

Poetry Series

guy lipmore
- poems -

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guy lipmore()

' Martial Arts Recreation Centre.'

We shared a dream, a goal,
To show how it is and was.
From the heart and soul,
To explain 'his' cause.
We were Martial Arts 'messengers',
Spreading 'his' cause and way.
To teach our desires,
Practically we tried to convey.
Endless hours we debated,
All set and ready, reality planned.
Yes the 'classical' we slated,
Tradition we damned.
Paradoxically, 'they' we had to attract, !
Therefore we openly couldn't attack.

Trying to 'convert' the masses,
Show them the cause of their 'ignorance'.!
Occasional potential, bouts of flashes.
Trying patience, undermining our substance.

In the end sentimentality,
Was not enough.
It proved not viable commercially,
Our dream we had to give up.

01/08/92

guy lipmore

' Vote For Me.'

'I intend to run for parliament,
And represent you in government.
Want to be your M.P,
Vote me in, trust me!
I will give you job security,
More police on the beat.
And more pension money,
When I get the seat.
Stop teenagers drinking under-age,
And sort the housing shortage.
Recall our troops from the war zones,
Make you feel secure in your homes.
On me you can bet,
You'll have no regret.
Tackle child poverty,
Reduce street crimes.
End animal cruelty,
Get rid of hospital waiting times.
You can count on me,
I promise you honestly!
Permanent free bus passes,
Smaller school classes.
Action on 'greenhouse' gasses,
Reduce income taxes.
Get me elected, (Via-rose tinted glasses!)
I'll promise you every and anything with a smile,
(Hope it doesn't look like a crocodile! }
Just stick your 'x' in box indicated,
All your hopes will be vindicated.'.....! ! !

05/06/06

guy lipmore

'900 Days'

German hoards cut off the city, scene set for a calamity.
Leningrad is braced, ultimate challenge to be faced.
Bombing, shelling commenced, the people commenced their defence.

The fear and trepidation, also grit and determination.
Sacrifice and fortitude, sheer bloody attitude.
The will to survive, the instinct to stay alive.

Months to years, desperation and tears.
Strangle hold continues, life or death, win or lose.
On and on it went, ceaseless misery, the Germans would vent.

Hunger turned to starvation, harrowing situation.
Rations reduced further still, pushing their spirit and will.
Registration of the dead ceased, as the death toll increased.
Depth of deprivation shown, reduced to consume their 'own.'

Russians losing 'inner' control, undermining the final goal.
New faces brought in, to gain the 'final' win,
More food and ammunition, to end the years of attrition.

Using the frozen lake, to end the stalemate.
The enemy tried to stop, however fate said 'not'!
Leningrad would not be beat, the 'Swastika' were in retreat.
The tide had turned, Nazi plans were burned..

11/11/06

guy lipmore

'a Good Deed'! !

Pebbles and her hero friend were in shock,
When they called at the local pet shop.
Lip-More and his pal' were enraged,
Seeing all those animals caged.
Some thing had to be done,
So the pair hatched a cunning plan!
Lip-More didn't need any one else for the job,
He trusted his mate Pebbles the Dog.
In and out, SAS style, during the daylight Sun,
All was prepared for operation 'freedom'.
Suddenly the job came around too soon,
Then the operation was on one afternoon.
They causally entered the shop door,
Masks and Capes were worn by Pebbles and Lip-more.
Our hero, his crow bar was ready knowing what he had to do,
Pebbles had practiced her vital job too.
She snarled her teeth and kept the staff at bay,
Whilst Lip-More, the cage latches he started to bray.
She barked and growled like a 'wind up' torch a bit,
Lip-More continued to liberate each cage and cabinet.

There was one hell of a noisy racket,
Squawks, barks, meows, hisses and a swearing parrot.
Pebbles was doing her part and kept her cool,
Some of the staff tried to run but Pebbles was no fool.
She headed them off and stood at the door,
None of them dared to try any more.!
Lip-More completely emptied the place,
He double checked every cage and case.
Our hero wished the shop staff 'good day',
Pebbles 'marked' her patch which was the same in a way.!
Out the door, the 'pets' were now running free,
Hamsters, Guinea Pigs, and reptiles fled from captivity.

Pebbles lead the charge of freedom on to the streets,
Followed be Parrots, Budgies, Canaries and Ferrets.
Snakes slithered as fast as they could along the ground,
Above were Parakeets and Macaws each with a screeching sound.
Along with Gerbils, Mice, Dogs and Rats,

Love birds, Stick insects, and baby Cats.
Spiders spun webs as they fled,
The reptiles stopped awhile in the Sun and smiled instead.
Pebbles rallied the animals and orchestrated,
With her barks, growls and tail she directed.

Lip-More redirected the traffic,
So the animals wouldn't get harmed.
And reassured the worried public.
Some were getting quite alarmed.
After all there were creepy crawlies around their feet,
Snakes and Rats on the street.

Lip-More still was directing the traffic,
He said to Pebbles 'You've been terrific.'
Our hero had set up road blocks,
Pebbles hurried along the herds and flocks.
The animals were jumping, flying and crawling free,
Scattering in to the wild and liberty.

Pebbles and Lip-more stood at the top of Concord,
As all the animals ran to freedom down the road.
Pebbles and Lip-More stood. chins in the air so proud,
Lip-More picked up his pal' and shouted 'freedom' so loud.
Pebbles looked at him as if to say; 'Job well done, '! !
Lip-more said, 'Yep we pulled it off, it was a good one.'
Pebbles rejoiced with some beef and cheese,
Lip-More raised a glass of Rum and said, 'Cheers.'

guy lipmore

"fall Of The Wall."

Twenty years ago today, the wall 'fell away',
Communism was to fall, it was the 'peoples call'
Freedom did sing, democracy did win!

Replaying pictures on the TV, incredible scenes to see.
Nervously crossing the 'divide', freely, where 'others' had died.
Some laughing, others crying, boarder guards 'not trying'!
Yes 'news breaking', history in the 'making'.

guy lipmore

"Spitfire" / 'the Few'

Sleek and iconic.
Marvel of design, superb.
Curves of magic,
Many a true word.
Describing her look,
A magnificent machine.
Captured in reel and book,
Most beautiful there's been.
A few remain,
Even less still fly.
The "Spitfire" name,
Will never die.

10/07/10

'The Few'

Once brave young men,
Now less of the few.
'Battle of Britain'
They fought through.

Time takes more,
Of the brave.
Like the war,
Life cannot save.

With their 'machines',
To win liberty.
Both it seems,
Have earned immortality.

20/08/10

guy lipmore

"stop! I Want To Get Off. "

Early one summer morning,
Walking along the promenade yawning.
Looking at every cheap and expensive merchandise,
Products of every shape and size.

How everything is dictated by money,
The 'built-in' destiny!

It suddenly felt so insane,
Striving for money and wealth.
All for material gain,
Sidestepping everything and health.

It can create such happiness,
Yet with or without it sadness.

Feeling I wanted no further part,
A deep 'call from the heart'
I suddenly stop to search for money,
For the train journey!

14/08/86

guy lipmore

A`wall Of Restraint'

It dissects a land like a giant scar, defacing all in its way,
People wish it would `go away'
It is unlikely to do that, it probably will always stay.
That solemn un-yielding divide,
With which the `East Berliner's are denied.

After more than twenty years of guns, towers, wire and cement,
It's a symbol of permanent torment.

People keep trying to escape to the West,
For freedom from the system they detest.
For the simple freedom of speech, to speak their mind,
Where in the East, they cannot find.

A small percentage does make it over the wall,
But the majority fail, are shot and fall.
It has split up whole families and friends for years and years,
Causing endless frustrating grief and tears.
And all the suffering will remain it appears.

APRIL 1984

guy lipmore

Aberfan

(Sad)

Forty years gone,
Memories still strong.
Hundred forty four took,
The World it shook.
Tragedy happened,
Further saddened.
Hundred and more little angels fallen,
Cut short, lives stolen.
Hearts have forever cried.
Especially for life hardly tried.

(Why?)

School covered,
Innocents smothered.
Digging out alive, mostly dead,
Shock, worst fears shared.
Answers calling,
Recriminations dawning.
Company and it's spoil,
Frustrations would boil.

'Act of God', they would proclaim,
'Nothing to hide', no one to blame.
Court case ensued,
Nothing 'proved',
Months it took,
No one brought to book.

All the people wanted, spoil removed,
Travesty, the disaster funds used.
Common folk treated utter contempt.
By the business, judiciary and government.

(No change)

Compensation they did not seek,

Their dignity to keep.
Remove the heaps, all wanted to see,
To prevent further tragedy.
Folk so ordinary.
Like you and me,
They took on the mighty N.C.B.
And the Government of the country.
Just another example,
Where the big man would trample.
On the sweat and pride of the working man.
Getting away with what he can
Little man against authority,
Little has changed in history.

21/10/06

guy lipmore

Ali.

Growing up into the'deep south'way,
Black and White, no grey.! !
'Know your place'every day,
No change, things just stay.!

Across his path, came the noble art,
Latent passion and talent inside.
The strength of mind and heart,
Convention could and would be defied.

The champion he would fight,
Against all the odds.
He won against Liston that night,
Was his fate in the'Lap of the Gods'?

Islam growing in his mind,
A 'change'of name.
His future is signed,
He felt no shame.
From that day,
The name 'Clay' was history,
No longer 'Clay'.!
Only 'Mohammed Ali.!'!

Ridiculed and demonized,
Endless pressure and torment..
Undermined and patronised,
His pride and resolve, they could not dent.
66'year of the draft, Ali protests about,
Uncle Sam made his stand.
Ali was outside the'age drought'!
Their plan didn't go as planned.
Ali, they had much underrated,
A blow they would deal.
His conviction cannot be over-stated,
Place in history, he would seal.
A reporter asked him, ' What did he think of the'Viet Cong',
Ali replied, 'No'Viet Cong', ever called me a'Nigger.' '
He remained resolute and strong,

The story just got bigger!
His title, they would threaten to remove,
His reputation was at stake.
Action they would prove,
However his defiance and dignity would not break.

Government against him all the way,
Pressure still growing.
But he kept them at bay,
No giving in, no bowing.
He was still the champ,
Speaking his mind.
Authorities unable to clamp,
A reason they'd have to find.!
They would have their day,
Try every bloody trick.
They would win, wouldn't they, ?
To their`plan'they'd stick.

Illegal, unjust and immoral,
What they did was wrong.
Their`last resort'totally indefensible.
Ali's fight would go on.
His refusal of the draft,
Fine and imprisonment.
Restriction of his craft,
Got their'way'message they sent.

So eventually they would de throne,
Three years not in the ring.
Public support had grown,
Exoneration, time would bring.
Over three years without his art,
Was a long, long time.
Outside, not being a part,
What would have been his`prime'?

Finally vindicated,
Won his Supreme Court appeal,
Once again liberated,
Three and half years they did 'steal'.
Principles he'd stick to,

He took all the flack.
His resolve got him through,
He wanted his title back.
71' sentence was overturned,
Ali had eventually won.
Three and half years they had 'burned'.
But justice was done.
His comeback, the Frazier bout,
Rusty, three years'out'to blame.
However no doubt,
Ali would reaffirm his name.

So Frazier out, Forman in,
For the next 'rumble'.
Ali's belief within,
Next up was 'Rumble in the jungle.'
Underdog, it must be said,
Money men behind the scene.
Point to prove in his head,
only sees green.!
The World was looking on,
Time to deliver, to do.
Was this to be his 'swan song'?
Would the crowd and his faith get him through?
Yes, Ali, Zaire on his side,
The press he would call.
For his 'cause', he never did hide,
His confidence would not stall.
The fight commences, sweltering heat,
Pugilists toe to toe.
Win or face defeat,
Fascinating duel, blow by blow.

'Is that all you got? 'Is that it'? Ali would say,
He would taunt through similar sounds.
Keeping his'enemy'at bay,
Using 'dope 'a' rope' through the rounds.
His foes energy getting sapped,
Frazier's will also giving now.
Ali seems relatively'intact',
Absorbing the blows some how.

Victory for the greatest,
Third time, a champion.
He beat every trial and test,
His legacy continues on.
So what did he leave behind?
Although not yet'gone'!
Something in the mind,
Something so strong,
Of principles, making a stand.
Freedom of choice,
Nothing grand,
Expressing opinion, via voice.

Fight for what you feel is right,
Is what he tried to say.
Never ever give up the fight.
His life would portray.
What a courageous man, yes had his flaws,
Yes brash, bold, outspoken.
Faults yet again, who hasn't behind closed doors, !!
Ultimately his spirit was never broken.

One of the greatest sportsmen,
Bar none to ever live.
Everything he had given,
Everything he did give.
He took on the establishment,
Questioned authority.
A message he really sent,
To all of us really.

23/11/11

guy lipmore

All The Best.

Finally gone, laid to rest,
Forget the gossip, the hounding press.
Not the best some would suggest,
Just an alcoholic, they would protest.
Self destructed in his prime,
What could have been, given time.
Anyone could have guessed,
Just recall the ball at his feet, eloquently caressed,
Best the blessed.

07/12/06

guy lipmore

All Under One Roof

Eight quid, supermarket Flu-Jab, best offer got to grab.
Rival store better price, seven-forty, competition is so nice!
From a simple flu injection, why not a whole medical selection!
Total medical care, all at a price that is fair!
What next, what can we expect?
All manner of services and surgery,
All under one roof, convenience for you and me!
Open heart by pass, broken limbs and plaster cast.
Maybe a vasectomy, face lift or hysterectomy!
Joint replacement, X-ray or mental assessment.
Dentist surgery, along side the spec's stall and the pharmacy.

It won't stop there, the supermarkets don't care.
Given the 'go ahead' and there's money to be made!
Christening, wedding, or funeral service at hand, get them all planned.
Lawyer to arrange a will, all costs on your shopping bill.

Place a bet, care for your pet with the in store vet!
Nursery for the little one, whilst your shopping gets done.
Psychic reading, r 'audition booth', nothing to lose.
Report a crime, with the police 'hot line'.
Book a holiday with a travel agent, watch in store entertainment.
Relax in the massage parlour, for him and her.

If there is anything missed, please fill the suggestion list.
So shop and live, the prices are most competitive.!!

guy lipmore

'Artistic Licence'

For seventeen years they had been fooling,
All the professionals with all that 'schooling'!
By an artist with many skills of forgery,
Aided and abetted by his family.
A true 'cottage industry', with a shed!
Every type of forgery, the art World was misled.
Paintings, tablets, pottery to water colours,
Sketches and all manner of sculptures.

Shaun was the artist the of the scam,
His dad was the front or 'salesman'.
Mother made calls and the contacts,
She was also 'sales' and promoted the 'artefacts'.
His brother headed the 'finance',
It seemed nothing was left to chance.

Homework and research they had done,
Meticulously planned, it seemed every one.
Each 'piece' had a 'back ground' story,
Letters and correspondence of 'authenticity'.
An elaborate scam, producing replicas,
Duping 'experts', gallery and museum curators.
Institutions and scholars of renown,
All were conned by the 'artefacts' shown.
Auction houses of Bonham's and Christies,
Not to mention the house of Sotheby's.
The British and the Tate modern,
Their 'experts' were so certain.
Each a prestigious museum!
Believing the fakes were genuine.

Deals were arranged then monies paid,
Modest and massive sums the family made.
A truly family home run business,
Each 'sale' adding to their 'success'!

The 'Armana Princess' was their 'crown jewel',
Even an Egyptian expert was taken for a fool.
Three and half thousand years old they had 'confirmed',

It was deemed to be 'lost', the most expensive lie churned.
Three weeks it took Shaun to 'manufacture',
In his shed with a saw, chisel and hammer!

The tools were bought from the local B&Q!
For the scam the family wanted to pursue.
The local museum decided to purchase,
Unaware that something was amiss.
After all it had been authenticated,
And the final sum was allocated.

