

Poetry Series

SPC Kellaway
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

SPC Kellaway()

A Taste Of Your Love

A bright summer morning greets me with a shower of light
I watch you sleeping, breathing softly, lost in your dreams
I long to capture the moment in a locket close to my heart

The sun warm on my back, I sit by the window, as in homage
worshipping your beauty, your magic, your essence, your spirit
and in that frozen moment in time, I know I will always love you

The curtains moving slightly in a gentle breeze of overwhelming silence
I quietly pray, asking that this scene could last an eternity of seasons
like an old Master's canvas, etched on the ceiling of my existence

You turn and move, not waking from your untroubled consciousness
I am smothered by the need to hold you close, to confirm your reality,
but constrained by the splendour of the picture, I freeze and wait

Comforted by my immeasurable devotion and everlasting adoration,
knowing that within minutes you will wake, and grasp the day;
and once more I will live again, fulfilled by the taste of your love

SPC Kellaway

All I Could See

She was all I could see....

A vision of beauty
Born of a realism
lost in our time
My love still growing
She had to be mine

Each day our eyes meeting
But I as a stranger
was all she saw
My love still growing
I had to have more

Her life a secrecy
I hoped for clarity
that never came
My love still growing
Every day the same

I knew we were fated
I thought it was proper
to be in tune
My love still growing
I prayed to the moon

But then she was taken
My heart truly broken
all torn and cold
My love was dieing
Her memory old

She was all I could see...

SPC Kellaway

Being A Poet

'You are a poet' he said, 'How does that feel? '

Like nothing on earth, I think, like I am bleeding words
It calms my system, but fires my imagination

It loses me in worlds of far reaching desperation
But sends me joyous, flying through the stars

It is as painful as losing someone close
Or as happy as welcoming a new born son

How I strain for that finished word or meaning
Then rejoice in gaining a simple rhyme

It is like opening my fractured heart for all to see
Yet it feels so good to share the depth of pain

It is all consuming and it bares my tortured soul
While bringing peace and happiness at my lowest ebb

It is like being sad or happy and not knowing which it is
It is my whole life but has no part in my existence

Nothing can beat the feeling of a dam bursting flow of words
But who can know the frustration of a blank page or line

Being a poet is a punishment and a reward for life's many paths
And how does it feel? Above everything else? Free and alive!

SPC Kellaway

Boy Soldier

He wears his heart upon his tunic sleeve
His buttons gleaming gold and bright
But in his eyes you see the ache
The need to prove his worth
The need to join the fight

It does not matter where the battle is
For he has faced the mightiest foe
And in his mind the job is done
But still his age belies the tale
He has to fight, he has to go

His mother cries in fear of future loss
She knows his strength of will
Not for him the easy path
Nor the armoured ride
Danger, he will have his fill

Yet in his early days he was so shy
No urge to strive, no need to fight
He wanted peace to grow
He wanted time to love
No death was in his sight

Yet later he would find his faults
And yearn to put them right
In search of only honour
He dreams of glory still
Seeking love with all his might

In time his quest will be fulfilled
He will see his future fate
But will it be the one
He hopes to cease and take
Or just one fight too late

SPC Kellaway

Clouds Of Fate

I need to tell my story
I need to get it right
To tell you what has made
formed and shaped me

A tale of love and hurt and
many twists and turns.
Living every moment alive to
every psychic burst of fate

Riding high above in some ethereal
current of long lost beliefs I am
what my essence dictates, although
sometimes the mystery thins and is lost

I love as I have been loved
I fear as I have been feared, but with every
inch of passion and uniqueness I cry out
'I am the true and lone host of my mind'

It is my dedication to the cause of humanity
that shapes my soul and consumes my spirit
leaving nothing untouched or unaffected by
the struggle that taunts my lonely heart

You as a fleeting guest in my storybook life
cause ripples of concern along the daily route
but detours are the only order of the day as I
absorb and learn my lesson, and travel ever on

Mankind believes its place amongst the heavens
is preset, lofty and full of power and meaning
yet we are but seeds upon a prairie wind, floating
and waiting to touch the glorious earth once more

Direction is not our place to set in the universe
of lost souls and detached visions and dreams
We only have the rights over our own mentality
and its perception, in a sea of misunderstanding

So back to me and the meaning of my life
Is it predetermined or at the mercy of the breeze?
Does it really matter if I ever know the reason for
every doubtful thought and misplaced deed?

