

Poetry Series

chris dawson
- poems -

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chris dawson()

If you feel anything worthy than I'd really appreciate it if you could put me forwards at...

Please, please...PLEASE do not send me a message asking me to view your poetry.

Cheers.

OK...I DO NOT WANT TO REVIEW YOUR FUCKING POEMS OK! !
!!

2 Girls

Two girls on the telephone

Resting on drawn up knees

Confessing all their secrets and

Divulging fantasies

Two minds in understanding

Curiosities in tune

Unconscious of the feelings

That might visit them quite soon

Dare meets dare meets daring

Revealed beyond the heart

Each one pursuing further

What each had urged to start

Voices soft with tones that test

Explore the other's state

As they relax in empathy

Qualms and doubts abate

Arousal that has been controlled

And for a while dismissed

Is loosened as the flow dictates

Opportunity is kissed

A gentle sigh, a stifled moan
Is passed both to and fro
As instinct and experience
Reveal the truth they know
Acceptant and in harmony
In agreement they pursue
A course that each has steered upon
So mutual and true
Provocation to excitement
Stimulation, driven need
The sense of their togetherness
Will make this sex succeed
Abandoned more in mutual lust
Released the chastened goal
Their bodies high and sensitive
Their minds entwined with soul
All reserve and modesty
Suppressed and subjugated
A union of their woman-hood
Why had they hesitated
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A Girl I Once Knew

There's a girl I once knew
That would kiss like the dew
With a smile that could hold time forever

Was so warm that she glowed
As her innocence showed
With a presence to draw hearts together

I can feel her today
Though she's now far away
From the memories she left me behind

Not a day passes by
When I ask myself why
Still the smallest of moments remind

There she is on the wall
By the car, in the hall
But so welcome, with no invitation

And regardless of scene
She glides through it serene
Played out in my mind's animation

That girl smiling free
Just so happy to be
In my arms, so together, just there

As she breathes, as she lies
With the stars in her eyes
And the darkness of night in her hair

As emotion creates
So she then captivates
Before slipping away from embrace

And I hold there and stare
At the future so bare
As an unwanted tear strokes my face

Then as I re-compose
To the life that she chose
No more time to be spent together

There's a girl I once knew
That would kiss like the dew
With a smile that could hold time forever

chris dawson

A Girl Sat On A Beach

A girl sat on a beach
An empty beach in solitude
Hundreds flocked around her
Alone resting on one arm
Legs to her side
The sun so high
Her frame so small
She left no shadow
She churned sand with a small red plastic spade
Glazed grains sifted
Sieved by a warm gentle breeze
Her family black hair, dry in the heat
Wild in the wind and salt
Her skin ever darkening
Pale blue pants ever lightening
She churned
With the rhythm of a dream
Slow time
Her time
A time where no one could touch her
So unlike the quiet moments at home.

chris dawson

A Jerk In The Banking System

I visited the bank today,
a deposit to be made;
an un-nerving experience,
that I fouled up I'm afraid.
Admittedly there was privacy,
with a magazine to read,
but in such an environment
I was never to succeed.
When I asked to see the manager,
to get a helping hand,
he refused my application -
such assistance had been banned.
So there I stood pathetically,
having failed in my task,
waiting for tea and biscuits...
holding an empty flask.

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A Moment

Across the distance, through the air

Though land or sea divide

So easily I touch that place

Wherever you abide

And in a moment's quiet place

When thought and mind run free

And you're aware that someone's there

That someone will be me.

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A Norfolk Lane

She biked along a Norfolk lane
And softly sang her song
The birds they joined her in refrain
Now here she could belong
Her hair it flowed beneath her hat
Bright pink with floppy brim
The wistful skirt draped round so that
It slid from limb to limb
Just then she came upon a hill
One hand held face's frame
She lifted up bare feet until
It bordered decent shame
And laughed and shrieked amid descent
Alive as life could be
And that is when she would present
Her character to me
So natural, so free with care
At one with mood and place
And still today I'm with her there
Such beauty in her face

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A Passge Sent Down

Her slender form hid her strengths,
facets that I'd had drawn upon many a time,
a warmth, sensuality, soon sadly missed...
she gave to me at my wanting.
Four years, a time of life,
the time of my life,
a lifetime in another world...
that sadly always knew its course.
She must have known that too.
I didn't mention, should I have?
The bicycles and colours,
all those colours, colourful people,
the dreams and aspirations,
the sanctity, the tradition...
it goes on for ever.
But few can make it their life.
She knew that.
We had such times,
such fun,
she was there... my folly,
my nurse,
my lover,
my tutor,
my everything I suppose.
So few times now left to stroll the Cam,
no more pictures of her wearing only my scarf...
God there is so much for me beyond her comfort -
my destiny, surely she can see.
But I will always remember her,
those times...
Surely she knows that.
So what's to explain?
I'll kiss her now and take my leave.
My willow weeping.

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A Place

There's a place where we have been

Where no one else can go

That can't be seen by anyone

As only we can know

We built ourselves a monument

Constructed from our souls

For only us to wander round

On recollection's strolls

Though life and times will distance us

And moments' image fade

That testament to what we shared

And just how it was made

Will be there to our very ends

Something to count as true

A special and most private place

Connecting me with you.

chris dawson

A Whiff Of Truth

What sets us apart
is the way which we fart,
and the sound that goes hand in hand.
Whether silent or loud,
the resultant gas cloud,
defines the then state of our band.

Tight, pert n dry
you can pop one out sly
and hope that it just doesn't smell.
But loose and too slack
then there's no turning back,
cos it's obvious all is not well.

Now if you're a bloke
you can make it a joke,
though it's likely to draw the odd whinge.
But controlled girlie `phuts',
from cute little butts,
are likely to cause you to cringe.

There can be satisfaction,
enjoyable distraction,
from a moment alone with one's own,
why do we enjoy,
and it's not just the boys,
be it timid or wild cyclone

We giggle, we laugh,
when it blows off the graph
and registers the Richter scale,
it amuses us more,
and we simple adore,
when those closest to us go pale.

But silent is best,
once we've made a small test
to see if it's safe to let go,
it's the secret we hold,

as it starts to unfold,
that makes us quite proud down below.

And then who's to blame
in this bottom burp game,
as a circle appears round that space.
And each one in turn
looks to find one to spurn,
whilst checking for guilt in the face.

Now back to the girls,
those dear little pearls
of innocent, sweetness and light,
they never, they claim,
and I find this quite lame,
do such things themselves, hmm yea rite!

chris dawson

Abnormal's Normal

It's incumbent upon us you know

We sane gentlemen

To never arise from our beds

Until the hour of ten

And then to take required time

Befitting of our style

To indulge idiosyncrasies

That make life so worthwhile

Such personal and private acts

Foibles, routines and deeds

The set us aside from maddening crowds

Which truly supersedes

The drudgery of common man

Predictable, banal

Who phased by eccentricity

Is blind to our cabal

Then so to you I leave this thought

And no matter what befalls

If they should try and change your ways

Stand firm and tell them 'Balls! '

chris dawson

Acceptance

Taken to him once again

she stood outside his door,

her face agreed compliantly.

her soul cried out 'no more'.

For though she knew it all too well,

accepted and complied,

now every time her used her so

some of her shame then died.

He pulled her in and closed the door,

she chilled, she sank, she braced,

her very core, her darkened mind

flashed through the blight she faced.

And all alone he stripped her there,

her tongue she bit, again;

she masked his face with clouding tears,

she masked the pain with pain.

He pushed her to that Georgian frame,
the glass so made her gasp,
and held her by the shoulders there,
his fingers marked his grasp.

Her face contorted, pale and spread,
such nakedness exposed,
as all his will now took its course,
beyond eyes tightly closed.

And on command she arched her back,
no more he had to add,
as hands were pressed upon the pane,
she presented, to be had.

Such was the will, but his, not hers,
such was her lost domain,

that each and every want of his
observance could contain.

And so he took that once again,
that was only hers to give,
a memory of emotive film
she never could outlive.

Now don't delude you understand
no matter how you delve,
for you are who you are today,
and she was barely twelve.

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An Angel's Calling

There she is, that moment born,
He'en sent from above.
Weak and helpless, needy too,
dependent on your love.

Wings form on that little one,
as only you can know,
the cherub transforms rapidly,
as mind, as body grow.

The one terrestrial angel,
she blossoms to a teen,
religiously you care for her,
the princess becomes queen.

Freely in her own realm now,
still obvious of need,
discarded wings and halo bent,
suckling the devil's seed.

chris dawson

An Attack Of The Alones

claustrophobic cloak of night
envelops all remaining will
and saps the light once held within
I lie confined in silence, still.

straddles, pins my arms, my chest
chill gives way to glazing sweat
3am cocooned alone
no sign of dawning freedom yet

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Arousal's Dark Rainbow

Arousal is red

Violence blue

I'll paint bright a picture

And frame it with you.

Arousal is red

Violence is blue

Tears surely follow

But it's what she must do

Arousal is red

Violence blue

Bound, gagged and handcuffed

Ashamed of the view

Arousal is red

Violence blue

Make a dark rainbow

Shocking but true

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Art Of Killing

Evil drew, the dagger held
As drawn too was her breath
And held there by the chill of fate
She face a certain death
Though short the moment of his pause
She saw the reel of life
Eyes of fear, it gripped her there
Yielding beneath the knife
The world condensed to but a frame
Her focus mere feet
As panic wrapped its cloak around
Her mind embraced defeat
Thus how statistics claimed a score
A story draws conclusion
As credits roll, so they extol
The Creative's cruel illusion

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Barroway Drove

Day meets night meets
Dusk grey light
Reflections of the weathered evening show
Inspired by the snow

Expanded openness surrounds
As it holds
The attention of imagination

Resilient narrow murky belt
Cleaving sky from ground
Pitted with tiny orange glows
Warms engaging eyes
In winter's desolation

Remote yet a part
I am of their scene
As they of mine
I drive

Winding, snaking
Across the Fen
Picking out my own speck belt-light
Home

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Bath Time!

I bent her over the bath today
And took her by surprise
She caught sight in the cabinet
And I stared into her eyes
How big they were
How wide they were
So reflective of the sin
She sunk her teeth in the loofer
As I slid my todger in.

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Beached

Scarecrow, Seagull, Dustbin and me
all set out for a day by the sea.
A jam jar, a bottle, a nest made of twigs,
a chutney from Putney, consisting of figs.
Towels in abundance, sweets by the score,
set right for a night and a day by the shore.

Waves we received and more we now sought,
weighed down to the ground by the kilter we brought.
Boarded the train, the four forty-four,
pulled down the wee blind and then bolted the door.
A shrill whistle followed and outward we shook,
then each beach companion took out a blue book.

So soon as we'd left we seemed to arrive,
I checked with my watch, it was four forty-five,
we alighted then sighted our sunny, wet host,
arrived! we were there! at last by the coast.

Whilst staking the claim of estate on the beach
Scarecrow and Seagull played catch with a peach,
Dustbin just sat with his rim in the sand,
made elliptical circles, I gave him a hand.

