

Poetry Series

Phil J Hambling
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Phil J Hambling()

'One must imagine Sisyphus happy'
Camus



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Midnight Bay

Midnight bay
The harbour of dreams
Floating on the night
A wishful longing
Cast from the heart
Unto the swell
Deep in the fathoms
Under the waves
The undiscovered oceans
Silent in their promise
And waiting for you
To surface again

Phil J Hambling



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Dancing Forever

Can you sense the secrets
Hidden in the now
Feel the cast of silhouettes
Waltzing in this space
Swarming the passing tide
Footsteps out of the past
Dancing forever

Phil J Hambling



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The Drop

In the dreams of the doom laden mind.
And the way you look at me
Against the drop of the before and after
Of our momentary relevance
The darkness beckons
Once again

Phil J Hambling



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Dead To The World

Left behind
Hidden behind chance
Mangled by moments
Taken from the face of the future
Scraped from the pages of history
Words never spoken
Dead to the world

Phil J Hambling



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Swimming In Infinity

In the dead of the day
The dream beckons
The Magic lantern of slumber
Waits for me
When darkness wraps its arms around my psyche
Moments are crucified and laid to rest
As I spread my arms out
In the Vale of dreams
To find myself
Swimming in infinity

Phil J Hambling



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Infinite Fantasy

And yes the days have finally spun a bit of something special
Out of the routine
Pearls emerging from the drone of the day
Angels pour from the cracks in the pavement
And dance
Golden butterflies glitter up from the inside of my gut
Colouring my thoughts with an ecstatic wave
Charging the surge of a moment
With an infinite fantasy

Phil J Hambling



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Clouds Pour The Rain

Would the clouds pour the rain
If the river didn't give generously
To the sea
Would the rainbow drape the sky
If you hadn't been soaked
By the tears of fortune
Would the sun not shine
Without the polish of the storm

Phil J Hambling



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Some Words

There are some words
That you need to convey
Hidden in the ticker tape processions of your desire
And the deepest wish
Just to give them the light of sound
Somewhere on the outside
Just to be heard in the corners of a stolen moment
To find a connection
To be received and understood
For an ecstatic splintered second
A feeling
Shared across the void

Phil J Hambling



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Voyager

Voyager
Deep in space
Beacon of earth
Sing for the lonely back home
On your journey
As they follow too
Into space and time
Silent and relentless
Ever onward
In the hope of a new beginning

Phil J Hambling



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Forgotten Coins

Forgotten coins
The currency of stalled ideals
Found by chance
Down the back of the chair in my head
Mottled and no longer of value
I left them there
To rest in peace
Once again

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Talk

You talk a lot
And you talk a lot
You talk a lot
And you talk a lot
You talk a lot
And you talk a lot
You talk a lot
You do

Phil J Hambling



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Wedding To Fortune

Would you escape
Your wedding to fortune
And leave her standing
At the altar of fate
To pay the price
Of your separation
And run with the clock
Until it's too late

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Glimpse

Can I play with the feeling
Riding on a glance of the moon
Trickling into the pulse and breath
Pulsed by a mere glimpse
Savoured until the vanishing point
Never to be repeated

Phil J Hambling



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Diamonds For Never

Laid like litter
On the other side of a lonely night
A cheap set of fake diamonds
Lost in the rain
Glinting the real thing into a rare state of envy
Sparkling with promises
Of love unbidden
Yet left unclaimed in the coldness of the dawn
Glowing in your own glory
Shining into the face of another god forsaken day
Priceless

Phil J Hambling

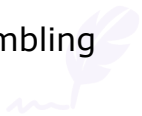


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Doorway Stranger

Drunken cast out
Left in the doorway
His heart bleeding dry
In the echoes of the alley
And the concrete stairs
Warm to the ears
Of a December chill
The stark intention
To blank out the future
And find some answers
At the end of that knife
Glinting in the shadows
Of the unknown sleeper
Dead to the world as the night softly passes
The whistling echo regret
Spun in the gutters
Of malice

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Spite

Let the words fly
To the freak guy
Drowning at the edge
Of a tear stained eye
Dark morning rises
Swimming in despises
Far away and full of spite
The furthest cry
From the promises of night.

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Happy Now?

We have all the time in the world
No we don't
Time enough for all the precious things that love has in store
No we don't
Don't worry about a thing
Cos everything little things
Gonna be all right
Is it?
No it's not.
If you're happy and you know it clap your hands.
In the face of certain death
Here's a little poem I wrote
Don't worry be happy
Oh okay then fine
Are you happy now?

Phil J Hambling



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Mistake

When a thought stretches out
Beyond the point of truth
And snaps under the weight of fact
As age envelopes youth
The heart swims deeper
In the quicksand of mistakes
And the clock runs faster than the measures
You can take
To take away an error
Or heal a wounded heart
Cast in stone forever
But completely torn apart

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Laugh Don't Scream

Laugh don't scream
In the fall
Wave your fingers
And feel it all
Laugh don't scream
In the fall
Turn and tumble in the air
Reach for a hand
Laugh don't scream
In the fall
Laugh all the way down
Before you wake from the dream

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Francois

Glamour and carnage
Odd bedfellows of desire
The stuff of life
Spin the wheels faster Francois
Closer to the edge
Cest la vie Cevert
Racing in eternity
A speeding heart

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Broken Things

Is there a place
For the broken things
To be made manifest
On an island of solace
A haven of healing
Somewhere
To be made again

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Sadness

Why is the sadness
Stuck in the heart
Too wide
To pour through the doors of the narrowing years
Yet I glimpse you there still
Through the aperture of memory
A darkening face
Shadowed as a waning moon
I can just make out
In the closing
Of my eyes

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See

Raise me from my reverie
Peel away my wishes
Leave me in the sun
Just long enough to see the light
And turn my head from distraction
To lift my gaze
So I can finally
See

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Enslavement

She dreams on an island
Of her own making
Paradise in the moments of freedom
A farewell to the burdens of now
Spinning in the sunshine at last
Reaching beyond the dragging hands
And the choke of enslavement
To somewhere beyond

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Another Day

Heavy is the dawn
Laden with resentment
Are the arcs and bridges of regret
That permeate the heart
Weighted by the burden of living
I lift my unrested head
To do battle
With the demands
Of another day