No alarm bells were raised,
The 'find' was internationally praised.
Housed in a purpose built glass case.
People came to see from all over the place,
Bolton folk and even the Queen went to view,
The 'ancient' and beautiful statue!

Maybe buoyed by their 'greatest' piece,
Did they think their luck wouldn't cease.
Just one fake artefact too many?
Maybe getting sloppy or too cocky!
Maybe 'invincible' they thought!
Their luck was running short..
Errors on one of their last fakes,
Displayed some glaring 'mistakes'!
Inaccuracy on the tablet inscription,
Details wrong caused further suspicion.
Realization dawned on authorities,
Regards to how many possible forgeries!
Over the years, now and again,
Cropped up a certain family name!
Calls made and evidence pooled,
No longer were experts fooled!

Police raided the family home,
Where all the forgeries came were 'born'.
They were amazed from that visit,
And all the 'pending' fakes found in it.
Some were complete, some partly made,
With all the 'tools of the trade'!
Among them smelting gear and a kiln,

Evidence was there, guilty as sin.

The house wasn't exactly flash,
Considering the amounts of 'earned' cash.
The family's life seemed frugal,
Rather unassuming, just normal.

Apart from a cheque for twenty grand,
Dated, nineteen ninety three, they found!
One hundred and twenty 'pieces' duplicated,
And as many a story fabricated.
Sold to many institutions,
Some probably in private collections!

So Shaun the 'master forger' was convicted,
For the 'heinous' crimes committed.
Four years, eight months in custody,
Money laundering and forgery.
As for his elderly parents,
They both got a suspended sentence.
Both were deemed too old and frail,
Also his dad in a 'wheelchair, ' with no suitable jail!

What can be made of this amazing story?
And the genius craftsman of forgery.
He was an artist by all intent and purpose,
The range of his work was diverse.
Almost a million pound was 'earned',
The true figure they never learned.
Six years, bank statements went back,
No further could they back track.

Authorities were well and truly done!
For the 'Armani Princess' and the paid sum.
Almost four hundred and forty thousand alone.
For the 'princess' made from a chunk of Dorset stone!

He had caused academia embarrassment,
And consternation in the art establishment.
Scholars with red faces and stomachs churned,
Interviews, in their seats they squirmed!
Academics who had verified many pieces,

Now coming up with many excuses.
The art establishment down played,
All the artefacts bought, sold and displayed.

Although the creativity was fraudulent,
They dismissed the man's obvious talent.
No doubt what he done was illegal,
And he paid the price for being a criminal.
But now that he's did his time and been released,
He could help fight others from being fleeced!
Give him a job and make him the head,
Of the countries art fraud squad!
Since his release from prison,
His artwork has been in an exhibition.
Displaying many of his past 'projects',
Organised by the police to expose counterfeits!
Meanwhile Shaun had launched his web site,
Selling his works that didn't require copyright!

It had been suggested of the family and him,
Their story would make a good film.
Maybe not action, special effects and thrills,
But of intrige, deceit, and a craftsman's skills.
That caused the elite and the posh trauma!
It would make a cracking British drama.....! !

01/02/13

guy lipmore

Barns..

Barns the cat,
who knows where it's at.
He torments the dog,
as she sleep like a log.
Jumping at the dog through the air,
bouncing, darting across the floors,
On the tables and chairs,
clawing cupboards and doors.
He's got no cares.
Walks up the walls,
taking no notice of 'get down' calls!
Yes Barns the cat,
who know where it's at!

guy lipmore.

25/06/92

guy lipmore

Best Of The Best

Belfast born with magic feet,
Playing ball on cobbled street.
Something with him dwelt,
Something special he felt.

Spotted playing about,
By a Man'U scout.
Telegram was sent,
'I think I've found a genius', it went.

Fifteen years of age,
On the threshold of the national stage.
On his seventeenth birthday,
For the first team, he was to play.

Rave after rave review,
Of his debut.
Slight of frame,
Didn't hinder his game.
Flashes of his lightening speed,
Yes with the ball, at times greed.
The crowds he would enthral,
Extraordinary feats with the ball.

For years he excited terraces,
Putting smiles on faces.
He left a lasting legacy,
'Best player in the World', said no other than 'Pele'.

01/09/92 GUY LIPMORE.

guy lipmore

Blind Faith

On the TV, the medium for their charity,
Not a hair out of place, smug face.
Through them they say 'God loves beams, ' follow him to fulfill our dreams.
The lord loves us all, let's us prepare for the final call.
Your place will be guaranteed; from decadence and the Devil you'll be freed.

Reaching out from the screen, concealing their scheme.
Help build the temples and plan, against the forces of Satan.
Preaching the Lords glory, which needs your faith and money.
Give all you can afford, for Jesus and the lord.
There's one thing for sure, our love and money will banish Lucifer.
Send a little money or more,
Remember 'Beelzebub' will do his worse against the young, old, rich or poor'
Forward your cheques, 'your place will be booked', you'll have no regrets'!

Yes generously donate, before it's 'too late'
Repent your sins, he says with gleeful grins!
Recall the good book, only the good ones will be took...
When judgment day comes around, and Jesus once again descends down.
The prelude to salvation, before eternal damnation.
No choice for the sinners, the repentant will be the winners.
As any believer will foretell, join us or face the 'limbo of hell'

So don't worship the material things, look at the greed it brings.
Seeking faceless values, striving for wealth, it's the Devils work by stealth!
Yes evil's doing, will only bring despair and ruin.
Satan can be so devious; the Lord knows it's difficult for most of us.
Against the temptations of the Devil, we must keep a strong will.

Yes my friends, 'touch the screen, feel what I mean.'
Be on our best behavior, trust in our savior.
Live your life, untainted, free of temptation, the funds we raise is Gods
foundation.
Your monies you send will help us defend.
Pay direct if you like, from your bank account.
Before the pro grammes ends, in faith all depends.
Remember our Lord works in mysterious ways, in the end, 'believe me it pays'! !
One last thing, cheques and money, make payable to thee`! ! !

guy lipmore.

21/01/92

guy lipmore

Brink

August twenty-eight, nineteen sixty two,
Aerial recon' photo's taken by a 'U2'.
More intelligence was learned,
Analysis further confirmed.
Russians well in to preparation,
Americans weigh up every option.
Military options of invasion or air strikes,
Against the Cuban missile sites.
Plane shot down after further reconnaissance,
Upping the anti and suspense.

Thirteen days of brinkmanship,
Fears of missiles 'going' ballistic.
Castro, his war rhetoric,
All pointing to conflict.
World was on a precipice,
With the Cuban crisis.

President's speech, World he did address,
Calling 'their' bluff, talking about the seriousness.
Meetings, joint chiefs of staff,
The 'war hawks' wanting to ply their craft.
Kennedy decided for a blockade,
Rather than strikes or invade.
More equipment on the way,
The navy would keep at bay.
Game of 'hide 'n' seek', on and below surface,
For the worse, both sides, they brace.
Tension ratcheting up and up,
Fear from the ordinary and top.

Meanwhile, frantic diplomacy,
Khrushchev and Kennedy.
The 'hot' line, Moscow and Washington.
Trying to negotiate the situation.
Tension mounted and further grew,
Military readiness put on 'defcon' two.
The constant threat and fear,
Of the situation turning nuclear.

A 'way' or trade off was negotiated,
The compromise was never stated.
That was the Turkish and Italian sites,
End of a dozen or so sleepless nights.
Pulled back from the abyss, the brink,
It made the politicians and World think!

17/05/14

guy lipmore

Bruce Lee

Land of the 'free' he was born unintentionally,
Away from his native home, returning at the age of three.

Back to a place uncompromising and tough,
Growing into a leader, in a twilight zone.
Thoughts of what would happen if no one behind?
For survival, others and luck were not enough,
When totally on own.
Will victory be signed?

Enrolling in an ancient art to better his way on the street,
Brushing with the law, they were dangerous days.
At times, his face is the only one his teacher would meet!
Totally in to all it's ways.

Frustration to get away,
To contemplate training and self scorn.
Floating in a boat, he lay,
Anger punched the water, which he sailed upon.
'Water', the essence of what should be,
Realisation starts to dawn.
Absorb and penetrate, it's the reality,
Suddenly a bird flies by and casts its shadow, another meaning is born.
The mind has to be the reflection, moving but still,
'Detached' from the disturbance.
From the physical skill,
To create harmony and balance.

Sent away for his own good,
By concerned parents.
To make a life if he could,
To his birth land, hope he represents.

Five years practice behind,
New land, new knowledge to find.....

guy lipmore

Call To Arms.

Caught up in the tide,
Of national pride.
Marching away as men and boys,
Amidst the flag waving, cries and noise.
Full of excitement, yet fears,
Behind restrained tears.
On course for another war,
Who knows what the future has in store?

26/06/92

guy lipmore

Certainty Of Death.

Transported to the camp of death,
Minutes from her last breath.
She was told to get undressed,
A familiar face spoke to her, he confessed.
"They plan to gas you all, you're going to die",
She did not believe it, she started to cry.
Then it dawned on her, panic set in,
She started shouting and screaming.

Most thought she was crazy,
Or too scared to agree.
Whilst her kind showered and died,
The guards kept her to one side.

She was tortured to turn in,
The person who had been 'talking'.
That person, she finally revealed,
His and her fate was sealed.
In to the 'ovens' he was thrown,
Still alive, no mercy was shown.

She and others were made to view,
Her own 'delayed' demise would come too.

23/03/15

guy lipmore

Challenge

School in Seattle was established,
A second in his city's birth.
Gauntlet thrown down, 'Get beat, move along, finished',
Time to prove his worth.!
A challenging time,
His lady almost a month gone.
Institute and credibility on the line,
He was not to be moved from.

Rules and conditions imposed,
'Where and when to fight'.
'No Rules' Bruce disclosed,
Messenger did cite.
Okay. I'll fight you next week, '
Bruce said 'Why not now'?

Face to face they did meet,
Bruce did not bow.

(to be continued..)

guy lipmore

Chipping Away.

Romantic at heart,
Try to express.
Rarely play the part,
Have to confess.

Eroding away society's mould,
It can be a task.
Maturity grows whilst growing old,
To reveal the truth behind the mask.

25/05/87

guy lipmore

Choice Or Not.?

Decision very hard,
To carry a donor card.
Less than 20 per cent,
Give our consent.
Recipients waiting,
Whilst we are deliberating.
Our thoughts are scant,
Regards to a transplant.

Now government plans,
All of us 'will' donate organs.
If you 'opt out' and insist,
Put your name on the list.!

01/01/05

guy lipmore

Conflicts Of Mind.

Carnage of war,
Wounded, What's it all for.?
Question the insanity,
got to break free.
Maybe foolhardy,
or sheer bravery.?
Either way he was decorated,
choice of post stated.
Chose the frontier,
before it disappeared.
Out into the plains they ride,
ever rolling and wide.
Come across signs of dead,
death by arrowhead.
Reach post, deserted all gone,
decision made, stay on.
Wait for their return,
they wouldn't he'd learn.
No sign of command,
in his journal he penned.
'Two socks' appeared,
no threat, as first feared
'Wild Indian'first contact,
'stealing horse', he did distract.
Sure more of them will come,
preparation getting done,
Another'war party'raid,
one of them is not afraid!!

Realization had dawned,
after being warned.
No troops, no relief,
no need for the grief.
Meet the Indians head on,
'thinking', don't know where from!

Come across, 'white squaw'alive but injured,
her life he secured.
Questions from red man chief,

answers from white man, 'Kicking Bird' would seek.
At his fort, impression made,
maybe a foundation laid.?

The 'white squaw' asked to talk white,
Scared to say right.
Names introduced,
progress produced?
Back at fort,
noise, his ears caught!
Seen the Buffalo's,
races to tell them he knows.
Camp on the move,
follow their life's food.
They have their trust guaranteed,
to follow them he agreed.
Brow of hill,
witness the mass kill.
Disbelief, minds shook,
only skins the whites took.
Greed by the whites,
total disregard for Sioux rights.
Dunbar, his heart sank,
as flesh rotted and stank.
Angered minds in the tribe,
to their fight he would subscribe.
No more, his mind in conflict,
clear thoughts, now conviction.
Knowing 'his peoples' intentions,
survival now, no pretensions.

Buffalo hunt, he would join,
majestic herds rumbling.
For life's need,
a few would bleed.
Rogue bull,
his trigger to pull.
He would save,
the young brave.
Played his part,
'shared the heart.'

Time to leave,
his future to concede.
Return to his outpost, lonely,
his own company.
Nothing to report,
only one thought.
Indian life, draws him back,
chose his track.
'Prairie wolf' follows, starts a game,
braves see and gives him a'real' name! !

Joined their'war party'
told 'to protect chief's family.'
As the culture further pulls,
learns new name 'Dances with wolves'.
Language he's learning,
his love and passion burning.
The people he'll miss,
no future with 'Stands Up With A Fist.'
He leaves again,
connection with 'Two Socks' his friend.
Tries to say good bye,
His squaws'union'he would tie! !

Against rival tribe he'd defend,
with his life he would fend.
Never in a battle, like before,
confirmed his mind to the core.
'Stands Up With A Fist' released,
restriction ceased.
'Kicking Bird' he would agree,
'Dances With Wolves'could marry! !
Short ceremony,
straight to bed of matrimony.! !

'Kicking Bird' always asking,
How many more whites coming.?
Dumbar tells him 'like the stars many, '
quiet faces show fear for Sioux country.

Returns to fort,
his journals he sought.

Met by his cavalry,
had to tell his story.
Snide remarks, 'shoot or salute',
Asked, 'Why not in army suit.?'
Told to cooperate,
for his own sake.
Shipped back for trial,
his 'Two Socks', shot on trail.

His tribe ambush to rescue,
which they do.
Killing his own to live,
Soldiers would not forgive.
He fully knew,
they will pursue.
He did contemplate,
for his tribes fate,
He will leave behind,
before the military find.

Said their sad farewell,
parting 'gift'his journal.
Goodbye from 'Kicking Bird, '
in English word.
'Wind In Hair'shouts they will always be friends,
Dunbar, his silent stare, acknowledgment he sends.
Dunbar, off he goes,
as the wind of change blows.

Fourteen years would reveal, .
the Sioux brought to heal.
No longer can they defend,
on welfare, they depend.
Once a proud nation,
now on a reservation.
The Bison nearly to extinction,
for the Sioux, not much distinction.!!

22/03/07 GUY LIPMORE.

'Great Film'

What a film, scene after scene,
questions your very being!
So emotional, cultures collides,
conflicts of hearts and minds.
Every emotion, every feeling depicted,
Anger, fear, contentment, love, hate, nothing restricted.
From opening scene and civil war,
to production, direction to music score.

23/03/07 GUY LIPMORE.

guy lipmore

Cry Of The Dolphin.

Born into tradition,
generation gone by.
Mind of condition,
about to defy.

Years of skill,
honed in his mind.
Always ready for the kill,
the 'hunt' is not hard to find.

Herd them into an inlet,
for the death spree.
Set them up for target,
to turn the water a blood red sea.
Spears raised for the deed,
repeated strikes to make them die,
No chance for the gentle breed,
slaughter, they still smile, silencing their talking cry.

He sees their blood as they bleed,
feeling the hurt in their eyes.
Guilty of the profit and greed,
Conscious of their death sighs.

Changed his view,
against all he previously thought.
Knew what he had to do,
change for the better had to be fought.
Animal rights,
For so long he was against.
Now for their cause, he fights,
conservation signs he now paints.
All the best for the Japanese guy,
and his different future.
Only to protect, not make them die,
total love for the beautiful creature.

30/11/05

guy lipmore

Dead Man Working.

'Dead Man Working'.

