

Poetry Series

Simon Collins
- poems -

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Simon Collins()

Another human being searching time and again for some truth.

I have been writing poetry since April 2012 initially to assist in some emotional recovery, I now find this art to not only be therapeutic but inspiring and pleasurable, thank you for taking the time to read my words, Simon

A Bit Of Deep Thinking

The clock ticks far away
inaudible yet present
as each measured space
between moments collide
with emotions that split
into a trillion atoms of thought
I choose a handful to
follow and chase
tracing their lost trails
of light already disappeared
but held in memory,
this beauty of thought
glorious abundant thinking
a privilege of consciousness
a gift presented freely
to enjoy in wonder
without bodily restraint
creates my humanity
that manifests in love

Simon Collins

A Lovers Moment

Standing too close to me
In this cool late summer evening
Clusters of tiny flies dance to a silent rhythm
like drunk atomic particles
Your smile lights a fire
Far away in the psychedelic twilight
A chimneys Unblown smoke curls and unwinds
into a soft translucent cushion
You better go, he is inside
I say in my head while noticing your eye colour
Wanting to look deeper
The sun is almost spent and the cooling earth relents
It's warmth
I wonder where he is you say
As the colours darken and pull away from the light
You are gone

Simon Collins

A Pirates Fantasy

Your light safely sweeping
across the ink black sea
attracts like no other
you are the lighthouse
calling me back
again with your song
wanting to know the name
of the Celeste Rose
what may her cargo be
and her captains intentions,
the rock you rest upon
shines in wealth and warning yet
seems unimportant to you
I will sail past and look back
lovingly admiring your light
maybe one day with a refurbished rig
and freshly swabbed decks
on a well running surf
I will raise the flags
in offering
to be your eternal listener
then pirate your rocky island
to gently pillage your love
our treasures then we will share
and together sail to sunsets
still to be

Simon Collins

A Word For The Lost

No family
comes to love
though called
low and above
like the god
they call Shiva
destroyed
inside they all die
wondering what
just happened
with this one shot
of experience
to dance
through time
but they have
committed the crime
of the chosen
plunging the burnt
spears of power
deep inside
cutting the voice
of compassion
yet its silence sings
softly for you
dear child
reciting your freedom
to dream
and so by ether
we connect
to share the magnificent
together

Simon Collins

Accepting

Learning to breathe slower than before

Listening

Waiting in suspended peace

I am sure you will come

Slowing down to a heartbeat

Becoming translucent

Accepting your light

Simon Collins

Angel

I noticed a rainbow today
But kept it to myself
It glittered on a fishes skin
As a fractal of the sky

Life and death love to dance
As I gut this creature clean
And so it goes on and again
Life is gone all the same but shimmering

Sometimes Success will dance like the stars
Joyful in its lusty high
But in the dark and in the still
I weep for those who fail

Simon Collins

Back To The Devine

Reality breathes
like a cold night
mortally spun
worn dreams
are taken
to be thinned
then lost
in the mist
replaced by
survival and
the blessed candle
that burns
for your love

Simon Collins

Before The Rain

Blue is taken by the expectant rain
And given clothes of silver
I await the cleansing
Knowing soon I will not miss her
I am cold
In solidarity with the wanting earth
Wanting this steel grey day,
Relief will soon be ours
But for now
We wait
Together

Simon Collins

Betrayal Express

Madness my friend
Welcome
You are the only one who would understand
The only one I can tell

I waited for her and we kissed on the tracks
She smelled like nothing but love
But that was it.

