

Poetry Series

David Taylor
- poems -

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David Taylor(3rd January 1956)

Born, Baby, Child, Adolescent, Student, Employee, Husband, Self Employed,
Father, Father, Father, Divorcee, Husband, Father...and throughout all that I'm
me!

alone

what should be an invigorating freshness
a chill inside (shaking heart beats)
traffic on the road silent rising clanking passing
(silent again)

phone rings silence, recorded voice speaks
a real person with taped speech
(a recorded message would be better?)
selling cheap energy

i think i will buy some flowers
(petals coloured fragrance)
arrange them in a wreath
celebrate my death

reports of (my) death greatly exaggerated
until the silence speaks
with the voice
of great souls (departed)

come in they say
(here is the place)
to be;
alone in eternity.

David Taylor

*dance

Ohh bliss what do you say,
do you have a voice today?
Where may I find your joy,
which I remember as a boy?

Ahh bliss where are you now,
hidden under frown of brow?
Where may I find your sound,
which surely must be all around?

Hmm bliss what is it that I miss,
as I go on with that and this?
Where may I find your smile,
in each and every hour and mile?

Yes I can feel it now,
the harmony of the sky and clouds,
the moon's revolving round,
earth's harvest after plough.

It is a dance eternal found
the sweetest movement in all sound;
and never will be missed,
as by that bliss this life is kissed.

David Taylor

dance

under the shadow, over the brow
is a place where (i heard) ,
it always is now;
past the street lights, beyond the black night,
did ever you go there;
do you believe,
that ever you might?

we'll meet by the stream of fallen bright stars
the place where we all, simply be
(what we are) ,
and the you's and the me's, far left behind
under the light of the temporal kind.

where time was before,
(and no longer gone)
and future is present; not anymore longed
and the place that was secret
and so hard to find,
is found to be everywhere
uncontained by this mind.

and when we meet, we will dance
(not a you and a me)
and sing silent and true
so that there always will be,
(for as long as we do) ,
a me to appear, to look for a you.

David Taylor

***homecoming* (With Borrowed Music)**

She went far away, far over the seas,
my wife and my light and my glee.
She flew far away into the night
to a land of temples and tea.
And she phones, and we speak,
but never we meet
the light of my life and me.

She took with her my son
yes son, (I did not spell wrong) ,
the age of three is he.
In less than a month he will be four
and I am certain, I'm sure,
that he adores and looks up to me.

Soon they'll come back, the sun of my life,
and the child with a smile that's so free.
They went far away
to see grandma and grandpa,
uncles and cousins galore,
in a land of temples and tea.

And where shall we meet
when their journey's complete,
by the shore of the roaring sea?
No, not anymore do lovers unite
at the side of a boat on a quay;
it will be at Heathrow,
terminal three.

David Taylor

hope

I feel shut off, locked in, separated
(dark alone perilous) .
The woods call with soft green tones,
the sky yearns above,
blue-grey,
as the clouds and world rush by.

How long will I sit by the wayside
not knowing if I want to be noticed
or prefer an idle invisibility:
Having human form some basic truths
cannot be denied;
body must be fed or die,
demons must be slain.

(Where lies freedom, where lie I) ?

Oh for the night to come
and moonbeams reflect on quieter waters
hushed by the setting golden sun,
and a million stars shine down
from a silvered distant past,
of times long gone.

And in the chill and wind
(which now slowly seeps within)
how I will wish for the warming sun
to arise on future horizons,
my feigned escape undone.

Behold, in front, a tiny pearl of dew
(does form, and glint) ,
on the shadowed hawthorn leaves,
hope speaks.

David Taylor

near; Far; Here.

Further than the furthest star
and closer than your heart is He.
(not near; not far) .

Nearer than the eyes that see
furthest from the thought of me
(so near; so far) .

Can we ever find the answer
whilst we think I am not He?
Can you imagine life hereafter
if all beings are one, the same,
can you see the challenge
to transcend our individual names?

Beyond imagination flies
that which behind all beings lies.
The one that watches on
the one that has never gone
(so near; right here) .
Do you know that very self
within each being on this earth?
And what does that mean
as we sit and look and read
oblivious to all the hearts that bleed
(not me; not them) .

David Taylor

only Love

The tombstones; ached hearts,
sigh in the shadows.
Each one, if but only love had loved,
and known it so,
would happily to graveside go.

But alas; how many,
by love's unclothed, clothed deception,
in such guises; misconception,
makes us hold the handles of the cask
until bodies breath last gasp.

Breathe softly breath,
breathe softly love,
hear love, speak gently of,
be consumed, consummated
by everlasting lust of, only love.

David Taylor

*questions

Questions

Words why do you seeming fail
to reveal the source from which you fall?
Why pale and grey in black on white,
why with deep colours, do you not write
and reveal that place from whence you come?
Is that the center of the Sun?

What was there before you formed,
before the first consonant was born?
Was it the vowel so freely aired,
did that announce the dawn
before we were adorned with cares?
Was that the time the Angels sung?

And then before the vowel
was it darkness that prevailed?
But what beauty must be there,
shrouded from our piercing stare?
And before the darkness found its place,
tell me what was there in unlit space?

And then before the unlit space
did silence reign and roar
with no time to ask for more?
And if each word is followed home
will we find what is our own?
Is it that, from which you come,
that from which each word is spun?

David Taylor

*reflections

how beautiful the sun's reflections make
the air touched, gently rippled lakes
perfectly formed and round
on the still pond it's found
how muted soft in morning mists
by which the fertile fields are kissed
magnificent the coloured clouds
as its light they partly shroud
how would you see that form
without all this that is its gift of dawn

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the air touched, gently rippled lakes
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David Taylor

***simplicity**

One moment in time
all this is begun

One moment in time
a sound is sung

One moment in time
a life is born

One moment in time
a hope is torn

One moment in time
love has come

One moment in time
all is known as One.

David Taylor

star

Star shining bright
so many stars wandering
through the dark night,
did you (do you) know
whichever star you are
there is still further
(you can go)
even further afar;
star shining bright
which one are you,
are you shining red
or silver or blue?
and (do you know?)
magnificent you are.

David Taylor

.....

Words don't matter he said,
only the silence in which they appear.
How may I write of that silence said I

.....
was his reply.

David Taylor

A Bridge Called Space

There once was a bridge called space
which spanned the lands of time and place;

below that bridge called space, flowed love
which joined the land of time
with the land of place;

as love flowed under
that bridge called space
that river flowed and joined and spread
plants grew, all species bred;

but as it fed and bred
its waters dried and left its bed
the bridge of space looked down below
at the missing flow, of love
and fell, crumbled back into the dust;

the land of place had no space
and time without a place
had nothing left to count
the universe of time, place and space
returned beyond to that which has no name
that from which it came.

David Taylor

A Burning Question

I prod the funeral pyre of my ego
with a sturdy stick.
One made of a question
that is most dear to my heart and soul.
Skilfully mixing unburnt stubbornness
with leafy insubstantial claims.
Leaping flames gather force
the heat causing some recoiling
as it streams upon my face.
Mysteriously one knotted log
grows in size and has the name of pride.
The stick continues about its work
and as I begin to understand
the nature of the work at hand
stick and log they both burn too.
I am left to simply stand
with nothing here remaining in my grasp
and watch the embers gently glow
as I see that ego go.

David Taylor

A Candle For Your Thoughts

The path was laid, the buildings built,
the cakes were baked, the clothes were made,
the cars went past on spinning wheels,
the shoes were stitched, designed and heeled.
Who was it that produced all this;
the candles in the restaurants serving bliss.

The clouds spun past the steepled sky,
the moon shone bright as they went by,
and in the broken spaces rent,
the far flung stars shone across the firmament.
Who was it that produced all this;
the candles in the heavens shining bliss.

The people passed bedecked with robes,
some walked fast, some thoughtfully strolled,
some looked out, some looked within,
some looked at me, some looked grim.
Who was it that produced all this;
the candles in the eyes reflecting bliss.

The candles' flames merged in the mind,
and in the merging spoke in chimes.
The flame spread wide enfolding all,
who was there left with need to ask.
Who is it that produced all this;
That candle, only source of bliss.

David Taylor

A Cold Night

A snowy icy night, painted hill tops all are white,
all the rivers flow like ice, and raindrops fall as hail,
from so very, very high, above.
Whispered breath, a smoky kind of grey,
as I wander in the coldness of my winter dreams,
trees stretching skywards hold distant memories
of rustled leaves and a lazy warming friendly breeze.
I so much love you and I want you by my side
in the coldness of this dark and lonely frozen hour.
Your lips are all I ever miss,
as I stand here cold and with a sense of helplessness
waiting for your kiss to bring back love and summertime
to the chilled and bitter darkness, that I often find.
On this snowy icy night of my winter dreams
please hurry, come back home to me
and bring that warm and gentle loving face,
the one that I do miss so very much.
How I wish that you were always here
then nothing would we ever fear
and even in the cold and dark
our love will keep us safe and warm
until the coming of the calm and gentle, warming, dawn.

David Taylor

A Confusion Of Mixed Feelings

In the outward movement of our senses
we revel in a range of tastes
many very fine and some we know
to be perhaps a little base.
They all have one thing in common
these enjoyments that we partake
they all need something from outside
to fill a need we find inside.
And when fully satisfied
in a deep contentment we then reside
one that we feel was delivered
by the tasty dish that our senses savoured.
That is the error that I spy
Ohh no that's not it say I.
This contentment, deep satisfaction
Is revealed when we no longer feel
that we lack that which we so much need
to satisfy a whim or lust or greed.
So to be happy give up what you desire
let it burn in the sacrificial fire
and be content.
No longer mixing thoughts of pleasure
with the ever present happiness
that is revealed
when we just let go of what we held.

David Taylor

A Conversation With My Dearest Friend

So why are you shouting at me!
And that thing you said,
did you really mean to be,
so very, very mean and hurtful?
And to offend in such a deep defence,
and when I'm feeling down,
why, so it seems, do you want
to kick my very soul,
and bruise my sensibilities
with hateful speech.

You say that's all you know,
and how you have survived,
a life scarred with unkindness.
Encountered of so many kinds
that you lost count and lost sight,
of the kind of man you really are.
My dearest friend,
locked inside a mind with
bitter experience, the label on its jar.

But then I do like talking to myself;
sometimes.

David Taylor

A Kiss

Sweetness is on your lips
like honey flavoured early morning dew.
And your eyes have a depth of blue
that even deepest oceans cannot match
with a twinkling like the stars that flash
across the space between
in which our sight it seems is seen.
And your hair as in a gentle breeze
It takes each fine strand and wisps it
on the air as if a string that music makes
deep within, a heartfelt ring.
And your smile a glowing
and in its glowing knowing
that this is true love that's surely flowing.
Our eyes melt into one
and lips they coalesce
arms embrace entwined.
Love flows and joins
and what seemed a seeming two
are known as one, no longer me and you.
And all the Angels stop and stare
the stars in their travels pause
the sands of time suspend their race
the universe so vast in space
becomes a very tiny place.
Because love flows and joins
this is Love's gift to all
to know you are so vast, not small
joined in abundant bliss
that's truly universal
and found in just one loving kiss.

David Taylor

A Life Well Lived

I sat and I watched as a flower gently unfolded
I sat and I watched as it blossomed with gold
reaching out from its centre its beauty was told.

Ever so slowly it stretched out to the sun
basking in light and drinking the rain that came down
from the earth it emerged as it grew and it sprouted
revealing all that its invisible seed had endowed it.

I sat and I watched as it wilted and faded
I sat and I watched as it slowly grew old
returning back to its centre its end was foretold.
Ever so slowly it reached for the earth
with no resistance to falling to the place of its birth.

It had spoken its message, fulfilled its aim
in announcing that fragrance that its seed had contained;
and now it rests gently on the the warmth of the ground
so totally surrendered to that end that it found.

I sat and I watched as all this unfolded
I sat and I watched as it blossomed and faded
the essence of fragrance, the centre of all
my love was made manifest by the unfolding of all.

David Taylor

A Little Love Poem...

I dreamed a little dream of you;
too small a dream to contain
all the ways you reach out to me,
too short to encompass your eternity,
too coloured to reveal your purity;

I dream a little dream of you;

I sleep with you and you with me,
as I dream my little dream,
of what this seeming seems.....
joined in our love.

David Taylor

A Matter Of Life And Death

Death inevitable and unavoidable
Life fragile and transient
Reincarnate what returns
Dead meat and bones left over
Wise words and poetry
Like dead sea scrolls
Alive as long as living holds.

David Taylor

A New Vessel

The clay lay on the table before me;
it has just arrived and freed from its sack
with preserving amniotic fluid.
When it had first arrived at the door
and with the excitement of the delivery
fresh in mind I had lit a cigarette;
and considered the infinite potential
inherent in its elemental state.

Now ready to be thrown upon the wheel
that quietly spun and whirled,
with a gentle hum of life.
With no particular end formed in sight
I lay it softly down on the spinning platter,
that hummed and spun and turned.

I took one hand and thrust
into the very centre and with great love,
pressed out;
with another hand outside,
close by,
to hold and restrain the outward force.
A magnificent vessel formed before my eyes.

The form of beauty spun
with that hum of life,
fashioned from love inside
and training hand without.
Its essential nature
always present in each grain of clay,
just the same as when it first arrived,
now magnified by its perfect shape.

What shall it hold I thought;
not for me to say,
when hardened by the fire
it will roam the world
and be filled with all things
that its destiny will make.

But the beauty of its form
is well suited
to hold the very finest
and keep it held from harm.

David Taylor

A Poem For Christmas Day

Deep dark nothingness,
(empty, still):
so say the eyes that wander,
across the space between,
seeing, not seeing, and seeing not;
as the lonely star
speeds across the heavens.

We follow the star
(seeing it not)
and even in the darkness,
as we exalt its splendor
from so many centuries past,
we see only darkness between.

Then that darkness,
(in mind's eye known)
to be full of light
that has no object to be lit;
full of knowledge
waiting for its question;
full of existence
with no need to exist.

And then;
then the new born
(residing in all hearts)
declares;
you are the star
that lights the dark.

We know not what we are;
and wise men write
(so that it might not be forgotten) ,
that which cannot be held in memory;
is never lost.

David Taylor

A Poem For Universal Use

Still Silent
Deeply at rest
Peace in the East
Peace in the West
Shining in darkness
No shadows are cast
Wholly contented
Harbour no doubts
As alone as a star
As round as the sun
As deep as the space
To which they have come
Distant and eternal
And always now here
Knowing for certain
There is no other to fear
Love overflowing
In all of the worlds
Real or imagined
No need to discern
Nothing to trouble
And nothing to learn.

David Taylor

A Poem!

Poems are funny.
Poems are blue.
Some poems are clever,
and some say I love you.

You say it with letters.
He says it with flowers.
We say it with kisses.
But poems say more
than all the above
and open the door,
to the one I adore.

A poem never will die.
A poem can easily fly.
A poem can be put in a bottle,
to reach distant shores,
or onto the internet,
or hidden in drawers.

A poem is magic,
with spellbinding power.
A poem can be tragic,
or there's one that inspires.
And one that's didactic,
improving your mind.
Or a poem that's brighter
than moonlight, or sunshine,
or starlight, or even the light,
that shines in your mind.

But I never, did ever, did find,
a poem, a verse, or a rhyme,
that matches the brilliant,
wonder and awe,
of the heart of a woman
that I love and adore.

A Poet In The Making

Do you take poetry seriously
do you read when you're in bed
and cover your upholstery
with books of Keats or Tennyson,
do they circle round your head?
Do you think about the possibility
your poems will be read
by kings and queens, aristocracy
or all of us instead?
Do you stop when brushing teeth
to scribble down a phrase?
Do you miss the bus or train
because you couldn't leave,
until you had decided
if that full stop or apostrophe
is in its rightful place?
Do you dream of dancing sounds
that whirl around the mind
and wake up shouting out
yes! that's the one that rhymes?
Do you walk with the shining stars
and dance beneath the moon?
Does a fading sunset
make your heart fly up and say
that is so beautiful
are there any words that may
be a shadow of its beauty
as it announces the end of day?
If your answer is always yes
you know what I will say
you are a poet in the making,
please write for us today.

David Taylor

A Poet?

A
Poem
Does indeed
Grow from a seed
As small as a single vowel
And blossom into a whole world
Of meanings in the fertile mind of its reader.
The writer on the other hand just observes
As the words arise and are written
By a hand that this pen moves
And is simply watched
By he who is
Called a
Poet.

David Taylor

A Poet's Tree

I sway in the gentle breeze
of Your life giving breath
with supple branches in the wind,
and shade all that come within my scope
from the harshness of a mid day heat
with my leaves which, absorbing your warming light,
store your vitality in me as food.
These leaves which also in their gentle movements
make a restful rustled music
themed to sooth your troubled soul.
And you are fed with my ripened fruits
full of life's life giving waters
freshly surrendered by my laden bough; to you.
And when I reach my season to be in blossom
with the beauty of my essential nature displayed
in variegated colour and infinite shades of shapes
born of the knowledge in my rooted seed;
poems will fall profusely from my branches
to the hallowed ground below.
Each a wondrous display of petal'd words
which in unique arrangements
carry their deep scent of meaning
arrayed with a symphony of rhythmic dance.
Here lying free upon the ground of minds' perception,
to be trodden in the mud of mortal thoughts
or taken to the heart as treasures found,
by any that would care to stay a short reflective while,
silent on my shady, shadowed, ground,
and later depart into dusk's soft and gentle hands,
with a quiet heart filled with scented blossoms;
freely offered and, with freedom, found.

David Taylor

A Question

A careful consideration of all things.
A weighing in the balance of experience.
A remembrance of treasured words received.
And from a discordance of events
a gem arises hewn of discontent,
It is a question heaven sent.

Containing all that went before.
And asking that, perhaps there might be more?
Limitless in its pure intent.
Is there any answer
that can match the scope,
of a question that the heavens wrote?

David Taylor

A Ring Of Gold?

He saw a glint in the insubstantial mist
as through the forest he walked with stick
with swirlings of the night of old
still resting on ivy covered boughs
as below he felt the frozen hardness
of the frosty present ground.

He stooped and from the ancient earth
picked up a ring of gold
still shining as it had when hewn from rock
and first melted in creations heat
to form what he did now, behold.

He knew that it had once been his
or liked to think so in the mist
perhaps in another life
long, long before the ancients did
'twas then he had, this golden ring.

He placed it in his jacket pocket
and continued on his carefree stroll
immersed in reveries most fine
full of joy, admiring natures misty morn
that had been lit up by the dawn.

On reaching home he remembered well
that golden ring, glinting in the swirl
of a misty dreaming world
but it had gone, no longer there
perhaps his pocket had a tear?

Years later, on a similar morn
he walked at peace just after dawn
and remembered what he'd found
when past he'd walked that frosty ground
and there beneath a tree
a shining, aged man, sat quietly.

As he approached the man stirred not

but there, lying next to him, was that golden ring
Excited he explained how this lost treasure
had before bestowed such bliss
the time this ring he had found
and, for certain, known was his.

The old man shining, still
softly spoke and said
That ring of gold you cannot keep
or its full glory ever know
But stay a while with it here and now
until you feel you want to go.

David Taylor

A Road Named Faith

Incandescent moonlit evening light
A walk along a distant road
That leads where no one has described
Some have been there and tell me so
But in going they cannot say
What they saw when they went that way.

Incandescent moonlit evening light
A walk that's leaving bright lights of
All that's known behind
And not knowing what will be found
Walking alone not in a crowd
Along a distant road as if in a shroud.

Incandescent moonlit evening light
I know not what is out of sight
They say that once this road is travelled right
With no more journeys will I be troubled
Freely marching as to death
But only death of all that has been left.

Incandescent moonlit evening light
Will I arrive this very night
Will I surrender all I own
Am I ready, can I atone
With all this universe and most of all
With all my actions since my first birth?

Incandescent moonlit evening light
They call me back
Thoughts binding tight
I walk on simply letting go
If I arrive
Who will ever know?

David Taylor

A State Of High Potential, Perhaps?

Today I am full of doubts.
I doubt what I am about.
I doubt who I am.
I doubt if I really can.

I doubt if these doubts
can ever be turned about,
and resolved to just a few
that I, on one hand, can count.

So much more potential,
to understand something new,
than before when I thought
I knew?

I doubt it.

David Taylor

A Taste Of Fruit

I still remember it now
as if it was not long past
but was many years ago,
so much time has passed.
Brought to me by a friend
a small offering
as I lay confined to bed.
A bag of comice pears
and what, I hear you say,
is at all remarkable
about a bag of fruit
delivered by a friend?

I had been rather ill
had not eaten for many days
perhaps a week
was feeling frail
and needed sleep.
I bit into that pear
with juices shining
on the tongue
that had only tasted air,
and I could feel the skin
and taste the life within.

Unlike the way that
I do now
eat without knowing how
without even really tasting
what I am masticating.
That pear had
such subtle flavours
that bust upon the tongue
as if the very first food
that I had ever feasted on.
Surpassing any gourmet dish
that has been made
with meat or fish.

A True Friend Is A Rare Catch

Dearest friend.

Live your life as a trapeze artist,
reaching dizzy heights

with attention firmly on your flight.
Soaring to enthrall us all.
Never giving a single thought

to the height or what lies below.
Deep inside knowing, but not in thought,
I am your net and you will be caught.

Love from your true friend.

David Taylor

A Walk In The Park

A quiet anxiety in the heart.
A stilling pause of contemplation.
A soothing stroll through the park.
An acknowledgement of your invitation.
A hush descends on all around.
The birds are flying skyward bound.
Their wings beating in my heart,
and the mind soars to distant parts.
I come to rest and cease to be
that anxious, small, identity.

David Taylor

A Walk In The Woods

The twig underfoot cracks with a
feeling of wakefulness in its breaking,
making movements in our hearts.
The rustle of leaves above reminiscent
of fresh sheets pulled above sleepy heads,
in the afternoon's freshness.
The babble of the brook like the pouring
of champagne before outpourings of love,
which leaves us breathless.
Your laughter as I tickle your skin
with a buttercup made for tenderness within,
which leaves you speechless.
The squirrel which gathers some nuts
and scurries away to keep them for another day
making us want to hideaway,
leaving us senseless.
The tall grass which in gentle winds bend
and dance so closely as they sway
making us yearn to move that way.
I look in your eyes that say.
A walk in the woods,
it's such a very nice way to discover and play.
And; are we alone here?

David Taylor

A Wall That Is Not There!

It was a strange wall
so high and firm
with graffiti'd thoughts
as far as I could see
with such a range of
materials
smooth lava still hot
and wrinkled granite
soft soap
and dripping wax
and I'm told;

I built it.

But I do not
remember
although each part
is so familiar
and most strangely
one time I found;

a door.

I'm sure it is there
somewhere
but I cannot find it now
and when I found it;

or perhaps it found me.

I fell through
and on the other side
of that wall;

it was not there.

David Taylor

A White Horse Of The Most Magical Kind

She rode a white horse,
rode it for sanity;
galloped and cantered
with rhythmic consistency,
walked for a while
along glistening streams
and trotted through dark woods
with the darkest of dreams.

Bridled with a need to express
she rode east and rode west,
never stopping or ceasing her quest,
until she reached
the most beautiful shore,
of a beach of white sand
with a moon in the sky
that reached with its moonlight
into her heart, that had cried.

She dismounted the horse
and danced on the sands
with stars in her eyes;
pure love in her hands.
She looked at her horse
praised it and said
'a horse such as you
is a magical find
a horse that's named poetry
is the most wonderful kind.'

David Taylor

Abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

How to express with words
that which precedes all sounds;
the clock ticks time
and speaks nothing of eternity:

Futility in the desire to write
of that.....which is this;

illuminating meaning
in twenty six shapes
that within a certain order
seek to carry the formless,
attributeless, universal reality
back home from where
It never left.

David Taylor

About A Feeling

Well I have a story to tell, today
About a feeling, come what may
I have been writing, day by day
Building up, to be able to, just say
About this feeling, come what may
It is a feeling that, I can't describe
It is one that money, will never buy
It is not a feeling of, being high
And not one of being, dissatisfied
This feeling, come what may
It isn't only here, today
It doesn't come, and go
Like the thawing, winter snow.
It isn't blue, and isn't grey
What colour is it? I can't say
Ohh this feeling, come what may
I always hope, to feel this way.
But as soon as thoughts, like hope arise
That feeling, that I, truly prize
It is, as if, it just vaporised
You see that feeling, is just I
With nothing added, pure it is
Until it's covered, by thoughts, like this.

David Taylor

Abstract Art?

Sharp lines of soft curves
with shadowed hues that
meet with reproachful tints
over a tight woven canvas.
It met every brushed stroke
with supple taught resilience
that could only accept the
artist's colour without demand
what did he say in his heart
as colour covered blankness?
Even in abstract thoughts
his palette of emotions strikes
across time and space hanging
with a galleried pomposity of
measured light, at what price?
An abstract piece of artist's art
framed for what purpose and
if It doesn't tell me should I ask?

David Taylor

Acorn

Pooh sat under the spreading oak tree, his crayons and notebook next too him. He had been drawing a picture of the oak tree until he found he was rather uncomfortable and discovered it was because he'd been sitting on an acorn.

Pooh looked at the acorn for a while, then placed it between his teeth and bit it.

'Pooh' said Christopher Robin as he put down his book, 'what are you doing? You don't usually eat acorns.'

'Oh I'm not eating it' said Pooh 'I want to look inside it.'

'Why do you want to do that Pooh? ' Asked Christopher Robin.

'I remember you told me' said Pooh 'that if you put an acorn in the ground then an oak tree grows out of it, and I'm looking inside to find the oak tree Christopher Robin. But I can't find it.'

'I see' said Christopher Robin, 'I think the acorn just knows how to make an oak tree Pooh, and it uses all the food in the ground and the rain and sun to make it.'

'Oh' said Pooh, 'its a very clever acorn, much cleverer than I am Christopher Robin.'

'You can draw a very nice oak tree with your crayons Pooh' said Christopher Robin.

'Hmm' said Pooh, 'but how does an acorn know how to make an oak tree Christopher Robin? '

'At Sunday school' said Christopher Robin 'we were told that God makes everything, perhaps God is inside the acorn Pooh.'

'I can't see God inside here Christopher Robin', said Pooh looking even more intently.

'Did God make me Christopher Robin? ' Asked Pooh.

'That is a very good question Pooh', said Christopher Robin.

Pooh sat very still and quiet for a long time.

'What are you doing now Pooh? ' asked Christopher Robin.

'I'm looking inside' said Pooh 'to see if I can find God.'

David Taylor

Acrostick Haiku

Stop throwing the stick!
It will break, the dog eats it.
Too much chewed bark.

David Taylor

Adieu

A poem that with beauty filled
a poet does not make with words
that slide off pens or sharpened quills
and even if his art is thought superb
where is the beauty in a noun or verb?

To impress with bounded words
the beauty of our surrounding world
is it seems a vain and fruitless task
like holding water in your grasp
but we try and fail as time slips past.

These words are just not the same
as sparkling snow or a dancing flame
or the silence in our eyes that meet
and transport our souls so deep
and yet we are still moved to speak.

And staring now at passing clouds
I beg the music of the stars they shroud
to leap across the endless space
and fill these words with heaven's grace
that we might see that beauty's face.

Still in mind with muted breath
the end of all that's ever said
beauty flowers and blossoms true
as I again come home to you
left far behind these words, a-dieu.

And like that flame that leaps
and swirls about its centre curled
and in its dancing brings to this world
that bliss which each moment holds
as these words which dance, unfold.

David Taylor

Air

Why write many words
when a very few
can suffice
The sound the bird
did not make as it flew past
my window
shouted to me
let go, be free.
And the gentle air
as it held the
falling leaf said to me
I need not fear.
The wind carried away
all thoughts
leaving a space
full of You.

David Taylor

All I Need To Know About Your Love

The evening light filters through the dappled leaves
as sunset brings a restful gentle breeze
and softly sways the branches with such ease
as melting wispy cotton coloured clouds
drift over trees' leafy covered crowns.

A thousand leaves whisper as they play
on the gentle gusting gusts of an ending day
and as they whisper in a hush they quietly say
we are all so very different in shape and hue
but all the same in our respect of You.

On the ground a lowly buttercup, yellow glows
and in its glowing gladly golden grows
surviving mowing and our feet, the balls we throw
proudly it announces that, the sun it knows
and absorbing all the goodness from the earth below
Your splendour in abundance it surely shows.

The evening sun is setting, dusk descends
the golden buttercup below
and sun lit dappled leaves above
tell me all I need to know, about Your love.

David Taylor

All That Glitters Is Not Gold?

He reached out to touch the faded bloom
as it fought to steal itself from the winter's gloom.
The weak sun burst through gaps in indigo clouds
threatening to clap with shaking sounds.
The light caught the ring on his finger and
it glistened for a short moment of unguarded time
bringing back memories of happiness sublime.
Collecting together his trowel and spade
and the uprooted weeds that limply laid
he walked to the shed which he had simply made.
Water softly rushed from a hose and with a brush
he cleaned the soil from the wood and metal there
with loving care and not a hint of wanting to be elsewhere.
Under his loving gaze the wood grain shone
and the metal prongs smiled with the same knowing
that in his heart was still and glowing.
The faded blossoms called out shining loud
and said I never left, just hidden in the clouds.
All that glitters may not be gold
but in all that shines I am always there divine
even at the end of time.

David Taylor

Alone

Stretched taught between two buildings,
a two dimensional tightrope defined the daily journey
two and fro between heart and mind.
One place called home and the other work,
both familiar facades lacking the yearned for depth
with an unremitting dimension of ticking clocks
at each and every point; seeming pointless.

The bar that balanced his journey
and kept him upright,
a kind of devotion to which he tightly grasped.
Keeping his balance
as winds of change and chance
sought to overturn the precarious footsteps.
But of what value in the strongest wind
when he knew that bar would simply magnify
the compelling forces of nature.

Where then to take refuge?
For behind facades is little shelter.
The ground far below called out
with a constant cry of stability,
each stone fabricated
from pages of self help books,
but hid in mists of complications.

His eyes turned to the sky,
unformed clouds hid invisibly
in a clear autumnal vault
and the bright sun blinded his sight.
A crescent silver moon haunted the vista
with a dim ephemeral smile
which hinted at impending darkness.

He turned inwards knowing no other place
in which he might find respite.
Facades melted and the ground coalesced
into a vast pool of shimmering wateriness
absorbing all forms and thoughts.

The beginning, the end and the middle
converged on a single point which became all,
and with the cessation of becoming
tension lost its place to reside.

As he watched, centered without viewpoint
the next step unfolded
in his unmoving presence;
alone.

David Taylor

Alone And Special

I have always known
I am special and alone.
From earliest childhood memories
I remember.
I saw the world full of promise
as a vastness of light and purity
full of creatures and children and adults
out there and here at home.
A kaleidoscope of changing colours
movements with divine choreography.
Deeply hurt when man's hard shell
impinged upon the beauty
I knew so well.
In a vast playground
wanting just to play
trying to stay out of the bullies' way.
Feeling lonely most everyday
until I realised that in disguise
it was always you right by my side.
And then I saw that I always knew
you are so special and I am too.
We are alone, I and the I in you.

David Taylor

Always Complete

The painting is contained within the artist's pallet
the poem in the sound of language found
the house is formed from the wood and granite
the music in the unplucked string is silent sound
the water that we drink is in the ocean
the thought we think is floating in the mind
all complete in that which unbounded made it
no matter how it's used for some short time.

The colours all from that one light are shining
the language from just one eternal sound
the place we live is just one turning planet
the unplucked string containing all the music
that ocean's love is always all around
the thoughts in one still mind are floating
always complete even if we do not know it
no matter how it seems to be at times.

David Taylor

Ambiguous Leaves Of Poetry

You could read poetry so many ways;
does it really mean an interpretation
so personal to our sense of limitations
or does it have a universal assignation?

And just as all trees have leaves,
most diverse in form indeed,
even on just one bough, no two the same;
each one designed to catch the light
and reaching ever upwards find what's bright.

A myriad of possibilities,
all reaching out to one ultimate aim
in which they are united; all the same,
and pointing to their source
from which springs their course.

The aloneness of a single leaf
which through its inherent nature; brief,
reaches up above, absorbs that universal power
from which it alone is made a whole
and that from which it came below.

Ambiguous in its diversity,
and in being; the ultimate source of all ambiguity,
containing all meanings;
bringing certainty without negation of any possibilities,
the single poet in all, eternity.

David Taylor

An Admission Of Truth

Now here's a short poem
that I oft thought of showing.
A bit of a lark,
or a thing of the dark?
Above all an admission of truth.

Now I've joined you all here
for less than a year.
On this journey so dear,
of poems diverse and astute.
Of feelings sublime that sometimes do rhyme.
Of anger and angst, or a grievance to hoot.

Well I have to admit
that I sometimes do dream,
of the style and the wit,
to make you all swoon, and to gasp,
with each brilliant line that I've writ.

I think to myself in a self centred way,
what have I to say that can give,
you all an experience, you'll never forget.
A verse so sublime
that never with time
will it loose its importance.
Not even in death!

Well if I find it I'm sure
you'll be the first to endure
the full force of its eloquent depth.
But until then and for now the best I can do
is this sorry attempt, at a poem with serious intent.
And if it cannot aspire to set you on fire,
I hope that at least you're content.
And perhaps, well maybe, you have to admit,
there's a poem, or two, you wish you had writ.

David Taylor

An Atmosphere Of Humility

Tinkling chimes in wistful winds
incantations sung upon a breeze
and incense hanging in the air
flowers scent heavy laden
with petals falling gentle held
balls of ice high up high
descend and melt in soft blue sky
atmosphere more subtle still
carries feelings far from here
stars sing sweetly as they fly
through an airless empty darkness
far past the limits of earths carcass
and throughout with time its master
the universe spreads out faster
time is slowly slowing down
as the earth continues round
vast cosmic forces rule the heavens
man can wonder look with awe
but cannot influence what is there
introspective bound by forces
that keep to natural courses
no matter what your creed or faith
we have our time and place
humility is in the air
if we would just stop and look and care.

David Taylor

An Empty Stage

Surrounded on every side by nature's infinite forms,
each leaf sways in the wind and speaks of its seed.
Underfoot in a thin layer of fertility, insects busy in darkness
and as we shake off thin veils of the dross of ages past;
you come crashing through a forest of dreams,
blinding my sight with star beams and reduce to ash
my beggars bag of treasures that bowed my sight to dust.

The universe sings a song to just one auditorium
and dances in praise of all that's come and gone.
Your smile quietly illuminates the scene
as the curtains fall on this dreamer's dream.
And now an empty stage is filled with actors
as they display the greatness of your play
and I melts into the purest knowledge
which those actors can never touch or say.

David Taylor

An Oxymoronological Free For All

Looking from the angle of two words
that are entirely opposed.
Some well worn expressions
take on new meanings,
ones I had never really supposed.
I'm working on the premise
It's a sure guess that you will like,
the subtle exaggeration of,
these words that want to fight.
Some are seriously funny
Others hard to believe,
like painless dentistry.
Some are pretty ugly
such as genuine faux fur.
Whilst many a clever fool
believes all the true fiction he reads.
And like a meaningful "one night stand"
when you were alone together.
In your virtual reality relationships,
when the stock market drifts sideways,
I expect I'll hear you cry,
they caught me dead alive.

David Taylor

Another Poem

A poem pithy but sublime.
A verse with music
and maybe also rhyme.
A message that strikes home
but with a gentle humor shown.
A piece of experience
rightly earned
through the many paths
on which we've travelled
and we've learned.
And with the skill
of words we write
sharing all that's given light.
A warning too
if that seems right
of things that took us
into the night.
What you say is up to you
but do share it all
and write
another poem that we might
treasure in our hearts tonight.

David Taylor

Answers Are Not The Answer?

We are all looking for the answers
but is it questions that we need?
Answers are a most common breed
you can find as many as you want
in books and magazines
upon the lips of friends and family
even strangers in the park
but where do you find the questions
that the most important things do ask?
In fact it would seem
we keep them locked away,
just in case they might be answered
and make us change our ways?
When faced with a real question
we may have a ready answer
such as that question has no answer
or is best left for another day
or I know the answer
I read it in a book just yesterday!
But where is found the real answer
to a question that we may
set free from its prison of what we know
and ask ourselves today?

David Taylor

Any One Seen My Muse?

Woke up this morning
No muse comes to mind
The mind has no music
My eyes have gone blind
She left in the night
No note can I find
My muse has deserted
My old riddled mind.

No discussions we had
No disputes I can see
She just up'd and left
In the night, so did she
But then I remember
She never did say
How long she would muse me
How long she would stay

So how do I write
The poems in me
With no muse in sight
It's not easy to see
So I think I'll write just
A poem or two
To see what will happen
If my muse will be true.

David Taylor

Anyone There?

Now I don't know
who you are
or where you are
or if you're reading this

I guess if I don't
know this
I really can't
ask you for
anything.
Certainly not
a manly hug
or a tender
female kiss.

So how about
A note instead
Just to let
me know
that you really
do exist!

David Taylor

Archaeology

Shall I use your words
or invent anew
to say what was known
in ancient times?
I would excavate the scene
and reveal what time
and time alone has concealed.
I do not create
but rather an archaeologist
digging through mental rubble
to find ancient tombs of thought
that are the antipathy of decay
buried beneath slothful mountains.
And when again their carcasses are opened
great forests of knowledge spring up
in our fertile mind.
And it is ignorance that turns to dust
faced with ancient words, not mine.

David Taylor

Are You Moonsome Tonight?

What could I give you?
Would you ask for the moon?
Do you need it, to feel you are free?
Some say moonshine is the way,
for others moonstone's the key,
so soothing it can banish your stress.

Oh how we love to look at the moon,
and let it wisp us away,
from our earth bound dismay and distress.
In a crescent or spherical form,
It can transform our fears into bliss.

So give me a place and a time,
where the moon,
It does shine,
and the moonshine
we drink deep with a kiss,
and all that's around
is transformed by its light,
to a moonstone kind of softness.
And together we'll fly into the night
on a moonbeam of heavenly bliss.

David Taylor

Arriving At Work, A Day Begins

A glint of early morning sun reflected
in the shiny waxed panels of the parked cars
with blinding rays of light from the mirrored wings
bursting star like on my eyes from a focal intensity
only a pale shadow of the low lying god in my heaven
which hung with unknown colour in a pale blue sky.

The sole of my shoe crunched a gravel chipping
as it pressed into the dry surface of the tarmac drive
making a small mark in memory of my passing
A butterfly with painted wings left its soft repose
and dipped and rose upon the gentle blowing wind
the same air that filled my body with breath and life.

David Taylor

Arriving Home

Excitedly he approaches me
with eloquent words that express his inmost feelings
and grabbing my hand pulls me
to I know not where
not one word do I understand
but a world of emotion shines brightly
and enthusiasm takes a stand
in actions that will not admit of any delay
and with a beaming smile of earnest intent
I am drawn from the front door
into the heart of our home
by Daniel my two year old
who has no overlay of assumed responsibilities
to dull the joy of the ever present now.

David Taylor

Arriving Home.

I want to grow up big and strong like you
so I ate all my supper, the broccoli too;
and here's two stickers I kept
to give to you when you come home
and here's the jigsaw I did all on my own!
And later I want you to build again
that track for Thomas my train;
oh and here's a big hug and a BIG kiss
to make sure you know that it's you that I missed!
And mum said I must put away all of the bricks
before we can play with the cars,
can you do that, when mum gives me bath?
And dad let me put your shoes away
because you're not going out again today!

David Taylor

Art Show

White tents flapping in the wind,
audience claps to sounds of violins.
Air carries chatter across green grass,
children playfully run and laugh.

Inside tents artists strive
with crafts they've brought to life,
as scudding clouds momentarily hide
that sun which eternally shines.

Art emerges in wood and stone
in paint or pots or cloth that's wove
and there appears His smile
as the artists seeming labour all the while.

David Taylor

As Each Year Comes Around

Even as a boy
I would quiet and keenly play
with a simple lump of clay
whilst others kicked a ball
I would be drawing on a wall.

With saw and chisel
I did make
a steamboat
to float on the lake
as it slowly chuntered by
my dreams it carried
far and wide.

Even as a boy
I liked to play with bricks
or build a castle
made with sticks
or out of discarded wooden bits
make a home for pet rabbits.

Now I am a man
I work on bigger plans
to shape the home
or in the garden
arrange pagodas
with a pathway covered over
as I get a little older.

But as I have found
and as each year
it comes around
that simple boyish play
will live to see
another day.

David Taylor

As It Is

He sat as it were, with nowhere to sit,
and with nothing that sat, and with nothing that did.
He blew bubbles as it were, with nowhere to blow;
with only His love they were made,
with only His breath did they grow.

Each bubble a cosmos, a home as it were,
they never would meet,
they never each other would find,
with no time to exist and no place to reside.
Not in any way separate were they
from His love and His grace which had made them that way.

He spoke as it were, and no sound did He make,
but I heard all that He said in all that He had made.
I awoke as it were and fell deep asleep,
in a bubble, He said, full of His love and His grace
because, as He said, He had made me that way.

David Taylor

Asha Ibrahim Dhuhulow

Dear Asha only thirteen years,
just words I have
and words too late.
Each letter formed with love
and written with black tears.
Dear Asha how could they do
what I heard they did too you.
Asha only thirteen years,
only in our hearts
we now can hold your childlike hand,
now you are free,
your body buried in those brutal lands.

