

Poetry Series

Colin Johnston
- poems -

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Colin Johnston(01/03/49)

Born in N.Ireland. Left at 18 to join the living in Scotland last 44 years. Take Care...

Many Thanks to all those still reading my poems.
9th April 2017...

001: The Fox

I saw a fox the other night
The sight of it was pure delight
It loped along with regal grace

It never once did change its pace

It turned and looked with eyes that burned,
And all at once my passions churned
Why do we kill such noble beasts,
So lambs can graze and chickens feast

Who should decide who lives or dies
Is what it said with it's eyes...

-

Note: This is a factual poem,
I was driving home one night and it was in the middle of the road...
It stayed there for minutes and then wandered off...

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Thank you..Colin.

Colin Johnston

002: The Smoking Ban

The air is filled with reeking smoke
It's just enough to make ye boak

But when the law forbids the habit,
Why stand outside
you'll just be crabbit

So why not try and kick the habit
You'll wonder why you ever had it

Your lungs will clear by next New year
The thought of it should make you cheer

So settle down and have a beer
And all the best for this New year

Colin Johnston

003: The Cat Tray

They no longer use it
Since they've passed away
One we had for ten years
when the other came to stay

They lived and played together
and used the tray each day
but when they had to leave us
the tray was put away

It lay neglected out of sight
hidden from my view
for when I ever seen it
the pain was just like new

The memories then
come flooding back
of my favourite pets

Misty and McGuigan
two just lovely cats...

Colin Johnston

004: Simmering Cauldrons

Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan
Three countries,
all devoid Of hope
No love of life, no drink, no dance
Fundamentally,
they advance

To go there is to take a chance
Of capture, torture or far worse
Execution on TV.
Beheaded there for all to see

Young and old are at their mercy
Shackled, broken, made to plea
Confess and betray,
Their own country
Just in order to be free.
What chance have they of the above
From those with hearts devoid of love

For children living in these cauldrons
In the shadow of the crescent
I fear for them, in the present
The future, I cannot bear to see

But, maybe I should fear for us,
In tube, train, plane and even bus...

Colin Johnston

005: To The Memory Of Tam The Gun

Aberdour is heaven
Of that there is no doubt
But Tam the Gun was a chum
of Edinburgh
and thereabouts.

Everyday at one o'clock
All below would turn
"Dear me, I say, what was that? "
then, recognition comes
"Oh, it's just Tam, the locals say
Firing that big bloody gun"

Who'll replace him by Mons Meg
The light, the charge,
The powder keg
Who will mark that lonely hour
Now Tam has gone To Aberdour.

Colin Johnston

006: The Picture Postcard Man

Up hill, down dale,
by river and by loch
in mountains and in valleys new
have you ever met him,
as you walked

Stopped for a chat, discussed the view

He must be out nigh every day,
he's photographed near all the land
sweeping clouds and sunsets,
hills with lots of colours grand
I find it hard to believe

He's never met another man

But then he may be like a spectre,
a fleeting glimpse of different hues
a flash, a click, the picture taken

Then gone to destinations new

I myself have never seen him
While walking out in hill or glen,
No sight nor sound of Colin Baxter

That famous picture postcard man.

Colin Johnston

007: The Poem

When I awoke, there it was
A poem like a seed
In my mind's eye, for no one else,

For me, and me alone to read

Should I arise and write it down
Submit it to The World
Or fall asleep again, forget it,

Deny it, ever to be heard?

There's no one else to blame then
So, it's hardly such a sin
For those that ever read it

Will either frown, or grin

You see, I give it life that night
I allowed it to be free
I got up and wrote it down

For all the World to see...

Colin Johnston

008: Love Comes In Waves

My head is burning with her gripes
Why am I always wrong not right?

Continually...

Her heart will always be with mine
To keep it so is not a crime
My thoughts and hers, as one, Entwined

Longingly...

We've been together all this time
Let's turn the water back to Wine
To drink together for all Time
And find that perfect love again
Our hearts, once more, again, Combined

Lovingly...

