

Poetry Series

**James Irwin**  
**- poems -**

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# James Irwin()

My poems should say it all...then again...I am good at somethings lol

## 2nd One In Line

Never had a call to hope im OK.  
Never been asked... if I had a nice day.

And never given, a single chance to shine,  
as I am always...the 2nd one in your line.

Never held in a special loving way.  
Never told I was missed, when I went away.

And never even told, that I may look fine,  
as I am always...2nd in that line.

Never wanted more than I got.  
Never been struck by a cupid arrow that`s shot.

And never really told...that I want you to be mine,  
as it always seems...i`m the 2nd one in line.

Have never known the love I get to see.  
Never felt someones, whole want for me.

And I have never yet seen...any other damn sign,  
that tells me any different...that I am not always...The 2nd one, in that friggin  
line.

James Irwin

# An Illusion Of Confusion

I am not a torn Rainbow... overcome with a droplet of fire,  
neither am I smoke filled rooms of mystical thoughts,  
all drenched in my own selfish desire.

Maybe I am just lost, in my self deluded magnificent ways? that could and seem  
to take only myself higher...?

All said and done, at least I am No...cheap, heartless...or cold holding liar.

I am just...for ever more...chasing the warmth of my fire.

James Irwin

# Down

Nothing else can be lost,  
my soul can bear no more the harm... or painful cost.  
As my last few hopes and dreams... fall to the floor and shatter into the misery it  
seems.

I start to consider the things in life...that should matter.  
Always held back with the carrying of anothers boulders,  
legs warn down now...and with broken shoulders.  
Hands that bare too many a bloody scar,  
of a man who has had to walk many miles for others...but never got all that far.  
Stagnated, in the darkness of the air I breath,  
a gathering of dark clouds, that never seem to leave.  
My room...the air... the fill of the place,  
knows of no sparkle or nicely lit space.  
Glum dull and painfully bleak,  
nothing to look forward to from week to week.

So nothing else matters, I have paid the cost,  
my heart is now shattered, my love of life...now lost.

James Irwin

# Finding A Reason

On this winters night... I have a story for you,  
it`s a tale about a man... who`s happiness, he never knew.

He lived a life all be it alone,  
to himself of his lonely misfortune... he would often grumble and groan.

Then one night with a harsh frost set in,  
a knock on his door...disturbs his meal, he wipes the food from his chin.

He slowly opens the door with wonder and fear,  
who would knock? who would come here?

His eyes are filled with such a delight,  
as before him is an Angel... shrouded by magnificent light.

He stands back to see this glorious glow,  
this beautiful sight... his eyes just did not know.

A simple smile with an understanding look,  
gave him more meaning... more than words from any book.

Then quick as a flash, the Angel an light did just go,  
leaving glistening stars.. falling gently like snow.

He did not even think... to invite the Angel in,  
concerned more about...the food still on his chin.

His house lost in dust and mess,  
to invite someone in...would make himself feel less.

So touched by the magic in all that he did just see,  
where warmth and love seemed abundant and free.

Now blessed with this sight and feeling in such ore,  
he grabs a mop...and starts cleaning the floor.

Because you never know...when an angel may come to Your door.

James Irwin

# Gone Fishing

I do not want to be involved, at your grand table of feast`s,  
for I will not drink blood... with such shallow of beautifully dressed Beasts.

I want no place where this meal be served,  
for I find all the vanity involved, to be absurd.

Your wills for ways in which that you think,  
to me, a pathetic own worst enemy philosophy, in your sea of vanity you deserve  
to sink.

Governed by rules, the majority may need be,  
but in these laws e, ffs do not include me.

All treated as equal? ...simply for ease of the rule,  
is not fair to one or everyone, the clever.... or at least the fool.

James Irwin

# I Reminisce

A moment of pleasure caught,  
to hopefully persist,  
all moments of unhappiness,  
to be overcome with this,  
the sweet remembrance, of her beauty an bliss.

