Transcendent Cinema: The Red Balloon (1956)

Vibrant, red balloon:  
Juxtaposed against grey streets.  
Transcendent moments.

Dominic Windram

# Transcending The Tribal

Hail to the death of patriarchal creeds!  
The brutish, alpha male is a reduced breed.  
Rigid hierarchies are on the wane.  
Let a myriad of rich colours reign!  
For Love is a dove with feminine wings.  
I hear the holiest choirs sing  
The sweetest songs of joyful harmony.  
Praise to Light that transcends tribal decrees!  
Praise to the new communion of faiths!  
In a wanton world that pleads to be saved.

Dominic Windram

# Transitoriness

The spectres gather  
Amidst withering flowers.  
The Light is dying.

Dominic Windram

# Translating Nature's Profound Language

Poets translate nature's profound language,  
Via a myriad of wonderfully woven,  
Sprightly diction and vivid imagery.  
Art attempts to mirror miraculous  
Aspects of richly layered reality.  
Henceforth, the words should flow and not sound forced  
They should be cloaked in a hint of mystery;  
From similes of wild lightning flashes:  
Portrayed as purest gold set in silver  
And black, to finely detailed sketches of  
Majestic mist covered mountains;  
From painting, so delicately with an  
Emphasis on each spectral syllable,  
The colourful tremble of butterflies' wings;  
To the fabled green feasts of spring and summer.  
From the solemn time of autumn, metaphors  
Are drawn from October's vintage blood  
And bitter consonance can mark winter's  
Cutting bleakness; From the assonance  
Of deep blue dream-like streams to the rhythms  
And cadences of cascading waterfalls,  
Poets translate nature's profound language.

Dominic Windram



# Transmogrification

Genius fire,  
Purifying lexicons,  
Burning illusions.

Dominic Windram

# Trapped In A Quagmire

Trapped in a quagmire  
Of narcissists, reprobates  
Ignoramuses,  
Conspiracy theorists,  
Sly sycophants and  
Pseudo intellectuals.

Dominic Windram

# Trapped Inside The Modern Nightmare

The neon and concrete ubiquity of now,  
Rides rough shot over our very hearts and minds.  
Imperious steel and glass prisons; gleefully  
sponsored and propagated by the CEOs  
Of mega corporations, to the tune of millions  
Of dollars, devour our dreams and stifle our souls.  
In this modern world of slick efficiency,  
The casualties are our sovereign selves.

Dominic Windram

# Trapped Inside This Modern Carnival

We're trapped inside this modern carnival  
Where everything here, it seems, has its price:  
Where narcissists proffer their flesh for sale.  
The dollar signs are burning in their eyes.  
Simulacra are sacred; false gods reign.  
The punk prophets are incarcerated.  
T.V is designed to drive us insane.  
The vile words of bigots are inflated.  
Wile old war mongers prosper on young blood.  
Crude processions of flags & theatrics  
Are obscene when bones are buried in mud.  
Freud labelled 'civilization' as sick.  
Businessmen in chic suits get rich quickly;  
On arms deals & other sordid exploits.  
These days, money's the guarantor of dreams.  
Better get radical & raise your voice!

Dominic Windram

# Trapped On The Manic, Modern Merry Go Round

O life on the modern, manic merry go round  
Is decidedly monotonous and empty.  
Part false, forged mask; part true, we present ourselves  
For the cold, cut throat world of capitalism.  
There seems to be no escape; no easy exit,  
Unless one is able to extricate oneself  
Completely from the system. For most, it's just the  
Ebb and flow of 9 to 5 routine existence.

Dominic Windram

# Trapped On The Poetry Treadmill

O I'm trapped on the poetry treadmill.  
I feel like I'm typing incessantly!  
I must be careful not to repeat myself  
For that really wouldn't do..now would it? !

Dominic Windram

# Treasure Each Moment

Treasure each moment:  
Like a flower's brief beauty.  
Forget the darkness.

Dominic Windram

# Tree Lined Avenues

Tree lined avenues:

Flowers of purple, pink, white

Blooming in Spring time

Dominic Windram



# Tribute To Museums

A treasury of the conscience of humankind:  
Masterworks that vividly reveal the signs,  
And the blazing dreams and visions, of those who work  
In the kingdoms of the mind. Museums don't shirk  
From their unique vocation of helping us find  
So much precious beauty that will last for all time,  
Rare antiquities: collected, protected,  
Shared and cherished commonly just like vital bread.

Dominic Windram

# Triumph Of The Will: (Inspired By Nietzsche)

From heavy, dark clouds of despair:  
The rumble of thunderous words,  
And the pouring out of feelings.  
Then the lightning flash of genius!

Dominic Windram

# Trivial Soundbites

Trivial soundbites:

No real communication:

Endless palaver.

Dominic Windram

# Troubadour

Through sun, wind and rain,  
The lyrics flow through his veins.  
He is so inspired!

Dominic Windram

## Troubled Poets

Troubled poets are searching for sacred sainthood.  
They long for vital forces to flow through their blood.  
Like mantras, they keep repeating their hackneyed rhymes.  
They always fumble over half remembered lines.  
They were once confronted like Christ by demons in  
The wilderness. Like Him they were tempted to sin.  
When Lucifer urged them to turn stones into bread,  
They turned them into exotic flowers instead!

Dominic Windram

# True Communion

O pale words cannot convey the fragile beauty  
Of our silent communion under star light.  
Rigid symbols cannot describe the mysteries,  
Or the depths of our love, and its profound insights.

Dominic Windram

# True Faith

I don't rely on I don't need tricks:  
Not when I walk in the angel light at the source;  
Not when I go along with nature's constant flow;  
Not when I'm at one with the universe dreaming;  
Not when my words conjure up the stars and the moon;  
Not when true inner faith is my strength and my guide.

Dominic Windram

# True Freedom

True freedom is like birds soaring high in the skies.  
It should be as common as the bread we share, and  
As clear as the water in streams. Those who claim  
That it's more complex than that, are curiously,  
Those who do their very best to discourage it.  
We should pay them no attention. And continue  
As we mean to go on: as the bearers of new light.  
We should dissent against all systems that deny  
Our voices; We should defy all those who strip  
Away our rights on a regular basis.

Dominic Windram



# True Love

True love outlasts the brief lightning flashes  
Of desire. It is formed & softened by  
Grace & mercy. It is patient and does  
Not draw attention to itself. The warmth  
Of its light penetrates life's brokenness.  
In this desperate, wanton world, of crude  
Symbols & signs, it restores hope & faith  
In innocence & the spiritual.

Dominic Windram

# True Poets

O true poets must face their myriad demons  
In the darker realms. And give birth to bold, new forms  
Of light, They must cast aside elaborate masks  
And costumes. Moment by moment, they should gently  
Reveal the white radiance of their inner selves;  
Like the lotus flowers of the East that blossom  
Petal by petal from the deep, muddied waters  
Of attachment. For beauty transcends desire.

Dominic Windram

# True Poets...

True poets mature  
Like the finest vintage wines.  
They don't disappoint.

Dominic Windram

# True Poets/ Artists

True poets/ artists  
Remove the veil, that obscures,  
Secrets of the heart.

Dominic Windram

# Trumpty Dumpty

Trumpty Dumpty built a great wall.  
Trumpty Dumpty had a great fall  
From power after mass revolt.  
It was a time of joy & hope.  
All the Hispanics, Mexicans  
Joined with the Afro Americans,  
To rejoice across a mighty land.  
O how they hated that boorish man!

Dominic Windram

# Truth

Truth is decidedly bitter.  
It is not adorned with jewels  
Or accompanied by angels.  
It doesn't heal our wounds & scars.  
Mystical ointment won't stop the pain.  
O we must all carry our crosses  
On the long, dusty road of life.  
We must sacrifice our egos  
In order to be born again.

Dominic Windram

# Truth Lies Behind The Veil Of Illusion

I will weep and wail for the broken ones;  
For the children of the wilderness:  
Whom the world always hides its eyes from:  
A world that glitters with idolatry;  
Where silver and gold are worshipped;  
Where values have been turned upside down;  
Where war is often glorified;  
Where images govern reality;  
And truth is reduced to a sound bite.  
I'd like to remove the veil from people's eyes

Dominic Windram

# Try Not To Despair

Try not to despair.  
There shall be a new springtime,  
For humanity.

Dominic Windram



## Trying To Find A Soul Mate...

Trying to find a soulmate in this wanton world,  
Is like looking for the proverbial needle  
In a hackneyed haystack. O it is akin to  
Attempting to discover water in the dry  
Craters of the moon, or a pale, dying planet;  
Particularly if one is unfortunate  
Enough to reside, for a significant time,  
In a small, dead end, dead beat parochial town.  
It's like digging in a vast, dark forest equipped  
With a small, silver spoon. It's a futile effort.

Dominic Windram

# Trying To Get Poems Published

It seems that trying to get poems published,  
Is like struggling to walk up a hill backwards,  
Or attempting to eat an elephant!  
It's often a painstaking and futile  
Exercise. Yet there is light at the end  
Of a long, dark tunnel. For if one 'keeps  
On keeping on' like Nolan Porter's song  
Says, and perseveres, someone will like them!

Dominic Windram

# Turn Off The M.S.M

O mainstream media and tabloid newspapers,  
May offer a tawdry kind of entertainment.  
But they clearly don't edify or enlighten.  
Indeed, their main purpose seems to be to reduce  
Consciousness.O don't watch them; don't read them! For they  
Merely serve to confirm one's worst prejudices.

Dominic Windram

I must stop reading  
The daily tweets from the twits  
on .

Dominic Windram

# Two Words Seems To Be All It Takes These Day

Just two words: 'Me too! ' was all I posted  
On LinkedIn and I received lots of likes.  
Yet when I write articles, brimming with  
Novel notions, I receive zero response.

Dominic Windram

# Two Young Lovers

This tale of mine, is old, but it is one  
That's constantly renewed and rewritten.  
Two young lovers sitting on a park bench;  
Held hands in the yellow glow of moonlight.  
Their knowing looks and kisses were fleeting  
Flashes of bliss, for them, at that moment.  
There was a deep silence between them.  
So profound was their love for each other,  
They required no words to express it.  
They had reached a realm where the physical  
Merges gently with the spiritual:  
Where two strange solitudes become as one.  
It's the eternal origin of all art.  
The love between them was most authentic.  
It was something precious, that cost them nothing;  
In an age that puts a price on everything.  
They were connected with teeming Nature;  
Free from Modernity's rampant madness.  
The weight of the world passed from their shoulders.  
The day's troubles drifted away in their  
Warm embrace. They were just content to be.  
The stars seemed to shine for them that evening.

Dominic Windram

# Tyrants

Tyrants of the closed fist  
And the clenched heart are driven  
By a darkness which destroys  
Innocence. Tyrants have  
The cold steel at their command.  
They prey on primal fears;  
Promote themselves as idols.  
Under their dominion,  
There is absence of freedom.  
And without freedom's bright flame,  
There is no warmth, love or hope.

Dominic Windram

## U.K - 2019

Now food banks abound.  
Poverty's tired, blood stained eyes,  
Cannot face the dawn.

Dominic Windram



## U.K Politics: General Election 2019

O I see you've formed a certain picture  
Of how things have to be. Well I've got news  
For all you compliant peasants. We need  
Radical change. And if it won't come from  
You the voters, we'll form alternative  
Forms of media, and take to the streets!  
For we need a marked change of consciousness  
In England's so called green and pleasant land.

Dominic Windram

# U.S Presidential Election: 2020

Donald Trump or Joe Biden: O who will win  
Between these two tawdry puppets on a string? !  
Left and Right no longer have any meaning,  
For the T.V debates will be so demeaning.  
Whichever of these clowns wins, it will still be  
Business as usual, and democracy  
Will remain a pipe dream. I'm sure it will be  
Punch and Judy on steroids. Just wait and see!

Dominic Windram

# Under Childhood's Magical Light

Under childhood's magical light:  
White horses emerge from sea foam.  
Ghosts prowl empty streets at night time.  
And gardens spawn fairies & gnomes.  
Life abounds with bright symbols & signs!

Fuelled by the joy that childhood brings:  
Fact and fiction intermingle.  
How divinely the black bird sings!  
Look - dewdrops are silver sprinkles!  
And forests are filled with dark things!

