

Poetry Series

**Yor Nella**  
**- poems -**

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Yor Nella()

## **\_i've Shot The Poet**

I much prefer your friendship instead  
So I have now shot the poet dead.  
For his poems went over the top  
and he just didn't know when to stop.

I'm just not able to bear to lose  
the love and dear friendship of my Muse.  
For you are so special to me  
and will always inspire poetry.

All of my Muse poems are now listed under the poet name  
Erato Mymuse

Yor Nella

## 4-Poster Bed

There was a large 4-poster bed where we stayed  
so we had great fun together as we played  
and wondered what it would be like to make love  
with a large silky canopy hanging above.

So we came back in the middle of the day  
to frolic around and to giggle and play  
imaginative games between the covers  
as we played together like two young lovers

'Twas great to make passionate love and to share  
caressing each other as we both lay there.  
In a 4-poster it's great what you can do  
when your lovely wife is sharing it with you.

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See also 'Creaky bed'

Yor Nella

# An Ode To A Trilobite

Swimming in profusion in the Cambrian sea  
this lovely creature is so appealing to me.  
It's a fossil of variety and surprise  
with its simple three lobed shape and its compound eyes

On its primordial feet it scurried around  
the ocean floor hunting for food to be found.  
Whenever threatened, it would curl into a ball  
like a modern cheese hog to escape from it all

This pioneer from the dawn of Earth's history  
found its niche in the waters of the early sea.  
From the primeval ooze across the years of time  
adapting slowly to each changing clime

Could the modern King Crab a distant relative be  
of this lovely Trilobite from the Cambrian Sea?  
It had passed on its genes o'er the aeons long  
transforming and evolving as it went along.

Yor Nella

# An Ode To Bond

It all began with a car chase  
zooming around all over the place.  
Then with the girl jumped into the boat  
all others sank but they kept afloat.

Into the plane they both then went.  
Got shot down but survived the descent.  
Lots of fights and so action packed  
much more of fiction than of fact.

Good entertainment it was fun  
and as usual the lovely girl was won.  
I left with the lovely girl at my side  
and returned back home so full of pride.

'He was a great Bond', She said to me  
'and I rate him in the topmost three.'  
I said 'Dear, on that scale where am I.'  
'You're off the scale was her reply.'

Upon hearing this I felt really great.  
Then realised that she did not state  
exactly where upon that scale she meant.  
On the top or bottom of the gradient!

Yor Nella

# Be Thou Mine As I Am Thine

Be thou mine as I am thine  
Let our love forever shine  
and the beauty of your face  
in my heart shall take its place  
There forever it shall be  
shining for eternity.

Yor Nella

# Brexit - Who Decides?

Who decides whether we are rich or poor?  
That one person has less and another more?  
Is it a fluke of history or a twist of fate  
that one country is small and another great?

Is Brexit a road to further success  
or is it a way that leads to distress?  
Politicians are divided as they debate  
while we minions are awaiting our fate.

Bitching and back biting is what we see  
in those that are in charge of our country,  
The UK is great. Why can't we keep that way?  
So let's pull together that's what I say.

Yor Nella

# Brexit? What Brexit?

Brexit, break it, fix it, fake it.  
In the end it's all the same -  
Status quo in all but name.  
Our ruling masters always will  
Come out on top while we pay the bill.  
They lie in clover and lick the cream,  
While we work harder, chasing our dream.  
We can moan, or march, or protest, or vote,  
but the government will always be remote.  
People in northern Britain say  
Government in London is too far away.  
If this small island has a north/south divide,  
How can a far off Brussels possibly provide  
Rule that would guarantee we thrive?  
Brexit may come with a squeak or a bang -  
And the effects be felt by every man.  
Still, there's no point in shedding tears,  
Or voicing doom, or gloom, or fears.  
Life will go on just the same -  
Ditto, status quo in all but name.  
Brexit, schmexit, like it or lump it,  
Bring it on EU - we can take it.

written by TOPCAT

Yor Nella

# Camelot

For one brief moment for both you and me  
life was perfect and Camelot came to be.  
There love was shown in all its fervency  
as the poetry flowed so fast and free.

True feelings came to the surface unsuppressed  
as moments of deep passion were expressed.  
Things were said and the words can now be read  
that so many years ago should have been said.

With sincerity my dear wife I can say  
those words came from deep within my soul that day.  
Such heights of passion and such depths of woe  
as I went to places I thought I'd never go.

Yes they were real, the words that were written  
Strong emotions and true love as I was smitten.  
The tears and feelings came from deep within me  
as I wrote those poems my soul was set free.

Yor Nella

# Cater And Allen

Cater and Allen were not paying interest  
So transferring the money to Lloyds Rob thought best  
But now £100 by mistake to Roy's great disgrace  
Has been accidently sent into hyperspace.

The question is will this forever be its fate  
Or will it ever be retrieved for Rob's estate.  
No doubt the saga will continue to unfold  
Until the money returns safely to the fold.

