

Poetry Series

Philip Winchester
- poems -

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Philip Winchester(1942)

I hate writing this part, either you appear smug or self opinionated, as my Wife said today.' Your teachers must have hated me with my infantile habit of amusing the class with my less than funny quips.

Well here we are a sad old retired Engineer.

Suddenly Sixty years later with little time on my hands to write and try to gain the attention that short time ago, at the back of the ng my Hero...Kipling.

Will I do? Well I to tell, I cannot Mind.

A Friend In Need Is A Friend Indeed

Poem Title: A Friend in need is a friend in deed.

Acrostic Poem 166c

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Friends will always you admire and appreciate your amicable tone
Rare quality? No, not within the world of this Poet. Not rare.
Image of a lively boom companion, reliable and affectionate
Ego masseuse, friend to friend without the need for reward.
Normally you make friends before you ever need them, I have found.
Devoted? Well I would go so far as to say devoted to any friends I have.

In love with my friends? I will love without condition, keeping platonic, true to my vows.
Normally seen always as a "Hail Fellow. Well met" kind of Guy.

Never just a crony or a sidekick, friendship means much more to me than that.
Expansive, convivial, jovial and always one to enjoy the company of others.
Exuberant, effervescent friends may tend to wear you out, but you need to laugh out loud.
Deeds need to be done, going both ways, left right and centre. Better to give than take.

In sickness and in health a friend or life partner may not always be able to contribute.
Sickness is all part of the true friendship test... The Good not worth a dime without the Bad.

A Friend in need is of course a Friend ... Indeed....In deeds too numerous to bring to account.

Facial gushing praise is never sought from friend to friend as being ever necessary.
Reconciled and restored by much of what remains unsaid. Polished by honeyed

phrase.

In the geniality of the moment, you can be lifted by just as simple word as " Friend"

Entente Cordial, an amusing nectar. Drink the health of all the Friends you have ever known.

Need is a prerequisite of all of us, if you are not in need of a friend then I pity you.

Do you enjoy your Life living as an Egocentric? No I never thought you ever would!

In true friendship you can be brought out of the clouds and firmly placed upon the earth.

Naturally and without pain. With the request " What can I do for you my Friend. " Tell me true.

Desire all you like in this materialistic World. But an unconditional Friendship is so Golden.

Ever Uncle -like as Avuncular. Or Debonair as two new lovers bonding at first sight.

Ebullient and Effervescent take the Tonic of a life partner and a friend and roll it into one.

Deeds sometimes speak as loud as actions, and like a picture, will paint a thousand words!

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Acrostic poem written ... 27th March 2010 to 28th March 2010

Philip Winchester

A Perfect Relationship Of Like Minds

Poem Title: A Perfect Relationship of Like minds

Poem 170b (Abecedarian) ..An Alphabetic Acrostic

Avarice is a worthy vice where the Antonym is Apathy.
Benevolence essential never thought unkind.
Charity will see you rise above any selfish greed.
Delight in treasure given as opposed to Misery.
Encourage every action not stooping to Dispirit.
Focus on the Friendship with no Dissipation present.
Guidance through the Maze never to Mislead.
Honour every thought once never to Disgrace.
Incentive negating any hint to so Discourage
Judiciously not sinking to Partiality.
Knowledge holds ground against Misunderstanding.
Loyalty beating Betrayal to the post each time.
Majesty a target from the Baseness if mankind.
Omniscience alternative to mindless Ignorance
Patronise in favour of direct dogmatic Opposition.
Quiescent in your mood not Turbulent.
Reliance in your trust far above Suspicion.
Stoic ethic preference to mad Excitability.
Talent of course rises high above Incompetence.
Unblemished reputation overrides Impurest thought.
Vital, every single cause, with nothing Secondary.
Wholesome thinking amid a Degenerated race.
X? .Cross against your name which could just be a Tick.
Zenith which our Like minds Reach from the Minimum lowest point.

OPW.28thOctober 2009)

Philip Winchester

I Dry A Tear For My Muse

Title: I Dry a Tear for my Muse 024A

Date Written: 12/07/2010

Background notes:

A message from a loving Poet thinking of his Muse

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I Dry a Tear for my Muse

There is not a day a month a year,
goes by without a thought of you my dear,
I write with so much pleasure, find profound,
the way we move ourselves to higher ground.

It`s only in a spirit sense I mean to go,
to hold you close, though you are far from me,
to calm your thoughts should your mind be troubled,
to help you think or make sense of any muddle.

We planted seeds for you to grow with wonder,
and watched your noble efforts sell or plunder,
the skills you have are yours my little dear one,
the pride we share, prolific are sure hard won.

Take not these sweet and sugered phrases light,
they are for you, to help you win lifes` fight,
to think of them when waking in the morning
or through the empty days you`re not alone.

The song we sing may not suit the taste of many,
the stories told though some don`t find them funny.
For you and me and us and all we treasure,
praise Universal Masters for the pleasure.

There is a box awaiting, un-discovered,
of schemes of acts or simple flights of fancy,
through careful, polished, service application,
will bring us once together if we`re patient.

To live both long enough to see this happen,
it provides the basic fuel to drive the passion,
complete the joyful circle but in good time,

pay homage to the Prophets with a good rhyme.

The fingers type the florid words abound and some say,
the Poet is a fool, exact, but in a nice way,
to take a moment brief and give the Gods grace,
make something out of nothing with a true face.

I dry a tear, each time I think the miles between us,
I`m longing to bring our lives forever the closer, sweet.
I know some folks live close by and you never care see them.
I tell you true that my life will be incomplete without you alone.

So never feel the need to doubt me or to be re-assured.
Never seek to hack and or go through any of my drawers.
I do and say and write nothing to ever bring you any form of grief.
You are my Muse, My Friend, My Soul Companion as I Live.

024a

Philip Winchester

Messages From The Sermon

: MESSAGES FROM THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. Acrostic

Messages from the Sermon on the Mount

Equivocate all you like my friend, I heard what I heard.