Those stones themselves must weep.
God I command you
make them weep!
God never would or could
ever stoop so low,
to let those stones kill you
blow by blow;
but it seems he did.
Why did you give man free will
if man can do such evil things?

Dear Asha only thirteen years,
how can men be so,
that they would kill you
blow by blow?
Asha if you can hear
I just want you to know
I truly hold you in my heart.
I know it's too late Asha
to save you from your fate.
Asha Ibrahim Dhuhulow
the world weeps;
and you will never know.

David Taylor

Ask Who?

As a match lit in a deep and darkened forest
shines briefly and makes such shadows
that flicker in the imagination and lend to
the most beautiful of flora a fearful aura;

and as through the night we watch the stars
and catch them in a net like heart that
vibrates in heavenly harmonious chords
bending moon beams to the earth;

and poets flock upon the morning light
each with their foretelling of the end of night
until in noonday sun we know
it is not that sun which comes or goes;

we knew not what we know
and thought we knew
what names and forms do show
that suns come up and moons shadows creep
and only the stars can heaven meet;

until in noonday sun we knew
and knowing which all time stood still
and there was no one left to tell,
then a simple question asked
swiftly summoned back the dark.

David Taylor

Awakening From Winter

Bleary eyed we gaze upon
the sunlit meadows, the darkest storm
and feel the breeze and soak the warm
and listen to the bees that swarm.

Fresh flowers fragrance finds
those special memories in our minds
and cast us back so many years
and fades away the cares and fears.

We dream upon the floating clouds
the ones that golden sunlight shrouds
with fleeting shadows on the ground
speeding by without a sound.

The buds are green and small
awaiting springtime rain to fall
and in my heart I hold a seed
and wonder at what spring means.

David Taylor

B(Urma) C(Hina)

Why so many lives swept and crushed
with walls of water moving across flat lands,
walls of buildings descending upon ground
that sways and shifts like grains of sand.
Why so many left behind to weep and cry:
Why?

Why did this happen two thousand and eight AD.
Did we forget,
did they deserve,
can we ever see
the reasons it was them,
not me?

And why do I feel distant, separated,
from their woe?
Even when deep inside my heart,
I know.

David Taylor

Baited Breath

The river bank stood still
as it watched the water churn and swell.
The fisherman with rod and line
standing firm, watching for a sign;
which fish will bite the bait
and find a camp fire end,
instead of swimming past the bend.
And from a worms eye view
it did not matter which fish he drew
from the river passing through.

The river bank had seen it all,
winter spring summer fall,
fishes caught both large and small.
And home to many worms,
that wormed and churned without concern.
The fisherman with rod and line
was surprised to find the bear behind.

David Taylor

Balance

We stood on the beach
and felt the sand as it trickled
through the reach of grasping hands.
Vaulted sky skimmed clouds
past a blue cloth
illuminated by a golden orb.

We drew pictures in the dampness
of the granules of shell and stone,
temporally held by love.
Wavelets gently beat out time
with frothy effervescence
atop the swelling of oceans' pride.

All illusory and changing
the impermanence of our impressions
pressed against our soul
as we left our trail of footprints
meandering into distance past.

Maram grass swayed in the breeze
and laughed at our futility
as the sand trickled through their grasp.
The waves sank back into the shifting sand,
the surf receding, drawn back
to the invisible unmoving depths.

A seagull hung motionless on moving air
a moment of effortless balance; stillness.
We leant into the wind, resting,
all thoughts suspended,
as the seagull plunged downwards
to catch a hermit crab
crushing its shell into the sand.

David Taylor

Beach Dreams

Beach Dreams

I know the way that I must go
All the signs are pointing though
To that alluring place of pride
Where life is long and death is slow.

I've travelled far and now arrive
Where the foaming ocean's tide
Pulls me through the waters high
No matter how I try to strive.

They call aloud with shouts and sighs
"Do not go on", it's suicide
(Those long lived and nearly dead)
But waves are strong and waters rise.

"He would not listen" they all said
(As I watch them from my floating bed)
Am I just dreaming inside my head?
Am I just dreaming inside my head?

Apologies to Robert Frost

David Taylor

Beautiful Beyond Doubt

A shimmering of your hair
As I glance in awe
A quiver of your lips
As I swallow in anticipation
A flashing of your eyes
As I stand near not far
A movement of your hips
As I watch you walk
A gesture of your hand
As I lower my lips
A laughter in the air
As I make another quip
A sigh from deep within
As I tell you my intent
A gasp from tender breast
As I look so deep within
A tremble in your legs
As I make you remember
And you have absolutely no doubt
Beauty is in the making
Through each breath
Each of us are together taking.

David Taylor

Beauty

Beauty is much sought.
Beauty in a word or thought.
Beauty in a form sublime.
Beauty in a subtle rhyme.
Where is beauty found,
in a place, a touch, a sound?
Beauty is the crown
of a heart made perfect round.
Beautiful the earth.
Beautiful the stars above.
Beautiful the human race.

Beauty in every face
hidden by a crust
of hardened ancient dust
that is washed away
by the gentle light of day
as the sun arises
and the warmth of love
descends on earth from high above
beauty springs forth from the ground
gracing all that's found.
Hide from it you may,
bury hearts in clay.,
but it will triumphant rise
this beauty which has no demise.

A song of musical renown.
A sequin studded gown.
A leaf that's fallen on the ground.
The setting of the sun
The smile of a mother for her son.
The dance of little ones.
A rose of sweet scent.
A forgiveness when we repent.
A simple message sent.
A flowing of hearts' true intent.
The moon so full and round.
Lift a stone and it is in the ground.

That beauty that is all around
and in our hearts is surely found.

David Taylor

Beauty, Beautious, Beautiful

Beauty is not a superficial form
Each has their own in essential nature
And in the actions they perform
Until the dissolution of their life
To leave beauty's impressions in our hearts
Yesterdays beauty never leaves or departs.

Beauty is all around
Each and every place it may be found
As you look with open eyes
Upon the forms that nature makes
Then man seeks to imitate
Yearning to match that beauty all around.

Beauty if you cannot find
Beauty must be in mind
Beauty is in purity
Beauty of simplicity
Beauty runs right through and through
Beauty in me, and them, and you.

Beauty, beauteous, beautiful
Beauty in heaven
Beauty in fire
Beauty in earth
And finally beauty in a simple verse.

David Taylor

Beauty, Do Not Go.

Beauty how may I discern you more clearly?
In nature you abound
in delicate wings and petals
transporting me on the air
that displays you, oh so fair.

In faces of granite rock
with marbled streaks that flow
as softly as gentle creeks
and make me marvel at their show.

Beauty in such a simple form
with symmetry, or non at all,
those graceful lines delineate
that beauty which is innate.
In the colours of the sky
with formless clouds, lit and lithe,
beauty is displayed, and cannot hide.

The stars that sparkle in the night
a moon shining, silver bright,
all with beauty that delights.
Oh beauty where is found your perfect form
that in sun or rain or storm
is always giving, with uplifting grace?

Beauty where were you born,
and can you ever die?
That beauty which from earth to sky
and in the heavens passing by
lends a sense of awe and wonder,
to a weary eye.

Beauty, if you should ever go,
please take me with you,
do not leave me here alone.
Without you what would be this life,
but dark and ugly strife.

Because You'Re Beautiful

Because you're Beautiful
This poem's addressed
To you
Because you're beautiful
No matter what
You do
Because you're beautiful
The sun rises
Every day
Because you're beautiful
The mist shrouds a
Dreamy day
Because you're beautiful
A blossom blooms and holds
Its scent
Because you're beautiful
Songs sung in your heart
Are meant
Because you're beautiful
Reflections shine
And glint
Because you're beautiful
Poems are written
Heaven sent
Because you are beautiful
This is all that this
Poem's said
Just in case you may have
Any doubt
This poem's heaven sent
To tell you
You are beautiful
And that is what this poem
Is about.

David Taylor

Before Darkness Descends

All that shines speaks to me
with an eloquence beyond any words,
with the magic of singing poetry
before a thought darkened that pure majesty
with the limits of this world.

David Taylor

Before The Dream

I dreamt a poem
It beat in my dream
with purple hue
and smelt of oranges;
had rays of
morning light
falling on warm frost
with a taste of
no, no taste...
It only had an end
the beginning was before
the dream started
and when I awoke
it began...

David Taylor

Beginner's Guide To Ph

Well OK so your new,
that newness will likely fade quite soon.
Firstly this site is called PH
by old hands that, try to create
a poem that will.....scintillate.
When you 'post' a poem
please don't put on your stamp
and never use another's
or you're really in for trouble.
If at all possible, it would be best
if you could write something new
and stands the test
of cyber time.

If in the first minute
no one seems to have dipped in
to the poem you have penned
Its already gone. Buried in a storm
of frenzied poetic gems
that fell from keyboards, sometimes pens
and from the minds of them
whatever mind they're in....or out.
And an unwritten rule
do not post them in fives or tens.
It does rather seem to offend.
Any other rules that you might find
have most likely
long been left behind
and that one too!

When looking for inspiration
and bereft of words; in desperation
you could try the famous poets
listed below the daily flood
of new poems from, aspiring us.
Or better still log off,
relax, chill out, don't make a fuss,
the best poems find you
when in the shower

or shopping queue.

And if you are determined
to join in the other poets'
let's say...mindful spawnings
you can click on the tab
the one marked forum
and join the other poets as they chat;
about poems? Fat chance of that.
You can get weather reports
weather it's best to read that chap
or walking on burning hot coals
would be a much nicer way
to spend your poetic day,
or recipes for success?
No... just sweet desserts or party fest.
And if you have a strong view
on politics or global warming
you're sure to find some poets
that think your ideas appalling,
more than ready for a mauling.

And if your good
at cut and pasting
you can come and compete
with the best
that seem to rise very early...
and mostly in the west.

David Taylor

Bereavement

Flowers fold petals
Curtains close
Eye lids grow
heavy
End of dawn
sets.

Light fades into
ink
Words drift
disembodied
Feelings sink
deep.

Times remembered
lost
Frosts crystals
weep
Night sleeps.

David Taylor

Beyond Belief?

Sometimes the most extraordinary is true;
and how can we believe in that?
Only when the extraordinary is known
to be nothing extra,
just not at all ordinary
and then not not ordinary at all.

David Taylor

Big News From School Today

Daniel went to school today
and coming home had much to say
about what happened when
he played in the sand with all his friends.
Sam put sand in Mariam's hair,
perhaps Sam thought she wouldn't care
but Mariam was in tears
and teacher grabbed Sam by the ears
with words that is and not with hands,
well it only was a little sand,
and said to Sam he was unkind
must stay inside and could not play
with any sand for all that day.
Daniel said he was upset with him
and with Sam he would not stay
for putting sand in Mariam's hair
and thinking that she wouldn't care.

David Taylor

Bird Or Fish?

The penguin's graceful, swim
So powerful through the waters skim
No fear has this warm hearted bird
Rushing to find the huddled herd
Where no leopard seal will bark
In the waters, cold and dark.
And a fish with such long nose
Stealthily it fighting goes
Toothless in its older years
Only mako sharks it fears.
What I want to know
Is a penguin faster though
Than a swordfish
as it through the waters goes
And which is mightier, I wonder which
The penguin a warm hearted bird
Or the sword of a cold blooded fish.
Who can truly tell me this?

David Taylor

Birds!

Birds singing, soaring
Some in formation
Others like kamikaze
Diving, coming at my
Window pane
Birds feathered plumage
Colours form
An artist's palette
Diverse as kaleidoscopic
Shades organic
Birds two footed
Clinging branches
Wading in the river
Grabbing never praying
Birds resting, nesting
Babies feeding
Worms retrieving
Eggs warm keeping
Birds migrating
Following well known
Hidden traces
Across sky's empty spaces.
Birds greeting
Early morning
When I hear them calling
Heralds of sun's dawning
Birds!

David Taylor

Black And Ivory

There was a hushed flash of black
with a shining that cascaded
as a waterfall racing over ebony rocks
and then a swirling of blackness
that flowed and whirled and swayed
to music that only angels can play.

A wholeness in parts
made from the finest of strands
that spun in a dance
as embraced by the air
and called by the earth
it softly descended
to where it now fell.

And reaching the ocean of heart
between two gentle peaks
that reached out from the dark
it slowed in its flowing
and became still
as a pool of pure water
in a deep mountain cavern
waiting to reflect the light
of the moon.

And shining more darkly
than the moonbeams of night
there it rested
against a canvas of soft ivory.
She had let down her hair.

David Taylor

Blending In

He did not want to hide himself
so present at every occasion
he dressed himself appropriately
and went forth to each event
with sweet petal'd scent upon the ground
or in greens and browns upon the boughs
or sparkling shafts of light in precious jewels
in any attire as he thought he might
in accordance with his nature choose
and everyone said he isn't here
he must be hiding far away
and since he is not here found
perhaps he did not exist before
or even after all has disappeared?

David Taylor

Blest

i cannot think how to say
or even know who to address
this gratitude i must express
(young child smiles):
why is it that i am so blest?

erring oft' i must confess
not always giving of my best
but still you're always here
(moon beams reflect):
why is it that i am so blest?

under a blossoming tree
upon a gentle hillside lea
here you are with me
(black and white sheep graze):
why is it that i am so blest?

what can i do but praise
how wonderful your presence makes
everything that you ever made
(wind blows mists away):
why is it that i am so blest?

now i see you're unimpressed
far above this all of this
filled with everlasting bliss
(shapes fade names forgot):
why is it that i am so blest?

oh yes! it never was
any other way because
i only thought this wasn't you
(imagined what is not true):
why is it that i am so blest?

just wait you say
you do not do;
I will surely come to you

(was there ever two):
I am and all in all is ever blest.

who is to say
what need express
(this all in all):
is ever blest

David Taylor

Blossoming Hearts

Like a bud that opens out
revealing what was out of sight
a slow unfurling of beauty made
the day its seed was planted, laid
with much loving, tender care
of water, earth and life giving air
its nature formed eons ago
before the earth was cold with snow
this flower has no leaves or stalk
nor is it rooted to the earth
and doth not its beauty fade with age
it has two legs on which it walks
this flower is blessed with speech and mind
that from all creatures sets apart
that flower is there in every human heart
and if it seeks the light and not the dark
surpasses any blossomed park
that was ever grown with care and love
and tended by the sun above.

David Taylor

Blue Rose (For Marci)

A blue rose quite rare
upon a thorny stem
of graceful bearing
holding up on high
with a freshness
as to a new born sky
such scents as made in heaven
to revive a weary soul
and remind her
of the blossoms
that in her heart reside
and cannot fade or die.

David Taylor

Blue Sky?

Blue sky yesterday
Grey today
Did the blue sky
Go away?

What is blue
And sunny too?
The blue sky
Hiding behind the grey.

Grey today
But with blue sky
Waiting to come out
And play.

The sun is laughing
At my blueness
Blue sky with its greyness
Never meant for sadness.

Blue sky here today
But with a greyness
Covering all the blueness
This is what I want to say.

David Taylor

Bluebirdsong

The birds had a heavy night
disturbed by a full moon
casting mysterious shadows
through branches of thought;
and when the first rays of sunlight
sounded the silent morning call
the birds' song found all the birds
sleeping on mossy boughs
and in feathered nests.
The world wept in silence,
slept in silence.....

David Taylor

Breathe A Breath

He breathed a breath, and knew
Its origin lost in the depths of time
Before even light lit the universe

He breathed a breath, and knew
This is no accident
It was willed long before memory

He breathed a breath, and knew
The breather the breathed and the breathing
As three aspects of one being

He breathed a breath, and knew
This air carried all history
Resulting in its collision with his lungs

He breathed a breath, and knew
That in his waking sleep
He had taken it for granted; and awakened.

It is said that he who desires Truth
More than even breath itself
Reaches perfection.

David Taylor

Breathing Dark Beauty

The bright sunlight faded the colours of the blossoms
and cast a haze over distant brackened hills.

The master artist knows with all his art and skills
the deepest secrets of that coloured tapestry of life
lie in the dark shadows low beneath the trees.

And under hawthorn bushes' sharply shining leaves
the finely scented earth in warmth and moisture melts
the essence of all beauty and sets it free to breathe.

David Taylor

Broken Heart

I've heard it mentioned many times
'a broken heart'.

Ah I thought, a sentimental time
a time of wishing that someone dear
was not so very far from here.

But no!

How ignorant of me;
now I feel it inside,
shattered, broken, bleeding, bruised,
and not by one event
not the missing of a loved one
who had been heaven sent.

No this is a broken heart
caused by realisation of suffering;
by suffering the realisation
that there is so much pain,
and fear;
and it breaks hearts.

And how does that feel?
Like the crimson life force seeps away
into a gutter of deep despair.

Give me a bandage of hope
and a tourniquet of courage
and a surgeon of faith,
that the flow may be stemmed.
Let peace and tranquillity
flow unhindered throughout all
so that mans' heart may heal,
because it is broken;
I know.
The only cure found in complete rest.

David Taylor

Burma 2008

Reflected in its concave surface
a glimmer of light gathered from distant stars,
with a taste of salt from an infinite ocean.
Its form held perfectly by perfect love,
its origin behind one of two windows
looking out onto sadness and desolation.

With its birth in hunger and loss
it journeys towards a mouth that cries
and without speech proclaims humanity,
and without a grain of love soon dies;
as on that nearby ocean rides
vessels of salvation captive to political lies.

David Taylor

Buses

Events in life come like buses
As we wait invisibly chained to concrete posts
By our desires to go places
Did you ever say I'll just get on
The first one that comes this way?
Did you say it and then do it?
And just because it says number six
Do you really know where its journey ends?

David Taylor

Butterfly Poem (For Angie)

A butterfly dances in my garden.
I don't know its colour.
I don't know its location.
I don't know its name.
I know where it came from,
and she may look at me again,
just a glance and my butterfly
takes off once again.

David Taylor

Call Me Too

Shall I write a book?
Or create a play?
Make a movie?
How about a ballet?

And what would I say,
that you don't already know?
Words that will ebb and flow?
An entrancing staged display?
A wonderful pageant?
An iconographic show?

Why do I paint a painting,
to show you what I see?
Do you want to use my eyes
to see what's been dreamed by me?

If you were awake
what would you need of me?
Is a poem any more
than a wake up call,
to knock upon your door?

Does It have the right sound
to wake you on this day?
Are you fully sated
and ready to come and play?
Or will you wait to see
what tomorrows poems say?

And please, please don't forget
to call me too.
I have dreamt for far too long,
I too would like to wake.
To come, and be, with you.

David Taylor

Carefree Awakening

The birds did not sing this morning
as a purple sun rose in the sky
no wing beat silently on perfumed air
as dark clouds gently drifted by
no cock crowed a second time
as light sneaked into morn
no lark rose to announce another dawn
moonlight had faded, run from approaching day
time kept its momentum and continued on its way
I had no fear of what the day might carry
as contented in your arms I lay.

David Taylor

Cat Nap

So you toss and you turn
in the deep of the night?
Is it too dark,
or perhaps it's too light?
Not cold but thinking
a blanket held tight,
might just help get
to the end of the night.
Its soft and warm,
you pull it up tight.
But wake up with a start
when you find with a fright
what you thought was a blanket
has a tail and can bite!

David Taylor

Catch A Falling Star

Catch a falling star
Put it in a jar
Came from outer space
At such a frenzied pace
Meteors have names
When they land on earth
But high up in the sky
We wish as they go by

Catch a falling star
When it reaches earth
Now that it has landed
And not too hot to hold
Now it's just a lump of rock
Before it travelled far
But for a brief time in flight
It held you in a spell at night

Catch a falling star
Catch it in your heart
In the sky it fast went by
Falling from heaven to earth
As it finally makes its way
Across your sky at night
Ending here on earth
After its cosmic flight

Caught a falling star
Found it in my heart
With such fleeting beauty
Before it did depart
Now there is a pathway
Wasn't there before
Where that star was shining
Before it reached the floor.

David Taylor

Champaign Haiku

A Champaign haiku

poured with love and attention

but bubbles, fizzes.....over the top of the glass to reach the base of the stem!

David Taylor

Cheating Death?

Death why are you oft' portrayed
As some grim reaper leading to a grave
In fertile fields reaping is a time
That is a culmination of growing all that's fine
But for man you conjure up all that's dark
As a shadow you wait or even mayest seek
To take each and every one, by one, away
Whether old, or in our prime, or young
Death why are you oft' portrayed
As bleak and lurking, making all afraid
When all that causes grief you take away
Is it grief that I wouldst hold on to every day
And fear that death will take from me right here
Oh death! I would cheat you here and now
And voluntary, surrender all I own; I vow!
But wait a while, I do hear me say
Until the reaper nears, then I will, at the very last
Cheat him of his deathly grasp
Cunning yes but do not be deceived
He may well find me unprepared
And wrest from me my life, before I die
So I look behind my back; and fear
The reaper; dark, foreboding, black
And perhaps; already near?

David Taylor

Christmas Is Coming

Christmas is coming
the turkeys' are getting fat
no one has told them
why we're doing that.

Christmas is coming
the stores are full, they're packed
with so many shoppers buying
buying this and this and that.

Happy holidays I call out
in case a passer by
is offended by an exclamation
that has a religious connotation.

Christmas is coming
the party dates are set
in a disco or a restaurant
some smart venue I should bet.

Christmas is coming
the supermarkets have a boom
of stuffings for a nation
that eats more than enough for two.

Christmas is coming
the children are all a quiver
with the expectations
of what Santa will soon deliver.

Christmas is coming
to celebrate and praise
in choral voices
ringing through the naves.

Christmas is coming
as it does each year I've found
ever since I can remember
it always comes around.

Christmas is coming
as it always has
and I am truly thankful
for the message that it packs.

Christmas is always
and never ever goes
if in your heart you treasure
the day that God, he chose
to send a baby; Jesus
to end the pain and woes
brought on us by forgetting
the way that Jesus shows.

David Taylor

Clearing Out The House

The wife and baby are away
so it seems a good time to clear out the house
and why delay let's start.
I am feeling ruthless tonight!

Now all this memorabilia filling up the room,
that aunty Mary's wedding gift, the flower we picked
the night we held hands, stared at the moon,
so many things that bring back thoughts
and make me swoon.
Out you go and non too soon!

Next I see the pig with shiny coins inside hid.
Yes ok money, you can go,
but when I looked around
all I found was what I owed
Well even better, out you go!

Well what's next; ah yes hope,
hope will be the next to go, and hope said
'hold on! You never know what will happen next,
and I will be your only friend.'
'Out' I said, 'no more promises for tomorrow,
and; I have no hope you will understand
but I know it's for the best.'
Hope said 'give me a second chance'
'NO' I said,
he dropped down, dead!

And then I saw lust.
'Oh' I said 'where were you hid?
And come and give me a great wet kiss.'
'now go to hell' I said
where your burning has been missed.
Lust fled.

Sweet Charity approached, softly spoke
'you can't cast me out.'
I thought a while and said

'look over there, you see that man
so fat and content, his name is pride.
When you dear Charity were at my side
you were feeding him instead! '
I took them both without remorse
and bidding them farewell said
'if you can go your separate ways
it really would be best.'

So what is left?

Then faith appeared,
'Well Done! ' he said
'I could not agree more
I am all you need to fight this holy war! '
'Sorry I'm not blind' I said
and hit him on the head.

I looked around and felt bare, bereft,
alone and lost.
A voice, such as I had never heard
filled my soul and said 'David what have you done? '
I said 'I knew without them all
You would surely come.'

David Taylor

Coloured Understanding?

I explained to Daniel
my two year old son
how to integrate a function
between nought and infinity
to find the area enclosed.
He seemed unsure so
I drew him a graph
and he immediately
coloured it in with a laugh.
I thanked him
for demonstrating
his ability for understanding
and was content
that it was the same
or perhaps, even better than mine.

David Taylor

Coming Home

What is it about coming home
a familiar sight or sound or smell,
a place we know so well?
Home is where the heart is,
the saying might be true
but deep inside I know that
it cannot be the way
the sages felt as they roamed
spreading what the scriptures say.
Heart is where the home is
we take it with us everywhere
that place with deep contentment
that we look for here and there.

David Taylor

Complete; Rising Crimson With Love

Do you remember the time we walked on the beach
to the sound of the surf as it beat at our feet
and the sun was rising crimson with love
as we walked hand in hand and flew like the doves.

Do you remember the feel of the wind in our hair
as we sat on the sands without any cares
and the tears in our eyes were for joy not for grief
as we sat and felt as one with the beach.

Do you remember the time we walked on the beach
to the sound of the surf as it beat at our feet
your heart was in mine and mine was in yours
as we walked hand in hand on those magical shores.

Do you remember the feel of the wind in our hair
as we sat on the sands without any cares
and we joined with the ocean that came to our feet
making us the beach and the ocean complete.

Do you remember the time we walked on the beach
with the healing, the feeling, of being at peace
the sand at our feet, the surf in our mind
an ocean of stillness in one heart that's combined.

Do you remember the feel of the wind in our hair
with our eyes full of stars our hearts without cares
and a sun that was rising crimson with love
as our souls were set free into the sky up above.

Do you remember the time we walked on the beach
to the sound of the surf as it beat at our feet
and the sun was rising crimson with love
as we walked hand in hand and flew like the doves.

David Taylor

Contentment

Far far away in a distant galaxy.....
In a spiralling arm of love
A swirling cloud of atoms
loosely called a gas
through attraction of nature
and with no hidden intent
other than that which
is inherent in universal law
seeks to coalesce
and shine brightly
in the firmament.
And when its very first flash of light
traverses the vastness of space
will there be anyone
to witness that sight
a million light years hence?
I raise my awareness into the sky
look into the darkness
and wonder, and smile.

David Taylor

Corrosive Speech

Words fall downcast as raindrops from a laden sky
most welcome falling on parched land of dry olive trees,
unnoticed by the vast oceans of tranquillity.
Shouted by thunderous downpours of rage
sweeping flash floods heralding, gushing fear.
The busy minded ducks back opinions quack
and repel the changing force of gathered water.
While exultant crowds bathe in Ganges' words
for cleansing souls.
Some words fall as acid rain and caught by mouths
spew forth profane corrosion on the earth
as we worship our consumer gods
and offer to the sky the fruits of manufactured sacrifice.
Should we be surprised at the thirst
and that it should be quenched with tainted rain?

David Taylor

Could You Just Act In That Way?

Whatever your colour, religion, belief,
your ist, your ish or ism or chism.
I would like propose that one thing is true.
That every day each one of us rises.
And knows that he is and says "I am awake! "
And this is the I that each one of us has,
and gives us our place,
as a part of this one human race.

Now recently it seems that ideology teems
With fanatics and despots and devils.
What in God's name? It all seems insane!
Is the 21st Century to blame?
Perhaps if we went back in time,
without aircraft to crash and internet crime,
maybe we all could have some peace in our life?

Yes, oh for a home where just the buffalo roam;
and a few Indian tribes to slaughter.
Genocide was much simpler then.
When you looked over your shoulder,
there was only a boulder,
not a god' dam, news hungry, TV reporter.

One more thing you cannot dispute.
There is only one planet, which we all share.
We are all breathing the very same air.
So each of us, whoever we are,
equally shares the duty to see,
that this planet is cared for, for our children to be.

So when you jet off on your holiday flight,
and are walking that beach of your dreams,
don't forget to look at the carbon footprints you leave in the sand.
And buying a car? Must it guzzle the gas?
And when you throw out the trash,
remember, recycle for cash.

In a hundred years time the flags will be flying,

with patriots giving salutes.
But your fellow humans, will they be drowning?
Or dying from thirst in a dessert of drought?
And the Eagles of which you are all so proud,
will they long since ceased to have soared,
in those magnificent mountains of yours?

The scientists give us a glimmer of hope.
They tell us this universe is huge.
Its vast and much bigger than you ever could think,
so its most exceedingly likely,
there is intelligent life to be found.
Not here on the ground, but out in that vast universe.
Which is the best we can hope because I begin to despair,
that we ever will find any on Earth.

So what ever party, religion, ethnic group
or other belief you support.
Would you please kindly note,
were all in the same boat,
as the worlds oceans rise day by day.
Would it really be to much to ask, and to say,
"do you think maybe you could just act in that way? "

David Taylor

Counting To Ten

No not ever did he once
Nor ever again twice
And certainly not thrice
Like some trinity
Of sight impaired mice
Or fourth give
Seasoned advice
A quintessence of life
With hands held up high
"Give me five" they do cry
With sixth sense aroused
In meta'physical cloud
And twenty-four, seven
He's working long and so tired
When rains, floods create
Wait for the eight
To row up to your gate
Whilst the ennead of gods
With Atum the prime
The most myth'o'logical nine
And finally reaching
A unitary thought
All this is but One with a
Gigantic big Naught.

David Taylor

Creation

moon shines bright o'er the land
and ripples bright beyond the sands
stars light gleams of light beyond
this fallow earth which turns with song
and time proceeds in space
as life in air received with grace
and water joins all the lands afar
reflects that light in each earth bound jar
until tolls the time for jars to crack
in midday heat of rising suns
waters flow as clay returns to earth
joins its source returns to birth
light continues on
as life sings with light's eternal song.

David Taylor

Creation's Store

I have no new word to utter.
No magic philosophical mutter.
Not anything to say
that was not said another day.
The poets, authors, ancient scribes
have commented on every side.
About life and death
about the earth, the heavens
and all that might be left.
I have no sublime surprise
to give this reader new uplifting highs.
But one thing I did realise.
Creation never stays the same
this page today is a whole new game.
And what ever went before
creation has much more in store.

David Taylor

Crossword Puzzles

He sees you pretending not to look
And asks
"Do I tick all the boxes? "
Well now let's see
Cleanly shaven
Modest looks
Short hair
Not fat
Kindly eyes
That like reading books.

But how do you know if
I'm into greyhound racing
Hunting foxes
Eating meat
And chickens reared in boxes
Or like fast cars
And faster women
And fast food after drinking
And the only leftish things about me
Are one arm and a leg
But definitely not my head
And since you're wearing trousers
Let's not go round the houses
I'll just act not interested.....

Unless you've a secret
I've not anticipated.
Could it be
You write Poetry? He thinks.....
And just because he's got cream crumble
Doesn't mean some poetic
Chicken soup or even salad
Wouldn't stop a tummy rumble.....

So here's his poem ohh so humble
About his way to chat and grumble
To himself on the public tramway
When he notices that you are trying

Not to look, or any other kind of prying
As he sits and reads his book.
And you are really trying;
trying not to pry or look.....
But really, really want to know
What is that book he's reading?
If only he'd turn it just a little
You could relax
and go back to your crossword puzzle.

David Taylor

Cry For Help

Did you forget me?
Did you overlook my crying heart
as it tried to reach out in the dark;
tentatively it stretched out one hand
more than a finger less than an arm;
did you see it?

Did you feel my tear?
Just one small drop, it did not leave
this wet eye, too frail to be displayed;
to quiet to make a splash
dried in the wind before sunshine
sparkled its surface;
did you feel it?

Did you hear my call?
The one I shouted but without voice
the one that never left my mouth;
and sounded so loud here
and so quietly everywhere;
did you hear it?

David Taylor

Crying Out In Sleep

In the mind the wersal steals
and picks his way through entreats
of undigested days
that would make dreams
of dry wothered hay
that had its sappiness removed
by fearsome uncouthed broods.
And in the shadows lurks
unformed childhood quirks
that have waited patently
for the chance to prounce
and impart a drench'ed sound
to your taught pigmented lips
as you turn and churn
in greamy states of rest.

David Taylor

DO IT YOURSELF

silent still unmanifest
unformed in words to express
just primordial alphabetic soup
waiting for mind to find a form
that will delight with its dawn

David Taylor

Daffodils And Men

Daffodils dance upon the breeze
with such sweet scented ease,
as men walk past with minded cares
not seeing dancing everywhere.
They walk, but do not know how to dance
as the daffodils they bend and bow,
they dance to life with no furrowed brows
and need no one to tell them how.

Whilst daffodils, they have rooted stems
that stop them wandering from their beds
they do not walk, of course! They have no legs!
The men they have work to do
to rise and meet each day that dawns
and of course they have roots too
which keep them bound not to their beds
but to the minded cares they carry in their heads.

The daffodils, they see men walk
and most likely they must think (if daffodils could)
which they can't; I guess?
If we had legs instead of roots,
oh how we would dance upon the breeze
and go through life with such sweet scented ease!
Why give men a brain,
if they treat with such disdain
us daffodils that bend and bow
just to relieve them of their furrowed brows?

David Taylor

Dance For Joy

The clouds are a skimming
Over the tops of the trees.
The birds are all chirping
Announcing a dawn symphony.
The world is a turning
In a heaven that's spinning.
The traffic is moving
In a flow that's confusing.
And heads are all nodding
In one single motion,
These words that are dancing are free!
And the clouds are a skimming
Over the tops of the trees.

David Taylor

Dance Of Love

They danced away the night and swayed,
to the beat,
in the heat.....moving feet.

They spun and twirled and charmed the night,
with their flight,
so so light.....no need to speak.

They sparkled just like reflections of the golden sun,
on a lake,
in the wake.....of a silver moon.

They never missed a turn as they swirled upon on the floor,
wanting more,
of the song.....that will never end.

David Taylor

Daniel Loves Mr. Maker

He cut and he pasted,
he folded and stuck,
with crayons he colored,
with a pencil he drew,
with imagination he made
what with love he then gave.

I did not really understand
what he had made,
I did not really see all that he gave.
But I know when he made it,
(and gave it) ,
it was with all of his soul;

that much I know.

“Mr. Maker” it is You, that made Daniel so.....

(Mr. Maker is a TV programme for Young Children showing them
how to make amazing things from everyday items in the home)

David Taylor

Daniel's New Shoes

Daniel has new shoes
with lights that flash and dance
with each and every move.
He does not want to go to bed
he wants to wear his shoes instead!
Eventually he agrees
although somewhat ill at ease
that they may leave his feet
provided they have a special place to keep
where he can still see them as he sleeps.
And when he wakes he'll put them on
so that, as he dances to the dawn
the lights will sparkle just like him
as he and I arise
to see what new surprise
this new dawn will newly bring.
I wish I had new shoes like him!

David Taylor

Dark Dawn

I have just learnt that later tonight
the earth will cover the moon.
It will be so horridly dark,
all the ladies are likely to swoon.
And the children will laugh
to see such fun,
when the earth covers the sun,
and throws into darkness the moon.
When its light is put out,
darkness, will descend in the night,
and as it comes out, returning to light,
we will see a dark dawn, with a moon.

David Taylor

Darkness And Death

I just realised my poems oft'
Sweetness and light
So here is one for
Those keen on the night
With trickling black blood
That pours out of the sky
All the birds are on fire
As they fly up so high
And the trees are all
Angry and turning on you
Where will you run to?
The earths turning
But turns without you
Your bones go to jelly
Your heart it's a flood
Of terror that's getting
Right into your blood
The monster that's wearing
Its skin inside out
From under your bed is
Now leaping about
Your stuck and your frozen
You can't open the door
Your already dead
And that's all you've got
there just isn't no more.

David Taylor

Day Dreaming

Circuitous and rambling
serious and dire
also happy and lustful
or deserving of ire.

Day dreams of sunshine
that's pale in the sky
of swallows that dip
as they fly up on high

Meanderings of what
just might well have been
if only I had had
eyes that could see.
The future resplendent
with virtues assumed
but not to befall me
that I must presume.

Feeling the air
as it brushes my face
the smell of the freshness
that the earth gives this place.
The sound of the leaves
as they rustle around.
It is such a wonderful grace
when by my thoughts
I'm not bound.

David Taylor

Dear Mr. President.

A burning Bush
could be good for
global warming.
But do I sense
the climate is changing
in Washington?

David Taylor

Defenceless

I would caress your heart
with tender handed words
and smooth your brow of worries
with such sweet scented verse
and first approaching as from behind
so that I am unexpected found
no name can reach your mind
before love pierces defenceless skin
which peels away beneath my gaze
and poetry melts your heart within.

David Taylor

Define It

So define it, poetry I mean
Or at least a poem
Then if I knew what It was
Perhaps I could write one
Or at least know
If what was written is one
And would that help?

What changes when a label
Is placed on
The fabric of time/space
Except limitation
And how we yearn
For that which is
Without limits, indefinable.

So let it be defined
Only by what it does
Self definition
And let that remain unlimited
Let us not limit the creativity
That dwells in all hearts
But rather become a vehicle
For its blossoming into words.

David Taylor

Depth

Out of my depth
lost and dark
thinking how could I make such a mess of
well everything
falling into even deeper depths of despair
there are many aspects of my character
not obvious at first glance
hidden depths
that perchance you might catch just a glimpse
when I feel at rest
joyful and full of heart.
But deeper than this
even deeper still
beyond all penetration
of surface anxiety
past all notions of my image
floating on the smooth surface
of most gentle thoughts
bathed in love
leaving behind the changing light
that comes and goes
into a depth of unchanging peace
with a beingness that comes
from deeper still
and time left to order dreamed events
not staged where there is no space
from which miraculously springs
all depth
that seeming belongs to time and place.
There I am myself
by myself, untouched
and none venture
where they are not yet dreamed...

David Taylor

Deserticus Nomadimust

caravanous camelious sandiferous
acrosimus manyduneydust
reachiferous oasisimi
relaxamous referesheri
egyptudinally sphinxinus
triangularly huginanamous
niledgedly percipiticyous
delugeinally rareioftimus
nightendedly frosticus
tentedhousey temporarytrust
moveoningly hethinkhemust.

David Taylor

Destiny

I thought about it just last night.
I never did decide the job I took
and certainly not the way I look,
or the house in which I reside
or even who should be my bride!
Nor did I ever think
that I might take to drink
or smoke tobacco in the hope
I would be cool;
(not burnt up and broke) .

At the time it seemed to me
that I did choose my destiny
but looking back on life
(with some surprise I find)
I did not choose most of the time,
but merely went with the flow
not deciding to stay or go.
And as my river met
a raging current, I was swept.
Now the question is;
is that any reason to regret?

David Taylor

Destroyer Of The Night

An act with no intent
no objective
nor desire of appearance
bereft of my conceit
that it should succeed
or my fatalism
of sureness it must fail.
An act so complete
that no fault is found
nor trace it leaves
as its act in action
strikes with all its might
destroyer of night.
What act is this
that of itself
would completion make
It is an act of grace;
that surrender
simply for surrender's sake.

David Taylor

Did It Rain Today?

I have so very much to say
but no words to express
so let a fountain spring
and be fed by gentle rain
that will wash away the dust
of dry and crusted days
with a freshness natural
and unfettered by my view
and let flow a flowing
of such a quiet and unnoticed hue
that some would even say
they had not even noticed
that it had rained today.

David Taylor

Discrimination

What mysteries does this keyboard hold
or the artists' pallet strewn with unformed colour
our life a sheet of parchment
waits our thoughts and deeds
as does a canvas wait for brush
or keyboard waits the fingered hand
that never knows the way to say what's said
but with resolution makes a firm impression in the sand
and how we seek to change and make our mark
above stars shine and moonlight smiles
as the wind erases all the words
that time and travels have fashioned in this man
Your light has no season
but my memory makes it seeming so.
If I could but know the permanent from that
which comes and then must surely go.

David Taylor

'Discrimination'

Racism a nasty word
that conjures thoughts
of oppressive deeds
made by man because
of creed.
Discrimination another one
that binds our minds
and sharpens tongues
because of some elitist thought
that's unjust and plainly wrong.
Fighting wars because of God?
Trampling on the underdog.
But we have legislation
to banish discrimination.
'Equal opportunity'
is the current phrase; our incantation.

The rules and laws
are needed where
some of us would dare
to think in ways that denigrate
others on this Earth; our place.
Racism? There is just one human race
no matter what form the face.
And discrimination
a faculty we all possess
to separate what's bad from best.
Discrimination would be good
if it were used for what it does;
revealing what unites ALL of us.

David Taylor

Dizzy Spin

Well I just remembered,
in fact I never have forgot.
One December morning
many years ago.
It was Christmas day,
the family, five of us,
all gathered around
for the usual opening
of the Christmas gifts from Santa.
Which on a Christmas morning
beneath the tree are found.
Our daughter Alice
had the biggest gift,
which she quickly opened
with excited tearing of the wrapping
and then she saw the picture,
on the outside of the box.
Well she just stared,
then ran away, to a nearby space.
And ran and ran in circles calling,
it's a car, it's a car, it's a car!
And she just kept on doing this,
occasionally checking back to see,
if it was truly true,
or she was only dreaming
about that car beneath the tree.
Finally she sat down,
all dizzy in a spin.
And when we unpacked the car
and she was sat within,
the light that shone upon her face
was bright enough to light
a thousand living rooms,
and made all our hearts
so very warm
and full of her delight.
Recently I asked her
About that joyous time,
and she warmly told me

“That’s a distant memory dad!
But while were on the subject
there’s this little car I saw.”
That quiet and soulful statement,
puts me in a dizzy spin.
And makes me wonder
if Christmas ever ends.

David Taylor

Do I Dare?

Trying to let go.
Aspiring to let it flow.
Pretending I don't think I know.
Waiting for nothing
and hoping it will soon arrive.
Asking for nothing
and keeping a desire inside.
Giving all I own
except for what I keep at home.
Thinking I don't care
but only if you will be there.
Where is faith
and do I dare.....?

