

Poetry Series

David Wood
- poems -

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David Wood(07 April 1950)

An Ordinary Life:

I was born and labled.
I went to school, but they said it was a waste of time.
I worked and made others rich.
I married, the happiest day of my life.
I was widowed, the saddest day of my life.
I was retired and put out to grass.
And one day I will die and all I have
will be divided among charities.

" As for Man, his days are like grass;
he flourishes like a flower of the field;
for the wind passes over it, and it is gone,
and its place knows it no more."
Psalm 103

1914

Married villages emptied to the call.
Young single men from well-worn towns
Changed from suits and flat caps to khaki.
They changed their hob nailed working boots
To lugging clay-sucked boots of the trenches.
They marched down roads lined with
Loving wives and girlfriends waiving.
They marched to the slaughterhouse of
Flanders fields where poppies blossomed,
Their blood filled petals beckoning all who
Passed by and fell to the bullet or shell.
Death clinging low to the ground. Death
Walking, sickle sweeping from side to side,
With Death saying, 'I claim him' over and over.
August 1914 was just the beginning of hell.
Lions marching into the unknown and oblivion.

David Wood

A Blackbird In Oxwich Wood

I spied a blackbird with its jaunty hopping gait
Gathering twigs, then stopping, tilting its head
To one side to listen for worms in order to grate.
With its fondness of litter leaf to lay upon its bed.

It lives in the beech tree or wild sycamore
Breaking twigs with its beak which it shreds to the core.
In winter it is beauty to behold, its plumage of black feathers
And orange beak glistening in the snow and all weathers.

Its orange ringed eye is distinctive as is its beak.
It flies through the woods or forest edge with its feathers so sleek.
From the high treetops he springs to the hedgerow where he can be seen
standing,
Or, sometimes glides and flicks its tail upon landing.

David Wood

A Bright Star

Nearly two hundred years have gone by
When a man left these shores to die
In foreign lands he did go, but on his way
He landed in Lulworth Cove for a day.

What would I have said to him on that beach?
For his gift to the world to me he could teach
In that sweet short stay, in that tiny bay,
He wrote a beautiful sonnet in just a day.

Only to depart in the mist of time gone by
Makes the sadness of his departure cry
But he did what he said he ought
And thought his poetry came to nought.

And entered eternity a Bright Star.

David Wood

A Casualty Of War (Triolet)

Somewhere under the frozen earth
Beneath the snow so deep
Lay a soldier born of humble birth
Somewhere under the frozen earth
He died an unsung hero for all its worth
Now a mother stands silently to weep
Somewhere under the frozen earth
Beneath the snow so deep

David Wood

A Fond Farewell

If I were not to write again
Or bite into that cyanide laced apple
To hasten a quick end.

I would have to make my peace
And thank everybody I know
For their kindness.

I would have to thank all my
Fellow poets for all their kind
Comments and remarks.

And then wish everybody well
Saying that I hope their poems
Inspire the world.

David Wood

A New Day

Let not the night play its tune out.
Oh let that deep sleep endure,
Sweet dreams where I did shout
That seemed to grip me so sure.

And let not my stamina fail
Under the covers I have warm feet
For the weakness of the night prevail,
This morning is too early to greet.

The morning comes with such speed,
The glinting light through the blinds,
The morning's activities I must seed
And start upon that daily grind.

Shall I roll over for here to stay?
And force the night to more play
Or go sure footed into the day
And let come by what may.

David Wood

A Walk Up Kilvey Hill

A path uneven and well-trod
Winds up Kilvey Hill
Onwards and upwards we plod
We can't afford to stand still
We started when the sun shone
But half way up it rains
We wondered where the dog had gone
For it never had much brains
Aunty couldn't keep the pace
We lost her half way up
Dad was all red in the face
Mum gasping held out her cup
We staggered to the summit
And sat and had our lunch
Then started the downward plummet
Feeling pleased as punch

David Wood

A Wanderer's Song

No more shall we go wandering
By the light of the silvery moon
Or drinking the night time hours away
Because the evening goes too soon.

Less shall we woo young maidens
To steal a kiss or two
With fickle love in night-time bars
As others seem to do.

The night was made for wooing
Young damsels in early May
Under a clear full moon's whisper
As young hearts go astray.

But beware as autumn comes around
There is a call from among the wild
As some young maidens go to ground
As they find themselves with child.

David Wood

Alone On The Streets

She carried the whole world slung on her back
Some threadbare clothes in a rotten old sack.

Heavy lines etched on her weary face,
For her lot in life she had lost the race.

She once had a home with a respectable mother,
Now hard life on the street, she knows of no other.

Her misfortune now plain for all people to see,
A good outcome all lost and never to be.

She spends all her days alone on the streets,
Not a friend in the world only beggars she meets.

How will it all end, does anyone care?
Will anyone help, will someone be there?

If it was your daughter what would you do?
For solutions to her life are all but too few.

David Wood

Among The Cornflowers

I walk through the long grass thinking of you
Soft summer rain doesn't melt my thoughts,
My shirt sticky drippy wet with the heat and rain.

Cornflowers dipping their wet heads drinking,
Breathing the soft gentle breeze blowing from the west
Their flower heads waving in unison.

I remember your summer straw hat flapping
Around your face and the hole in your jeans.
And Clara wagging her tail nibbling the summer grass.

Through the clouds the moon looked down impotent
In the daylight like some old maid at a wedding
Standing in the corner of the room all alone.

I run my hand through the cornflowers as I walk
Feeling the damp warm earth beneath my feet begin to
Crumble in the soft rain.

David Wood

An Ordinary Day

The joggers running around the lake
Looked as if they were about to give birth.
They say no pain no gain but they were
Obviously stressed out to say the least.

My exercise was throwing the ball for Clara
Who retrieved it and brought it back to me.
This routine we did every morning for the
Past year, except when it rained.

The lake was kidney shaped and was one
Mile round and almost flat except for the
Grassy mounds that were raised covered
With bushes and ash trees and silver birch.

Joggers, dog walkers and the elderly plodded
Around trying not to bump into each other
With a 'Morning' or 'Afternoon' as the day dictated.
Even young mums with pushchairs graced the day.

There was nothing special about the lake, in fact
It was ordinary as lakes go with swans, ducks and
Geese flapping about with coots and moorhens
In their wake but it was popular with folk.

But this is the thing with life, we take the ordinary
And turn it into something special, a cause celeb.
And the moments we share with strangers can
Be moments to savour in the course of the day.

David Wood

An Unbroken Chain

The drive to the cemetery at Oystermouth
That long crawl up that steep hill
To the New Section to the south
Was but the bitterest of pill.

The ritual completed the mourners now go
I am left to go forth companionless,
The days darken around me with nothing to show,
To face the future years alone, nothing to bless.

The old order now changed forever.
Scared of the future and what it may hold,
The link with the past never to sever,
And to hide my emotions I have to be bold.

But love is that unbroken chain
That binds us together till we meet again
My future is with her, its plain to see
My hope is that she will now wait for me.

David Wood

Anniversary

I awake by dawns early light
And watch you sleeping beside me:
You smile in your sleep and your
Beauty shines through you.

A special day beckons with the dawn;
Our special day when we were wed,
This day will be filled with love
And thoughts softly of you.

Remembering the love we have;
You, the soft summer breeze wafting
Through my life's hopes and dreams
Making my life sweet and joyous.

My life committed to you for ever
Putting your needs before mine
Making everything in your garden
Blossom, ever only all for you.

David Wood

Arctic Sunrise

Heavy metal is coming to the Arctic
Men will come and grind and drill
And plummet the depths of the Arctic seas
Plundering the wealth hidden in the depths.

The noise of their ships and drilling will
Confuse the great whales as they swim
Looking for krill to eat and survive.
But there is oil in the depths of the Arctic.

How do you treat a polar bear covered in oil?
How do you treat an oil covered walrus?
How many Orca's and narwhal have to die
When the arctic has been polluted with oil?

Recent years have shown ice in the arctic
Has melted away and polar bears struggle to
Survive. What arctic sunrise awaits them now
That men have come to drill for oil?

David Wood

Armistice

It's never the hard won battle,
Or the glorious victory
But the slender slim fingered hand
That holds the pen that signs the paper.

The Golden Eagle, those talons,
That dug into the flesh of the enemy
Was only momentary, a distant nightmare
Of sleepless nights, sweating, muttering.

Of Post-Traumatic Stress Syndrome.
Twitching jerky movements that haunts
Every moment awake with sweaty dread.
The anti-depressants rattling inside.

Now only the slim fingers that signed the paper
That stopped the fighting, that ends the war.
Those fingers never twitched in anger
Never touched other human flesh or a gun.

Fingers now holding the pen resting on the paper.
Flowing ink, not rifles firing bullets,
That stopped the fight. Those fingers
From small weak sloping shoulders

That fails to find any tears to shed.

David Wood

As The River Flows Along

The field was dotted with them,
Hay bales stacked high on high
With field mice and shrews making hay
Running and playing between the bales
And red kites circling overhead, waiting.
The June sun shone down casting shadows.

A large oak tree accommodating all life,
Grubs and worms weaved between its roots
Ants, spiders and beetles made super
High roads along its trunk and branches.
Birds sang their song high on the bough
And squirrels passed each other along its trunk.

Willow trees lined the banks of the river
Separating fields either side of it.
The field across the river saw rabbits
Playing in the sun between rows of
Corn, leaping and dancing without worry.

Bulrushes and toad rush lined the edge
Of the river where coots, with their shiny
Black bodies and white foreheads
Swam with Mallard ducks and their young.
The water sparkling in the sunlight
As the river flows along towards the sea.

Farm workers returning after lunch with
A tractor and trailer start loading bales of hay
Laughing and joking as they worked.
Smoke from a cigarette wafted in the breeze
And noise from the tractor floated high in the air.

Nature in all its beauty filled the air, the fields
And river as life passed slowly by as it had done
For hundreds of years when men used Shire
Horses and four wheeled carts and mice and
Shrews played in the sun between hay stacks.
The beauty of the countryside forever unchanging.

Asses Dressed In Ermine

The law is an ass dressed in ermine robes
The ass is guided by the government monkeys
Who wield the whip of parliamentary statutes.

The disabled, who store medical equipment
In their spare bedroom, are to be evicted
To go into smaller unsuitable accommodation.

The minister who introduced the Bedroom Tax
Will probably be knighted or given an honour
At the expense of the evicted disabled tenants.

The law is just the strong arm of the government
To do the governments will at the expense of the
Disabled and poor who are just trying to survive.

David Wood

Asylum

Endless fighting
Nowhere to turn
Frightening shadows
Food shortages

Barrel bombs falling
Houses shattered
Schools demolished
No medical supplies

Pain of torture
Seeking escape
Looking for refuge
Feeling desolate

Desperately paying
Being trafficked
Hunger and strife
All at sea

Rescued at last
Moments of peace
Arrived in Europe
Unwelcomed

David Wood

Autumn

Autumn prepares the earth for the cold of winter
The warmth of the summer sun has gone
Now chill winds blow autumn leaves from trees
Making a patchwork quilt on woodland paths.

Autumn brings rainy days and cloud filled skies
And chilled dark mornings glistening in the rain.
On farms the harvest is gathered in and put
In vast barns and silo's ready for winter.

Nature starts to gather food for the coming winter
And birds play musical chairs with some flying
South for the winter only to be replaced with
Other birds flying in from colder climates.

The world turns as it travels through time and space;
Soon winter will close down nature where
Survival of the fittest is the order of the day
And a snow covered landscape beckons all.

David Wood

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves begin to gently fall
As summer just fades away
And blackberries from the hedgerow
Make a feast at the end of summer ball.

Golden leaves carpet the woodland floor
And the branches of the trees,
With colours ranging from gold leaf
To rustic copper is something to adore.

Wearing jumpers in the autumn chill
To keep warm, we sit in the garden
Sipping tea instead of cold orange juice
Watching the sun go down, all quiet and still.

And watching the garden birds going to their nest
As the evening lengthens and dusk descends
Thus marks the end of the day, of all we had done,
And sitting in that twilight we simply take our rest.

David Wood

Autumn's Colours (Triolet)

Autumn's colours of russet red and golden brown
Lying on country paths they carpet the floor
Greet people coming out from the town
Autumn's colours of russet red and golden brown
The beauty of nature wearing a diamond crown
A final burst of glory for all to adore
Autumn's colours of russet red and golden brown
Lying on country paths they carpet the floor

David Wood

Autumn's Tale

Autumn

Deep russet leaves

Windy days and cool nights

Picking blackberries in the hedge

Harvest

David Wood

Back Soon

Back soon
Gone to the shops
Run out of tea and milk
Your dinner is in the oven
Ta ta

David Wood

Bed Time

Do you talk in bed?
Or do you read instead.

Or do you both lay there
In silence. Wondering where

Life had gone wrong.
Wedded bliss gone for a song.

What about those next door?
Do they talk or just snore.

Is their life that boring
Night taken up with snoring.

What about those in the next street
Do they mutter under the sheet?

Time in bed before sleep robs agility
A twilight time when mind lacks ability.

The time when the light is out
Is to find something to talk about.

And to go to bed with a kiss
Is something not to miss.

David Wood

Beneath The Waves

Beneath the turmoil of rolling waves
The ghosts of ships mark sailor's graves
Of battles fought with shot and shell
They found to their cost that war is hell
Beneath the cold grey sea they lie
Never to see another starlit sky
Their duty done they claim their rest
Now lay entombed with the very best
To those who fought upon the sea
Such valiant glory for all to see
They fought their fight and lost and died
Their comrades raise their caps in pride
The glory of their battle fought
Will live in history and not for nought
Their loved ones have no grave to mourn
No flowers to lay in the early dawn
Their names are carved upon on a cenotaph
All that's left is a faded photograph

David Wood

Blackberries (Cinquain)

Autumn

Chilly evening's

Windswept leaves on the ground

Picking blackberries in the hedge

Tasty

David Wood

Bluebells

Bluebells carpet the woodland floor
Packed so tightly that insects tip-toe
Softly and quietly between them.
Their beauty unlocks a woodland door

With such colour of delicate blue,
And a fragrance that is heaven sent.
They droop their heads in the spring rain,
With their beauty making all things new.

Their magic weaves a pleasant spell
A sea of blue that meanders in the breeze
And floats delicately over the forest floor,
Their fragrance creates a delicate smell.

Nature now has all its beauty brought
To the fore before summer casts its spell
Delicate bluebells making spring so fine
Their time on earth far too short.

David Wood

Breath Of New Life

The breath of new life
Enters your heart with joy
To a husband and a wife
Come a new baby boy

A lifetime full of love
And happiness awaits you
Sent from heaven above
New life beautiful and new

David Wood

Butterfly Dawn

Beating with deathly silence
With the stillness of the breeze,
It flutters at will in the early dawn.
Breathless beauty snowy white
Holly Blue is a beautiful sight.

I lay sleeping silently on the wings
Of a blade of grass when passed
By the phantom *Celastrina Argiolus*,
Going to or coming from her bed
In the river of dreams with the troth

Of her majesty advertised in the broth
Of the winding weeping willow which
Stood still on the bank, watching, silently
Whispering in the wind, go here
Go there, deft turns on the wing
Make the bright morning sing

With Joy.

David Wood

Celebrity

He stood all of 5 feet 5 inches,
A legend in his own underpants
Vainly displaying his credentials
Of a rolling pin and soup spoon.

He was a television phenomenon
A big TV star, a celebrity chef.
The world was at his size 8 feet:
A chef's hat hid his partially bald head.

He was a name on a thousand households
Lips. His cupcakes a true legend:
He was a boon to all marketers
And starred in many TV commercials.

Heads would turn in the street when
He walked past and people wanted
His autograph, he always carried a pen.
He was so proud of himself.

But what did he do for society?
What did he do for the world's poor?
Did he ever win a Nobel Prize for medicine?
No, just another of life's parasites.

David Wood

Cenotaph

In a foreign war grave
The gallant lay side by side
They did not wish to die

In the first flush of youth
Death claimed them
And many mothers wept

It matters not the passage of time
But that we always remember
And ask why?

David Wood

Changing Times

Polar bears vying for accommodation
Hanging their scarves over a crescent moon.
With cliffs of sea ice crashing down,
And ice melting into oceans clear.

