

Poetry Series

Chris Boyles
- poems -

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Chris Boyles()

Single mum of 2 kids..happy go lucky..like a good laugh..photography..reading..music..meeting people..running my own community group..

Have been writing from an early age but have only recently taken it up again..would love to have my poems published some day if only for my kids..

I tend to write about how im feeling at the time..recently my character changed to being more happy so i wasnt writing deep poems people didnt want to read..they were happy about love..alas we cant always be happy or be how people expect us to be..this is my only real way of expressing myself..no come backs..no threats to my feelings..and maybe anyone who reads my work can get to learn about the real person from inside out..2 yrs ago I had cancer my poetry helped me through that..now im fine..

Had a poem used on an ecard site last year which was nice to see..once wrote a poem for my son when he was young and it was published but under his name..in a book for schools..

I also enjoy photography too..

'Always be yourself and as hard as life can be stand tall..keep smiling..with poetry you will never be alone'

A Screen & Font Nobody Knows

Who am I but a name on a screen
a face many have never even seen.
Just a font who writes her poetry
who is there who really knows me.

Who sees the heart that beats within
who wants to know hmmpphh grin.
Who can look further than a screen
who will know who Ive always been.

Would anyone ever take that chance
and give this poet a second glance.
Would there be many want to know
from just where this poet did grow.

I really dont think it matters anyway
they are just words I share everyday.
I was just sat before watching the tv
all of a sudden words came to me.

A screen and a font nobody knows
so many words shared here in prose.
Off I toddle away from this here site
as I go in search of a relaxing night.

Good night..guten nacht..auf wiedersehen
until such times as we meet here again.
We are all somebody no matter who
so I now wish a good evening to you.

Chris Boyles

Advice

I hear we should practice what we preach
sometimes to practice is out of our reach.
We give advice as we see through our eyes
sharing our ideas and thoughts with no lies.

None shall take our word unless they choose
tis their choice in life if they are to win or lose.
Offering help we do if it is asked by another
answers we seek how else do we discover.

If not required we should offer no advice
for to assume in this life can cut like ice.
Well have the answers some try to seek
inside ourselves we should take a peek.

For advice can be spoken out so easily
not taking our own advice seems silly.
Be as we are and seek what we do need
sometimes take advice and follow the lead.

In life we are often our own worst enemy
we can give but we cant take it you see.
Preach if we choose and offer our advice
remember to take back some day a slice.

Chris Boyles

Beauty To Behold

There are many colours to brighten up our days
mix them together to make many different arrays.
Bright yellow sunshine and the blue clear skies
enough to make us smile and open up our eyes.

The beauty of the white glistening snow as it lay
the red cold noses as we walk through it today.
The grey clouds that sometimes are full of rain
the green blue of the sea rushing in and out again.

The lush green grass swaying there on yonder hill
the golden sands we sit upon and enjoy and chill.
So many colours in wild life that we can all share
open wide you're eyes for the colours are there.

Soon new pretty colourful flowers will emerge
rabbits hopping around early along the verge.
Mother nature with her colours she does bear
enjoy all the beauty around and show you care.

So smile when you see a rainbow way up high
wish upon a star shooting there across the sky.
Love all the beauty shown for your eyes to see
remember we all have beauty yes you and me.

Chris Boyles

Beware You'Re Thoughts

There she was sat her mind tired and strained
inside her head thoughts were now ingrained.
Was paranoia always to be there in her days
was it because of her thoughts or just a phase.
Sometimes she looked and things were seen
reminding her where others had before been.
Coincidence or hints that she should beware
maybe everything in life is not honest and fair.
Should she take heed or maybe just ignore
a dilemma she was facing that was for sure.
Thinking caused pain she felt it in her heart
she wished these thoughts she could impart.
Silently she carried on with her daily routine
til answers to the questions she could glean.
Her life to run smoothly she always yearned
now paranoia in her head and heart burned.
To seek the answers to life was her quest
she had tried to always do what was best.
There as she sat upon the rocks by the sea
the sun set as like life it was only temporary.
Words echoed now there inside her mind
would they ever be proven or ever defined.
A crab with his home on his back passed by
in a whisper she heard herself saying 'Why'.
That is the tale of a lady that I do know well
feeling lost and wishing her home was a shell.
With no cares only being there on that beach
not needing to seek truth or another to reach.

Chris Boyles

Cheated Nor Deceived

To be deceived and cheated upon
led to believe then find its just a con.
Words are easily voiced and heard
so gullible to a point of being absurd.

Can we tell if we are being deceived
when we do what is it thats achieved.
Is it an ego boost to those deceivers
leaving hurt behind with the receivers.

Products are sold by false advertising
food promoted not really appetising.
Buy one of these and get another free
are we all so blind that we cannot see.

Everyday and everywhere in our life
deceivers cheat leaving us with strife.
Cheating on each other ruining lives
are partners and husbands and wives.

Bold as brass saying the right things
not caring the consequences it brings.
Lies and deception so cruel are they
honest and true people are left to pay.

How do we trust in this day and age
if all we are left with is upset and rage.
How do we believe and try to trust
if deceivers turn our dreams to dust.

