

Poetry Series

Tim Kitchen
- poems -

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Tim Kitchen()

It was certainly a new experience for me when I first started writing Poetry. I remember my father Fred Kitchen had written numerous poems, so maybe it's in my genes. I certainly was not a person who appreciated poetry at all, to be honest. However, I do take a lot of pleasure from listening to and reading the lyrics of songs. I will never be a Wordsworth or a Taupin but none of us should be afraid of just being ourselves and doing things our own way. I think this love of lyrics has influenced my preference for rhyme.

Although I didn't actually start writing poetry until well into middle age, it has certainly given me a fulfilment I would never have thought possible. My inspiration comes from a variety of directions but it would be wrong of me to offer too much explanation. I believe people read a poem or listen to the words of a song and relate to it in their own way.

My poems had not been read outside of my own family and I thought they might not be good enough to be honest, for me to go public with them. But I took the plunge and decided to go public via the internet. My wife had shown me an advert in a local paper for submissions to an poetry magazine. It resulted in two of my poems being published and me receiving some confidence boosting encouragement. Making me realize my poems might actually be worth reading. So I started using poetry websites and at last I'm being read and accepted as a poet. At the same time I'm now enjoying poetry written by other like minded people.

Tim

A Better Way (Song For The Reduntant Man)

Now they don't want me, now they don't care
might just as well go back to bed, up those wooden stairs.
They took it all away from me, everything I knew
now it's all gone and there's nothing I can do.
I wondered if it would happen, ever happen to me
and now that it has, the future's hard to see.
There has to be a reason, why it's me this time
don't think I want to know, just want to save my mind.

Maybe there's a better way, a better way to be
maybe it's out there waiting, waiting there for me.
Got to try to find it, got to take the time
see if I can find a way, to make the future mine.

Life is very different now, with no place to go
some days I'm fine, others times I'm low.
My thoughts remind me, of what I left behind
on a sad and lonely day, which often comes to mind.
But I must take a look, at what's before me now
to see if I can try, to start again somehow.
Maybe follow a dream, is something I should do
and find somewhere else to be, where I can see it through.

Maybe there's a better way, a better way to be
maybe it's out there waiting, waiting there for me,
Got to try to find it, got to take the time
see if I can find a way, to make the future mine.

Tim Kitchen

A Certain Smile

It was on my regular walk, when I first saw her
with her beautiful red hair, flowing in the breeze.
A lovely young girl, in her teens
always happy to smile at me
and to say hello.
She was a little younger then.

Now when I see her, she has the look of a woman
and a young man holds her hand.
I saw them both walking towards me the other day
coming from the woods nearby.
His face a little flushed and her hair still lovely,
but rather ruffled.

They both seemed a little self conscious
when they passed by me
and as she said hello,
she seemed to look different,
as she gave me a certain smile,
something I'd not seen for a long time.

Tim Kitchen

A Coin For My Pocket.

A coin for my pocket sir
for something to eat?
with no mum and dad
we beg on the street.
Not eaten for two days
my little sister and me.
A coin for my pocket sir
for a warm cup of tea?

A coin for my pocket miss
to get shoes for our feet?
We haven't got a penny
or anywhere to sleep.
Our feet are really sore
without shoes they bleed.
A coin for my pocket miss
for something we need?

Here is the money mum
from begging on the street.
Got a lot of coins today
from fooling who we meet.
They give us their money
in the old marketplace.
Taking pity on my sister
with her grubby little face.

Tim Kitchen

A Day Or Two

Your treatment is done
you will soon be home.
Just take it easy now
and be sure to phone.

You have to stay there
for just a day or two.
And I will miss you
you know that is true.

While I am here
just on my own.
Home just doesn't
feel like home.

But you will be back
in just a day or two.
Back here for me
to look after you.

So don't you worry
whatever you do.
And just remember
how much I love you.

Tim Kitchen

A Friend In Me

I see a loneliness in your eyes
and I don't know what to do
I know you'd like to be different
but then you wouldn't be you.

You just want to be the same
as your friend's appear to be
but you need never feel alone
when you have a friend in me.

Sometimes when we're together
I see the sunshine in your face
then something takes your mind
to a different and darker place.
Perhaps I say something wrong
or maybe it's other things too
but if you talk to me, I will listen
and bring the sunlight back to you.

It's not easy to be so young
and have worries like you do

you feel different to all of us
but mostly we're just like you.
So don't you hide from your life
just live it the best you can do
and if I'm near, let my smile
find the happiness there in you.

Tim Kitchen

A Lifetime Together

How quickly the time has passed
since the day you became my wife.
After all this time it feels as though
we've been together all of my life.
They have been mostly good years
the difficulties have been few.
And the best thing I have ever done
is to fall in love with you.

Now we have reached a special time
a celebration of a lifetime together.
We just want our life and love
to go on and just last forever.
You know how much I love you
and what you mean to me.
So I just want to wish you now
a happy anniversary.

Tim Kitchen

A Love That Came To Stay

Some people stay together, some don't even try
some just don't know how to, some just don't see why.
They don't believe in love, because someone broke their hearts
now they say goodbye to love, before it even starts.

They wonder how we feel this way, after all the years
still in love with each other, with more laughter than there's tears.
They find it hard, to believe, we can be this way
maybe they just never had, a love that came to stay.

Perhaps if they found someone, who could mend a broken heart
that very special someone, then they would never part.
They would be loved by someone, for more than just a day
then maybe too they would know, a love that came to stay.

Tim Kitchen

A Prayer At Christmas.

Children snuggled up in their beds
trying to rest those sleepy heads.
Listening out for sleigh bell noise
as Santa delivers Christmas toys.

Excited children, wrapping paper torn
opening presents on Christmas morn.
Pretty lights glistening on the tree
it's how we like Christmas to be.

But say a prayer at Christmas for
those caught up in a world of war.
Living lives ruled by conflict and hate
in places they just want to escape.

For those without a proper home
and anyone struggling to live alone.
People who live with a troubled mind
where happiness is so hard to find.