Do I crave an understanding like some crazed deity?
Or do I simply feed the flow, surfing the days of
unlimited opportunity and accept a lift wherever?
Maybe I already know the answer and so do you.

SPC Kellaway

Coming Out

Tender days of yearning, longing to be free
Love amongst the school books, crying out his name
What was this teenage worship, how did I want him so
Was this to be my future, was I to join the foe

Would I be one so bullied different from the norm
Trapped in a world of bias, hiding all my feelings
Forever as a shadow, creeping through the night
Alive and just existing but only deep inside

Needing to gain acceptance by putting on an act
Never being truly me or saying this is what I am
Learning to avoid the questions, smile and look away
But longing for the truth to rise and surface still

What kind of society and race will treat its kind this way
Shun them and belittle as if it were their fault
Even to rage and preach, as though it was a sin
To honour, love and cherish a fellow human being

How cruel the righteous ones reading from the book
Who condemn and speak of evil and they the men of god
Well I know true my spirit and faith is on my side
He will not forsake me I feel his love so strong

I am what I am, another story goes
And this is now the essence of how I am to be
I will hold my head up and brave the cruel words
For I have pride and courage enough for you and me

SPC Kellaway

Days

Wild days

Quiet peaceful 'me' days

Family happy together days

Sad desperate gloomy days

Days of our youth

Days of our life

Days of too many hours

Days of too few

Wonderful exciting days of love and smiles

Hugely demanding days of stress and anger

Silent remembering days of solitude and thought

Calm restful days of peace and content

These are the days of our lives

Days to forget and days to always remember

Days of humanity and those of dogged misfortune

Days of pure chance from the mixed bag of fate

This is the time we spend as a part of history

We matter to a few but affect so many

The essence of what we are is infinite

So make the most of it and LIVE!

SPC Kellaway

Divided World

Empty streets of desolation
Boarded up houses standing alone
Factory buildings padlocked and empty

Forgotten men recalling better times
Times when they had a future
a job, some money to spare

Engineers and skilled workers
Head bowed and forlorn
Lining up for their pennies

Families dreading an empty Christmas
Mothers mending worn out clothes
Kids sensing their parents fears

Lonely hearts on lonely corners
their immortality dancing away
seeking bread, soup and comfort

Grey faces staring at a grey sky
seeking a glimmer through the gloom
proud nations standing alone

University leavers sweeping roads
with broken promises and no hope
education, disillusion, desolation

These are the barren years
and the world has turned
Please peace try again

SPC Kellaway

Global Warning

Here's to the people who starve and toil
The homeless child in threadbare clothes
An aging granny with lonely eyes

Here's to the people who we soon forget
The gaunt young man with his awkward gait
The blind old man locked in his house

Here's to their suffering and their loss of life
We know they are there but they're out of sight

Here's to the family grieving for their son
The drugs that maim and shatter and stun
The girl in the cheap skirt selling herself

Here's to those who have no hope
The woman with numbered days remaining
A rotting corpse forgotten at home

Here's to the pain and the stark depression
Empty eyes no longer crying
Born into squalor and no escape

Here's to those fighting and dieing
For good, bad or indifferent causes

Here's to a future if you have one

SPC Kellaway

Going First....

