

Poetry Series

**George
BernardBloodyShaw
- poems -**

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George BernardBloodyShaw(One day at the beginning of my life)

Retired. A boater. May be old but still a floater. Still alive but I strive to continue to be happy while I'm alive. Live with an adventurous female, life never gets stale. My boat is a Dutch barge-style narrowboat. We travel all over the UK, enjoying the wonder of the natural world.

If you own a boat or appreciate the canals and rivers of England come and visit my pages and read between the lines..... You may not understand everything I write about but you are welcome to message me and find out what it's all about.....

I have an opinion on all sorts of subjects.....just find out! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

George

*(Bargee) Boatee

It's a good life
if you can
hack it
it's like the drum
and fife
no toil or strife
all is there
for that quality
of being a boatee
band
and
don't smoke?
Try my chimney.
Drink?
Try water
you darn well oughta
not to run out
of water or smoke
it's no joke
on the water
it's a grand life...

George BernardBloodyShaw

*****my Lady Luck

I am not me
tho' she mooves
me as a he.
She's not a cow
tho' when she moos
she mooves me.
This is my lady
no shady lady
and our nights
are more than allright
on the night.
P'raps a swallow
in our flight
of life
OK she can't sing
but heavenly
she makes my life
zing.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

*****who Nose?

His pen goes to paper
my mind swans along
words pouring on song
as a baby into a diaper
I keep my finger nail
long.
Wow!
What a pong
from that nappy! !
Just to scratch
my ear
so I can hear
one nicking my prose
so as paper goes to pen
then
nicking my prose
unbecomingly will become.....!

George BernardBloodyShaw

*assuaging Of A Sausage

Here I sit
all alone
a lonely sausage
in a jar
in my sight
I see from afar
a jarring fright
it's a whole jar
of sausages
Oh! sausages
and fromages
I'll not be beaten
tho' I love
my life
I would behave
to be eaten
tho' I think
I'll still fight
to be in that
jar from afar
please dip me
in thar
to share my sausage skin
with a lady sausage within
assuage my needs
as my heart bleeds
for a needy
lady sausage...

George BernardBloodyShaw

***drowning In Love**

Love is a whirl
a beautiful swirl
in which to drown,
an immersion,
t'would be the crown
with no diversion
to top a life
to have found
around
that friend and lover
to cover
all that would abound
let's drown together
as with a tether
just love and never
bother what's around....

George BernardBloodyShaw

.....And Another Thing

Oh!

I've forgotten
That thing
That comment
That went...

Is this dementia?

I can't remember!

I hope it's premature.

That thing
I can't remember!

George BernardBloodyShaw

7.30 In The Morning

I wake up 'alf dead.
Where the 'ell's me 'ead?

I'm not on my mettle
As I stagger to the kettle
For coffee.

Whoopee!

As I find me 'ead
Wot a lovely day
I'm glad I'm not dead.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Better Place? ? ?

To
Where do we run
From our world
To a world
Away from indoctrination.

Our hopes for vindication
Not expected
From dictatorships.

So many places upcurled
That should be unfurled.

So with grace
To make the world
A better place...

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Boater's Birmingham Indictment

Boater's journey (Birmingham)

OK, through Brum

Took it with me
Round the prop.

Is this proper?

No, it's not.

Brummagen?

Not ever again!

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Boater's Riddle

I've riddled
At sea.

I've riddled
Here, there and everywhere.

Annoyingly
Tho' I still want to care
My fire
Won't riddle for me.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Candle To One's Life

Hi, I'm the prolific
wick.

We all need a light
to fight our way
thru' the diversity
of life
to light the path
pathetically p'raps
tho' it may be
a candle in the wind
to wind us to our destiny.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Cycle

I'm happy
Sharing life
With THAT currant bun.

Oh, sugar!

NO SUN.

'Spose it has to be nice
With that ice
And the winter to unfold
As I sit 'ere in the cold

Summer is done.
No currant bun.

But give it time

P'raps soon it will shine....

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Drag Of Drug

The uninhabited, uninhibited

User

Of cannabis

The abuser

The person

The reason

The user of.

Still makes yer cough.

Give me another fag.

One more drag

Afore I go to the abyss

Of the uninhabited.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Good Catch

'Plenty more fish
in the sea'
they say
but you see
I've found
my perfect dish,
tasty,
saucy,
lifes spice,
really all things nice.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Happygraph

For this
One needs a line
To keep above.

Not below.
Not a line
To toe.

P'raps be like
The dove of love.

The line of happy
Over which
We should soar
In happiness.

Don't digress

Nor be 'don't care less'

For below that line
Re-align

On the happygraph.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Heavenly Body

Oh!

It's the currant bun,
My son.

The heavenly sun in the sky.

We can bemoan
The moon.

It's just a reflection
Of that beautiful

Currant bun,
My son.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Hippo Named Horace (Hippo Series No 4)

A hippo named Horace
One day
Ran away
For his own space
That was a safe
Wooden hippo place.

He would have got burnt
But now I can't.
He's decanted.

Now can't be counted.

One day I'll find that
Horace the hippo....

Or I'll eat my hat
And heat my boat...

When on my fire he'll go....

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Life Of Pie

The inoffensive little English beastie...

It's a pie!

For the life
Of a pie
It goes awry
At Christmas.

Can't mince words
This pie
Accords with my appetite.

So I'll smite
That pie

And enjoy.....

A mince pie!

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Loud Cloud

The serenity of my sky
As it passes me by.
Gently flowing
And glowing
Its whites
And at eventide -
Its pinks,
Sometimes red
Methinks
As that sky
Passes by.

The aloud
Comes a cloud.
No serenity.
Just calamity
In my sky.

A storm
Is born
In my quiet life
That WAS banality.
Batten that hatch
And watch
Till that LOUD cloud
Passes me by.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A 'Meating'

I love to meet
My meat.

As a carnivore
I love the flavour.

Can buy it from a shop
But that's not a fair cop.

Could get it with a gun
...May be fun
To kill...
But still,
Most folk have bought
Without that thought
Tho' they still eat

...MEAT.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Nice Pair Of Dumplins

You'd like my dumplins
all sizzling in my meat
my dumplins I know you'd like to meet
I'm trained, to, at gravy
learnt that in the navy
well, actully the sea cadets.
What you eat is what you get
McDonalds boxes round your legs
so for my dumplins you may beg.
McDonalds boxes
attracting the foxes
to me it's stark
when your in the park
eating your rubbish from cardboard boxes..Hey! !
Don't you start before I've finished 'cos
I can't see your feet mate
for McDonalds boxes
so if you'd like to meet mate
my dumplins so soft and round
come around
as my dumplins don't abound much anymore...
My dumplins..10.
McDonalds...0
Chewing the box..1
If you can tell the difference! ! ! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Poem Sprouts

Please don't have
a fright
as I know my sprite
will be alright,
eat with no fear
as on the night
t'will be alright
at this time of
Christmas cheer,
do you want
another beer.
So I can hear
your happiness
clear
about my sprout.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Slice Of Life

I went to see
Doctor Benjamin Proctor,
a Jewish doctor.
I was fourteen
and had to be seen
so a bit of my skin
was gonna be
a has bin!
Had to say
bye bye
to bits of my peeing thing
then my Dad
had to pay
for my bits
to stay
with Doctor Benjamin Proctor...

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Tree's Viewpoint On Life

It's tree-son!

The reason?

I see a saw.

That person

Breaking my law.

I was sublime

Now I'm an oak.

Broke

With the lesion

Of YOU

And that bloody saw.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A True Christmas Tale

A poem written following the travels of myself, Jewel and Mr T.

Christmas spirit.
I think we hit it.

The darkness
Of Barbados.

Our holiday escape,
Just to find the rape
Of our space
In the human race.

We seeked the sun,
Just for fun.
We found a gun
And robbery.

A gun to the head.
I've never known
THAT kind of dread.....

At my time of life.

To p'raps lose that
As there I lay
With that gun
To a head.

'Holiday time'

I'll still try
To make things rhyme
Tho' robbed at gunpoint
Lying on the floor.

Believe me,
Not to adore.

No fun....

T'was the darkness
Of Barbados.

George BernardBloodyShaw

A Vegetable State

I need a gherkin
Fer furkin' sake!

Just for the profanity
Of life to sate.

Around me I see
Law and disorder to be.
This I could hate
Or be akin.

Just give me
A gherkin.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Abbreviate The Repeat

You can get it in blue.
You can get it in black.
You can get it in this.
You can get it in that,

Politicians say
For you we are doing 'what'
For you we have done 'tiddly squat'
For you we are doing 'not a lot'
For you we are doing 'we tell you not.'

The meaninglessness of words
Before the dot.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Ain'T Mums Wonderful

It's definitely
A bollick
When Mum gets that carbolic
To wash my mouth out.

What did I shout?

Can't I just have a clout!

That swear word
She overheard!
So my fate,
Mate,
That verbollick
Will be treated
With metered
Carbolic.....soap,
I hope!

George BernardBloodyShaw

All Things And Everything

I could be all things
To anyone.
Or nothing
To everyone.

Then I can go on
From there
And be anywhere.
Can be anything.
Nothing.
Something.

I could be everything

As a being.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Aluminium Magnate

I'm an aluminium magnate

On my mettle
With metal.

I'm also Russian.

So you see
From GB
As an oligarch
I'd like to take

.....Your last pen-neeee.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

An Old Salt Got Peppered

I was on this course
An assault course.
I got peppered
Cos it was a salt course.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

An Unbonded England

As English
Could we still be
As a wish
...English.
Not take the woes
Of others
In their throes
Of killing and death.
In another clime
To bereave,
Is it not time
For them to go
HOME,
Not to wreck and roam
My England.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Anger Mode

One may think
they can destroy
just as a toy
their creator
who should be
their mentor
then one thinks
my creation
stinks.

Tho' I can't
annihilate,
eradicate
this thing
how bad,
how sad
to say.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Antisocially Speaking

God, it annoys me
tho' he don't help.
I'm no whelp
for what I now see,
kids in stolen cars
they think they're stars.
Night club drunks
on a Friday night
looking for a fight
and that's only
the women....
An omen
for life to be,
I'm glad I'm old.
Part of my story
told
of what I see
the country coming
to be
a social
catastrophe,
a fee
being paid for
by society.
It seems to me
a problem quite hoary
that powers to be
still allow these wallies
to run free
usually paid for
by you and me! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Autumn Watch

Autumn watch
That's not much.
That's a bummer
But hey!
Just wonder
Go beyond yonder.
Another season
To behold.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Bah! To The Car

Life on a boat.