A noise out at sea made us stop with a start,
a ship full of onions had fallen apart,
Seagull took off and birdie eye viewed
a carpet of Alliums. that was slick as was crude.
Scarecrow deduced, as he oft was to do,
that we had an ingredient to make us a stew.
Water and salt were handy to hand,
it was fun in the sun to perform the unplanned.

At Seagull's return we applauded his feat
and explained to our friend that we now needed meat.
Dustbin was filled by a lot more than pride,
as saltwater and onions now brimmed his inside.
Scarecrow agreed he too was impressed,
we'd never seen seagull so near quite well dressed,

as plucked and now gutted he bobbed in the bin,
just two hours later 3 pals tucking in.

We'll never forget our day by the sea,
Scarecrow and Seagull and Dustbin n me.
'No friend could enjoy another as us'
said Bin ruminating, going home on the bus,
'That bird, though absurd, was the height of good taste,
but look all around, he can soon be replaced'.
For friends seldom stay with us, but for a while,
they line, they appear, in distance they file;
a social occurrence it's hard to explain,
why friendship should happen again and again.
But if like poor Seagull your friends turn on you,
do avoid the dramatic, don't get in a stew.

chris dawson

Beware!

Challenge not the questions why
Take note and heed them well
Stand back, observe the queried sort
Not befall that which befell
The arrogant, dismissive type
Who mocked all reservation
Cast aside in flippant form
Those seeking explanation
For time would come, would come the time
When he himself was racked
Confused he could not ask for help
To hold his name intact
And so for want a fool was he
A fool he had to want
When thirst for knowledge lead him to
A dry and arid font.

chris dawson

Bingo

The flames licked round the twisted kite
and there stood Bingo Mearman,
he'd fought the fire with all his might
to save a single airman,
and as he gazed into the blaze,
sweat running down his brow,
his mind it wandered far away,
not if, not who, but how?

He threw his goggles to the ground
and zipped his jacket high,
prepared to make the sacrifice
for brothers from the sky,
dipped his shoulders, ducked his head,
and lead with one blind arm,
entered the burning fuselage
with disregard for harm.

The hot air took his breath away.

The heat it dried his eyes.

He stumbled through the wreckage as

he headed to their cries,

his inner self spoke reason

and comforted his fear,

probables were held at bay,

we find a hero here.

An inferno now raged within

him and the stricken plane,

flicked images of loved ones who

he may never see again,

but programmed now he soldiered on,

a blanket wrapped around

his reasoning and terror;

death's cries the only sound.

So fierce was the furnace now,
that as the crew were sighted,
poor Bingo he was unaware
his hair had since ignited.
Just as he reached a grasping hand
and saw a melting face
he felt the pain deep in his brain;
the terror of this place.

Outside he heard calls of his name,
whilst inside no voice broke,
his lungs were scorched and shrinking now,
his throat burned to a choke.
Futility washed over him
and fuelled up the firestorm,
his soles had melted to the spot,
the flames were now a swarm.

He stumbled as he made his way,
fell to his hands and knees,
the molten aluminium
removed his skin with ease.
Spontaneously his tunic
unified with this hellhole,
he retreated to unconsciousness
to join the valour scroll.

Somehow some lads from 442
retrieved his charred remains,
but didn't gain acknowledgement
for the courage of their pains.
They didn't seek, and none required,
honours, awards, returns,
instead they carried memories
scarred deep within their burns.
chris dawson

Blank Expression

Can't you see its over?

There's nothing for us anymore

I've lost those special feelings

When you once walked through the door

Yes I really care for you

Grateful for all you've done

But I love you like a brother now

And know you're not the one

I've been seeing him about two weeks

No nothing, nothing yet

Those dancing classes you arranged

Well that is where we met

True he doesn't have your prospects

Your resources or your style

But this hasn't happened overnight

I've been thinking for a while

He's what I feel I need right now

I'm sure; I've got no doubt

And what this man can never give

I'm prepared to live without.

chris dawson

Blindfolded

Blindfolded in a darkened room

allows submissions buds to bloom

apprehensive of impending 'doom'

adrenalin and fear cocoon.

Yielding, giving up control

darker pleasure's now your goal

sliding deep into your role

vulnerable, expose your soul.

Senses alert, deprived of sight

devoid of power, drained of flight

slightest touch or sound excite

succumb with ease, no will to fight.

Within the present you're confined

still questioning the depth of mind

amazed, intrigued at what you'll find

no experience of like or kind.

Struggle arouses when in vain

mind and body accept restrain

unconscious surge, exquisite pain

aroused.....anxieties remain.

You stiffen at your lover's touch
you chill and tingle, realise as such
that emotion overcomes so much
to trust, respect, judgement you clutch
Physically you're so aware.....
respond to each 'command' you hear
eroticism conquers fear
as shamefully you now prepare
to accept seducer's will on you
him be lead.....all the way though
experiences, untold, so new
responsible for what you do
You climax reached, no more alarm
no more fears, concerns of harm
he'll lie with you and make you calm
his touch, his words...a soothing balm
And as you drift and float away
and look down at where you now lay
you know to him you'll once more stray
to give up your soul to lust and play!

chris dawson

Boy Will Be Boys

Why the long face Daddy?

'The bin men came today...

...Your mum put out my train-set, and they've taken it away'

But it was MY train-set Daddy...

...the one you bought for me....

... and I don't need it anymore,

I'm almost thirty-three....

...you never ever recognised just who or what I am...

...I got that set at 6 years old, when I so wanted a pram!

chris dawson

Brevity Of Youth

A pretty face

A graceful neck

Eyes that smile at will

Tender hands

From slender arms

She holds her youth so still

Those gentle lips

That clearest skin

Vigour radiates

But in little time

That phase has passed

The cruellest of fates

chris dawson

Broken Britain

Drongo's up at Court again

With Nesbit, Scum and Slag

Chav was only watching when

They snatched that lady's bag

Doley, Ponce and Badback Khan

All denying the offence

Are sat along the car park wall

To witness for defence

Apparently all 8 got hurt

Have made an allegation

To counter claim against old Maud

And sue for compensation

The Clerk has got a heap of files

And statements to attest

That decent British justice will

Be sure to do its best

But not today, the case adjourned

Held up by fifteen waiters

Appearing for a credit fraud

Requiring ten translators

So Maudy's had a wasted day

And claims the bus fair home

Through inner city no-mans-land

Where all these ferals roam

Back past boarded, broken shops

The spot where she was robbed

She only made a few small steps

And just broke down and sobbed

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Bug

Bug sat on the window cill

Where do you go at night

Do you just fly round and round

Returning when it's light?

Do you like it in the sun

Can I stroke your head

Oh bug what is that yellow stuff

Have I squashed you dead?

chris dawson

Bump

Expectantly I watched it,
caressed it as it grew,
kissed it each opportunity
from the day that I first I knew.
Stroked and smoothed it's contours;
you held my head just there,
excited and impatiently,
trying hard to hear.
Holding it for hours on end,
willing it to grow,
proud of my production,
warming in your glow.
Enjoying total womanhood,
we shared the journey through,
it drew you needy, close to me
and I to protect you.
Then me and you and bump were one,
formed in a lone heartbeat,
as from that tender starting point
the circle was complete.

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Cardinal Sin

Cardinal Sin had begun to begin
To begin to be gone from his path
All this began when a certain young man
Gave good cause to encounter his wrath
Because he became the source of the blame
Of the deeds he indeed had not done
He crossed the good father who worked up lather
Thus began that which shouldn't have begun.

It was agreed that who'd planted the seed
Bore malice with cruel ill intent
There must be no winner as only a sinner
Can fail, lest he truly repent
So the boy with a look, slowly undertook
To accept the accepted church line
That cardinal sin had begun to begin
To corrupt, vitiate and malign

Now power's a treasure that engenders such pleasure
Once from behind its shield it's revealed
Whilst ignoring his vows this sense did arouse
The fate of the lad was then sealed
Presented, resigned, his faith led him blind
Prostrated to God's holy force
And there on his knees, so desperate to please
The Cardinal f****d him of course.

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Castle Keep

There stands defiant before you
the cold stone castle keep.
The moss and lichen drying
the bitter tears it weeps.
Green and grey blend in between
the rocks so manfully hewn.
As north wind chases though its heart
playing a haunting tune.
And all around a shroud encased
the shadow nightfall brings.
It wraps its hands around this face,
the foot beneath its wings.
And standing in the long parched moat,
its coverage with rime,
a chill runs down the watcher's back
as he slips into time.

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Change Of Tune

Those shoes she bought with such excitement,
to surely make her at her best, convinced,
now discarded unsuccessfully,
as she hugs her knees alone.

The loneliest of hotel rooms.

One after another tears alternate,
meander down each cheek;
glazed views down amongst the scattered sheets,
musical scores and lyrics strewn about her.

The words they sang together.

The words she so believed he meant.

The words that lifted and carried her.

Every sonnet warmth.

Every meaning felt and understood.

Every moment of the score drawn into her.

Now a crashed world.

That which she held to hold,
to fill her with joy in moment's alone,
now filled her heart with sadness.

Though she knew this pain would remain eternal,

she could never be apart.

Forever the memory.

Forever the reminder.

chris dawson

Church Of The Whitewashed Mind

In Genesis it tells us
how the world began,
in Exodus how a people
rose up and cut and ran.
So with the picture painted,
and the scene so nicely set,
the truth can be accepted thus...
with all requirements met.

Now that was all well and good,
till the more progressive years,
when brainy blokes and scientists
came up with new ideas.
Quite a few are proven,
without question, without doubt,
the only problem with these is...
they've left your lord god out.

How can a reasoned person,
let alone an intellect,
grasp tight the holy bible,
but science they neglect.
Pick and chose what they believe,
interpret what it says,
delusion on a massive scale...
he moves in mysterious ways.

Where are the evolutionists
and boffins on t.v.
to question what it is that's preached,
at least Christianity.
Maybe if we lost the crap,
cooked up to calm the sheep,
we wouldn't have to sow so much...
compared to what we reap.

Ditch the 'best of ' fable,
re-write the Christian code,
let true and honest souls then join

the blind upon their road.
And then we may all move on,
new light that we may see,
that's never going to happen though...
for atheists like me.

chris dawson

Cold Room

She cradles the knife like a babe in arms
Rocking in a corner
He leaves for work
She hopes that he will not return
But he will
He always does
Always has
She feels like dirt already
The father that she cannot turn to
The parent that she might just kill
To save herself from a fate
Worse than death itself.

She hears the footsteps
Those footsteps
A knife
Can she thrust?
Can she trust?
No one will accept
Could she find another way?
Will he leave her alone this day?
Still footsteps
He is coming still towards her
Still
And she hears him on the stairs
She's ready and she's waiting
As she has been before

chris dawson

Come Sit On My Knee...