Whale song echoing around the oceans
But their cry was a pleading cry for help
Haunting echo's from the deep
But mankind turns a deaf ear.

Contrail lines causing deserts in
Sub-Sahara nights flying people to holidays.
Endless rain from autumn to spring amongst
The daffodils and crocuses.

Long hot summers, drought days
Endless. Heat strokes rise daily.
Politicians meandering words
Power play for big businesses.

Carbon trading, a trade off to nothing.
The worlds people a minor commodity.
The world turns to a new destiny,
A new cycle begins as money rules all.□

David Wood

Cherry Tree

Cherry blossom fell like confetti
In the wind, but there was no bride
Or groom only a pair of robins
On the grass beneath the cherry tree.

A winding path led to a church once
Full now empty; redundant in a society
Trying to survive on pay day loans
To pay absent landlords.

The cherry tree had seen a different
Time, a time when the church was full
And people sat beneath it, a time
When the world smiled.

Now the world just turned and groaned
But the cherry tree remained the same
Throughout, each passing year it would
Blossom and cherry blossom would fall
And robins would play beneath it.

David Wood

Child Of A Sylvan Brood

He stood out all alone ever new
The first child of a sylvan brood
While all around him ancients grew
The tiredness of age worn yet shrewd
Some put to sword and axe they knew
Their life had come full circle now hewed
O sweet natures sad frown its adieu
When out from a human mouth timber spewed

David Wood

Christmas Alone

Christmas will be lonely without Tina my wife
For she died in hospital, and she was my life.
She seemed for all to start to recover
But died suddenly without warning
A life alone I was about to discover.

It will be lonely this Christmas, lonely and cold
She died so young never to grow old.
I now watch others prepare for Christmas joys
Out to the shops stocking up with food.
Or out buying perfume, jumpers and toys.

What the future holds nobody knows
My love for her only grows and grows.
I think of her both night and day
And when I take her dog for a walk
For in my heart she will always stay.

I spend my time at the foot of her grave
Thinking of the love to me that she gave.
Of soft the times we went out for a walk,
An afternoon drive in the countryside,
Or sat in a café over coffee where we would talk.

But Christmas will come and Christmas will go
And Christmas joy to others I must still show.
For Christmas is about a new born child
Brought into this world so meek and so mild
To bring about healing for people like me

David Wood

Chrysalis

The caterpillar resting on the stem of a plant
Anchored itself with its silk thread and
Waited and waited for time to pass,
Resting for nature to run its course.

The caterpillar turned into a chrysalis
And hung on the stem blowing in the breeze.
The chrysalis warmed in the sun's golden rays
And slowly things began to change.

The chrysalis opens and a butterfly emerges
From the debris and stands on the stalk
Slowly enlarging its wings waiting patiently
For time to pass before taking its place in the world.

How often do we change from being a caterpillar
Into a butterfly? What causes people to change?
How often have we said, 'you're not the same person'
When we let the trials of life to overtake us.

Life changes all the time; one minute we are
One person, the next somebody else. Complex
Changes on our psyche can make us
Morph into new personalities for good or evil.

David Wood

Church Of England 2012

The Church of England, so predictable.
That bastion of souls, all respectable.
With trendy vicars toeing the line,
Hapless curates taking their time.

Of women bishops marching in the fray,
And other clergy feeling gay.
A lefty Archbishop with an old grey beard,
A congregation thinking it all too weird.

Arranging flowers the elderly Mrs Brown,
The choirmaster, man about town.
The vergers hardworking and honest,
The organ master writing a sonnet.

The leaking roof about to cave in,
With the next sermon all about sin.
The bells ring out in perfect chime.
The whole church way behind time.

David Wood

Closure

The gates now firmly closed and bolted shut
With a rusty padlock and chain. The windows waiting
To be boarded up shutting the world out forever.
Faceless voices cry from wheelchairs and walking sticks,
Placards waived in the frigid air. A solitary seagull sits on
The roof mockingly. Inside gears and spokes from wheels
Will gradually begin to rust with the unfinished widgets
Lying in a deathless sleep where no man will visit them.
The cold wet spring day slowly grinds towards lunch time
Though the hunger for work never diminishes from the
Crowd gathered to oppose the closure.
The council employee with his police escort who locked
The gates for the last time slowly walks away head bend low.

David Wood

Clouds

From spring's soft cape gently blows wandering clouds.
Cool winds create billowing wisps in gentle airs
Casting moving shadows in green fields below.
And in fields of golden corn prickly ears do blow.

To large towering clouds, cumulonimbus, spiralling,
Swirling, growing rain clouds getting heavy, ready
To drop their contents onto the earth below. Hail,
Thunder and lightning. A spring festival of rain.

No more deep shadows of winter, Snow clouds now gone,
A distant memory of snow and cold days and even colder
Nights where sheep stood frozen in fields of frigid earth
Now give way to warmer dryer days, this start of spring's birth.

David Wood

Colours Of The Day

The flash of red sky in the morning
Against a rising orange sun:
Cool milky winds blowing gently
Across the open earth.

A deep azure sky spanning the
Heavens in the heat of the day
With a scattering of white fluffy
Cotton wool clouds drifting by.

The pale blue of evening cools
The air getting darker as the evening
Progresses with a silver moon rising
In the evening sky with a tinge of red.

Grey black mackerel skies drift by
As night's cape descends, a sky full
Of blackness with the sprinkling of silver
Stars shining in the night sky.

The colours of the day are taken for
Granted as we pass through time,
Often without noticing natures changing
Patterns in our busy lives.

David Wood

Composure

She wandered down the leafy lane
And into the village of Rhossili
Past the car park on the hill
And sat outside a café having tea.

She waited for the hour to pass
By until the sky kissed the sea,
And waiting for the right moment
To capture the image forever free.

She stood by the edge of Oxwich wood
Looking all about her. The sun
Emptied its warmth glowing behind,
The field with trees echoed back

As light and shade fought each other
To win the battle of composure of
Golden leaf delicately balanced
On the bough seeped with green

Foliage. She waited, waited until
The moment was right. Perfect.
There, the flash of brilliance
She captured the image forever.

An image that lasted for a brief moment
In time. The subtleness of hue
A time that will never be exactly the same
Captured in essence and perfectly still.

David Wood

Conscience

The refugees of this world
Will forever be on our conscience
And we will all need to be forgiven those
Things of which our conscience
Is afraid

David Wood

Cormorants

Swash buckling pirate
Sitting low on log pondering.
Viper long neck still,
Staring, motionless.

Standing idly around lazing
Wings outstretched drying
Corpse sliding down its neck,
Once living, once swimming.

The Jubilee River swims by
With life. Death machine sitting,
Looking at the water like a prehistoric
Pterodactyl perched motionlessly.

There is no point fishing here today
The Cormorant has beaten me to it.
Wide eyes gazing at me laughing
Mocking the amateur.

David Wood

Crickets

Crickets

Chirp all day long

And into the evening

Their incessant noise never stops

Can't sleep

David Wood

Cry Of The Wild

It is a measure of man as a species
How he treats the realm of nature.
Man is still a hunter gatherer of food
And clothing and wild animals suffer.

Man no longer hunts to meet wants
And needs but plunders natures
Resources almost to the very point
Of extinction of entire species.

Worse is the man who hunts for profit
Who with total disregard of nature
Kills rhino for their horn and elephant
For their tusk and tiger for their bones.

Evil is the man who rapes nature with
Impunity. Misguided is the man who
Uses the product of poachers and
Blind are the governments who allow
This to happen. Nature cry's out loud.

David Wood

Daffodil

Oh, what fair beauty to behold
Your colour so bright, so bold.

Rising in the early morn
Resting your head in the mid-day storm.

Even in meadows of the underworld power,
Persephone wandered to pick the flower.

The daffodil, a narcissi, a great bloom
Becomes spring, bride and groom.

A pearl the morning dew caught,
Their time on earth all too short.

David Wood

Damn Noise (Cinquain)

Wind chimes
Dance in the breeze
But after a short while
The bloody things get on my nerves
Damn noise

David Wood

Dawn

Dawn's birth
Nightingales sing
Sleepy bluebells waken
Sparrows bathe in the morning dew
New day

David Wood

Day In The Life Of A Bee

I first landed on a fuchsia
Drank my fill, then landed on
A blade of fresh summer grass
Warmed by the morning sun.

I hovered over a geranium
Where I was kissed by pollen.
And swam in cool water's
Of a lily pond.

A south breeze warmed
The air as I hovered over
A hyacinth. My sacks full,
I glided home to the hive.
My days work done.

And at the end of summer
I will be gone forever.

David Wood

Days

In the distance the bus stop waits
Married houses empty at dawn
Blinds open, doors open, the day starts;
Men and women walking down streets

Marching feet clatter, drivers, clerks,
Supermarket workers and shop staff
Walk towards the bus stop that waits
For all people.

People walk over the two bridges
Into the headlights of oncoming traffic.
Daylight tells the crescent moon to go
And puts on the clothes of a new day.

The river Tawe flows in time to the beat
Of the new day under the two bridges
Going out to sea past the marina towards
Ireland or Cardiff in the distance.

Traffic heads towards the Mumbles
Past the museums and library
Not stopping to take out a book.
Randomly people start their day.

The bus stop now waits for new people
Going to or from their days shopping
It waits whatever the weather
Standing in the silence of the day.

David Wood

De Vita Et Mors

Our days pass away like wisps of smoke
Or as the wind passing over the grass
Or as the fading evening shadow
Like flowers we burst forth from the ground
We flourish and our beauty shines
In our day we arm ourselves with knowledge
Then that knowledge is made obsolete
Our days become as faded flowers their beauty gone
When the wind blows they disappear
And their place knows it no more

David Wood

Dead Of Winter

White feathery frosts of ice on grass
And trees. Heavy frigid breaths do pass,
With blustery icy cold wind on your face.
Damp paths and wet cold roads trace
A pattern and icicles hang from gutters.

Mist swirls around wispy folds unwinds
And forms cold clumps of foggy binds
Like some super glue in low lying lands,
That saps the strength and chills the hands.
Of stamping feet of cold dead legs.

With cars not starting and batteries dead
And frosted windscreens is enough said.
The wet glistening vapour on metal glowing,
And water running down the window showing.
Of wispy smoke rising aloft from chimneys.

Of hard cold vegetables stuck in the ground
Hoar frost freezing the hard grown mound.
Dark clouds rising from grounds so harden
And snow falling in the dank cold garden.
The frozen earth does not complain.
The dead of winter comes round again.

David Wood

Death

Should the whole of nature fail
That would be a terrible dream
But God would see that it would prevail,
Life through a living stream.

Thus runs my dreams living still
That life prevails beyond the grave,
Life empties after death the will
And the spirit but true to save.

Of what language the spirit choose
Would it be a cry or a moan?
A crying child at night may lose
His nightmare with a groan.

Death as though empty and pale
Is a door we all travel through
Decay is but a continuing tale
And a spirit to be born anew.

David Wood

Death's Kiss

I am death and I welcome you with a kiss
And gently hold your hand as you drift off into bliss.
Do not fear me as I welcome one and all
At the end of all your days, at the end of your summer ball.

I am death, I am everywhere round about
I welcome you in silence not even with a shout.
I have been waiting for you all your life long
To meet you and greet you with my song.

I am death; I am not to be feared with dread
I know when to call you, when everything has been said.
Though I may take you by surprise in an unexpected way,
I will take your hand gently in the twilight of your day.

David Wood

Decay

The woods, aye, they do decay,
The ivy creeps forever upwards
From the ground to the canopy,
Up the trunk that rots from within.
Branches fall gathering at the root.
Dead branches pointing skywards
With squirrel drays and bird's nests
Exposed to the wind and rain
And the wailing crying wind.

Man, he does decay from within.
When once immortal love dies
And the shadow of emptiness
Creeps over his languid body.
When memories of happy times
Form a vacant dream like state,
And the ever silent spaces of once
Happy thoughts pervade his mind
Now dulled with a morbid melancholy.

David Wood

Decisions, Decisions

If in France I went to Toulouse
I would have nothing to lose.

There would not be too much abhorrence
If I went to Florence.

But would I become ill
If I went to Seville?

I may be better off with a book reading
In a café in Reading.

Ah! I may go to Thame,
To me it's all the same.

Though I could go to Rome,
Oh, decisions, I might as well stay home.

So is all the thought of travel
Worth all the travail?

David Wood

Distant Love (Quatrain)

She floated gracefully like a Holly Blue
And brightened the lives of all she knew
Her wit and charm seduced all beaus
Spreading kindness wherever she goes

My heart burns like a raging fire
She is everything that I desire
My eyes have such passion for her love
Cherubs dancing from heaven above

Oh how can I win a love so fair
We would make a beautiful pair
Can I tell her of my love so true
That she could make my life so new

She is my Holly Blue sweet butterfly
For her sweet love I would surely die
My poor heart beats for her alone
But all I can do is sigh and groan

Oh romance for us will never be
She has another for all to see
I will never know her love of bliss
All I can do is blow her a kiss

David Wood

Dreams

I think of you but you are not here,
I picture your face in my day and
I can see you clearly. The beauty
Of your smile, that gap between
Your front teeth, your sweet lips.

They are everything that the garden
Of my mind focuses on, but you're
Not here. Just the still air that I
Breathe. I dream aloud that we are
Walking together, holding hands.

I hold you closer through the ether
That separates us yet binds us
Until we can meet again. Reinventing
The love that we had. Holding on
To the vision until it fades in the distance.

David Wood

Dreams Of Past Love (Triolet)

Every day I sit in the café and think of you
Over a glass of iced coffee and doughnut
Our love was so sweet gentle and true
Every day I sit in the café and think of you
You walked away out of my life making me blue
Now I watch young girls walk by flouncing their strut
Every day I sit in the café and think of you
Over a glass of iced coffee and doughnut

David Wood

Dustbowl

Shimmering heat cracked the earth.
This is the year of the heat wave,
Sticky prickly high temperatures.

The rains have failed and the crop
Dies in the hard crusty ground;
Arid days lie ahead.

A carrion crow perched on the fence
Looks at me as dust blows in drifts
Hitting my face and eyes.

The umbrella, now redundant, leans
Against the hall wall as the dog lies
In the shade waiting for its meal.

Why oh why are we forsaken.

David Wood

Earth Song

From the beauty of the earth
To the pangs of sweet nature's birth
From the depths of the oceans deep
To the mountains tall and steep.

From the birds of the air that fly
The whole of nature's symmetry.
From frosts of early morning spring
The summer's warmth do bring.

From autumns harvest dear and sweet
The winter's coldest frosts do greet.
From the beauty of the earth
Comes the pangs of nature's birth.

David Wood

Eclipse

Eclipse

Two hearts passing

Darkness is descending

Astronomical rendezvous

Soon gone

David Wood

Elegy For A Drowned Child

When Death's pale decaying fingers
Have caressed the face of beauty and lingers
For a moment to gaze on that face so pure
The innocence of the young there's no demur
Death has no concept of age no mind to dwell
On pity or the consequences of those who fell
They rest now in Heaven's immortal light
Where Angels shine in vestments bright
Where He who makes all things whole
Sends Glory to surround their soul

David Wood

Embers (Triolet)

The kiss of twilight comes too soon
Sun's dying embers faintly glow
Dusk's fair cape now heralds the moon
The kiss of twilight comes too soon
And lovers emerge to caress and swoon
Nature finds its bed in the hedgerow
The kiss of twilight comes too soon
Sun's dying embers faintly glow

David Wood

Enigma

Does the past control us
Or do we control the past?
If what we are told by historians
About some consequences
Of an historical action, do we
Control that fact or does the fact
Control us?

The consequences of an action
Can condemn in the future, or
Be a salvation, whichever the
Case may be, perhaps the
Past we may not be able to
Control but neither can we control
The future, only the present.

David Wood

Eternity

Death will claim its
Victory in the end
It will stealthily creep up
And tap you on the shoulder
As you make plans for
A redundant future.
It will bear you away
Swiftly before you can
Say fond farewells and
Create a rift with all you love
That can only be healed in
Time as your body returns to the earth
And your soul takes its place in the heavens
For all eternity.