Love is a word used just like hello
one minute spoken then it will go.
Spoken words should be for real
not said frivolously trying to steal.

So be wise about all you perceive
not all is real that we try to beleive.
Look into whats given and received
try not to be cheated nor decieved.

Chris Boyles

Destination Unknown

She made her farewells to all that she knew
this journey she felt was the right thing to do.
For no longer pain could her heart withstand
comfort and love she would never demand.
Her mind was made up no-one could change
alone this final journey she sadly did arrange.
The destination she would not to any reveal
no new address to share that was her deal.
Her new home would be peaceful for sure
weeping she turned to finally lock the door.
No door again would she ever need unlock
not a door to answer if someone did knock.
A ring she would not hear from the phone
no more would she feel this lost and alone.
Not a care in the world or bills ever to pay
or words unwritten only her heart could say.
To be strong and fight had become a chore
weak and broken could not take any more.
Her journey begun to destination unknown
walking away now leaving all she did own.
The snow it fluttered under the new moon
frost was biting she would not feel it soon.
How could one be driven to such extremes
how could one live a life just full of dreams.
She arrived where time she loved to spend
where her feelings she would go to mend.
Many tears did she shed here in this place
not again would they trickle down her face.
She looked up towards the dark night sky
as her last step she took and one last sigh.
She felt strong arms taking her finally home
her empty body afloat on the sea did roam.
Her destination would always be unknown
missed she was by few her soul now flown.

Chris Boyles

Dignity And Grace

In our lives we all have problems to hand
should we just bury our heads in the sand.
Will the problems then disappear over night
if we close our eyes do they go out of sight.
Should we cope alone inside the dark hole
living in the darkness just like the blind mole.
When we are feeling low think of the advice
we give to others remembering it has a price.
No ones lives run just as they would choose
to bury our heads friends we could lose.
Tomorrow is another day use it to repair
the problems you can change if you dare.
Problems are the creation of our actions
with others we can share our reflections.
To bury you're head in the sands of time
alone and feeling lost I do think is a crime.
Many problems have I not maybe drastic
I will bounce back as on a piece of elastic.
I could just run away from it all now today
and hope that they will all disappear away.
But I will stand strong and try to embrace
my problems for I have dignity and grace.

Chris Boyles

For Those Who Walk Away In Silence

What the hell is it with some people these days
so self righteous and stuck in their selfish ways.
One rule to suit their everyday needs is all I see
no forgiveness or understanding just being petty.
I am told 'Thats Life' get on with it stop moaning
but I put a foot wrong and they all start groaning.
Turning their backs their faults to ignorant to see
but its ok I dont mind im just human and just me.
I really dont hurt and I never really feel any pain
why not just do it over and over and over again.
I learnt from a friend Tami to let things pass by
she showed me I should always smile not cry.
As much as I try to live by that rule easy its not
when people walk away and things go to pot.
Im not a rubber ball that just bounces forever
im not a saint nor perfect that I will be never.
Just how much is one person expected to take
why do I end up with folks who are mostly fake.
Why do people have to lie and steal all they can
why are some petty out of their lives you they ban.
If I walked away when they needed me there
would it bother them and would they even care.
If I walked away without a word to them said
I know I would never again even enter their head.
But hey this is me for my sins that I cannot change
I am human with feelings not a dog full of mange.
I've had all I can handle with crap and ignorance
I give up trying any more that is my preferance.
So to all those ive given my time and cared for
remember you walked I didnt close that door.
When you're bored and no-one wants to hear
you're moans and winges you're loss I do fear.
For you threw away a friend who once cared
she gave her mind and heart because she dared.
To those who gave trust and know the real me
I thank you for being there and not being petty.
If you walk away in silence it is you're choice
to withhold friendship or to share you're voice.
So if by chance you should ever sit and recall

give me a thought even tho I meant to you s*d all.

Chris Boyles

Forever & Never

Jack frost he came to play
pretty patterns he does display.
Alas they do disappear
for always they will not be here.

Snow falling is for having fun
out comes the bright sun.
It is melted very quickly away
twas never meant to stay.

A love found by chance
could lead to a happy romance.
Love it can grow strong
if true then here it does belong.

The sun and moon remain above
as do two who are in love.
The stars they will always shine
as will a love that is divine.

Cherish life and also respect
even though it may not be perfect.
For life is surely here to stay
so treat everyone the same way.

Words I write now on this night
I share here for your sight.
For words are all that I must be
who am I... yes I am me.

Castles in the sand built by many
there on that beach kept are not any.
Washed away by the rolling sea
forever dreams were not meant to be.

Chris Boyles

Here And Now

The here and now this is today
accepting all that comes our way.
Life challenges we all do endure
toward our future that's for sure.
Take each day as you see best
take the challenge like the rest.
Yesterday has been and gone
tomorrow is a brand new song.
Hold your head way up high
do not let life just pass you by.
For we all can make a change
our life we have to just arrange.
Know the goals in your mind
follow your heart you will find.

Chris Boyles

'Hold Me And Dry My Tears'

Happy you tell me my life should be
like sunbeams dancing on a sea.
Im a great person I should believe
but some times thats hard to achieve.