Come sit on my knee boy
Come sit on my knee
Come sit on my knee boy
What will be will be
A time for love, a time for fun
Those times will come again
Come sit on my knee boy
I will ease the pain

I know that you can't see boy
I know that you can't see
I know that you can't see boy
Just why she set us free
Times are hard, and times will hurt
But one day this will end
Come sit on my knee boy
Let your small heart mend

chris dawson

Constant Gardener

Turning pages

Flicking postcards

Dreaming moments that I find

Feeling feelings

Seeing moments

Of the times now left behind

Doubting reason

Trusting fancy

And the pact when they're combined

Where the only things that touch me now

Are the things caused to remind

This opaque world they're confined

As I sit back and unwind

The random garden of my mind.

chris dawson

Criminality

To those who like to live life on the edge

And place fate in the hands of the Gods

Who indulge in a manner not fitting

And gamble their time against odds

Let me offer to you a small wager

One sure-fire and guaranteed punt

If you stand in the queue for quite long enough

Be assured you'll arrive at the front.

chris dawson

Cupid And Psyche

The best in me has brought the most happiness
and, in seemingly equal measure, sorrow.
When the lesson is learned at last
how brief the time left lasts;
how I've portrayed the images of passion,
bleak pictures of the incompatibility of man and woman.
Nimue pursuing and tantalising Merlin.
The clasping, desperate embrace of Phyllis to Demophon.
The mermaid dragging her besotted lover to unknown depths.
Pygmalion kneeling at the feet of his creation.
Did I succumb to beautiful romantic dreams of things which never were,
nor could ever be?
Was I a pre-determined victim of insistent sexual yearnings,
of deep psychological need?
Was the light, brighter than that which had ever shone
in a realm not another could define, simply my delusion?
The remaining years will forever be haunted,
nightly the Spectre visits but refuses to look me in the eye.
Cupid and Psyche.

chris dawson

D.H.L.

this was now so real
with a different realism
a real reality
but at the same time surreal
he was so unabashed
unrestrained
how was it that a man who appeared so soulful
so spiritual
was now an apparition of the inhuman
so bestial they now both
so degraded
their combined power drove off shame
and she exulted in that control
that passing wince no more than that
how good it was to be shameful
how great to now share it
how wonderful to indulge
how amazing to be free of worldly binds
and replace them with the shackles of desire.

chris dawson

D.H.L.2

At that moment she was revolted.
A shot projected through her soul,
lodging in the pit of her stomach,
it was horrible.
She would break his spell in an instant
but for curiosity, but for intrigue,
but for him momentarily grasping the handle of her own darkness.
Before resolution had rescued
she had submitted again,
yielding sublimely to her fear.
He knew all the time what he was doing,
cause and effect,
she could see it in his eyes, and how deep it was...
his focus, his determination
to conquer, to create, to instil, to enthrall,
but above all to pleasure.
She knew instinctively this path;
though never having trod it in all her thoughts and experiences.
She was his responsibility,
IT was his responsibility.
She was his charge,
and only he would be accountable.

chris dawson

D.H.L.3

Slowly she closed her hands around him;
in an instant feeling that she held the very core of his power.
Entombed by the moment, by his presence, she was overcome, as if to faint..
and awoken in another realm.
They passed away together,
to another side.
An overwhelming fullness and immediate flood of gratification
swept as the rushing tide.
A descent to the intolerable
was now an accession.
This deepest..
darkest..
source was now her life force;
She was empowered
as he controlled,
guided,
lead,
directed.
So base, yet such a higher plane...
she yielded and left her world behind.

chris dawson

D.H.L.4

A multitude of touches, each felt in instantly in turn but somehow part of a greater sum
The closeness, the warmth, the voice, the words
Washing through and over, swirling around her, soothing, relaxing, enticing, exciting.
As confusion of awareness peaking at a point of loss consciousness
Driven by a need, her need to see around the corner of an eternal curve
Fluid richness passes over her
Carrying away her mind, flooding through her body
A burning deep inside grows intense
So familiar in its unfamiliar surroundings
Waves passing her very being
Her slender neck
Her gentle breasts
Her very core
Though and through
Her emotion now the very frame which supports her
Sweeping away all before it
An essential new being
Free, completely free
To be herself, a self she never knew before
She was at ease
Her complete self
But not herself alone

chris dawson

Daddy!

Daddy

Do I have to shed tears to show you that I'm scared?

Daddy

Your little girl hurts in the way you've always feared

Daddy

I need you to reach out to me, I so wanna come home

Daddy

Things just didn't work out; I'm cold and so alone

Daddy

Can't you just put behind the wrong I know I did?

Daddy

Help me, I need you please, I'm still only a kid

Daddy

Daddy please come get me, I've nowhere else to turn

Daddy

You were right, I know, but it took this for me to learn

Daddy

All I need in the world now are your two strong arms

Daddy

Me suffering like this; it's not just me it harms

Daddy

I'm begging, forgive me Daddy please

Daddy

I need you now, I'll get down on my knees

Daddy

Daddy

Daddy?

chris dawson

Distant Memory

Bhut bhut bhut bhut bhut,

the water taxi's here,

its nodding, smiley pilot

gestures to a chair.

All aboard and crammed in tight,

a small boy casts away,

we set sail down the Ganges,

as a sunset guides the way.

The gentle, balmy evening breeze

inspires a tender glide,

as turds and cans and body parts

are softly brushed aside.

Canvas flaps above our heads,

the only other sound

is the bhut bhut bhut bhut bhut bhut bhut

from the man who took our pound.

chris dawson

Dive To Death

Spontaneous explosion of delicate flights;
the downy feathers meander
randomly as they gently fall
about the lightening cleaved stump,
silently leaving the scene of impact.
The cloud rapidly disperses.
Their source now lay limp and lifeless,
talon slashed,
amongst the stubble of freshly trimmed nettles.
Neck broken, the Dove was truly collared.
Above it, indifferent to it's power,
a Sparrowhawk,
still warm death lies before it.
Eager, chilling eye surveys
returning to its victim,
setting about it with customary function.
Instinct lurches,
destruction to protection.
These most base and converse forces infuse a killer.

chris dawson

Eternal Imprint

The distant footprints that you left
upon a lonely Beach,
created a tranquillity
that solitude can't reach.

The shifting, changing sands of time,
eternal hourglass,
contains every grain of hope
with each moment that would pass.

And even when the sun goes down,
changing the daily scene,
it's calming transformation
is accepted, so serene.

And with each dawn the view is set,
slight changes from before,
and at each night laid down to rest;
amendments made once more.

Day by day this rhythm beats
it's tempo we'd dictate,

and dance to its melodic pulse;

that harmony innate.

So many tunes so rich with words,

a lyrical connection,

all swirling midst the shifting dunes

of passion and affection.

Those that watched the two of us

could see but could not know;

for what we had, we truly shared,

could not be put on show.

And what was left out on that Beach

forever will remain,

and neither will return to there

with anyone again.

But though the storms will come and go,

ill winds will blow and sweep,

those prints will stand the test of time

as they were planted deep.

chris dawson

Evening Of Winter

Brazen sky
That dares to challenge the despondency of my winter
With your resplendent vigour
Scale and vitality
Giving backdropp to silhouettes of migration
Teasing me
Leading me
Do you provoke such pain with intention
Or feel that you serve to dissipate my gloom
You will only charge me but for a few moments
As that is all you have to give
So how can you expect, ask, beg of me to embrace you
When reality lies before the dawn

chris dawson

Fish Wish

Why do you, my fish

Flap about on my dish

And splash hollandaise in my lap

Please cease your vain swish

And so grant me this wish

Lie still; let me eat you, old chap.

chris dawson

Freedom Fighter

Silently and peacefully he lies there in his bed

His god assuredly watches him

Or so his 'bible' said

Protects him in his sleeping hours

Guides him in his prayer

Tends him without prejudice

Man and gun, as one, lie there.

chris dawson

Girl

Radiance

With elegance

She glided so serene

Her grass kissed souls

With every step

Drew her into the scene

About her form

A flowing gown

Hid all, but all could see

The sensuality

Of this girl

Was pure transparency.

And there she stood

Forever now

Sun diffused through her hair

Her leading leg

Held firmly

Illuminating there

She seemed to shine

Under that dress

Would that it be withdrawn

But surely then

Innocence lost

The artist would be torn.

chris dawson

Girls And Bubbles

Joyous within her bubble
She rises high
On the warmth of his words
In the air of his affection
Floats without direction
A single prick would bring her crashing to earth
But a married one could make a far bigger impact.

chris dawson

H

Long she shared that room that night,
that long and lonely night,
with nought to aid or comfort her,
no thoughts to serve her plight.

Hovering the indecisive nib
from pot to reed in turn;
the oldest lesson she'd been taught
was the hardest one to learn.

Not a start and not a drop,
no message for that man,
she could not think nor reason
how this tragedy began.

Anne poured loyally from behind,
whilst eyes were fixed to glaze,
the surest note that she could write
would end tormented days.

Cold wind, it made poor company,
and in the candle gloom
a soft and warm relieving tone
spoke softly `cross the room.

She stood beside the readied bath,
caressed by roaring fire,
and cast away her nightly dress
and cursed what men desire.

Submerged with grace and purpose,
a moment's place to hide,
she lived that measured moment when
the river would decide.

As quick as came it went and left,
she rose and took her breath,
another to consider now...
not hers the choice of death.

Steam rose beyond her naked half,
the half not so defiled,
be damned the judge in every house...
for she would keep her child.

chris dawson

Hard Love

And in the morning I will be there willingly,
to hold your hand and lie there by your side.
And, although the pain it may be killing me.
for you my suffering I will hide

And in the morning you'll feel me close to you
Safe and secure, I won't relent.
Taking my chance to make the most of you
Precious moments treasured as spent.

And in that morning I'll know you're leaving me
but you'll see love, no pain, just pride.
You didn't see I knew you were deceiving me
and just been waiting for you to decide.

And throughout that day, and all that follow it
sadness and loss will come to me.
Each time we meet I'll smile and swallow it
I will not hurt you as you hurt me.

chris dawson

He

Perspectives, like the weather, change
the light upon his day,
the winds of mood blow random clouds
and all they can convey
is rained upon his very views,
opaquely focus stares,
when suddenly the sun breaks though
and takes him unawares.

The warmly radiating glow
makes all around him clear,
so every thought that can sail by
is as it may appear.

Confidence then grows within,
to forecast all his deeds;
those storms upon horizons seem
merely the due proceeds
of extremes in contemplation,
where observation can relate,
accept the ever changing day,
adapt to its climate.

And so extreme conditions
are best suited to his kind,
but who'd predict that whether it
won't, in time, erode his mind.

chris dawson

Head In The Clouds

Enigmatic swirls of roving mass
Cruise weightily on their journey
Their very substance of which determines
As it creates
Imposing subtle twists and breaks
Amalgamations
Buffering and buffeting
Follow their constant transformation
These beings, these entities
Colossus of the skyways
Nonchalantly pass
Without conscience or acknowledgement
Oblivious to the complications below
Their grace a wonder
Their path a mystery
Who and how many have witnessed,
and have asked the same questions?
Would they even recognise
The same majesty that I witness
As my angle is unique
The face shown to me unique
My experience, my show
To be enjoyed
To give wonder
To fire imagination
To inspire the very life that they sustain.

chris dawson

Her Prayer

On my knees before you,
I look up to see your smile,
Your shadow casting over me,
which I've needed for a while,
Your wrath beats down upon me,
Like a hammer to the stone,
I'm shattered to a million shards,
I'm used, I'm torn, I'm thrown.