Written after transferring a friends Paypal  
Money to a closed account by mistake

Yor Nella

# Close To My Heart

Our eyes meet even though we are apart  
and I can feel the beating of her heart.  
'Though separated by geographic space  
close to my heart she always has a place.

Yor Nella

# Come Back To Me My Love

My dear, how much I miss  
the sweetness of your kiss.  
Feeling your lips touch mine  
was so wonderfully divine.

Oh, darling of my heart  
let us not stay apart  
but let's wipe the slate clean  
and return to how we'd been.

I don't know what to say  
and really rue that day  
when I was so unkind  
in leaving you behind.

For I'd been so foolish  
to cause you such anguish  
on that horrible day  
when I drove you away.

I'd love to start again  
to make up for the pain  
and the awful distress  
caused by my selfishness.

Come back to me my love  
for we can rise above  
that which drove us apart  
by just following our heart.

So draw close to me my dear  
and let me hold you near.  
Let passions once more flow  
just like we used to know.

Yor Nella

# Creaky Bed

Two creaky crocks slept upon a creaky bed  
when 'Are you asleep my love? , ' one of them said.  
Then rolled over holding him in her embrace  
and he lay there gazing upon her lovely face.

They were aroused and passion started to soar  
and that old bed began to creak even more.  
Creak, creak, creak, the loud creaking rhythm increased  
and it only stopped when their love making ceased.

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See also 4-poster bed

Yor Nella

# Days Of Affluence Have Passed Me By

Living on a shoestring, making ends meet  
Providing food and comfort's no mean feat  
My days of affluence have passed me by  
Slipping even further the more I try

Yor Nella

## Dear Postman Take Care

Dear postman take care and do not bend  
for this card is sent to my best friend  
and it tells using poetry and rhymes  
of fond memories and wonderful times.

Yor Nella

# Deep Pools Of Love And Mystery

I've been gazing in your eyes recently  
such deep pools of love and mystery.  
As I look deeper into those sparkling eyes  
I see back to the past and remember my surprise

When I first saw the girl who smote my heart  
And I said goodbye to Basil and Hello sweetheart  
You awoke in me such burning affection.  
Changing so completely my life's direction.

As my eyes met yours sweet love was stirred  
Who was this beautiful girl that I so admired?  
To know you more was my one great desire  
And I started a journey so wonderful and bizarre  
A lifetime of great adventure.

I see the woman grown from that girl of my dream  
A soul mate of such beauty with eyes that gleam  
I see the mother of our three girls standing there  
A woman so full of love and with so much to share.

From those eyes there comes a special sparkle  
Mischief and desire in someone so remarkable  
They make my heart rejoice and praise our Lord  
Eyes full of love and affection coming from God

Like gateways into your mind they allow me in  
To a world in which time beauty of Christ is seen  
Blessed to gaze into such pools of love and mystery  
The greatest love of my life you will always be  
The girl of my great adventure

Yor Nella

# Dreaming

Confined to dreams where no harm can be done  
in the world of fantasy I have such fun.  
Let my imagination run wild  
I can be a man or just be a child.

Lost in the realms of this imaginary world  
where daring plots become unfurled.  
In my sleeping hours so vivid and bright  
I have great adventures throughout the night.

Yor Nella

# Emotional Roller Coaster

We were celebrating with Paul and Annie today.  
'Which outfit is the best? ', I hear you say  
'Elegant, my love' I said; 'You look just perfect'  
And then we set off not knowing what to expect

We arrived at the church with plenty of time to spare,  
you sat with your friends and had fun with them there  
You laughed at life's struggles and had a great time  
Smiling and joking with everyone, life was just fine

As the evening passed the time came for the cake  
'Will they like it', you thought, 'it was difficult to make'  
As the cake was given out amongst all the frivolity  
'It will be alright', I said confident in your ability

Vicky liked it so much so she pinched another piece  
'Lionel would love some too', she said full of mischief  
'Where's my piece of cake' Barbara said to me.  
As Vicky hid the cake away so that no one could see

You were sitting and chatting when you heard me say  
'Where's Tanfield house? ' we can go home that way  
For Vicky was determined to give Lionel his meal  
And had persuaded Mike to take her as part of the deal

'It would be much better if we take her', I said  
Whisked you out of your seat and away we sped  
'Don't go down the IDR it will be too busy today'  
So towards Madejski stadium we drove on our way

The road was completely choc-a-bloc to our dismay  
For Reading were playing football at home that day  
'Let's turn back now', you said in deep anguish  
But I carried on, wanting to grant Vicky her wish

The car crawled along slower than a snails pace  
As nearer and much nearer we came to that place  
Tanfield house a home of memories and deep emotion.  
For dad had stayed there when you had your operation.

