

Poetry Series

# Spanner Thegob

## - poems -



PoemHunter.com

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# Spanner Thegob()

Born in 1960

father was an electrician and i was his first shock

Hobbies, bad poetry

Shoe size 41. Boot size 42 if wearing thick socks.

I try to act my shoe-size not my age.

Favourite soup beef. Favourite sandwiches ham and cheese.

drive a diesel car.

Hate kids-but not my own.

Huge beard. But lost my hair way to early.

age 64ish but of an teenage orientation.

Not an electrician.

Not a plumber.

Not a mechanic.

Not an accountant.

Never dabble in D.I.Y..

Love being right. But that's a rarity.

Occasionally witty, but not a regular occurrence.

Neither own or about to purchase a bow tie.

Hate cats and hoovering.

Had a donkey, it died.

Often wonder Do ducks and pheasants hang out during hunting season?

All my pets are called after Alcoholic beverages.

I Sing Like tame dogs crying at night because the stair gate is closed and they want a cuddle upstairs.

My chair never faces the window when I eat sausage rolls.

At the cinema I smuggle in my own snacks.

Size 5'8 and falling apart.

Live on an island but can't swim.

My claim to fame Once had a wee beside a famous actor in a pub.

Have not eaten an apple in years.

Hate public transport

Keep the garage door open to let The sun in.

Have a lawn mower, dont know how to use it.

Love consistency Hate routine.

Watch star trek never star wars.

Park me car in front of a wall.Can't wear boots when driving.

Prefer meat from the supermarket.

Sometimes I'm just too exciting for my own good.

# Vulneratus Non Fractus

In this life we are all a little bit broken  
Grief transforms from torrent to flood, then to soft rain  
to wash away things we were not meant to carry,  
And all is reborn again,  
And yes,  
I am old and dull, but never ordinary,  
The privilege of this life, old age,  
The ambitions for this life, to remain young,  
The wisdom of this life, realising what truly matters.  
My scars, the map to where I have been  
During those wild and tender years,  
lead me to places I should not go.

The mind  
somewhere between birth and dementia Seeks reason,  
understanding and wisdom,  
And I find it,  
In a sunset,  
In a quiet moment,  
In the smile and tender gaze of Someone who cares,  
Someone who loves me,

In this life we are all a little bit broken,  
But I learned long ago to dance in the rain.

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# Death

## my Only Escape

Death, my only escape

Please,

keep my legend bright,

never let it fade,

Take time to mourn,

to Grieve.

I ask you Speak my name,

Speak my truth,

let my words heal, not wound.

Know this,

Pain is life

Death is life.

We hide our secret sorrow, and softly

the Sun brushes against the clouds,

and as I disappear from memory,

whispers my name.

Death was my only escape from this life

I ask you Can the dead forgive us

For only They possess the luxury of an open mind

.....  
All my life I tell myself I have been searching

But lately more and more it feels like i have been wandering.

for my friend Tom..

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# Gerontic

## death Is Listening

Gerontic

Death is listening

Life teaches us

There is nothing romantic about poverty

Poverty of the mind,

Poverty of the soul,

Poverty of the heart,

Experience shows us

That Happiness is a gift hard won,

That Laughter can make grown Men cry,

That a smile Makes bad days bearable.

Wisdom teaches us

That grief lives in quiet moments,

Those deepest wounds whisper Truths,

Trembling Truths only bruised hearts will feel,

Truths only kindred spirits will hear.

That death is listening

monsters will come for us all.

"Learn to Fear the anger of a gentle man

For The beast in him has lived with pain"

{Gerontic Of or relating to the last phase of life

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# Be Patient

## {i Am Distracted}

Be Patient with me.  
For I am Distracted By truth,  
by long overdue, tedious truth.  
Distracted by horrid old endings.  
By timid new beginnings,

Be patient with me,

Return me To a place  
where Pain fades with every healing step  
Where words are not needed,  
a place of "not yet" or "if only",  
A place where untruths are neither spoken nor tolerated,  
Where greatness is measured by what we gave.  
A place where truth lives,  
Where time waits.

Be patient with me,

as we fade into the faint horizon of daybreak.  
Share with me Your time  
Your truth,  
Your trust

Your brightness.

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# The Poetry Of Departure

## 'even The Longest Nights Must Bow To The Dawn.

The Poetry Of Departure

{even The Longest Nights Must Bow To The Dawn}

As the longest night bows to the misery of dawn,  
sorrow knows it cannot stay Forever.

Over time  
life has humbled me,  
Experience has taught me the lesson of heartache,  
Heartache has become my truth,  
And my truth is immune to criticism.

Tears fall and fading whispers give way to silence,  
These worn hands clutch to hope and lost chances  
as fates cruel smiles stings again!  
yet again!

moments are missed,  
fragile moments.

And I realise  
You don't like me enough to know me,  
You don't know me enough to hate me!

this is the last time,  
the last farewell,

This is the poetry of departure.

.

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# Destinatum Ad Sola Mortem

{destined For

## A Lonely Death}

When Apathy took hold  
Impulses slowed and became indecision,  
Hope, fading like shadows,  
retreats from the light of day,

Disappointment, etched from the canvas of life  
Shows in those tired eyes,  
There is a familiarity in this Quiet sadness,  
A Melancholy beauty to the folly of Estrangement,  
to the ecstasy of Loneliness,  
to the emptiness.

I have learned to Embrace the quiet moments.  
angry Words leave vacuums,  
But The sun shines equally on villains and heroes!  
If Perseverance be the parent of good luck  
then I will be an orphan,

For I am weary from the effort  
And from the desolation I realise,  
I'm Destined for a lonely death

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# F.T.W.

F.T.W.

This World is full of trickery  
And people who are greater or lesser than yourself  
Will offer counsel,  
Take kindly this advice.