Wacky 'out of the box' or sincere,
No rules or set criteria.
Whatever the idea,
Regards to a 'war' theatre.
Allied landings were planned,
'Room 39' ideas they scanned.
A macabre plan they would employ,
By using a dead body as a decoy!
Place their 'weapon' in the sea,
To dupe the Spanish and Nazi hierarchy.
To lure Germans away from Sicily,
Therefore, invade the Reich's 'under belly'.
A mission to alter the course of the war,
If 'The man that never was' 'made' it ashore.
Should their plan back fire,
The invasion plan would expire.

All they had to do was 'find' a dead body,
And prepare him for a 'journey'!
They asked a local pathologist,
To look for a 'victim', then assist.
He duly got one identified,
The deceased had 'gone' by suicide.
Preparation and timing was the key,
To turn the plan in to reality.
On his person they would plant,
Battle plans in a document.
To make things look authentic,
And their 'officer' realistic.
They placed a few personal effects,
Within his wallet and pockets.

Love letter and a ring receipt,
All part of the unusual deceit.
Theatre stubs and a bank statement,
And letter demanding payment.
Possessions they meticulously fake,

Attention, to detail they take.
Officer's uniform and I.D card with a face,
Attached was the all-important brief case.
He was to be 'killed' in a 'plane crash',
Therefore, they would fake the aftermath.
Shot up dingy, and life preserver,
Around the neck of the 'major'.
Last touches, 'lost' shoe, ripped clothes,
All ready, then the body they froze.
Ready for the 'go-light' of green,
And put in a canister then a submarine.

The plan had been going smoothly,
However before releasing the body.
A mile off the Spanish coast,
They had the feet to defrost!
The rate of thawing was not quick,
An electric fire did the trick.
He was supposed to have drowned,
The British feared the 'reality' might be found.
If a full autopsy went on,
Authorities may find the 'killer' was poison.
They had another area of concern,
Should the autopsy be prolonged and learn,
Regards to the rate of decomposition,
It may cause a definite suspicion.
The corpse would start to 'rot' out from the dry ice,
After all, it had started to decompose once, now 'twice'!
Hot weather, corpse on a bench,
They found 'no suspicion' and there was a bit of a stench.
Catholic authorities disliked bodies lying around,
And got it quickly put under ground.
Nazi spies, intelligence gathers,
Aided by local Nazi collaborators.
The 'disinformation' they bought,
And they channelled it to the top!
Successfully went the cheeky deception,
The documents reached Hitler's attention.

His commanders were duly alerted,
Significant forces were duly diverted.
Greece, they were redeployed to,

Panzers divisions were sent too.
Bait had totally been swallowed,
The rouse was blindly followed.
Progress had been tracked during the mission,
Bletchley's 'ears' on every communication.
Thanks to 'Enigma' providing the 'talking' sound,
As well as agents and double on the ground.
Churchill had been informed by telegram,
That the Germans had bought the scam!
"Operation Mincemeat, swallowed rod, line and sinker",
Believing the documents on the body of the major!
Allied plans were allowed to commence,
And they took advantage of the foe's 'lesser' defence.
Germans tanks taken from the Kursk salient,
To counter the allied invasion 'stunt'!
Thousands of casualties the operation did save,
Many fatalities were prevented from an early grave.

The 'hero' now rests in a Spanish plot,
Posthumously the 'recognition' he got.
For decades the real identity was concealed,
Investigations had since revealed.
"William Martin" was the name on the tombstone,
A bizarre legacy, history did 'atone'.
Glyndwr Michael was the real 'hero' that was 'sent'!
A Welshman found dead in London, alcoholic, a vagrant.
Down on his luck whilst alive, always struggling,
Whilst dead, an honour he was given!
Sad, true, and bit of a morbid story,
Yet fascinating and extraordinary.
Operation "Mince Meat", was an audacious gamble,
However, it turned out successful.

19/12/13

guy lipmore

Defiance Of Meaning.

The fighting has died off once again,
They slump amid the mud
Wondering if their 'war effort' will be in vain,
Whilst staring at a recent victim's face covered in blood.

Witnessing comrades fall and die,
Some must of asked why?
In these fields of death, If there is any room for love and care?
Now that the festive season is kind of in the air.

Then the 'Jerries' started to erect Christmas trees and many a lantern light,
Then started singing 'Silent Night'.
To the 'Tommies' it was a pleasant sound and different sight,
Even more so on that smoke filled night.
They respond likewise,
With Christmas carols that fill the skies.

Before long, batches of each entrenched side would be singing along,
Together in the next 'chosen' song.
One side would sing and the other would be cheering and clapping,
There seemed no stopping.

Shouts of 'friendship' ring out from from both opposing lines,
Each side making 'come over' signs.
Slowly but surely, men from both each side emerge from their part of each
trench,
Out from their corridors of hell, from the blood and mud filled stench.

Uneasily men with different shades of uniforms walk towards 'no man's land',
Both sides reaching out to hug and shake the nearest 'foes' hand.
Hugging and exchanging of cigarettes, chocolate, pictures, stories, jokes and
seasonal cheer,
The thought of getting killed by one another is was no longer a fear.
A game of football breaks out, only 'opposing' teams,
No one died, no blown to smithereens!

Only a few hours before, they were trying to wipe out each other,
But now it was love thy brother.
It seemed like a dream, it didn't make sense.

Mortal enemies, with no need for defence.

However like most good things it come to an end,
The enemy friend is no longer a friend.
Cannon fire ends their game of football,
Both sides obey own high command call.
Every one scrambles their respective ways across the crater filled pitch,
Returning to their 'normal days' back to a watery ditch.

So back to shooting the heads off short-lived friends,
Until the next night descends.

The politicians and generals said, 'There's no room for good will in the carnage of war, '
Some one on that front line must of felt, why the hell not for?

If ever in history of mankind, there was a much needed pause,
It must have been needed in the 'great war', the so called war to 'end all wars'!
That unusual pause in that senseless cause,
Must be remembered by us all.
Now and for ever, and the next time we have to answer our country's call.
But especially by the 'war hawks, '
To remind them that there is some times 'room' for talks.

That interval of 'unofficial peace' showed past, present and future generations
can be understood,
without the spilling of his blood!

DEC' 1984

guy lipmore

Do Not Want To Dream

DO NOT WANT TO DREAM.

Open eyes cannot keep,
On its way is sleep.
Happy dreams are no more,
Of the life before.
They only serve to remind,
Of good times behind.
Awake to see,
The reality.

09/07/12

guy lipmore

Do We Have Freedom.?

A hero, that's Brian Hawes, and his lone cause.
For years camped there, opposite Parliament Square.
Solitary protest against Iraq war, also 'freedom of speech' at its core.
Charged after arrested, fought and won when contested.
Jailed, yes incarcerated, freed and exonerated.
Harassed and threatened his campaign it has strengthened.
They've tried all sorts to 'remove', impossible it would prove.
Freedom of speech, the masses he tries to teach.
Not just his call, he fights for us all.

09/07/10 GUY LIPMORE.

guy lipmore

Doctor Of Death.

Figure of respect,
You never would suspect.
Never question your local G.P.!
'Pillar' of the community.

'Grooming' the patients for the 'kill',
House calls trust he would instil.
Own practice on the high street,
More 'victims' to meet.
Killing in mind, so methodical,
Lethal injection, so clinical.

Each life took by way of Morphine,
Each one fuelling his fantasy, so obscene.

Covering tracks, records falsified,
Never an autopsy when they died.
All 'natural' causes, he would profess
He was always the last 'witness'.

Twenty four years of silent evil was to end,
Caught out, he didn't intend.
His downfall was the 'Grundy' case,
Evidence fell into place.
He forged her will and signature,
After murdering her, a day later,
He altered computer data.

Summoned for an interview,
Still cocky, but he new!
Clues he had left, couldn't defend.
His arrogance, on less to depend.

Twelve bodies were exhumed,
Town of Hyde, shocked and 'entombed'.
Sheer scale, who could predict?
Overwhelming evidence to convict.
Hundred and fifteen estimated killed,
Another forty five, closure for families unfulfilled.

Finally sentenced and jailed,
The doctor is nailed.
That evil, evil man,
He never give a damn.

He couldn't handle captivity,
Deciding his own destiny.
He chose not to live,
His pride wouldn't give.

He played God and trod his evil path,
Shipman it seems had his last wicked laugh.

30/04/11

guy lipmore

Drowned Out.

Liverpool corporation, water they sought,
community, by surprise they were caught.
Not really consulted,
outrage and protest resulted.

Voices and banners went to the 'foreign' council,
however, project goes ahead through ' private members bill '
Worries fall on deaf ears,
only to confirm worst fears.

Workers came to start their plan,
nothing could stop the dam.
Water is 'required'
not true it transpired.
Not strong enough voice in their land,
their village was dammed.
Told to 'leave their dead, or exhume,
the water will be coming soon '
Open the graves,
or lose to the waves.

The injustice of it all,
a tragedy to befall.
An horrendous and heartfelt plight,
unfair, one-sided fight.
Generations split and scattered,
the corporation, water is all that mattered.
Profit for big business,
the little man is powerless.

Water now covers, village no more,
two things for sure.
The people never had the last word,
and the chapel bell will never again be heard.....

27/03/06

guy lipmore

Election.

Each party promoted and appealed,
Promising a different deal.
Each vying for your votes,
Trying to 'guarantee' your hopes!
Debates, interviews, chat shows,
Candidates trading blows!
All the bluster and rhetoric.
Using any ploy or tactic.
Appeasing the peoples gripes,
With nice words and 'sound bites'.
All parties going through the gears,
Playing on the peoples fears.

Statistics in the endless opinion polls,
All using them to further their goals.
Trying all manner of tricks to influence,
Political broadcasts of 'truth' and pretence.

Each spouting their policies on any given situation,
Trident, conventional defence, wars of intervention...
Doctors, nurses, National Health and privatisation,
Welfare reforms, bedroom tax, benefit deduction.
Transport issues, railways, prices at the petrol station.
Minimum wage, 'living' wage, zero hour regulation.
Housing shortage, affordable homes, rented accommodation.
Europe, referendums, controlled immigration,
Austerity, deficit, interest rates and inflation.

Same old left versus right wing,
Balance, the centre party try to bring.
Once fringe parties gaining ground,
More and more seem to like their sound.
So called far right and left and the SNP,
Greens, UKIP, and Plaid Cymru.

When all stations close and votes are cast,
Who will be first past the post?
Who will have the most seats, red or blue?
If no one has overall majority, what will they do?

Who will get in to 'bed' with the minorities?
Pre election, 'No deals' by the major parties
All manner of predictions and permutations,
Various shades of power sharing coalitions,
Predictions of another 'hung' parliament,
Will we have another coalition Government?

Questions, answers will have to wait,
For the outcome and the nations fate!
Weeks of campaigning, one day to go,
A seemingly unrelenting political show.
Politicians have almost had their say,
See what happens after Election Day.

05/05/15

guy lipmore

Enniskillen. (Own Goal.)

Memorial day, mourners blown away,
By minds of hatred, leaving eleven dead.
Scores more injured, their act back-fired.
The World condemns, from this peace stems.
Innocents paid the toll, for the terrorists own goal.

28/04/08

guy lipmore

Evil.

One, two, three, four bomb,
Carnage in London.
Evil did decide,
kill by suicide.
Scores dead, many maimed with changed lives,
daughters, sons, husbands, wives.
Evil had trod,
good had bled.

Not a matter of if, but when!
majority can't comprehend.
Evil had done it's deed,
Why on this do they feed?
What is the root cause?
whether political or religious wars.
Anger and disillusionment is being bred,
and vented with misguided hatred.

All four suspects'home grown'it does appear,
foreign influence from far and near.

Our'isolation'period is now lost,
At what future cost?
What is our ripost?
either way our swords are crossed!

10/07/05

guy lipmore

Example Of....?

Gary McKinnon, searching for proof, from under his London roof.
For U.F.O.s and 'Aliens', U.S.A. want to extradite for his crimes.
Hacked into their computer systems, causing them 'problems'.
With relative ease, their 'pride' he did squeeze.

Extradition to the U.S.A, rules not same for the U.K.
They, no evidence really required, all one sided.
All our courts rejected his appeal, 'hidden' agenda to conceal?
Plus the European court, his case still being fought.

That extradition 'treaty', is a joke, a travesty
Yes he caused them embarrassment, for our and their government.!
He admits he did wrong, accessing data from NASA and the Pentagon.
Millions of dollars of 'damage' done, McKinnon denies that sum!
He could face sixty years in prison, if extradited to them,
A crime has been done, however he hasn't 'murdered' anyone!
They shouldn't demonize and try to prosecute, but should utilize his skills and
recruit.

The Brit' a 'terrorist' he's been branded, left out and stranded.
The U.S simply lost face, the treaty doesn't represent true justice.
If he is to face trial, it should be on British soil.
The crime was committed in Britain, that is for certain.
Our Government drags its heels, despite high profile appeals.
Ignoring his mental condition, let alone the whole situation.
Still no outcome, I hope justice is done.

09/10/09

guy lipmore

Expression.

Express what you feel,
Just keep it real.
Personal experiences are easier,
Observations may require structure.
Regards to the subject,
Whatever the idea or topic.
Expression is the key,
Whatever the 'type' of poetry.
The issue of prose and rhyme.
Comes up from time to time.
Which or what is poetry proper,
Does it really matter?
Agree to disagree,
It has to be free,
Let it be.

14/11/13

guy lipmore

Figures.

Now year five,
Hundred and seventy five not alive.
This figure, we are told,
The 'dead' figure we are 'sold'.
Yes everyone an hero,
Every praise we bestow.
However there is another stat',
Continually an 'unknown' fact.
Hundreds wounded and maimed,
People and figures hardly named.
Too much an embarrassment,
The truth is 'inconvenient.'
Figures not revealed,
They remain concealed.
The true cost of the war,
And what it is for!

20/03/08

guy lipmore

From Glory To The Gore.

King and Country.

So war was declared,
The fervour, almost all shared.
Patriotism, the country was swept,
Tears of fear and pride were wept.
Kitchener, hundred thousand he had hoped for,
However, over one million signed up for war.
Along with the mature men,
Many were still boys, children!
Hundreds of them had applied,
They and authorities both lied!
The more they recruit,
Both sides it would suit!

27/12/14

Boys Own.

Eager to join the war, the fray,
And make the 'Bosh', 'Fritz' pay.
Some within the 'pals' battalions and brigades.
Proud as punch in uniforms and the parades.
Full of adventure and bravado,
Real 'boys own' they could not wait to go.
All were of the mind, believing,
That they would be back by the festive season.

27/12/14

Reality.

Arriving at the front, on a front line trench,
Along with smells of cordite and human stench.
Looking at bodies in 'no mans land' contorted,
Where another 'advance' was thwarted.
Marching past dead comrades, feelings suppressed.
Their faces express 'quite shock' at what they had witnessed.
Those solemn faces realized the stark reality of war,

Into their eyes and consciousness it tore.
Amid those numb minding scenes, gunfire did sound,
As the mature and 'youth' took positions 'in' the ground.

29/12/14

Just a Boy.

Only a boy but with a mans' heart,
He wanted to play his part.
He was shot physically but only a 'bit'!
Patched up, and then was declared fit.
Back once again to the front,
Another explosion he did confront.
Becoming once again another casualty,
Deafened and 'shell-shocked' mentally.
Sanctioned fit again, to the front again sent,
The opposite 'direction' he went.
Wandering away to where he had been billeted,
Where only three weeks before he had been treated.
Arrested and accused of desertion,
'Guilty' was the army's conclusion.
He had made a "Not Guilty" plea,
The army would never agree.
Justice was never going to be offered to him,
After all the army had to keep 'discipline'!
A French lady had gave 'evidence',
This determined the final sentence!
It read; "Deserting His Majesty's Service, "
"To Suffer Death By Being Shot", for Private Harris.
Yes, 'only' the firing squad he was given,
He had only the 'sixteen' years of living!

