

Poetry Series

alan brown
- poems -

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alan brown()

The ability to write gives you freedom of speech

A Book Without Pages

We look out of our windows
on a bright clear summers day.
And find that all is cheerful
as we watch our child at play.

But somewhere in the distance
we hear a faint rumbling sound
As the water laps on the sea shore
this is our world abound.

The peace was overpowering
on such a glorious day.
But we could still hear that rumble
although it was far away.

Then, and without warning
The sea rose up in aw
Like a ten story building
it headed for the shore.

We ran like bolts of lightning
to make our only child safe.
But the water overcome us
and took us to our fate.

So if you see the book of life
floating near at hand.
Don't open the sodden covers
As there's no pages to understand.

alan brown

A Butterfly

A sadness overcame me
as I walked into the room
It was full of unhappy people
with faces full of gloom

Their tears were forever falling
and ran throughout the floor.
Bringing sadness all around us
who could want for more.

But then a little butterfly
fluttered through the air
And faces started smiling
as its beauty laid them bare.

Its colors overcame them
and its silence gave them joy.
And made them all feel young again
just like a little boy.

So if sadness overcomes you
and your tears fall like rain.
Just think of mother nature
and all that we have to gain.

alan brown

A Dog Was Left In Dyer Straits

A dog was left in dyer straits
by an owner still unknown
She was thin and week and wiry
and you could see her bone

.

But we took her in
and fed her well
until her trust we gained
Then we could take her for a walk
without her being rained.

We fell in love with the little beast
until one day in spring
When a stranger knocked upon our door
and claimed the dog within.

The tears flowed for many a night
until we herd a cry
As the little dog had returned to us
and left the other guy.

A stranger knocked upon my door
but I would not let him in
As the dog had chose us evenly

alan brown

A Happy Life

The trees waved at me
as I walked along the lane
Shifting in the summer breeze
as their leaves called out my name
The Sun was high and warming
as it hit my ageing face
Bringing comfort to my old bones
as I increased my pace.
I knew what was before me
as I headed down the road.
But know one could deter me
as on and on I strode.
Would this day end in tragedy
or would my partner win
I looked up at the windows
as I approached the house.
And could see my lovely daughter
playing game with her pet mouse.
I called out loud her only name
and like the wind she ran out.
Straight into my waiting arms
and together we ran south.
I knew that I had taken her
away from my cheating wife
And now we could be together
to live a happy life

alan brown

A Life On The Land [nature]

The sound of the morning whispered clearly in my ear
as the lark and the nightingale sang their musical song.
Flickering Butterflies drifted from bloom to bloom
taking joy in the abundance of nectar
dripping from within.

Bee's buzzed
bouncing along carrying bursting drums of nectar
to a Queen so pure
Ants scurried within the cracks of walls
busying as the day went on
Flowers opened brightly
showing off their splendor
to the wonders of the world

Clouds formed
as flies took to the air
fearless in their flight
as birds fed
Fields of sweet green grass
rippled in the wind
Trees showed off their splendor
high above the mortal land
as orchards gave off their sweet bouquet

Wheels traveled hard along the broken road
As carts built high with hay
lazily move along.
Plough dug deep turning the soil
as they replenished the age old land
While giving birth to a new day

alan brown

A Spark Of Light. Suicidal Tendencies.

Lost in a world of thought
I suffer the indignity of living
While sadness softens my heart
bringing light in a blatant way
to my dreams.

Although life prevails,
every proceeding day
my willingness subsides
As sadness overtakes my mind
in the darkness that overcomes me.

In dyer need I wander
searching my soul.
Wanting but never finding
the need in me.
As the light fades before my eyes.

Darkness willingly takes me
far beyond every thought
that had ever entered my mind
But withing the darkness
a light prevails.

This small spark of light
eases my mind
Bringing solace to my soul
and hope to the living
As time passes me by
but only in my dreams

There are a lot of suicides worldwide
I hope this poem will give them a little light, in the darkness to show them the
way

alan brown

A Very Wet Friday, Where Is The Plumber

I got up one Friday morning
to hear a terrible din
My pipes were banging and rattling
and leaking on my bin.

I got the local phone-book
to try and get a fix
But I couldn't find a plumber
as he wasn't on the list.

I asked the woman next door
and she didn't have a clue
But she offered me a quick fix
A tube of supper glue.

I put the glue on every pipe
but the noise only got worse.
I wish I'd never touched it
under my breath I cursed.

I thought I'd travel into town
to try and track down him
but as I left another pipe burst
and flooded my dressing gown.

I knew I needed real help
but what was I to do.
So I went into my wardrobe
and got myself a shoe.

I jammed the shoe in tightly
behind the leaking pipe.
It stopped the water flowing
but the sound banged with all its might.

Just then a passing stranger
Knocked upon my door
and said they knew a plumber
as he lived at number four.

I rushed out of the war-zone
and ran right down the street
And knocked hard on number four
I hoped I wasn't beat.

The plumber answered quickly
and I told him of my plight.
He said that he was busy
and would call round at ten that night.

I went home and waited patiently
for that knock upon my door.
But the pipes were banging endlessly
And I could stand it no more.

So I went back to the plumber
and dragged him up the street.
He wasn't very happy
as he had no shoes upon his feet.

He looked at the rattling pipes
and at the boiler too.
Then he looked at me foolishly
as he removed my soaking shoe.

He turned a tap and banged a pipe
then saw the super glue.
He looked at me
like I was mad
But what was a girl to do

From out of his bag he took a tool
and turned a loosened nut.
The noise it stooped instantly
and the leaking pipe shut up.

The moral of this story
the moral of the poem
Is if you can't find a plumber
then call on him at home.

alan brown

A Vision Of Light And Darkness

The day had started easily
as I walked the same old road
But something unfamiliar
had opened as I strode

The light of day was beginning
before the night would end
But the darkness overcame me
as I came to the streets end.

Before me lay the end of time
a land we all forgot.
And from the darkness before my eyes
a vision of a child I did spot.

Now this was not a normal child
of what our minds might see
But a vision of light and darkness
in any form that we wanted it to be.

The child walked up before me
and stretched out her delicate hand
The just as I was about to take it
she withered as if made of sand.

I looked down to the sodden ground
as the rain had wet the spot
But the pile of sand had disappeared
and the ground was burning hot.

Then as the earth did open
to reveal its hidden goal
The girl did reappear
and beckon me to her sole.

It was then my heart did jump
and beat in my heaving chest.
As the girl of light and darkness
tried her level best.

But as the light before me
took on a more hideous form
I knew this was the ending
that I'd wanted all along.

I stepped into the fiery hole
and took her glowing hand.
She then led me to a special place
that all will understand.

The place was all around us
that we visit every day.
Made up of seas and rivers
and even bales of hay.

She showed me all the glory
that spread throughout our land
And took me to the edge of time
to make me understand.

I then knew what she'd shown me
was lost to all but me.
As the end of time had eluded
the human race you see.

The fires had abated
to leave a burnt and barren land.
Of dust and rocks and lava
and mountains of golden sand.

alan brown

Age With Astounding Grace

I sit here all alone at night
thinking of the past
Dreaming of the days gone by
and how they used to last.

I think of good times and of bad
and remember the hardest times
When we used to toil all day long
to make our bread and wine.

I remember the week we went to Spain
and it rained all through the night.
We feasted on apples and old goats cheese
and had bad dreams that gave us a fright.

There was also the farm where we once stayed
and helped to feed the Geese.
But they chased us for miles flapping their wings
never giving a moments peace.

Then sometime ago we both got old
and slowed to a crawling pace.
Now all we can do is remember the times
and age with astounding grace.

alan brown

An Alien Passed Us By

I look up to the stars at night
and sit and wonder why.
If we can't live on this forsaken world
why would others want to even try.

We hear of spaceships flying by
and saucers by the score.
But I can only wonder
if there were aliens
would they not want more.

Our earth is getting smaller
even as I speak.
As humans over populate
theirs four hundred in my street.

We live in crowds
like a hive of bees.
Never to comprehend
that if we live
like this much longer
The earth will surly end.

So if your looking down from space
don't land on our soft turf
As we cant live here all in peace
to save our little earth.

I saw a spaceship flying
as it seemed to pass us by.
They must have found another planet
that's safe in their minds eye.

alan brown

Astounding Grace

I sit here all alone at night
thinking of the past
Dreaming of the days gone by
and how they used to last.

I think of good times and of bad
and remember the hardest times
When we used to toil all day long
to make our bread and wine.