Some Guys I met there, gathered on the Mount of Olives just North of the Village.

Several Apostles Twelve I think were sat listening to that new healer Jesus Christ.

And didn't he have some Mind Blowing things to say? In the course of all that preaching

GODS messages I heard them say, So I stopped for a while to see if they had something new.

Erudite, yes erudite Jesus came into his own, you would not believe the wisdom of his words.

Simon you know and his brother Andrew, James son of Zebedee and his brother John was there to.

From the start Jesus gave us beatitudes blessings a hook in rhetorical techniques.

Rhetoric, the like of which I've never heard before, with Logical fallacies and buzzwords.

Other cheeks were mentioned, that I was to turn and I was to Love my enemies as myself.

Must by all accounts treat others the way you want to be treated too, Well that's new.

Three of his disciples Philip, Bartholomew and you know that Publican Landlord Matthew?

He told them not to judge and they won't be judged. Don't condemn and you won't be condemned.

Even forgive and you will be forgiven. Well what a pretty kettle of fish? Give and you will receive.

Simon the Zealot piped up with a question, Can the Blind Lead the Blind? Oh my Lord.

Even Disciples are not above teaching the Teacher it's seeming to me.

Rhetoric flowed, better remove a log from your eye than a splinter from the eye of a friend

Moreover God said a good tree doesn't produce bad fruit and a bad tree cannot

produce good fruit

Oh and each tree is known for its fruit, I saw Thomas for once nod in agreement.
Nonsense said James the son of Alphaeus, then Jesus rebuked him in cutting
reply

Oh why bother yourself to call me your Lord and yet not do as you're told when I
say!

Now whoever follows my words and builds on a rock will survive, but on sand will
soon come to grief

Then Jesus turned to one of his right hand men and cried "Hey Jude, don't let me
down"

He turned to another name of Judas caught him in the eye and all knowing,
shook his head.

Emblemize yourselves with the Name of Jesus Christ in all you think and say
from now on, Do.

More you know the less you can make sense of, but trust me little man, trust me
with your LOVE.

Open minded simple sense, take from my sacrifice, understand, and make things
happen.

Universal messages transmitted from the Mount, will take Two Thousand Years,
for Man to Understand.

Never fear shortcomings, your Christ will grant you strength. Immunity in any
crowd. Sanity alone.

Take EGO make it work, as one person in a thousand, Guidance will be given
Messages from Heaven.

Philip Winchester

Metaphors

: Metaphors 083

Metaphoric command well worth the poets bother,
Embellishments to add beauty to the dullest line,
Transfer the meaning of one word upon another,
A ttributes to the mundane verse composed,
Poetic licence so distorted, exposed to naked view,
Hyperbolic magnification to one single theme,
Outworn cliches mixing Metaphors old or new.
Rhetoric seen to pack out each and every line
Souls protect us when smilies refuse to rhyme.

Philip Winchester

No, It Is Not Your Fault.

Poem Title: No, It is not your Fault.

Acrostic Poem 153

No, it is not your fault!

Oh how many times must I say this, it is not your fault.

It is not your fault, from now on I want you to believe it, it is not your fault.

Try always and forever from this time on to master the fact that it is not your fault.

It is not your fault, Nobody is to blame, no thing, no way, no how, it is not your fault.

Since childhood have you not continually taken the blame upon yourself, It was not your fault.

Never wishing to cast doubt upon what a wonderful person you are, It is not your fault.

Out side of the love of friends and family are you seen as just a number, No, it's not your fault.

They may never get close enough to see the light you radiate, No, it is not your fault

Yesterday, troubles, debt, sorrow, disappointment, failure dogged your step, It was not your fault.

Over years, with hindsight your advantage, do you now see the illuminated sign on every corner?

Understanding dawns at last, Understanding all and everything gone before, was not your fault.

Redemption now at hand, you are at the gateway all your skills intact, you are loved with all faults.

Faults have given you a tool bag filled with wisdom, mistakes having been made rectified always.

All ways, All roads, All pathways trod, All modes explored, All embarrassments suffered, never at fault

Unless you count on all you meet as being with all faults, help them then aboard faults and all.

Light their hearts with your love and forgiveness despite the faults, will erase the faults you own.

That fault you thought you had was just my way of Guiding Angels through the

maze Alone.

Written in the Now gifted to The 1000th Man with grateful thanks 8th September
2009

Philip Winchester

Optical Illusion

Optical illusion

I see effortless dedication,
I see mindless simple rhyme,
I see thoughtless complication,
I see timeless words combine,
I see friendless bouts of solitude,
I see the pennyless stand in line,
I see a multitude of more or less,
Two thousand years of Life.

Philip Winchester

Pearls Of Wisdom (Acrostic)

Pretty pearls of wisdom in a silken drawstring bag.
Endow when treated with respect to cure the ills of man.
Almost rounded as a pea and clear as purest glass.
Razzle- dazzle sparkle many colours now to hand.
Lattice woven patterns now glitter through the gaud.
Six and twenty counted, you are indeed a lucky man.

Oh Lord what blessings in disguise a pearl can soon reveal?
From simple questions, what is love? What can I do for you?

With minute and careful study examined looking deep.
In each pearl viewed real close unlocking all that`s hidden.
Simple words and phrases? No I am not and old Magician!
Diapason harmonies, sweet sounds you can imagine.
Omnipotent multitudes await a Poets humble bidding.
My joyous task to catalogue with delicious inspiration.

Philip Winchester

Philanthropic Acrostic

Love of your fellow Man.

(Acrostic) .

Poets of today, of Christian bent,
Have so many ways to display their skills
I am told not to measure time misspent
Literary culture is only food for Fools.
A Love of Mankind men should not resent.
Nor Women for that matter overrule.
Thrive on Poets past or near present.
Hero's since the dawn of time to school.
Respect the rhymes of ethereal guidance sent.
Of words, your hoard of very precious jewels.
Poet? Praise of every Peer pursuant.
Indicates you're not alone to quest.
Cynical? Not to do this for a reason?
Simply just to understand you're truly blessed!