Under childhood's ethereal glow:  
Each new sun is a golden god.  
Love is as pure as driven snow.  
For Life's paths are yet untrodden.  
And seeds of fortune always grow.

Dominic Windram

# Under Moonlit Skies

Under moonlit skies,  
The snow falls down like pure dreams;  
From days of childhood.

Dominic Windram

# Under Neon Suns

Under neon suns:  
The cold steel machinery  
Of a restless age.

Dominic Windram

## Under The Bright Harvest Moon (October 31st,2010)

Under the bright harvest moon; late this evening,  
A myriad memories seem to be present;  
In a pile of autumn leaves. O this grave season  
Is filled with too much sorrow for me. Although I'm  
Drawn to its vibrant, vintage colours, its spectres  
Haunt my days, and strangely, tonight is Halloween.

Dominic Windram

# Under The Green Sea

Under the green sea,  
A thousand creatures roam freely.  
Carp and herring move  
Their scaly, silver bodies  
Soundlessly amongst  
A bright, surreal world of weeds.  
Orange starfish dazzle  
The senses. O they glow like  
The sun in summer!  
I love their five armed splendour.  
The common squid is  
A curious sight to observe.  
Its long, pale body  
With frilly fringe, large eye and  
Tentacles mark it  
Out as rather comedic.  
O there are crabs and  
Lobsters, whelks, prawns and limpets!  
There are transparent,  
Umbrella shaped jellyfish:  
That sting sensitive  
Skin. And then there are mussels:  
From dark blue to black;  
That attach themselves to rocks.  
Under the green sea,  
A thousand creatures roam freely.

Dominic Windram

# Under The Light Of The Mystical Moon

Under the magic light of the mystical moon  
We tell each other stories & secrets 'til dawn.  
Under the spectral light of this full, harvest moon  
Something feral & eerie in us has been born.

Dominic Windram



# Under The Moonlight

Under the moonlight,  
Silent prayers and offerings,  
To the gods of summer.

Dominic Windram

# Under The Stars

Under the stars, these streets  
Look very different in the dark.  
They seem so poignant and surreal.  
Here we once laughed and played  
In the vast, green age of youth.  
Now we can only experience  
Former sights and sounds from  
A distance like reclusive angels.

Dominic Windram

# Under This Moonlight

Under this moonlight, I'm plagued by despair.  
My life's pregnant with profound emptiness.  
I pray hard for a way out of madness,  
Yet night's implacable silence mocks me.  
Now, there is nothing left to cling on to.  
The guides and the angels fled long ago.

Dominic Windram

## Under This Moonlight: (July,2005)

Under this canary yellow moonlight,  
We shake dreams from willow trees. O this night  
Is filled with stars that spread across the skies,  
Like glittering ribbons thrown by a child.  
Under this streaming, god blessed moonlight  
We share our secret thoughts with flowered words.  
We share a heightened sense of sound and sight.  
On this night, magic and wonder are stirred.

Dominic Windram

# Underneath The Weeping Willow Tree (Francesca's Birthday: August 7th 2019)

Underneath this grand weeping willow tree,  
I contemplate life's profound mysteries.  
I still wonder at Nature's woven dreams:  
Coloured pebbles at the bottom of a stream;  
The veins of leaves; the waterfall's cascade;  
The first drops in Spring of silvery rain  
And the magical light of a harvest moon:  
Fleeting impressions of bright things gone too soon.  
Although I'm in a crowd; I remain alone.  
I still feel free; my heart has not turned to stone.  
And as this warm late summer evening fades,  
I wonder to myself just how many days,  
Months, years and fair seasons are left before.  
I can no long hear the world's thunder roar.  
Or see wild lightning dance along the wires.  
Or feel the force of strange, teeming desires.  
When I depart from life's surreal yet vibrant play.  
When I finally pass from light into shade.

Dominic Windram

# United We Stand

United we stand.  
Welcome to occupation.  
Never move alone.

Dominic Windram

# Universal Consciousness

When night time's wild stars pierce through my dreams,  
I experience waves of ecstasy.  
I feel so light and free. There seems to be  
Nothing between me and the cosmic sea.

Dominic Windram

# Up A Huge Hill Backwards

O those who wish to compose poetry  
Are constantly up against it; it seems.  
Whether it's being labelled as lazy,  
Or idealistic, drug fuelled and hazy.  
Whether it's being misunderstood by  
The masses or patronised by modern elites,  
Who are brainwashed by capitalist lies.  
They regard it as essentially a futile  
Endeavour. There are so many nay sayers.  
There are multitudes of philistines. There are  
Those who appear, to dread the spread, of a smidgeon  
Of beauty into our crude world. They fear visions  
And dreams that point out its inadequacies.  
But mostly, they fear, their inner selves I feel.

Dominic Windram



# Up In Azure Skies

Up in azure skies  
The airplane glides like a swan,  
Trailing smoke behind.

Dominic Windram

# Use The Rope- A- Dope (Inspired By Muhammed Ali: 1974)

Use the rope-a-dope; use your stamina:  
When you're dealing with bigger opponents;  
When you're dealing with the constant taunts of,  
Your sworn enemies. Be prepared; be mindful.

Dominic Windram

# Useful Idiots

Like obtuse dogs that  
Have just been shown a card trick.  
They cannot grasp Truth.

Dominic Windram

## Useful Idiots 2

O they nonchalantly ignore the hard facts.  
They cannot see the elephant in the room.  
They follow the diktats of media hacks.  
Yet they never question from cradle to tomb.  
They follow scripts; they cannot improvise.  
They see flowers blooming where there is decay.  
They consider themselves moderate & wise.  
O they sleep well at night and drift through the day.  
They seem harmless but I don't see things that way.  
They parrot propaganda perennially.  
O they are seduced by the neon light's rays.  
And worst of all they believe that they are free.  
They burn incense for corrupt idols/ elites.  
They oil capitalism's rusted machine.  
They're so deluded; they call the darkness light.  
They crucify the heart of Utopian dreams.

Dominic Windram

# Utopia

A warm miracle conquers the cold streets.  
Bleak nightmares surrender to bright dreams.  
Artists and poets replace bureaucrats.  
Creativity usurps mundane facts.  
Love prevails; whereas sordid detail fails.  
Modern day knights have found the Holy Grail.  
The spirit has escaped the rigid rules  
Of religion and dogma. Long live truth!

Dominic Windram

# Vain Creature Comforts

Vain creature comforts:  
Darkness that lurks in the heart  
Takes the form of greed.

Dominic Windram

# Valentine's Day

Dreary bouts of icy cold weather.  
The last traces of love lie scattered  
Monotonous echoes haunt the hallways  
Of twilight's inconsolable kingdom.  
Life waits patiently for renewal  
For Spring's fresh, enlightening blossoms.  
Whilst I bury the past and await  
The coming of cool, oceanic freedom.

Dominic Windram

# Verbal Muddles: (Inspired By Social Media)

Verbal muddles and  
Senseless, crude cacophonies;  
Incoherences.

Dominic Windram



# Verdant Avenues

Verdant avenues:

Roses of red, pink and white

Adorn trimmed gardens.

Dominic Windram

# Vertigo

Watching the cars dart through the city streets,  
In this manic, modern merry go round:  
Where everybody has to be somewhere,  
I think of other worlds beyond the sun:  
Where life's parade drifts by so easily;  
Where Love is Creation's crowning glory;  
Where there's no trace of atomisation;  
Just the bright waves of warm communion.

Dominic Windram

# Virtual Prisoners

Trapped in this novel, digitalized world,  
We are just like goldfish going around  
And around the absurd, stifling bowl.  
O intermittently we may glimpse  
The fabled Holy Grail beyond the glass.  
It entices us... gets under our skin.  
But it's always somehow just out of reach.  
And so we're left to gently lick our wounds.  
Like sullen beggars barred from the banquet.  
We continue to commune with our machines.  
We are compelled to float in spectral space  
Along with the overflow of strange debris.  
Intelligent evil dust is everywhere.  
It's scattered liberally like confetti.  
There's the illusion of communication.  
Yet profound primal communion is rare  
There's a curious sense of greater freedom.  
Yet cold eyed surveillance corrupts all systems.  
There's more access to light than ever before.  
So why do I detect cravings for darkness?

Dominic Windram

# Vision Required

Poems that lack vision:  
Can never hope to take flight:  
Chained to rusted Time.

Dominic Windram

# Visionary Poetry

Visionary poetry is a lightning flash  
Of wild creation. It suddenly emerges  
From dark, heavy clouds of profound contemplation,  
And enables us to grasp the subtle textures,  
Forms and colours of life's strange, inherent meanings;  
Albeit briefly. It seems obscure, but it is  
Clear when examined closely. It makes us look at  
The familiar with fresh, curious eyes and it  
Opens our hearts and minds to possibilities.  
It suggests worlds within worlds and dreams within dreams.  
And it contains the cadences and the rhythms  
Of the universe. It traces the slow drift of  
Distant, fading stars and draws deeply from the weight  
Of past ages, yet always looks to the future.

Dominic Windram

# Visions And Dreams

Blood red moons arise in visions and dreams.  
Death's bride hides in molecular structures.  
The children of light wait so patiently.  
For the fresh, redeeming April rain, as  
The old world of glory sighs and crumbles.  
Although symbols and fables have now lost  
Their power to charm, a new age stumbles  
Into being. Will it survive the frost?

Dominic Windram

# Visions Of One World

I still have visions of the oneness of  
a world: that's devoid of injustice;  
That's not consumed by war, or the endless  
Raising of infantile flags and clenched fists.

Dominic Windram

# Viva Las Vegas!

Viva Las Vegas! It's a labyrinth of blazing billboards; endless hypnotic advertisements of the 's an artificial realm of eternal dreaming where time stands still within its windowless and clockless 's the allure of Lady Luck: a cut rate, cut throat Babylon. It's a flash of golden yellow taxicabs and rose pink limousines; hustlers, hookers and junkies lurking on shadowy street 's a veritable play ground for red eyed boozers and perpetual losers gathering up the last remnants of their sunken dreams in 24/7 bars; drowning their sorrows with swimming mermaids to humour them.

VivaLas Vegas! It's a surreal, eccentric notion of hotels as incongruous sphinxes; flamingos; gondolas; Eiffel towers and imperious Romans. It's a riot of up market call girls and masseurs leaping out from gleaming cards and flyers scattered all over the Strip. it's the sound of power and sex; clanging together like a slot machine pouring out a jackpot. It's the sound of fireworks and the smell of canon smoke from a novelty pirate ship. It's the buzz of themed spaces where thousands assemble. It's the neon glow of the synthetic. It's the constant electric flow of hysteria. It's the sound of police sirens screaming in the distance....

Dominic Windram



# Viva Palestina!

O all wars result in bloodshed and splintered bones.  
This one has been going on for many decades.  
The lightness of the children's hearts has turned to stone.  
People have been driven from their land. So we say  
This brutal occupation has to end right now.  
I'm sure you've seen it on slogans and signs.  
We world citizens want 'Justice for Palestine'.  
We know that mainstream media always cow tows  
To government and big business; it never changes.  
We cannot rely on it to strengthen our cause.  
So let our resistance echo throughout the ages.  
Our mission is simple; we want to end this war.  
Gaza is the biggest open air prison camp  
In the world: where food, water and resources are scant.  
We must try to put a stop to the bigotry;  
Which, in time, has created untold misery.  
O we must take time to explore the history:  
The ethnic cleansing of the late 1940's  
We can take to the streets; we can express ourselves via  
Art, music and poetry: ' Viva Palestina!

Dominic Windram

# Vivid Perception Dies

The Force that flows through sun, sea, wind and snow  
Can only be seen by innocent eyes.  
Experience seems to highlight our woes,  
As each day pure imagination dies.  
Familiar routines distract our minds  
From perceiving magical moments in time.  
In many ways we human beings are blind  
To Beauty, Art and all that is sublime.

Dominic Windram

# Voyage Of Discovery: March 2020

Now I've extricated myself from all  
Petty tribal longings, creeds and doctrines;  
And created a new sense of selfhood,  
I'll set sail in my imagination  
And hope that the winds of fortune are kind.  
I seek sumptuous, undiscovered realms  
In the farthest oceans of time and space.  
Beyond the scope of wounded centuries.  
Beyond the reach of familiar worlds.  
It will be a toilsome journey via  
Seemingly endless darkness towards light.  
It might break me, but I vow to return.  
With poetic treasures beyond belief:  
That will heal and redeem the heart and soul.