To share some thing special of mine
with friends and one I care for
No one here who would care a deal
wether a poem or a broken wheel.

Alone it seems I share all things I do
why do I have no one here like you.
To be proud of me and show they care
to wipe this tear from my cheek thats there.

I dont know why im writing this at all
I should be happy not miserable.
Some times wanna scream and shout
unlock my cage of pain and let me out.

Take me away from all I no longer need
hold me in your arms so tight I plead
Dont let me go home is where I want to be
in the place where I know I can be happy.

Maybe I want you and need you to much
just want you to love not for a leaning crutch.
Alone am I, when your here my heart flies
all my worries melt away and you dry my tear dries.

24/11/2005..14.17uk

Chris Boyles

Locked Away

Barriers of steel some do possess
to keep away harm and lifes mess.
Shutting away their heart from pain
no more tears on their face to stain.
Alone are many who want to share
to love and feel that one does care.
So many false words honestly said
playing games to get inside a head.
Safety is locking away you're heart
until death this loneliness you depart.

Chris Boyles

Love Misunderstood

I once heard a tale of love misunderstood
so in love were they and it being so good.
Beautiful moments shared and so enjoyed
neither one argued and rarely got annoyed.

Shared everything as partners do in this life
so much in love to be apart cut like a knife.
Walks underneath the sunshine they spent
dreams once a fantasy to reality they went.

Each weekend together they spent alone
everynight away they talked on the phone.
Each word spoken was believed by each
wrote their names right there on the beach.

Days passed by not a word did they speak
things went pear shaped right at their peak.
Phone calls were made but with no replies
what was missed through love struck eyes.

A confusing time feeling so misunderstood
vanished now was all that had been good.
More contact for the answers were made
seemingly the answers were being forbade.

A month had passed and they had word
accusing them of stalking that was absurd.
How could their love turn into bitterness
with no explanations and now nastiness.

A heart wrecked and dignity now stolen
friends sympathised seeing eyes swollen.
None understood or could help to rectify
being accused of stalking none knew why.

Lies seemed to of been told along the way
until no more could loving words they say.
Can love be so misunderstood and blind
can emotions end up twisted and unkind.

This is the tale I told the lady I had wed
of my friends lover from him she had fled.
He was left in ignorance wrongly accused
his heart was broken and was so confused.

A rumour was heard how she led men on
how she prayed using her spells so strong.
This temptress hungered for love of a man
stole souls because she knew that she can.

So my sweet lady my heart now thanks you
for showing me a love that you proved true.
For you're honesty and trust you I married
deep in my heart you're love will be carried.

Chris Boyles

'Love Waiting'

All my life ive been waiting it really seemed forever
to find that special someone I thought would be never.
Not many crossed my path maybe too fussy was I
so maybe I foolishly let some chances pass me by.

Theres someone for everyone I hear people saying
relationships to some like games they are just playing.
Where did the romance go it seemed to die away
but waiting and hoping it would return again day.

Many years have passed by maybe the time is right
romance came again and feelings again in my sight.
Maybe all the waiting had paid off for me in the end
someone to share and care for and my love to send.

..4/3/2006..21.56.

Chris Boyles

'Loves Values'

With silent words a poem can grow
which only two people will ever know.
Words need not be whispered or spoken
as the love of two souls cannot be broken.

Into each others eyes they do see so deep
emotions hard to express making one weep.
Just a smile and seeing the love they behold
melting ones heart warming it from the cold.

Beauty can be seen from from the inside out
if that is love true then never have a doubt.
Do not smother but let it grow as it should
give time and space and things will be good.

Love is never boring, many things to explore
enjoy the times you have dont expect more.
Love as you would expect one to love you
amazed you will be, you will never want more.

A love from friendship, to lover and soul mate
was never expected but can feel so great.
A heart locked away from love hurt before
now growing stronger to be forever more.

Waves rolling strong and high on the sand
leaves falling from trees with no demand.
Snow flakes fluttering to the ground below
sun shining its rays helping nature to grow.

All of these things natural from mother earth
as love and its values prove all they are worth.
So my love remember all that I mean and say
I may not always be there but never far away.

27 Oct 2005...

Chris Boyles

Mistress Scorned

She became his play thing when his wife was away
a stolen few hours either at night or during the day.
She never knew when he would get the time to call
this man was so selfish and greedy he wanted it all.
A wife who would cook and wash and also clean
and a mistress he could hide away never to be seen.
She met him but never had any idea he had a wife
was led to believe he had a very busy working life.
So time was of the essence and had to be enjoyed
alas she never realised with her feelings he toyed.
She wanted him for a lover but not just part time
when she asked for more it felt like it was a crime.
He treated her like a princess gave her gifts many
they meant nothing to her never wanting a penny.
In her mind she knew that something wasn't right
but these fears vanished when he was in her sight.
For although she tried not to fall in love with him
she was smitten and there to meet his every whim.
He told her he loved her and needed her so bad
the truth was she meant nothing that was so sad.
She gave all he asked and he took all he could
she wanted to end it and knew that she should.
When a name slipped out while they made love
away from her now quickly she gave him shove.
He made his excuses as she lay and then wept
as silently through her door he had now crept.
He played with words but never told her a lie
controlling her thoughts in case she would spy.
She felt dirty and disgusted a shower she took
in the mirror now steamed she could not look.
How could he have treated her like a princess
then walked silently away leaving her in a mess.
Her understanding of men was now confusing
for their treatment of women was not amusing.
Never a word did she hear by letter or phone
resigned herself to no more pain staying alone.
She had not felt like a mistress but now knew
she maybe was not just one but one of a few.
She picked up his gifts putting them in the bin

in her mind he had paid her and that was a sin.
Never again would she believe a word spoken
by any man in her life or accept even a token.