Could we?
Should we?
Of course we Should.

Sublime...

So, should You try to make it right
To quench the fire and put it out
I think you should, just take the Time...

There is nothing more divine
For turning water back to Wine

Love will Always, Come in Waves
Those angry, burning heads to Save

Eternally...

Colin Johnston

009: Cuts

–They harm themselves from day to day
For pain that will not go away
Is it in their arms or in their legs?

No, this pain is in their heads.

From eons past, a different time
Someone, something, messed with their minds
Is it a cry for help, or just a ruse
To seek attention or confuse,

Those who love them most of all.

I feel their pain, I hear their call,
But, will these words make them stall
From that act that is a shame,

But, for which they're not to blame.

I sympathise with their plight
Still, this does not make it right
To harm themselves, to break the skin
When they hear that Spectre from within,

The choice is theirs, Ignore, Give In?

I'd confine it to a deeper vault
Which would be its last
Surround it there with Love and Hope
Through which it cannot pass
Turn the key, throw it away

Begin a better life that day

Still, who am I to complain?
To ponder, wonder or explain
Those who do this as a test
Like the flagellation in Davinci's Code...
Should I be Judge, or Confessor?

Am I a cut above the rest?

-

A factual poem, written after reading a poem from a young girl who willing cut herself...

I did reply to her, but she said she would never change...

-

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Thank you... Colin J...

Colin Johnston

010: The Lovers

They lie side by side,
But apart, not touching,
Separated by inches,
Which may as well be miles.
Each in their own cocoon of thoughts,
Different Galaxies, in the same Universe.

It wasn't always thus,
In the deep recesses of his mind
He could remember Closeness,
Kind words, Loving touches,
Minds and bodies as one,
When their World was young.

They both stirred, one from sleep,
The other in expectation,
Hoping, always hoping,
Before the lamp's harsh light,
Banished the dream.

His mind screams,
But his voice is silent,
Too proud to beg.
Lying on that barren landscape,
He turns away, still separated,
He waits, but no longer hopes.

She is fully awake now
And sensing his longing, she rises
And makes him a nice cup of tea
After all, it is his Birthday

And they always could read each other's mind.

-

Colin Johnston

011: That Other Self

I'm not Worthy or That Other Self (Original Title)

As I read their poems with delight, from Friends I've chosen on this site
Their lines and verses filled, with meaning and with rhyme,
I know that I'm not worthy.

Mine are but brief snatches, of poems gathered in my sleep
Recited in their entirety or there for me to read
Provided by that Other Self, who visits in the night

Clear and precise his words are, I know what I have heard
But as morning breaks and I awake, like fleeting ghosts they disappear
Leaving only the smallest trace of their former selves still here

No matter how I try I cannot get him to return
The cord between us broken, with the dawn
Unable to remember all, unable to recall
I know that I'm not worthy

The words are his, not mine, I just have to write them down
And even that eludes me all the time
The Other Self has gone, and now my head's an empty shell
Where bits and pieces of the whole are all that's left to tell

Try as I might to rebuild it I never get it right
He knows that I'm not worthy and he mocks me in my plight
But, then again, I'm all He has, there's no one else to slight
So I'll be patient and content
And he'll come back again some night...

A lot of my poems come from dreams,
If I don't write them down right away, they are usually lost,
But, sometimes I can retrieve them...

-

' What I give form to in daylight, is only 1% of what I see in darkness'
1898-1972

Colin J... 23 Jan 2007
Revised 29th Mar.2009

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Thank you...

Colin Johnston

012: On My Own Again

I sat on my own, the other night,
Lit some candles, not too bright.
Music on, but not too loud.

Far away from noise and crowd

Said, would you like to sit with me,
A glass of wine, or maybe three
just relax, enjoy the view.
No one else just us two

But, from the other room, received
" I'd rather not, I'll watch TV..."

Don't know what I've said or done.
I try my best, to be The One
That she will always Love and Lust
But, It doesn't work,

And that's the Curse...