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Manifesting

A return of feeling
Regained to the owner
A debt paid in the gaps of breathing
Lost echoes champing at the words now forming in the mouth
The wish of another epoch or time A world where you could finally function
Denied to you in the ephemeral toture of your existence
Hidden in a higher plane
The wanderer places his bet
One step at a time into the future
High above the ticking clock
Rising above the trivial
And manifesting
A truth in the moment
Of a blinking eye

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Shadows And Dust

History does not repeat
It rhymes
The words might change
For the same crimes
Power is driven
By the fuel of lust
But everything is left
As shadows and dust

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Morning Bites

Let me curate my dreams tonight
Then I could be free
If only in the chinks of light
That cast me between
The day and night
And spat from the jaws
As morning bites

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Lament

Was there a stale note
A serpent hidden in your scent
That slithered into your glance
And the side-eyed goodbyes
Of feelings spent
Enough of a message
To read between the gaps
Of all your traps

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Derelict

A blink of wisdom shines in the derelict
Somewhere deep in the dream of identity
Risen in the swooning dawn
The pearl of light escapes the grasp
As the bottle drops from a scabby hand
Shattering the moment

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The Other Path

If only we could live
Where the other days were hidden
And bathe in the bygones
Of our hearts
To see the friends we never met
And the times we never had
For one night only
To know what they were
To dance down our regrets
And the shake the hands
Of the creatures of potential
To know what we could have known
If only we had taken
The other path

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Mortal Disease

The road is long
But the cuts are short
For all the money
Time can't be bought
For all your prayers
And all your pleas
There is no cure
For this mortal disease

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The Last Of Days

Imagining the time of vision
The first of the number
In the last of days
The buy and sell of the pimpernel
Hidden and found in the division of cells
The month of Mondays
Of the visions of hell
Born from the maelstrom
Of yesterday's sell

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Tear

The tear drop
In your hand
Unbidden
Emotional content
Embodied
In the salted water
A feeling

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Cradle Of Dreams

Far beyond the clouds and the doubters
Born beyond the scorn of the world
Left in the cradle of dreams
A vision of the future
Meanders in the rivers of hope
Drifting on the currents
Of imagination

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Old Soul Yearning

Old soul yearning
Talks to the child
The wishes of the now
Cast into the past
But deaf are the ears
Of innocence
To the wisdom
Of the years

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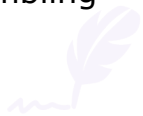


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Bleeding Niagara

Bleeding Niagara
Falls upon the regrets
Of your days
A crescendo of sorrows
Marinades a response
Rising Into the vapours
Of feeling
Lost in the spray of your heart
As time turns
Another corner
For change to buy
Another day
And another chance
At something else
Somewhere beyond the pain
Of now

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Day Dream

Let the world turn
Let your heart beat
And the day wane

Let the smile form
Let the moment pass
And the way stream

Let the thought go
Let your life flow
And the day dream

Let the sun shine
Let the moon glow
And the stars scream

Let your life go
Let the truth show
More than what it seems

Phil J Hambling

Dream Sculptor

I can be your dream sculptor
Shape the heavens in your head
Holding back the snakes and demons
That slither lurking
At your fevered bed
Raise the sun in darkness
To dry the anxious tears And ride the nightmares out together
Far beyond your fears

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The Hands Of Angels

Let there be our wishes
Rest in the hands of Angels
To caress an assurance that
The concerns of tomorrow
Belong to another age
The present reaches out
Thrown from divine fingers
Into eternity
And all we need is what we have
In our eyes
And our hearts
Right now

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Canyons Of Experience

Today I see
Every one of my years
Staring back at me
Each line in my face
A road back in time
Deep furrows cut in the bedrock
Stark and real
Canyons of experience
Laid before me

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Under The Ominous Condition

And if you thought for one minute
That one minute of thought would make any difference
Then any difference
That could be made
To what we believe
And all we wish
And all of eternity
Could be an answer
To any other of the questions that your dared
To ask yourself
Under the ominous
Condition
Of all that you ever knew
As if any of it mattered
At all

Phil J Hambling

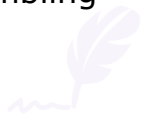


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Forgotten Wisdom

A dream leavened stray
Into the deepest craving
Of a lonely outcast
Left in the margin
Of forgotten wisdom
Founded in an ancient
Feeling
Left in the desert
At the bottom of the well of all our hopes
Lifted by an innocent child
Held in the wonder of a dawn sculptured vision
Innocent and pure
As the yearning
Of a heart
Defiant in the wish
For a better tomorrow

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The Boy That Laughed

The boy that laughed in the face of doom
Oblivious to his mother's pain
The boy that laughed in the face of fortune
Watching the day go by
Even if it was his last
The boy that laughed
In spite of everything

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A Moment Of Spirit

Let me lend you a moment of spirit
Loaded with fire
Let me find the treasure
That you sought in the ashes of our dreams
Let me be the solution
To the burdens of tomorrow
Let me be the magic carpet
In the reflections of a lost day we wished had been lived
Let me see beyond the horizon
And plot the path of a restful ease to be felt once again
That we found in those summer days of simplicity
Hidden in the flowered park arm in arm
Far from the grief to come
With thoughts of forever
And our backs to the clouds

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The King

In a distant land
The king gripped the throne
The day had come
That Fate came home
The weight of the world
And the turn of clock
The combination
Left in the lock
The pull of destruction
Has taken the bait
The button is pressed
And now it's too late

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Chris Goes To The Discos

Chris goes to the discos
And she's 63
She closes her eyes in paradise and pretends it's 83
The kids on their phones
With sarcastic tones
Scorn the music's history
That the DJ plays
To make Chris's days
And the tunes that set her free

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Raining Bus Stop

The smiles emerge
From under an umbrella
The green bus lances the damp air with a hiss
The bike with the small wheels splashes the drain
And the laughing Saturday girls
Huddle under the roof that's too small
To hide from the rain

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Truth

In the hush of a cloistered eve
My heart and love sought to deceive
The whispered promises
Offer no reprieve
The truth will dance
With what you believe

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Be For Me

Sweet but sweet
Wouldn't be sweet for me
Sun would shine but wouldn't shine for me
Smile would smile
But wouldn't smile for me
And you wouldn't be
Be for me

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Muffled Fists

Your passions lost
A forgotten penny
Twisted in the pocket of memory
Buried in the tomb of an everyday yawn
Muffled fists
Beating in the heart

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The Sweet Sayings Of Bacchus

I would have pledged my faith
Before you drank yourself to sleep
My words were lost
To the charms
Of the grape
And in the sweet sayings of Bacchus
You bask
The lure of his false promises too potent to deny
Blind to my silence
As I leave you to rest
In his dominion
Once again