Chris Boyles

Moon Shine

The moon glow I love to see
neath is where I met thee.
A moment in time we did share
nothing more could compare.
A memory held now in my heart
as the moon you had to part.

Chris Boyles

'Never Give Up'

When darkness calls on a sunny day
when blue skies turn to dingy grey.
When your heart aches with pain
when you feel like its the last grain.

There is a light for you did show
just how bright it can really glow.
You gave a rose life from death
another chance to take a breath.

You dried tears, you gave a smile
warmed a cold heart for a while.
Made one believe in their value
this happened because you are you.

When all seems lost and at an end
please remember you have a friend.
Pain and hurt we all do share
but dont forget some really care.

The days are long the nights dead
unfurling thoughts inside our head.
For why do we have to suffer so
wishing the pain would up and go.

The sun will again shine for you
clouds turning from grey to blue.
A heart thats heavy full of pain
will find its home one day again.

Do not give in or give up the fight
I have faith in you each day and night.
I will not hate or give up on you
although its what you want me to.

I want to understand and be there
for I cannot ignore when I do care.
Trust in those who do trust in you
for they will be there in all you do.

A tear falls as it feels your pain
you words echo to me once again.
Be strong, be yourself, dont weep
for in my heart your soul do I keep.

With my arms close Id hug you so
keeping you from harm you know.
No words said but to see you smile
knowing that you are safe for a while.

When darkness calls on a sunny day
when blue skies turn to dingy grey.
Know in your heart what is true
that I will always be there for you.

Chris..17 April.2006..

Chris Boyles

Over 18

I thought I was an adult free to chat
I find that its a crime now fancy that.
Joined a site to make friends one day
until someone questioned all I did say.
Tried to make me feel it was all wrong
for no cam had I or to show no thong.
My profile stated for a laugh and a chat
sex and all that to me is old hat.
So basically no friendship without sex
society today it makes me angrily vex.
So if I do not want cyber i'm out of luck
thought a prude away me they do chuck.
They make me sick but thats their choice
to cyber and show all let them in it rejoice.
Life is not just sex or I didnt think anyway
maybe i'm abnormal so what do you all say.
This is my thoughts and why idiots I do get
why some cannot accept you and get upset.
So now I know why I gave the chatrooms up
I can hold a better convo with my coffee cup.
Let not you be hasty in thoughts of my mind
I write as I see and see people as I them find.
So yet another tale composed by me here today
no wonder I write poetry it keeps my mind at bay.

Chris Boyles

Power Was Yours

Who are you who professes truth
who are you who lived by proof
where are you who was that man
what happened to you're big plan

How many did you treat this way
how many to those words you say.
how many souls did you once hold
how many hearts did you leave cold

Did you ever think some love true
did you ever know it was for you
did you ever dare to face and tell
did any ever tell you to go to hell.

You spoke words that gave trust
you gave security that was a must
you shared so much and gave too
you stole hearts that were so true.

Run away no explanation you gave
run taking the truth to you're grave
run and pretend they never cared
run forever for ever to be scared.

Play with minds it does not matter
play with words when you natter
play the hero or the knight so bold
play their hearts and then turn cold

You seek the truth of love and life
you go leaving them all with strife
you make up tales to hide the guilt
you insinuate alone they love built.

How can you be so cold and cruel
how can you use words like a tool
how with you're conscience to live
how come no words can you give.

With a blatant lie I will not hurt you
with words carefully chosen you do
with you're words you tie in a knot
with power you know you have got.

I saw truth and shared with you mine
I felt you were different it was a sign
I fell under the spell you didst weave
I trusted my heart and then you leave.

Oh how I wish you were my knight
oh to see you for real in truth of light
oh to prove my thoughts truly wrong
oh to once more compose that song.

Alas you left and took all you could
alas you did make me feel so good
alas it you have lost and so have I
alas into oblivion without a goodbye

Chris Boyles

Questions Questions

Can you turn emotions off like a switch
can all you're feelings just easily ditch.
Can a rose be turned into ice cold stone
can inner beauty be ignored left alone.

Will a feeling heart weep forever more
will a lonely soul find that open door.
Will you dance again to the song of life
will you always feel that turning knife.

Is being honest worth all the heartache
is you're self respect going to break.
Is being yourself the crime you commit
is it futile to try to love or is it deficit.

I ponder the questions most everyday
I wonder if I will ever have my day.
I am just a single blade of grass green
I want to be again part of the scene.