Like a magician on stage
A witch in her cave
She performed her favorite trick
An illusion of love a lie above lies
Ladies and gentlemen
She stepped away from the tracks
She knew it was coming
Right on time right on time

And that big f&@\$ing train ran me over
The betrayal express full of men and regrets
Heading for the next cheap hotel
Down the track down the track

Can't stop that train
Can't slow it down
Ive got no ticket

Get up fool
Let her go
The conductor screams

It's only love

Well

To

You

Anyway

Simon Collins

Bi- Polar Baggage Handler

The deep thinking bi- polar
baggage handler
specialized in the ones that had
lost their wheels
so much so
he drank himself dry
full of abuse
those labels stuck to him
like a feminists smirk
he coughed up courage
from his stomach
riddled with emptiness,

But as the carousel rounded
his thoughts upped n ran away
being half made of animal
the rest a scribble
of brain fogged Freudian haze...
It's a mans right to admit
that mistakes are what made him
but that's not what she wanted
she wanted the ape
to be safe in the beaten chest
of ownership
wanting to give in
at the slightest request
but then twist control
full of marinating doubt
in a mistrusting soup
allowing her to
take lead of the collar
that one of them must wear
those primitive monkeys at play

and those bags go around
day after day

Simon Collins

Black

Explanation leaves me wanting
Words fall like Icarus
I turn upon myself and dive
Through a billion galaxies of dark
Deeper than a thousand blacks
Then through imploding supernovas
And back to black again
I will find where you are
My darling
Separate star

Simon Collins

Call To Arms

I now declare battle!
Put my heart in its case
All wrapped in armor
Made from diamonds and grace
Remember the spells
Not white any more
summoned to fight
The demons of war
Lock your soul and cover your eyes
Black and black will clash
In a blood red sunrise
Darken the day
Poison the moon
There is no holding back
Till death calls his tune
And with this true sword
Deception will bleed
And die and die
Until peace
Comes
To
Me

Simon Collins

Choice

The cold sighed around your doorway
Yet your words warmer than before
I stand barren outside
like the waiting door
Wanting closure
Your summer dress was out of season
Neither tight or loose
Our cool Autumn hearts
Choose
Intrinsically polite, to
Allow our separation
You held in the warm
Me free in the cool night
Sanctuary

Simon Collins

Closer To True

If I could walk unclothed
to the gentle mountain stream
touching the bare earth
skin to skin it would seem
that with patient naked feet
I would reach salvation sweet
cupping my hands to drink
where lips and water meet
washing the loveless fears
stained by day to day
from my clouded inner spirit
and so drink the pain away
to then maybe sing aloud
or dance a jesters turn
to the morning birds melody
in that moment be atoned
with Christ like grace I'd give
and not let the learning stay
so I may call back my child
and let laughter light my way
to be a reborn nature boy
pure as a meadows hue
a simple human being
closer somehow to true

Simon Collins

Country Roads

Nowhere is a place
that calls to me
from beyond
my control
singing its name
as paradise
reminding me
at every plateau
my beating heart
still yearns

Simon Collins

Dads On The Phone

How do men miss their children?

Let me tell you the ways

When ex's with lovers

Feed them and cloth them

And kiss to school goodbye

The Dads on their own

Leave for work all alone

And all of their lives

Go

By

Simon Collins

Dark Love Story

I couldn't be there
present and accounted for
to take one for the team
keep those wolves from the door
it's not the cold that gets you
mixed with hunger pulling tight
or the pitched ghost of darkness
swallowing the night
but when your pride stands surely
as inside your heart it must
fails to speak the language
of common rules and trust
so the candle dances madly
in its struggle to survive
blow! I dare you demon
test my will for light
this could be a story
full of endings strung on rope
but bit by bit comes beauty
through a heart filled with hope

Simon Collins

Derelict

From a distance
I see him bent stubbornly
Mad against the day
In resentful motion his
Weary time stained aura
Keeping up like a reluctant shadow
Wanting to rest yet
Stepping over the waiting earth
Shuffling
To a less important destination
Called by softer voices now
Compassionate
Yet unheard
Through echo's
Of his pain

Simon Collins

Don'T Go

Listen yearning child
Your spirit is immortal
Your body may tumble
To its death
As you
Rocking slowly
Push forward
Bare feet stretching
Gravity pulling you
Over the edge
You know
Even at your age
The science of falling
And perhaps
You will be saved
The anguish of
The traditional ones
With rules
Written on
Hand me down walls
But stay dear child
I will save you from them
And give you dreams
To live on earth
In immortal
Spirit

Simon Collins

Forgetting You

You will disappear
From these tunnels
In my mind
I'll close them up
With concrete blocks
And mortar made from time
Your visions will no longer dance
Or tease my memory
I'll lock you out
Without a doubt
With my heart saving
Masonry