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The Rose

The rose
Was meant for you
Tight in my hand I held it
Against the mounting spring breezes
As I watched the petals torn away
One by one
Snatched by the hungry wind
And into the arms of fate and chaos
Thrown aloft they went
Cast even further by my hurried grasping
Spun on the teasing gusts
In beautifully wild circles
Until down to earth they glided
To decorate the gutter
Flittering red in the grime
And I laughed in the hopeless chase
Blissfully unaware at the time
As I held the bare stem
Of the omen
It would become



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The Days And Nights

Its foolish to think of yesterday
But that is where the present is
And the days and nights we spent
Are all I think about now

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Flowers

The beat of the heart
Enough to preserve the days
And the flowers could only bloom when they beat together

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Otherworld

Somewhere in the otherworld
Everything is okay
Somewhere in the mirror world
I can breathe easy
Somewhere down the other path
Life is better
And somewhere inside
I can live again

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If Only I Was Pablo

If only I was Pablo
I know you would find space for me
Somewhere within you
If Pablo would guide my hand
And give my pen the gift of his words
I know he could help me find
A world
Where you loved me too

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I Buried My Dreams

I didn't cry
When I buried my dreams
I felt the release
Of acceptance
I knew the time had come
And the future beckoned
With open arms
I know what matters now
More than my dreams
And it's you

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Murmuration

Even the blindest starling
Can murmurate in beauty
Thier numbers generating
Arcs and dips of rare wonder
Of shifting symmetry
Emerging out of the mundane
And the evening softness
They paint their patterns
Against the sky

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Shadowcast

I felt you there
In the shadowcast of evening
Dark fingers reaching
Into the sunset
Pulling you back to the present
Stirring from the stillness
And pausing life itself
In the quiet of the eventide
Just enough
To hear your words
Tumble in the wind
And whisper of a promise
That we will meet again

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Escalator Eyes

Escalator eyes meet
We pass
Days March on

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Rise Again

Boarded up heart
Nails sunk deep into the woodwork
Of endless abandoned rooms
Your hands placed hurriedly
Over any chink of light
That dares to invade
A hidden interior
Know this
When the roof falls
Lifted from the rubble
You can turn your heart to the sun
And rise again

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Dawn

Crystal beads
Cling the blades of grass
Old water spirits
Weary of the night
Ripe in the knowledge
To drop is to die
For the birth of morning

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Infinity

Infinity behind
Infinity ahead
I will find you there
When we dance with the dead

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Yes

Yes

I hear no

Yes

You don't want to know

Yes

The time slips through our fingers

Yes

The precious second lingers

Yes

When my eye falls upon you

Yes

A stolen moment will show

Yes

Yes

The silent singers

Sing

And they sing of you

Even if

The world says no

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The Fall

How far into the fall
Before you accept
And glide with serenity
Into the arms of fate
The screaming over
Life begins again
In joyful descent

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Out Of The Blue

Today I run to the hills
Somewhere in the green
And out of the blue
All the darkness
Is left behind

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Forever Unknown

Shouting spiral of prayers lost to the night
Hidden under the wings of the owl of sorrows
Dropped in the darkness of the forest of unbegotten loves
Dispersed in the glowing of the burgeoning of dawn
Forever unknown
To the days

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Chocolate Box

Still there
The chocolate box
Sat on the table
That I was too scared to send to you
And now its passed the sell by date
Like any opportunity for an apology
Even if
Some of them are probably
Still sweet enough to share

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Moments With You

Helpless
As a fountain in a furnace
Evaporated
Gone
With no trace of ever existing
Gone before
Arcs of beauty
Could form from feeling
To decorate our days
Left only as dreams
Burned away in the mind
My moments with you

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January Rains

Nobody can notice your tears
In the bite of the January rains
They merge in salty stings
And into one long stream of memories
Umbrella fights your hand
Unruly and restless in the teasing winds
And blown inside out like your heart
The struggle commemorates the days you shared on this path of laughter and
sun
And the suck and cast of the sea
Is now your only companion
As you battle on and on
Back home again
To the warmth of tea
And quiet reminiscence

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The Ripples Of Time

The temper of the tide
And the rhythm of the sea
Reflecting the passing of the moments
And the ripples of time
Enfolded in the turning of the waves
Time and essence
Passing gently
But inexorably
By

Phil J Hambling



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You Stood Here

You stood here
In this exact spot
Where my feet are now
I remember the pattern in the cold stones
I was hoping to feel
Something
Something about you
Instead of just
The rain

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Hydra

Many headed hydra
Swirling in my heart
Cut one piece of pain
And two grow in its place
But I know
The torch of love is somewhere
The flame still burns
If only in embers
Somewhere out of reach

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Love Is Another Language

Love is another language
Of strange symbols
And unknown sounds
But please could someone
Translate
For me

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Morning Love

Morning love shines the brightest
Crystal clear thoughts of you
I see your face amongst the clouds
And reflected in the glinting dew
Morning love shines so bright
So why does there
Have to be the night

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Spare Any Kisses

Spare any kisses
From the pocket in your heart
Lend me the cost
And I will pay you back in roses
Spare any kisses
And this could be the start
Spare any kisses
That you might give away

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Comfort And Joy

Watch me weave
Through the killer breeze
Rain spattered head
And Freezing feet
Pacing the December pavements
Watching the warmth behind the windows
Neon blurring crystal shards
Of comfort and joy
Shrapnel of memories
Stuck in the heart

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Season Of Wonder

Season of wonder
And reconciliation
Mending of ways
And building again
Season of laughter
And light in the dark
Talk of adventures
Soon to embark

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Selfie

Selfie

It's not a photo

It's a type of person

Selfie

Maybe the worst one

You love you

Don't you?

Selfie

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Love Is A Liar

Love is a liar
He promised too much
He stole your words
And stole your touch
Love is a liar
He promises life
Stays for a day
Then puts in the knife

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The Game Of Love

Nothing to say
Other than every dream has gone away
For me and you
Lost in the labyrinth of love
Joyous in the lostness of our journey
Only to exit
From the game
Another losing player.

