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POETRY

They say poetry is something that lies deep within the soul, that gives meaning and way to the mundane acts we take for granted every day...

Kissing your child goodnight, holding your lover in your arms tight, placing one foot in front of the other, saying I love you to a sister or brother, watching someone walk across the room, nothing in life can be assumed.

Poetry tells a story of feeling, of passion, observing life unfolding before you, lifting your heart when feeling blue. Poetry feeds the starving abandoned soul,

Poetry fills your heart and makes you whole.

Megalina

INTRODUCTION

When I'm being creative I feel a freedom not experienced when stuck in my logical, thinking brain. There is a saying, "when you're stuck in your head you're dead!" We all must find healthy ways to get out of our survivorship head and cross the great divide to our beating heart. It is the heart that knows the soul of who you are. It is through the heart that life is felt. The poem "Give Yourself Away" came through me in this way. I felt that no matter what accomplishments I may achieve in this life, the only thing that would really matter would be what I would give away. In my past, I have certainly not lived my life this way. The poem spoke to me, not me to it.

When writing with rhyme it can be challenging to find the right words to express the feelings I want to convey. It feels like a birthing from deep within, out of this feeling of "struggle" the right word surfaces. This process is the same out of which all creation flows. The greatest example in nature is that of the Caterpillar transforming into a Butterfly. As all artists know this feeling of struggle is a part of the creative process. It takes real courage and conviction to evolve to a higher consciousness. Whether through writing, meditation, or other disciplines that bring you face to face with the present moment, it is easier to stay in the same stuck but comfortable place and not transcend the old self. Our journey is not supposed to be easy. It is through the struggle that we learn the most valuable lessons.

There were times in my writings where the words flowed through me effortlessly, my mind and heart connected as if two rivers were conjoining into one. Those were the best experiences, a feeling of completeness, of oneness. This feeling of oneness, of atonement is most easily achieved through creation. Think about immersing yourself in the beautiful warm ocean, feeling the sun on your face as the warm water soothes you; or being in the mountains on a magnificently sunny day surrounded by the colors of nature that take your very breath away. In those moments the feeling of joining takes away all the stressors of life. In the same way dancing to your favorite music, creating a piece of art,

writing a journal, or the next great novel, or any activity that joins you with the feeling of wholeness. This is the greatest aspiration for a human being. To feel free! It is not achieved outside of ourselves, but through the inner work and struggle of overcoming the old self. It is an inward journey that confirms itself through outward expression and new experience, which naturally leads us to a new awareness of being.

And yet without the struggle that comes before the freedom, there would be no depth of experience, no compassion or empathy, or feeling of gratitude. And so it is with life. To feel deeply and transcend we must experience suffering. Suffering creates a duality, a contrast that opens us to the depths of darkness and the light of freedom. It is through the suffering that compassion is learned, that empathy is awoken. There is one poem within these pages that spoke to me more profoundly than others. "The Messenger" created awareness within me as it passed through me, a feeling of knowing. It was chemistry within myself, with my higher self. I have been asking to let go for a long time now.

In several of these writings there is struggle, recognition, and finally freedom. It is the same formula as a three-act play. When I express myself through writing, I am not consciously aware of this process. It is the natural order of how we all evolve. Whilst I make no claim to be a poet, I do feel I am a messenger, and it is my desire to share the messages that want to come through me. The Messenger is about how long I have waited, and suffered with the feeling of being stuck. "How long do I have to wait? To sit? How long to be the messenger?" This is the beginning line of the poem.

It is the struggle before the freedom, the recognition that it is by authentic giving that we truly live.

The poems referenced by nature are often the feelings of the oneness I have felt within by simply looking at a tree, the way the leaves would seemingly be speaking to me as the wind blew them back and forth, as in the poem, "Leaves of Love" and "The Dancing Palm".

In the “The Man In the Tree”, which was an experience I had while sitting in a rocking chair outside of a small mountain cabin in the beautiful North Carolina Mountains. My attention was drawn to a beautiful large Oak tree some 50 feet to the left of where I was comfortably sitting in an old rocking chair enjoying the night air. As I gazed at the tree, I began to see an image of an old man who appeared to be stuck in the tree? It was nighttime; the only light was from the moon and the mass of stars shining down upon me in the valley where the cabin was located. I looked away, sure that I was hallucinating.

When I returned my gaze, he was still there! There was clearly an image of an old man in the tree. Each night I would sit in the rocking chair, he was always there. I realized “The Man in the Tree” was me!

There are those poems that were fun to write, such as the “Upper class Englishman” and the “Cockney Whore”. In these writings the character is a poor fellow so uptight and stuck in his conditioning that he takes rather drastic steps to set himself free. I have performed these poems to a live audience taking on the roles these characters. Again, it is the story of the struggle from darkness to light, before the letting go to personal freedom.

In the poem “Archie” I attracted a Big Fat Black Cat into my life shortly after completing a book titled “ No More Trips Down Sorry Roads”. The book was about the challenges I had overcome as a young boy in my relationship to my mother, who left our home when I was 10 years of age, and the various relationships and life lessons I had experienced since childhood. When I finished this book I thought I was healed. I learned through my experiences after adopting Archie that was definitely not the case! We are constantly attracting experiences to us through our vibration. We are energy systems. It is our energy that attracts our experiences. We are here to learn, pain is the megaphone to a deaf world. It wakes you up!

My mother had always owned black cats and named them all “Archibald”, “Archie” for short. Upon finishing the book “No More Trips Down Sorry Roads”, I thought it would be healing to own a black cat as a sign of my healing with my mum. I was dating a young woman at the time that had very similar qualities of my mother. We were constantly breaking up with each other due to our

“chemistry”. I was older, I was playing the role of her dad who had abandoned her as a child, and she was playing the role of my mother in her younger years. It was a recipe for disaster!

One day after another break up with this young woman, I saw a Big Fat Black cat in a pet store that was a rescue animal. The cat reminded me so much of my mother’s cat “Archie” I figured I would adopt the cat, and forget the woman, which I did. I have never gone down so many “Sorry Roads” as after I wrote that book and adopted Archie the cat. I have told the story on several occasions in non-poetic form, and of course, is the case with many stories, the humor is seen after the fact. People cry with laughter from the “Archie” story. For me, at the time it was a hellish experience. Later I saw the lessons, and I laugh too!

I recently visited my brother in England. I told the story of “Archie” to him and his wife; we were all rolling around laughing! That is often times the beauty of the struggle. What seemed like the very worst turns out to be the very best lesson of all! It makes me just want to get up and dance! Life is a beautiful dance. It does help if you know you are dancing!