Dominic Windram

# Waiting For A New World

I shiver at night in an indifferent world:  
Where elites violate the poets' harvest;  
Where newspapers continue with their careless stories:  
Targeting the dispossessed and the voiceless.

I'd like to tear this Age into intricate shreds  
And put it back together again: imbue it with rich patterns.  
I'm obsessed with objects that are dipped in light;  
That counteract the darkness of these times.

My poems add form to life to compensate  
For an inner emptiness and longing.  
My poems are for the unseen & unborn  
I await a new world that will receive me

Dominic Windram

# Waiting For An E Mail Response

Waiting for an e-mail response,  
Or a message on 'fab' Facebook,  
Is like fishing in a river.  
One has to be very patient!

Dominic Windram

# Waiting For Inspiration

Cumulus clouds drift across my consciousness.  
Then suddenly flashes of sunlight break through.  
It is often like this when I wait for fresh  
Ideas to strike. They arrive pure & true.

Dominic Windram

## Waiting For Inspiration 2

' Don't you wonder sometimes about sound & vision? ' (David Bowie,1977)

O I returned to the well but it was bone dry.  
So I waited and waited for the healing rain.  
O I waited for forty days, and forty nights!  
O it drove me insane! And then at last it came.  
Like a sweet, silvery miracle,it poured down  
In torrents and soon my well was overflowing!  
Now I'm brimming with new dreams & visions & sounds.  
And I rejoice at all the gifts that they will bring.

Dominic Windram

# Waiting For Light

Darkness and the wind's  
Cries permeate my dreaming:  
Waiting for the Light

Dominic Windram



# Waiting For Miracles

O we are still waiting for miracles.  
Yet the stars are seemingly not aligned.  
These communications are so piecemeal;  
As they only impact on the surface.

O they control the distance between us.  
Our wounds do not show up in cyberspace.  
We're in exile from the centre of things.  
A solitary light glows in our eyes.

Dominic Windram

# Waiting For Spring

Frost hardened branches:  
Bleakest winter marches on.  
Spring's roots lie dormant.

Dominic Windram

## Waiting For Spring (February 2020)

A bitter wind blows across the North East.  
Winter's frozen warnings lie in the streets.  
O the ominous sky grows darker still.  
The cold numbs the mind, the heart and the will.  
The short day terminates in dreadful night.  
Henceforth, we cling to fragments of light.  
O how long do we have to wait for spring,  
To arise with her many splendoured things?  
When will she come to melt our hearts of ice?  
It will be a glorious rebirth when she arrives:  
When the fields, the forests, the streams and lakes  
At her verdant, life giving touch awake!  
How long must we wait for the end of grey days;  
Until her subtle colours come out to play?  
Not long, it seems, for in a sheltered place,  
I discovered a snowdrop's slender grace.

Dominic Windram

# Waiting For The Arrival Of Long John Silver!

I'm waiting with baited breath for the arrival  
Of good old, Long John Silver on to the upper  
Echelons of this site's Treasure Island standings.  
I'm sure he will be with crutch and no doubt he will  
Have his 'poetic' parrot fastened on to one  
Of his shoulders. He should do very well indeed:  
Collecting points, or should that be ' pieces of eight'!  
For he is such an experienced, cunning fiend!

Dominic Windram

## Waiting For The Day (1995)

O I'm still hiding away in the twilight realms:  
Waiting for a wise guide to take me by the hand.  
I am still counting the cost of unanswered dreams.  
I'm storing the pain in tight mental containers.  
I shall wait until the right opportunity  
Arises and on then I will let it all out!

Dominic Windram

# Waiting For The Gods To Whisper

The breath of life will always linger  
While monuments fall and crumble.  
The poets know this to be true.  
They wait for the gods to whisper  
Strange stories and rumours to them.  
They listen to the wind that comes  
From far are simply  
Not concerned with empty routines.

Dominic Windram

# Waiting For Words To Ripen

Poetry's like a precious, tender fruit.  
O it can take a long time to ripen.  
As does the apple in solemn autumn,  
After summer's blissful, frenzied hours.  
Yet it is worth the wait, as we gather  
The sense and sweetness, gleaned from a lifetime's  
Experience. We mould them, with the tools  
Of form and structure, then reap the harvest.

Dominic Windram

# Waiting So Patiently For Serendipity

In my heart and soul the black dogs of doom still howl.  
I'm surrounded by mirrors and screens that deceive.  
I dream of brief escape from this wild, roaring world.  
I dream of winding, ethereal, azure blue streams.  
I dream of a hidden garden bursting with light.  
I pray that angels will sanctify starless nights.

I write to exorcise my incessant demons.  
Most of my poems are buttressed by some kind of pain.  
The ones I prefer are wounded odes to freedom.  
Some are frail attempts at balancing light and shade.  
While others are born from the fragments of love.  
I'd like to claim the rarefied consciousness of doves.

Dominic Windram



# Wandering Angels

Wandering angels  
Explore hidden realms of night.  
They watch us sleeping.

Dominic Windram

# Wandering Angels - Alternative Version.

Wandering angels  
Explore eerie realms of night.  
They watch us dreaming.

Dominic Windram

# Wang & Wong

Wang & Wong keep sending me scam e mails.  
Who they really are is anyone's guess.  
Are they Korean or are they from Sale?  
O how I wish I was rid of these pests!

Dominic Windram

# War

The brutal pattern keeps on repeating  
The dark primal impulse knows no restraint.  
Great birds of prey pierce the wounded skies.  
The earth is scorched & the buildings blown up.  
Children die; cradled in their mother's arms.  
Love weeps over Innocence's ruined flesh.  
Hymns..lamentations fall upon deaf ears.  
For the price of human life is dirt cheap.  
Rarest flowers are mercilessly plucked  
From tender soil in chaotic carnage.  
The lifeblood runs as swiftly as water.  
The crosses grow on Golgotha's grey hill.  
Worst of all, the cold, digitalised eyes  
Do not register interest anymore.  
From iron to modern, metallic forms,  
The wanton ways of war are remoulded,  
The tribal ritual regurgitates.  
The dark primal impulse knows no restraint.

Dominic Windram

## War 2

War turns the water  
To the colour of blood red.  
It scars the landscape...

Irrevocably.  
O it spawns a stark silence  
That always remains.

Dominic Windram

# War Is Hell!

War is hell when the devil is in complete  
Command of darker forces, that tear bodies  
From limb to limb, in the twinkling of an eye.  
It's often caused by vast tapestries of lies!  
Truth is usually the first casualty.  
O those who control the cold machinery  
Couldn't give a damn about the body count;  
Or about wild protestors who scream and shout!  
These callous operators sit behind their desks.  
O their cruel, conniving minds can never rest!  
And, in the end, all that remains is scorched earth.  
Please God, tell me what humanity is worth? !

Dominic Windram

# War Operators

They employ innovative vocabulary:  
Designed to disguise the sheer rottenness  
At the core of their cold blooded operations.  
They speak glibly of collateral damage:  
Especially when the death count gets higher.  
From Vietnam to Iraq; from Libya to Syria,  
The media friendly faces may change,  
But the mission remains the same.

Dominic Windram

# Warm Aphorisms

Warm aphorisms

Of glowing stars and wise moon,  
Drift on the night's winds.

Dominic Windram



# Warm Memories Of Love

Warm memories of love; they just linger on.  
The spectre of the soft, summer breeze gently  
Stirs the fragrant flowers in the dream garden,  
As the yellow sunlight flickers through the trees.  
Sweet, ethereal birdsong floats in the air.  
The assured, knowing glances from eye to eye.  
The grace of pure presences in moments rare.  
The merging of spirits between you and I.

Dominic Windram

## Warm Summer Breezes: (June 25th,2020)

O warm summer breezes, blow so gently  
Through my open window. I feel happy  
And relaxed; simply letting Time drift by.  
My thoughts flow freely; no more how and why.

Dominic Windram

## Warm, Summer Garden: (June 26th,2020)

Warm, summer garden:  
The young child's curious eyes  
Observe the flowers.

Dominic Windram

# Warning Signs

Warning signs drift on  
The wind. Darkness is draining  
The flowers' colours.  
Malignant voices now sow  
The seeds of discord  
Within the heart of dreaming.

Dominic Windram

# War's Good For Business!

War's good for business!  
Invest your sons & daughters:  
Oil & gas for blood.

Dominic Windram

# Wasted Time

Why did we waste those potent nights  
With our pretentious gibberish?  
Indulging in puerile drinking games;  
While the wanton world got darker:  
& the flag flying became prouder;  
& News produced more propaganda;  
& the garish light of celebrity grew brighter;  
& once rarefied relationships turned rancid;  
& radical Marxism was marginalized;  
& crass marketing gained credibility  
& higher consciousness was crucified.  
O why did we waste those potent nights?

Dominic Windram

# Wasted Years

O now, as the evening sunlight flickers  
Across your forlorn features, you lament  
The wasted years. You claim it could have been  
So different; if you had been born in  
Another time and place, or if others  
Had understood you, and your precious gifts.  
Now you wander, like a pale ghost, from pole  
To pole. O I emphathise with your plight!

Dominic Windram

## Watching From A Distance: (Like The Angels)

Watching from a distance like the angels,  
Everything we regard as great, must seem  
So small. Every detail and arrangement  
In the human sphere is like a brittle dream  
Compared to the immaculate Kingdom;  
That we cannot access. For we are trapped  
In shadowy, mortal lairs. O we long  
For our keen spirits to be free! Yet sapped  
Are our creative powers, by endless  
Tedious tasks, and futile distractions.  
Yet sometimes true artists and poets glimpse  
Beyond the sun; via teeming visions,  
Until the original, divine source  
Of Being is revealed to them. With words  
And images, they seek to hint at this  
Higher realm, even though it seems absurd,  
To those who dwell in abiding darkness,  
Or to those whose hearts are not warmed by faith.  
Yet those who perceive it clearly, are blessed.  
They know that this world still abounds with Grace.

Dominic Windram



# Watching From Afar

I watched with god - like  
Grief and sorrow from behind  
Tinted glass. I watched  
As Life's dream - like scenes  
Replayed once again  
On the monitor. From Youth's  
Carefree, verdant days  
To darker realms of ageing.  
I saw clear faces  
Emerge from blurred photographs.  
O I glimpsed Beauty's  
Intricate designs. I saw  
Love's fragile flowers  
Gently unfold in spring time.  
And then I watched them  
Decay moment by moment.  
All could be perceived,  
But never caressed or grasped.  
I cried like a child  
Because I knew in my heart  
All had passed away  
And I could never return  
To my former home  
And dwellings of sweet freedom.

Dominic Windram

# Watching From The Wings: The Lament Of The Dreamer

I watch from the wings as the rampant scenes drift by.  
O I sense the sadness dripping from the moonlight.  
I can't hear the whispers of prayers on the wind.  
All I can grasp is the solitude of my sins.  
The wastelands of fear are growing in the West.  
Some find it really hard to connect spirit and flesh.  
Time is out of joint. The dark days are closing in.  
I'm searching for signs with which to begin again.  
I'm waiting like a child for the healing Spring rain.  
Everything that's beautiful is tainted with pain.  
Bright novelties lead to the threshold of despair.  
O how to live a life without worries or cares? !  
Yet I know that there's nothing new under the sun.  
All my heroes are now ruined, or dead and gone.  
All I seem to do these days is collect rare junk.  
All my dreams and desires are well and truly sunk.

Dominic Windram

# Watching The Blue Waves

Watching the blue waves,  
I decipher dolphin ways,  
By the cool ocean.

Dominic Windram

# Watching The River

When I watch the silver river as it  
Endlessly flows. All my thoughts are silenced:  
My thoughts of trouble & woe. How I would  
Like to be like the river and just be!

Dominic Windram

# Watching The Seagulls

Watching the seagulls,  
In wintry dusks, fly over  
The turbulent sea.

Dominic Windram

## Wayne Rooney And His Ilk

O Wayne Rooney and his ilk, perfectly sum up,  
The quintessential English so called 'football star'.  
They're decidedly vile of tongue and slow of wit.  
In fact, it has become so bad that nowadays,  
Current Captain: Kane, makes David Beckham, of all  
People, look like Albert Einstein. It is a joke!