James Irwin

# Leanne

I know this girl...whos called Leanne,  
She is that special...I have had to change, my whole 'looking for love' master  
plan.

Awlough I feel like, her biggest fan,  
I cant tell her...because she is with, another man.

I used to think, that in Love I knew it all,  
been played around with, and too many times, even played the fool.

Thought I was done, I no longer could trust my old plan,  
until that very fine day, when I met Leanne.

At first I just fancied her, and I knew of this other man,  
but after a year of knowing her...I now need another plan.

Every time i see her, I have to try to look away,  
because when our eyes meet, I get lost in all I say.

Her smile, her looks, her lovely way,  
everything about her... I just want, and I want it every single day.

I just wish I had a magic spell,  
to make this fine women... my special girl.

I dont need, another no hope looking for love unworkable plan,  
I just need...Leanne x

James Irwin

# Lost

If...for some reason, we ever have to part,  
I want you to know...that within minutes, to you my journey will start.

Because, I am your biggest fan,  
I would immediately create us a get 'us back together' master plan.

I would even jump out of a plane,  
walk through the heavy-est of thunder, lightning and rain.

Climb the steepest hill or high mountain range,  
even hitch-hike, with people...that appear strange.

I would Learn the skills to build a boat,  
or become a writer... if what's needed is a well written note.

There are so many things I would do for you,  
I would even learn carpentry and carve a Canoe.

I would suffer and take any amount of pain,  
if you, is what in the end, I gain.

With a fire...I will run for water,  
if something is too big...I will find something shorter.

What ever be or ruins our day,  
I want you to know...to you, I will always be on my way.

James Irwin

# Lost In Life Without A Lover

Where did all my butterflies go,  
lost with summer dreams...and a smile, that I used to know.  
Gone with any second glance that is given,  
lost to the way of a dance...that has forever been driven.  
Unloved, unwanted and put to one side,  
all chances of any happiness...continuously denied.  
Knocked down, tied and beat,  
finding it hard to now stand on my own 2 feet,  
need a shoulder to lean on,  
or need my want for love...to be gone.  
With no support I fall away,  
all my will for love, dead on the ground that I lay.  
Alone in pain at the care of no other,  
lost in life...without a lover.

James Irwin

# Love Has No Face

It hides from me,  
where ever I may be.

Love has no face.

Nothing to sparkle, there is nothing soft to touch,  
nothing that I`am allowed...to love back, so much.

The back of it`s head,  
is all I ever get to see.

That is why...Love has no face...to me.

James Irwin

# Never A Happy Ending

Over a Beer a Psychologist once told me...that there are only a few that he never understood,  
and the worst out of the whole lot,  
was that Little Miss Red Riding Hood.

She told him lies and would often storm of in a huff,  
from day one he knew... 'this little girl was going to be tuff'.

She told him how...she would cut with a knife,  
any Wolf... that would dare give her any strife.

This bitterness she carried with her...through out her whole life,  
she never once found love...or was to become someones wife.

In old age... her good vision was lost,  
and to this...any poor four legged creature, with its life...would unfortunately pay  
the cost.

Stuck growing old...as a little fairytale girl,  
she ended up going insane...claiming everything had a Wolf like smell.

Then she got institutionalised...when she thought granny was a Wolf...and threw  
her down the Well.

With more beer...the Psychologist...more tales, he started to tell,

Then there was Prince Charming....who never really got over his shock,  
of what he found hidden...underneath Cinderellas frock.

The prince knelt beside cinders, wear she did sit,  
and tried the shoe upon her foot...to find it...a perfect fit.

He thought he had finally found...his fairy-tail princess,  
until she told him, that her real name... was Les.

Dressed as a girl and named Cinderella,  
no-one would have ever guessed...she was actually a fella.

The bewildered Prince was left not knowing what to do,

as no other women could ever fit into that size 12 shoe.

So they did get married...but before the wedding night,  
The prince orderd his bedroom windows to be bricked up...and the removal of  
the electrical light.

Years of living in darkness, did eventually take its toll,  
with poor cinders growing older, every day she was looking more like a troll.