If only to feel that who I am had value
if only to feel more than I now do.
If a choice I had now here on my plate
if in the arms of one I would not wait.

Why do I my feelings try to express
why do I fee thatl all is just a mess.
Why can I never find what I do seek
why do I feel so vulnerably weak.

No knight shall I find in the lush dell
no lady will I be for another to tell.
No pretty rose red or white will I be
no castle will I dwell in with thee.

Chris Boyles

Roses To Remember

Think this one speaks for itself really..

There she was her life all but done
sad memories that recalled only one.
The one who was a glimpse in time
one portrayed many times in rhyme.

A heart many dearly wanted to win
one that not many could see within.
A soul haunted needing to be found
one seeking answers to life abound.

Wondering of their life she now lay
upon her still lonely bed on this day.
Had she tried to hard to keep hold
or not hard enough for one so bold.

Gifts bestowed she wondered why
breathlessly she began now to sigh.
Her heart he took her soul she gave
never to meet only beyond the grave.

Behind closed doors hidden was she
like a freak he didnt want any to see.
A poem unwritten they were to write
two souls united of a lady and knight.

One last wish she would like granted
in her memory two roses be planted.
A red representing her body and soul
a white for her love so true and whole.

Few would know of her passing away
as the tears flowed on her bed she lay.
Thoughts now of when she was gone
as playing on that day was their song.

Dreams shared and words once said
no longer heartache or tears be shed.

The one no more would she miss so
knowing soon she would have to go.

Words written by her simply penned
'I love you even beyond my lifes end'
Closing her eyes death showed its face
peace to find now in that special place.

Chris Boyles

Sadness Of A Rose

She sat alone in her room that night
through her window the moon was bright.
Inside her heart ached she was in pain
to keep calm she tried hard to remain.
She recalled how into her life he crept
alone and cold and breathless she wept.
The pain felt like a sword in her heart
feeling numb wishing it never did start.
Hugging her knees she just wanted to die
she sat shivering she had to wonder why.
Why everything good she had in her life
left her hurt and alone full of strife.
Would true love ever be shared for real
or moments in time all she could steal.
Why did he treat her as a lady one day
then for days he would just walk away.
Leaving her wondering if all was fine
many thoughts of worry were her design.
She did her best for he was her desire
of herself what was it he did require.
Maybe just someone to spend bored hours
to bring a smile through stormy showers.
Was she so blind her eyes could not see
that she was never meant to feel happy.
Wrapped up to the window she went
leaning on the sill a fall to prevent.
Eyes sore and red with tears that night
thankfully none would see her sad sight.
Looking to the sky stars she could see
heaven she thought meant for her and he.
How wrong was she to dream of such folly
would she be left a life of melancholy.
Once a pretty rose in bloom she felt
now a ragged weed no life as she knelt.
Had he played with her emotions so well
that so in love she was under his spell.
If he believed all the things he said
why did her feelings not enter his head.
For surely if two connect as they did

feelings should be shared and not hid.
Her mind confused and her body in pain
she feel inside she was going insane.
How could love feel so right but wrong
why were feelings let run for so long.
Maybe she had it all wrong in her head
as she slid restlessly back into her bed.
Her pillow she hugged his face she saw
his smile beamed but she wanted more.
Many men she could have had but did not
for she hoped her love now she had got.
She could not sleep though she tried
her heart hurt bad and more she cried.
How could she with such beauty to show
he ignore turning his back and just go.
Reasons am sure one day she will find
but maybe all along knew in her mind.
She watched the sunrise on the new day
he her first thought and so much to say.
Maybe silently she should let things go
frustrated that she once dared to show.
Show all that she was to he that asked
under loves spell she had then basked.
All she can do now is sit and just wait
if love was meant or it was now to late.
Will he remember her love for him true
or will she just fade into a skies of blue.
As she wrote of her pain the next night
on her words the moon shone so bright.
On her desk the rose he once gave to her
emotions once again inside began to stir.
Would her words help ease all her pain
or forever her love for him inside remain.

Chris Boyles

Sea Of Pain & Fear

If the sea could speak of broken heart and tears
if each wave could speak of shared pain and fears.
Will it tell of lost lives never to return home again
will it tell of sad faces sitting silently there in the rain.
Each crescendo of the waves against the rocks
feeling the pain of each life and all its hard knocks.
The rolling waves beneath the golden sunshine
the tide ebbs taking away tears of yours and mine.
Returning with the pull of the sun like a magnet
full of hope and beauty nothing does the sea regret.
For by the sea as you sit there and contemplate
will you fear no selfishness, ignorance or even hate.
As the sea breeze crosses your face and tears
so the sea beckons to take away all pain and fears.