Dominic Windram

# We Are Floating In Cyberspace

We are floating in cyberspace;  
Finally liberated from the weight  
Of the past and its rigid tribal claims.  
We are dazzled by advertising  
As we surf over reams of chaos.  
We no longer need to decipher  
Ancient symbols and signs.

We are floating in cyberspace:  
Images chase each other like reflections on water;  
Illusory worlds glitter like diamonds.  
Lost amidst distorted shadows,  
We crave a counterfeit kind of light.  
We caress our smartphones like rosary beads;  
Detached from Nature's stifling bonds.

We are floating in cyberspace.  
The endless transmission of ideas  
Across oceans and borders ought to unite us.  
We're free to dream forever;  
Free to construct new identities;  
As the omniscient eyes of surveillance  
Chart our progress under the stars.

Dominic Windram

# We Are Like Snowflakes

We are like snow flakes:  
We are all different; of  
Intricate design.

Dominic Windram



# We Are Proud To Be Peasants

O we are so proud to still be peasants!  
We believe in our good old monarchy.  
We voted for Brexit because we can't  
Stand foreigners. We are an island race.  
And we always drape ourselves in the flag.  
And we stand for 'The National Anthem.'  
We adore our beer and our B.B.C;  
Despite its alleged 'liberal' leanings.  
You might say that we suffer from a kind of  
False consciousness. But you're wrong; we are right!

Dominic Windram

# We Can Find Wisdom

We can find wisdom:  
Hidden in Nature's endless  
Bounty of wonder.

Dominic Windram

# We Can Ignore Signs

We can ignore signs  
Of divinity. Yet we do  
So at our peril.

Dominic Windram

# We Can Still Resist

I like to confuse corporate power  
By purchasing bold, subversive flowers  
In forms of music, poetry and art;  
And all that speaks directly to the heart.

Dominic Windram

# We Can't Trust Them

We can't trust them:

Just by virtue of their flags;

Just by virtue of their rhetoric;

Just by virtue of their creeds;

Just by virtue of their authority;

Just by virtue of their ideology.

Dominic Windram

# We Cling To Faith

The soft syllable  
That we call faith, is gently  
Murmured and held on  
To when we are shook to the  
Core of our being,  
With constant waves of fear and  
Doubt. Alas, it seems  
That the eerie dark night of  
The soul is not a  
One off affair. It tends to  
Creep upon us when  
We least expect it. After  
A period of  
Relative calm. suddenly  
It approaches like  
A famished stranger. We can  
Do nothing to stop  
It from entering what we  
Naively assumed  
Was sanctuary. So we  
Pray to our God and  
Cling to faith with all our might.

Dominic Windram

## We Drift Through These Days...

We drift through these days like jaded actors.  
Henceforth, we are often oblivious  
To Beauty's significant marks; which flash  
Intermittently across our consciousness.  
We tend to be drawn to a welter of  
Distractions. Yet we seem to evade the  
Glowing presence of jewelled moments in time.  
O that really is our loss; I'm afraid.

Dominic Windram

# We Never Decide

We never decide.  
We are a target market  
Moulded to consume.

Dominic Windram



# We Pass Through...

We pass through these houses  
Like ghosts in slow motion.  
We were here before,  
At the birth of Creation.  
We were here before, when  
The colours and signs collided  
We were here before, when  
Angels blessed all the rooms.  
We were here when Love  
Eventually dissolved; when  
The anointed ones were arrested  
And then suddenly disappeared.  
Now, in silence, we observe  
The shadows on the walls  
Now the moon and stars  
Are hidden from view  
And the light is dwindling  
At the centre of things.  
We pass through this world  
Like strangers without a guide.

Dominic Windram

# We Poets

O we poets are poor creatures:  
Scratching around amidst life's ruins;  
For Time's worn out, discarded details,  
Like that famed scavenger: Rauschenberg.

We try to sow seeds of deep longing  
And nurture them with the sun and rain  
Of our labours. Yet seldom are  
We likely to reap a rich harvest.

Sometimes we may strike tainted gold,  
If we're lucky, and discover  
Curious, resonant things; which  
Glimmer with the faintest of lights.

We have no gods or idols to serve;  
Only our troubled, nagging visions.  
And our vague hints and guesses at form  
Are often mocked by smirking critics:

O we poets are poor creatures:  
Fluttering around on the margins.  
Yet the world would be somewhat lost  
And so much the poorer without us.

Dominic Windram

## We Poets 2

We poets can name things;  
Which for others remain invisible to the eye.

We poets can form a dream life  
From mere shadows.

We poets can create sumptuous landscapes  
For the angels to dwell in.

We poets can take our practised powers  
And stretch them out into the cosmos.

We poets can penetrate  
The heart of suffering & sorrow.

We poets can extract light  
From the darkest of particulars.

We poets can create magic  
In the harshest of environments.

We poets catch blazing stars  
As they fall into oblivion.

Dominic Windram

## We Poets 3

We poets are menders of broken words.  
In a hardened age, our hearts are light as birds.  
Our presence can melt frozen metal deceptions.  
We can see beyond the crass counterfeit.  
We monitor shed a ray of light  
On shadowy highlight the signs  
And the symbols that others don't perceive,  
Because they're too entangled in life's dream  
Like procession. We are needed now more  
Than ever, in a world that's closed Love's doors.

Dominic Windram

# We Poets Communicate In Code

O we poets communicate in code:  
In a strange language that hints at dark stars.  
Rigid tribal dogmas don't concern us.  
We're seduced by warm arrows of beauty.

O we poets communicate in code:  
In a language of profound lullabies.  
Conventional ceremonies cannot  
Satisfy us. For we have higher needs.

Dominic Windram

# Welcome To 2020!

O all the fallen angels are now in power.  
They are preparing to crush precious flowers.  
I can feel a chill that is out of season.  
The darkness is being dragged up by demons.  
Absurdity has replaced calm reason.  
Bleached jawbones crack under a severe sun.  
Truth tellers rot in solitary confinement.  
Everywhere there are conspiracies of silence.  
Blood spurts stain the walls of closed off consciousness.  
Torture is normalised. There is no resistance:  
Electrified limbs in dark, dirty cells.  
Is this purgatory or is it really hell?  
I sense excessive flash points in forbidden zones:  
Endless surveillance, psychic warfare, deadly drones.  
The West 's still intent on ravaging the East:  
Fire in the air and carnage on the streets.  
O this current age is wanton and unblessed!  
Love's elixir cannot heal; only caress.  
The wild, cold eyed beasts are about to awaken,  
For the Covenant's structures have been broken.

Dominic Windram

# Welcome To The World Of Wacky Races: Part 1

Wacky races was such a fun, action packed show,  
Which would leave us kids so spellbound, that we would grow  
To simply adore it over many years.  
It seemed the perfect antidote for mortal cares.  
I will now describe of all those who chose to race  
Across the U.S.A. Some were noble and some lacked grace.  
The Slag Brothers, were a couple of cavemen  
O It was often hard to understand them,  
As Rock and Gravel tended to talk gibberish!  
And of course they were decidedly primitive  
Because they charged up their 'car ' by hitting it  
With their clubs: Although they seemed lacking in wit  
They often rebuilt the bonkers Boulder Mobile  
From bare rock, again using their clubs, with great guile.  
Sergeant Blast and Private Meekly were two fellas/  
Who manned the powerful Army Surplus Special.  
Blast barked out orders from on top of the tank/ jeep  
While poor Meekly just did what he was told. It seemed  
Like a little insight into rigid and petty  
Military ways. With is large steamroller wheels,  
Their vehicle could flatten terrain that was bumpy  
As well as rival cars. And its deadly Candy  
Canon fired bubblegum which was very sticky.  
Consequently, their opponents had to be wary.

Dominic Windram

## Welcome To The World Of Wacky Races: Part 3

The strong, ' gentlemanly', yet vain, Peter Perfect  
Was the archetypal racer. He drove the high tech,  
Slick, Turbo Terrific, which regularly fell  
To pieces shortly after he praised it..oh well!  
Penelope Pitstop was the cute pin up girl.  
Amongst that vain, ghoulish, motley crew,a rare pearl:  
Driving so competently in her Compact Pussy  
Cat; putting on lipstick to look even more pretty.  
And last, (and yes least!)Dick Dastardly and Muttley:  
In their fast, purple, rocket - powered Mean Machine.  
It's mind boggling gadgetry was deployed by cads:  
The sly, aforementioned villains, to cheat like mad  
Yet it never managed to help them win a race;  
Which served them right because they had no sporting grace.  
The overall winners were the primitive Slag Brothers:  
Not bad at all; given the technical prowess of others.  
Yet those schemers Dastardly and Muttley were far from finished,  
As they featured in a new show in which they chase a pigeon...

Dominic Windram



## Welcome To The World Of Wacky Races: Part2

The next car had a squirrel engine powered by  
Peanuts and it was sort of 'navigated' by  
Lazy Luke, a hill billy. His partner Blubber bear  
Was really timid and always cried as he was scared.  
Luke nonchalantly manouevred the steeling wheelOf the Arkansas Chuggabug  
with his bare was Professor Pat Pending: an eccentric Inventor. His mind was  
filled with technical tricks. His Convert - A- Car could transform quickly intoAll  
manner of strange things. The Gruesome Two flew Along in the horror themed,  
Creepy Coupe, which featured A fire breathing dragon, bats, ghosts and other  
creatures.

The Red Max was an aviator who spoke With a German accent. He seemed to  
evokeMemories of The Great War. Hisbright Crimson Haybailer, It It has to be  
said, proved to be somewhat of a ugh it could fly, it was only for a short time. I  
expect you're ready for more rhythms and Anthill Mob were a group of dwarfish  
gangstersWho drove the Bullet Proof Bomb faster and fasterUsing ' getaway'  
power by extending theirLegs through the bottom of their car. They were aware  
That police might be chasing them. Rufus Redcut  
Was the chunky Lumberjack who travelled with just  
A beaver named Sawtooth. Their car: the Buzz Wagon  
Was made out of wood, yet it was extremely good,  
As it cut through obstacles such as pesky trees  
And other kinds of objects at super fast speeds.  
Its buzz - saw wheels and axes helped enormously,  
As did Sawtooth's beaver teeth: munching manically!

Dominic Windram

# We're Trapped On Treadmills

We're trapped on treadmills  
Of deceits & lies. we're duped!  
The truth evades us.

Dominic Windram

# We're Waiting For Spring

We're waiting for spring  
To blast away these grey days;  
With its warm magic.

Dominic Windram

# Westbrooke Avenue

Westbrooke Avenue was the hallowed place  
Where I grew up. It was a wild sunburst  
Of constant play and bold adventures.  
It was long, drowsy summer hours spent  
Kicking a ball; climbing trees and painting.  
I was free as the wind; light as angels.  
It was cotton wool clouds; rainbow dreaming.  
It was deep blue days; lasting forever.  
It was the scent of violets; Spring's perfume, .  
It was rows of houses from fairy tales;  
Where the small gardens always seemed so green;  
A symbol of childhood's warm, assuring eyes.

Dominic Windram

## Western ' Values'

One dresses in a dignified manner,  
While another dresses herself like trash.  
Yet the latter is classed as 'civilised.'  
While the former is labelled 'primitive'.  
One advocates the collective good, while  
The other exalts the narcissistic  
Cult of the individual. Media  
Manipulates and applauds the latter.  
O what brainwashing goes on under a  
Bright, Western sun that discards its shadows.

Dominic Windram

# Westminster Palace

Monolithic monument that cannot  
Be queried by the crude, quarrelsome ones;  
That stands high above the common discourse;  
That basks so brightly in its own glory.  
Like a modern Babel it feigns omniscience,  
And omnipotence beyond objection.  
Its ministers are angelic forces,  
Who desire the well being of all;  
Who wax lyrical about liberty;  
For them patriotism is paramount.  
They proclaim their nation's pure virtues.  
Yet deny dubious foreign adventures  
And world wide distribution of weapons.  
The manic media echo chamber,  
Communicates their gracious gallantry,  
And profound commitment to great causes.  
Yet their words are cloaked in spurious light;  
In a language that doesn't speak to me.  
I feel like I'm inside a cathedral:  
Here, so prostrate before lesser gods;  
Here, in this proud palace of poodles;  
You can smell the pungent hypocrisy.

