

Poetry Series

**John Murrly**  
**- poems -**

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## John Murrly()

If space and time, as sages say, Are things which cannot be, The fly that lives a single day Has lived as long as we. But let us live while yet we may, While love and life are free, For time is time, and runs away, Though sages disagree. (TS Elliot) Hi to everyone, After not writing anything for 14 years I have decided to start again. I write from simple and shallow to deep and abstract - all in-between-no rules! Hope you like some of my poems. I have never really tried to publish or shown them to anyone before. I have never received any feedback up till now so i would welcome any comments good, bad or in-between and give reviews freely to others Best wishes to all, John

## "cynical? No! - In San Pedro"

November solitude - an interlude-  
new Rhythms- shape a change in mood-

Then sight & senses re-arrange  
make friends - all new, from someone strange.

When warmth approaches, softly spoken -  
(leaves cynical suitors unswayed -un-broken)

How numb I am if not a child -  
to grip a hand in gloves of skin -

not shake them from the need to win?

Expressions - open faced – consuming,  
empowered deep by unassuming nature  
that reflects siesta - dreams of tourist's drunk fiesta -

journeys our unmade friendships bring -  
when time decayed - wear out - grow thin-

Our dreams alone – defiant of time – a sunset's streak  
without decline - stay unattached - not false nor fake –  
are vivid more - through sleep and wake -

from knowing dreams our friendships make.

John Murrly

# Dream Slip

A dream slip - as a night flick rolls  
beyond weak grip and outside find

A lesson draft - sub-conscious holds  
not recognised - lost verbal mind

Electric pulse - rebuilding portraits  
without light - no trace becomes

Of Patterns dance to starry score  
rebuilding nightly - profound crumbs

What wisdom routes a path to taste  
through knowledge - then a seed - in store

That plough's the mind in fertile flush  
and benches in our mantle core

John Murrly

# Insomnia (Help! - God's Picking On Me!)

Waterfall words splash tired closing mind -  
eyes flicker - churning - relentless search

Conceived in frames - each passing nook  
each threaded coil - my shambled knot

Soul access mad to bodies' voice -  
a vice of chains - cloaked bluff to man

No peaceway path - lest price of pain  
A passage eschewed - demented - lost

Our jailor gave us - free to will -  
go laugh to ours not - free in learn

Go trouble me on faith return  
show stars my eye that quell my heart

Go poke me with religious zeal  
most elaborate routes - contrived to one

Now mindwash my temple I'm primed for enduring  
the nightly bolts of your whim -

you make me laugh - now let me sleep.

John Murrery

# Sentry

A sentry held & gazed to fight  
alone I stood and welded firm.

Circled minds advantage picked  
sort where to paste my pressure, turn

If strike or touch or talk or take?  
will thoughts meander - babble - twist?

Or 'bout loves weight deluged in truth  
- cut bones - remove a sinner - kissed

Sentry confirm - how learn you lay  
push back against to castle tear

Accept your banish - mine to hold  
a conqueror - of mine own fear.

John Murry

# Un-Educating Racists

Colours just refracted pitch  
as shades of self reflect within

Lessons frail young clean heart cries  
lay desolate when sold a sin

Never knew a difference - ever was  
but question models higher role?

To preach away inherent love - replaced  
to bleach a child-like soul

How blessed was I with empty gift  
of never learning - even told

How people turned with blanket eyes  
corrupted lessons - mentor cold

What knowledge left for tainted ones?  
learn adults - hold a child to see

Not load love lessons - moral choice  
un-educate - then child like be

Remove hate layers - overgrown - of rusted  
love and gestured smile

Or watch young children play - become  
your jury - at God's holy trial

John Murrery

# War Of Words (Contemporary V Abstract)

By death-time pronounced for word takers - sent shrill  
came 10,000 moonics - flew down from the hill

An anointed collective - en-mass - darkly formed  
passioned earth crust collated - for souls yet un-mourned

Stern archers awaited and strengthened loose backs-  
raised neck hair of cavalry snapped back to its cracks

And all was a valley - surreal and unchanged -  
where certainty vanished - captured madness in frames

Staggered breath - shredded shivers through misted vent came  
a sent wind chose dead-screamed our widows by name

And all was a valley - surreal and unchanged -  
as mashed hoards of manics- merged unhinged with deranged

Commenced to attack - set an eagle - our gaze -  
mighty wizards from dim world - spelt hell fire with praise

Twisted eyes of the foe rained about us to drain -  
their sprit of hate lust - that quenched from our pain

When morning awoke every last word was said  
every syllable broached - every last letter dead

And all was a valley - surreal and in flames -  
as two worlds of words - both convictions lay slain

John Murrly