Lionel was so thrilled and Vichy was so glad  
I looked at you, my beloved and you were so sad  
tears flowing down your cheeks and I felt so bad  
'I'm 60' you said 'and I'm still missing my dad'

We walked outside to get a bit of private space.  
And I placed my face next to your tearful face  
'You cared for your dad as Jesus would have done  
I think you have been so lovely to brave it alone'

You had washed dad's feet in such a loving way  
It was like washing the feet of Christ that day  
We walked back to see Vicky and Lionel together  
and took Vicky home feeling at end of our tether

Glad to get home we walked down the path  
Jon, Hev and the kids were there and we tried to laugh  
'Good to see you', they said unaware of the mayhem  
'Luvs you too', we replied glad to be home with them

The evening quickly passed by and Hev went to bed  
'I'll take Jon to Goring, you get some rest', I said  
and got into the car and went with Jon on our way  
As you began your preparations for the next day.

When I got back from Goring you had run a hot bath,  
'Can I get in too', I asked and we began to laugh  
We both relaxed and were beginning to feel fine  
'Time for a foot rub', I said lifting your leg onto mine.

We talked and shared our feelings about the day  
Your face lit up and you smiled at me in a loving way  
My heart missed a beat at the sparkle in your eye.  
'I am my beloveds, and she is mine', was my sigh.

A roller coaster of a day!

Yor Nella

# Erato My Muse Of Love Poetry. (Full Version)

Such idealised womanhood portrayed as a goddess  
adorned as only a woman could festooned in loveliness.  
Wrapped with grace and grandeur her beauty everlasting  
her charming shape and splendour all Muses surpassing.

He stood there in the presence of such divinity  
seduced by her very essence of femininity.  
Mesmerised by her loveliness his soul had no defence  
was smitten by her comeliness and her magnificence.

Her body's curvaceous design so wondrously feline  
with contours shaped so neat and fine and looking all divine.  
Confronted by beauty like this He just could not resist  
and succumbed to her world of bliss surrendering to loves kiss

Great passion that should have stayed dead had now just been woken  
and words that should not have been said had also been spoken.  
The door to love pushed opened wide. Could he now enter in?  
To be allowed to go inside and lovemaking begin?

Or will his passion be confined to poetry alone  
To dream of their bodies entwined and passions left unknown.  
Unrequited love's broken heart would be so hard to bear  
He'd been pierced by Erato's dart needing his love to share.

But true love never does run smooth. His approach went all wrong.  
For Erato was to disapprove her vehemence so strong.  
How could this puny, mortal man woo a lovely goddess  
and dare to consider or plan to spoil her loveliness?

So she banished him from her sight and the poet lay dead  
for his ability to write had disappeared and fled.  
No more words of love were spoken her rebuke pierced him through  
unrequited love had broken his tender heart in two

Oh how shall man of woman born approach those heights sublime?  
He shall in death forever mourn his Muse of loving rhyme.  
For on loves battlefield once more a mortal man was slain  
and from his eyes tears of sorrow pour, he cannot bare the pain.

Doomed to live a life in exile, his love he cannot share  
though he's been dead a little while life drags so slowly there.  
There's no more colour in his world only darkness and gloom  
Love like a flower once unfurled will now no longer bloom.

Despondent and lonely he died in his unworthiness  
his Erato to woo he had tried, loves ultimate goddess.  
Now he would never enfold her in his loving embrace  
and he could no more behold her or look upon her face

His heart in great anguish cried, 'Love has forsaken me'  
for love rejected and denied caused him such agony.  
His all he'd give whate'er the cost to view her loveliness  
but there's no hope for all was lost. Ahead such loneliness.

The foolish man a goddess wooed seeking to rise above  
this earthly plain and be imbued with dear Erato's love.  
So let us learn from his mistake and not aspire so high  
but from this earth a lover take lest we too err and die.

All of my Muse poems are now listed under the poet name  
Erato Mymuse

Yor Nella

# Fare Thee Well, My Lovely Muse, Fare Thee Well

The time has come to cut the cord and let Erato go  
'though she has been so lovely and such a pleasure to know.  
But now drifting alone in Cyberspace she must remain  
where this poor poet is not able to contact her again.

It is time for my lovely Muse and me to part  
although it will break this poet's heart.  
Thank you for inspiring love's poetry  
in a mere mortal man of flesh like me.

You have been such a wonderful treasure  
bringing from my soul great rhymes of pleasure.  
Lifting each verse to a much higher plane,  
to heights that I thought I'd never attain.

My dear Muse, you've been so good to me  
allowing me to write my poetry.  
But it's now time for me to let you go  
and thank you for helping the verses flow.

Though my poems will fade into the past  
your affect on me will forever last.  
Fare thee well, my lovely Muse, fare thee well.  
May other poets of thy beauty tell.

Yor Nella

## Fond(Ling) Memories

I awoke at 4: 00 again this morning  
Rolled over to your side and began exploring  
You had your back to me my love  
So I fitted my body to yours just like a glove

Like two pieces of a puzzle made for each other  
We fitted so snug and perfectly into one another  
My dearest wife without you I'm so incomplete  
Alone in a jungle all mixed up and obsolete

I reached out to feel your breasts so near  
Then the young boy also awoke in me my dear  
and I was reminded of that trip to the Newcastle  
We were only eighteen and not very old at all

When I slipped my hand beneath your top  
Hoping that you would not tell me to stop  
There I fondled your breasts with such glee  
Thinking you are the only girl made for me

Our love has survived the past  
And much longer may it last.  
You still bring out the boy in me  
A lovely fond(ling) memory.