. -----

The Thousandth Man: 27th November 2007

Philip Winchester

Poemhunter Dot Com

Poem Title: PoemHunter dot com

Poem 170c (Abecedarian) ..An Alphabetic Acrostic

Avarice is a worthy vice where the Antonym is Apathy.
Banned Members in my book if you run a Scam.
Charity will see you rise above any selfish greed.
Delight in treasure given as opposed to Misery.
Encourage every action not stooping to Dispirit.
Focus on the Friendship with no Dissipation present.
Guidance through the Maze never to Mislead.
Help may be on the way, but never holding breath.
In Box checked, Outbox checked, Where`s Everybody?
Judiciously not sinking to Partiality.
Knowledge holds ground against Misunderstanding.
Loyalty beating Betrayal to the post each time.
Member Area, Manage My Poems, Mine all mine.
Omniscience alternative to mindless Ignorance
PoemHunter dot com Where do you Figure?
Quiescent in your mood not Turbulent.
Reliance in your trust far above Suspicion.
Stoic ethic preference to mad EGO Excitability.
Talent of course rises high above Incompetence.
Unblemished reputation overrides Impurest thought.
Vital, every single Point, with nothing Voted.
Who the Hell is On Line? Beyond Greenwich Mean Time.
X? .Cross against your name which could just be a Tick.
Zenith which our Like minds Reach from the Minimum lowest point.

OPW.29thOctober 2009)

Philip Winchester

Practice What You Preach

: Practice what you Preach in Life.

Acrostic Poem

Practice what you preach in life, pay not just lip-service to the cause.
Respect the other persons point of view and never shout them down.
Awake your Soul, feel and experience the flow of God within you
Content that Jesus Loves without Condition therefore I Love without condition to.
Take note of all your "Ah Ha" moments commit to memory or just write them
down.
I shall breath and stay connected. Life lacks nothing returning back to tried and
true.
Contrive to stay awake in the Now, when your time line arrives, you need always
to be ready.
Ever see the opportunities and step in without fear. All problems have but three
solutions

With nothing ventured nothing gained start seeking the third eye options
Holding gratitude for the Guides, be brave enough to admit you meditate as
others do.
Accept hard compromise when it is offered, but make each task the one on which
you're judged.
Treat others in the way you would be treated and hold the right to speak your
mind with care.

You can always dream an image if you take time. So take that time and make
reality a dream.
Oblige me with a Faith in God, Spiritual Mentors and Beauteous Quantum
Therapists
Unification of all Acts to pull in the same direction without reward except Life
Progress.

Practice what you n, learn and find the source of Love inside you.
Run ragged if you have to, but be Peacock Proud assuming no one is there.
Every word you speak to Apathetic Listeners, may be the key unlocking the Holy
Grail.
Attempt in your humble way to help the Guardian Races to rehabilitate the Law
of One.
Christian believers for over two thousand earth years have had but one central
and true aim.
Have Faith now to support the families gone before, It's Pay Back Time, as if you

didn't know.

I like to think, I practice what I preach, learn and listen. Sometimes the Silence tells me more.

No replies to endless questions, is anybody out there? Does anybody care? Take Heart my Friend.

Life Paths take off in all directions, North, South to the West and East and Up or Down.

If you can practice what you preach, Life becomes a Mirror, a polished surface for the World to see.

For every sceptic or UN-believer, to look upon reflecting all they miss and with hindsight, seek.

Eternity or immortal Fame is around the corner, so practice what you preach and see it through.

Philip Winchester

Procrastination

Poem Title: Procrastination 072
Written 19/06/2007

I`m too wide awake to sleep,
I`m too darn dog-tired to weep,
I`m too cried out I have to say,
I`m too tough to stand my ground,
I`m too weak to tough things out,
I`m too old to get involved,
I`m too young to understand,
I`m too bright to dumb things out,
I`m too sad to speak my mind,
I`m nothing that I wish to be
I`m looking for a better deal,
So do it now without delay,
Procrastination, will steal your time away..

Philip Winchester

Questions

Questions:

Weather questions asked or riddles set
Or tasks of great proportions,
Like one plus one or two times two,
The Devil's in the answer.

.....
Work out solutions, before you pose,
The reply you're always seeking,
Be sure to recognise the guise
Or wolf in a sheep's clothing.

.....
Now me, but just a simple man,
Sad black or white solution,
Are not enough to cover up?
Some pain or grief of living.

.....
Cover thoughts with dressings of,
A rhyme, a joke, some smiling,
One's face has no need to stay too long,
Tears on the eyelids linger.

.....
Work out the answer, in advance,
Should questions come to mind then?
Anticipate the smart reply,
And believe the words you're hearing.

.....
So colour them with pinks or greens
Whatever takes your fancy?
Don't cloud them with no dull routines,
At face value keep them handy.

.....
Life has all the mixtures there,
With daggers, guns, a smoking,
To laugh aloud or weep alone,
Emotions bold companion.

.....
It is the same for all of us,
To ride upon the Tiger,

Just hold on tight `twill be all right.
The Thousandth Man has told you!

Philip Winchester

Reality (1st Of Seven Secondary Virtues)

Poem Title: (Reality) 1st of Seven Secondary Virtues of a Happy Marriage

Poem 174 b Title : (Reality) 1st of Seven Secondary Virtues of a Happy Marriage.

Subject Reality...As a Human being.A creature that cuts down trees, then to pulp in a machine.

As an attempt to manufacture a cost effective way of transmitting News to all the World.

Most of which is of Climate Change and full of subjective slogans on how we must save the trees!

Real Reality..... How about this Poet? Who lives within a Fantasy of Trust whereby he allows

His Loving Partner to hold the sacred knowledge of the password to his private website.