Remember me when you grow old
Recall my smile and nerve so bold
Don't forget my love and passion
Nor my style and lack of fashion

Look at scenes of times gone by
Funny haircuts, me so shy
Times of innocence hope and joy
Love at first sight, girl meets boy

Live again our days together
Summer nights and stormy weather
Hours of picnics, meals and talking
Sunny beaches, seagulls squawking

Hear once more our children's laughter
Tales of happy ever after
Tears of joy and tears of sorrow
Striving hard for their tomorrow

If I could have our time again
It would, of course, be just the same
Goodbye sweet love, my heart is breaking
Forget me not but keep on living

I will stay with you all your days
Helping you through in many ways
Until our paths cross one more time
Then you will be forever mine

SPC Kellaway

I Met Her There

I met her there
She crossed my path
It was a miracle

I loved her then
She mocked my tie
It was amazing

I dreamt she left
She ran away
It was frightening

I knew her aunt
She wore a wig
It was outrageous

I found her purse
She drank my wine
It was sparkling

I cried for hours
She danced in Mame
It was choreographed

I adored her shadow
She wept at bluebells
It was so humbling

I grew her artichokes
She knew a Lord
It was aristocratic

I need her still
She died of Aids
It was so tragic

SPC Kellaway

Lessons In Love

Your eyes said it all, there were no words
I had no excuse, I had no defence
A moment of madness, but still I knew

Knew I had wronged you, knew it was me
But still I was blameless, another's fault
The other had tempted me, she was the one

You sat there crying, wringing your hands
Silence so full of feeling it cut me deep with
layers of our love slipping away in every tear drop

I tried to tell you it meant nothing at all
Told you it was just fun, and nothing else
Talking and talking, digging a hole

I was young and a fool and knew nothing at all
I lived for the moment and thought you would always
be there to pick up the pieces when I needed you to

You slapped me quite hard and I felt the pain
but I thought it was the most I really deserved
and you would forget and all would be fine

Now I know differently, a few years have passed
You are no longer mine, and of course never were
I owned just your love and that I just spurned

SPC Kellaway

Life Of A Poet

I never wanted to be famous, I never looked for fame
I always hoped for understanding, to play the rhyming game

I write from life's experiences, in an empathetic way
Not supporting any cause or claim, just meaning what I say

I am human, I am man, I am just like any other
I write when the feeling takes me, and sometimes I don't bother

Am I the people's legend, a genius, an icon, or just another fool?
Is it challenge that drives me onward, as I strive to look street cool?

We all think we are special, in some private sort of way
But we fail to see the merit as others often may

These are only words that torrent from our brains
But we must see the reality, the truth, and all the gains

For we are the chosen few, and we carry a heavy load
We will never write for pennies, pounds, or even gold

But we do become the voice of all those deaf and dumb
We express what others face, then suffer and succumb

So cherish your gift, believe and praise be to it
For you are honoured like no others, you are a poet!

SPC Kellaway

Life's Sweet Rainbow

Take the west road over
the glittering green hills of your youth

Add the blue azure morning sky
that reflects your family love

Shadow the edges with deep crimson
for the lust of the awakening years

Look for the dazzling sunlit orange
of those early romantic dreams

Relive the crisp yellow spring
of those playful childhood days

Dance with the black of those
dark and dismal times of despair

Breathe in the vibrant blue green
of the fast flowing river of fate

Search again for the deep violet flowers
that bear the coffin away

Dwell amongst the earthy browns
of a depressing wet autumn day

The colours of life are our foundation
the essence of our vision

They spread their story to our spirit
and shape its being

We are all born 'white'
but how colourful we become

SPC Kellaway

Long And Winding Love

I am one
I lifted her up
as if I were a God
and she was my angel
We explored our lives together
Expressions of our journey
uncomplicated by a multitude of change
Happy days of laughter,
smiles and enjoyment
Sad days of crying,
frowns and despair
Growing together to become entwined
as if a shadow of each other
Always believing
this was our true place in time
Never once questioning
the commitment of two souls in harmony
We started every day in sunshine
living each hour to the full
Both sensing each others thoughts
like a magical string linking our minds
It was as if
I would never be alone again
My quest finished and the
holy grail discovered at last
She became my life and
we shared passionate nights
and thoughtful days
Never once doubting we would
grow grey and tired together
Perhaps we were blinded by our love
but we did have our love
and that will never disappear