I'm a toy used for your pleasure,
Your wanton little girl,
I'll do all that you want me to,
As long as you show how,
I'll lay my heart before you,
Let you tamper with my mind,
I want to be expanded,
And know the limits you define.

This is more than just me giving,
It's submitting from my core,
Showing you I'll cast aside,
My dignity and more,
So to you I give this heart,
And pray you treat it tender,
Nothing more can I give up,
As I yield, submit, surrender.

chris dawson

Homosexual Woman

Homosexual woman
Never takes the train
Homosexual woman
I can't get down her lane
Homosexual woman
You can toy with me for real
Homosexual woman
You should know just how I feel
Homosexual woman
Since you've changed your tune
Homosexual woman
There's a new rug in your room.

chris dawson

Hyde And Seek

Your life is a dream, you're living a lie
You've been here before, but you've no idea why
Trapped in a present that's shaped by your past
The future approaches, then escapes you so fast
You inhabit a world so deep within
Where fancy and truth hold time then begin
Safe and secure, so long you remain
Whilst outside the shell live problems and pain
A momentary lapse will expose you to hurt
So retaining the shield is the way to avert
But you know it's no good and no way to be
There's many ways out, they're not easy to see
Yes I know there's no strength, no resolve of will
To break from the cycle that's holding you still
Just take the next chance when the window appears
Suppress all the worries and face up the fears
A solitary step through familiar doors
And then once again your life can be yours.

chris dawson

I Want A Girl

I want a girl
Wrapped deep from the cold
Snug warm in her wool hat and scarf
I want a girl
All round to be hold
Red tip on her nose makes me laugh
I want a girl
Who faces, no cares
The chill and the freeze with such class
I want a girl
Who smiles, no tears
When she slips and she falls on her arse
I want a girl
At the end of the day
To take home, unwrap and revive
I want a girl
Who's happy this way
Content to just feel alive.

chris dawson

I Watched

I watched you walk
Such class
Such style
I stood and dreamed a dream a while
You could not know
You may not care
I stole a moment with you there.

chris dawson

If Life Is Beautiful

Just to watch you cross the room
Smiling without a word
Drifting through a lasting kiss
To run my fingers through your hair
Lips softy sticking as we part
Just taking things as they come
That warm feeling when we hug
Receiving affection with surprise
Nothing spoken but harmony
Together choosing, making plans
Those sensual moments, skin on skin
Your little 'bounce' each time you stride
Just being there as you awake
To feel you've lost yourself in me
That momentary look or glance
Releasing, giving all you have
Knowing that you're there to take
To see the wanting in your eyes
To see the light each time you smile
If life is beautiful
Then you are life

chris dawson

Imaginative Realities

Shadow, companion to those who take rest,
you that expands yourself in the drowsy eye of the fading light.
Why do you sometimes lurk,
create fear,
play havoc with the weakened mind?
But although you loom so large and sinister,
probing with your misshaped fingers,
finding so many places to lay down and hide,
dark and menacing,
I know how small you really can be
in the true light of day.

>

chris dawson

In A Field Somewhere

I fear I may be mortally wounded
Lying now within a shell hole in this hell hole
I write this in the hope that one day it will find its way home
My comrades tell me that no two shells fall in the same place
But here four, five – ten would do and you could never tell
Eternally the sense is that my next breath may be my la

chris dawson

In Mind

I had a whore in mind

That whore was surely you

Now matter where I'd take my whore

What I would ask you'd do

The cost would be immense at times

The payment without question

An appetite to see and feel

Skilled in such digestion

As trained it was in breaking down

Barriers, indoctrination

That mind of yours embraced it all

Professional determination

And so you were and always will

Be a whore in mind

Though none, I doubt, will have the wealth

To find you so inclined.

chris dawson

It Was Blair At The Time

Abdul's got a bomb you know
He made in Kuala Lumpur
Flew in via Pakistan
With Semtex up his jumper
His brother sits in Wormwood Scrubs
And with every note he writes
He praises Abdul's holy war
God's with him as he fights
Lawyers protest the jail's unfair
As Abdul now prepares
To explode onto the martyr scene
And catch all unawares
Human rights advocates
And our noble leader's wife
Waffle through their coffee cups
As they determine life
Dismissive as the news comes through
Thirty dead so far
A clash within a market place
Has rocked the old Kasbah

Cherie don't like it....rock the Kasbah. rock the Kasbah
>

chris dawson

Itch Witch

What causes an itch,
some far distant witch
with miniscule spells to annoy?
What pleasure she gains,
as she thinks on our pains,
when the prickles n tickles deploy?

Is there point, rhyme or reason
to feel like you've fleas on
your calf or the small of your back?
And why is she so mean,
as she hatches her scheme,
In conniving the point of attack?

Hell, the very thought
can make one quite fraught
and inspire so much of the same.

It's so very absurd
that the sight of the word
can kick off the itch n scratch game.

Have you started yet?
You'll start soon I bet,
as the theme of this writing takes hold.
Then you will soon see
that it's no fantasy,
with the evidence there to behold.

So doubt me no more,
you cannot now ignore,
that an itch serves no purpose or use.
Therefore it has to be,
and you have to agree,
that it must be some form of abuse.

Now if you've a suggestion
that answers the question,
thus puts my reasoned theory to bed.
Then make it known please,
should you have expertise,
I'll buy that explanation instead.

But until such times
I'll stick with what rhymes
when deciding what causes an itch.
Then, just as I've written,
don't think you've been bitten,
but blame your distress on the Witch!
chris dawson

Joy To Watch

I joy to watch the ragged crow
Who soars between the gusts as though
He cares not where, he minds not when
He tacks upon his course again
As so assured and so aware
He glides amongst the autumn there
He cries his lofty, chilled lament
With dark suggestion, free intent
So independent with disdain
He glances back to me again
And off as pointless as he came
Without procedure, without aim
I joy to watch the ragged crow
Without a thought for who's below.

chris dawson

Julia

Those lips
Those lips
That impending kiss
Their certain submission
The undoubted abuse
You want all of this
Then unparalleled experience
I want to make you feel my lips
An indelible memory

chris dawson

July '40

The moon was full,
I had to look at it,
a second, long, engrossed look,
you know when you think that you can see a face in it
and have to double check.
A big finger prodded me back to earth,
well as far as the lane anyway,
busy with it's shadows,
which seemed to have come out to enjoy a special occasion.

I fell back into a column of two
and we carried on with our patrol,
the night was so still,
sounds queued up in the distance
and gradually built up
over the 'crunch', 'crunch', 'crunch'
of our boots on the newly laid surface.
Clouds of perfume spilled out
from the hedgerows and gardens as we passed,
a cocktail with the freshly set tar.
My webbing started chaffing me,
as it always did,
it was a proper nuisance,
a little pain
that kept on stabbing me
reminding me that thee was a war on.

A light upstairs at Mertyl Cottage,
Sarge pointed up at the sounds from the open window,
it was very balmy,
"that Bryant is givin his missus what for again"
he said in a manner of clear disapproval,
but acceptant none-the-less.
Maybe it wasn't polite to interfere,
maybe some women needed that I thought,
maybe it's none of my business
and we had bigger things to worry about.

In the distance, at the crossroads,

we could make out two figures,
not suspicious,
we could recognise them a mile off.
Old Sam had left the pub
in his usual state of readiness,
Constable Seeley was pushing his bike,
and Sam's,
Walking him home.
The old man had chased me as a boy,
our annual scrumping contest,
but he always seemed so pleased to see me now.

They waited for us to approach
and we fell out once more
whilst Sarge chatted to them.
His dulcet tones hanging in the heavy air.
Biccy Barker lit a cigarette,
passed one each to Thomo and Jonesey,
but not to me.
And we stood on the verge,
thick and full,
by the silhouette of the estate railings,
Lord Bradbury's,
and we looked down onto the village.
Dots of light and darts of bats,
nothing else,
well except all of my feelings,
warm feelings of belonging,
oh and except the drawing and puffing,
and the clouds of smoke.

It was getting a bit chilly
so I turned up the collar on my tunic
and stuffed my hands in my pockets.
No one spoke,
we just stared.
Each subconsciously listening to the conversation behind us
whilst drifting off with our own thoughts.
Sarge's strong manner.
Sam's slurred local growl.
And the Constable's reassuring broag.
We heard the goodbye's,

and resigned ourselves to moving on.
Instinctively tuned to Sarge again, waiting for a gruff order.
Instead we heard more crunching behind us,
with him close enough that we could feel his steely breath.
I think that we all must have been surprised when
gently, sincerely, emotionally
he praised us for looking after our homes,
taking time to think about our village,
our friends, our families,
what we really had there and what it truly meant
"That's England down there boys...that's our England...
and that's exactly how it's going to stay".

chris dawson

Labyrinth

In the labyrinth that lies

Within that restless mind

As answering such questions

Leaves such questions far behind

And discovery haunts its passageways

With doors left just ajar

Approach is made with rationale

And reason is no bar

To perspective with objective

A view that's shared by few

An idea, which collectively, the masses would construe

As madness, as preposterous, absurd and of a freak

As a right-minded person would never dare to speak

Those words and those expressions

Those philosophies and more

Those very things that spin your heads

And rock you to the core

Can you step back and take a look

At that mind and at yours

To examine all their principles

Their functions and their laws
To question the unquestionable
To deny the rules applied
To open up, express yourself
Reveal all held inside
Of course you cant, as you're just like
The disputers and the blanks
That dismiss the alternatives
As weird and utter kranks
Not understand nor comprehend
Nor see what's there to see
Those levels and those parallels
Imagination free
Beyond those tried restrictions
And confines laid to state
Where muse and contemplation
Run counter to debate
And reflections are restricted
By the light that leads the throng
So that labyrinth remains still hid
As it has done all along

chris dawson

Laura Explorer

Laura Explorer surveyed all before her.
and sighed at the challenge ahead
She knew it, she'd do it, be sure to get through it
and vowed to be upbeat instead.
Her heart it so raced at the task she now faced,
such was never attempted before,
she craved to be saved from the debris that paved
her way across her bedroom floor.
Each door and each drawer were exposed in this chore
to reveal what should not be seen,
she was daring, uncaring, as she gave a good airing
to places that no light had been.
It was bold to behold things growing live mold
and not wince at the life forms she found,
as she made an attack on a fortnight old snack
something moved to her side on the ground.
Had she dreamed, as it seemed; too late as she screamed
and leapt one great leap to her bed;
this adventure did wrench her, fear certain to drench her,
her eyes popping out of her head.
Beneath Sunday's undies, perhaps they were Monday's
a tail posed the utmost of threat
to prevent her descent, how she wished to repent
as her brow now condensed beads of sweat.
For want of a broom her room was a tomb,
with a number of unwanted guests;
each Friday she tidy and take enough pridey
to discourage such room sharing pests.
She was glad when her Dad entered the crash pad
to rescue her from this expedition,
virtually suicidal no more she'd be idle
with a room in a healthier condition.
This so bitter pill still helps to fulfil
it's purpose in Dad's tidy house,
the tale of the tail will always prevail,
as to Laura it was clearly a mouse.
But guys can be wise as it was a disguise,
not what the illusion appeared,
rules are for fools, there are more useful tools

when Daddy wants his will adhered..

chris dawson

Little Days

Winding wound a windmill Blue
Dancing like we used to do
skylark breeze and Jasmine air
loving grass on feet kicked Bare
A moment's World for us to hold
a Memory so gently sold
the child's Season long but passed
Eternal summer cannot last.

chris dawson

Love Lost Love

I cry my love

I scream my love at you

I throw my love a distance hence

The things you make me do

Crying all I have to cry

But pleading stays within

Where was it that we ended all?