Chris Boyles

Shroud Of Silence

The silence shrouded her like a dark cloud
feeling like she could reach out and touch it
it hung heavy that it almost seemed to groan
not a voice would she hear again this night
sat alone again with too much time to think
picked up a book looked and put it down
television it never did interest her that much
was nowhere to go in this free time she had
friends were with family down the local pub
into their time she would not like to intrude
so much music to hear afraid what to play
playing something heavy as was her mood
it broke the silence but still feeling so alone
where had the voices gone from her days
the ones that came when they needed her
the ones that once shared all their troubles
those voices that made her laugh and smile
all she had now was a voice shouting loud
words to music trying hard to understand
drum beating heavy as was her heart now
looking at a photograph there on the shelf
one more memory she was left alone with
closing her eyes what image did she see
the bright sunshine and fluffy white clouds
above a big field of beautiful red poppies
heads wavering softly in the warm breeze
two figures she saw standing hand in hand
big black bird flew over as the music died
'walls came tumbling down' the last words
opening her eyes a single silent tear did fall
how could she fight what now haunted her
worn down as a pebble by wind and rain
eroded by hurt and pain feeling so empty
just one voice needed to break the silence
taking down heaviness draped around her
stopping the corrosion eating at her heart
easing her mind being tormented selfishly
she did not deserve all she had to endure
the ignorance and spite thrown her way

Into a forever silence she wanted to slip
where voices she would need no more
in a silence that was peaceful and serene
no hurt or pain would she have to bear
to awaken from restless sleep no longer
nor to dream of unreachable paradises
it would be so easy to leave it behind her
to depart clad in a last shroud of silence.

Chris Boyles

Silent Thoughts

To become a nun was a thought in her mind
alas the courage she really could not find.
For though her life was dull and very drear
she did not want to leave her home here.

This young lady very unloved she did feel
needing a place to go so she could heal.
A vow of silence one day she would take
thoughts of no more pain or heart ache.

She was not at all religious not a bad thing
though at christmas carols she did sing.
In church she did find some peace of mind
but at that time it was not the right kind.

Older she grew life changed very slightly
people took her pain and hurt lightly.
Cutting the story short children she bore
to feel love she need look no more.

The love of children is precious you see
the love of a man she had not any.
To explain the difference was a waste
as like a nun now she felt chaste.

Children grown jobs and lives they had
this lady still inside felt pretty bad.
Circumstances thus denied her a chance
of her one love and of romance.

Back to a teenager her mind then sped
remembering the tears on her bed.
Her thoughts of once becoming a nun
a mother alone as the tears begun.

Hobbies she had but was left unfulfilled
her one love gone she felt chilled.
There for her making her feel complete
memories left in her mind to repeat.

There she sat alone on the church pew
unknowing with herself what to do.
Sun shining through stained glass bright
this time had she had seen the light.

Chris Boyles

Silently Called To Heaven

Today this poet cannot find the words to express
the loss of a dear friend and to show her sadness.
Thoughts today are with her family that I know
no hurt or pain or tears will she need to show.

For a poet to be lost for words from inside the heart
a numbness I feel now as a dear friend has to depart.
I see a flame that flickers bright like the smile she wore
reminding me of a friendship true we did once explore.

Rest dear friend for peace is now yours and safety to
in the arms of your loved one happy to be with you.
A special person who was loved so dearly is at peace
God holds her in his arms and her suffering is to cease.

So many will miss her for in our hearts she did live
so much in this life our friend she did have to give.
In our hearts you will be on our minds one and all
as into heaven you journey from Gods silent call.

Chris Boyles

Strength Of Time

Upon the ground I saw him sitting alone
through the trees the winds did groan.
There was no sun to brighten his day
sat under a sky of clouds dull and grey.

What troubled him so I do not know
staring into nowhere pain did show.
Upon his face not a smile was seen
seated upon the grass lush and green.

Birds flying against the strong breeze
as I snapped pictures of the trees.
Unsure of the exact time I did ask he
his reply time is just infinity to me.

But numbers on a face with no smile
we are upon this earth for a while.
Why time do worry about each day
for one day it will disappear away.

No time can erase hurt and the pain
I hope you do not think me insane.
The time dear lady passes us all by
as the clouds float across the sky.

I was not sure quite what he meant
though rudeness is not my intent.
We spoke for a while longer there
philosophical thoughts to share.

Alas he had lost the love of his life
his friend and soul mate and wife.
I understood now why he sat alone
as the winds about him did groan.

Part of him gone he cudnt replace
I could read there upon his face.
So hard to be alone and to adjust
a heart aching feeling it will bust.

A hug shared as we said goodbye
now I could see a tear in his eye.
Will he find some find consolation
will his heartache feel restoration.

A picture of a big strong oak I took
thinking of he I placed in my book.
I named the picture 'Strength of Time'
and hence you have read the rhyme.

Chris Boyles

'Tender Arms'

Tired and weary you cant go on any more
praying for strength from where unsure.
Lifeless and lost where do you go from here
making it through another day you do fear.

A slight lift you feel being raised up aloft
tender arms, and a voice you hear so soft.
Do not falter or fear but always be strong
these arms will show that you can carry on.

Carried to safety now you feel you can try
to continue your journey no questions why.
He was there when you were filled with need
he gave and helped, selflessly with no greed.

..15/1/2006..

Chris Boyles

'The Last Journey'

He needed her she didnt have the time to share
he wondered this day did she really ever care.
His day should of been full of joy and laughter
he gave to her his love in this life and the after.

How cruel can she be to tease him as she did
making him feel all along she had nothing hid.
He adored her so but was hurting and lost
how could their love turn out a sham like frost.