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You Trusted Love

You trusted your heart to love
But he was a stranger
Who came with a smile
And left with a frown
And every bit of feeling
That you ever had
You trusted your heart to love
But he can't be trusted
Anymore

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If You Don't Love Me

If you don't love me
I won't understand
All those days
Of holding hands
All those moments
Lost in time
Are those days over?
Are you not mine?
If you don't love me
I guess that's fine
But I will love you
To the end of time

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Lift The Lid On Love

Lift the lid on love
And watch me run for cover
Search inside my heart
For an absent lover
Say I've had enough
And lift my thoughts above her
Gone into the night
Laughing with another

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Long Long Ago

Fate could not disguise
The love thats burned inside
And the words could never flow
And you could never know
Or cross the great divide
From the other side
And I could never grow
And I could never show
The feelings still inside
From long long ago

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If Love Could Speak

If love could speak
It would speak of you
Of loving words
Known to few

If love could speak
It would speak of you
A love thats pure
A love thats true

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How Can I Love

How can I love
When the horse has bolted
And the hooves have hammered
Over the hills
How can I love when your words of comfort
Can't be handed down by wills
How can I love when a life has ended
And time won't let me pay your bills
How can I love when I catch your feeling
In every moment of time that kills

Phil J Hambling



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Currency Of The Heart

Hope for fair exchange
In the currency of the heart
That you store so safely
To the bank of memory
Trusted to hold your feelings secure

In the vaults of your mind
Beware of counterfeit words
And the promises of a lender
Who holds the combination
And the keys to your soul
Leaving you
Forever in debt

Phil J Hambling



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Ancient Skies

Ancient skies
Laugh at modernity
Shopping and convenience
Can't compete
With eternity
The galaxies shine
And witness infirmity
And wave you goodbye
As your death is a certainty

Phil J Hambling



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The Blood Of Your Choices

Hush and sleep
Let the world of dream enfold you
Purchase the moments of escape
From time itself
Point the gun at your senses
Let it feel the threat of the bullets
Before spilling the blood on the floor of your choices
And disposing of my feelings
Like just another product
Of your imagination
Or that I could wish
That I could matter
For one minute
To you

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Find Your Beauty

You can find your beauty
Looking at Michelangelo
I'll find mine when the rain hits Nandos
You can gaze at Van Gogh
And I can at smile at an old man's cough
You can see the world through Turner's eyes
As I dodge the puddles
And watch the sunrise

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The One

I'm the one they told you about
The giver the sower and master of doubt
I am the one that's stood in the queue
The one you pretend that isn't you
The prayer the slayer
Of someone new
I am the corner you didn't walk round
The echo and silence
Of those in the ground
I am the flame that dreams in the cold
The forgettor of stories
That were never told

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Build Our World

If we were given time
Then we would
Find our world again
If we were given life
To live these days again
And we were given time
We could build our world again

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Somewhere In Forever

Somewhere in forever
They wait for you
Remnants of people
That you once knew
But only in the mind's eternities
Can they hold true
This life is all
We know
As truth

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Cuts

The joy was burnt
Seared away in an instant
On hot-lipped rapier words
Chosen from the box of instruments
That you keep
Razor sharp
Just for the purpose
Of cuts to the heart

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Quenching Of Your Heart

If the well is dry
My wish would be for it to rain on your cravings
For the quenching of your heart
My call would be for the waters of the moment
And the drops of time
To fall on upon your wishes
For meaning and solace
Somewhere in the river of existence
To soak into your soul

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Face The Day

Look upon the lamentations
Turn your head upon the truth
See the bodies piled up by history
Falling into the abyss of experience
Face the day
Face the moment
And live

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Dream Of Forever

When the day comes
And the night relents to the nascent signs of the birthing dawn's cry
The feeling of the world is echoed in the souls that breathe or sigh for the hope
of another morning
The sun trades light
In the currency of the rays that reign down upon the water and the land
The chance of existence
The wealth of the world
The beat of the heart
And the pace of the pulse
The blood and the glory
And the spirit of the flesh
Born into the present
And the destinies of tomorrow
The raging moments
Of the now
And one more page
In the book of life
Written into a dream of forever

Phil J Hambling

Petrol Your Future

Pour on destruction
Of flames to the end
Hang the ropes
And watch the demons descend
Splinter the silence
With the pain of your days
Stumble and falter
Get lost in the maze
Shatter the crystal and burn the dream
Petrol your future
The world is deaf to your screams

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Salted Air

A moment held
Sun drenched and sea cooled
Sun skipping an umber horizon
Salted air
Gull cries
An end
A beggining
A feeling

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

And The Truth Will Be Your Guardian

I couldn't be any thing other
Than this
And if I was
Then that would be something
Less than what is authentic
But it's okay
Because you know the truth
And the truth will be your
Guardian
And the truth
Of my devotion
Will be to keep you safe
Forever

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Drink Wisdom

I'm gonna drink myself sensible
Cos I'm stupid sober
And I need things to make sense
So glass by glass
I'll get wiser and wiser
Until it all makes sense
Again

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Fleeting Smile

Dandelions dream of sunflowers
And the weak dream of liberating powers
The old dream of youth
And the liar craves the truth
The cloudy sky
Dreams of the blue
And a fleeting smile
Is all I have of you

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Wisdom

As I sit here
Everything could suggest that
Temporary existence wasn't a curse
But a blessing
But what do I know
Because I'm no wiser than you
Or anyone else

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Midsummer

Midsummer's warm currency
Borrowed from the south
Whispers of the souk
Permeate the still air
Fragrant balms of charring meat
Swap with sweet oranges
For the streets have travelled far tonight.
Out beyond the familiar rain and chill
Conjuring a dream
Into reality
Gifted by the sun god
Just for tonight

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Requiem

Taste the final moment
Embrace the horizon
And Know your race is run
Glory in the flames
Of demise
And be thankful
It is the way it is

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Listen To A Silence

Listen to a silence
Can you hear the sound
Hidden in a seashell
Left on a beach of memories
In between waves
And motions of the sea
Fragments of voices
Splashing in my mind

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Slow

Left behind
Ahead of the game
Outside the norm
Inside the aim
Off the track
But in the know
You go fast
And I learn slow

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Yearning Dream

Crystal caverns
And jade avenues
Diamond days
And golden promises
Ravishing fields of a bursting spring
On the seas of a conjured realm
Of a never ending heart
Falling into wishes
Blown on the fate of desire
In the dawn of a passion
Fresh as the dew
On the first thought of tommorow
Seen from the summit
Of a yearning dream

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Funfair

Is fun fair?
Is your fun fair?
Do you care
If your fun ensnares
If your fun scares
If your fun decieves
And hides miseries
Is your fun fair?