So eat your Turkey, drink some wine
dance and be joyful, have a good time.
And say a prayer at Christmas too
for those less fortunate than you.

Tim Kitchen

Alice

As Alice arrives at the Hospital door
a couple smile and say hello.
The girl who is heavy with child
asks which way they should go.

Alice leans over to reach him
to kiss him for one last goodbye.
A silent tear rolls down her face
as with sadness she begins to cry.

They'd been together a very long time
thinking they had more years to come.
But illness came and frailty ensued
now their life together is done.

After some time by his bed, she left
and on hearing a noise she smiled.
Coming from a nearby maternity suite
it was the cry of a new born child.

She sees the same couple as before
next morning when collecting his things.
And smiles, as she sees their baby boy
as one life ends, and a new one begins.

Tim Kitchen

All I Need Is You

Quiet meal, just the two of us
is something we still like to share.
It's always easier to be ourselves
when no one else is there.

Slow dance, is still our favourite dance
you and I together, me holding you near.
While you listen as I softly whisper
words of love in your ear.

Gentle passion, that's how we want it
when you share your love with me.
Still romantic and always tender.
That's how we like it to be.

Night falls and you share my pillow
feels good holding you close like I do
Dawn breaks and then you kiss me
and I know, all I need is you.

Tim Kitchen

Borderline

A little boy sits in a prison cell
in a land across the sea
everyone knows he is innocent
but nobody sets him free.

There are children down in Africa
whose bodies know only pain
not knowing when they will eat again
or why the bad men came.

Terrorists are in every corner
of the world today
they speak of God and use their bombs
and take good people away.

Someone is lying wounded
a victim of a war
wondering where the love is
that's supposed to save us all.

Why does it have to be this way
does anyone really know
my faith is on the Borderline,
and doesn't know where to go.

Tim Kitchen

Bright Eyes

You were always there to welcome me, if I came to call
and I'd reach out to touch you, as you sat there in the hall.
Happiness was yours, just watching the children play
just like sleeping and eating, an important part of your day.

When I sat in the chair, you'd climb upon my knee
and with those bright eyes of yours, turn to look at me.
After a while you'd climb back down, heading for the door
going outside into the night to explore a little more.

You were always happy, when I took you in my arms
I could never help falling, for all your little charms
And wherever I go in my life and whatever I may do.
I'll never meet another cat, more beautiful than you.

Tim Kitchen

Children No More

A picture hangs on my wall
it's a photograph taken by me
of two little girls by the riverside
fishing there with me.

One is fishing with her home made rod
that her Grandpa made
the other with her little net
for which her pocket money paid.

They didn't catch any fish that day
not even a tiddler or two
but they still had a happy day
and their picture taken too!

They're grown up now Children no more
though one at home still stays
the other has gone away
to live her student days.

They always loved the riverside
and being there with me
but if they had a special place
it was being by the sea.

Now sometimes I walk across a beach
and my mind plays tricks on me
I can hear their little voices shout
'we're playing in the sea! '

I see their smiling faces
happy on the beach
and little footprints in the sand
made by their tiny feet.

They're grown up now Children no more
living life's laughter and tears
and I wonder if they still remember
those special childhood years.

Tim Kitchen

Children Of Our Time

They look up above to the skies
with their young and innocent eyes.
Little children not really knowing
where their young lives are going.
Some are born of kings and queens
others just of people with dreams.
Some are born into families so poor
others destined for riches and more.

Adolescence will arrive out of the blue
their bodies will change, they will too!
Many will become technology slaves
and adopt some rather strange ways.
Boys will see girls, in a different light
and dream of them deep into the night.
Boys will wear clothing with a hood
girls will say they're misunderstood.

They'll be arrogant, just wanting fun
a bit like us, when we were young.
Some may learn from what they see
in the ways of people like you and me.
But they all deserve a chance in life
even just to be a good husband or wife.
To find happiness in whatever they do
and to know success and humility too.

Tim Kitchen

Christmas Eve

Door bells ringing, children singing
Christmas songs, just for you.
Joy they bring, with smiling faces
hoping for a coin or two.

Church bells ringing, choirs singing
Christmas carols by candlelight.
As the faithful come to worship
on this special holy night.

Lights are on the Christmas tree
pretty colours reflect on the wall.
Excited little ones, trying to sleep
hoping Santa, will come to call.

In the church they speak of shepherds
and angels coming from above.
Of how Christ was born of Mary
the prince of peace and love.

There are parties, with happy people
who are full of Christmas cheer.
Dancing, singing and laughing
and enjoying their food and beer.

At the church, the mass is over
so the congregation drift away.
Night becomes a new tomorrow.
and at last, it's Christmas day.

Tim Kitchen

Christmas Is Here

Decorations are in shop windows
yuletide music is all we can hear.
Pretty lights shine in the town centre
making it feel like Christmas is here.

Plans are made for friends to meet
to celebrate with food and beer.
Neighbours are putting up trees
making it feel like Christmas is here.

Soldiers have come home on leave
kissing loved ones, shedding a tear.
People travel to be with families
making it feel like Christmas is here.

Children practice the nativity plays
we love so much this time of year.
Choirs can be heard singing carols
making it feel like Christmas is here.

Very soon the turkey will be cooking
for the family meal we hold so dear.
Excited children will open presents
then we'll be saying 'Christmas is here! '

Tim Kitchen

Christmas With You

Christmas is always special
with sounds of a yuletide song.
But so many Christmas Days
have sadly come and gone.

Remember when we were young
and how it used to be?
Those Christmas songs we loved
and danced to, you and me.

Moments of fun and dancing
romantic interludes too.
Happily sharing Christmas
being in love with you.

And constantly I'm reminded
how lucky I must be.
Waking on each Christmas morn
with you next to me.

Now Christmas is here again
with parties and presents too.
But the only thing I really want
is the gift of you.

Tim Kitchen

Close To Me

When I awake from my dreams
on each new day morn
I turn and find you near to me
your body soft and warm.
I take you in my loving arms
and hold you close to me
for I can only face the day
knowing your love for me.