David Taylor

Do It!

Did you ever?
Well do it
Before It's
Too late!

David Taylor

Do You Get It?

He was dissatisfied, well even depressed;
he had achieved much but,
somehow it never turned out how he expected
and he never seemed to get what he had wanted.
Perhaps a change?
Redecorate, new car, another house, another wife?
He tried a few of them and
somehow it never turned out how he expected
and he never seemed to get what he had wanted.

He tried researching this ground hogging experience,
'ah' he said 'perhaps this is it'
as he leafed through the books.
'True freedom is achieved through surrendering desire'
it said on the page.
'Perhaps if I surrender my desires I will finally get what I want'
he mused.
But he just didn't get it, and
somehow it never turned out how he expected
and he never seemed to get what he had wanted.

And one day, he got it, and
somehow it never turned out how he expected
and he never seemed to get what he had wanted
and he was very happy.

David Taylor

Do You Have A 'Lucky' Rabbits Foot Dear?

I will write with the quill of an ostrich
with ink from a tiger tooth well
to the sound of elephants' ivory
as I dance in my calf hide shoes.

The sheep are all gutted to hear
the violins screeching so near
The bull gives a sob
as he spies with his eye
the approach of a Chinaman here.

Do you live in some kind of fear,
that in the depth of the night
when your eyes are shut tight
some animal might like,
to go home with a souvenir?

David Taylor

Do You Remember?

Can I describe with words,
what has no features?

Can I describe with music,
what has no sound?

Can I describe with colour,
what cannot be seen?

Can I describe with action,
what does not move?

Can I describe with numbers,
what has no dimension?

Where all else fails
poetry begins to show
a world that few can mention.

But every one does know
this world which quietly
hides from our inattention.

It's that which finds you
only when you're willing
and all about is stilling.

Do you remember?

David Taylor

Do You?

What do you hear?
Do you hear the sound of thunder
Or pitter patter of rain
Or roar of howling wind
Do you hear the waves
Breaking on the beach
Do you hear the ants marching?
Do you hear the bird's wing beating
Do you hear the child crying
What do you see?
Do you see the sun's first rays
Illuminating clouded skies
Do you see the whale
Spouting high in the air
Do you see bridges crossing rivers
Do you see the silver slug trail
And the eaten leaf
Do you see humanity's grief
What do you feel?
Do you feel the shaking ground
As the train runs past so loud
Do you feel the heat
Of mid day sun shining all around
Do you feel the worm turning
In it's hole beneath your feet
Do you feel the thronging crowd
Pulsing and shouting angry sounds
Do you feel inside your heart
They are all one and the same
Playing many parts?

David Taylor

Doggerel?

Haven't much time
I'll get straight to the point.
Poetry tells
not of me and what's mine.
Does the tale shake the dog,
can the tale make a rhyme?
If you think that that's true
you're barking up the wrong tree.
The poetry tells of that which is true
all the wonderful truths
that lie inside you.
'Tis the dog wags the tale
and when this is true
we have all the beauty
that's living in you.

David Taylor

Dogs Bark, Babies Cry

the sun smiled and the shadows smiled back
the space in between smiled to be seen
and I too smiled as I looked at the scene;

yes a little dog barked and a baby cried
if I said that I knew I would know that's a lie
and if I said to myself that I could not possibly know;

the Earth would stop turning, its turning would end
and all love would be vanquished and no longer flow
because we cannot deny what is beyond what we know?

David Taylor

Donkeys, Camels And Horses

Confusion reigns
with frequent changes of mind,
'let's go there' grandmother says
'to the end of the pier',
and what is there?
We arrive to find crusted sandwiches
and wet limp rolls of ham,
whilst looking down on the sand
donkeys carry enthralled children
nowhere and back again.
The wife complains at carrying
the usual array of drinks and snacks
to nowhere;
and consumed we carry back.
Just a bloody camel she says
with more than two humps.
Daniels face beams on the carousel
as the horse rises and falls
and says Murphy, the donkey
was best of all.
Grandma is still eating
the wet limp ham roll
and seems annoyed
Grandpa doesn't want any of it.
I just eat my words.....

David Taylor

Don'T Read This

Don't read this.
But if you do beware
it might leave you gasping
for a breath of air.
No don't read this.
But should you not heed
this warning
then you will be perhaps enjoying
something that you might of missed.
But I say to you
go no further on your quest
no don't read any more of this.
Now if these words your still receiving
you certainly have not been heeding
my request.
So why are you reading what I have stated
three times already
is not for your eyes to rest on
tell me why you are still persisting
and resolutely resisting
my instruction of not reading, this?
Well now I am tiring
of trying to dissuade you
so I just won't write what it was
that you should have missed.

David Taylor

Doubt, Fear And Faith

I doubt you will read this
I don't believe this is of any use
I can't concede this is a worthy verse
I don't think I could do any worse
I never will be right
When I just can't see any light
When I am so unclear
When I am far from your love
When I am gripped by fear
I never will be true
If I do not have faith in You.

David Taylor

Dream, Hope, Faith, Love...

i have a dream
or a dream dreams me
i have hope
a hope that is for me
i have faith
a faith that's not in me
i have love
a love for all i see.

I had a dream
a dream that dreamed me.
I had hope
a hope that hoped for me.
I had faith
a faith in I, in me.
I is love
a love which joins I
with all that i can see.

David Taylor

Duck! Don'T Stick Your Neck Out

How many quacks does a quack quack quack
before he ducks for fish?

How many ducks does a quack quack duck
before his fish is fished?

How many geese's goose is cooked
because they ate up all the fish?

How many cooks cook geese
before their goose is cooked?

How many fowl fall foul
of fowl hunting cooks?

How many fowls' geese are cooked
before they flew from a foul hunting cook?

How many ducks' goose is cooked
because he didn't duck duck duck
when a fowl cook reached for his neck?

David Taylor

Duvet

I had not slept well, to many things
and then not enough and then too many,
and the morning light had seeped
past dreams and installed a new one;
how can light bring darkness?
And now the sky is full of soft white
grey clouds moving fast but slow,
carrying tiny patches of blue
towards the horizon.
The wind just a gentle sway of branch
and the earth, even stone and rock,
not solid but soft to the touch of mind.
I had not arisen, just changed
the duvet on the bed of mine.

David Taylor

Early Morning Walk

The sunlight and clouds played
now you see it, now you don't
with the sense of being.

The road now empty of life;
quiet stillness calling,
louder than the birdsong
from high above.

Then as the air brightened,
all filled to brimming
with the invisible, undividable,
undeniable source.

The fragrant Earth filled
with liquid love.

A world revealed
where footsteps cannot reach
the source of that
which gives each man
the power to seek.
All dances to the word
which no one speaks.

David Taylor

Ebb And Flow

Words ebb and flow
on a vast beach of perception,
and beat a realisation.

The wind of change
rattles distant chimes;
sounds hang in air.

One wave frozen
as it breaks upon consciousness
declares the ever present now.

Awareness dives far below
finding meaning
in dark, still, depths.

As oceans churn
defining future quests
of those that surf the waves.

The vastness of the depths
supporting all, unmoving,
unchanged by ebb and flow.

Driftwood lies decaying
on life's beach
and does not know.

David Taylor

Eclipse

He made of himself the sun
with light and warmth
He bathed the earth
but man said that will not do
it is so very bright
we cannot gaze on You.

He made himself the moon
that at night lit the sky
with gentle light
that hurt no eyes
but man said that will not do
it shines the same as You
some may forget
that You in truth are the sun
the moon is just a reflecting one.

He made the moon go round the earth
and most times
a crescent make
no longer sun's same shape
but man said that will not do
in the night we should remember You.

He said one time per month
it will be full and round
just like the sun
but you are a demanding bunch
and for that, from time to time
I'll make that moon so fine
hide the blazing sun of Mine.

David Taylor

Eden

is there a place where all searching ends,
lit by the light that shines in all things;
under the silver that never begins,
and below the gold that never grows old?

is there a place where all fear is not here,
with a knowing that tells of all that may ever be known;
under the shade of the blossoming boughs,
in a beautiful garden where an apple tree grows?

is there a place that is full of bliss,
as clear as a stream on a high mountain cliff;
above all that the heavens have kissed,
and below all that lies under the blue vaulted sky?

did we walk in that place that is so full of grace,
and did we think it ever would end;
did we speak of only what true love could express
as we walked hand in hand in that garden of bliss?

and if we thought as we walked
and if those thoughts were sublime,
and our aim was as one with the all
and for all of the time;

if in that garden was made
all that we ever could need;
then tell me, why did we ever leave?

David Taylor

Egdelwonk Knowledge

reflected in the mirror of the page
where lies knowledge in black characters
imprinted on white space
known when truly 'seen'
a reflection of that which silent looks
not possessed by either mind or book

not possessed by either mind or book
a reflection of that which silent looks
known when truly 'seen'
imprinted on white space
where lies knowledge in black characters
reflected in the mirror of the page

David Taylor

Eggs

Christopher Robin was eating his breakfast.

The boiled egg with its top removed was waiting for the arrival of toast soldiers to soak up the runny yellow bit inside.

Pooh was always interested in anything runny and yellow and was feeling pangs of remorse that he had already emptied his hunny pot earlier, when he had fancied a little something.

Pooh stared intently at the egg.

'Christopher Robin' said Pooh 'where do eggs come from? '

'I get them from the farm Pooh, they have lots of hens that lay eggs.'

'Oh' said Pooh 'and where do the hens come from? '

'They hatch out of eggs Pooh' replied Christopher Robin.

'Where did the egg come from to hatch the first hen? ' Asked Pooh.

'I don't know Pooh' replied Christopher Robin.

'Do you think the farmer might know? ' asked Pooh.

'No' said Christopher Robin, 'he just bought the hens from someone else.'

'Then someone else will know.' Said Pooh 'But who is someone else Christopher Robin? '

'Someone else is anyone when you don't know who that anyone really is Pooh' replied Christopher Robin.

'Oh' said Pooh 'so when I know who anyone really is I will know where the first egg came from! '

David Taylor

Eloquence

The sun shone in the child's golden curly hair
As she danced across the lawn enticed
By her mothers promises of sweet delights
And I sat in dappled light beneath an oak
With trunk so broad it spoke of great maturity
And was unmoved by children's cries for more
An autumn chill on the gusts of wind was moderated
By the warm rays of low slung sun which blinded eyes
And energised the soul within through permeable skin
Oneness took a hold, cast out the need for thought
And all melted in the light that supported all life
Stillness permeated sight and filled all space
Without frontier and time stood frozen to the spot
As beauty eloquently announced existence.

David Taylor

Enchantment

Her heart was fair and skin was moonstone pale
her eyes contained the snow, the rain, and hale
her hair it flowed like rays of rising golden sun
and she walked as though the wind caressed
each light and gliding buoyant carefree step
she never rushed with braided gilded speech
her slender voice hushed silvered soft as peach;
she called my name...

In a landscape made of sleek silken robes
she sang of times with hints of ancient rhymes
and as she danced across the sands of mind
air moved the trees and swayed the waiting reeds
in soft accord with each gentle sweep of limbs sublime
her fingers slowly entwined her falling curling tresses
and with sweet innocence concealed soft cheeks
with lush and even softer glowing blushes;
again she called my name.....

The seas calmed in their ardent quest
to find some distant verdant shore of rest
the stars held outstretched spiralled hands
as they turned and hurled about their universal plans
and the earth beneath my feet melted in a quietude
of such a deep and enduring silence
that all the flowers began to weep
and the stone lined babbling brook
it overflowed with joy and washed away
all that I could ever think or wish to say;
when once again, she called me by my name.....

David Taylor

Enjoy The Ride

I've got this ol rhythm a flowin in me.
I cant make it stop, it keeps goin ye see.
Its chugging along like a runaway train.
Its goin and goin, it has no real aim.
I'm typing as fast as I possibly can.
If I cant keep up maybe it'll go off the track.
And where it is going, well nobody knows.
I've got this ol rhythm and it hasn't a clue.
The reason its goin and what it should do.
And I really don't know when it might stop.
Its express in expressing there's something to say.
I just really don't know if it will say it today.
Its chuggin along at a very high speed.
Perhaps you can join me to see what we see.
There's a very nice motion in my mind as it plays.
This wonderful rhythm that's rhyming away.
Well the rhythm is slowing its reaching a stop.
And I'm really quite pleased that: That's all it's got.
I haven't a clue what it wanted to say.
And maybe it's just so much better that way.
But perhaps it could be that it's said it you see.
In that wonderful rhythm that was flowing in me.

David Taylor

Essence

In each a flame burns bright
right in the centre, not in sight.
A flame that never flickers
in the wind of plights or bickers.
A swarm of thoughts,
imaginings often wrought
of past deeds and what is sought.
Like a cloud they follow and obscure
that light that has its essence pure.
In the eyes it's always seen
no matter how deep the dream.
And in speech its flames reach out
unless concealed by fear or doubt.
A light so pure it casts no shadow
and given freedom spreads far and wide
to join with all where light resides.
No matter how dim and dark
it will not depart.
Even in our final breath
that essence will persist.
Some say it's soul,
some say it's life.
That flame that always burns
so pure and bright.

David Taylor

Essential

Air is essential for breath.
Breath is essential for life.
Life is essential for food.
Food is essential for speech.
Speech is essential for poems.
Poems are essential for soul.
Soul is essential for me.
And a poem is what I give you.

David Taylor

Evening Light

An evening light
not so very bright
as hardened shadow's kiss
nor so dark
that as in night's embrace
I deeply fall asleep again.
That evening light
that slows down time
as homeward many race
to slumber
in our dream like beds.
It brings with it such a peace
such as in complete
completion ends
and knowing It is
and all else
that in Its light appearance seems
is imagined in that bliss.

David Taylor

Evening Primrose In Moon's Shadows

Moon shadows spread before him across the path,
the evening primrose had closed its golden petals
to the cool reflections of night's silver light.

He gathered his coat as if to protect his heart
from unseen spirits riding upon the night's chill
and thrust his hands into damp pockets,
fingers curled into a fisted ball, ends tingling.

Car headlights flashed upon the hill
a rhythmic beacon of light signifying the downward winding road
like bright staring eyes, searching, searching for him,
as a gust of wind rattled creaking hinges of the peeling sign
which had hung limply above the inn.

The soft grass of the path turned to grey gavel, silver lit,
and scrunched with a compressed excitement,
exclaimed at each uncertain step in moon's shadows.
He felt the tiny pebbles as they pressed
against his worn soul, trying to hide in the warm ground.

A large and inky cloud sped across the silver orb
and tinged its softened form with hues of brown.
His knew his journey would soon end,
as the church clock, in silence, continued round.
His eyes followed upwards to where the spire
pierced the sky and pointed to the stars.

He went inside and made some tea,
and forgot, as the evening primrose rested,
with its golden petals closed to the moonlit sky.

David Taylor

Evening Stroll

Flickering firelight
with marshmallow shadows,
walking on starlight
with moonbeam ladders;
leading onto the velvety
vastness of sky,
that fills us with wonder
as we we walk
through the night.
Your hand in my heart.
Your love in my eyes.
Your fragrance enfolds me.
Your petals caress me.
Holding, embracing,
that which we know never dies.
Oh poetry of poets,
oh art of our hearts.
That never leaves us,
that never departs.

David Taylor

Everyone Writes Love Poems

Well I guess it's hardly surprisin.
It is likely to get the sap risin.
And if you throw in some sex,
the votes come in excess.
So is this a poem that's only in jest?
Well I guess it's hardly surprisin.

But If I've got you and your eyes are still pryin.
Then perhaps I should really start tryin.
I'll make it so sweet like you never did meet.
It will be dreamy beyond your wildest repose.
Twill take you higher than any have flown.
You'll remember that time that's fixed in your mind.
Your tingle from your head to your toes.

Now just close your eyes and lets start the surprise.
Well if your eyes are closed it's not worth me writin!

David Taylor

Expression

The Poem the Poet and the Poetry are one.
The Pen the Ink and the Paper are one.

The Writer the Reader and the Reading are one.
This is the essence of what we cannot express.

When this is known we give expression to the essence.
And our true purpose shines, self luminous in the darkness of unknowing.

David Taylor

Finding Unfashionable Words?

Letters dancing on the page
cannot make a rhyming sage.
Words they dance upon a stage
making ideas all the rage.
If this were another age
you would think this poem strange?
Letters dancing all engage
in the thoughts that are today's.
We cannot write words in the past
and see if they will last.
Nor can we write today
what in the future we may say.
But what we would most dearly find
are the words that say right now,
what was true when time began
and will never fade away,
until the end of days

David Taylor

Fish And Rice

Daniel phoned me today
with his usual two year old exuberance
which comes naturally when you are two
and comes naturally when you're fifty two
until you extinguish it with old damp habits,
and he said
'Fish! Fish! I like fish very much!
Daddy, fan fan, fan fan', (Chinese for rice)
and yes Daniel has already mastered
three languages, English, Mandarin and enthusiasm
the last of which he is most adept at.
Well I thought he was enjoying his fish supper
but not so, and I should have known,
this exuberance could not be the result of food
unless perhaps a rare taste
of smooth creamy chocolate.
No he was feeding fish,
fish with an appetite for rice?
No, but no one had told him the ingredients of fish food
or me for that matter
and of course he was right,
as far as the fish are concerned
this was indeed the rice of life.
And he was now suddenly very upset
standing in the corner, arms folded, despondent
what happened? I asked
I am told by my reporting wife
that there had been a message I had missed,
and should have known.
Feeding fish is more essential for happiness
than eating fish,
and on his return home, freely swimming happy fish
should be waiting for his love and bliss.

David Taylor

Flicker Book

He has a flicker book
it has past and future too,
and every page that flickers
becomes a present for you.

David Taylor

Flowers Or The Moon?

Say it with flowers 'they' say;
but roses have a thorny stem
which by chance may pierce tenderness
and if I gave her ivy
she would think me a strange, clinging vine
or perhaps some buttercups,
all too yellow to express blue,
well perhaps a sunflower?
No too blazon, reaching, tall.
A primrose! No too neat and sweet,
ah yes a daisy,
no too common, found on many paths
perhaps misconstrued.
Did He make a flower for you?
Well yes He did
but it is too beautiful to bloom.
Perhaps... If I gave her the moon?

David Taylor

Flowing

It flowed across the stony path
down the hill across rain jewelled grass.
Through trees standing strong and tall
with boughs open to the waiting sky,
where resplendent in their diverse nests
the birds lay silent, in blissful rest.

It flowed down valleys wide
through pastures where the herds reside.
Seeped through farms and buildings too,
through tractors. fences. rivers, brooks;
it seeped through me and seeped through you
it flowed in each and every place I knew.

It flowed up the hill to end of green
to sliding slopes strewn with scree,
and reached the peak of jagged rocks
against a sky of drifting insubstantial clouds.
It flowed through the air I breath
the air we share both you and me.

It flowed upwards on the wind
it flowed until the world's very end,
and reaching space it sped,
to the farthest stars that shone and bowed,
as it flowed on past the heaven's crowd.

It flowed to the very edge of space
and with a leap of undoubting faith,
it joined with that which Is,
from which flows all time,
all worlds gross, subtle and sublime.
And on that small and stony path
was found more; much more,
than any mortal mind could ask.

David Taylor

Flying High

The robin sat upon the gate
with sideways head much int'rested
as in the fallow fields below
the cows are grazing unmoving slow.
The sheep played and did not sleep
together they roamed to reap
the goodness from the grass
that greenly grows beneath their feet.
Clouds obscured a bright lit sky
as thoughts upon an open mind
slowly passed on by,
slowly passed on by.
Across the valley deep
the hills rose in a gentle sweep
reaching gently for the sky
they did not reach up high.

Nature does not try, nature does not try
with ease it follows its own unfolding
as sages o'er the country roaming.
They do not try, they do not try.
The robin approached a little closer
he did not fly, he did not fly.
The cows they paused in grazing
and sheep they didn't ask
why eat grass, why eat grass?
Clouds they opened in the sky
and passed on by, passed on by.
And as like the hills across the valley
my soul reached out
and flew up high, flew up high.

David Taylor

Food

I've seen heart ache,
and I've seen pain.
I've seen love lost
never to be regained.
I write some poems,
to let you know.
This life lies between,
the rain above and fire below.
And through all that
the music of the poem flows.
Seasons come
and seasons go.
And drop by drop
our understanding grows.
And when the crop of life
is ready, full, complete.
And the growing season
has reached a close.
The crop is harvested and
the finest parts put on display,
for your consumption day by day.
And when the tree is old
and has no more power
to give its fruits,
Its trunk and branches fall
returning to the ground
from whence they came.
To feed you all in another way,
through another crop, another day.
Its strange to find that I
am really growing day by day,
to feed you all until I meet,
the earth that's always been
beneath my feet.

David Taylor

Food For Thought

Now here's a thought for poets fraught
and trying to make a living,
from penning verse of many kinds
and lending us their worthy minds,
in realms diverse and many.

Some will keep to what's held deep,
and only seek to reach our heart,
with kind, insightful, mystic art,
to sooth the soul and light the dark.
Or raise us up when life is blue,
or when were sick and off our food.

But if they would be well fed
they might resort to current news,
or stories with a twist of fate,
to mischief verse, or some debate,
on HIV or "the sovereign state".
To give us all some food for thought
and goad you all to comment
'that poet has a clever mind,
you'd think he could write a sonnet'
So feed them well, or go to hell!

David Taylor

Footprints

Footprints leaving imprinted tracks
on sidewalks' destined paths
some times resplendent with fragrant blossom trees
and too many times, if times I were to count
in the shadow of deep dark alleys
on three sides dry walls, capped with chimney stacks
billowing smoke of burnt up hope
the only opening left behind, I won't turn back...
And as memory recalls they are still there
my footprints pacing, turning
in the grip of fear.

Then in times more fair
as walking in soothing sunlit forest groves
with shafts of light beaming past my sight
my footprints following without much care
the natural paths that nature chose
and walked with senses filled
with music of the larks
that soar above towards the light
walking along those natural paths
with sweet scented wind blowing through my hair
my footprints, they are still there.

In winters depths of pure drifts of snow
when with hat and coat I go
and make my footprints as if on virgin ground
that newly made, none had before me found
I like those footprints best,
that, as they warm in gentle sun,
slowly melt and soon are gone
but in my mind I still recall
and those footprints linger on.

There are more places I have gone
When for a time we walked as one
and You made me light as air
with Your presence everywhere
and I cannot recall nor find

any footprints left behind.

David Taylor

For Me And My Friend

Lows and highs
a blessing in disguise?
certainly we have a propensity
to rue the life we lead
and hanker after another's lot
how many are brave enough
to open up Pandora's box
and look at their life
without a critical rebuff
that simply keeps the dirt and fluff
under cosy carpet tufts.

Without the lows we can career
on the high points of a wave
of satisfied sailing days
wearing pompous crest
of all the things that I did best
without an eye for the storm
that lurks on horizons spurned.

And the lows that
like the weather bring their woes
unwanted but not unnatural
in their power to upturn
or throw of course this life
but perhaps we learn
humility and in turn
compassion for suffering
at the hands of higher powers
that shape our days and hours.

All that comes and goes
as though a magic show
of opposites as through life I go
forgetful of what I truly know
what is important
glimmering gold?
or just the shining
and what it told?

David Taylor

For My True Friend

He stood there
smiling, shining in the dusk.
I leant against him,
enveloped in his light.
He said nothing,
I thought nothing.
Words fell to the ground
making tinkling sounds
like broken glass.
All that they contained
released from all confinement
in just being.

David Taylor

For Someone's Birthday

Old is treasured.
Old is ever new.
Old is going on
with what before
you never knew.

Old is just the passing
of a blink of cosmic sky.
Old is the oldest lie
and never was it true
says that sparkle in the eyes.

David Taylor

Forgetting

Loneliness is not what it seems
Not empty but rather full of dreams
Dark thoughts that storm like gather
Threatening to strike like daggers
Blocking out all that's bright
Perception falling into night
Loneliness is full of me
And settles for mediocrity
The world it passes by
As inside I hide and cry
Loneliness, the thought that I
All the others do deny
What is dreary and a mess
The thoughts all going round my head
Filling me with constant dread
Fear it pins you down
Makes this face perpetual frown
Inside discordant notes do play
Setting up a sullen day.

Then I think of You
And in mind I sound your name
It is like an angel quickly came
Shining light where shadows lay
I forgot. It was not you to blame
Lost in darkness I did dream
Until you came and gleamed
Telling me what I do know
But oft' forget
When playing in this passing show.

David Taylor

Freedom

When does one become many?
When love seeks to own,
and actions take on a purpose.

When does one become one?
It never does, one was never many.
When does the unlimited become finite?
It never does but we dream it.

It isn't the universe that we dream
but all that is in it.
When will we be truly free?
When we find the prison key
and decide to use it.

David Taylor

Friend Or Foe

Christmas always came too slow
and then it seemed to swiftly go.
Years were so long and seldom passed
and now they seem to pass so fast...

Now it seems there never is
time enough at hand
to fulfill the needs of surging days,
the best of which would never stay...

Holding on so tight
to fine grained sand
which slips between
my fingered hand...

I mourned as one by one
they tumbled to the ground
and were again,
not ever found....

There never was time enough
that I could hold,
and say
"this time will never slip away".

But then, if by some magic spell,
I'd had my way
and time stood still
and stopped the ticking of the clocks,
these passing moments
now would be lost...

There never would be time enough;
that frozen moment
would then be our last,
and nothing more
would come to pass.

Friendship

The perfect friend, silent, always in heart,
guiding, consoling, joining, upholding,
never too busy, never imposing,
never too ready and never withholding.

Understanding as if in my footsteps he walks,
impartial as if he was never embroiled
in all the troubles and heartaches and toils,
everyday problems and emotional turmoil.

A light in the darkness, a smile in the sun,
a friendship that has no time it began,
with no end to his kindness, so fitting a man,
wise in his answers and still joining the fun.

A friend to all that would see him that way,
no matter their viewpoint, proffession,
colour, religion, wealth or position,
always fesh what he offers,
and yet always the same.

A friend that seeming
has so many names,
One that I call my own;
(I feel him that way) ,
and all that may find him,
they feel just the same.

David Taylor

Fruit

When we ask the same question
is it the same answer again?
No it's yesterdays answer that's always the same,
withered and dieing
on the branch from which growing it came.
Today's answer is new
but from that very same branch
it most certainly grew.

The branch is the question,
rooted in truth;
not hoarding old withered leaves
this is surely
the wisdom we need.
In finding each time the leaf that is new,
in season we find the blossom that blooms.
Its heavenly fragrance the sign of the fruit
that slowly but surely ripens in time;
that fruit which when eaten
we become one with the truth,
from which that question was sprung
and all of the answers give praise
to the sweetness of fruit
that branch has produced.
The essence of heaven and earth
pervading its juice.

Inside that fruit lies the seed
which with wisdom is planted, indeed
many years hence
a new branch will grow
and soon all will taste fruit
and all will be known.

David Taylor

Garden In The Woods

I will walk in the woods where repose
the sycamore trees with purple tinged leaves
and the stream which is flowing gently with ease,
where I again find that soft mossy pathway
which leads to the house with the garden of roses.

And when I arrive, still carrying my cares
I will look on the brambles which are all growing there
with the fragrance of roses now filling the air,
one day I will knock on the door
and ask if I might walk in that garden of Yours.

David Taylor

Genre

Can you write in another genre? he asked.
'Well if you like, I guess I could', I said
'should I change my clothes
or look up some antiquated words
that for years have not been expressed? '
'Forget it' he remarked
'I was hoping for something new
not re-genred by you.'

David Taylor

Gentle Morning Rain

You are as the gentle morning rain
Giving life to all that here below remain
Your scope unlimited across this earth's terrain
Each speckled spot of moistness
Alights on my face with a gentle wakefulness
Awakening me to your love and gracefulness
In the gentle morning rain.

Your mid day sunlight melts the gentle rain
Your warmth over all of us does reign
The light by which we see and then attain
Each blessed ray of light illuminating
And revealing all that needs our understanding
Even in the dark your eternal light reflecting
You melt the gentle morning rain.

Your afternoon wind carries the gentle rain
Your breath gives us all our life to sustain
Our minds are cleared as you breathe again
Each gasp of breath breathed with life's zest
How many breaths are measured for this chest
Before all my worldly goods I must bequest
You carry the gentle morning rain.

And when the evening comes that gentle rain
Is still present here, as love it does remain
In the twilight of this day it never goes away
Your love that is the gentle morning rain.

David Taylor

Getting Away From It All

He laughed out loud
as I placed the suitcases
in the trunk.

What are you doing?

Going on holiday,
you know, get away from it all,
relax on the beach
soak up the sun
with a cold beer,
find peace and tranquillity.....
well you know;
a holiday.

So why are you taking
everything with you?
He asked smiling.

David Taylor

Getting Enough Out Of Life

'I am not getting enough out of life' I said.
'What does God get out of life? ' He asked.
'Well everything I guess.'
'No God doesn't get anything out of life' he said.
'Life gets everything out of God,
and God is not unhappy.'

'you see that leaf
as it floats down from the tree,
care for it, hold it gently on the air
and set it down on the earth with care;
now your breath,
join with it as it comes and goes
feel it fill the lungs, bring life,
and that worm there on the ground,
join its sound,
as it turns the earth.'

'Start with simple things' he said
'let life receive his love through you;
God knows how to be happy.'

David Taylor

Getting High

Drinking coffee
In the street outside
Watching all the world
Go by
Mind is reaching
To the sky
Do you know that mind
Is really very
Very fine
Let go, let go
Of thoughts
Replace them
All with naught
But lots and lots
Of noughts
Then mind will
Soar up high
And rest
With all the stars
Which through
The heavens
Fly

We will breathe
A restful sigh
With mind so high
Up in the sky.
Without these thoughts
That keep us bound
Mind that outruns the stars
Is found
Peaceful and serene
A quiet mind
Is all that's seen
And in that stillness
With no end
All that's needed
Can attend
The places that

We find ourselves
Each and every time
That's now
It is this stillness
And not thoughts
That brings us peace
Not useless talk
When all the time
We just look on
Until our mortal
Time is
Gone

David Taylor

Getting Old?

A lush and lustful perturbation,
in an enormous conurbation,
near the noisy railway station,
where we met and ate crustacean,
prior to our affectation,
and we found the ocean basin,
of our love and consternation,
oh how I miss the expectation,
of our romantic assignation....

And now we meet in quiet places,
hushed with many softer faces,
next to rural woodland copses,
enjoying apples mainly cox's,
in our freedom of love that traces,
all our life till this body ceases,
oh how we enjoy the chasteness,
of our devotion born of lushness,
when we were so very young.

David Taylor

Going Back

He woke up in a strange land
with a window on the past
a river once odorous and putrid
flowed past now sweetened
with tourist development in a
most local Chinese fluorescent fashion
but sprinkled with European coffee shops
and Mediterranean bars.

Whole families on one motorcycle
vied for position as the lights
counted down to green
and Louis Vuitton laden housewives
carried pampered Pekinese.
A band of school children practised
the physical remnants of ancient knowledge
as the single dingy sails reflected
an economic miracle.

Life restored to a once peaceful river
polluted by economic necessities
and now transformed to a sweet smelling
place of clean recreation
as the harbour once and still
a hub of oceanic commerce
now with trendy bars and restaurants
an oriental fisherman's wharf
a place to visit on days of rest.

His wife now revisiting her home town
and his son lay sleeping
in the hotel bed.
Where does the door lead too?

David Taylor

Going Back 2

Well I am writing this drunk,
had too many beers
on the eve of my birthday
with, it seems, little to cheer.
With my wife and her father
we're signing a song
and the evening as usual
has gone, gone all wrong.

She is so tearful
and I'm taking offence.
The father that raised her
and made her all that she is;
is that her defence?
And when will she see
her tears make no difference
the past is the past
and he never can mend
the pain and the guilt
the lost childhood and teens
can anyone ever put back the time
and regain what was lost
through follies of crime.

No this is a verse
that never can rhyme
because the past is the past
and her emotions are prime.
So what should I do?
Continue writing this story
of lost times and glories
No, I will not become another
that simply succumbs
Spirit in Its glory
Is here all the same
whatever the players
whatever the game.

Nothing prepared

for the wrath that ensued
when the alcohol
burnt through the very short fuse
but spirit it came in the depths of the night
and brought a vision
too beautiful for sight.

The walls that surround us
were made of pure love
and everything around me
was sent from above
and without any features
your face it was seen
as if it had always
been watching the scene.

David Taylor

Gonna Get You

A slink, a slink,
a crouch, a crouch, a crouch:
Loo'ook, all about.

A snarl, a snarl,
a glimpse of teeth a while;
one you'llllllll; never forget.

A step, a step,
a step, a step. a step,
And a loo'ooow; lowly groooowl.

A sniff, of scent
And then, and then, and then:
A lick; of the lips.

Prowl, prowl, prowl, prowl
I'm a gonna get you,
somehooow!

David Taylor

Good Morning

Roll up
Roll up
The fair of life
Is opening
The band organ
Plays and
Wooden horses
Up, down
Up, down
Trojan into the mind
The fairground
Of life is
Whirling around
With a wurlitzer's
Sound in my ears
And I'm dizzy
And busy
And spinning
Around
With the wind
In my face
And still in
My heart
Still in my Heart
Still.

David Taylor

Gracefulness

As she walked into the room
it was as if my very life within
rose up to meet her presence
and without a glance I knew
she was aware
of my shy and sideways stare.
The excited chattering in the room
became insubstantial as
she swept her sights across
the gathered crowd
just as she swept her skirts
as she turned around.
And as her glass met her lips
I imagined the glass melting
in their warmth as her head turned
to face me and she walked on.
A walk that belied the gravity
that holds us mortals all in place
But she, she was free
as spirits playing in the air
and it was as if she never knew
about the pain or mans' despair.
A goddess surely visited us
and shone across the space between
converging all our fates
with love just dissolving hates.
Please note all ladies fair
what you can do with just a glance
when with love and shining face
you greet the world with a gentle grace.

David Taylor

Great Uncle Arthur

Great uncle Arthur was never a master
of anything he tried either now or hereafter.
When he potted a plant it withered and died
and when he made jam it ran all over his hands.
When he mended the car it never went very far
and when he painted the door it opened no more.
When a holiday he booked it was only the brochure he looked
the company had already closed down its doors
before he was able to get to that place he'd adored.

No great uncle Arthur was never a master
of anything he tried either now or hereafter.
If he picked up the phone he just got continuous tone
and if it should ring it invariably said,
Is that the home owner, have double glazing instead?
If he went for a stroll the sun quickly went in
the heavens just always seemed to pour rain down on him.
And if he took to his bed when he was weary at night
there would be bumps and screams to wake him with fright.

No great uncle Arthur was never a master
of anything he tried either now or hereafter.
But the funny thing is, a mystery to me,
I never saw him frown or even displeased.
Oh dear uncle Arthur what is it you know
that makes you shine always
from your head to your toes?

David Taylor

Guiding Moments

We all have those moments,
like a patch of azure sky.
A lighting strike of mind and heart,
sometimes heralds to new starts.
A flash of inspiration.
A mind expanding rapture.
A dawning of a comprehension,
which had long eluded you.
A sure and certain feeling,
of what is truly true.
Can we live by those moments,
by what we've known we know?
Or do we stumble on
with all the times we just don't know,
where to go or where were coming from?

David Taylor

Haiku Ukiah

Footprints in the snow
How strange what is not there lingers
The church bells chime above

The church bells chime above
How strange what is not there lingers
Footprints in the snow

David Taylor

Haiti

Twisted broken rubble with layers of dust
dampened by the stench of death,
the reality of someone's child,
lonely, frightened, crushed with pain,
in non-comprehension of their fate.
Fear and pain, fear and pain.

And our minds cannot encompass such a reality,
too far beyond our experience.
We minimise it to a personal test of faith,
and if we had no faith,
just gratitude it is not I
that lies in such a state.

If the truth is known,
do we then lie in that same place?
Our home now an impending tomb
as rescue teams fly to honor grace.
Was it not ever so, as each day
about our business we blindly go,
and only now through such a distant,
devastating blow,
we look truth in the face
and then ask so much more of faith?

Where are faith's sisters now?
Hope and love must move the Earth
without delay,
for Heaven's sake, for Heaven's sake,
in our non-comprehension of their fate;
hope and love, may we now deliver grace?
We fear too late,
we fear too late....

David Taylor

Hand In Hand

I can hear it on the window of the mind
drip, drip, drip from high gutter to the ground,
dripping from the verdant leaves,
splashing wet on faces wiped on sleeves.
Drip, drip, drip splashes in puddles
muddied with dust and grime.
Will you walk in the rain, your hand in mine,
will you never speak lest we cease to hear
the drip, drip, drip of love
as it falls so quietly all around.

David Taylor

Happy New Year

Why do I sit here writing
these words that few will see?
These poems keep on arising
as from an endless sea.

I cannot stop the feeling
they must be released from me.
And even in the writing
it seems to set me free.

I hope that in the reading
you may enjoy with me,
the peace they give the writer
and the Love which helps us see.

These words have no intention
other than to be,
a beautiful reminder
of the Truth that lies in me.

I hope that they will find you
In peace, and joy, and free.
But if you are less blissful
perhaps they may remind you
It doesn't have to be.

David Taylor

He Spoke

He spoke quietly
And yet I heard so clearly
He spoke gently
And yet with such force
He spoke truthfully
And yet hurt no one
He spoke lovingly
And yet without attachment
He spoke with his tongue
I heard words
He spoke with his hands
I felt moved
He spoke with his eyes
I was lost in eternity.

David Taylor

Headless Chickens

I heard today something deeply disturbing.
Some news which I somehow find
profoundly unnerving.
The scientist have improved
the chickens we farm.
Its now so much easier
to get them ready to eat.
With unnatural genes
they've changed their clothes, and developed,
chickens that don't have any feathers!

They say it's efficient; and not only that,
the chickens are happier in hot weather.
And did you know that they're getting so fat
they cannot even walk or stand in the box
of the miniscule prison they're penned in.
I know we like chicken but what do you think?
Do our scientists really have a leg to stand on.
When they tell us it's so much better this way?

Well perhaps it is true but it don't change the fact
that chickens are meant to have feathers.
So I ask myself this; and I don't really jest.
Will birds of no feather
still flock together?
And will I wake in the night
having dreamt in a fright,
of a ghost of rose coloured daffodils?
And what on earth will be next:
Will they clone "headless chickens",
those clever, scientific, humans!

David Taylor

Heart Felt

I thought I would see what with words I could do
wrote a few poems, well quite a few
and skilfully made a point or two.
But I found that I couldn't do with words
what the words, alone can do.

I listened to the music that made them dance
found rhythmic and lyrical ways to say
what the dancing music had played.
But I found with the music I could not make it play
the purest sounds that in my heart did lay.

I listened to my heart, in stillness, bright, not dark.
I asked if the words might shine
as they danced to the music that wasn't mine.
I sit and watch, wait patiently,
wonder if my prayer, will ever appear,
in the words we see.

David Taylor

Heaven, Hell And Earth

Soft glow of warmth and light and birth
from which arises heaven, hell and earth
and the desire to follow such a path
that leads to one
and then that one is known.

Do you ever feel like I;
did the thought arise,
stop the ride and let me off
to deeply rest,
make liberation the only path and object
of this man's hell like earthly quest?

Soft glow of warmth and light and birth
from which arises heaven, hell and earth
and the desire to find in heaven's blest
a deep and lasting
peaceful rest.

Do you ever feel like I;
did the thought arise,
stop the ride and let me off
to deeply rest,
make liberation the only path and object
of this man's heavenly earthly quest?

Soft glow of warmth and light and birth
from which arises heaven, hell and earth
and the desire to find in earthly breast
a deep and lasting
peaceful rest.

Do you ever feel like I;
did the thought arise,
stop the ride and let me off
to deeply rest,
make liberation the only path and object
of this man's earthly quest?

Soft glow of warmth and light and birth
from which arises heaven, hell and earth
and the desire to follow such a path
that leads to One
and then that One is known
in deep and everlasting rest.

David Taylor

Hide And Seek

With the sound of a mighty drum
but one that has no skin
and beat with the trunk of an oak
that grew only in imaginations cloak.
Bigger than a pot that contains
all universal space and with no walls
just made of love that's All.
lasting longer than the time
it takes for counting every grain of sand
that ever rested on the land
and not constrained by this.
Nearer than the flesh that surrounds
your human breast.
Closer than you know
and in that knowing He did flow.
Not anything you can find
a quest as futile as if when blind
and bereft of hands
a needle in a haystack is to be found.
Not something that appears
by looking or using ears.
The more you look the further off
is the finding of;
that which is always here
the power behind the sight and ear.
It is as if He hides, you seek
but he that's looking that is He.