I remember the week we went to Spain
and it rained all through the night.
We feasted on apples and old goats cheese
and had bad dreams that gave us a fright.

There was also the farm where we once stayed
and helped to feed the Geese.
But they chased us for miles flapping their wings
never giving a moments peace.

Then sometime ago we both got old
and slowed to a crawling pace.
Now all we can do is remember the times
and age with astounding grace.

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Broken Heart

When a branch breaks from a tree
It falls to the ground
But when your heart is broken
It has nowhere to fall

alan brown

Come Sitwith Me And Listen

Come sit with my a listen
to the tale you'll have to hear
About a young mans story
Of loneliness and fear.

It started on the day of birth
while everybody spoke
About the life that he would have
but all the talk was a joke.

He grew tall and strong
and learned well
The meanings of his school.
But as he went out
into the wide old world
He became everybody's fool.

He worked for a pittance
for forty years
And broke just about every bone
Then in the evening he repaired the roads
before he set off home.

The days were long and tedious
the nights so short but sweet.
And everyone around him
took pride in his defeat.

Then one day he realized
without a single thought
And he wandered off into the wilderness
to seek the life he sought.

For another ten years he wandered
until one day in May.
He walked into a valley
With farms that were full up with hay.

Now this is the life he dreamed of

from the moment of his birth.
But sadly he passed away that day
and is buried in the earth.

So if you wake up dreaming
about another life.
Take heed in what the future brings
and don't toil all your life.

Just take a moment to yourself
and do what's in your dream.
Because you have only one chance in life
before you go unseen.

alan brown

Donald Trump[i Saw This Man On Tv]

I know I Am not American
and don't live in the USA
But I saw this man on TV news,
Just the other day.

He seemed to look intelligent
until he opened up his mouth
Then like all the other politicians
the lies started to come flying out,

It seems that all the immigrants
come to America carrying bombs
And all the Homosexuals
wear tights and bras and thongs.

The Indians are all simple
as the pipeline cuts up their land
I know its true, as I got the Fracking message
from Donalds right hand man.

How can a man like Donald
think he was born elite
As his friend who lives Russia
bends down to kiss his feet.

I know this world has troubles
and that I understand
But how can so much power
be given to such an unstable man.

We have found that though the ages
at least one dictator comes along
And builds a wall so massive
even the Aliens think its wrong

It happened over in China
and one cut through a German town
But man came to his senses
and pulled the obstacle down

So don't let this man in power
have reins to lead his horse
Or we will all end up like donkeys
and become part of his workforce.

We need to live and flourish
for our world to be loved and free
So why did so many Americans
Vote for this man in Tennessee.

We need to stand up and be counted
of this I am quite sure
To help the ill and needy
and especially the poor

I cannot see this as a better world
as long as he's in power
Lets hope that democratic America
can demolish Trumps own tower.

I am not a very intelligent man
and only want simple things
But Trumps like a black angel
a Putin without wings.

So lets all get together
and fight against this wrong
And get rid of the Trumps around the world
and sing a happy song.

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Freedom

To be free is the aim of most men
But to be free and toil
Is the aim of the few
If the few toil
Then most men will not be free

alan brown

Hands Across The Sea

Hands across the Sea

It started during war time
when the world had gone quite mad
And everyone was killing
the ones they were told were bad.

But every war has its good side
and everyone its bad.
So lets not blame each other
as that just sounds quite sad.

Instead of fighting each other
join our hands across the sea
and fight to save each other
In perfect harmony.

Lets give food to the hungry
and help to save the poor
And we could live our lives together
of this I am quit sure.

So lets think of the future
and not just of the past
and forgive all the ones we fought with
Then there can be peace in the world at last.

So get together on PoemHunter
and spread the words I've said
Across the sea, s and oceans
And in your own homestead.

alan brown

Happy To Be A Human

I am Happy to be born a human
as I could have been born a frog.
That would sit all day in the sunshine
on his woodland log.

I could have also been a deer
that stood upon a hill
or just a little piglet
scratching for its fill.

I could have been an Elephant
upon an African plane
But I don't think being an Elephant
would be quite just the same

I might have been a Tiger
as Tigers like to roar
But the stripes would not suit me
of that I am quite sure

.
So I am happy to be a human
and live a life that's plain
As being anything else
would never be the same

alan brown

Her Voice Was Like A Choir

She lay there in her summer dress
like an angle on the wing
Never wanting to disturb the peace
But always wanting to sing.

Her voice was like a choir
enchanted to the end
With words so sweet and lovely
you would listen like a friend.

He face was one of silence
with fair white even skin.
And she beguiled without resistance
as she took all that were with her in.

She took them to the highest high
with none or little thought.
And dropped them like a stone in a pond
without an evil thought.

So if you see an angel
lying within your thought.
Don't listen to the singing
as you will be easily caught

alan brown

I Have A Good Friend Named Rick

I have a good friend called Rick
who with a guitar is real slick
He strums out a tune
By the light of the moon
and makes everyone feel real spic

He plays his own songs
and we all sing along
And he really thinks he is hip
But when his amp brakes away
he's reluctant to play
And he takes an unwanted hippy fit

We settle him back down
and take off his frown
And he plays wicked tunes
from the hip

And some times he expires
with his fingers on fire
and gives us the tunes
In one lick.

Now I know that you've not met him
and will not regret him
But he's fast on the move
and into the grove
And his fingers are really quick
He plays us the blues
And he can really amuse
As he plays the guitar
Fast and Slick.

alan brown

I Know This Is A Stupid Thought But I Wish There Was No Sun

The Sun was very hot today
as I worked my daily toil.
Not building bricks or plumbing
but digging of the soil.

The land is rich and plenty
as I sow my winning seeds
But water still evades me
and I need it to succeed.

The rivers dry
the wells gave up
and the rain just will not come
I know this is a stupid thought
but I wish there was no Sun.

I live in need continuously
as I do my daily toil.
But why will it not rain today
and replenish all the soil.

My lips are dry and cracking
but no one hears my plea.
I have lived this way for many a year
with an empty bucket on my knee.

Just give me a little water
and I will be your friend.
I will wet my seeds joyfully
and bring this to an end

I look up to the clear blue sky
and see a distant cloud.
Again I make my plea for rain
but this time I cry out loud.

Just then the heavens open

and it starts pouring down with rain.
and the water washed my seeds away
So I will have to start again

alan brown

Iam Back. [a Writer Always]

They cut off my fingers
they cut of my toes
They never relented
and cut off my nose.

They shortened my leg
and took off a foot.
And strapped up my elbows
so that I couldnt shoot.

They took out my blood
and gave me ten pints more.
Then they straitened my back
so I could lie on the floor.

They just about took
everything in my life
But they forgot all my pens
so I started to write.

I wrote poems of heroins
and dogs who have more.
And strange lonely people
who knock on my door.

I wrote of the times
when I used to run.
And chase all the girls
and have lots of fun.

But now I am lost
in this lonely bed
I write with the pen in my mouth.
As they took my lead.

So please just remember
I am a poet at heart.
As I struggle to write
as the ink just wont start.

alan brown

If The Cap Fits Ware It [said The Rabbit To The Hair

It was on a hot and humid day
and the fields were full of scorn
When a small thin Rabbit met a Hare
as he walked by him in the corn.

Said the Rabbit to the Hare
your ears are long and weak
While mine are stout and upright
and yours are bent and sleek.

The Hare he looked despondent
as he looked down on his foe.
And wished he'd took another path
and started off real slow.

Where are you going with those floppy ears
the Rabbit did declare.
You look so stupid in that stance
with your ears trailing there.

At this the Hare stood upright
until his stance was full
And his ears towered over him
pointing up towards the Sun.

He looked down on the Rabbit
as he cowered in the dust.
And mocked his short clipped ears
until his ego bust.

Now the moral of this story
the moral of this poem.
Is if the cap fits wear it
and don't criticise your own.

alan brown

Innocent Until Proven Guilty

I appeal to the sense of the witness.
To come forward without a delay.
As they will be hearing my case very soon
And I don't want to be sent away.
As you know from what you have told me
on the day that it happened so quick
It was not me who stabbed her to death
but a very sharp sticking out stick.
They all knew that I loved her
and wouldn't have heart her that way
So please come to me very quickly
as their going to send me away.
I've now been found guilty of murder
and the judge is making his count.
As the years that he is willing to give me
will make ma an old man when I get out
So please will you come forward
as their coming to take me away.
And tell them the truth that you told me
On that very last tragic day.

alan brown

Lost Love, Girlfriend

The last time that I saw you
was in a pleasant dream.
While sleeping the afternoon away
trying not to be heard or seen.