She spoke with words as one never before
never faltering her feelings he was so sure.
No woman had he met as honest as she
playing games with his mind so cruelly.

He reached for the drink to comfort his pain
not one but two and poured another again.
The drink didnt help he felt numb all through
he just wanted to hold her and say I love you.

She had toyed with his feelings for a while
he for her would have walked every mile.
Over hot coals or broken glass for her love
but now she flies free as a beautiful dove.

Their favourite tunes he did sit and play
as he drank his way to oblivion that day.
Dreaming of plans they had talked about
startling himself as her name he did shout.

As he sat in the dark he could see her face
the hurt he was feeling nothing could replace.
How cruel can love be to steal love from me
feelings I have even though a man I maybe.

Dropping the bottle smashing on the floor
reaching for a shard he could take no more.
Easier to be gone than to live without love
as through the window a star he saw above.

All alone on this special day he had spent
the one he adored in silence she just went.
Not a sorry was said no explanation why
not even the guts or neve to say goodbye.

The shard of glass in his hand ready to cut
he could live no longer n this pain now..but
would he ever find love like this ever again
no he knew as he saw blood and felt pain.

Farewell to my love for she knew me true
taking a journey leaving my pain with you.
To a better place where you I can forget
being so in love with you I will never regret.

He went on his journey quiety that night
she walking one day a funeral in her sight.
A week passed by and a letter she read
from a friend telling of how he was dead.

Would she ever know the pain she gave
standing this day looking down at his grave.
Watching from above her stand and stare
not a tear fell that day she didnt really care.

She loved to tease and play with the mind
mentally torturing, love will she never find.
To walk away taking ones heart and soul
so selfish and cruel but that was her goal.

You never know when love you will find
just keep open your eyes dont stay blind.

6 march..

Chris Boyles

'The Road Of Destiny'

Cruel life can be with twists and turns galore
its no wonder when people cant take anymore.
Trust and honesty you do rely so much upon
how much it hurts when you realise its gone.

Your travel down a road not sure to where
standing all alone you just look and stare.
Which way do I take lost, alone and cold
forward I should go but can I be so bold.

The dreams ive dreamt so many times before
alone at night of one behind the closed door.
Did the road lead me here to find what I desired
what I found was beyond a dream that I admired.

Here I didnt feel lost everything felt right
here I stand bewildered nothing in my sight.
Heart beating faster a panic attack I fear
emotions emerging in the form of a tear.

Can I find my way from where I am today
will the hand of fate help me on my way.
As I wander aimlessly toward the oak ahead
sitting now I wonder how was I so easily led.

The road you take you cannot always see
where you will end up sometimes a mystery.
Taking this turn and that to find your destination
making all the right turns is your determination.

But when life offers a comfortable place to be
you dont want a detour from what you can see.
The road of life you travel either happily or sad
only you will know if it turned out good or bad.

As the sun sets another day of my life is done
collecting my thoughts as I walk away as one.
The road ahead is blurry no sign post do I see

tears falling following the road called destiny.

..6 march..

Chris Boyles

'The Road Of Life'

When your feeling down and sad and feelings wont go away
when all you want is to be happy and feel good all day.
You have a life thats been wasted and its not had chance to live
and you just want to be yourself you have so much to give.

Why are things so hard to find as you travel along lifes road
how hard it is to cope with things when they hit overload.
You try so hard to do whats right and to make things work
but these deep and inner feelings are driving you beserk.

One day your really happy things seem to be on your side
then next your looking to the heavens above for your spirit guide.
You have your friends they are there and help you to get by
but the time comes when you question everything and ask why.

Why am I really here, and is it all just some big test
to see how you cope with youre life compared to all the rest.
All you want is to be loved to feel your life is worth while
you want to have your family near as you travel each hard mile.

You know there are others in worse situations than yourself
and just to be alive, wake up each day and be in good health.
But should we be content with what we have to bear
are we just looking for someone special who will really care.

Life deals the blows, thats how it is you cope the best you can
but when you feel so empty nothing seems to work as you plan
You take things out on those around on those you love so dear
to try to explain how you feel you cant seem to make it clear.

My poem is done, my heart is heavy, just needed to write this down
as I sit and think where I have been and going, wearing this frown.
I'll bounce back I always do, its what ive got used to doing now
to start afresh, apologise, make amends is all I can do some how.

27th march 2004..18.41

Chris Boyles

Time For A Soul To Take Flight

As the time draws nigh a candle I light
as you're soul to heaven takes its flight.
I sit here and remember my dear friend
as in spirit my love and farewell I send.
The candle it flickers you're smile I see
remember our friendship as I do thee.
I hold you're hand as I did once before
i'm with you my friend you can be sure.
As a dove take flight always to be free
thank you for being a true friend 'Tami'

Chris Boyles

'Time To Think'

Time to think we all need
a word of sympathy is nice to read.
To know we're not alone with our pain
to be assured we will feel good again.

Times gone by the hurt is deep
trying to remember that love isnt cheap
Just to be held and made to feel whole
the price we pay to achieve that goal.