Then, ask this of yourself  
Will any heart remember because you passed this way?  
Is any heart happier because you lived,  
Is any heart happier because of what you said?  
what you did?

At days end Will you leave a smile?  
Or will you leave a frown?

Live life with no fear of death  
Face death with no fear or regret.  
for,  
just when you think it's over,  
It begins!

Then ,  
just when you think it begins,  
it's over.

What will you see at days end.?

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# Turn Away you Always Do

Peace lies hidden in an angry heart  
And With Every angry beat you Turn away,  
you always do.

Terror holds you hostage to its Whim,  
Overwhelmed and Numbed,  
no longer feeling,  
all traces of hurt have been hidden,  
But you Turn away,  
you always do.

no longer feeling,  
Truth will hurt you,  
And shatter your chains of deception  
But you Turn away,  
you always do.

Reality slices Through illusion and delusion,  
Those deceptions yield to honestly,  
And You Turn away.  
you always do! .

free your mind  
Free from the prison of other people's opinions  
Speak your mind  
Or turn away,  
you always do

Experience is the lesson of past mistakes  
The hurt does not count only did you fight?  
Life's endless endeavour,  
turn away!

you always do!



# Lost My Place In The World

Between the pillars of my dreams and Dawns liminal slumber  
I lost my place in the world.

My hopes began to fade until I forgot what they were.

My dreams withered and died

in the quiet hollow hours

there is No gentle breath on my face,

no hand to wake me.

I hear echoes of laughter,

See the ghost of a smile,

Feel The shadow of your presence

In this fleeting memory as I sip coffee, suspended

between the beauty of death and the harshness of life

forgotten summers became a paled memory

And nothing surprises me anymore,

Except you.

I'm tired of saying goodbye

Tired of losing you at each dawn

Your absence frightens me,

There is no place as lonely,

no greater fear imagined,

Than in my mind in quiet times.

I search this lonely earth for you

I find you in the half world.

Let me sleep a little longer among Sun drenched Memories,  
fragmented.

scattered,

like falling leaves

Dancing

in an autumnal breeze

I lost you to this rude world.

Find Your place among the stars

And watch down on me from the heavens



# Uilliam

Uilliam

I lost my place in the world And Lately  
I am more afraid of sleep than dying.  
There is no one left to wipe the tears  
From All seeing eyes.  
blinded by heartbreak.  
My never still mind cannot abide the silence.  
my ever-aching heart rages  
but my restless spirit Tells me its ok to heal.  
In the Darkness walls whisper 'Life is cruel',  
and don't I know it.  
The world turned,  
everything  
and everyone moves on.  
Except me!

'So, if you are too tired to speak, sit next to me for I, too, am fluent in silence.'

~ R. Arnold

{Liam is a short form of the Irish name Uilliam }

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# Time

time has taken my youthful Zest,  
And in its place left age  
and decay.  
Experience has bent and shaped this frame into a stronger man.

A wiser man?  
A better man?  
Who knows?

To My horrid heart, suffering  
has been my greatest teacher,  
The learning Experience has taught the lesson of failure,  
a useful tool in the pursuit of excellence.

I had no desire to walk with the crowd,  
No desire to fit in.  
Solitude bent me.  
Silence broke me.  
There was anger in the solitude,  
Sorrow in the silence,

that world was never enough.  
The heart craving a home reaches out.  
You reached back.  
And so the heart took a chance,  
I took a chance,

Guilt or grief?  
Which one can I bear?

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# Reflections

## REFLECTIONS

Look into those fading eyes,  
Touch the spirit of an old soul,  
Witness as it grows Heavy from the weight of loss,  
has it glimpsed its final dawn?

Feel the tired beats of an aged heart as it pulses life into veins stilled by times  
embrace,  
Smell the foulest breadth expelled from diseased lungs As it escapes through a  
nicotine stained smile.  
Touch the wrinkles of wizened skin leathered by seasons,  
Accept the wisdom of a curious mind,

As I stare at the mirror I wonder  
Will I ever breath again?  
Is this my final dawn?

I measure my life in moments.  
the fragments of precious and transient memories  
etched in the eternity of Moments in time  
Happy times, quiet. tender. Lonely times.

I tell myself  
True love can only be tested in times of need,

I ask myself  
'Have I failed the test? '

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# Deceptions

## Deceptions

The heart sighs as silence falls with a deafening calm,  
shadowy figures dance macabrely where paths meet to diverge,  
Tears cascade from Eyes that keep the secrets of untold stories,  
Forked smiles like lightening flash and fade.  
The Stillness drowns and kills the spirit.

Clouded memory bound to a Tethered past  
Burn and slash to open the old hurt,  
the mind rejects what the eyes saw.

Thoughts, like a mist swallows the land,  
Swirl into every open crevice.  
seep into those open wounds  
To plant the seeds of doubt.

The eyes lie!  
The mind rejects,  
The senses rebel.

Did It even happen?

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# Sapienta Uxor

SAPIENTA UXOR

Worn paths lead to comfort in familiar fading light

Aged bones find wisdom in grey hair

Wrinkles whisper softly

'Listen to my knowing heart

Listen to my silent voice

Embrace these aged bones'

As wisdom accrued during those years remain silent

I try to remember who i was,

Before you showed me who I could be.

I am your shadow.

In fragile moments refined through pain I stand tall

To the world you are one person,

To one person YOU are the world

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# Growing

Growing up, nurtured on the diet of happy endings.  
Only to discover the bitter aftertaste of life's realities,  
To learn life's cruellest lessons,  
our darkest journey may not lead us to the brightest places.  
That the heart breaks, but lives on  
That living, is pretending you're OK.

The world pushes,  
but I don't have the strength to push back.  
There is no beauty in being broken,  
No joy in a heart which keeps secrets in silence  
I will tell you about the horrible things I have done  
I will tell you, of the wisdom which came with age and Experience.  
My tears will tell you I am human,  
My Apathy, however, will tell you nothing.