I am glad to say that six years on I have adopted another cat named Mia. I live in Florida, she found me in North Carolina. The energy between this beautiful little animal and myself is vastly different. My energy has changed and the experience is therefore different. For those of you reading this little book of poems that are caught up in the struggle of life,(we all are to one degree or another) there is an energy that wants to free you. It lies within you, not without.

In the poem “Fear in Your Eyes” it speaks to this recognition and of letting go.

It is my hope that within these pages there are poetic words that will speak to you, that move you the same way some of them have moved me to produce a poetry book, even though I make no claim to be a poet.

With love and kindness,
David Cavill



The Road less Travelled

It is a Road less travelled that I seek
For I know it is not travelled by the meek.
With a smile on my face
And a tear in my eye,
It is the road I will travel till the day that I die.



Give Yourself Away

If I cannot decide then I will inevitably hide
From myself and the truth that lies inside.
The only person on this planet that can decide for me is me!
I can talk, chat, ramble and complain,
Avoid my truths by gossiping about how the world is unfair and insane.
And yet I know the only person who can set me free is me!

I have felt a deep emptiness in the pit of me;
And yet I stayed stuck in it for years
When simple actions would have set me free;
Like writing a poem or singing a song;
Even better, being bold enough to write my own song.

After all, I'm worthy, I have something to say!
Yet my mind whispers, "you're not good enough,
Leave it till tomorrow, do it some other day.
Tomorrow will be my remedy,
That will be the day I will set myself free.

After all, I know in my heart it is meant to be!"
And tomorrow? Well tomorrow never comes.
As time goes by, I forget myself and I let me die.
The bodies there, the mind intact, but the spirit has fled....
And so I'm dead!



This is the story of so many people, it's been me, is it you?
Like the story of Scrooge, the future has not yet come.
There is still time to ACT, to say: I can do it! Thy can be done!
I am whole, I can be at one!


Look at the patterns from your past, the Sails attached to your ships mast.
In what direction have your sails been cast?
Have you been moving forward, but in the direction of your past?
Can you find forgiveness for yourself? To be FREE at last!

What new Sails then must you erect to voyage down this new path?
Is it one of faith, trust, love and all things dear?
Or one of doubts and insecurities following the false king, we call fear.
You decide by the actions you take! Your life is given, but it's yours to make!

So here's the secret to the life eternal,
It's ambiguous, the feelings infernal...
YOU MUST GIVE YOURSELF AWAY!

It goes against what your fear would say,
It's the opposite of what our instincts portray,
And yet I know to truly live, **I MUST GIVE MYSELF AWAY!**






Oh GOD! Such an easy thing to say!
To “ Give myself away”...
What about another choice, some revenue, some form of pay!
How much will this cost me? This giving myself away.
Is there no contract to protect me when I give myself away?
Oh GOD almighty! Is there no easier way?

The lottery.... that’s it GOD... for that I’ll pray;
That would surely most certainly make my day.
And yet when I look and see; I know
It is my soul that yearns to be FREE!
No lottery can deliver that for me,
My riches come when I GIVE MYSELF AWAY!

How do we do this? HOW do we give ourselves away?

Decide to live fully each day, embrace your past,
After all, it made you who you are!
Attach new sails to your Ships mast, of love, kindness of all things
from God’s cast. And when you do...



Your spirit will soar as your new found purpose takes you towards
God's shore.

You're on your way, there's no going back;

Your mind will undoubtedly throw you some flack.

Tell it to get lost! And don't come back!

It's not about what others may think; it is about what YOU feel.

Your ship can only sail straight and true when your spirit is your Keel.

When you give yourself self away, only the good does stay.

Give yourself away and you do live fully in this day!

The biggest joy is to give yourself away!

When you do, as I'm so glad to discover,

I realize I am my very own best lover!

So here's to you, and here's to me.

To all the brave souls who are decided on setting themselves FREE!

GIVE YOURSELF AWAY!!!



The Messenger

How long do I have to sit? To wait?

How long to be the messenger?

What fear is it? What torment is it

That keeps me from this holy place?

It is my mind that does not accept myself,

That keeps me in this lonely space.

Sitting and waiting... and yet I hear,

Start from where you stand, is the echo of my fear.

What is my initiation to leap this gap?

To transcend this space of nowhere,

To see, to feel this destiny inside of me that screams...

Hear me!!! Show me my map, and I will follow as surely...

As the day follows the night...


The Knight of armor, and the knight of light.

I will fight your fight! I surrender to your almighty might!

Speak to me! Use me for your sight!

I am and will be your guiding light.

I only want to serve...



Oh really? Is that right?
Mighty words you proclaim...
Are you sure you are not proclaiming some inner need
For importance and personal fame?
We must take our temperature as we make such claim.

What is your desire? What is your fear?
Are you in it for the glory? Is it important that people know your name?
You will fall short if you are imbued within this game.
Your loves, your dreams will not appear,
Some other force will bind you to your shame.

To guide yourself between these two impostors,
To be free from right or left, attached to this or that,
To stand in your center, free from all the dark chat.
To speak your truth with love for all,
Attached to nothing but the passion of your call.

Free at last, it will show up now!
The way, the path, no longer some distant how?
The method, the means will find you,
As you release to your transcendent vow.

Moment by moment



Alone


No pet, no person, no thing.
The effect of loneliness with its inevitable sting.
How long to endure this test of plight,
When do I surrender and give up this fight?
And join with the love and kneel down for what's right.

There is a leap I must take to surrender this fight.
I first must assert my GOD given right
And prepare myself to battle with the dark knight.

It starts inside with my voice and its constant rattle,
My mind adrift in its everlasting battle.
How then do I let go and be free,
When I am unsure which one of the minds is me?

I must listen kindly to know which one is right,
There is a way through the mist of the dark and the light.
It is the middle way where there is clear sight.
It is known as the middle road, it's the path of light!

Which avenue do I go down to know this path I may ask?
The ONE that lights you up! The one that makes you laugh!
This is your path! You hear him say, and now you will have a brighter day!



But still what do I do when on this path, your child will say,
Be still and trust the light, feel it as your GOD given right.
Now listen closely and follow the bliss,
Be it with nature, creating, or the feeling of a tender kiss.

Be happy now, feel Love now!
Give it first and make this your eternal vow.
The change is clear, the light is here,
The room no longer dark with confusion and fear.

But wait, what then of loneliness? What then of Love?
Let go, the voice will say, you have found your path.
The road is open now, all good will come to pass.
It's an inside job; the hole gets filled when you learn to ask!



A Shooting Star


When you look up and see
The magnificence of the Universal spree,
Of light, of Love, of you and me;
The star, the spark that makes you free!

To see
A Shooting Star, how wondrous
To wonder what you are?
You are special, one of a kind,
The Star does remind you of who YOU are.

You are joined you see
To all that will ever be.
The Star a reminder of the great Sea
Of power, of love, and its relevancy...