Just where did all begin?

I'd kill my love

I seek to cause its death

But every word escaping me

Is just a waste of breath

I'd kill for you I would

Though killing you for sure

Would satisfy the one of us

But kill me even more

And so we die

Like never can again

The torrents of the things we did

Now drown us with their pain

And now it's nearly done

To much to say and said

The drained cadaver of our love

Lies there before me dead

chris dawson

Love Poem

No greater inspiration than..

Love can fire poetic man

For though he fuel he has no fuse

Until he comes upon his muse...

And thus each moment of each day

She'll fan the flames of art his way

So new the skills that he will learn

That on and on his Love can burn...

The heat of which will warm her night

As radiate it's guiding light

Long after she has passed it by

He will not let those embers die...

Then there they stand as testament

Their worth beyond abandonment

As they are words, and they are he

She inspired his poetry

chris dawson

Love To Be Above

A kiss is not amiss

A cry never awry

A song cannot be wrong

When expressing your emotion

A temper can be held

Resentment oft repelled

Petulance so quelled

On feeling's rolling ocean

Rude ought to be subdued

Conceit forced to retreat

Pique so reveals the weak

Maybe some should be confined

A tear should hold no fear

A smile always worthwhile

Your art always impart

What do you have in mind?

Love to be above

chris dawson

Mable

Jayne Fontaine was not to blame
It was surely Auntie Mable
That let the baby crack its head
Under the kitchen table
And as the screams filled up the house
And spilled on to the street
Jayne ran around to garden to
Be sure the first to meet
The neighbours and the gathering throng
So perplexed and concerned
And horrified and angry at
What each in turn then learned.

Oh how could she, that stupid cow,
Have hit the child so
Vengeance was their foremost thought
Well how was Jayne to know?
The crowd became a mob at once
And pushed the girl aside
Attracted by the wailing then
They forced themselves inside
The kitchen where poor Mable sat
Regretful and forlorn
She rocked the crying infant as
The horde poured out their scorn.

The child was snatched immediately
Passed down the along the line
Mable just didn't have the words
As the gang became malign
They scragged her by her knitted top
And someone grabbed her hair
They dragged her out into the yard
And set about her there
For she was known, and known to all
As strange and slow of thought
And this was just the excuse that
One or two had sought
To exercise their prejudice

To vent their lack of soul
Punishing abnormality
Was their unstated goal.

But all who joined the baying pack
Cared nothing of the table
As Jayne now tried to fight them back
To protect her Aunty Mabel
Too late, the sniff of spite was in
Those nostrils flared and wide
Jayne's pleas would be to no effect
Till the excitement would subside
Then one by they ceased their blows
Retired, as each observed
That curled and twisted body had
Received what it deserved.

Silence within the walled surround
Just heavy, laboured breath
Had they metered punishment?
Had they cause a death?
Slowly the silence broke their thoughts
Reason on all's behalf
Reality then struck them dumb
They heard the baby laugh
Holding on the table leg
Tears they streamed no more
It tottered to the tempting crowd
And fell against the door.

A wail the like they'd never heard
Came charging from that room
The message hit them like a train
Were they wrong to assume?
A look back to where poor Mable lay
Last one to shut the gate
Dismissed how they were suckered in
And how they took the bait
As back to each respective life
To forget, discount, ignore
To blame the Fontaines for their ills
And continue as before.

chris dawson

Marquis De Sade

The Marquis de Sade
Isn't really that hard
To work out and then understand
The opinion he swayed
Through the poker he played
Was flawed by his poor sleight of hand
As we now reminisce
At his mental abyss
And judge him so much by his crimes
Just like him we'll go
A good 6 feet below
But shall we have known such good times

chris dawson

Mused

You were my muse for all the world

For all the world was you

Then all you gave you took away

So ran creative through

And sliced apart those flowing words

They drifted aimlessly

That marriage seemed a world away

A world away from me

chris dawson

Nature's Natural Reflections

A raindropp trickles down the pane

The way my finger once traced down your back

Gliding without a care

Aimlessly.

I flick between the opaqueness of the teeming glass

And the clarity of my pouring memory

And see your skin, a naked section

A warm feeling on a cold day

Lifted for a instant, then set down again

A sad moment on a gloomy Sunday.

The beauty of nature before me

Seemingly seen only in reflection

Though whenever I care to look now

I can see.

And though the reflections before me will dry

My recollections will come again like the rains.

chris dawson

No Idea

in his realm the genius is king,
and in his world a prisoner.
ideas tease him by day,
and taunt him by night
as they pass him by,
few stop but a moment.

if grasped they may consume.
frivolity, indulgence, pre-occupation,
occasionally a platform
to proclaim,
to herald, .
to validate
more often though a shifting sand
of instability.
and so the genius either continues to pursue,
strong in belief,
short on realisation;
or collapses under the weight
of those relentless and unforgiving jackals.

chris dawson

No Time For Change

Tock tock,
broken clock,
hanging the wall...
don't know why he leaves you there,
I've no idea at all.
hmmm looking round this room right now
it seems that time's stood still,
he's never changed a thing in here,
I think he never will.

chris dawson

Observing Art Through A Slit

Self-centred celluloid
The action's outta frame
Tried and practiced formula
The method's just the same
Limbs n quims n fleshy bits
A fortune to be made
The World's a stage and at this stage
Desire will be obeyed
Directed to the treasure chest
The producer's honey pot
When cameras start a-rolling
Who really should be shot?

chris dawson

On Going Reflective

I was a certainly single guy.
She became a lover.
And then my mistress.
And a friend.
She was soon my Partner,
my Lover, my Mistress and my Friend.
The love was fractured;
and with that went the Lover,
the Mistress,
and eventually Partner too.
I contented with the friend.
Yes, I contented with the friend.
Alas without the Lover and the Mistress the friendship could not survive,
and because of it equally it was doomed.
That is certainly the loss I mourn by the greatest measure.
My greatest friend.

chris dawson

Paradise Paradox

And firm upon that lofty perch

He cried amongst the gulls

seldom words would strike the waves

in raging torrent's lulls

the storm it mocked this futile act

and blew back every plea

and threatened him and beckoned him

and drew him to the sea

just like many days before

and many days to come

calm and beauty hold that place

where mortals hearts succumb

and gulls they coast the warming breeze

softly against blue skies

Oblivious of broken lives

Unmindful of demise

And so the child trod daisies light

The path along those heights

A place for conversation's dwell

A place for flying kites

A drawing point to warm the soul

'neath suns of every hue

And life goes on

And death goes on

Goodbye, farewell, adieu

chris dawson

Paris '46

Waves of warmth and light
rolled through the tall windows,
broken only by the breeze swayed Lime that
stood guard outside her apartment.
A soft, maple leg lay across my thigh
as we drifted,
it did seem so different to before,
as I said it would,
but she had insisted.

In the years since the war the city had changed,
we had changed,
the relationship that we had had changed,
although it was still one that neither would, or could,
ever share with another.
It was uniquely special,
but my emotions, feelings for her, were so very different now.

Once I had protected as much as desired,
felt a duty equal to the excitement,
consumed a love beyond any that I shall ever taste again.
But now, now I was more aware, more understanding, conscious.

The scales of my reasoning no longer balanced in favour, nor did they even
weigh with convincing equality.

It must end.

I think that she knew too, but dared to little more than think.
Maybe I was responsible, not now for her, but for whom she now was.
Maybe it was the experience of the conflict, of occupation, so many flawed
maybes, but it still came back to me, in my heart.
I had trapped her.

Over and over in my mind,
I examined, cross-examined, relived.
I could see, but who else would understand, empathise, agree, condone.
Should anyone expect to feel the love of lovers
as they themselves feel it?
They have not known our lives.
They cannot know me.

They do not know my sister.

chris dawson

Pink Pink

pink pink
Confirmed that it was armed
pink pink
Was right to be alarmed
pink pink
Ensured that nought was harmed
pink pink
Steady hand and mind
pink pink
Micro-chip designed
pink pink
The password was declined
pink pink
Another course to take
pink pink
Caution not to shake
pink pink
Captivity a mistake
pink pink
Beads upon the brow
pink pink
Experience the how
pink pink
No chance to turn back now
pink pink
Be certain not to slip
pink pink
One last wire to snip
pink pink
Two hearts that skip a beat
pink pink
The sound that gives a lift
pink pink
Time to collect the gift
pink pink
The robbery will be swift

chris dawson

Profiteering

A profligate professor peruses those before
Wide-eyed absorbed disciples
Whose souls cry out for more
Fixed upon his every word
And notion that he spews
Malleable, impressionists
His mind constructs their views

Such power has this libertine, they won't identify
Their naïve thirst deludes
The truth passes them by
For more they want and more they'll get
Far more than they have paid
The profligate professor's course
Ensures they will get laid

chris dawson

Random Life

Butterfly flutter by
Tussle with your friends
I wonder where your flight began
And where your journey ends
I don't think that you really care
I'm sure that there's no plan
But then your busy life is short
So enjoy it while you can.

chris dawson

Real Fight

If a mountainous task to be tackled
Impossible odds to surmount
Take a check and a quiet little moment
And this modest ditty recount
Don't be fazed by what stands before you
Take perspective in one firmly grip
From there you now have a basis
To employ this concise, simple tip
When facing a beating of beatings
Draw up all the courage you can
As it's not the size of the man in the fight
But the size of the fight in the man.

chris dawson

Reality's Realisation

Aloysious Higgenbotham
Had a troubled time at school
Ridiculed ridiculously
He learned to play the fool
Nasty names, psychology
Occupied each break
It became a challenge to
See how much that he could take
His mum a widow of ten years
Had a new man friend
This only served to fan the flames
Would the greyness never end
One day he crouched crying
Head so full of thoughts
Why was it God that only he
Came to school in shorts
Why did you take my daddy God
So mum was all alone
Why didn't I have a PC
Or a mobile phone
God told him life was just a play
And he should play his part
He realised his place in life
It nearly broke his heart.

chris dawson

Right To Be Right

I debated with an old friend
On a subject dear to me
I made my case most lucidly
But he would not agree
Round and round and round we went
Long into the night
Our opinions just as strong
The point now out of sight
Finally at half past four
We'd satisfied our need
Totally exhausted
Now we both agreed
That despite our heated faces
And impassioned need to fight
Two men may clearly disagree
But neither may be right.

chris dawson

Rough Diamond

Ha Ha you looked rough this morning,

fat eyes and manic hair,

I thought it rather cute you know;

I truly didn't care.