SPC Kellaway

Lost In Myspace

Most of the kids I grew up with are dead now
Seemingly hopeless they aren't here now
Thinking that life had deserted them
They looked for an early exit

Kieran loved to bully, fight and hurt
Just like the way his father treated him
The violence he lived with every day
Finally beat him with a sharp knife in a dark alley

Kelly was a slut, well that's what everyone said
But her quest for love and affection began as soon
As she was raped at the age of twelve by her uncle
Still looking for that lost trust, she died of Aids

Ken was a loner, just because he was different
Born with a stutter that scarred his life
He sought to find solitude wherever he could
The needle he found gave him that isolation for all time

Kim was a genius born with a high IQ
Pushed by her parents further than she wanted to go
Her mind left the rails and went awol
She left us one day and we miss her a lot

Kevin was my best friend and he loved life
But that fun outer wrapper hid his real self
So insecure in reality he always needed a boost
The bottle, his friend, caused the tragic accident

We are all human and we all want to survive
But some of us are not as strong as others
Next time you pass one of those weaker than us
Spare a thought for Ken, Kieran, Kelly, Kevin and Kim

SPC Kellaway

Lost Souls

James finds his way through dark icy roads
Deep in his thoughts of long lost happiness
Two years on the streets, his birthday approaches
Soon to be fifteen on a lonely Christmas Day
Older in mind than he will ever become
He has seen the darkness in too many eyes
The peace that he seeks avoids his path
He finds his quarry in a desolate doorway
A desperate man with a loathsome need
In a brief five minutes that seems like an hour
The boy walks away with silent tears
Clutching the money so tight in his hand
His young shoulders carrying the world
How much longer can he bear the weight?
Near the hostel where the light shines bright
Two wait in silence like vultures of the dark
They sense his presence before he appears
And in his weakened state he has no fight
They flee the scene with just 5 golden coins
Torn from his hand as his life drains away
He becomes a statistic on an ER file
Another runaway for the inside pages
A forgotten name in a forgetful world
We will never remember him
Happy Christmas?

SPC Kellaway

No Place Like Alone

Days of solitude lost in a sea of anguish
I vent my feelings on every passing soul and spirit.
The wizard of my strength and will,
has lost his magic touch amidst a blizzard of indecision. □

I stutter aimlessly like a motorcycle trying to start,
and failing, decide to push myself towards the hill,
directly to my very own destruction.

Deepening my ever present depression, I leap upon
the flowering trumpets of the yellow spring flowers,
pounding them to death for daring to smile.

Their crushed petals continue to stare back at me
from every peculiar angle and I lose my nerve and run,
screaming inwardly, to the safety of my domestic haven.

Entering I can sense the gaze of countless eyes from
every alcove and shelf, but no human is there to see my
panic. Every room echoes with the heavy sound of silence
and I shout my name to prove I am still living.

Then like a sign from God the phone rings and some contact
with humanity is heralded as if to answer some long lost call to
arms. Expectantly I push the green button of connection and
hear a recorded voice; a machine congratulating me on my success,
Grinning uncontrollably I hurl the dreaded bearer of good
news to its overdue demise.

Arguing with myself I see the unopened mail lying like basking
sharks upon the mat. Running over I look for some outward sign
of human kind upon the starched white paper; perhaps some
spidery script of a maiden aunt, inviting me to spend the Easter
at her Brighton home, or the perfumed scent of an earlier episode
in my life of peril on the sea of love.

