

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Raymond Edward Archer()

Oh Blue

To my Friend
yes it's true
we do feel blue

It's not nice to be down
Sadness covers you like a dressing gown
It shows in your smile
I notice it after a very short while
'Tis true
we do feel blue

I did to
We want someone to accuse, but
we need to remember being down is like a bruise
Painful at first
part of a game
Something you feel until it starts to heal, but
You never forget from whence it came
It is blue

It's no disgrace to feel blue
we all do
'tis true, but
Being blue will make you dreary

Having a Friend like me
Always there to make you a cup of tea
can get you to talking
even while walking
Will help to ease your tension
Even if you think its not worth a mention
It will ease your tension so you don't have to go on premature pension.
'Tis true
I like you
even when you blue

Blue becomes purple, violet, yellow and green
As time passes your thoughts will return to mellow and serene

I tip my glasses
Bow my head and think of you
oh blue
'Tis true, but

It's not for you

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The Defeated Man

A last brave act of defiance
Identifies the defeated man
Acquiring a jeer he performs in jest
He does not think, and cannot for see it not best

This brave act loses the battle and thus
His war
He is the sad subject
The son of a mischief whore

The hair on his face frames his success
In this one little skirmish
Leaving his life in a mess

He glares ahead
Insisting you warrant a guess
But tough as it is, you indulge upon his story
Knowing it will end like a horror movie bloody and gory

For a moment he is lost and
Free in his head
Of all things normal
On another plane instead
It's a shout of short sharp words
That pulls him from the clouds and
Breaks his rainbow shroud

He puts on a smirk and turns away
Knowing full well he is going to pay
Yet he amuses
The normal will envy and decay

To you and I who think the same
He grants a wish
That we steal a minute and take the stage
Complete the act and forget our age
This is the game in his head
The poor loving child is
So easily mislead

Progeny of error
He is plagued by you still
Contaminating his mind
Through every endeavour

Will he ever learn?

The normal say never

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Tinkering Tinker Box

A simple and grotesque mind
Has a gross number of ways
To either be cruel or kind

The destruction incited through angry words
Soils our lunchtime air with putrid curds
So severe, you taste the tension
Some love milkshakes
That's what I failed to mention

Through a muddy lens
Scratched by suspended rock
The paths to the tinker box tend to block
Clear and rational light gets lost in a
Confusing and complex concoction
But changing the state of the tinker box is
Not a sustainable option

So, with blackened eyes and shaken nerves
The world begins to reshape and discolour
This only brings frustration and fear
Like gum losing its flavour

And so it begins, with a simple mind
Grotesque and destroyed in a gross number of ways
never to be kind

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Your Son

Pattering a slobbering dog
Running on a slippery log or
jumping in the stream to catch a swimming frog

This is your son my beautiful wife
Who cuts his finger testing his birthday knife
being a boy and experiencing life

He alone loves you the most and among your friends
you about him boast but
Scold him for messing his toast

He runs about, here and there
Out the door but not quite sure where
and you smile upon his mop of fair hair

Climbing trees
and grazing his knees
You are his pirate ship as he sails the seven seas

At the end of the day, it's you he hugs
and shows you his collection of wonderful bugs
You keep him safe from the boisterous thugs

He will grow up and make great friends
Wink at girls and follow the trends
but it's still you he loves and you he defends

Becoming a man is no easy feat
Harder still, is showing humility in suffering defeat
It's you who taught him how a girl to treat

He will find Love and you cannot be sad
He will smile at you and want you to be glad
Even if she drives you stark raving Mad

Remember my darling wife, you have not been replaced
Our son has two feet
and two boots to be laced

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