29/12/14

guy lipmore

Get The Balance Right.

Commitment is made, to live and love.
Don't let the colour fade, below or above.
You've got to give and take, right down the line.
If you don't, things will break everything that is going fine.

Admit when you are wrong, being right is not to pretend,
Balance the weak and strong, maintain the right blend.

Just remember, when life doesn't flow, balance the scales,
Deep inside you know, it never fails.

07/09/87

guy lipmore

Glyn Dwr'

Born of noble ancestry,
forgotten hero of history.
Lands and estate,
Greatness would await.

Lord De' Grey, lands he took,
Glyn Dwr' protested by the book.
His voice heard in parliament,
but treated with utter contempt.

John Trefor, a Welshman had warned of 'revolt' and for De' Grey to be given a
reprimand.
flames of resentment were fanned.
' What we care for these barefoot rascals' an Englishman said,
Provocation further fed.

Adding insult to injury, a real provocateur,
Henry branding Glen Dwr' a 'traitor'
Also appointing his son ' Prince of Wales'
for Glyn Dwr' finally tipping the scales.
declaring himself the true prince, a defiant act,
seven towns were sacked.
Against state and king,
a response this would bring.

Many raids of hit 'n' run,
frustration had given success, every one.
Seeds of revolt were sown,
panic in the thrown.

First pitched battle on ' Hyddgen' mountain top,
English, the rebellion, they couldn't stop.
Welsh, odds against once more,
defeat the English bore.

Again face to face, the battle of ' Bryn Glas' took place,
the king would lose face.
Outnumbered were the Welshmen,
victory won by hands of bowmen.

Mortimer and Percy on side,
marriage further tied.
Alliances made,
future is being made.
Success in battles,
the siege of castles.
The odd defeat,
still not beat.

Harlech' in his hands,
laid out his plans.
Three years, relative stability,
for his government and democracy.
Parliament held at Glyndyfdwy' manor, ambassadors were invited,
legal system, treasury, military, clergy, plans far-sighted.
Other countries did recognize him,
only fate would determine.

Plans by the 'three' went higher,
share the spoils, they did conspire.
Enlarge Cymru' rest split two ways,
for the final phase.! !

Glyn Dwr' and France, invade to Shewsbury
no further, no conclusion clearly.
Stand off, both sides yield,
from the potential battlefield.

Years of struggle, battles, ambush, skirmishes, and campaigning,
political tactics, real and feigning.
With little or no support,
for the cause he fought.
Strength ebbing away,
the fight would decay,
His foe too strong,
defeat would prolong.

Castles and towns retaken,
desperate situation.
Harlech' starved into submission,
Cymru' breaking

His daughter's and sons, all but gone.
for years freedom's light had shone.
Bitter ending to this just war of wars...
suffering revenge, settling of scores.

His dream was not to be,
a country, independent and free.
Not part of his destiny,
only the future would see.

Fourteen thirteen,
to the enemy, never again seen.
On going mystery.
leaving an 'aura ' of invincibility! ! !
Glyn Dwr', his people never did betray or compromise,
they await their 'Arthur ' to arise
To lead the 'Britons' once more,
like 'Wallace years before....

What was his legacy?
apart from an obscure figure of history.
That great, great man.
and his fight for his peoples land.
Never got to be a nation
almost there, but for a few years, but still a notion....

In the end, we were defeated, subjugated, depleted,
Incarcerated and humiliated.
Persecuted and prosecuted.
Total resignation,
followed by hundreds of years of strangulation.

Mother tongue, given restrictions,
discouraged, conditions,
'Colonists ' infiltrating,
growing consolidating.

Acts against the language,
simmering resentment and rage.
The 'Welsh knot' recent times, calculated and cruel,
bitter memories, it would fuel.
Still fighting, not yet done.

battle for the native tongue.

Whatever legacy 'Glyn Dwr' left,
we must never forget.

That his spirit may be in our character, our blood!
Is this our nationhood?

19-24 /03/06

guy lipmore

Gone To Far. (P C)

One way street, cars either side,
Half way along, almost through,
His access route was denied.
A simple action he asked the man to do.
Blocked by a coloured face in a van,
Who wouldn't back up or around?
Adamant was the ethnic man,
Milkman made an appealing sound.

"Just reverse mate, if you would, "
He said so pleasantly.
The reply was "Reversing, I'm no good,
Could you do it for me."! !
"You're having a laugh and joke, "
"Did you pass your test on a Camel."?
The Milkman said to the bloke,
Situation was at a standstill.

Eventually resolved,
A crazy event for sure.
However events had `evolved, '
In a shape of a knock at his door.
That `Camel' word that he had used,
Not meant to be flippant.
Now a `racist' he was accused,
Of which he certainly wasn't.
The Police questioned him about the complaint,
Twenty seven visits they paid him.
Regards to that comment,
Things were looking grim.
Legal battle and court pending,
And the financial worry.
There seemed no ending,
From the constant misery.
Pressure on his family and mind.
His livelihood he continued,
Repeating he wasn't the racist kind.
And innocence he pursued.

It was all over the top,
Blown out of proportion,
When would it stop?
The nightmare situation.
Another case for the p.c. brigade,
Just plain stupidity, ridiculous,
Another inroad they had made,
Maybe a win for political correctness?

End of week, monies he'd collect,
Well to do, customer base.
One lady paid by cheque,
And she noticed his worried face.
Continuing his normal milk round,
His health feeling the cost.
Sympathy he kind of found!
He was 'talk' of the Mosque!

Locals were having a laugh,
All at his expense,
Words were spoken on his behalf.
The 'accuser' had seen common sense.
That non-white who 'drove' that van,
His case he 'promptly' dropped!
To utter relief of the Milkman,
The madness had finally stopped!

29/01/13

guy lipmore

Guantanamo.

Aware of the Guantanamo Bay fiasco,
It's be going on for a decade or so.
Unaware though of the hunger strike story,
Maybe the main channels deemed not newsworthy!
Happened to see it reported by a 'fringe' T. V station,
Nothing from any 'independent' or the BEEB Corporation.

Forty one days of that obscure hunger strike,
The ultimate stance for the human right.
For basic civil rights, for basic dignity,
A fight against the US, 'land of the free'!
Fighting against the 'preacher' of democratization,
Amid abuse, torture and degradation.
A fight against the years of incarceration,
The battle for due process and legal representation.

If each of those held captive are a 'terrorist, '
Present the evidence, campaigners' insist!
Put them on trial in a court of law!
Why wait all the years, what for?
Is the 'evidence' really there? Or is it the case,
Of America not wanting to lose face!
Without a charge, inmates were imprisoned,
No, no process was commissioned.
Captured in 'theatres of war' allegedly, they say,
And promptly despatched to Guantanamo Bay.

Many were 'sold' to them by bounty hunters,
Are some of the detainees the very hunger strikers?
Nine eleven, the fear and suspicion,
Problem, reaction, solution and prevention!
Early years, international had empathy,
Down the line, less and less credibility.
Years of reviews, and discussions,
Intelligence analysis and commissions.
Change of Government and committees,
Whilst lives are in limbo for the detainees.

White house officials have stated,

The situation has been 'exaggerated.'
They show pictures of an inmate's cell,
Depicting a few mod cons' indicating all was well!
Officials have admitted, come out and said,
There are 'only' eleven being force fed!
And that's out a total of thirty seven they say,
Who are refusing foods in some way?

Silent footage taken at long range,
The 'inmates' shuffled along in suits of orange.
Detainees hand-cuffed on carts and wheeled along,
Legs shackled, medieval scenes, they should belong.
Maybe the 'last straw' removal of last dignities,
Visitation rights, photos, Quran, even less liberties.
Total humiliation, it seems an endless plight,
Ten years plus, it's come to a hunger strike!
Inhumane, barbaric and unlawful treatment,
Perpetrated by a 'civilized' Government!
By a state who ignores international condemnation,
A nation who has signed the Geneva Convention.
Promises of the current president,
Have yet to become evident.
Western allies' conveniently ignore,
No 'main' coverage for the voices that deplore.

Eighteen days since the start of this poem,
The hunger strike is still on going.
Thoughts kept 'coming' through,
Regards to this contentious issue.
Plenty of subject matter,
That may be written later.

Whatever their fate in Guantanamo Bay?
Only Uncle Sam and the future will say!
Whilst they remain and endure,
One aspect is certainly for sure.
As long as the situation persists,
It will ferment and create new and real 'terrorists.'!

25/03/13

guy lipmore

Hope

We hope and we pray,
With every passing day.
For him to get well,
Only time will tell.
Hope for the best,
To awake from his rest.
All keep wishing and fighting,
We can't give in.
Thoughts must be positive,
All we can give.

guy lipmore

Human As Well.

Life of privilege, deep breath and courage.
From utter luxury, to help the ordinary.
Going undercover, to discover.
The reality, of a local community.

To assess their plight, and assist their fight.
Situations then contemplates, all worthy candidates.

Time to come clean, and reveal their 'scheme'!
Their chance to share, for the millionaire.
And confess, the 'real' life they possess.

Easy to be critical, yes cynical.
Is it done out of guilt, their conscience felt?
Genuine is ther 'sell', showing they are human as well.

09/03/08

guy lipmore

Inquiry.

Oh'Iraq inquiry, What is it for?
Sheer publicity, Was it a'legal war'?
Costing millions of pounds, bloody indecency.
To get answers good it sounds, waste of time and money.
The public were misled, media lies' were fed.
'Sexed up' dossier, 'true'they'd say.
'Forty-five minute launch ability', they'd say insistently.

Resolutions by U.N', they had to stop'Saddam'
Blair and co', play the media show.
They talk of justification, 'weapons of mass destruction.'
Inspectors on the ground, none ever found!
Death of Dr Kelly, 'suicide'apparently!

'Questions' were asked, depth they lacked.
No answers direct, truth was'select'!
A few did squirm, nothing new to churn.
Odd one on the spot, no great shock.

One of the few highlights, yes best sights.
Of the whole inquiry, one bit of HONESTY.

Some in opposition, venting frustration.
In particular, ex-cabinet minister.
Clair Short, TRUTH and cheers she brought.!

So that was that, the issue of Iraq.
Nothing to be concluded, total truth will be eluded.!

02/05/10

guy lipmore

Last Right.

Last Right.

Union's last right,
The right to strike.
It is the last tool, last lever,
For the worker to withdraw labour.

The elite use the media and press,
To further their agenda and express.
Also demonising strike talk and opinions,
Garnering public support against unions.
Placing fear about job losses,
Targeting the union bosses.

It is fundamental.
Nothing short of vital.
The right to strike is kept,
All the ordinary folk have left.
On must continue the fight,
To maintain that last right.

06/02/14

guy lipmore

Life Line.

Starve into submission,
Losing ships, Atlantic convoys.
War of stealth and attrition,
Thousands of tonnage it destroys.

Thousands had died,
Destroying or protecting supplies.
From either side,
All the same 'death cries'.

Merciless U boat attacks,
Vessels sinking fast,
Prey to the 'wolf packs.'
How long could Britain last?

Desperate situation,
The threat from below.
Life line for the nation,
Churchill did know.

New threat on the horizon,
Pride of their fleet.
The 'Bismark' had arisen,
The 'Hood' she would defeat.

Two thousand, four hundred died,
Retribution was sought.
Royal navy found her and fought,
Further success for that ship was denied.
Their 'pride' did sink,
The revenge was done.
'Bismark' bottom of the 'drink, .
The war carried on.

America, supplies they send,
Still 'neutral' support.
Air cover to Iceland,
Vital against the U boat.

Cat and Mouse with the enemy,
The battle not over yet.
Upper hand, resources and technology,
Would defeat the 'underwater' Nazi threat.

10/09/09

guy lipmore

Looking For The Final Light

Each one of us is searching for an end, well before its'due to arrive.
Each trying to contend, in life we strive.
Searching for an answer, a meaning, consciously or dreaming.
As to what and why we are in the universe?
Does everything and everyone serve a purpose?

It doesn't matter if you believe in the`almighty',
Deep inside the seed of doubt blows,
Because mankind needs the mental security.
This is the reality everyone knows!

31/12/87

guy lipmore

Loo-Ney Time.!

Is it a tourist attraction, ?
Loads of action.!
Easy to forget,
Its only a public toilet.
Is everyone dying for a pee?
The entire village wanting a wee.!
Maybe they've nothing to do,
Do they all think, 'Oh I'll pop out to the loo.!'
They're maybe nicking bog rolls! ! ,
Pretending to go for strolls!
Are all of them 'spending a penny'?
Saving water in they're own lavatory!

Seemingly from miles around they flock,
The bloody road they'll block.
Are there no toilets where they live.?
Something has to give.
The bloody sewers will collapse,
A solution is needed perhaps.
Pose as an attendant,
Charge them for a 'penny spent.'
Say a couple of pound.
Make them think! Before calling around..

'Out of order' sign on the door,
Burst pipe, flooded floor.
Petition, get it knocked down,
Good idea, it does sound,
Just want a quiet street, ,
Whilst on my computer seat,
From my window payne,
Don't want to complain.!! !

guy lipmore

Love Can Be.

Love can be there when we start,
Love can be there when we depart.
Love can be hot,
Love can be cold.
Love can be an unsure,
Love can be confident as gold.
Love can be good,
Love can be unkind.
Love can be mysterious,
Love can be blind.
Love can be endless,
Love can be short.
Love can be stolen,
Love can be bought.
Love can understand,
Love can be an art,
Love can be tearing apart.
Love can be spoken,
Love can be making.
Love can be broken,
Love can be leaving,
Love can be a cost.
Love can believe,
Love can be lost.
Love can be jealously,
Love can be a task.
Love can be all at sea,
Love can be under a mask.
Love can be big,
Love can be small.
Love can be meaning,
Love can be a phone call.
Love can be sexy,
Love can be in words.
Love can be funny.
Love can be in this verse.
Love can be, like the love in you and me.

guy lipmore

Ludlow.

It was April twenty,
A day of reckoning and of infamy.
The year was nineteen fourteen,
Unfolding terror and finally a tragic scene.
Workers pursue strike actions,
For better pay and conditions.
Also for union recognition,
Months into their situation.
Mr Rockefeller and Co,
Had tried to stop the 'defiant' show.

For the Miners, tents were provided,
To service the company, hundreds resided.
Company ordered their militia to surround,
Families hid in the 'earth' from gunfire and real flames around.
Frustration boils, tense situation erupts,
Into a disastrous series of events.
Company bullets fly into tents and overhead,
Women and children are among the dead.
Where they had cowered in their 'fox-holes, '
The massacre of thirteen Ludlow souls.

The inevitable repercussions,
Amid recriminations and retributions.
Both sides suffered, possibly two hundred more fatalities,
Over ten days, the situation created more casualties.
Congressional investigations, recommendations,
Committees, new conditions and regulations.
Passed in to law 'eight hour' day and 'child labour' laws enshrined, '
These are safe now! But other rights are eroded or undermined.

Yes even now almost an hundred years later,
And those workers fight against Mr. Rockefeller.
Nothing has drastically changed for all workers, on goes their fights,
Against companies and business to 'maintain' and further their rights.
Is it strange that the massacre, most never knew about, still do not know?
The sorry story and the lives lost at Ludlow!

23/07/12

guy lipmore

Matter Of Time.

Another soldier down,
Familiar sound.
News, sombre tone,
Unwanted `milestone`.
"Now three hundred",
Today these words were said.

guy lipmore

Memories.

Fingers and thumbs,
Through the photo albums.
Recalling the moments,
And the past events.
With the laughs and tears,
Down through the years.
Slowly turning the pages,
Debating dates and ages.
The changing features of faces,
And the fashion and places.
Those embarrassing photographs,
Producing the most laughs.
The click of the camera button,
Those moments in time frozen.
Priceless is every photo, absolutely,
Every image is a lasting memory.

01/06/13

guy lipmore

Mirror Lies!