I love Her, why can't She,
Take the time to talk with me,
Just sit down and unwind,
With that little glass of wine,
Chat and talk and reminisce
About family, friends,

Anything amiss?

But, that's not fun,
That's not TV...
And I can't compete
with that you see...

Colin Johnston

013: Nails

I've bit my nails all my Life
What do you think of that for Strife
Indecision, Lack of will,
Weakness
Or a different pill?

I've always wondered what it meant,
You see I've always been Content
I love my Life, how I exist
But still this habit does persist.

Faith in myself I've always had
And never wished any bad
No troubles from a different time
You see, my Childhood was sublime
Loving parents and good friends
The sunshine never seemed to end.

So why this minor deviance
A nibble here, a nibble there
Who knows, who cares
For there's no chance
That it will get a second Glance

I love my Life, my Wife, my Kin
To bite One's nails is not a Sin

Colin Johnston

014: The Garden

You are my Lily, I am your Rose
In our Garden we repose
I watch you blossom
Day and Night
To care for you is what I like

To give you shelter, to see you fed
To lie together, in our bed
To see the seasons, come and go
Is all I'll ever want, you know
My Love for you, will never fail
Your Beauty and Perfume prevail

Two flowers both from different pots
Arranged together as a show
Your scent was all that I could smell
No other fragrance, could I tell
We've been together, since that night
We met each other long ago

The seeds we sowed in later days
Have grown in their separate ways
Each different, but, in a way, the same.
Reflections of those other plants
From which we hope they'll gain

I hope their Garden grows like ours
So love can blossom like the flowers
And in their turn produce new buds,
That grow themselves,
To be Loved...

-

(For my Children and theirs)

Colin Johnston

015: The Lilac Trees 1

The Planter he knew what to do
His fingers green the earth did hew
and flowers and plants did from it spew
His Lilac trees grew straight and true
With blossoms white and blossoms blue

Some thirty years or more have passed
The planter gone, his body ash
But, still his memory living on
In lilac trees, big and strong.

Until a voice beyond the wall
A voice with hardly love at all
Said, "Cut them down, they spoil my view
Their petals drop, their roots creep through'
From concrete land, where nothing grew

My Mother, lonely and upset
Went inside and sat and wept
But, to this plea could not agree.
To kill the trees would break her heart
She vowed from them she would not part

Angered, silenced, but not subdued
The neighbour planned her fatal move
Poison poured o'er roots so fine
Would kill those hated trees in time
This wicked and unfeeling act
Carried out behind one's back

In Spring no blossom did appear
It's perfumed scent to warm and cheer
The leaves turned brown, the branches drooped
The trees themselves looked old and stooped

With sighs of glee hardly suppressed
The voice from o'er the fence did jest
'Oh dear, what's happened to your trees
They don't look good, you do agree

Have they submitted to some blight
If so, I'm sorry for your plight

A shame, a shame, for as you know,
I always loved to see them grow.'

Colin Johnston

016: The Lilac Trees 2

My Father he knew what to do
His fingers green the earth did hew
And flowers and plants did from it spew
His Lilac trees grew straight and true,

With blossoms white and blossoms blue

Some forty years or more had passed
The planter gone, his body ash
But, with his memory living on
In lilac trees, big and strong.
Until a voice beyond the wall
A voice with hardly love at all
Said, "Cut them down, they spoil my view
Their petals drop, their roots creep through"

From concrete land, where nothing grew

My Mother, lonely and upset
Went inside and sat and wept
But, to this plea could not agree
To kill the trees would break her heart
She vowed from them she would not part.
Angry, silenced, but not subdued
The neighbour planned her fatal move
Poison poured o'er roots so fine
Would kill those hated trees in time
This wicked and unfeeling act,

Carried out behind Mum's back

In Spring no blossom did appear
It's perfumed scent to warm and cheer
The leaves turned brown, the branches drooped
The trees themselves looked old and stooped...
With sighs of glee hardly suppressed
The voice from o'er the wall did jest
"Oh dear, what's happened to your trees
They don't look good, you do agree?"