You were in that dress you wore
on that day we met in spring
Looking very beautiful
although a little thin.

We danced on into the night
I remember Oh so well
Then a loud noise awoke me
It was someone ringing at my bell.

I staggered to the door with a fright
although I felt quite ill
And when I looked into the night
I thought I saw you still.

But it was only an apparition
of the girl that I once knew
As standing at my door that night
was a man from darkest Peru

In his hand he held a note
that he wanted me to take.
But my superstitious mind
knew that it was fake.

For in it were the words of love
from the girl I knew before
I tore up the note as if I was blind
And slammed shut my front door.

alan brown

Man Flu

The man flue took its toll this week
It sapped my strength and made me weak
My eyes felt like they were popping out
And my high temperature sometimes made me shout

The aches and pains drove me up the wall
I don't think I got any sleep at all
I tossed and turned throughout the night
And by the next morning
I felt like Id been in a fight

I sweated like a fireman's hose
With water running from my nose
The handkerchiefs were piled up high
As I failed to reach the ones nearby

I couldn't eat I couldn't drink
As I left my mark in the kitchen sink.
My feet were cold my head was saw
I felt like id been sleeping on the bedroom floor

Now this mans flues a thing of the past.
And I can get on with my life at last
So if you think you've got man flue
Don't tell the wife or she might get it as bad as you

Iam very happy to be getting over the man flu
I only wish you woman knew
How much more we men suffer than you

alan brown

Me Kitchen Sink.[Funny]

Me kitchen sink.
is blocked again
As my wedding ring
fell down the drain.
I'll tell the plumber
not to take a week
or i'd poke him
where the Sun don't peep.

My light bulbs gone
it was on the blink
I now need an electrician
to fix the thing.
The waters stopped
and my televisions broke
I am all alone
and I've lost me bloke
Now I don't think
life's is really a joke

I've lost me key
so I cant get in
My belly hurts
course I awful thin'
The last time I ate
was a week ago
But I don't eat fast
as I am to slow.

Now if I get
just one more hitch.
I am pitching my tent
on a football pitch.
And when the boys
come out to play.
They will have to cancel
the match of the day.

alan brown

My Visit With My Friend Barack Obama

My visit with my friend Barack Obama

It was late on a Friday night when I finally made up my mind to go over to that place called America, to see my old friend Barack Obama. Well I say my old friend I had posted a few bits of advice on his Facebook wall and he must have taken them seriously as he did win again.

I knew that when I got there he would remember his old pal Geordy who had helped him get re-elected again.

I had booked a flight from Newcastle airport for Saturday but it didn't leave until seven o'clock that night. It was a twelve hour flight so I knew I wouldn't be there before seven in the morning and by the time I got a taxi to his white house I would just be in time for me dinner.

I was looking forward to dinner with Barack as I knew he liked a good steak medium rare just like me. I just hoped he'd put a few potatoes on the side and a good helping of onion gravy on me plate as I am quite a big eater being eighteen stone.

I went to bed that night but found it very hard to sleep as I had to be at the airport two hours before my flight took off. I don't know why they want you there that early maybe they have to count the people going on the flight a few times just to make sure they get it right. Can you imagine getting all the way to America and the Air Hostess counting 501,502? .O my god wheres 503 we must have left him at Newcastle airport. Now that would cause a great deal of problems as they couldn't just fly back and get him as it would take to long. They would probably send him on the next flight, but he would be very late.

I thought that I'd better leave bright and early as I would not want that to happen to me, and if I was in the first ten in the line they probably wouldn't make a mistake like that so early on.

I arrived at the airport three hours before my flight and do you know there were still ten people in-front of me. They must have been having the same thoughts as me and didn't want to be left behind.

I stood there in the line for over an hour before anyone came and booked us in but finally my bag was taken and my passport checked so all I had to do now was get through the customs.

I went upstairs and made my way into the customs checking and reading all of the signs as I went through.

Anything to declare like bottles of water pop or bombs, well I knew I had some water so I drank that as quickly as I could making sure it was all gone before I

got to the scanner as I knew they would only take it off me and it had cost me fifty pence and I wasn't going to waste all of that money.

It seemed a very strange poster asking you to declare bombs and the like.[Hold on just one moment Mr Customs officer I think I have a bomb in me case. Could you hold this bag for me while I pull this cord].What terrorist in his right mind would declare his bomb. That would be a daft thing to do as they would lock him up for life.

I thought I'd better get those thoughts out of me mind as it was bad enough being frightened of flying without worrying about bombs.

I emptied my pockets and put my items on a tray and of they went through the scanner. I walked through the body scanner and it made this kind of buzzing sound. I was stopped by this really good looking blond as I tried to retrieve my tray. She asked me to stand still while she scanned me and her buzzer went off as well. I just couldn't understand why it was going off as I had put all of my items on the tray. She looked like she didn't believe me as she had a very serious look on her face as she told me to remove my shoes.

Well the look of surprise on my face when I took of me shoes and there inside was my chewing gum from the day before. I had wrapped it in some tin foil to keep it fresh when I went to bed and forgotten I had put it in my shoe. The customs didn't look very happy with my explanation but they put it in the bin and eventually let me through.

All I had to do now was get on the plane and soon I would be having dinner in the white house. I was still wondering why he had called it the white house as I boarded the plane.

I sat at my seat and got myself comfortable next to the window so I could get a good look at airport as the plane took off.

I don't know why I had sat next to the window as I was dizzy just looking down at the tarmac and the plane had not started moving yet.

It came over the mike that we were taxing out for take off. I'd already paid for one taxi that morning and was only hoping that they were not going to charge me for another one before we could take off.

My mind was set at rest when the plane shot forward like a bullet and I instantly brought up last nights supper. Luckily it went in the bag in-front of my seat.I only hoped that know one wanted to read the magazines on the return flight as they would be a bit soggy by then.

I started to relax a bit once the plane had leveled off and every one had gave a big sigh of re-leaf.

I decided to take one of my sleeping pills as that would make the flight seem shorter but after about half an hour I wished I hadn't taken it as the air hostess

kept on waking me up to see if I was ok. I would be ok if she would only leave me alone.[Do you want a drink sir, there might be some turbulence sir, are you comfortable sir]. If I wasn't comfortable I told her I wouldn't be snoring. She pestered me the whole flight and I was not very happy when we arrived at the airport in america.

We left the plane to go to the customs and as I had said before I was very happy I was a low number, as the air hostess didn't look very happy with herself as she counted us off.

I walked down the airplanes steps and took a great big breath of fresh american air. I coughed a few times from the exhaust fumes but I soon got over that. Off I went into the customs.

There was a huge line of people in front of me and it took nearly forty minuets before I was standing in-front of the customs officer.

He then asked me a few questions which was strange as all the people in front of me had virtually walked through.

I smiled up at him as he you have anything to declare, no I said. Have you ever lived in I said, What a silly question to ask a Geordy as he should know Geordies only come from Newcastle, but I let him babble on Have you ever used another name he asked. This was getting very strange but I still answered no.

Wait there a moment sir he said to me as he pressed a button below the counter. The next thing I know is two policeman with guns out frog march me through the airport with everybody watching, .

I couldn't tell you how stupid I felt as they pushed me into this small room. It was painted a very bright white and had a single small table and two chairs in the middle.

What the hell is happening here I was thinking just as the two policemen walked back in.

They asked me where I lived and how long I'd lived at that address. Well I told them I had been there all of me life but they seemed to just ignore that.

Then they asked me what I had in my luggage. I listed most of the things but as you know when you are packing in a hurry to see Barack you can forget exactly what you have packed.

They were still looking at me very strangle as the officer on the right produced a small brown box and laid it on the table in-front of me with a great big grin on his face.

Now I knew what the problem was they though I was a drug dealer from Birmingham and this was my stash.

I picked up the small brown box and stuck my finger in it and licked my finger to show them that it was ok. But that only made it worse as the manhandled me to the floor.

I was trying to explain to them that it was my Bisto gravy salt that Id packed for

Obama to make a some nice onion gravy with, to go with the steak dinner he was making as I loved Bisto.

They dragged me back up and pushed me down in the chair and it wasn't until they had analyzed the gravy salt that they finely let me go.

I just could not believe the treatment I had received trying to see me mate Obama and I thought this was the land of the free.