Some times feeling sad and blue
is part fo life this is so true
If some makes you happy and smile
its an upward lift along the mile.

He was there, he was that man
trying to help all he can
He went away and left me alone
not even being able to talk on the phone.

My thoughts are with those who tried so hard
to make me understand and dropp my guard
Maybe one day someone will make me see
that someone cares & loves me for me.

We all need that someone special to be there
to lend a hand and show they really care.
To be there when you laugh or cry
or to understand when you question why.

I am here for you my friends
until such time as the world ends
No promises will I try to give you
Just remember your value when your
feeling blue.

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To Suffer No More

How much pain and suffering can one take
months of surgery her body needs a break.
Far away are we from our dear friend today
we keep her in our hearts and many do pray.
News that her time here on earth be short
many infections and she cancer was caught.
Is a shoulder or a few words to much to ask
to share hurt and pain with another is a task.
There for others when they have been in need
where are they for me as tears I now bleed.
Family and friends visit our friend each day
helping to cheer lift her spirit along the way.
In the hands of her creator she does wait
her future he holds and now has to create.
To be free from more suffering and her pain
and to meet with her late husband once again.
Is maybe the best for this lady who knows
as her suffering gets worse and fear grows.
As friends we can only sit and wait for news
that we may hear sad words and a friend lose.
Pray we all will for we miss our dear friend
our love will be with her if her life should end.

Chris Boyles

Trust & Respect

The world will not stop turning if friends we had none
the world would be a better place having a genuine one.
The rain will not stop falling because we cannot trust
the rain will fall as tears when a friendship has been bust.

The sun will not stop shining when friends walk away
the sun will shine brighter having friends with you today.
The moon will always shine way up there in the sky
the world will continue to turn wether friends you and I.

The love thats between friends is so easily broken
our trust is all we can give others in return as a token.
Respect and hospitality we can all try and share
being there for each other showing that we really care.

Chris Boyles

Water Spirit

A friend showed me a photograph one day
I saw more than water flowing on its way.
It was not a river nor even a small stream
if you looked that is the way it would seem.

In love I fell with the picture I saw there
I am glad with me they decided to share.
I could hear the water as it flowed down
leaves also floating of green and brown.

There must have been a spirit present
a dogs face I saw in the waters descent.
Not many pictures inspire me as this did
for looking closer many things were hid.

In the photograph others could not see
the spirit of the water that stared at me.
Eyes see differently not always the same
thats the joy of the photography game.

I always said to hang up upon my wall
I would like this picture to show to all.
There it hangs I look into it each day
for always the friend with me will stay.

If entered in a competition I do beleive
that a winning place it would achieve.
He behind the camera at the right time
showed me a spirit inspiring this rhyme.

Chris Boyles

We Are..

'We Are...'

Everyone feels hurt and pain
everyone breathes over again.
Everyone can think and sleep
everyone their pride to keep.

We are only human...

How we dress it's our choice
how we speak with our voice.
How we live our life each day
how we travel along the way.

We are only human...

We bleed red as one another
we are all a sister and brother.
We share the sun all the same
we all share someones name.

We are only human...

If you never feel hurt or pain
may you're smile never wane.
If you feel happiness and love
you're blessed with all above.

We are all human...

Chris Boyles

What

what the hell do you do when all seems wrong
what do you do when theres no longer a song.
what do you do when you let down your guard
what do you do when everything seems so hard.
what do you do when you want to try and share
what do you do when you need someone to care.
How do you let someone get a bit closer to you
how do you let them in and dropp barriers the too.
I try my hardest to laugh and always try to smile
sometimes the sadness creeps back for a while.
I am only human I can be nothing more than that
to be accepted for me is all i ask now fancy that.

Chris Boyles

What More

What more can one utter with breathless thought
what more can one expect from life only nought.
repeatedly as the day will surely turn into night
will stars fade slowly greeting again the sunlight.
Dreams shattered as a window to many pieces
a life crumpled and used full of so many creases.

Chris Boyles

Words Cannot Console

Hot cup of tea in hand laughing together
two friends who share through all weather.
A phone call to the hospital about her dad
knew she was hoping all was good not bad.

Sitting there not knowing what I would say
if things for her dad hadnt gone the right way.
An operation that could maybe save his life
were the results going to bring them all strife.

Phone call over she had to rang her mother
said 'dad had one operation but not the other'
Phoned the rest of family tolet them know
feeling numb then no emotion did she show.

My heart beating for her as she then wept
close to her chest feelings for weeks she kept.
A hug was all I could offer as consolation
no words could I find to help the situation.

Tears too I wanted to shed but held them in
joking about words her dad said made us grin.
Sipping a brandy her hands were shaking
I knew deep inside her heart was breaking.

Cancer an ugly monster that rears its head
its a word that everyone in life would dread.
A monster that eats right into you're soul
stripping you of dignity never feeling whole.

Hubby arrived with more comfort to give
thankful I now felt with the life I have to live.
I left them alone and returned back home
sitting alone the tears now did start to roam.

It is so hard when an outcome is so obvious
and you cannot ignore and become oblivious.
No words can console a heart thats breaking
life is so cruel always from us it keeps taking.

Chris Boyles