David Wood

Excerpts From A Teenage Diary

Wind drifting through a rolling cornfield
Far from the city lights
Formations of silver grey clouds
Billowing through a darkened sky
Competing against each other

Rows of tall trees standing to attention
Silhouetted against a low horizon
Wisps of smoke waft up from a
Bleak ancient farmhouse in the foreground
Surrounded by a dilapidated fence

Daylight now failing as evening's shadow
Begin to cast its silky smooth cape
Tentatively over a tranquil landscape
We sit in the car at the side of the road

And kiss

David Wood

Expectations

The air scent heavy with the morning rain
As tall as the cathedral spire looking to heaven.
Tumbling out of the sky in big dollops falling
To the ground forming puddles.

I remember the smell of the polished wooden pews
As I entered the cathedral and the smell of wet
Clothing mingling together, a musty odour
Sometimes found in old wardrobes.

I remember the brass cross on the Communion table
Like the one I saw in Paris, with all the home thoughts
From abroad. It had rained there too, a softer rain that
Kissed your face like a sprinkling of Holy water.

Upturned faces looking at lofty beams and arches
Like tall masts of ships with lines of rigging pointing
To God in heaven asking for a blessing and a safe
Passage. Just to see this life through.

Outside the rain came down glistening the pavement
With a shine as people walked about their day
Looking for the meaning of life in all its complexity
And seeking answers to their existence.

David Wood

Falling Leaves

Oak trees
Shed all their leaves
In windy late autumn
After turning a russet gold
So nice

David Wood

Farewell To Love (Triolet)

Bid farewell to loves embrace
End of such passion, fire and heat
Of love's sweet beauty and fair grace
Bid farewell to loves embrace
For I have run and lost the race
Sweet love has fled with swift of feet
Bid farewell to loves embrace
End of such passion, fire and heat

David Wood

Fields Of Corn (Triolet)

I walk in loneliness through fields of corn
Caressing the corn with my hand as I stroll
Soft wind makes sway in the early morn
I walk in loneliness through fields of corn
For I lost my sweet love now love is forlorn
She has taken everything even my very soul
I walk in loneliness through fields of corn
Caressing the corn with my hand as I stroll

David Wood

Fishing

Unite with bank and water
Flare nostrils to river smells,
Witness flow streaming
Search far side eagerly.

Sit uniting hook and line.
Low level sun breaking through,
Mist rising.
Damp grass holding rushes.

Kiss hook with bait,
Cast.
Silently sitting, drinking coffee.
Float searching for prey.

Being deft by the sliding float
The prow breaking waves gently.
Become invisible.
Camouflaged stillness.

Tweak line, bubbles looking.
Universe sinking brain thinking
Come back to life, look, stare.
Light and shade kissing.

The world revolves.

David Wood

Flavours Of The Day

This is summer. Long days and short nights,
Time to ponder and reflect, of long unused
Candles waiting for winter to be lit.

For whom does the bell toll as each hour passes?
As the long evening descends from a cloudy sky,
The last of the larks long since gone into the night.

Stars yawn awake from their daytime slumber
Looking sheepishly vacant dressing the night sky.
Our love existing long overdue.

I have to hold my breath and think of you. Once
A flower in my garden picked months ago for a
New spring day now gone.

Now long shadows cast images on my wall.
A time for sleep to wash the day from my eyes
The flavours of the day and thoughts of you.

David Wood

Flower Song

I wandered along the lakeside path
And listened to the daffodils song
Carried along with the whistling wind
To which the robins and blackbirds
Danced along.

They sang of the wind and rain, and
The sun and moon and clouds above.
They sang of the eternal dream,
They sang of the beginning of spring love.
The song they sung for you and me.

They sang out the spring rains through,
About the beauty of that time of year
That holds the body light and new,
With new love so young and true.
I, their witness that bright spring day.

David Wood

Foolish Heart (Triolet)

Fair love what do you want with my poor heart
Have you come to taunt and play with me
To lead me on then quickly to depart
Fair love what do you want with my poor heart
Will you take my love then tear it apart
And leave making me fool for all to see
Fair love what do you want with my poor heart
Have you come to taunt and play with me

David Wood

For Clara

Long nose of silken thread
Swims through the swirling mist.
Pitter patter of leather on path
Steam threads loose with dog snot.

Leather lead stretched taut faint
With anxiety of other sniffs and stains
On lampposts outstretched.
Wagging tail of delightful bliss.

Into the park with the sniffs and smells
Of other slinky mutts and old dogs.
With long dank grass in need of love.
And strains and smells of dog poo.

Then along dark streets foreboding,
Down the hill and up that long road,
Over the crossing wet with early mist,
Straining the lead and on to home.

David Wood

For Keats

The poetry of earth is alive and well
With all the song birds in wood or dell
Chirping their orchestral music loud,
Flitting from branch to branch proud.
From the earth the worms do pass
And slither between blades of grass,
They take the lead in their quest
To see who can travel the furthest.
They suffer the warm sun and dry day
In their journey they may lose their way.
Only to be eaten by the birds from the air
Seen swooping down with devil may care.
The poetry of earth is alive and well
Natures sweet story to share and tell.

David Wood

For Winter Is Here (Rondeau)

For winter is here with cold days and deep snow
The thoughts of hot summers gone long ago
Now days are short and grey clouds fill the sky
And shivering nights that make you cry
Wearing colourful woolly hats wherever you go
And cups of steaming hot soup making you glow
Standing at a freezing bus stop Oh that wind does blow
Then seeing the bus coming and driving right on by
For winter is here

Icicles hanging from houses then dropping below
Like arrows or spears that athlete's throw
Walking snow in the house Oh nothing keeps dry
The weather forecast is for more snow and you sigh
So hunker down write poetry a Sonnet, Haiku or Rondeau
For winter is here

David Wood

Forever

Forever is but a concept
That exists in our own minds
Like railway tracks going off
To infinity, to a finite dot.

But what is forever in our mind?
Is it months in the future, a
Series of never ending dates
That melt into further months?

Forever is a time span that we
Cannot imagine; like eternity,
Never ending. Something
Beyond our comprehension.

For some forever is all the time
They have left in the moment
Of life's complexity where even
Tomorrow lasts forever.

David Wood

Freedom

The only thing that is really free
Is the wind
It knows not from where it came
Or where it is going
It has no master

David Wood

Freedoms Cry

The caged bird sits perched
And silently
Rages against his captor
He is confined in his own thoughts
Wings dipped
Downbeat
The sun warming his feathers
His only joy
His song is a cry for freedom

David Wood

G8

The sun rises with the early dawn
As G8 leaders breakfast in the morn
The world looks on with hopes and fears
As the hungry languish in their tears.

The world looks on with bated breath
As hundreds die in Syria a slow death.
With talks of arming the rebels beckons
As both sides kill with chemical weapons.

The only way to stop a war is talking
The refugees seen as dead men walking
Only when men get around the table
Can peace prevail and make Syria stable.

The world looks on and expects a great deal
From world leaders as they eat their meal
So put differences aside and do the right thing
And bring about change that people may sing.

David Wood

Glorious Love

Days of love and roses
Given to my love with love.
What heart could love more?
How could you love less?

With each and every day
Love unceasing, ever blest.
Even if the days cease to be
And there were no more years

Love would still reign in glory.

David Wood

Golden Leaves

Autumn ushers in the golden blaze of leaf
When every tree delightfully looks their best,
And long shadows point with fingers brief
With the sun slung on a low horizon blest.

The pale days, now shorter as of late,
Mark the end of summer and the eve of winters fall.
Blackberries sprinkled in the hedge soon to make
A feast of a pie at the end of summer ball.

Night's cape draws its veil as we sit in the garden
Sipping cool drinks as we did in high summer.
Beginning to feel the chill wind begin to harden
Our sleeveless arms. This autumn in its slumber.

David Wood

Grace And Beauty

Her beauty walks before her
Night and day blend together
In cloudless skies and starry nights
Her eyes warm the earth and
Mellow human hearts.

Rays of the sun glow in her wake
As she walks with grace and beauty
Making her hair sparkle and shine
With each step and lightens her face
With an iridescent glow.

Her smile warms everybody she meets
With such softness and eloquent grace
Yet with the innocence of youth
She puts men's hearts at peace
With her inner calm and kind heart.

David Wood

Green Tea

Beauty in perforated silk
Encased within porcelain
Deep desire beneath
Their delicate feet

Wafting vapours float
With delightful fragrance
Brings peace and serenity
Where time stands still

I stir with love

David Wood

Haiku 1

It was the mighty
Oak that hid the birds from the
Hungry village cats.

David Wood

Haiku 10

Spring is the season
That says goodbye to winter
And hello summer.

David Wood

Haiku 11

Wars start when words fail.
War stops when words prevail: Peace
Is the Holy Grail.

David Wood

Haiku 12

When man puts himself
Above God all his efforts
And plans come to nought.

David Wood

Haiku 13

We know wars are fought
Because of the rigid mind
Set of dictators.

David Wood

Haiku 14

Why are dictators
Allowed to rule when they all
Fall in their lifetime.

David Wood

Haiku 15

Whoever has not
Sighed on a midnight pillow
Has not truly loved.

David Wood

Haiku 16

Blighting those in need
But feathering their own nest
Politicians greed

David Wood

Haiku 17

Morsi now deposed
Egypt is now in turmoil
Democracy failed

David Wood

Haiku 18

There is a poet
In every serving soldier
Who can write on war.

David Wood

Haiku 19

Banks are pure evil
Self-serving institutions
That hoard your money.

David Wood

Haiku 2

Water Lilly met
Algae Bloom in the lake and
Fell deeply in love.

David Wood

Haiku 20

He who talks too much
Is like a clanging cymbal
That does your head in.

David Wood

Haiku 21

Show the poor kindness
And all heaven sings with joy
And you will be blessed.

David Wood

Haiku 22

The white butterfly
Landed on the pink dog rose
And rested a while.

David Wood

Haiku 23

The red kite soared high
Over the wild countryside
Looking for rodents.

David Wood

Haiku 24

Her lupine features
A she wolf in sheep's clothing
Playing with their hearts.

David Wood

Haiku 25

A beautiful word
Whispered to your sweethearts ear
Is worth more than gold.

David Wood

Haiku 26

On their rocky shelf
Puffins rage on Ailsa Craig
Among the sea spray.

David Wood

Haiku 27

The words poets use
Are mightier than the sword
And live forever

David Wood

Haiku 28

King Henry the Fifth
Won the day at Agincourt
With British archers.

David Wood

Haiku 29

Remember the poor
The poor are always with us
So be generous.

David Wood

Haiku 3

The seven ages
Of man is but a twinkle
In the night time sky.

David Wood

Haiku 30

Happy is the man
Who is content with his life
His soul is at peace.

David Wood

Haiku 31

If we trash wildlife
And destroy their habitat
Nature won't exist.

David Wood

Haiku 32

I am good in bed
I can lay in it for hours
What more can I say?

David Wood

Haiku 33

Glorious colour
Of delightful kimono
Shining with beauty

David Wood

Haiku 34

A moment in time
A thousand suns exploded
Leaving just shadows

David Wood

Haiku 35

Fragrant lotus leaves
In the silence of the dawn
Have graceful beauty

David Wood

Haiku 36

All politicians
Fight like ferrets in a sack
Getting elected

David Wood

Haiku 37

Man is made for love
He cannot live life alone
Two hearts beat as one

David Wood

Haiku 38

Life has to be shared
No man can be an island
True love conquers all

David Wood

Haiku 39

Tea ceremony
Brightly coloured kimonos
With graceful respect

David Wood

Haiku 4

We are but stardust
Sprinkled upon the Earth from
The heavens above

David Wood

Haiku 40

Only the Weak Man
Hunts and kills wild animals
His sport is not sport

David Wood

Haiku 41

Peace will only come
After man renounces war
And wisdom prevails.

David Wood

Haiku 42

Seeking worldwide peace
For the sake of all mankind
Is a noble cause

David Wood

Haiku 43

When man learns to love
And puts away tools of war
He becomes human

David Wood

Haiku 44

From within the soul
A peaceful mind generates
Radiant beauty

David Wood

Haiku 45

Japanese garden

Water, rocks, gravel, miniture plants

Ideal harmony

David Wood

Haiku 46

Beautiful garden
In Idealized harmony
With miniture plants

David Wood

Haiku 47

A happy marriage
Is like a tall strong fortress
Unassailable

David Wood

Haiku 48

Those helpless people
Escaping persecution
Finding no respite

David Wood

Haiku 49

The world is littered
With dashed hopes and faded dreams
Of good intentions

David Wood

Haiku 5

Lotus flowers graced
The lake where frogs danced amongst
Them and played all day

David Wood

Haiku 50

Secluded mountain
Listens to all the echo's
Of lonely people

David Wood

Haiku 51

Night bears no witness
To peoples evil intent
It wears its own cloak

David Wood

Haiku 52

When evil is spread
And all justice is denied
Humanity fails

David Wood

Haiku 53

What graceful beauty
With shafts of light reflecting
A long slender neck

David Wood

Haiku 54

All humility
Starts with kindness to others
And denying self

David Wood

Haiku 55

The fruit of kindness
Comes from the tree of wisdom
More trees need planting

David Wood

Haiku 56

A lonely mountain
Is silent in its own thoughts
Clouded in mystery

David Wood

Haiku 57

A song of the breeze
Mellifluous wind chimes
Dancing melody

David Wood

Haiku 58

Those Fragrant flowers
Are watered by the rain god
To bring such beauty

David Wood

Haiku 59

On a wet morning
Sparrows huddle together
Lost in their own thoughts

David Wood

Haiku 60

Well-fed mice gather
Around split open grain sacks
Silent cats stalking

David Wood

Haiku 61

Japanese painting
Of graceful water lily
Refreshes the soul

David Wood

Haiku 62

Sweet summer's delight
Bouquet of bright butterflies
Dancing in the breeze

David Wood

Haiku 7

Man cannot live this
Life alone he needs true love
And companionship

David Wood

Haiku 8

The stars that twinkle
In the night is much better
Than any streetlight.

David Wood

Haiku 9

The trite chrysalis
That became a beautiful
Coloured butterfly

David Wood

Hard Times

The cold winter of austerity.
In the high street,
In the homes of people who
Hunger for good times,
In the offices and supermarkets,
In the parks and in the hills
Where ever people are found.

Empty public houses once full
Of people enjoying themselves.
People standing idle in the streets.
People chatting in the high street.
Some people went fishing to pass
The day, or bought cheap beer in
The supermarket to ease the pain.

People behind drab houses pass
The time watching TV, eating
Economy burgers and chips from
The supermarket. Life in Swansea
Lives on in all its form. Empty day
After empty day living off pay day loans
Until happier times dress their day.

David Wood

Heather

Dense evergreen, acid soil.
Pink bell flowers crying on Mumbles heath,
Heads bent, brooding at the stones.

Soil rich in love, hardy, heavy
Yet frothy loom. Crumbling at
The root. Deep blue sky looking on.

Soft rain kissing the buds of May
After the hard frosts of March.
With bees dancing a merry tune.

Walkers brushing their legs
Against misty leaves.
Their perfume wafting.
In the breeze of time.

David Wood

Heaven's Gates

I cannot reach the apple on the tree
It is always too high for me.
I can never write that perfect poem
It always eludes me no matter how
Hard I try.

Walking through the wood and on to
The lake – is that paradise found?
That drifting cloud – that blue sky?
Are we in heaven here on earth
To see such beauty?

Are heaven's gates ever locked if
Beauty cannot be seen by the beholder?
Is heaven a step too far, a place one
Cannot reach, or are there glimpses
Of heaven we can see here on earth
As our life drifts from day to day?

David Wood

Hero The Trophy Hunter

Hero follows closely his guide
The Pride of Nature in his Glory
Unsuspecting his last moments
His last breath in the wild

Hero stalks from behind
Decimation his only aim
A massacre of his own doing
He epitomises the Weak Man

Hero makes death last forty hours
The Pride of Nature slain in cold blood
Hero the Destroyer of Creation
The Weak Man in all his glory

David Wood

Hiroshima Remembered

What has man become?
Where is now
His shame?

Was the suffering of humanity
Ever justified
By the action of that day?

Has history been forgotten
All the horror and the pain
The flower of humanity
Forever
Lost.

David Wood

Home From The Sea

As we go forth a sailing
On a starry, starry night
With the wind moaning and hailing
And a full moon still and bright

And those rolling waves a pounding
Like galloping white horses
With the mate taking a depth sounding
And the navigator setting courses.