Then one day...the prince discovered what he had always feared,  
that cinders had stopped shaving...and was now growing a beard.

That was for him... the final straw,  
he lost the plot...and was sectioned... when he could take no more.

'Then' the psychologist said 'there was The Three Bears, they were just full of  
numb stares...no interaction at all,  
I asked them often...of the event...do you recall '

To this they just mumbled 'that the porridge had been eaten',  
and that their... 'bellys were not full'.

Traumatized and still in shock,  
All he could do was to advise them...to fit a new door lock.

Vertigo overcome Jack and Jill,  
both afraid of heights...they never again went back up that hill,  
the pale of water did run dry,  
their irrational fear...not dehydration, is what made them both die.

Then there was...this lonely pig,  
he would walk around dressed as a man...sometimes even wearing a wig.

Scared in public to show his face,  
to the shelter of his brick built home, he would panic and race.

Stalked by The Big Bad Wolf every day,  
in the end his sanity did pay.

He became a recluse and never went out,  
who ever came to the door... he would shout,

'Go away...just leave me be,  
what ever you have..I do not want to see.'

Then one day whilst quickly collecting wild Oats,  
he was taken away...by four men in a van...all wearing white coats.

I hope you all now see...these fairytale`s of happy endings... can never be,  
they never can end so nice,  
as someone sanity...always, in the end...pays the price.

James Irwin

# Never Ever Keep A Whale In Your Pond

Did you ever hear of the tale,  
about the Man...who kept in a small pond...a rather huge Whale.

(in my opinion, he should have gone to jail)

In this pond...the Whale would miserably sit,  
whilst the Man`s friends...all stared and pocked at it.

Then one night...the rains did heavily drop,  
and from the pond...the Whale did hop.

(not much of a hop, more of a twist and a belly flop)

And still the rains...did not cease to stop.

Flooding the land and lifting the house,  
up a tree...ran a door mouse.

Then the house started to move and float,  
being nudged by the Whale...it was now moving like a speed boat.

To the Ocean...they set sail,  
the house being pushed ever faster...by the huge Whale.

Now the man lives...all alone out at sea,  
with the Whales now charging Dolphins...a small fish fee,  
to see The Hairless Monkey...that belongs...back in a tree.

James Irwin

# Summer Dreams

Soft warm sand felt beneath my feet.

Summer days...lost to a comfortable heat.

Sea breezes chilling with shades of a palm tree.

Gentle waves crashing....into a sun soaked sea.

Bluest of sky's...filling long days.

Summer warmth beaming...soothing hot Sun rays.

James Irwin

# The Christmas That Nearly Never Happened

On the evening, of past Christmas Eve,  
a family got a shock...when Santa Clause, wouldn't leave.

Drunk and abusive... he told them all,  
Mrs Clause had had a go at him...'for being a useless drunken fool'

She also said...'that she`d had enough, of me always being merry,  
and that after 100`s of years together...that I was just too darn hairy.

Sick of the site of Red.

She now hates Snow and wants Sun instead.

Don't like this...don't like that..  
she even commented recently... that I am Too fat.

and then she did even..after an argument..eventually admit,  
to giving the Reindeer laxatives..so I got covered in their sht'

The children where told to cover their ears,  
as Santa blabbered on...about the shapes of Reindeers rears.

The Police were called to the address,  
to help clear up this drunkards... awkward mess.

Jokingly, Santa joked about his big sack,  
and before he knew it... his hands were handcuffed.. behind his back.

Taken to the cells, under arrest,  
to rid this poor family...of a fowl mouthed drunken pest.

As it was Christmas Eve, an emergency Court was held,  
A drunken Santa awoken, as a Judge yelled,

'you Mr Clause'

'before you drank...did you not pause?

pause to think,

about being under the influence...of the evils of drink.

Some leave Cookies, Milk, or a Mince Pie or 2,  
they are all OK...but not it would appear..for an alcoholic like you.