Dominic Windram

## What Am I? (In Five Lines)

I dig to find a different kind of treasure.

I help to weave webs of silvery webs of magic.

I am gradually being replaced by the crass computer.

I am the trusted, time- honoured tool of the poet.

I am mightier than the sword!

Dominic Windram

# What Do I Care? !

O whole worlds of vibrant dialogue have been lost,  
Because of faulty communication. I blame  
It on the so called 'information' age. But that's  
Too easy. I put the blame on the narcissists:  
Who have renounced deep seated solidarity.  
But now I'm a mercenary what do I care? !

Dominic Windram



# What Happened To Us?

The cult of youth dominates our age.  
What has happened to the noble notion  
Of maturing slowly like a fine wine?  
What has happened to the art of romance?  
Now that everything is sold so cheaply,  
On the garish market place of base desire.  
And do we really require all of these  
Trivial items that are constantly  
Pushed down our throats by maniacal  
Modern day, marketers. Despite all of  
These bright obscenities I still believe  
In the saving grace of art & poetry.

Dominic Windram

# What I Once Valued

What I once valued  
Is no longer a pleasure.  
I have lost the will.

Dominic Windram

# What Is Love?

What is love? is a question plagued by contrary signs.  
It has perplexed philosophers since the dawn of time.  
Is it a fleeting, irrational emotion,  
Or a more complex and deeply profound notion?  
Is it a form of crude, animal attachment,  
Or something that requires a certain detachment?  
O is it a form of delirium; a kind  
Of mental illness? ! Some say those in love are blind.  
I know that the ancient Greeks had many words to  
Describe its subtleties; its different tones and hues.  
In the English language, it is often overused.  
No wonder, at times, we get frightfully confused.  
O this one soft, monosyllabic word seems to mean  
Everything and nothing! It blurs real life and dreams.

Dominic Windram

# What Is Poetry? (Q/A)

What is poetry?

To reclaim blazing moments

From fleeting time's grip.

Dominic Windram

# What Is The Scroungle? (Inspired By Lewis Carroll's Jabberwocky)

The Scroungle lives on the Isle of Piffy. It has lived  
There, quite quackily, for thousands of octolids.  
It likes to granger in the mud with the Flossywatts.  
The Scroungle is a refined type of Chavak.  
It likes to roam around the Rooners looking  
For lots of slugslops and kelpits to devour.  
And what does this fascinating creature look like?  
For your pleasure, I'll tell you in plain English.  
Think of a lizard-like being with a hint of beetle.  
And it has the warm, yet often wild, heart of a mammal.  
Its blecks are fiery orange like the sun  
It also has four nelegons and a long snoozle.

Dominic Windram

# What Is? (For The Brainwashed) .

Q. What is love?

A. Difficult to say, but currently it is a pinprick of light, here in the shadow realms.

Q. What is wisdom?

A. To see behind the veil of appearances.

Q. What is belief?

A. Not to see behind the veil of appearances.

Q. What is virtue?

A. When the inner self unfolds like a lotus flower & opposites are united.

Q. What is power?

A. That which listens only to itself.

Q. What is evil?

A. The hand that coldly signs the orders or the deal then hides behind power

Q. What is fear?

A. To be lost in the labyrinth; to feel impotent in the face of power?

Q. What is courage?

A. To gaze into the dark mirror and state I am; I will.

Q. What is justice?

A. Power kneeling at the feet of the oppressed.

Q. What is beauty?

A. The human form transfigured by the soft light of grace.

Q. What is pleasure?

A. A fleeting joy. A temporal flight from the Void

Q. What is happiness?

A. It's to be self contained; snug in the womb of the universe.

Q. What is God?

A. It has yet to be fully defined, but it is not the monolithic 'Father' born of childish fears. It should not be regarded as a mere crutch.

Q. What is religion?

A. That which still clings to the ancient claims of the ly, it should reveal the mystery of the whole.

Q. What is reality? ?

A. It cannot be discussed until we have awoken from the dream.

Dominic Windram

# What Joy!

What joy it is to contemplate  
Each new day's splendid, sun kissed forms:  
From the radiant, delicate  
Wings of swarming butterflies to  
Wild flowers: swaying gently in  
Summer breezes. What joy it is!

Dominic Windram



# What On Earth Are We Doing? !

The dehumanising effects of mass surveillance:  
The camera's cold, calculated eyes become  
The hunter. And the objects of its incessant  
Omniscient gaze, invariably, are the prey.  
In this crude manner, our ubiquitous scanning  
Technology precisely mirrors the, 'Red in  
Tooth and Claw' nature of the animal kingdom.  
O I ask myself, ' What could possibly go wrong? ! '

Dominic Windram

# What Shall I Be This Halloween? (One For The Kids)

What shall I be on this most dreaded night  
Of Halloween? Shall I look ghostly white?  
What mask or costume shall I choose to wear?  
Should I copy a werewolf's weird stare  
Or perhaps I could look like an evil clown?  
Or dress in Dracula's long, flowing gown?  
I'd also need a set of sharpened teeth  
And would have to dye my hair black it seems.  
Could I be a cold eyed vampire bat;  
With deadly wings that continually flap?  
Could I be a lost, wandering zombie,  
Or a terrible, wailing banshee queen?  
Or how about Frankenstein's ungodly  
Creature or maybe a bandaged Mummy?  
Or a cackling witch with broomstick and spells?  
Or a wild demon from the depths of hell?  
Or The Grim Reaper with hourglass and scythe?  
Or a shrieking scarecrow with bloodshot eyes?  
Or a devil: with fork, horns and face painted red?  
Perhaps, I could put on a creepy pumpkin head?  
Whatever I wear on that dreaded night,  
I'm certain to give someone such a fright!

Dominic Windram

# What We Need In Lockdown: (April 29th,2020) .

O we need music's  
Gentle flow, and the tender  
Light, of poetry.

Dominic Windram

# What Will It Take?

O what will it take to revitalise  
The anguished prophet's jaded disciples?

Dominic Windram

# What Will It Take? (Expanded Version)

What will it take to reinvigorate  
The anguished prophet's jaded disciples?  
O what will it take to boldly create  
New forms from fragments of bone that stifle?

Dominic Windram

# What's Behind The Mask?

Masks of comedy; masks of tragedy;  
Bright masks of illusion and fantasy,  
Are perhaps ancient forms of catharsis  
But what kind of presence lies behind them?  
Timid, shallow or deeply profound souls?  
Elegant messengers of joy or woe?  
Those who require audience applause?  
Those who seek some release from rigid laws?  
What I do know is, that brief on stage moments,  
Rarely reflect the angst of back stage moments.

Dominic Windram

# What's Going On? (Masterchef 2018)

What is going on?

Music hacks turned food critics?

Barmy B.B.C.

Dominic Windram

## What's It All About?

O there go the frenzied human parades;  
Shouting their hackneyed slogans in the rain!  
For what purpose? To prove they're alive I guess.  
Or to prove they're 'special' and not like the rest.  
I often wonder what life's really about.  
As my mind is plagued by myriad doubts.  
At times, only poetry's flow makes sense,  
Or phrases of ironical intent.  
I'm still drawn to obscure mysteries,  
That cold, rootless science cannot really  
Grasp or indeed explain. I prefer art  
That still hints at the secrets of the heart.  
I'm increasingly drawn to feathered silence.  
For that's where I discover sweet asylum.  
These days I do my utmost to avoid  
The faux joy of aimless crowds. O they're buoyed  
By their gadgets and toys. But they're not for me.  
I'd rather make use of time creatively.

Dominic Windram



# When Culture Is Dead

When culture is dead,  
Technology will prevail.  
Art will be silenced.

Dominic Windram

# When Does Life Begin? (1990)

I often hear: 'When does life begin? '  
It's the burning question of our times.  
Although scientific research is key,  
When does it constitute a moral crime?  
Are we now living with faux liberties:  
Where a deep sense of duty has no place?  
Where designer babies are de rigueur?  
Is 'progress'the new god of the human race?  
This brave new world seems to leaves no room for  
Difference.O it wants us to ignore  
The plight of the helpless; the sighs of the meek.  
O what kind of justice can we hope to seek?  
I read 'How useful is this human life?  
Will it provide pleasure or provide pain?  
Will it be a burden to society?  
Will it be impaired: damaged in the brain? '  
What value do we now place on human life?  
Does everything need to have a price?  
Is nothing sacred anymore? We need  
Clarity; so that virtue is not denied.  
It seems there are no easy answers to these  
Burning questions, but we need some honesty.

Dominic Windram

# When Great Comics Die

When great comics die,  
Echoes of distant laughter,  
Revive the senses.

Dominic Windram

## When I Awaken...

O when I awaken from teeming dream - visions,  
I weep at how far we are from eternity.  
I weep for this world: lost in perennial night.  
I weep because it's hard to glimpse any light.  
I weep for all the ridiculed, rejected ones.  
O I weep for the hungry, weary and wartorn.  
I weep for all the young blood that keeps on pouring.  
I weep because the prophets' words go unheeded.  
I weep because Nature's green kingdoms are dying.  
I weep at the disfiguration of beauty.  
I weep because the angels have abandoned us.  
O I weep for us all: trapped in mortality!

Dominic Windram

# When I Behold You

When I behold you  
In the rarefied light,  
Small joys are magnified.  
When I behold your face,  
In magical moments of bliss,  
The spectres of the past retreat.  
When I gaze into your eyes,  
The dark centre of my world dissolves.

Dominic Windram

# When I Was A Child

O When I was a child, I absorbed the beauty  
Of the silver lake; glistening in the sunlight.  
I once marvelled at the leaves; fluttering gently  
On the autumn breeze. As a child, my thoughts at night;  
Were filled with all the bright colours of the rainbow.  
O when I was a child everything seemed to teem  
with life! All was one, and Time seemed to go so slow.  
I wondered whether this life on earth was a dream.  
I wasn't aware of grief, darkness and despair.  
I was filled with innocence; without mortal cares.

Dominic Windram

## When I Was A Child 2

When I was a child,  
I thought that grainy black and  
White pictures of new babies,  
Had just been photographed  
By God's angels in Heaven.  
It seems I was mistaken.

Dominic Windram

# When I'm Blessed By This Light

When I'm blessed by this light,  
Words lose their meaning.  
They are too frail & imprecise  
To describe the experience.

When I'm blessed by this light,  
The world loses its power  
To narrow my perception,  
And hide the truth from my eyes.

Dominic Windram



# When I'm Dead And Gone.

When I'm dead and gone,  
My vibrations will live on.  
That's a certainty!

Dominic Windram

# When I'm Touched By The Fiery Light Of Genius

O when I'm touched  
By the fiery light of genius,  
I perceive all things  
With a million eyes.  
I can glimpse worlds  
Beyond our certain sun.  
I can easily connect  
The seemingly unconnected.  
At times I possess the keys  
To infinite kingdoms.

Dominic Windram

## When In Doubt Retreat To The Countryside (July 2019)

I've got my St. Christopher pendant by my side,  
As I travel across this open countryside.  
O these craggy, winding roads can be such a drag.  
I think I'll stop soon and then light another fag.  
I'm out here to escape from the grey city gloom;  
To sharpen my mind and my keen poetic tools.  
Not far to go to now, as my cottage retreat  
Will shortly be in sight. Then I can gently dream.

Dominic Windram

# When Love And Beauty Die Before Their Time

When the flowers of beauty are plucked out  
From tender earth, before they reach their prime,  
Nature's moans are heard in booming thunder.  
When sweet love is terminated before  
it has chance to bloom. The universe cries out  
In constant waves of deep lamentations.  
When love and beauty die before their time  
The world's deprived of fresh symbols and signs.

Dominic Windram

# When Masks Become Frozen

We can wear myriad masks and faces.  
We can be kings, queens, connoisseurs or clowns;  
Cool comic book heroes or troubadours.  
Yet when our masks become rigid; frozen,  
We might bury the warm, precious light of  
Our real selves; deep down in the psyche's  
Hidden, shadowy realms. O we can lose  
This light and never hope to recover it.

Dominic Windram

# When The Twilight Gods And Idols Fall

When the twilight gods and idols fall,  
Days of green and gold will return.  
We will be reborn and reap a rich harvest.  
A new communion will connect us to creation.

