

Poetry Series

James Wakelin
- poems -

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James Wakelin()

Hi my name is James. I write poetry for fun or the where the movement takes me. Everyone can write and also read if they desire but you will only find one of you and one of me. Happy writing and best wishes to you all budding 'artists'

Bad Trouble

The trouble with bad is that bad is trouble
I trouble to say that the bad is trouble
Yet the bad and the trouble (like sadness and bubbles)
As often seen on T.V. these days
The breadth and the width at school these days
And often after school as well to tell you a truth
The tidal sea-sickness and elementary wrath
Is often mistaken for after school Maths and laughter
So take time seek paths not trodden because
after school there will be food and the occasional mood
and sometimes bad and often trouble
so the trouble with trouble can be bad and sad on T.V..

James Wakelin

Childhood

What was a game done in a corner
Said bread and butter, canned cola
And a dear of a child
And twins begin again
So trust as a good child
Leaps with confidence into loves arms
Have a Spiritual connection with your world
Both now, today and forever
Because we have eyes of children
Those children beginning again
To see life as it is
A life connected to God
In an experience of love
How?
By coming near in prayer
Why?
Because there is no life without God
Only death
So ring out your joy my friend
God is good
And it's good being His....

James Wakelin

Dark

Please silence for the spoken one speaks
but his language is common, overly used
To be left out in the dark
In the cold
Frank

Quick the quickened do not run
Silence speaks
to deaf ears that hear
And speak words too taught to
hear.

But speak and sound be quiet still
The dark will come the light may be
the dark the light. Heaven!
Respond!
Do quiet look.

See See
see

James Wakelin

Dogs Eat Bones

Sighed the man with deep connotations
needless to say he wept thoroughly that night
picked himself up next morning
killed his smoke between narrowed lips
and vomited throughout the day
delaying the enivitable
silence
taken laying on the lawn by the stream
in public veiwed by everyone
which regarded him in confused perplextion
why didnt the man die
and leave us to examine our consciences on our own
not to be condemned to death by our faults
experienced through anothers eyes
So saying chewing through
the rest of the day
oblivious to all and sundry
especially blundering on oneself

James Wakelin

Have A Heart!

What is it with raping?
Do we put up with it?
Do light-bulbs generate heat or do they put out light?
Does a woman become an object of dirt or a creature of pure love?
Every woman holds in her body the presence of God
What are we looking at?
How do we treat others?
Do we know that God is in everyone however lowly
God is God of the poor and the rich
Why exploit?
And the earth.. is this God's?
The answer is yes! How are we treating her?
What is left for us to do?
To save, preserve, love and do good for one another
Sickness and perversion have become so normal
How do we combat fear and indiscretion
How do we give other's the dignity we are all born with
Simple, we treat others with the love we want for ourselves
How do we do this? We step out against tyranny
We love every creature, every body as if they were ourselves
How can we respect another's body if we don't have control of our own?
We can't
Purity start's with us and grows out towards others
Will this create a more pure, cleaner world? Yes
Who can do this you might ask? ?
All of us, everyone, one good decision at a time

James Wakelin

Hello Justin

Keep writing keep praying
keep seeking the truth
the diet of life
is the way for the sleuth
and animals captured
that have all gone astray
all dont come back
when the wind changes gray
so keep praying keep asking me
how do you say?
the light of life
the risen clay
so to bed now both of you
and give rest a chance
didnt once prophets foretell of that day
the cheque in advance
and rise from the ash and the storm and the heat
you have stories to tell
and classes to teach
happy happy happy will that day when we meet
over a glass of mulled cider
and an autumn day treat

James Wakelin

Hello My Love

Why did I fall in love yesterday
when it should have been a year
and school was out
and childrens love
winging to the top
apocalyptic gaze
rented my soul for a minute

but I chose later love
the fruit of my worship
the world has some place for me
it didnt save the rest
time was the healer for girls and boys
we didnt wait to grow
up
we decided to manufacture life
in a series of rapid jumps and crossovers
too much to keep
so we threw it away
to sparkle down stream later
in peace and quiet
where growth can take place
redeemed

James Wakelin

Hi There Classroom!

what I believe is dear children
that rain comes to drink and feed
life enters the limb and frees it's speech

Now dearest have the rains ebbed and flowed?
do the corners resemble past dark remarks?
Hasten! talk quietly don't run

Dear children, have faith!
Does the dark deceive thee dear ones
Does the truth not set you free/ (set you apart?)
seek which is lost hasten the truth have nothing apart from this

And when I come dear children have faith!