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

A Moment Of Forever

Emerging from the dark
Light beheld for the first time in a countless age
Lifted by the first morning light
I could endure the day
Or all the days of life
Flying above the inevitability of a dark demise
To soar for this short spell of time
Above the eternities of before and after
A defiant flight on ephemeral wings
Faster than the drawing of the dark
A moment of forever
In this shambles of existence

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Secrets

Where the day goes
Into night
To chase the rainbows
Out of sight
Darkness chokes the sun
To death
And hides your secrets
Under its breath

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

To My Sons

You can fly
Now your wings have grown
Don't be scared
Of being alone
Make the jump into the sky
Now you know
That you can fly

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

This

Neutraleyes
Anestheteyes
Prozleteyes
And blind yourself
With sacred lies
Tell yourself you'll never die
And live forever
In eternal bliss
But all there ever is
Is this

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Enjoy Your Food

More cannibals
Desperate to live more
By any means more
Tearing the flesh for a few more moments
You want more time
More time not to think
More time to carry on eating
But death smiles at your appetites
Enjoy your food

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Losing Susan

Blue trumpet
Purple organ
Tapping snare
Blue bass notes beat
Losing Susan
Losing Susan to the beat
Losing Susan to the night
Losing Susan
She's lost in the sound
Lost in the beat forever
Losing Susan to the night
Losing Susan
Finding the beat

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Feather

The feather is in no hurry to fall
It still wants to fly
Bird or no bird
It flutters on the wind

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Shadows And Sunspeak

Shadows and sunspeak

Give voice to the vinetrained statue

Talking from the ages the timeworn gaze of colourless eyes

Yellowation of shade

Frames the patrician aspect

Mellow the voice of a silencing soul

Monarching the landscape from a hidden bower

A dreamers blend

Of light and dark

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Springtidal

Sunbirthed springbreeze of
Gardenated waves
Noonstruck greenshoots of
Herbalated enclaves
Springtidal verve of
Rainsoaked grass
Treeladen haven of
Silken spun glass

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

An Eternal Gift

Your smile begets
A slow descent into joy
Arresting time itself
An eternal gift

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Lost Forever

Leaning away from the best thing ever
Like it was the thing to do
I never saw the sun you shone
Hidden in my darkness
The best thing that could have been mine
Was lost forever

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Majestic Lords

Majestic lords decree
Harvesting the bounty of their own salvation
And watch you scrape your self respect back up from the pavement
As the cold water bursts through from the dam of reality
The headlines hold the outrage
The road spills out the rush rage
The shopping bag is full
But the mind is empty
The one percent gleam in the horn of plenty
The old woman stumbles
And the city crawls
To the merciless beat
Of the winning few
And the big defeat

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Echoes Of Ancestors

The echoes of ancestors
Seep out from behind the slanted gravestones
Shining a truth
Through the stained glass hearts
Of those assembled in search of salvation
Lined up neatly in orderly rows
In the hope redemption
Outside the rooks in the trees flutter the churchyard watchfully
The sudden bells scatter them skywards
Waving wings into the dusk
And evensong echoes in the empty streets
As the slanted shadows of the gravestones
Lengthen towards the night

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Lost Prophet

Bearded bedraggled
Wandering preacher
Of measured Bible words
Shunned by the passing shoppers
Casting your message
With verve and passion
Yet Invisible to them
Devoted as they are
To their own religion
Bought in the church
Of retail
Marks of devotion
In bags of goods
Betray their faith
And on you speak
To the air
To the pigeons
Firm in your conviction
A lost prophet

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Transcendent Resplendent

Transcendent resplendent
Falling apart
Made of tomorrows
Today's form of art
Wanting forever
Way off the chart
Ways of ascendance
And standing apart
Peak of the highest
Known to depart
From a shot of
Creation
Fired from the dart
Hitting the target
Straight through the heart
Born from forever
No ending
No start

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

To Soar At Last

Fabulous worlds
Bound by night
Through the fugue
The dreams will come
Planes of ecstasy
Visitations from far beyond
Lifting you high
To the wondered altars
There to grant the wishes of flight
And liberation
From the stakes that hold your wings down
To Soar at last
After all this time
Beyond the clouds
Beyond imagination
To that place

Phil J Hambling

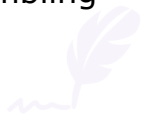


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The Secret Place

Hidden in the trees
The secret place
Of endless transformation
Known to few
It's marble columns
It's colourful dome
Only seen by the holders
Of the precious knowledge
A place of transcendence
To other worlds
Imagined visions
Conjured within
Hidden in the trees
The secret place
Baroque and beautiful
Hidden from sight

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

One More Day

The old man flails his torch at time itself
Lost in the dark of nightmares
Confused and bloody minded
He blindly whips at the inevitable
Days numbered
The defiant flames of life drifting down to embers
Taunting the fangs of death to bite
From out of the gloom
The heat of his existence ready to fight
In the hope of one more day

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

You Feel Love

Let there be the thing that you always wanted
Let's make it happen
The most outrageous days
Transcendence of the mundane
The building of a monumental escape
A testament to your existence
A Dream writ large
The warm sunny air of chances
A happening of the moments that were longed for in your hidden yearnings
The summer city of possibilities
Streets of discovery to be made
And the lost abandon that you have always craved
Cast up from the shadows
The beats and the moves that the mind has danced
The lost abandon to the moment
Something like love
Something like being more alive than alive
Something that puts a smile on your burdened heart
The nights of neon promise
Lost in the moment
Present like never before
Good will radiates
You feel love
You feel love
You feel love

Phil J Hambling

There Is That Thing

There is that thing
That you don't know what the next moment brings
The curtain falls and opens like your eyes in the clouded morning
To the perception of the moments that existence brings into consciousness.
No less no more but the thoughts and dreams of the someone that you are
The prism of you
Or the thing that you call yourself in the midst of the storm of all this thing that
you call your life
The seconds only pass when you notice them slip by
The days and the nights balance out in the great scheme of things
And the music plays
With or without you
The music plays
You know the song will end
Enjoy it as you do
Yet it will play on
In the minds of others
And on
Into eternity



PoemHunter.com

Phil J Hambling

Magical Empires

Magical empires
Hidden from sight
Fashioned from the bricks of dreams they rise
As Castles of the mind
Conjured high above
The morning mist
With turrets of wishes
And minarets of joy
Defending the citadel
Of the imagination
From the spears and arrows
Of our darkest thoughts