Cos you are you and you and you,

you are what you are to me;

When you're reflected in my eyes

it's the whole of you I see.

chris dawson

Scotland

I have to live in Scotland
Circumstances so dictate
It's nought to do with choices
It's nought to do with fate
Kith and kin think I'm insane
To pack and travel north
Beyond the wall of Hadrian
And far across the Forth
For just one week of sunshine
In a year of rain and storm
Yes, the weather may be harsh and cold
But the people keep me warm.

chris dawson

Sea Lies Deep

We face the breeze, that summer's breeze

As gulls cut through the air

We feel at ease, a lover's ease

I nestle in your hair

And from behind, your cute behind

A backdropp I perform

And there you lie, a total lie

A calm before the storm.

chris dawson

Secret Wood

Down in a wood
A very small wood
At the bottom of a hill
Where three fields meet
In a black and white time
There lived...
Well, there lived
And they lived happily
And in peace
Harmony
With all the woodland characters we know of
And quite a few others we don't.

On nights of moonlight silk
With deep black shadows
Criss-crossing white tinged bows
When there was not a breath
And all above the warmed blue sky
Kept that place and moment secure
Music could be heard
If you listened
Really listened
A flute?
No one would tell
But the animals who lived there knew it
And would gather.

Seduced by the sound
And expected sight
They would be closer
Braver
Than on any other night of the year
Their very souls lifted
Instincts subdued
A melancholy blanket lay over the wood
Under which they all snuggled.

And then
In a clearing

A very small clearing
Where the grass was so short
So soft
So fresh and clean
It's green so vivid
That it only took a bathing of soft light
To draw its richness
A tiny glow would appear
Then another.

And another
Until a dainty ring of lacy glows had formed
And they would dance
They knew no one watched
But all could see
They were safe
And would only do so when they were
Where they came from
Not one creature knew
None were ever seen
Outside their little theatre.

As you know this was a special place
A place of sight and sounds
Of such beguiling magic
Enchanting wonder
That would enthral the simple and wise alike
That time has passed
But only for me
For you that wood is still there
If it can be found.

chris dawson

Shadow

Shadow, companion to those who take rest,
you that expands yourself in the drowsy eye of the fading light,
why do you sometimes lurk,
create fear,
play havoc with the weakened mind?
Although you loom so large and sinister,
probing with your misshaped fingers,
finding so many places to lay down and hide,
dark and menacing,
I know how small you really can be
in the true light of day.

chris dawson

She Passed A Smile Suggesting

I let her eyes seduce me as she glanced across the bar
she passed a smile suggesting her apartment wasn't far
calmly and collectedly I held that higher ground
but all the while internally my will it slowly drowned
I was full with raw emotion that could never be denied
when hearts collide it can never be denied

With a look that told her everything I lead her out the door
a life of daydreamed moments that she'd never dared before
I turned and fixed her knowingly, she'd given me control
my lust it wanted body but my mind it wanted soul
she was mine there for the taking that could never be denied
I was the guide, that could never be denied

She slipped her fingers gently and with mine became entwined
her simple cotton summer dress left every curve defined
with understanding innocence she followed with that smile
crossed a grinning meadow and traversed a winking style
she was destined for corruption that could never be denied
deep inside, she would never be denied

I lay her on the river bank and fanned her golden hair
kissed away her butterflies and stroked her shoulders bare
she closed her eyes so she could see touch turning to caress
desire's beacon shaded now with patience and finesse
she held more of me than I could see that cannot be denied
I must confide, that could never be denied

Immersed in her I lost myself, now totally beguiled
those eyes now told me other things, as quietly she smiled
I'd found myself at Heaven's gate and blindly entered in
crossing the line where lust arrests and deeper things begin
tried hard to keep the distance, but it wouldn't be denied
now no divide, it just couldn't be denied.

It's been four long years since I last saw that smile controlling me
I've reasoned and I've rationalised but what will be will be
I looked for her, I followed her, it shames me to confess
I miss my little angel in her cotton summer dress
love took me in heartbeat and that cannot be denied
God knows I've tried, it just cannot be denied.

chris dawson

Silent Calling

Come to me my lover,
come to me with blind eyes,
with helpless cause and hopeful mind...
bring to me your all, that which has never be known to another.
Kneel your world, your everything before me,
lay before me as you lay yourself bare.
Though all my bidding is forbidden.
Though your calling must be silent,
hidden from any save our entwined souls.
A heady brew, that taste is none but ours to savour;
such bitterness to any other lips.
How could they understand when we ourselves have none,
it is not reason, though reason could be sought,
no rationale or logic may dictate,
nor morality refrain.
For now we flow, pronounce and behold,
we are and will continue to be!
Here, there, wherever we may find our place
apart we will always be together.

chris dawson

Slightly Educated

So, the World, you've made it,
arrived, you're there at last;
well removed from all before,
oblivious to the past.
You're smart, you're cool, you're learned;
perspectives overflow,
there's little you can face right now
you feel that you don't know.
Opinions on the issues,
the answers water-tight,
politics all sound and clear,
unequaled fresh insight.
Yes, you're now a student, yes...
to 'Unee' you now pray,
pay homage to the lifestyle and
the rules you now obey.
Oh sure they're rules, most definitely,
though you won't see them so,
as you've become enveloped in
a long, familiar, show.
Where you just play a bit-part act,
a role played down the years,
involving such a simple script,
accompanied by the beers.
So stand a moment, stepping back,
I know it's new to you,
recall you're there for knowledge, sure..
there's lots you could accrue.
And even when you graduate,
a diploma to decree,
remember that your knowledge is
but to a small degree.

chris dawson

Something For The Sabbath

The Lord's my shepherd, tho I don't want,
he makes me down to lie
in pastures green. He leadeth me
but I know that look in his eye.

His pole he doth restore again,
and me to awkwardly walk doth make
within the paths of right discomfort,
all for his own game's sake.

Yea, though I walk in this dark vale,
and yet I fear I will get ill.
Because he art with me, and that rod
feels like it's up me still.

My table he has furnished
whilst standing tippy toes,
my head he dost with oil anoint,
as he pulls out and overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life,
will he keep following me!
And in God's house for evermore,
sharing his wellies.

Baaaalm 23

chris dawson

Special

I'm a short fat lady what can I do
But waddle up and down dressed up in blue
Though I may look rather comical to you
I'll have you know I'm special

I can't run and I can't hide
Five feet high and five feet wide
I'm full of good intent inside
So I'll have you know I'm special

I'm making friends and doing good
Just like I feel a citizen should
If only you lot understood
Then you'd see I'm special

I can do what full-time does
I don't get paid, I get a buzz
And feel just like the proper fuzz
So I just know I'm special

Parking tickets, injured cats
Pensioners who've lost their hats
12 years olds just acting prats
I'll show them that I'm special

Trained up like a real copper
Make sure that you treat me proper
Don't laugh when I come a cropper
Cos I really am quite special

So join in on this beat with me
Each step one less calorie
You can't complain, you get me free
I'm just a little Special

I'll wave the book like Chairman Mao
Ya won't stop me I'm Special now
And no, I'm no deluded cow
Don't spoil it cos I'm special (needs)

chris dawson

Stars Mean...

The autumn night, it kissed his cheeks
and thoughts turned to the skies,
seemed every star that shone above
appeared to be her eyes.

With each impulsive twink of light
she watched oer him there,
and quietly, in her memory,
he shed a single tear,

chris dawson

Success!

Behind most winning men it's worth saying again
there's force driving them, it is true.
With such strength and resolve ambitions evolve
and support to see goals carried through.
It's then they possess stubborn drive to success
in the guidance, direction and tips;
you really are missing if you think just for kissing
is the purpose of those tender lips.
No, Ladies we accept that we're often inept
and our rise is yours to acclaim,
so I'll say this one time though I realise I'm
destined now to a life without fame.
There are quite a few blokes, the butt of bad jokes
who are plodding and trudging in ruts,
they could have gone on but instead, like Dear John
lacked the balls or the nouse or the guts.
But there are many more for whom the daily score
was restrictive, confining, suppressed.
With their foresight made blind by continuous grind
and their drive and their vim so repressed.
Weighing them down with a finger and frown
antithesis of the women above,
smothered and covered and held for themselves
they are drowned as they're crowned with their love.
Too late to break free from the gene factory,
no strength left to try to scream 'stop',
yes marriage for sure is the bolt on the door
that keeps him from the room at the top!

chris dawson

Such

Chris was lying in a gully by the sea.

Three days and two nights continuous toil

under blasting shrapnel, sniper fire,

an exposed and lonely stretcher bearer.

He wondered where Harold, his brother, could be.

From time to time he would get word.

His company had been given possession of a hill,

so very dangerous to hold,

along with the gift of snipers left and rear.

23 of his 50 platoon comrades had so far perished,

but no one shifted, unless carried down killed or wounded.

It seemed that nothing but divine providence that neither had been hit;

men being hit all around.

The stretcher bearer not afforded protection like the infantry.

Chris was with a fellow carrier and a doctor, sewing up the stomach of a man,

In an open shell hole, when 'they' hit the man holding the needles.

Dead.

He had only been there a week,

and it seemed inconceivable that he, or his sibling,

could stay out of it.

Such was the nightmare of Gallipoli

Chris could not know,

but within weeks oldest brother Barnard would fall.

Charged to his death.

Hours earlier having written

'We all wish the thing was over'

And then it was, for him.

No known grave

Such was the waste in the Battle of Loos

Another month, another telegram.

Frank this time.

2nd Lt Beechley 'shell wound..dangerously ill..

permission to visit cannot be granted'.

Followed by 'Deep regret...died of wounds'

Such were vagaries, the pragmatism of war

Another brother, Charles spoke of his terrible shock

at the loss, despite being 'more or less accustomed to death' as he was.

His whole life having condensed in to the last two years,

the previous 20 spent in 'enjoyment and peace' was now dreamlike.

Hoping only that their share of losses now be satisfied,

despite their taking more than their share of the dangers.

Such was hope on the Somme

Charles never wrote again, now in East Africa,

a minister took that liberty, a few lines at the lad's request,

serious wounds preventing him that final act, with little hope of recovery.

He realised this himself they were sure.

'Bearing up so bravely' indeed there was comfort to the mother.

Heavy fighting, many good men going under,

perishing in the dusty distant soil, not the return they had hoped for.

Everything was done to make his end more comfortable.

Such was the grimness of reality

Harold now too on the Somme, leaving Galipoli with a wrecked

physical health from dysentery, mental from the horrors he had endured.

Wounded there, 'very lucky'...'nice round of shrapnel thought the arm..

but did not penetrate the ribs' his mother read.