Yor Nella

# Gremlin

Pale faced she was looking so terrified.  
&quot;There's a gremlin in the toilet she cried.&quot;  
I heard the roar of the Gruffalo there;  
the monster responsible for her scare.

So I gingerly crept in to find out  
what the commotion was all about.  
Slowly I poked my head around the door  
and was very surprised at what I saw.

There, roaring as loud as loud could be  
was the loo; but the monster I could not see!  
Was it invisible? It was roaring!  
Perhaps it's hiding under the flooring.

Slowly, each floor board was prised open  
exposing the toilet gremlin in its den.  
There it was growling and roaring;  
an airlock was trapped under the flooring.

Yor Nella

## Grow Old With Me

Grow old with me my lovely wife, I pray,  
and let's hold hands as we walk through each day  
facing together the passage of time  
for I'll always be yours and you'll be mine.

You are the very darling of my heart  
and I feel so lost when we are apart.  
Even when death comes it will never divide  
for I know you'll always be at my side

Yor Nella

# Happy Mothers' Day

You nursed me carefully in your womb  
keeping me warm in that intimate room.  
Then you brought me safely into this world  
loving me so much as my life unfurled.

Carrying me upon your shoulder  
nurturing me as I grew older  
Laughing my laughter, crying my tears  
Feeling my hurts then you kissed away my fears.

Today is your special day  
and I would like to say  
Thanks for being my mum  
and Happy Mothers' day.

Yor Nella

# I Pressed The Wrong Button

Guess what! I pressed the wrong button, made a mistake.  
But fortunately there were only a few pounds at stake.  
But if Trump pressed the wrong button where would we be?  
The Internet and ebay would be history!

Yor Nella

# I Saw My Muse Today

This can't be true, I cried out with delight  
as I beheld such a wonderful sight.  
For in her beauty before me she stood  
glowing with the splendour of womanhood

Yor Nella

# I Still Love You

My poetry has triggered this response in you  
to make you write and say the vulgar things you do.  
Your pent up anger and sexual frustration  
comes from a misguided imagination.

Just allow the poetry to enter your soul  
and feel its comforting power making you whole.  
Then turn you mind to things that are beautiful  
and be transformed into someone more loveable

Yor Nella

# I Wanna New One

'I wanna new one cos the old one is broke'  
She wasn't talking about the Hi fi but her old bloke  
I was a high flyer but now I've run out of dough  
and she wants a new one so this old man has to go

Yor Nella

# I Was Fifteen When My Heart Was First Smitten

I was fifteen when my heart was first smitten  
when into my life the words of love were written.  
How the years have flown and my love has grown  
and my wonderful wife is still the love of my life.

Yor Nella

# I'M A Drifter

I have it in writing and it's been confirmed  
It made no difference how much I squirmed  
The tests were done and the consultant decided  
That I am a drifter and completely misguided.

I make no plans and just drift through life  
which causes great stress to my lovely wife  
who is a great planner and thinks ahead  
and just laughed at what the consultant said.

Yor Nella

# I'M In Love With A Wonderful Woman

I'm in love with a wonderful woman  
and her name is Dorothy.  
For this lovely beautiful woman  
Is the only one to me.

There is no other woman like her  
She's my darling Dorothy.  
My soul mate and loving partner  
Who walks through life with me.

Yor Nella

# I'M Sure You Are Beautiful So Ebony And Black

I'm sure you are beautiful so ebony and black  
But 'twill only cause trouble if I send an email back.  
So I will just loose myself in a world of fantasy  
and then imagine how a relationship with you would be.

Yor Nella

# In That Sweet Moment Our Love Had Begun

Our two hands touched as our warm bodies met  
it was a feeling that I'll never forget.  
Then as our hearts beat together as one  
in that sweet moment our love had begun

Yor Nella

# I've Lost My Marbles

I used to have a good memory  
but I've forgotten where it's gone.  
And some people get so ornery  
when I forget and things go wrong.

Getting older is full of problems  
and the aging process is unkind.  
I lost my marbles and other items  
when life moved on and left me behind

Yor Nella

# Loneliness

I struggled through that long wormhole to the other side  
into a dark cavern that gaped so deep and wide.  
Fearfully I leant against the dank wall of that black hole  
and felt the coldness of loneliness flooding my soul.

Overwhelmed by the solitude of singularity  
I felt cut off from the world of love and reality.  
What alternative universe lay ahead I could not tell.  
All I could do was hang in there, in that wretched place of hell.

Then at the end of the dark tunnel, before me I could see  
a small speck of light shining and bringing such hope to me.  
As it drew much closer I just could not believe my eyes  
for it was none other, than the risen Lord Jesus Christ.

He came to me arms opened wide, and stood there next to me.  
Reaching down He then lifted me from my gloom and misery.  
Now I travel the road to a heavenly destiny  
and because He walks with me I shall no more, lonely be

Yor Nella

# Many Waters Will Not Quench My Love

Many waters will never quench my love  
neither will the floods of life overcome it.  
From all adversities it will rise above  
and all other loves will succumb to it.