Simon Collins

Home

Oh ignorance
Save me,
Give me a moments rest
Just a sip of natures breath
Let me not concern with
Machinations of the soul
Let me break the surface
Of quandries dark and cold
Escape the heady depths
And leap like a summer trout
Toward the simple sun
Flash my rainbow skin
Become with the sky as one
But dive once more
To loves deep heart
For there
Through pain I've won
My home

Simon Collins

It Ain'T Easy For The Losers But They Will Find A Way

here I sit alone
except for the stirring night
carrying it's messages kept
away from reasons sight
where now whispers the ghost
circle around in character
or hold the darkness close
dive to depths of madness
fall further than is sane
to wells of hidden sorrow
all welcoming again
to waves of love betrayed
filling eyes of pain
so damn the tears arrival
curse their well worn place
comfort runs like water
cold in its escape
but let me bravely swim
and keep this precious breath
learn to love again
before this life has death

Simon Collins

Its All About Me, My Ego, And The Universe

Tonight I am the sun
a star in space
my blaze is a crescendo
or a silent point
depending on the viewers
distance from me
luck is available
as is movement
like a dreamers
freedom
the universe my oyster
of choice,
limits are made by
people with rulers
calculating the known to make
rules for people
to put up walls of block
filled with mortar
made from crushed stones
of fear
these commands are
translucent to my light
unable to withstand
truth in its expansion
allowing my soul to
travel in solidarity
with this universe
built on
existing in
and
moving forward
unhindered
in love

Simon Collins

La Luna

They always talk about you
But now full waxed and high
The maddened crowd don't notice
You've captured the lonely sky
But with their eyes a little wider
Smiles closer to free
Your aqua magnetism
Ensures their lunacy

Simon Collins

La Luna Iii

Pulling the oceans
To your breast
Softening the sun
Offering me permission
To dream
I can not hold you
Yet stay
in your
Translucent love

Simon Collins

Liars

Liars are like rats
Running into the sewer
Where it is safe

Simon Collins

Lies

your lies are taking centre stage
dripping black/blue in my mind
poison sliding down to my heart
through my lungs
breathless
I tighten like leather
those lies and their visions
none little
none white

Simon Collins

Looking For Lovliness

She wears her pants now
in her woman only tribe
rejecting the protection
of the gladiators pride
and he is manicuring
his hairs as best he can
smooth and soft like hers
this modern trodden man
he loves him and she loves her
sometimes the twain will meet
to find that he's too giving
and she's not quite as sweet
it's a type of stereo
typical in the extreme
keeping love in limbo
somewhere in between
oh give me her with flowers
resting in her hair
floating summer dresses
dancing through the air
softly spoken reasons
to accept romantic fate
I call for you dear maiden
before its all too late

Simon Collins

Mad Mans Bible

New book old book
It means this it means that
Dragons will eat you
The world is flat
Bearded controllers
Scribbling rules
Creating clubs of
Tongue talking fools
Star bellied sneetches
Rolling in righteousness
But loving Mary
Was nice wasn't it
Mumbling mantras
Creating devils
Putting fear
Of what hell is
In lovers
In love
Jesus turning in his cave

Simon Collins

Meditation

I sat among the sea shores stones
Reflecting on the souls in town
Miles from all their maddening
Sounds of sea and gulls around

In the corner of my eye I saw
A flash, a pearly hue
Simply treasured in a shell
I held the swirling pink and blue

Oh gem of the sacred seas
You bathe my eyes in beauty
Deep as a healers hand
But like love I set you free

Then I laid among the rocks
With magic turned myself to wood
And basked in the winter sun
As the Adrift and thoughtless should

Simon Collins

Messenger

A blink, a glimpsing nano second
From a lashes fall to rise
Reveals the message of your thoughts
Dancing lucid from inside
You tell me a million secrets
Stories of hope and pain gone by
That electric minute moment
In the meeting of our eyes

Simon Collins

Midnight

The midnight moon was whole and still
Soaking forward her velvet secrets
Yet behind her softened golden eye
Love waited to be called

Will she ever love the dark?
And again in the blazing fearless sun?