Do politicians practice lying?
Some lie naturally without trying.
Some are good in any debate,
Pretending to play it 'straight'.
Most need a little practice!
So people will not 'notice.'
Them lying in action,
With the art of distraction.

For those who squirm in their chair,
Get flustered, pause and stare.
Do they stand in front of a mirror on the wall?
Perfect the art of lying and con them all.
Look themselves straight in the eye,
Convince their own image that 'truth is a lie!
Practice the 'art' of lying until perfect,
Then try it out in public!
Do they get body language coaching?
To stop any signs of fidgeting?
Do they get an instruction book?
On how to act and how to look?
Would any instruction book show?
Maybe tips and advice below?

Keep the eyes focused,
So you are not 'sussed',
When questioned about policy,
Always answer indirectly,
Never give a reply direct,
More answers they will expect.
Always deflect the conversation,
Away from the actual question.
Talk in terms generally,
Interrupt the host frequently.
Keep them on the back foot,
Advantage should be took.
If you drop your guard,
With a slipped word.
Attack the opposition,

And their policy position.
This will get you out of a spot,
More often than not.
Side-step, deflect, back-track, all depends,
Just get through the interview until it ends!

Most M P's who are our elected politicians,
Will act like illusionists or magicians?
Moreover, the truth they will mask or make it disappear.
Part truths only, full truth they will keep well clear.
However, the people see through the lies,
Despite all the 'training', they cannot disguise.

20/06/13

guy lipmore

Munich.

Product of history,
Tragic events of Munich 72
That day in Germany,
The target was every Israeli.
Athletes were held captive,
Some would not live,
Palestinians, and hostages they chose,
To further their cause.
Authorities were not prepared,
Information they had was not shared.
Shoot-out on the airfield,
Carnage and infamy would be revealed.
The games would carry on,
The Olympic spirit had gone.

05/09/12

guy lipmore

My Babe

As sure as the sun shines down,
And a candle burns a flame.
As sure as night and day comes around,
And a forest needs rain.
As sure as the world turns,
And a heart needs to beat.
As sure as fire burns,
And honey is sweet.
As sure as the sky is blue,
I will always love you.

guy lipmore

Natures River.

Hours working, long spent,
always out, time gone by.
Time taken, not lent,
a frustrating sigh.
Innocence missed,
over the years how they grow,
Only time to reminisce,
wish time would go slow.
Done to repel hunger pangs and the need to survive,
life doesn't offer a second chance; it takes and will never give.
Seize every moment, use every second given.
It must be spent, whilst everyone is living.
Again how they grow,
be and take part.
It's on with the show,
though a belated start.!

guy lipmore.

December.1990

guy lipmore

No Expense Spared.

No expense spared, less they couldn't have cared.
Fingers' in the till, claiming for any bill!
Money for charcoals, and 'lawn moles'
Pipes under tennis court, oh' and cleaning one's moat.'
Jacuzzi, and a plasma TV.
Refurbishments, long finished mortgage payments.
Trees' in the garden, glossy photo's taken.
Five pound donation, thousands for renovation.
Second homes, offspring, rent free,
Courtesy of you and me.
They've taken the water, resign they ought to.

Yes, they've been caught out, excuses they throw about.
Many apologies, 'paying back' the claimed fees.
Waving cheques, but no regrets.
'Within the rules' they plead! We've been the fools, just sheer greed.
They say it's 'within the spirit of things', contempt and disrepute it brings.
Bloody patronizing and condescending, they're still defending.
Trying to justify, 'innocence they cry.
Nothing short of a thief, it beggars belief.

Public outcry, some of our MP's tried to pacify.
Town hall meetings held, anger still not quelled.
Condemnations, 'forced ' resignations.
A few fell on their swords, what's the crack with the house of lords?
So a small percent, are maybe innocent.
That's tough luck, that's the job they took!

For me any vestige of respect, has now 'left'
They've been sussed! Total disgust.
Didn't really trust them before, now even less so.
Final 'nail in their coffin ', not interested in what they are offering.

There seems no alternative, with democracy we'll have to live!

09/07/09

guy lipmore

No Reason Why

There's no solution, nothing we can prevent,
Says the spokesman for the government.
To help the little girl and her condition,
Although it is a sad situation.
So unless you are a famous daughter and son,
For want of money, your operation will be done.

Left to a king, from a foreign land,
To donate, to lend a hand.
No, no reason why,
Why this girl should die.

guy lipmore

No Tears Left.

The Soviet Red army,
Witness scenes of inhumanity.
Imprinted in their conscience,
As they enter a 'hole' in the fence,
Met by eyes, sunken and sullen,
Revealing souls that were stolen.
No joyous freedom cries.
Indifference in their eyes.
No feelings of elation at all,
Humans lying around, others ready to fall.
Many dead, many ready to die.
Their eyes were all cried out and dry.
Far away stares and faces gaunt
Bodies of skin and bones, looks that haunt,
Starved in to a 'living death' fragile, weak,
Lifeless but alive, some unable to speak.
Emotionally they were dead,
Silent voices in each head.
From the torture and neglect,
They had no tears left.

The Nazis had long fled,
Leaving their 'living dead.'
Unspeakable and unimaginable acts,
Perpetrators tried to cover their tracks.
Records were burnt and destroyed,
Explosives on the 'ovens' was employed.

Survivors gave harrowing testimonies,
Details of faces conducting atrocities.
Those same faces that gave orders to kill,
Standing trial, showing no remorse still.
Only cockiness, sheer arrogance,
Words and attitudes of defiance.
They got their comeuppances,
Guilty verdicts and death sentences.
Maybe some justice or consolation,
For survivors who endured the camps of concentration.

guy lipmore

No Words Needed.

Hurt and pain don't describe,
What is felt inside.
When grief touches, numbness rebounds,
No words needed, the eyes speak the sounds.

31/08/92

guy lipmore

Not Quite Cooked! !

Getting on, 'you slow down' they say,
Of course, I believe them, getting older every day.
Anyway I could I think run just as fast,
Even though my stamina didn't quite last.

Football with my boys proves no problem at all,
Bar losing that extra yard on the ball.
The reason for this is not I'm any less strong,
It's just that the boy's legs are getting longer!

Yes it's hard to admit,
That I'm really getting older and unfit.
When reality creaks in every bone,
And it echo's in every groan.
When your body starts to feel,
That injury takes a little longer to heal.

Only conciliation is that I'm not the only one,
And not quite done.
Hopefully there is plenty of time for me yet,
Before my 'sell-by date'! !

30/06/92

guy lipmore

Old Fashioned, Not Me.!

'Old Fashioned' (Not Me!)

'Old fashioned' they say,
"Who me, ? No way".
Don't like 'Rave' or 'Rap',
That's not music that.
Don't care for 'Boxer' shorts or a Shell suit,
Maybe colourful and cute.
But it's plain to see,
They are not for me.
All those designer clothes,
Are only worn for laughs and to pose.
And the cost to buy a name,
We are the 'mugs' in this fashion game.!
Small fortunes just to be able,
To wear a fancy label.
And the price of trainer shoes,
Would give your wallet the blues.

Now and then, an item may catch my eye,
If the price is right, I may just buy.
But no way will I keep up with the latest in-thing,
No to the trends I won't give in.
So my family can keep on bashing,
My sense of fashion.
Yes they can laugh and scoff,
But they can all knob off.

I will stick to my 'straight-legged' jeans,
No need for flashy seams.
No need for multi-collared paint splattered jackets,
With dozens of zips and pockets.
I'll stick to my denims or leather,
This will last a lot better.
Those fancy track-suits and types are so thin,
May as well use them for a bin.!!
So I don't really care so there,
I'll wear what I'll wear.

Sept' 1992

guy lipmore

On The Record

Yes, those record shops, at times hours spent,
Or popped in, check the 'charts' for a moment.
For the latest group or artist,
Looking down the top twenty to hundred list.
Who was at the top spot, the number one?
Whether it is a single or album.
Checking out your favourites,
Groups and the chart hits.
Up and coming pop stars and bands,
Compilation and greatest hits stands.
Listening to old and new sounds,
Whilst chatter of music abounds.
All in alphabetical in order to find,
Silently 'marking' off the letters in your mind.
Flicking through the albums,
Reading and 'dividing' with fingers and thumbs.
Vast array of designs of the record sleeves,
The singles, but mostly the L P's.
That twelve square inch sleeve of cardboard,
And the anticipation of the sounds on the inside record.
Meanwhile the banter, have you heard this and that?
Discussing a song and every detail of a track.
Side A or one and B, side two,
The list of tracks to read through.
Wondering about the unheard music,
As you read the inner sleeve and the lyric.
Made that decision and the purchase,
Getting home at a quickening pace.
Maybe a chart single, or that 'long play, '
Excitement building, cannot delay.
Get in the door, put it on that deck,
Hoping it is good as you expect.
Oh, yes the hiss and the crackle,
Of the beloved record on vinyl.

guy lipmore

One Rule For.....

One Rule For.....

Made a mistake,
Punishment she would take.
Broke the law,
A 'fine' she bore!
Error on her part, oversight,
Defend as she might.
The P.M. backed,
She wasn't sacked.

She was wrong,
She should have gone.
Yet another example,
Yes another sample.
One rule for us, one for them,
That's the problem.

Rich and privileged 'get away' with it,
Poor and rest of us, never benefit.
On it does go,
Them and Us keep the status quo!!

24/09/09

guy lipmore

One Year

It is hard to believe,
That it's new years' eve.
Twelve months gone by already,
Passed away to history.
What did we do?
Or what did we achieve? If anything,
Where our chances few?
Or did our luck sing?

guy lipmore

'Only A Game'.

Just a simple game of Monopoly,
Over seven hours of 'fun' for the family.
A bloody trouncing they got on the night,
Blew them out of sight.
An emphatic win, just a fact,
So just to recap.
Twelve houses, thirteen hotels, plus over seven grand,
As predicted and planned!

A master class of wheeling and dealing,
Astute purchasers and canny selling.
Like five grand for Old Kent Road,
They mocked, but it was clever and bold.
Lip-More was the king of finance,
The others did not stand a chance.

Yes, business is a ruthless game,
However, he felt no shame.
There was no guilt on his conscience,
Regards to battering his opponents.
Their wounds they are licking,
After their absolute kicking.
For them it was bit galling,
They were feeling raw after their mauling!
They still won't admit,
And just get over it.

17/05/15

guy lipmore

Painful Memories.

In To Hell.

Over the top with fear, then terror.
Orders did steer, gain ground, so clear,
The 'cliffs of Hell' were sheer.
And the Devil did sneer.
Many, the price paid so dear.
The rest, more than a tear.

13/04/14

Dead or Dying.

Away from the trench parapet,
His name avoids a bullet
Running as he fights,
Mayhem and horrific sights.
Among the madness,
Lay degrees of 'aliveness'.
Stops to aid a comrade,
"Leave him, " some one said.
No time to care,
In the carnage of warfare.

13/04/14

Hand To Hand.

Eyeball to eyeball they met,
Gave his foe, death by bayonet,
Second thrust was given,
To finish any sign of living.
Guilt and remorse instantly,
Logic he could not see.
What and why had he done,
To his fellow human.

13/04/14

Losing It.

Relishing his next attack,
Losing his civilized links.
Killing started to attract.
Back to barbaric instincts.

13/04/14

Order Too Far.

Given his orders,
Death for the deserters,
Not right on his mind,
Refuses to kill his own kind.

13/04/14

guy lipmore

Perspective.

We think we have it bad,
However, not like him and the four years he has had.
His life was shattered and turned around.
We moan and twist at the slightest sight and sound.
Just reflect on his unending plight,
Moreover, it puts every thing in perspective all right.

24/04/13

guy lipmore

Pride Of The Flag

Fourth of August (1914) war was declared,
Thousands to the cause they flocked, they appeared not scared.
'Do their bit, do their stuff,
all be over by Christmas! ! '

Four years the war grinds back and forth, opposing lines,
carnage and brutality, as insanity shines.
750,000 had died,
200,000 plus never found, forever lost,
common sense it seems was never tried,
at unforgivable cost.
Generations perished,
what a price.
Is our freedom cherished?
Do we ever think of their ultimate sacrifice?

Pride of the flag,
to their deaths it did drag.!

guy lipmore

Pride V Principle.

Which is to win?
Sturdy arrogance
Relationship issues within,
Or common sense

When everything has been said,
To work it out.
But its' like banging your head,
Screaming and starting to shout!

There seems no way for either to succeed,
The stubbornness may yield with luck and chance.
But it has to feed,
From its' stance.

The only possible way to fight its' negative,
Ignore its' need,
Is to live let it live!
Let it bleed.
Rightness will eventually prevail,
Handled well it won't fail.

27/10/87

guy lipmore

Rebel And The Royal

Investiture day was set,
'Jenkins' didn't want to let.
Because the 'pretender' to the throne,
Was not 'home grown'!
Other events was to influence,
For the 'rebel' to stop the prince.
Drowned valley, MPs against,
Voices ignored, he resents.

July first, sixty nine,
He wanted to undermine.
Nothing happened,
Contrary to what he planned
Day come and gone,
Youngster, maimed by 'faulty' bomb.
Two of his 'own',
They died, bodies strewn.

Drastic action took,
The authorities it shook.
Bombs, explosives,
Who planted devices?
Police didn't have a clue,
Who could do! !

So the prince was crowned,
'Rebellion' drowned.
'Jenkins' caught, put on trial and jailed,
Ten years he got, regret he always defied.

Four decades been and gone,
Life has moved on.
Nothing changed, bar the assembly,
But no true liberty.! !

guy lipmore

Recession!

Well I could not help myself and had to quip,
"Fantastic stuff, get the flags out quick."
News stated, "We're out of the double dip recession, "
Is it just the 'money men' playing the game of illusion?
In the gantry, are they pulling the strings?
Are 'boom and bust 'really the 'natural' cycle of things?
Double, and then threats of a triple dip,
Can we believe, should we buy it?
Cut backs, shorter hours, down-sizing,
Zero growth and unemployment rising.
Constant fears of job securities,
More and more part time vacancies.
Full time, to find is very hard,
Agency work becoming the standard.
Chancellor: "We're all in this together, "
Of course we are! What ever.
The country's in the red, in debt,
We are reminded every day, can we forget?
The fault of the 'previous' Government,
And their fiscal mismanagement.
That national debt, and 'our' deficit,
Has to be reduced, we have to budget.
Tighten our belts, we must endeavour,
With each painful austerity measure.
That only applies to ordinary masses,
It does not apply to bankers and their bonuses.
Neither the bill for foreign aid,
We have to honour our pledges made!
Three hundred and fifty billion plus,
Pumped in to the economy as a 'stimulus.'
Low interest rates and quantitative easing,
Only the 'money masters' it is pleasing.
Benefiting the 'elite' very much,
However not the masses as such.
We 'bail' out the banks, for sake of the economy,
In addition, they are still not lending the money.
Can we trust what our 'leaders' with what they say,
Where has all that cash gone? Is there a 'rabbit' away?

11/05/13

guy lipmore

Red Tails.

Sixty seven years since the war,
Never heard of them or the story before.
A well kept secret of history,
The airmen of Tuskegee.
They were the 'Red Tails' fighter squadron,
An author stated, 'As secret as the Atom Bomb.'

The U.S set up an all 'Negro' squadron in secret,
Total segregation, the 'experiment' had to be separate.
Scepticism was rife, it was expected to fail,
Racism was blowing in full sail.
'They are not capable to fly, let alone fight,
Morally and mentally inferior, they have no bite.'