Oh dear! I need the car.

It won't start!

So it's not the star

Or on a par

With living life

About,

No doubt

Waterborne.

I would like to scorn

That bloody car.

Also to share

Them bits of my life

Where the car gives no grief.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Big Ben

Your time is nigh.

Your time
We'll dock.

We don't need you
As a clock.

It's metrication,
You see.

Iconic YOU, we don't need
So don't plead.
It's destruction
For YOU.

But then p'raps me!

So what time have I?
Afore the powers that be
In time, give me that shock.

So I'll pray
Never to see
That.....ten hour day.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Big Do Wedding

Off we go
To another marriage....

Hey!
Arriving in a carriage.

It's the bride.

Is there a garter to find?
Old, new, borrowed, blue...

From love this marriage grew.

So I'll wish her happiness
And for that to ingress
Into the new nest.

I wish her the best.

(For Tara)

George BernardBloodyShaw

Birth, Death, Marriage To Compute

My computer
Won't compute.

Is it dead?

I read...
It said 'fatal'

Oh! dear.

It's registration
Now unregistered.

Do I go to

Births, Deaths, Marriages

To re-register
My computer?

Re-do my computer valves?

Who knows?

Perhaps its death

Was inevitable?

But to show its
True worth
My computer bits
Could have a...

Rebirth.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Blatherskite Type

One spins one's head
When words
Were read.

Nonsensical.
No sense.
Nonsense.

Written by me
For what will be,
To the ears,
Not musical.

Words to feed fears
For me as a poet.

I'm whimsical....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Bloody Hell

Midnight.

Vampire bite.

Could be the spice of life
At midnight
Cos I'm a vampire.

If YOU have the appetite
It could be 'Allright on the night'

Blood flow.....
Keep the status quo.

Steak? Stake?

Not fru the 'eart!
Don't poke with that bloody stick!
It's TOO thick.
Make it thin
So it's no sin.
I'll take it on the chin
Cos I'm a vampire.

I'll retain my empire
Till YOU expire
And p'raps be the next vampire....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Boat Or Brick

We have a lot
You lot ain't got.

P'haps not always sobriety
We DO have society.

We seem like gypsies
On the cut...

....but....

As we live with nature
That which we nurture
It is to me

...My priority.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Boaters' Tale Continuum

If you talk of a puddle-duck
My boat was on the Severn

That is not a puddle-duck
.....or heaven

Last summer
Tho enjoyed it great
Was also grief

Nearly pee'd I'self agen.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Boaters' Travels

It's plain to see
That for the TV
This in a hollow
We wallow.

It's Catherine de Barnes,
Countryside and farms.

TV signal
No harm.

Sorry Brummagen...
To you I won't come again.
Here, for me,

.....is heaven.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Boaters' Winter Tale

I see a saw...

So for Pauline
It's war!

I talk to the trees,
Surreptiously,
To warn them
Of her toy...

But, oh boy!

....Too late.
It will be their fate
To end in the grate.

Looking ashen.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Boating Hot And Cold

I'm happy
Sharing life
With that currant bun
Oh!
Sugar...
No sun.
'Spose it has to be nice
With that ice
And the winter to unfold
As I sit here in the cold.

Summer is done.

No currant bun.

But give it time
P'raps soon it will shine.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Can I Have A Tree Please?

Off we go again
Into the interior.

No,
Minister of,
Many a tree,
Can't bungle
The jungle.

Bus took eleven hours
For the powers
That be
For us to see a tree

Millions of 'em to please
All them trees.

Some quiet fishing.

P'raps not, their big 'ere,
As I squat on the banking
Of the river.

Excited and all a-quiver.

Oh, shit.....NO RIVER! ! ! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Can The Can

The happy
travelling
man.

Just 'cos
I know I can.

A bit of life
of me
began
at the point
I knew I can,
parts of life,
past life,
one can
just put
in a can
and can
continue
to live
my life
not in a can
so I know
I can
enjoy my life
as that
travelling
man.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Catometric

A tome in time
Saves nine.

My life, that is.

I still have mine.

Could have paid the cost
And lost.
But I'm alright.
More rubbish to write.

I'll string along,
More ink to be gone
In bad poetic form.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Civil Cyril

Civilisation,
what's that?
is it for to mean
I be civil
or civilised?
do I have to be 'ized'
to be civil.
can folk be
that to me?
that next bloke
can he be
Oh No! !
it's Cyril
I've been
Cyrilized.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Clean Living

Hi, bin washing.
Now wishing (as there's no fishing)
Not to be deaded
But seriously bedded
So welcome home
To my little tome.
To bed, my little hon,
For some loving fun.

Dedicated to Pauline.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Coming Home, Baby, Now

6.30 Monday morn.
Holiday nearly gorn.

It's been OK
In starts and fits.
Had bad bits,
Some good,
Some funny food,
Some sweet,

Bin hot with sweat,
Hot with wet.

The sun and rain.....Oh!

Soon to be home again
To the cold
And comfort.
Normal lives
And loves
Again to court.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Crappy Boating

Rain, it's raining.

Not that good
For sailing

Though for the autumn hue
Of the golden autumn eve

For thought,

That's food.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Crying In The Rain

What's the point
of the pain
of crying in the rain?
no tear drops
to see
just little ole me.
Unhappy maybe,
tears for fears
a hurt that sears
tears of pain
shame we can't see
that pain
'cos I'm just
crying in the rain.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Cup Of Kindness

This solitary cup
needed its mates.
A sorcerer had banished him
even from plates.
He wanted a hooker
so he could hang about
on a hook, well spaced out
wiv his mates again
to re-ascertain
his life wiv crockery
and not that mockery
of being a solitary cup...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Cupboard Love

Look mate
DON'T just call me a cupboard!

I've got an 'andle.....

And I've got some of your privates
In my drawers.

GET OUTTA MY DRAWERS!

I'm a cupboard, love!

George BernardBloodyShaw

Day Tripper

We are going to Bartika,
Again a day tripper.
No bumpy ride
This time,
In car or bus.

A bumpy speedboat
For us to cuss.

What's in Bartika for us to note?
Not much for us.
The occasional goat,
A beer and grub.

Back on that speed tub.

P'raps no more running
To drive us insane
As a day tripper

...To Bartika.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Daydream

Can I stay awake
To enjoy my sleep?

Can I pass my day
In a daydream?
My pleasure
To make
The hay of my day
In the light
Of my wonderful night.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Dead Funny

Could be larft
Day of my life.

May I be dead
Or just funny.
Tomorrow
Dead, funny,
That'll be me.

Hopefully....

....an 'appy bunny.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Diminishing Man

I can do it myself.....

One doesn't need outside power
To this old git who used to be
A tower
Of strength.

I'm doing it myself,
Knocking myself to pieces.

I don't need an outside faction
To turn me into a fraction
Of my former self.....

I can do it myself!

George BernardBloodyShaw

Dire Boating

Boating nightmare
in the middle of nowhere
beautiful countryside
for the time being
put aside
as I ride my boat
and my life try
to float.
Can I get there?
to the toilet.
Can I get
to begat
them releases
that pleases.
You see
can I run to my head
full of dread
as that I seek
before I leak
my rear is dire
that bloody chicken
raw
I'm not finger lickin'
no more.
Quickly I pull to the shore
I think there's gonna be more
of my boating nightmare
in the middle of nowhere.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Dirty Living

I'm only dirty
On the outside....

Am I an outsider?
As I sit there dirty.

Don't have a sink
To keep me pink
So I think,
Just as an aside,
I'm still clean
Inside.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Dodgy Cook

Self employed I was.
P'raps books I cooked.

Retired on my boat now
And how I look
As I cook
Great grub I love
On my stove

As I strive
To survive.

I'm retired
So no hurry.

Shall I cook another book?

Ugh!
Can't look.

Cos the worm may need lots of curry.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Dogfight In The Sky

Like a terrier
spitting fire
at the German Shepherd.
'He'll get the Fokker,
chasing as a Hurricane,
not to miss
that Messerschmidt,
just hound it,
get that tail,
it'll wag no more
when we hit that pack
it'll run,
tail 'tween legs
for mercy ity begs.
Fed
with lead.'
No fun,
that dogfight in the sky.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Doing Nowt

One can sit and muse
a mind a'whirl
but doing nothing,
just thinking,
letting thoughts go awry.
And at peace with the world
with a whirl
of a girl.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Doing To Die

Never just do and die
always ask that question
WHY?
with conviction
not to pry
not to make a to-do
or look at the sky
look at the do's to do
dodo's we're not
like on a high.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Don'T Chicken Out

My static
float
no panic
wot's it all about?
I can't grace
my dish
can't see
my wish
of a fish
in place
to complete
my wish of fish on dish.
Ah well, I tried,
it'll 'ave to be
or not as the case may be
Kentucky Fried.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Down Or Up

Will I go to bed
elated
or deflated?
The quality
of my day
evaluated
upon that qualification
of the diversification
of my day.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Dying For Life

To rest in peace
I live on
To be the best of the rest.

I'm not ready to de cease.

To live for life
With no strife.

Happy I'll be
You'll see

That's MY decree

.....Of life.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Enjoy Life

What is this fun?

Is it fair
To have all the fun
Of the fair?

We'd like to share
With all who care
To share
The fun of the fair...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Enjoy Your Dinner

An intrusion,
Should it be
An infusion
To see
A veggie needs me,
Eating man
So not a terse
Verse
To non-meat-eating man.
Just a conclusion
That together
World will better function
With the diversification
Of all going on
And begone
With that differentiation...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Even The Kitchen Sink

A lady's bag,
What a drag,
In there everywhere,
There's everything.
Perhaps nothing.

She's going spare
Ripping out 'er 'air.

'The damn thing's in here somewhere.'
'What is it
That or this? '

'Hey man,
My bag, don't diss.'

'I have a zip
In the bottom.
That's where
All things and everything
Is! ! ! '

'So there! '

George BernardBloodyShaw

Every Man's Home Is His Castle

The theoretics
Of self-defence,
The legal offence
Of protecting,
That martial art
Can be the start
Of the downward trend
To the end....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Fashionable Eating

Peas and beans
Shouldn't be seen
Without something
In between.

But when it's grub
There can be no grub

So...