To YOU who is the one, the one who knows
That miracles do happen, like the star above,
The flash of light, in awe I feel clear sight.
I bow down to the one I love.

There are no words to explain you see
The feeling of being one with HE.
The shooting star from afar
Does bring you close to who YOU really are.



And now another one you see
As your belief was beginning to flee.
The new one gives you belief as that of a Pharisee.
We learn FAITH is a must TO BE!

The shooting star your sign to be FREE!



A Brother

I met a Man, who was slow,
His IQ was apparently low.
But it was in that moment that I did know
God was with us both in the same show.

Before the pain I was afar,
Now I saw we are from the same jar.
The drink of life, we are all one,
The joining through the heavenly son.

In the past I would have stayed in my head,
It was the pain of the struggle that had laid me dead.
I saw him and he saw me,
I realized he is my brother from the same tree.

We visited for a while
And we both did smile.
We talked of our alone
We both knew we were not on our own.

And so we stayed to share a smile.



His name was William, a simple man.

His life was NOW, with no particular plan.

He gave me hope that I can see

A new life with transparency.

It was an honest moment, not in my head;

I was being awoken from the old dead.

He went his way, and I went mine,

The humble moment for me to align.

Thank you William.



Because I know The Soul of You

Because I know the soul of you
The things you say that make me mad and sad.
The times you misjudge me
And do not clearly see from some background mirror
That fogs the truth of who I am and want to be.

Because I know the soul of you,
These things that do infuriate me,
These allegations that do bind me to me,
Seem nothing when compared to the soul I know you to be,
Seem nothing when I look beyond the behavior tree...

To the root, to the soul of you,
At back of all you say and do.
That sweet soul in full view,
Even in rage and anger
All is forgotten when I think of the sweet soul... in you

That sweet soul of you
That does make all things small,
That do not matter,
And all things small that do,
My annoyance in comparison...

Is like an Englishman saying Toodledooh!



Being Creative

When I am creative, I am not frustrated,
I'm in the moment NOW! Not in some distant place
All stressed out about the human race.
I'm here right now, being my authentic self.
I'm not thinking about health, wealth or anything else.

I'm creating baby, and their ain't no maybe,
I'm in the flow, oh yes I'm letting go!
And it feels so flipping good!
And guess what? It doesn't have to be angry!
Give it out! Give it out! That's what your soul wants to shout!

Come on, it's not about you,
It's about all the souls you can set free
When you become your own deity.
Trust in you, what comes through you,
Practice, whatever, if you have a few hiccups...

Or you feel you miss – don't worry about it,
Your goal is to free you! And guess what?
When you do, people listen,
That's when you know it's not about you,
It's the gift that comes through you.

Hallelujah!



Confidence

It begins inside, not where you hide inside,

Where your truth is inside.

Inside of what? Inside of the great pretender?

No! Not that part of you that wants to be recognized, loved, adored
and cherished.

The life in you that wants so much to come through

Is much more than that, it's you without all of that,

It's what's left when all of that is gone.

It's not what others think; it's what you believe.

Only then can you effect change in who you are, and what others see.

It's not about how good you look, how cool you sound.

It is about your intentions born on solid ground.

From there you can preach, teach, do anything.

Forget yourself and you will be found.

Confidence comes from standing your ground,

Allowing the force of nature to flow through you,

Now that's profound!



Be passionate in all you do, that life force is crying out to come through you.

“Me, I’m not good enough, I’m not special”

Listen not to that mental drivel! That’s not you, that’s the past that speaks,

To set yourself free, you cannot be weak.

And finally... practice what you preach.

Don’t expect GOD to be your teach,

He’s in you; give him space.

Then you will discover the beauty of you, and your human race.



Coincidence

I met a woman, my past wife after many years
In a place I do not go, at a time where time stood still,
So I could catch a glimpse of my past and let go.


I had a daughter born far away at a place I had never been,
But later discovered my Granddad and Mum were born at the same scene,
Across the street In Northern England, far away from my dream.

I had a Cat, who was named after my mothers Cat,
He bit and scratched me and dropped to his death!
He did not die; he dropped out of my life
So I could I discover that coincidence is a spiritual thing.

An Alarm clock that strikes with such noise, and says:
Are you awake, it is time to begin!

It is NOT about your ego and fitting in,
It is NOT about being a guilty person and living in sin.
It IS about trusting you are guided and all is well,
No matter what the place now, that seems like hell.

Your life is unfolding, releasing you from fears and doubt,
Freeing you the very moment you step out
Of the shadows and the clouds, the shrouds of life that keep you stuck,
The coincidences spark you to be freed from the muck.



When you start to look, you will see
There is a miracle that does set you free.
It is inside of you waiting patiently
So that you may join with your nature to fulfill your destiny.

You are made anew when you embrace the pain of the past,
Coincidences bizarre, the shock to jolt you from your story so far.
A story inherited from a distant past, no longer needed,
A story to embrace, but not a story that will last;
To become the Star, your place in this place is who YOU are!

It is the coincidences of your life when seen clearly
That will teach you that a coincidence is not just merely
A coincidence; it is a moment in time when the force of nature
Does manifest a happening that stops time.
In that moment you enter into the Universal sublime,

Where doubts and fears are just a bad habit from a distant past.
Thank you coincidence, I embrace you, I am free at last!



Clouds


When I look up at the sky
I am released from eternally asking why?
I see creation in each cloudy mist
Joining me with its intimate kiss.

So beautiful in its creations,
Through the mist I discover my manifestations.
I see all as I vision;
My imagination creating each image decision.

I'm at one as these images metamorphosis,
The magic creating sweet bliss.
I let go of the mind opening to my creativeness,
I become one with all of this.

I open up and am set free,
These images above do so enthrall me.
A God, a Dog, a Fish, an Angel,
All things bright and beautiful do I see.

I am a creator, just like HE! What I vision and I see,
Does come to live and breathe through me.
Through the cloudy pictures GOD does speak to me,
To open myself to His love the key.



For what I image up above
I can create here on the ground with the power of love.
The sweetness of the cloudy sky
Does eliminate all of the asking why.

I first look up to see the glory
And then come down to write my story.
I do take the images from up above
And transcend them with the power of love.



Decisions

To decide, to decide, such an aggravation!

I can't decide what train to get on

Let alone what station!

The choices, the choices,

All I hear are a thousand voices...

Buy this, buy that, see this one, see that one

Go here, go there...

And then I sigh and take a look...

I find myself going nowhere!

So make your choices and make them clear,

Hear your voice, the one beneath the fear.

Follow your heart and your dreams will come true.

Make your decisions to be all that is you!



Dreams

To dream of love, to dream of life
Is the dream road to Paradise.

Awake and all is forgotten,
The dream just a dream
Another one begotten.