When love and light break through  
The self imposed prisons  
Of a frozen generation,  
This regimented age will be redeemed.

When the preachers of death and the lords of emptiness  
Are consumed and destroyed by their own hubris.  
They will no longer control us with their constraining creeds.  
We will be able to build a new, more harmonious world.

O when the twilight gods and idols fall,  
Days of green and gold will return.

Dominic Windram

# When Two Become One

As the sovereign light emanates  
From the room into the garden,  
Your face so young & ancient,  
Is transfigured in the moment.

In the midst of this grace filled presence  
Eyes meet eyes as if for the first time.  
The boundaries dissolve between us.  
Two become one as solitude dies.

Dominic Windram

# When We Are Lost And Broken...

When we are lost and broken, we can look  
At the night skies; teeming with gleaming stars,  
For reassurance. Death of the ego  
Will break all the distorted mirrors of  
The contrived ages. We can try to decipher  
Strange, angelic codes that drift upon the wind;  
With the discarded instruments of faith.  
In the twilight realms, between love and dreams,  
We poets can arrange new words and forms,  
For the ancient ceremony; that is life.  
Upon the crude skeleton of dark thought,  
We can layer flesh of different colours.  
Within this often cold, monochrome world,  
We weave warm, fine webs of human longing.

Dominic Windram



# When We Were Young

When we were young angels kept guard over us.  
We were winged & wedded to wishes & dreams;  
So snug & innocent wrapped in cotton clouds;  
The world seemed to brim with possibilities.

When we were young each Spring seemed like a fresh pink dawn;  
Each blossoming flower - a bright world of wonder.  
The night skies were diamond studded; when spirits soared  
Wild on the wind; then were lost in distant thunder.

When we were young we traced twilight's strange kingdoms  
Where illusion oft confounds reality.  
We followed the paths of the moon & the sun.  
We transfigured the hills & valleys & trees.

When we were young teeming Nature reached out to us;  
Blessed by her verdant age we ran footloose & free.  
Now we are older and can only glimpse such bliss.  
The life force that was then survives in memories.

Dominic Windram

# When Words Fail

How can I describe in mere words? :  
The sadness of light dying in the dusk;  
The dust of the stars scattered within us;  
The teeming ocean of fresh desire;  
The cloud swells and sun bursts of consciousness.

How can I convey in meagre verse? :  
Such delicate flowers blooming in spring;  
Such vast bloodshed in war's dominion;  
Such mourning in winter's frozen graveyard;  
Such mystery in everyday living.

Dominic Windram

## Where Does Magic Lie?

O in what strange abode does magic lie?  
Although we look for it in dream kingdoms,  
It remains elusive. Sometimes we might  
Catch a brief glimpse, but then it seems to run  
Away from us, and quickly fades away.  
Even though it hides from us, it brightens  
Our days and warms our nights. It lightens  
Our being. O it guides us through life's haze.

Dominic Windram

## Where Pray Tell?

Where pray tell can we find reliable sources  
Of News and information, as common sense  
And elementary logic are being  
Wilfully ignored currently by the m.s.m?  
For we are being mesmerised by endless,  
Asinine distractions that bear no relation  
Whatever to the real issues they purport  
To 'investigate'. Turn off your  
And seek out alternative media  
Instead! There are a plethora to choose from.

Dominic Windram

# While The Sweet Wine Flows...

While the sweet wine flows,  
And the food is excellent,  
We are satisfied!

Dominic Windram

# While We Sleep They Hypnotize Us.

The designers of modernity are at work  
While we sleep. We're so easily satisfied.  
Yet they depend on our complicity.  
They rely on our emptiness so they  
Can pour all kinds of tainted junk into us.  
While we sleep, many conscientious dissenters  
& whistle blowers are now being crucified,  
By the dark agents & actors of the deep state  
And its obsequious media servants.  
O how they crush sweet butterflies  
With their sledgehammers of hatred!  
They desperately need us to acquiesce  
To the machinery of bloated power.  
They hope we surrender to spurious dreams;  
So we revere their vain, gratuitous visions;  
So they can take full control of our hearts & minds.  
If we remain awake we can stem the tide,  
And eventually seek to overthrow them.

Dominic Windram

# Whispering Pine Trees Of Peace

The fragrant scent of winter's whispering pine trees,  
Has a calming effect on our souls at Christmas.  
In our homes we decorate these trees and form wreaths.  
From their boughs. They symbolise peace we hope will last.  
While much of life on earth seems to bring briars and thorns,  
God wants us to walk in a path of whispering pines:  
A pleasant path of peace that does not spite or scorn.  
For we're mere pine branches and Christ is the Vine.  
In this season of Advent, we need to take time  
To contemplate life's meaning; blessed by the divine.

Dominic Windram

# Whispering Wind

As I walked slowly,  
Through the woods, the wind seemed to  
Whisper of old gods.

Dominic Windram



# Whispers Of Prayers

Whispers of prayers  
In the icy depths of night:  
Small fragments of hope.

Dominic Windram

# Whispers Of Winter

Whispers of winter:  
Feathery, snow covered trees;  
The whistle of wind.

Dominic Windram

## White Frost Flowers... (January,2020)

White frost flowers on  
The trees. Winter has a cold  
Elegant beauty.

Dominic Windram

# White Innocence Cries...

White innocence cries,  
Like an orphaned angel,  
In a blackout of time

Dominic Windram

# White On Yellow

Decaying bones  
Across these desolate sands;  
Nightmarish eggshells;  
The stark silence of yellow  
And white, reminds me  
Of a rare Rothko abstract;  
Broken voices on  
The cold, intermittent wind.

Dominic Windram

## White Over Red: (Rothko,1957)

Snow whiteness over  
Blood red suggests a new form  
Of Beauty: deadly,  
Yet delicate and dream like.

Dominic Windram

# Who Can Decipher The Secrets Of Night? (For Lucy W)

Who can decipher the secrets of night?  
The garden is still and bathed in moonlight.  
Every bird is sleeping with eyes and wings  
Folded. I wonder what they are dreaming  
Of; snug in their nests of twigs and thistle.  
The fragrant flowers have closed their petals.  
Only the surreal insects are stirring;  
I can hear their murmurings and chirping.  
O I can imagine, that somewhere out there,  
Soft, intricate webs of sweet magic are  
Now being gently woven; perhaps by  
Fairies or similar enchanting sprites.  
Perhaps they are busy at work; preparing  
The silvery morning dew for late spring.  
The silence seems filled with hidden delights.  
Who can decipher the secrets of night?

Dominic Windram

## Why Bill Hicks Was Right.

Here come the comedic clowns & clones:  
Caricatures of what could have been  
With a great deal of patience & faith;  
And of course a smidgen of talent.  
I guess they're savvy in mind games,  
But not artistic integrity.  
It's the way of the world now I guess;  
Where all the dross rises to the top.

Dominic Windram



# Why Bob Dylan's Lyrical Genius Was Ignored By The Vatican

The dogmatic, pedantic Vatican frowned on  
Bob Dylan, being chosen for the Nobel Prize  
In Literature, back in 2016.  
Ostensibly, because he wasn't considered  
'High brow' enough for its refined tastes. Indeed its  
Officious mandarins suggested that it  
Should have been presented instead to what they deemed  
To be a 'real' novelist. But could the real reason  
For their scepticism, be perhaps because, they  
Couldn't care less, unlike Christ, who they claim to worship,  
About the iniquities of social injustice.  
Dylan's lyrics clearly spoke bleak biblical truths  
And embodied the fiery rage of the prophets.  
They mirrored their troubled times and they constantly  
Questioned prevailing orthodoxies. These social  
Virtues seem to be, in my eyes at least, why Dylan  
Was patronised and vilified. His mere presence  
Amidst the conservative powers that be, is  
Perhaps what the Vatican hierarchy was,  
And still is, incredibly afraid ofn

Dominic Windram

# Why Did We Waste Those Glorious Nights?

Why did we waste those glorious nights  
With our pretentious gibberish:  
Indulging in puerile drinking games?  
While the wanton world became darker;  
& the flag flying became prouder;  
& the News produced more propaganda;  
& the celebrities grew ranker;  
& relationships turned rancid;  
& Marxism was marginalised;  
& marketing gained credibility;  
& higher consciousness was crucified.  
Why did we waste those glorious nights?

Dominic Windram

# Why Do You Avoid The Truth?

O you seem to live in fear of knowing the truth!  
You claim that you are a scholar, so why do you  
Keep on watching and believing the mainstream News?  
Quite frankly, I do not think that you have a clue,  
About what's really going on all around you.  
O I think you need to study much more and do  
Your research, before spouting out all your half- baked  
Nonsense. Listen to what I say for heaven's sake!  
You think you dwell in the light, but it is the dark.  
Your views remind of Alexander Pope's remark,  
That a little learning is a dangerous thing.  
Just think of what gifts greater understanding brings.

Dominic Windram

# Why Do You Wait? (1995)

Fear devours consciousness. O it steals time!  
So why wait to make your mark on life's blank canvas?  
Why do you wait to become god like: to create  
Bright, new worlds in your own image. Why do you wait?

Dominic Windram

# Why I Agree With Keith Richards.

Keith Richards of Rolling Stones' fame  
Has always maintained and proclaimed  
That he reserves the right to hit popinjays  
With his guitar, if they dare to join him  
On stage. For, understandably, he feels  
That it's his domain. Funnily enough,  
I feel exactly the same way about  
Those who attempt to spew out their vile poison  
On my very own poemhunter pages.  
Although I don't possess a fancy guitar,  
At least I have a remove button option.  
So back off you trolls! I hope you fade away.

Dominic Windram

# Why I Choose Poetry

I choose poetry,  
In order to resurrect,  
Long lost presences.

Dominic Windram

# Why I Detest Thatcherism!

O the children conceived in Thatcher's womb,  
Metaphorically speaking of course,  
Are so blind & vain. It is so tragic  
That they chose garish style over content;  
Shameless self promotion over conscience;  
And of course buried their heads in the sand.  
I pretend that I don't know them. Indeed  
I hate their guts. O how I wish I'd been  
Around in the radical Sixties &  
The raunchy, experimental Seventies.  
Rather than suffer the indignity  
Of the gross, yuppyfied nineteen eighties;  
When beads, long hair, beards & dope were replaced  
By clean cut sycophants in suit & ties;  
When a groovy, laid back society  
Turned decidedly stark & cut throat;  
When greed was considered good and sadly  
Prized culture was consigned to the dustbin.

Dominic Windram

# Why I Prefer Poetry To Cold Science.

Bloodless science won't save us in the end.  
Although it is truly miraculous  
To observe the keen splendour of Nature  
In most acute microscopic detail,  
Or carefully chart the birth of a star,  
All those who indulge in the dark art of  
Crude things like frog dissection leave me cold.  
It's a kind of heresy to my eyes.  
Perhaps it is more worthwhile to capture  
The pink spectre of rose beneath the frost.

Dominic Windram



# Why I Won't Be Backing U.K.I.P

I still fear the rise of UKIP.  
Observe the same old bigots  
With slick logos: in brand new guise.  
How they self righteously stroke  
Their dearly loved flags. How they wax  
Lyrical about the good old days;  
In the monochrome 1950's.  
They cling to patriotic ideals  
Whilst polishing their brute jack boots.  
How they obscure the basic facts.

O they employ heightened rhetoric,  
From their lofty towers, with regard  
To immigration and the alleged  
Habitual laziness of  
The lower orders. They proclaim  
That England would be such a green  
And pleasant land if it wasn't  
For the presence of foreigners  
And other 'undesirables'.  
Please don't waste your vote on U.K.I.P!

Dominic Windram

## Why I Write.

Honours or institutional rewards  
Do not interest or inspire me at all.  
For I simply create to communicate  
Life experiences of joy and pain:  
Secret inner realms of my heart and mind  
To those feral souls who are still 'alive'.  
I'll always march to the beat of my own drum.  
I denounce all cold, repressive systems  
That seek to claim, classify and control.  
I'm a polymath with no prescribed role.

Dominic Windram

## Why I Write.2

I write so that I can think more clearly.  
I write to establish a certain kind of freedom.  
I write to transcribe the tender light of dreams.  
I write to try and achieve a distillation of feeling.  
I write, to gradually extricate myself,  
From society's complicated machinery.