The evidence states..that you do like to be merry,  
but in the Police Station..its alleged... you touched up the Christmas Tree Fairy.

Then it was to the cells.... that you did go,  
passing the street girls...apparently pointing whilst shouting... Ho..Ho...and  
another Ho.

You staggered in and hit the cell floor,  
saying... 'you just cant hack Christmas anymore.'

This behavior...is simply not on,  
and until you sober up... your Sleigh license.. is gone.

'In his defense'...A quiet voice is heard,  
'Its not his fault' says a pixie...'this whole thing is abserd,

Mary Clause..She spiked his drink,  
with drugs she wanted..to alter the way that he would think.'

'I saw her do it...and with me she would run away,  
a cunning plan.. to get her husband... locked up for ruining Christmas day.

I know her plans and the strength of the drugs that she used,  
without alcohol..in 2 hours time...Santa wont feel so confused.'

'I just felt guilty.. and couldn't carry out the plan,  
and anyway... Mary Clause has already found herself...yet another man.'

'The evil cow'...Santa says... ' I knew I was not feeling right,  
Let me drive my sleigh Judge, I promise to stay off the booze tonight.'

'With this new evidence, I the Judge have no choice...but to grant your request,  
though for one hour more...before you fly...you must rest.'

So in a quiet room..the pardoned Santa... rests his head,  
wondering how to get revenge... his imagination is fed.

Everybodys address in the world... he has in his magical book,  
and when he gets home...he will take a look.

A look to see...where it is his wife has run off to,

then plan a new flight path...for dumping shed loads...of Reindeer poo.

James Irwin

# The Cumbersome Fool

The cumbersome fool,  
staggers and all,  
all the way of a stagger.

Lent and bent,  
he`s an unsavoury gent,  
money spent on beer,  
for food he does blagger.

A bed of the floor,  
belongings no more,  
only to a Rat does he snore.

Whiskey to pour,  
his only morning chore,  
and with only the Rat does he chatter,

Lost in the drink,  
unable to think,  
the more he does sink.

He forgets... the things that matter.

James Irwin

# The Girl I Love

The girl I love has gone away,  
on my knees...I begged her to stay.

She was my love, the only one that was true,  
without her I am lost... and now don't know what to do.

Too many tears... and times I have cried,  
the day she left me... a big part of me died.

She was perfection, gorgeous, pure as gold,  
her love felt so warm, but now without... I feel so cold.

The saying says' there's plenty of fish in the sea',  
I do know this, but.... there is only one fish for me.

Every day I hope, that she will come back,  
maybe there is something...she forgot to pack.

My hopes and dreams...are thought in vain,  
because deep down I know... I will never be with, my true love again.

James Irwin

# The Last Little Piggy

Did you ever hear the full ending of the Three Little Pigs tale?

In the end...the last little piggy had to sue the builders  
when the foundation of his brick house...did fail,

and on top of that...

He built a house without planning permission,  
and could have faced a fine...or even gone to Jail.

To the council the little Pig made many trips,  
each time the Big Bad Wolf... watching, whilst licking his big hairy lips.

'With brick'...the little pig was told...he could build his home in any town,  
but in the country side...'your brick house...under regulations, it must be  
knocked down.'

'That is the rules of this land,  
do you Little Piggy '...they asked...'understand? '

'But all my friends that have built with Straw,  
are no longer here...they are no more,

built with Sticks... they have too been beaten,  
now you want me to build like that... then surely I will be next to be eaten.

Told to take it down... that very day,  
little piggy was sent on his way.

He knocked down his old house...leaving a pile of bricks,  
and quickly made another... out of just straw and sticks.

That night the Big Bad Wolf made a toast,  
to all his council friends...who come around for a party...and to have...a Little  
Piggy spit roast.

James Irwin

# The Princess Of Keighley

My search for a Princess, has taken me all over this land,  
on road and mud...over hills to beaches of sand,  
all to find me a Princess... who will take my hand.

A search to make me, the man I am,  
one day found me... a fine Princess, called Leanne.