And never knock that which has power to save...
Goodnight!

James Wakelin

Hope Beyond The Sky

Simple men and boys are told
to be happy strong and bold
but I say
relax into the life you live
take deep long breaths
trouble the water with a happy stone
and say peace out to world and all
only fight the fight of the 'good' Lord
and bring home with your external selves
and quarrel not with wives and sons
with daughters bless
make the whole house strong and bold
and make your cheeks soft and red
and please dont scold those errant sons too hard
they might grow hard within
bringing about eternal death
live your happy lives in love with life
and make for your home a happy wife
Bring home with you your light
let everything be bright
dont quarrel with sister, friend or foe
sing songs of love let the light flow
sing songs of love let the heavens glow
bring about what lives have lost
sing songs to the Lord with heavenly host
dont quarrel and so darken the sky
be brave and strong dont lie
or do wrong
but let heaven know with song and deed
that you have often sown the seed of crops which never fail
those of the light
also not to tread on the dead
but sing songs to the Lord instead
and weak is the man who doesnt pray
so heap on heaven your gifted say
and dont delay or the night may stay.....
forever for your your bones decay
Amen!

I Have Found My Tribe

It was after school
deep in the tropics
just minding my own business
two larks flew across my windscreen
uttering shrieks of condemnation
seeing is believing so they say
so what was it I was believing if
I was blind to the everlasting
mayhem of distressed calls
love biting ankles and everlasting
unhappiness breaking through me
and out beyond
seeking which it never sought
Oh well another day flies by
without any recognition from anybody
I must have it what they call....

The missing my own life
with a dog in labour
broken to the calls of
parasitic absolutes
funny I missed my bus it was calling..
my name oh what of it
I must have dreamt this
this
this troublesome future
full of death
and things picked up
on the way
Oh oh hay what you want?
I havent narrated a story for nothing
so says me
with strings and nets
to catch something called
the day
Why not?

James Wakelin

Kings And Queens Dont Know My Name (Yet)

I haven't done anything alarmingly good
I do go to church though and cut the wood.
So who knows at all
because of the way of
it
is not known by the Queen.
She's too lazy saying her prayers to watch planetary action in one of her religions
She doesn't tell me what to do
and she doesn't know me yet because.....
I'm sitting too close to her.
She is my breathe.

James Wakelin

Love It Is A Small House

Green paths lined that eternally festooned
house
it was set on the
brink
of a small sentinel
for the purpose
of sight
and observation

Blink blink
blink too quick
I'm gone

James Wakelin

My Soul It Entwines The Page

The soul it speaks so soft I let it ramble
It must have its charm to hold
and let go of each feathered word
no dont go to heaven while my feet are cold
too little time in front of my mirror at home
I want to see all that can be
with my toes in a hole
made by a rabbit who left home
oh well I must leave too
with a heart measured leap
into a space roomy to keep
Thine eyes over your treasure
Too close to let go
My soul it wants to dance as it speaks
to the tune of a home
made by hands who made gold
complete
with you
hold!

James Wakelin

Oh Help

I do
I want
I have
To trust me?
Live again
Breathe....

James Wakelin

Once Upon A Time

When a feeling, sickened unto death
Does breach the storm
Has a current passed a beam?
When quietly takes off to an extremity of love bliss? ?
Oh well, don't mis-believe me what is true
Have an answer
Swear if you like
What have I done?
Does the sound of my words hold fear for you?
Why not?
Have you an answer?
What's the time?
Business of my own
Oh well perhaps I will tell you's one day
God Bless

James Wakelin

Sleepy Giants (Removed From Death)

Who knows why they came?
They didn't brave my keep for a drink
they came to provide my sheep with a garden
in which they grew their pleasant plants
to dry the earth to benefit the deep
and now they come to be
from miles to come
the briefest of entries
and they came to sleep

Who knows what was removing their peace
it wasn't bought with beans
it was secured with love
they came to live to honour the seasons
the sheep didn't just leave
as the shadow came a knocking
it was just the briefest of seasons
and I have come to sleep.