Beans and peas

...please.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Fisherman's Friend

Around I swim
on a whim
looking for sub
aqua grub.
Hey! there's a bit
to eat, is it fit?
Oh! it's on a line
fisherman trying to outwit
fishy me.

Leave me be
please see
there's nowt fishy
about me.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Fishing And Animal Cruelty

I begot
a maggot
and without
a frown
made it drown
'cos as life goes by
it only becomes a fly
and then would begat
a swat..

George BernardBloodyShaw

Fishing And Wishing

The sun is hot.
The rain is warming

Then thunder bolt
And lighting
While fishing
And wishing
For something
To regale my dish.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Fishy Tails

The fishingness
In fishermen
Is finding the F'ing
Fish....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Food 4 Thought

Mince pies....

I have the eyes
To admire
That tasty, pastry thing.

The lure of mince
Is assured
Ever since
I was introduced
To that tasty, pastry thing.

But alack and alas
You can get them

.....Only at Christmas! ! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

For Lisa Deer

Hi Lisa, dear,
Nice to hear
Your quip
Re: my trip

Thro' life
And the strife
Of experience
Of experiential.

Learning...

Can be wearing.

I'M OLD.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

For Stacey Watts

I'm English.

But I can't welch on the Welsh,
Especially sheep....

With my boots on....

How big is YOUR whales?

I bet I've seen bigger!

That could sound fishy

But you see..

I'm a diver at sea.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

For Those Who Make Five From Two Plus Two

I am me.

She is she.

That makes two,
She and me.

So mathematically
Equality
Can certainly make one
Out of two.

Me and you.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Friends And Lovers

You say
We're friends.

Just one thing
To say
To them folklore folk
In the sky.

Let's look and see
What p'raps may be
To see what may be more.

So don't do adore.
Thought hopefully
There's amore.

Revere,
That's a word
To revere.

Now loving.
That's the unbending
True friend.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Gbbs One

Grievous Bodily Bum Sounds
That's what they are.
I thought it was the chair
Till they follow you around
Always from behind
They sneak up.

I'll blame the DOG.
Mucky pup.

(A sound one for Shirl)

George BernardBloodyShaw

Gbbs Two

Great Body Bum Smell

Oh, what the hell...

I like mine

But not thine.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Getting The Hots

When she gets hot
She gets REALLY hot.

When she gets cold
She gets REALLY cold.

Should I be bold?
When she's cold.

Or should I wait for the spot
When she's hot? ? ?

George BernardBloodyShaw

Gis' A Lift Mate

I want a stairlift.
Not as a gift
But I need it quick.
I need it fast
So that my thought
Will still last
To remember
When I'm at the top
Of the stair.
To remember
Why I'm there! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Go Home

Here I am
an Englishman
in England
to boot.

P'raps on holiday in Spain
not to be a pain
I would try if I may
to mash and mish
with a bit of Spanish
a bit of lingo
with my amigo.

Back in the UK
if I may say
I'm totally fed-up
and dread
our direction,
our defection
from our England
to all having defection
from their lands
to use our hands
to house and feed
all their needs
within their greeds
to feed off our land.

George BernardBloodyShaw

God Forbid

The 10 wotsits
Pale into insignificance
With politiciance
Of PC correct
With which
I can't connect.
As a non-believer
P'raps I'll go to God.
God forbid.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Gogo

I stand at my stop
to get going
with magicians
then can't stop
till that drop
it's that continuence
of life.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Going Places On Christmas Holiday

Life is easy
As a crook.

We got took
In Barbados.

Next,
Guyana.

Will this be manna
From heaven?

Or more like hell?

Wouldn't mind
Going home
Now.....

For another tome

So my holiday
Can't grow....

To another low.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Good Boating @ Brum? Sure?

Is life black or white?

That's not right.

Black, white, red, yellow.
Can I join with my fellow?

Sometimes I fear not
For what I see
Eventually in my travels....

I cannot!

George BernardBloodyShaw

Great Britain's Bleeding Soul

In my dotage
And travel
I see degradation
Mainly Asian
To my country.

We're losing.

Life blood oozing
From our land.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Grow Up!

The value
Of my sensibility
Can't equate
With my stupidity.

The fun
Being daft.
That raft
Of humour
Can be vast.

So....

The frivolity
Of stupidity
Has undermined
My mind!

GROW UP.....?

NO!

George BernardBloodyShaw

Growing Life

Marriage

One must never disparage.

Close life for two

Shouldn't be blue.

Just be happy.

Try for it to be

Not crappy.

Make love grow as a tree.....

Dedicated to Mr and Mrs S.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Had Enough

Our manna
In Guyana.
Is it heaven sent?

The fights
And dissent.
It seems the brain
Has had a drain
With some Guyanese.

This holiday
Does not please,
Or appease
Our time.
No brains
For the drains.
More flood
To drain the blood
Of this place

...Guyana...

It'll be OK
To be back in MK.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Hair Today Gone Tomorrow

My hairy fairy
Affair
With hair.
My love
Of my golden locks
Now have a block.

My follicles
Appear now as particles
In my imagination
With the stagnation
Of my head.

Cos it's gone DEAD.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Happy Eaters

I've a rat-or-twoey
At Peartree Bridge Inn

Oh dearie!

Can I cross that bridge?
As they enjoy
What's NOT in the fridge.

P'raps what's left
If I'm deft
I'll fill my tummy too-ey!

George BernardBloodyShaw

Happy New Year

Here we are 2010
January the first
and still with a thirst
for more life.
Yet again,
will still plow through
with not much ado
not a lot to do
but enjoy.
Me a boy
my lady a girl
to keep me in a whirl
my face with smiles
I feel many more miles
in 2010.
HAPPY NEW

George BernardBloodyShaw

Here We Go Again.....

I've split the difference
Upon which I sit.

No deference to the risk
As I moor
To Lock.

Not for you to mock.

There's a gap
Twixt boat and shore

My difference is split.

Now my floor.....

.....is water!

George BernardBloodyShaw

Hey! Heavy Man!

What is it
Or they
I would weigh?

What that
That may be it?

I could make hay
And wear that hat.

And just p'raps
Be it.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Hi Poets, At This Time Of Year

Not too much Moet
At this so-called
Festive time.

Enjoy another rhyme
At this time of rime
And all the snow
As I go
On another
Wintry jaunt.

It's my escapism
Tho' not from poetism.

It's only Christmas.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Holiday Reality

Are things looking up?
Moving to Owikorama.
Maybe less drama,
Even fishing
To eradicate
Our withdrawal symptoms,
Make us happy
Just for a few days.
Dare we call them happy days
Before the event.
We've tried
And vied
To enjoy
Our so-called holiday
But getting coy
Of the eventual
Reality...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Home Is Where The Heart Is

Here is a tome
About wanting to go home.
Expected times
That rhyme,
Like sad and glad.

Glad no more to roam.
Sad for this holiday
Of gloom.

Looking forward to a conclusion.
Eradication of disillusion.

I just want to go home....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Hotfooting (Hippo Series No 3)

Horace became afraid.

He found it paid
To hotfoot it out of here
In extreme fear.

To a safe place.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

How Not To Be A Poet

Trouble with words
they flow,
when they flow
they're gone,
just a-blowin'
in the wind.

George BernardBloodyShaw

I Am

...A box of mince pies.

So it's the world
Thru my eyes
Being unfurled.

I'm quite upbeat.
I'm very sweet.
Lose weight every day.

It's my mincemeat!

With which you seem au fait.

Sorry,
....Gotta go
Again to Tesco
For me to replenish ME
You see,
I'm two for one.

So it has to be done
To make YOU happy
So your diet's not gappy.

Be happy, not gappy
Reach for the skies
Just as I

A box of mince pies.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

I Breeze Through Life Not With Wind

Here I am,
Not broken-hearted.
Cooking the tea
I've just started.

It's me....

Happy to be
Not to pay
That penny
Like those that never got started.

I've saved that penny
From heaven...

George BernardBloodyShaw

I Dread Locks

Human faults
made by God.

Head of hair
for half a life
then an heir
to none on head?
I want bald armpits
instead
as I'm fed up
with sweaty hair
there.

George BernardBloodyShaw

I Like Life

I'm a bit rough
And I know a scruff.
Both boats a mess
But we have no stress.

Life on a boat
Can be tough
But to float about
Our lives aren't duff.
We have fun
Specially in the sun.

My life stays appealing
With the revealing
Of rough scruff.

Mess. No stress

....Of life.

George BernardBloodyShaw

I Like The Humble Chip

Chips with all.

My downfall.

Chips, chips, chips,
With this and that.

They died
Being cut up and fried
But now the world,
As technology has unfurled,

Has chips with everything! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

I Mean As Seen

I'm not mean
or a has been
or a mean
machine
so as not old
I'll be bold
to say in between
I'll stay as seen....

George BernardBloodyShaw

I Need A Fiddle With My Riddle

Would you like to have a diddle on my riddle?

Many a good tune can be played on an old fiddle.

So please fiddle
With my riddle
Give me a damn good diddle, please.

So come on, be bold
Grab hold
Of my riddle stick,
Be quick.....

My fire's going out.

Don't take the mick.
I need fuel as does my fire
As does my desire.

I'm only a bloke!

George BernardBloodyShaw

I Wound

I felt I needed
A little bit big.

I'm a randy git, you see.

I went round the square
To find she'd gone.

Though I'm straight
I went straight
Round the bend

Cos' I couldn't get my end
Away!

George BernardBloodyShaw

I'LI Do It My Way

I have an application form.
It's to join the human race.
But do I want that pace?
Will humanity be my place?
P'raps not.
I could reform
Back into my happy space.
Not THAT norm
With legislature.
More in my nature
To not conform
So that application form
Will not be my norm.
I'll stay in my space
At MY pace
And just watch
THAT human race.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

I'LI Still Try At Poet'Try

Should I flee
From her
Who is more stupid than me?

Amid this morass
Of wordy
Crass poetry.

What nonsense
That makes no sense
In poetic stupidity....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Innovations To The Planet

The world COULD be your oyster

It's for us to foster.

To add to or take away.

What we give,
What we get,
What we could give,
Or not.

From where would it come?
To our humble home.

P'aps we'll get it
From somewhere.

So thru the air
In the future

We'll fly

.....and wreck

ANOTHER planet.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Is Life Going Cheap?

It costs....

To be free.

How can that be?