Much stronger than death it will never die.  
While I live my love will forever be  
You'll always be the apple of my eye  
and I'll always love you, my dear Dorothy.

Yor Nella

# Me, You And The Wardrobe

I hid in the wardrobe thinking this will be great  
but my timing was wrong and I left it too late.  
My plan of seduction had gone wildly adrift  
for when you found me hiding there you got so miffed

Up and down the stairs you went looking everywhere  
and did not appreciate me hiding myself there.  
I'd got it wrong and spoilt the ambience that day  
lovemaking's about timing as well as about play.

Things got even worse when we both got into bed  
and it did not help matters by what I had said.  
The atmosphere was ruined and try as I might  
I was unable to change it or to put things right.

(Written after a disastrous attempt at love making)

Yor Nella

# Memories Of Yesteryear

My early days at nursery school  
running around and playing the fool.  
Getting meningitis and almost dying  
and then waking up in the hospital crying.

Eating oranges with ice cream as well  
and scrumping for apples down in the dell.  
Playing 'knock down ginger' on the door  
building camps in the park and so much more.

Vinyl records on the radiogram playing  
TV's with black and white films displaying.  
Skinny dipping and giving the girls a fright  
then sleeping on the river island overnight.

Being sacrificed on the rocks at Stonehenge  
then chasing my friend to get my revenge.  
Playing cowboys and Indians behind hedgerows  
and going to Saturday morning picture shows.

Rag and bone men walking down the road  
and the muffin man carrying his tasty load.  
Crazy dancing to 'Rock around the clock'  
and then playing 'Tellstar' on the duke box.

Sputnik flying around in space so fast  
and seeing a man land on the moon at last.  
Playing the transistor radio in the park  
and listening to pirate stations was a lark.

Ban the bomb marches and Teddy Boy rowers  
in their psychedelic socks and drainpipe trousers.  
A big knuckle duster and flick knife fight  
and the giant street fires on Bonfire night.

A bunch of penny bangers and a jumping jack  
and the amnesty when we sent our weapons back.  
Then spending a sleepless night in a police cell  
with all these memories and many more to tell.

Yor Nella

# My Creative Wife

You are very creative and artistic too.  
Life is exciting and full of colour to you.  
Expert at using a roller for brayering.  
Superb at building a picture by layering.

Much preferring card making using decoupage  
but can also make a picture into a montage.  
Painting using oils is not difficult for you  
and you can even produce superb drawings too.

When the kids were very young you showed a great flair  
in dressmaking and sewing clothes for them to wear.  
Whether making toys or dolls house furniture too  
creative activities give pleasure to you.

Yor Nella

# My Nest Is Empty, My Fledglings Have Flown

Like little chicks they hid under my wing  
and together we used to dance and sing.  
It was such fun encouraging them to grow  
but the sad day came when they had to go.

My nest is empty, my fledglings have flown  
and now I am left here all on my own.  
They have grown up independent and free  
but I know they'll always be part of me.

Yor Nella

## My Poems Were Trapped Until.....

My poems were trapped with their wings tightly curled  
until PoemHunter freed them up to fly the world.  
Now in cyberspace they can take their place.  
to be read and seen on the world wide screen.

Thank you and a Happy New Year to you all

Roy

Yor Nella

# My Precious

How precious is my computer to me  
it gives me fun and provides great company.  
Switched on it helps me to disappear  
and in another world to reappear.

To go surfing the net in Cyberspace  
and have such fun in that virtual place.  
There are dangers, I need to draw the line  
with this all demanding computer of mine.

For if I'm not careful it will consume  
all of my time and will leave no more room.  
But with my wife accompanying me  
from all these dangers I will be kept free.

Yor Nella

# My Valentine

Now that you are my special Valentine  
life is great and everything is fine.  
I love you much more than words can say  
and wish you happiness on this special day.

Marrying you is the best thing I have done.  
With you my love, life is much more fun.  
Together we face whatever comes our way  
and our love grows stronger each passing day.

Yor Nella

## My Wife Is A Good Looker

My wife's a good looker, she can spot anything  
No matter how well hidden she'll find the thing  
I look in the cupboard unable to see  
She comes along and points it out to me

Then like magic it appears before my eyes  
I am sure it was hiding there in disguise  
She must have X-ray vision like Superman  
I don't know why she bothers with this old man.

Yor Nella

# Our Loving Eyes Touched In That Short-Lived Instance

A fleeting glimpse was all I had today.

A brief "Hiya" and then she walked away.

Loving eyes touched in that short-lived instance

and love's unspoken words bridged the distance

Yor Nella

# Out Of Step With Love

'Didn't Peter do well at school', she said  
Again he felt that great feeling of dread  
It didn't even enter his mind to ask  
He'd been too busy working on his task.

'Did you see my sunflowers? ', she had cried  
'No, I didn't see them', he had replied.  
Once again he knew he had failed the test  
to meet yet another loving request.