Training was complete, preparation done,
Reality to meet, prove the doubters wrong.
Despatched to the front in Europe, Italy,
To their all 'Afro-American' base at Romatelli.
Pilots, cooks, mechanics, commanders on the base,
All had a 'non-white' face.
Orders and briefings, tactics and formations,
Courage and bravery on the missions.
Equally brave as the others, like their 'white brothers.'
Escorting the bombers over enemy territory.
Fulfilling their duty against tyranny.
They had earned a reputation,
Bomber crews requested their protection.
One of their kind shot down, out he had bailed,
All his fellow pilots, to see they had failed.
They all thought 'presumed dead', gone,
One of many lost fighting for freedom.
However he didn't perish, never died,
His Mustang 51, upside down, he 'fell' out and survived!

Captured and imprisoned for remainder of the war,
Liberated and on a ship, home he headed for.
Sailing past the statue of liberty,
A welcome and proud sight to see.
Crowds and flag waving on the dock side,

Cheering and shouts filled him with pride.
From the ship he was about to disembark,
Then reality hit him like a stab in the heart.
There were to be no gratitude or thanks,
As he approached the gang planks.
Pride and patriotism was suddenly not there,
Kicked in the teeth, hard to bare.
The sign stated, 'Whites to the left, Blacks to the right.'

He had returned back home to the 'old fight',
Back to the racism, where life was prejudiced,
To 'land of the free' where for a period he had missed.
332, fighter group squadron proved their metal,
112, of the the Nazi foes fate they did 'settle'!
The war had finished, their missions had ended.
All bar 27, bombers they had defended.
Fighting for freedom,66, were lost of their own,
Survivors still had to fight for freedom when they got home!

18/10/12

guy lipmore

Rejected.

So the vote was done,
In the Scottish referendum.
Fifty five per cent reject,
The 'Yes' voters accept.
Before the conclusion,
Bribes of more devolution.
It may have won the day!
Pro independence still hope and pray.
Further powers may just delay,
Where they might get their way!

17/09/14

guy lipmore

Remember D-Day.

Remember D-Day, why they died,
For freedom they tried.
For freedom they fought.
For us, freedom they bought.

06/06/05

guy lipmore

Respect.

Fallen soldiers returning back,
Draped in the 'Union Jack'.
Silence on the tarmac,
As the coffins disembark.
Wootton Bassett, through the fallen are driven,
Every resident all respect given.
Lowered flags another painful session,
Of a 'regular' procession.
family and friends, flowers thrown,
Amid wailing, some are placed.
Silent grief and tears shown,
As their reality is faced.

15/08/09

guy lipmore

Return To The Workhouse!

A damn disgrace, an outrage,
In this modern day and age.
Food banks, and charities,
Soup kitchens and volunteers.
Our country is one of the richest,
Nevertheless, with areas that are the poorest.
It is a sheer indictment,
Of any party of government.
Is it, 'Evidence' of the big society?
Coming together of the community.
So says a coalition spokesman,
Is austerity part of a 'business plan'?

They're creating of a 'Dickensian' society,
A government agenda and policy?
In addition, their political 'excuse' and ruthless will.
To reduce at any cost the welfare bill.
Along with the 'bed room' tax,
Benefit changes, delays and cuts.
Welfare reforms, they've made the call,
However, not 'one size fits all.'
The criteria or 'process' is on a general basis,
No merits given for a case by case.
Thousands of claimants are genuine,
Now find their lives turned upside down or in ruin.
Reforms are necessary and over due,
Reflecting a fairer system like it should do.
Benefits should not be a 'life style' that's agreed,
Sift out the UN deserving, support the ones in need.
The process has to be thorough but fair,
Instead of cold, calculated without care.
Sentiment, fairness, circumstance don't really count,
Saving and 'making' money are taken in to account!

Making work pay, is their mantra,
As portrayed on the media.
And work should be the emphasis,
However, the issue is this...
There will always be some, who will shirk,

Jobs, at the expense of those that want work.
Not all on benefits should be demonized,
Made to feel guilty and almost marginalised.
Media focus on 'scroungers' this tars most an outcast!
Stigmatising the poorest like the Victorian past.

Millions of working families did get tax credits,
They have been hit by 'changes' in welfare budgets.
Credits, they no longer qualify,
Thresholds lowered no need to apply!
Forcing many to repay benefit money,
That does not help the low paid of the country.
So even the employed are being penalised,
How can this be justified?

Those employed, their incentives should be increased.
The unemployed incomes should not be decreased,
Tax cuts for the rich, more income cuts for the poor,
Squeezing the 'middle' incomes also for sure.

The gap between benefit and any vacancy,
Is becoming ever wider, quite clearly.
Are they making that 'gap' wide as possible?
Creating conditions even more unbearable?
Cutting holes in that safety net,
No adjustment time do folk get?
Income sources are abruptly cut,
Leaving families with the door shut.
Creating dire financial situations,
Forcing people in to the lowest paid positions.
No help, yes, work it does 'encourage'!
However, straight into the minimum wage.
Which the Labour government did instigate.
Moreover, this becomes the company rate,
Critics say that a point can be made,
Regards to the mentioned low-paid.
Better, to work surely, is it not?
Be grateful for any job and what you have got!
Whilst the minimum wage becomes the norm' a base rate,
Poorest workers kept down, and those on the welfare state.
Tax credits for the 'low paid' business further subsidised
The private firms, again allowing profits to be maximised.

Private company, medical examinations,
Examiners with suspect qualifications!
Targets to accomplish, more cash to earn!
Assessing the disabled and the temporary infirm.
Getting many as possible off disability,
Ignoring genuine cases with credibility.
Dismissing notes, letters from doctors and consultants,
Is their criteria designed just to get monetary results?
Criteria designed to block, remove or restrict,
Claimants qualifying or still getting any benefit.

Other private sector firms get rewards,
Claimants used as 'points' scored.
To get many a body off the dole,
Cash is the incentive, which is their goal!
That incentive gets even stronger,
Keeping people off claiming even longer.
Unaware are the general populous,
And the private functions of Jobcentre plus!
Is the person is a commodity?
Almost 'traded' for money! No, definitely.

In roads, chipping away, planned, deliberate?
Therefore, business can benefit and consolidate.
With 'zero' hour contracts, part-time and agencies,
Easier to hire and fire, costs down, profits up for companies.

The health service, publicly morphing in to private,
Contracted out more and more. Is it too late?
Top trust chief execs, ' each with an obscene salary,
Are well okay, amid cuts in the economy.
The once public sector run departments,
Are now gradually sold-off in segments.
Sold-off or franchised to varying degrees,
Hospital television and car parking charge fees!
They are 'cherry-picking' the best bits,
For sale or restructure for the best profits.
MP's, Lords and Peers have hidden agendas,
With interests in private companies and tenders.
In regards to the health service and competition,
Bit by bit eroding of a national institution.

Councils are being carved up as well,
Re branded, part privatised, if they can't sell..
Large item for collection used to be free,
Now there is a fifteen quid fee.
Removal of pests' bees or wasps,
Again used to be free, now there are costs.
Clamping firms and parking fines,
Only 'half price' if paid within the required times!
Private companies unregulated,
However, to the council, they are still affiliated!
Charge for anything they can, along with council tax.
We are seldom or not informed of the facts.

There seems to be little transparency,
Therefore, it seems less accountability.
Built by the tax payer, sporting or public venues,
Costing a fortune and sold for a fraction, run for private revenues!
Selling off publicly owned bodies,
Some are 'morphing' in to private companies.
The selling of the utilities, water, gas, electricity,
Giving stakes to the public for returns privately.
The taxpayer is unaware, some are still subsidised,
In addition, the promise of low prices never materialised.
It goes for firms of the buses and railways,
Again only for the private sector it pays.
Salt in to the wounds, sheer annoyance,
When 'record profits', they announce.

When public services are privatised,
The 'sales' are rarely scrutinised.
When 'deals' have been done in the past,
Then the private firm's profits did not last.
Government 'buy back' sort out, then stick it on the market!
Selling shares to create a private entity, bought by the public!
The Governments always insists,
That it is in the 'public interests'.
More in the interests of the 'over seeing' ministers,
In addition, their cronies who become directors!
Of the very newly privatised firms,
Only down the line, when the public learns.
The 'revolving door' syndrome,

Same faces in power, then seen in the firms they own!
Therefore, what is really happening?
They are slowly but surely privatising.
Bit by bit with the system and welfare,
It is becoming a 'private' affair!
The public, are we aware?
Is it apathy, if not do they care?
And that is the connection here,
Though it seems to be 'kept' unclear!
The line between public and private is merging,
A deliberate policy of blurring?

Many areas are suggested then proposed,
Plans already made, kept undisclosed.
Plant the 'seed' in the public mind,
Years down the line, another 'deal' is signed!
More toll roads, bridges, tunnels and prisons,
Air-sea rescue, care homes, school meals and possibly fire stations!
Within a few generations, what will be next?
Yes in the future, what can we expect?
Maybe the national parks, museums, schools and nurseries!
And the police, councils, the beaches and mortuaries!

All the austerity measures going on,
Is it all to do with the so called recession?
All down to the previous government,
Not the party, which are current.
Yes, the current incumbent blames the one before for the debt,
Poor management and deregulation prior twenty 'o' eight,
Therefore, financial institutions and banks, the public bail,
After all, they had to be saved, they were 'too big to fail'!
What was 'saved' by the state?
No other than companies that were private!
This is the major cause of it, the problem,
The exposure of the 'fiat' and fractural reserve system!
Countries do not have borders when money is involved,
The issue of money by central banks has to be resolved!
These institutions are privately run,
Each masquerading as a public organisation!

Money is the common denominator,
Proposed then implemented via the private sector!

Profit, commerce, capitalism, markets,
The elite and corporations filling their pockets.
Whatever they call it, it is all the same,
Healthy profit turning to greed under another name.
Public money being transferred blatantly and subtly,
Health, education, transport, defence, finance and energy.
Also 'fronted' and funnelled by some 'trusts' and 'foundations',
In addition, the 'non-governmental' and charitable organisations!
Keep the masses ignorant or in confusion?
Is it all a coincidence? No in conclusion.
After all the government talk of 'partnership',
Between private and public!
Whoever gets in power, whatever colour party?
The status quo largely remains in reality.
Money rules the elected and the PM is not king!
It dictates polices with almost everything! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

28/06/13

guy lipmore

Right Royal Reshuffle.

Pageants, privileges, pomp of royalty,
Have no relevance to most, me and my family.
Doesn't help pay my electric, gas and water bills,
Their visits, holiday exploits, give me no thrills
In this fifth year of 'double dip' recessions,
Don't see them offering any concessions.
They are immune to cuts of austerity,
Silver spoons, platters, courteous of their ancestry.
They don't have to tighten their belt,
For them the recession doesn't have to be felt.
Out of touch, but they've never been in,
From their 'bottom' to the top 'sovereign.'
Not their fault some say, they're still aloof and exempt,
It just perpetuates the 'elite' and utter contempt.

Queen and country, monarchy, figure head,
Antiquated, it should be 'remodelled' instead.
Let them keep palaces and castles at the very best,
But totally abolish the civil list.
Only her majesty and Philip apparently,
Are on the civil list paid by the treasury.
What about the rest of her 'extended' family?
Are they 'independent' from tax payer's money?
Buckingham palace takes thirty odd million to operate,
But over fifty million, it does generate.
Maybe the most popular asset,
What about the upkeep of the rest?
Do the public pay for upkeep of all these estates?
Along with council tax and all utility rates?
There seems to be lack of transparency,
What is known, Is it shrouded in secrecy?

They should all be 'self employed', to self finance,
Along with all the 'hangers on' and dependents.
Business for royals generate a vast income,
Total self reliance wouldn't be a problem!
They'd be accountable to pay tax on all revenue,
Just like taxes paid from me and you!
After all, millions of pounds they are worth,

Not bad for accidents of birth!

Not a case of proposing a republic,
There again, let the people vote on It.!
Of course that will never be done,
Not a 'cat in hell' chance of a referendum.
Total removal, I wouldn't advocate,
Not asking for the Queen to abdicate.
Though it wouldn't bring me any sorrow,

If there was no royalty tomorrow.
No I wouldn't batter an eyelid,
If they were gone and our society were rid!

Furthermore in a democratic and modern society,
We shouldn't pay or subsidise an historic hierarchy.
Keeping them in their life of accustomed luxury,
When all around there is hardship, cuts and 'child poverty! '

P 15/03/13

guy lipmore

Sale Still On!

Hurry, last few days of the sale,
'Don't miss they all wail.
'Half price', double discount,
Don't delay, they all shout.
Nothing to pay for year, interest free credit.
Then three years to pay for it.

Remember the sale 'must' end 5pm Sunday,
Then it's 'full price to pay'!

However the 'sale' never does end!
The 'discount' price is all you'll spend.
So no need to hurry,
The sale is on for all eternity!

Going to ring them up one day,
And say, "Can't make it for five, Sunday"! !
What's the date of the next sale? Will it be interest free?
Wonder what they'll say to me? ! ! ! !

guy lipmore

She's Here.!

In she comes smiling face,
About to wreck the place.
Cheeky look, TV. Switched off & on,
Tell the kid 'no'; knowing what she's done.
Seeing her brain 'working things out' like a 'raptor';
Telling her off, can't but help laughing at her.
From telly to the hi-fi,
Press, poke, pull she'll try,

Door open, she stops and does her stare,
Mad crawl for the stair.
Fast as she can, she tries,
Door shut again, she cries,
Feeling sorry for her, open the door,
Her face lights up, she's off once more.
Back on the living room floor,
'No, No, No'; she says and gives that 'look' what for! !

Bored with furry toys,
Even the ones with noise.
Tired eyes, bottle fed,
Twisty face, time for bed.
Time for home, buggy ready for the off,
Still giving us a laugh.
House looking a whirlwind has been,
Like a disaster scene.
Like an aftermath of a bomb,
So peaceful, she's gone!

24/07/06

guy lipmore

Shouldn'T Be

Refuge centres, care homes and the like,
All vying for their cause or plight.
Even the last place like hospices,
Relying on subsidies, to ease last wishes.

Charity for kids abused,
Donation money misused.
Just one story,
Of one charity.

Most are reputable, I'd like to agree,
But money breeds corruption, in our caring society.
An allowed travesty in a democracy.

Whatever form of government, plain to see,
All of the above shouldn't be.

guy lipmore

Showman.

The year '38 radio show,
But most didn't know.
Not real, just a production,
What a reaction!
Millions hooked,
Panic was booked.
'Aliens' have landed, yes invaded!
Only a story 'on air' it was paraded.

Sound of the commentator,
Transfixed every listener.
Panic in his voice, the masses are glued,
Reports of destruction people dead, the show continued.
Interlude of piano,
Events outside unfolding, Orson didn't know!
Building up the suspense,
News reporters 'on site' frightened and tense.
Real life panic from outside,
Orson was asked to 'remind.'
That it was just a show,
But his rebellious streak said 'no,
If people are scared, that's good" he said! !
Further still, the public are fed..
The broadcast continues, more 'reports' of bad news.
'Eyewitness' accounts the tension mounts.
Death, destruction, heat rays' killing,
No stopping them, human blood spilling.
Unable to defeat, only option is retreat.
The 'outside' masses start to panic,
Roads jammed with people and traffic.
Thousands would flee, believing it's 'reality'! ! !
'Newsflash' a cylinder is surrounded, good news it sounded.
Hundreds of military obliterated,
The 'report' stated...

Broadcast interspersed with pauses of silence,
Then interrupted with bursts of ``Martian violence``
Defeat after defeat, the bulletins concede
Hysteria it would feed.

Meanwhile, events outside, would reveal,
That some are real.
The show was causing a real situation.
Right across the nation.
Terrified people, heading for the hills to hide,
Real life reports of suicide.
Radio reports of objects in other places,
Fearing the worst, 'handkerchiefs' on faces.
Ready with gas masks,
Driving desperate with full roof racks.
Calls to the police flooded in,
Worries and fears were genuine.

Reality was suspended,
' ` HALLOWEEN SPECIAL ` ` ', the radio show has ended! ! !
Commission held to question, Wells,
Answers of innocence, Orson tells.
He had been totally 'unaware'
He would solemnly declare! !