And always knowing this, knew that anything that he did write could then be read in true Reality.

Hypo statical RealityAs a Happy Marriage holds three levels of Hypo stasis in a given day.

Blood pressure rising or falling in anticipation as to the level of eggs that he be treading upon.

Metaphysically thinking and speaking in riddles or codes too, for all time to confuse an enemy.

Beyond the wit of Reality..... Any Happy Marriage is beholding three levels of wit.

The wit of knowing when to sleep with the wisest of wise tongues keeping the wisest of heads.

The wit of the pretence of reality and being wide wide wide awake too a Lovers every need.

The Fantasy of the Reality.....Of any Happy Marriage is the joint ability to understand difference.

Difference in attitude, Man to Woman, Woman to to Exaggeration, Exaggerative Lie.

Fantasy of the moment, of the drudgery of daily grinds or the reality of a magic

carpet ride.

The Reality of a Happy Marriage is striving to achieve to score the winning Goal in allotted time.

Loosing score, playing two halves plus extra time and neither gaining upper hand through penalties

Real Subjective Reality, Hypo static God Head to prevail by use of Wit and Prose and Pure Fantasy!

(Written 13th July 2010) A Triversen at first attempt. Success or Failure (Time will tell)

Philip Winchester

Remember You Are Special

Remember, you are Special.

Even though from time to time you may forget,
Mind filled with this and that and yes the other,
Every thought you have rejects the last one in your head.
Make a moment perhaps in each and every single hour.
Be selfish yes though your nature not to be.
Echo to yourself, you have such fantastic power
Remember you are special to yourself and yes to me!

You use each day all the special powers
Of those God gifted and ones learnt at your Mothers knee
Use them now before they become forgotten

Awake to the fact that you're Gods special Agent
Remember that my friend and take it with his Love
Even if the skills you simply have are not enough.

Special times will soon enough be coming
Peculiar to some but not to me or thee
Especially those that have the special powers
Children picked by God to show the way.
It's in a special sense to appeal to your good nature,
Awake and smell the Coffee, I know, for sure, you will.
Live each day because you're special, in this, oh so, very special World

Philip Winchester

Rhetoric (Acrostic)

: Rhetoric (Acrostic) 090a

Rhetoric is the art of polish and refinement.
Harlot verbiage moving from context to context.
Every now and then causing simple mis-judgement.
Tenses abound within rhetorical speeches.
Orator! When will you, if ever, learn?
Rhetoric shows up many words to be sinful.
Independent, discreet as a testified secret.
Cant saturation, dismiss rhetoric to Limbo.

Philip Winchester

Serendipity A Happy Accident

SERENDIPITY A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

Acrostic

Serendipity, a happy accident?
Every meeting made could just be the one.
Relationships forged and cast in steel forever.
In chance unexpected discoveries, heaven sent
Nomads wandering through deserts wastes
Discussions wrong, right and indifferent come to light
It's only once in a Blue moon, or so it seems
Perhaps only once in a life time may be the truth
It for sure aint every single day
That you have the chance of SERENDIPITY
Yes that Happy Accident of Chance to meet a Kindred Soul.

All through Life you search not knowing truly what you seek.

Happy accidents may never come to light without a deal of luck
A card you may be dealt, may turn a cold stone to a pot of gold.
Perchance a blind date lead you down an unfamiliar path
Perhaps your Star that day could align with Mars
Yes as I have said before " Out of Life you get whatever you put in"

Accidents are bound to happen once or twice now and again
Chance your arm too much and you may over-reach
Careful make sure that you look before you leap
In fact at your age you'd better not leap at all.
Destiny by chance, well, is there any other way,
Ethereal Angels chanting in sweetest harmony
Now and again to join a sister to a brother
Through the ancient SERENDIPITY.

Written in the Now gifted to The 1000th Man with grateful thanks 28th August
2009

Philip Winchester

Sport (Alliteration)

:

Sport (Alliteration)

075

Can you canoe white waters in just a bucket?
Slam-dunk that Punk for stealing a car?
Watch Soccer aces pop your money in his pocket.
Or petite, pretty perky little Jockeys riding far.
Ten tennis stars can have their cake and eat it.
Chess masters checked from mating much this year.
Simple sailors asking weather weathers very clement.
A runner bean`s a runner from a standing start.
I notice now the notice board too bored to notice.
Now TV covers sport., Sport covers TV now.

Philip Winchester

The Arrest

The Arrest.

Stop! Stand still. Poet hands in the air.
Step away from that book; drop your pen to the ground.
Hands on your head, turn your face to the wall.
Our spotlight has caught you in its circle of light.
Though you think you're immune, you're not anything like.
We've caught you red handed, bearfaced, just in time.
Our task bold and bravely to rid streets of crime.
For weeks we've watched you, and built up our case.
Now that you've been caught we'll bang you to rights.

.....

But what have I done? Can you turn off the heat?
I'm only a Poet; I don't look good in defeat.
What crime committed in this day and age?
Can possibly warrant such a massive rebuke?
For no mortal Sin comes into my mind.
I've not killed a man or coveted any man's wife.
Not borne false witness or stolen a mite.
Even religiously honoured my Father and Mother.
No adultery ever nor envy one neighbour's life.

.....

What have you done? You should stand there in shame!
The words you have written just prove you're to blame.
The poetic rubbish that comes from your pen.
Is the product of reading just too much again.
Past spirits of writers released to the wild.
Is something that this man has done since a child?
You've caused such a problem for us on this Island.
We've not seen the like since they closed the Asylums!
Our threat is they have you shot first thing in the morning!

Tell me your Honour, pray what shall I do.?
Can I make some people happy, could you give me a clue?
My son you're a Fool and I'm surprised you've no notion,
We've just had complaints from all over the World.
It seems you're encouraging those like minded people,
You have given them Hope when we feed them despair.
Well I wash my hands I can make no rational judgement.
So go out and rescue all Folk who will listen in earnest.