David Taylor

High Street Rhythms

Up, down. Up, down,
go his feet as he pedals,
pedalling round.
Gently rotating, circulating,
the children merrily going,
children on the merry-go-round,
as it's stopping, slowly,
slowing down.
Left, right. Left, right,
the shoppers shopping in the street
making rhythms with their feet.
To, fro. To, fro,
swinging arms with shopping
as they come
and then they go.
In, out. In, out,
the pigeon's head
as he proudly struts about.
Waggle. Waggle,
tongues are flapping, telling,
telling what they think they know.
Ba, boom. Ba, boom,
beats the heart of the jogger
as he jogs past very fast.
Flutter. Flutter,
the eyelashes
of the lovers,
as they sit,
so close together,
staring sweetly,
at each other.
All the while the Earth
It's turning, spinning.
Stars are twinkling,
spirals in the heavens forming.
All these movements
music making,
in the stillness of your presence.
All these rhythms

from your essence.
All these actions
simply stating
your existence is
what's existing,
through the unity
of all these rhythms
which we often take to be,
something which belongs to me.

David Taylor

High Waters' Tarn

The small lake seated at the top of the mountain,
what is there?

Few climb the steep slopes with hope, to drink the highest water,
why go there?

Overflowing in the rain its waters pour down, reach out below,
and join the silver lakes on which each day we float our dreams,
is it not here?

And as the first rays of early morning sun seep and flow above what seeks to
bind,
in appearance, its confine,
it glints with gold.

In noonday sun a perfect round reflection shines and in its place most high,
all movements kept at bay,
what is there?

Look closely, draw near, so near, the music of nights stars; still, sing within,
quell thoughts' wind.

Clouds' images spin past on deep stillness undisturbed, touch not, not heard,
and as we focus to a point, all confines, just dust of mortal earth.

Silent, unnoticed, source of all that flows below.

David Taylor

His House

the front reserved for special guests
tradesmen shown the back
the letter box earmarked, no junk mail
the widows neatly dressed
the blooming buttons sit in neat rows
and topiary'd bushes sculpted to impress
line the swept and pristine face
with each brick so firmly held in place
each feature speaks of wealth
but speaks not to me
the cameras' eyes smile securely
move with stealth
monitoring my apprehension, pensively
a fine imposing mansion
a moated castle of ostentation
no I did not like the way he dressed
or spoke or looked
not at all impressed.

David Taylor

Holding On

Half kind thoughts skim across the edge of tomorrow
like the crows in flight in the half light of dusk
and otters flash and splash in glinting streams
of pure consciousness concealed by clear waters
from cold dark mountains hidden in a mist of dreams.
Smoke winds its way in stillness of unmoved air
from a chimney mounted high on mossy slates
above gouged grey and rivened walls of warmth.
A seagull cries as it softly glides above the ocean deep
a chill of imagination grips the heart and holds me to my dream.

David Taylor

Home

A thin layer of atmosphere
sparkles blue
with wispy insubstantial
fluffy clouds drifting by
jagged snow capped mountains
reaching up to touch so high
and provide a starting place
for gentle streams of purity
to pour out onto fertile plains
that thinly lie
on sleeping bedrock
beneath all our feet
and traversing by
meeting deep oceans
that still secrets keep.

Sparkling ice caps shine
resplendently in summer sun
waiting for the long night
when winter's come
life lays waiting
in the dessert sand
for the rains that seldom
visit arid land
and delicately poised
on favoured ground
the animals roam
with such graceful sight and sound.

The stars and moon
keep vigil through the night
whilst man with reason
blinded by his plight
makes a ravaged landscape
to meet his greed
and fights wars that scar
both planet and himself
through thoughts
so limited in scope

that he forgets his place
in the vast magnificence
that is home
to all this human race.

David Taylor

Hot Day (Haiku)

Drop of perspiration
falls, splashes and melts ink words....
art emerges from poet.

David Taylor

How Art Thou?

I would like to be in a van, go
or perhaps arrested by a rural constable
for falling into a big assed hole.
I quite like some mug o teas
sometimes I and my ma greet
get on a bit of a treat.
I love to appreciate ze sand on the beach.
Pre rapped lights are fun to behold
before on the ceiling rosetti a light we behold.
Thinking of shapes in a mist
a turner more rounded I must never miss.
And how could I ever forget
the one ey with lilies of bliss.

David Taylor

Humility

Early in the morning with warm blankets
wrapped so snugly round that no cold air
can find a way to reach my body bound
and mind, not so softly wrapped but free to roam
hypothesises on the days events not yet told
with some darkness lurking in unspoken thoughts
and regrets, born of a shameful past events
that will not sleep and come to rest.

Emerging just a little from a cocooned existence
perchance a sweet scent is on the air
and I remember it is you, who is always there
at my side no matter what might happen
through the other presence of that impostor pride
and as I rise you shower me with such love
that sunbeams are made of, through a light
that most subtle shines and leaves no shadow
for my pride to hide.

David Taylor

Hunger

In my stomach a gaping chasm
In my mind a maelstrom of bleak thoughts
On my tongue a stuttering of incoherence
On my shoulders a weight that buckles limbs
About me noise and conflict, unmerry dance
Behind it only emptiness in a seeming blackness
And still, stillness in my heart. That kills
And lights without shadows the darkest dark
I am hungry for the memory of You.

David Taylor

I Can't Take It Anymore

I can't take it any more:

When I look in your eyes
But no one's in, inside

When I'm in a crowded crowd
But all alone in my own cloud

When I look inside my heart
And feel we're drifting far apart

When I wake up in the morning
And I hear the sound of no one calling

When I get so, so confused
And I cannot confide in you

When I hope that I am wrong
But find out that I am right

When I answer the ringing phone
And there's only a mono tone

When I reach the goal I set
And find it's not what I expect

When I arrive at my destination
And it's lost its fascination

When I struggle to get home
And find it's just a grave

When I'm soft and so alone
And you are just like stone

I can't take it anymore
And I don't know what it is.

I don't want it anymore

This is no way to exist.

And then I give a little smile
And remember this

That seasons come
And Ice will thaw

Dawn will come
And darkness will be lit.

David Taylor

I Met Him?

He stood there
Body hunched
Mind stilled
Heart open
Speaking
Without sound
We knew
Each other
Always
And only
Parted
In mind
Through
Imagination
Of "another"

David Taylor

IRATE THE FORUM

Oh how I love the forum,
with delicate shades of verse
the subtle understanding
with which we all converse!

Oh what a beautiful forum,
with scents of wisdom sent
from Hellsinkhe to West Lotheum
IsStanBull? and Kissimmee;
we know just what is meant.

Oh how I love the forum,
the thoughts are so evoking
with ideas that lift me high,
(and even some provoking)
It does make us wonder; why?

So if your feeling bad, let down
and want to spend some time,
reading what inflates you
this wonderful e'rudite forum,
Irate ostensibly, a nine.

David Taylor

I Write A Poem To My Friends

I write a poem to my friends,
when all is hard and never ends:

As ending means that which seems,
and not what Is, and always been.

And hard is that in which is not,
the joy that's found, when not forgot.

Fear not the flashing teeth,
of tigers in the mirrored mind's belief.

Where is the bliss of silent rest,
too quiet to find in life's tempest?

What veils are made from care and grief,
and what remembered brings relief?

When all is hard and never ends:
I write a poem to my friends.

David Taylor

If As

As if I didn't already know
As if I didn't feel the blow

As if my heart is bleeding now
As if I'm hurt by our spiteful row

As if I am cold and tired
As if I am lost, no place to hide

As if I could believe in you
As if all I do is true

As if I can always be
All you ever ask of me

"As if" is what you say
When I say the same each day

As if you really care
As if I am really there

"As if" is all I could say
When you and me fell out today

As if I am this man you see
As if I am just this small me

As if it is real anyway
If as one we could watch each day

As if we're on a universal stage
Playing out these parts so grave.

"As if" is what I say
If I can play my part
Just like I might as in a play.

David Taylor

If I Could

If I could answer all your questions
in one page or in one book,
I surely would.

If I could calm all your fears
in a cool spring of hope and love,
I surely would.

If I could take away the stone of remorse
sitting heavy in your heart,
I surely would.

If I could bring you a new beginning
with this dream a distant past,
I surely would.

If I could dispel all the unlit darkness
with a flame that never dies,
I surely would.

If you looked deep down within you
would you know,
you surely could?

David Taylor

If We Could (Revised 24/2/07)

If I could tell you what will surely set you free.
If I could help you understand all that you can see.
If I could hold you when you cannot even stand.
If I could love you no matter what you say or do.
If I could answer all the questions that play upon your mind.
If I could mend your heart when it is broken, shattered in my hand.
If I could tell you words which remove all that you will fear.
I would, I would, but would anybody hear?
You could! You could! Because I love you dear!

David Taylor

If You Don'T Know Me By Now

Hello, may I offer a drink
of poetic verse
that's straight from the heart?
We don't have too long
to chat and converse,
so if you agree,
we'll cut to the chase
and get straight to the point..
I know you poetry readers
have no time to waste.

My names David,
what's yours?
Do you like poems and verse?
Well what a coincidence,
I like them too!
Do you like poems
which are honest and true?
You do! Ohh,
I think we're getting on swell.
Come back to my page
and stay for the night,
reading more poems
that come straight from my heart.

And when you have finished
reading a few,
please tell me,
if you don't mind
me asking that is.
Did they manage,
in any meaningful way,
to hit that spot
that so few even knew,
might be lying,
or dying,
so deep inside you?

If You Write Poetry Don'T Say Anything

What is poetry some have asked
how is it made and how to grasp
the perfect expression of that which lasts.

This is not the language of debate
nor the words of wisdom spoke
by sages of dim and distant regions
when questioned by the rulers
of once great and ancient kingdoms.

This is the language that weaves and flows
from the heart and seeks to find
that ethereal essence of all mankind
this is the language that no one knows
the language that neither fades nor grows.

It fills imagination full
and speaks with words by which its filled
it speaks to the wise just as it speaks to fools
it speaks to all of that which is
and being that is always true.

Only the stars can hold its sound
only the moon can make it round
and only the earth can make it bound.

What sound is that by which its filled
that sound of stars in darkness
that sound that lights the heavens' vastness.

It is your sound
which lies in every heart
and finds completeness
beyond the dark
it is the sound of a trillion suns
it is sound from which they come.

David Taylor

Imagine

I write of a place I've not yet been;
beyond the horizon
before the dawn
a place not yet born,
before and after
life has come and gone.

A time where clocks stand still;
in space that has
no place to fill,
where colours merge into white,
and white merges into black.

Where all sounds are taken back;
all thoughts dissolved
all things that were ever made of gold
melted back,
into love's enfold.

What is there;
in that place I've not yet been
beyond all that seems
beyond my thoughts
beyond my dreams?

I am.

I am the horizon
I am the dawn
I am the life of
all that's born.

I am eternity
I am all space
I am colour
I am all things
that change.

I am sound

I am thought
I am all dreams;
all imaginations themes.

I am the source of all these.
I am the knowing
and the known.
I am far away places
not yet seen.

I am home
for all,
that imagine
a place they have not yet been.

David Taylor

In

From Amsterdam to Istanbul
from Reykjavik to Kathmandu,
from mountain high to cavern's pool,
on oceans deep and desert dunes.
In vast palaces or a simple hermits cave
on highways or a broken narrow path unmade;
busy markets, remote traders' shack
in the town or far, far outback.

In languages and words diverse
and beliefs we hold, it seems from birth.
In thoughts and dreams and contemplations,
in every soul, in every nation.
Buried deep or deep in space,
in each and every known or unknown place.

Here now and present, always true
was there before and in the future too.
In me, in them, and in you,
never seen but permeating through and through.
The support of all, its design and fabrication
origin, life and disintegration.

In what you know, the very knowing
in all that shines, that which is glowing
in all that's still and that which moves
all this is that and that is you.

David Taylor

In A Manner Of Speaking

'Being that as it may' I said
'I still insist I must do this.'
'You missed the point' he said.
'Being All in All,
doing will not do at all.'

David Taylor

In Any Event

The centre of the wheel does not turn
(as time remains a constant now...)

We are all so very far away
from that place from which
we never strayed.

The earth, a small round stone,
the universe, the beach we roam.
(Pick up a galaxial shell,
listen to it whisper "all is well") .

Travel across the boundless ocean
(without the need for any motion...)
Reach a distant land
that surpasses all we understand.

We are all so far away from home,
(with home that place...) ,
from which we never strayed
and always think, is far away.

David Taylor

In Silence

can you listen to the trees breathe
and the bees sigh as they suck nectar;
can you hear the sound of a darkened moon
looking for its reflection on a still lake,
or the snowflake as it lands on the path,
can you feel it exhale as it melts
into the ground reaching for thirsty roots
or do you just hear the chainsaw
as it cuts through the forest of your dreams?

David Taylor

In The Dark

Like a pile of broken bricks
ones they said you'd never fix.
Like a rhyme that has no song
a song that sings of what has gone.
Lyrics that fall like tears
words that in your eyes are fears.
Tears that on your cheeks
are flowing creeks of sorrows wept.
Memories are all you have to keep
when dreaming in your restless sleep
of the ways your life might go
in all tomorrows that they show.
Thinking, can it make it so
will it change the future
what do we know?
Lying here in the dark
waiting for the breaking light.
wondering what might come
with the rising of the early morning sun.
Heart leaps up and mind falls quiet
when you find lying still
deep inside your heart, your will
my love which never did depart
when you were dreaming, in the dark.

David Taylor

In The Dark, Painted Pink

eyes blazing in the dark
do not be slumbered
by sleek black hair
and soft touching
of breath from
ripened lips of red

eyes blazing in the dark
do not fall into sleep's abyss
as gentle touch
fingers promises on brow
with polished nails
pointed painted pink

eyes blazing in the dark
do not drift in dreams
of allures sweet scent
such intoxicates
and dims the wit
of weary men

eyes blazing in the dark
look into souls
and reflect
what is within;
eyes blazing in the dark

David Taylor

In The Garden

Arise come see My flowers,
smell their scent, touch their love.
Walk with me, I with you;
drink the early morning dew;
embracing all, as I am embracing you.

Fear not, do not despair,
for I as the wind, the earth, the sun above,
fill all with the flowing waters of My love.
I in all, in you, in all that ever came to pass;
joining all that every open door
may ever find;
the end of wanting more.

David Taylor

Inside Out, Outside In

The strange thing about meeting
a poet on the internet,
is that you meet them inside out.
You see what's within
through the poems that they write.
And we have no idea of the body
that keeps the mind and heart
that's imparting all the poems with such art.

And now as I walk down the street
and looking in the eyes of those I meet,
Its not the outside skin
that's reaching to the heart I'm in.
In each and everyone,
its a poet lying deep within.

David Taylor

Inside The Night

The shadows arose from under the spreading trees
ran across the fields, crept up the hedgerows and
lengthened their stride to the ridge of the hills
meeting crimson in the sky as if it bled on the blueness
where it touched the hard and darkened land:

Orange tinged clouds sped past, holding hands
and danced the end of day.

A finale to herald darkness, creeping, light receding
leaving only blackness where once there had been light,
now the creatures of the night arose,
each with two points so bright
shining, gleaming, moving, stealing
through the shadows of the all embracing night
and flashing in and out of sight:

The wind sped past grasping at all in its path
and filled with shrill sounds of dark.

And how the branches creaked and snapped
and how the rushes swayed on rippled waterways
and strangely sliding shapes were made
upon that lonely unlit path;

until without a sound and with a seeming echo all around
that heightened senses which were no longer body bound
that darkness inside me was found;

the night that hid in me.

David Taylor

Invocation

How many words must I truly write
to put all that was ever done to rights.
How many verses need to be sung
to heal the wounds that time has cruelly done.
How heartfelt must this message be
to bring my soul back home to Thee.
How often must I, on bended knee
offer all my pride to simply be.
How can I ever, ever see
all that You promise that You are to me.
How can I fill each moment and each hour
in your presence without any other thought or dark desire.
How am I to reach an end
to this searching to simply be Your friend.
How, ohh how can it ever be
that I will deserve to live as one with Thee.

David Taylor

It

It was dark in the morning,
it was darker than night.
It was dark when the moon shone,
and it was dark when the sun shined,
even though it shined bright.

The darkness it hid in those places unseen,
it hid in the shadows which were hiding in me.
It hid in the places that hide from the light,
it hid behind doors that were closed,
and keep all from our sight.

That darkness had eyes that peered out,
with dark cloaked motives,
that carved up the wholesome
(into things that can bite) ,
with the feel of our nightmares,
that cleave to the night.

It was dark in the evening
as dusk settled and spread,
it was dark as I thought it
(as we do in our heads) .
But in the silence of dusk
that darkness had fled.

David Taylor

It Is Easier For An Elephant To.....

Elephant, elephant, how,
can you hope to enter
into God's heavenly crowd?
The stairs are too narrow,
you won't float on clouds,
and so I have heard
it is forbidden to eat
the sweet and delectable leaves
of the heavenly acacia trees.

Perhaps if you went on a diet
or made a trunk call
to the angels above
to send you a long curling ramp,
which is fit for a herd
to walk undisturbed,
as they stomp and they stamp
on that last long migration
to those heavenly gates,
where bliss and salvation
most surely awaits.

But then again,
and perhaps,
you have more hope
than us,
who cut down the trees
and turn the jungles
to dust.

David Taylor

I've Lost It!

I wrote the most beautiful poem of hope
which flowed and ebbed in mysterious ways
that defied the dissection of minds
and weaved to the heart of mankind
in a way so gentle and kind that only goodness
was found in the words that it sung.
A poem of grace that eternally said
what mortals can only find when they're dead,
a vision of music only the heavens can make
with the wisdom of ages sung so true and so sweet,
they transported the soul to where no one could weep.
And I've lost it.

David Taylor

Ivy

Ivy broke her hip
She's home now.
'Carers' call,
make sure she's
taking the pills,
but loss of freedom,
what a bitter pill
that cannot be swallowed
even after the fall...

The room a time warp
of 60's memorabilia;
they don't make wallpaper
like that now.
Pictures of elderly
smiling faces
where are they now?
Do they know they are needed
or are they all too distant
to hear?

Daniel's picture
is on the mantle
(she hardly knows him) .
Just grandma's neighbour?
His playful two year old smile
brighter than
the energy saving light bulb
hanging over us.

Come again she says
Daniel hides in mums skirts
and mums eyes
dampen with regret;
a sense of dereliction
and only dim hopes
of the future.

January Blues?

Well yesterday was so very grey.
Last night I met my friend and he said
"yes it's been a grey, blue day".
Why is it that when it is grey
A blue heart often comes to stay?

Today I am hoping for, blue sky.
Perhaps the blueness from my heart will fly
to join the colour in the sky.
And leave my heart with a different hue.
One that's full of joy and true.

If only I can remember the colour it was.
Vibrant pink or gentle green or raucous red?
Or was it just a pure clear canvas
on which we write our dreams
and paint a rainbow of emotions?

David Taylor

Japanese Indo Eastern Poetry

Samurai wants to fall on sword
Sadhu administers a calmer sutra
Saves his life or begins another?

David Taylor

Japanese Transcendence

There it rests
next to my PC
as I sit and drink;
green tea:

Beautifully formed
(that's easy to see)
not quite a heart shape,
too narrow for that,
not perfect in form
but with more
Wabi-Sabi than
you could shake
a stick at:

Plainly made
with the greatest care
there it sits,
and here;
I'm there:

Its colour white
without any glare,
paper thin,
tissue like,
pastel shades of veins
just faint shadows along
its cup shaped plane:

A single cherry blossom
petal
that floated on the air
like a buoyant drifting
vessel:

And then a thought
of remorse
creeps up,
with silent melancholy

and overshadows
my new glazed glee:

Just think of what
might have been written
if that whole
blossoming tree
had crashed
through these walls
which now
encase me:

And what about
my Hagi Yaki cup
would it be any better
if it was full up.

David Taylor

Jelly Bits

My son is 20 months
He loves music
Were on the floor
He's dancing round me
He doesn't care
He's squeezing my heart
He squeezes it to bits
He says it's like jelly dad
Look it's all in bits.
We scrape them up
And eat them
Now I'm whole
And I have to go
He wants to play
With bricks.

David Taylor

Just Existing

not deep in the depths of time
nor far beneath the earth
not higher than the heavens
nor beyond the world of thought
not outside of eternity
nor missing from our life
that which is sought by all
and very few can find
where did you come from
where will you go
what is it that sustains you
why think that you don't know?

David Taylor

Just Looking

I looked with my eyes and what did I see?
Colours and shapes that change with great ease.

I looked in my mind and what did I see?
Thoughts and emotions that circle and need.

I looked in my heart and what did I find?
A vast expanse on which was written a man.

I looked in a mirror so clear and so bright;
and what I found? Well of that, no one can write.

David Taylor

Just Me?

You really are the same?

Laughing, hurting, dreaming, sleeping

Drinking, eating, kissing, excreting

You really are the same?

Reading, writing, loving, fighting

Talking, thinking, musing, walking

You really are the same?

Wanting, yearning, fearing, dreading

Needing, leaving, finding, keeping

You really are the same?

Why do I think it is just me?

Do you think it is just you?

We really are the same!

David Taylor

Just Resting

Poised but in no way tense
Alert without hint of anxiety
Open but not unguarded
Without thought not thoughtless
Present not predisposed
Unknowing all that's known
Centred in infinite circumference
A place where diversity unites
All knowledge as one seed
Love joining all humanity
A natural state of unity
Free from false divisions
That we think we need.

David Taylor

Just Visiting

She sits there anxious, eyes dark
and sunken, reflecting heart.
Not much to say as the days pass by;
they do not talk that much at home,
his hearing aid often switched on, but low.
After more than one week of visiting hours
three to five then six to eight and not one day
was she late; to say very little,
'what did you have for breakfast,
have they given you your medicine,
what did the doctor say today.
When will you come home'

They discuss the holiday they had planned
in three weeks time but,
she had not really wanted to go
not liking flying and concerned about her health,
and now he lay in the hospital bed.
'Well' he says 'perhaps we could change the date
to September, it shouldn't be too hot in September.'
Anything you want she thinks,
I just want you back home, you could finish
painting the gnomes while I make some tea.

David Taylor

Keeping Up Appearances

Darkness appears to be the absence of light
but absence of darkness is not light.
Misery appears to be the absence of happiness
but absence of misery is not happiness.

Isolation appears to be the absence of love
but absence of isolation is not love.
Ignorance appears to be the absence of knowledge
but absence of ignorance is not knowledge.

Being what we are simply means
coming out of what appears to be.
But being what we are cannot be dependant
on coming out of something we are not.

We have always been and will always be
what we are.
So, we are realised but
we don't realise it yet?
Until we come out of what we are not
which is only an appearance.

There is a lot to this keeping up of appearances
and no effort in simply being.....
And ego said
"Whatever. What's for lunch"

David Taylor

Know It All!

The date the Athenians came to strife
the way that Homer ended life
the name of Henry's second wife
the winners of the cup
in the year that terror struck.
A master mind would know it all
as he sits and watches shadows
on a dark Socratic wall.
But I wouldst know
that which when truly seen
nothing here remains to be known
and brings an end
to my fascination in
those changing shadows
dancing in the cave of men.

David Taylor

Knowledge In Action

Do you think I don't know?
I can feel the footsteps of
An ant in my heart
I hear your thoughts
Pass through my mind
I hear the stars sing as they shine.
Do you think I don't know?

You say I learn nothing
I say if I learn
where will I have a space to know?
So don't think I don't know
You can have many doubts
But one thing you must know
You cannot doubt the sincerity
Of what my actions show
I have not learnt
Therefore I do not know
So do not think
That I do or do not know

The secret is not to think you know
Then there is a space to know
And in the knowing know
That knowledge is not yours to keep
And that is what our actions show.

David Taylor

Ladders

He had been up ladders most of the day it seemed
firstly clearing blocked gutters silted from dust laden air
and with the many leaves once green and budding
that had now fallen in the autumn sky
all shrivelled, no longer full of life,
dead, decaying in his black plastic pipes.
And later in the day, some inside decorating
with white paint for browning, flaking ceilings
that no longer well reflected light
and cast a paleness throughout the house.

Taking a most well earned rest
he opened his favourite book
that stood the test of time
since first, inside he looked
and with each word stepped on a ladder
leading he knew not where
but definitely to a place brighter, still.
Full of freshness, new life renewed
and far above the guttered leaves
that in the autumn's eves had fell.

David Taylor

Lamp Post

Leaning on a lamp post
Watching all the world go by
Commuters are rampaging
Going for the 6.25
Mothers with babies
Crying out for tea
Teenagers with Teenagers
Hanging out to see
Elderly silently walking
Walking on by
Occasionally someone
Catches my eye
But mostly invisible
Like a fly on a lamp post
Watching all the world go by

Leaning on the lamp post
Invisible like a fly
Watching all the life
As it goes by
From one lamp
To the next
We all travel through life
With just enough light
To see through the shadows
And sometimes
Just pausing in the light
Still and watching
As life passes by.

David Taylor

Leaves Reflecting Light

like thousands of mirrors in the light
they flickered in, then out, then in, sight,
all clinging to the branch of life,
all growing strong, all holding on,
until the chill of autumn comes;
you know it's true, but not said,
inside each me is you;
but then again in autumn's chill,
it is you, to which each leaf will fall.

David Taylor

Let It In?

It's arrived at your door
and rings the bell,
as your stroll down the hallway
thinking "at this hour, what the hell? "
Quickly it rings
and then rings again,
then rattles the mail box
with an urgent refrain.
(Mind now moving faster than feet,
wondering who it is
that you'll meet) .

Dressed drably in
a grey overcoat worn,
that presents a slightly menacing form.
With a wide brimmed cavalier hat
shadowing darkly
its glinting fat eyes,
with its face muffled by
a collar that's raised
just a little too high.
It brushes past murmuring
(as though it had
met you before)
the instant you started
to open the door.

Muddy footprints now track
down the hall;
(you follow as though
your name it had called) .
Your under sink cupboard,
(that is virtually new) ,
it is already rapidly
rummaging through,
and brandishing that
half empty bottle of gin,
(that you say you have kept there
since sometime last spring) .

Then searching the fridge
for those midnight snacks
(which seem to be hiding
right at the back) .
Eating as though
it had never eaten before
and wiping its mouth
with its five fingered paw,
then returning to see
if it can find something more.

And with a tilt of its hat
and surefooted step,
proceeds up the stairs
and then to your bed,
and looks through the drawers
you keep near to your head.
Then from below
that wide brimmed hat
you're not sure if it smiled
(or perhaps winked)
about that?

It now stands in front
of your wardrobe door
with the mirror that reaches
from the top to the floor.
There is no reflection
of it to be seen,
(and you're wondering if it is
all just a dream?)
but images flow
like a river of light
with past impressions
of many a day
and many dark nights,
including those
you forgot to remember,
(especially that time
from last September) .

It races ahead
to your living room door
(and your still wondering
if it plans
to be staying for more)
as it takes off its coat
and sits by the fire.
Then together you laugh
at all those desires,
and when it reaches the sofa,
slides into the book,
the one with the poems
you were reading before
you walked down the hall
and answered the door.

David Taylor

Letting Go

Looking with half blind eyes
for the mislaid answer to all the lies.
If only I could see more clearly
and not just what is dear to me.

I cannot remember where I left
the spectacles that sit on my head
In my heart I know I never did
change except in what I think I know.

Like layers of an onion peeled
that give rise to heartfelt tears.
Layers of ambition tinged with apprehension
anger when one layer goes.
Wanting more and jealous of another's
seeming effortless acquisitions
of things I think I miss.

And when the onions skins are gone
the tears subside and cooking's done
it was just a mistake that I did make
to think that You had not been there
when in dismay and deep despair
I looked and searched.

What did I find only things that bind
oh how can I be so blind
The monkey with hand inside
clenching the tasty fruit he finds
cannot take out his hand
through narrow rimm'ed pot.

But if he just released his grip
freedom would again be his
as if a magic urn
had his liberty returned
So simple to just be.
Remember mind remember
the secret of success

is not having more but less.

David Taylor

Letting Go?

He sat there holding on tightly
There was no way it would come loose
But whilst he held it in his hands
Well, he felt a kind of peace
Almost as if it represented sanctuary
At peace except when he felt threatened
That someone might take it away.
But as he held it tightly in his grip
The sweat from his hands was tarnishing it
Causing it to lose its shine
He could see something in the distance
Like sparkling water glimmering, calling
He pulled again but could not get free
And if he let go and went to see
Would it still be here when he returned?
And that glimmer on the horizon
Who knows what it really is
Just an imagination, a hope, a dream?

David Taylor

Life

Well I do not know
About the day or how blossoms grow
I do not know my life means what
I don't even know diddly squat
About the life that I have got
I don't know about you too
Who are you that reads this through
And then thinks I know what I'll do
No I know nothing at all of you.

David Taylor

Life Force

Torn apart by wind streams
Flying past on currents unseen
No longer resembling any text book formations
Scudding by on a hastened path
To reach oblivion without minds shape
Origins unknown without any destination
A shadow of their former forms
These clouds speed past on winds
Whipping them into unfathomable wisps
Of shady ephemeral entrails
Spread across a shapeless sky
As in a final dissolution
Of any visible constitution
Perhaps I did once wander across the sky
But now with winds at my back
I am dispersed by urgency
And ever present need for change
In this modern "life"
Of hurricanes and whirlwind fads
Permanency only left to reside in death
Where is meaning, shape, and form
Where is a life well worn
What drives the wind drives me
I see the heavens still
When I look up to find I
and remember
What drives the stars drives me.

David Taylor

Life In Shadow Land

Our future is a projection of our past
With the promise of an ever present now
To grace proceedings
With spontaneous life and hope
Beyond the present forward reaching shadows
Of our past deeds.

David Taylor

Life's Passing Pageant

There is a gentle rain this morning
just like a moistness of heavens eyes
a sadness that lacks the force to cry.
And behind a whiteish tint of grey
the sun is waiting to burst through soft haze
a little later in the coming day.

The noon day sun shines on all around
it builds up heat here on the ground
so that the clouds are laden, filled.
Later to burst with ferocious shaking sound
and light up the sky with forked flashes
rashly darting earthward bound.

As the sun sets behind a torn and ravaged sky
like the light that shines in elders' eyes
full of the colours of life's rich passing pageant
The days events writ large in crimson hearts
that witnessed life's fullness of diversity in parts
to reach an end that quietly slips away
below the fixed horizon of our days.

David Taylor

Light Is

Light is the breaking of dawn
Light is the load when you are just born
Light is a place without any fear
Light is when your lover is near
Light is a heart that's open and free
Light is a place where truth you can see
Light is a feeling that's good
Light is when everything's clear, understood
Light is the absence of dark
Light is a summer picnic in a beautiful park
Light is just simply walking on air
Light is what makes the shine in her hair
Light is what warms and what feeds
Light is not having any more needs
Light is a magical feeling inside
Light is the side of the street to reside
Light is always and always will be
Light is what joins us, him, you and me
Light Is.

David Taylor

Little And Large

as little by little I wake my sleep
and by the graveyard keep
watch by moon and stars and wind
for us that wait and we that sinned

little by little I dream my dream
and walk the path and speak what seems
and never by the night or day
I say my speak and mean my say

you came in sounds with meaning still
before I came to add my fill
little by little I lost my speak
learned to see what words can mean

in silence meaning is
large in little, large in large
as little by large you wake my sleep
my voice is gone and alone You speak

rain wets sponges rocks
flowers smile and stars sing
sunlight flows through dark
I say meaning, You speak my say
large in large, in night, in day;
darkness ends:

David Taylor

Look!

Don't look into my eyes that way!
Don't look even though
we might have something
we really ought to say.
Even just in passing,
don't look as we go along the sidewalk.
Don't say 'good morning'
as you pass me by.

Perhaps my stare will freeze you?
Or my words like a spell,
they could deceive you?
Be careful! Who am I?
Perhaps not really who you think you see.
Even some kind of spy
from some secret agency.

No your right! Stay in your box
thinking of an epilogue.
What you would say to me
if we ever met
and with no time to say hello
you just said goodbye
as we both were passing by.

On the sidewalk, eyes not meeting,
just a reluctant mumbled greeting,
a speech so very fleeting.
Just in case, heaven forbid
we might notice that inside
is a person, trying not to hide.

David Taylor

Looking For The Path Home

Eyes
to the left,
eyes
to the right,
staring brightly
in the night;
with the running of your thoughts
as on you go
and swiftly walk;
wind up and wind down
twigs break
branches bend;
eyes down,
eyes up
sun sets
as shadows run,
something stirs
turns you round
silence descends then bends,
mind imagines
unkind things;
as eyes
to the left,
eyes
to the right
are staring brightly in the night;

with a hop and a skip
(that you never will forget)
the creeper that tripped
as your footing lost its grip;
breathing
fast, air, that's still,
seething
with a will,
to find the path
that homeward goes
and not the one that winds,
as shadows lengthen in your mind.

David Taylor

Looking For Trade Martin's Ferret

From Alaska to Zanzibar the poets are out
They're searching and hunting and looking about
The hunt is on, the call is being shouted out loud
The poets well versed are searching all round
In cupboards and sheds and holes in the ground
They'll keep searching until that ferret is found.

They scramble about like mouse hunting cats
Reciting some prose in case ferrets like that
They've heard many stories of ferrets abound
And even up legs of trousers are found
Those furry mammals with teeth oh so bright
That when they are bared they give quite a fright.

The poets are hunting high up and low down
And when they have found him they'll call you around
And while they are waiting they'll play for a while
With the ferret you've lost since the end of last year
And gave herald to a ferretless and lonely new dawn
Since the day TM celebrated that Christ was past born.

David Taylor

Lotus Blossom

Nurtured by the words of the wise
with each rain dropp calling His name
in an infinite shower of love
the lotus blossom gently unfolds
as by its very nature must
and displays the centre of beauty
free from attachment
free from fear
free from anger
the still, unmoving heart.

David Taylor

Love And Attraction

In a cosmological event
such as the forming of a hole
so black that all its light it holds
or the changing of the motion
of a giant sun in one
of heaven's many constellations.
In these events the wise have said
if Einstein be wise, well in his head,
that gravity will flow in waves
and curve our space and time,
that is what we must surely find.

When a loved one, they depart
light is extinguished, it is so dark.
But when new love, it is found
the sun shines so bright
the sky is without a cloud
and the course of life abounds
with fresh new horizons, I have found.
And as for time and space?
In the boundless love of Your embrace
they just seem to disappear
as if they were not even here.

David Taylor

Love Has No Objective

Fire and brimstone
fell from the sky
burning all colour
from vacant eyes.

Plagues of locusts ate
leaving bare stalks
on dry dusty ground
no food remained.

The air inhaled itself
absorbing all breath
lungs empty left.

Space collapsed
to a point with no point
time became lost
and cried.

Mind with no place
no sound
mind died.

Only love
remained
unchanged.

David Taylor

Love Is

They stood there
timeless, frozen
as a heron perched
attention unwavering
hands damp
and hearts on sleeves
with mouths not knowing
if they are moist or dry
and words failing
to reach their tongues
they spoke intently
with their eyes
two minds merged
in a single stream
and dived deep
without thought
of breath
or life.
Love is.

David Taylor

Love Letter To The World

So much to say
And so deeply felt

To melt the hearts
And make each one

Come home
And never again

Depart.

David Taylor

Love Never Lost

Your Love is all I need
your love is holding me
your love is lifting up and up
and raises to the highest peaks.

Your love, how can I keep
and never lose
a love that never sleeps
a love that never moves.
It fills me, overflows
and fills the universal world.

Your love is all I'll ever need
and should it ever
seem to leave,
I know it will be waiting patiently
with open arms,
whenever I return.

David Taylor

Love Unites

If only I could make you see what no eyes have ever seen,
if only I could make you feel, what I feel so deep within.

The clouds would part from tearful eyes
each moment would be filled with sweet delight
if only I could, I surely would, and then:

You would teach me what my eyes have never seen,
you would surely make me feel, what I feel so deep within.

David Taylor

Love, Love, Love, Love, Love Without A Doubt

How do you write a poem
about Love?

It cannot be caught
and is beyond words'
power of depiction.

It has no place to be,
all places are filled
with Love.

Without Love would
anything have any savour?

Love is what joins
Love is what flows
Love is what counts
Love is what grows
Love is what's known.

Love is all around
Love is all about
Love is all we ask
Love is all we give
Love is all I have.

Love wants nothing
Love needs nothing
Love misses nothing
Love excludes nothing
Love is what this is all about.

Joining, flowing, counting,
growing, knowing
around, about
asking, giving, having
All is Love,
of that I have no doubt.

David Taylor

Love's Famine

Moon shines paled and silver o'er the land
and ripples bright beyond the sands
stars light gleams of light beyond
this fallow earth which turns with song
and time proceeds in space
as life in air received with grace
and water joining all the lands afar
reflects that light in each earth bound jar;

lightening shafts its knife of light
and thunder cracks within our souls
as waves ascending crescendo down
upon a desolated bleeding heart,
tornados tear the tranquil mind
and ravage thoughts once kind,
nature tells of troubled times
and deep beneath the ocean swells
a calm pervades as waiting, waiting
for those deep volcanic flows
to burst upon the deep
with steam and molten rock
made from which, new islands grow;

and still we sit with permeating love,
unmoved by natures wroth
or winds of change
as in our hearts we dwell
in silent witness to natures violent will
and as a famine scours the land,
was it bereft of only rain
until our hearts melt in the sun
and pour forth Your love again?

David Taylor

Love's Flame

In the starlight we kissed heaven,
in the noonday sun we lay;
baring all our heart's intentions
never fearing what we'd say,
you stooped to find me in the twilight,
led me to the light of day.

Now we argue discontented,
not meaning most of what we mention;
darkness in our minds invented,
where is that truth we tended,
when we found the light in darkness,
freed from all that hid our way?

Hold my hand and walk on boldly,
never knowing what's in store;
for I know whatever's rendered,
all that will ever come our way,
cannot darken love's resplendence,
makes the highest mountains sway.

Speak of times, of past remembered,
in the valleys green and lush;
when we said sweetly 'I adore you'
kept safe, held true, in love,
waiting for the flowers to blossom,
before the frosts of winter came.

What was true is now and always,
sun shines on behind the clouds;
winter but a sign of springtime,
darkness just a passing shroud,
love's light is always and forever,
silent, shining, never fades.

David Taylor

Love's Reflection

I cannot explain love to you;
but you can watch the glistening
of the early morning dew,
or a leaf as it unfolds from perfect bud
and stretches out for life anew.

I cannot make the sound of love;
but you can listen to
the sound of nightingales above,
or the bees as they gently hum
from one blossom to another one.

I cannot write of love's essence true;
but you can feel the rocks
soak up the rain,
or the oak tree creak in spring
as it awakens from its sleep within.

I cannot ever hope,
to capture what so many poets sought
in all the words they wrote,
what every musician tries to play,
what every childlike smile can say.

At best I can only write a verse,
that with unseen grace from above
might speak of stars' thoughts
as they whisper to the darkness deep,
held gently in Your love.

And should you think that love
is a stranger to your fate,
I can ask the moon that shines
to tell you what it saw
in all the eyes from ages past
that gazed on it in awe.

David Taylor

Lunch Time In Shanghai

Arriving in a strange new landscape,
tentatively stepping out
(exploring):
all speaking a language
of which I have little understanding.

The mind focused
on a veneer of difference,
(the canvas forgotten) .
The vibrancy of the colours
absorbed in a varnish of uncertainty.

I return to the hotel box
now made my own;
(scattered with familiar possessions) .
A rose colored varnish
of familiarity,
all the more deceptive;
the real danger?

Do I go to Starbucks
and order my favorite coffee,
(with four layer chocolate cake)
or drink Chinese tea
and eat noodles in the market place?

David Taylor

Maffs

'What are you doing Pooh? ' Asked Christopher Robin.

'Oh, its maffs', said Pooh.

'What's that Pooh'?

'Well', said Pooh 'its like what you told me you do at school, but it seems a bit different.'

'Can I see? '

Pooh put down his pencil and gave Christopher Robin the honey smeared napkin on which he had written:

$$1 \times 1 = 1$$

$$1 / 1 = 1$$

$$1 + 1 = 1$$

'I see' said Christopher Robin,
'but shouldn't one plus one equal two? '
'I know that's what you told me Christopher Robin
but well, I thought;
the first one and the second one are both the same one.'
'Yes' said Christopher Robin.
'So if they are both the same you still only have one,
don't you, Christopher Robin? '

Christopher Robin thought for a moment,
how to explain this to Pooh, a bear of little brain?
Who he loved dearly.

'Pooh' said Christopher Robin,
'look at those honey pots on the table,
how many are there? '
'Two' said Pooh, 'but they are not the same,
one's small and round and yellow
the other one's bigger and rounder and a different yellow.
And the pots aren't important' said Pooh,
'I only like them 'cause they have honey inside,

and I could take all the honey that's left
and put it in one pot,
which I do on Fridays when I tidy up.'

'I see' said Christopher Robin,
'but I don't think Miss Granger at School will like this answer Pooh.'

'Does Miss Granger like honey as much as I do Christopher Robin?' Asked Pooh.

'I don't think anyone likes honey as much as you do Pooh' said Christopher Robin.

'And I don't think I like Maths as much as she does' Pooh replied.

'I love you Pooh' said Christopher Robin.
'I love you' said Pooh,
'Is that two loves, Christopher Robin?' Asked Pooh.

David Taylor

Make Me A Poet

Enough of poetry
What of one who embodies it
Who is called poet?

Can you take a knife
And separate poetic words
From his being?

Cut open his heart
And find an alphabet soup
Waiting to be shaped?

Examine neural pathways
Defining a system of communication
Producing poetic thought?

Make me a poet
Tell me the constituent ingredients
And how to mix?