26/09/06

Showman or Not.

Whatever the accusations and recriminations,
Orson adapted the story with vivid imagination.
Public reaction he could not foresee,
Any fatalities were a tragedy.
Orson the man,
The showman?

27/09/06

guy lipmore

Silent Rage.

Thoughts in his head,
Words cannot be said.
Unable to communicate,
Continued to anger and frustrate.
No use of his ears,
Born with his fears.
Burdened in to his teens,
Years of 'inner' rage, no dreams.

Opportunity to turn a page,
A lifeline called sign language.
However, the lad is sceptical and fearful,
Whilst his father remained hopeful.
Coaxed to attend school for deafness,
Hesitant in class with his shyness.

The teacher patiently teaches,
Hope within the lad it reaches.
His eyes widen and seem to shine,
Increasingly with every leant sign.
Rising self-belief and esteem,
A miracle, considering from where the boy had been.
Widening smile spreading from ear to ear,
Slowly but surely dissipating his fear.
Deafness had been his 'norm',
His new world had been born.

Heartening and fantastic to see,
Restores a bit faith in humanity.

07/12/13

guy lipmore

Six More.

Another six lost, gone,
Death count goes on.
Four hundred and four,
For the 'anti-terrorist' war.
Every life lost, a sacrifice,
What will be the final price?
The mass media feed the public,
With all the 'right rhetoric.'
Crucial are 'their' mass media,
To further their agenda.
Spreading 'Democracy, ' to another soil!
Is it cover to control resources, gas and oil?
In addition, the 'war on terror' is it a smokescreen?
From day one, has it has been?

07/03/12

guy lipmore

Slowly Morphing.!

Whether walking or waiting,
Sitting, eating or standing.
They're all are texting and gaming,
Reading, or checking.
Concentrating, pressing,
Touch-screen dragging.
Mostly 'finger' talking,
Voiceless phone conversing,
Emotionless, conversations,
Muted communications.

Rolling fingers and thumb,
Is how the 'talking' is done.
No need for full spelling!
Kind of abbreviations are the 'new' writing.
That's another aspect of the language,
Written word continually suffers damage.
Text 'speak' the dictionary, it's entering,
Adding, enriching or further eroding!
Detrimental to the vocabulary,
Undermining standards of literacy.

Expression not required nor tongues,
Subtly converting us not to use our lungs!
Much like the television of decades and today,
Slowly sucking the art of conversation away.
Are we gradually 'interfacing' with the machines, ?
Television, computer, I. Pad and phone screens.
Progress, change, maybe just evolution.,
Whatever, Is it sub conscience collusion.?
Is it coincidence or by some shadowy design,
Incremental subversion with techniques sublime!
Increasingly and unwittingly endorsing,
That we are slowly but surely 'morphing'?

21/11/12

guy lipmore

'Snatching Of The Goat'

Germany, stationed there were two regiments,
Welsh boys with 'fun'-taking comments.
The 'Black Mafia' did n't take too kindly to that,
Some thing they would have to do, matter of fact!

Therefore, a daring plan they did hatch,
The Welsh mascot goat they would snatch.
Worse for wear were the 'gang of four',
Out on the drink the night before.
The very idea they did conceive,
Some how they did achieve!

They shaved its bloody beard off to leave a nice smooth chin,
In addition, painted 'Rifles' colours on its coat and skin.
The squaddies' were well gone and had not realised,
The flipping poor goat was traumatised!
So they had launched their 'sucessful' cheeky raid,
Next day was the Queen's big parade.
The Welsh mascot never got to the Queen's bash,
Revenge was taken by the 'Black Mafia' whilst on the lash.

Their plan worked a treat, but word did get about,
They have to face the music when the truth was out.
And it did! The goat had to be returned,
In addition, 'punishment' had been confirmed.

The 'culprits' were never revealed,
Their Battalion never squealed!
All of them were confined to barracks,
Commander saw the funny side amid wisecracks.

The 'Taffies' stopped taking the 'Mick',
The 'Kid-Napping' seemed to do the trick.
No longer did they boast or gloat,
Remembering the 'ordeal' of their goat!

10/01/12

guy lipmore

Space Eyes

Sophisticated technology peer down from beyond our blue or grey skies,
Unseen by our human eyes.

They say that they are only for weather, communications and defence,
But they cannot win over our total confidence.

Twenty two thousand miles or more high above our heads,
Can they hear us while in our beds?
Do we really understand, and fully realize?
What the data devices are capable of doing with their electronic eyes.

They are able to spy on a cloudy or night of day,
The cycle of earth or weather doesn't hinder orbiting objects, no way.

We may think impossible for them to see us in the black of night,
But they can see us alright with their infra - red sight.
We can't even be too small,
To them, it's no problem at all.
With the aid of computerized enhance,
Do we stand a chance?
As the world becomes more and more computerized,
Anyone, not so good or the more sinister could have us scrutinized.

Where will it all end? If it ever does,
With those metallic vessels far above.

guy lipmore

'Starstruck'

So awe inspiring, just magic,
Head up to those twinkling skies.
Yes a feeling, very cosmic.
Observing with 'Starstruck' eyes.
I stood there just looking,
Words I search to find.
Then they came, so fitting,
Certain words come to mind,

'Pin-holes in the curtain of night',
That line from the film, 'Highlander'.
A beautifully fantastic sight,
A sight of absolute wonder.

Twenty plus years, for that night,
Countryside skies so clear.
Because of pollution blight,
Urban sprawl, couldn't get near.

Glorious yet sad,
We forget what we had!

guy lipmore

Stitched Up.

'STITCHED UP'

IT WAS AN EMPHATIC REJECTION,
ALL SITES MADE THE SELECTION.
MORE THAN 98% OF UNION VOTED NO,
OUR COLLECTIVE STRENGTH WE SHOW.
FROM COLLECTIVE BARGAINING,
THE 'BALL' IS BACK TO THEM.

A 'MESSAGE' WE WERE SENDING,
INDUSTRIAL ACTION PENDING.
HOLIDAY, TWO WEEKS AWAY,
GOT BACK, IT'S ALL GONE ASTRAY.!

COMPANY PROPOSAL AMMENDED.!
UNION COMPRIMISED AND SURRENDED.!
SIMILAR 'DEAL' AT A PRICE,
THERE WAS AN EXTRA SACRIFICE.!!
A SECTION HAVE 'NO VOTE' SUDDENLY,
SO MUCH FOR YEARS OF LOYALTY.
NO MORE SAY ON THE 'DEAL',
UTTER TRAVESTY WE FEEL.
NO MORE PART TO BE PLAYED,
FEELING BITTER AND BETRAYED.
'SOLD' DOWN THE RIVER,
STITCHED UP LIKE A KIPPER.

16/08/11

guy lipmore

'Storm Chasers'

Vehicles full of Hi-Tec,
Tornados or twisters they detect.
Cars with armoured plating,
Some with turrets and grating.
Racing along highways at a pace,
Keeping up with the storms, they chase.
Lashing rain, hail and sleet,
Every worse condition they meet.

Analysis from the data,
Wind speed, direction and temperature.
Forecasting the positions,
Assessing its compositions.
All manner of terminology,
Mixed with meteorology.
Warm and cool air flows,
Changing aspects of the tornados,
Down draft, 'super cell', 'funnel' tube,
Rotation, out flow and altitude.
Storm stirring, 'war cloud' formation,
Maps, data miss-interpretation and dissipation.
Disappointments and some elation,
Even after success, driving through devastation.

Crazy some say about the men who do 'storm' chasing.
Madcap, maybe something 'missing'!
Full of passion and self financed,
Dedication and all the risks are chanced.
But for what it's all worth,
They gain data for the experts.
To assess and try to prevent,
Loss of life before the next onslaught of a natural event.

18/05/14

guy lipmore

Strike.

Eleven plus years,
of frustration, enough is a enough,
Right or wrong, hopes and fears.
we called their bluff.
We will not win against this corporate giant,
at best cause them some embarrassment.

So hear we stand,
fight or fall.
We've shown our hand,
it's our call.

Raining on the picket line,
acting optimistic.
Underneath not so fine,
being realistic.
They were well prepared, no doubt,
before our action, the work was`shared out'

Against them I stood firm,
but more money I can't lose,
I will not go full term,
Further action, I'll have to refuse...

10/07/06

guy lipmore

Summer Rain!

Weeks of rain,
For thousands, bringing pain.
One day of 'summer' forecast,
How long will that last?
It's ironic fact,
For all our rain and that.
Should we get a 'sunshine bout?
Parts will suffer drought!

06/07/07

guy lipmore

Taking Liberties

Freedom of speech,
Sucked by a leech.
By 'our' own Government,
Guilty until proven innocent.
No right to protest,
Warned of arrest.
Passing each 'terrorism' act,
Eroding our rights, it's fact.!

guy lipmore

Tapes.

Death of the Tape.

Holding them close to my chest,
I know it is for the best.
Just found it hard to throw,
Knew I had to let go.
So began a 'terrible' sin,
I place them in the bin.
The emotion just escapes,
As I reluctantly release the tapes.
To me, it is 'shock and fear',
Others may mock and sneer.
Hope I do not have any regrets,
For betraying the video cassettes.
As I gently release,
I whisper, "Rest in peace."

04/09/09

Tapes Away!

Well another seven,
Gone to 'cassette heaven'.
No easier to let them go,
Again, knew I had to.
Then I did contemplate,
What, if I needed a tape?
Therefore, a 'few' I will retain,
To ease the 'guilt' and pain.

10/09/09

Fate of the Tape.

The future waits,
For a few hundred tapes.
Various stages of 'death row',
Stacked on shelves and in boxes for their time to go.
For all of them I will miss and grieve,

The 'chosen few' will get a reprieve!
In my heart, there will always be a place, I will never forget,
For the 'hallowed' VHS video cassette,
Damn new technology and that usurper DVD,
The 'cause' of this tragedy.
VIDEO, "Good Bye,
You'll never die"

17/09/09

guy lipmore

Tears Of The Redman

Bargained goods, with the white man they would trade,
Converted to religion,
Seeds of destruction laid,
To grow they began.
They fought and died,
In the path of the 'iron horse.'
To save the land and the Buffalo they tried.
But only stalling its course,
All the once proud nations
Crowe, Apache, Cheyenne, and Sioux,
And many more, end up on reservations,
Their civilizations cut through,
Subjugated by people creating the 'land of the free'
Raping the lands and taming the plains,
For the Redman freedom was not to be,
Only thing left was the eagle and history pains!
Now the Redman cries,
Bitter tears they fall.
Left asking Why's?
They have lost it all.

guy lipmore

Tears Of Zimbabwe

Tears of Zimbabwe.

Genocide going on,
nothing being done.
Rest of world, richer nations,
turn a blind eye to the killing of generations.
Mugabe not checked,
There's 'no oil' alone, he is left!
Millions with HIV
Unfolding tragedy.
Eighty per cent unemployed,
Economy is destroyed.
White lands seized,
henchmen do dastardly deeds.
All opposition crushed,
hopes of freedom dashed.
Foreign journalists banned,
population scared and scanned.
Total police state,
only the west holds it's fate!

08/07/07

guy lipmore

Terri.

House fire, tragedy,
Should not be alive really.
Child, only twenty-two months,
Nothing short of miraculous.
Burned, ninety degrees,
Disfigurement, everyone sees.
Her whole face was burned,
To live with it she has learned.
Her injuries were and are horrific,
They do not witness her spirit.
Strength and courage,
Fifteen years of age.
Such guts and bravery,
A revelation to see.

Videos of her from a toddler,
To a typical teenager.
Always laughing, full of life,
Curtailing any internal strife.
She wants to be normal,
Like any other girl.
Confident and maybe stubborn.
Living with her 'problem'!

Sheer determination,
What an inspiration..
Facial reconstruction cannot be done,
Bones are too young.
Her operations will not make her perfect,
She knows what to expect.

Feeling self conscious about our face,
Put your self in Terri's place!

02/08/13

guy lipmore

The Collective.

Walk in the factory door,
Daily eight hour necessary`chore`.
The`bore`is about to begin,
Starting by`swiping`in.
Get your hypo-spray,
Only`think`the company way,
Another week another day.
Forty hours, for your`fake`pay.!
No individual, only collective thought,
Your labour sold and bought.

MARCH 2009

guy lipmore

The Day Hell Paid A Visit.

The essence of England on a fitting sunny day,
Was about to be blown away.

Anyone in sight was a target to die, ,
Innocence counted for nothing as 'pellets of death' fly.

Carnage was done, the Devil had been and gone,
But his hellish act will remain on..

August.1987

guy lipmore

The Hurt Of Silence

Conversation breaks down,
So begins the 'silent sound'.
The quietness only broken,
By sharp words spoken.

Strong words said,
Frustration further fed.
Up higher goes the 'wall',
Pride, not willing to compromise at all.
Nothing said for hours,
Situation just sours.

Tension reaches such,
First 'thaw' comes through a touch.
Bad feelings subsides,
Relief sighs.....

guy lipmore

The Mouse.

He trotted around the plant pot base,
With a determined look on his face.
Dangling high above was the apple so juicy,
He just had to get to eat it coz' he was so hungry.
Slowing down his pace to a walk,
Leaping up to the trunk, along the branch to the stalk.
Sinking his fangs right through the apples skin,
Within seconds, his mouth was chomping right in.

In the wind the apple was swinging,
Underneath the mouse was clinging.
Stronger the wind got, gale force it blew,
The mouse continued to munch and chew.
He was a pro', clinging whilst eating,
The branch started swaying and creaking.
Suddenly a loud almighty crack,
Then even a louder almighty snap!
He gazed up at the branch as it snapped,
The apple and the mouse just dropped.
'Stuck' to the apple, an issue he could see.
As he and the fruit descended from the tree.
The problem was, his claws were embedded,
In to the apple as to the ground, he headed.
Frantically he tried to break free his claws,
Yanking like mad with his paws.
Still plummeting like a brick,
A gust of wind did the trick.
Getting one leg loose, then both free,
Still falling like a 'stone', he could see.

Now below the apple tree were some old paint pots,
His descent got faster as he drops.
The pots were full of rainwater,
They were getting closer and closer.
As the water and impact got near.
He pushed away the apple and got clear.
Breaking free he head nosed dived,
Maybe thought he had survived.

Hitting the water with a splashing thud,
He survived becomiing a `dud`.
Then the falling apple hit his head.
The fruit knocked him cold dead!
His demise was instant, he did not feel,
Well at least his belly was full with his last meal.

01/11/13

guy lipmore

The 'Poem' Project

Trying to convert poems, one format to another, plenty of headaches and bother.
A good friend helped with the issue, probably wished he hadn't agreed to.!
We weren't exactly the 'computer generation', as we tried to find a solution.
After all it couldn't be hard, so we thought, a lesson we'd be taught.!!
Discussing the problem, telephone and email, it became the 'holy grail'.

Formatting, copy, paste and scans, ideas, theories and part plans!
Information read, advice requested, the 'poem' project we underestimated!
Errors, glitches, testing and trials, through scratching heads and 'gritted' smiles.
Bad and some good luck, we'd get a bit cocky, then again we got stuck!
Short lived success and celebrations, then frustrations and exasperations.,
One step forward, then three or four back, deep breaths, and a 'renewed
attack'!.!

Down loads, files, programmes, amid the the mental tantrums.
At our wits end, those computers sent us round the bend.
Those silicon chip sods, laughed at us like demon 'gods'.
At our attempts to solve the issue, as frustrations grew!

Settings and defaults, oh memories of old 'nuts 'n' bolts'!!
Those days were long gone, back to deciphering the silicone,
Frowns and mental anguish, those digital rascals had a 'death wish'.
Finding a solution mattered, in the process we got our heads battered.
On and on we battled, until the problem was settled.