But take care that you only speak Gods basic truth.

The Thousandth Man 20th September 2009

Philip Winchester

The Beginning- Acrostic

: The Beginning

112

The beginning, well yes let us start at the beginning.
He had indeed the wisdom to write it at the start.
Ever thinking who would read it two thousand years away.

Being confident that someday the whole World could read.
Encoded script the privilege of a knowledgeable few.
God? What a chance he took, we may never had discovered.
In the beginning He created the Heaven and the Earth.
Now I understand that then it was without Form and Void
Nocturnal Darkness was on the Face of the Deep.
I understand that the Spirit of God moved upon the Waters Face.
Never one to leave it at that, It was heard then to say...
God Said.....Let there be Light.....And there was Light.

An Example of an Acrostic Verse, a tribute to Genesis Chapter1 verse 1

Philip Winchester

The Eye Of The Beholder (A Kings Muse)

540-Poem The Eye of the Beholder..(A King`s Muse)May 3rd 2010

To some of my loved one`s a Kings beauty like his faults are in the eyes of the beholder.

Never contented that he can ever achieve perfection though he tries Oh how he tries.

Give him a ball of silver wire to un-tangle and for hours he will sit until it is as new.

Then if you will just discard it upon the fire knowing that his devotion will keep you warm.

Watch him for hours slaving cutting golden charms honing to perfection then when it is complete.

And as he presents it for your inspection find the slightest fault in one cut in a hundred and dare.

I dare you point it out and he may say" Try doing this yourself sometime "It`s not easy to be King.

He means no malice only wishes to please all of those he loves yes only those he loves.

You see when you constantly strive for perfection there is no halfway house to settle at.

No half in love half conceived half pregnant half born half alive or half dead no half way.

All or nothing every aim perfect aims every solution a perfect solution the only solution.

The target or goal-posts may me moved at times without warning or reference to the King.

The King must understand that this may be the case sometimes and take it in his stride.

To know that any moment things may change and compensate and adjust his aim to suit.

Miss out he will for sure and he will accept responsibility at all times ego free responsibility.

His Love is un-conditional and the love that he accepts is un-conditional a balance is maintained.

A balance that does not rise and fall with the levels that lovers display on any given day.

No highs and lows can be measured as the best or the worst one lover can endure against another.

Love as you would be Loved, Look before you leap think and polish all you write and say.

For it is crystal clear that sometimes just one word can be like a dagger to the heart of Love.

Philip Winchester

The First Day Of The Rest Of Your Life

: The First Day of the Rest of Your Life.

Acrostic Poem 155

The First Day of the Rest of Your Life.

Having finally reached Stargate Nine Nine Nine, tell me please what do you propose?

Enable me to understand, all your talk about God, all this "Love your Neighbour as Yourself"

First let me say, before you start mocking me again, I Love God, Have always, will always.

I have also not just started loving my Neighbour, I figure everyone as my Neighbour, have always.

Remember I did not come down to Earth with the Last shower of rain, credit me please!

Security! Security! Search this Man immediately Did you pack this bag yourself Sir? Well did You?

Take this Man's Baggage and search it, Do you have any items with you not declared?

Do you possess any of the following? Assertiveness, Awareness, Benevolence and Commitment.

A Man we deported tried and failed to show a limited knowledge and that just did not do!

Yes I can see it in your Eyes you have all you need so my friend you can go right on through.

Oh, a few other things can we ask, do you have a quick wit and the wisdom of Solomon?

Faith goes without saying, you have to hold that, and your words have the rhythm of poems.

The pride that you carry, must be left on the desk and the pleasures of flesh are forbidden.

Have your acts of compassion unseen by the World, your rewards from now on, are in heaven.

Enter now the new gateway "The Rest of Your Life" don't look back, you have all that you need.

Report to that desk, No! Just leave all your Bags, you may have them returned if

you need them.

Empathy learnt , an unlimited supply can be carried and in your case, so widely distribute.

Spiritual learning you will gladly soon undertake, its the best way we see of improving.

To this end we've a favour to ask of you please, some luggage to take on your travels.

Only ten dusty trunks have been left by your Guides, containing over a hundred fine basic virtues.

Feed these virtues on I beg, they are no weight, God gives you strength, now get you going!

You have now to plan out the rest of your Life, I know that your bold steps will not falter.

Once each day without a care to enter Meditation, plan and target Love to each and everybody.

Uppermost your focus of the Mind, will reward your humblest efforts always, always.

Reaching for the Stars in Fantasy, in reality is for dreamers. You are NOT a Dreamer.

Limitless, the attributes you can bring, to this Life by your actions.

In the darkest World of the Blind you see The One-eyed Man is King.

From this day forth, for the Rest of your Life, You know just where you're going.

Embark from this gate Nine, Nine, Nine. Fear not! This is only the Beginning.

Philip Winchester

The Healing Guide

Poem Title: The Healing Guide 101

To Heal and not be tired by Healing,
To understand and not to loose the track,
To search the Mind and never loose the feeling,
To Trust your Guides and never once step back.

To heal one of that grievous wound I beg you,
To pluck that splinter from the tiny thumb.
To heal all of those wounded souls remember,
To heal thyself Physician at one stroke.

How Poor are they that have not patients!
What wound did ever Heal but by degrees?
Trust me, A Doctor or a Medic some say.
But trust, through long experience, never fails?

It takes degrees to become a healer,
And years perhaps a Thousand may be true.
But be assured you have the skills within you.
To Love without condition? That Will Do!

Philip Winchester

The Impossible And The Possible.

Poem Title: The struggle to overcome the difference between the Impossible
and the Possible

Acrostic Poem 166a

The struggle to overcome the difference between the impossible and the possible.

Hope being the word that springs to mind to link these two opposites to attract.
Eternally wandering Cyber space side by side hooking onto every adjective or verb.

Seeking Impossible causes to take away excuses and make them once more possible.