The wind singing in the rigging
And the sails set a reef or two
With the whole ship's crew a singing
And my home thoughts just of you.

Our home port just a day away
As the ship pounds through the waves
Soon we can drink, rest and play
And not make the sea our graves.

Soon I will be with you dear wife
In our home right by the sea
Once again you'll be the centre of my life
As things just ought to be.

David Wood

Hope

Sitting on the bed they once shared
The old man opened an old shoe box
He kept on the wardrobe floor.
Inside were the memories of a
Past life, a past love. He opened
The box and tenderly ran his hand
Over the photographs selecting one.
A face stared back at him, a young face.
Smiling at the camera with kind eyes.
He picked up the wedding ring and
Looking at it and kissed it gently.
The bracelet he bought her on her
Last birthday twinkled in the morning
Light, and her watch, the strap now frayed.
He put them all on the bed next to him.
More photos' brought back memories
Of days gone by, happier days, fond days.
He looked and the last photo of their
Wedding day and blinked a tear.
The box was empty but for one thing.
A glow at the bottom of the box that
Was hope.

David Wood

Hope Springs Eternal

Mohammed al-Ajami wrote a poem
"We are all Tunisia, " Mr Ajami declared
"We are standing up against the repressive
Elite." He stated failing to mention Qatar,
His home country, but they sentenced
Him to life imprisonment anyway for his
Crime of writing a poem of hope.

A hope for a future. Hope to feel safe
And secure in the whole of the Middle East.
Hope for thousands of people despairing,
Shackled under the yolk of oppression
From totalitarian states quick to hand out
Long sentences for minor crimes. This is
A poem for all poets who speak out.

This is a poem for hope everywhere.
This is a poem for all those under the
Oppressive yolk of harsh regimes.
This is a poem of solidarity, standing
Shoulder to shoulder with poets branded
By the whips of oppression everywhere.
Hope springs eternal

David Wood

I Dreamed A Dream

I dreamed a dream in nights gone by
Of sailing ships and of the seagulls cry
Of the setting sun late in the afternoon
And a starry night and a rising moon.

And of mermaids singing their sweet song
High above where the albatross throng
Where the sea laps on the wooden bow
And sailors mop a salty brow.

Of rigging singing as the wind did blow
With sailors working on the deck below
And of tall masts with a full set of sails
The captain with a spyglass looking out for whales.

I dreamed a dream in nights gone by
Of sailing ships and of the seagulls cry.
Theses dreams with a vivid colour of life,
Make a pleasant break from life's trouble and strife.

David Wood

I Still Dream (Rondeau)

I still dream of my love in the brightness of our days
When we walked along the beach our love ablaze
When I held her in my arms my own sweet song
Through life's challenges our love remained strong
Of birthday cards presents and daffodil sprays
Or picnics in a field under a tree where we'd laze
Where lost in that limpid blue of her eyes I'd gaze
It was in my own heart that her love did belong
I still dream of my love
Our love was pure bliss and never did faze
It grew stronger and stronger a flame to a blaze
We thought love would be forever but we were wrong
But nothing is forever and nothing life long
An angel claimed her and left me in a daze
I still dream of my love

David Wood

Ice Cream (Cinquain)

Ice cream
I love ice cream
I could eat it all day
But it always gives me toothache
Not fair

David Wood

Ides Of March

Beware the ides of March goes the saying
The 15th of March was one of the coldest
Of days with the wind chill down to minus
Ten and the wind blowing right through
Clothing chilling flesh to the bone, numbing
The senses.

The river Tawe was but an icy flow of
Cold water flowing out to the Bristol
Channel under the city's two bridges
Where traffic flowed unaware of the cold,
As the sun shone through fast moving
Cumulus clouds.

People waiting for busses shivered in
Big coats and long faces as passers by
Walked to keep warm in this cold snap
Of weather sent with love by Russia.
Swansea shivered in the embers of
Winters cold chill.

David Wood

If.....

If man had the compassion
To end all suffering
In the world
If man had the wisdom
To live in peace
With his fellow man
If man had the will
To end all hunger
And poverty
If man had a conscience
To learn to forgive
If man had the love
For the realm of nature
to conserve and not kill
If man had the strength
Of his own convictions
If man had the courage
To win freedom for others
And not to count the cost
Then humanity has
Just a chance
Of survival

David Wood

In The Summer (Rondeau)

In the summer we look forward to the sun
To hot sunny days and going for a run
Along golden sands and miles of beach
Then lay in the sun with an ice lolly each
Those long endless days of having fun
With your love two hearts that beat as one
Giving her that teddy bear you have won
In the arcade on the pier Oh life's a peach
In the summer
Groups of old ladies the heat they do shun
And old men chat about yarns they have spun
Children's sandcastles the tide will soon breach
And mothers telling their children to stay within reach
Then return to the hotel when the day is now done
In the summer

David Wood

January Frosts

Frosty icicles thrust up from the ground
Make sheep tiptoe between them.
Robin's sing on an icy bough found
Their voice on this cold earth's stem.

Blackbirds with their orange bills
And their jaunty hopping gait
Look out from their window sills
In the wood, standing they wait.

A watery sun high in the sky shines
Its weak light over the cold earth
The cold in all its labour grinds
The sap of the deep winter's birth.

David Wood

June

June burst forth with sunshine blest
Buds awakening on the stem of trees
Life awakens like a treasure chest
And butterflies flutter in the breeze.

Cygnets follow in line astern their mother,
And other ducks swim along with pride
Ducklings bobbing in the water, one behind the other
In shimmering lakes and rivers country-wide.

Weeping willows gracefully kiss the water's edge
Their leaves blowing gently in the wind
Gagging geese chatting as they sit on the ledge
And the old man sitting on a bench just grinned.

Dog walkers with their pets strolling on the grass,
Mum's with babe's in pushchairs following on behind,
Joggers running round and round trying hard to pass.
All enjoying the June sunshine away from the daily grind.

David Wood

Kingfisher

The sudden flash of delicate blue
That lightning strike of wondrous true
There, gone in the blink of an eye,
And no matter how hard you try,
The only evidence were the rings
Of bright water that sweetly sings.

It is very rarely seen sitting ghostly
On a low slung branch, or twig, mostly
Just above the waters edge,
Or on their perch just above the ledge
And to return with their kill
To bash to death with their bill.

And swallow whole their gotten gain,
Small fry, tadpole or molluscs strain
Their way down to the depths.
I saw one once standing on the steps,
Near Rhayder, on the river Wye,
It flew off before I could say good-bye.

David Wood

Korean Dream

Oh Korea, when will you be one
When will the stain of the North go?
Your people cry out in despair
And waiting for the world to love them.

The world feels for your hunger
And anguishes over your poverty
And cries 'change, open your borders'.
The blot on the landscape has to go.

Oh change, when will it happen?
The world is waiting to welcome you
As brother into their arms.
Oh Korea, when will you be one?

David Wood

Lessons

Life is a school full
of many lessons
If we don't learn
From the past
How can we
Survive the future

David Wood

Let Justice Prevail

Loyaulte Me Lie
Echoes through history
A sacred oath, a blessing
A cry for truth and justice
Of equality and freedom
That lies at the heart of
Kingship and of princes and men.
Let justice prevail in all its form
Let the truth be known
That Loyalty Binds Me.

David Wood

Life In The Pub

Low cloud hugs damp close to the ground
Slurred speech from a beer cost only a pound
Smoke from cigarettes on the terraced street
Swirled and its odour hangs around the feet
Of those who indulge in that ludicrous sport,
And reflect, or ponder silently in a glass of port.
Of dark shadows as the dusk spreads wide
As drinkers spill on the pavement outside.
The sound of laughter mixed with music loud
Echoes from the lounge, or snug, made proud
And soft rain on the street spread with puddles,
Of those with brains in disintegrating muddles
Of too much drink.

The shadows of parlour pubs pervade the area
Of not outstanding national beauty, but drearier
Abodes in indifferent streets with modest cars
Parked outside married window blinds. Starved bars
With few punters coming and going into the mist
Of drink at the bottom of the glass, totally pissed,
Before staggering home to a nagging wife
Sums up the meagre story of their miserable life.

David Wood

Lifecycle

Sweet youth
Gone so quickly
In a moment of time
We become old senile and deaf
Then die

David Wood

Life's Dreams

Waves crashing around my ankles
Onto the sandy shore below,
The tide swirls around my feet like
My life, rushing in and crashing onto
The beach only to ebb and go
Back from whence it came.

The sand between my toes moves
With the flow. Little patches that
Move in and then out with each wave,
Just like the ebb and flow of life's
Rich tapestries. Snippets of activity
That you remember of the day.

That life is fragile with pitfalls and
Incomplete wishes and desires
Mark the time wasted on hopes
And ambitions that your life written
In water is your only epitaph.

David Wood

Life's Storm

What of man's tiny footprint left
As his mark, his worth bereft
Of true greatness; of all that he was,
All that he was meant to be.
His life lived to what end.
To others will he stooped to bend.

With his dismal daily labours
He ages with each cold grey dawn,
Each changing tide of drifting flotsam,
And blows in any direction like the wind
Tossed leaves of autumn's gales.
Nothing he has done has been of worth.

Life's great problems still remain
Hard and cold they remain unsolved
Never having the resources be free
Always tied to the daily grind
And bringing along the next generation
To inherit their crown of thorns.

David Wood

Lost In Time

The sand coloured shard of pottery
Sat uneasily on the windowsill
After 2000 years of laying on the
Ground in the Cypriot sun at Salamis
It now gathered dust in the bedroom.

It had once graced the kitchen of a
Cypriot home when Saint Paul visited
That city. Now a knickknack next to
The photos and other ornaments
Waiting for a decision.

It had lain undisturbed for all time,
From the dawn of Christianity; from
When the Romans invaded Britain.
It was there when Vikings roamed.
It lay undisturbed during the heat of the
Crusades.

Inert now its only function was to
Gather dust and be wiped by the
Duster. Is this the end of its long
Journey into history or will time
Give it another journey.

David Wood

Love

True love transcends all, it is
The power behind the universe.
Every human will experience it
At some point in their life.

Even species demonstrate
Feelings of love in their own way;
Love they show towards their young,
And when mating for life.

But what is love? Love cannot be tamed?
You cannot bottle love or put it in
A drawer and lock it away. It comes
From deep within the soul and is
Freely expressed.

Love has two homes, the first home is
With the person who loves and the second
Home is with the recipient. To love and
Be loved is life's ultimate goal. Life's
Greatest treasure store.

But we live in a world where love is not
Expressed, where it is hidden from view,
Where hatred exists between people
And an eye for an eye prevails.
We need to give love a chance to thrive.

David Wood

Love Will Survive

Love is stronger than Death
More precious than life,
Until you find it you may disagree,
But you will confirm when it has
Touched you.

Death's sting cannot disarm love
It is a veil that we all travel through;
Our life is but a time interval where
Love flourishes and exists, and Death
Is an open door we all pass through.

Love lives in the heart but is more
Than the heart. It is part of the soul
That is eternal, and once in eternity
Love will be waiting and not left wanting:
All else may die but love will survive.

David Wood

Loves Last Letter

Her letter left slightly open on his bed
He went out on patrol and now he is dead
Young life ebbed when he stepped on an IED
Letter left unread.

Held to his nose he recognised her perfume
Remembered the first time she walked into the room.
A young life once lived, once loved, so full of life,
Soon to have a wife.

Oh, what such bright future, two hearts twined as one.
Their six week old baby, new life, perfect son
He has not yet seen, not even held in his arms,
New widow with child.

Only now he lay dead on the hard cold ground.
Life ended early without whimper or sound.
The pain of his passing about to engulf
All those who love him.

David Wood

Loves Red Rose

A lover's rose does have a thorn
That has to be held gently, like love
Must reign gently, not to be torn
By words. Words gentle as a dove

Spoken out of true love from the heart
To only one so divine and sweet
Who in turn plays their part
Every time they kiss and meet.

A red rose given as loves great token
Will prick the heart with love's desire
Where hardly a word needs to be spoken
And will kindle any love about to expire.

David Wood

Maid To Measure

The old man in Wellington boots
With heavy clod under the sole,
And an old dog called Shep
Across the fields they'd patrol.

Across the field they would go
To round up the sheep on the hill
And bring them down the track
To count them when standing still.

Week in, week out, the story is the same
They'd march right up that hill
And march the sheep back down again
With old Shep doing his masters will.

Till yonder maid came with her goats
All alone in the next field,
And an old man with a spring in his step
Did stoop to this maid and yield.

He lost count of his sheep, so the story goes,
They would gather on the hill in a huddle,
As the old man chatted to the maid
And his counting got in a muddle.

David Wood

Malum Hominis

How long shall the wicked exult
In pouring out evil talk
And boast of the lives they have taken
With sickening images

They pour out arrogant words
And destruction is their trade
A scorched sterile earth
Is all they leave in their wake

When will these fools ever be wise
That they destroy their own heritage
Rampaging over all the earth
Until death overtakes them

David Wood

Market Day

Cloudy days when the rain held off
Market day came with its regularity.
Covered stalls like Wild West wagons
Trundled into place at the crack of dawn.

Stalls with sweets galore, skirts and hand bags.
Electrical goods, greeting cards and pet food.
Aroma of fruit and veg, wet fish, meat, tea and coffee.
They plied their trade shouting their wares.

People from all walks of life like woolly sheep
To the slaughter pressed coins into cold hands
Stealing a bargain stolen last night in the dark
From behind the pub full of hapless drunks.

Hapless drunks now sober walking through the
Market, their clothes revealing their poverty, all
Out for that elusive bargain, to what gain?
That something they didn't realise they wanted.

David Wood

Medusa

Self-opinionated stony mouthed
He sat and fired off criticisms with
Several snake heads shouting all at once.

People buckled under his savage attacks
Reeling back under the weight of
His slingshots ricocheting off computer screens.

He was perfect in every way. Every time
He looked in the mirror he would smile
At his perfection with a twinkle in his eye.

He was the master of his craft and in his
Mind he was excellent in every way
A true paragon of virtue vainly wearing the
Emperors very own clothes.

David Wood

Mellifluous Wind Chimes

The breeze whispers and wind chimes dance
Dangling in the air they swing
And bump into each other
Their haunting melodies echoes
In my mind
As I sit on the veranda
Under a purple
Night sky
And quietly
Listen

David Wood

Memories

The week after the funeral the house was cleared
Memories taken to the auctioneers to be sold off,
The polished sideboard and dining room table,
The picture frames now empty of smiling faces.
Treasures collected and stored over fifty years.
Memories now fading, scattered to the four winds.
Only ghosts remain.

Now the house is empty and a for sale sign hangs
From the bedroom window as the cold winters chill
Blows freely through the house into empty rooms
Once full of laughter. The scratches on the bottom
Of the door where the dog would scratch. One day new
Memories will fill the house but until then the house
Remains silent.

David Wood

Mindful Wisdom

A rampaging mind
Knows no wisdom
And its tongue is
A senseless babble

Only the fool wags their tongue
And speaks evil of others
Their lips condemn them
For they cannot remain silent

The wise keep their tongues
From speaking evil
And their lips from lying words
They hold their silence and wait

A sign of wisdom is a controlled mind
And patience is her sister
Those who can control their mind
Are on the path that leads to wisdom

David Wood

Mirror

I am your faithful friend, I cannot lie
My silver charm waits upon your desire
As I stand and wait patiently for you.

You look at me, through me, as if, as if.
As if you wanted to look younger,
Sleeker, slimmer. You gaze and gaze.

You never talk to me but I look back at you
Without wondering, without comment
And I am truthful; I am your faithful friend.

I cannot lie or be unfaithful but when you
Look at me you are unhappy with what
You see. You are critical and sigh.

I will always be here for you, waiting.
My silver charm just a reflection
Waiting to make your day seem happy.

David Wood

Missing You

The life we had was all we had
And the life we had was ours

The love we had was all we had
But the love we had was ours

The hope we had was all we had
And the hope we had was ours

The new home we had was all we had
But the home we had was ours

You've now been gone a year
But you know my dear I'm still
Yours, yours, yours.

David Wood

Mistletoe

Tracy stood by the checkout till
Put up some mistletoe for a thrill,
To steal a kiss from all the boys
Out shopping for their Christmas toys.