In a wood...thats ever so green,  
was there this, the most beautiful women,  
that I had ever seen.

A stunning Princess...dressed in a baggy tracksuit,  
smoking a fag as if shes playing a flute.  
Every tune as sweet as any bird songs I know,  
so sexy are...the smoke rings that she does blow.

No make up to hide under, she has no fancy style of hair,  
naturally beautiful, this girl is so rare.

Stunningly gorgeous, this beauty needs to be set free,  
from her castle, in Keighley.

I will fight all men and battle for her worth,  
even help rid her of bad brothers...rid them to the other side of the Earth.

I would wipe the sauce from her mouth,  
or stay up north, if I wanted to live down south.

Do what ever it takes...to get her to understand,  
and then hopefully...she may one day, want to take my hand.

With stepping stones and kissing gates,  
what ever our relationship...its always good, even if... just as mates.

James Irwin

# The Problem With Sheeps Tales

On The Farm there was an awful flutter,  
when one night...the Chickens started to talk, and one even developed a stutter.

Awoken by this ever so strange noise,  
the farmer gets up...and awakes his teenage boys.

To the sheds they all run,  
the farmer clutching...his loaded shotgun.

'T-T-T Take our Eggs,  
and we will peck at your legs'

the Chicken shouts to the 3 Farmers,  
who are still dressed in there pyjammers.

Then theres a shout from the nearby Sti,  
'Oi...Dont forget I.'

'I want some clothes...and a hat to,  
this Sti is freezing, straw alone will not do.  
We maybe are to you just Pigs,  
but if you cant give us hats, then at least let us wear wigs'

The Chickens and Pigs start to engage in chat,  
the farmers stunned and amazed, have now all sat.

Then the sheep all come marching in,  
one bravely comes forward, 'where do I begin'

The farmer quickly shoots...then reloads his gun,  
the other sheep back away... some even run.

His youngest son crys.... 'Why did you shoot it between the eyes'

the father quickly replies...'All sheep, tell nasty lies'.

'Let this...to all you talkative sheep, be a harsh warning.'

But unbeknown to the farmer...the sheep were`nt just good at talking...they were also good at drawing.

So when the Vet came to do his next visit,  
in his bag a drawing was put, and they hoped...he wouldnt miss it.

When the Vet found the drawing...in disgust...help he did not.  
Informing the Farmer...that all the artistic, perverted even, Sheep... need to be shot.

So now the farm, is as quite as a mouse,  
any animals that could talk, haveing been sent... to the slaughter house.

James Irwin

# The Torturous Taxman

From below the shadows...of the masked man...they said,  
let him hang high...and then chop of his head.

For we know...not what he`s done,  
but his killing brings fame...his misery scares...and equals a fine ransom.

Hellish be the justice given,  
as our stakes of evil...are slowly driven.

Through the flesh of another innocent,  
justice thought...in the theater of contentment.

For his Majesty...the Tax collector.

James Irwin

# War

If I was a Soldier...I would bend the barrel of my gun...and towards the enemy, I would run.

I would wash, my war torn bloody rags...and turn them into, beautiful white flags.

I would rise up like the rising Sun...shouting out to everyone...that 'the revolution has begun'

All Weapons destroyed, all wars must end...no more next of kin letters, no longer the sad need to send.

It needs to stop...and immediately all the murder must cease, in order for justice to be given...and for all men to be left, to live a life of peace.

James Irwin

# Washed Away

Unleash your powers...to complete your gain,  
drench us all...in the healing, of your monsoon like rain.

Consciences cleared with every single rain drop,  
flooding of your wild passions...never ceasing to stop.

Barriers and our levy`s begin to break,  
our lust filled lands all turned into your love of all life, filled lake.

Streams silently seducing...their very lows,  
all underground to what...only Mother Nature knows.

Rivers rage with their currents and strength,  
Man made land...scared along its entire length.

To the sea, in a wash of our waste,  
water to water...to rid the land...of Mans bad taste.

James Irwin