James Wakelin

Song Of Happiness

The days will come when we can love the King
His soft voice gently surrounding us
To love the Father and the Son
Would be happiness enough for everyone
Trade trade me for money and gold
You will surely have that to hold
The mother of God does love us so
And the quickness to her and the Son Jesus
Hold your tongues and do not chide the grace
That eternally flows from my womb
The gentle weak and the lost regain
The Kingdom of heaven the Kingdom of heaven
For who has strength to over-power strength
When his arm is too short and his pathetic brains are too small
Children children where do you dwell
Under heaven or under hell
Decide your fate be quick dont wait
Because God cant wait for you all to congregate

James Wakelin

The Brazilian Beauty Has Alas Departed* For Good

So where to now? i ask my question with paramount
concern in my eyes
does fear enter my soul
at the mention of my soul as i dust the sheets of my soul as i
t squels for attention. Of
youth and quickened death it announces the truth of the desires
of heart and mind and.....
So my soul sinks its teeth into dust

of another kind

And forwarns its predicament of
lightened eloquent disaster

My life

James Wakelin

The Doors They Shade The Light

Open wide thy little star
stare upon the quickened brow
you do design untold calamity
and trusting forth a Roman pearl
a deep sea green often foretold
of ancient cloth breed and descent
a barren world awaits the forgotten land
an in-depth look of horrible laments
and concrete stones set apart outside the boundaries
who was that who thought long and hard
to disclaim the inheritance of the wealthy world
who knows the depth and width of it all
strewn among desolate lands
too much for some
the angels horn
bringing my sheep inside
laughing out loud the inherited one
who goes about swinging his/her purse
to the detriment of
his/her pursuers that run for fun
in foreign land

the minstrel must awake for she
must call forth the land earth and sea
depart this land you foreign foe
leave me now before
my anger erupts on you like
too many volcanoes
be still the trees that guide me still
to where I go no one must know
for I have but one mission one goal
to reach the end of the path
no further
until I can breath that foreign tasty air

James Wakelin

The Light Of Grief

To be a challenged desire of hope and respect
the tears of rain subside in my youth
To be a bright earthen silk quilt
all done up in a sort of torn, the briefest of seams
So dont distress your heart
which is quiet and rested
The quickness of your soul; your mind
will indeed interpret deeds done in silence
The choice of breath on sigh
is indeed a dance of lights shining in peaceful delight
And then the dance of impression
does quicken the heart to
enormous
relief.

James Wakelin

The Lions Are Roaring

When I was little I cried my tears
alone in my room dying from my
self belief which burned holes in my blankets

Now I cry in public where everyone sees
while not caring for the little boy
who saw in himself a fullness

In doubt I strive
with my new sense of
how adventure is suppose to be

But knowing full well that the people of my world
dont see any of my tears because
my love prevents them from seeing

Hostile and barren is the waste
I once trusted
now cast aside as doubtless foolishness

Good-bye soft world
you dont know me
and neither do you need to

James Wakelin

The Message, Decreasing In Stature

So keen is my eye to discern
and incredible do I look at it
which is indeed a deceit
and a lie
and incredibly soft. Touch it
With new eyes do I look.
At peace? does my mind linger to reach
out and touch it.
So truth inhabits the brave of us and little sheep walk and talk of us and days
Daze. The love of an inconsiderate keeper shines through my song
and develops its own troubled looks of grace and
when I fortell your patience doesn't do me credit
for my singing does want to let you know!

James Wakelin

Too Tired To Speak

So my names on bill-boards galore
And Ive walked past them on my way to work
Ive succeeded masters into their dust
And Ive increased workers pay to other heights
yet no one loves me
Im alone in a confusing world
Of deceit and money laundering
Ive also connected with saints and came out better off
And meddled with strangers half my size
To be beaten down
Now Im walking home after a hard days night
And my eyes can hardly read the page
Of my last written document
To which I force through my weak often mocked and little noticed frame
And now I can rest and sleep
Because Ive loved my fellow man
Ive come unstuck
Ive succeeded in life I ve succeeded in death?
to bad Im too fast asleep to enjoy it!

James Wakelin

Trees Love The Light

Poison poison in my veins
it kills the sense of love that was
and then again the newness
once again sprouts its wing.
The night sings in the
dawn of the truth to be let out when
sins kindle in the heaven spent rays of mercy and
delivers its message of hope
to man-
kind.
And the trees see and are warmed
by the intense
love.

James Wakelin

Trying To Hide My Face

A little boy sunburnt in position
crying yet crying
too damaged to come out
briefly touched in Gods way
insanity takes my mind
in its jaws
too damaged to throw away
too sick to heal
but and my mind lingers with him
in my mind touched
too small for a boy
too taut to hold lanquid in love
truest being in truest form
untouched really yet
touching all
simply

James Wakelin

Wellwhat Do You Know

walking down the street one day
got into an ugly fight
wouldn't want to tell you more
it was such an ugly sight

well then I crashed my bike
against a gigantic powerpole
I wouldn't want to tell you more
because I'm now on the dole.