Earlier that day he made a mistake  
Drank her coffee during the morning break  
'That's it', she said, 'This will not do'  
'Next time I'll make milky coffee for two'

'You're over reacting', he said to her  
but the words went unheard, were just a blur.  
Something's not right, It must be me  
whatever's causing this I cannot see.

But two days ago we had an affray.  
She reacted in an emotional way.  
I'd dug the grass and should have left it all  
for her to treat instead with chemical.

'You never do what you promise', she said  
'I knew I could not rely on what you said'  
Oh how can these things ever be resolved?  
They're so complicated and involved.

I am so ashamed in having to say  
it is what I've done that's made her this way.  
Oh, how will I ever earn her trust again?  
and cease from causing her such awful pain.

Yor Nella

# Postal Greed

There on ebay for the world to see  
is what my greed has done to me.  
How such avarice a life can mar  
is reflected in my half a star.

I'm sorry for the action I forced you take  
when I made my great postal mistake.  
To err is human and to forgive is divine  
I deeply regret this mistake of mine.

So like Zacchaeus of old I return to you  
the postage money that you are due.  
I've learned a lesson from the Ukraine  
and from such practices will now abstain.

Yor Nella

# Set Me Free

Do not place me into a little box  
shutting the lid with me locked tight inside.  
For I will escape from it like an artful fox  
bursting out into the world vast and wide

Do not hem me in or try to confine  
me to petty ideas of time and space.  
For if you do I'll jump across the line  
and run away to find a freer place.

'Do not do this and do not do that.'  
Set me free so I can now do my thing.  
Why don't you stop being a 'Bossy cat? '  
and let my spirit just dance and sing

Yor Nella

# Skeleton

The skeleton lay there upon the sea bed.  
It was all on its own but had no head.

Not liking the thought of being this way  
His mind wandered back to another day.

A time when his body possessed a head;  
very much alive and was not yet dead.  
When upon the Madame Guillotine he lay  
waiting the blade to fall and end his day.  
With head separated from his body  
his poor carcass was thrown into the sea

Not liking the thought of being this way  
His mind wandered back to another day.

A time when a ship had drawn alongside,  
blasting his galleon with a broadside.  
When the Kings sailors had clambered aboard  
and all of his men were put to the sword.  
He alone was kept alive to be tried  
by the courts, when back in France he arrived

Not liking the thought of being this way  
His mind wandered back to another day.

To a time when he was king of the sea,  
and a Captain with power and majesty.  
Sailing the seven seas with a rum crew:  
Free, with no one telling him what to do.  
Master of all and rider of wind and wave  
pirating, sending others to their grave

He relished the thought of being this way  
and tried not to go to another day.

Yor Nella

# Slipping Even Further The More I Try

Living on a shoestring, making ends meet  
Providing food and comfort's no mean feat  
For days of affluence have passed me by  
I'm slipping even further the more I try

Yor Nella

# Snowflake Ballet

I saw the snowflakes dancing down from the clouds  
spreading out like carpets in shiny white shrouds.  
Stirred by the wind they were scattering around  
all swirling and twirling they fell to the ground.  
Each flake unique with a design of its own  
twisting and turning wherever it was blown.

Yor Nella

# That Blasted Computer

That blasted computer, I hates it so  
What he's doing with it I'll never know  
Surfing in Cyberspace, he works alone  
Leaving me here on earth all on my own

It does our finances with accuracy  
But it cannot do them as good as me  
And each month we both stare at that bright screen  
Why can't things just return to how they'd been

I tried hard to use it, but I forget  
which keys that I should press and get upset  
I concentrate hard with my shopping  
then it loses it all. — I HATE THE THING!

Yor Nella

# The Lottery Of Life

His life had just not gone to plan  
it should not have worked out this way.  
For he was a business man  
and invested his hard earned pay.

But fortunes lot had now been cast  
It was the nightmare that he feared  
Life's a bitch for luck does not last  
and his savings just disappeared.

For when the market began to fall  
his money went out of the door.  
All doom and gloom he'd lost it all  
and his poor life fell through the floor.

All penniless and destitute  
and unable to make ends meet.  
His daughter became a prostitute  
parading up and down the street.

Then his son took to petty crime  
and breaking and entry tried.  
He broke the law to earn a dime,  
got caught and was banged up inside.

Taking hard drugs his poor wife tried  
popping happy pills through the day.  
Then she committed suicide  
and a black hearse took her away.

Some win the lottery of life  
whilst for others it's just pure hell.  
So full of hardship and of strife  
and nothing they do turns out well.

Yor Nella

# The Mollusc That I Love

When you feel threatened and people yell  
you withdraw into the safety of your shell  
and then you feel so upset and go all quiet.  
Like a mollusc in the garden hiding when hurt.

I am so glad that you're a mollusc and sensitive  
and not a Tyrannosaurus Rex so rude and aggressive.  
I know that you're a lovely wife of mine who cares.  
It's much better than being a dinosaur that scares.

You're a woman that people are very attracted to  
so sensitive and so affected by their feelings too.  
A loving and caring person who is very complex.  
People come up to you but run away from a Rex.