Pay, pay,
As we sway
Thru the hustle and bustle
Of life.

I was born free.

I bet THAT cost, also.

And now as I go
Thru the hustle and bustle
I must tussle
With a way
To pay.....

To my dying day.

And I bet you
That'll cost too!

George BernardBloodyShaw

It Should Be Easy

The complexity
Of simplicity.

It's love
I'm talking about.

The roundabout
From that dove
Above
That could give
That what we love.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Just Me

What is love
that thing that
all else it
should be above? ?
what is the mix
when there appears
to be hate
what can one fix
when it's supposed
to be your mate? ?
well, seperate
to make life great
to be solo
but life not low
again on your own
at least you own
YOU! ! ! ! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Just Quink About It

Uhhh! My blood is red.
That can't be true!
I was hoping it was gonna
Be Blue.

And as I bled
I read
About royal blue.

Think Quink!

I'm quinking now...
It's true to be

I'm obviously NOT
Royalty.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Know Your Onions

This onion got eaten
not allowed to be opinionated
he was in a pickle
poor thing couldn't be fickle
out of the jar
nothing to bar
going south
down the said
'I'm an onion
treat me as a person
I'm very sweet,
and multy layered
that you can't beat
as you chop me
into your meat..
so YOU! !
when your job is done
just think of me
your sweet onion'..

George BernardBloodyShaw

Left Handed Spoons

I'd like to expound
how I've looked around
for what doesn't appear
to be around.
I've been to the market
but can't find it
a left handed spoon
may as well cry for the moon.
Fed up to the hilt
I'm begining to wilt
shouldering the guilt
as no one has pandered
to me being
LEFT HANDED? ? ! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Life

The first this,
the first that,
a first experience
never repeated.
A first love,
first sunrise,
touching that virginity
of sense.
A recompense
of life
to be born to,
leading us
to things to do.
That's life! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Life And Food

Squash an ant
kill a fly
that seems to be
bye the bye

and by the way
don't forget that bee!
so now it's to be
to make humanity free
to kill to survive,
and thrive..
chicken, pork, lamb, beef, don't beef! !
we do this
apparently to survive
a life for a life
one would think,
and without a blink
of the eye
as long as WE are alive! ! ! !
dogs, cats etc. next, ,

George BernardBloodyShaw

Life?

I know not what
What that is.

The clock has stopped.

Is my life cropped?

What life is
Or what is what.

I don't know anymore.

What's the score?

George BernardBloodyShaw

Life's A Drag

I'm not a fag.

I'm an ashtray.

Get poked a lot
But am au fait
To get yet another in my pot.

No strife in MY life
To be used
And abused
By yet another dog-end.

It doesn't offend.

Cos it's my job.

It keeps ME going.

Just because it's my job.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Life's Bed Of Roses

Ahhhhh.....dear little girl
In such a whirl.
Hell bent
With anger to vent.

Already trying to rule
Even at school.

Inclusion....
Exclusion...
Included.

She'll rule the roost
Her little ego to boost.

She should be nice
All sugar and spice.

P'raps in years to come
The growing up done
It may be understood
With her motherhood

...and her own dear little girl...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Living Flames

I like my fire.

Glad it's not my pyre.

It keeps me alive,
Gives me drive
When I'm cold.
I'm not gonna mould
As this winter does unfold.

Get in front of my fire
And perspire

NOT expire...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Looks Good But 'Aint

The hot breeze
Thru the trees
And the raft of flowers
That devours
The mind
Through a pointless trip
To get me past
What has just gone.
Holiday nearly done.
'Twill be behind
At last.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Loserr

A dreadful boozerr
in my day a bit of a moverr
I move now with a staggerr
my thinking becoming vaguerr
I'll wagerr
with my needs fed
this loserr will be
prematurely dead.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Love And A Bun In The Oven

Oh dear.

My lady's got a bun
in the oven.

A knowing look
to book.

A look so fruity,
juicy,

I thought 'Oh mercy.'

Then, on delivery,
on a plate

my mate

produced

a gorgeous bouncing

super fruity bun....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Love Grub

An all-day breakfast....
Now that's a thing,
breakfast perhaps
in bed.

Now what about
the rest?

Do we get
the best of the rest
as an all-day breakfast in bed?

Let's try dinner
and tea,
all to be shared by me and thee.

'Oh! OK
I'll put the frying pan on
and start looking
for that
all-day breakfast
to get cooking.'

'Would you like a bottle? '

'What do you mean,
red or white?

I meant a hot one,
that's me
but I'm cooking, you see.'

George BernardBloodyShaw

Love War Zone

Make love not peace
make it aggressive
fight for it
lay not down your arms
be responsive
have no qualms
to capture
that, that is elusive
no quarter to give
a battle to endure
when it calms
regroup
no, not love soup
a definitive
two sides
coming together
not war of the worlds
just those swirls
of war and peace
and making love.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Love/Hate Relationship

How do you rate
love with hate
some say they're together
can you work out wether
one becomes greater
than the other
a declaration of love
then a verbal attack
it takes one aback
a strain on love
also respect
I suspect
love to degrade
hate to upgrade
when is the time to go
to leave that loved Beau? ? ?

Answers please! ! ! ! ! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Loving Appetite

The love of a dove
that dove of love above,
I shot it down
just to crown
my stew and appetite
and perhaps it might
just realight
my fight
for loves
as a dove does,
above! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Lysa

You won't miss her
Never the bride
But she can't hide
With a shape like that.

All others are knocked
Into a cocked hat.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Maelstrom

Can I live
in a perfect world?

Not to be whirled
around,
curled around
this madness
around,

and the sound
that is abound
in this world
around me.

I need escape
not rape
to see
what could be
my perfect world.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Me And My Shadow

Moonlight and shadows
Flitting thru the night
In the light
Of that silvery moon.

As I walk thru the daylight
With sun around noon,
That flitting shadow
Is nearly one of its own.

As the day draws on
It again has grown
A bigger bit
Of me.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Men From Mars, Women From Chocolate

One could go nuts
For this.

Love hearts.
I won't reminisce.

Gob stoppers
To stop his whoppers,
His lies.

So I'm currently
Raisin'
A point
About lolly,
Raisin' the bar
As he wants the lion
Share.

Now you're in Mars
You can't tease us
With maltesers.

The Kitkat club
Won't rub
Either.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Mend A Friend

How do we mend
the friend
that you offend?
one I may love
good heavens above!
what I need
is knee to knee
on the settee
and send my friend
to ecstasy.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Mind, Heart, Stomach, Other Bits

Where the heart is
What kind
Of mind
Is that arouser
In the trouser?

Or back
To the stomach
To feed the mind.

Whichever the bit is,
A compilation
Of the complication
A test
To see which bit
Works best...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Minimal Criminal

An animal.
It's man.
Mankind,
the unkind.
Our greed
to feed
grief for the world
unfurled
our technology
to grow and flow,
flood this planet.
Can it survive
as we derive
our pleasure
from it
against all other
living things.
Us human beings,
we lie curled
at our leisure
taking no measure
of being
our world's
minimal criminals.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Money Flow

The rivelling river,
the flow of the gravy train,
an incessant sea
we see,
we see go
prap's to an MP
our efforts to gain
tho' the diff'rence
will remain the same.
No gain,
just pain,
no deference
to the common man.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Moonshine

I wany my moon
to shine
on me and my gal
not only at harvest
for my time,
the rest.
Not a moon
of blue
'cos I can do that, too.
I'll let our sky
be blue
for the sunshine
for us,
that'll be fine.
Ours to share
as a pair
with what abounds
around.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Mr Nice Guy - How Wonderous Can I Be?

Some folk call me cantankerous.

Is that my claim to fame?

No!

As I expect

Some show more respect

And use my surname

....Mr Bastard.

Oh! That's hard.

But they might be a friend

So, strangely,

It doesn't offend.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Mum And Dad

I remember Mum
and him,
that's Dad
who worked,
never shirked.
Me Mum and Dad
they never did
shirk,
just work
with vigour
and vim.
That's just
one more thing.
The all day wash
in the boiler
then a scrub.
Those days,
no rush
with that brush
with vim and vigour.
Moon landing?
That's nowt.
THAT step
for mankind,
my Mum and Dad
were kind.
Her step she painted.
My childhood not tainted.
Dad always there, too.
Dad got old
but more to unfold.
The music of life
to be told.
What I got
it appears as a tot
Mum,
Dad,
music,
a language

in which to languish,
envelope oneself
in international language
of music and love,
that is what
I got
from Dad and Mum.
I will never
forget,
yet,
as I still go forward
I know what I go toward,
built on that pad
of Mum and Dad.

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Boat Has A Braking System

On a lorry it's called
A propshaft retarder.

In my case
'Twas a crayfish trap!

It decided to wrap
Round my propellor.

No forward.
No back.

No going back.

As I'm still going forward
And heading toward
THAT boat in front.

I'm sorry to say
It got a bit bent!

But I've offered to pay....

Hey, man, gis a brake.

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Body, Not My Buddy

No more ahead
In the hair race.

My body is like a tortoise,

Don't have the neck
For anything anymore.

No backbone.

Not handy.

Give things the elbow.

Or cold shoulder.

If I can't stomach it
I'll give it a nod
To sod off.

My bum's got a cheek!
To speak
In its own language
As I languish
With all this.

One of my left feet
Is being a heel
Cos one of me shoes
Never fits.

I feel sore.

I know,
I'll leg it to the doc-tor!

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Country Deserting Me

England,
my nationality
not British
English.
A place where all others
seem to want to be.
What do we have?
Queen Vic said 'Eat cake'
Apparently many others are on the make
on the take
many, are fake,
England bleeding,
feeding,
those we have no space for.
Why cannot the powers
that be
see the damage
in this age,
trying to sink my England,
as an Englander
I ponder.
NO. I know
the damage is done.
My England is gone....

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Dotage

Is that age?
Or to dote?
On what's gone by
In the richness
Of my life.

Age equals time.
Time of my life.

P'raps dote
Is when I'll do it.

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Earned Money Gone Where? ?

Who should debit
any tax credit
I may have deserved
after all my working life?

I have served,
to pay into my country,
my meagre pension
p'raps now with no extension
lowered just to pay
over which I have no say
to some and sundry
living or
coming into this country.

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Favourite Waste Of Time

Which nothing
do you like the best?
the best of the rest
of not bothering,
fun of enjoying nought
as tho' there's a drought.
so I am going
fishing, cooking, living,
cleaning, washing, eating,
living in rhyme
to my favourite waste of time.