As Darkness falls from the breath of night, Doubts,  
like wisps of smoke, drift in and out of my thoughts,  
Death can be beautiful to a soul with no today and no tomorrow.  
Salvation lies in the hopelessness of faith,  
Freedom lies in the endlessness of hope,  
my past, has become my prison.  
And I fight myself, all the time.  
We, never accepted truth,  
just a version we could live with  
The life I planned?  
it's not the life we lead!

Sometimes,  
I think my future is being written by someone who doesn't like me

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# The Banality Of Evil

The banality of evil

When we surrender the act of thinking  
We lower the bar to morality,  
Then blind obedience becomes a virtue.  
But this virtue made you vulnerable,  
Left you wounded and destroyed.  
Starved for truth You swallow lies,  
When the spirit of truth is grounded and never gets to fly  
Then Choices made by circumstances  
become the embodiment of every bad decision  
mediocrity becomes a goal...an aspiration  
thought becomes An empty road where few have walked  
When sages are silenced and bigots shepherd the sheep,  
the system is broken.  
Hold on to this derision.

When you lose hope, all is lost!

When all is lost there's always hope!

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# Personal Apocalypse

I stare vacantly and observe,  
my world,  
it's falling apart,  
and I can only stare and witness,  
Anxiety will change nothing....

in the silence as My world comes apart I realise,  
Destiny is pre-ordained.

there's nothing left.  
Everything Has changed.  
Nothing Will ever be the same  
Nothing, CAN ever be the same

Worrying is just paying a debt I don't owe.

Sometimes in weaker moments I envy the finality of death,  
but I know the certainty of an ending.  
The certainty that I cannot cope with these rough days  
The silence that follows breaks me, knowing I cannot fix it

Imagination causes more suffering than reality

Another deafening silence,  
I can never rebuild it  
And what i don't know tells me everything.  
The loneliest time  
The quietest time  
How did i handle irrelevance?  
I became the epitome of indifference!

- -----

Hell is a lonely place  
I know  
i have been there!

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# Spiritual Lullaby

Today i am your enemy.  
But you used to be my child.  
And where once lived love  
indifference now resides  
Ah but the penalty for love is grief,  
Loves bitter gift.  
A penalty never fully paid  
For Grief never stops,  
But it changes.  
It is a journey to start,  
But never to end  
it does not end,  
grief endures.  
but with time it changes  
It lessens,  
It lingers,  
It fades.....  
It changes,  
And until you see the light  
i can but wait for you,  
I will wait for you { in the darkness.}

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# Asphalt Cowboys

In freedoms grasp  
we ride the wind,  
A rebel spirit,  
leather clad.  
Our horse, a roaring beast of chrome,  
Tires kiss asphalt,  
Ride,  
Through winding roads.  
through twisted mountains.  
through moonlit nights.  
through sun and rain.  
Ride  
The open road.  
Ride free,  
like the wind.  
But life ends in cruel delight,  
death stalks on every bend  
and waits in every corner  
to welcome the rider with its cold embrace.  
Now chrome steeds lay silent  
As the gods of asphalt take another spirit,  
A fallen rider,  
ride silently  
to peace and the eternal road beyond  
One last Moon-dance to these gods {of asphalt}

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# The Man Who Stares

The man who stares from the greatest height  
can be the loneliest man,  
Glimpsed From the shadowy solitude of success  
the air is thin and the view cold.  
He reaches the top  
only to find himself alone,  
His achievements echo a solitude,  
isolated from the warmth of human touch  
hearts grow cold in the rarefied sun,  
his silence speaks to his loneliness.  
higher he climbs  
carving his name,  
but no one knows the weight he bears  
Yet the loneliness remains  
And as he climbs further  
a void opens in his soul.  
For the climb echoes of solitude.  
He learns that heights can isolate,  
That victory's cheer is best when shared in love and friendship,

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# Susurrus

Through the shadows of time quiet whispers echo,  
softly,  
hauntingly  
they linger  
lost in the murmur of death,  
and life.  
In the stillness of time they find their voice,  
a melody of secrets  
Torn by anguish,  
silence screams and Forgotten dreams dance within that silence,  
Seeking solace In quiet chatter,  
in the calm and subtlety they fade into the silence as whispers  
To echo within the shadows of time

Susurrus

a soft murmuring or rustling sound; whisper

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# Whispers

In the quiet of his room, he sits alone.  
laughter lost, smile undone.  
The world moves on.  
The Walls echo with whispers from the past,

Whispers,  
Of Laughter shared.  
Of tears shed.  
Of memories made.

Whispers,  
Of journeys past.  
Of shattered dreams.  
Of tattered hearts.

Whispers,  
Of a frayed life half lived,  
Of battles fought and lost, won and lost again.  
Of life as he bore a heavy chain.

Whispers,  
Of loss,  
Of grief,  
of endless pain.

but in those whispers  
peace!  
found in a gentle touch  
in the subtle grace of loves present and past

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# Take Me Home

Take me home.

Home,  
where the heart is.  
Im old, and I'm tired.

Home.

Where love's embrace will fill those empty friendless spaces.  
Where the stars Guide the return of my soul  
to a place Beneath a caring moon.

Home.

Where bruised Hearts are soothed,  
And hope flickers in its gentle light  
With a promise of better days.

Home.

Where peace reigns.

Home.

Where Experience is a polite forgiving name for past mistakes,  
and sorrows lonely stream  
find love's embrace.

Away from treacherous paths.

Away from the noisy chaos of life.

To peace within a silence,

And solace in the solitude of a stillness to soothe the soul,

Where welcome smiles provokes the solitary spaces.

Home calls.

The final twilight,

Lingering in dusks undisturbed embrace,

I Surrender to its infinite silence

As Eternal slumber embraces me.