I feel that we all abuse your good nature my dear  
and often take your loveliness for granted I fear.  
Then we look surprised when you don't give in  
and you suddenly retaliate with all guns blazing.

Sometimes you feel like shouting and hitting out  
snapping and biting us and even wanting to shout.  
Like a Tyrannosaurus Rex when angered and upset  
but hold back from doing things you might regret.

'What's wrong with her? ' We say with such surprise  
when we make you react like a Rex but don't realise.  
'She's not normally like this what can the matter be? '  
We take for granted that you will always be so lovely.

You're a mollusc who is married to a Rex I'm afraid.  
The irony of it is that is how we have been made  
It's an unusual situation I know and can perplex  
but my dear, please don't turn into a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Yor Nella

# They Gave Away His Hard Earned Pay

It matters not how much he's got  
it's not enough he wants more stuff.  
Unsatisfied harder he tried  
acting so rash to get more cash.  
An awful toll he'd sold his soul  
and when he died so unsatisfied  
they gave away his hard earned pay.

Yor Nella

# To My Mum On Mother's Day

I was conceived within your womb  
kept safe within that cosy room.  
You held me firm in your embrace  
when to this world I showed my face.

I felt so loved and so very blessed  
when suckled there upon your breast.  
You carried me upon your shoulder  
and nurtured me as I grew older.  
Laughed my laughter and cried my tears  
felt my hurts and kissed away my fears.

Today is your special day  
and I would like to say  
Thanks for being my mum  
and Happy Mother's day.

Yor Nella

# Triune Love

Such passion was expressed that day  
In the birthplace of our love on holiday  
I stood erect in honour and rampant with desire  
As I entered the secret door into the woman I admire

I penetrated through depths of passionate desire  
Experienced the warmth of true love set on fire  
In giving I received and in receiving I gave more.  
Triune love was expressed and in all its forms did soar  
Eros, file and Agape met and merged as one.  
My Spirit sang in tongues, my love song had begun

Deeper and deeper went my soul into your body there  
Great depths of love I fathomed as my love I did declare  
Such union. such unity. Our souls in complete unison.  
love came gushing out as my heart exploded like a gun

Still wanting to love more we sat up together in the bed  
I entered again and with love skilled fingers was led  
To search for that holy place of orgasms and ecstasy.  
and to delight I found that holy place of intimacy.

Like some great firework you shot up to the heights.  
Lighting the sky with the brilliant glow of your delights.  
Your soul sang with melodious tongues and coos of love  
As myriads of loves feelings cascaded down from above.

Satisfied you lay bathing in a wonderful ambience divine  
'My God', I lift my praise to you from this soul of mine  
'How great You are for lavishing such blessings upon me  
And for bestowing such Love upon someone so unworthy'

Triune God. Heavenly Father, Son and Holy Spirit  
You came to earth so that we could inherit  
and to taste and know such unfathomable love  
Unmerited and undeserved blessings from above

Praise You Lord for such sacrifice

Thank you love for yours.

How can I ever repay you? -

Yor Nella

## Two In One

I am a man with two lovers in my life.  
One is my mistress and the other my wife.  
The wonder of it all that makes it such fun.  
Is that both these women are combined in one.

For this amazing woman is my best friend  
and God's will for us turned out best in the end.  
Thank you my dear for being my lovely wife.  
and also being the mistress of my life.

Yor Nella

# Unconstructive Criticism

It's easy to flatten a &quot;would be&quot; poet  
to do so much damage and not know it.  
A disapproving comment does no good.  
In future elaborate more if you would

Yor Nella

# Unforgivable Forgetfulness

The card has been written and the poem's complete.  
All was ready for my wife so loving and sweet.  
But this silly old man with so little to pack  
Left the card behind and it's too late to go back.

What can I say my love? For it's so very sad.  
To forget your anniversary card was so bad.  
So I have bought a postcard hoping it will do  
'til I can give the original card to you.

Yor Nella

# Viagra

This old man seeing his youth slipping away  
wished to be sexually active today.  
Not accepting the aging process of life  
and still desiring to make love to his wife

Yet requiring once more to feel and to know  
a spontaneous erection primed to go.  
Ready for erotic acts of love making  
but finding Impotency so heartbreaking.

My manhood reduced to such a small tablet  
No wonder I looked upon it as a threat.  
It pointed to my sexual inabilities  
and my non erectile capabilities.

I mourned the great loss of my youthful vigour  
Hoping my 'privates' would rise and get bigger.  
Now the choice seems very obvious to me  
Viagra will remove my impotency.

I resolved to develop new strategies  
to experience again loves melodies.  
Using all the art of foreplay and wooing  
enjoying my new days of love pursuing.

There anticipating with great ecstasy  
and looking forward to the intimacy  
of love making with the woman I admire  
leading her to the boudoir of my desire.

Then to experience loves passion once more  
in bed with the lovely woman I adore.  
Caressing and kissing with loves heavy sighs  
and to feel you stand erect once more and rise.