George BernardBloodyShaw

My God

Oh! my God
I've painted
now it's tainted
by the powers
that be.
Can't he see
the grief
he gives
to me.
Keep that rain
in Spain
not for me
to see again
to taint
my paint
so sod off
GOD.

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Greatest Hits

They're tits.

Could I get my hands
On Pamela Anderson?

P'raps they're blue
Or even great,
With long tails
Or short toes.

Makes me feel like twitching...

For another date
With bird-watching!

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Left Foot

Who likes a foot?
Who wants to defeat
that foot?
Or both?
Unfortunately betrothed
to our feet
are we.
They carry us around.
Feet abound.
How can we
make them housebound
so they don't
follow us around?
The world is awash
with feet.
Ugh! !
Just remebered,
wash my left foot
as it's allright on the right.

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Little Dumplin'

I'm a thing called a dumplin,
not much of a thing
to boast about
but after I've bean beat
to be pastry
I'm very very tasty.
I don't mince
tho' we go
together well.
My best friend
is Ginger
a bit of a whinger,
stinks of garlic
gets on my wick,
but we're still together
specially for dinner
as we get on grate
well, fire actually
to light our desire
and get back to mince.
now, eversince
I know I'm pasty
but very very tasty
I'm not Charlotte Ramplin
I'm a pretty dumplin..

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Tea

I have a juice
a pusalaminous
choice with no money
for me to rejoice
to eat in haste
my wonderful
feast,
in parsimonious
juice of now't.
My tea.

George BernardBloodyShaw

My Ungodliness

Oh! it's that god man again
what a pain
give him a space
to talk insain,
on my boat
it's chat and tea
for my happy life to be..
Take your god
be' jesus'
I've had enough
of waffle of prayer
please save me the wear
of your god
and wot not
just go.

George BernardBloodyShaw

My What Plot

To make sense
Or not...

Capability
I ain't got.

Sensibility
P'raps not.

Common sense

WHAT! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Narrow Boating

All the world's a stage.
I'm just a player
passing and heard of no more
to some (signifying nothing|)
tho' fully enjoying my
unnoticed passing.

George BernardBloodyShaw

No Charge For The Marge

Don't ask
the marinade
that today
was made
hopefully
to enjoy
in that belly.
It's happy for me
just to see
what can be.
And that pancake! !
Not a race
to grace
our plate of glee.
I hope it makes them happy,
soon,
those sisters three.
Hey! !
Now it's nearly time
not in rhyme.
Whoops! !
Best start movin'
with that oven.
Nearly time for tea
and more happeee.

George BernardBloodyShaw

No Gain Without Pain

Christmas shopping.
Again, the pain,
a thought so stark
will I even get
into the car park?
I only needed
to nip in,
a quick purchase
to make.
T'was deer steak
I wanted.
Oh dear, it's raining.
So I made a quick dash
oh, that was rash,
no deer steak
just rain
and a beef steak
to boot.
So I'll stay mute
about Christmas shopping.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Not Shakespeare

What should be
Could be.

P'raps life
Will work
Perfectly.

P'raps it would
If could was should.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Olig-Archie Andrews

Olig-Archie Andrews
Hangs from the ceiling
From strings

To be pulled
To make politicians
DO things.

But this oligarch
Is Russian
And he does things...

Then Peter Mandelson

.....sings.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

On The Shelf (Hippo Series No 2)

Horace was left on the shelf
And almost got burnt
On the fire.

A little wooden sire.

We need to find a little friend,
A lady,
For him.

He needs a hoppopotamissus.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Only My Skin Is Disgracefully Old

I didn't know I could grow
Old crinkly skin from new

'Till I erased from my hand
Some skin.

The blood was red.
Not blue.
Forget royal blue.
That's said.
Not sad.

But please
I want skin
From anew.

Why old?
And crinkly?

Just cos I'm
A wrinkly.

I would like
To accrue
It from new.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Operatic Omelette

I could write a sonnet
about what I just ate.
My lady's beautiful
omelette.
I may try operatic,
p'raps poetic,
that music of taste,
an omelette in travel
going from north to south
via my mouth.
No omelette going to waste,
a thing to revel,
my lady's a devil
when cooking that omeletting
thing.
So play it again
sonnet, operatic,
cooking poetic.
So pan out again,
do you ken.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Orgasmic

I play with my organ.

Up and down.

Especially with swell
It works so well.

But if I hit a wrong chord

.....it's only my keyboard!

George BernardBloodyShaw

Our England Gone

Our plight of life
Black or white
In what was my country,
A bounty,
Now with gun or knife.
The faces I see
Or faeces to be
Of black or white
To have a thought
Of what is right
How my England
Now is riot
'Tween the rot
'That' is to be
In what was
My country...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Our Little Hippo Mate (Hippo Series No 1)

Horace the hippo.
No grace,
Just an ugly face.

He stands there
Looking fat
And that.

And there is here.
They have no fear

I message
I could send
'I just want to be your friend'

As being wooden
I don't want to be taken.

For me would be dire
To be put on the fire.

I just want to be your unbending friend.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Over The Coral Sea

Above & below the coral sea
we don't condescend
with what's below
as tomorrow will be
another day
when we go
below the coral sea

The Red Sea
no, colours
a kaleidoscope
of our spectrum
most miss
lest it's on tv.
We go do it
my mate and I,
the fish, the corals,
no need to bet
'cos one can see
that,
that mainly
covers our planet,
that which lies
beneath our sea
a beauty most never see..

George BernardBloodyShaw

Pairing 2 1's Living In A Bubble

What do you do
when you fall in love
just a pin
to burst your bubble
that's a bit of trouble
for falling in love
so get back in
that bubble
protect one's self
do you want to forget
or chance a bet
make two a double
two or one
stay solo
or both must be prepared
to be paired..
A LITTLE CLUE
MAKE THAT BUBBLE FIT TWO.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Pearlfaction

Pearlfaction.

You are the pearl light

in my eye

that I'll harbour.

You make me sigh

love not war,

no points to score,

no labour

nor labour of love,

no fight,

just to alight

float, stay high

on the love boat.

To my love light

'cos we got it right...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Picture For Me

I have a picture.

It's a fairy
That I want to mount

..in a frame...

To capture
That hairy fairy.

Hey! !

Don't accuse me of being bent.
Nairy a fairy.
Even one less hairy
And scary
Will ever get their way with me.

So you see
I just want to mount

...my fairy...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Pigmania

My lady lops
off two great big chops.
Dollops of gravy
like crazy
upon the peas
as much to please
then potatoes
enough to curl
one's toes.
Apple sauce
then carrot that deserves applause,
the parrot never ate
'cos the parrot hated carrot.
For the book
a turnip
that was a turn up
eating in our nook.
Chomp the chops
a lovely meal
to give us a great feel
at the end of the day.
I would say
another day
let's enjoy another meal.
How about cow
or dipping into sheep
next.
YUMMY.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Plain English

Subject to
paragraph 8
exclusions and
delayed transfers,
with and without effect,
from the effective date
any judicial,
quasi-judicial,
disciplinary,
administrative,
or arbitration proceedings
including,
but limited to
may,
or may not be,
with reference.

TO WHAT? ? ? ?

George BernardBloodyShaw

Poetry In Motion

I'm very prolific
but will never be terrific,
not a bard
when using the word.
I don't use swearing,
I find that wearing
tho' it does appear
that sometimes
in tomes
I nick Shakespeare.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Pokey Stick Poem

I have a stick
a pokey stick
for poking
all and everything
it checks my diesel
in my tank
like a little weasel.
In my toilets
no forgets
I need my pokey stick
to attack that shit
then there's the wife,
strife of life
when for my tea for me
I whack her with my
pokey stick.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Pulling

Just a last drag
On that bloody fag
Afore we go to bed.

Is that a dread?

No
I can't wait to be led
To bed

For that heaven sent
Bent

...And a shag.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Rabbi-It

My mate Christian, we had fun,
fun with currents
'till I fell in

no current bun no sun
no fun to make a union
with that Grand Union
'Cosit's a cold canal pal.

At this Christian time of year it would appear.
After Pink Punters I played with my mate Christian
'till he went for my scut so'hop it'
I said.

Then I met a bird, I fancied a bit of black,
trouble was she was half said her name was
Maggie so I ruffled her feathers just a bit, by god it got her tail up, didn't know I
could get get a bird that high.

Working on the religious side of the animal
rabbitdom as a pink bunny, anyway I'm rabbiting, after falling in the water
I used my fur kit so now I'm up & running,
especially when I see my mate Christian 'Cos
I don't want another union like that.

I'm a breed of rabbit you see we do do that
pretty good'specially 'cos I'm
pretty in the pink.

By the way my maty Sooty has advised me
to be a no nonsense
puppet'cos it might
HURT

no wonder Sootys eyes
were so wide & watering
.Mind you, that bird was suprised
when I ruffled them feathers earlier
that may have helped you
know to drive me to religion
I may try to be
the best of the rest
& be a priest
they seem to do OK
or better if one likes that
that sort of thing.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Rabbiting On....

What makes a bunny
a happy one?
In the field
having a bounce.
What do they do to trounce
the troubles they feel
so they eat,
they sleep
in their burrow.
Ne're a furrow
on the brow.
Do bunnies row?
I don't know,
p'raps it's enjoying
a bit of this,
a bit of that
and a bit of the other
ofcourse with another
to make a bunny not bother
and just be a happy one.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Raison D'Etre

Raisin appears
to be current
as justification
for existence
d'etre
seems to be
another metre
of that meaning of life,
just keep it sweet
with this current life
and enjoy
raison d'etre.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Recognition Of Happy

Addition

not subtraction

as a qualification

for happy.

Since I was in a nappy

thru' my lifes articulation

I'll retain a seperation

from subtraction

of anything from my lifes interaction

with happy.

So, on inspection

of what my expectation

is of happy,

I glean much relaxation

with no diversification

from happy

happy

HAPPY

George BernardBloodyShaw

Recycling

Do I live
A synthetic life
As I float
On my boat,
Wondering?

P'raps recycling
Some stuff
Around me.

Some bits burn.
Others don't.

Plastic, the stink
Could make you sick.

Some rubbish
Gets the heave-ho!

They happily go
To give heat.
Make my life sweet
With the meat
Of the matter
Wher'ence it goes...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Retired Boater

Thru the door....