Have they submitted to some blight
If so, I'm sorry for your plight.
A shame, a shame, for as you know,
I always loved to see them grow
To see their flowers in White and Blue
And smell their Pungent sweet perfume."

From concrete land where nothing blooms.

Colin Johnston

018: The Armchair

I sit in my armchair and still caress your thighs...
These wooden frames contain for me forever
The memory of your smile...

Do they feel cold and indifferent?
Never, they will always feel warm,
As you always did...

Don't break my heart
Don't leave me here
Sitting in this lonely chair...
Come back again, from Death,
Be here with me,
And once again we will be
Together...

Memory always replaces that,
Which in life, is missing, ...
For Hearts that are feeling...
The Loneliness and Cold...

Let me again feel that genuine warmth,
Let me look once more on that fair face...
Smiling contentedly...
And forget what it is like to be alone...
Forever...

-

Colin J... 26th May 2008... (updated 02 Aug 2009)

-

Note: This poem is pure fiction, however,
I wanted to express the loss felt at the death of a loved one.
Some people will sit for months in the same chair or bed, answering questions
with either Yes or No, unable to think of anything but their grief.
Some will even die there unless brought out of their grief by a loving child,
usually a grandchild.
People may think that the person in this poem is being very selfish
but it was meant to convey that feeling of total emptiness

felt on the death of a much loved partner...

Colin J...

-

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Thank you. Colin J...

Colin Johnston

019: The Kindness Of Strangers

Strangers, who are they?
Just someone you have never met...
Are they different?
Are they queer?

Or just someone who isn't dear? ...

Don't be indifferent
Don't be shy
Just because they
Don't catch your eye...
Talk to them
They won't bite
You might find that them,

You'll like...

The Kindness of Strangers
For the best part,
Is when they give it from their Hearts...
I may be wrong
But, I recall...

That's the nicest part of all...

Colin Johnston

020: Friends

It is wonderful to have friends...
Seldom seen,
But forever in one's heart.

More often than not,
out of mind,
Forgotten, in the blur of the day.

But, with one small word or thought
They come racing back
In all their three dimensional glory.

[Insert your Friend(s) name(s) here]

Friends like you
Will always be with me
Seldom seen, often missed,
But forever loved...

And Never Ever Forgotten...

-

Not really a 'poem' as such...
it was a small note to some friends of mine...
'Jean and Roy' who always are a Joy...
Please use it, if you like, by inserting your friends names...

Colin J... 8th Mar 2009

Colin Johnston

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Colin Johnston

022: Hearts Desire

"The Aladdin's Cave of Aberdour"

At 7, Shore Road, it sits
Just waiting for that opening door
When folk from near and folk from far...
Will come and enter it

-

What delights await them all
There's nothing mundane here
Silks and Satins, Soaps and Lace
Jewellery, cards, Mirrors, plates
Set out, just to please their taste...
And not forgetting least of all
Those lovely new Designer Claes
and other types of perfect things
For any sort of place

-

Emma and Carol will be on shift
To help you in your plight
To find that really special gift
For Friend, or for yourself
Something big or something small
That causes some delight...
It doesn't matter what it is...
More than happy, they will be
To wrap it up just right

-

But if you just cannot decide
Because, the choice is Much Too Great
They won't mind if you just chat
And leave it for another date.

-

A Lovely Shop with Lovely People...
Give it a visit, You won't regret it...

Colin J... 6th April 2009

With thanks to John Henderson, Poet...

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Colin Johnston

023: One-Way Street

My Dual Carriageway has gone
The Free-way Life did not exist
That route was never one for me
I've always wanted company

Yet even when I travelled on winding roads
Or always drove ahead just straight
I never got the directions right
Life was just a One-way street

I never wanted to drive solo
Companionship was what I hoped
But, although I still would take the journey
And travel with them coast to coast
I never got to make the trip
My license always was revoked

I've driven the same roads all my life
Never swerved or lost control
Was never one to deviate
Through potholes and diversions rife
The map I followed it was right

But still I'm on a One-Way street

The woman pondered on her thoughts
As she sat with the engine idling
If she had taken another road
Would it have been any different?
No, she thought, as she drove off
For the last time

Her Love was just a One-Way Street

-

Colin J... 7th April 2009

(How many thought it was from a Man's point of view?)