Dominic Windram

# Why Micro Management Sucks!

They asked me to work much faster.  
And my stress levels got much higher.  
They told me that I was not to deviate  
From their inept systems. which made me irate  
Because they defied logic and common sense!  
They favoured the flatters. They would not relent.  
They asked me to fill out more pointless forms  
And jump through more hoops. I was so bored.  
In the end, I told them to stick it all  
Where the sun don't shine! I also can recall  
That I told them to WORK HARDER, as clearly  
They were being paid so much more than me!

Dominic Windram

# Why Silence Is Golden

Some say that it's rain not thunder  
That causes great flowers to grow  
If that is so I'll raise the power  
Of my poetry not my voice.

There's so much in the world  
To raise a clenched fist against.  
But I will learn to unclench  
My heart and all its sorrows

A hymn in praise of silence  
Is better than a war of words.  
In silence truth and beauty  
Find their proper place.

For silence is the language of God  
Anything else is muddled translation

Dominic Windram

# Why Silence Is Necessary For Poetic Composition.

I do not require the faux buzz, of the sordid  
And the spectacular, in order to feel more  
'Alive'. For now, I'm content with the long, slow  
Hours of silence where the fresh ideas breed.  
I do not need a torrent of distractions, for  
The warm poetry, behind elaborate masks,  
Speaks so knowingly of endless interiors.

Dominic Windram

# Why Snooker's Not So Loopy Anymore.

The life force is spent.  
It's like flogging a dead horse  
Or watching paint dry.

Dominic Windram

# Why Spend Time On Things We Can't Change?

Why do we spend our precious time  
Tring to predict the future?  
Whatever happens it won't include us  
That's for certain. Where are going?  
Why are we constantly distracted?  
We should focus moment by moment,  
On the unfolding of Being's flowers,  
And imbibe the blissfulness of each passing hour.

Dominic Windram



# Why We Must Transcend The Mundane.

Where there's no vision,  
Poetry or consciousness,  
Culture perishes.

Dominic Windram

# Why We Need Beauty.

We need beauty to feed the sovereign soul.  
Gadgets and gold are simply not enough.  
It seems some deep eternal need is filled;  
When Art's textures sweep our spirits away.  
Music's mellifluous power to charm  
Is beyond the reach of any distant star.

Beauty soars like birds over the abyss.  
It's the bright spark of divine consciousness.  
Poetry's vivid, potent portraits of life  
Distract us from endless, bleak, wintry nights.  
It seems we need beauty or we decay  
Like all the withered roses at Summer's end.

Dominic Windram

# Why? !

Why do these starry eyed backpackers, usually  
Students, insist on travelling to war torn zones:  
Where even courageous angels would fear to tread.  
Is it because they are quite literally mad? ! !

Dominic Windram

# Wild Poets(Inspired By William Blake; Critical Of Alexander Pope)

Wild poets travel  
To realms; where even angels  
Are afraid to tread.

Dominic Windram

# Wild, Drunken Voices

Wild, drunken voices:

Carried by the wind; through the  
Streets to the suburbs.

Dominic Windram

## Winter (Longing)

The cold claws of grief.  
Winter's whining, bitter song.  
The grey silence.

Dominic Windram

## Winter Equinox (December 20th: 2019)

O may my prayers awaken long lost feelings,  
May they melt my heart which has become frozen.  
May they bring about a gentle inner healing.  
O may they bless all those who have been chosen.  
May they add firm substance to nebulous dreams.  
O May they merge together what is and what seems.  
May they create fresh thoughts; that sing like the wild birds.  
May they contain the sweet mystery of moonlight.  
May they continually beautify the common word.  
May they reach out to those lost in bleakest night.

Dominic Windram

## Winter In The U.K: 2017

The hills and fields are bedded down with snow,  
Like immense white blankets that softly glow.  
It is as if the world has gone to sleep.  
The silence and stillness are strangely deep.  
And yet I know that springtime is near.  
Although bitter winds are to be feared,  
The sky is bluer and the snow will soon  
Begin to thaw, and bright flowers will bloom  
Once again; with the changing of seasons.  
I love the sweet wonders of Creation!

Dominic Windram



# Winter Light

I perceive the patterns of winter light,  
When the ground is covered with flaky snow.  
Surfaces are illuminated that are  
Shaded in summer. When the sun sinks low  
And its rays are almost horizontal,  
There is a dream like beauty to tree trunks;  
A gleam to the bottoms of twigs and boughs.  
O I can trace Nature's subtle magic!

Dominic Windram

# Winter Sights

See the glitter of stars in the night skies  
And the bridal whiteness of mid winter.  
See the dance of snowflakes in the moonlight.  
See the fragile beauty of moment's rare.

O the wren, is so bold, in fleeting snow:  
O it's treasured by the clear winter light.  
Ice laden trees and fields set hearts aglow:  
Captured by the camera's steady eye.

Dominic Windram

# Winter Sketches

Freezing sleet, like shards of glass pelt the ground,  
With a fury that would stir the Norse gods!  
The birds struggle to fly as the wild wind  
Batters their wings. O when will it all end? !

Dominic Windram

# Winter Surprise

Diamond glints of ice  
In the blurred splendour of dreams  
Scent of pinewood trees.

Dominic Windram

# Winter Time Blues

Under skies- heavy & pregnant with snow  
Spring's promise seems to be forgotten.

O when will the streams frozen and silent  
For so long melt and run wildly again?

And you my lifelong friend - lying by  
the glowing fireside of memory.  
Why do you look so old and distant?  
Could it be that you are slowly dying;  
Lying there - so lost and cold and silent.

Yet your eyes like evening's studded stars  
Are still burning bright and glistening.  
And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow,  
Your weary heart still dreams of spring time.

Dominic Windram

## Winter Time Blues 2

The days are shorter.  
Winter wears an icy frown.  
Trees are skeletal.

Dominic Windram

## Winter Time Blues 3

O the days are brief.  
The silence is tinged with frost.  
Trees are skeletal.

Dominic Windram

# Winter Wandering

Through the drifting snow,  
And the howling wind, we search  
For fragments of light.

Dominic Windram



# Winter's Approaching

Winter's approaching.  
I can feel its icy breath  
On the morning wind.

Dominic Windram

# Winter's Blues

Winter's bleak landscape:  
Skeleton branches of trees;  
Frozen rivers; ponds.

Dominic Windram

# Winter's Last Rose

Winter's last rose; rose of regret:  
O how once your radiant beauty  
Shimmered in summer's potent hour.  
Now your faded petals offer,  
Only a glimpse of that power.

Now diamond points of ice cruelly  
Surround your flesh pink, Christ like presence.  
The whine of winter's bitter song;  
The cold claws of grief; the grey silence:  
The landscape scorns its chosen one.

Neglected rose; rose of regret.

Dominic Windram

# Winter's Robin Redbreast

Winter's robin redbreast,  
Sits on a branch laced with snow:  
What joy to behold!

Dominic Windram

# Winter's Silence

The profound silence  
Of winter accompanies  
The drifting snowfall

Dominic Windram

# Wintertime

O the wild winds howl  
In bleak days of wintertime.  
I'm dreaming of spring!

Dominic Windram

# Wintry Solitude

Wintry solitude:  
Everything around me is  
Very bleak and white

Dominic Windram

# Wishing

O I would like to  
Be healed by the first, sudden  
Rainfall of springtime!

Dominic Windram



# Wishing I Were Somewhere Else!

In old beer taverns, the light is buried;  
Under a myriad plagued distractions.  
Although it's seen as escape from worry,  
All the faux joy is undermined by woe.  
Although the bright lights must never go out  
And the music must always play, still we  
Are bored out of our wits, as we cling on in  
Frustration to the trite, mundane hours.  
We're consumed by gossip & News items:  
That dull the heart and freeze the sovereign soul.

Dominic Windram

## With Regard To Politics...

With regard to politics, I think that the key  
To understanding events is not to merely  
Become angry, but detach oneself just like an  
Angel or an august god. One should calmly and  
Closely watch the particular curve of a road,  
As well as its numerous signposts and potholes.  
It's easy to get caught up in all the traffic  
And the incessant noise of current politics.

Dominic Windram

# Within This Shell

Within this shell:  
A vibrant universe  
Of churning waves;  
Of seagulls' calls.

Within this shell;  
The salt rich sea;  
The sandy bay;  
The rising cliffs.

Within this shell  
Of ghostly white:  
The roaring winds;  
The whispering gods.

Within this shell:  
The broken world's woes  
And night time fears;  
The sweet angels' songs.

Within this shell:  
My eerie souvenirs  
Of an enchanted,  
Yet haunted season.

Dominic Windram

## Within This Small Shell...

Within this small shell,  
The vast ocean is still  
Sounding and roaring.

Dominic Windram

## Within...

Within the bright eyes  
Of dreams, a deep and warm light  
That heals starless nights.

Dominic Windram

# Woe Unto America! (Part 1)

'Woe unto America! '  
Exclaim the urban prophets:  
In rapt graffiti visions.

Woe unto America,  
With its Wild West delusions.

Woe unto America,  
With its serpentine systems of surveillance.

All hail America,  
And its search lights forever focused on the human insect mound.

All hail America,  
And its global, mass marketing monopolies.

All hail America! ,  
And its endless narcissistic dreaming.

God bless America,  
And its bovine Super bowl chauvinism.

God bless America,  
And its angelic exceptionalism.

All hail America!  
And its hypnotic media:  
That strives to control the public mind.

All hail America!  
And its sound bite psychosis.

All hail America,  
And its mindless, mercenary armies  
Of talk show hosts & quick fix therapists.

All hail America,  
And its atomisation of sacred consciousness.

Woe unto America,  
As it silences the messengers of the redemptive Light.

Woe unto America,  
With its lost, bloated pilgrims devouring the rose pink splendour of the dawn.

God bless America,  
And its day glo democratic circus.

God bless America,  
And its elaborate pantomimes of self pity

God bless America,  
And its cartoon illusions of the good life

God bless America! ,  
And its celluloid fantasies of fake heroes & villains

All hail America,  
And its rank hypocrisy.

Dominic Windram

## Woe Unto America! (Part 2)

Woe unto America,  
With its gun toting troubled souls.

Woe unto America,  
With its privatised prisons of mass incarceration.

Woe unto America,  
With its cynical endorsement of the electric chair.

All hail America,  
And its tribal idols of war.

All hail America,  
And its turbo charged military mindset.

All hail America,  
And its swift drones & F.16 birds of prey.

All hail America,  
And its made for T.V wars of terror.

All hail America,  
And its cool indifference to collateral damage.

God bless America,  
And its electronic heart that bleeps emptiness.

God bless America,  
And its neon lit madness.

God bless America,  
And its rampant, casino culture

God bless America,  
Where Lady Luck services millions of lonesome losers.

God bless America!  
And its starless, tenebrous nights: illuminated by mind obliterating mainlining.



All hail America,  
And its swollen empires of glass & steel.

All hail America,  
And its phallic skyscrapers penetrating the blue heavens.

All hail America,  
And its febrile worship of money.

God bless America,  
And its lame Elvis Presley clones.

God bless America,  
And its epic, ever green golf courses.

God bless America,  
And its petty suburban paranoia.

God bless America,  
And its crass consumer driven paradises.

God bless America,  
And its absurd plastic beauty.

God bless America,  
And its fast food fascism.

All hail America,  
And its changing fashions in a Godless Age of fabrication.

All hail America,  
And its planned obsolescence

God bless America,  
And its dread of red, compassionate socialism.

Woe unto America,  
Whose elites own this wanton world.

Woe unto America, ,  
Whose plagued streets are not paved with gold.

Woe unto America,  
Whose malls are cathedrals: glorifying Mammon.

Woe unto America,  
Whose Mickey Mouse watches will melt come the blazing sun of revolution.

Woe unto America,  
Whose presidents are brands of business networks.

Woe unto America,  
Whose spectral CIA pulls the strings of puppet dictatorships.

God bless America,  
And its Fundamentalist Christians:  
Bulging with bigotry.

Woe unto America,  
With its Zionist zealots  
Pursuing their racist, imperialist agenda.

Woe unto America,  
With its opulent Disney lands:  
Built on native Indian burial grounds.

Woe unto America,  
Until the rebirth of the Dove in tongues of fire.