Well forget about all of that now as sometimes you get little hiccups when traveling. At least I was free to go and see my pal now. I walked outside the airport and thought that I might have to wait a while to catch a cab, but there were thousands of them all looked like a huge banana split bent around the airport buildings.

I jumped into the very first cab and asked him to take me to the White house. I could see his face in the rear view mirror and he seemed to think I was a bit doolally, but he set off in the right direction.

It took a very long time before we reached the white house and by the amount of dollars he charged me I think he had been driving around in circles just to put the fare up a bit.

Well I had finely arrived and could see why they called it he White House, as it was all white and I still had one hour before dinner time so I knew I wouldn't be place was very impressive, with its nice cut lawns and the fountain looked fantastic. I would have to complement Barack on his good gardening sense. I also took note that I might just put a fountain in my back yard as his was so spectacular.

I walked up to the front door but when I knocked I got no answer so I thought I would go around the back and look in the windows to see if I could find Obama as he might just be having an afternoon nap in one of the back rooms before dinner.

Is't it strange how all these country rulers are always fenced in or have locked took me quite a lot of energy to get over the high fence and the tingling feeling that I was feeling all of the way over, it was just like the one I got at home when I tried to re-wire the electric lamp, but it was quite nice really.

Once on the other side I went in search of the windows to see if I could get a hold of him as I didn't want to be late as that would be very rude.

I looked in every window that I passed but to no avail. I couldn't find him anywhere.

Then as luck would have it I spotted him sitting at a table with what looked like his wife out on the back lawn drinking iced lemonade.

I was going to shout out, but I thought that I might surprise him. As I know he wouldn't believe that me a Geordy had come all this way just to see him and have dinner with him.

Well I was right he did get a surprise when I tapped him on the shoulder. In fact

he got that much of a surprise he legged it back into the White house with his misses screaming. I stood there in disbelief with my mouth wide open. Id come all this way and he didn't have the bottle to say hello.

Then to my added surprise out of the house there came running half of the Washington DC police force with their guns pointing at me telling me to get on the brought back bad memories as a similar thing had happened when I had went to see my old friend Lizzie in London.

I lay on the ground and they soon had me tied up like a hog waiting to be roasted.

They carried me inside and locked me in another white room with a table and two chairs, I think they must not have a lot of money to buy furniture in the USA as the rooms were so sparse.

I knew that everything would be ok once Id told them why I was there, and they hadn't even give me a chance to give him the Bisto for his onion gravy.

I don't know why but after I had told them my story, they took me back to the airport that very night and put me on a plane back to England, although I had told them I already had a ticket for a flight back the very next night. A very strange place the USA. Next time I go to visit Obama I think I will send him a text first just to make sure that he is not going to get a shock when I turn up. As he did go very red when he saw me,

Well I will just have to go home to Newcastle and tell all me palls that he wasn't in when I got there.

Do you think that they will believe me, as they were all expecting me to bring presents back from Barack, as you know he is a very rich man.

Well I think Ill take another sleeping tablet as it makes the flight fly over, that's unless the air hostesses disturb you

Snooooooooooar.

alan brown

Nature In All Its Glory

The Sun rose above the green
and plentiful land
As the creatures of the morning
fed with delight.
The time was good and all that lived
glowed with anticipation.

Deer stalked as the Eagle
took to the air.
Seeing all that was within
its spectral view.
Bringing life and delight
to it's seeing eye.

Hare within the field
fought
As the cockerel crowed
the beginning of the day.
And man rose to the sounds
of the early morn.

The sky blue as a Summers day
reached out.
Letting its fingers
seek warmth in every crevice.
Waking all but the dead.

Sounds echoed in harmony
as the morning carouse
broke the silence of the night.
As birds sang
bringing purpose to the day.

Nature in all its glory
was abound.
Lifting all that lived within it
To the highest high.
And bringing meaning
to life itself.

alan brown

Of Scars And Story's The Orangutan [Funny With A Message]

THE STORY

Hi feet were large and out of shape
and he walked along with a wide gate
His arms were hanging below his knees
and his hairy body was full of fleas

He grunted spat and picked his nose
and the stench that came from him
was not of rose.

His eyes were black and full or woe
and he wore a ring on his right toe.

His wife was just the same as him
although she might be a little thin
Her hair was longer at the front
while in her arms she held his crying runt.

Now he was not a strange looking man
as all his fellow men were Orangutan
They swung about from tree to tree
happy in their way and full of glee.

THE SCARS.

Now one day in the month of June
along came a man named Weatherspoon.
With a gun in his hand and no fear in his heart
He went to hunt a trophy in the wooded part.

He looked in the trees above his head
and saw an Orangutan asleep in its bed
He let of the gun with a quick sharp crack
and down fell the Orangutan flat on its back.

But the man did not know the man did not see
That he missed the Orangutan by miles you see

He had fell out the tree because of fright
and laded safe on a bed so light.

The man looked down as it opened its eyes
and started to run but to his demise
The Orangutan was quickly on its feet
and pulling him down onto the soft dark peat.

And before he had a chance to get up and run
He was scratch so hard against his bum
that it left him scared for the rest of his life
While the Orangutan went back to his wife.

So if you see a Orangutan
hanging in the trees
Just leave him in peace
with his tics and fleas.

alan brown

Please Walk With Me A Moment

Please walk with me a moment
as I remember all in life.
Like the time we had a quarrel
about our simple life.

We laughed and cried
the very next day.
And thought our sins had passed
But then you did remind me
of all the times that we had laughed.

Please walk on here beside me
and help me to surmise.
Like the time I crashed my motorbike
but both of us survived.

I remember on a xmas day
the snow did heavy fall
But we made snowmen as we played
and felt so un-forlorn.

The time had come like all mankind
to live our life of joy.
And I still remember vividly
when you had our baby boy.

I couldn't live a life any more
than the one I lived with you.
But I am leaving on this train today
as an ending that's for sure.

You passed away and left me
with nothing in my life.
So I will find another
and dream about you my wife

alan brown

Scars And Stories, The Nightmare

THE STORY

The dream was nearly over now
I could feel the endings near
As I lay alone on this cold night
at the ending of the year.

The windows white with frosty swirls
and the moon so full and clear
Lit up my room with beams of light
and rid my mind of fear.

Enchanted by the song I heard
I opened up my eyes
To find the bedroom roof had gone
As I looked up to the sky's.

Was this dream still lingering on
or had my mind regressed
As a shooting star shot across the sky
A wonder to be blessed.

It was then I saw the stranger
so white as if a flame
Came gliding through the window
and never broke the pane.

He hovered at my bed end
with a smile upon his face
Looking so white and surreal
But never out of place.

His voice it was melodic
his action as in a dream
As he stretch his hands out to me
and held me to his esteem.

Then in a moment I was floating
high above the floor

As he took me to the heavens
a dream I wanted more.

SCARS

His action was so peaceful
and my mind had settled in
But the blade he held within his grasp
would free me of my sin.

His blade cut deep and bled me
of all my worldly woes
And left me scared forever
as he finely let me go.

It was then that my dream ended
as I shook in mortal fear
As I looked up at my bedroom ceiling
a sight I held so dear

alan brown

Scott Of The Antarctic

The ice wind dug deep
into the darkened lines
of his broken skin.
Cracking even the deepest crevice
and bringing blood.
He struggled on
without thought for his prevail.

Winds echoed like haunting voices
forever in his ears.
As snow in flakes as large as his hand
fell endlessly covering everything
in bright clear white.
Blinded he struggled on.

His goal was but a day away
as the cold bit hard
crushing his sole.
Defeating his every need
and taking him beyond endurance.

Taking everything that he could give
he walked on into the blinding storm.
Frostbitten, delirious
and lost in the wilderness.
He bent down never to rise again
In the light of the coming day.

alan brown

Seize Not My Treasure From Me, Because I'm Far Too Great To Crawl At Your Feet

The day was long and tedious
the heat was hard to bear
The life of man was ending
to this I had to swear.

The trees were burning brightly
as the smoke blacked out the sky
I remember standing there thinking
who, when, and why?

The rivers were overflowing
as they traveled to the sea.
While the birds and animals scattered
never to be seen.

This world of ours was ending
as I went down on one knee
Seize Not My Treasure From Me,
Because I'm Far Too Great
To Crawl At Your Feet
All I want is forgiveness
Until my god I meet.

alan brown

She Lay Upon A Bed Of Gold

She lay upon a bed of gold
with pillows of silken thread
So that her beauty would unfold
by morning time they said.