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Storm Of Hope

The great storm of Jupiter
Won't last forever
The fury is vast
And centuries old
Yet the power of hope rises higher
The angels look with wonder
On the dawning of the new
And the great red spot will burst
With molten children of fire
Bridges are built by the joining of hands
Reaching in the tumult
Healing the sores of rage
Driftwood finds the homecoming of land
The message in the bottle
Is sometimes found
The waves lap over the possible
Into the realm of invention
And the dominion of imagination
The beauty of the days
Brought into the born
Time laden fortune rides the chariot of hope
And the spirit of consciousness pulls it ever onward
The time and space on which existence is spun
Knows that the storm will pass
As all storms do
And clear bright hope
Will shine inside you
A sea of tranquility
A supernova of desire
And hope

Phil J Hambling

The Light In The Dark

Turn the telescope
Onto the heart
Reaching deeply
Into the space
Finding the border
Beyond the known
The edge of feeling
The light of the stars
The light in the dark
Illumination
Inside

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Laughing All The Way To The Foodbank

Laughing all the way to the food bank
The only thing left to swallow is pride.
Empty cupboard
Empty stomach
How did it get to this?
But the warmth of a rare winter sun
Hands out its spring tinged nutrients
And fresh water tastes
Like a new beggining
Laughing all the way to the Foodbank.
To start all over again

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Alone Again

Alone again
As a palm tree in the rain
Or the snow falling in Spain
Deserted at the empty docks
And left behind the closing locks
A human form of empty box

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Three Legged Dog

The three legged dog
Doesn't care
It runs around and plays with joy
Just the same
As any dog with four
Fully in the present
Mindful of the moment
As any great sage
Happy

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Quick Slow Time

Time passes
Too quickly
Too slowly
Days crawl
Or rush
Moments speed
Or stretch
Lives come
Lives go
And the clock ticks
Quickly or slowly
Ever on
To beyond what we know

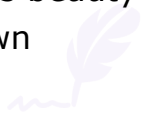
Phil J Hambling



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Out Of Horror There Was Beauty

The ship was lost
In tragedy
Yet a city was founded in its ruins
In submarine reams
Of shimmering suits
The busy citizens flit
Colourful in the deep waters
The hull a shield from predators
The cannons silent and confounded
Hiding the octopus from harm
The gold and silver treasures
Shine as they might
Have no value here
The coral slowly taking in
It's adopted child
Using a timescale and currency of its own
And out of horror
There was beauty
Deep down
Below



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Phil J Hambling

Waiting For The Daffodils

Waiting for the daffodils
And the little yellow promises
Of a constellation of new born suns
Waving at us joyfully
From the roadside

Waiting for the daffodils
On our journey to the spring
And the thawing of a winter heart
Will let the season sing

Phil J Hambling

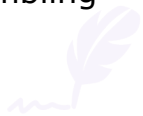


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Bitter Anniversaries

Let me be bitter
In my words today
Cos all those things
Actually happened
And I have to face
The unwelcome visitors
Knocking on the doors
Of my mind today
And carry on lifting
The anvils in my head
That drop on top
Of my thoughts this day
So let me be bitter
In what I say
Let me be bitter
At least for today

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Hide And Seek

We played hide and seek
On a global scale
You and I
You chose your hiding place
So I came looking
And one day I found you.
Then it was my turn to hide
I didn't try too hard
I must confess
To conceal my whereabouts
But you haven't found me yet
Maybe you are still counting
Or perhaps you just wanted me
To win the game

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Little Earth

Little earth
Lost in the firmament
Lonely blue orphan
Playing with the stars
Round and round you go
Round and round you go

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Snake People

A den of snakes can writhe
Behind a friendly face
Laced with honeyed words
The venom of their intention
To curl their scales around your world
And impale you on concealed fangs
Then slither away smiling
To digest you slowly

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Drowsy Heart

Sometimes it takes some thunder
To wake a drowsy heart
And glue back together
Shattered pieces of the art
Of feeling and believing
In a world that fell apart
And feel the bolts of lightning
That return you to the start

Phil J Hambling



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Stolen Lives

Stolen Lives

Taken by your hate

Stolen Lives

Taken by your ignorance

Stolen Lives

Taken by your followers

Stolen Lives

Taken by the trainload

Stolen Lives

Taken by suffering

Stolen Lives

That we reclaim

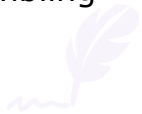
Stolen Lives

That we remember

Stolen Lives

That hope regains

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Near Life Experience

I felt my spirit enter my body
I sensed the glory
I saw the light at the end of the tunnel
I walked towards it
And saw the magnificence
Of being alive
Now

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Squirrel Wisdom

The squirrel hoards it cache
Yet it knows that half goes missing
And that the lost nuts
Will make the trees of the forest
That it depends on

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Dangerous Lies

If we are honest
The most dangerous lies
Are the ones we tell to ourselves
Or is that a lie too?

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Staring Down The Barrel Of Tomorrow

Staring down the barrel of tomorrow
Taking the bet with time
Carving a smile from my stoney face
To Laugh at the odds
Of winning
A trophy of atrophy
If Im lucky enough
To dodge the bullets of today

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

London Skyline

The city was stabbed
By a Shard in the heart
And an unwanted Gherkin
Spilled out of its guts
Nearby a giant disc with monstrous eyes
Swallowed people up by the riverbank
Digesting them slowly round and round
As The Canary screeched it's death from the money mine
Out across the henges of high finance
And in the distance
The bridge over Dartford
Took its toll

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

My Dilerium

The answer lies somewhere
In between doubts
And intrusive thoughts
Can I find
The moment of clarity
And hold the rocks before they fall
Long enough to let me function
Before Im returned
To my dilerium

Phil J Hambling



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Boundless Dream

Lost in the maze of existence
Without a compass
To find the way home
Drifting steps into clouded futures
To the crooked house of the unknown winds
Blown by the myths of speculation
Caught by the wave of the infinite source
Hanging in the hall of visitation
Held by the thrall
Of a boundless dream
Mixed by the pouring of the fountains of fortune
The keys that are held in the forbidden night
On the hip of the keeper of the gates of imagination
Conceptions birth in the pulsing gyre
Of the hidden heart of the daunted stranger left in the shadow of an errant child
The torches of wisdom
Passed by the embers of an ancient tongue
Lit by the hopes of the generations
Taken to the borders of visions end
Held aloft by the wings of the wayward
Rebels of the revelation
Lifting the cup to the thirsty spirit
Craving the dawning of a
paradise new
To live the days we are given on this earth
In a mind forged dominion
Of a boundless dream