Oh! Another floor.

This could be a bore
As I've done all this before.

Back on my knees
For me.

This WON'T please!

The aches and pain
To do this again
But it's for my brother
So I won't bother.

It's only two days
Of work, so no bother.

Soon back to the haze
Of my retirement days...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Riddle

A fiddle with my riddle
Sometimes in the middle of the night....

Not much to do...so...
I'll have a fiddle,
Get it going,
Turn up the heat.

You can't beat
A good riddle.

I don't need to look at the mantelpiece
As I poke the fire.

I can now fiddle with my riddle
In the middle of the night.

Tho' I'm old
I can still do it twice a night.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Rights And Wrongs? Or The (W) Rite Of Wrong

To do it right
It's often wrong.

To learn
Those rights and wrongs.

It's the WAY
We earn
The rights
Of rights
And also learn
The wrongs....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Salivical Dribble Riddle

I have a dribble,
is that the best?
or a Georgie Best dribble
the best of the rest,
a dribble to score?
so, no score
I'm not the best
of the rest.

Even I can't work that one out, so I'll call it a draw.? ! ?

George BernardBloodyShaw

Sapping For Humanity

The veins of my tree of life
That food I need.
Those boughs I lose.
P'raps ones I don't need.
New ones, I can use.
For you, that mistletoe
Gets you a kiss.
That, I want to miss.
Can't stand parasites, you see.
'Cos I'm a tree.
I share life
In nurturing
Nature
With all my friends,
Apart from the fiends
To whom it seems nature
I have to bow.
THEY come along
They give me sores.
Oh! That's another bit of me,
GONE....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Saturday Navigation Day

Here I go agen.

Not afloat...
In a car,
Not on a par
With a boat, tho'

Where do I go?

I don't know!
Cos' my satnav I do not 'ave.

That,
Should know where to go.

By God, it puts me in a tizz
To know the satnav knows
More than me.

That it knows where it be!

Cos I've lost it, you see.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Sexy Music

I nearly have an organism
On my organ

Still not as good as sex

I know very well
To squash them
On that I dwell
As I fall into the chasm

Of orgasm.....

(for Lynda, with laaaaarfs)

George BernardBloodyShaw

Shakespeare's Ditto

Did Shakespeare do
ditto?

I don't know.

Was his work his own
to own?

I've heard a seed sown
that he wasn't alone,
another man was prone
to write

but, p'raps in spite
at Shakespeare's height
all he did

was steal words
from another man,
a common man,
to make Shakespeare
appear
to be the man.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Shush Poet At Work!

Thought in words
the minds curds
words to put on paper
to clear a mind,
a clear view,
wipe the dew
from a new day,
another start
to impart
word to caper
on my bit of paper.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Silencing The Lambs

I'm a little sheep
But won't come cheap
As a lamb
Not to be led to the slaughter...

...But hey! The roast
...For the joint
...A person may toast
...And to make a point
...Eat you!

You shout 'mint sauce'
That frightens me, ofcourse.
I feel sheepish
Don't want to be your dish.

...But this person has a wish
...For their next course.
...So you, lamb, can pause
...Get a grip
...Cos I know your next trip!

George BernardBloodyShaw

Similar?

Similar?

I'm not like you
To follow the dew
To creep about
On a Sunday morn.

I would blow my horn
For the world to hear
Stand up, be counted
I will continue to be.

Try it! ! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Simplicicality

A life for a life
or a death
for one,
our humanity
man to man
if it don't suit
kill it,
or let it die
does it matter?
as long as we hear
the patter
of tiny feet.
What is this feat?
As controllers
of this world
if we looked at
our controlled
unfurled world
can't we see
a whole sea
of humanity
destroying
what we see
as the right thing to be? ? ?

George BernardBloodyShaw

Sizing Up To Life

How long is an ob?

Is a triathlon trying?

Is my circle of friends rounded?

Not rock and roll
I must be square.

Attitudes can be acute.
I can't get an angle on that.

Pyramid selling?
Don't see the point.

P'raps that one
Is infinity.

360 degrees?
Well, I know a three,
And I know
Charles of royalyty would agree
(When he's not talking to that tree) .

Ahh.....
A tree.
Now THERE'S no conformity.
No legislature
To conform it.

A free unmeasured life.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Slack Alice

I am a bit of coal
Not cold
I work.

But please give me Alice.

We can breed
Cos I have the knack
Of making nutty slack

With Alice.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

S'No Fun, But I Like It!

Here I be
On my boat
In a bloody overcoat,
Heading for spring
But what is this thing
Cold and white?
Not allright
On the night...

It's snow.
And the ice
That's not nice.
On the window,
That can go!
'Off' I say.
Not on the inside
Of my joy and pride,
My little boat
Upon which I dote.

My fire, I poke,
A bespoke poke.
Give me 'ot
Which I ain't got.

Spring a-coming
At the mo,
I think not!

Brrrrrr.....! ! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

Soft Music Machine

The daub and wattle
of the battle
of musicians,
to hear
the figt
to make clear
when who and when leads,
that gel of musicana.
Just listen to those
musical fights
for the rights
of who leads next,
it's a text
of folk
given their heads.
It's the way
for me to understand,
I play and listen
for that music to glisten.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Space

I'd like to be
A spaceman.

Lots of space
Around me
Then I could
Fill it
With all
That is good.

I waft away
All that is grey.
That mist of time
And all that grime.

Beautiful morning mist
...THAT can stay,
Heralding a new day
To fill my space
With the grace
Of all things nice.

I REALLY AM
That spaceman.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Spoonerisms

A line to draw
in drawers
my spoons
point east
bucky fisted you see
you right handed lot
seem to have got
drawers like the rest
where spoons
point to the west.
So I've mssed
IT
this right handed bit
I'll just dangle
in my tea
that spoon by the handle
'cos we're not all perfect
you see..? ? ! ! ?

George BernardBloodyShaw

Sporting Life

Life is not a game
Of cricket.

Just one innings, not two
To name.

One chance
To enhance
Our stand,
To picket
Our wicket
Of life.

To protect
And guard
For the reward
Of the continuum
Not to be out
In life at the first doubt
Or caught
In the slips
Or the boundary.
Just take our dowry
Of the strife of life...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Spotted Dick

I had a spot
a spotty dog
as it was male
I had spotted dick
lots of dick
as his real name is Richard
and as he was hard
with custard thick
a spoon to lick
I spot more dick
for my belly....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Square Peg, Round Hole

The world is global now.
I thought it was always round!
That Flat Earth Society,
They will never abound.
World segregation,
Nation from nation.
Is this the notion
Of globalisation?

George BernardBloodyShaw

Squeezy Things For Women

Uh! I'm thinking.....

Is it that leather
For YOU to wipe
That weather
From the windows.

P'raps a sponge
That grows
For YOU to soap
My back in the bath
Or for YOU to mop
My watery path
As I retire
To the TV
So as not to see thee
Attack with wrath
That mess, YOU see.

No coffee cup!

TV volume up.

It's loud washing up.

To be or not.

'Pass us a tinny'

I shout
At the lady in the pinny.

Then go...

Squeeze that next thingy.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Squirreling Nuts

Squirrels away.
They'll rue the day
they met us.
We'll give them nuts,
even drive them
that way
cos some of our nuts
they can't get.
You bet!
Some of our nuts
aren't for you squirrel mutts
but for our tits.
Sometimes the rocking robin
you see,
he's clumsy.
We like being mumsy
to our tits
so they get their little bits.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Stick Your Life

I'm just a stick insect
Though not for you to discent.

I quietly live my life
Whilst YOU lot have trouble and strife.

Scrabbling for money
And grub.....

I don't need your nectar and honey
I'm just happy
With a twig
So will never make it big.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Summer Travels

Another new day
The dew....
It's early!
My travels
To unravel

Wonderful summer
And life to ponder
And wonder
From life what I drew,
Or for more.
For me,
For life,
For me to unravel
And enjoy
Another new day.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Sunday Munch Bunch

One foot in the gravy
Ah!
not leg of lamb again.
OK Mum just don't be skint
on the mint.
As you know tomorrow
who's coming?
It's Nan
so I'll have to watch me grandma
as she can be a pain
riding on our gravy train.
Give the Brussels sprouts
to my Grandma
as I want nowt
but lamb, spuds, and mint sauce
and ofcourse
it could be worse
if grumpy Gramps was to be here.
Thankfully
no pain.
There then for gain
just old Nan again
so I'll be nice as pie
for my old Nan,
just for the day
on my computer I'll play.
Thought of the day,
could have fed her on hay...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Team Leaders

Team leaders,
Team building,
Bonding
With other 'workers.'

What does the administrator
Administrate?

What is the legislator?

Tell someone
What to do.

Is that the delegator?

In my working time
I had a top boss
Who gathered no moss.

A management
Taking no dissent.

A foreman
To the fore.

To see the job done
As before.
I don't abase
Modern terminology
Cos it seems we strive
For an...ology.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Tempus Fugit

Tempus fugit.

No, it DOESN'T!
Cos tempers FLY.

As a Government directive
That says that
Four hours
Are now approximately FIVE!

This is because
They metricated
Our clocks.

That is TWOC
(Taking without
Owner's consent)
MY time.

OOh, sorry! THEIRS.

I have no time
To stand and stare
Cos I'm seeing
With despair
Our Government,
As I rip out my hair,

Trying to control the thing
THAT WON'T STAY STILL...

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Cost Of Life

Is the licence fee
For life itself
The same for all?

Do we stand or fall
For some indemnity?

Life assured.
We pay the fee.
How come some are not so sure?

Some reach that pearly gate....

'Hey, Pete, we're early,
Any chance of a rebate? '

'No son, your life is done,
Now is another,
Go answer to your father.....'

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Day The Cayman Came

In the night
The rain with usual might.

Six in the morn
Now after dawn,
Awaiting breakfast
At last.

Essequibo
Here we go.

Fishing at nine
Of what we want no sign.

All small
As I recall
That shout
'Look out.'

He's about.

Hey man,
A black cayman,
All of fifteen feet
NOT to be mistook
For the big ones
We want.

We rant
As T loses his head
To the cayman.

Fish head bait, that is
Not his.

So T lives
To fish another day.
Let us pray
Us unwise men,

Please, not another cayman....

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Dough Boy

I am the dough boy.
My lover needs me.
She gets me
gently rising
with gentle loving care
she makes me
fruity
and WOW
when I'm done
I'm a beautiful currant bun.