Her sleep was deep and calming
her skin so light and fair
Just like the golden colour
of her moonlit hair

Her lips were so appealing
so pink and moist with dew
But deep in this beauties heart
were thing we never knew

.
Her past was full of dangers
her future full of pain
Would I ever be able to love this girl
and should I ask her name.

I waited until morning
when the Sun had spread its rays
Across this little angle
lighting up her beautiful face

But then things did astound me
as I watched her lie in pain
As the wax that made her features
was starting to melt again.

Her eyelids fell upon her cheek
her hair did just the same
Was this beauty that i'd created
never to rise again.

I watched in vain as her beauty
fell right off the bed
And at that very moment I decided
To sculpt a man instead

alan brown

Slick Rick The Guitarists Lost Caravan

Slick Rick the Guitarist
was mowing down the lawn.
When all at once he noticed
that his caravan had gone.

He looked into the bushes
and even in the pan
But for the very life of him
he could not find his van

He followed his intuition
and went out in the street
Thats where he found the scrape marks
that were made by his caravans feet.

He jumped into his four wheel drive
and followed the murky tracks.
And soon he found his caravan
as he'd left it around the back.

He could not for the life of him remember,
even until this very day.
So he went and wrote a song about
the caravan that went astray.

The caravan had a mind of its own
Slick Rick quickly wrote.
With the chorus about the heavy rain
that made his caravan float.

And if you go on u-tube
and listen to his song
please leave a pleasant comment
as his friend Alan sang along.

alan brown

Stubborn Is What Men Are

S tubbon is the man that's always right
T roubled is the man that's never wrong
U nafraid is the man without fright
B eaten is the man forlorn
B right is the man with light
O bstinate is the man that's unsure
R idiculed are the man made fools
N ectar is the man that's so sweet to know.

S.T.U.B.B.O.R.N
THIS IS WHAT MOST MEN ARE.

alan brown

Telling The Earth His Lies

Sometimes we sit and ponder
and let the world go by
While there are storms and thunder
that blind the human eye.

We live in a world that we create
to suit our simple ways
While our planet begs to be left in peace
and for us to change our ways

We kill because we have to
to survive the waiting days
While all that man has built
we destroy in many ways.

We take the oil the coal the gold
but never give anything back
So what is filling the earthley void
i think its crust will surly crack.

So when you dig another hole
please think what it might achieve.
And fill it with a solid form
So the earth can start to heal.

For in the years that are to come
man will not survive
Unless he changes quickly
and stops telling the earth his lies

alan brown

The Beast Of Darkness

Our darkest day was approaching
as we looked outside in ore.
The garden was overgrowing
and we could see the path no more.

The gate was covered in brambles
and the grass was knee high deep.
It was as if time itself
Had surly gone to sleep.

The light of day was breaking
and the birds began to sing.
But we just stood here waiting
for the darkness to begin.

The clouds passed by in dark array
as the hours went along.
Until the ending of the day
and the birds had stopped their song.

Then from the dark appeared
a beast but not of man.
That took our eyes from within us
then in the darkness ran.

We stood and watched as time went by
never to see again.
The beast of darkness as he ran
and took with him our pain.

alan brown

The Beast Of Man

A creature wandered through the wood,
undaunted by the soundless clip of its horse like hooves.
Deliberately it raised its head and smelt the morning air,
tasting droplets of dew lingering in the morning mist.
It's eyes were dark but sparkled like glistening coals
fresh from the mines of hell.
Its wet black snout twitched
as droplets of spit trickled from its snarling mouth.
Its claw like hands snatched wisps of air,
licking them with its forked tongue from its hairy palms,
tasting for man.
Its head rose in anticipation as its pointed ears heard faint sounds,
its head turned to the hill, the hunt was on.

Bounding forward as a beast upon a kill the creature went on
snaking through the wooded ground and up towards the top of the hill.
His eyes now fixed upon his pray,
he must not be seen,
he must hide away.
His mouth was running with foaming spit as he could taste his pray,
long before he bit
and keeping stealth upon his side he eased his way up the hillside.
Again he stopped and smelt the air as mans distinctive scent was there,
drooling now with thought of taste he hurried on
but not in hast.
He slowly crept towards the scent
with mouth agape and head well bent.
His teeth were gleaming sharp and white
with points of steel for him to bite
But when in his sight a man appeared
to his surprise he had two spears,
and as they came flying through the air,
he watched them come with ought a thought
and to his surprise it was him they caught.
They struck him hard and they struck him deep
with spurting blood he went off his feet.
The beast of man stood proud and high,
looking down on the creature with gleam in his eyes.
He raised his head and smelt the air

but smelt no smells that spelt beware
and turning now towards the wind
he bounded off and home again.

alan brown

The Buttercup With Golden Hue

The Buttercup with golden hue
sways with gaiety in the breeze.
While the Tulip with its redness new
stretches up towards the trees.

A Bluebell chimes its heavenly glow
while massed beneath the trees
As the scent of flowers flows through the air
To lift our darkest day.

The Dandelion with head of gold
takes up the rolling hill
While the Daisy and the Daffodil
cry out there swaying thrill.

The Summer day brings out these things
each year to open up your heart
So please enjoy them while they sway
and bring life to the country park.

alan brown

The Cottage By The Sea

I read a book on Tuesday
about a lonely man
Who lived a life so simple
that I could never understand.

He lived in an old cottage
not far from a sandy shore
With windows made of sea shells
and seaweed on his door.

He wore a coat of fish skins
and his boots made of skin
But still he never faulted
as he lived his life within.

Then one day walked in a strange
with money in his hand
And bought the little cottage
to make his worldly stand.

But just as he was faltering
the stormy sea took it's toll
And washed the cottage from the land
And claimed it with it's sole.

So if you buy a cottage
upon a distant cliff
Please look carefully at the sea below
before you spend your bit.

Because the land of sea is eroding
at an enormous rate.
And before you even relies
it is knocking at you gate,

Many seaside cottages in England are quickly being reclaimed by the sea as the land erodes, just a warning to all out there who are considering buying one.

alan brown

The Darkest Dream

The Darkness all around me
had opened up my mind.
For I could only wonder
what dreams I had to find.

They took me to places of splendor
and caverns deep within the land
But the ones I could remember
I could never understand.

I dreamed of wars and heroics
and seas with distant sands.
But never of the dangers
that I had in my own hands.

I left the land of plenty
and gave up my own home.
But still I dream of places
that I had never known.

I'd taken to my lonely bed
as life had passed me by.
Trying to remember
the past in my mind's eye.

But I had now forgotten
the life I'd used to lead.
And gave up all my possessions
to people who were in need.

I lie here on this blanket
trying to survive.
But knowing that my life will end
as I prepare to die.

I came here with a want so bad
that I believed in fate.
But now I hold my arms out
as I enter those double Golden gates.

alan brown

The Desert Out Of Wreckage And Destruction, Springs A Welcome Sprig Of Hope

The Sun beamed down forcibly
upon the hot and golden sand
As Vultures circled endlessly
above the lonely man

It had not been his intention
to end up in this spot
Without food or water
and by God it was very hot.

He looked off into the distance
but his only sight was sand
there was no one in this desert
that could give a helping hand.

He covered the distance slowly
as he had lost his strength
And knew that time was against him
as he was nearly spent.

Then as he came to the crest of a dune
a oasis did appear.
With palms and grass and water
so blue and "O" so clear.

His strength for a moment did return
as he ran with all his might.
Down towards the oasis
Which is where he died of fright.

The palms were nothing but a mirage
the water only sand
And he had a massive heart attack
as the sand ran through his hand.

PS.

The palms and water gave him a welcome sprig of hope

while mirage of the oaisys wrecked and destroyed him.

alan brown

The Door Closed Behind Me [love]

The door closed behind me
as I left the lonely room.
But the thought of you still lingered
with the smell of your perfume.
Your eyes dug deep within my heart
as I walked out to the street.
Bringing memories of times gone by
that I could never meet.

My love for you was endless
and I thought we'd never part.
But this is now a sad goodbye
as you have broke my beating heart.
You told me of the good times
when we were young at play.
And the time we went to your mothers
on that Christmas day.
I thought we'd be together
and never be apart.
But I live my life in terror
as I have lost you my sweetheart.