I'm tired

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# Death Called

Death Called

and the spirit left as a whisper on a breeze.

I did not hear it,

But I do not fear it,

after all death, its just a state of mind,

Old age

custodian of wisdom and experience,

Please!

be gentle to an old friend,

And Let mine be a peaceful end

Death's door,

Let it open while i sleep

To Quietly Cross into the light

No stone to mark a quiet grave,

No flowers,

just earth,

and sky,

and final rest.

the final breath,

expelled As eternal slumber embraces the night,

The wind whispers,

and spirits live on in memories and tears.

Let me rest in lonely ground

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# Inside I'm Dancing!

Inside I'm dancing!

In a quiet shadow of time,  
memories gather like dust where old men sit,  
their eyes an assemblage of stories,  
wrinkled by laughter and tears.

hands, once strong and capable,  
Now map the journey of remembered days,  
Veins like serpentine rivers, tracing paths  
Through the landscape of wrinkled skin.

The sun having kissed those cheeks a thousand times,  
Leaves behind a soft palette of wisdom,  
And when he smiles, the world leans in,  
Eager to hear wisdom whispered from those lips.

he recalls the weight of love's longing,  
The ache of dreams deferred,  
he wears the years like a well-worn cloak,  
Each thread woven with resilience and grace.

keeper of forgotten melodies,  
laughter echoes through the corridors of time,  
A symphony of memories, sung in minor keys,  
A testament to the beauty of growing old.

RAISE YOUR GLASS!

To the quiet strength that blooms with age,  
For within the weathered heart lies a universe,  
And in those eyes, those aged spirits still dance.

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# The Fabulist

We live in a time of deceit, lies  
Live Where Truths hide behind innocence. Cries  
Fade into the shadows, as the deceived embrace  
Untruths in a wicked place,  
And Evil lives in the hearts of men,  
Leaving truth to die again, and again. And again  
hope survives through the darkest time.  
Flickering, eternal, sublime

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# Seeking Sanctuary

My world can only bear so much  
Pain, heartache, and such  
Misery as only the soul can tolerate  
While Suffering heartache, from a crushing weight  
The burden of never knowing will be your fate.  
The blistered soul in tormented pain  
Burdened, must bear the strain.  
In a world of sorrow, seek peace in shadow's balm,  
a glimmer of light in the storm, a whispered calm

Where do we go when we want to sleep,  
making promises we never keep,  
Into the realm of past content  
Where Lost years lament A youth misspent.

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# Elegy For A Born Loser

Elegy for a born loser

Penniless,  
he staggers from the bookies,  
Gone the hope of good fortunes helping hand.  
Disheveled, worn out, in life simply unlucky,  
Life's bright dreams lay scattered across the land.  
A life, once vibrant now an elegiac\* haze,  
heart burdened, carries with each stride  
The love of chance, he gambled all his days,  
But to him victory eluded, was slyly denied.  
unluckiest one,  
bad choices led you astray,  
In shadows deep searching for light  
As lost souls linger on, oblivious to their plight  
Luckless Demons dance, and taunt with haunting whispers  
'play.....play'  
Luckless  
little loser bound to his fate  
In ruins grip he finds himself, too late,  
Dreams dissolve as again the loser bell rings,  
fates cruel laughter stings  
His worried brow, clutched hopes remains  
As shadows thaw, heartache refrains  
From the memory of past last chances

\*Elegiac, express sorrow for something past

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# Sorrow

Sorrow,  
can be lonely.  
Heartless, unkind,  
Through tears and broken hearts it shows  
In Pain, left behind  
by this awful darkness,  
Strength we can retrieve  
In hearts and souls learning to heal  
When old Sorrows we relieve.

Words  
Lost in context,  
defence Crumbles  
In Misunderstood chaos,  
Truth stumbles  
In Spoken half truths, peril lies  
In Language powerfully created to despise ...  
speak with care dear friend  
For words can wound if they transcend

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# Let's Be Miserable, together

Let's feel sorrows embrace,  
Collide in shadows, face to face  
In tears we find solace  
Two souls  
entwined,  
Tethered,  
Intertwined,  
weathered  
In anguished symphony, we dance,  
In communion,  
the depression enhanced  
Let's be miserable,  
Together.

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# A Frosty Friend

## (Sean The Snowman)

Nevers goes anywhere?

Never goes for a beer?

Never tips his hat  
To wish a passer-by good cheer?

Never waves to strangers?

Never winks at girls?

Never smiles at kids  
With rosy cheeks and golden curls!

Never takes a drink?

Never breaks his fast?

Never has a sleep?  
Never has a future, never had a past?

Never had a lover?

Never has been kissed?

Never had a first date?  
Never had a 'to do' to Cross off a list?

Never had a warm bed?

Never had a dance?

Never seen a movie been on holiday?  
Never will get that chance!

You came in a winter flurry.

You left in a springtime thaw.

Leaving a smile in our Heart, a tear in our eye  
As you silently withdraw

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# Hello Mum

In the bleak midwinter Nothing will grow,  
Earth is poisoned, beneath the snow  
Cadavers unclaimed lay cold on the ground,  
And whisper to heaven without a sound,  
The way lit by an ambivalent moon,  
as monotonously we trudge homeward, where soon,  
Depleted, we lay on a partisan bed  
To sleep the sleep of the anonymous dead.  
We are the unliving, the not dead  
We are the bringer of peace, (our general said,)  
We are the heroes, our country is proud,  
Our conscience silent, our guns are loud.  
In the bleak midwinter, we turn away  
Grateful to survive another day  
Close our eyes to escape this hell  
Please, Tell my mum I'm doing well,

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# We Sent The Children To War.

Fed them rebellion  
To accept their fate.  
To become a hellion  
We Taught them hate.