Rest dear child, rest and I will come

Simon Collins

Observing The Loner

He committed the highest sin
unspeakable in its shame
to burn the genetic bridge
releasing maternal pain
he became a psychics friend
his home at the village edge
outcast a ghost alone
indulgence fed his head
no blame no change no alter
acceptance slaps the face
pleasure is disguised
yet love guides his inner space
I watch him slowly standing
straight from weighted years
a man without a mother
silence in the face of fears
a family is like a hat that
sometimes finds a home
but travelers are their own kind
separate they will roam
our mothers they are aloft
worshipped for love bestowed
but save a thought for the loner
his care unjustly sold

Simon Collins

Ode To A Planet

Look at the wind
it moves for you
with the sun and stars and moon
a life begins anew
take their omnipresent presence
then breathe it deep dear child
let it be your essence
let them sculpt your soul
be wild be free be daring
neither young nor old
dance together into the night
feel the grace, the gift, the light
no time is free from reasons
caught up in mortal toil
be the strength of seasons
a mystic natural
sing the tune of free birds
sailing high above
a picture painted paradise
a place to be and love

Simon Collins

Ode To Separate Families

The space you filled recedes
yet waits for you once more
little shoes, two pairs
tucked in by the door
no claws of grief can scratch
or cast the dark about
my daughters you are loved
no fear, no turn or doubt
a father must be the hero
soldier for the secret law
casting mistrust asunder
for what is love but war
and when the days are done
when I rest and call the song
this coat of arms we forged
is yours to pass along

Simon Collins

Old Friend

Comfort casts its light
from your eyes to mine
long and lost
your words in easy time
how long's it been
months, even years
since I called you broken
man to man with tears
old friend you are the gold
in threads that bind
life's cloth together
when our love's unwind
the hearth has it's welcome
we will talk of deeds of men
brother there's a place for you
come and sit my old friend

Simon Collins

Om

Silence glistening in it's
Tingling bell
Moving space
Away
Leaving me
To be,
I listen as I
Disappear

Simon Collins

One Of The Boys

From the
Mouths like bottom dwelling fish
Turned down and tight
More than three syllables never sounds right
Drawn and measured like an old cows walk
It's the Reds or the Blues, who won last night?
Talk
Trampling with gumboots
Any hint of grace
One of the boys
Down at the club
Drunk off his face
One of the boys
Called Jonesy or Pete
He's
leaning on his ute
That he calls a truck
Maybe its because of size and all that

Simon Collins

Passion

It wasn't planned
To be like this
At
48
Lying face down
In the sand
Not daring to move
Because the pain
Increases with movement
But the tides coming in
It's horses are thundering
Seething and hissing
With crash and retreat
You have to get up boy
It was just a storm
Yes a howling tempest
But just a storm
You are alive
You are threatened
It will never change
You will always have passion
And passion is dangerous
Like the sea
At
48
I
Get
Up

Simon Collins

Perfect Stranger

I see these people often
catching an eye from them
across the road or you know
through a cars turning window
describing the soul
reading the face
we trace in an eye
the story as we go
by that we share
as we search
this world for
the perfect
stranger

Simon Collins

Poets

When long these thoughts boil and rage
at last I put this pen to page
capturing the fleeting vision
cast words no longer hidden
a fractal in a spiral world
connections at last unfurl
to link our web of consciousness
to understand to replicate
balancing love or hate
and so I read the words of others
and as a saint or witch discovers
communication frees the mind
for eyes to fill and heal the blind

Simon Collins

Praise

Love..oh you blazing jewel

I dropp to my knees

I bathe in your light

You are my moon

My paradise

Simon Collins

Protecting The Heart

I walk away
into the night alone
your tobacco tongue
licks the lips of fate
you will not be mine
though mine you are to take
why load your healing heart
with weighted lust
when honor lights a flame
just as hot
but lingers sweet
into tomorrows mist
so goodbye I say
under love this code of trust
tonight I walk away
among the starry dust