Please take me back I LOOOOOOOOVE YOOOOOU.

alan brown

The Dying Child. A Mother With No Choice

The long grass gave shelter to the dying child
as her mother walked away.
She had been born a small child with twisted limbs
and no figure of speech
He mother hid her away hoping that the father would not return
but return he did.
He cursed her sole for ever giving birth to this wanton child
His heart was as black as his horse.
The mother kept the child, frightened day after day of discovery.
The child grew quick fed on milk from its fathers cattle, but its limbs grew weak
She knew it would never recover and never be as other children.
Reluctantly she took the child into the bush, knowing fair well that it could not
survive a day never mind a month without her.
She placed the child in a small clearing she made in the long grass and sat
bewildered looking into the child's large brown eyes.
But still knowing the hurt she was about to bestow on the small infant.
Tears rolled down her face constantly as a reminder of her hurt.
But she knew that eventually she would leave the child to the open plains.
She stood for a brief moment watching her child as it smiled She turned to leave
as the pain dug deep into her heart.
Never to return.
As the Hyena laughed.

alan brown

The Earth Shook With Anger

The earth shook with anger
as they took the trees away
Never in its lifetime
had it ever been so bare
Is this how its going to stay.

The sky's broke out with thunder
and the seas rose up in pain.
But we ignored all the signs
and lived our lives the same.

The wind brought down our buildings
then covered them with snow.
How much longer us humans can survive
I don't think i'll ever know.

The rain poured down from the heavens
and flooded our streets and drains
I don't think that our planet
will ever be the same.

The last time I'd seen sunshine
was on a winters day.
But it has never yet returned
I think it died that day.

So if our little planet
is going to survive.
We need to change our wanton ways
And keep life's mysteries alive.

alan brown

The Earth Shook With Anticipation

The earth shook with anticipation
as the end of time was near
And life upon this desolate land
would never re-appear

We took the earth in the human hand
and scattered it far and wide
Leaving no place on this land
for the animals to hide.

The Sun no longer hung in the sky
and the Moon was even gone
With darkness all around us
and nothing to live on.

So please sing as poets do
to end this future trait
And send your words throughout the world
before it is too late,

As man is responsible
and he really needs to change
So let your words astound me
and make your poems as hot as flames.

Then sing with me a happy tune
to make my life complete
And change the way we treat this land
and we dance with happy feet

alan brown

The Gambler A Wasted Life

He nearly passed the shop without a glance
as the horses raced inside.
He knew he'd never enter again
as this is what he'd decide.
The money burning a hole
in his pocket.
would stay there on this day.
As he knew he'd never gamble
the rest of his life away.

The race was off he could hear the sound
coming from within.
It wouldn't hurt to take a peep
as this was not a sin.
But he'd promised his devoted wife
to never bet again.
And looking in the shop itself
would not be against her will.

He opened up the large blue door
and stuck his head inside.
The atmosphere was hypnotic
and he felt all beguiled.
The race was on he felt the urge
his mind was all a spin.
What harm would it do
just one more bet.
And then he'd pack it in.

Just then his wife so dear
walked passed the open door.
And saw her husband standing there
his mouth an open gore.
She took her husband by the hand
and led him back outside
And told him in so many words
that his life with her he denied.
And if he took the bet on life
that he would lose again.

And she would leave him momentarily
and never see him again.

With this the sobbing husband
looked her strait in the eye.
Then went to put the bet on life
as he knew he'd surly die.
And from that very moment
his life was lost to him.
As he gambled all his assets
to live a life of sin.

alan brown

The Ghosts Of The Night

The moonlight drifted slowly down
covering all with its iridescent glow.
As the trees shimmered, shaking their leaf's
in the cool breeze of the evening.
Stars twinkled in the dark night sky
as the nightingale sang its melodic song.
Life was good and all around
there was thanks for the ending of that glorious day.

Walking out from the shadows
a fox cried out.
Giving birth to the night
as the witching hour approached.
Dark images moved within its grasp
never willing to show their form.
Owls hooted their echoing cries
that would send shivers down any sane mans spine.

The witching hour was upon us
as the village clock struck twelve.
Suddenly swirling mist like forms
massed in the graveyard.
As they moved between the age old stones
standing proud above the rotting bones
that lay buried deep within the earth.
Voices of the dead could be heard
singing songs long lost in the eddies of time.
Sweet and enchanting
as they drifted on the midnight air.

O! , What a night this was
the night of the dead.
As children slept in their nice warm beds
locked tightly behind closed doors.
Never seeing but always dreaming
as the night went on.
As the ghosts of the night
Enjoyed their weekly song.

alan brown

The Golden Land

Fireflies sparkled
like a sprinkling of fairy dust
in the midnight sky.
As shooting stars danced
leaving trails of neon light
as they passed us by.

Clouds fluffy and light
broke up the darkness
as the moon glistened
reflecting golden light
upon their whitened rims.

A midnight rainbow arched
over the rim of the trees
As the moist air
rose above the canopy.
Bringing wonder to the land.

Birds lifted into the dawn
singing songs of joy
to the discerning ear.
As the sun lifted
returning light
to the darkened night.

The heat rose
in shimmering waves of light
As the mystery of nature
left its mark
upon the golden land.
The new day had just began

alan brown

The Handy Man [not]

Now I thought I was a handy man
as I could do all of the jobs
Like fixing bolts on my back door
or painting the white blobs.

I took a driver and a screw
and fixed it in the wall.
But when my wife
found out what I'd done.
She didn't want it there at all.

I decorated the ceiling
with what I thought was in
But my wife didn't like it
And put it all in the bin.

She asked me to fit a shelf
I thought I did it right
But when I went to sleep in bed
I woke up with a fright.

The dog was sitting howling
as the cat hung from the shelf
I must have only used one screw
as the advert said it fitted itself.

My wife she came in screaming
As I came in from the porch.
Id only lit the barbecue
Instead of my bright torch.

The house it was on fire
But you couldn't blame me for that
As I'd only been a moment
Before I went back.

So the moral of this story
the moral of this poem
Is just that one should never do

what one can't do at home

alan brown

The Hangover

I woke up in the morning
With a head that's not really mine
As this one hurts and throbs
While mine felt quite sublime
I look into the mirror
And see a twisted face
I know that that one cannot be mine
Someone must have taken my place
I open my quivering mouth
To reveal a green encrusted tongue
But I know it couldn't be mine
As mine is as sweet as plums
I sit down at the table
And ponder for a while
And when I really think about the face in the mirror
I know it must be mine

alan brown

The Hypochondriac

The day I went to the doctor
I knew I was going to be ill
As I'd been alright for ages
and I'd never even taken a pill
He looked down my throat
with a bright light
And tied a broad strap on my arm
I knew that I was suffering from something
I just hoped he could tell me what's wrong

He asked me to sit in the arm chair
and roll up my trouser leg
He then took this enormous hammer
and hit me twice quickly he said.
Then he took out his stethoscope
And put it right up to my chest
I was wondering if he could hear anything
As I was still wearing my thermal vest.
He gave me the all clear that morning
and said it was all in my mind
But I know whats wrong with me now
It's an illness a Doctor can't find.

alan brown

The Insanity Of This Planet

The insanity of this planet
is driving me insane
The people living on it
will have to hold the blame.

I watch the world as days go bye
and come to my conclusion
That if I live another year
it will be in total confusion.

We take and take and take again
but never seem to return
the riches that we live upon
is detrimental to our world.

Sometimes I think we will survive
but then I am at a loss
To think we met a God one time,
Then put him on a cross.

We steal we cheat we take at will
how are we going to survive
As this we call the human race
lives a life of lies.

At times I ponder endlessly
about the state on man
But no matter how hard I think
I cannot understand.

We kill each other over land
then destroy the trees that grow
I hope that you all realize now
it is us who will have to go.

alan brown

The Leaflets Save Save Save? ? ? ? ?

I get so many leaflets
posted through my door
They say If I spend today
that I will save even more.

But every time I count my cash
I seem to have spent my lot.
And when I look at the things I've bought
It doesn't seem a lot.

I try to save but without thought
I read the leaflets' guise
and before you know it out I go
believing all their lies.

I spent a hundred pounds today
on something that I got.
But when I took it home
I found I didn't need it a lot.

I have to stop this spending
but temptations brought my way
by the thousands of bright new leaflets
that I receive each and every day.

alan brown

The Letter

The joy of words beseeches me
to write to you today.
But not about the sadness
I write without delay.

We traveled over many a sea
your poetry and me
To send out a simple message
to all that want to see.

So read these words in wonder
from poets throughout the land.
And send them all you comments
so they may understand.

The stars that you all gave them
brings praise to each ones work
And enthral them with ideas
to write a poetry book

So if you sitting there thinking
while holding pen in hand.
Write down the words your thinking
onto poem hunter land.