But smile, laugh, enjoy
There is no such thing as just a dream...



Fear In Your Eyes

Hello feary eyes

What faith have you in your disguise?

Have you no notion of the potion to free you from your demise?

It lies within - not out,

You must focus your mind away from doubt.

Think CLEAR, NOT FEAR,

Lighten up! Let it out!

Hallelujah! Sing your song

Now we're moving right along!

Give it up! Give it out!

Sing your song and make it count!

Goodbye feary eyes,

It was the courage to go within

That freed me from my demise.



The Girl In Red


It was on the bus that I first saw thee,
She was dressed in red, talkative and so friendly.
The back of her is all I could see,
The light on her hair shone so brightly.

I was sat in the seat behind,
I sensed the stirrings in my mind,
“She’s beautiful!” I thought, a rare find,
Of love, beauty and all things kind.

Sat next to me was Juan, a young chap
With a troubled mind, I counseled him and thought of her.
What beauty can make a mans thoughts stir.
My compassion was even greater because of her.

It was at the paper place that I began to know
The vibrations of her sweet glow.
Her humor, her heart, the goodness that would grow
To be a loving kindness, I would be blessed to know.

She was full of love that I could see,
And was praying deeply for a man to be on bended knee.
For her life was not fulfilled, she was not living her destiny.
These thing and more she expressed to me.



And in doing so my care for her was plain to see,
Her truth so very much touching me.
I felt joined with her and her with me,
The way she looked into me did set me free.

We had recycled paper that day,
My past in her presence seemed so very far away.
We were beginning a new life, a new day,
In each other we were learning a new way.

There were signs the way she was with me,
Sitting next to her at the dinner table felt easy and free.
The ship had sailed and so had we...
On a new journey of love and life through eternity.

We sang hymns on Christmas the night before we left,
I sang so loud I made the poor girl almost deaf!
They were hymns of thanks you see
About the baby Jesus and new life for her and for me.



Into The Dark

Into the dark, into the night,

It is an awful feeling alone with fright.

Never knowing where or how?

Show me! Help me! I wish to see the light,

My body hurts my soul forgotten,

How long do I endure and feel so rotten.

Is there no end to this eternal bottom?



Inward

When I'm being creative I'm not frustrated...

My mind is on the moment now.

I'm present, no longer always thinking about the future how?

I feel my way inward as I breathe,

Letting go of dissonance and disease.

By joining with nature, MY nature

I feel free, and then voila! I am...me!

What comes through me does set me free!

Of course I knew it all along,

I was just following someone else's song.



Journey


This life is over,
That life before.
Wow! What a trip that was
Boy! Am I sore!

I didn't know what I didn't know,
I was on a treadmill
Living out some unconscious show.
I ran a race, I did not know my own face.

I was lost in the battle, lost in my head.
Now its over, I feel almost dead.
Rest and recover is all I can do,
The ambitions must wait as I renew.

What a trip, as I lay down
Renewing myself from the sad clown.
The act is done; the play is over.
Every part of me aches from shoulder to shoulder.

Passion is the only key
To breathe new life when all is lost at sea.
Rest now, be here now,
Slow down and feel the this moment.



Renew the self by inward go,
Feel the life force that does know.
For we are one and the light does heal,
I connect to source and I do feel...

I feel at last, there it is!
This is how I come back from the abyss.
Let go and feel the light,
The journey before, my dark before clear sight.

What was that all about? I heard him say
It was an interview with Brando before his dying day.
He was asked what he would think when all was done?
He said "what the hell was that all about!?" Because I don't know!



Loneliness

Loneliness is a sad affair.

An affair with yourself, unknown uncared.

Loneliness exists in the soul of the begotten man.

The unknown man knows not that loneliness is a learning time.

A time for growth and reflection,

A time for imaging mirrors into the soul,

Into your ancestors soul, into life and death...

The recognition of ups and downs

And the knowing that by nature things go round and round,

You cannot know the ups without the downs.



Letting Go

To trust in the unknown,
To let go of what I think I know.
To set sail for some distant shore
To expand myself to know more.

Stepping out of my comfort zone
I give myself to the unknown.
Feeling my way inward first,
Checking the quench of my spiritual thirst,
Trusting in life as I give birth...

To new thoughts that do satisfy this once unquenchable thirst.
I feel grounded; Heaven is here on earth,
I share myself unreserved.
The passion of belief is my dancing word.

Out of my head and into me see
I speak my word in transparency.
I am present moment bound, set firmly on holy ground,
Not of righteousness, but of all things found.

We are all one when the fight does stop,
One life between us our only building block.
We are one you see, when I feel you- you feel me!
Together we do set ourselves free!
The words that bond us must be spoken from solid ground,
When WE let go -All around us do feel FOUND!



Letting Go 2

What is truly letting go?

I can tell what it is not,
It is not some fanciful demonstration or show,
Or false bravado to gain some new foothold when pain does show.

Letting go is truly surrendering to all that is old
And what you think you know.
It is a renewal of the old so complete that only love does show.

It is a feeling that cleanses you and makes you whole.
It starts with breathing out the old,
The feeling so complete, that death does unfold.

Through your body, through your soul
The feeling expires all that you did ever know.
No more selfish thoughts do you sow.

The light shines through you when you let go,
The light of love does abide within your heavenly glow.
You are one with all and it does show.

No more fears or isolated thought,
Your past you learn is what your teacher taught.
A feeling of one is your new life found.

At last you are standing on solid ground.



Lost and Found

Guide me, show me, help me!
“Lost and found” they say,
Sounds so easy to portray.
When I see that sign I am confused!

I am lost and found almost every day,
And then I look and I am bemused.
The answers there, it’s everywhere,
All amongst us, amongst the fuss.

How could I be lost? If I know what it is to be found?

So the question is simple, the answer clear;
Are you lost sir? Or are you found?
Yes! For life goes round and round and up and down,
And now I think of it, I like this merry go round.



Life, Love, Beauty

Life, Love, Beauty,
The Spirit that guides me,
The joy that fills me,
The magnificence that surrounds me.

At its greatest point life is timeless, fearless, and everlasting.
I yearn for this feeling to live fully NOW!
With no fear, only FAITH, for this GOD is eternal,
He lives, breathes, and moves through me,
I invited him in where he sits peacefully.
When I open my eyes He sets me free!

Look all around you...
See the life, feel the love, experience the beauty...
Go within and contemplate what you see...
The trees, the leaves, their conversation to you, see them wave...
See the sky, the pictures that GOD paints for you,
Feel the ocean, and know it beats with you.

Know that you are ONE,
ONE with it all.
Feel it, know it, and be it!
You are the ONE, LIFE, LOVE and BEAUTY.