Simon Collins

Queen Of The Cold Hearted

She keeps her heart
In an ice box
A translucent
separate case
Yet still it beats
Like a doped Eskimo's drum
Heavy in expectant space
Quickening with a notion
That love may really be real
Like that potion of shamanic madness
At least a little surreal,
Sometimes she sets it free or
It melts with a lovers touch
Warmed with a poem by Neruda
Or Kahlil Gibran or such
But her trust has known only winter
Not poets and their lofty truth
So she ice's it back in its box
Lonely girl
All frozen solid, aloof

Simon Collins

Rainbow Sunset

My visions of you
Are fading beloved
Like a rainbowed sunset
Gives way to the dark
I yearn every moment
For those colors to brighten
To remain electric
Blue green and scarlet
But time is in motion
Dark follows light
Memory shall be
All of you tonight
Until that too fades
And washes together with
All my life's days

Simon Collins

Rainbows And Water

Don't you dare separate
me from the clouds
they are my voice
transmuted to vision
I am everything
I am
chaotic beauty
so close to you
we are water
running together
walls are fiction
created by fear
egged on by religion
pressing the neck
of the church bound child
to raise the flag
of power soaked
human ignorance
but take this hand
trust only love
and we will
fly
through rainbows

Simon Collins

Ready To Fly Inside

There is nothing left
to ask aloud for
the child has grown
yet still wants more
to fill the void
to run away
when voicely called
or softly prayed

his leaden feet
cut through shame
by blood red rules
slow, yet run again
and fear not flight
so he calls the stars
and moon tonight

for deep inside
it burns a blaze
he calls and cries
for peaceful days
for cocoons to wake
to all that flies
to gather around
then fill the skies
with newborn wings
shadowless now
so the sunbird sings

and so inside
these realms await
his beating wings
of love
to celebrate

Simon Collins

Remembering What You Gave Me

A wave explodes upon the craggy shore
defended by bright black rocks
resolute in momentary power
holding fast
this moment of force
the scatter and dissolve of motion
awakens
I become the wave
my mind softens in appreciation
bathing in refreshed thought
yet behind and beyond
death is calling
distant gulls shriek in hunger
calling for change
their naked silhouettes
know these dark clouds
givers of life
blocking the sun for
underworld demons
to furrow this barren land,
As these clouds pass
I wish for only
memories of your giving
you as the rain
me the broken wave
returning together
as tears
to
a waiting ocean

Simon Collins

Rising To Paradise

Everything that flies
touches the sky
I will not question
nor look for lies in the mouth of love
I confess my will to flight
care not what words will say
and so trust my wings
will unfold one day and fill
in your sweet breath
to rise immortal
through blue skies, through death
and to you
take me closer

Simon Collins

Sea Witch

I paddled forth on the liquid sea
Searching for something inside of me
The stars they then shone through the day
Just for Fay's and witch to see
Those stars they cast a magic haze
It clothed my thoughts in mystery
And when the fish birds
Sang my name
In a shanty like lament
The girl that had my mind at play
Well, she heard of this and went
I paddle on
I paddle free
These thoughts all gone
Inside of me

Simon Collins

Silence

There is nothing to say
Silence pulls away the words
Like a river takes the rains
To the sea
Silence fills its cup to the brim,
I take my fill

Simon Collins

Starry Night

Suspend me in this night
As my mother
I am your unborn,
My black soul is fluid
Floating in the warm light
Of your ethereal womb
Awaiting birth of my heart
As a sacred star
To become a celestial Prince
Unfolding my spinning galaxy
Blazing a billion pin points of brilliance
Reaching a crescendo
Of infinite silence
As one
Serene
In the universal presence
Of the divine

Simon Collins

Storm

I captain alone
Torn sails whip the bruised sky
Knuckles white
Eyes salted and wild
Dreams chase my mind
Lashed to the helm
The tempest cries
Its strangled call of lost souls
Forgotten by time
Fear is my poison now
I take it's drug
Terror saturated saltwater mountains
Crest and trough in careless rage
As if inside my heart
Tempting my very death
I sail on
In promise of being
The keeper
Of your light
I am Captain
My ship the Celeste Rose
Is my hope
My lantern
Between mortal souls
And black blue depths
Of the seas sodden grave
I focus on the wind
Searching for relief
Calculate the rushing swell
I pray
Utter magic incantations
Clutch my wanderers amulets
Fear is mine
I will be the hero
Of this Saga
Reach your Island
And name it mine
I sail on