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Colin Johnston

024: The House

The house was hers and no one else's
She's lived there over fifty years
To pay the bills if it was needed
Was what we sought for later years
A single brick we never craved

But, then one day, unannounced
He said "I take you for a trip"
To his lawyer he did take her
And that was just the start of it
Sign here, sign there, it's all right
I'll pay all bills and fees
Once the deeds are in my name
We'll go and have a cup of tea

He never thought to tell his siblings
Never thought to mention it
And she of course always denied it
Couldn't bear to think of it
No mention to his Sister or Brother
Until we found out through a slip

Now the fat is in the fire
No friends on that estate do dwell
She wants to move closer to her sister
But now she has no house to sell

"The House is mine" her son has said
"To deal with, as I see fit
I am never going to sell it
So in it she must sit"

To call it theft may be too much
But that's the way I think of it
Cold and calculated it may seem
To others who read this
And to have it done by ones own kin
Is an even greater sin

Mum, she still is in denial
"Her youngest son would not do that"
She would never go to trial
To get back what
She should have kept...

-

Colin J... 9thApril 2009

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Thank you. Colin J...

Colin Johnston

026: Peter

It was in 1968 to Dunfermline
we were shipped
For four years of Apprenticeship
To be in The Navy and see the Sea
Was all that mattered to him and me...

After we found our way around
We began to like this town
Into The Regal for a drink
Before the movie starts, we think
'Mother', Anna and Mrs Smith
Veronica and Marion
Our Scottish Friends, to see.
Me from Ireland, him from Cornwall
The Best of Pals, I do recall...

On Saturdays often we did retire
To The Belleville for a Steak
Upstairs in The Grill we would laugh and chat
About how good life was, and all of that
Grand Marnier just to round it off
In those Halcyon days we seemed like Toffs...

But we were both so young it seemed
And Life itself was just a dream
On those Idyllic summer nights
The Future to us all was bright
No sense of change then did we see
We were all so full of 'glee'
No thought of what would happen soon
No thought of any doom and gloom
Nothing of that fatal day
When from us all, he went away...

Little else has changed since then
The Bars have gone, but we remain
With the exception of that Special Pal we lost
But whose memory we will all retain...

-

For Pete...

All our happiness is tinged
with moments of regret for those we miss...

Colin J...14th April 2009...

-

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Thank you. Colin J...

Colin Johnston

028: Marble? (Acrostic)

Many will tell you your poems are good
A few will say they are not
Remember to thank those who think they are good
Bless the comments from those whose are not
Learn that not all is written in Stone
Enjoy their critique, whether helpful or not...
?

Colin J...23rd June 2009

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Thank you. Colin J...

Colin Johnston

029: Sleeping Beauty

Skin as soft as Silk
Crying out to be touched
A neck as graceful as a Swans
Light and Dark shadows
Gliding smoothly over it

Curves and Valleys blending smoothly
At the Small of her back
Legs and Arms haphazardly crossed in sleep
As the morning light infuses the skin
With an almost magical translucent quality

Feet so dainty, that my heart skips a beat
Blood pumping
Senses soaring
Head reeling
With this wonderful thing

Called Love...

Colin Johnston

031: What's In A Name?

Different stories he'll be told
Depending by whose side he sits.
Fact and fiction will unwind
If he only gives it time.

His Mum has changed his name to hers
Although Christened he had been
From his Dads to Hers he went
Without any notice of intent

By Deed Poll on her part
She, in seconds, broke my Heart
For every time that He's with us
He repeats his name is 'thus'
And even though his Father tells him
Indoctrination's there for all to see

Given Time when he's a Man
And finally comes to understand
"What is really in a Name"
Will He then begin to see
The hurt that this has done to me.

-

From a Grandfather to his only Grandson...

Colin J...18 July 2010...