Lost

I breathe the darkness of the unaware,
Running from myself I see
The road to someday is not free,
It costs a lot and leaves me empty.



Lessons learned

Learn them now or learn them later,
Life's lessons will show the path.

Each experience can open your eyes,
In succession life's lessons will make you wise.

The wise student learns to be grateful!






Man Child

When you go to the mirror and look at yourself
And see what that man has to say;
Is it a man looking back at you?
Or some boy from a long past day?

Am I man? Or am I still a boy?

You will know if you can say yes to the following questions:

Do you place others first before yourself?
Are you generous no matter what you have?
Do you treat a lady as a lady no matter what her age or look?
Do you make it a point to ask sincere questions of a stranger?
Do you give of yourself when no one is watching?
Do you speak your truth when it is easier not to?
Do you treat each person the same whether rich or poor?
Do you see opportunity instead of blame?
Do you speak from love and not from being a victim?
Do you forgive when all around want to ridicule?
Do you get up and start again when it is easier not to?
Do you hold a higher purpose to drive yourself forward?
Are you grateful for what you have NOW?



You see to be a man is not such an easy thing.
You must hold yourself high while bending down low.
You must give up on a childish ways to take your place in the divine show.
For giving, loving and surrendering is all you must know.
This then is to be a man; none of us are perfect,
We must do the very best we can.

To see deep within and how you've grown
From the past of selfish thought to a place well known,
Of strength, love and security,
Knowing that all before was meant to be.
You have been on a quest to be set free,
You are a Man!



Meditation

Beyond the horizon of the sunsets glow
To a new day where my light shines through...

I breathe the breath of golden light
My spirit joins and I take flight...

In love and kindness I feel his might,
No fear or thought for what is right.

I breathe it now and let go,
I feel myself bathed in the lovely glow...

The mediation my way in to the heavenly show
Of light, love and the eternal glow.

The peace I feel my reward for the faith I know.



The Winds Of Love

The winds of love flow through my soul,
They bring me pain,
They bring me gifts on this earthly plain.

For I have learned the winds of love are pure,
They are me, you, all that we see,
They flow through us, they make us free.

The winds of love bring us to our knees,
For there we pray, from there we learn,
From there we rise to higher grounds...

Above this earth, above this plain
To a higher ground, where there is no pain.
Where the light is clear, where the soul is free,
Where man and woman are one to be.



Leaves of Love

I do so love how the leaves speak to me
Joined with the majesty of the Mother tree.
Her love does embrace and make me free,
Her song vibrates my heart in sweet harmony.

I love them most when the wind blows free,
Their songs of love such peace and joy to me.
I feel the love as when on bended knee,
They bring me solace in a world of great difficulty.

I speak to them and they SING to me!
The glory of GOD in the children of her tree.
Their eternal presence a joy to see,
I feel the strength and am one with thee.

A tear of joy I feel on my face
As I contemplate her almighty grace.
The love I feel as she sings to me
Gives me strength to know her eternally.

No matter how strong the wind does blow
Her love I will forever know.
She is always there when I need her most,
She is my natural lover, my holy ghost.

The leaves of love do set me free,
They bring me great joy as I contemplate HE.
They are forever present to listen to me,
I am one with them now and for eternity.



The Dancing Palm

Have you ever really looked to see
The majesty of the dancing tree.
The Palms do move as if a belly dance,
The flow and movement keeps me entranced.

She speaks to me through her dance,
I feel her love and strength in every prance.
The movement so sublime,
I rejoice in the love of my dancing Palm.

Each leaf I come to know,
Smiling, moving, dancing,
She seduces me with her ebb and flow,
What joy when I embrace the dancing Palm show.

Now If I change my attention,
I see a different expression.
The dancing Palm becomes an animal face,
And now she transports me to a different place.

To one of wonder to a childlike day,
What magic in the tree,
The dancing faces do set me free.
When I am with them, I am not with me.

I am in the place of wonder with my dancing tree.
It is the joining of the magic world
That does release me
To my love affair with my beloved tree.



Overcoming Yourself

The hardest thing you will ever do,
The greatest thing you will ever accomplish
Is to overcome yourself and no longer be selfish.


It's the self-involvement you see,
Stuck in the past of your emotional sea
Of guilt, shame, and negativity...

That keeps you stuck to a past ancestry,
To all things that make you blind to see
The truth of what will set you free.

To leave this place with a new legacy
Of love, kindness and strength where you are one to be
With the great creator that made all you see...

The heavens, the earth, the great provide,
It's all made of the same stuff, of you and I.
It's within, not without, beyond any shadowy doubt.

You must sit with self in deep repose,
Forgive the past and all you think you know,
And see yourself in a new show.



Are you worth it? You must ask...

Because (believe me) this will be your most difficult task,
This ritual will free you forever from wearing your mask.

Where the light is clear and the soul is free,
Where all possibility becomes plain to see.
Practice every day and you will be FREE!




Pain

My mind and body so connected
With a life of discontentment.
My body suffers,
My source is disconnected.
Nowhere to hide, I 'm stuck within the great divide.

PAIN shows up and does grind me down,
My once happy child in a constant frown.
The body aches and does bring me down.
No way out it does appear,
The road to nowhere becomes clear.

And so I live the life of constant fear,
Disconnected, the road unclear.
Oh yes I do shed a tear,
Out of sadness, not good cheer.

This spiraling down
Does make me into the tearful clown.
Beneath the mask the soulful frown
Of a life not claimed as my own.



Yet when I look around, I am freed!
My pain has led me to ask to receive.
In the prayer I am awoken,
To the truth that we are all broken.

This is what sets us free,
That each of us is joined eternally
From the chord of pain, it's plain to see.
The music it plays doth belong to me.

I am one with it, and it with me.
When I embrace the truth
It is the pain that sets me free.
I cannot know what I have not felt,
I am given compassion so I may ask for help.



Passion

When the embers glow,
When the flames flow,
When the passion reaches its crescendo.

As the ritual ends, the mind transcends
Far beyond the Ego.
The two join in space and time,
Souls together in all divine.

They rise beyond to the light above,
Bonded together in eternal love.
This is beauty and peace in heaven above.



Shame

What is shame, but pain turned inwards.
A way to blame oneself for circumstances and suffering
Caused and created out of ignorance
From things I did, to things done unto me.

I suffer with the shame for an eternity,
Until such time I embrace the pain, the guilt
And see it for what it is, a thing done past,
Out of some distant shadow of which my lot was cast.

I awaken from the story by breaking the chains,
The pattern of guilt and shame a distant past,
I let go and am free at last.



The Man In The Tree

I was sat in a rocking chair, in a bowl, a valley
Surrounded by mountains.


I could hear the mountain stream flowing by as I rocked back and
forth in my chair; It was beautiful and serene.