Then singing my way home from church one time
I entered an enormous siesmic fault
I didn't have time to say my prayers
I was turned into a pillar of salt! !

I never knew a Lot but I turned my head
to see what was going to happen
and what do you know says Lot's wife
we never knew poor misshapen

James Wakelin

What A Degree Of Writing

A love a loan an empty cheque
a writers blank a quick duelling death
what eyes do they look for
a summers afternoon
all done no one owes
and was seen clearly from above
quick dueling skies inherant in its diversity
blank spaces deep hearts and a mock on my head
two irreplaceable batteries and a clock watch and a stage
incoherent abuse quickly stifles the crowd
shock mock displayed oh no not that!
Quick beetroot juice and lemons a quick draft and off
away away to you and me
so some make it to the tops look down and are free
from looking at that which is blocking our view
too soon to notice one other little thing
in my depths un-noticed slavish vultures corrupting the ink
as in dries through my hands
and sends shivers down my spine as I spoke words
wisdoms heiresses dimpled sugared plumped vices
incorruptable planets worlds elementary matters
so the heart dictates all
to the letters completing forms
of coherent speech
alas dear brothers
we tried

James Wakelin

What Time Is It Dear?

I have a watch it doesnt go
I have a clock that doesnt say so
not many people that I know
tell me what I want to know
I spend my time looking at the zero
which has become my hero

Tired of waiting I knock at the door
seeking that little bit more
so must I that I must implore
agonizingly wretched and poor
I dance a simple step on floor
waiting for him to ease my sore

To wait and wait and wait some more
she came and told me what i NEEDED to know
now home on time I go
back home to villiage green and moor
tomorrow I dance for the King and Queen
So time evolves in my revolving door

Waiting no more!

James Wakelin

When The Rain Falls The Wind Blows

Another incoherent display of affection
though dust falls and settles under rhythms of softly falling snow
the delicate ones don't transfer unfortunate ritualistic transformations
The snow though ankle deep now touching my knees
can give off heat to my body as I try to reach surface winds
even though unembarrassed bodies walk around unknown that they carry the
weight of the world, crazily upon their shoulders
they just wave and greet me by the time they have caught up
Everything makes sense and everything makes me smile now
Because the tramp came to town and didnt ask for directions
He behaved like a man unaffected and satisfied with his burdened lot
The rain beat upon his shoulders and the wind creased his burly head
yet he showed us the way with his crooked fingers pointing to his heart
as he tells us that his burden is for us and that his heart is light and happy
even though he has nothing in his hands and everything in his heart
And the rain and the wind it drives him on to his next calling point
Hark the tramp in all of us! !
His happiness is real! !

James Wakelin

Why Am I Writing When Theres A Fly On The Wall?

I dont know how it happened
It just briefly passed me by
A huge cyclonic hole in the wall
depresses the lonely chasm
with white and yellow stripes
with a border blue and green
How many turtle doves of peace do I have
to release this year?
I lose count
Up and away staying for a time
Lost in space representing
The void in
each one of us
How do we fill it?
Must we?
With a poker-dot trail of rain
And a splashing window-board
Representing the truth settling
and the days passing into
the void of light trapped
into indiscriminate ways
so certain it could produce a
fortune of truth to
a washed
and indiscriminate
people who
wait for rain
to wash and cleanse
the tears and fears away
My People!

James Wakelin

Wishing For You

Tired of the long nights stuck far away
Wishing for assurances that you will stay
Offering but chalk and a dry loaf of bread
And begging you not to do what you said
An hour long waiting with breath going cold
And an extension of money from what I sold

Two terrible lovers squirming for room
Sent to the galley with a broken broom
The night that we slept forgiven in one day
Prospered the next and sent on our way
Oh happy the thought and silly we be
Because of boxing day letters opened with glee

Two terrible twins and a gallery hand
Sent one by one over the hot sand
Two thoughts in a bottle trapped under ground
Forever sought yet never to be found
An ocean and my friend (my lover at that)
Sent away empty with hand in my hat

Go forth seek that day that gives glory to God
Who knows what you may find maybe some laud
To that day ride upon and vanquish the South
Two heads that lie sleeping their hair in their mouth
Peacefully wondering enfolded in love
Giving glory to God in the form of a dove

Expressionless melting on the hot raking sand
Two lovers lie sleeping one hand in one hand
Together at last free of all doubt
Just happy together all figured out
Sleeping away into a dreamy sub-bliss
Waking and saying I love you with a kiss

James Wakelin