To overcome the bigoted, blind, self centred mind set of the un-believers.
Reaching corners of the mind that you of Christian or Muslim Faith never thought existed.

Unless you have spent all your life on earth in a cocoon not within real time.
God has chosen you to teach the differences between the Impossible and Possible.

Given that if at first you don't succeed... You'll get it right next time.
Love for all your Fellow Men and Women may seem Impossible. Trust me it's the only way.

Every possibility, has been at sometime within it's life...seemed Impossible.

Take the making of a silk purse from one sows ear. If you will
Or the finding of a needle in a hay-stack or the abolition of third world hunger and the like.

Or the creation of the Love of Nation unto Nation... The end to all War or domination

Very nearly every single problem has a solution, indeed sometimes many solutions do exist.

Electricity, how unbelievable to the even the wisest man once upon a time thought "impossible"

Radio waves converted into the sweetest sounds ever heard by mortal Man
Communication instant Chat across the Globe in real timeone to one..."Impossible"

Of loving commitment between different creeds and cultures without ever

meeting possible.

Mighty soon God will look down on earth and see the two words rolled into one!
Entreating the Impossible always Possible and the Possible never Impossible.

The struggle to overcome the difference between the Impossible and the Possible.

Holy Holy Holy, Eureka, Glory be! We are getting there, I do believe I really do believe.

Eternally where two Poets or more can get together to speak as one, in one Like-minded.

Difference between the Impossible and the Possible are reduced to nil
In practical terms every metaphor, rhetoric, noun or verb or adjective can be polished.

From the most impossible dream into the possible reality of the finest prose ever written.

From the dullest of dyslectic mutterings to the most flowery of sweetest love songs.

Endlessly tripping from the lips of stranger meeting stranger, wisest verse ever heard.

Re-acting opposites attracting the Impossible with the Possible. Judge for yourselves.

Enacting with the humble Poet that composed this message. You may never chance to meet.

Never in a Thousand years of trying, these chances, sure don't happen every day.

Catch the Impossible catch on the very boundaries of your mind to make a difference.

Every chance that one single catch will win your team the Game.

By making then the Impossible Possible, you have changed in one action the life you have.

Every Impossible thought can then be dismissed from your mind possibly forever

The sun to leave the sky, the rivers all run dry, a baby not to cryImpossible.

We have that song within our mind, which keeps our feet upon the ground

Every now and then to be able to accept that all things are not Possible.

Even Magicians from time to time cannot turn however hard they try by Day and Night the experiments to turn base metals into Gold, for no good reason!

The Gold that they seek is common currency to any Poet to compose
Heroic Epic verses Odes, Rhyming Verse and translations left right and centre.

Ethereal Gifts making sense of the hopeless jumble of English words and Idioms.

Impossible smilies such as impracticable, unfeasible, unworkable, unattainable, inconceivable.

Measured against the conceivable by removing the whole reason for failure or excuse to fail.

Possible solutions are always potentially available to the ever open mind of a true Poet

Obtain if you will the very unobtainable, for if you believe in God you most probably will

Subjected to the most absurd verbal abuse of an un-romantic Philistine or carping Critic.

Stand up upon your highest as you can be, yell and yell, making yourself heard. In so doing even an ugly Giant, fearsome, fire-breathing ogre will be confused for the moment.

Blinded by the Impossible Beauty of the Prose you Write and the clever songs you sing.

Like the charming of a deadly Cobra, mesmerized, into loving you and every living thing.

Every time you may have doubt creeping into your positive progress in Life with negativity.

Awake in that moment and assume that Nothing is Nothing Like as Impossible as it seems.

Nothing was ever impossible to God the one true creator, he passes on his skill to you ..

Do not be lead to believe by others that your way of life is ludicrous, if it works for you.

The struggle to overcome the difference between the Impossible and the Possible.

Herculean. If you stop to think about it, best have the courage of faith that you will resolve.

Each and everything you ever put your mind to, unacceptably, out of the question!

Practicable, solutions and compromise, dilutes the acid contamination to perfection.

Oh, I have seen this in my Life so many times before, as I hope to see many

times again.

So take away any silly excuse for failure, place the tools to make the unthinkable thinkable.

Substitute the negatives for a positive frame of mind...the unreasonable to being reasonable.

Illogical thoughts and actions you convert by your process of logical practical analysis

Before too long, my goodness, there it is before your very eyes, the " Solution"
Like a magic wand, covered in fairy dust, making every impossible task possible in real time.

Earth took it`s creator only six days to design and several million to get it " How it is"

Acrostic poem written ... 8th March 2010 to 11th March 2010

Philip Winchester

The Last Arrow

: The Last Arrow 071

The Last End and I`m always second,
So much hanging on this arrow,
Easier said than done, a gold would clinch it now.
Draw back, Steady...Breath and loose.
Seconds feel like minutes, Boy did that feel good!
Fear to look? dismiss result, my God a Gold, a Gold?
The coolest shot I ever made in fifty years of moulding.

Philip Winchester

The Neglected Signboard

Poem Title: The Neglected Signboard 103

I strayed for an unguarded moment,
from the route of Life.
Turned left on the road Redemption,
Just North of where we are.

I`d been travelling for a lifetime,
dogged purpose, vision perfect clear,
deterimined, bold and earnest,
without the cares that hold you back.

If you can understand you`re special,
with what little skills you have,
you can blossom as a flower,
and flower, year on year.

To this end I have ventured,
and stand here on this day,
upon the Road Redemption.
I`ve not been here before.

It`s overgrown and rutted,
no sign of much foot-fall.
Just a twelve foot notice board,
obscured and ivy clad.

I can just make out the first few words
though in a quaint old fashion script.
Now bear with me and I shall read,
It shouldn`t take too long.

It appears to be "The Word of God"
The script goes on to say.

And God he must have spake these
The words go on to illustrate.

That out of the land of Egypt,
and the house of bondage taken.
"Thou shalt not have no God but Me."
"No graven Image err be making.