Let us try
Take being as a foundation
And add passion as a spice.

Blend in love throughout
Serve on a plate of compassion
And cover with humility.

Bake for a few years
In the heat of the transitory
Dessert of strife.

Throw on some decorations
Made of mirages
And fruit from an oasis.

And tempted by sweet decoration
Eat his flesh
With your mind's eyes.

David Taylor

Mallemaroking

Seeking the biggest catch
harpoons at the ready
now bound by winter's stealth
expectations heady
better times to come they say
frozen in Icelandic bay
they wait for governments to say
when their money caught
will see the coming light of day.

David Taylor

May I Sip Tea With You?

Are you busy this weekend,
could I visit you and sip tea?
I would like to know you better
before I regret I did not see
more of your gentle warmth
behind a glowing smile
and be in the presence
of your kind heart
that has travelled many miles.
It would be a short distance
to come and meet with you
but I think that in our meeting
our minds may travel far
to places never seen
by the tired but sparkling eyes
that have quietly witnessed
to all the places we have been
we can speak of babbling brooks
of cosmic forces
much loved books
because within our hearts
is such poetry
behind that mundane task
of simply sipping tea.

David Taylor

May We Dance?

Most strange I find that fleeting glance
that opens up my prisoned stance
a flash of re-recognised gold
in binding rings that spellbound hold.

Hold what, I asks
can such a spell hold me
trapped by what I think I see
no that surely cannot be.

Most strange I find that fleeting glance
that breaks this spell
the one I dance
but is that dancer not just me.

Just me, I asks
may I have that dance
the one where we whirl with glee
myself and I set free.

David Taylor

Meaning What?

Does our existence have any meaning?
If all our loved ones went away
and the memories of all those that we have met
were wiped clean of any impressions of 'me';
what then?

The sun rises and post arrives at the door,
but I am not there.
And if I continue to be not there?
The ivy will wind its way along the fence
and windows will cease shining under grime.

What does it mean to open post,
clean windows, unwind ivy;
and does the sun rise for me?
And then there is this poem
that has no meaning; must simply be.

David Taylor

Melancholy State

What is this melancholy state
That keeps the mind most dark
And makes these thoughts and speech irate?
What is this melancholy state
That hides the happiness
And makes these words sound glum with hate?
What is this melancholy state?

What is it that has contrived
And tricked the mind to make me feel
That all around is bleak and ill?
They are but shadows of the past
Which in the gloom of unlit space
Creates a fear from unclear shapes.
What is this melancholy state?

Please may I request
That your light will shine again
And make these shadows clear to see
And cease their menacing touch on me
It seems to me that only thee
Can shine the light that sets me free.
What is this melancholy state?

David Taylor

Melting

Unmoving held so softly
at a point of balance
unmoving everywhere
that point everywhere;
even the birds have stopped flying,
stopped singing;

silence pervades the trees
and reaches out to infinity,
all of a gossamer appearance
floating on mindfulness,
mindfulness filled with stillness
stillness reflecting, being;

so magical, it is,
when the air falls still
merges into space
and in between melts
into unity.

David Taylor

Memories

I'll never forget that place that we went
one summer in Devon when we played on the beach;
or the walk late at night when we visited my uncle Jack
and I was too heavy to ride home on dad's back;
and the trail of treasure he cleverly laid
so that I forgot I had walked nearly all of the way.

I remember wishing that time would stand still
that time we lay in each other's arms
when all of our deepest desires seemed fulfilled.
I remember thinking the moon would be full
on that night it was dark and not lit at all.

I remember that mid-summer afternoon
when the breeze reached right into our room;
the feel of net curtains as they floated on air
and the smell of freshness everywhere.
And I still remember the taste and the smell
of the minestrone soup in that small Italian hotel.

It is strange that some moments persist
like flash lit photos in a temporal mist,
and the memories most clear which always are near
are they the ones where there's nothing to fear,
and no place to go and no time to bestow,
with the feeling that they were never a long time ago?

David Taylor

Memories Of The Beach

We went to the beach to get wind in our hair
to stand on the sand and simply to stare.
To let the surf tickle toes and dampen our clothes
as we played 'run away'
from the wavelets at play.

We went to the beach to climb on the rocks
find cool shallow pools where we'd take off our socks,
and peer in the waters to see what we might find
that the waves of the sea,
had last left behind.

We went to the beach to find coloured shells
the kind that when placed to our ears
make the sound of the ocean appear,
and gathered rocks that we never would find
in the places we walked,
for most of the time.

We went to the beach and all that, we did find
and the smell of the salt refreshed our tired minds.
I'll never forget the laughter and sounds
and the freedom to run,
on that wet sandy ground.

We went to the beach my family and I
and there we were one,
with the ocean, the beach, and the sky.

David Taylor

Memory

I ring the doorbell;
seemingly no answer.

Rattle the letterbox;
still no movement.

Throw stones at the window
no, nothing stirred.

I'll try phoning;
I can hear the phone ring
echoing down an empty passage.

I call out as loud as I can;
only my own echo greets me.

And as I turn to leave,
giving up all hope and efforts;
I remember,
I am,
the one,
inside.

David Taylor

Metamorphosis

I had a dream in mind
and the dream said
'Now is the very first time
the unlimited becomes limited'
(and nothing changed)
and the dream said
'Now is the very first time
the unlimited becomes limited'
and the dreamer understood.

Then I awoke
and forgot to remember;
and oh how the flowers bloomed
and the thunder clapped (as it's apt)
in praise of the lightning's flash.
And lava flowed
like earth's blood
and the people cried rivers
which filled the oceans up
and the ships sailed on by
to distant lands of mystery (why?)

My thoughts followed the birds
ascending high
on updrafts of the mind,
until a child sang;
and filled all space
with eternal love
and I knew.
Now is the very first time
the unlimited becomes limited
and nothing changed
(as nothing does) .

Still and silent in the twilight
neither waking or dreaming
with nothing in between;
having spun our cocoons
all aurelian thoughts take flight.

Who is surprised
to find he is
what he has always been

David Taylor

Mindlessness

Acting mindlessly without thinking
Stupidity, foolishness, madness, inanity
No this is not mindlessness at all
This is a description of a destructive mind
Broiling with thoughts and concerns
One in constant motion, a turmoil of ideas.

A still mind, now that would be good
Clarity of thought in a vast expanse
Full of creativity and ever watchful
Of those movements that disturb our peace
And interrupt our concentration of virtuous pursuits
No this is not mindlessness at all.

Leaping clear of minds entanglements
And residing in just I
And watching without concern
The rise and fall of echoes of the past
With no projection of consequence
Not my mind but universal spontaneity that "says"
I am.

David Taylor

Miss, Communication!

I am oft' miss understood.
When I said go away
I did not mean
don't come back today.
When I said don't shout
I didn't mean don't talk about...
when I said I'll ignore you
well I didn't mean it quite like that.
When I said the food's too hot
I meant the spices, hot it's not!
When I said yes to your double negative
it was of course a non agreement
to the ideas you ardently exhorted,
and if you really don't have no doubt
then I'm not sure what it was about?

David Taylor

Missing You

Snowy, snowy night
Paint the hill tops all in white
Let the rivers flow with ice
Make the raindrops fall as hale
Whispered breath a smoky kind of grey
As we wonder in the coldness
Of our winter'd dreams.

I did once love you
And I love you now
Even in the coldness
Of this frozen hour.

Your lips are all I can, ever miss
Frozen, waiting for your kiss
Bringing warmth and summertime,
To the cold and bitter dark.
That is all I find
When you are not, so, very, near.

Snowy, snowy night
Please come back home to me
And bring that warm
And gently loving face
The one that I do, so much, miss.
Ohh how I wish that you
Were always here.
Then nothing
would; I; fear.

David Taylor

Mixed Feelings

The ground is most unusual today
It shifts and shakes around
Full of deadly traps as I try to fly
And reach the safety, of my thoughts.

The ground is most unusual today
It has both hot and cold within
The same valley of resolve
I try to make the scene unfold, not dream.

The ground is most unusual today
It is both misty and so crystal clear
In the field where I sit here, I rub my eyes
but they still remain, coexisting, all the same.

The ground is most unusual today
Full of swamps of darkness with hills of light
All in the same expanse of countryside
I run for the hills, but the swamp, it holds me tight.

The ground is most unusual today
With fragrant flowers in pools of odorous discontent
A strange mixture of memories
As their scents drag back, past times, spent.

The ground is most unusual today
Most often hiding in my heart
But for once laid bare before me
As if lit in the spotlight of my glare, will I despair?
Or having seen what lies there
Do I have a choice, as I stand, and look, and stare?

David Taylor

Moon Lit Goddess

You are such sweetness in my mouth.
And a touching tenderness at my fingertips,
with an enchantment of scent that makes my senses real,
and reel with their heady intoxication of; just you.
My eyes are filled with the deepness of your soul
and blinded with its bright intensity.
My hearing hears your gentle breathing breath,
which speaks so eloquently in its expectant quickening
at my approach; just me.

Your hair cascades across the snow
of silken skin with forms like gentle drifts
fashioned by a forming mistral kiss.
And your eyes, your eyes, that window
into utter bliss, that seemingly consumes
my very being, into your deep; your deep abyss.
Your lips which speak a thousand promises,
at each slight and gentle moistening with your tongue.
Hands that caress and care, massaging my sullen soul
to relieve it of each and every fear and stress.

That is all I have to say except to state
that I am blessed and graced,
if grace be known to be most rare; not commonplace,
with an enchantment in the form of; just you.
An ethereal moonlit goddess of my dreams.

David Taylor

Mooniness

Bewitched by the power of a silvery moon
Singing and dancing in your pearlescent light
We laugh and we cry 'til you fade out of sight
The creatures of dark look up and call out
They too are in love with your aura and might
As you circle the earth and shine through the night.

Mighty and tireless you reach out through the space
And touch us, and pull us, all over the place
The oceans are breathing as they rise and they fall
Under the pull that you exert on the waters and all
And when we can't see your ancient and scarred, cratered face
We know you are there in the usual place.

You shine as you did in the oldest of times
And inspired so many to paint and write rhymes
From then until now and to the end of our lives
You are worshipped and followed by those that do know
Your presence is part of the heavens that show
The beginning the present and where we will all go.

David Taylor

Morning Alarm

The alarm bell rings
and tells of a new morning;
but tells not what it brings....
Will it be as we think,
as we plan in the mind?
Can we really plan out
just what we will find?
The covers' the same
as the morning before,
will we take with us those covers
as we walk out of the door?

The alarm bell rings
and tells of a new morning;
but tells not what it brings....
Will the coffee taste stale
or shine as we stir,
with a flavor that's new
as never tasted before?
The walk to the station,
the same path to be sure,
but only the same
if it's yesterdays thoughts
that walk in the rain.

The alarm bell rings
and tells of a new morning;
but tells not what it brings....
The sun has arisen
just as before
and the clock is still ticking....
And between each click
of the sound of the clock
that second hand stops....

David Taylor

Morning Light

Gentle rolling hills flowing into stardust fields
that sparkle in the early morning light of dawn
with golden rays that kiss the hardened frost
on soft and gentle graceful clinging moss
which covers ragged stones carved and formed
by glacial flows such long and distant times ago.
A stream trickles quietly on its way with music as its theme
a downward path towards the stardust fields
where sheep with winter coats grazing on grassy slopes
give way to cows that lie on sheltered pastures
hedged and tree lined to keep at bay the winds unkind.
As the sun increasing in its power warms the hallowed ground
and the hearts of men and beasts as all around
the gentle morning light seeps and flows without a sound.

David Taylor

Morning Ritual

I woke up
then sat down
picked up newspaper
sudoko'd bound
gave up
looked round
filled up tea cup
unwound
toast popped up
butter found
tinkling cup
put down
made sound
teaspoon shone
on saucer down
heads up
to stillness found
no longer feeling
up or down

David Taylor

Mountain

Sitting at the feet of mountains
how distant, awe inspiring
the highest snow capped peak
where no shadow creeps
from the rising dawn to sleep.

And at that peak of ice and snow
where just a few brave souls go
how they survey what lies below;
see the destiny of melting snow,
see there is no place higher
than that which they now know.

Seated in the centre still
beyond the reach of climbing,
below the depths of diving
no end is out of reach;
what meaning in either
gentle slopes of mountains' feet
or awe inspiring snowy peaks?

David Taylor

Mountain Hut

lonely hut on the mountain side
the mist obscures its humble form
the wind's caress forms its shape
the earth supports its leaning
the hermit is its meaning
if it were not there
the moon would not be so bright
and Venus would not light the night

David Taylor

Moving On

Wading in shallows,
sung with little voice,
unnoticed in shifting sands;
tread quietly,
upon the wind of chance.....
our feathered flights of fancy,
dance.

Behold the octopus of dreams
eight armed inkiness
to write our future
with a soft quilted pen
washed away by the infinite ocean
of life.

A tortoise with homely shell
crosses our path
on its back engraved
the long history of
its strife.

We run across the shore
and dive into the surf,
to emerge riding crested waves
to distant lands with sparkling
shores.

Where wading in shallows
we sing with little voice,
unnoticed in shifting sands;
tread quietly,
upon the wind of chance.....
and with our feathered flights of fancy,
dance.

David Taylor

Music Of The Soul

Like a Stradivarius
vibrating in a human
soul with God guiding
Its gliding bow.
Like a displayed blossom
with its sights
only for the sun.
Like a rainbow arching
searching for horizons
never reached
except in dreams
when dreams do come.
Like the singing of the Angels
when in the heavens
we play in the presence
of their song.
Like the love that's shining
in your eyes
as we sit here blissful
wishing time would not go on.
Like each word residing
on a page or screen
that in its whiteness
sets the stage for all the meanings
In the words to be set free.
You are always quietly
present, but not hiding
overlooked by my doing
forgetting that my bow
You're guiding
as I make my worldly song.

David Taylor

Must Be More To It Than That.....

Don't you think it is astonishing
a miracle, a gift,
the most remarkable occurrence
you have ever seen, just this?
Do you marvel as I do
and think that you might even cry,
at the beauty and the meaning,
that it signifies?
Do you rejoice in your heart
and give thanks for this very life?
Did you ever think that you would find
a sight as sublime as this
and be so filled with love,
transported into bliss?
And all you did was not deny
the pure simplicity
of what Is before your eyes.

David Taylor

My First Senryu

counting syllables
and thinking something profound
I dislike haiku.

David Taylor

My Last Senyru?

With seventeen gasps
Hi'Ku meets winter's long night
no regrets has I.

David Taylor

My Second Senyru

Tired of writing poems
I wearily wrote my second
stab at Haiku

David Taylor

My Shadow

My shadow follows everywhere
in bright light, he is clearly there,
but in the dark I see him not.
He is still there, I know,
that shadow that will not go.

My shadow follows everywhere
when I walk or just stand and stare.
Shaded from the loving light,
how do I know that he is there?

My shadow follows everywhere
sometimes forgotten, he is still there.
Always hiding from the light,
that shadow that is never bright.

My shadow follows everywhere
on the street and on the stair.
And most strangely, I declare,
I would be worried if he was not there.

My shadow follows everywhere
whist in this body, I mind my cares.
But in the strongest, inner light,
I find my shadow disappears.

David Taylor

My Third Senryu

With a third stabbing
Hi'Ku lay bleeding near dead
still counting her breath.

David Taylor

Natural

Why does the sun blaze down
from horizon to horizon
and the seas heave with
white crested azure
and the valleys seep with enchantment;
the heavens fill to overflowing
with that pure sound,
the sound of angels in praise,
as the wind carrying sweet scents
casts a million petals to the ground
to make such a fragrant softness
beneath the feet?
Why does every mountain spring
gurggle to the surface
gasping to find the air
and set a course ever downwards
until, without hesitation
it throws itself into the ocean,
never once stopping
in shadowed woodlands
or pausing to watch
the apple blossoms fall;
and why do we ever stop to think
if we should surrender
to what is natural in our hearts?

David Taylor

Nature's Hook

Beneath the superficial forms;
is beauty.

Beneath the thoughts shouting I understand;
is understanding.

Beneath the clamour of efforts;
is effortlessness.

Behind all movements;
is stillness.

Behind all sounds;
is silence.

Behind all endeavour;
is love.

Diving deep
to the source
of consciousness
we find ourselves
and realise;
we need no finding.

Coat, hat and umbrella
stay on nature's hook;
our home
becomes infinite.

David Taylor

Nebulous

Indistinct unformed
not yet clear
its intended form.
Symbol of both birth
and death,
waiting for its time
to coalesce.
Celestial poetry
as yet unexpressed.

David Taylor

Negative Comment?

What do you think of my latest poem?
It's OK, but what you didn't write,
that's what tells me what you haven't seen.

David Taylor

Neither Here Nor There

You never do know when you might need an umbrella,
or a warm hat; to keep out the weather.

You cannot be sure if your life policies will be sufficient to cover,
the changes that life brings; to you or another.

You cannot rely on the all things you found yesterday,
to be what's needed; for today's fateful destiny.

You can plan for the future and feather your nest,
but you cannot be sure; if it's all for the best.

No you never can know what the dawns of tomorrows
will say of yesterday's; plans for today.

It seems as I ponder on the meaning of things,
that living for now; is the best way to be,
with a tomorrow, without yesterdays fears,
which are neither here now, nor there, in the past.

David Taylor

Never The Same Again

Life came round and round it came
some played serious some a game
people died and babies came
as life continued round again.

Church bells rung o'er village greens
morning mists clung to pensive trees
brides smiled and kissed their eager grooms
children played with bats and balls
flew kites that soared on far flung squalls.

Some grew apart but still hand in hand
some left, made other plans
and others with true love in heart
by life's fate were torn apart
for others they grew old
not really knowing what true love could hold.

We met deep in winters storm
with ice that clung from lives broken, torn
but slowly thawed as trust was born
and fears were shared and thoughts were warm.

The winter left and spring was sprung
the birds returned and sweetly sung
the summer heat with rain at times
grew the flowers and greened the grass
it was all that we could ask.

As autumn came and withered rusted leaves
fell upon the winter'd breeze
the branches bared and old wood cracked
as the we reached the end, the final act.

Life came round and round it came
and never was it twice the same.

David Taylor

New Born

Why do you cry?
You have not yet seen your destiny,
not yet opened up your eyes
or spoken your first word,
for which you will most surely strive.

Your heart, as pure as virgin snow,
not tarnished, as it will,
when together through this world we go.
No regrets have you,
you have not yet lost any time to woe.

You are a blank page of delight
on which unknown visitors
will write;
do you fear,
the dark ink of their pens?

Write we must, it is ordained,
but with the gentlest,
lightest touch; (I hope, I pray)
that does not overflow that page
and then conceal,
the light which you do now reveal.

David Taylor

New Year's Resolution

Yes definitely this year I will;
eat more healthily,
drink less alcohol,
get more exercise...

Another sheaf of new year's resolutions
wallpapered over the 53 annual layers
already pasted on a wall
that spans from innocence to death;
and groans under their weight.

What we really need
is a stripper.

David Taylor

Newspapers And Gods

All the Gods were chatting,
sitting round
having a party drinking wine
as they do when, from time to time
they're bored of hanging around in space
and just shining, burning gas.
They are used to working as a team
but in a rather distant way
just look at any constellation
see what I mean?

One of them had read The Sun
A most famous newspaper
well that's what it told
and was concerned about
some of the things it said.
'Do you know' he said
'There's global warming coming
and a credit crunch
not to mention massive floods
and typhoons in a tearing rush.
Do you think we should
do something about it? '

'Have another glass of wine'
said the others
'yes, interesting to hear
the local news
but you should read
The Universal Voice.'
What's that saying? he asked.
'Oh the big stories are
Inflation seems out of control,
there's a new theory on that.
Relatively speaking we now
have more time for leisure.
There's a report from the front line
'Big Bang Touches Void'
and a human Interest story.'

'Oh what's that one? ' he asked.
'Its about the influence
newspapers are having on
their lives.'

David Taylor

No Birds

It's raining grey
over a strangely
mixed landscape
of cranes and lorry parks
and towering islands
of apartment blocks;

with a small grey muddy river
forced into conformity
by straight concrete walls;
softened by the proliferation
of grass;
and trees;
that refuse to be ordered
to stay in line.

A grey haze softens the outline
of an unknown horizon,
with just a handful of people in sight,
((((a tiny fragment))))
of the twenty million
I am told live in this great city;

I feel uneasy, the sky is empty
.....of movement:

Grey thoughts, grey days;
but just one bird,
black or white or coloured,
or even grey;
just one bird
would cast
this mist away.

David Taylor

No Dream

last night I did not dream
but rested in Your arms;
unknowingly.

I know I was there,
there without any memory because;
last night I did not dream.

may I not dream today
but rest in Your arms;
and just watch this passing play.

now I tread softly, lovingly
in my dream;
until the end of day.

tonight I may not dream
but rest in Your arms unknowingly;
just as I did today.

David Taylor

No Longer Jumping In Muddy Puddles

Questions rain down from heaven
like a gentle rain;
a rain that started pouring when
so young I discovered
that answers came from mum.

Then the gentle rain turned
into a storm of letters, sums
history and natural geography;
oh how that rain came down
and teachers hurried on.

And now,
in a quiet restful glade of life,
lit by morning sun,
I see the clouds gather
and know that more will come.

What they will ask I cannot say
but each one will join and form
a pool of water at my feet;
light reflecting my image
as silent, still I gaze.

David Taylor

No Moss?

A frog he goes to the bank
His name is Kermit Jagger
The teller at the bank
Her name is Miss Patricia Whack
She welcomes him, that's a fact
Kermit says "I would like a loan
I need a holiday to get away
From all those tadpoles
In the pond back home, that way".
Kermit says "it should be OK,
my dad Mick he knows the manager
who thinks he rocks, he's swell."
The teller says, tell me
Do you have your ID?
Kermit produces from his pocket
A small porcelain figure of
A pink elephant, most charming.
Perfect in its shape and making
Patricia she is most confused
And finds the manager
In case she may have misconstrued.
And asks "Do you know
Kermit Jagger's Dad, Mick?
And what on earth is this! "
As she holds the elephant
For the mangers benefit.
And the manager says to her
"It's a Nick Knack, Patty Whack.
Give the frog a loan.
His old man's a rolling stone."

David Taylor

No Time, To Answer

What happens at the end of the future,
is it the same as the beginning of the past?

What is that you say?

When we don't have time You'll answer.

Yes, that's what I thought.

David Taylor

Not If But When

When all is said and all is done
and all is lost or something won.
When time has passed or future comes
and life expires or new babies born.
When sun shines bright or clouds obscure
and we see clear or feel unsure.
When we are forgot or remembered dear
and feel lonely or full of cheer.

One thing is constant,
neither comes nor goes.
That love remains,
not one that binds and holds.
That love remains
in which true freedom reigns.
Throughout all that was said and done
whatever lost, whatever won.

David Taylor

Not Repetition

It is a nightly ritual;
there are two piles of books
in his bedroom;
(that room where darkness
never enters) :
Those which have been read
and those which have yet to reveal
the treasure that lies within.

He cannot read yet
but will trace his fingers
across the words
and tell me what they must say
(if the pictures could speak) :
And who am I to say
that what is written
is any more eloquent?

The soft toy dogs,
two of them,
snuggle into his chest
(motionless with anticipation) :
He fidgets turning the pages
already imagining the story unfold
before I dampen the magic
with spoken words.

Now I follow his lead
and say what they should say
(and not what is written) :
For all that is written
is for imagination
and not simply repetition.

David Taylor

Not This

That voice
it only ever said
'not this'
I never once heard it say
'I've got it'
or
'that's it'
or even
'yes'
no; it only ever said
'not this'
because
that voice:
Is;
not
this(?) .

David Taylor

Nothing Need Be Said

Yes you know it, you know it deep down,
it has no words, can make no sound.
You are sure it has been found
because deep down you know it,
even though no words
have yet its thought defined.
And when with a sentence it is adorned
you know it not, for it is lost;
clothed with your words
like a fragrant rose encased with frost.
Yes you know it, you know it deep down,
a seed it planted in the mind;
just watch it grow with time,
like the pearl in the oyster,
like a diamond in the mine.

David Taylor

Nothing To Worry About!

I don't fear nothing at all,
but when nothing becomes something
and it growls with sparkling pointed white teeth,
i shake in my shoes and
my legs quake beneath;
and i run and i hide and think darkly inside
and remember (as much as i can) ,
I don't fear nothing at all; and,
nothing becomes something
and that something is tall,
and it casts a great shadow
that blocks out the light,
('cause i'm small) .
Then i run in the shadows
and tremble with fright.
until i remember
(as best as i might)
It's nothing i'm fearing
(nothing, that's all!):
but it's dark in the shadows
with ropes that can bind,
and i can't clearly see
what it is that I find.
I think it's a poisonous snake
that can hiss
until finally i get that snake
out of my head,
and wake up to find there is nothing (to fear) ,
I am alone and there really is not
something else here.

David Taylor

Now, Here, This

Now joins with all nows
a time that has no past or future
includes all time.

Here joins with all heres
a here that has no inside or outside
includes all space.

This body contains the stars
contains the sky
contains the earth.

All questions coalesce as one
no answer is needed.

David Taylor

Now, Now

Your future starts
Now
But if you missed it
Is it past?
No because
Your future starts
Now
So Now
You've got a future
Just so long as
You don't miss
Now

David Taylor

Observation Point

Sifting through the sands of words
that with a ticking clock
fall upon the screen of life
tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

Watching all the memories
that with a bright projector
are screened upon the mind
rushing past, rushing past.

All the people passing in the street
with aims of diverse kinds
briefly my awareness meet
walking fast, walking fast.

Where do they go
where do they go
into the past with time
tick tock, tick tock, tick tock
unmoving I simply watch
as they all go by.

David Taylor

Oceans' Teardrops

The distant tanker will soon fall off the horizon of life,
now blurred by the haze of distance and then swallowed
by the roundness that hides our future.

The trawlers float across the bay then, behind the headland,
modern hunters that will fill our plates;
life consuming life.

Close to shore the children play on lilos,
bobbing up and down on the surf
and splashing in the foam of waves which hurry
towards an invisible fulfillment as they give up their form
and merge back into the depths.

We stand here on the beach,
and watch;
the gulls hang motionless on Earth's great breath
and compelled by a natural hunger
prepare to dive beneath the surface of the ocean.

We, silent, motionless, resting on the wind
with a hunger deep within;
the nets pull us back to the surface
as the waves foam and swell in our minds.

The sand under bare feet crumbles away
and becomes pools of still, salt water;
an ocean's teardropp for each passing imprint,
soon forgot.

David Taylor

October Girl

I married an October girl
but met her in December's cold,
I remember well
that winter of our meeting
you could not say that it was swell
that frosty first time greeting.

I saw her a second time
October in the spring
when light shone from her face
and joined with my light within;
she blew a gentle breeze
with freshness in her haste
to meet again the man
who previously in December
she had not seemed
so keen to chase.

She blew into my life in spring
through summer and the fall
and swirled around the boughs
of my many outreaching branches,
until she bared me of all the leaves
I'd grown throughout my life
and pointed to the roots of me
that held me strong in strife.

October is a blustery girl
with many winds of change
sometimes with an angry squall
that bares wintered teeth
with lightening storms of rage,
but I never did meet a girl
with such a warm embrace.

I married that October girl
we married in the spring
and as I wait to see
what summer's breeze may bring

I know that October's girl
will shine her light within
as I soar up so very high
upon October's wind.

David Taylor

Of Earth And Sun And Moon And Stars...

She leant upon her fathers arm
like a weeping willow calm
with roots so deep
and branches hung
as if a silent song was sung.

Her eyes of ocean blue
looked at him with hints of dew
and how she walked
that no one knew
as she simply glided through.

Her hair a golden waterfall
upon which graceful shoulders lay
in subtle waves of light
and gleaming shadows
with the promise of starlit nights.

With lips not pursed nor open wide
as in her contented smile
the shining sun was paled, no longer bright
and on her brow a silver moon
reflecting gentle crescent rays
like frosted dessert dunes.

Her hand now placed in grooms
her heart has found another home
in bliss of wedded harmony
for now and for ever more
until they reach that distant shore.

David Taylor

Ohh

Ohh beautiful adorable
shining and pure.
Ohh wondrous eternal
so far and yet near.
Ohh mystical and marvellous
surprising and true.
Ohh glorious and superlative
surpassing our view.
Ohh loving and joining us
in silence you do.
Ohh never, ohh never
will I ever lose You.

David Taylor

Old Wound?

I don't know why I kept it
or at least for some reason
I like to say that.
Of course I do.
An old sticking plaster
no longer sticky,
used, of no use?
On the side that faces in,
my blood,
where she had scratched my hand
(unintentionally?)
when we fought.
And on the side that faces out,
a child's sticker,
(Thomas the tank engine)
prized and valuable.
Whether or not to put it in the bin?

David Taylor

On Finding What We'Re Looking For

Oh hi! So you clicked on this one,
what was you looking for, a poem?
Well of course, and you was feeling kind of....
Yeah I know me too....
I click on poems like that, perhaps some by you?
And find;

sunsets, endings, suicides
sunrises, beginnings, sweet surprise
autumn golds
spring romances
winters old and cold
summer bouquets of blossomed thoughts
poems long (not often read right to the end)
some very short but not short of meaning
poems in sunlight gleaming
or hiding in dark foreboding feelings;
Miss... spelt out heartfelt readings
Mr..... sagacious or just pretendings?
Mrs..... oh I like your endings

Are you still reading this
perhaps searching for some bliss;
a kiss of words upon the lips of mind
suffocating all those thoughts unkind
that wind their way to broken hearts,
healing, feeling,
like bathing in soft honeyed early morning dew
and with a message heaven sent for you?

Could you write one just for me?
A beautiful soliloquy
with heartfelt outpouring of emotions
in words that sing of simple, gentle, everlastings
and not of all that's always passing;
it will live as long as I
once read with open eyes
and reaching heart, it there resides.

What was you looking for, a poem?
Look inside,
I'm sure it's already flowing.

David Taylor

On Impulse

It's time to go.
The vacations over
and friends depart
to varied and distant places, far apart.
She stands there not any airs or graces,
smiling only simple and honest in intent.
Her husband waits nearby
making last checks of packing
all correct?
An impulse in all purist sense of love
that woman I would dearly take and hug.
Would such a gesture be misconstrued?
In so thinking the moment ripe has passed,
loves lost itself but one more chance,
and hesitation wins with just a glance.

David Taylor

On The Wings Of Ancient Rhyme

Thank you Edgar Allan Poe
Reminded me of what I know
Echoes of Shakespeare's prose
Life is rounded by a sleep
Through my life I unresting doze
Dreaming in a dream reposed
Thinking all that's good and bad
Being happy and often sad
Thank you Edgar Allan Poe
Why do I write this poem though?
You and many have expressed
All the thoughts that here are composed.

As I sleep I do confess
That this life it has been blessed
Into my dream did ride
Some bright beams of truth
On the wings of ancient rhyme
Never changing from the depths of time
Blindly grasping holding on
From my dark satanic home
They did take me high
Showed me what the spirits see
When from these senses we are set free
But I did not hold so tight
And once again I fell, lost sight.

But now I listen keen
To those sounds which in my dream
Promise to swoop and, I find
Lift me up and cast down sleep
And perhaps I will listen, very fine
And hold on 'till the end of time.

David Taylor

One Hundred Degrees Sea

Foaming, bubbling, steaming
Burning, cooking, frightening
Liquid spilling seething sea.
Ohh what a terrifying sight
Tetras cooked right out of body
Cat fish on a hot tin roof
Plastic plants a melting slurry
Bloody aquariums got my money
Sold me heaters made in China
With thermostats that cook
the fish and it's, just not funny!

David Taylor

One Out Of Ten

Why put paper to pen.
Why oh why do it again.
Why look in the heart
to see what to write
and why suffer the thought
that perhaps its just trite.
Why give up your soul
for a verse that's sublime.
Tell me oh tell me
why take all this time!
I never have known
what's in it for me
to write yet more
of these words that you see.
Is it just the way I was born
or is it something I wanted to learn.
Why oh why do I do it again
writing a poem
that scores one out of ten.

David Taylor

One Rose In September

A single weather-beaten pale pink rose
hung tenuously on top of the bush,
with the first hints of September chill
swirling in the minted breeze.

I could not smell its fragrance
but I knew it was there,
and that it was heavenly.
"The earth laughs in flowers"
says my favorite poet.

The sky and heavens above
are filled with fragrance,
the fragrance of love.
I could not smell its fragrance
but I knew it was there.

"Heaven smiles in fragrance"
says the inner poet,
and thanks the pale pink rose
which laughs and says
"I know it".

David Taylor

Opening The Door

I never did decide
to keep within the light I hide.
I never really chose to be
the man I now see in me.
I don't remember when
I lost the little boy within.
It was not me that said
I'll let innocence stay in bed.
But it happened anyhow
as times events
they shaped and bowed
the singing of my heart
and brightness sparkling
shining in the dark.
I can't remember when
I first wrote with a pen
and what I thought
way, way back then.
But I know for sure
I can unlock these
closed shut doors.
And step outside again.
just like I did before
I joined this world of men.

David Taylor

Origin

Parallel universes
as if lined up for inspection;
scientific starting blocks
on a supra cosmic track?
No; it is not like that but
without exclusion of that possibility
and yes they never can meet
nor can be said to be separate
as separated by nothing
this universe confined
by space, matter and time
infinite; held in cosmic mind
all matter, all space, all time
encompassed in a void
but not encompassed
reaching out
but never touching
The void is void
and cannot be touched
and touches nothing
for if it did, that void
would not be immutable, imperishable
it cannot be defiled
not non existent, nor existing
neither infinite or finite
untouched by existence
and in its non touching
devoid of qualities,
of space or time
countless universes
void of relationship between,
and I without I
without knowing, knew.
knew origin.

David Taylor

Ouch!

Well what did you expect
with one foot in, one foot out;
undecidedly circumspect.
Don't be surprised if it hurts
when fate slams the door.

David Taylor

Outside And In

I went to church last night.
Not that I often do,
but it is that time of year
to bring good spirits
and good cheer to all.
The beginning of winter,
end of fall, advent time for all.
The church imposing
full of light, approached
with steps so light,
anticipating a glorious night
to celebrate the coming of Jesus Christ.

Up the steps I gaily trod
to reach that door of God.
With many others, all neatly shod,
best clothes and more modest garb
that kept the inner warmth
and repelled the evening chill.
Under the portico, a sheltered place
to stand, fall still, before inside we go,
there upon the floor
a figure huddled near the door.
Sleeping rough? It seemed so,
and still; lying in repose.

Why outside not in?
Should I intervene,
bring in this man from the cold
for the service to behold?
I did not disturb his slumber
but thanked him for his message.
Inside I went and did my best
not to reside outside His love
but arise, wake up
and enter in His house above.

David Taylor

P I N P O I N T

efflorescence brightly illumines all
I walk in a tunnel of love
a straight path with pinpoint of light ahead
around me strange shadows
made by that distant light
falling on the familiar.

falling, falling, still
mind displays its essence
I watch the shadowed thoughts appear
I am not distant, nor am I here
a pinpoint of light
leaving no shadows
shining everywhere.

David Taylor

Painful Poetry

Why is it that
sometimes
poetry is a pain?
Or is it more
that the poets
get in the way.
Of what the poem
wants to say?

David Taylor

Paradise Lost

I watch my son playing
Running and dancing
Building with bricks
Imagining the little plastic man exists
And talks to the little plastic dog.
Barking, mad.

His electric car flashes lights
Beeps when he pushes buttons
Follows his commands
Racing into shadows
And jams under the sofa.
Sounding, loud.

He calls dad
"the rescue team"
Long arms to reach
And recover
What is out of reach
Of two year old arms.
Stretching, me.

How long before I say
"Bed time now Daniel"
And not wanting to let go
He will cry, even yell
How easily paradise is lost
If only for a moment
Stolen by attachment
To what he has.
Binding. him.

As we grow older
Those moments
Of paradise lost
Will we let them
Grow and swell
Until life is only filled
With the pain of

What we have lost?
Or go happily
On our way
In anticipation
Of endless possibilities
Of each brand new day.
Freedom, ours.

David Taylor

Parrots Eat

The cherries are green and the blossoms all gone,
last year a flock of parakeets came and sung songs.
We heard them squawking at the break of the dawn,
we never saw them walking on the green grass lawn.
Green like the leaves they merged with the trees,
but we heard them squawking,
we heard them with the greatest of ease.

What were they saying high up in the trees,
why so excited, why so delighted, why so thrilled and trill?
The cherries were turning red and the branches filled
with ripe fruit and with such sweetness instilled,
and we both eyed those cherries; me from the ground,
and they from high up in the many branched sky.
We ate pecan pie, and they had a great time.

David Taylor

Partial Perception

Nothing's moving
No wind today
Not true!
It is a matter
Of range
Of scale
I see such a tiny range of colour
Dictated by retina's design
I hear
But not the lowest
And not so high
I smell
What is within my range
I taste
That which taste buds
Are designed to find
I experience
Such a tiny span of time
I see in straight lines
I think in cages of thought
Ones that I've been taught
I feel what I believe I ought
So now I see darkly
Hear partly
Think shallowly
But I can perceive
More than I can ever say
True perception
Cannot by thought or senses
Be conveyed.

David Taylor

Partial Perception?

Nothing's moving
No wind today
Not true!
It is a matter
Of range
Of scale
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I feel what I believe I ought
So now I see darkly
Hear partly
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But I can perceive
More than I can ever say
True perception
Cannot by thought or senses
Be conveyed.

David Taylor

Passing, Still

He stood on the corner still
stood for what?
He stood still.
They passed by
passed by for what?
They passed
he looked
he looked at what?
They passed
saw not
his looking still.
He saw
their passing,
passing, still.

David Taylor

Passion Related

Flames of raging lust,
thoughts of fiery dust,
sparkling kindled hearts
blazing in the dark.
Arms enfolding, holding tight,
bodies joining in the night,
hands soft and tender,
grasping, rending
flesh that lithely writhes
against their probing, sending
mind into ecstatic states;
to which you may relate.

Groaning, moaning
cries of joy,
crimson sounds
on pink rustled silk.
Penetrating shrieks
that thrill,
reaching down
to earth,
rising up so high,
and slowing
to a restful glow,
ambers of the heat
that flowed;
not anything
you don't already know
and most likely can relate.

David Taylor

Past Life?

He placed some juicy worms of rhyme
on steel hooks that dangled from poetic lines,
they wriggled and danced most playfully
with the promise of a satisfactory tea.

The hungry fish came near
quelling doubts and ignoring fear
and in an instant, with a click,
chewed that worm and bit
the dangled hook within.

The fisherman he reeled the line
and raised the rod, in time,
he drew that fish ever closer, near
to the shallow edge of fear,
where waters slow, and where that fish
would not ever choose to go.

Hoisted high with view so new
through the air that fish he flew
then grabbed, unhooked, he met the eyes
of the one that fished
upon the river bank of bliss;
the one that dangled juicy worms of rhyme
from the ends of poetic lines;
and there that fish he knew as true
that dangling worms of rhyme
sharp and penetrating hooks could hide
so when next he clicked his jaws
he would be wary of some disguise
and try to see what lies inside.

The fisherman threw him back
into the waters which sped past the bank
the fish swam on until reaching sea
and with a novel thought had he.
When this life of swimming ends
I will return, and learn to fashion lines of words
that entice with rhymes like wriggling worms
and as someone bites, Ill make them fly so high
and in that most unfamiliar state,

look them deep in their souls eye
and make them wary of disguise,
so that they may always try
to see what truly lies inside.

David Taylor

Past-Present-Future?

So what is it about the Universe
that makes time go one way?

That's easy he said.

It is because we always want to make everything
more complicated.

If you allow everything to be;
entirely simple,
there is no need to go anywhere.
Who would invent the one way street?

David Taylor

Patience

Who is he who waits for what?
What is it that I haven't got?

All things come in time for he
who knows that time is not the key.

What is time for the one,
who is eternal; limitless; fun!

David Taylor

Perfect Comes From Perfect

Where is the perfect answer, to a perfect life,
is it in a book at bedtime or discovered in the bath?
Where shall we find that answer, to our heartfelt prayers,
in a domed cathedral or darkly lurking under stairs?

Where is that sovereign wisdom, to answer all our doubts,
is it spoken on the telly or from a soapbox shouted out?
Where shall I go to find it, that most sought for glint of gold,
the answer and true meaning to what this life can hold?

And if you are still reading, do you hope this poem speaks,
of the answer and the reason for all things that we do meet?
All that I can say to you; and this I know for sure,
it is the perfect question that will surely open up that door.

David Taylor

Perfect Golf

If you can fill your time
So that it's full with only now
And not the past or future

If you can fill your mind
With boundless space
And not any other feature

If you can fill your heart
With only love
And leave no room for hate

If you can find your soul
In heaven and this earth below
Whole in one
You are my teacher!

David Taylor

Permission Granted?

Permission granted.

To be the best poet since Orpheus played his lyre.

To spread your love to everyone you meet and greet.

To rise above life's trials and tribulations,
like a phoenix rising from the fire.

To be at peace in your own presence,
regardless of the havoc that rages all around.

To speak the gentle truth with humility.

To be compassionate to all.

To spread your inner light far and wide,
and never ever hide
behind thinking small.

But will you give permission
to your self?