Young and old with five days stubble
Asked for a kiss if it wasn't too much trouble.
There was a time when she wished she had a double,
Time passed slowly as if she was in a bubble.

The supervisor came and with a frown
Asked Tracy to take the mistletoe down.
'This is a supermarket not a celebrity show,
Kindly remove that mistletoe'.

The moral of this story will show
That there's more to life than mistletoe
For a kiss is a special gift between two,
For lovers, friends and those who are true.

And for special days that come and go,
Like Christmas with its mistletoe,
Where lovers steal a belated kiss
With hearts entwined in loving bliss.

So when you see that mistletoe
Think of what love you are trying to show
For love is unique, kind and true
A very special kind of brew.

David Wood

Moonlight

The wood slept in the moonlight.
Fox prowled beneath a starry sky,
Narrow eyes searching for prey,
Mice and voles out walking
Gracefully taking the evening air.

Owl perched on a crescent moon
Looking down blinking in the night.
Motionless it stalked its prey
Waiting to outwit the prowling fox.
Its young gaping for a night snack.

The moon looks on hanging in the air,
Boughs gleaming in the halo from her
Silver charm. Though fear stalks the
Night; Moles dig in darkened rooms
Causing the worms to shudder in fear.

Robins and blackbirds snoring the
Night away oblivious to the midnight
Woods dark secrets. The moon rises
In the dark night as the wood sleeps on.
Only the night shift stirring restlessly.

David Wood

Moonlight Sonata

Hypnotic full moon
I gaze at you and in that flood of limpid pale light
My spirit wanders free
Mesmerised by your charm

High wispy translucent clouds glide effortlessly by
In silent respect
I sit on the beach drowning in your charm
The sea but a silhouette in the moonlight
Waves gently beating
Against pebbles

I lay inebriated by your radiant beauty
Surpassing all I survey
Spellbound

David Wood

Moonwalking

I walked Clara under a full moon
Through empty streets of glistening
Stone houses shining in the moonlight
That hid people behind closed blinds.

Echoes of my footsteps the only
Sound invading my thoughts.
Reflections from the moon lit up
The street and cars parked at the side

Of the road. Soft transparent clouds
Drifted high in the night sky making
The moon rounder and brighter.
Breath hanging in the January air.

And the street I walked, past the pub
Smelling of stale ale and fags,
Was an ordinary street in an ordinary
Part of Swansea with ordinary people.

David Wood

Mortality (Pathos)

Anguish spread morbid wings
In dark foreboding skies
Doors slammed shut
Nowhere to hide
The world falling falling

Emptiness greets with open arms
Breathless heart pounding
Emptiness in every direction
Its prophecy a silent voice
Opaque bandaged light burning
Inside a smouldering fire

The cup of pathos an elixir
Fails to give everlasting life
Only bones remain

David Wood

Natures Melody

They wander with the breeze
For company
Gracefully billowing
Floating
Become heavily pregnant
Brooding in their depths
They cry and kiss the Earth
In beautiful abundance

Sometimes angry they
Flash their anger shouting
Loudly with thunderous voices
A wind whipped tempest

On heavenly clear blue days
They sit lost in their own thoughts
Silently thinking
Lonely

Or transparent in brilliant reflections
Of moonlight in a night sky
As they pass gently by

They are like wisps of cotton wool
I try and touch them
But I can't

David Wood

New Dawn

Dawn's birth
Nightingales sing
Sleepy bluebells waken
Sparrows bathe in the morning dew
New Day

David Wood

New Day

Each day announces its arrival to
The following day without speaking,
Night throwing of its garments to be
Clothed anew with suns golden rays.

No sound is heard not even a whisper,
But each new day is heard throughout
The world in the brightness of a new
Dawn kissing away night's charm.

The sun warms the heart of the day
And dances across the heavens until
Nights silver halo says "hello" again.
And owls silently go about their business.

And the moon gently breathes the star
Lit nights silver glow. Stars revolving
Around the heavens each one a grain
Of sparkle illuminating earth's night span.
Until the sun's dawn glow prevails.

David Wood

Ode To A Nightingale

The dew of early dawn cannot compare
Or even legions of golden daffodils standing tall
Or shafts of morning light breaking through the trees
Even the gentle sounds of the wood become silent
Pause and listen as summer's song has just begun
Nature bows to Nightingale's melancholy tune
It surrenders its spirit in gentle song
Then as the warmth of the day lengthens into dusk
It herald's the evenings tepid hues
It's song welcomes the early twinkling stars
As the wood yawns and begins its slumber
If you close your eyes listen and muse
To the beauty of its song so bright
And take it with you as you depart and say
Farewell my sweet feathered friend
Until the dawn we meet again I pray

David Wood

Ode To A Sunflower

Nothing can compare to walking
Through a meadow of smiling sunflowers
Their warm beauty falls upon my face
As I wander silently alone among such a
Rich company of friends

Their radiant colours of shining yellow
And brown have passed down through
Endless eons of past summers
Their thirst quenched by the early dew
Now graced by the warm morning sun
As they try and touch the sky

What can compare to your iridescence
Summer cannot compete with your allure
Even rainbows in the sky lose their lustre
Or bouquets of butterflies floating in the summer sun
The whole realm of nature bows down in homage
To your beauty but alas your life on Earth
Is far too short all too soon you are gone

David Wood

Ode To A Tree In Autumn

You carried us all through Earth's fragrant song
Did blossom from birth throughout glorious days
But we did not notice we walked on by so wrong
Now in tragic splendour your allure now decays

Chill August days slows your faint heart of fire
Russet and golden leaf crumbles in colds extreme
Fate is a metaphor of a life about to expire
Fate we all meet after life's figment dream

Your bridal beauty now faded your life at an end
I remember your virgin charm at the onset of spring
And warm raptures when June became your friend
Now at an end your greatness now vanishing

Winter fast approaching you stand now undressed
Alas wind and storm's echo will be your only choir
Until by Spring's magnificence you are again blessed
When once again your noble splendour we can all admire

David Wood

Ode To The Golden Daffodil

Daffodils in their twilight fade
As May begins to shine
Their fragrance lost for another year,
A display both delicate and fine.

Wrinkled flower heads droop with age
As a blaze of golden yellow turns brown,
The whole of nature bows its head
And says goodbye with a frown.

They came at the end of winter
To grace nature with their charm
And stayed until the end of spring
Making all things sweet and calm.

David Wood

Of Gods And Atoms

Man is now among the gods
The power of the radiance of the sun
Exploding upon the Earth
With all his knowledge
Death has become his own end

David Wood

Of Golden Leaves

'Tis time to mend this wounded heart
Since it slowed to a miniscule beat
To see with my eyes the face of the world
And say 'hello' to all I greet.

My days are now of golden leaf
The fruit has passed its sell-by date
And the best of love has now gone,
The distance travelled has been great
And I have sung loves only song.

New hopes and fears now line my path
As I travel down this road alone
And running nature's ultimate course,
Past mistakes my soul does now atone.

We make a grave in our heart for our sorrow
And wait for a greater peace than we have known
When fear and worry no longer matter
After we have reaped what we have sown.

David Wood

Of Love (Cinquain)

Of love
What do we know
Blows either hot or cold
Love is a capricious power
I'm told

David Wood

Of Poetry

Poets are martyrs to their art
For every syllable on every page
Words used sparingly with love:
What is their fate in future years?

Artists leave a visual record where
People can gaze upon their paintings
In galleries; paintings which could be
Worth a fortune as time passes.

Musicians leave their work for future
Generations to listen to and they become
Rich and famous in the process.
But what is the future of poetry?

Book sales are in decline as the years
Progress and social media networks
Are not poetry friendly and English as
A language is changing rapidly.

How will poetry be expressed in the future?
Does anyone care?

David Wood

On Line Dating

Time dripped of the wall clock
Easing into a quiet evening
She sat posing at her laptop
Looking at entries on screen.

She looked almost bored
At the matches, new loves.
More souvenirs, more trophies
Toy soldiers all shiny new

Lined up to do some imaginary
Battle. The queen to rule
Her soldiers who die heroically
Willingly at her command.

Her horse at the ready a
Charger ready saddled.
She selected one to be
Sacrificed asking for a date.

David Wood

Otter Delights

Chief member of the press gang,
Cudgels warming to the blow.

Porcupine quills pointing, whiskers
Sharp, tingling with excitement.

Bubbling waters skimming over
Grey boulders swirling, dancing.

The trout swim in fear of the otter,
Lutra Lutra, king of the river Wye.

Its plush home adorned with flowers
Lighting the sky, kissing the water.

Sitting on its veranda, surveying
Its territory looking out over the evening
Sunset, taking trout from its larder.

Taking a cool long drink in the setting sun,
With young playing in the watermaking to run.

Men walking dogs along the river fail to spot
The party playing hide and seek.

Trout and grayling hide, otters seek
They play this deadly game every day.

David Wood

Our World

It's our world and you cannot enter,
You're too tall and you'd have to stoop.
We crawl on our hands and knees,
Though you seek and you try
When you get too close we start to cry.

You buy us toys with which to play,
And there we'll spend a happy day,
Then you feed us food which we will not eat
And give us a bath, and call it a treat!
Then when we are awake you put us to bed

And when we are tired you keep us awake
With a bed-time story, oh for heaven's sake!
Then in the morning when we are half asleep
You make us get up when we're still counting sheep.
And make us wash and clean our teeth.

It's our world and you cannot enter,
Our world is too small for you to understand
It is full of innocence and blind trust, and is mild.
Your world has no trust is not that grand
You need to look at the world with the eyes of a child.

David Wood

Pain

Pain of the heart
That exists from its own side,
Not physical, not cancerous,
But deep and enduring.

A pain that can last for years
Growing and eating away the soul.
In a way it has no end but yet
Circumstances cools its ardour.

Heart pain lives in the past and
Has no future, ever present
And silent of all words, an enigma.
It is tamed by time's cooling balm.

David Wood

Pond Life

Silently the pond stirs from its sleep
Nymphs drifting in the calm backwater
When spring warms still waters
Amphibious delights anchor to stems
Living between two worlds
Grotesquely shedding their coat
Metamorphosis of new life
Transparent delicate wings
Upholding bright emeralds
All you can accuse them of is their
Beauty

David Wood

Poppies

Not even the warmth of the day
Could even dent their soft glow, the
Crimson red flooding through
The meadow, waving gently in the breeze

Not even the song thrush or nightingale
Could sing of their beauty. Only the
Hearts of mankind are warmed by
By their delicate shape and colour.

They stand in the stillness of the day
Waiting, waiting, their long stalks
Standing to attention as we, mere
Onlookers, gaze at their beauty.

David Wood

Poppy

O sweet scarlet poppy how strong you do grow
The earth has no finer flower I know
I see you in fields by roadside or lay-bys
Your seed is taken wherever the wind cries
And where they fall they make their sweet bed
And remind us all of Our Glorious Dead
They were found scattered among Flanders field
Where young soldier's lives gladly did yield
They speak of the horrors the hell of all war
The rivers of blood the guts and the gore
Sweet flower of the field your legacy goes on
A symbol war of young lives that are now gone
O scarlet flower of delicate red
Reminder of Our Glorious Dead

David Wood

Rain

Be not angry with the rain
The earth is thirsty and parched
Dark skies of swirling clouds
Drop their heavy payloads

The sound of rain sings aloud
On the leaves of trees and shrubs
Forming pools of bright water
That quenches the thirst of birds

Wild flowers bow their heads
And drink their hearts content
It sustains crops in the field
And nourishes their roots

In cities towns and villages
Rooftops and pavements glisten
As the rain runs its course
And washes window panes

Be not angry with the rain
We all need its gentle kiss
It gives life to all it touches
Natures own perfect gift

David Wood

Rain, Rain, Rain

Rain, torrential rain lashing,
It ran down my neck making my collar
Damp and sticky drippy wet.
I cannot brush it aside or hide
From its attack for it is relentless.
It splashes around my feet
As I walk Clara around the lake.
The car seats will be wet again
From a summer, autumn and winter
Of relentless rain hammering down
As if the saturated earth depended on it.
Waterlogged fields and roofs: Rain dripping
From tree branches in big dollops
Exploding on the ground in front of me.
Even the robins and blackbirds lose,
Their voice, their orchestra remain silent.
Only the swans and moorhens with
Their waterproof jackets seem oblivious
And the seagulls mocking all around.

David Wood

Red Kite Hunting

Circling overhead in roundabouts.
Loitering with latent intent
Above old deciduous woodland shouts
Loud with no excuses to invent.

Wide eyed spotting their prey,
Deeply forked rusty red tail
Twitching in the breeze today,
In light delicate airs they sail.

Eager eyes balanced thought
Calling hei-hii-hii-hei.
Learning what their mothers taught,
Rodents in the open soon die.

Gyrating on the wing in the air,
Red Kites sails aloft silently stalking.
Grey head still and staring fair
To capture rodents out walking.

David Wood

Refreshing Delight

Green Tea

Is nice to drink

At any time of day

It is a refreshing delight

Try it

David Wood

Requiem

Heartfelt mourning

Silently

I kneel

David Wood

Retirement (Ballade)

The final day done and now my Liberty Bell
No more work retirement is now for me
Others come to shake my hand to say farewell
Oh now work has just become history
I can now put my feet up and watch TV
No more listening to what the boss has to say
I can walk in the park just let life be
Is this retirement now one long holiday

My first day I achieved so much I did do well
I walked the dog for an hour for all to see
We walked in the wood where I tripped and fell
Then went to a café for a cup of tea
Drove home again behind a slow old taxi
I then watched the sunset at the end of the day
To see the moon rise over our old cherry tree
Is this retirement now one long holiday

I've been retired now a year you can tell
I thought in retirement I'd be happy and free
Sitting in the park I often gaze and dwell
Of times when I worked I was so happy
With a secretary so young and carefree
Now I feel like an old brewers dray
Sipping coffee at the café and eating brie
Is this retirement now one long holiday

Retirement is fine for some I think you'd agree
But I miss my colleagues that's all I can say
With days that are long the dog my company
This retirement is no long holiday

David Wood

River Dance

The chequered rug lay on the ground
Hard boiled eggs and tomatoes on
Plastic plates. A jug of lemon juice
With bees buzzing all around.

Sitting by the river breaking bread,
With children playing on the grass
Dancing round and round in circles,
And ducks and swans waiting to be fed.

Clouds billowing up in an overcast sky
Brings gentle rain falling to the ground
That is over before it truly began,
And the dog stealing a piece of pie.

Buttercups and dandelions carpet the green
And pleasant field, and weeping willows
Sigh with their leaves kissing the river.
The family picnic is a sight to be seen.

David Wood

Romeo

Young love seen through old eyes
How will their life pan out? Sitting
Here in the park watching them walk
Hand in hand just as we used to do.

Young love just starting out fresh
Exploring each other, all new.
Exploring their bodies, her perfume
Exploding in his mind, his masculinity.

And think of Romeo lying in the chapel
On that cold slab in the town of Verona.
And of pining Juliet, that worried frown.
The wonder, where was Romeo?

Would Romeo that potion take knowing
That Juliet lives? That carefree love
What life would be lived, what dreams
Fulfilled? What tales to tell their children?

My love is no longer with me, taken away
By deaths dark sting. No longer holding
Hands walking in the park or on the beach.
Life left empty in the cold light of day.

David Wood

Saturday's Game

They came from all directions,
Matchstick men and women in
Matchstick long overcoats walking
In the rain towards the gates of the
Liberty Stadium.

They walked stooped heading one
Way, to the main gate; hands in
Pockets to watch the Swans play
Arsenal who travelled along the M4
By coach.

Cars blocked every street and every
Home for miles around the area
Upsetting residents who could not
Park their own cars outside their
Own homes. A typical Saturday.

David Wood

Savouring Wisdom

Wisdom sets a table
And sends her servants out
To all seeking insight
Inviting them to eat and drink
For wisdom is a dish
Matured over time
Few savour its delights

David Wood

Self Portrate

I'm sitting at my oak
Dining room table
Threading the line
To weave the thread
That lines this page.

Clara's at my feet
And Tina on the sofa
I gaze and
I write
Languid lines.

My laptop speaks
To me slowly
As I sip sherry
Or coffee.

Oh poetry,
a bitter sweet
Pill.