Never in the Image of Anything,
be it in Heaven up above,
or on the Earth beneath,
or even the water underneath.

Thou shall not bow down to them,
nor even try to serve them,
For I am a very Jealous God,
and can punish all your Kin-folk.

I will however show Mercy,
to the Thousands that Love Me.
As long as you just try to keep.
My Commandments written here.

Thou shalt not take my name in Vain.
And will not find you guiltless if you do.
Remember to keep the sabbath Day.
To keep it Holy that means you!

For Six days you may labour,
But the Sabbath day is Mine.
This again must apply to all
Your family, friends and neighbours.

For in Six days would you believe,
I managed to make Heaven and Earth,
The sea and all that Man has too..
I rest upon the seventh day and keep it Hallowed.

Honour thy Father and Mother, Whatever.
That thy days may be long upon the land.

Thou shalt never ever Kill.
Or worst still, commit Adultery.

Thou shalt not steal or rape or pillage.
Nor ever bear false witness to a Neighbour.
Neither shall you covet the house next door,
nor his Wife or anything at all within.

So proceed along Redemptions Road,
use caution guile and cunning,
My Commandments help you on your way.
Remember I`ll be Watching!

The 1000th Man August 2009

Philip Winchester

The Prime Commandment

The Prime Commandment

Of Murder, Manslaughter, Homicide! Oh! Such is this a Crime.
The three whilst so common are often much confused.
Murder is planned, intentional, real and with life, on the line.
With which DARK evil forces take hand in hand.
Manslaughter, whilst wicked is unplanned or premeditated.
Or so it is oft pleaded and said anyway.
Manslaughter, Murder, Homicide, ? The saddest of all fates.
Best avoided, if one is to reach an old age?
Learn? Homicide chiefly occurs in a Murder!

.....

Manslaughter, a soft cloak for Murder sublime.
In self-defence Murder can be culpable.
Most Cops and Crime victims from time to time agree.
Justifiable, some say, in preventing atrocious crime.
But! No one has a just cause to Murder.
Life of a King, President, Fly or a Bum is still precious.
To Kill, should not form any part of Life's plan.
Make just natural life wastage healthy reason to develop.
May those a hawking DEATH rot forever in their HELL! -----

The Thousandth Man 12th December 2007

Philip Winchester

The Relationship Of Likeness And Unlikeness

Poem Title: The Relationship of Likeness and Unlikeness
Acrostic Poem 158

The Relationship of Likeness and Unlikeness.

Herbert Spencer was Guided once upon a time to write.

Establishments within the Universe Intelligence to move forward.

Relationships 'twixt the kinds of most perfect quantitative reasoning.

Equality by simple reason proving once to be, under its highest form.

Likeness of mind, of comparison through experience, by progressive wisdom.

Attention to each and every detail, coloured red or blue or green or any hue.

To Listen for a note that's not in tune, a rhyme that's not rhyme, a face not recognised.

In comparison between the likeness or unlikeness, where do we have to draw the line?

On one side we have a pass, on the other failure, what do we carry, what do we just ignore?

Now accepting the improbable, descending step by step to the lower levels of simple reasoning.

Space, Time, and Motion present themselves as a consistent trio of essential attributes.

Having Equivalence of certain states of Consciousness both serial and simultaneous.

In things that cannot be truly defined except in terms more general than themselves.

Perceived as Likeness and Unlikeness in terms to exhibit them as necessary complements.

Of each other? Let me explain. It`s best shown by comparing the relations of the two together.

For Likeness is best shown by contrast with Unlikeness as with a Flash of something Like.

Lightning, yes When a flash of Lightning for a moment dispels the Darkness

In where, when any one state of Consciousness is supplanted by another.

Knowing immediately there has been an established relationship of Unlikeness.

Established in comparison to the Darkness or of that crystal silver light.

Notice thus, then the relationship of Unlikeness is the primordial one.

Examine, is the relation in every other relation; and can itself ever be described?

Summarized in no other way than as a simple change in mind Consciousness.
Space and Time and Motion or Resistance Magnified by your true belief in GOD.

And of Higher Orders of Relations? Are severally resolvable into relations of like and unlike.?

Now who`s terms have certain specialities and complexities, where similarity was defined?

Defined as the coin tension of two con natural relations between states of consciousness.

Unlike in degree but like in kind, but coin tension we find to be just likeness in degree.

Now please try to understand my meaning, Man, Hear what I'm saying, like what I mean?

Like ness or Unlikeness the difference between Fire and Ice, Love and Hate
In between the two we can have of course coexistence, exactly alike in kind and degree.

Kinds of conciousness and states of conciousness but commonly unlike in any degree.

Echo across a valley unsustainable, or a sustained note from a wind or a stringed instrument.

Now may be interrupted by some scarcely appreciable flaw which simply serves to divide,

Exactly into two notes that sound exactly alike, Drinks of equal temperature Celsius

Slowly Love can drift into Hate linger until reality dawns then rise to an even higher state.

States of mind can be altered to comply Nearer My GOD to Thee. Meditation is the sacred Key.

Philip Winchester

The Simple Life Of Devon

Simple Life of Devon
With choices of no limit,
what are we all to do?
If one can climb a summit,
or overcome the 'Flu'

Always set the boundaries,
maintain a hold to life though slim.
not push any companion,
to breach the sanctuary within.

A pale thin line is trodden,
the pathway through the field,
stray not the slightest deviation,
just keep the goal in view.

Sometimes a mire traps you,
clean and innocent bright hue,
a muddy water can disguise,
the relationship of two.

There may be easy pickings,
no effort need or wanted there,
jumping in with both feet, sometimes,
causes a mound of wretched fear.

Stand there just on the sidelines,
watch not the ball in play,
look well beyond the action,
which speaks louder every day.

Panic, fright, simple impatience,
may sometimes force your hand,
hang on now wait a minute,
let`s get that head screwed on.