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Elusive Mince Pie

I think it's unreasonable.
Mince pies are seasonal!

Not the size
Of pies
Or anything.

Just that in summer
There's nothing.

Why's mince pies
Christmas ones?
The rest of the year
It's only buns!

I'd like to thumb
Them buns.
Be able to do a runner
In the summer
For more of them mince pies.

Hold everything...
WE COULD
Grow our own mince pies
Then before our eyes
On the tree
They'll be.

But I've now seen the reason

Mince pie exodus
Is only Xmas
Cos the season
Is only December,
You see.

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Embodiment Of A Poem

Seems you've put yer foot in it,
Head to toe.

Keep yer head.
Take heart.
Listen 'ear.
Who whose?
Look.

Don't be lily-livered
When you can't
Stomach it.

Don't mouth off
At me.

I'm thick-skinned
So you will not
Hit that spot!

Can I hand it to you
For putting your finger
on it?

My nose is thumbed
For that
Seems 'armless
To me.

I think I'll take
My body and me,
Go and get legless.

Ta ta.....!

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Godliness Of Cleanliness

The godliness
Of cleanliness
I am.

Who is he?

This bath
Like being heaven,
Heaven sent
From where
My soap is scent.

Plughole full of hair
So from where?

Re: first two lines.
My thoughts sublime.

I did it my way
To not stray
From my true meaning
Of being a being....

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Good, The Bad And The Ugly

GOOD

I try to be nice
Tho' not sugar and spice.
I'm slugs, snails,
Puppies dogs tails.

I think I'm good
To what's around.
My mood - OK
Tho' grief may abound.

I'll give
NOT take.
Avoid the error
Of a mistake.

Try to mirror
Happiness
And not be a fake.

BAD

Here may be
Things NOT nice.

We now talk officialdom,
You see.

Their kingdom,
You had better do this,
Do that,
Oh!
And do the other...

Pay,
That's give.
For others to take
And waste

With haste.

We know WHO...

So we'll give 'bad' a boo.

UGLY

No wings or fins,
Antenna or gill,
But THEY rule still
On just two pins.

Their two arms,
We have no qualms.
We can burrow,
Fly,
Swim,
At our whim.

Just something we do.

No human
Has a clue.

They have airs and grace.
They leave us
Little space.

It's a sin
What human thing
Can do.

We can fly
Thru' the air.
If you think
That's unfair,
We can breathe
Water, too.

We don't need a coat
When cold is about.

YOU DO!

You use money
For your milk and honey,
WE DON'T!

Supermarkets could have a bug.
Sometimes that's US!

But back to the jungle
Of ordered life
That we don't bungle.

You'll see in time
We'll still be in our prime
When that 'prime' being
Who never was
All-seeing,

Is extinct.

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Grunge Spray (Sorting Society)

Firstly one needs a grunge spray
to eliminate
anything that may
intimidate.

I see
no sign
much from a society
of life that is MINE.
For the best results
allay one's self to no cults
no politics
no dicks.

One's life is one's own
so I will frown
on sorting society.
Please leave me alone
or I WILL use my grunge spray
to get my way
to do life to it my way....

My grunge spray is available from your local DIY at only £4.99. Or you can send me a cheque for £10 for a signed copy by myself. I do personal grunge spray on my boat by appointment to get rid of children, grandparents etc for just £50. Please send message for details. It eliminates all those things eg children, animals, politicians, anything you find objectionable and will not harm the atmosphere in their elimination. And thankfully also my grunge spray carries a guarantee that any item involved in this will not thankfully be recycled.

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Happy Eater

I've see a rat-or-tooeey
At Peartree Bridge Inn.

Oh, deary!

Can't cross THAT bridge
As they enjoy
What's not in my fridge!

P'raps what's left
IF I'm deft
I'll fill my tummy
too-ey!

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Happy Mushroom

Is there mush
Room?

For fun in life.

The humour
That life of strife
That mushroom
Is right.

I'll grow humours
From that fungus.

It spreads pretty quick, too.

I know it can.

And also, be canned
As we all see
On TV.

That's funny,
My belly.
It's just laughed!
It'll keep you fitter
Just having a titter.

I've a secret to tell.

You can get it by the barrel!
We can work on this cultivation
I see the captivation
Of the need
Indeed.

So my plot
Will be sown humourously
With humus.

So I
Thank the fungus
Of fun

(For Stacey)

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Killing Machine

My bullet
is ready
for your head...

Your blood will be red
as I enjoy
MY pleasure.

I'm a hunter, you see,
my trophy to be
on my wall.

Just a murderer
that's all.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

I see the flash.

My legs crash
to the ground.

Pain sears through my head.

Why me?

Am I dead?

My cubs wait
for their mother to return

.....but this burning,
searing pain
in my brain
stops me from.....

.....

Francesca Johnson

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Little B's

Free as a bee
out on the wing
to sting
with his little thing.
so he thinks he's king,
won't last as long as Ming
cos' I'm gonna kill that bloody thing.
BZZZZZ.

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Little Fish Man

Jewel,
The bait catcher,
Baiting us up.

That little fish man,
That man that can
Tho' we pay
With vodca
In his cup
So that we may then
Be fishermen...

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Logistics Of Logic

What is logic?

Logic of the mind
So whose mind
Do we find
To evaluate this magic
Of logic?

Could one have
A mental variation
Or an apparition
Of a mentality?

Peoples' thinking,
For whatever reason,
With some folk
A spring,
An understanding
Of logicality.

A sociologicality
Of logic.

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Lone Gherkin (1)

I'm only a gherkin

Tho' I still feel

I need love,

Love.

I want that dove of love

So I can be a ferkin gherkin

And not one jerkin'.

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Lone Gherkin (2)

I get green with envy,
Looks of acidity,
Those gherkin jerks
In a bottle full.
They can easily pull.
One of the perks
Of a life not dull
For a full bottle of gherkins....

George BernardBloodyShaw

The One-Eyed, Pied, Purple Chocolate Eater

To bed I go,
'Praps pied-eyed,
For the purple haze
To descend and amaze
For shut-eye.

Must remember
The po'.
Sleep with
One eye open
If in the night
I may need to 'go'
In the night I wake
I think I'll,

'Oh No! ! '
I'll go, mate
For the chocoLATE
The po' can wait.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Poet

He must make a spark
before he can make a fire,
before a poem is born,
then as he writes
be consumed
by the fire
of his own creation.
Now as assumed
words on paper to adorn.
They flow
as music on a lyre,
not hitting bytes,
p'raps making a mark
with poetic recreation.
Painting a picture
in the mind
to find
the poet.

Inspired by the philosophy of Auguste Rodin.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

The P's And Q's Of Life

I'm queuing for a P.

In a queue
For a P.

We're English
And join that queue
Just for a P.

P soup?

Join the group
For what
That lot of life
The P's and Q's.

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Score Is Wales 10: Brum Nil. Pauline? Not Saying.

Wales pales
To the crap of Brum.

I'm not a bargee
Just me.

Through Brum was glum
Though Pauline as a 'she'
Maintains for me...

Reality.

George BernardBloodyShaw

The Venus Virus (Women)

Men come from Mars,
Not Venus.

Only the virus
Which, as men,
We should revere

Come from there....

Ladies we should love! ! !

George BernardBloodyShaw

There's Something Fishy About My Float...

My float
Still floats!

I know it should
But it shouldn't.

I need a fish
For my dish.
How I wish
My float
Wasn't floating
So I could start eating
And not bleating
About my float,
Afloating....

George BernardBloodyShaw

This Woman

This woman.
That separate
Entity
Who would say
She's in love
With me.

How come
For it to be?

Well, I'm only
An entity.

What is this?

Will it be
For eternity?

Well,

That's life.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Thug!

Thug!

Not a mug.
Happy boy
With life to enjoy
Come what will.

Until.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Timbre Of Intonation (Get It Right! !)

mmm mmmm m mmmm
mmmmm mmm mm mmmm
mmmm mmmm m mm mmmm
m m mmmm
m m mmmm
mm mm _____

m m m mm.

(co-considered by P.R.)

George BernardBloodyShaw

Times

What is this
That may be that.

Whatevvvveerrrr! ? !

Could someone
Please explain
This new
'Englishese? '

I'm not with it
But was! !
In the 60's.

P'raps I'm old
And too controlled
To even understand
As two generations
Unfold.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Tis I

The functionality
Of that personality,
All those bits
Working together.
P'raps in starts and fits
So we tether
The function
To the person,
Just so they can see
Me.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

To Bee Or Not To Bee

I'm humble.

That's me,
As I bumble.

That's just to bee
My job, you see.

I only make honey
For you bloomin' humans
To make money...

So buzz off

And leave me bee.

I'm busy.
A little busy, buzzy bee
You see.

George BernardBloodyShaw

To Foxy Arlene

This fox
Has foxxed up my prop!

Oh, foxx!

Not agen!

I can open a shop
De-foxing props.
Could earn a few bob
And between the rushes
In my new-found job
P'raps I could sell,
As well,
Some brushes.
That'll put more dosh
In my box.

I'm beginning to like you
...Little fox.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

To Whom It May Concern

You are the sunshine
of my life
with who I dine, teach me
teach me to use a knife
not a fork
just talk after dine
no mints
it's gone eight
it's nine a fine time
sunshine of my life.
Tomorrow again shine
my sun
my current bun
of fun
I wil not whine
over a glass of wine
just say
we'll both
be thine..GBBS

George BernardBloodyShaw

Toasty Boat

I make the fire up
But keep it down.

Up, down,
Or just around.

I think I found
My life's that fire.

He's my warm friend.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Tomorrow

I'm old.

Not new.

Tho' as the dawn
I still feel feel dew
To another day,
I pray.

T'will continue
To another day.

(For Leria)

George BernardBloodyShaw

Tomorrows

Is today
as yesterday
or just the start
of the rest of my life?

The wonderment of today
or even tomorrow
which may be the same
as today
of life,
that gain,
please can my tomorrows
be the same as today
and yesterday.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Tootsie

It seems a feat
To love one's feet.
Maybe a treat
To be upbeat.

These lines are not mine
But give us time
For the other person
....to cuddle mine.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Travelling With Time

Barbados to Guyana.

Oh!

I forgot Trinidad.

T'was a divert.
Again we've been 'ad.