David Wood

Sex

In the corner of every furtive mind
Sex stalks its victim
In dark webs that spin and wind

Participants are ensnared but willing.
Undoing all virtue
And lust posing as love all the chilling.

Why are the pleasures of the flesh
So enduring?
This spider's web of such deep mesh.

Nobody can explain the reason why
Lovers lay entwined
Later feeling remorse and wanting to die.

David Wood

Shifting Sands

The wind blows from the sea
In gusts along the beach
Whirlwinds of sand fly
High in the air on the breeze.

Striking like grit getting into
Eyes. Tourists, holiday
Makers holding fast their hats.
Walking along the beach and
Promenade.

Getting deep into sandwiches
Gusting everywhere high in the
Air. Blowing onto the pavement
And road in deep drifting piles.

Slowly the beach moves.
Slowly change takes place.
When the wind does stop the
Beach is everywhere.

David Wood

Should I Die Tomorrow

Should I die tomorrow
Lay me with my wife
Shed not a tear of sorrow
For I have tried my best in life

My love she went before me
A long long time ago
And she will be the first I see
For that I surely know

I never did love another
She was the only one for me
The earth will be our cover
Our home for all eternity

I bequeathed all my belongings
To the charities of the poor
For I have no further longings
As I go through Deaths dark door

A new name will go on the headstone
So carve our names with pride
Now she'll never sleep alone
Together we'll lie side by side

As I leave this Earth behind
Shed not a tear for me
For new pastures we will find
A whole new destiny

David Wood

Silence

Sitting on the promenade
Or the sandy beach below,
Feeling the wind blow softly
Through your hair and kiss
Your face.

Or walking through a woodland glade
With the wind rustling the leaves
On golden trees in autumn.
And litter leaf blowing under your
Feet as you walk.

Or watching a milky moon softly
Glide across a clear night sky,
A clear orb shining through in the
Night. Silence speaking volumes
Pregnantly profound.

That peaceful silence, still, yet
Living, surrounding your thoughts
As your mind meanders like the gentle
Waves of an oasis in a desert
That will revive lost souls.

What peace there is when the
World is still, where we can listen
To the silence that floats through
Our mind, relaxing our whole
Being. Silence and stillness does
Quietly speak.

David Wood

Sitting At The Cemetery

I sat alone at the cemetery on a bright sunny day
Listening to the song birds sing aloud and at play
The sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky
And thinking of my love a tear I did cry.

The headstones stood fast and true
With flowers, pink, yellow, erect and new.
And people carrying fresh flowers for their loved one
Whether that be mother, father, daughter or son.

They came but on this bright clear day
Their love and respect they wanted to display
For love, like hope, springs eternal and new
And their only chance to say, 'I love you'.

David Wood

Snow Drift

Oh that wind, that symphony
Of oboes wailing and moaning.
Snow in drifts high to the eaves
Blowing, covering lanes leading
From iced village to iced village.

Telegraph wires and power lines
Bending under the dead weight
Of ice waiting for their moment
To snap. Shrieking horizontal
Wind piling snow on snow.

The road to the town cut off,
An umbilical cord snapped
In a white out of hill and sky.
Sheep buried with their lambs.
A community isolated and alone.

And nobody stirs from the darkening
Land as night's cape begins to
Cover the earth with its shadow.
Only the oboes making their
Distinctive wailing sound.

David Wood

Snowdrop

In this cold snap of spring
Delicate snowdrops ring.
They pierce the frigid earth
At January's end to March's birth,
Spreading petals of pure white
To the naked eye such a delight.
From woodland to roadside verge
Delicate flowers start to emerge.
With the yellow wild daffodil
They create such a thrill.

David Wood

Solitaire

On my own my memories of my childhood
All alone without any love from people
Love being an absent friend I never knew
A young life spent alone with only books
As company.

Books became the friends I never had
I marvelled at the covers, the bindings,
The words that filled each and every page,
The library my new home from home.

On my own my memories of my adulthood
Work became a new friend dressed in
Deceit and lies. I had many friends over
The year's mostly ending in disaster.

Love came in late adulthood with joy
It lasted a brief moment in time when
Death snatched it away from me:
Loves beauty lost for all time.

On my own the future years to come.
Books, and old friend I greet with a hello
Come back into my life, they cannot hurt
Like love hurts when lost forever.

David Wood

Someone Else

I am looking for someone else you see
But that person always eludes me.
For when I walk through the park
Or on a lonely street after dark
And I see beer cans thrown in the street
Or crisp packets, or cartons I do greet
That other people have cast aside,
Who discard their rubbish far and wide,
For it's always for someone else to pick up
That beer can, wrapper or paper cup.
That someone else must be a busy guy
For no matter where I look or how hard I try
I cannot find them, it makes you want to cry.

David Wood

Sonnet 1: Ah, Who Is This I See Before My Eyes

Ah, who is this I see before my eyes
Such a delicate flower I behold
Listen, she fills my heart with such sweet sighs
With her sweet love I could gladly grow old.
But what do I see, she is with another
Who holds the key to her heart's desire
How to win her heart I must discover
Because my heart now burns with such fire.
How can I win the heart of this sweet girl?
To win her heart and make her mine alone
And separate her from her love's dull churl;
Until I win her love my heart will groan.
Will she be the one that I will marry?
And to the church I will one day carry.

David Wood

Sonnet 10: Oh, Where Shall My Wandering Soul Seek Rest

Oh, where shall my wandering soul seek rest?
A wound that runs deep rents my heart in two
Another's head now rests between those breasts
Whose lithe tongue speaks of love you believe true.
I am a tortured soul, my heart a slave
You gaze at me and I am smitten deep.
Oh, for your love I will fight to the grave,
And then once slain slumber in death's deep sleep.
But your new love may not last time's great test
Your new true love may wither on the vine
And fall by the wayside like all the rest
And I may have the chance to make thee mine.
Love is a restless wind that can blow cold
Then your heart I will win with my love so bold.

David Wood

Sonnet 11: My Love Is Infected With Wild Desire

My love is infected with wild desire
To gather you and hold you in my arms
With a new song I hope to inspire
And serenade your heart to my sweet charms.
Any doctor will agree with such action
A prescription most suited to my needs
To dwell within your heart for just a fraction
Would be a starting point to sow my seeds.
But would loves labours last the test of time
Or would your sweet heart grow cold with languor
Where times ancient clock softly fails to chime
And where my love will find no safe harbour.
Is it therefore better to love and lose?
To love or not to love, I will have to choose.

David Wood

Sonnet 12: Nature's Beauty Does Not Give But Only Lends

Nature's beauty does not give but only lends;
Youth's beauty lasts only but a short time
Age racks the body that nature boldly sends
And worries make infirmity a crime.
Look in the mirror and what do you see?
Has nature given you its beauty gift?
What is the image staring back at thee?
Are you pleased with this sight and get a lift?
But despite the wrinkles of a future age
We must take advantage of nature's charm
And not be too eager to turn the page
And to apply nature's sweet lemon balm.
If nature failed to send you its beauty
Make sure kindness becomes your main duty.

David Wood

Sonnet 13: My Love's Complexion Is Like A Red Rose

My love's complexion is like a red rose
Her cheeks blush pink and those sweet lips bright red
And oh, that smile makes her wrinkle her nose,
How glad I am that we met young and wed.
Those lips delightfully made for kissing
Makes my heart skips a beat when they do meet
Is something that I am never missing
Every time we kiss each other and greet.
But nature blessed you with such great beauty
That makes others desire your dear hand.
Will your love for me become your duty
And with pride, my love, wear your wedding band.
Our sweet love is made to last forever
Others may look but we will part never.

David Wood

Sonnet 14: Oh, What Wonderful Music We Did Make

Oh, what wonderful music we did make
When we danced happily the night away.
Those sweet memories are for my keep sake
And will stay in my mind never to stray.
When days were longer than the time we had
And long summer days shone with bright sunlight
Made my dear heart sing and made me so glad
That my sweet heart's love shone so very bright.
But that Time's hour glass has now run out
And Death's sickle gleaming in the night hour
Separating our joined hearts with a clout
Taking you to much higher power.
Now our sweet love is an unbroken chain
That binds our two hearts till we meet again.

David Wood

Sonnet 16: How Can Anybody Say I Don't Love Thee?

How can anybody say I don't love thee?
When I bring fresh flowers to my sweet love
Or hold your hand when you are out with me
And coo in your ear like a Turtle Dove.
You have always been my heart's desire
From that first day when we came together.
You gave me the hope that did inspire
To be the man to cope with whatever.
My only hope is that with me you'll remain
And no other will steal away your heart,
For it is your love that keeps this heart sane,
And for your love I will play cupid's part.
In love there can be no hate in thy mind,
Those who cannot see we're in love are blind.

David Wood

Sonnet 17: Oh, Was It A Shrew That I Didst Marry

Oh, was it a shrew that I didst marry
That now makest this heart of mine to groan
Whose warring quarrelsome tongue does tarry
And to make this thine husband's heart to moan.
Thine sweet tongue lashes like a thousand whips
And tortures my soul with such deep pain
Shouting and scolding with thine hands on hips
Does make my head spin and drives me insane.
When all I did was to look at another
Whilst we were shopping in the market square.
She was old enough to be thine mother
And we would have made an unlikely pair.
It's thee my sweet that's my heart's desire
Our love is not for the funeral pyre.

David Wood

Sonnet 18: When At Night I Watch My Dear Heart Sleeping

When at night I watch my dear heart sleeping
After the labours of the day before
Sometimes a tear starts my sad eyes weeping
And I love my dear sweet heart all the more.

Having thus gone gently into the night
Taking labours rest to rejuvenate
With dreams that will bring us into the light
Of the new day in order to contemplate

Thoughts of love's riches both tender and bright.
With all the hope that a new day will bring
As we take part in labours hardest toil
We will remember what makes our hearts sing

Labours of the heart are life's sweet treasure
A heart full of love is the greatest measure.

David Wood

Sonnet 19: The Fire Breathing Dragon Came Calling

The fire breathing dragon came calling
And her fiery tongue breathes against me.
With you she sides, I just hear her bawling
When my sweet heart all I do is praise thee.
Why does your dear mother bark so loudly?
She would put many a guard dog to shame
How does she do this exercise proudly?
In my own home and profane my good name.
But if I ply her with good wine and food
Would this now soothe her angry frame of mind?
And put her in a more delicate mood
And bury this hatchet that she does grind.
A mother in law can be a blessing
But when crossed can be very distressing.

David Wood

Sonnet 2: Loves Sweet Labours

Two swans graced the lake with wings spreading wide
Gliding one behind the other in love
The sun glinting down the shimmering lakeside
Like a sparkling glinting turtle dove.
Two lovers walking hand in hand with one heart
Along the lakeside path, two hearts beat as one
Loves sweet labour found never to depart.
Two swans with necks entwined, loves bright sun,
Their white virgin feathers gleaming brightly.
Two lovers lips entwined in love face to face
Two hearts beating as one beating tightly.
A cool breeze blows windswept leaves that gently grace
The winding lover's path meanders along
The lakeside that loves sweet labours with a song.

David Wood

Sonnet 20: Thine Eyes Look Upon Me With Such Disdain

Thine eyes look upon me with such disdain
How they torment my heart and make it sad
Those eyes that once loved with such sweet refrain
Oh, what have I done to make thee so mad?
Was it what I said about thy mother
That now causes thee to be so distressed
As a woman she is like any other,
Into my affairs she is never blessed:
Which she often sticks an unwelcome face.
My roost I must rule, with the help of thee,
Yes, two not three, the company of grace
And this heart is for thee alone you see.
Two is company and three is a crowd
Mothers in law often cast a black cloud.

David Wood

Sonnet 21: Your Sweet Love Is Such Music To My Ears

Your sweet love is such music to my ears
A gentle symphony quietly played,
The sweetest music that any man hears
Always vibrant and alive, never staid.
I am the violin that you deftly play
With nimble fingers and such a light heart,
Our sweet love is the music of today,
And we the sweet lovers who play the part.
We have to keep that violin in tune
Or loves sweet song will be lost for ever,
And love, like a cool breeze can end so soon,
So those fingers should cease playing never.
That music and love can bring so much bliss
When two hearts are joined and sealed with a kiss.

David Wood

Sonnet 22: Homes Are Made By The Wisdom Of Women

Homes are made by the wisdom of women
But can be destroyed by the words of a fool
That dearest is a proverb of wise men.
Only a fool buys a two legged stool.
You have created a beautiful home
That is full of my loves delightful charms
That makes my heart to stay and not to roam
And soothes my aching temples with sweet balms.
The home is where heart's cupboard is not bare
Where peace and comfort roams freely about
Where loves garden is tended with such care
And love's talk is never raised to a shout.
Our home is a tribute to our sweet love
A dovecot fitting for a turtle dove.

David Wood

Sonnet 23: Who Is To Persuade Me That I Am Old?

Who is to persuade me that I am old?
Is it for the mirror to condemn me?
For in my heart is still the youth so bold
Who around the bedchamber did chase thee.
Times furrows around my brow don't worry,
The stiffness in my joints prevent me not,
I have done nothing to make you sorry,
Through many cold winter and summer hot.
Ambition now gone all that's left is love.
You are still beautiful, my love's sweet dream
And love is something we cannot remove
It flows through our life like a living stream.
A rose has more beauty as time passes
And true love lasts with rose tinted glasses.

David Wood

Sonnet 24: No Winters Storm, Or Tempests Vile Power

No winters storm, or tempests vile power
Can wrest my love for thee from my bosom
Thou art dearest my love's sweetest flower
That doth form our gardens greatest blossom.
Thou art summers sweet honey to my lips
Whenever I kiss thee my heart skips a beat
When I stand with my hands on those firm hips,
Or sleeping with thee under our beds sheet.
But will Love's passion last the test of time
Or Love's ardour's cool like the summer's rain?
Love has to be worked to keep it in its prime
Or two hearts may be the subject of pain.
Love is a flower that must be tended,
This beauty is what nature intended.

David Wood

Sonnet 25: 'tis With Heavy Eyelids That I View Thee

'Tis with heavy eyelids that I view thee
In the darkening evening of the day
When duty is done and sleep beckons me
And in our bed for your love I do pray.
Even in thy slumber thy beauty shines
As I view thee in the darkness of night
And shadows creep over me like green vines
And dreams and nightmares do often cause fright.
But In the morning light when I awake
I look at thee sleeping still having dreams
Smiling, I watch over thee for thine own sake,
Your fresh complexion, clear as living streams.
For I watch thee sleeping just before dawn
As the sun rises in the early morn.

David Wood

Sonnet 26: Love Can Make The Young Fool Blind By Its Charms

Love can make the young fool blind by its charms
When new love cannot see the surface cracks,
Where an eagerness to please sometimes harms
And two hearts may walk along separate tracks.
They gaze at each other but fail to see.
Only physical beauty holds the eye,
Oh, who knows what the future holds for thee?
Will true love fly off into the night sky?
But remember when we were young lovers
And Cupid's eye watched over our two hearts
How we used to laugh at all the others
And with love showing its many true parts.
We all make mistakes and love can be blind
You must have true love, a true state of mind.

David Wood

Sonnet 27: Oh, What Cunning Plan Has My Love's Brain Hatched

Oh, what cunning plan has my love's brain hatched?
What devious plot occupies your mind?
Your kindness, my love, is but strangely matched
Feeding me my favourite food, so kind.
Is it a new dress that you want me to buy?
I am sure that it cannot be a new iron,
Your kindness is to my patience do try
To the shops we go for a dress to try on.
But you have only to say what you need,
My heart will agree with your desire.
You do not have to sow any deep seed
In my mind, fine food does me inspire.
However, I shall savour the moment
And dally before passing a comment.

David Wood

Sonnet 28 My Sweet Love Does Keep An Orderly House

My sweet love does keep an orderly house
Her tidy kitchen is her pride and joy
'Tis swept clean, no dust not even a mouse
With her rolling pin, her favourite toy
Which she claps when with cross swords we do row
When I fail to become her favourite boy
And to keep the peace I do take a bow,
When with a peaceful tongue I then employ.
But those cross swords are few and far between
And most of our time spent we are happy
With our love we do paint a pretty scene
Except when it is my turn to change a nappy.
Oh, the cup of life can be a strange brew
One minute up the next down, how so true.