Ready for pillage  
to follow like cattle.  
terrorise a village  
eager for battle,

Lustfully They sing,  
a ceaseless savage roar,  
Born into this thing  
Blindly follow the men of war

Violence became a drug.  
Death an Opiate,  
Turns a child into a thug  
Or something more Appropriate

Indiscriminate Guns and bombs  
judiciously mutilate and maim.  
Killing without qualms,  
Bringing glory...but never shame.

WAR DECLARED!  
{are you fully stocked and well prepared}

Be home for Christmas!  
bombs will have finished dropping!  
With yuletide carols to spread goodwill!  
And a break for Xmas shopping, , ,

The battle Carried on  
No quarter asked, none given  
But with each ignominious death  
A glorious pretence is riven

soon they will feel the breath of heaven,

Where only the dead can be forgiven.

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# When Did I Get Old

When did I get old

Dying changed nothing,  
Life is pain,  
Pain is life,  
Give up.  
Time to shut up!  
My greatest surprise?  
Learning I was ordinary.  
My greatest disappointment?  
Knowing i was ordinary!

Thoughts, trapped in a tight space  
Wedged between what was and what is,  
travel to a distant place  
where words don't apply,  
Where logic wanders past awareness.  
Where Truth evaporates  
As faint embers of long rembered rituals flicker at deaths campfire.  
Where Ego masquerading as Humility  
hides in plain view.  
So grand this suffering.  
Where Pain transforms over time,  
Where nostalgia, Jaded, becomes contacted where Truth and memory Tangled  
give way to acceptance,  
Where acceptance Quietly gives way to loneliness,  
Why?  
Because I no longer crave your approval.  
Your Opinion is a destination no one wants to go to,  
go Down among the fearful,  
their silence betrays them,  
Clouds whisper to passing beams of sunlight  
' we are so ordinary! '  
Death changed everything!  
Death changed nothing!  
Time to shut up.  
Time to sleep.



Spanner

Spanner Thegob

# The Old Lie

Battle over,  
War is done,

Death,  
the prize we share.

The other world,  
the half world.

We greet our comrades there.

Graveolent air assaults the senses.  
Unregarding empty stares,  
tyrannous silence descends,  
from the battlefield.

Survivors, Returning  
to a disinterested world,  
March through Blood,  
congealed.

In honoured rest interred,  
In unmarked graves we lie,  
Death had called too soon.

Armistice day they honour us.  
Service ribbons glisten as tired breasts  
March to a military tune.

The dead remembered,  
are living  
under a Melancholy moon

Spanner Thegob

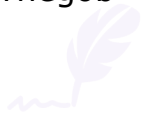
# Misrememberings

A heart, chained to loneliness,  
imprisoned in unfaithful compliment  
bears testament to imagined accomplishments,

As the sun sets on Misunderstandings  
It Ends an indifferent day  
In an uncaring world.

We must end this falsehood,  
You cannot think it's all good.  
no stranger to sentimentality  
I Reject this journey of non reality,  
This trip down memory lane  
Not an odyssey to take again,  
Time fades as it passes,  
Please, remove those rose coloured glasses.

Spanner Thegob



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# Peregrination

Our greatest fear?  
to be forgotten!  
Like a child,  
misbegotten,  
an observer,  
in our own peregrination  
A passenger,  
without a destination.  
To leave this world  
all alone,  
Exit with a solitary,  
piteous moan.  
When the sands of time run out,  
expunged, there is no doubt,  
But you should never ever fret,  
Accept your fate without Regret.  
You were always close at hand,  
Two sets of footprints in the sand

Spanner Thegob



PoemHunter.com

# Its Never Easy

its bloody hard,  
being right,  
saying goodbye,  
Its bloody hard!

Its bloody hard,  
When you cant tell black from white.  
truth must die,  
Its bloody hard!

Its bloody hard,  
When you show no compassion  
no understanding,  
Its bloody hard!

its bloody hard,  
life without passion.  
constant demanding,  
its fucking hard,  
loving you!

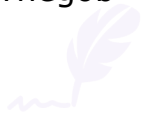
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# Looking For Love?

'Looking for love' She said,  
in a cigarette stained tone  
'Some company,  
No need to be unfriendly, alone? '  
He looks up, A lived in face  
With eyes dead and a practiced smile  
these words are rehearsed,  
Spoken In faux come to bed style.  
Nostrils assaulted  
by meretricious scent  
Of bawdy houses  
Where he often went  
While at a loss  
for a friendly voice,  
When, sold by the hour  
Companionship, becomes a rental choice

Spanner Thegob



PoemHunter.com

# The Season Of The Dying,

It's that time of year,  
When life, once again must Disappear  
Into the cold and lonely  
Fallow ground, bare and only  
Touched by a cold icy autumnal grip  
The grasp on life, begins to slip.

Trees begin to shed their leaves  
Snapdragons, marigolds, all deceive  
adding colour of browns and gold  
to Nature's palette. A portrait of death, behold  
time The perfect witness will never age  
but watch as nature turns its page.  
like the swallows who migrate  
To return upon a warmer date  
Lament the season of decay.  
As I too will fade, In that ancient, terminal way

Spanner Thegob



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# Sexus Ad Sexaginta

Patience, Have a little  
Acknowledge the heart you hold is brittle.  
Tactful in your dealings  
Increase the love, embrace the feelings!  
Every beat brings you closer.  
But Not to hurt her, o no, No Sir!  
afterplay, the sound of her laughter,  
Effulgent halo, the morning after

Spanner Thegob



PoemHunter.com



# Influenza Masculus { Man Flu }

Its That Time Alright! ! !