The stars were more than I had ever seen,
Like a hundred thousand sparkling eyes
All looking down smiling right at me.
I felt connected, I felt free...

And then I looked to my left, (it was dark outside)
But I could still see... there was a figure, an image, a man?
He was stuck in the tree!
And I had this cold realization come over me,
That man who I could see in the tree was me!

I was the man stuck in the tree!
I was free here, but stuck there.
And I knew in my belly... that was me!
I was the man stuck in the tree!

And then I knew... I had some work to do
That... that was me... and I was NOT free!
And I got the message, and then I wondered...
How long would it be? Would I ever be free?



I spent a long time in the tree,
Stuck in my past fears, frozen with thoughts of anxiety.
It was twenty-five years ago that I received that message.
A lifetime to know what it is to be stuck and not to feel free.

The truth is I love being me!
Who doesn't love being themselves?
And yet I stayed stuck clinging on to the branches in that tree
Because it was the known, because I was afraid to let go
And trust in me.

I needed an axe to set me free!
And that's what it is, that's what it takes... You have to fight!
I had to stop feeding the vines that had kept me entwined
In my fear and anxiety...

And drop out of the tree; carve out out a new life
Where I use the memory of the tree...
Not only for myself, but for whomever else who would choose to be free...
Where I could be there with my hand on their back,
To step into the unknown together, no longer choosing to live life in lack.



The Mirror

When you raise your head and focus your eyes
The mirror will greet you with loving surprise.

Welcome we may begin, there is much to learn, much to do
Your sleep was long and a little overdue.
Now you are here, and so am I...

We join together without the lie.
It's over now, the way is clear
Together we will grow without the fear.

The light is on, the winds are strong.
For the mirror is where the strength comes from.

Love heals ALL



Time and Space

Sun and Moon

Yin and Yang

Male and Female...

All opposites in time and space,

They disappear beyond the Human Race,

They join together in harmony,

One with Life, One with God,

Forever, together, in eternity.



Trust

To trust in the unknown,
To let go of what I think I know.
To set sail for some distant shore,
To expand myself to know more.

Stepping out of my comfort zone
I give myself to the unknown.
Feeling my way inward first
Checking the quench of my spiritual thirst.
Trusting in life as I give birth...

To new thoughts that do satisfy this once unquenchable thirst;
I feel grounded; Heaven is here on earth.
I share myself unreserved,
The passion of belief is my dancing word.

Out of my head and into me see,
I speak my word in transparency.
I am present moment bound, set firmly on the holy ground.
Not of righteousness, but of all things found.

For we are all one when the fight does stop,
One life between us our only building block.
We are one you see...when I feel YOU... YOU feel me,
Together we do set ourselves free!
The words that bond us must be spoken from solid ground.
When WE let go.... All around us do feel FOUND!



The GOD Thing

We are all connected, every little part of us,
Every little thing,
Every little thought, every spec of dust.
It is all part of the great creation that we must come to trust.
For freedom is the only thing, the only MUST!


And yet we still cling...

Holding on till we die, telling ourselves a convenient lie
To avoid the truth that lay inside,
The voice of love I always hide.
The GOD thing is the crossing of this great divide,
Between you and me, and all things that set us free.

And yet we still cling...

Afraid to be free and take my place;
To be seen, to be known, no longer a human clone,
Unique in GOD, surrendering to my natural space.
It is the void that creates my fear,
And yet the void is where all things do become clear.

And yet we still cling...



For FEAR is the opposite king,
He will keep me down; he will keep me stuck,
Imprisoned in my unholy muck.
I will stay this way till my dying day,
Never knowing my GOD thing is the only way.

And yet we still cling...

Until one day we say...

That's enough! I will do life a different way;
I will make the change, and feel myself engaged
In the change of life, and forgive my rage.
Going inward is the only way,
I commit to feeling all things come what may...

And yes there is a price to pay; it is named "Surrender"
I do it NOW and LIVE each day.



The Thing

The thing is never the thing,
It never is...
It's the journey to get to the thing
That makes it what it is.

If you think once you get there all will be well,
And then find that big empty space is a trap made in hell,
Then you missed the whole point;it's the journey you see,
The journey is where you make yourself free.

For you are with yourself clear to the end,
When you marry your journey, you are your best friend.
Never disappointed and nothing to fear,
Without expectation you will always have good cheer.

It's even better doing what you love,
The moments are many from the sweet man above.
Giving it your all, you do answer your call,
To partner with your maker, a heavenly ball.

So travel light, and travel well,
Keeping your eye on the road with the virtues you know.
The destiny will take care of if itself
When you place the expectation on some far away shelf.




To Be Still

To be still, oh such easy words to fulfill.
If this were a game my score would be nil!
Breathe in, breathe out, you must think calm thoughts.
Give me a break! Don't they know my mind is full with faults!

I'm already uptight, now I have to work and fight to be still,
Breathing, focusing, going inside, all this to be tranquil!
It's overrated, that's what I say! Then I hear
NO, NO, NO... you must go on bended knee and pray.
Pray? Why pray, I wonder? It is the law, the law of surrender.

Inward is the way, the sage does say.
This law, this path is for peaceful warriors who do obey.
To find the path you first must pray.
Here we go! Another preacher wanting to save the day!

A decade passes and here I am, the angst has permeated every crick
and cram.
The body suffers, the mind with unrest.
Is this whole experience some kind of spiritual test?
If this is true, I must release the past and do my best
To pass this most dangerous difficult test.



The game clock is still ticking,
I will play this game of life, and give it a good licking!
I will reverse what's done with the power of the ONE.
He will heal me and set me free! The great one from Galilee,
Yes him, or Buddha, the ONE you love.

The ONE that shines through thee,
The ONE inside of you and me.

That's what they were harping on way back when,
The power inside, where we find our Zen.
Breathe, Breathe, go within, the ONE is waiting to be your friend.
And once you know this to be true, the angst is gone!
We are from the place of never end.



To Pour Myself into The Mold

When I pour myself into the mold
I free myself from all that is cold
And rigid, as I unfold into the depths of my soul,
I let go of all that is old.

From a time gone past, from a time gone by,
I free myself from every lie.
The truth of life flows through my being,
I become one with all that is worth feeling and seeing.

When I pour myself into the mold
I release all that has been frozen and cold.
My body, my soul, I am one with my goal;
To let go of all past pain, to be in the moment my heavenly gain.

For the mold is where the change takes place,
When I give myself to its unending space.
I am free to a new word spoken,
Of love for myself I become unbroken.

By letting go into the space unknown,
My true identity is revealed and shown.
First to myself, as I am set free,
I become one with my maker and so pleased is HE!



Tea for Two

Mini Skirts, they'll not make you a cuppa tea
I've never forgot those words my Mamma said to me.