David Taylor

Pervading

So large, and so massive and so undefined,
more vast than the ocean on which we float in the mind.
Unending even where space has no place, for a home,
a deepness of depth, far less solid than foam.

A silence that can make sparkle a pin,
a stillness not troubled by the greatest of dins.
Quietness so quiet both by day and by night,
a brightness that shines and no form can confine.

A vowel without breath but the source of all sounds,
the place that is free and never; no never, is bound.
Love that is pure and seeks no returns,
with knowledge of all, which is never, is never, upturned.

A sureness of being without shadow of doubt,
the end of the journey, the place from which we set out.
The centre of all that greets us in heart, and in mind,
the essence of nature and of all of mankind.

Indescribable by words and beyond any thought,
and never by me can it ever be caught.
So still in the shadows, unmoving in light,
always so near; always so bright.

Unnoticed but seen, heard and felt,
alone and unhurried; unhurried;
not needing, complete; with or without me,
filling all beings with such feeling, such feeling
of bliss without end, nor beginning,
pervading, pervading, all this,
all this, that we see.

David Taylor

Petals In The Wind

At last the springtime sings again
down the tree arched shady lane,
behind the tarmacadam roads
on which the winter snow had froze.

The snowdrops have now come and gone
the clumps of daffs' all fully grown,
and sweet hyacinths assail my nose
with sweet fragrance of spring's rose.

Petunias line the gated paths
as the robin watches gardeners graft,
the neighbours cut the new green grass
whilst their children play and laugh.

The world awakes to warming sun
and young ducklings follow mum,
nature states a new age begun
as life anew continues on.

In deep midwinter it seemed unreal
that life would come and dark would kneel,
below the fragrant blossom trees
which now gently rain their grace on me.

The wind it laughs and says sit still,
I'll bend the grass, I'll turn windmills,
bare the boughs of blossomed frills,
as that air by which I'm filled
gives life to all you thought was killed.

David Taylor

Phenomenal Man (Ok Maya!)

Younger Men wonder where my secret lies
I'm not hirsute or built on a weight lifting device
But when I start to tell them
They assume I'm out to dupe 'em
I say
Its in the reach of my heart
The span of my mind
The strides that I take
The truth on my lips
Because I'm a man
Exceptionally a man like
That's what I can.

I walk into a room
Nervous, ill at ease
And to the women
They just don't care
It's as if I am not there.
But when I speak
And speak from the heart
They come and sit beside me
And try to find if I just might be
The hero they've been seeking
Or just another deadbeat
That wants to make their heartbeat
In a lustful one night stand
Because I'm a man
Exceptionally a man like
That's what I can.

Women sometimes wonder
What it is in me
They look but they can't find it
The me that's inside me
When I try to tell them
They say it's hard to see
Well its not that I am hiding
I am plain to see
Just softly spoken, caring

I'm just the man you see!

So I have my failings
I never said I can
Meet all your expectations
And be exactly what it says
on the outside of the can
Of course I'll make mistakes
And seek to make amends
And whether you still like me
I guess that all depends
Will you just adore me
And let me be what I am
Exceptionally a man
And just a man who can:

Write you beautiful poems
And show you that you may
Have faith in just one man.
Well at least for just one day.
And after a lifetime
Of loving, me and you
You will learn to trust me
In total through and through.

David Taylor

Philosophy And Poetry

The granulated philosophical honey
formed clumps at the bottom of the cup
refusing to melt into the poets tea.

Thoughtfully stirred with care
little changed within the cup,
perhaps if it were gently held
in his hands with love?

David Taylor

Please Read My Poems, Are They Any Good They Ask

Names appear and ask
read my poems tell me true
do they convey my meaning,
do they mean anything to you.

What can I say?
They all have meaning;
they mean a soul just like me
is seeking to express.

And if you are looking for success,
what does that mean?
Just in that bold courageous step
of revealing your words;

not just to us but to yourself
there is success in that first step;
but fame and fortune
few poets in their lifetime met.

David Taylor

Plotted Course

Did you set sail on the winds of conviction
with a mainsail hoisted high within
cutting through the surging crowded waves
of salty and deceitful knaves
across the many oceans of churning doubts
that from the deep kept shouting turn about;

did you fly past determined headlands
into the heart of bleakest storms
and on their thunder passing
give praise for such a calm and peaceful
broken light of dawn;

and in that calm that followed
quietly watch the clouds go floating past
as you settled in the present
and left far away behind you
all those doubts and storms at last;

did you set a course to follow
straight and true to yonder port
and then get a thought within you
that your course would come to naught;

did you find some alluring misted islands
with sirens so softly felt
that somehow they beguiled you
and off your plotted course
you were without resistance sent;

did you find yourself a forlorn shipwreck
broken on the rocks of tides' dark despair
against high cliffs that climbed so far
into the darkness and foreboding
that seemed all that there was there;

and as you climbed for freedom
did you find that hidden cave
that contains all that you had been seeking

on that day the wind was in your sails
and you thought that all you'd prayed for
was found so very, very far away?

David Taylor

Poem Number One-Eight-One

This is poem number one-eight-one
It is the precursor to one-eight-two
And comes straight after one-eight-naught
One-eight-naught is very hungry, empty
One-eight-two becoming greedy, possessiveness
One-eight-one is the truth, unity
Are you hungry for it?

David Taylor

Poem That's Not About Poems At All But Might Help You Feel Better.

Do you ever imagine when reading a poem,
not the image that's written in verse,
but the poet that's writing these words.
The image of one from whom this poem has come?

Do you picture Athena or Zeus?
Do they have emphysema from smoking profuse,
or possess an air of sweetness and youth?
Are they calm and concise, or at their wits' end?
Are they nasty or nice?
And did the poem they're writing really mean to offend?

So next time you're reading a poem or two,
especially one that's left you completely at sea,
give some thought to the writer.
And if the meanings are not clear,
imagine the poet is sitting right here
and ask them politely "my dear".
"Are you feeling all right, are you smitten? "
'Do you have some kind of meaning in sight,
or did your brain miss the boat, when this poem was written? "

David Taylor

Poetic Licence

When will I get my poetic licence
prove my skill to drive a verse
through the wonders of this universe?
And will it have my picture
with name and date of birth?
What written test must I pass
to get the little plastic card
that says that I am fully qualified
to steer words diverse
down poetic roads and through the worst.
A practical test that would be best
to see if I am ready for the quest.
Give me a road lined with bleeding hearts
and see if they stop crying
as my words go past.

David Taylor

Poetry

Poets sing and dance with glee
as they compose their poetry
whilst others with mouths full of dust
speak of what they must.

Poets with music in the air
make you stand and look and stare
and question what is really there.
Whilst pretenders write a prose
that brings no light to what we know.

Poets with their muses fair
connect with what pervades the sky
and bring to earth the heavens high.
Poetry not just a verse
but a window on our universe.

David Taylor

Poetry Competition?

If I knew how to write a winning poem
I would write one every day.
If I knew how to touch your heart
I would do it in that way.

If I knew how to remove the tears
of all people for all their coming years;
I would write it down in verse
and sleep so deep and still
in a world that knows no fear.

But If I could win just one
heart that had to darkness come
and fill it full with light and joy,
then who, (me, myself or I?) , can say
the greatest prize has not been won.

David Taylor

Political Insight?

We stood in front of the political hoarding.
Vote for.....You will be free from.....
Don't vote for.....bleeding, pleading.
His eyes gleamed with admiration.
'Do you see the truth in it! '
Perplexed I read again, with consternation,
'well no, not really'
He danced with abandoned joy...
'The whiteness of the paper,
the beauty of the colours,
the play of the light on the images,
the gentleness of the tones
the quietness with which it speaks! '
He stood still again, eyes shining.
'What do you see? ' He asked, smiling.

David Taylor

Poor?

He is so lost
He cannot see clearly
His mind is clouded
He calls all by the wrong name
His ears are filled with such noise
He hears not what we say
He has sadness as a companion
Amidst an array of friends
That never remind him
That he has lost his way
And one day at his door
A child knocked
And said
I am very poor
I have nothing but
My youth and innocence
But you lost that
Long before.

David Taylor

Prayer

Sunlight blazes in the heavens
moon reflects a sunlight paled
by gross matters' weak reflection
dimly through our clouded souls.
Stars meet eyes that are lifted
with hearts that are apt to fade
and yearn for all that's wanted
before we reach the waiting grave.

You give all; its life and glory
all shining in a vast array
of the many splendour'd natures
that we see here every day.
Without Your light so subtle
how could all this ever be?
In our darkness we need remember
all this is only You we see.

Grant that I may remember,
not stray far from Your light,
give me courage to surrender
walk with You throughout the night.
If I may ask just one thing of You
it is that I will be; always and forever
blessed with the certain knowledge
of Your light which shines in me.

David Taylor

Presentism, Eternalism; Endurantism, Perdurantism?

How very rare to find a presentist perdurantist
and rarer still an eternalist endurantist
it does seem perdurantistic views are eternally present
but my presentist view is likely to endure
even if it has no future.
I am however eternally grateful to be all present
is that correct?

David Taylor

Prologue

Three actors, two scenes
one inevitable ending,
at least that is how it seems.

One great secret;
not a secret from anyone at all,
hidden by diaphanous clothing
not really concealing it at all.

The opening crescendo
just one mighty drum
with a single sounding
announcing all that is to come.

Three actors each
with a character of their own,
one always active doing
another knowing
all that may be known.

The third binding or uniting
with love pervading all
each essential to the making
of a play that plays us all.

And in its unfolding
all human efforts you will see
leading to that one
inevitable ending,
at least that is how it seems.

David Taylor

Pun Ish Meant?

A joke that isn't funny
Words that, mean, don't hurt any.
With my wife I often argue
The beef is just a bet
She doesn't like the stakes I get.
The Mummy's wearing postume jewelry
She is feeling cold and weary
So she went home, called a taxi, ernie.
When the hairdresser made a pass
And then he found your hair is straight
Did he make you curl up and dye?
Do you have a shiny crown
Does that mean a queen we've found?
There is no plaice on earth
That's like death roe a fishy birth.
The jelly fish were all a quiver
As the arrows were delivered.
Ten quips for a pun ish meant
To make you rack your brains
Or split your ribs, or then again
Perhaps you're going spare
ribs not split
Or are we splitting hares
because we put the watched steak out.
No pun in ten did.
Make you laugh?
I'll just go and cut the grass.
Punishment? You may well ask.

David Taylor

Purple Poem

The leaves swayed, first like a drunkard at midnight
on a moon swept path that seemed unstable beneath his feet
and then more gently as the wind abated and they, in unison,
slowly rocked as though a host of babies soothed to sleep
by the mothering arms of a softly moderated breeze.

Clouds barely perceptible in the general greyness
of rain laden sky scudded, slipped silently by
propelled by unseen hands that caressed them
into ever churning figments of imagination,
horses, candy floss and hills,
until overfilled with my thoughts they poured out their rain.

Splash on the tarmac each impact like a mute firework
exploding droplets that briefly hung in the air and returned
to the rivulets of water careering down the deserted street
and returning to secret depths through gurgling gutters
straining to drink from an overflowing cup of heavens birth.

Then it stopped as though a silent command had halted each drop
and shafts of sunlight streamed in arrowed ranks between the grey,
flashing gold and green brightly amid the branches laden with wetness
and sparkling silver on the birch bark that shined and clinged
above the gleaming grass that smelled so sweet.

A rainbow appeared and spoke with colours
starting shyly violet and ending blazon red,
and in between sleepy blue sliding into a restful green,
then awake with yellow and an orange tang announcing
its glorious culminating red, but it had no purple,
perhaps the shyness of violet took its place instead.

David Taylor

Put Back, Put Back

“Put back, put back” Daniel said tearfully.
He did not want to put on his shoes
but finally with some distraction, OK bribe
of cheesy wotsits we made him forget.
Forget that he just wanted to rest in the peace of his home
and stimulating his desire for crisps
we led him by his nose into the world
and to his nursery.
Put back, put back I said to myself
as I closed the door.

David Taylor

Quantum Poem With Cats

This poem said all you ever wanted to know
Described the state after death
Had the answers to every paradox and more
Gave all the details of every lottery result
In this universe and the next and the next....
This verse did exist in multiversal context
And all it said was not fixed
Like a box of infinite scrabble bits in a box
Until with a mouse you just clicked on the screen
And like Shrodinger's cat
You found I am here alive in my flat.

But the thing is you see
They say it's not me
Until you look and observe it's a fact
Seems to me, well, it's like writing poetry
Until you look it's just a potential choreography
Of letters all dancing and free
And as you look you can see this poem from me?
But formed from your looking you see
Not the one with a cat in a flat.

David Taylor

Questions

Did I loose my touch?
Have I lost your trust?
Are these poems all the same
saying one thing again, again?

Did I loose my voice?
Have I lost your ear?
Are these words that fall
meeting with a stony wall?

Have my eyes gone dark?
Did you let me make a mark?
Is this verse in any way
helping make a better day?

Can my heart find what is true?
Did I ever reach the heart of you?
What can a poem say
a ray of hope to light the way?

What are words if they can't do
all the things I pray for you?

David Taylor

Questions And Answers

My head is in the stars
my feet deep in the earth
and my heart, it beats in you.
The answer often lies
but a question can be true.
The question has the answer
the question is in the stars,
is in the earth, is in the heart.
Be careful of the answers
that seem to lie in you.

David Taylor

Questions Asked This Morning

The horse in the field breathes deeply
And looks across in my direction
As if asking a question, how long?
The birds sing an early morning litany
Asking the Angels to join their chorus
And want to know, for who?
The clouds have seemingly paused
In their restless movements, why?
The sun fills the space with potency
For delivery of warmth and light
To the very heart of me, for what?
The earth revolves on endlessly
Counting time eternally, until when?
The stars hiding behind a bright sky
Want to tell me but I cannot see
Will they ever tell me, more of thee?
Your presence is always near to me
But I seem to lack in constancy
Can I strengthen memory?
When can I rest and join with thee?
And have no questions left.

David Taylor

Quintessence Of Dust

Quintessence of dust
a glimpse in the dusk
a movement that's still
a fragrance that remembers
a time long ago lost.

A glint in the dark
the light on the hill
the feel of a rose
the sense of a chill.

That which we know
deep in our heart
deep in the ocean
deeper than motion.

Dawning in stillness of mind
seeping through dreams
seeping through thoughts
seeping through time.

Stillness so still
ceasing all time
ceasing all thoughts
ceasing the concept of mine

Coming out of a tunnel that's dark
emerging into the light
emerging a new kind of sight
emerging and merging
all into one
quintessence of dust
is all that is known.

David Taylor

Rahu Ketu

The moon of this mind
the sun will eclipse
and light fades for a time
but to the sun of this soul
no shadow will go.

.
Two shadow planets
govern and rule
the moon of this mind
the fate of us all.

But the sun of this soul
will always remain
no shadow can ever
darken that flame.

Past and future
strung on a thread
by two shadow planets
the astrologers said.

David Taylor

Rainbow

Arching across a grey-blue sky
with prism colours in my eyes
bending through a crescent high
carrying our dreams of awe
leading to a pot we're told
that just might hold some gold.
But for me 'the gold' we see
as its bands of perfect hue
remind me of what is true.
Hidden in Your pure light
are all the colours of our sight.

David Taylor

Rainbow, Butterflies And Tears

With a rainbow arching in the sky
and butterflies they flutter by
translucent brooks they babble on
together with a birds sweet song
and tender grass beneath my feet
as I cry and wail and weep
since with my cares and tired wet eyes
I forget to look, and just don't realise
the beauty and the love that's always
showering from above
and lies, inside me.

David Taylor

Rainbows

It had just stopped raining
and the sun shone lowly in the sky,
making rainbows in the water spraying
from the wheels that passed us by.

The autumn leaves fell twirling on the wind,
piling high in brick walled gardens,
flying over guarding gates to reach within
and filling the softly flowing gutters to the brim.

The moon smiled faintly, in silver on pale blue,
as darkly fingered clouds briskly floated by,
too hurried to see the shadows that they threw
as they briefly veiled the brightness of the sky.

Then we jumped in muddy puddles,
trying not to splash those that rushed on by,
some of them were bent and huddled
and some saw the starlight that sparkled in our eyes.

It had just stopped raining
and we had rainbows in our minds,
we heard the passersby complaining
as we jumped in all the muddy puddles we could find.

David Taylor

Reaching Out

The old grandfather clock stood in the hall
and imparted its wisdom.

The second hand rhythmically bounced
to the beat of time,
and minutes flowed gracefully with a
just perceptible movement;
the hour seeming fixed at the instant.

Tiny hands of a much greater clock
swirled in a frenzy
counting a world of unseen microcosm
and great sweeping universal hands
counted countless millennia
and the life of stars.

Here in the confines of a country house
with only the perception of
seconds, minutes, hours and seasons,
mind is trapped;
and reaches out to infinity,
signposted by the wisdom
of that old grandfather clock.

David Taylor

Re-Activity

Your a reactionary, he said.
No I'm not!
He smiled in response.

You are full of love and bliss, he said.
Am I?
You mean I am, he responded.

He fell silent.
Silence enveloped me.
He remained silent in response.

David Taylor

Reader Digests

My shadow reaches out,
picks ripe fruits in orchards green,
ferments them in heady intoxications
and mixes them in blenders.

The flesh best discarded
and only the pure juice drunk,
most suited to noblest rank
but my shadow does not shun
pulp fiction.

David Taylor

Reality Becomes A Dream That Never Was

an inescapable truth which encompasses all lies you are,
the single multitude of form that each and every snowflake hides,
the cold that makes such beauty from the absence of heat,
the heat that melts all frozen and becomes the gentle river of love
flowing at all creatures feet, and through, and through;
all we are, and all we meet, and all we do.

the perfection of each defect shines in your perfected face
as the sound of bells rung ages past fills our silent ears
and the taste of deep hunger fills all eyes with forgotten tears,
this body a boat, this mind a billowing sail, this wind your love;
what shore can be reached on the horizon of drifting stars,
that same shore on which we now stand, viewed from afar.

not this, not this, not any grain of sand that may be sifted,
nor any mountain that yearns to be climbed
nor the ocean of time ever lapping that present shore;
just the lingering fragrance of sandalwood
after the wind returns to heaven's dark, unmoving, stillness,
and the stars bow low, so low, we hold them in our hands.

David Taylor

Reflection

Why, Mirror Mirror
why reflecting
thoughts diverse

diverse thoughts
reflecting why
Mirror Mirror, Why

David Taylor

Reflections

am I : I am

:

reflecting who : who reflecting

:

mirror mirror, who : who, mirror mirror

.....:

who, mirror mirror: mirror mirror, who

:

who reflecting : reflecting who

:

I am : am I

David Taylor

Reflections On Life

A spiders web shines
with gentle sunlit dew.
Natures cruel snare
or arachnids feasting there?
I take every step
with watchful care
as you reveal your love.

David Taylor

Reincarnation

Into being walks the morning
holds the hand of all that slept,
down the pathway of creation
beside a stream of love it's set.

For some it is a rocky mountain
with falls and pools both fast and slow,
and for others winding rivers
where their footsteps wandering go.

All in one direction going
from the highest each begins,
towards the lower plains of plenty
where lies the harvest for each within.

And as the morning turns to evening
banks are lowered, waters run,
slower, wider, gently guided
toward the source of setting sun.

Each river on its courses flowing
finds the swelling ocean deep,
where each wavelet clasps its sister
and each traveller gladly greets.

Seeming separate paths we tread
along the Nile or Ganges delta,
Mississippi, Yangtze, Volga
all arrive at one great ocean
all with this same earth for its bed.

In the night time without our knowing
we rise up in highest cloud,
which path this time is for my going
and which river is for showing
what was missed the last time round?

David Taylor

Renewal

Shall I say to you be still
And become as a mountain
With massive presence in hidden depths
So quiet that ears may hear
Echoes of distant past events
Bringing to an end
All action born of discontent
Settle unmoving into a deep abyss
Where creative principle ferments
The primeval waters of love and reason
Feeding warm springs of life renewed
Under the gaze of awestruck stars
That sparkle in your mind's eyes.

David Taylor

Resistance Is Futile?

Her words lapped his consciousness
as ripples meeting the shore
of a bright glistening lake
of red and gold reflections.
The shore with granite rocks
strewn across soft sand and mud
much stronger than the water
as in no mans land betwixt the two
the reeds swayed and mixed
the firmness of the land
with fluid ebbing of the waters.
And with passions born of wind
the soft waters slowly shaped
the edges that hoped contain
those dream like states
flashed in moonlit rhapsodies
of night's dark embrace

David Taylor

Rest

Rest is such a natural state
Why should any hesitate
To rest as deep as the ocean basin
Without feeling any need to hasten
Rest is what we all do need
More important than to feed
Rest is what I sure do want
But only when I've finished
All the things that I must do
Or be admonished.
By me and me and sometimes you.

David Taylor

Restless Night

It was deep in the night
with the sound of the wind
as it whistled and rattled
through my window within.
The shadows were creeping
and casting about.
In the distance of darkness
a wolf gave a howl that called out.
Do not forget me
and don't ever doubt
that I will be waiting
around and about.
It was deep in the night
and my thoughts ran on wild
to the places I feared
when I was a child.
The shapes in the mist
as they came and they went
I never did know
what menace they meant.
An atmosphere charged
with a feeling within
of a darkness that comes
in the absence of light
when the wind in my mind
makes a swirling of thoughts
and sleep will not take me
to that place that has nought.

David Taylor

Restoration

dim light of cloudy storm
strong winds swept
drumming sounds of rain
dancing boughs of trees
blossoms beaten down
waves of raindrops
surge past in air
against an earthen shore
upon the sodden floor
rain falls in inky skies
just like tears
in dark and sorrowed eyes
heartfelt winters warmth
melting over life
restoring what was quietly lost
in the heat that dried
the waters from the land
where life watched
in growing sunlit times.

David Taylor

Return

The cold mist sapped all colour from the landscape
leaving icy crystaled greys with homeopathic colorations
that dripped from thawing thoughts lit by the fluorescence
of tall shadowy street lights sliding from behind drifts
of mist that coagulated in shifting shrouds of mystery
as a shooting star unseen carried a speck of cosmic dust
to the end of its journey starting in primordial times
when entropy prevailed and complexity was not yet thrust
upon the heavens and all emerged as elemental particles
of pure, universal and undemanding love;
I melted into grey and grey into nothingness
and nothingness into a single point of unqualified trust
myself burnt up in the atmosphere of uncoloured dissolution.

David Taylor

Reunion

He saw her walking, striding by
Hair bouncing golden against azure blue sky
Nose poised perhaps a little high
With a clip clap of heels that made him sigh
A flounce of skirt as she was passing
Left him with a mind full of questions asking
As his eyes followed, watching on his horizon
Slender legs were seeming sliding, almost gliding
Then she stopped and paused looking all about
Perhaps sensing his presence, he had no doubt
A hint of scent upon the wind enveloped him
Like a double shot of bootleg spirit
Sending him dizzy as if a whirling top in eager children's hands
Deep blue eyes momentarily alighted on his form, she sighted
Looked straight past to her waiting friend, soon reunited
Of they went with frantic conversation
Like a dam had burst from years of non-communication
Just two words or even one would have for him
More than sufficed, or even a flash of eyes with lash
Would have given such welcome recognition
Of his heart and mind's predisposition.

David Taylor

Re-Union

Stood I pensive; shifting from foot to foot,
disquietened in my mind, which silence
most often did most fitting find;
but now disturbed with abject looks,
at cabinets full of what had been forgot;
what they contained, I did again now know,
and did not make an entirely wholesome show.

What of regret? Is that any armour I can use,
and reap repentance from some weak excuse;
what can be said? I acted as I did and made my bed.
I stand here at the gate, the one that I had not seen,
since I was born, conceived, this mortal man that's me;
and now the meaning is so crystal clear,
of a sentence which I had held to me most dear;
'to thine own self be true',
then there will be nothing here to fear.

How strange, it surely comes to this;
my own Self always present here, and there,
in silence, conscious, true and full of bliss;
and all that ever happened, all that was said,
all that I had loved or hated or even feared,
only to lead me to this place I never left,
where I now meet Myself;
who never met with either birth nor death.

David Taylor

Rings A Bell

Winds come and blow the drifting sounds of bells
that ring on distant shores across the great divide
and deliver their unceasing sound unto our door.

How they speak with sounds eternal
fallen from hard curved lips of metal wrought with fire
and struck with precision from far, far below.

Let them rhythmic ring high and low, they sing
and in their ringing sound they know
they know their very own nature expressed within.

How they speak with sounds eternal
travelling to the end of time, vibrating in the universal mind
delivering all that they know, to all that hear.

And when the wind ceases
the great divide enfolds upon itself
and that same bell is found ringing here.

David Taylor

Ripples In The Mind

Nothing but misconceptions,
a seeming hardness of touch
where lies but minute particles.
All in a great expanse of space
sprinkled with folds of gravitation
making mere matter coalesce.

Looking into night sky and thinking to be real
a cosmic history of far travelled light.
We look dimly into the past;
and see no future.

The only reality a fullness of love,
that seemingly permeates through
and fills space-time with soft enfolding curves,
throughout the flatness of a material world.

Moon smiles on a rippled mind
as eyes deceived by starlight twinkle;
until stillness descends on troubled hearts
and there, truth is revealed.

David Taylor

River Of Love

Arrows! Against these chain mail
is effective to repel the sharpness
of their flighted points.
Even hardened bullets, blunt in their intent,
against them an armoured vest
I may procure
to protect my soft heart's flesh.
And slanders of my character,
thrown with spiteful vigour
across a heated, hot debate.
Well the courts may give a cool defence
to protect me from their hate.

But what defence have I against your love?
I steal myself from you with,
self conceit or hate or
even despising of your gentle care
which you often give and only for
care itself; its sake, not for any else.
I try to block you out of mind
without a thought of any kind
and with no kindness in my mind.
But straight to my heart you fly
circumventing all my barriers in mind
which are without effect,
my intellect you do most easily,
go round..

Love! Why do I fear you so?
Because I know that without
your sweet presence
my soul will by nothing but a dryness
as a river bed without the rain
by which it is filled and fed.
And even when I become as ice
you send the gentle snow
to blanket me with purity
because that is all you ever see;
or saw; in me.

No matter what I hold in my armoury
I have no defence against your Love
In your arms I live and without you
I surely am just the living; dead.
Empty like a dried up river bed,
waiting for your rain to bring life
and set me free to flow
with your Love, full and fulfilling me.

David Taylor

Roast Lamb?

She wriggled her buns and coyly she danced
as she chopped up the vegetables, parsnips and carrots, and glanced
over her shoulder with her cookery eyes.
She went to the freezer and fondled the joint
and placed the meat in a dish with a flourish that's hot
then rubbed in some oil on the spot.
And taking some herbs from her garden in bloom
washed them and chopped them with a smile that shone through the room.
She sprinkled her herbs on the lamb, that watched as she cooked up her plan
and said in a sultry soft shiny voice
oh I think it will be a while 'till the cooking is done
perhaps if your hungry like me, you'd like to have your dessert before tea?
I have strawberries and cream, or if you prefer
soft and sweet pavlova swirls, with syrup that will melt in your mouth.
And since kindly you brought the wine
the dessert will of course, be on me... if you don't mind?

David Taylor

Robin

The robin sits and waits
curiosity upon the gate
(worms wriggle; earth shakes)
gardener rests; contemplates

how do you think the flowers know
as they blossom up they grow
(roots reach; deep below)
the bees from flower to flower go

and the sun and the rain
provide all that we need each day
(and how we're apt to complain
no matter what the seasons gave)

the robin knows, it's natural
that the earth provides
(worms shake; earth wriggles)
as his beak a dinner makes

for the gardener roots and fruits
are his life and desire
(and how we're apt to store
in case we just might need more)

the robin's flight is delight
and the gardener wonders, if he might
(deep below; roots reach)
find the meaning in sun's light.

David Taylor

Rows Of Empty Chairs

The chairs sat waiting in rows
beneath a golden chandelier of light;
each unique in detail shows,

(and one in purpose knows) .

Four legs seated on wooden floor,
floor resting on Earth,
Earth on space
and space an endless hollow,

(by limitless existence made a place) .

Rows of empty chairs waiting in faith
that limitless existence
will be seated in each face,

(what face has never seen a tear?)

It is all love from which they are made
and nothing but love will keep decay at bay
but they will, must, return to dust,

(which is also love most dear) .

The floor to Earth will return thus,
and the space will have no hollow
to manifest this mind,

(and all this which must surely follow) .

The limitless existence seated in each place
announces a new beginning
in each and every moment,

(in each and every face) .

This endless hollow
which is so full of grace,

with rows of empty chairs,
(waiting in unending faith) .

David Taylor

Sand, Tears And Time

Standing, still, and
with a handful of dry sand
I close my fingers tightly,
tightly round the yielding
granules held vice like in my hand
and tightening to stop the
mass escape of so many
miniscule grains
through gaps in ringed fingers.
The harder I grasp the more
they find release
and signify the passing of time,
of times lost in passing
and as my tears fall,
fall onto my hands
each dropp mingles with the sand
the sands of times lost
and make them stick,
sticking to my hand
not lost but sand adhering
as alone I stand
even though their appointed time
is now past.
Would it have been better
if without the tears
they had been freed
out of my reach and grasp
without the fetters of warm liquid
tears which adhere them
to these hands
until returning to the sea
they are washed and cleansed from me.

David Taylor

Saying Goodbye?

Damp in both eyes
Hesitant in breath
Heavy in heart
Blank in thought
Leaden in both feet
Wavering in voice
Dry in mouth
Low in spirit
Depleted in happiness
And then I see
That I am in your heart
And from there
I will not ever depart.

David Taylor

Searching

I asked the old man standing on the street
what he was doing, who would he meet?
Well I've met you he replied
and that I could not tell,
until you just arrived.

I met the children playing in the park,
I asked them what are you doing
in these hours before its dark?
They said they go up and down
and then swing to and fro,
then before the sun sets
round and round they go.

I met the priest sitting silent in the church
he asked me what am I doing?
I said I came to ask you
why you sit here in this place?
He said it was for praying
for deliverance and grace.

I went to the hermit's cave, lonely in the hills
to ask him why he lived there,
why he shunned the city's thrills.
He said it was to free himself
from the ties of human life
and all the many questions
which only bring us strife.

I asked the old man on the street
what were you doing all this time?
I was waiting for you he said
but I did not know that
until you just arrived.

David Taylor

Searching, Questions

Do you really think you want to know?
Why it sometimes rains
sometimes snows.

Do you ever want to see the whole of me?
Sometimes a misty blue
sometimes grey.

Do you think I'm just the man that's me?
Sometimes with a bag of needs
sometimes free.

Do you really see what's here beneath the fear?
Sometimes hard to find
sometimes clear.

David Taylor

Seated In The Heart Of All Beings

Humanity remember;
remember that which
you most surely know,
that from which you come,
that to which you go,
that in which you rest,
your essence, your home.

Shining bright lava
springing from the depths,
how quickly it cools
on meeting the air,
how dark the thin crust
that conceals what is there.
Each mighty mountain,
from where it first came,
(how far from its centre)
but still just the same.
Shaped by the wind
of lifetimes exposed
and lovingly covered
with purest white snow.
At its feet the great forests
and rivers that flow,
reaching the ocean,
(the ocean that knows) .

Humanity remember;
remember that which
you most surely know,
the source of the mountain,
the depth of the ocean,
the rivers which flow,
your essence, your home.

David Taylor

Seeing Clearly

Daniel has a pair of toy binoculars
he carries them wherever he goes
no matter which end he looks through
they possess magic and tell him
whatever he needs to know.

At each few yards or junction of events
he scans 360 degrees and proclaims
with utmost certainty
'This way'.

I want his binoculars but he won't let them go
as if he knows they can only work their magic
with the purity of his two year old eyes.

David Taylor

Sensitivity

Feet elongated past his toes
Funny spherical and red his nose
A flower bright pinned on his coat
Which perhaps squirts water
And makes you soaked
A joke not funny he can tell
A car with parts that fall to the ground
And a loud horn to loudly shout
Get out the way I'm coming round
A painted face most sad
With downcast mouth and ring'ed eyes
That strangely sadness does not disguise
An icon of mirth and fame not wide
Who is he and what does he hide?
A clown you say? Maybe you're right
Or perhaps he is more close to you
And not so very far from sight?

David Taylor

Sepia And The Deep Sea

I arrived late.
Of course she did not mind,
it was never her way,
and always mine to superimpose
on reality, my own expectations.
But then she always exceeded them.
Even just after her birth
she exceeded expectations
for crying through the night.

A Sepia welcome;
no colourful fuss, just quiet warmth.
How strange, as we walked the less trodden streets
of Oxford that she chooses shady roads
lined with ancient light brown stone.
The only colour the painted yellow lines
telling the cars, that were not there,
they must not stop.
How typical that I might think that strange.

No longer a child, a woman now,
she shows me where she works,
her name outside the door.
We print off a discount voucher
for her preferred restaurant
and continue our walk.
We talk Sepia with a tinge of blue
when they announce they are out of onion rings.

She graduated three years ago,
graduated in self sufficiency too,
she tells me of her plans for an MSc.
Not frothy like a waterfall
or flat like last week's open bottle of diet coke,
just smooth and flowing
with the confidence of a river
that knows it will find the sea.

We walk back, no plans,

unsure of the route,
but she knows every street and alleyway.
Did I know that Oxford has the most
amazing book store?
Bright eyes flash rays of light
like white arrows in the road.

She leads me to the poetry corner
and we sleuth out the book
I have been trying to find
for the last year, even though
I've forgotten the author
and the name of the book.
But she knows the one I'm looking for,
a deep connection in a Sepia memory.

David Taylor

Serenity

Serenity so sublime
surpassing more exciting times.
Serenity in a passing dream
that is not always what it seems.
A time when we feel at home
no matter where, with who, alone.
Serenity not often found
as we go around and round
but always waiting in the wings
when stillness fills our intellect
and not all those things
that take the mind and heart
to places so very far apart.
Serenity not to be confused
with acquiring what we want to use
no never far away
but covered by the noise
of what we do and think and say.

David Taylor

Shades Of Pink

How many shades of pink are there?
My fingers typed.
That can't be the start of a poem
I said to myself
bit of a dead end that
like the ends of fingers....
where so many things begin
and so many shades of pink.

David Taylor

Shadow Puppets

Christopher Robin and Pooh sat on the floor with rays of light streaking through the window flashing on speckles of dust in the air before landing on the wall in front of them.

Christopher Robin was showing Pooh how to make shadow puppets on the wall, first a rabbit and then a duck.

Pooh was watching carefully and had a warm, sunny feeling inside as Christopher Robin demonstrated how the shadows could move and change shape.

Pooh looked out of the window at the sunlit forest and the shady place under the spreading oak tree.

'Wouldn't it be a funny thing' said Pooh 'if someone could make shadow puppets that had colours like that oak tree.'

'They would need a very big hand and lots of fingers Pooh' said Christopher Robin.

'I guess they would Christopher Robin, and they couldn't do it without the sunshine; unless they were the sunshine' said Pooh.

David Taylor

Shadows Of Myself

He stood there seemingly just a shadow of himself,
they were all just shadows.

They moved this way and that,
collided, with an appearance of touching; moved on.

What does one shadow say to another?
Shady things that hide clarity.

They say I am tired, I am young, I am old,
I am lacking light.

Casting shadows in every direction,
as, self luminously, light shines.

There are no shadows without light;
all darkness? Merely shadows.

And light when it meets itself?
Just shines, and knows.

David Taylor

Shall I Compare Thee?

Shall I compare thee to a Silverstein
Thou art more serious in thy art
And alas much less acclaimed
He is much loved by all the children gruff
Which with deft words he makes them laugh.
With tall stories about giraffes.

Shall I compare thee to an Edgar
The one that wrote Amanda Lee
Thou art less lyrical than he
He is much loved by lovers
Which with his art he makes them see
How lucky they are not to be parted
As he was parted
From his dear Amanda by the sea.

Shall I compare thee to a Frost
With two roads that cross
Thou art more unsure than he
When you are writing poetry
He knew there was no way back
When he took that track.
So many read his prose
About the fateful road he chose.

No you are not like them
You are clearly a new poetic gem
Yet to unfold your prose
And all the beauty that it holds
So please don't put down that pen
Until you write as good as them.

David Taylor

Shout Four!

One was very quiet
and had a will of his own.
Two said to the one,
look at me,
one just looked on, unimpressed.

Someone (perhaps it was two)
said lets have some action
let it come from one
play for a while and return to one
so that's three!

Four said I'll think about this.
Five said I'll give you some space
and as much time as you want
you have free range of this place!

Six said; this is the life
and floated through space.
Seven warmed to the idea
and getting excited burnt himself badly.
Eight came to the rescue
with soothing water to cool
then nine sprang up out of them all!

Now ten was most wise,
fully materialised,
and most near
to the one that looked on
and made nothing of this.
In fact naught came from all of their trials
(as often we see as we become me)
and one becomes nine
without any effort to be
anything other than the one
which is he.

Four was still thinking,
(he had lots of time) ,

and never believed
that ten was most wise.
But one did not mind
as he just simply looked on
and ten said there's
really nothing to do
its just an illusion
this thinking of you.

David Taylor

Silence

A vast expanse of white
on a canvas of space and time
silence, white sound
a sound like pure light waiting
for the prism of our mind
to filter hidden words
that summon form and colour
to the formless infinity
of silence
no movement
no desire, no rejection
no differentiation
without thought
without place
without time
is this death
or is this the beginning
of life?

David Taylor

Silverstein And The Child In Me

Shel Silverstein delights us all
with unexpected clever rhyme
that builds the small up tall,
gives us such a comic time.
He clowns around so well,
many think he is just swell.

Shel Silverstein
he does enthral
with stories short
not long at all,
imagination gentle, kind,
yes I like reading Silverstein.

Some say
he was a recluse
but we know him from his books
he spans the world,
with witty words
that appeal to kids,
and the child, inside me hid.

I think I might read more
of Silverstein
before my childhood's left behind,
but as I keep reading him
that child inside jumps out,
and wants to play and lark about!

David Taylor

Simplicity

A grey day of grey skies
with grey tarmac wet with rain
reflecting yet more grey again
a grey suit with a blue-grey tie
a silver car, grey with grime
a grey pigeon upward flies
against grey clouds of not blue skies
grey hair, on top of greying stares
as people greyly pass me by
a grey squirrel scampers up
a grey tree, named an ash
grey, a mixture of white with black
like a photo black and white
it has a simple charm, this grey
when the colours, fade away
and leave us with just a form
unadorned by the rainbow's hues
that, like spices, hide from us
more subtle tastes, upon taste buds.

David Taylor

Single Thread

All garments woven from a single thread
unseen seamstress's hands make cloaks
that are diaphanous in Your light
but lend an air of mystery, even fear
on darkened days and moonlit nights
when only shadows approach me near.

Your disguise only seems to beguile
as in a dream I sleep with You unseen
but as now I know to keep watch
and see those cloaken figures come and go
my sight still sticks to subtle thoughts
and transfixes reality onto shadows cast.

They need not go, nor sun need rise
to dispel the dream that I beheld
nor is a miracle at all what I must ask
just that I might awake and cease to grasp
the woven cloaks of dreams
and join that single golden thread
that makes so many seem to be.

David Taylor

Sitting In An Empty Room

The whoness of me?
The whyness of questions?
The whatness of all this?
and then;

the wheness of answers,
where is the answer?
In the nowness of now?

I looked everywhere
and found nothingness
under a magic carpet
woven from golden threads of thought.

What mystery in a ticking mantle clock
the meek and mighty enslaved
by such small hands that wind up youth
and spew it forth as shrivelled flesh.

The shaft of sunlight
revealed the floating specks of dust
across an empty room
as they float on air.

No one is here
only I, dust and light
as the clock ticks
from now to now;

until it stops.

The framed photographs smile
trapped behind glass
I smile and join them
knowing I am not really here
or there.

David Taylor

Sitting In The Moonlight

gilded nothingness slid past
on a deep contentment
that was found at last

silvered thoughts floated on the air
like a musical geisha's stare
as silent waves lapped

the sandy untouched shore
lit by gentle moonbeams
unveiling all that was there

the far horizon melted
sky, land and ocean
one unmoving emotion

when morning came
it seemed we departed there
the bright light of dawn

brought to that place
a deceptive form
that hid your formless face

the footprints on the sand
conceal where we sit still and
gilded nothingness slides past.

starfish dance beneath
as we sit hand in hand
upon that lovers beach.

David Taylor

Skin Deep

A smooth silent gliding viscous liquid
Silently seeping creeping gently downwards
Over a sleek and tender surface
With no growth left growing anywhere
After the apprehensive gritting
Of your teeth as the wax goes ripping
Waxing is a girly thing with a very manly sting

Sliding, slicing at pulled up roots
Glistening stainless steeled with sharpness
On the edge it cuts and glides
And snags on spots leaving crimson tides
After the lavish application of soft soapy lubrication
As you tighten skin, the razor goes sliding slashing
Shaving is a manly thing with a very girly sting.

Or with a grainy gritness
Rubbed with circulating stiffness
Of bristled scrubbing brushing briskness
To remove half dead particles
Of skin not shed by natural deadness
Leaving a glowing exfoliated lushness
A girly blushness or
With too much vigour
A manly sore and ruddy redness.