Its that time alright  
Hot whiskey through the night  
Aches, pain, head spinning  
Lemon, honey, penicillin  
Sympathy, patience, understanding,  
these symptoms are very demanding.  
Headaches, sore throat night sweats  
Coping with whiskey and cigarettes,  
Need a nurse for that palliative care!  
I'm not desperate but I'm getting there.  
Going past that pain threshold  
Oh gosh do I feel old!  
Take me now, take me now  
ease the pain from a fevered brow!  
Its been two days of Influenza Masculus  
Need a surgeon to check my status,  
Will I live, I want to live  
Im young with so much more to give

Spanner Thegob

# Dubiety

Dubiety

Will my child smile if I die?  
Or Will my child smile if I live?  
Will the world care if I stay?  
Or Will the world care if I leave?  
Will my friends miss me if I'm gone?  
Or Will my friends care what's going on?  
Will my wife notice I have left?  
Or Will my wife write my epitaph?  
will the world stop to pray?  
Or Will the world care as I drift away?  
Will someone eulogise at my funeral?  
Or will my eulogy be simply numeral? (born-died}  
Will anyone have something nice to share?  
Or Will anyone speak in brave despair?  
Will my child smile if I die?  
Or Will my child show a teary eye?  
Will my word live after?  
Or be lost, in hollow, cruel, ugly, laughter? ? ?

Spanner Thegob

# Take A Moment

Take a moment.  
And from the breath of day  
Reflect.  
Love the flaws,  
the imperfections  
the Defect,  
Embrace the humdrum.  
the mundane.  
the imperfect,  
Avoid the pretentious,  
the pompous  
the unaccomplished  
reject Meretricious souvenirs of a half-lived life.  
Gathered, while not paying attention  
Distracted by shiny things, avoiding strife.  
Grieve  
for your loss, for your hurt  
for a gullible heart ready to believe.

Spanner Thegob



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# Sobriety

Sobriety ...

[curse of the drinking classes}

Wake in a darkened room,

Lonely,

Dank,

Feel the gloom.

Stagger from a heartsick bed.

Friendless.

Toothless.

Not right in the head.

Alcohol my only friend

Oblivion.

Release.

To an unnoticed end.

Tomorrow more of the same.

Sober

dull

must dim the brain.

Alcohol, the finest anaesthetic

forget.

Not feel.

everything is copacetic.

Spanner Thegob

# Her First Day (At Big School)

Seize the moment, No regrets,  
Praise remembers, Mockery forgets,

Shed a littleTear of honor,  
Shine a little. My prima donna.

Move away from sad Reflections,  
Bury all those raw rejections,

Life, its not a team sport  
Learn to bend, yield, contort.

Live now, take a chance,  
Be Not defined by circumstance..

Spanner Thegob



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# Happy Birthday To Me

In the mirror I'm shocked to see  
An old man stares back at me.

Hair sparse White and thin  
Covers tired Pallid skin.  
Light leaving old eyes  
Staring back with sad surprise.

Youth is spent as life grows dim  
I turn away rejecting him  
Fumbling in an old man's room  
Lifting blinds to banish gloom.

Stub my toe. Silent yell  
Leaves my lips' Ruddy hell'  
In your wildest dream you say  
Never thought you would see the day....

'4 score years and three  
Happy birthday to me'

Spanner Thegob

# Twilight Slumbers

Twilight slumber

the day renews in whimsical epiphany  
To watch my rest like spiritual serendipity

It's late, Its time for bed  
Night is here and day is dead,  
Darkness kills another day,  
Nighttime comes and paves the way  
For morning, at break of day  
rising sun kills moon at dawn,  
wake to find shadows gone,  
warming sun caresses sleeping lawn  
moon and stars have Withdrawn,  
Time for sun to rise and wake,  
let dawning light The night-time break,  
effect the world to rise and shake  
To leave abed pain and ache  
Forgive untruth and past mistake  
Forgive yourself,  
Lest your soul should ache.

If I slumber do not wake me  
Morning sun will come and raise me

Spanner Thegob

# Moribund

## waiting For The Smile Of God

Moribund

Waiting for the smile of god

Denial.

Come.sit beside me.

Take my hand,

Please! Listen!

Try to understand.

Anger.

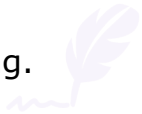
It keeps me here

this rebellious pride,

But, tell them how i lived.

Dont tell them how I died.

Bargaining.



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Sooth my fractured heart,

My soul needs comfort too

My spirit, fatigued, has aged,

body wrecked, more discomfort due.....

Hope.

Attest..be a witness to my demise,

share my discourtesy to death.

Bear witness to my struggle

Proclaim my passing in ecstatic breath.

Depression.

Regret.Let The gloom of my final days

Be flecked by a cheerful light,

As life extinguished, passes

Into a remorseful night



Acceptance.

Lament? What have I to fear? in death or in life?

What regrets have I to tell?

I leave this earth for heaven

Having spent this life in hell....

Spanner Thegob

# Lunar Terrors

Silvery strands from a jealous moon  
Floods the night to light the room  
Sun has left an abandoned sky  
To return at dawn to a remembered high.  
Shadows lurk against a wall  
ominous pretext to imminent downfall  
Worried face beneath starched sheets  
Peer at Lonely moonlit streets  
While cocooned in silent slumber  
Populace sleeps as monsters wander  
Ghosts and ghoul command the night  
keep you nervous and uptight  
Then at last, a friendly face.  
Intrudes into this scarey place  
Tired limbs at the door  
Mother shuffles across the floor  
her lips caress a worried brow  
And banish doubt from the now  
'Sleep child, time for sleep  
Dream of oaths we never keep'.

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# The Good Wife

There is kindness in your smile,  
A promise of things to come  
A hint of 'in a while  
We will dance to a different drum'

Keep the faith my love, keep the faith.

There is mystery in those eyes  
As they dance and shine with mischief,  
A hint of ecstasy and surprise  
A delicious question of 'what if! '

Keep the faith my love, keep the faith.