As I go about my days
life's pressures all around
my thoughts drift back to you
and the love that we have found
I think of when you're close to me
and all those things you do
till I just want the time to come
when I'm back home with you.

When the day is over
and I'm lying there with you
I take you in my arms again
feeling love for you
our hearts, entwined as one
two lovers in the night
and I will hold you close to me
until the morning light.

Tim Kitchen

Come On It's Christmas

Come on it's Christmas, let yourself go
plenty of other days for trouble and woe.
It's not always easy to push troubles away
but at least you could try it, just for a day.

Christmas is hard, when your heart is sore
but let all its sparkle, bring light to your door.
With little children's faces beaming so bright
just thinking that Santa, had called last night.

It may take some effort, if you're feeling low
but if you have an invite, for somewhere to go.
Put on your happy face, just for a while
make yourself do it and show them your smile.

So come on it's Christmas, no point being alone
if it gets too much, you can always go home.
I know it's rather easy for all of us to say
but give yourself a break, it is Christmas day.

Tim Kitchen

Distant Footsteps

As I turn the pages of his notebook from the war
I can almost see him sitting there, in the heat of Jubbulpore
a soldier, far away from home, from friends and family
pen and paper in his hands, he sits beneath the tree
writing to the one he loves, careful not to say
anything which might distress her, while he is so far away.

He can hear the distant footsteps of the corporal as he walks
towards him very slowly, troubled by his thoughts
he's the one who must tell him, the news that comes from home
knowing he must reach him, while he is there alone
when at last he reaches him, a tear is in his eye
not knowing if he can tell him, but knowing he must try.

The soldier sat and listened to what the corporal said
finding it hard to understand that his son was dead
his little boy was playing, happily with his toys
not seeing any danger, not hearing any noise
then the tragedy happened, his life was filled with pain
the bombers did their damage, he was taken by the flames.

So the soldier travelled home from that distant land
to comfort the one he loved and guide her by the hand
through all the grief and sadness, which they now must bear
with only little memories, left for them to share
then when his leave was over, he returned to Jubbulpore
to carry out his duties, in the second world war.

When he was back in India he would often be
whenever a quiet moment allowed, sitting beneath the tree
sometimes remembering how his little boy, all cleaned up and ready for bed
would often turn and smile at something his father had said
and each morning when he awoke, he would hope and pray
the ending of the war, was not so far away.

One day he was reflecting on his last time at home
when he and the one he loved, had felt so very alone
and how they comforted each other, with their love, body and soul
knowing their time was precious, as soon he would have to go

it had been so long ago, many months had passed
he just longed for the time to come, when he would be home again, at last.

He could hear the distant footsteps of the corporal as he walked
towards him very slowly, distracted by his thoughts
he's the one who would tell him, the news that came from home
his wife, the one he loved, was no longer there alone
for she now had a baby girl, born on a November day
an answer to the prayers, of a soldier far away.

As I close the pages of his notebook from the war
my eyes are getting weary, sleep is knocking on my door
now I find I'm dreaming and a mist begins to clear
I can hear their distant footsteps and I can see them there
walking side by side, on a path where angels tread
a soldier and a little boy, who turns and smiles, at something his father has said.

Tim Kitchen

Faith

Faith.

My faith was never a beacon of light
more of a flickering candle at night.
My Father's beliefs were always strong
perhaps somehow I got it all wrong.
In spite of those hymns I love to sing
for me it's more a borderline thing.

But I see things in a different way
I don't spend time praying each day.
For me God's love is practical too
shared with others in the things we do.
Through help we give to those in need
whoever they are, whatever their creed.

A man lies bleeding in the dark of night
prayer won't save him and make him alright.
A helping hand will, so that's what I'll do
and he may feel God's love there too.
Maybe I'm right or maybe I'm wrong
but this is how me and faith get along.

Tim Kitchen

Far Away

Oh Laura you are in love, but what can you do
for he has gone so far away, so far away from you.
As you switch on the TV, to see the News at Ten
you start to wonder if you will ever see him again.

As he was driving his army jeep, along the dusty road
there was an explosion ahead, a land mine he was told.
The jeep was hit by the blast as bleeding he hit the ground
but soon he was relieved to see army medics gather around.

And he knew if he'd been a little further ahead
he and the soldiers with him surely would have been dead.
You pick up the phone nervously and listen to what they say
he is injured, but it's just his foot and he's coming home to stay.

Unlike his great uncle long ago, wounded in the First World War
lying in a trench, with mud and rats, seeing things never seen before.
Men around him white with fear, trying to survive the dark of the night
he was weak and cold and his young life ended, just before first light.

Tim Kitchen

Footsteps On The Staircase

Hearing footsteps on the staircase
a young boy is silent in his room,
only moonlight from the window
brightens the darkness and gloom.
His heart beats fast, fear increases
as an angry father opens the door,
staggering drunkenly towards him
to inflict violent cruelty once more.

He packs a bag with some clothes
leaving home in the quiet of night,
stepping out into the cold darkness
hoping he won't be missed till light.
It's not so much the pain and bruises
more that he just can't understand,
how one man can change so much
with a glass of alcohol in his hand.

After months of living on the streets
a stranger came and sat by his side,
knowing his name and who he was
he told him he no longer should hide.
Telling him he knew from someone
all that happened would now cease
his father had gone, never to return
so home was now a place of peace.

The rising sun glows in his room
and he glances over to the door,
everything there still reminds him
of the things that happened before.
Carrying a bag with some clothes
he leaves in the morning light,
his mother reads the note he left
as she wakes from a restless night.

Tim Kitchen

Goodnight Kiss

Living in another world
singing a different song.
Keeps me away from you
it's been for far too long.

So I'll take the early plane
to get back home tonight.
I can't get to sleep anymore
if I can't kiss you goodnight.

Never wanted to go away
but I just thought I should.
Doing things, the best I can
to bring about some good.

I need to be home again
singing a familiar song.
Knowing I am with you
back where I belong.

I'm taking the early plane
to be home with you tonight.
Knowing we'll be together
and I can kiss you goodnight.

Tim Kitchen

Heartbreakers.