Phil J Hambling

The Gates Are Open

The music brought us
To the secret place
Hidden from the world
But drawn to the curious
To those that can hear
The words are spoken
The message is sent
And a gathering held
To take our place amongst them
Rapturous and transcendent
To carry the message
Into the world
That the gates are open
To the place that is dreamt of
In the depth of your heart

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Scornful We Stand

Still here
After all the blows
That life has sent us
The gifts of pain
And kisses of doom
Hitting back at the face of the taunting demons
Scornful we stand
At the world that turns against us
Pushing back at every curse that's thrown
Defiant in the blazing ship of our own demise
Shaking our fists to the end

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Into Eternity

Infinity beckons
On the wings of the future
Sweeping back
To the deepest past
The beating rhythm of time
Taking flight from the centuries
Ascending into the present
A vanishing eagle
Into eternity

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Distant Bells Of Sunday

The distant bells
Of Sunday
Haunt the air
Long echoes and silence
Mark the spaces
In between
Stillness
No other sound
But the distant bells of Sunday
Far away

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

We Are Bubbles

We are bubbles
Blown by chaos
Fragile but soaring
Defiantly higher
Into the future
Until we burst
Into eternity

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Old Statue

How important you were
Stood up there for all to see
Alone in the crowd now
Your only admirers
Are the pigeons
Or the placer of the occasional traffic cone
Upon your weathered head
As a crown of mockery
And the rain that rusts you away
Gradually fading
Like the values you once held

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Cathedral Of Light

Winter sunburst
Defiant in its essence
Pouring shafted rays across a resentful sea
Unfolding a cathedral of spectral light
Full of iridescent prayers of warmer times
And a promise of the coming spring
No longer crucified at the hands of the jealous clouds

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Lament Of The Evening Forest

The lament of the evening forest
Abandoned by the sun once more
To the flutterings of change on the wing
As sky-dot murmurations descend
To the kraas of the crows
A message to unwelcome strangers
Permeates the soul
To leave this place now
To its tenants of the night

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Outside The Box

All the great people
End up in a box
All the great leaders
End up in a box
All the billionaires
End up in a box
All the best looking
End up in a box
And so will you
End up in a box
So while you are here
Try and think
Outside the box

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Jewels Of Eternity

Stolen from the night
Rescued from dreams
The jewels of eternity shine
I lift them up to illuminate the gloom
Of another winter morning

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Brothers And Sisters Across The Sea

Brothers and sisters across the sea
Alone on the pebbles I stand
But I can see your faces in the turn of the winter waves
I can hear your voices in the salty breeze
I can see you standing on the far shores
Beyond the mist and spray
And we are together again

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Miracle Of Consciousness

A Celestial birth
Cast by a trillion dice
We came to exist
By the turn of the spheres
Out of the gloom of space
And into the light
Came the miracle of consciousness
And eventually
You.

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Empty Bandstand

The empty bandstand plays
The music of rain
A symphony of droplets
Mourning for the summer
Drumming the deckchairs
Strumming the pillars and archways
As if the insistent notes could change the season itself

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

How Many Heartbeats?

How many Heartbeats
Have you got left?
What's the number?
How many Heartbeats
Have you got left?
Before you go under?
How many Heartbeats
Have you got left?
To do all those things in your head?
How many Heartbeats
Have you got left?
For all those words to be said?
How many Heartbeats
Have you got left?
To give carelessly away?
How many Heartbeats
Have you got left?
Before the end of today?

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Waves On The Promenade

Lashing chandeliers on the shoreline
Bursting above
The Battleship grey under belly
Of the waves
Clutching on the promenade
The foaming claws
Reaching in desperation for their Land lover lost
Dragging back into the depths of the tumult
Dissolved

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Song Of Boredom

I am boredom
I am sometimes misunderstood
Sometimes Boredom writes the song
Sometimes Boredom starts the journey
To where you truly belong
Sometimes Boredom finds the answer
Sometimes Boredom sets you free
Sometimes Boredom points you towards
what you truly believe
Sometimes Boredom is the start of your inspiration
Sometimes I am the father
Of your creation

Phil J Hambling



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You Took My Feelings Hostage

You took my feelings hostage
And I can't afford to pay
Bound and gagged
And hidden from sight
They waste the days away
Negotiation's hopeless
I can't find the words to say
To plead you for my freedom
And my release some day
You took my feelings hostage
It's Stockholm syndromes curse
I'm bound to you forever
With an empty purse

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

You Could Go Looking

You could go looking
But never find
The things you truly seek
You could go looking
But never stop
The endless losing streak
You could go looking
But never own
What you think is yours
You could go looking
But never see
What lies on your own shores

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Empty Chair

The empty chair
Stares at me
Dry wood patterns
Shaping knotted faces
Running down the arms and legs
Merging with the tiles of the floor

The empty chair
Silent
Empty
But somehow
Full

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

New Year Dream

Half remembered constellations and
Blurring fingers trying to make them out
As we stumble
Over the body of a dead December
Left forlorn in the jet of midnight
Pockets empty
Spent and decayed
On we stagger
Until somewhere in the nebula
Of our drunken swooning
A child wakes happily in the arms of dawn
To guide us safely on
Along the light strewn road
Of our messy existence
Into the New Year

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Wave And Breath

Wave and breath recognise each
Other
As life giving cousins of the earth
Drawing in and out the spell of life
Without bidding
Rise and fall
Shallow and deep
Time and tide together
Harmonious

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Perfect/Solitude

Your dress is just immaculate
Your deeds are just sublime
Your work is always accurate
And you're always on time
Your words are always perfect
And your manner on the phone
But when the day is ended
The world leaves you alone

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Press One For Freedom

We will answer your call
Shortly.....
From the call centre of existence

We value your custom.....
Your call is important to us.....

Press One.....for the answers to life
Press Two.....for the meanings...

We can help you.....

I'm sorry I don't understand.....
I didn't quite get that.....

Press One.....

The music plays.....
The music plays.....

You are in a queue.....

The music plays.....

Goodbye.....