But no, all are printed from a machine that signs, stamps and
even writes my name as if it knows me well. I shudder
violently and drop them for fear I will be infected by the very

lack of human force that so directed these missiles of doom.

Staggering backwards I stumble bilaterally across two chairs
and sit troubled upon the floor, failing to understand the
consequence of my lonely vigil and slowly hour by hour
lose the will to live.

SPC Kellaway

One World, One Child

Born within a liberal society, a child of his age
he seeks his place amongst the surge of humanity
his many steps, both confident and uncertain, feed his doubts,
striving to hide his essence in a multitude of living tastes

A beacon to those that favour despair and distrust
his harmony of caring makes him special but much too vulnerable
and his retreat into a crab shell house of embarrassment becomes
a welcome haven of warmth, safety and escape

A gentle nature from a placid soul dictates his fate
but in a bitter world of discord, will he see his path
every day becoming blurred and mysterious
not for him is life a stage, more a forbidden fruit

His smile it lights the sky on a grey filled morn
a mask that hides his fear and innocence of mind
he is the child in a grown up charity of hate,
his world trembles and hears his heartbeat

He will live a full span but be never truly content,
the essence of all our dreams and thoughts
a lost soul amongst an ocean of hope and love
he will be himself, his true purpose must prevail

SPC Kellaway

Questions In Shadow

Too many broken promises
Too many doors block the truth
My life is a worn out recipe
of something that never was cooked
Feelings that often gave chase
on the beautiful face of a child
are now deeply buried and hidden
neath the dust and the cobwebs of age
Of what I was once is now missing
lost in a multitude of lies
with mislaid sanity gazing
into empty eyes of dread
Insecurity feels like a shadow
following every small step
Am I really the face that confronts me
in any reflection I catch
Who is it behind that dense smokescreen
the one I prepare and display
Can I ever be what dreams envisage,
or be damned as another lost soul.
Life is a collection of questions
so many to doubt or to fear
Hope is my only salvation
Peace my only true friend
When will I reach my utopia?
Sooner then later,
or never?

SPC Kellaway

Remember Me

How will you remember me? How will you recall my life?

Think of me at 22; impossibly handsome and in full flow
Tearing at life as a bloodhound at a fresh new scent

Or recall my innocent teenage days, freckled and shy
Unsure of my place in the world but so, so eager to find it

Maybe my youngest days; fair-haired and chubby face
Resting in my mothers arms of love and protection

Then perhaps my paternal self; proud and always worried
Unsure if I could ever accept the challenge and succeed

How about the years when love was all I could be
We were two separate people but we walked as one

Those were the times when I and every atom was alive
Remember me as I was then and not as I am now

Now gaunt and frail and in my final hours, a living frame
Stripped of the life force and all I achieved in life

There is no dignity in death, as others wipe your tears
There is no stirring speech or witty final words

The leaking mouth, the rasping breath do not reflect my years
So rejoice in what I was and forget this empty skin

Go back in time and picture me at my glorious best
And you will see the real me, the one to remember

SPC Kellaway

Sanctuary

Eternal waves shimmering away to the hills
Born of a different world, perfect in light and depth
Green suave of ageless symmetry on flanking guard
A myriad of tales lost in the emergence of time
Exciting the spirit, dissolving the pain

A place of solitude but a retreat from the deceit of mankind
Towers of elderly arboreal soldiers delight the senses
Menacing in the twilight gloom but reassuring in the fable of life
Exotic varieties of some far away shore, patrol the steep elevations
Lost in my own mind I reach out for those distant territories

On the distant horizon the sky reaches out to embrace the rugged hills
The land dark and ominous, the sky bright and acquiescent
A counterfeit marriage that appeases all doubts of history
A partnership beyond time and understanding, contrite and chastened
Nonsensical thoughts now calming the virtuous and conventional

My daily denials now censured by the tranquillity and serenity
An atmosphere dispassionate and engaged with nature
Is this my saintly grail that all have sought and never found?
Is this the place that feels most like home or just a mythical illusion?
At least for now sanctury is found, and the healing can begin.