Temptation

I could get raging drunk
or blindingly high
oh choice! you seasoned tempter
please don't curse or sigh
cant we roll the baggage
or pass reality by
let us lift the lid
on this unknown pail
drink like bare ribbed dogs
let those dreams set sail
or will loves nurture win
and grant this soul repair
peace my sweet dear peace
let me breathe the air

Simon Collins

The Rise And Fall Of The Usa

A hero shares out equally
his captured blood
eyes glazed with
generous determination
drunk with battle
safe now in the arms of adoration
this feeder breathes in
the blood soaked desert
dry throated in
vanished compassion
row upon row of talons sparkle
sharpened by the gnawing hunger
of the patriots stone
craving relief for
the squeaking wheel
of the American dream
the sun colors the evening clouds
as was in ancient Rome
glory paling under
a similar sky

Simon Collins

The Road To Hell And Healing

Sometimes I cross that line
In my mind
that seems fine
but to you
it is a road to hell
intending to offend
you yell
there's malice in my chalice
but drink my blood
and I'll explain my pain
sweetness truly tasted
needs bitter experience
so hence this dense
thickened verse
that chokes the throat
and calls the hearse
to thoughts of
mums and dads
and picket fences
but through the haze
and looking far
away to stars and light
I will feel and kneel
before great love
and love will heal
the universe
in all of us
tonight

Simon Collins

The Wolf

A mothers arms
Will never hold her
Forgotten son
He will never feel
Sanctuary in flesh
Removed
By father and brother
Never to look
Friendship in the eyes
Alone
He has learned
To wear the coat
Of the Wolf

Simon Collins

This World

Sometimes I pass through a doorway
To a world
In silent motion
As time breathes in and out of itself
Realms swirl and melt in perfect chaos
In this world
Thoughts and dreams merge
Realities image becomes a vapor
A translucent holographic mist dancing with the air
I become a spec of drifting dust sparkling in the sun ray
At one with the universe or singular at will
The air tenses and relaxes
Fluctuating with the pulsing sun
Love is the controller
The universal magician
I am love
In this world
I choose
My existence

Simon Collins

To Love Just Once

Take it away
that steel moulded thing
shining for this heart
like a trickster you sing
all the golden dawns
their colors ran
I missed the stage
too cold to act
passing all the light
up for the black
so blind to friendship
like a fallen hunters bird
I lie waiting
to be eaten
back to dust,
but there is a hand
offered in love
all I ever wanted
to leave fear
to hold your
deep trust near
you only know this
makes me real
so you will notice
the light
that merges
when I ask to
be your breath
between my
birth and glorious
death

Simon Collins

Two Words Of Hope

Don't go
all hard
or vicious
stay soft
and delicious
your eyes
they milk
my soul
of love
the invitation
incantation of
your lips
silently calls
my heart
show me
hold me
in gentleness
and reflect
your beauty
in words
of peace
woman I
will count
the stars
for you
every night
just let
me see
your love

Simon Collins

Universal Hope

After the madness you hide
away from the suns searing eyes
into remembering
you silently slide
touching those places
inside
your child has gone
to walk unclothed
among the beasts
alone across without peace
the open plains of deception,
strength has reached its brim
it's well must yield to you now
so untether your weary
travelers heart
trust in the blind faith above
let it carry you gently
to float in the waiting
universe of peace
in love

Simon Collins

Voyeur

Saw this guy on Telly
Going crazy
Emotional
Crying
Documentary bout dogs
Took his away
We're his family
Was a loser
All his life
Emotional
Crying
Dirty hair
Dreadlocks
Smoker
Emotional
Crying
Kind of stupid
From the drugs
And his childhood
Emotional
Crying
Can't keep his dogs
No family
Sad story
Emotional
Crying
Dogs don't mind
Though

Simon Collins