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Colin Johnston

032: The Life Of A Poem Or A Call To Arms

Poems;

Ideas and thoughts mustered from the ether
of imagination and made Flesh.

Like fresh troops they fall-in on that paper parade ground,
which is itself only thought, shuffling about until they form a perfect line.

Wheeling and merging, columns of prose appear
before finally coming to a halt for inspection.

But, even then, like all Flesh they are Mortal,
some existing only for brief seconds before they perish
on that minefield which is Reason.

Or after deliberation, tried and shot for treason,
traitors to the power of the written word.

Many fare better, surviving this battle
in semi-permanent text to
perhaps be read and enjoyed by others.

A few, you may say, The Lucky Few, achieve Immortality,
Written in Stone on the Mind of Mankind

Keats, Byron, Burns, et al.
Will some of mine ever strengthen their ranks
Will they ever receive That Call to Arms?

I doubt very much that they have the Mettle,
to ever join in such a Battle...

Colin J... 22nd July 2010

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Colin Johnston

033: The High Street

Cut down by men in yellow coats
Without thought of future votes.
I hope their bosses feel this way
When polling day comes their way

In squads of six, to each they came
And so began the deadly shame,
Maple, Lilac, Birch and Oak
All destroyed at a stroke.
Done and dusted, in a day
So no one else could have their say.

Now, the Street is bare and bleak
Nothing natural left to peek
In concrete graves, roots lie in state
Waiting for their final fate.

From Overseas, their tombstones come
As if are own would not have done
Chinese slabs, to hide for good
The places were The Trees once stood.

-

Kirkcaldy High Street has had all its trees cut down.
The quickest I have ever seen the council work.
Lopped, sawn, shredded and covered in concrete in a few hours...

Colin J... 6th Aug.2010

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Thank you. Colin J...

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Colin Johnston

036: The Hut

It has a life of its own, this Hut
Waiting for visitors, receptive or not
Watching over the river, it doesn't care
Its stories are there to tell or share.

The eyes of the soul are in its walls
Surveying the ones who sit and chat
Some eyes engaging, some mocking
Locked in wood they gaze from their balconies
Silent in their judgement of our wit

Toucans cast in plaster
Fly forever skywards
Carrying stout to heroes past
Forever searching for The Few

.....5
Mementoes of happy days.....5..... /.....5
Clinging to the walls haphazardly.....5..... /.....5
Continue to watch over us.....5..... /====.....5
As we blether away.....5.....5
.....5.....5
Port and Starboard lights hanging by its doors,5
guide the willing to its shores.
Fixed in print, rope tied around tree,
chills the bottle in the island breeze

Corks from bottles drunk
Parade above us like troopers
Aligned in rows they march
Around the hut in droves

Family and Friends stuck to the fridge
quietly stand guard over chilling beverages.

Above them all,
The Green Man
And The Clock decide

No drinking until after five.

-
Colin J...21st Aug.2010.

Unfortunately Poemhunter will not let me insert an image of the clock whose hours are all Fives... so I tried my best...

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Thank you,
Colin...

Colin Johnston

037: Dear Boy

He crossed the road every day
To The Forries for a pint
To laugh and talk, discuss, rebuke

All those into his sight he took.

To crosswords sometimes he put his mind
Helping Kenny with The Times
But, he didn't always get it right
Mistakes and Crossing Outs were rife
When Budgie said, and slapped the page,
"That's it finished now, you know"
John as always just replied,

"I told you that an hour ago."

Another crossroads he now met,
Which, for us, is still to come,
But, with his known wily grin
He took this one fully on his chin,
"It's not Swine Flu",
Rainbow he cried.
"Just Cancer",

Another of his quick asides.

In later weeks he lost much weight
But to get to Reekie couldn't wait,
In Train and Wheelchair with John in tow
Rainbow and Stevie B. did go
"To all his old haunts he did kid,
For sandwiches and Coke"
No drink this time, not even wine,

His medicine forbid.