I have to end this letter
with a word of worldwide cheer
While you are writing sonnets
I'am reading you quite clear

alan brown

The Lonely Planet

I sit here all alone at night
thinking of the past.
Will my memories fade with time
or will they always last.

I think of green hills far away
when I was but a child
And storms so angry beating down
I never thought I'd survive.

I think of times full of life and joy
and times when I would cry.
And I'd watch the seagulls in the sky
as they effortlessly passed us by.

I dream of wonders of this world
but are they really true.
But the wonders that I think of most
are the wonders brought by you.

Sometimes I walk the paths of age
and see that times have changed,
But better things were left behind
and I see them full of rage.

We treat this planet like a child
as if it were a retard
But unlike a child we destroy it
at this we try quite hard.

So lets think of the future now
not only of the past.
And then our lonely planet
might have a chance at last

alan brown

The Mountains Of Conviction

The warm air cascaded
down the grassy slope
As butterflies
fluttered in the warm breeze.
Bees hummed
forever about their busy day
as birds light on wing
flew in the glowing sky.
Clouds fluffy and warm
shuffled through the Summer sky
as beams of light unattended
lit up this green and pleasant land.
Hills cascaded
as the mountains of conviction grew
High above the flattened plain.
Animals ran as children played giving life
to all in this land of joy.

alan brown

The Night

The stars glistened in the dark night sky
as the moon hovered above the roaring sea.
Bringing a shimmering light to the darkened land,
as shadows danced in unison upon the rolling waves.

Lights flickered across the northern sky bringing life
to the uneven land.

Gulls shrill cry's echoed as they soared
high above the white topped waves.

Eager to fulfill their needs
before the light of day.

Stretched out before me was a vision,
unseen to the eyes of most men.

Bur forever in my thoughts

alan brown

The Rise And Fall Of Political Man

His thoughts distilled as water passed eddies of time within his devious mind.
Words whirled in never ending swirling dreams as he confronted his inner self.
Fighting events beyond his control he fell deeper into his none forgiving sole
living as the moments came and went in his devious thoughts.

Dreams were never part of his daily toil only a hindrance in the back waters of
his blackened mind, helping only to gain his willing demise on common men.
Reforming distant traditions held only by his forbearers in a house of wiggled
imposters, laying down pungent thoughts of men on men.

Bewitched, Beguiled, Mr Speaker ranted on disowning even his past gladiators
that held his quest in coherent thought.

Enemies lay in wait, drawing strength of words within the gallery of men
speaking hate and sympathy for all that stood within the hearing of his plaintive
tongue.

The words that flowed with ought a thought sank deep within the chamber,
giving birth to cries of yah and nay from the mouths of his fellow conspirators',
only to vent their gain, upon the members sitting endlessly, while politics waited
in vain.

In solitude he stumbled on with no one listening to his woeful song, politically
correct, politically right his thoughts went on without respite.

His constituents listened to him with woeful thought.

For this politician had now lost their vote.

alan brown

The Sands Of Time.

The dunes wandered indiscriminately
about the barren land
As life itself lay dormant
beneath the golden sand

The winds of time forever blow
around the desert world
While singing words of ancient times
forever to be told,

The storm could be seen forming
in the distant sky
Was this a time of plenty
or was the threat of rain just a lie

A Bedouin looked up to the Sun
as a tear had left his eye
Was this a time for forgiveness
or just a time to cry.

Just then a drop of rain appeared
and hit the golden sand
And within a short time the flowers appeared
and changed the outlook of the land.

Now this was a time of plenty
and the Bedouin took his fill
As his Kammel Goats and horses
grazed upon a sandy hill.

But just then the Sun broke through the cloud
and dried the wetness out of the land
And turned the beautiful flowers
back into golden sand.

The Bedouin packed his tent away
to look for fertile land
An oasis had appeared that day
to give all life a hand

But now the time of plenty
had left his little world
But he knew that it would return again
a story to be told

alan brown

The Sky At Night [nature]

I look out at the sky at night
and count the endless stars.
That can be seen from any land
no matter where you are.

The spectacle is boundless
and has went on for a billion years.
But it never fails to amaze me
as I watch the sky's ablaze.

The redness of the sun at night
as it leaves the cloudy sky
Can only make me watch it more
as time goes slowly by.

The north star always saves me
as it lights my way back home
As I can never lose it
no matter how far I roam.

The moon is bright and friendly
and smiles not just on me.
As we stand and watch together
with hope for all eternity.

Tonight my world it lighter
as I watch the dark night sky
And I will always wonder
what makes the stars shoot by.

The break of day comes with splendor
as the evening drifts away
Bringing light to every creature
at the start of a bright new day.

alan brown

The Story Book

The Story Book in three parts

Part 1

The story started easy
as the pen controlled the hand.
Of wanton foes and heroins
spread threw-ought the land.

There were words of love and punishment
and some that made you fear.
But most of all the story
was wrote down very clear.

It gave the reader a sight to see
deep in his minds eye.
Bringing tears of fear and joy
as he moved his writing hand.

It gave hope to the trustful
and loss to those in fear.
While triggering the imagination
to entrap them within the sphere.

The ending never alluded
the simplest of mind.
But mystery enthralled them
until the very end of time.

THE STORY BOOK 2

The words that flowed under
his devil of a hand.
Met with just appraisal
that all would understand.

The lips of wanton strangers
lingered long and deep in thought
As timid little children
read on without a retaught.

The pages glowed like diamonds
upon a distant shore.
With hungry eyes they turned them
eager to read more.

A vision soon appeared
to give them all a clue.
But strange things started to happen
to the motley crew.

The pages scorched and burned themselves
clouding over even the sanest mind.
Taking all the adults
and leaving the children far behind.

The words set out before them
decided to break free.
And as the story nearly ended
it took them all but three.

The three that read until the end
were Strength and Will and Fate.
They opened up the words of time
although it was too late.

Their minds were weak and tattered
as the words had taken their toll.
They closed the book forever
before they lost their souls.

The book so large and evil
lay for a thousand years
Until a page was opened
and let out all its fears.

Now man has gone forever
the words don't mean a lot.
Just leather words and pages
the universe forgot.

The Story Book.3 The Beginning

A million years had passed in time
while the book lay undisturbed.
Its bindings were weak and withered
but the tales still lay unheard.

Twass then a passing traveler
from a distant star.
Opened the book in wonder
Letting the words spill out near and far.

The letters did amaze him
thou not in his native tongue.
But still he understood them
The new world had just begun.

The stranger took the age old book
and sealed it in a glass case.
And with the children from his land
he started a new human race.

The words had lingered endlessly
until he came along.
And now the Earth rejoiced
as it song the same sweet song.

The book was all about nature
and how it made the land
And all the little creatures
that lived at Gods own hand.

Now the land was a peace again
as the strangers made their way.
Toiling in the fields of corn.
And drying out the hay.

Now God looked on in wonder
at this green and pleasant land.
As he had been the power
That laid the book at hand.

alan brown

The Train To Nowhere

The day started evenly
with no one to avail.
As the train was running steady
rattling over every rail.

The scenery passed by slowly
as I sat on the hard wood chair
My bones were aching badly
but no one seemed to care.

My hands were tied and tethered
my feet were bare and cold
I felt like I was dying
but no one could be told.

Beside me sat another
with head bowed to the floor
The car was full of strangers
I counted ninety four.

We were heading for a camp I hear
I just wish that we were there.
The train was running at its fastest
but our lives were in despair.

alan brown

The Voice Of Birds Was No Longer Heard

The darkest night he'd ever knew
covered the land with the blackest dew.
The voice of birds was no longer heard
and the animal world lay undisturbed

A crack of lightning lit up the sky
As the sole of man passed on by
The gift of life no longer his
As he'd destroyed his world
in a single blitz.

But after a thousand years went by
the darkness fell out from the sky
As the eye of the world looked on by
A strange looking bird flew on
with a watchful eye.

Its wings were gold and its neck so long
that it looked just like a golden Swan
But this bird was not the gift of man
as before the destruction in the sea it swam.

With Gods own hand it raised its head
from down at the bottom
of the deep seas bed.
He gave it life he gave it song
With a beautiful partner
to carry on.

Life must go one in one form or another
lets just hope we don, t destroy ours.

alan brown

The Watch Makers Clock

The watchmakers clock
Hung by the door
It chimed every hour
All through the war
But now it is silent
With no tick or toc
As the watchmaker retired
He's taken his lot.