A two hour flight
Has flown to the power
Of eighteen.....

Had again?

We HAVE been.

Here we are,
Guyana.

A few days around
Georgetown.

A hotel with locks,
Hopefully won't need the cops.

Now Old Year's Eve.
Can't grieve
The passing
Of the recent past.

In the morn
A new year will be born,

Hopefully to last
As the good bits
In the past.

Travels Not Bloody Shaw

OK, MK, OK.

It's July, off we go.
I'll travel on my boat
To see what life's about.
North up the cut
To see what life's about.

Blissworth,
That's worth it.
Braunston? Humm..

Rain or sun
My engine thrums.

To Warwick.
Thereby a castle to behold,
A sight unfolds, no doubt,
Stories, too,
Many times told.

On to Strat,
Much chat,
Poets meeting, chat, chat, chat.

Then the Avon.
This seems BIG.
Wait till the Severn,
That's the real PIG.

The Avon,
Each pretty town
I'll not own,
Only nature,
As I travelled to the Severn,
More of nature's heaven.

Well, it's Tewkesbury,
Nearly the season for blackberry.

So on the Severn we go,
Turn left for Gloucester,
May need that doctor!

The water is a-running,
It's no funning.

My engine gets smashed,
Pauline is rash,
I dropp anchor,
She has rancour,
Well I didn't fall in!
But can't help the poor.

Eventually sorted
Upton we're 'ported'
Two days no less
For worse or best.

Then Stourport.
I think we long thought to travel more,
To Brum, ho hum.
More to come.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Travels Of A Chip

The lone chip
off the old block.
He's lost his flock.
'Flock it' he said,
being sad.
He wanted to be hip
with a fellow chip.
Instead he joined
the Fat Club.
He met a fish
in that
club of fat
then begat
that wish
of happiness.
NOW
before they kip
they enjoy a dip
chip
with fishiness,
one eye open
for their fans
with frying pans.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Trees Energy Sapped

I was a tree!

Tho' now it's not to be
Cos' I'm a plank
You see....

Courtesy
Of HUMANITY,

Ripped from my real life
I came to be....

....not a tree.

My true life gone

Just for humanity
To trample upon.....

.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Trumping Heaven

You see,
this efylump
had to go to heaven
but good heavens
p'raps was not to be.
He was told
by St Peter so bold
'You get in
the bloody queue,
behind them cabbage
and ants.'
No doubt efylump
thought
'Oh, pants.'
Then St Peter went
heaven sent
on his tea break!
Efylump thought
'To my advantage
this I'll make
this weight
of waiting
is annoying me
so 'ave your tea.
I'll just be me,
eat the cabbage
tho' I'm not a savage
then squash the ants
with their silly rants
afore they invade
my efylump underpants.
Oh! 'Ello Pete
again we meet,
tea break good?
And so it should.
As you see
I'm now first to be
either heaven sent
or wot?

It's for you
to do
what you will
within that will of your god.
By God.'

George BernardBloodyShaw

Twitcher

I watch the birds.
They make me twitch...

I go to the car park to watch.
I see a robin a'bobbing.
They're usually reliant
To catch a view
Of a tit or two.

I see a blackcap
A'bunting
For a lark.

No! It's a shag.

To be real
I'm the bustard in the bushes.

I think I'll go and watch fishes....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Two Targets In Life

I'll try to hit the button
Of life
Or spelling.

But it's telling.

Cos I don't!

I count the MISTEAKS
As I make
yet another spelling mistake.

But that's just on my computer.
My real meter
Is hitting the button
Of life...

George BernardBloodyShaw

U V See

Playing in a band
with UV lighting.
Playing music to all
is all satisfaction
looking too.
Tho' can be a distraction.
Thru' UV lighting
merrily they dance
the posy people
what a prance.
Our UV enhancing
like a spear revealing more
than they know
those people dancing
what we see
as we keep beat
would knock you
off your feet
they dance with fire
men in that suit on hire
the dandruff glittering
in our UV lighting
then we miss a beat
as she shimmies past
we look aghast
lacy bra...
Hey, it's going too far
turn off UV
then all we'll see
will be nice dressed folk
no dandruffed bloke
ladies dresses aflowing
no more UV glowing
on lacys in places
for all to see
UV lighting a boon,
Ahh well, next tune.

'Ullo Blossom

What made the willow weep?
It's just had the birch
tho' with its heart of oak
it did not look ashen
so for the teacher
an apple
no, two, so it's a pear
that's a peach
the willow didn't harbour
its life in the arbour
wouldn't bark
or go against the grain
as the roots
went deep
behind don't leave leaves
together let's give
together let's live
our tree lives happy
and very sappy.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Unidentified Lying Object (Ulo)

'Ullo. Who are you?

Or what?

You could tell me.

Would I believe

The undefined

Unidentified object

That is lying before me.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Up Down

I make the fire up
But keep it down.

Up, down,
Or just around.

I think I've found
My life's THAT fire.

He's my warm friend.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Ups And Downs And Ups

More drama
At Cerama.

No fishing.

They're dishing
Cold food.

Not good for thought.
We want it to eat.

This holiday
Is getting us beat.

We need a happy day,
Not just to pay
For bumpy rides
To nowhere...

George BernardBloodyShaw

'Varied Menu'

Chicken and rice.

Fish and rice.

Rice and chicken.

Rice and fish.

Varied menu - 'ish!

Nice jungle place.

There's plenty of space.

Fresh clean air

But that dietary pair,

Fish or chicken

.....Not again!

So more trekking with a frown

Back to Georgetown.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

We All Have A Price

Friendship and love,
Nothing else above.
No stress or mess
To digress.
To take from that cove,
Nay, cocoon
Of this winsomeness
Of happiness.
Sun, moon
My galaxy.
Infinitely happy.
In life throw that dice.
Get a price
To be paid.
One may find
I'm a paying kind
With all that's above
Friendship and love.

That's

For Pauline...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Weep For England

I can't, she's gone
so for England
our green and pleasant land
I sleep.
I've joined
that noddy band
of sleeping,
a pleasure
that's always on hand
as I lay here,
another afternoon spent
heaven sent.
I'll have another kip
to win that championship
as I sleep for England.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Wet Wet Wet

We came to Guyana.

The reason.....

It's the warm and dry season,
Chill out in the dry
But remember to try
Not to get wet....

Chill out in the warm
Then you get wet with sweat
Twixt and between.

We have been
Getting better
At getting wetter...

George BernardBloodyShaw

What Is Id?

Written amid a bid, I did,
To rid and put a lid on a 'kid'

The beauty of words
In poetic forms
The occasional nerd
Using poetic word
To villify,
Perhaps crucify
Some words I've heard
Should be kept to oneself.

Words that are not Delft.
I won't be smitten.
That rubbish
Shouldn't be written.
Should be left on the shelf.

George BernardBloodyShaw

What Is This Thing Called Love

WHAT IS IT? L-V?

WHAT IS THE MEAS-RE?

THE VAL-ES?

I THINK I KNOW THE TR-TH

IT'S L-V'

WHY I'M MISSING U! ! ! !

Specially for Pauline.

George BernardBloodyShaw

What Is When?

The complexity
Of yesterday
Cos it's now today
But for tomorrow
May.....

Be what I could do

Today!

But tomorrow
Never comes.

Though yesterday has gone
What has become
Of today.....?

George BernardBloodyShaw

What Life's About

I thought I was a love machine...

I'm now a washing machine.
Life for me to control
Or, at least, just keep a hold
Of some bits
Of real life.

Lost me wife.

But will stay on a roll
As I have a goal
In my future life.

.....'Scuse me....

I'm about....

...To sort the washing out.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Who's Who

Are you Shaw
You're Shakespeare?

P'raps not, I fear

I think there's a floor
With words of mirth.

Ah! Spelling
So no telling
Of the dearth
Of more...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Winston Churchill On A Bad Day

Keep up that
Good fight.
You poet.
You're right.
Too right.

You must fight them.

On the beaches,
Any reaches,
Land, sea or air.

Here,
There,
Everywhere.

You must keep writing
And fighting.

In that fight
To write.

We'll NEVER
GIVE IN.....

George BernardBloodyShaw

Winter Holiday

I'm not really a showman
this joyous time of year
I feel like a snowman
the cold I fear
it takes its toll
as I'm not bold
in the cold
cos I'm old
you see.

So to the Red Sea
and the heat
getting heat in my meat
not really a feat
I still don't feel neat
as the heat rises
from my feet
no surprises
as we're in the Red Sea
you see.

George BernardBloodyShaw

Won'T Give In

Wow, I'm tired.

I know I'm retired
But sod
Being knackered
Whilst I want to not
I refuse to be
Crackered...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Words

One is one
Two is one
Three is another.

Oh! Bother.

Unificate
Duplicate
DupliCATE
TripliCATE
Triplicate
Replicate.

I can't be.....ated!

George BernardBloodyShaw

Wot I Got

The wind dropped.
The rain has stopped.
A stop on my life has stopped.
For my strife
Tho' life
Continues
Thru' that oblivious
Pleasure
That what stopped
Or dropped
Makes no difference
To my indifference.
To what stopped or dropped
I just go forward
Toward
My continuum
Of contentment
Of life...

George BernardBloodyShaw

Wot Sid Did

Infamy, infamy,
Does that one
Have it in for me?

What IS
The worth of words?

As slings and arrows
Flow
The multitude of words grow.

I've had 'Bloody' nicked!
From all the words to pick.

Now all I hear
I fear
Is Bloody Shakespeare..

George BernardBloodyShaw

You

Yes YOU!
The one I love
love above
all.
I know now
how to fall
in that.
The love
and tears
love so strong
so no fears
for that to lose
our closeness
the beauty
in repose
our love neatly
in place
between us no space,
joyousness
our happiness
our fun
will never be outdone
our laughter loud
never laying fallow
not an empty barrel
a barrel of laughter
this will stay.
There will be no after
yes, you and me.

George BernardBloodyShaw

You Must Be Kidding

Kids must be kids.
Our government
acts like kids.
No government
or control,
just on a roll
to rob and roll,
you may be rolled
by a fourteen-year-old,
for ye
no power to be
to protect oneself
you're on the shelf,
if you're lucky
or else it's A & E.
From government
the facts
more tax
for what?
To be robbed by a prat
a government fat cat
or societies
kids on skids.
No hiding place
to protect my space.
Oh! What is to be
just for little me.

George BernardBloodyShaw