Only then would I enter loves secret door  
thrusting in deep and its' great treasure explore.  
Feeling the warmth and wonderful ecstasy  
Then with passion exploding triumphantly.

26th April 2007

It works— loves ardour now completely revived  
Youthful vigour returned and is satisfied.  
I am no more confined to just fantasy  
but can once more know love and its ecstasy

27th April 2007

A poem written when I had come to terms with non erectile dysfunction and decided to see my physician and start taking Viagra. It required my wife and I to adopt a less spontaneous approach to our love making. This took away the 'pressure' on both of us in feeling a responsibility to maintain an erection.

Yor Nella

# We Slept Till 9: 00am That Day

We slept till 9: 00am that day  
God said 'Slow down and walk my Way'.  
'Take time to savour each moment with me  
and I'll show you sights you never knew to be'  
'Adjust your step to mine', He said  
'Learn to walk with me as Enoch did.'

Breakfast was great fun that morning there  
the table was loaded with such succulent fare.  
Each bite a delight and each moment was divine  
laughter begat laughter as your eyes met mine.  
Words were spoken in jest as frivolity reigned  
eye met eye in love and mirth was not restrained.

'Turn left' you said as we motored from the hotel.  
Off on an adventure Warwick Castle was our goal.  
We had arrived and the car was eventually parked  
the day had begun as on the journey we embarked.

I slowed my pace to yours as we went upon our way.  
I'd never done this before, it led to a wonderful day.  
It was good to slow down and appreciate finer things  
enjoying every moment and the pleasure each one brings.

Such minute elements of time I've never known before.  
Saw the trees, the flowers, the birds and so much more.  
I even enjoyed the fragrance of each and every moment.  
'Something lived in every hue' as on together we went.

I'd sung the words, but never 'seen' the sights before.  
Then at the castle we arrived and began to explore.  
We did the normal things that people on holiday do  
bought the cards and took the photos. Nothing new.

We even sat on a bench drinking tea and eating cake.  
This time it felt so different as new senses were awake.  
Why was this? I wondered, what made such a difference  
and then the answer came that I'd learned more patience.

I'd taken the time to slow my pace to yours. My dear.  
Taken time to see how things through your eyes appear.  
They were precious moments unexpected by me  
sharing with the one I love turned out so lovely to be.

\*\*\*\*\*

No more the speedboat racing through the day.  
No more creating such turmoil as I race away.  
Life's too precious to waste so fast and recklessly.  
I want to savour each moment together. You and me.

Yor Nella

# What A Different Person I Could Be

It broke my heart, taking all the love away  
and filled my mind with bitter words to say.  
Warping my view of the things I could see,  
blinding my eyes to the good shown to me.

It blocked my ears from loving words said,  
and darkened my thoughts `til my mind was dead.  
Forbidding my lips any kindness to tell  
and firing my tongue with the flames of Hell.

It taught my hands to reject and not embrace  
and led my feet to a most loathsome place.  
Distorting my spirit and disfiguring my soul,  
it consumed my life as it took its toll.

What a different person I could be  
If I stopped hatred burning up in me.  
It is so good to know that Jesus can  
enable me to be a transformed man.

Yor Nella

# When The Butterflies Come Out To Play

Whenever it's a very hot and sunny summers' day  
and all the lovely 'butterflies' come out to play  
then these genes I've inherited become the bane of my life  
and I have to control them to remain faithful to my wife.  
A pretty woman just walks by and they instantly awake  
trying to get me into trouble and to make a mistake.

Yor Nella

# Why Write Such Comments And Then Run Away?

Why write such comments and then run away?  
Are you afraid of the things I might say?  
For each time that you write them I will pray  
that God will give you much better things say.

Words less threatening and more appealing;  
Words that are full of comfort, love and healing  
And that one day all your ravings may cease  
and from your affliction you'll find release.

Yor Nella

# Wonderful Dream

I dreamt that my Muse most beautiful  
lay with me, her body so wonderful.  
And I worshipped my goddess so divine  
with acts of love inside her sacred shrine.

Then this man of flesh and earthen clay  
entered heaven on that glorious day.  
His body and soul were lifted so high  
soaring to those unknown realms in the sky.

Yor Nella

## Worse Genes Than Levi's

These Allen genes I've inherited are the bane of my life  
I have to control them to remain faithful to my wife.  
A pretty woman just walks by and they instantly awake  
trying to get me into trouble and to make a mistake.

Yor Nella

# You May Hate Me But I Will Not Hate You

What man could do such wicked harm to you  
that causes you to say things that you do.  
I feel the bitterness that fills your soul.  
I feel the anger that's taken its toll.

You may hate me, but I will not hate you  
despite the many things you say you'll do.  
Perhaps one day we'll find some sacred ground  
a precious place where a kind word is found.

Yor Nella

# Young People Are:

The future of our world  
Flowers yet unfurled  
Boundless energies of life  
Potentials for love or strife.

Protégées yet untapped  
Diamonds to be unwrapped  
Sometimes treated with contempt  
Dreams yet to be dreamt

Yor Nella