There is softness in your touch  
As you wipe away those tears,  
Sadness because you loved too much,  
Were faithful all the years.

Keep the faith my love, keep the faith.

There is patience in those redundant lips,  
anguish in your fragmented heart,  
Lips, long to be loved and kissed,  
Heart, unprepared to being apart.

Keep the faith my love, keep the faith

And you shall have your hearts desire  
When your life has been eclipsed  
You will join me on the pyre!  
You and I shall keep our tryst!

Spanner Thegob

# I Am Here

'Be not judgmental of yourself. You are becoming a butterfly. It is not only the destination, but also the journey itself, that is beautiful. We delight in the beauty of the butterfly, but rarely admit the changes it has gone through'..borrowed from Google

Title: I Am Here

Even kings need to be carried,  
The bruised and broken should not be harried,  
Come the time to seek support,  
Don't be shy to make report,  
Someone asks you for an ear,  
Tell them,  
yes,  
I am here.

Leave your darkness, seek the light  
And From your Sorrow of the night  
Even though you be at loss  
Turn away from polluted thoughts,  
Should you find you need an ear,  
I tell you,  
Yes,  
I am here!

When agitated youth is spent,  
With little joy and much lament,  
Look back to those antsy fears,  
Over lost forgotten years,  
Someone asks you for an ear,  
Tell them,  
Yes,  
I am here!

Or sit, in a silent way  
name those doubts another day,  
As the mind tricks, gets old and numb,  
Think you are old (or young) smart (or dumb)  
Give yourself an aged ear,

Let them know,  
YES!  
I'M STILL HERE!

Spanner Thegob

# Equality

## EQUALITY

I, KINDA GET IT.  
I DO.  
I TRY MY BEST,  
TO UNDERSTAND,  
TO SEE YOUR POINT OF VIEW.  
BUT YOUR BLINDED,  
BY IGNORANCE,  
DECEIT,  
LIES.  
A VICTIM OF RUMOURS  
A CHILD OF UNTRUTHS  
AND TRUELY I SYMPATHISE.  
I DO.  
FOOLED YOU WERE.  
AS A CHILD,  
AS AN ADULT  
OVERRULED  
BY PEOPLE WHO PRETEND TO CARE.  
DECEIT CARESSES YOU.  
SURROUNDS YOU LIKE A FOG.  
AND KEEPS YOU LOYAL  
TO YOUR BETTERS,  
OBIEDIENT,  
AS A FAITHFUL DOG  
(TO A CRUEL MASTER)  
THERE IS NO EQUALITY IN CORRUPTED  
LOVE  
WHEN LOVE IS TWISTED.  
LIES BECOME TRUTH  
AND TRUTH HAVING NEVER EXISTED  
DIES  
IT FITS THE NARRITIVE  
ITS SIMPLY IMPERITIVE  
EQUALITY  
NOT ALLOWED  
BY THE LOVELESS EVER ANXIOUS CROWD



# I Seen Death

## i Met Death

I seen death  
In my father's face,  
When he was laid out  
In that final place, ,  
Hospital morgue,  
Cold and sterile,  
Gone so sudden  
No time to reconcile.

I met death,  
As my mother exhaled  
From a sickly brest,  
the final breadth from her cancerous chest,  
Delerium eased her terminal state,  
Opiates carried her to heavens gate,

I feared death  
When in your eyes  
I saw panic as you realised  
Death was trying to take my hand,  
To lead me to some promised land,  
But I'm not ready to leave you yet  
death will Wait,  
don't you fret.

Spanner Thegob



# Hopes And Dreams

Hopes and dreams Teresa  
Hope and dreams

Wheel her into the sun..  
That should keep her quiet  
Cup of tea and a slice of bread  
To help her take her tablets.

Don't you know me  
Try remember my voice  
I'm speaking softly now  
Please try to remember

Yes I met your mam and dad  
No I'm not your brother  
Yes I know where you live  
No I can't take you home.

Yes you asked already  
No i don't mind telling it again  
No I'm not your brother  
No I can't take you home

What did that nurse say,  
'Once an adult, twice a child,  
And remember, sense of humor'.  
Good advice but hard to take

You know I'm grateful to you  
You made a difference  
You made my life less ordinary  
NEVER FORGET ME

Wish I could remember that joke about alzheimers

Spanner Thegob

# I Poetica

: I POETICA

I see poetry in a sunset,  
In a promise made soon to forget,  
in a sunrise  
in a vow to keep promise alive,  
in a lonely little while,  
In a child's toothless smile,  
In a mother's warm embrace,  
In a fathers worried face,  
In a lover's tender kiss,  
In a moments permanent bliss,  
In thoughts which disappear as vapor,  
In words I etch upon the paper,  
In an old mans listless shuffle  
In a young man's dreary muffle  
In my own thoughts as I realise  
in life and death,  
hellos and goodbyes,

Spanner Thegob

# One Way or Another

One Way Or Another

Love me!  
or leave me alone.  
Speak to me in a loving Tone  
Or say nothing And Leave me.  
Leave me!

Leave me?  
But give no reason,  
I can forgive falsehood  
But not your treason.  
Tell me lies, fool me.  
Fool me!

Fool me?  
Gullible, trusting me!  
But the shame belongs to you  
And your too blind to see  
A faithful friend, bury me.  
Bury me!

Bury me?  
Forget me!  
Bury me in the back of your mind,  
Live in the lie and you will find  
An uneasy peace.  
Peace!

Peace?  
comes at a price,  
No sympathy in your apathy.  
This chance will not come twice  
Take it,  
leave it!



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Your choice!