SPC Kellaway

The Orphan

I was a child of distance, an independent soul
Unaware of questions, uncertain of my role
Never fitting in, to any given box
Like a ragamuffin, wearing two odd socks

I dreamed of being someone, dreamed of power and fame
Longed for love and comfort, hoped to play the game
Looked a bit like Mickey, with stick-out pointy ears
Laughed at every hurtful joke, to hideaway the tears

A disenchanted childhood, born of toil and gloom
Lost in days of darkness, no chance to grow and bloom
I sensed my life was destined to have an early end
Never really hoping my heart would ever mend

Then suddenly the sunshine arrived one winter's day
A couple full of loving, who came to me to say,
'Would I like to live with them, as if I were their son? '
It seemed just like a raffle, and knowing I had won

Of course I gave my blessing, a dream had just come true
A miracle had happened, and my love for them just grew
I will always be so grateful, in happy times and sad
To the two who were my saviours, and became my mum and dad.

SPC Kellaway

The Path Of Light (Desiderata 2006)

Keep on searching for your peace and always look for love
remembering that life is a journey that is over far too quickly

Measure each success from within, without pride or arrogance
making sure you leave only memories and joy, not hate or regret

Help those around you feel safe and protected,
because fear is our main predator which can consume you

Delight in each passing sunrise; each plaintive bird song
and never forget to wonder and ask the questions of time

In all your travels greet others with understanding and compassion
without presuming of their attitude and state of mind

At all times believe that the only person you have to prove anything to,
is yourself, and your God, and he will understand whatever the result

Smile at those sent to tempt or hinder you, as they have lost their way
and resolve to assist them to regain the path to their peace

Do not waste energy on wanting things you do not have; always
be calm and at peace, looking for joy in all that surrounds you

For every moment in time be truthful to your own identity;
do not paint a façade that belongs to another, as you will be found out

Continue on this path without deviation and falter, with your eyes straight ahead
and then, be assured, that final step will be the greatest of all

SPC Kellaway

The Soul Of A Poet

I see my tainted history, lest we forget
what ails this troubled mind. In jest I
sing my garbled tales of lost tomorrows
and step too far across the precipice of fate.

I strum my mute guitar to thousands of hidden
voices, strangled by the bewitching tremor
of a stormy sea of discontent and fear, and
counting backwards, become deaf once more.

I find a peace in a torrent of unmistakable
decisions, and wallow long and deep amongst the
angry golden butterflies who seem indifferent to
a multitude of sins and wanton crimes of passion.

I leave my energy awash with static eccentricity but
wander in a field of ceaseless harmony, smiling and
laughing uncontrollably as if my mouth has gained it's
independence and left that place for freedom and nobility.

I carry a torch for every cowering moonbeam whose
luminescent light will travel less than I do in a nano
second of pure thought, believing, as I do, that it is not
the taking part that is the aim nor the tide that turns.

I become once more the beast that I am not and the hope
that flees to find it's true hostility, beckons quietly and
not inconceivably towards a lost tribe of tortured spirits.
I accept the hidden tribute and gently weep the bile away.

SPC Kellaway

Victim

Sometimes I feel it was my fault
Perhaps it was something I said
Sometimes I wake from a nightmare
Reliving it again in my head

Sometimes I need to be hurting
Feeling the pain once again
Sometimes cutting my own skin
Is the only thing keeping me sane

Sometimes I wish I was not me
Because I hate me so much
Sometimes I need to be hiding
Out of harms way, out of touch

Sometimes I need to seek refuge
In any drug I can take
Sometimes floating outside me
Dulls the pain and the terrible ache

Sometimes I think I'll get better
A new life without any grief
Sometimes I find I am serving
A sentence that has no relief

SPC Kellaway