Somewhere a heart is breaking
as a young girl is left all alone.
Friends call round to comfort her
as she sits there by her phone.
She's just waiting there for him
in the hope that it's not goodbye
But he's not coming home again
he's leaving her there to cry.

He made the sun shine in her heart
making each day feel fresh and new.
But a cold wind has blown over her
and now grey clouds cover the blue.
Sometimes the young guys out there
can make me ashamed to be a man.
Breaking those young girls hearts
then running as fast as they can.

Tim Kitchen

I Can Still Remember

I can still remember one special day in spring
when I first saw you, wear my wedding ring.
The summer of our love, the beginning of our time
now in the autumn of our love, I'm glad you are still mine.

I can still remember the loveliness of your face
graced by your smile and your warm embrace.
And the years have not changed you or your ways
you are just the same, as you were in those early days.

I can still remember how little we used to have
but as long as we were together, it didn't seem so bad.
And after being away, we'd be happy to be back home
it was still our special place, somewhere to call our own.

I can still remember when the little ones came
gifts you gave to me, children with my name.
And how they grew and found lives of their own
eventually leaving us, to have their own home.

I can still remember when I was first in love with you
and after all the years, I still love you and all you do.
All those years ago I married a lovely young wife
and now I'm married to someone, who is my whole life.

Tim Kitchen

I Missed Them All Today.

I missed my wife today
while she had to be away.
Realised how lonely I'd be
if she wasn't here with me.

Without her love and smile
life wouldn't be worthwhile
I missed my wife today.

I missed my children today
seeing them happily at play.
Sunny days and ice creams
bedtime stories before dreams.

They've grown and moved on
now my little ones are gone.
I missed my children today.

I missed my father today
working Monday to Friday.
Taking us out on Saturday.
preaching in church on Sunday.

Taken from us far too young
long before his life was done.
I missed my father today.

I missed my mother today
busily getting through the day.
Dinner cooking, smelling good
afternoon read when she could.

Never a moan, often a smile
looking after us, all the while.
I missed my mother today.

I missed them all today.

Tim Kitchen

I Remember

I remember as a young man dreaming of falling in love
my dreams were for a special girl made in heaven above
the kind of girl you come by only once in a while
then she walked into my life with her precious smile.

I remember when I first saw her in the middle of the room
next to the dance hall, where we'd dance our love tune
and when we became friends how it was never enough
as I had already fallen in love.

I remember how she smiled when she danced a certain way
and when we became a couple, one September day
I had at last got something in my life so right
I could hold her in my arms, not just in my dreams at night.

I remember when we were married, how it rained and rained all day
but we did not let it spoil our very special day,
I looked back down the aisle, as she came to me dressed in white
and was greeted by her smile, shining through her veil so bright.

I remember how much I loved her, so glad that she was mine,
I remember I gave a promise to love her for all time.
I remember and I will, for no one could love her more
and I'll hold her in this heart of mine, for now and evermore.

Tim Kitchen

I Still Love You

Silver shines in my hair and life is a little slower
I see my reflection everywhere and I see I'm getting older.
But I still love you just like before
when I was a younger man waiting at your door
for you to greet me with a kiss and a smile
and just to be with you, for a little while.

Life is now a slow dance, no more quick-step for me
don't think I'd manage a Tango, a slow waltz it must be.
But I still love you just like before
when I was a younger man on the dance floor
with you in my arms and the music in my ear
young and in love, with the one I held near.

As I get older, there are things that are harder to do
but there is nothing easier than being in love with you.
And I still love you just like before
when I was a younger man just wanting you more
And the future to always be a life of you and me
For there just isn't a better place to be.

Tim Kitchen

I Think Of You

Sometimes when I look up to the stars
shining in the sky.
I ask myself, has anything more beautiful
ever passed before my eyes.

Sometimes when I see the golden glow
of an autumn tree.
I wonder if anything more beautiful
ever stood in front of me.
Then I think of you.

Sometimes when I see a young bird fly
or flowers begin to grow.
I wonder if anything more magical
ever made my heart light glow.

Sometimes when I contemplate
if heaven is like they say.
I wonder how, I would know,
if an angel passed my way.
Then I think of you.

Sometimes when I think of love,
of love so pure and true.
I know I have the best there is
when I think of you.

Tim Kitchen

Intimate Strangers

The poet still writes, the singer still sings
of love, romance and passionate things.
Yet intimate strangers you are today
standing close but seeming far away.
No longer lovers, just husband and wife
but it's not too late to change your life.

Togetherness can be a lonely place
if it's just memories you embrace.
Just you two, the kids have grown
flown the nest for loves of their own.
Seems you've forgotten how to be
two hearts living in harmony.

But you can still be lovers too
it might just take a smile from you.
Some soft music, the lights down low
doesn't matter how far you want to go.
Loving is not reserved for the young
it doesn't have to be a song unsung.

Tim Kitchen

It's My Life I Am Living

Some say I should live
a different kind of way.
Drink and party more
find more time to play.
But I don't want all that
I will do things my way.
It's my life I am living
that's how it will stay.

Others say, strive for better
to be like all the rest.
Have much more ambition
always try to be the best.
That's not what I want
and isn't how it will be.
It's my life I am living
my life belongs to me.

As I get older, life's too short
to be, who I don't want to be.
I won't be someone else
all I want is to be me.
Just to be true to myself
and let my spirit be free.
It's my life I am living
So I will live it as me.

Tim Kitchen

It's Raining

It's raining so hard outside
and the wind is blowing too
As I look out of the window
the dark clouds spoil my view.

I'm feeling a little bit bored
wondering what I can do.
So with my pen, I'm trying
to write a word or two.

I'd like to write a little poem
but I don't know how to start.
I could write about the weather
or just something from the heart.

Maybe I should try really hard
to make my poem rhyme.
But that could be rather difficult
it could take me quite some time.

I wonder if I could write a love poem
but that could be really hard too
Maybe it should be a bit funny
oh I don't know what to do!

You know what, I'm fed up now
my pen is starting to hover.
Writing poetry is far too hard
so I don't think I'm going to bother.