David Wood

Sonnet 29: For My Sins I Love Thee With A Light Heart

For my sins I love thee with a light heart
For I am happy in your company
And my Love's sweet spirit plays well the part,
The laughs we have had are splendid and many.
It is with you my Love I'm pleased to dote
My heart is in agreement with your dear heart,
I cannot find errors in which to note
You have sung love's song, in a pleasant part.
For my actions, my love has been blinded
By your beauty in which I find no fault
My love for you has now been grinded
And now fill this my heart a giant vault.
Winning your love has been my greatest gain
Losing your love would be my greatest pain.

David Wood

Sonnet 3: This My Love Is Our Glorious Big Day

This my love is our glorious big day
When you look as nice as any flower
You grace the hour with a golden ray
And make even the sun lose its power.
The azure Cypriot sky beckons calm
As we walk down the amphitheatre steps,
This blessed day as sweet as cooling balm,
Let the ceremony start with our short preps.
Rings exchanged, the deed done, we are now wed
The honeymoon begins with our two hearts:
With speeches over and kind words been said
Let our life begin to run its many parts.
Let us start our new life in wedded bliss
And start and end each day with a soft kiss.

David Wood

Sonnet 30: My Love Is Not Disdained By Thy Sharp Tongue

My love is not disdained by your sharp tongue
I'd rather your tongue hate me than your eyes
Time has mellowed that what we did when young
With our courting under brooding dark skies.
Our love has stood the test of time quite well
In my heart there is lots of room for thee,
It's where my love for thee richly does dwell
And quietly lets by what has to be.
Be whatever you are for you are strong
But curb that sharp tongue and not let it rule
And do admit that you are sometimes wrong
For anger is something not learnt at school.
Don't let anger rule your heart, it's not wise
It could thus make another's heart despise.

David Wood

Sonnet 31: I Have But Two Loves, The Greatest Is Thee

I have but two loves, the greatest is thee
Oh, there can be no argument with that,
Now my second love is sweet poetry
The most sweetest wine in the largest vat.
They are both spirits free and demand much
Of my time and effort to keep them sweet.
That lifts this heart with a purity of such
Variety, yet you are the heart I greet.
Now I cannot live without my two loves,
They complement each other gracefully,
And as compatible as two white doves
That enables me to live my life gratefully.
And I know which love takes priority
Not to risk a life in solitary.

David Wood

Sonnet 32: Times Ancient Clock Etches Lines On Our Face

Times ancient clock etches lines on our face
We are not young anymore, fresh youth's song
Is an old tune now as we run life's race.
And youth's beauty have cast deep shadows long.
Now sweet heart our good health is on the wane
With hair once long and dark is going grey
We only have ourselves to keep us sane
A cold comfort that leads to cold decay.
But our love keeps the heart warm and tender
It's grown over the years with tender bliss
Loves rapture that my heart does engender
Does make my heart leap with your tender kiss.
True love does not weary with age nor fade
It lives in the heart and is heaven made.

David Wood

Sonnet 33: Where Beauty Lay My Love Lies Alongside

Where beauty lay my love lies alongside
In your beauty lies the truth of my heart
How therefore can the truth of my love chide?
And so I have to play sweet Cupids part.
This love of mine cannot be unfaithful
For to neglect this love would be a lie,
And to love thy beauty is delightful,
So a lie is something I would not try.
With your hair coloured like the daffodil
Your complexion like a pink rose
That does give my dear true heart such a thrill,
Out of all others it was thee I chose.
The beauty of love is truth itself blest
And the truth of love is a treasure chest.

David Wood

Sonnet 34: I Am As Content As A Summer Breeze

I am as content as a summer breeze
With gentle airs brushing against my face
And blowing through your hair, the softest tease
That dwells within my heart, a gentle grace.
We sit relaxed on our holiday beach
Soft warm days we idle the time away
My love laying still, a delicate peach
With children making sandcastles all day.
But our holiday will soon come to an end
And then we will resume life's daily grind
With all the daily trials that fate does send
All we have is our love, two hearts that bind.
A holiday is that much earned break away
A time of rest, re-cooperation and play.

David Wood

Sonnet 35: We Sleep Through The Beginning Of The Day

We sleep through the beginning of the day
Our hearts rest do sleep and love in slumber
My dearest wakes with the suns golden ray,
The day starts as a delicate number.
My love muses at the kitchen table
As breakfast is prepared to start the day,
My thoughts wander to my latest fable
As now I sit holding my breakfast tray.
But the day moves on and waits for no man
And soon the time comes when to bed we go
For weariness overcomes the best plan
And Cupid his arrows and bow does stow.
Love never slumbers as the body does rest
Sleep rejuvenates hearts to be their best.

David Wood

Sonnet 36: Sweet Love, We Did Renew Our Marriage Vows

Sweet love, we did renew our marriage vows
And our love soared to ecstasy's new height,
I stooped to conquer with several deep bows
And woo thee again with all of my might.
Our love, now renewed, let nobody say
This our sweet music is not Loves main dish
And two hearts united in love we play,
I aim to please thee with your every wish.
Now these new vows I do not take lightly
And Love must be worked on with Cupid's grace
With my dear hearts joy so very sprightly
When this talk of love brightens your sweet face.
With these new marriage vows I love thee still
Forever in your heart my greatest thrill

David Wood

Sonnet 37: Those Sweet Lips That Nature Designed For Thee

Those sweet lips that nature designed for thee
Made especially for love and kissing
Does now with harsh words sorely rebuke me
Love in your heart is now surely missing.
Oh, what have I now done to earn thy wrath?
Was it what I said about thy mother
That more often she needs to take a bath
And now you will go and tell thy brother.
But my sweet, I jest, surely thou dost know
Thy sweet mother is always in my heart,
The ends of the earth I would surely go
For her joy I would always play the part.
Mothers-in-law are always a treasure
But do not incur thy wife's displeasure.

David Wood

Sonnet 38: When I Leave You For The Morning's Workload

When I leave you for the morning's workload
I have your dear picture in my mind's eye
And your sweet fragrance in my mind explode
Such are the dreams that my heart does comply.
And when I drive our battered car to work
You are not absent in my thoughts sweet heart
This daily grind's labours I must not shirk
But think of you until I can depart.
Absence makes the heart grow fonder my sweet
So that we can enjoys loves sweet labours
When evening time comes and our paths do meet
And the talk of the day are loves sweet savours.
I do think of you when we are apart
A forced absence makes for a stronger heart.

David Wood

Sonnet 39: My Love Reminds Me Of A Summers Breeze

My love reminds me of a summer's breeze
That wafts gently through a wildflower meadow
That rustles the leaves on golden beech trees
And your love keeps me in your cool shadow.
When other lovers drift apart with ease
Our love grows stronger with each passing day
And in the pleasures of the night we tease
Keeps our two kind hearts from going astray.
This love must not be allowed to tire
And Cupid must not be allowed to rest
Or love will end on a funeral pyre
Time will only judge in loves supreme test.
Loves sweet power is tested every day
In life's interactions and when we play.

David Wood

Sonnet 4: What Soothing Balm It Is To Watch My Love

As we start our wedded life together
I'm pleased that Cupid was given a shove
And his arrows formed the perfect tether.
My love brightens up this bachelor pad,
This home that I have lived in all alone,
And she makes this lonesome soul feel so glad
Those long summers and sad winters made moan.
But what does the future now hold in store?
And will our life be filled with wedded bliss
I promised to look after her rich or poor
And pray that fate's hand will not be amiss.
We have to go forth with all hope assured
Such uncertainty we can ill afford.

David Wood

Sonnet 40: Oh, Cruel Heart, How Canst Thou Say I Don't Love Thee?

Oh, cruel heart, how canst thou say I don't love thee?
And those eyes look at me with such hatred
What now has our broken love come to be?
In this silence with nothing to be said.
Is the love we had something to forget?
And all the years of building love lost hope
Love is not to be gambled like a bet,
Our hearts were once joined with the stoutest rope.
The labours of love is like childbirth's pain
For with loves joy also comes loves sadness
When into love's joy comes a spell of rain
And soon the sun shines again with gladness.
Cupid has now taken his holiday
And who knows how long will he be away.

David Wood

Sonnet 41: Now Looking After My Loves Daily Needs

Now looking after my loves daily needs
Makes for an easy glove for me to wear
Doing things for my love is sowing seeds
That brings forth sweet flowers for thee I bear.
My love is a delicate rose so sweet
That does flower in my life's great garden,
Every time we kiss and each other greet
Cements our love and this love does harden.
But Love's sweet flower does need constant care
It has to be watered for it to grow
Otherwise it will droop with age and wear
And Love's tiredness will then surely show.
Love does need regular lubrication
A soothing and calming embrocation.

David Wood

Sonnet 42: Two Weeks Your Mother Has Now Been With Us

Two weeks your mother has now been with us
She has eaten me out of house and home
When will she pack her bags and take the bus
Or off to the pub I will sadly roam.
We have taken her for walks in the park
And drives in the countryside twice a week
As for meals, she has eaten like a shark
How long does she want to stay, I must speak.
Time passes with monotonous languor
And I am beginning to start a twitch
I hope you don't mind me speaking with candour
But her presence is now making me itch.
When mother in law comes with a suitcase
Life will take on a new meaning and pace.

David Wood

Sonnet 43: Your Fine Friends Come With A Mouthful Of News

As he and his wife visit us tonight
We are all ears as we listen to his views
He plays well the part of a playful sprite.
They play cards well and win at gin rummy
And the wine they brought is of the finest
You too cooked a fine meal that was scrummy
As were their comments that were the kindest.
But I look forward to when we are alone
And then I can take you into my arms
I can then switch off that infernal phone
And woo you dear with my eternal charms.
Entertaining friends is both fine and great
When words are of friendship and not of hate.

David Wood

Sonnet 44: Oh, With These My Eyes I View Thee With Love

My sight blinded with love is indeed true
Somebody did give cupid a big shove
And arrows fired turned old love to new.
'Tis my fair maiden that my love now dotes
And tarries such with a light hearted flair
If not, then love is well that love denotes
With all her sweet charms and her long blonde hair.
But how can this love remain true and fresh
With everything life's tempests has to throw
That can burn deeply within our sore flesh,
Sweet love needs all the help for it to grow.
When eyes and hearts agree love is not blind
And true love that overlooks faults is kind.

David Wood

Sonnet 45: Those Actions That Love Committed Deemed Wrong

Those actions that love committed deemed wrong
When temptation does lead Love's heart astray,
Whose eloquent words seem like a new song,
That ruin true love must be kept at bay.
The love at home is worth keeping sweet
And indiscreet liaison's not worth it
Many are caught out when secret love's meet
So, to second hand love best not commit.
But true love overcomes all temptation
So commit yourself fully to its cause
And do not seek out a new sensation
You will only suffer pain by its claws.
Why have a takeaway when there's steak at home
Eyes feasted on your heart's love do not roam.

David Wood

Sonnet 46: Time's Hour Glass Has Spun Another Year

Time's hour glass has spun another year
And Time has passed quickly through its main arc
The anniversary of our Love dear
Starts the day with Love walking in the park.
Hand in hand we walk smiling at all folk
Our friends communicate their good wishes
The day goes gently, work an easy yoke
Then go out for our favourite dishes.
The Harvester Inn my love I do take
Eating her favourite meal, stuffed mushroom
Whilst a glass of ale I now do partake
And thoughts of the day when we were bride and groom.
Another anniversary shines bright
Another year of Love's wondrous might.

David Wood

Sonnet 47: The Spirit Of Love Is Never Ending

The spirit of love is never ending
When in the park lovers walk hand in hand
And fleeting eyes with loves message sending
With sweet talk of wearing a wedding band.
The spirit of love is alive and well
And lives deep in the hearts of young lovers
Where two hearts sing, and love does bond and jell,
And married couple kiss under the covers.
The spirit of love is both rich and true
Cupid's arrows never more in demand
When sweet love is alive and never blue
And lovers talk of their greatest command.
The spirit of love is the sweetest thing
When love fills the air and all the birds sing.

David Wood

Sonnet 48: I Am Here To Look After My Sweetheart

I am here to look after my sweetheart
Whose sickness has taken me by surprise
I pray that the doctors will play their part
And from the prognosis what they'll surmise.
It pains me to see my dear love unwell
For it wounds my heart with such deep sorrow
Now life is uncertain of what may tell
We go back to the doctors tomorrow.
What the outcome will be nobody knows
And I now fear for my frail wife's poor health,
For in sickness and good health thee I chose
For your recovery I'd give all my wealth.
Oh, what has made my lovely so unwell?
I pray that it will be for a short spell.

David Wood

Sonnet 49: Please Do Not Mourn For Me When I Am Dead

Please do not mourn for me when I am dead
For I have hence gone to a higher place
And I have said all that had to be said
I have done everything and run the race.
I have loved you dearest with all my heart
And have fond memories in my minds store.
And you my dear sweet have played well the part
Of loving spouse even when we were poor.
My love, I do not want you to be sad,
But enjoy what life has in store for you,
And to think of our past love and be glad.
Look to the future where all things are new.
You were everything I ever dreamed of
My best friend, confidant, my own sweet love.

David Wood

Sonnet 5: True Love

I do not only love you with just my eyes
And not just with my heart too, my dearest.
Nor do I sweet talk you with deceitful lies,
Nor do I just love you when you are nearest.
But with every fibre of my being:
My love for you is built to last for ever
For it is your face that I love seeing
And ensuring you are unhappy never.
For when I send you love's pages in a note,
Or a special card on your sweet birthday,
I find that I am pleased on you to dote
And I to spend those happy times at play.
Your only happiness is my utmost gain
And your love for me is what keeps me sane.

David Wood

Sonnet 50: 'tis Love That Makes The Widowers Eyes Weep

'Tis love that makes the widowers eyes weep
Love's sweetness lost to death's kiss wounds the heart
His sweet love is now lost to death's deep sleep
Memories fill his mind not to depart.
A heart now consigned to a single life
His only comfort the food he now eats.
The world will be colder without his wife
And a lonely life is now all that greets.
But life must go on and time does but heal
And the wounds of the heart will indeed mend
Life's daily grind will soon seem all too real
And then he will find many a true friend.
Until then he will feel that he is slain
And find no comfort to heal his deep pain.

David Wood

Sonnet 51: The Hedgehog And Caterpillar

When all the birds are asleep in the trees
And the earth cooled from the heat of the day
And the chilly night broken by a breeze
The prickly hedgehog comes out to play.

Silently stirring from its daytime sleep
It wanders slowly through gardens and parks
Far away from its home in the compost heap
Ears pricked, nose twitching it stands still and harks.

Caterpillars asleep dreaming on the leaf
Hanging in the night airs a ghostly white
Do not hear the prickly lowly thief
Creep up and take them in the dead of night.

Caterpillars do not get a good deal
When the hedgehog's seeking a tasty meal.

David Wood

Sonnet 52: The Fruit Pickers

The new dawn broke into a clear blue sky
Shadows of people emerged into the light
Fruit lay in fields over which skylarks fly.
The start of the day and the end of night.

Tractors now humming away in the field
People bent double picking the new crop
The harvest bringing in a bumper yield
Picked, packed and sealed now ready for the shop.

But what of the incoming bad weather
Days of rain when there is no work to do
And the wages are light as a feather
Ah, those circumstances are nothing new.

They say to make hay while the sun does shine
And to work hard whilst the weather is fine.

David Wood

Sonnet 53: On Sleep

Oh sleep, you hide from me until the dawn
I lay awake through the dark of the night
My head on my soft pillow until morn
When I awake from a nightmare with fright.

Sleep you escape me in the night time hours,
Time lying awake which should be sleeping
Oh, how can I overcome your powers?
You leave me lying there alone weeping.

Oh to sleep perchance to dream of my sweet
Is but a day dream that I allude to
For we will never again meet or greet
And there is really nothing I can do.

To lay alone between the sheets awake
Is a pastime I wish not to partake.

David Wood

Sonnet 54: The Seas

From Artic oceans to tropical seas
The oceans are full teeming with all life
With disregard man will do as he please
Polluting and causing all of manner of strife.

We cannot go on polluting the sea
And plundering the oceans fish stocks at will,
Oh, why is it that mankind cannot see
Damaging the sea makes the whole world ill.