I wound it with vigor
With a key that I found
But the spring snapped
with a twang
And it fell on the ground.

Now the watchmakers clock
is in need repair.
But where do I take it
As the watchmakers
not there.

I tried an electrician
But he was no good
So I tried a repairer
of china and wood.

He got the clock ticking
But it wouldn't keep time
So I gave it to someone
Who thought it sublime.

Now the watchmakers clock
Is hanging above the door
And it tells no more time
But it's kept off the floor

alan brown

The World Of Darkness [live Your Life In Fear]

The entrance to the cave looked dark
with menacing traits within
But I had traveled a very long way
and needed to go in.

I entered shaking like a leaf
and nearly lost my stance
But the sight that beheld my eyes
made my feet want to jig and dance

The stalagmites and the warm bright glow
from rock made out of gold
Made me feel so humble
as I remembered the stories I'd been told.

The witches and the demons
of which the stories told
Were now a thing of the haunting past
As I spied the seams of gold

I took chisel and hammer
and struck the seam quite deep
But all that I had ever wanted
would not fall at my feet.

Just then I heard a haunting sound
from deep within the cave.
And all the memories flooded back
I knew I'd been quite Knave.

From deep within the darkness
a demon did appear
With claws as long as grappling hooks
and teeth as long a spears.

I felt the terror in me
but my legs would not respond
as the demon did approach me
with eyes as deep as ponds.

Just then a bolt of lightning
struck the entrance to the cave.
And demon disappeared
back to his solitary grave.

I left the cave so quickly
without an ounce of gold
And now I truly believed the stories
that I had once been told.

Its better to be a fool in life
and live for many a year
Than to enter the world of darkness
and live your life in fear.

alan brown

This World Keeps On A Changing

Come gather around children
wherever you are
For the state of the unions
have come on to far.
We live with politicians
who to tell us to go
But the rules of our lives
linger on far to slow.

We here all the reasons
why we want live.
But the rulers on earth
take all that we give.
So follow me gently
and please let me say
That the rules of your life
are not wanting to stray

So sit there and cherish
the one that you love.
As the light of your live's
comes down from above.
I look out towards,
the lost even soles,
But I find the people
still search for there goals.

They linger in life
like a bird on the wing
Always wanting to preach
but never to sing.
So look at your life
and see your demise.
Like blue open ocean
or clouds in the sky's

.
Then make make up your mind
to let us all in.
And live with problems

of life and your sins.
But never remind me
where you want to go
For I'am livening my life
to the end as you know

And the days linger on
to fast for my mind
As I collect all the thoughts
of living mankind.
So give me a life
without all this toil
Before they bury me
deep in the soil.

I only ever wanted
a fair chance in life
With two small children
and the gift to survive.
But with atomic bombs,
and the gas in our lives.
I could never believe
that we'd all be alive.

So leave me today
to suffer in peace.
And give me my life
to arrange as I please.
I only ever wanted to
help give and ease
The lost lonely soles
that are left on there knees.

Please give me a chance
and let my love in.
So I can live with my darling
in life and in sin.
And arrange our lives
as we want to be.
Till the end of creation
and eternity.

.

And deep in my mind
it's where I want to be.
For the world in our lives
keeps changing you see
So let all sing
of the joys of the past.
And leave this life
to the ones that are last.

For this world keeps on a changing.

alan brown

To Touch Someones Heart

To Touch Someones Heart
Is an act of God
But to break it
Is a sign of the devil

alan brown

To You My Lord I Dedicate

To you my lord I dedicate
All my worldly goods
So please stop the tsunamis
And all the local floods.

To you my lord I dedicate
My heart, My sole, My life
So please stop all the dying
and return to me my wife.

To you my lord I dedicate
the things I hold so dear
So please stop all the terror
and all the things we fear.

To you my lord I dedicate
the tears I cry each day
So please stop all the hunger
And take our pain away.

To you my lord I dedicate
The last days of my life
So please help the disabled
To walk, hear, and give them sight

To you my lord I dedicate
My mind, my body and sole
So please lord
Help the little children
As they need your help
The most.

alan brown

Today The Blooms Were Opening

Today the blooms were opening
their petals crisp and white.
As the grass on the lawn was rustling
under the bright Sun light.

The birds were at my table
a house made just for them
As the bees they started buzzing
what a delightful Requiem.

The spring was here in abundance
as the leaves grew on the trees
And everything felt happy
as mother nature bloomed with ease.

I saw a deer loping
as it hid beneath the trees
Bringing life to the wilderness
that we look at with ease.

So when you look out of the window
on a bright day summers morn.
Just breathe in all the flavors
That we take as the norm.

alan brown

Weakness

The strong
May conker the earth
But the weak
Will always find
Their weakness

alan brown

What Are Brothers For? ? ? ?

I've always wondered why my left leg is longer than my right.

Is it because I was a breech birth and they pulled me out by my left leg, or so I was told.

Or maybe it's because I broke my right leg when I was a child and it stunned it's growth.

My left leg is clearly one inch longer than my right and it is causing me problems in my later years.

I have acquired a limp, I have never had a limp in my life, but now that I have discovered that I have a short right leg, I limp a lot, what else can I do.

I think it is quite normal to limp with the problem I have, but I thought that I should make quite sure that it was not another underlining problem that was causing it.

I contacted my doctor but he didn't really seem very surprised with my situation. He told me categorically that most people with one leg shorter than the other leg limped, but why had I never limped before he did not know? .

This problem was now getting on my nerves, why has it took so long to manifest, and why now.

I went to see a chiropodist buy he could only suggest that if I still had the same problem in six months to come back and see him again.

I have now been limping for over six weeks and can not solve the problem.

So I thought that i'd better ask my older brother as he has had a limp since birth and might be able to advise me on what to do.

I was totally flabbergasted at his reply.

Why don't you return that old pair of shoe's you borrowed from me and that might solve your limp.

And you know he was right the moment I returned his shoes I was walking as strait as a die, with no sign of a limp.

What a fantastic brother I have, I knew he'd know what to do

And when it comes down to it, what are brothers for.

alan brown

What Is That Noise? ? ?

What is that noise that I heard
Was it a large and fierce bird
Was it a plane up in the sky
or a large truck passing by

Should I be afraid or just laugh
As I can hear the noise
coming up my path
Its gurgling like a drowning rat
maybe its getting chased by my cat

Its getting louder as I open the door
like oil wells pumping
on my sitting room floor.
Is it a storm passing overhead
or just someone snoring
in their bed,

But then again to my surprise
its the window cleaner
Who's had a demize
His ladders fallen on my gate
And he's lying on the ground
like a broken plate

With arms and legs
all over the place
And a look of pain upon his face
He's cursing the day I was born
As he pointed to the pond set my lawn

He'd fallen in the wettest patch
and bounded out like a fisherman's catch
Then he'd tripped upon a stone
and flew through the air
all on his own

He landed on his derriere.
and that's the place

where no one dare
I closed the door to my relief
knowing it was just the window cleaner
and not a thief.

alan brown

When The Sun Illuminates The Sapphire Sky

I dreamed I saw an Angel
with wings as bright as snow.
Gliding down towards me
with bright blue eyes aglow.

She told me of a city
that no man had ever seen.
And took my by my shaking hand
to show me what she'd mean.

We glided over mountains
and over deep blue sea.
Until we came upon the spot
that she wanted me to see.

In my eyes it was no city
with such a fiery glow
But a place of Eire wonder
that made my heart beat slow.

We hovered over buildings
as white as a new fall of snow
With children running among them
with faces all aglow.

She took me to a courtyard
and then released my hand.
And it was at that very moment
That I started to understand.

This was not a part of heaven
or a strange and distant land
But a moment in my life on earth
that I thought had passed me by.

So the next time you are dreaming
just look up very high
And see the world a changing
When the Sun Illuminates on a Sapphire sky.

alan brown

Without I Write, I Would Remain Dumb

How dumb am I, I beg to ask.
While I write words down in vain.
Should I questing the written word
or should I write the same.

Each man and woman has a choice
of this I have been told
But all the words in this poem
have already once been told.

Without I Write, I Would Remain Dumb
A proverb very old
Written down sincerely by someone
who's words that did unfold.

Each time we write a sonnet
or just a simple poem
The words we use are dear to us
they live within our home.

But the use of words is endless
mixed up in our own way.
They give us independence
to write what we must say.

So when taking pen to paper
remember the simplicity of word.
As it is the way you write it
That gets your message heard.

alan brown