Tim Kitchen

Just For Tonight

Put on soft music, turn down the light
for we are together and alone tonight.
Close the curtains, unplug the phone
just for tonight, lets stay alone.
Come up close, so I can see
there in your eyes, your love for me.
Let my lips caress your face
while we share a warm embrace.
Kiss me tenderly the time is right
for we are together and alone tonight.
Take my hand and lead me to
where I can give my love to you.
Hold your body, close to mine
just for tonight let's make the time.
Set the passion in you free
as you give your love to me.
Stay in my arms, all through the night
for we are together and alone tonight.

Tim Kitchen

Just One Child

Maybe, just one child is all it would take
born into this world of conflict and hate.
To grow up with a voice all men would hear
who would speak of peace, not war and fear.

Someone who would bring the world peace
and encourage all wars and cruelty to cease.
A man, or woman, the world would listen to
I'm just a man with a simple point of view.

But could it be, it's already happened before
and no one will listen to anyone anymore.
Perhaps we just need it all to happen again
but would we just listen and carry on the same.

Tim Kitchen

Just To Be Happy

Just to be happy is all I need
no dreams of ambition or desire to deceive.

Just to be happy with you by my side
with love in my heart and peace in my mind.

Just to be happy in your warm embrace
no need to be cool or win any race.

Just to be happy no grey skies above
the sun always shining down on our love.

Just to be happy my whole life through
knowing I am loved by someone like you

Tim Kitchen

Keep Love's Candle Burning

Someone has left you there all alone
doesn't even bother to pick up the phone.
No more cosy evenings in any more
and no one to welcome you at your door.
But you can find a way to get through
so don't let love's candle burn out on you.

It's hard to face the future with a broken heart
but you'll move on when you're ready to start.
Life will slowly get better, as time goes by
and you can get through this, you just have to try
You can find love again, you know that it's true
so don't let love's candle burn out on you.

I know sometimes you just want to sit down and cry
thinking no one understands how you feel and why.
We all know you have a lot of love to share
and there will be someone for you out there.
So we'll all just keep on loving you like we do
but don't let love's candle burn out on you.

Tim Kitchen

Lady Of The Light

You were always the faithful one
with a saviour in your heart
you had seen the light of the Lord
from the very start.
even in your darkest days
and the autumn of your life
you never lost faith in the Lord
lady of the light.

Now you have left this life
and in us a memory
but we all think of you
and how you used to be
you had been the special one
when you lived your life
with a special kind of love
lady of the light.

And when I look back on life
I often think of you
looking out your window
the way you used to do
watching children go off to school
in the morning light
smiling to the world outside
lady of the light.

Now you are there in Heaven
and back again once more
with those who you had loved
who had to go before
always forever the faithful one
when you lived your life
for you had seen the light of the Lord
lady of the light.

Tim Kitchen

Long Blonde Hair And Eyes Of Blue

The doctor had said she looked tired today
the tests had shown, it wouldn't go away
her looks might go, her living could too
how would she cope, what could she do
she was late arriving for the photo shoot
in her tight blue jeans and high heel boots
the make up artist did her thing
and soon she was ready for anything.

She looked so good as the flash gun fired
with her make up on, she no longer looked tired
the photographer told her what to do
with her long blonde hair and eyes of blue
she knew how to seduce the camera lens
each exposure was her latest friend
it was clear to see she photographed well
even though she just felt like hell.

She knew how to grace a magazine cover
knowing how to look, more than any other
often she would be, the centrefold
in a magazine, that was never under sold
she still always had that look in her eye
even when she wanted, to just sit down and cry
Something had to give, something had to change
it was clear to see, things couldn't stay the same.

But that was then and this is now
there's always a way to survive somehow
gone are the looks that brought her fame
but she earns her living, just the same
now she works as a photographer herself
taking pictures for the magazine shelves
and she knows what to tell the girls to do
with their long blonde hair and eyes of blue.

Tim Kitchen

Lost

It's been a very reasonable day. Just a light shower or two
walking along these country lanes, round each corner, a different view.
But it's getting late now and darkness will soon be here
there's a haunting sound from the wood nearby, I hope it's nothing to fear.
I know I should be thinking of making my way back
and I really did think I was on the right track.
And yet, wherever I seem to look and wherever I seem to roam
I just can't seem to find my way back home.

I've climbed to some higher ground now, such a wonderful view
I can smell the freshness in the air and in the distance, see my home now too.
But it's getting cooler and there's a strange stillness up here
I can almost feel the cold silence, which I hope is nothing to fear.
Now darkness has fallen but in the moon light I can see
a path that I think looks familiar to me.
It leads to a narrow stream, I can cross on a stepping stone
so I can try to find my way back home.

Having waited in the darkness, I can now see in the light dawn brings
I sense all of the beauty of nature around me and I listen as a blackbird sings.
But with the dawn a storm has gathered and above me dark clouds are near
and as the thunder cracks and lightning flashes, I hope there is nothing to fear.
Now I'm feeling lost, tired, wet and cold and like someone who has suddenly
grown old.
And I don't want to be here in this place, any longer on my own
I just want to find my way back home.

There's a shaft of light from an open curtain and it's so bright in my eyes
and the noise from a radio alarm clock catches me by surprise.
As I wake up, the duvet feels warm and comforting against my skin
and there is someone beside me, still sleeping, so I don't say anything.
I look around me and I know I am home
I'm not really somewhere lost and alone.
And of course I realise things are not really as bad as they seem
for I was lost, but only somewhere in a dream.

Tim Kitchen

Loves Light Shining

I've found dark places,
in my mind.
But I've seen the
light there too.
You've been the light
of my life.
Since the day I
first met you.

You shine your light
in my heart.
So I'm never lost
in the dark.
And I can just
look at you.
To see loves light
shining through.

If you've dark places
in your mind.
I will do the
same thing too.
And shine a light
from my heart.
Of all of my
love for you.

I'll shine my light
in your heart.
So you're never lost
in the dark.
And I will just
look at you.
So you see loves
light shining too.