Find a good person, she always said,
Forget about if she's good in bed.

A Sunday roast, a piece of toast,
When you're older that's what counts the most!

Not the size of her bra or your fancy car,
None of these things will go very far.

Going for a stroll and a nice walk
Knowing that you both can always talk.

This is what counts as the seasons go by,
Real love for each other shall never die.

A cuppa tea, a tender touch,
These are the things that mean so much.

When all is said and done
Did you look... and see and say,
I found a good person, "I love you Hon".

Haleh



Seat of The Soul

When not seated in your soul,
Life's slightest tremors will rock you to and thro...

A Boat without an anchor,
A love without romance...

The lost soul is blown tither and fro.
Without purpose he suffers in silence...

No love to calm him, no harbor to call home,
The purposeless soul remains isolated and alone.



Simplicity and Love

They are one and the same...
When I see simplicity, I do feel love.
It's all around me, in the air, the trees
All of nature speaks to me...

The magic is in the beauty of simplicity.
Does it not take your breath away?
The simplicity of a sunrise to a new day,
The breath you take for granted;
The same breath that would wisp you away.

Love and simplicity that grants us each new day...

Pray not a day, but a moment and you would be gone,
The balance of breath does join you as one.
Without this simplicity you follow death,
It is not a morbid thought but one to know true,
So that you can follow the depths to know you...

The divine in you and me...
It knows all is weaved in a rich tapestry
Of love and sweet simplicity,
Where we discover what it is to be free...

To love fully with simplicity!



WINSTON CHURCHILL

A Statesman, a warrior, a writer,
A man unique in quality and strength.
He was born in a palace; never crowned a King,
But he was a King among Men.
His voice traveled through the times of fear,
His words crackled over the radiograms,
Sparking life into souls of the men and women who heard him.
He breathed life into the Nation; he was the anchor to their island.
He was Winston Churchill.

Churchill was truly a man of destiny,
In his own words he said:
“I can feel the beat of the invisible wings above my head”.
For many British people, he was an Angel.
Jack Kennedy said of him:
“ He is the most honored and honorable man to walk the stage of
human history in the times in which we live”.

Churchill found his love in life early:
History! He studied it, he referred to it, and he loved it. And then he
wrote it!
He was an example of courage, strength and true character.
He was and always will be one of the world's greatest characters.
If Winston Churchill had a weakness, it was his appreciation for
drinking and cigars.



At a cocktail party Churchill was approached by Lady Aster, who was in favor of prohibition:

“Sir” she said, “you are drunk”!

Churchill, being the great statesman that he was, replied:

“Madam you are right, and you are ugly!

In the morning I shall be sober”.

A cigar in one hand and a victory sign in the other,

Churchill moved his people like no other British leader before him.

His words erupted from his soul, destroying his enemies, encouraging his allies, and caressing his children.

For Winston Churchill was the Father to his homeland,

England was his love

No dark invader would poison the green grass of his home.

Yes! Churchill was a great statesman, a modern day warrior, and a poetic writer. He was also an artist.

The greatest pictures he painted were in the minds of the men that fought the war

on the beaches, in the air, and on the sea. They did not see defeat , they pictured victory.

In Winston Churchill’s words:

Never give in, never give in,

Never, Never, Never, Never,

In Nothing,

Great or small, Large or petty,

Never give in...

Except to convictions of honor and good sense.

Winston Churchill was one of England’s finest hours.



Wicked Game


Before I met you,
I never thought I could love the way I loved you
Or fall so completely into you.
I never thought I could ever feel the way I do.
I never imagined I could see anyone the way I saw you.

You took my breath away,
You grew inside me day by day.
You breathed life into my soul,
You completed me and I was whole.

My spirit soared at the thought of you,
My heart opened when your breath came through.
I felt the pain, relived again
From the distant past, buried in shame.

You brought it forth from the depths of me,
You cut me open so I could be free.
My fragile heart broken in two,
Became whole again as you passed through.

The game you played was meant to be,
My spirit screamed and I saw me.
The pain in you has set me free.



With great gratitude, I give thanks to thee.

I see the whole picture in its entirety,

I let you go and I set me free.

I see how you were such a gift to me,

Thank you for your perfect delivery.

I give forgiveness in all that is meant to be,

The magnificence of this life is so great I cannot see.

I am at peace with me,

The game we played hath set me free.



VAGABONDS

LOST AND ALONE I FEEL, WHY THIS, WHY ME, WHY NOW?

The time has come to look beyond the traveling show of Vagabonds;
To sing your song of notes rising high and falling low,
To appreciate the melody in both arenas,
To see in your eyes all that redeems us.

This then is love;this is pain
To transcend to our Father our most Heavenly gain.
Beyond the darkness into the light,
Your soul releases and takes flight.

When the curtain opens and the music plays,
Your dark side illuminates through the misty haze.
So rejoice in the sorrow and know who you are,
You are complete! You are a Star!



TO BE AN UPPER CLASS ENGLISHMAN


To be an upper class Englishman is not as easy as it might appear.
One must conduct oneself as though there is nothing he would fear.
One must hold oneself in manner and thought,
As if Oxford or Cambridge was the only place that he could possibly
have been taught.

Chin held high and bottom tucked in, it's no wonder the poor chap
drinks his fair share of Gin.

He has to be so prim and proper, even with the most mundane of chores.
The poor fellow is so uptight, his bottom cheeks squeezed together
with a nasty case of hemorrhoidal sores.

Our Englishman does become depressed.
The good family doctor orders him for complete bed rest.
While lying there he begins to think, "My life is one big stink!"
Oh my God! What shall I do? My life is such a charade,
If people only really knew!

Well our Englishman he did lay there all day,
He did connect with his higher power and had a good pray.
He comes back from his trip above with a deep sense of unconditional love.
I will do things different! I will live a new way.
I will be happy and I will be gay!



That day our Englishman made a new choice;
He decided to discover himself and find his own voice.
I must find a way to let go!
I know! I'll dress up as a cockney hoe!

He jumps out of bed, takes his wife's wig off the headstand, placing it lovingly upon his head.
He makes his way to the wardrobe, discovers a lovely pair of earrings, and gently places them upon his earlobes.

He looks in the mirror, moves his body as if to shiver,
And says to himself, "The uptight Englishmen is dead!"
He chooses a delightful dress, and for the first time touches himself with a gentle caress.

He puts on some make up, his wife's handbag and shoes, and heads out of the door saying to himself, "I've got nothing to lose! I'm a cockney whore!"
He makes his way down to the Queens head, where he's always admired the size of their outside lounge beds.

He enters the Tavern with a loud cockney voice
"I'm here everybody! I'm the cockney whore!
It's \$10 for a ****job and 20 if you want more!"