Patched up and ready again for the front, grim resignation.

Four days leave promised had been withdrawn.

'It can't be done', though leave is his he cannot take it.

Not due to military need, not through misfortune,

but the risk of missing the next draft.

Of having it slung in his face that he was afraid to go back.

There was no one, he thought, that had been through the Hell at Poziers,

or those places on the Somme,

who readily wants to go again.

He didn't, but wouldn't shirk the thing for all that.

Harold too has no known grave

Such were men like him.

Leonard had married hurriedly as conscription loomed for single men.

That did not save him.

From his own sickbed 'Mother I do not feel like doing much'.

A feeble note in childlike spidery pen.

The final lines of Len.

On Christmas day 1917 'Dear Mrs Beechley',

unfortunately far from well when he was then hit by tetanus.

Holy communion followed, and he fought on.

'receiving again with his final breaths'.

Was all the chaplain could summon.

Such was the fact of life

Chris was 'lucky', a Turkish sniper ending his war in 1915.

Severely disabled, returning to the pre-war place of his aspirations,

Australia,

from where he learned of his mother being presented to King George V

Receiving solemn thanks for her sacrifice.

Such is the irony of war.

Eric Beechley, spared the carnage of the trenches,

wrote a promise from his haven as an army dentist.

'You will have one of us some home to you, dear Mother'.

Within months young Sam, just 19, was sent forth,

with his youthful innocence, to face the guns of the Western Front.

He survived.

Such is that game of chance.

Mrs Amy Beechley had already lost her husband in 1912, raising her 14 children alone, and spending so many moments, through to days, to years, hoping, longing and praying, gripped in a stoic suspense of fear.

Such can be the make of women.

chris dawson

The Artist

Where's the next Cecil b DeMille
where do I the artist find
creative intuition and
the astute perceptive mind
Am I to be like some before
ignored until I perish
passed over save for poverty
in death my life they cherish
My demise will open eyes
posthumously regaled
whilst during life I endure strife
on manhood I'm impaled.

chris dawson

The Band

I took my seat
To eat
That meat
Treat
Whilst the band played
A neat
urban beat
With heat
That moved my feet
And the crowd swayed
Beat
Beat
An acoustic sheet
From the street
Why had I delayed
So sweet
The two should meet
Complete
Replete
I must have been afraid
No deceit
In this retreat
The one discrete
Concrete
I'm so glad that I stayed

chris dawson

The Big Smooze!

Deception comes in many forms
And takes on many guises
Expected tricks and underhands,
As unforeseen surprises
It strips away trust's sweet veneer
It crushes hope's foundations
But when it creates indifference
It destroys united nations.

chris dawson

The Coffee Shop Show

Sitting here alone today

Watching ass go passed

Leering at it passively

The ever-changing cast

This play could be a lifetime one

This moment but an act

Reflecting what my life contained

Or perhaps what it lacked

chris dawson

The Dance From Girl To Woman

She held her by her slender hips,

as bodies brushed them by,

the warmth of music cradled them;

Seduced let out a sigh.

As knowing eyes met willing ones,

all feeling over came;

She'd held many men like this,

it had never felt the same.

She pulled the innocent to her,

all curves and form were one,

for reasons each most personal

they embraced what had begun.

She kissed her softly on her lips,

response anticipated,

she smiled and looked into her eyes,

not paused nor hesitated,

and kissed her back more eagerly,

embraced around her nape,

excitement built within themselves,

there was but one escape.

She kissed her neck, her slender neck,
She stroked arm her willow arm,
and though the fire was deep and fierce,
She held an inner calm.
As one they swayed and flowed out there,
One's curves against one's youth,
as honesty was ignorant
then naivety was truth.
To each they gave, the other took,
they both were sure to know
that what would be, would be that night
when it was time to go.
chris dawson

The Knowledge Of Life

As a child I could reason the simplest of things
Soon I knew how the World ought to be
I could argue my point with the reason of youth
Truth as only such youth could agree
Later as I became so defined as a man
I could see I'd been fooled all along
By the time that I saw that my Father was right
I'd a son who knew that I was wrong.

chris dawson

The Letter

Deep is my memory
But I cannot store your kisses
They linger, but do not keep
There must be a fresh supply
Daily
For when I'm denied I hunger.

Refreshed as I am to see you
Such strength is required to part
I want you always
And at one time I would have married to secure that
But how times change
And what heartaches that has wrought!

There is no bad weather, bad times, bad news
When your kisses are seconds away
Hey think what
you are missing
Kisses galore!
Each tied with an embracing bow
Of satin ribbon.

Put this letter to your heart
And ask of it, tell it
That it should sound its own response
Breathless with its love
It seems improbable that it wont reflect
As it is impossible to go on without your kisses.

Place a coin in the collection
And say a few more words for me
That will bridge this distance
And free me from this Purgatory
Then I will do the same for you
When you are ready for heaven.

chris dawson

The Lonely House

Down a lonely track,
fittingly at the end,
beside a watery hollow,
from whence this piece was penned,
a ricket picket fence
stood feebly watching on,
waiting for matchstick visitors,
who never came along.
Perhaps the stand of soldier trees
did more than mark the way.
so adding to the solitude.
the loneliness. the grey.
In front an ashen sky this day.
blown in from God knows where.
The Lonely House, the only house.
sits quietly in despair.

chris dawson

The World

The lad sat on a rock.
High above a raging sea.
This rock itself proven.
A granite hand that faced storm and tide,
and had held his grand-father
Seventy years before.

"Grangee"

"Yes little Jock? "

Fixing his eyes on nothing,
the horizon shrouded by the greyness,
the boy pointed.

"What's there....what's out there...
is that the world? "

The old man stood beside him,
damp air condensing on a grease stained cap,
fixing his gaze, as the boy,
as he had done as a boy,
from that very rock.

"Nae little Jock...a boy's world is all here,
here with me and ya Ma and ya Grandma,
that's where the world is"

"So if I was a gull,
if I could fly like a gull and went with them...
went where they went out there...where would I go? "

The five year old kicked out his feet,
so that the heels of his boots bounced
on the base of his seat, he liked that sensation.
He could do this whilst still hanging, deeply, onto
the drawn, considered words of his Grandfather.

"Ireland....that's Ireland out there"

The old man wheezed as he twisted his frame
and bent to sit besides his apple.
Drawing his knees and leaning on them
he awaited the inevitable.

"Like a desert Island? "

"Oh no, it's no desert little Jock, not that sort"...
He chuckled to himself.

..."not that one"

The boy turned, more with curiosity than disappointment,
but with a blend of both.

"So what's there then? "

"People, places...just like us....just like here,
much the same really"

"oh"

There was pause.

A gull blasted past on a rush of wind, screeched,
the boy pointed, without speaking,
Grandfather doing likewise.

Then the crashing below them took
all consideration.

"Have you ever been down there Grangee? "

Forcing his little arm between his knees
and pointing to the cliff edge.

"No son.....men have died down there"

The confused horror, that only a child can express,
washed across his face. His mind raced to

all the corners of his imagination.

Grand-dad put on a harsher, threatening demeanour, little Jock responded, he could always well feel his Grandfather's authority. And left it unchallenged.

There was pause.

"Is Daddy at the island? "

"No laddie...daddy's not in Ireland"

The old man braced himself

"But he's over the sea isn't he"

Little jock's body was now leaning on his grandfather's arm, as he looked up to find his eyes. Stoutly, stoically the proud man's gaze held firm the sea.

"Yes, he is...he's in France, where Frenchman live..and should stay" he added under his breath.

Grangee stirred his honest bones and raised himself to one knee, brushing the dried fronds and sphagnum from the wax of his familiar old jacket

"C'mon wee fellow...are you hungry? "

Sure to always trigger a response, after having sea air for hors d'ouvres, the lad slipped hurriedly from his perch. Granddad adjusted the lad's brown woolly scarf and pulled his 'cosy' down over pink little ears. Red rooster coloured curls poked out at awkward angles.

"Can we have fish n chips from Mister Marconi's? "

"We most certainly can...can you eat a large supper?"

The little face lit up as he leant back and rubbed both hands around his tummy, ruffling up layers of clothes, and un-tucking his shirt.

"C'mon then, lets be on our way....it'll be dark soon"

These brothers in life made their way down.
A flurry of steps accompanied the large strides of the imposing figure, without consciousness a tiny cold hand slipped into the warm embrace of the protector.

"I love you Grangee"

There was pause.

The old man's world melted, and he with it, he squeezed this cherub's hand.
His mind raced, clouded, raced again, then imploded.
His 6 foot 2 frame hid his tears high above the finite world of little Jock.
He squeezed his hand again

They took a few steps, hesitated, and moved on.
The boy moving as led,
Sheeplike with his shepherd, his God.
Only as an adult would he know just what the feeling of having his hand held by this wonderful man would mean.
A man's main he would surely know.

The old man he had many thoughts of just how life would be,
how fate would take his little charge and tend him fatally.
A mind so weak as body strong,
but one that could hold time,

and understood, as old men could,
he neared his life's last climb.
That little hand within his wrapped,
so safe, assured, secure,
he could not let this little chap,
as he'd foreseen, endure.
They stopped and paused a moments time,
obedient in love,
sweet Grangee wiped his wetted brow
and fixed the seat above.
Without question, lacking doubt
the boy turned round with he,
his innocence could not take in
what this old man could see.
That beaten path, that weathered track,
to a seat of contemplation,
a wind swept mind, refreshed and cleansed,
coped with every situation.
They stood there as one, unified,
as they'd done these past five years,
and sentry like he bit his lip,
but could not defy his tears.
He scruffed the boys flaming locks
and scooped him in his arms,
then held him tight, his soldier mite,
and bathed within his charms.
The child's smile had been his life,
and now it was as if,
he thanked him for his five brief years
as he threw him off the cliff.