Tim Kitchen

Loving You

When I woke up this morning and I saw you lying there
with the sunlight through the curtains shining in your hair.
I looked at you lovingly, while you lay asleep
then leaned over to kiss you, gently on your cheek.

We sat together at the breakfast table, with talk of the day ahead
as always you had something to say, to help me clear my head.
The phone rang, one of the children, needing you again
you patiently talked and listened to her, taking away her pain.

When I came home in the evening, at the end of a busy day
you were there at the door to meet me, in your usual way.
I'd never seen you more beautiful, in the clothes you wear
I held you close to kiss you, while my hand ran through your hair.

Now as I lay beside you, as you sleep, in the dark of the night
I think how you always bring to my life, so much love and light.
Without your love I would be, like a candle without a flame
for the close ones, who share our love, it would be the same.

Tim Kitchen

Never Quite Alone

Through his time of suffering
you sheltered him from the storm
he knew the love you gave to him
would keep him safe and warm.
He may have only come into your life
for just a little while
but he gave you all his love
with tenderness and a smile.

And although it's with the Angels
he now shares a Heavenly home
with all the love he left you with
you are never quite alone.
For when you're near a playground
on a summer's day
you will hear his laughter in
the children as they play.

And when you hear the wind blow
all those autumn leaves
you will feel his gentleness
drifting through the trees.
When you see the stars
shine in a winter's sky
you will see the twinkle
so often in his eye.

And when you feel the freshness
of each day in spring
you will be so happy
to wear his wedding ring.
When you feed those Badgers
as you often do
you will always remember
he loved them just like you.

Tim Kitchen

On Her Wings.

Not so long ago, the journey of life
became hard and difficult.
a troubled mind made the waters
seem too deep and stormy.
a weakened spirit made the hills
feel steep and hard to climb.
a weary heart made the paths
seem long and endless.
And the land of hope, joy and peace
became distant and impossible to reach.

Then, that special person in my life
took control of my journey,
with her kindness, her patience and her love.
And like an Angel, on her wings
she guided me through the waters
which gradually became shallow and calm
on her wings she carried me up through the hills
and they became easier to climb
on her wings she took me along the paths
and they were long and endless no more.
And now the land of hope, joy and peace,
though still some distance away,
seems to be within reach again.

Tim Kitchen

Photographer

Just give me an aperture
and a shutter speed too
with a bright viewfinder
and a good lens or two.

I'll take some pictures
in fact quite a few
I will almost certainly
take a picture of you.

But not just anyhow
I like to take my time
It has to be a bit special
a moment frozen in time.

I like to make a picture
something special you see
Not just any old thing, but
a photograph made by me.

Tim Kitchen

Play That Tune.

The storm clouds are gathering inside my head
I'm far too troubled for sleep in my bed
I've got worries on my mind the world's all bad news
life's getting me down and I've got the blues.
But I know what to do when the feelings all gloom
I'll put on the stereo and play that tune.
The one by Neil Diamond a favourite of mine
that old little melody called Sweet Caroline.
I'll listen for a while as the blues drift away
everything's alright when I hear that music play.
Some time will pass and I'll be troubled some more
I'll be wearing a frown bad feelings galore
with worries of life and troubles ahead
my mind full of fear with things that I dread.
So I'll play that tune again of Caroline so sweet
it always picks me up that special Diamond beat
I'll listen for a while the dark will turn to light
and all of a sudden things will seem alright.

Tim Kitchen

Porth Joke Beach

If you were to ask me the place I like the most
it would be Porth Joke Beach on the Cornish coast.
Where walking down to the beach on the path so steep
red poppies and corn marigolds dance at your feet.
Then as you reach the gate at the bottom of the field
a wonderful view of the rocky coastline is revealed.

The sound of corn buntings can be heard all around
and buzzards searching for prey hover above the ground.
While high on the rocks oyster catchers survey the scene
and on the beach you can see where sandworms have been.
Children fish in the rock pools left by the ebbing tide
and run around in the caves, where they love to hide.

Climbing up from the beach after an hour or two
there's a bench to rest on and take in the view.
Over Cubert Common and back down to the sea
on a summer's day, it's where I like to be.
And in the evening, from the place where I stay
you might even catch the sun setting over the bay.

Tim Kitchen

Strolling By The Sea

Winter has its sparkle, but not for me today
my thoughts have turned to summer, not so far away.
With mild and lighter evenings and days so warm and long
I think of all the things I can do, when summer comes along.

But I'll just want to be with you and feel you close to me
walking hand in hand with you, strolling by the sea.

So I will take some time away, to be alone with you
and we will find a rocky cove, where the sea is blue.
As we watch the children play, we'll wonder at it all
then I'll steal a kiss from you, as the waves caress the shore.

And I'll just want to be with you and feel you close to me
walking hand in hand with you strolling by the sea.

We'll take a walk across the cliffs, up where the seagulls fly
and watch the sea crash on the rocks, as the clouds drift by.
Then we'll stroll down to the beach, to find a shell or two
and watch the surf ride on the tide, just glad it's me and you.

The winter has us in its grip, now snow has fallen too
but my thoughts are of summer days, just being alone with you.

Tim Kitchen

The Christmas Box

Snow hadn't fallen overnight, but a heavy frost had covered the ground and in the morning, a little boy ran downstairs in his dressing gown. He could see the tree lights, as he skipped his way down the hall it was Christmas day, many years ago; Father Christmas had made his call. And there under the Christmas tree, was a rather large cardboard box full of carefully wrapped presents of toys, sweets and new football socks.

The best present waiting for him was a Hornby Electric Train and there was an Airfix kit for him to build a model aeroplane. Also there was a cowboy hat, with a holster and toy silver gun and some new Dinky Toy cars, which would bring him a lot of fun. It was certainly to be a time for him, to play and play all day, so when the Queen's speech came on, he just had to sneak away.

He went into another room and saw the large cardboard box taking off his shoes he climbed into it, wearing his football socks. In his mind he was in a boat, sailing the southern seas looking at the stars in a foreign sky, sails flapping in the breeze. He played for hours in his boat; it brought him so much joy a cardboard box turned out to be, his favourite Christmas toy!

