

Poetry Series

Ray Clune
- poems -

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Ray Clune()

Once upon a time I was a WILD MAN!

However we all need to grow up some day.

I have been an addict (for all manner of things, some good and others that I would encourage anybody else to avoid) for many years.

I love my wife and daughter, Chelsea FC, music (Most) , reading, writing, cooking, sports, madness (Out-there POV's) , friendship, playing classical guitar, Pounce our Cat, Chewy our Hamster and lots of other stuff.

I really dislike, corporate greed, government manipulation of the gullible, diabetes (12 years now) , heart attacks (RIP Dad) , Parkinson's disease, cancer, cruelty to children, cruelty to adults, cruelty to animals, poor manners and bad attitudes (Respect is lost not earned in my world)

Lament Of An 18th Century Hemophiliac

In a garden near a river sits a rare rose tree,
The blooms that grow there in summer,
Are a wondrous sight to see

Delicate the petals, purest colour, Apricot.
The branches on which they flower,
Sturdy, verdant green and the thorns...
extremely sharp.

I plucked a rose for to give my love,
Withdrew my hand,
Upon my wrist,
Horror of deep crimsons stain.
Alas no medicine or physician,
Could deny my deathly fate.

A thorn, to most a harmless thing.

Harshly taken from this world,
Far from my loves embrace,
This Spirit mourns and dwells here still,
Supplicated, for my Lady, I await.

Ray Clune

Number One

Kneeling, poised, contemplating.
Years in training, no more waiting.

Pistol fires, you're on your way.
This is your moment, today is the day.

Muscular, skeletal symbiosis.
To win the gold your own prognosis.

Suppress all fears and quell emotions.
Athletes in perfect fluid motions.

You've hit your peak, as intended.
Finish in sight, race almost ended.

Dip for the tape, on your chest it snaps.
Resounding cheers and thunderous claps.

It's you, you did it.

You are the one.

The New Olympic Champion.

Ray Clune

Robots! ! !

METAL MEN ALL STANDING,
ALL STANDING IN A ROW
NO EXPRESSIONS ON THIER FACES,
DEACTIVATED DON'T YOU KNOW.

THEY'RE WAITING FOR THIER MASTER,
TO PRESS THE BUTTON RED.
THEY'LL SPRING TO LIFE,
ATTACK US ALL,
AS WE COWER IN OUR BEDS!

THE EVIL PLAN IS SET IN MOTION
A HERO IS NEEDED FOR US ALL
DIRECT AND RUTHLESS IN OUR DEFENCE
THE HUMAN RACE MUST NEVER FALL

FIGHTING IN THE CITIES AND THE COUNTRY
THERE'S FIGHTING ALL AROUND
DON'T GIVE AN INCH, NOT ONE AT ALL
HOLD ON TO THIS HARD FOUGHT GROUND

AT; LAST! WE ARE VICTORIOUS!
THE ROBOTS ARE ALL DESTROYED
THIER MASTER MET A TYRANTS END
HE FELL OUT WITH THE OTHER BOYS.

Ray Clune

The Iwant Generation

iBorn

iPlay

iFast Food

iFunkyTrainers

iClothes

iParty

iHoliday

iPartner

iLove

iEngage

iMarry

iMortgage

iCar

iHouse

iBaby

iCredit

iKeepUpWithTheJoneses

iDebt

iStress

iAge

iSick

iDie

Ray Clune

This Wind

This wind it howls, this wind it moans,
A mournful eerie sound.

This wind gathers fallen autumnal leaves,
Just to dash them to the ground.

This wind makes fools of washing lines,
On its travels throughout the nation.

This wind plays with all the locomotives,
Huddled at as railway station.

This wind buffets and shakes the aeroplanes,
As they seek a calmer, foreign sky.

This wind will grow tired soon enough,
Then it will surely die.

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