Success came of our endeavours, against those callous computers.
It had been haphazard, hours on the mouse and keyboard.
Mentally battered and physically drained, our 'mouse fingers' strained.!
Twitches and withdrawn faces, those contraptions put us through our paces.
Our 'thousand yard stares', ready are our slippers, gowns, rocking chairs.
For that rest home and T.V. room, we may be occupying very soon.!

guy lipmore

The Return.

For the ones who would return from the hell,
Some unable to talk, others, tales to tell.
Of heroism and loud glories,
Or of sadder muted stories.
Boys return as men,
Men return never the same.
All return with some sort of pain.

27/06/92

guy lipmore

The Sandwich.

The humble sarnie,
Is an absolute delight to me?
Two slices of bread,
About to be lead..
Right into my open gob,
Just the job.

However, there is a serious side,
Respect has to be applied.

The skill of sandwich making,
Using any kind of filling.
The usual chips, meats and cheese,
Why not steak pie and peas.
Mushrooms, burger, scampi and chips,
Yes, use any kind of mix.
Why set a limit,
As to what you put in it?
Any thing boiled, poached or grilled,
Oven-baked, micro waved or fried.
Anything that is on your plate,
Anything that is to be ate.
Whether beans, potato, any kind of fishes,
What ever your fancy or wishes.
Nothing should be restricted,
Anything can be included.

One other aspect that is important,
Is presentation, not just the content?
The bottom slice has to be covered totally,
No gaps, yes a full layer completely.
Evenly spread across the surface,
Then with the top slice, you carefully place.
Pressing ever so gently together,
Yes, careful not to bother.
The combination of filling inside,
Then to the mouth, you guide.

Yes, a pure art form,
Some scoff and pour scorn.
Some say it is immoral,
Weird and abnormal.
One should not be mocking,
Instead, you should be learning.
If you require a bit coaching,
Alternatively, an advanced course of training.
Don't hesitate, give me a call,
The secrets of the sandwich, I will reveal all.

Life will be ever so more rich,
Once you know the art of the sandwich.

20/08/14

guy lipmore

The Two Hundred.

Another killed,
More blood spilled.
Yet another dead,
Now two hundred.
Tragic milestone,
Accustomed we've 'grown'.

15/08/09

guy lipmore

Time Out.

Soul destroyed, pride almost gone.
Unemployed, for eternally long.
Time caught up with skills of old,
Mind and body, not enough against the modern world.

DEC' 1990

guy lipmore

Toe Saga.

Ready for the op' ready to go,
Ring up, its still okay.
Then they say 'No,
No beds, 'they say'.

Get there, they've got no x-ray, ?
'Oh dear' heard him say.
Go to the anesthetist,
First needle a doubt.
However he did persist,
And knocked me out.!

All done, 'Sandwich, cup of tea, '
'Bloody starving, yes please'I say with glee.
'Something for the pain, '?
'No'I say but yet again.
Both offers 'two hours' late,
Tea warm, sandwich dry, pain stoppers had to wait.!

Asked, 'What op' did they do'?
She didn't have a clue! !
Found out next day,
They didn't replace, 'just took bits away'!

Hope it's been a success,
Got to hope for the best.
Stay clear of those bugs, some gets,
So far no regrets...?

25/04/08

guy lipmore

Treading Water.

Haven't visited the food bank yet,
However, against the future, would not bet.
Wouldn't rule out the 'soup' kitchen either,
Come close recently to a dire future.
There again, don't qualify,
Situation does not comply!
More of thrift will have to be produced,
Shopping bill will have to be reduced.
Things getting tighter, and nastier,
A foot on either side of the gap that is getting wider!

Bobbing up and down in the choppy sea,
Water all around as far as the eye can see.
Swirling and lapping on the chin,
Yep, it is sink or swim.
Bits of water getting down the throat,
Just treading water, staying afloat.

Just hope against any stormy weather,
A hammer blow that would deliver.
A high swell or 'killer' wave or so,
That could send all below!

No nearer the shoreline,
No 'rescue' boat or sign.
No life jacket in sight.
No choice, but to fight.

22/05/13

guy lipmore

'Vanished'

Debts spiralling, one chance,
'Fake death' and disappearance.
For the insurance claim, just one aim.
New future, 'new life',
No one knew except his wife.

'Terrible tragedy', 'Lost' at sea.
Massive search ensued, he was not 'rescued'!
Presumed 'dead', the lie was fed.
Family shattered to the core, Darwin 'hidden' room next door.
Five years continued the sham' and the scam!

Finally their 'luck' ran out, 'caught'!
By 'photo' on the net.
Brought back to book,
Their families it 'shook'.

The World felt sorry for each relative.
Them left with a 'life scar' despite the motive.
Their 'Mum & Dad', sons' chose to ignore,
The parents betrayed them, situation to deplore.

Man with a plan and a canoe!
He and her carried through.

December.2008

guy lipmore

Varus.

The year was AD nine,
An unknown yet a defining time.
Germania, now modern Germany,
Site of utter catastrophe?
Rome's power and desire,
To extend the frontiers of empire.

Uprising broke out, Varus's three legions,
Intended to quell the barbarians.
Within the Roman ranks was Arminius,
Trusted adviser to Varus.
Arminius, enslaved as a boy years before,
Family killed a burning grudge he bore.
Taken away to Rome,
Years later he was now back 'home'.
A couple of advantages he had gained,
Their military, he was well trained.
He knew the forests like the back of his hand,
Now his revenge was planned.

Rumours did abound and did persist,
Of betrayal in their midst.
The generals and Varus rejected,
As a forest path was 'recommended.'
Arminius, 'his tribes' he had consolidated,
He 'left' his Roman allegiance and waited.
Varus and his legions were lured in,
Their tragic fate did begin.
For miles and miles long,
Stretched the Roman's column.

Full length of the column was attacked,
The Roman course was 'steered' and tracked.
The whole dark and rain soaked forest,
Was on the side of Arminius with every attack and skirmish.
The efficient Roman war machine,
In addition, all the experience and discipline.
Ineffective whilst in single file,
Attacked from both sides mile after mile.

Their tactics and formations were obsolete,
An escalating and 'running' defeat.

Even their Gods seemed to conspire,
With the weather against the empire.
Bows were 'stretched' and shields sodden,
Lashing rain and the mud made their situation worsen.
Three days they fought and died,
Day by day less and less survived.
Brutal, no quarter given,
No mercy for women and children.

Camp hastily set up for that night,
First day of battle, much needed respite,
However, that was not to be,
Constant attacks, again they had to flee.

No choice, they were forced to march via the forest,
Again, Arminius planned and did 'contest.'
The Roman remnants were steered to defend,
They were led into a trap and dead end.
Lake to the left, hill to the right,
A 'wall' to the front was in sight.
This was their ultimate fate,
There was little really escape.
Some did manage to get away,
Death they would only 'delay'.

Some died by self-infliction,
The remaining was tortured, then by decapitation.
The carnage was deliberate and protracted.
Arminius's retribution was exacted,
For some death was waived!
Although they were spared, they were enslaved.

Historians of the time did write, the latter recall,
The defeat in the Teutoburg forest was total.
Twenty plus thousand did perish,
In that dark Germanic forest.
The 16th, 17th, and 18th were annihilated,
Historians of the day and after reported.
Augustus and his ranting's,

"Quintilus Varus give me back my legions."

It was recorded that Augustus would bang his head on a wall,

"Give me back my legions, " repeatedly he would call.

The loss of his legions was profound,

A boundary of empire was 'found.'

No more Roman land east of the Rhine,

This was the 'dividing line.'

Never again was the legion numbers used,

Into the Roman 'brain', it had been fused.

Future commanders the forest they had entered,

For vengeance, they had ventured.

Coming across remain after remain,

Of their their fallen fellow county men

The three Roman standards were regained,

However the reality remained!

Tacitus did say, "Whitening bones, " they found,

"Scattered where men had fled" along the ground.

"Heaped up where they had stood and fought back."

Along that long, long torturous forest track.

"Fragments of spears and horses limbs, "

Horrific images to the mind it brings.

"Also human heads fastened to tree trucks, " Tacitus said,

Further, fear in to the Roman mind it fed.

Varus and his legions fell at that time,

Arminius fell further down the line,

Not by Rome, his fate would be designed.

However, by his own kind.

25/10/13

guy lipmore

Watching Him Die.

Harrowing situation,
Cut to the bone with his affliction.
Invisible disease eating away,
His function and mind in decay.
His wife and best friend,
Whilst trying to understand.
Also just trying to cope,
Hoping against hope.
Wishing for a miracle cure,
As her husband's days get fewer.
Deeply in love, full affection,
Heart breaking decision.
Reluctantly too much on her own,
Professional care required in a home.

09/08/07

guy lipmore

What A Shame

Forty seven, if he was still living,
But it was not to be.
So much more he would of given,
Something upset his harmony.
It was meant for him not to live long,
Did he feel this inside,?
He died still strong.
And his spirit is still the guide.

guy lipmore

What.?

Made a normal call,
To the hole in the wall.
Card was inserted,
Pin punched and waited.
'Card held', screen stated,
Withdrawal was belated!
On the screen line,
'Card not withdrawn in required time'
'"Bloody What"!
Was 'BEADLE' about.?

JUNE 2005

guy lipmore

'Where Reason Doesn'T Reason! '

Running from something with out a name, down a water slide.
Floating, but running just the same, swallowed deep inside.....

A vacuum of kaleidoscopes, revolving with every change.
Hanging from paper ropes, ready to jump, but nothing is in range...

Falling slowly down and surfacing within a submarine, to witness a new age,
Looking at an empty screen, occasionally depicting an historic page..

Showing a cavalry charge, but also a parade in a steam plane, it feels insane.
Sitting beside a faceless body, smiling with a cup of stones that's just been
made....

Into something quite good, but it tastes very strange, as every one and every
thing starts to fade....

Into bulldozing flower men in a plastic park, none of them are really killed.
As the reinforcements disembark, the seeds are only spilled.

..... Into a foreign land translating a different tongue, as an exploring pioneer,
But unable to understand any word he may have said because he had to
disappear.

Back to where he was led.... to a land of confusion, of darkness which offers no
light,

Then just as sudden, like an illusion, you sense something is so right.....

....Of lounging around a swimming pool, made it big as a film or rock star.

Acting out the part so cool. Attention took, you stare.....

At a scene of beautiful girl, feelings in a whirl.

Fantasies revealed, thoughts no longer concealed....

From the depths of despair, or fears,

To the heights of passion or pleasure, maybe joyful tears.....

Emotions cut short, maybe saved by a shock...

Not normally, naturally.

But due to a shout or an alarm clock,

Back to 'normal' or not 'reality'.....

Anything, anywhere, anyone, anytime, limitless it seems...

When we experience the borderless world of dreams.....

1987/1992 (?)

guy lipmore

Where You Live.

What's in a postcode? , of your humble abode.
Not just part of your address, information they possess! !

Browsing the net, pigeon-holed info'my eyes met.
Departmentalized, job and income, even what paper's I read, 'Star& Sun.'
Ironic, me the'tabloid stereo type', their web-page is static, not right.
So much for the world wide medium, on the day, I'd been reading the'Guardian'!

This all explains'personnel circumstances'getting a loan and your chances..
Regards to my loan rate, dictated by'Where You Live'it should state.! !

They categorize, label, stigmatize, so'they', your custom, can patronize.
Ticked off, a bit annoyed, at their criteria that's employed.

If only, I had lived in a 'better location', maybe, gotten a better deal with my
loan situation?
So if ever you're refused a card or loan, 'No'you're told,
Check your out your post code, and the data it may hold! !

28/05/06

guy lipmore

Working Class Man

The 'working class' man comes home after a hard working day,
Another shift over, a step closer to a much needed wage or pittance of pay.
Trying his best to maintain his and family's basic needs,
Working through his life's prime.
Also trying to plan future seeds,
Until his retirement time.

Forty years or more of graft and sweat,
At the end of it, What does he get?
Pat's on the back, handshake or maybe a golden watch that is already set!
To remind himself of the good and bad times he may have had,
A reminder if they were funny or sad.

A ticking memory of friends he made or met,
A 'time watch' to watch the pass of time that he's got left.

guy lipmore

Would You?

Plane down, in mountain waste,
Unimaginable choice they faced.
Hopes fading fast, they won't last,
Injured among the dying and dead,
'Unnatural' thoughts in more than one head.
Friends you've know, 'consume your own'!
To stay alive, to survive.
Hunger grew, Would you?

guy lipmore

Wrighty Bites It Over Blighty.

Day had just begun, tea and sticky bun.
Glum news brung, from mum.
'Wrighty''Dog Fight', didn't return from.
The Hun had again'stung', oh'that Hun,
He's not dumb, a web he'd spun.
That cunning Hun, unfair he'd become.
Using the sun, blind our chaps then stun.
Firing upon our sons with his Saxon cannon.

'Reminisce'in the'mess'thoughts come,
Us and them, our 'Spit' bloody awesome,
Their 'Messerschmitt'in comparison, rather cumbersome.

It's no fun, makes one sick in the tum,
When one is one the run from the Hun.
Tell you son, coming from the Sun,
Yes trying to shun the scum Hun.
Before one gets undone,
Trying to shoot one in one's bum,
With his big gun.

Bang, one gets one in the rear, bung bung!
End has begun, coming undone.
Tail spun, engine, 'strange hum',
'Out to dry', up and strung.
Body numb, dry tongue,
Clenched gum, chest'tight as a drum'.
Dropping like a'rock bun', and then sum.!

Yes, last song sung, last string strum.
Last cord strung, last note a bum.
That Bavarian bugger had won!
Heading for the'drink' head-on,
'Damn it, where's the Rum'!
Finally succumb, finally done.
Yes'Wrighty'old chum, they got you son.
For you the fight, will carry on.
For you son, I'll take the baton.
By golly, by jove, by gum.

Lip-More will fight for freedom,
Toast your life old boy with a dropp of Rum.

19/06/09

guy lipmore

Biking home, all alone.
 'Black' ice, at night.
 Wheels gave way, didn't stop.
 'Handle-Bars' over the top.
 Wrists 'bent' and hurt,
 Face grazed with blood and dirt.
 Couple of days, go for X. RAYS.
 They did detect, 'needle' like object.
 In my right wrist, was there something I had missed?
 I was in 'confused shock', yes took aback.

Recalling the accident, only the face did blood 'vent'.
 No other puncture, just conjecture!
 Did 'it' 'get in' on impact, some how leaving skin intact?
 With no wound, after hitting the ground?
 Then as now, I don't know how?
 Mind I did 'rack', an answer I did lack!
 Previously had blood test, first prick did 'resist'!
 Tried, she did again, did she leave something in?
 No 'other' miss-use, or drug abuse!
 Reason or answer to find I cannot, it happened, bits still got.
 To give it a last slant, was it a 'Alien implant'?

Mystery, no idea absolutely?
 Doc's advice/ opinion get removed or leave in.!
 Chose to get extracted, couldn't have neglected.

On day of operation, got 'new' information.
 The surgeon did say to me, remember vividly.
 'Can take out main object', he comments,
 'But not the fragments'!
 'The 'fragments' were too small, won't touch at all'!
 I was not even aware, anything else was in there.
 Well they did remove, got the 'thing' to prove.
 The answer does still elude, no 'end' to conclude.
 Shake my head, puzzled smile, my very own X. File.

10/12/09

guy lipmore

Zimbabwe (On It Goes)

Election was lost maybe, luxury still for Mugabe.
For him and his cronies money and palaces,
For his subjects misery and death sentences.

Industry gone, sparse or bankrupt,
Good officials' dead or corrupt.
Western firms' bank-rolling their interests they're controlling.
The 'new' government's shared responsibility,
A shambolic front for democracy.

The media gone quite suddenly,
Abandoned are the masses of another country.
The tears and pain grows, on their plight goes.

01/03/10

guy lipmore