Tim Kitchen

The Gift

The house now stands empty
where the old folks used to be
waiting to be filled again
with the sounds of a family.

Maybe a child at play
on some afternoon
or just the sound of a radio
playing a well known tune.

But I will always remember the old man
with his tales of long ago
of how he lived as a working man
and the folks he used to know.

And I'll remember the old man's wife
a little anxious, like she could be
but always happy to spend some time
sharing a laugh with me.

Their joy was in the simple things
like a flower coming in to bloom
the happiness in the eyes of a child
and those good old fashioned tunes.

But the greatest gift they had in life
is given by a women to a man
oh how they loved their baby girl
from the day her life began.

Now they've passed their gift to me
to love her as my own
for now and all eternity
so she is not alone.

Tim Kitchen

The Gravedigger

It was cold and windy, always seemed to be the same
whenever he dug out a grave and often it would rain.
Grave digging was something he knew someone had to do
that was his job and he always took pride in doing it too.
People knew him in the village where he'd made his home
this strange young man, who was always on his own.

But he was just a lonely man, as harmless as can be
who wanted to live a normal life, just like you or me.
The girls always made fun of him and were a little cruel
he looked a bit simple and they treated him like a fool,
When he tried to tell them, a new joke he'd heard one day
they wouldn't listen to him and just told him to go way.

Looking for company, he'd be in the village every day
he'd try to talk to the girls, but they would just walk away.
Really he just wanted a girlfriend like any other guy
not wanting to be alone until the day he would die.
Most evenings he would spend at home on his own
without any one to talk to, not even a call on his phone.

But just the other day, while he was in the churchyard
checking out a plot he was to dig for a Mister Blanchard.
A young girl said hello to him, the first person to that day
and she listened very carefully to him and what he had to say.
Her eyes watched him closely, reading his lips as he spoke.
even smiling at his difficulty, in trying to tell her his joke.

They started to be together, she with the silence she knew
he with all his strangeness and their love for each other grew.
He'd look at her so tenderly as they walked off hand in hand
and they'd gently kiss each other, like any couple in the land.
Happily their lives were changing, with the love they had found
and now you hear him singing, as he digs a hole in the ground.

Tim Kitchen

The House On The Hill

He remembers their first time, in the evening chill
near to the cornfield behind the house on the hill.
Where the old folks live who are lost behind its door
and don't know where, or who they are any more.

He visits her most days, she often doesn't know who he is
at the house on the hill, where she now needs to live.
Sometimes she looks at him with a certain look in her eye
and he knows that look and he tries hard not to cry.

He wonders if somewhere behind those troubled eyes
the woman he loved so much somehow still survives.
And just occasionally in a moment of lucid thought
she remembers the times when her life was less fraught.

The time they were young lovers, passionate and free
and so happy to be married in the spring of fifty three.
The children they raised and all their cute little ways
and the sounds of Sinatra and Minnelli, on the airwaves.

He sits in his chair gazing through the window each night
up to the house on the hill, until the last moment of light.
Wondering if she looks down at the place she called home
and if she really knows he still lives there, all alone.

Tim Kitchen

The Man You See

He goes to work each morning
often before its light
careful to remember
the things he must get right.

The traffic is often heavy
the sky is often grey
but he has to make the best of things
to get him through the day.

He goes back home each evening
sometimes after dark
too late to see those he loves
and take them to the park.

He feels a little weary
with nothing much to say
and slowly drifts off to sleep
too tired to save his day.

But deep in the heart of the man you see
lives the man he wants to be
free to live life, his own way
true to himself, every single day.

A man who can make dreams come true
a man like me, a man like you
A man who can set his spirit free
to be the man he wants to be.

He goes to work each morning
the sky is often grey
and it's, just another day,
just another day...

Tim Kitchen

The Old Vicar

An old man sits on a churchyard bench
with his memories of times long ago.
When he was the Vicar of the church
and the people he'd come to know.

He recalls when he married a couple
on an almost perfect summer's day.
And how with joy in their young faces
they knelt there before him to pray.

He remembers when he christened twins
who cried the whole ceremony through.
Their mother tried to keep them quiet
but there was nothing she could do.

The church would be full at Christmas
with people standing near the door.
He wondered why they all came
but then didn't come any more.

And he still remembers the burial
of a young man who died in a car.
Taking his dangerous love of speed
so tragically, a little bit too far.

Near where he sits' there's a young boy
kneeling by his Grandmother's grave.
It's nearly dark, under a cold wintry sky,
and he's not really feeling very brave.

The young boy stands with the old man
saying "Grandpa it's time for us to go".
They walk off hand in hand together
on a path now sprinkled with snow.

Tim Kitchen

The Other Side Of The Mountain

See the car parks
with their shiny new cars,
next to the sparkling new sports arena
and the smiling children,
excited about the game to be seen.
See the lovely girls
with their perfect faces
near the skyscraper buildings
that pierce the sky.
And how people pay so much
for something to eat,
in the expensive restaurants
always so full.
Look at the beautiful shops
full of wonderful clothes
and the children enjoying life
down at the beach.

But on the other side
of the mountain
a smile is hard to find,
As people try to survive
life in a shanty town.
Children are wandering
alone in the streets,
sometimes with nothing
on their feet.
With sores that never heal
and hair that's never clean
abandoned and hoping to be pitied
by the old lady
who takes in children,
on the other side of town.
Life is very different
on the other side of the mountain.

Tim Kitchen

The Seed

My father was a Poet in his bygone days
there were his 'Ode to a Kite Hawk' and poems on Indian ways.
He wrote of love for Mother and of David too
there were his words of Christian faith and a prayer or two.

When I used to know him before he sadly died
he would show his poems to me with modest pride.
But I was too young to see the light, of the seed he'd sown in me
at that time, I did not take to words of poetry.

Then one late November day as I sat there in my room
I heard on the radio someone sing words to a classic tune.
My head was suddenly full of words running around in rhyme
could it be the seed he'd sown had found its harvest time?