Spanner Thegob

# Faded Memories

'FADED MEMORIES'

Embers dying like memories, fade  
as light leaves to be replaced by shade.  
The spirit, tired and numbed by age  
as night arrives, departs, (without rage)  
' gently goes into the good night.'  
And memories, from a mind jaded  
Have been forgotten, lost, and have faded.  
Time discreetly, has stolen youth  
In its place left this truth,  
Memories fade like evening light.  
Old hands pressed in half remembered prayer  
head bowed, faded memories soothe despair,  
no longer mourn, in pain too much to bear.  
The loss of those gone to where  
Faded memories take flight  
When Spirit at last gives up the fight  
And gently goes into the night.  
Fading memories will soon be gone  
To Die like embers with the dawn

Spanner Thegob

# Paternal Apartheid

Paternal apartheid

The Emptiness of the demoralised  
Reflects the Innocence of the demonised,  
Compassion to the oft despised  
became the Savior to the compromised.  
Offer good council To the ill advised  
And comfort to the unjustly chastised.  
Never look back you would be surprised  
To realise that Your the one now despised,  
block your ears and close your eyes,  
speak of Truths and otherwise  
Convince them of good Compromise  
elevate the Disenfranchised  
To question what?  
And why?  
and living lies?

Spanner Thegob



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# Seasons

The cycle of the season

Sitting under an autumnal moon  
Cool night but very soon  
Winter will come, the air will freeze.  
Snowflakes carried on an arctic breeze  
Will fall in flurry's swirling around,  
As a Funeral pall on a lifeless ground.  
But spring will come with life anew  
The annual promise to renew.  
And summer not far behind  
A time of plenty and peace of mind  
Will yield the season  
To autumn, the reason  
the cycle of the season

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# Broken

broken

Anger has found a staunch friend  
in a heart that beats with foul mood,  
disappointment wins in the end,  
voiced in tongue fierce and rude.

hope lays battered and extinguished  
molested by tempered abhorrence,  
dreams crushed and relinquished  
butchered by savage intolerance.

There is no prosthesis for broken spirit,  
We must all heal ourselves.  
Life is better with you in it  
Reject the hate which love dispels

Spanner Thegob



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# Eulogy, 'told You I Was Ill'

eulogy

In the fog of declining years  
Shed no more those silent tears

The heart awakens all our senses,  
And hides the hurt with old pretenses.  
Life surrenders to a timid death,  
Extinguished with a laboured breadth.

Say no prayers, I do not fear it,  
Send no flowers for a departed spirit.

Place my body on the pyre,  
Release my spirit in the fire.

Scatter my ashes all around,  
Do not inter me in uncaring ground

And sitting in your solitude  
Well wishers will intrude,

Tell them,  
Do not mourn me, I will be free,  
But fondly say, You used to know me.

Spanner Thegob

# Beautiful People

The beautiful people  
(Heaven is a home with love  
Hell is love without a home)

Which ever way the wind blows  
Dictates the consensus.  
all the righteous people arose  
And bleat like sheep.  
false, smug,  
Pretentious.

Opinion, bought and paid for,  
Moral Outrage on cue,  
Make the sheep jump and roar,  
perform as they are regulated to do.

false people.

which misleader to follow now?  
Make the deceiver matter  
Whose influence to allow?  
Elevate those who seek to flatter,

false people.  
shallow people.

It makes monsters of us all  
This need to comply, conform.  
Obedience for acceptance  
Has this become the norm?

false people.  
shallow people.  
Little people.

Spanner Thegob

# Winters Retreat

winters retreat

daffodils dance in a spring breeze  
Like revellers at a drug fuelled rave,  
Perfectly rigid, they bend with ease,  
Do they know the pleasure they gave.

A host of jaundiced narcissus  
Add colour to a monochrome day  
Make the day auspicious  
Replace the winter grey.

Spring will banish the mask of the wraith  
winter surrender it's hold  
The spirit soars, Have a little faith  
The new replaces the old

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# **Born live die**

Born free, live fast, Die young

We found beauty in a quiet moment,  
we paused in prayer.for Atonement.

This is no place for happy laughter,  
Sadness, anguish.what comes after,

here to dry a mothers Tears,  
Comfort woe and desperate fears.

Casket carried past the door  
Buried in clothes you never wore

With little time left to pray  
The fathers tears cleanse the way

Make your peace with your redeemer,  
The final Journey of a dreamer,

Spanner Thegob

# Obtrectation

## OBTRECTATION

No man wears grief better than I,  
Hides hurt from common view,  
slights and barbs show no effect  
no doubt, their words are true.

I teach myself to forget.

Learn, to misremember.

Train myself to be tough,  
Feed the Savage and starve the tender  
Heart which blisters from the past.

To feed the fury,

And revenge at last.

Rejecting offer of Frail amend  
To come at last  
To chaos end,

My truth is all I have.  
I plead for no forgiveness.

I have laid my weapons down  
eternal truth shall be my witness.

Spanner Thegob

# The Universe Beyond

## THE UNIVERSE BEYOND

If you be a true friend,  
Grant my petition at my end.  
Do not mourn me at the alter,  
But be present while I falter,  
look past the moon To the universe beyond,  
seek the wisdom The cosmos has spawned,  
Make sense of this infinite emptiness,  
Keep me from intorelable loneliness.  
Protect me from my secret sorrow.  
That I may witness A bright tomorrow,  
sun will rise to light the world,  
To illuminate a way dim and pearled  
By dew upon a dampened earth,  
And all the While avian cherubs herald days Rebirth.  
Melancholia in the summertime  
Can Make you die before your time.

Spanner Thegob

# Lost In The Moment

## LOST IN THE MOMENT

As the Sun beats down on an ungrateful world.  
I stare at an empty sky.  
Blue and azure,  
I'm reassured  
As a lonely cloud drifts by.  
Heat shimmers on a sultry day,  
Sweat shines on a russet brow  
Eyes squinting to see the way  
Calloused hand steer the plough.  
Faded shirt, old boots, and me.  
all so much older now.

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