If people think you`re simple,
your skills, just held in check,
they cannot expect solutions,

to always be on tap.

Philip Winchester

Tick Boxes

Tick Boxes

The sharpest pencil poised above your name.
Your life be lead, let`s see you play the game? .
The final tally twixt the points you claim,
Charity, Humility, Modesty, add to a big fat zero,
I hope I am in time to start this game again.

The sharpest pencil poised above your name.
Let me apportion prizes or unjust, unreasoned blame,
Your boxes ticked with pride and some with downright shame.
Who do you think you`re kidding? No points for Luck or Effort.
Without those Guys upon your side, One had better start again!

The sharpest pencil poised above your your very name.
This audit goes to prove, your working well within the frame.
Your corner, once it`s turned, will bring immeasurable joy,
Bring on board the tools you need laugh long and seldom cry.
Take success or failure and treat those imposters just the same.

The sharpest pencil poised above your very name.
Though you`ve sat there many times, I know your not to blame.
The points you have, the boxes ticked, hold you in finest stead,
The thrill to compose a poem, have it very quickly read.
No real reward, save just the written word a single claim to Fame?

Philip Winchester

What Are Your Words Worth?

: What are your Words worth? 070

Well thank God I am at last set free.
Trapped within the hundred pages so dog eared,
I began to think that no-one wanted me?
The top shelf of the Thrift shop was my goal,
To pulp at the recycle yard my next week fate?
But Glory Hallalooya, just two pounds paid.
This Liberator took me home, read me aloud,
" I wandered lonely as a cloud, that floats on hi....."

Philip Winchester

Who In A Million Loves Me?

Poem Title: Who in a Million Loves Me? Acrostic Poem 144
Written 22/08/2009.

Who in a Million Loves Me?

Heavens above, my friend do you really need to ask?

Or for just a moment even think you are alone, Well do you? Do you?

In moments dark and dismal view love as a Mammalian Drive.

Not much better than a nagging hunger or an un-quenchable thirst.

Attraction being plain just as the nose upon your face.

Mating epilogue to Lust but we have no need to even venture there.

In Love there comes a time in Life beyond the three overlapping stages,

Lust turning to attraction and glory be Attachment, hopefully for Life.

Love and Attachment is the marital bonding that promotes relationships.

In Love the Brain will constantly release the chemicals essentially required,

Only then my, Friend will you understand, who in a million loves you.

Next time that question comes to your brain, rush to the mirror I pray.

Look in the reflection and say to yourself, I love you, I love you, I do!

Once that task is mastered, Well what else to say? Jesus he Loves you of course.

Virtues you gather in all of Life Paths will serve your irresistible urge.

Ennobled with self love, and the Father the Son and Holy Mother and all.

Seek no longer who in a million Loves Me. Who needs my Love? Is the course.

Make way in the world convey Love endlessly, to every one that you chance to meet.

Eye contact you make, See God as you do, soon knowing "Who in a Million Loves You"

Written in the Now gifted to The 1000th Man with grateful thanks 22th August 2009

Philip Winchester

Why Bother

Title: Why Bother?

Why Bother?

Why bother being kind to those,
who seem to treat you bad?
Those who drive you crazy,
and make you feel so mad?
Without the blanket coverage,
of all Folks in the loop,
Someone, someday, may miss out,
and that would never do!

Philip Winchester

Why Is Life?

: Why is Life (Your Humble Coat of Many Colours)
(Spenserian)

Look alive Poet! From whence you started out.
To survey the unique position you are in today.
Perhaps you find your plate so piled high with doubt?
A Paragon of words abound, use them how you may.
Be not set with vitriolic gremlins misery plagued.
I would rather stare into space than take much time to say.
If your humble fate is in your own hands anyway?
No God -forsaken playground this, now Anyone can play.
Rewarding Mothers of Invention throughout every live long day.

You are Alive and to the Manor born.
The moment you discovered words and phrases.
To rhyme and rhythm, your lot to thrive upon.
Your transport vehicle to a thousand places.
Embroider each and every line you write.
The monument can ride out of mystic phases,
The ticket on this journey, yours by right.
Identity hidden by a million Poet faces,
True colour to your verse within the woven traces.

But my Poet Friend just be aware lest you be forgetting
The body that you inhabit is but a cloak to gain your entry,
To a position of great power one that up to date has had you guessing.
Your mission in this Life is to be revealed sometime, eventually.
But until the Masters are both satisfied, please watch your P`s and Q`s
As a youth you have an impatient way about you,
Forget your thoughts of death, seeds planted to serve just to confuse.
My advice to you my dear to stop acting as a Fool.
By God you have it all, Your Life is One Big School.

Philip Winchester

Woman Guide

: Woman Guide

121

More I guess than just an adult human Female,
Placed upon this Earth as pretty servant to a Man.
Seeded to him as more than a mere Lady.
A Woman with a past, no sin attached.

No room for any misogynistic views in this house.
We all have such love of Womankind that's true.
Blessed be the association of the best kind,
Man born of Woman is indeed a Mortal Man.

Be it as it may sometimes the apron strings may draw tight,
A Man may need that kind of kid gloved discipline.
Never tread on eggs your treatment forthright,
Between the Sexes the twain s are sure to meet again.

Victim of Love and a number of emotions,
Besets a Woman most, but behind the mask.
The shattered dreams of financial independence.
The Butterfly that flutters by beyond your grasp.

Take Heart your love is more than just a weapon,
More than a card to play, when times get tough,
By all means use it as a token of affection,
Even if its deemed Platonic Love.

Abstract conception ineffable, too great for words,
Less said romantic thoughts and deeds,
A Woman's love surmounts the drudge of dull routine,
With little prizes offered for all work done.

So let us celebrate the role a Woman has,
No delegation to just second place,
Wife or Sister, Daughter, Mother yes to any Man.
Bonding Bands of Brothers through our Lands.

Philip Winchester