Now, I'm just beginning, in this moment of time
to see if I can also write something down in Rhyme.
I'd like to think the way he wrote now lives inside of me
and I too can write some words in verse like him as poetry.

Tim Kitchen

The Vagrant

There's a man who sleeps in the cold at night
on the bench down by the lake in the park.
His pillow, a bag he carries, of the bits he owns
just his jacket, to keep him warm in the dark.

Who was he, before he fell into this way of life
and is there someone who loved him and more.
Did he have a car, a house, a job of importance
was his life something special and happy before.

I just can't see how he can be happy
the life he lives is a lonely place it seems.
With no one to talk to, no one at all
no hope, no phone, no home, no dreams.

I wonder if he left children, without a father
is he running away from something really bad.
Or maybe this is how he wants his life to be
but then why does he always seem to look so sad.

His face is dirty, like the jacket he wears
and his clothes, well they are just the same.
He speaks to no one if they try to offer help
a homeless wanderer, a stranger with no name.

Tim Kitchen

The Way You Are

When I first knew you
in our younger days.
I was taken by your smile
the jewel within your face.
A face which was so beautiful
and still is now today.
Just like the beautiful person you are
in all you do and say.

You have always been so easy to love
whether from near or far.
That's not so hard to understand
it's just the way you are.
And long ago I realised
all I ever wanted to do.
Was just to be in love with you
and for you to love me too.

Tim Kitchen

The Wedding Poem

Just to be happy is all you need
not dreams of ambition or desire to succeed.□

Just to be happy always caring and kind
with love in your heart and peace in your mind.

Just to be happy in a warm embrace
no need to be cool or win any race.

Just to be happy no grey skies above
the sun always shining down on your love.

Just to be happy your whole life through
Sharing true love, the way that you do.

Tim Kitchen

Two And Six

When two little girls look up at me
it can remind me how good life can be
and when I hear their voices in play
I love the funny things, they often say.

They can be happy and sometimes sad
they can be good and they can be bad
and when they smile and ask me to play
how can I not, do what they say?

One of them is six, the other one is two
without them in my life, what would I do
and if they are sad, I wipe away their tears
ready to comfort them and take away their fears.

I hope they will love life's simple pleasures
the stars, the sea, and all nature's treasures
and know they are loved by you and by me
always in our hearts wherever they may be.

I wish them success in whatever they do
I wish them happiness all their lives through
and I wish them in life all that is good
but most of all, I wish them love.

Tim Kitchen

War Child

Little girl, trying to sleep in your bed
don't listen to the sound of the bombs nearby
just close your eyes and try not to cry
and let your brother sing you a lullaby.

And don't listen to the noise of the guns
as the bullets flash by your door, don't cry
just think of the peace found in sleep
while your brother sings you a lullaby.

Little girl, as you sleep in your bed
when you dream, try not to dream of the day
when soldiers came with their guns
and took your father away.

And when you wake up to a new day
looking for the sun, through the dust and smoke
try to find some hope in that terrible place
as you and your brother strive to cope.

Little girl, war is the world of grown ups
and there is nothing you can do
even if you tell them of your fear and sorrow
no one will listen to you.

But when the war is over and done
and you no longer hear an exploding shell
maybe your young life will be a better place
more like Heaven and less like Hell.

Tim Kitchen

Where Are They Now

Is my Mother with the angels
in her heavenly seat.
And does she watch over me
with angels at her feet.

When I think of how she lived
I feel like I'm with her again.
Does she know all of my faults
and love me just the same.

I wonder where my Father is
does he stand at heaven's door.
And does he know, I write poetry
just like he did before.

When my heart is in my poetry
it feels like I'm with him too.
Does his spirit help me to write
the way he'd want me to do.

Are they together in a heavenly place
with the Lord they wanted to see.
And do they think I live my life
how they'd want me to be.

Tim Kitchen

Where Wild Flowers Grow.

Where Wild Flowers Grow.

Children playing in the evening sun ☐
running around, just having fun.
Dogs chasing balls happy to play
rolling in the grass late in the day.
A couple sitting on the ground
trying not to make a sound.
Where so much happened, long ago
on the field where wild flowers grow.

This was a place long before
where men shed blood in a war.
A place of such horror and pain
where men fought and men were slain.
Living in trenches with blood stained pools
with weapons of war, their only tools.
It's hard to imagine, long ago
on the field where wild flowers grow.

Fledgling birds are trying to fly
into the bright evening sky.
Someone there is trying to pray
children think it's a place for play.
But you can still clearly see
where the trenches used to be.
Life is so different, than long ago
on the field where wild flowers grow.

An old man stands on his own
he seems content to be alone.
With tears rolling down his face
haunted by memories of this place.
He was here when he was young
cold and scared carrying his gun.
When life was harsh, long ago
on the field where wild flowers grow.

Tim Kitchen

Where You Belong

I need to see your smile
every single day
so I hope times goes fast
while you are away.

Our lives are heaven sent
for us to share
and life is much better
when you are there.

So rest a while, sweet dreams
it won't be too long
until you're back in my arms
where you belong.

Tim Kitchen

Who Can You Trust

As I begin my usual walk, a teenage boy is standing there
I try not to catch his glance and I know I must not stare.
He has an evil look in his eyes, or maybe it's just fear
or is his young head the victim of, too much under age beer.
I quickly walk past him, feeling too old to risk a fight
I don't suppose he will bother me, but maybe he just might.

Now I'm further into my walk and a little out of breath
as two hooded boys, come towards me on my left.
"Did you know you've dropped something, " I hear them shout
and I nervously check my pocket, finding my wallet has fallen out.
One of them quickly grabs my wallet and hands it back to me
and I feel a little ashamed, to have doubted their honesty.

Now as I walk across the park, an old lady is ahead of me
a refined looking couple are talking to her, under the old oak tree.
Suddenly the couple are running away, the old lady is on the floor
her face is cut and her bag has gone, she says it has happened before.
I can't believe what I have seen and I take care of her like I must,
as I think to myself how hard it can be, to know who you can trust.

Tim Kitchen