The Cockney Whore

Being the Cockney Whore freed me from being a bore,
My hemorrhoids cleared up, they are no more!
I'm in no need of bed rest; I'm not depressed.
People love me more as the Cockney Whore.
Hardly surprising, the uptight Englishman was such a first class bore.
They see me you see, beneath the glitter and the glee.

I do love to wear a bit of makeup; it makes me feel so very free!
The thing is, I'm not really gay you see
I just want to let go and be me.
Now I was wondering how many of you out there
Feel kind of stuck in your muck,
From your past, and is there anything you would like to do?

I'm not suggesting you become a Cockney Whore
Because there is only one of me,
And even though we are from the same root,
We are from a different tree.

So you're thing isn't necessarily my thing,
But I am suggesting you come up with something
That sets YOU free!
So if you would allow me, may I give you a clue?
It's doing that thing you know is you!



When I'm the Cockney Whore
I lift my skirt up, and I'm laid bare,
I love it you see, because I just don't care!
It's a part of me that needs to be free,
I let go and just be me!

When I go back to being the stiff upper lip,
I know at any time I can do the flip.
She's always there the Cockney Whore.
When I'm all prim and proper, sophisticated and polite,
I only have to look through her eyes to know that I'm all right.

It's you lot out there, all so uptight,
Now I know don't I? I know your plight!
You may not have stiff upper lips, but something's not right.

So I say have a go, or you'll never know,
And if you feel a little timid before you let go,
Just remember the upper class Englishman
Who became a Cockney Hoe.



ARCHIE

Rescuing your loved ones or friends seems like such a noble act.

I remember a time when I rescued a Cat.

Oh now that was a nightmare! I will fill you in on the facts:

He was **BIG, BLACK and FAT**. He reminded me so much of my mothers Cat.

I had just written a book you see, about when my mother had set herself free,

From her family, my dad, my brothers and me.

It was cathartic, writing that book,

I felt a healing, perhaps after all these years I was finally free!

Never a Cat lover, dogs were more my cuppa tea.

Then one day I passed by a window with rescued pets, and there sat **HE**.

He was **BIG, Black and rather FAT**, just like my mothers Cat!

It was a sign! I would name him after hers. All her cats were named Archie.


I brought him home that fateful day, after buying an electric cat litter tray.

Only the best for Archie! After all he was the symbol of a new way.

Forgiveness, love, letting go, loving my mother, oh how I had loved her so!

Through this **BIG FAT BLACK CAT** I could finally let go.


Bury my past and be healed at last. I was reborn! This was the beginning of a new day! It started out fine, at home with this newfound friend of mine.



He appeared from nowhere landing swiftly upon my lap,
Such agility and spring in his step for such a big chap.
I gently stroked him, placing my hand upon his paw,
A kind of friendly handshake, letting him know we were buddies for sure.
It was in that moment I was awoken that this CAT might be broken.
The anger I felt as I grabbed his throat, my bloodied hand on his furry coat,
Lecturing him as he scratched away with his claws, my thighs
scratched raw!

“Don’t bite the hand that feeds you!” I screamed at his BIG FAT
BLACK HEAD,
His fierce dark eyes piercing into mine as if HE were wishing me dead.
I threw him down to the ground and then he fled...
The feeling of intense pain was not an expectation for sure!
He was Jekyll and Hyde in CAT form, most definitely NOT my cure!
His fangs had laid into me, my hand bloodied and sore...

The very thought of him doing it again did make me shiver...
What message was this, what message did Jehovah want to deliver?
Each night upon my arrival home, I entered my door, his leg cuddling gone.
Instead, a fierce staring contest between the two of us had begun...
I would look at him, and him at me, the look of menace was plain to see.
I hated him, and he hated me! But wait a minute... this is a rescue cat...



He's damaged goods and so are all of we! I will try again, but tentatively.
Two weeks later and seven bites strong, this damn cat would not
last for long.

My hand a bloody mess, desire of patience almost gone,
I would give this cat ONE MORE CHANCE just to prove me wrong.
On my balcony that fateful day, the Cat appeared happy as if he
wanted to play,
I picked him up gently, placing him upon my lap; he did seem such a
loveable chap.

Once bitten twice shy, how about seven times bitten, why oh why?
There was no mercy this time; his fangs piercing my hand did make me cry!
I went berserk, insane, mad whatever it was? it took me over revealing
the jerk!
I hated this damn CAT! Mother or not! This CAT was a dirty RAT!
Now this balcony of mine is six floors up, with no protection from a
nasty drop.
He had leapt onto the ledge to avoid my thunder, perched precipitously
to go under...

First his food and water I did bring, his electric kitty litter was the last thing.
"You can live out here!" I screamed! Your fangs are nothing! I will
show you mean! I picked up a "kitty toy" and threw it at him with great
anger and a strange sense of joy?
I shall never forget the look on his face, as he lost his grip in such
terrified grace.
Six floors he fell upon that tin roof, BOOM! It was a sickening sound,
Archie's BIG FAT BLACK head smashing upon the ground.




“OH GOD!! I didn’t mean it!” I yelled, as I slammed the balcony door on my fingernail!...

Screaming and bleeding, finger beginning to swell,
My mind was awash with this black cat from hell!
I paced back and forth, talking all the time. “Life before the Cat was so sublime!”
My hand covered in blood and my finger a throb,
I made a manly decision, I would not be a low life or a cowardly shod...

I peered over the rail, afraid of what my new life would entail,
How would I clear my mind of the images of Archie’s entrails?
To my amazement and delight, I did not receive the fright.
Archie’s entrails were not in sight, not a mark of blood or even a hair,
I peered over the front and down below...
He was on the grass, hanging out, looking around, without a care.

“Thank GOD!” I thought! “I didn’t kill him!” but what to do?
Some unlucky chap may find him and then he will get his lesson too!
Leave the damn Cat I thought, he belongs in the zoo!
I pondered on the notion. No, that would be a bad show.
I gathered up his carry bag, wrapped my hand in duct tape and headed down below. “Courage! You are an Englishman!Put on a good show”!



There were two girls by his side with a bowl of milk! I couldn't believe my eyes!

This damnCAT Archie... He's the very devil in CAT disguise!

Sight unseen, I withdrew sharply; my hand was duct taped! What would I say?

"This is my Cat Archie, I'm afraid neither one of us are having a very good day".

They would lock me up, call me an animal hater and likely throw the key away!

In this cowardly state I did flee upstairs and decide to let the GODS decide Archie's fate.

After a brief while I did peer once more where Archie sat previously before,

He was gone! He was on the grass no more.

I saw Archie three months later in the apartment below,

His rescuer was living one floor beneath me.

We locked eyes for a moment, the lesson was over,

I was freed from my mother, the black Cat from another.