His light darkened after that
And he retired to his flat,
Sitting at his window looking out

But then became too ill for that
Sickness became him every day
And the Hospice then became his Home
Were he Created Havoc and Mayhem

Until his Birthday came

A party he had then decreed
So to The Forries did return
"Come to my Wake, don't be slow
They've got to take me back you know
Pay attention, don't delay,

I may only have a few more days"

With cakes and candles, friends and foes
John enjoyed this last show
Sixty seven seems too young
To lose someone who gave so much fun
With his stories sent to test
Of Masons, Scouts and the rest.
"Colin, don't you know, I built
The torpedo that sank

The Bloody Belgrano! ! ! "

The last thing I have to say
Is something that I heard that day
John had given one last shout
As the Reaper came to lead him out
Then Alec got it in his head
To go back to the flat
To check for this or check for that
About the time of the cry, he said

The ceiling had fallen on John's Bed.

But, knowing Jack, as we do,
I feel sure that this is true
The fact that cry came at all
Was when The Reaper came to call
And pointed out the way to go,

Dear Boy, with that last ecstatic shout,
"Before we leave, just turn about.
That's not the way, I want to go

You've really got it Wrong you know"

- -

To the Memory of John (Jack) Henderson
Storyteller and Poet., Aberdour.
1943 - 2010

'Dear Boy' was a village character, who could always come up with a poem or story, at one time or another he had been a spy, a designer of torpedoes, flown a plane, re-translated German text for Germans because it was wrong... In other words he was just 'John' and will not be forgotten...

Colin J... 18th Sep 2010

Colin Johnston

039: Thoughts On The Sacrifice Of Nails

My Nails are access
To vaults of thought
Creating I hope an experience for some
With their demise.
Their sacrifice opens doors to views beyond
Created in their death and born in their ashes

I surrender them willingly,
In the hope for inspiration,
Through their small loss
I gain insight to thought and contemplation

They are the keys to my soul
Their death is mourned
But they will return
Ever renewing those thoughts
Which without their loss
Would not be born
Or ever become the written word

Colin Johnston

040: Company And Love

Company

You want it

You crave it

But, do you really need it?

Not really

Be happy in yourself

And you will be content.

Love

You want it

You crave it

But, do you really need it?

Without doubt

But, be happy in yourself

And you will receive Love

With content.

Colin Johnston

041: Don'T Ever Think

Don't ever think
That I don't love you
Don't ever think
That I don't need you

Think that I will
Forever love you
Think that I will
Forever need you

I LOVE YOU

How could You think anything else...

Colin xxx

Colin Johnston

042: The Tramp At Sandy Cassel's Seat

I'm glad I took the time to greet
The Tramp at Sandy Cassel's seat
Others only stopped to stare
Their eyes saying, 'Why's he there! '

He spoilt the view, he'd made a mess
But they couldn't see through his distress
I'm glad I took the time to greet
The Tramp at Sandy Cassel's seat

He sang me songs and told me rhymes
From Days when he'd had happier times
He never once did ask for ought
But talked about what Life's about

Yes, I'm glad I took the time to greet
The Tramp at Sandy Cassel's seat
He made my day, he made me smile
I didn't care he'd stopped awhile

The gain was mine from the start
I'd seen what was written on his heart
A love of Life and no more strife
With Nature only, for a wife.

If those who mocked, had listened to him
They may have seen a different man
A quite, pleasant natured one,
Sincere and very full of charm
I hope no harm will ever reach

The Tramp at Sandy Cassel's seat...

Note: A tramp sleeping under a tarpaulin at Sandy Cassel's Memorial seat on the Coastal Path from Aberdour to Dalgety Bay, Fife. August 2012.

Colin J... Sep 2012

043 Her Body, Her Temple

Her body, now closed to me
Covered in unrevealing drapes
Its treasures hidden from my sight

Her temple, where once i wandered freely
Seeking out its mysteries
Is now forbidden to me

No magical key of mine now works
No kind word or loving touch
Can open those tightly shut gates

Locked outside
Bent and disfigured
I ponder in frustration
The silence from within its walls.

Aug.2013

Colin Johnston