As the boy left his arms
he knew what he must do,
the blade of conscience entered him,
it ran itself right through.
Boot to boot he towered there,
and looked down at the child,
as all around the water crashed,
nature at it's most wild.
Just then a parting of the sky,
a light came gushing through,
a golden line of happiness,

anchored by crimson blue.
The wondrous rays they formed a hand,
but not a hand's true form,
it caught the boy and lowered him
amongst the sea spray storm.
And there he sat, upon a rock,
as he'd done an hour before,
oblivious to all the world
and surrounding furore.
The waves they broke and crashed about
him as his quietly sat,
protected, shielded once again,
old Jock marvelled at that.
Grangee leaned, body stiff,
pivoted on that ledge,
closed his mind, opened his eyes,
and floated o'er the edge.
There was a heaven, and he had found,
the peace that all men sought,
he could now rest eternally,
his last battle had been fought.
The bodies were never ever found,
heartache took no rest,
empty graves with empty hearts,
respite was just a guest.
But out, way out, on heavy seas
an Irish fishing boat
trawled its nets one stormy day
and, caught upon a float,
the little woolly 'cosy' hat,
knitted with so much love,
a fisherman was curious
as he spotted it above.
Unsure of what it was at first,
on an unproductive day,
he unhooked little Jock's chapeau
and stowed the thing away.
Later on the trip to home
he sat there in his bunk
and tried to put a story to
this piece of flotsam junk.
The hat contained a little tear,

how poignant he felt,
as he pondered of its owner and
just what fate had dealt.
Though many years have now passed by
since those two went to the Lord,
the little cosy hat is still
an important part aboard.
It seems to radiate they found,
like the body of a man,
and nothing that they've had before
keeps the teapot like it can.

chris dawson

There

On your knees before me

Head bowed, filled with shame

My presence is absorbing

As I softly speak your name

Gentle, but with firm command

My voice so resonates

You attend to every breath I take

Your heart pounds as it waits

So enclosed and so aware

Confined within this time

I'm wrapped around you totally

You feel so much, you're mine

Anticipation so excites

Inflames yet placates fear

For at this moment you will give

The reason you are here

Your body full, your mind so clear

You yield, give up to me

And I shall lead and guide you now

One touch will set you free

chris dawson

There You Lie More Naked

There you lie more naked
than you've ever been before,
could you have really ever thought
you'd accept being called a whore?
Could you, in your wildest dreams
Imagine or realise
you had the depth to go that far,
open up and fantasise.
How'd you have felt, before tonight,
if you'd been told "NOW CUM! ";
what thoughts would you've collected,
seen through what had begun?
Submissively accepting,
not threatened, with no care;
mindful male hypnosis...
body alert, aware.
Can you believe how far you'd go,
boundaries undefined,
expression, liberation

thoughts no longer now confined.

The confidence of knowledge,

life surging up within,

ably identifying now,

exactly where you begin.

chris dawson

Things Aren'T Always As They Seem To Be.

Two medic students dwelt one day
observing new admissions
and visually assessed each walk
then mused upon conditions
'A slipped disc' came a knowing nod
'I'm afraid I beg to differ,
Haemorrhoids I'm sure it is,
a slipped disc walk is stiffer'
Keen to settle their dispute
they approached the man with care,
for he had a worried look
and a disconcerting air.
'Excuse me Sir, please may we ask
of the ailment which you suffer,
I must confess in 2 hours here
there's been no one looking rougher.
My friend he thinks you've slipped a disc,
myself, I think it's piles'
The man he glared and drew a breath.
'You've misdiagnosed by miles.

Bad back you say, well you were wrong

With piles you were wrong too

I thought I'd wind and I was wrong

and now I've followed through!

chris dawson

Today's The Day!

Much published is poetic word,
the acclaim afforded quite absurd,
how were the plaudits so incurred...
have the critics truly erred?

If the writer's merits must be said
to come from how their work is read,
don't praise the styles so long now dead
but popularise today's instead.

Those words were true of time and tide
and in our history should abide,
but reality is cast aside..
it's place today is much belied

So who amongst most common men
would read the greatest works again,
and from those be inspired then
to take a moment with their pen?

Indeed we're distanced furthermore
from a beauty we abhor;
but we can the love of words restore,
when modern minds are to the fore.

Reflect the life we live to day,
keep classic Culturalists at bay,
let modern writers have their say..
literacy could improve this way.

So Benny Hill, Ronnie Barker
Mike Harding, Billy Connolly
Richards Stilgoe and Digance
The blonde bird who wrote one funny piece about sex
and sang it at her piano before writing Dinner Ladies....
and all the others that have entertained the masses
with renditions, musical anecdotes, corruptions et al
are surely the Shakespeares of their day.
Populist appeal by the bucket load....

start pouring the shit into schools and
let's see what flourishes in that mental manure. ...
And the best of Mr Auden & co can prop the library door
to allow some fresh air in.

How well received the ditties penned,
beyond their humour they transcend,
the written word becomes a friend...
the hearts, the minds, the hands extend.

chris dawson

Tribute

I cry my love

I scream my love at you

I throw my love a distance hence

The things you make me do

Crying all I have to cry

But pleading stays within

Where was it that we ended all?

Just where did all begin?

I'd kill my love

I seek to cause its death

But every word escaping me

Is just a waste of breath

I'd kill for you I would

Though killing you for sure

Would satisfy the one of us

But kill me even more

And so we die

Like never can again

The torrents of the things we did

Now drown us with their pain

And now it's nearly done

To much to say and said

The drained cadaver of our love

Lies there before me dead

chris dawson

Troubled Child

Do you understand the pain you cause,
do you really care,
can you justify your actions when
you calculate what's fair.
Do you bury any feeling,
dismiss empathy,
stay shielded from emotion,
from base humanity,
Or does this new addiction
transcend and set you free,
numb and dull your senses
to escape from what you see.
You've got to feel the hurt you cause,
you've got to have some feeling,
and balance up the pros and cons
throughout your daily dealing.
Or maybe I have got it wrong,
you're hard and cold and deep,
for should I cause distress like you
I'm sure I'd never sleep.

chris dawson

United Kingdom?

Domain of the Speech for Free,
Septic inviting Isle,
come all forth and live with me,
our culture please defile.
Bring all your views and bigot's hates,
all vogues, customs and style,
as eagerly our thirst awaits,
so quench us with your bile.
Acceptance and pure tolerance
will embrace you all here while
you may plot and plan to dance
on graves you so defile.
United this old Kingdom had
shed blood and grief through trial,
Insanity! it makes me mad,
such disrespect, so vile.
And so this sleeping nation hides
it's soul, it's wit, it's guile,
but in it's heart there still abides
the potency to rile.

chris dawson

Us

I often have a want
A need
A desire to write for you
About you

I write of so many things
In so many ways
The words come easily to me
Many more visit and leave me each day

But I just can't start
Can't even think of where to begin
There isn't one word that can begin
to reflect who you are to me
What you mean to me
How I feel about you

So words feel too light
Empty even
That's if I could ever put these feelings into words

I've used 'love' a thousand times
Does it still have weight
Impact
For me now it's not big enough
More for passing moments
Instants
There for reassurance

But if I really want to express
Really want to instil in you my feelings
Then I'm lost
Totally lost
Totally lost in you
In me
In us.

chris dawson

Weekend Spar

A left a right, and keep it tight
The trainer barks it out
And through the gloom, this dingy room
There's no doubt about this bout
So driven on, he draws upon
Those years within the ring
Set apart, a willing heart
Within the coiled spring
One, two, three, come on to me
Aggression is unleashed
The ache, the strain, to make the gain
As pressure is increased
Arms that weigh, and feet of clay
Lungs now on the brink
A body shot, then uppercut
Feign and move, then sink
That working smell, a tale to tell
Now hangs for all to taste
As silently they wait in turn
The challenge to be faced
That crooked clock it steals the time
2 minutes must be through
Sweat seeps out through the tortured frame
And settles like a dew
Forced and driven to the end
Four sides, where none can hide
Eventually a break is called
The trained is drained inside
He makes towards the flaking paint
Of a window, broken clasp
And lays across the topmost rope
Draws breath with every gasp
Behind him softly rolls the praise
Over shoulders that now heave
That was sound, but the next round
More duck, more bob, more weave
A head that shakes acknowledgement
Still bowed towards the floor
No time to dwell, there goes the bell

Time for two minutes more.

chris dawson

When Great Men (Famous Filthy F***kers)

When great men
do perversion enjoy
they suffer not as mere mortals,
you and I,
caught and reviled,
but their deed is dandified,
personified,
explained and qualified;
lest they be added to the mire,
and not admired,
like you and I, within the shit pit
of the philiac.

Their greatness,
lateness,
forgives as clean as it brushes,
their talents compensate
their weakened state and underline,
not for them the tainted name,
un-sainted shame,
the stigma, the soiled soul.
No! hell no it glorifies
the story's guise,
accentuates their individuality;
a bonus to buggery!

chris dawson

When The Drugs Work

I lay in my bed day after day,
my life of clouds and warm feelings,
Sometimes I couldn't even feel my hands,
and yet I was so in touch with myself.

People floated by, nice people,
people who helped me, were nice to me,
lifted me and washed me.

I felt so clean, the whiteness was beautiful,
everywhere was white, except on the window cill,
the colour of the flowers there was so vivid,
it filled my mind.

They were always there, those same vibrant hues,
though so small in that big wide, white window.
They blocked out all beyond, the white/grey distance,
even the large pine was a haze.

I would drift and drift as the brilliance filled my mind,
that rainbow wafting through my imagination,
caressing, soothing, calming.

Sometimes I would focus on the vase,
a stain, a hairline crack so small that no one else in that world could see it,
I told them, but they would not listen, not even nice people can always hear you.

That soiled vessel would hurt, would wrack me with pain,
then when my hands would not move, my jaw frozen, lips numb,
that frustration would envelop not just my body,
but my whole being.

Although then, just as suddenly, I would see the flowers again,
and the warmth would return, the pastel life revisit.

That was then and now is now,
and now is living outside of that calm, that purity, that sanctuary,
no more white world, no more pastel living.

But I can control the flowers,
cleanse the vase.

I have to power to choose, and every day I can feel my body
and choose to loose touch with my mind.

I will always return to the asylum to replace those flowers,
not for the man in my bed,
but for me.

chris dawson

Worms And Cheese

Now getting in first is valid advice
thus staying ahead of the game
to obtain the slightest advantage
is Mister Successful's aim
in a dog eating dog situation
taking leads is a winning approach
reward and acknowledged achievement
is surely beyond our reproach
but sometimes a little reflection
and restraint can prevent us a fall
to understand that the race to the trough
so isn't the be and end all
then if you're swept up emotion
immersed in a race to comply
recall these few words of perspective
and check see if they may apply
if instinct flags you up a warning
and your stomach assuredly agrees
recall early birds may well get the worms
but mouse two then secures the cheese.

chris dawson

Zank 'Eavens

That quiet Parisian café
is we're our lovers met,
he Bohemian artist and
her a student vet,
but the waiter was a menace,
he was slimey, he was bold,
just the sort of animal that made our young vet cold.
They nibbled on sweet pastries,
they sipped their milky brews,
whilst around them sat inhabitants
discussing morning news.
When back returned the serveur,
brushing passed her girly shoulder,
the artist losing patience could
see competition growing bolder.
He needed an assessment,
and made it in a thrice,
lovely hair, graceful air,
and his bum looked rather nice.
That cheesey smile just couldn't fail
to attract veterinary charms,
if he didn't act now, and promptly,
he could see her in his arms.
"Don't you love French accents! ",
were the very words she spoke,
and only served to reinforce
the attraction of this bloke,
"But he might have a gravelly voice,
or serious nasal tones,
a lisp, or even suffer worse,
from a lack of pallet bones".
That's all he could come up with,
he was groping in the dark,
then from a distant table
he thought he heard a bark.
He waved his hand sincerely,
the respondent minced across,
(it was a calculated gamble,
but he'd show her who was boss) .

"Say weren't you my Co-Op Milkman,
when I lived in Notting Hill...
who disappeared when I called your firm
about my unpaid bill"

"zat moost av bin ma coozin"
the squirming Romeo croaked,
then bent down to take the artist's ear,
"I'll hop it" froggy joked.

chris dawson