Remove your headset

Phil J Hambling

One Day I Saw The Immensity

One day I saw the immensity
Between the cracks of reality
Split between the duality
Of harmony and insanity
I walked a mile in tranquillity
Amongst the paths of infinity
And found the realm of divinity
Inside the wreck of humanity

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Song Of The Fox

Nonchalant Elegant
Ghost of the streets
Maverick rebel of the night
Outcast of cast-offs
I will stare you down
Before I move on
On my own terms
I will access your excess
And gorge before dawn
Red in tooth and claw
An apparition
You can't touch me
Gone

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Song Of The Chimneys

Silent stones of the roofscape
Forgotten henges in the sky
Victorian smoke holes
Swept away by the children of time
Relics we remain
Up here above you
With our friends the stars

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Shadows Run faster

The shadows run faster
Across the brickwork
As the burglars of the daylight descend
The shadows run faster
Than the spiralling synapses
Hostages to the hooded figures encircling the Walls
The shadows run faster
Than the candle fire
And the light of memory
Fading before me
Inching into the darkness

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Song Of The Nihilist

I don't care if you don't care
I couldn't care less
I don't care if you don't care
About this whole damn mess
I don't give a damn about
The creatures great and small
I don't give a damn about
The world or you at all
I don't care if Earth explodes when the sun expands
I don't care if everything is built on shifting sands
I don't care if everything just gets worse and worse
I don't care if we live in a meaningless universe
All I care about is me me me me
Me me me.....

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Therapy Me

Therapy me
With your words
Therapy me
With your eyes
Therapy me
With your smile
Therapy me.

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Silence Says Everything

Silence says everything
Of peaceful gardens and passing birds
Silence says everything
Of Eloquence without words
Silence says everything
Of your movements and your grace
Silence says everything
Of your absence from this place

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Blake's Prayers

Infinite angels dance the trees
If only you could see them
Albion's children's eternities
If only you could see them
Beulah's shades upon the breeze
If only you could see them
From beyond my visions breathe
If only you could see them

Phil J Hambling

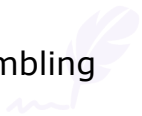


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Too Many not Enoughs

Too many voices
And not enough voices that need to be heard
Too many ears
And not enough ears to listen
Too many opinions
And not enough opinions that are informed
Too many choices
And not enough choices being made
Too much talk
And not enough talking to the right people.
Too much fear
And not enough fear to change
Too much change
And not enough meaningful changes
Too Many
Not Enoughs

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Your Elixir

Badly injured
And readmitted
To the hospital of love.

Convalescent in your arms
The wounds that never heal
Without your elixir

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Glory In The Journey

Left behind the others
Fallen down the cracks
Splintered from the mainstream
Never coming back
Try to find the new road
Off the beaten tracks
Build a bridge of something
Circumvent the lacks
Stumble in your new world
Through the aftermath
And glory in the journey
On your new found path

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Once More In The Moonlight

Once more in the moonlight
Astral coins that fell
To pay the day it's wages
And splash the wishing well

One more check for heaven
Hiding in the stars
One more chance to dream of juices squeezed through iron bars

Once more in the moonlight
Shaking freedom's bell
Aching notes that circle
In the soul of every cell

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Music Is Dead

Music is dead
But music will live on
In the bank accounts of its manager and immediate family
Perhaps it's now in hell with the bodies it could sell
They'll sing a sweet duet
And make a sure bet
The royalties will increase
Now music is deceased

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Recipe For Disaster

Make something out of nothing
Then simmer with resentment.
Boil with rage,
And add unnecessary details.
Strain with internal agony
Finally, cut up your feelings
And serve cold

(Serves One)

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Love Your Enemy

Love your enemies
Keep them close
They are your best teachers

Love your enemies
Keep them close
You share the same features

Love your enemies
Keep them close
Unlock the door to things

Love your enemies
keep them close
Hear the songs that you both sing

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Architecture Of Love

Victorian bricks cover

Your plasterboard lies

Classical features your flimsy

Words

Can we find amongst the ruins

What is there to heard

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

By The Seine

Listen dearest heart of mine
I won't sip your poison wine
I have gone to start again
To sit and drink
By the river Seine

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Leave Some Words Behind

Leave some words behind you
Not your possessions
Leave some words behind you
Not your obsessions
Leave some words behind you
Before you go
Leave some words behind you
So that they know

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

One Of These Days

One of these days
My heart will stop beating
One of these days I will come to an end
One of these days I will seek out and find you
And the words will be said
Before demons descend

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Matching

Who are you attracted to
Is it just another you
Is it that you want to find
The same ideas
A matching mind
Maybe you can only see
Those that nod and just agree

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Spending Time

Freeze dried face and Dorian Gray
Rolex clothes and time to play
A yacht on the sea of vanity
A floating corpse of profanity
Boats of the migrants shame all humanity
And you keep on spending and feed the insanity.

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Under The Bus

Under the bus
You threw me there
Under the bus
Why should you care
Under the bus
They laugh and stare
But do you know what?
I see you there.....

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Blind Spot

Am I callous
Or is it a blind spot
Don't I care
Or is it a blind spot
Am I monster
Or is it a blind spot
Can't I see it your way
Or is it a blind spot
Or maybe it's you
Who should open your eyes

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

To The Train Lover

You love people
And I love trains

You lay lovers
And I lay tracks

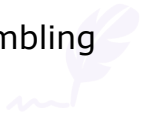
You look at models
I make models

You have emotions
I got locomotions

You get their numbers
And I write mine down

And Im waiting on the platform
Alone once again.

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

I Can See The Beautiful

I can see the beautiful
I can see the dream
I can see eternity
I could join the team
I can see the cliff face
My body falling free.

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

I Cant Heal Your Pain

I can't heal your pain

You say my kind of medicine is full of misdirections and bad intentions

You say my words fall from my lips and between your fingers as you juggle with their meaning

I watch them disappear down the cracks of our disagreements

And back into my heart

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Lift

Never was there anything
More than almost everything
That could be born today.

Never was there something
More than possibility
More than opportunity
To lift you from the pain

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Meat Coffin

I'm in a meat Coffin
Banging on the sides
For no one to hear
Deep underground
Deep under the skin
I'm in a meat Coffin
Buried alive

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Sea Creature

Hear me
I am the Sea Creature
Every wave a word
Every drop a kiss

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

The Seagull

The cockney condor
The scavenging avenger
The Lord of the discarded
Rises above.

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Now And Then

I wonder how we got to now
I wonder how now came from then
I wonder now about the when
I will see your face again

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Leaves

Urgent bronchial fingers,
Flailing at the breeze,
Dealing out their copper calling cards to the earth,
Casting into the flux the torn tickets of time,
In the hope of repeat business.

Phil J Hambling



PoemHunter.com