This poem's just skin deep
I know
A superficial treatment
That cannot cleanse so deep
To ever reach
Your heart or soul.

David Taylor

Sleeping, Dreaming, Waking

The crimson sun and golden leafs
sparkle on a gentle thoughtful breeze;
a pale moon shines in the east
as your lipsticked evening smile
falls beyond the horizon of my dream.

In my night your moon is bright
attended by a million stars;
that moon is near and stars so far
I feel so small as I watch them all
alone in the silence before the dawn.

And in the east a ray of hope
a shaft of light dispelling night;
as a wisp of your golden hair
resting on my pillow of tears.
You had not gone you still lie here
and your light had lit my dreams.

David Taylor

Slowly Waking To The Dawn

Slowly waking to a broken dawn
heart seems to shrink
at the rapid inflow of thoughts
like pouring hot tea
over a cup of ice;
yes the ice is still there
like little bits of hardened heart
floating in, then becoming a familiar flavour
which I sweeten with sugary ambition
and mellow with milky dreams...

If only the heart floated
like vapour in the air and then,
the tea drunk pure.
Slowly waking to a breaking dawn
with heart permeating air,
only one life everywhere.

David Taylor

'Snap'

Nelly the Elephant sat in an ivory tower
Looking out over the valley so far.
Billy the Badger, daft as a brush
Cut himself shaving, in too much of a rush.
Olli the Otter, a bit of a slouch
Was resting, stretched out on a couch.
Perry the Peli, went fishing again
But that's a tail to tell at the end.
Eddy the Eagle was sawing
Why? I'm not saying in case it's circulatory, boring.
Mitch well he was just monkeying around
Seeing if he could stay high up off of the ground.
Suzy the Snake she slithered around
Thinking that dinner, soon could be found.
Freddy the Fish was fishing about
To found a nice plaice to lay eggs, I don't doubt.
Whilst Harry the Human, silly old fool
Was too busy thinking, when off a cliff he did fall.
If your thinking there is a point to all this
Then watch where your walking or else you may miss
The trap that you set, that the rabbits' not found
The one that's gone "SNAP" as you're looking around.

David Taylor

Sniper On The High Street!

The sun shone brightly.
A busy high street,
basking in tranquillity.

They stood face to face
on the pedestrianised square.
His face darkly despondent,
eyes averting.
She strident, angry.

A few words drifted
across the crisp air.
You said.....again.....
No...not what I meant
.....you always.....

She like a sniper
rifling home her points
He a terrorist?
Or innocent, in the wrong place,
at the wrong time?

Many passed by
untouched by the incident,
and Life shone
silently.

David Taylor

Snowdrop

Sweet Snowdrop;
you reached up to the sky
through winter's snow,
and now you have bloomed
you gently bow your head to earth.
What did you see?

I lift your pure white blossom
and find green and gold
drawing my eyes to your centre;
so still; unfolding all your beauty.
And having reached for the stars
you now bow your head to earth.

Sweet Snowdrop;
what did you find
such that you are now speechless,
have no need to reach up high,
and just gaze upon the earth in awe?

David Taylor

So Very Ordinary?

A bird song carried on still air.
A shaft of light catching dancing motes of dust.
A sunset crimson thrust upon the dusk.

A waft of hyacinth and earthy earth.
A chestnut crackles on the fire.
A fresh baked bread's aromas spread.

A hushed expectation of nothing new.
A waiting for the homecoming, dinners due.
A promise of a welcome unrestrained.

Coming in from the garden shed
little need be said.
But magic is always present where its always fed.

David Taylor

Spark

Can we be excused from thinking
the past is here and always linking
to a dark and unlit future
of which we have no inkling;

permission to be free
is ever present now
if we could but only see;

that as the embers fly
and make a bright line in the eye
it is just one point of fire
its motion deceiving both you and I.

David Taylor

Speechless Love

Did I ever tell you
and will I tell you
before it is too late?
Did I say it
at our first meeting?
Did I say it
on our first date?
Did I ever tell you
in a poem
or on bended knee?
Did I ever say it
in a way
that you could see?
Did I even whisper
those words
softly in your ear?
Did I ever tell you,
and did you ever hear?

Or did I only say it
when you were gone,
no longer here;
in that empty space
that found me,
when you were
no longer near?
Or did I only really say it
when you slept
deeply in the night,
and so loving
and so gentle,
kissed all
the darkness
from your sight?

David Taylor

Speak Gently

Fire with lapping tongue
crackles bright and heating air
we gather round and stare
casting long shadows everywhere.
Fire with lapping tongue
consumes the air we all live on
and with a beauty of its own
destroys the fuel from which it's grown.
Ohh fire with lapping tongue
in your small place, you're so at home.
We all feed you to sustain
your fiercesome freedom that's constrained.
When the night draws to a close
and all are thinking of repose
we leave you to your plight.
Your ambers shine on into night
and in the gentle morning light
your ashes are a sombre sight.

David Taylor

Split Second Chameleon

So strange that in split seconds
the future can change hue,
rosy and bright fast becomes blue
greyed out of ashen hopes;

so very strange that what was full of hope
suddenly becomes a sieve holding
only worthless rocks and dried dust,
and of course none of it ever was,
or is, the future;

only an imagination of what it holds
as now pretends to move forward,
but resolutely stays here,
and sends me running from dreams,
of my tomorrow.

David Taylor

Spring Cleaning

Spring cleaning time is here
at least it is in the northern hemisphere;
if half the globe is cleaned
in March April May it seems,
is the other half swept and shined
September October November time?
And where does all the rubbish go
Midway in the Pacific
where all the ocean currents flow?

David Taylor

Standing In The Corner Watching All The Stars Go By

The vista opened up
and a tinge of sea breeze
wrapped around anemones
as trees rustled mightily pleased
to feel the air
as it travelled far
mixed with a tropospheric hush
that rushes past
as earthly bound it twirls and spins
to reach tectonic plates
that move as fast
as the nails or hair
but slower than an unrushed snail
as one slides below another
giving yet another wrinkle
to the earth's crusted face
oceans smile with sun's
reflected light
and clouds swim in pure delight
I stood transfixed
rooted deeply to the spot
as stars swarmed in spirals
through the vast expanse of mind
inhabited by all mankind.
I bowed deeply
and spirit rose up to fill
all space
with all contained
in just one corner
of Its loving embrace.

David Taylor

Starlight

Star bright what do you say,
are you still there today?
Or did you depart long times past
and just leave us with your light
to shine on me with clarity
in this night of dreams?

Starlight what is your name,
I know not your fame.
Do you have a number
or grander title like Alfaratz;
how I greatly wonder
from whence you came?

You guide my sights to Andromeda;
such beauty in the merest blur
which on that darkness you confer.
In those spiral arms I rest,
and fly with you to my bed
where this dream unfolds.

Stars in my sight what do you say
shining on me from distance past.
Will you speak to me tonight
of what might come to pass,
in my future days of life;
tell me more about this dream,
foretell the end of all that seems?

Ah You guide me to Andromeda;
such beauty in the merest blur
which on all darkness You confer.
Now in Your spiral arms I rest.....

David Taylor

Stars And Starry Hearts

Hubble, bubble, distant stars
looking into darkness ohh so far.
Because that light takes time to travel
into cosmic history it dimly sees
when the universe was forming
the very first stars to be.
The beginning of lights first dawning
in those distant galaxies.

We only see what was there
in the time that meets our stare.
What is there right now?
No one knows for sure
until time unlocks the door.
Thinking time is fixed
and all we see is real
when it is history, that we see and feel.

Passing thoughts in starry dreams
with such wondrous diverse themes.
Peering into darkness
the only light that dispels the blackness
deep inside our hearts.
The essence of all that ever was
and will be in the all pervading black
on which He writes our lifelong track.

David Taylor

Stealing Your Reality

Hope your not sleeping
It might go bang tonight.
A pretty frightful expression
of all the worlds dark sights.
I can only hope
to be the one you choose,
to stay with me tonight.
To help me keep on going
through the blessed night.
Howling wind and storms,
creatures screech in flight.
So many dark, dark shadows,
sneaking through the night.
All your dreams are howling
giving you those haunting sights.
Worms come out your pillow,
mice squirm and squeak in traps.
Wings of bats are flapping,
crazy poets rap.
Such rich imagination
is always at your call.
Why always use it
to paint the dream we make.
What about the nightmares
they also have their place.
And which is more dangerous
In stealing the reality of the show,
the things that we are holding
or the ones we want to go?

David Taylor

Still In Heart

As we sit silent in our minds,
sit silent in our homes,
only the passing traffic tells
of a life that rushing onwards goes.
And all comes from distant silence
and into distance flows,
as we sit silent in our minds,
sit silent in our homes.

Silently watching all this flowing
as it passes, comes and goes,
home is where the heart is
as we sit silent in our homes.
In heart is found that silence
from where life comes rushing onwards
and where it always goes.

David Taylor

Still Life

The Marlborough umbrella stands upright
red and white falling in rhythmic triangles
of light across the top half of tight spiked cloth.
The shining brown handle counter poised
with the slender silver spire now pointing to the floor
casting its soft shadow against a powder blue wall.
Beside it the hard roundness of the fire extinguisher
with its arching curved black rubber hose
protruding from a beak like handle ready
ready to be launched into a fearful fight of flames
when sirens wail and bells clatter a sudden thrall
and still life is animated by a hidden hand of fate.
The umbrella too just sits and waits
one for fire and for the other rain must fall
to end the stillness in the dusty corner
where little moves except when needs do call.

David Taylor

Stillness Moved.....Primordial Seeing Void

stillness moved
into his mind
truncated thoughts
frozen with no time
boundaries melted
transparentised
by subtle light
all substantiality
reduced to love
and being merged
with knowledge
that had not
formed in words
primordial
seeing void.

David Taylor

Stormy Weather?

Fire in jagged ribbons ripping groundward
With belated drumbeats echoes of past passage
Rushing to horizons obscured from view
Cascading torrents of icy stones that threaten broken bones
With river'd roads rushing past pensive habitants of homes
Until the sun at last breaks through that deep dark grey
That filled many with such fear as fire and brimstone brings
To those possessed of many things
This is what a dark mood brings even on the fairest day.

David Taylor

Striving For Harmony

Oh discord where do you reside?
Why choose this heart to hide
and ring your cracked bell
with crooked clapper
that hits the silence with a ringing
of fraught hands.

Oh why choose to stay here
did I invite you in in?
You say I did
and that I was most keen!

But now I feel my heart will burst
with fragments of sound
full of doubts that so unsure
lead me to darkest shores.

Discord please go
and leave sweet harmony behind.
What is that you say?
It is harmony I strive for
only through knowledge of you!

And without discord
where is strife
but consumed in harmony.
How did I forget,
and why argue?

David Taylor

Struck Dumb

Transcendental unification causes obliteration
of individual ruminations which always circulate
and are prime subjects for debate between so many postulates.
Intellectualisation is even better after a little libation
no wonder truth seems rare when it makes us stand and stare
bringing to an end verbose articulations to defend:
I am struck dumb.

And in silence brings to life deep peace
in the stillness of movements end
of all the mental machinations in which you revel
but only lead where we are not and truth is concealed.
Yes now that time is past and all the heavens are small not vast
I stop speaking: Only ask.

David Taylor

Student, Teacher

I would like to be a teacher!

The only qualification for teaching
is to be the student.

How can I be a student?

You have to find a teacher
who knows he is the student.

David Taylor

Summer Mornings End

White grass and russet trees
golden light on still green leaves
white trails of speeding jets
in a pale sky thinly lit.
Grey exhaust from misty cars
a fragile moon that weakly shines
the low bright sun fiercely rains
warming rays that blind my gaze.
Early autumn morning shines
speaking quietly to mankind
prepare for the winter months
take out warm clothes
hats and coats and scarves
ready for colder morning's starts.
The summers left for southern climes
and winter's waiting for its time
as the earth continues round
seasons come and then they go
and the sun it never did pretend
that the summer mornings wouldn't end.

David Taylor

Sunday Afternoon

Just groovin' on a Sunday afternoon
no cares or troubles to interrupt
the chords that heavens' music struck,
just groovin' whilst all around
moves to that universal sound;
as trees' roots stretch beneath my feet
a caterpillar worms its beat,
sunlight dances through windows nets
to light the dust as it looks for rest.
A cup and spoon as cymbals strike,
the tea pours down unseen strings
that sound like unplucked violins.
A knife meets plates skin
and drums a sound deep within.
A bee flies past and hangs in air
just to see what sweetness
he might find there.
I pick up the cup and sip
and on its returning
to the saucers patient safe embrace,
a biscuit crumbles
and there reveals Your face.

David Taylor

Sunflowers, Butterflies And Roses.

Standing tall with obese faces
but such slender stemmed graces
often staked to fend off hastened
violent winds of spring.
Below and in their places
Alice'd roses
with budding faces grin.
And all are smiling and thinking
of such nice places as
warming sunshine brings.
But what they love
and sets them blushing
with finest blooming buds
that will surely blossom,
is a gentle light winged
goddess sipping from their
inmost spaces,
not overlooking any places,
with flapping coloured wings.

David Taylor

Supernova

A supernova bursts
and casts a billion words
into the universal mind
for poets to write prose
or dictators to condemn their foes.

And as its lights disperse,
the universe is swept in its path
of its departure from a single point,
to the most distant reaches
beyond Its spiralling arms of love.

And its sound is deep within,
within your soul
and whispers with a blinding flash,
in silence behind that cosmic sound.
Let go, let go, let go.

David Taylor

Surprise, Surprise!

That's a surprise!

That's a surprise!

That's a surprise!

That's a surprise!

He said.

So many surprises?

No, only the One.

But so new

every moment!

David Taylor

Sur'Re'Al

Creamy coloured bubbles
Of silky luminescence
Oft without any effervescence
Trickled running until pouring
Over china's unwall'd border
Wafting sickly odour
Of hot liquid pouring over
Without a snap or crackled pop
Hot milk on my weetabix
That for breakfast's all I got
Except for
Coloured crystals shining
Like so many gems residing
With a cascaded piling
Of whitened multifaceted
Crunchy melting rock like pieces
Of shiny sugar granules
To give my weetabix its sweetness.
Because I don't like coco pops.

David Taylor

Surrender

Golden dappled thoughts of love
sparkle on the smooth lagoon,
sheltered from the raging surf
which glints on my horizon's noon.

You are my reef and ocean too
and show me on that sun kissed shore
your love for me and I for you;
and yet I feel there is much more.

The smoothness of your waters near
with shallow safe and quietened roar,
are no different from those depths
on which the raging surf is swept.

Quell my fear and guide me true
across that barrier which is yours too,
that I might dive beneath the swell
and find that deepest depth of you.

David Taylor

Swan, River, Lake

A ripple meets the river bank
The paddling swan now passing by
He leaves his mark sparkling in the sun
His future path has not yet swum.

You the sun, and I, a swan
These words a string of ripples
As I swim on, and you shine
On my future path I must go by.

These words from movements past
Or freshly now as rippled meanings
Gently flow across the mind
Made silver by your light.

No river for these ripples writ
No cygnet for a swan beget
Not any meaning in this verse
Except your shining makes
As rivers seek to merge with lakes.

David Taylor

Tea Time

I think that basically
its time I had some tea.
But if my cup is full up
who can give any more
until I empty what I've got?

David Taylor

Teddy Bears

I feel like writing
about what's not there
about a mysterious stare
from someone that just isn't here
a shadow that casts about
but has no light to cause a fright
a movement that never left
the place it started before it went
a sound without a silent bed
from which it rose and fled
a place where imagination
cannot go, not even in my prose
a scent so fine it has no name
and went before it even came
a sight that never met my eyes
and therefore caused me no surprise
a cuddly toy with a name
that no one thought
would give cause to blame.

David Taylor

That One Far Shining Light Of Lights

That One far shining light of lights
Which lights the eyes of everyone.
That One far shining light of lights
Which lights the mind of man

That One far shining light of lights
Which warms all that can be found
That One far shining light of lights
Which is the love of all for all

That One far shining light of lights
Which shines so very bright
That One far shining light of lights
Which shines equally in every place

That One far shining light of lights
Which has no time to rise or fall
May that light shine through all of us
May it shine through you and me

That One far shining light of lights
Which shines, and shines for all.

David Taylor

The Answer To The Meaning Of The Universe And Everything

A man went in search of facts,
the aim of which was simply that,
he would understand in time,
what all this is and who am I.
He looked in binded books of gold,
some of which were very old,
he left no stone unturned,
as he searched and looked and yearned.
He asked most learned men,
and the holy brethren,
he read the latest finds,
of the best scientific minds,
he bought an expensive microscope
which only magnified his hope.
No, he did not find,
an answer of any kind.
He travelled far and wide,
first to Rome and then to Greece,
but still he found no peace.
He went east to India
and bathed in sacred Ganges river,
he tried going outback,
and met with Australia's
ancient tribes,
but the truth did not arrive.
But undeterred he went on,
and everywhere he went
he asked all that he met,
do you know the Truth,
of who I am and what is this
universe, in which we all exist?
Many gave him answers
but none that he could see
were with any certainty.
Finally near the end of life,
his long and persevering wife,
said come home for tea,

there is no point, you'll never see!
He went back to where he'd left
before he set off on his quest
and as he sipped
he gently slipped into bliss
and saw, what he had missed.

David Taylor

The Artist

All this rests
in His mind.

Senses operate
bringing names and forms
as willed.

The canvas shines
displays immutability.

Brush strokes and colours
calling out
only to reflect His light.

Vital force
radiating from a hub
of pure creativity.

All changing
merely to indicate
that which does not change.

Love is manifest
for all.

David Taylor

The Backrow Was The Best

Surfing on a wave of interest
Across a cable under floor
Messages and shopping mails
Cooking tips and friends not pals
Pornographic adult contempt
On line gaming, gambling
Often not a good bet
Whatever did you do without it
Sit and watch TV instead?
With its soaps and sometimes Oprahs
Reality shows that deceive us
Mysteries, movies, scary news reads
Quizzes, competitions for a million
Don't know what they'll think of next
Well it's too cold to go out surfing
Guess instead we'll stay home at our screens
Wondering what life really means
And perhaps reminiscing about the radio
With its music for the masses
And stories that are read by actors
As we about our business go
Thinking if I had the chance
On desert island discs I'd show
My taste in music, for you all to know
All a far cry from the movies
When as a kid we would all get in
For a shilling, in the back row
Of the Odeon in the high street
Chillers that would make my heartbeat
As you held my hand so tightly
In the darkness closely
As if we only had one seat between us
And now we can all look forward
To virtual reality glasses
which will display before us
A wonderland of someone's making
To entertain us whilst we are waking
But the back row at the movies
Surely that was the best

Looking deeply staring
Into your souls eyes reflected bliss
As we kissed
And sat and ate ice cream
And about our life we dreamed
Most of the movie we would miss.

David Taylor

The Beach

Salt spray on your lips
crashing waves crescendo in your ears
breaking upon cragged rocks
of ancient fears
until a gentle mist
from the distance falls
subduing sound and wind
and wafting on the air
the sound of tranquil music
as shadows dance
and the sun drifts out of sight
the sand warm beneath your feet
wind gentle in your hair
scented spray takes your senses
into raptures no one but you could know
and as you open your eyes
I fill them with my soft deep blueness
arms entwine your body
with such embrace as moonlight
has for snow capped mountains
and as your head swirls
you are lost in the sweetest wine
of such deep kisses
made of some magic time
when lips could only utter
such loving tenderness
that makes hearts melt
into one another.

David Taylor

The Beginning In The End

So here I am at the end.
Which is odd because,
I didn't really start.
So let's see if I've finished.
Which is strange because,
I hadn't really begun.
Well it all just happened so damn fast!
But in the end all I have to keep
is what remains in my heart.
Will it be a good way to start?

David Taylor

The Big Sleep

On the edge of your perception
something stirs.
You can feel it in motion.
Its light has travelled far,
but not yet reached you.
You know all in your heart,
it pulses and races to meet fate.
So very far in space
and yet no distance separates.
It sings praise and
vibrating space
its song is with you now
long before its face.
The universe that rests
in your mind,
and breathes with your breath
and borrows your light.
It is racing to join with you again.
And when it reunites
It will rest,
and the universe
will sleep,
it will be night

David Taylor

The Birds And The Trees

Once in a land that had only one tree
a bird came and sat and sang on my knee.
And in a place that had only one bird
I sat under a tree that said that he'd heard
of a place where the branches were full
of birds that sing at the start of the dawn.

Once in a land that had only one bird
a tree came to tell me of what he had heard.
That in a place where there's only one tree
the birds will come and sing on your knee.

And the point of the story, I'm sure you must see
only one bird will tell all of trees
about that place where they sit and sing on your knee.
But in a place where there are acres of trees
it is rare to find one that comes to tell me
of what he had most definitely heard
about that land that has only one bird.

But if you sit at the start of the dawn
in the land with one bird and with trees it is full
you'll wait a very long time, you will see
before it sits and sings on your knee.

David Taylor

The Book You Were Looking For

The book appeared to arrive, the ink is invisible.
The pages dissolved in your centre.
And when you find it you know
That it was you that wrote it
In you it is written,
And all it speaks of
Is you
In all the forms you display.
It is not black or white
Just an inscrutable grey
From which arises
All that we ever could say.

David Taylor

The Bouquet Of Flowers

Did you see the bouquet of flowers
tied to the railings at the side
of that lonely bend
on the road to heavens end
placed there some time ago
and withered dry, though wet with snow
that road which winds on by
now has an end in this minds eye
and those withered flowers
speak of heartbreak, lonely hours
and memories of a cherished bloom
that faded, all too soon.

David Taylor

The Church Bells Sounded

The church bells sounded,
on distant air.
Ringing loud, but soft,
the wind embraced their sound
carried them aloft.

The church bells sounded,
on stillness everywhere.
They could never reach me
if they had not sounded there.

The church bells sounded,
on the air I breathed.
As I inhaled them
they rung not loud, but soft.

The church bells sounded
next to my heart
where they quietly resounded,
they found their home in me.

David Taylor

The Cup

He looked deeply in his cup
and thought it's only half full up
but when he looked within
he found it filled up to the brim
the empty space was occupied
by all the things that he desired
and left no space or gave room
for any wisdom to reside
and tell him what he needs to know
a cup that's not full up to the brim
is much more useful inside him.

David Taylor

The End Of The Line

Its the end of the line!

How do you know?

The track stops here
everyone's getting off,
except you.

No one told me!

Well if you get off now
there is a train
on that other track
which goes to the mountains...

But it won't wait for you,
if you just sit here,
hoping for the line
to get longer.

David Taylor

The End Of The Line.....

Wriggling uncomfortably
in the confines of the small space.
So many bodies compressed
as the motion of the journey
rolls us from side to side
with crushing of acceleration
and jerks of surprise.

At last, the final stop
the freshness of air
and sound of birdsong,
as the inhuman container
of our journey is opened, sprung.
The birdsong grows louder
and evokes strange shivers
of apprehension as we grow colder.

Now picked up gently in your hands,
a warmth of reassurance
in such a large unrecognised forest,
with the sound of waters
unhurried flowing.....

The steel hook pierces flesh
and a shock of cold water
envelopes in its entirety.
As a flash of shiny scales
heralds the arrival
of two rows of sharp teeth.

David Taylor

The End Of The Night

He walked and he walked through the long night
peering through darkness and looking left and then right.
He searched with a light that hung
like an orb in the sky and was ever so bright,
looking for the day that never ends.

He walked on on his own and sometimes with friends
they upturned the stones and chanted ancient old runes.
Walked one hundred and eight times round the mountain Kailash
and the moon came round and around again,
as he looked for the day without end.

He walked over the glacial flows at the pole
to the top of the earth and beyond.
And the stars guided his quest to the ends of the Earth
since he had sworn he would never give in,
in his quest for the day with no end.

He walked with the light in his eyes
shining stronger with every step that he took.
And the night that had shrouded his look
could no longer find anyway in,
as he searched for the day that won't end.

David Taylor

The Fireplace

A silent gathering around,
at the end of a long journey of exertions all expired.
All present share equally,
the crackling explosions of wakefulness,
that emanate from the heat
of libations offered.

All present and present All.
No words to break the unitary silence.
Such a large room fully lit by just one light.
A completeness in a stilling state,
It is an invocation for us all.
To come home.

David Taylor

The High Wire Artist

He had watched and admired
the high wire artist
such balance, such attention, such freedom
far above the crowd,
such confidence!
(no safety net was found)
far below upon the ground.

He studied intently, asked questions
(until nothing else remained in mind)
except that wire of freedom
above him strung
reached from the ladder long
with so, so many rungs.

One day he climbed steadily upwards
(with a conviction that could not be ruptured)
and out he stepped without a doubt
that this is the only way to go about.
But one thing missed (he had not seen)
the fine strong safety line
where the artist's chest had been.....

The crowd below gasped and cried
see up there; that man in the clouds!
Some wanted to applaud
and others simply watched in awe;
and a few whispered quietly
with hearts in mouth (outstretched unbound)
I know that man
(we saw him on the ground)
His name is Cloony
and his nose was big and red and round...

And Cloony heard them all
from the wire, far above, the thrall.....

David Taylor

The Key Within

“Open the box with the key within”
So says the sign.
Oh what a conundrum.
I have waited for so long
to catch sight of this blessed parcel.
So mightily guarded by my history
until at last I find the source.
And with grace it is delivered
to my hearts door.
And then it says
“Handle with care”
“Only can be opened with the key within”.
Motionless I stand in despair.
And a light dawns
It is I that’s inside there.

David Taylor

The Lake

Mirrored in the mind
with ripples of emotion
in the heart
small distortions unfocus
leaving doubts;
what is really seen?

The gentle wind
of even kind emotions
blur perception;
I cannot yet look up
and look keenly
into the waters:

Forgetting all
and lost in awe
the wind dies; oh!
What beauty there is
in that still reflection;
there am I

David Taylor

The Man And The Philosopher.

A philosopher and his friend, a man
went camping in the open fields
and pitched a tent most fine
(they didn't like hotels or camper vans)
to keep them warm and covered clean.
They settled down in the eve
and went to sleep with ease.
But in the depths of dark
the man awoke with a start,
called to the philosopher
tell me what do you see?
The philosopher said he saw
millions of stars, maybe even more.
The man said what do you deduce from that?
The philosopher thought a bit
and said, well with so many stars
some must have planets perhaps like ours
and perhaps a few
they may have life just as we do.
The man replied, well what I think
is someone stole
the bloody tent!

David Taylor

The Man With No Umbrella

They mashed it.
He cut it in tiny bits.
They took a plane.
But he took the bus.
They headed south for the sun.
He went to Alaska
and had much more fun.
They played the stock market
but he just had cash.
They were so unhappy
when the markets
they crashed.
They bought the latest, designer clothes.
He had holes in his socks for his toes.
He sat on the sidewalk
when it poured with the rain.
They huddled inside
with coffee, and sat, and complained.
They bought the latest plasma TV.
He watched the news on the box
in the windows of the high street shops.
They said he was 'a bit strange'.
He went for a walk
and never came back
the man with no umbrella or hat.

David Taylor

The Means To The End

Indeed a son of Earth, and when remembered
softly tread beneath the starlit night.
And if the soul should soar into heavens clasp
we would remember all the more.

Tread softly in this dream of fragile miracles
for beneath our feet the stardust speaks.
And if we should be inspired to write in praise
let there be sunlight in those words
to pierce the dreamlike haze.

Humility assumed in dreams, is it the path
which above the heavens leads this earthly soul,
or a pale reflection of what is found,
beyond what we can know?

David Taylor

The Old Coach House

The old coach house, now restored,
still with ancient stones where placed, first laid.
Swirling forms in ornamental display,
rivened, scoured by time and rain and snow
across the years and hours that they have known.
Roof still capped with trident stones,
ornate chimney rising above blue-grey slates
but on longer used; inside there are no grates.
Listen carefully, give past times your ears.
The horses' hooves on the cobbles clop
and they gently sigh and neigh
as standing they spy fresh bales of hay.
And now the traffic noise, as it goes by so fast,
overcomes those gentle distant sounds
which linger but are no longer found.
As I sit here on the new-mown grass
just watching as time continues on its way
the old coach house speaks, has so much to say.

David Taylor

The Pledge On The Edge

I stand on the edge
of what seems a deep abyss,
with your gentle rhythmic sound
that I hold to my inmost breast
and quietly in my mind I say
' I will cleave to you come what may'.
You take flight with such subtle sound
as by this thought you are unbound.
You take me by the hand,
not falling we soar into another land
pure radiant light and stillness
all around abounds.

Left standing on the edge
a mind of discontent
and body straight not bent.
Our journey halts in just being
with sure and certain knowing
not separate from I, no different
as much as any difference
could give rise to an experience.
The knowing did not say, just knew
there is no death or birth,
no essence that returns to dusty earth.

And he left standing on the edge,
the one that made a pledge.
He will do as he must
until life's force is fully spent
and the mortal body returns to dust.
just as, of course, it must.

Returning to the mortal mind
waiting at the edge of that abyss
it says it is not my domain,
in this mind it has no name.
Live where you will
in my world of discursive thoughts
or leave me far behind,

wed to that gentle rhythmic sound
that beats in regions where
this mind of mine just is not found
where the heart it has its home
but this mind, it cannot go.

David Taylor

The Problem

You are free He said.
Uhh what was that?
You are free and unlimited.
Don't feel that way.
You are consciousness
full of bliss
infinitely lovable.
You what?
Was you talking to me?
Yes I am talking to you.
No one said that before
are you mad?
No.
You are free and unlimited.
Don't believe it.
Yes that's the problem.
Didn't think I had a problem.
No you don't.
You're free, unlimited, pure consciousness.
But you just said I had a problem.
No I didn't.
I said the problem is
you don't believe it.
So what would happen if I did believe it.
If you truly believed it
you wouldn't have a problem.

David Taylor

The Puzzle Of Life

After some time sifting through
the myriad of pieces
he found four 'corner stones'
and carefully put them in place
and faced with a bewildering array
of shapes and colours
he decided to start at the edge
and work his way to the centre.
Each piece that had a facet
both straight and true
he put to one side
and joined them to make
a frame of reference.

What next he thought
how to find the whole picture?
He began somewhat randomly
trying a variety of pieces
in many places.
His haste and optimism
sometimes pressing them into places
where they did not sit with ease.
Perhaps the maker
did not cut them all true he mused.
But through errors revealed
by the other parts
correctly placed
he grew to trust the feel,
if its place was true.

His attention refining
and with clearer sight
of the whole
that was emerging
he speeded in his task
with each step more sure
that each piece was right.
And as he neared the end
it was as if his hand knew

without thinking where to go.
He watched with nothing left to do
as formed in front of him
the image he had always known
was there but before
strangely fragmented
in his ardent stare.

Now it is complete
and displays for real
the splendour that is whole, complete.
where before, for creations sake
a puzzle did the maker make?
What now he mused
perhaps another has
a puzzle not yet made whole
in his sight.
Perhaps he may be of some help
if they would call and ask
how to see just one
in the seeming many
that need be joined
until the puzzles solved.

David Taylor

The Same Substance

Sun sets early over melting snow,
a grey coldness descends
and ice forms where once soft powder white
glinted in the light of dawn
with an all embracing quietude of calm.

Coldness turns purest white delight
into treacherous sheets of ice
that crack under the careful placing of feet
and snowballs full of fun
have now become icy missiles
until they melt in gentle morning sun.

David Taylor

The Science Of Metaphysics

An ounce of Faith
Combined with
Nike Trainers.

A spring Full
Of Hope
Combined
With a
Heart Transplant

A truck Load
Of Love
Combined
With a Tickle
Me Elmo.

David Taylor

The Search

How we strive each day,
strive in each and every part we play
and seek and search to make our way,
with our cherished desires of heart
that every morning make us start.

Down and up a winding path,
often long, steep and misty, dark;
but did we not see
nearby as we walk,
(or even crawl) ,
the flowers that shine
and the birds that sing,
flying high on wing?

And did we not find
that under our tired and aching feet
the moss sparkled with the dew
always springing up anew?
And as we looked up
that same vaulted sky was found aloft,
to brighten those weary days
that we thought were lost.

And when we saw
the snow capped hill
rising above the forest
(and the fields) ,
did we wonder
if we should go round;
rather than climbing the higher ground,
and stay on that path
that winds on and on and goes around
and finally comes back
to one more place that's just as black
and not what we had thought we'd find,
(so similar to what we had left behind?)

Until at last we knew

the snow capped hill,
the flowers, the birds,
the mossy dew,
even the winding path that's dark
were all that we had truly sought
not what we thought (at the start)
and we had cherished in our heart.

David Taylor

The Traveller Rests?

I stand alone, and stare
There is no one else standing there
Just me as I look around
At moving shadows casting shadows on the ground.

I stand alone, I'm there
As you go past with many cares
Just I, as I am here
Watching all about with minds filled with many fears.

I stand alone, and smile
Thinking I have travelled many miles
And knowing I am here
Did I ever go to all those places I thought so dear?

I stand alone, and love
Loving turns all thoughts to dust
Diving deep, deep down inside
All is joined in everlasting peace that travels' never find.

David Taylor

The Wind

I will be the wind and you will breathe the air I bring
and you will delight as I whisper through your hair
bringing rain to wet your tender skin with tears.

I will be the wind and carry you along windswept paths
to the edge of rocky cliffs that crumble into deep oceans
and as you lean against my breath you will not fear.

I will be the wind and when you tire of me and close your doors
outside I will swirl and rattle windows, make chimneys whistle
and sleekly flow through cat flaps in your mind.

I will be the wind and as you near the mountain's peak
I'll swirl with icy snow and numb your senses
carrying the ashes of your perception to the edge of space.

I will be the wind and when you are weary I will gather blossoms
and cast a thousand soft scented petals before your feet
and you will walk on air.

David Taylor

Thinking Will Not Give The Answer

Flowing homogeneous without ripples
over hills down through valleys
never stopping pausing
not any disturbance causing
already there before arriving.
Unseen unheard unnoticed always
quietly seeping sleeping
even in your dreaming
when you wake up rested
in all you have or have been interested.
Falling like the mist like rain
but in falling nothing really came
there before a place to be
always, never waiting, no time to wait.
I will never ever see
all that you are
and all that you might be
even looking in the mirror
when I see you stare at me.
Still I cannot describe
that which is and is not
is not a state
neither inside nor out
inside, outside what?
Not possible to ever doubt
how can I doubt I am
To whom do these thoughts arise?
Don't let impostors theorise.

David Taylor

Thirst

The dryness was revealed by absorption
of the softly falling rain on rock,
the colours once hidden from my sight
blossoming like buds where each drop
met the inner thirst which I had seen not.

Every rock proclaiming its welcome
for that gentle rain from heaven
in its immediate unveiling of beauty;
and I, drained and weary, laden;

like a seed in dry desert sand,
my heart awaiting, in this mortal man,
with a thirst which unseen cries
and deep within us all must lie,
for that sweet rain to arrive.

Oh to cast off my impervious husk
and like a simple dry baked rock
absorb into my heart, my very life,
each and every grace filled drop.

David Taylor

Thoughts Of Retirement

Not knowing what is coming
But dreading the thoughts of nothing
Dreading more what is in dreams store
Anything would be better than
My dream of what's reality
Led along a path of destiny
By a bunch of bridled horses
They cannot change canals courses
Ropes taught with tension
Tow paths under hoofs give traction
Reaching weirs with locks
Locks for elevation
Waters rising but not elation
Reaching places where once
Within the habitation
Dark satanic mills brought desperation
Boating on the canals in long
And narrow boats
No longer pulled by horses
But by horse power measured pistons
Horses now released from bridles
We still follow courses laid in our
Ancestors revolutionary days
When they made the waterways
And laid tracks for locomotives
With invisible reigns you pull
The economic boats and trains
Along the paths our fathers laid
Unless we would wake up from
Past dreams
And look at what is real
Not what it seems.
What unbridled would we do
Put out to pasture
Is that the fate that will meet you?

David Taylor

Three At The Door

Door bell chimes its discordant tune
ringing in still light, in month of June,
doors open wide, with sight alive
to coloured visions in my mind.
Ears receiving sounds of kinds
children's play and traffic bound
songs birding in birches' branched out hands.

I thought back to days on balmy nights
where we'd danced to disco'd sounds;
three stood at my door
their words as like a trumpet call
with sounds that tinkled, hard to find
amid the drumming in my mind.
Not them again, not them, not them,
them... them....them, them, them.

The beat drowned out the bugled call.
Not hearing words or seeing true
coloured eyes with blinded mind
I did not hear to know what they said
just listened to those drums
resounding in my head.

They came bringing salvation of their kind,
a salvation I must find?
I smiled received a saviours' pamphlet
bid them well, their buttons shined,
in my mind discordant chimes
ringing in still light of June.

David Taylor

Tiggerific

I'm bouncing
And pouncing
In a stripy
Kinda way.
It's a leaping
Off All fours
In a springing
Popping way.
Its sometimes
Nice to play
With some
Growling
And Prowling
Making you all say.
There's a
Tiggerific Feeling
Creeping
Round today.
Later if I may
Perhaps a lapping
And a slurping
In a purring
Kinda way.
And finally
A curling
An a turnin
As a sleeping
Ends my day.

David Taylor

Time And Place

There is a place far, far away
In a small corner of space
A space that takes its place in time
A time that takes its stand in eternity
This place so far away
It takes a tiny part of space, of time.

There is a place far, far away
Existing in a small corner of the mind
A mind that thinks I am
Thinks many things from time to time
This place so far away
It takes a tiny corner of this mind.

Before space, before time
Beyond this mind, impossible to define
All pervading, always present
Never fading, self sufficient
It makes this tiny part of space, of time
A place full of wonder
Full of love that is divine.

David Taylor

Timely Connection

The atrium to the train station
Thralls with business men, families
Workers and holidaymakers
Excited shouts and dogged strides
With phone calls texts and mp3
Fleet footed with business case
Or a loaded trolley curtailing haste
At ticket desks some anxious wait
Will they catch the 9.30
or will they be late?

And me I stand and quietly watch
In good time for my connection
Observing life and all the tensions
Each individual so unique
Some joined by marriage
Some a brief confluence of ways
As they go about another busy day
Paths crossing largely unnoticed
As I stand and observe a seeming metamorphosis
in front of my soul's eyes.

The children's laugh, the mother's smile
The worried late departure snarl
Newspapers studied sipping latte
A cleaner sweeps an endless floor
All with minds in worlds apart
All with such diversity of heart
They cease to be a blurry flurry
Of many separate beings in a seeming hurry
It is as if an angel lands
and softens all the sounds around.

The movement here a movement there
Are joined as by a thread through the potent air
The thoughts of each one are seen to be
In the very same mind as me
And in the space as far as eyes can see
Is a presence, clearly free

A presence that we know so well
But one of which so few do tell
Until inside the heart they see
This presence which when known
joins all with love and truly sets us free.

David Taylor

Tired

a tired morn, a worn tyre
travelled far (had gazed on stars)
ate lunch but did not see
what was really eating me; and

thought about, and then thought best
to go lie down (best way to rest?)
thoughts circled, bluebottle droned
didn't bother to answer phone;

sat in garden, flowers glowed
they knew it seemed (but what knowed?)
parakeets ate from cherry tree
another perched looks on (not me?): and

picked up a book which tried to speak
I read the words (as if in sleep)
they said I am awake
but as I dream I wait my fate; and

as a dawn of subtle light
as if those stars (those ones last night)
shone upon my dismal state
I knew it never is too late;

David Taylor

To Ee Cummings With Love...

in high exalting
on angelic songs flying
(heart up so floating,
many births down)
earth beckons
heart defies
soaring high;

spring,

like bouncing
(with thoughts grounding)
newness,
hope
calling ever upwards;

summer,

flowering
earth scents
calling downwards
(many thoughts down
but heart up so floating)
oh heart so upward floating
heavens calling;

autumn,

chills
swept across
windswept hills
budded leaf and petals
like thoughts falling
and then;

winter's,

icy grip
of fear

downwards calling
but still on high
exalting
before earth claims
and
(as must, downwards calling)
to earth returns;

(heart up so floating)
in high exalting

what is;

what seasons kiss;
(many births down,
summer, autumn, winter, spring....)

David Taylor

Tomorrow Is Another Day, Life Is But A Dream They Say

Blushing pink sky
shyly passes by
on green heavens fields
where stars walk across
as if on sumptuous red carpets
hidden by sweet candy floss.
With violet leaved trees
swaying violently
In a gentle breeze.
The bright sun shining
with loving orange crush.
And a lemon coloured policeman
makes an arrest with zest
to put before
a curly wurly wigged
black and white faced judge.
Some feisty male with blue blood
wants to watch ginger cats
fighting in the silver mud.
And I will go to bed
In the place the rainbow led
with a very sore
and spinning head.
A head that is so headstrong
It doesn't know what's right from wrong
Having had a colourful day
And put it in the bin
the one that says it's bin and gone.
Tomorrow it won't be that way
tomorrow is another day
life is but a dream they say.

David Taylor

Trade Martin's Ferret

On Christmas day, on Christmas day
His ferret strayed, went far away
He's gone away, he's gone away
Trade Martin's ferret on festive day.
He's going crazy, posted a huge reward
Hoping that it won't be as it was
The year before when his turtle was lost.
Oh please you poets bring him some cheer
And tell him his ferret's been found this year.