'Woe unto America! '  
Proclaim the urban prophets:  
In rapt graffiti visions.

Dominic Windram

# Wonder

Wonder is watching  
The moon, as it drifts through clouds:  
Resplendent in gold.

Dominic Windram

## Wondrous Moments In Time

The wild ghosts whisper love songs into my ear,  
As the sweet scent of roses fills the morning air.  
I keenly remember all those precious moments  
That we shared; that were bathed in a warm, clear light.  
We were so young, way back then, and lost in wonder.  
We hadn't yet discovered stranger, darker realms.  
Now, I'm familiar with the ways of the world,  
And know such moments can never be found again.

Dominic Windram

# Wondrous Things

We all want the things  
Of wonder; that we can find  
In our wildest dreams.

Dominic Windram

# Words

O words can build, heal or destroy.  
They can be tinged with light or shade.  
Words can add colour to sparse thoughts.  
In poetry they can be profound.  
They can connect us to the source  
Of the heart's longing. They can hint  
At realms and kingdoms of silence;  
Hidden beneath distraction's din.

Dominic Windram

# Words Emerge From Wounds

Words emerge from wounds  
Sustained over a lifetime:  
The blood of wisdom.

Dominic Windram

# Words Fail

Words fail; under strain  
From bright images & sounds;  
Pouring from our screens.

Dominic Windram



# Words Of The Spirit

O I want to tell you about divinity;  
And the soft light of grace. I want to tell you about  
All the angels that inhabit and anoint the earth.  
I want you to forget yourselves and to look to  
Skies of azure. For out here, on the other  
Side of being, we are blessed. We are the eternal.

Dominic Windram

# Words Slowly Forming

Words slowly forming  
From a deep blue dream within:  
Soft as rose petals.

Dominic Windram

# World Of Confusion

This is a world of confusion:  
Where tribal conflicts are enhanced,  
By Media's constant fear mongering.  
This is not computerized Utopia,  
But a mawkish series of endless distractions.  
It is a hellish realm of disinformation;  
Of blood spattered digitals,  
That only register silent screams.

Dominic Windram

## World Of Confusion 2

World of Confusion;  
Distracted by illusions:  
No communion.

Dominic Windram

# World Of Constant Sorrow

There is a deep sadness in the eyes of the caged bird,  
As it envies the freedom and colourful flight  
Of the butterfly. And there are only a few words  
Occasionally tinged with a warm, tender light  
That can hold back the ravages of dreadful night.  
For this wanton world is a vale of constant tears:  
Where blazing vainglorious boasts drown out the plight  
Of the oppressed: who are shivering with cold fears.

Dominic Windram

# World Of Wonder

Wonder is woven  
Into the world's structure.  
Mystery brushes us  
With her wings:  
Softly, gently, pointedly  
When we least expect it.

Sometimes life brims  
With a kind of dappled glory:  
Like the certain pulse  
Of a perfectly beating heart.

Dominic Windram

# World Weariness

O I'm so tired of being a lone voice  
Crying in the wilderness. I'm fed up  
With having to explain things to people  
Who are not perceptive enough to work  
Things out on their own. I sometimes feel that  
Having a fertile imagination  
Is probably more of a curse than a  
Blessing. Better to be a content cog  
In the machine, rather than a disgruntled  
Activist or subversive artist/ poet.

Dominic Windram

# Wounded Galaxies

Wounded galaxies:  
Lamentations of black suns;  
Dying blue green worlds.

Dominic Windram



## Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams (For D.B)

Wrap your troubles in dreams,  
Now the grey clouds have gathered.  
Flowers, that were once so fragrant,  
Have lost their power and withered.  
Amphetamine's powdery haze  
Has darkened the colour of sleep  
The sun's radiant, golden rays  
Cannot heal; as they're out of reach.

Wrap your troubles in dreams.  
Although wicked demons may cling,  
To the pitch- black regions of your heart,  
Don't despair there'll be another spring.  
Your silver idols now lie broken  
In your room; that offers no relief.  
So wrap your troubles in dreams  
And find new reasons to believe.

Dominic Windram

# X Rays, Xylophones..

X rays, xylophones:  
How many poems out there  
Begin with an X?

Dominic Windram

# Xenophobia

Xenophobia  
Is a virulent disease.  
It can be found in  
Most nations under the sun.  
It can begin at  
A young age, then can fester  
As one gets older.  
Education can combat  
It to an extent,  
As it rears its  
Ugly head in myriad,  
Insidious forms.  
Yet sadly, it seems,  
Ignorance often prevails.  
O what can one do?  
O what can one say? Perhaps,  
In the end, one can  
Only shine a little light  
In a world shrouded  
In fear and darkness it seems.

Dominic Windram

# Yellow And Blue

Canary yellows  
And deep blue mysteries:  
New worlds of colour  
Are forming in my mind's eye

Dominic Windram

## Yellow And Gold: (Mark Rothko,1956)

Yellow and gold treasures unfold  
Before my eyes, as I slowly  
Drift into new dreams. All my woes  
Are dissolved in their fiery glow.

Dominic Windram

# Yesterday And Today

Yesterday, the tulips blooming in the garden.  
Today, a creeping sense of sorrow and anguish.  
Yesterday, the warmth of friendship and laughter.  
Today, the cold, distant kingdoms of solitude

Dominic Windram

## Yesterday And Today 2

Last year's offerings, have ripened and decayed.  
And this year we're now left with shadow plays.

Dominic Windram

# Yesterday; Today & Tomorrow.

Yesterday, the empire building  
And the taming by silver crosses.

Today, the struggle for meaning,  
In the face of vast, amorphous forces.

Tomorrow, the disappearance of the Real:  
Lost forever in the abyss of cyberspace.

Dominic Windram



# Yesterday's Flowers

In the dark days of turmoil,  
I moved in and out of grace.  
I savoured the aromas  
Of wild, exotic flowers:  
Of every hue and shade;  
Blessed & shaped by sun & rain.  
I cruelly cut them down;  
Desperate to claim their secrets.  
Their fragile beauty faded.  
So I crushed them with my bare hands.

Dominic Windram

# You And I

You have always been keen to play the system's game.  
Whilst I've always found it to be ridiculous.  
In your youth, you successfully internalised  
Society's norms, while I always questioned them.  
You regurgitate what you're told by your 'betters'.  
Whilst I've always tried hard to be a free thinker.  
You receive your information from the tabloid press,  
And so you're regarded as a regular guy.  
I research things in depth, and I am branded as  
A nuisance; a problem. Where's the justice in that? !

Dominic Windram

# You Are A Wonder Of Teeming Nature

You are a wonder of teeming nature:  
You are a fragile form of beauty that  
Changes subtly with each certain season.  
I have studied the world's complex design  
And never before have I encountered  
Such a delightful mystery as you.  
Even the angels in the blue heavens  
Would hold you in the greatest of esteem.  
You're the light to my pervasive darkness  
In you, I can finally be myself.  
You actualise my dreams and visions.  
You are a wonder of teeming nature.

Dominic Windram

# You Are The Emblem Of Beauty

You are the emblem of beauty.  
You are the dream space where I reside.  
You create meaning in moments;  
That linger like the slow tick  
Of eternity's clock.  
I sense your presence  
In every glint of soothing, soft light.

Small flowers bloom in your eyes.  
The universe breathes when you speak.  
You are bright star fall at midnight.  
You are are heaven made real for me.

Although Time's roses may wither,  
The memory of you will outlive all  
Fleeting, earthly particulars.  
You are heaven made real for me.

Dominic Windram

# You Cannot Serve Both God And Mammon

Christ proclaimed that you cannot serve God and mammon.  
He also stated that, 'What profits a man if  
He gains the whole world and loses his sovereign soul? '  
The calm mystics scorn material possessions.  
Rural bucolic types are concerned with being,  
Whilst fevered urban consciousness wants more and more.  
How it worships tarnished gold and silver idols!  
How it glorifies the crass and superficial!  
How it mocks the cold, ragged realms of poverty!  
How it boasts of its perennial 'successes'!  
How it adores its own reflection in mirrors!  
It seeks gleaming novelties that end in despair.  
As it warns in the Tibetan Book of the Dead:  
' O nobly born, let not thy mind be distracted.'

Dominic Windram

# You Versus I

If you are the fixed perspective,  
I am the wild, restless creator.  
If you are the dry bones of boredom,  
I am the rose pink flesh of longing.  
If you are the grey stone of dogmatic creeds,  
I am the blithe spirit of enchantment.  
If you are the prevailing order,  
I am the subversive act.

Dominic Windram

# Your Vibrant Beauty

Your vibrant beauty,  
Is now shrouded in sorrow,  
And veiled by despair.

Dominic Windram

# Youth Is Unaware Of Age's Insights

O these fleeting, fresh joys of green summer,  
And restless, fashionable, bright young flames,  
Lack the weight and wisdom of the centuries.  
They merely skim the surface of things.  
For them Beauty's worth is only skin deep.  
They're blithely unaware of life's dark depths.  
Yet soon they will age and realise as  
Soren Kierkegaard once sadly prophesied:  
That inevitably, the constant search  
For novelty, leads to the threshold of despair.

Dominic Windram



# Zap, Zap, Zap...(A Former Fan's Critique Of Star Wars)

Zap, zap, zap...that's Star Wars in a nutshell.  
Okay there is the Force and other themes.  
But essentially what really sells it  
Is the fact that it taps into childhood dreams.  
One critic famously called it: 'Cowboys  
And Indians in Space'. Monsters and droids  
Embellish it somewhat. But it's more fun  
Than serious Sci - Fi. Lots of laser guns  
And light sabres; lots of battles between  
'Good' and ' Evil'. Also, all the money  
Spent on special effects is truly obscene.  
They dazzle the eyes when viewed on Widescreen  
I like the first three films; but the rest are  
Terrible: a complete waste of time! Star  
Wars is now, alas it seems, little more  
Than a bloated franchise. No more Star Wars  
Please! By all means, collect the merchandise,  
But the next film will not be paradise;  
Not a chance. Indeed, it's likely to be  
Cinematic hell; no thanks to Disney!

Dominic Windram

# Zeitgeist

This is a strange age marked by rapid change.  
In many ways, this is a quick fix age  
That regularly messes with the fabric  
Of time via technological tricks.  
Yet this is an age that doesn't seem to  
Count its blessings. Everything is so new,  
But somehow deeply lost in hazy dreams.  
It just basks in artificial sunbeams.

Dominic Windram

# Zephyr

Greek in origin,  
Zephyr is the soft sounding  
Name, of the West Wind.  
It describes a gentle breeze.  
It rhymes with feather,  
And it seems that is most apt.

Dominic Windram

# Zero Consciousness

The sun as it appears in dreams  
Is only Nature's pale shadow.  
Many, seduced by myriad screens,  
Are currently ignorant  
Of the origins of things,  
As well as life's inherent purpose.  
Novel images and alphabets  
Gloss over the cracks in modernity.  
This age looks ugly when its visage  
Is reflected in Art's clear mirror.

Dominic Windram

## Zero Consciousness 2

If it wasn't for these myriad distractions,  
There would be nothing going on at all inside  
These hollow, malleable brains. They merely zap  
From screen to screen with about as much conscious thought  
As Pavlov's dogs! It's such a sad state of affairs.  
But in the future, I fear things will get much worse.

Dominic Windram

# Zero Culture

Here come the pretty fashion victims,  
Here comes one with a Cheshire cat like grin.  
Yet another walking, talking cliché.  
She just breezes through each and every day.  
O here comes the preening, new football star:  
Driving past in his latest, flash sports car.  
What has happened to the world I once knew?  
Now money is worshipped and fame is too.

Dominic Windram

# Zorro

When I was young I thought I was Zorro,  
And marked a 'Z' using a small knife on  
My parents' kitchen table. Suffice to  
Say they were not very amused at all!  
Fantasy and real life had collided.  
Yet I still recall happy times as Zorro!

Dominic Windram

## Zurbriggen - Calgary 1988

He glided like a god;  
As smooth & clinical  
As a knife through butter.  
He was as quick as a gazelle:  
A master of challenging turns,  
Shallow dips and flats.  
I still see him shining,  
Through the grey mists of time.  
In bold red and gold  
A solitary superstar  
Straining to the limits,  
Amidst the vast whiteness.

Dominic Windram