David Taylor

Transcendence

Bells ring and flower petals cascade to the ground.
The waters of the brook call out.
Bird song reverberates in the sky
as water is drawn from a deep well
and shines with cosmic radiance.
Stillness permeates all movements
and gives a gentle harmony to all sounds.
The heavens join in one angelic song.
All time is present now and without moving
continues its procession.
All is whole in each point in space
as all space is contained in one.
All things made of grosser elements
through knowledge display their essence
just as each ring displays its gold.
Time, space and matter transcended
no longer binding soul to body
in its earth bound race.
All beings included in the joy
of the dissolution of imagined bonds
and embraced in indescribable peace.

David Taylor

Travelling The Highway

Driving down the highway
its late and getting dark.
Bright lights of traffic
making my heavy eyes diminish
in the keenness of their sight.
I park and take a needed rest
but still the tiredness stays
like the foreboding, dark and rushing clouds
that are bringing down the rain.

Then I remember Your quiet presence
and my awareness rushes out,
past the tired momentum
of my driving late at night.
Your presence surrounds me
and takes the role away
of the fatigued and tired man
which I thought that I had played.

You guided me and took the strain
as I drove on through the dark and rain
and delivered me both safe and sound
as together we traversed
the way upon this planet Earth.

David Taylor

Truth?

What is truth he asked himself
Is it just an honest answer?
And so much would seem to depend
On sincerity
The truth will set you free
He had heard it said
So what does that mean?
To know the truth I must see clearly
He mused
Without an overlay of misconception
So what is truth he asked himself
If the truth would set me free
Then I have not found it
Or is that a lie?

David Taylor

Trying To Write Poetry

Yes it is obvious
they never were at my command
they stay deep in a recess of mind
and come out to play and dance
as they are so inclined.
I imagine them huddled
out of sight laughing
and twirling and swirling
to the unsung music
as I sit and wait.
And they wait too
but not impatiently like me
oh no they are quite content
and when the heart flashes
with commanding inspiration
they bound to their feet
and shout to me, listen
and don't interfere
with your small ideas
of what 'they' might think
or you believe is best
just type or write
if we are to show our nature
and from this subtle world
spring forth into the coarseness
of mortal speech.
Tenderly I try to set them down
on soft paper or bright lit screen
but clumsily and yet again
I twist their spines
and crush their toes
so that their dance
once so sublime
is more like pantomime
and I apologise
and they say they are used to it
but at least I really do try
perhaps if I was to try
just a little less?

David Taylor

Turning

As soft as early morning dew
and sweet like nectar
surrounded by such subtle hues.
Each petal unique
each leaf a shape defined
in seeds' embryonic mind.
An earthscape of scenes
so sublime
bathed in perpetual sunsets
as turning we can seek.
And in the mind such raptures
do we often find
as pleasures past and future
our dreams are of a dreamlike kind.
And then with shadows
menacing insurgents upon
a blissful scene
we claim the beauty as our own
and seek exclusivity
of that which cannot be assigned
and clutching what is not mine
I crush the dew and nectar
and make a bitter wine.

David Taylor

Two Bridges And A Funeral

Oh give me a poem that mellifluously speaks
with loving sounds and heartfelt beats,
that just as the refreshing rain, washes away all my stains,
wafts me on a gentle air, of music played most fair,
carries me to heavens gates, where in peace I simply wait;
for death to take me to my waiting fate.

Or if I might be so bold
let these words unfold
a waking clash of cymbals cold
a drum beat in your ear
that sets your heart afire
with such a great desire
to be free from all that's here.

And then again a hush
as in silence, its inward rush
tells me not to seek
more words which hide
Your presence in which
all this resides.

David Taylor

Two Poets M-Ee-T Cummings

and two poets greet
speak what of
when they meet
(setting sun and then)
drink tea; speak zen.

not spoken so much more
(silence broken)
by silent knocking
on the door
splintered fragments to adore.

starlight cannot come in
watched from afar
(silver hair bright more)
when poets speak
what came before.

David Taylor

Ubuntu

How are you today?
I am good, if you are good.
No not a religious sect
but an African concept that simply says
the individual is defined
by his relations with mankind.
Those that live by Ubuntu will in death
achieve a unity with those that are left.
Ubuntu is not a divisive life
it is one that unifies.

Based on humanity to decide
the decisions made by mankind's tribe.
To be a man and grow with no pride
by recognising the humanity in all
which makes us all grow true and tall.
Faced with choices of what I own
the life of others is firstly shown
to be the principle to choose and grow.
The leader seeks to unite
all that follow his ancient sight.
He knows his power
comes from all that live
and all that lived before he did.

Sharing is a virtue sought.
If you would journey far and wide
travel with just the wind at your side.
At each homely stop
a welcome is afforded us
food and warmth of fire and heart
is freely offered until we are ready to depart.
Ubuntu says the world is one
including all the ground we're on.
Freedom is the aim
of this Ubuntu which simply says
we are all one and all the same.

Ullswater Steamer

The Sun now departed for new horizons,
leaving a sullen sunless blue behind the
listless moving clouds.
The waters of the lake an inky greyness
stolen from the sky.
And the clouds absorbing back the moisture
from the waters below their gaze,
a portent of near future torrents
to be unleashed from a laden sky.
Between them strong and silent with
such definite outline against the heavens,
sliding unnoticed below the waters of the lake
and stretching beyond the distant shore.
Supporting all the depth of greyness
in rippled lappings from shore to shore.
Until, arriving at my point of observation
supporting me at my very feet,
you join the waters in the sky and lake
and absorb my body into yours.
My mind reaches to the sky
and soars beyond its false thinking bounds.
My heart joins the waters of the lake
with such stillness as a measure of its depth.

To the left in the distance the Ullswater Steamer
silently floats into vision.
Blazing with the lights of a spirited journey,
drifting on by in the greyness.
Unaware of you beneath the deep
holding up all that rest upon you and
all through which it travels
In this shadowy evening of greyness,
a marker of my life.
Setting sail on life's journey
each from shore of birth to dock of death.
With a bowline meeting bollard to signify
one last breath as it docks.
Is this the last sailing?
With each bow wave perfect in form

without any unneeded splash or curve
to break the calm of the lake,
a perfect course to a waiting berth?

With body rooted in the earth
and mind infinite in its expanse beyond the sky
and tranquil unmoving heart beneath the waters,
you watch the Steamer's journey
as it sails on by.

You ask to whom are these journeys occurring
and you know that it is by you
that they are seen and heard and heartfelt.

You ask who am I?

And you know that one day
you will be witness to the final sailing
and as that rope is tied the Steamer of
your lives will finally have berthed.

A final rebirth from which no further
sailings need be made.

David Taylor

Uncomplicated

Eccentric Concentricity
Double Centred
Multiplicity
Possibly Probabilities
Justified Complexities
Simplicity Indivisible
Notably Uncomplicatable.

David Taylor

Undescribable

It was undescribable
why even try?
I had wanted to remain there
forever, without wanting;
and I did, but I think I have left.

It is undescribable
but I must try
and I cannot, but I can
if I do not try...

Imagine if you can
and you cannot
but You can;
a void
it has no edge
and it is full to overflowing;
a light that has no place
of origination
and is totally original;
a substance
which unmoving flows,
the essence of flowing
and cannot be called just pure
for it is the essence
of purity
completely lacking in colour
not white
the essence of whiteness:
Pure Love.

David Taylor

Unification, Just Unification

I have a vision
so beautiful
so sublime
where nothing has changed
only the way
we see things.....

David Taylor

Universal Show

Ever been to one of those
water fountain shows?
You know with music and lights
and water spouts, at night.
Shifting towers of water shoots
with coloured lights
and music themed.
Left, right
Low, high
Pulsing, showering,
swirling, churning,
light shades shifting,
colours turning.
Excited child like faces
beaming with all the
wondrous feelings.
Gentle now with pastel shades
and trickling fountains,
soft spays are made.
And drums beating,
gushing higher brighter reds, .
with huge cascades
high above our heads.
Now a ballet dancing,
to a Mozart minuet,
this one that one
which one next?
Dancing in a spiral movement,
graceful do the waters flow.
Now a sense of anticipation
waters gentle, lights go low:
Wow the lights and music blow!
Every spout with water gushes
with loud crescendos;
end of show!
We go home with uplifted feelings,
having seen the waters dancing
and had our senses reeling:
Life is such a magic screening,

and a wondrous seeming.
As the waters, lights and music
come, perform and surely go.
We continue silent witness,
to this universe; and what a show!

David Taylor

Unpeeling

Last night I had a dream,
I dreamt that I was free.
I flew with birds,
saw what they see.
Stood on mountains,
swam to the depths of oceans,
floated on clouds,
danced with stars;
poured the sands of time
back and forth
from past and future glass.
And now I dream I am not free
and wonder which dream is true;
and the dreamer says
it is I who is dreaming you.

David Taylor

Valentines Gift

I bought you just one white rose
with velvet petals and such sweet scent
as flowers may in full blooming hold,
with a blush of pink, not shy or bashful
but proclaiming bold, such beauty to behold,
imbued with such freshness that delights the sight
and a tenderness to touch, that touch delights.

What more could be said by words
or bouquets of thoughts diverse
resplendent with poetic verse
that might a myriad of qualities
seek to evoke, from I that spoke;
to you.

No just a single rose, a single beauty's eye,
for what is love if it cannot be expressed
by just one perfect rose,
the one that's best,
and has no comparison
with any less.

David Taylor

Veils

Wispy veils
floating on an air
of self importance.
Catching the light,
casting shadows
across the mind.
Reminisce if you will,
and carefully preserve
those wispy veils.
Lie in their caress
a softness of their touch
which perchance
beguiles too much.

Those wispy veils
blown by winds of chance.
Perhaps sometimes
with unexpected glance
they briefly part,
and reveal such radiance
in depth of heart.
A glimpse of unfiltered light
a beauty so bright
which those veils
may never, never touch.

Look again,
the curtains drawn,
shadows cast in mind
and know,
you are the one
that shines behind
those wispy veils
which floating on
the play of life
come and go,
bring pleasure, pain
and strife.

Visiting Great Grandma

The whole family on two mopeds
father, mother, son
grandma, grandpa off we go
speeding past neon streets
from the city we all sweep
under highways across the roads
not quiet sure if the way we know.

Past the booted bin lung girls
and roadside sellers of fine entrails
now reaching more rural roads
senses assailed by country smells
broken shacks and newer builds
with fruit trees wrapped in plastic
to deter all the birds from snacking
herons sit and watch fish farms
as we speed past with sweaty palms.

Approaching now our destination
the temple where great grandma
had her final internation
a calmness fills the air
as we climb a curving path
past a garden with small stone statues
of Buddhas laughing at our passing
and a lady tending, smiling.

The grass is soft beneath the feet
and lends a lightness to our quest
to speak with great grandma
tell her all is well as she rests
past blossom trees and potted flowers
quietness fills each second with
what seems like hours
a splendid temple just for a few
who through devotion Buddha blest
up the stairs then take a rest
removing shoes before we go
inside the incense filled hallowed hall.

First bow to Buddha long and low
then face great grandma's ashes
in number twenty slot
they speak out loud and give the news
apologise that great grandson
has arrived a little late to chat
inside I quietly smile
as in my heart I recognise
mother, father daughter, son
in each is that one same one.

David Taylor

Voting On Ph

It does seem to me
that readers are most apt
to vote with thumbs,
it seems a fact.

Thumbs up
well that is ten
Thumbs down
that's one;
you know 'one of them'

Not many readers realise,
ten fingers can spring to life,
offering a rainbow
of shades of joy you find
'tween the digits two and nine.

Two, well perhaps two fingers up,
and three; things are looking up.
Four, you just might, come back for more.
Five, so difficult to decide?
Six, reader happy, just a bit,
and seven, almost a hit.
Eight! Go on AND a comment make.
Nine... For me a prize!
The best I can hope
from a reader that's not just
a thumbs up bloke.

David Taylor

Waiting

Thinking why
Asking when
Going out
Staying in
Restless mind
Body thin
Holding on
Letting go
Loving it
Forgetting them
Feeling cold
Sometimes hot
Springtime goes
Summer shows
Rain falls
Humidity climbs
Memories fade
In my mind
Heart beats
Skin perspires
Remembering many
Past desires
Doorbell Rings
I arise
Hoping that
I like
What I find
Open door
Let you in
You arrive
Life begins.

David Taylor

Waiting For A Falling Star

The gentle mist softly touched
grass, earth and trees,
obscuring the present enfolding hills
from eyes' sight.

Without knowledge of the sun
it might be thought that the very mist itself
was the source of light;
dimly illuminating the small world
not yet hidden by its envelopment.

That seeming self luminous mist,
the light for men
in deep valleys full
of promised pastures green.

Those on the hilltop bask in sunlight
and call to the mountains beyond;
as, in the valley they ponder
on the meaning of stars
and wait for one to fall to earth.

David Taylor

Waiting For The Tide

I am at a low ebb
And little poetry flows from my nib
Even when I read others verse
Inside I have a dull response
At one time "in the zone"
Now I feel that I alone
Have lost the muses magic tune
That flowed through my veins
And into verse with rhymes sublime
That even as I cursed I knew that
She, this muse would lift up my spirits
Let fly with raptures of deft feelings
Long lost to mankind's sensibilities
And rekindled in her fire
Of words so inspired that
Tears came to eyes long since dry
And now I am at a low ebb
I wait lonely for a high tide
To launch anew what only muses do
A storm of rained words
That at once drive and drizzle
With a softness that
not even stony hearts can repel.

David Taylor

Waking Sleep

Opal shadows follow dawn
across a light and fallow morn.
Curtains drift on blossom scented air
as light seeps through a stifled stare.

Where did I go as sleep beguiled
what did I keep and seek to hide.
Thoughts persist in new born light
still clinging from the forlorn night.

Waking senses knock on doors
of a mind that looks for more.
Clarity all pervasive found
behind all present invasive sound.

Golden sunlight bursts through clouds
penetrates through darkest shrouds.
Mind a lake of waters still
where I find the answers that fulfil.

Morning has a special charm
as does dusk enfold like lovers arms.
And in between I dream
all that I have ever seen.

David Taylor

Waking Up

In the depth of night with a multitude of shining stars so bright
And lit with the crescent moon's sparkling clear pearlescent light
A stillness pervades the air as clouds skim by as shadows in a dream
Against the blackness of deep slumbers' inky depth of sky
And all creatures of the day rest in the peace of a restless night
All is still and moves no more except the creatures of the dusk
And the trees and plants responding to deep breaths in gusts
The sign above the pub swings to and fro in need of lubrication, groans
The owls and foxes, eyes so bright, as they hoot and slink
Hunting prey and calling to the dark as they silently go about their way
Until the sun above horizon comes and you pull up the sheets to keep out its
light
And stay in the dark haziness of dreams that have and hold you tight
Perchance a scent of sweet dew permeates the room right through
Bringing a feeling that renews, a feeling of life as one, that's You
Calling to let go of the dark shadows, which you now know, were never true.

David Taylor

Walking In The Garden Square

Shady aisles of russet trees,
rustle in the autumn breeze.
Fallen twigs and conkers too,
line the path as I walk through.
Golden sunlight strikes its rays,
weakly through a clinging haze.

Commuters walk with cases held,
students talk of lessons told.
Pigeons strut on leaf strewn grass,
nervous squirrels scamper past.
Traffic quietened by the wind,
goes around, cannot come in.

I stroll along the tarmac path,
watch as many lives come to pass.
Remember times from childhood years,
recall happiness and heartfelt tears.
Feel sad about those times I lost,
when heart was frozen like winter's frost.

And then I remember You,
the sap inside, the glint of dew.
An ever present spring,
the joy in me, in everything.
That which I most oft' forget,
and that which never has regret.

David Taylor

Walking Into The Night

The shadows arose from under the spreading trees
ran across the fields, crept up hedgerows with ease
and lengthened their stride to the ridge of the hill
meeting crimson in the sky as if it bled on the blueness
where it touched the hard and darkened frill
of a tree laced horizon lying, waiting, strangely still.

Orange tinted clouds sped past, holding hands it seemed
as they danced to the music of the setting sun's scene.
A finale to herald darkness creeping, light receding
leaving only blackness tinged with a silver moonness
mingled with the grey-green grass' seanness.

Then the creatures of the night arose,
each with two points so bright
shining, gleaming, moving, stealing
through the shifting shadows
of the all embracing night
and flashing in and out of sight:

The wind sped past grasping, feeling
all that lay within its path
filled with shrill sounds of night.
How the branches creaked and snapped
and how the rushes swayed
on the rippled silver water, grey
and strangely sliding shapes were made
upon that dark and lonely unlit path.

David Taylor

Walking On A Blustery Day

Don't you enjoy like me,
walking on a blustery day?
Wind whipping through your hair
leaning against an air brick wall,
watching swirls of lifeless leaves
animated by the breeze.
Branches that sway and weave
as the wind makes them bend with ease.

Don't you agree with me
the swirling, whirling air
racing from here to there
grabbing, grasping
raising, bending
pushing, holding; resting,
before it starts again,
is such a refreshing wind?

Letting it blow through your mind,
carrying away the cares,
making brand new shapes
of lifeless thoughts that gathered dust,
now blown clean by windy gusts.
All those dark moody clouds
carried far by sweeping air.

Just walking on a blustery day
letting the wind have its way;
not fighting it, but joining in,
as it dances; plays.
'You like I are free'
is what it seems to say to me,
as I just walk and play
on a very blustery day.

David Taylor

Watching The Ocean

Waves of life lap an eternal beach
each one taking on its form
from moon and stars and sun
each wave a single wave of life
born of the one same ocean
and infinitesimally shaping the coastline
of an unseen continent
as they rise and fall
on an endless beach.

Waves of life playing as they dance
and meet and merge
and running, race for the shore
where it seems they are no more.
But their mark remains
on that eternal distant land
unseen by mortal eyes
the waves that carry the human race
to a far off distant place
that never leaves or departs
from the still innermost point
in each and every heart.

Watch the years play out their course
as on the last day of natures year
it endeth here with celebrations
never just for the past
but looking towards the path
to reach that distant shore at last.

David Taylor

What Can A Poem Do?

I never studied poetry
not even that well read,
I couldn't tell a Tennyson
from a Yeats' or Keats',
I oft' read Poe instead.
Is it the message
or just the way words flow,
is it the images
that are conjured as we go?
What is it that captivates
the mind. as it is wed,
to the words sublime,
that sound within the head?

No it is not this.

It is when the music
in the poet's soul
reaches out with verse
and pierces to my very heart
beyond the sound of words,
releasing this reader
from his mortal coil
and transporting him
to where that music plays,
before it's covered by my thoughts.

David Taylor

What Is It About Birds?

Here I am in my cocoon,
driving along grey roads
with grey thoughts and darker undertones
and you fly across my vision up on high.

Thoughts dispelled in the mere touching of your freedom
heart joining the beat of your wings
all cares momentarily lost as I ride with you
on a light and wing'ed flight across the vaulted sky.

What is it about birds I ask
and you carry my soul up high
reaching to the heavens;
my question left far below both you and I.

David Taylor

What Is That?

What is it that watches all this life,
and never grows old or tired.
That never moves on,
and never goes.
That sees elation and desperation,
and never fears.
That which with all time passing,
never leaves my heart.
And never, ever will depart.
It's that, that's always in my heart.

David Taylor

What Lies Ahead?

If I could tell you I surely would.
The sun understands brilliance,
the moon cool radiance in darkness;
No efforts do they make,
their sureness purely natural to their state.

The trees know of firm roots
and utility of suppleness to bend,
and the streams to flow and carry
for a while, unless too shallow
for the fullness of your overflowing love.

If I could tell you I surely would.
The warm earth knows deep
in its inmost molten core
and turns about your light;
and in each turn is, unseen, delight.

The path is dimly lit, and winds
through shadowed ground.
Not yet revealing where it already is,
that place you soon will find,
each turn, one of a new, unfolding kind.

If I could tell you I surely would;
but as you travel, as you surely must,
each step of gravelled, grainy, dust
will call to you with knowledge
that you will learn, to surely trust.

David Taylor

What You Have To Say

Did the artist shape his verse
chisel out a form he saw
paint the picture from his minds eye
tell a story that he devised
design the building to be built
write the notes that music makes
form the speech for grand debates
or are they all just copies
kind of fakes?

Who is it that supplies the beauty
the harmony of sound and space
that makes a simple set of lines
convey something quite sublime.
I would be an empty tube
a pencil that has no lead
a blank page without impressions
simple in my assertions, nothing said
and if I meet with your kind and gentle grace
perhaps I might be used to convey
just a little of what You have to say.

David Taylor

What's Eating You?

I just realised something surprising
I realised that I am residing
In the heart of all I see
I just realised as I was eating
That I am eating me
And realised that I am residing
In all that's eating me
I just realised as I was breathing
That I am breathing air
The very same element
That's upholding me right there
I just realised this moment
That every moment I am free
But I only know it
When I remember I'm not me.
I just realised that I'm alone here
That there is only one that's me
I realised this oneness
When I stopped becoming me.
So why bother writing down this
When I am One alone?
Because I will need reminding
Next time that I forget
That I am One; Existence
And not this tiny, little
Non existent, thought provoking, me.

David Taylor

When

When inspiration leaves
and an expiration expresses
more than any words I know.
When expectation ceases
and a feeling of inevitability
fills my heart with sadness.
When optimism goes
and thoughts of doomed ventures
fill my mind with dark intent.
When desires for achievements
are replaced with thoughts
of preserving what I have.
When thoughts of going
are repressed by heaviness
of body wanting rest.
When dreams of conquests
meet the dust of failure
that comes running from the past.
When risk becomes a fearsome
unknown factor and no longer
makes my blood race fast.
T'will be time for me to meet
a wooden box and breathe my last.

David Taylor

When All The Poets Died

When all the poets died
no one noticed they had expired
the world continued turning round
and the credit crunch it crunched them
to the economic ground
the birds continued to sing their songs
the moon waited in the the light
to shine on all when it gets dark at night
but the music soon got stale
and thoughts just stayed
on well worn rails
when all the poets died
no one really cried
as if the world it really cared
to be missing a few simple words
from poets that were no longer home
to write of what is not yet known.

When all the poets died
some others thought they'd try
to write some verses down
and on the internet they'd circulate them round
and chat, converse about the verse
that most resembled what poets write
deeply in the moonlit nights.

David Taylor

When I Die

Dear wife, as you know I am a little older
than the years that have passed for you
and it seems to me there is a probability
that I will die before you do.

So I thought that I might write some words
to comfort you in your distress
Should I have departed
then you will be reading this.

These words are full of love and warmth
and it seems to me,
if these words are true
it would be good to put them in a poem
for all the world to see.
There might be a few more private things
that are meant for just and only you
but I can write them somewhere else
that is special to us two.

So firstly I must say with all my heart
even though I did depart
please do not let that make you dark.
The world is full of hope
and your heart full of the light
that will guide you in my absence
through the very darkest night.

Do not think that on my behalf
you must spend any time in grieving
this life is most precious
and I must implore you
please fill it with the very best
with every joy and happiness
no please. please do not grieve for me.

As you go about your life
and look upon our child
I am sure that you will be reminded
of all the times both good and bad

that we did meet together hand in hand.
First just two of us and then with our son
who shines more bright than any star
even brighter than the sun.
But in remembering do be content
for those many years we spent
in each others arms
there are so many that are not blest
with those magic times you charmed.

When a decision you must make
you can still speak with me
just visit memory and ask yourself
and you will know exactly what I'll say
just as you always knew
before the words could reach my mouth.
And if in doubt just look inside your heart
for I know I will still be there
and from there I never can depart.

That's all there is to say
no more is needed now
except that I will keep my promise
that I sincerely vowed.
And as you asked I will wait for you
in my next life to
so that I can give your new incarnation
all the little things that in this life
I may have not had time to do.

David Taylor

When I Find You

There is no other way
that I can see, that I can say
the things I think and feel
as I go on my way.
Beside You.

There is no other way
that I can make it through
another day.
Without You.

You are the light
that shines so bright
the love that guides me
as I journey through the night.
With Your love, inside me.

There is no way I can express
the joy I feel when you are here
with all else it can't compare.
When I, find You.

David Taylor

When It's Too Late?

With an unnoticed malcontent
and born of years of practise
not needing any serious incident
to release a verbal assault
with words spat as from a machine gun
designed to leave no bodily marks
but to sear inner flesh of heart
with trails of venomous remarks
what perhaps started many years ago
as just murmurings of disapproval
now in old age blossoming into
a full bloodied quiet rage
of verbal assassination in the third degree
they passed their final years in loathing
and then mourned their passing
with soothing tears.

David Taylor

When We Sleep

What happens when we sleep
and we're not dreaming?
We escape from this mortal body
and leap into bliss;
leave behind all cares and sorrows,
just rest beyond boundless space.

Mind must stay behind
and keep its memories stored
for when we are recalled;
so none remember this
that every night they play
in pure and boundless timelessness.

I know you don't remember
I don't remember too,
but does not remembering
make it any less than true?

David Taylor

When.

When thoughts recoil and logic dies
when the very brightest light

enfolds upon itself and blazes
without traversing to any place
both and either close or far

when touch reaches to every star
and has no reaching out in space

when every face shines with grace
each heart is held in one same embrace

and every bud holds a waiting smile
each leaf speaks of roots beneath

every sound sounds pure
sounds its sound inside not out

then I know that You are near
and You never went or left from here.

David Taylor

Where Do Poems Come From?

I found a seed and watered it with love
then planted in the soil of language
and warmed by that one shining light above,
being spoke, became, exists,
in these few words that poetry can give.

David Taylor

Where Do You Live?

Where do You live?
Is it inside your head?
With noises and thoughts.
With buildings and walks.
Which always are changing,
and always debating.

Where do you live?
Is it inside your heart?
With love and emotions
Which give you some purpose
And keeps us all seeking
the love we are keeping.

Where do you live?
Can you be like an orphan?
That has but one home.
The ground that he stands on,
and the sky that's so handsome.
It's a much bigger house
than a millionaires mansion.

Where do you live?
Is it bigger than this!

David Taylor

Where From Art Thou?

Should poets marvel at the mind
in which appears so many thoughts of diverse kind
and should they think those thoughts are mine
or is their origin somehow divine;

and to avoid a point of some confusion
that you might think I only speak of those that write
what others read and keep in their mind's sight
I should enquire of what you meet;

when in the mind a silence found
in which arrives a thought or sound,
did you see from whence it came
and can you give that source a name?

David Taylor

Where Shall We Go?

Swirling mists of sleep
darkness of the oceans deep
far below the ground a cave
where the light cannot invade
places where we can hide
never soaring up to the sky
where the sun and moon and stars
make a murky light of Mars
Venus shines more brightly though
enticing lovers lustful power
perhaps the heaven's blossom flower?
Trees reach up and shade the ground
where resting sages might be found
places cold with ice and snow
pure and lonely some do go
and even arid desert sands
you perhaps would dare to go
together with our hand in hand
but by a babbling forest brook
in cool evening light of gentle glow
is the place that I would go
to look so deeply in your soul
and tell without the need for words
all that I have ever known.

David Taylor

Wherever I May Be

A first floor Maisonette
on a busy street.
A terraced house
on a crowded corner
at the gas works' feet.
A des res in a private road
of dreamy blossoms
such a show!
A country estate
with woodland, stables
and impressive looking gate.
A cottage on a one way street
with trees that shaded from the heat.
An apartment built long ago
with ornate windows
in which leaded colours glow.

They are all homes
which at times I've lived in
and each has its memories
still dwelling deep within.
But grander or humble
there is no way to say
which of those places
was the best place to stay.
The happiness was never
contained by four walls
or even the gardens
or neighbours that called.

The sounds of the past
still echo in each
of playing with children's toys
or eating a celebration feast.
Of passion in bedrooms
and fights in the dark
of anxious times
hoping illness departs.
Of victories and failures

of external trials of life
carried back home
to share with a wife.

As I look around
this now, small humble home
I want to open all the windows wide
throw open all doors
and spread the homely warmth
that's found inside
as far as it will go.
And make the world my home
with a cosmic vaulted roof
and the stars as chandeliers
the walls, four corners of the earth
a mossy carpet for my feet
and Your love to welcome me
wherever I might find my Self
wherever I may just be.

David Taylor

Who Am I?

Downcast and burdened with a thousand cares.
Staring at a complex world of conflict and despair.
Imagining the worst and gripped by fear.

Forgetting who I am,
and what is really there.
Thinking I am this and that,
and becoming tired and scared.

The mind ensnares me with it's thought.
It makes me small compared,
with the Truth that is your Love
and never is impaired.

The thought of You releases me,
and gives me space to see.
This mind cannot confound the Truth,
that He and I are free.

Who am I? This mind must ask.
Am I this thought I see?
That can't be true and with this thought
I will return to Thee.

David Taylor

Who Are We?

I don't know who you are,
but I glimpse you are not
such an ordinary soul.
Your perception travels far,
and remarkably it seems to me,
you set your sights
even higher than the stars.
How I wonder who we are?

David Taylor

Who Is The Fairest One Of All?

How we strive to know You,
and know You not.
How we pray to see You
and see You not
How we chastise your absence
and miss You!

As we bob on waves of thought
and overlook;
we are that ocean deep
when awake or dreaming
but it seems, still sleeping?
How can we deny
we are that
for which we look?

David Taylor

Who Knows What Time It Is?

Does a clock know what time it is? He asked.

No.

And can it tell you the right time?

It might, but most likely it will not be exactly right
and it could be completely wrong.

Actually, he said, in almost all cases
a clock that has stopped is more often exactly right
than one that is moving.

Now, he asked,
do you think you know who you are?

David Taylor

Why Can'T I?

The sage he sits and contemplates
and doesn't have a mobile phone, switched on, vibrate
why.....can't.... I?

The birds at dawn wake up and sing
and soar up high into a pale, and light blue, sunny sky
why.... can't....I?

The trees they rest and bear their fruit
without the need to search, and find, and look
why.... can't.... I?

The poets tell us to take time
to stand and stare, no longer full of, binding cares
why.... can't....I?

The lover walks and seldom talks
absorbed in love, and not, in thoughts
why....can't.... I?

The flowers bloom and blossom as they grow
even in the coldness, of soft melting, snow
why can't I?

David Taylor

Why Do You Do That?

So why do you do that?
You know that afterwards
you wish you hadn't.
You know that despite the promise
the actuality just doesn't live up
to the expectation.
You see the hurt it causes
and yet you still do it.
You think this time it will be different
or just once more, before...
And then; the same as always.
So why do you do that?

David Taylor

Why I Like Train Rides

A life, fuzzy, full of strife
With string that tangles
And noises jangle
In the subway moving fast
Tunnel vision blinkered
Does not travel very far
Clickety clack, clickety clack
Chugging along my dusty track
Routine rising with alarm
Constantly I'm seeking calm
Briefly pausing in a station
Until a whistle of frustration
Of we go into the dark
Rocking back and forth
Dreaming of another course
Averting thoughts from my remorse
Until careering round the bend
The tunnelled life comes to an end
Bursting forth into the light
Green fields to my left and right
Sunlight replacing dim lit bulbs
Warm and healing life unfolds
Now observing all I see
Watching as life passes me
Until arriving; end of track
Where you wait
And I come back.

David Taylor

Why?

Hair raising whistling wind
of superficial angry whims
anguish at unjust ways
darkening the light of days
petty lies and half truth looks
slicing through the love it took
foolish thoughts of selfishness
giving rise to miss spent lives
jealousy and misplaced pride
all our majestic glory hides
all the wonder that we keep inside
as each day, it passes by.

David Taylor

Willow Tree

Willow leaves fingers' flirt
with silver ripples
on the pond of dreams,
contained by a ring of thought.

Powered by the desirous wind
they dance upon the muddied water,
the stooping leaves soothing
the surface disturbed by
that very force that moves
the willow tree's hands,
with soothing gentle touch.

Only the air
returning to stillness
can reveal
(as the veil of movement disappears)
our true reflection there.

David Taylor

Willow Tree

Oh blank paper,
mirror of my mind.
White heart, where is the blood
to run like words
across the page of time?

Bone and sinews, bile
and graying hairs;
concrete of existence, mine;
unbending, clinging to hidden girders
of life's forged steel....

Willow tree
swaying in the wind,
teach me how.
How to reach up, and bend,
and trail my furthest thoughts
in that stream of love
which has no end.

David Taylor

Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom

Wisdom, is it wise to want
Wisdom, cannot be bought
Wisdom, is it ever caught
Wisdom, does it grow on trees
Wisdom, can I have some please
Wisdom, where can I find
Wisdom, is it in my mind
Wisdom, is it of the heart
Wisdom, please do not depart
Wisdom, is it inside me
Wisdom, will it set me free
Wisdom, please tell me how
Wisdom, to stop wanting it
Wisdom, to know I cannot keep
Wisdom, which I can only find
Wisdom, sitting at your feet
Wisdom, when I get up and go
Wisdom, please ensure I know
Wisdom, is not to take away
Wisdom, is the way I play.

David Taylor

Wisdom, Courage, Temperance And Justice

Wisdom said 'I know what to do'
even if it terrifies you.
Courage said 'I have faith'
that wisdom carries with it, Your grace.
Temperance said 'a stiff drink will not do'
you have all you need already, it's true!
Justice said, nothing at all
as I naturally found I received
what was deserved
by my response to the need.

David Taylor

Without Description

Oh words where have you gone
and the music that sets them dancing on the tongue?
Oh sweet music where have you gone
and the love that makes it tender flow?
Oh true love where did you go
and the bliss of your all embracing presence?
Oh majestic presence that I'll never know
how could I think that you would go?
In silence with no dancing words
beyond the flowing of all worlds
I see in all that I now behold
Your presence that by words or music, even love
may never be described by us.

David Taylor

Words Are Not Enough

Words are not
Enough.
They make Treaties
Write Novels
Cover Newspapers
Make Signs
Advertise
Lie and Conceal
Reveal Truth
Make Distrust
Seal Fates
Invigorate Debates
Words Invent
They Speak Into
Existence
Feelings and
Dreamings
Think go on
Think.
Of something that
Has no word.
But words are
not enough
To speak of
Where they Come
From.
That's what
Poets Do?

David Taylor

Words!

Settled in a flow,
a self opinionated glow
of well tried and tested
ways of saying
what I want to say
and thinking someone
might want to know.
Well hell
how did I reach this place
of nice words
and nicer plays
on words, just words?

The pen is mightier
than a sword?
Sharp pens with
a slashing, cutting discord
pierce the hearts of who
and piecing what will they do?
In times gone by
physicians would shed blood
to cure the ills not understood
now in our enlightened times
leeches are not applied
but scalpels cutting through our hide.

Words that penetrate the heart
carry what we would impart.
Be careful what we write
words can cut and bite.

David Taylor

Working Birds

They are causing some excitement.
At the end of my garden, the birds
most energetically alight on slender branches
with beaks pecking, necks arching
feet gripping as they balance, perching
in an acrobatic dance.
To reach the desired place and stance
and bite the reddening delights
that have ripened in the warm sunlight.
Cherries are now on the menu
but my wife is not convinced
of these birds and their providence.
She thinks those cherries better suit
pies or jams or, just for fruit.
She's not impressed by the birds'
mastications as they peck and dart about
warbled warnings they do shout.
Watch out for the cat and that woman
with the ladder and white hat
intent on taking all the ripened fruit
that this tree has long been making
for us birds and our rightful delectation.

David Taylor

Wormlike Confession

I remember playing in the garden as a child
with a magnifying glass in the bright life giving sunlight
(and nothing more worthwhile)
focussing the light on some unfortunate sliding worm
watching it wriggle and then burn, and painfully squirm,
chasing the ants with a concentrated 'beam of death'
as they marched in innocence on their daily quest.

I never told anyone (until this moment now)
how I used that golden sunlight to torment those insects that I found
I guess even then something inside me told me it was not right
now I tread carefully both in the darkness and in the light
avoiding, if I can, crushing those poor creatures in the soil
that must live in unlit darkness as deep below the ground they toil
and, it seems to me, preferring to stay out of my sight
(and I cannot blame them)
what I did was wrong, but then I did not know it wasn't right?

David Taylor

Wouldst I Live With Tears Of Sorrow?

Wouldst I live with tears of sorrow
fearful of what will come the morrow,
yearning for past times of glee
thinking back on thee.

Wouldst I live with sadness borrowed
from the losses of life's furrows,
walking forward in the past
lamenting what has gone so fast.

Wouldst I live for a rosy future
one that promises another way
that will make a brighter day,
and all the while I am right here
living in a state of fear.

Leaving past to memories locker
and the future not yet formed
I will not; cannot follow.

All that holds the gift of life
is present now and free from strife,
in this moment full of potential
is the answer existential.

Giving light and holding faith
never lacking; full of grace.

Looking back I loose my self
when all that's needed is belief
that this ever present moment
frees me from all the causes of my grief.

David Taylor

Yearning For The Dusk

Crinkling, blinking,
dancing, slowly.
Like not ever ending,
charming, scented
glowing, but not burning.
Wisps of smoke
with tastes of chardness.
Ever so softly lighting
Not even
slightly frightening.
Always so very,
so inviting.
Hot but only
barely warming.
Ohh how we all
so like watching
embers when they're
slowly turning
into whitened
ashed dust.
Somehow yearning
in their turning
for the ending dusk.

David Taylor

You Choose!

So you say that we can choose.
We surely can, that's not news!
We choose the colour of our shoes,
as long as that's the colour fashion's use
We choose the cut of our cloth,
as long as that style has taken off.

So yes we choose what to eat,
provided that it's on the sheet
of the latest diet that we keep.
And of course the labels' read
to be quite sure that we will not find
any ingredients that are unkind.

So well, of course, you chose to marry.
That was your choice, unless of course,
you're of an ethnic family,
the kind that choose the one to be
to be betrothed to you, you'll see.
And even if you did decide, what of fate?
Surely fate, it was your guide,
when you found your groom or bride?

So you insist you chose
the frame of mind you're in today?
Or was it what your partner said
as you rose this morning from your bed,
that set the tone of your mood
as you face the usual daily dredge
that seems as though it's always been,
the same, not matter what you pledge!

Perhaps our choice is
not what we think.
Not about our preference.
Not a choice of "this one's fine".
Not even one of "I want that".
Perhaps the only choice we have
is whether to truly wake

or just go through life as if in a dream.
Perhaps that's the choice
that sets us free
Of all the choices that are made by me.

David Taylor

You, They, Anyone...

If you are the shepherd
and they, they're the flock
then I am the wolf
that howls and prowls
in the woods that are dark.

If you are the teacher
and they, they're the class
then I am the inspector
that watches and growls
in the place that makes marks.

If you are the businessman
and they, they're the staff
then I am the tax man
that checks for your tricks
in the place that demands.

If you are the landlord
and they, they're the tenants
then I am the squatter
that sits and debates
in the house that empty; deteriorates.

If you are that someone
and they, they're just anyone
then I am the one
that watches and waits
in a house that is empty; deteriorates.

If you are just any one
and they, they're one too
then I am the one
that will always be you.

David Taylor

Your Arrival

Quixotian tilts
at flailing arms
of turning things
in mental whirls
are fervent hints
to cease to think.
And come to rest
in heart warmed
prehistoric
ground with
ancient stilling
sounds of
monastic chants
from the
distant past.
As the heavens
shine and
In their shining
sing the
hymn of life.
Your life within,
born at
the beginning
when time begins
and nothing ends.
except your
absence.

David Taylor

Your Eyes

A rustling of leafy canopy
announces a sweeping breath
with a silvery clattering like
dampened crystal or paper chimes
with all sharpness lost to gustiness
of wind swept skies reflecting
in your luscious deep blue eyes.

A dryness only in my mouth
as all about rejoices in soft rain
which gently falls as we take refuge
In a small secluded cave
its coolness no match to subdue
the heat and steam that rises
As our eyes meet, me and you.

A smell so tender and so sweet
mixed from the dampened grass
and perspiration of another kind
that which with expectation may arise
one that's kindled into roaring flames
by the yearning in our eyes.

David Taylor

Your Poetry

Your Poetry is like an ocean in my mind,
bridging the continents of our souls,
with a most natural divide,
of waters made of sacrificial rains
and the great rivers of our lives journeys.
And as I float upon the waves of your words,
I am transported from land to land,
through tempestuous winds of passion and then
a gentle breeze of your thoughts at hand.
And as I travel this ocean of your dreams
with diverse enjoyments and devilish themes,
I happen upon your love uncovered
which sends me diving deep,
into that darkest stillness,
beneath the waves of your poetic works,
and I rest in your heart,
and I remember.

David Taylor

Your Thought

I wrote a poem,
and posted it too.
That poem I wrote
is intended for you.

You've read it I know
I can see without eyes,
and you wondered
how it could possibly say
that very thing
that you'd thought yesterday.

When you paused for a moment,
and thought,
there really must be
some reason for life;
some purpose for me.

David Taylor

Youthful Thoughts

To play, and discover what is there,
and let the senses touch and taste and stare.
To stretch the limits of this forming form,
And fall or miss, and not give that much care.
To tread in innocence where others would not dare
And being reprimanded, keep on going there!
To feel and let those feelings freely reign,
And not believe that they must with time remain.
To be with your love in joy, and in pain.
I know I am, and freedom is my aim.

And now.....
I am.....
Much older.
There's something.....
Rather strange.....
With all these years in passing.....
There's really nothing changed!

David Taylor