But we still continue to over fish;
And heavy shipping disrupts the whale song,
We can all try and eat a different dish
Or the fish stocks will not last very long.

We cannot continue to trash the seas
When will we learn we can't do as we please.

David Wood

Sonnet 55: The Day Now Gone

The evening of the day is upon us
All our hopes and aspirations lay bare
All the accomplishments and all the fuss
All the hundreds of things we did with care.

Now twilight will soon bring the night time rest,
Stars begin to wake up in the night sky,
The moon shines through the window; welcome guest.
Time to sit and ponder, nothing awry.

Time to relax and let the day take its course
Just to unwind as the evening unfurls
The day can no longer make claim with force
To meditate on and remove all the whirls.

Spend the day well, you will be rewarded
With comforting thoughts so well afforded.

David Wood

Sonnet 56: A Life In The Pub

Low misty cloud swirls damp close to the ground
Ancient parlour pubs lined the terraced street,
Slurred speech from beer costing only a pound
And smoke from cigarettes hangs around their feet;
Drinkers in rough clothing prop up dark bars.
And those who indulge in this ludicrous sport
Live in abodes in streets with modest cars,
Reflect silently in a glass of port.
But from whom are these drinkers trying to hide
Before staggering home to a nagging wife.
In their poverty they only have their pride,
Thus sums up their story of a sad life.
These dark lives lived in pubs spread far and wide
Are but chapters lived that life cannot hide.

David Wood

Sonnet 57: To Keats

Keats, how sad your troubled life seemed to be
'Twas TB, that dreadful great leveller.
What a pity it robbed the world of thee
You became a European traveller.
Your works remained hidden from our still heart,
And you suffered such pain and awful distress.
Missed by your loved one you had to depart
To the city of Rome for you did bless
To breathe fresh air from a milder winter.
Your sorrow does not make thee less of a man
Because you thought your life writ in water.
But, heaven blessed, your poetry still can
Reach the modern man of many still parts
And open up that mind and reach our hearts.

David Wood

Sonnet 58: The Haunted Wood

Time drips off the wall clock and down the wall
Sunset throws its cape down over the land,
Evening comes and birds do end their day call
And lovers stroll out and parade hand in hand.
When I see tall trees blowing in the breeze
And a crescent moon rising in the east
With owl searching for rodents not to sneeze,
Or he will lose out on his night time feast.
But with the night comes night time demons clear
Of hobgoblins and witches and their brew,
And ghosts haunting the wood both far and near
To get you feeling very scared and blue.
So stay in the light and stay close to home
Then you only have to fear the garden gnome.

David Wood

Sonnet 59: When You Consider Nature All Around

When you consider nature all around
You see the total perfection complete
Beauty in nature perfectly profound
In the eye of the beholder discrete.

What is obvious and to all distinct
Is that man tramples over this nature,
Causing animals to become extinct
Believing he has a higher stature.

But nature's beauty must be protected
And wildlife habitats must be preserved,
Into men's mind this must be injected
And the whole of nature must now be served.

To serve nature and not to be master
And protect nature for ever after.

David Wood

Sonnet 6: Unrequited Love

Oh those lips that Love designed for kissing
Are of such beauty and so soft to kiss.
Yet Cupid's arrow fired but keeps missing
Our paths seldom cross and do often miss.
I sometimes do view you dear from afar,
From my seat in the town square I see thee.
I pray you keep the door to your heart ajar
For Cupid's arrow to fly straight from me.
But I see you with another bright flame
Strolling through the town, your sweet hearts delight.
I have yet to know my heart rivals name
To challenge him to a duel, a lovers fight.
Yet to hate him is wrong, I must succumb
And wait for love to die, and hearts to numb.

David Wood

Sonnet 60: The Night

Gently the night descends all around us
The day now run its course about to close
The dusk of evening swirls without much fuss
And stars twinkling in the night do pose.

Starlings in the night time sky overhead
Circle in the sky like a flowing stream
They begin to settle down in their bed
As nights cape descending closing its seam.

The still of the night allows all to rest
To rejuvenate and make bodies new
That allows people to be at their best
In whatever labour they choose to do.

The darkness of the night allows for sleep
To dream soft dreams until the dawn does creep.

David Wood

Sonnet 61: Upon Reading Shakespeare's Henry Iv

Oh you usurper king Lord Bolingbroke
What did King Richard do to make you mad?
When you came from France across the old soak
To fight for Richard's crown, you were all bad.

A Lancastrian born of the old stock
From the seed of John of Gaunt you lay claim;
You stole the crown of England, a great shock
And upon Richard's head laid all the blame.

But uneasy lies the crown on your head
And behind your back you have to keep watch
Or you will end up like Richard – very dead
And the rumours that he lives you'll have to scotch.

Will Shakespeare did write a wonderful play
That should be read by all, even today.

David Wood

Sonnet 62: Stardust

Poets write about stars in the night sky
They twinkle and glow or sit shining bright
They inspire lover's dreams not to be shy
About loves beauty shining in the night.

Stars awake after their daytime slumber,
They shine so brightly from light years away
Too many to count, such a vast number,
Still poets write about them anyway.

Oh, how black would the night be without them
Hot inferno's of distant suns hot light
Of galaxies and a tight spirals stem
White dwarfs and supernova's burning bright.

Stars in the night sky make all poets glow
So eloquent words on the page may flow.

David Wood

Sonnet 63: Dragonfly

The beauty of the lake on a summer's day:
Gentle ripples of cool water soothing,
Wildlife basking in the sun's golden ray
And calmness keeping life gently moving.

With cool leaves softly blowing in the breeze
And a dozen blackbirds pecking the grass
Water lilies float in the shade of trees
Frogs and toads swimming along their paths pass

But it's the dragonfly catching insects
That's life's delicate beauty beholding
Resting on the stem of a reed inspects
The still air around him, life unfolding.

Emerald dragonfly's their beauty and grace
Puts a sweet smile on anybody's face.

David Wood

Sonnet 64: Hidden Love

Sad is the man whose love he cannot show
When bursting with love he remains aloof
Afraid to show his true feelings that glow
In his heart, his love always seeking proof.

'Does he love me' she says, 'or does he not'
Always wondering if love has ended
Never hearing the words 'I love you a lot',
But detached, aloof equally blended.

True love needs to be expressed and declared
And constantly spoken with very sweet words,
Love with all of nature must be compared
Like a summers day with sweet singing birds.

Love that is stifled may soon end in tears
Love needs to be shown to allay all fears.

David Wood

Sonnet 65: On The Birth Of A New Royal Baby

A wonderous delight has come to pass
The birth of a baby royal to our Kate;
The whole of the Kingdom will raise a glass
And toast this birth with a feeling so great.

William and Kate are the happy pair,
The whole nation is joyful and happy
The baby born with the greatest of care,
Both have to learn how to change a nappy.

One day he will come to rule the nation
That is steeped in our histories greatness:
No one could rise to a greater station
To learn to rule in grace and stateliness.

So let us celebrate this great event
To a new born babe that was heaven sent.

David Wood

Sonnet 66: On Sonnets

Will Shakespeare, our greatest sonnet writer,
Left his mark in history with his plays;
Crafted his sonnets making his words brighter
And his plays most enjoyable in all ways.

Sonnets can be rich with eloquent words
On love's labour's won or lost by rhyming
Or writing about love as two young birds
So penning a sonnet can be charming.

But modern poets leave the sonnet alone
And will write verse that may or may not flow
About lovers who may have hearts of stone;
Perhaps that's the way poetry will go.

Lots have changed in over four hundred years
And some modern poets leave you in tears.

David Wood

Sonnet 67: Heat Wave

What I'd give for a nice juicy apple
A green one a red one I do not care
For a cold one I'd even go to chapel
Or failing that I'd have an ice cold pear.

For this heat wave has now gone on for weeks
Sticky prickly days and hot sticky nights
We all listen when the weather man speaks
Lying awake until the morning lights.

The car is now like an oven inside
And the dog is panting in all this heat
And keeping her cool is hard to decide
As she's always running around my feet.

In times when it rains all we want is sun
But we just get heat waves, and that's not fun.

David Wood

Sonnet 68: Red Admiral

Patrolling small stretches of the hedgerow
Like a silent sentry on guard duty,
Other butterflies they will overthrow;
The Red Admiral, nature's real beauty.

Seen fluttering throughout summers hot days
From buddleia to Michaelmas daisies,
And sheltering from the suns golden rays,
All the people will sing of their praises.

But they cannot survive the winter's cold
Their life is all too brief, a crying shame:
Alas none of them will ever grow old
Their short life is all part of nature's game.

Their beauty we cannot take for granted
For they are delicately enchanted.

David Wood

Sonnet 69: Northern Lights

Oh those flashing green eyes so briefly seen
That turns night into day across the sky
Those mysterious lights of such soft green
That flash across the heavens that sail by.

Those Northern lights are so clear, crisp and bright
And casting a shadow on the landscape
Are like your sweet love on a soft warm night
That so lightens the veil of nights dark cape.

But will your love fade like the Northern lights
Or flash and glow as your mood will change,
Those Northern lights are wondrous sights
That flashing green so amazing, so strange.

Now when Love flashes like the Northern lights
Sparks may well fly and there may well be fights.

David Wood

Sonnet 7: Let Not The Look Of Love Stray From Thine Eyes

Let not the look of Love stray from thine eyes
Or show a frown on such a sweet forehead,
Or look disdain with breasts of such deep sighs,
And lay quiet and still in our marriage bed.
Or accuse me that sweet Love has thus failed
And that a gulf now exists between our hearts,
For Love is a ship I have gladly sailed
Through oceans deep with many savoured parts.
But Love will always have its ups and downs
And Love will conquer all deep seated fears,
That Love's face does sometimes have smiles or frowns
Is part of life's grace that sometimes brings tears.
Your Love to me is like a summer breeze
That blows softly and gently through the trees.

David Wood

Sonnet 70: On Rain

Softly falling rain from a brooding sky
Kissed my face and gently watered the ground
As dark grey clouds in the sky drifted by
And large glassy puddles gathered around.

Droplets making the flowers bend and droop
As they drank their fill from nature's reservoir:
People caught in the rain began to stoop
And rain catching people driving their car.

Refreshing and calm on a summer's day
Cooling the hot air like a soothing balm
We all need the summer shower they say
To bring to this sweet earth both peace and calm.

We all need soft and gentle rain to fall
But we don't want rain in torrents at all.

David Wood

Sonnet 71: On Love

We have all had that Romeo moment
When something we said to our love went wrong
And then eat humble pie in atonement
And to go off and rewrite loves sweet song.

Or when we said something to our sweet love
That took offence, and off they would go in pain;
We would call out to the heavens above
Or go off in a huff and to what gain.

T'was poison the potion Romeo took;
Guilt is our potion when our love is hurt,
Looking for the words to appease that look
Guarding our tongue we have to be alert.

Love can be so easily forsaken
When lovers messages are mistaken.

David Wood

Sonnet 72: Love In Ones Older Years Is Sweet And Kind

Love in ones older years is sweet and kind
When grey hairs and frail bodies take a hold
And memories of your love fill your mind
When you were once young and your love was bold.

Now life is taken at a slower pace
And everywhere you go you just hold hands
The look of love is expressed on your face
And seen visibly in your wedding bands.

But when God calls your love away from you
And you are left to roam the world alone
The love still remains as if it were new
And your resolve then stiffens like a stone.

True love evolves and grows over the years
And true love soothes all life's worries and fears.

David Wood

Sonnet 73: On Pollution

We pollute the atmosphere day by day
With heavy industry belching out fumes
Burning fossil fuels is not the game to play
With smoke from chimneys pushing out dense plumes.

With aircraft making contours in the sky
Polluting higher in the atmosphere,
Pumping out dioxins the higher they fly;
Polluters that have no conscience or fear.

But is this the right way to treat nature?
With dioxins killing off all the trees
Nature is a resource we have to nurture
Not bring it crashing down around our knees.

We only have one earth, so treat it right
And those who pollute it we have to fight.

David Wood

Sonnet 74: Time

If we could only see into the future
Like we can see our mistakes of the past
We could just be like the surgeon's suture,
Cut out life's mistakes with a stitch to last.

We could prevent bad things from happening;
Oh, then we'd know our whole life and its end!
And to most that would be quite startling
And could drive some people around the bend.

But Time is relentless, a one way street;
Better not to know what the future holds
Keeping life's mystery each day we greet
The shocks and balances as life unfolds.

Time is constant, it moves at a set pace
As we all play our part in life's great race.

David Wood

Sonnet 75: Solitude

Solitude that is now part of my life
Since my love was swiftly taken from me
It cuts through the joy of life like a knife
As for the future and what that will be?

The city with rows of married houses
Can be an empty place in which to dwell
And the High Street shops in which one browses
Can stifle and become a kind of hell.

But I have the dog and we go for walks
Along a soft sandy beach on warm days
Where with other dog owners I have long talks
And then go off on our separate ways.

You have to take all what life throws at you
With a positive heart for all things new.

David Wood

Sonnet 76: Excalibur

Who on earth could put that sword from that stone
Many had tried but all failed in their quest
But one man did when he was all alone
When all other knights had tried their very best.

And Excalibur entered history
In the hand of Arthur with all his knights
In times of tales, fables and mystery
When men were jousting days and feasting nights.

But Arthur in battle to him forsake
And he did die a hero's death indeed
And Excalibur thrown into the lake
To wait until England was once more in need

Arthur and his knights are resting at peace
Excalibur's resting too will never cease.

David Wood

Sonnet 77: Reflections

I enjoyed buying flowers for my love
Though they did not compare with her beauty
She is now with the angels high above
I now place them on her grave, 'tis my duty.

We really had fun when she was with me
When off to the High Street we would wander
So our time together was meant to be
And all the time my heart would grow fonder.

But time was a luxury denied us
And I take my place in the world alone
To continue a life without much fuss
And make the best of things and not to moan.

Time immortal is as endless as space
And true love is that everlasting grace.

David Wood

Sonnet 78: My Love Will Live In My Heart For All Time

My love will live in my heart for all time
Truly she is my bright eternal flame
She is the poem that will deftly rhyme
And my heart sings at the sound of her name.

For together we are a good love match;
That Cupid and his fine arrows did well,
She is a handsome woman, a good catch
That Cupid united under his spell.

However, love will have its ups and downs
And we may suffer from a stormy sea
We have to take the laughter with some frowns
And weather come what may, it has to be.

True love will ride out all stormy weather
And life's problems we will face together.

David Wood

Sonnet 79: The Nightingale And The Lark

The Nightingale her sweet music does bring
Beautiful melodies to the woodland floor,
On a clear still day you can hear her sing
Beautiful songs unlocking nature's door.

Even sparrow's hedgehogs and squirrels hark
At such a delicate sound in the air
Even when a new song is sung by the Lark
They compete making a formidable pair.

The Lark rising in the early morning
Found singing his heart out come rain or shine,
While other woodland birds wake up yawning
No sweeter sound can make the day so fine.

The Nightingale and Lark sing songs of love
Blessing all nature with songs from above.

David Wood

Sonnet 8: My Dear Sweet Love Is But An English Rose

My dear sweet love is but an English rose
Delicately picked for this heart of mine,
With such fragrances that greet every nose;
A bouquet of the sweetest tasting wine.
Such love is so hard to find in this land
Of deceitful lies and unashamed lust
Where unfaithful lovers walk hand in hand
And relationships are not built on trust.
But our love is both true and strong dear heart,
Your faithfulness is but your true nature,
And your gentleness does play a great part
And your love in every part is all the greater.
With you I hope to spend all of my days,
For you are everything on which my heart stays.

David Wood

Sonnet 80: The Look Of Love

It is your eyes that show your love for me
Limpid blue pearls that smile with gentle love
That dispel any fear of what might be
And unites our love from heaven above.

They twinkle like stars shining in the night sky
And create a calming and soothing balm
They are gentle and kind not set to pry
That eases my soul making all things calm

Your eyes are the mirror to your kind soul
Which puts one at ease in your presence
They do not burn like some eyes burn a hole
But form a calming and soothing innocence.

There is more truth when we speak with our eyes
Than with our mouths alone which often lies?

David Wood

Sonnet 81: On Nature

If you go down to the woods and listen
At the sound of nature all around you
To the Lark and humble cricket glisten
As the sun awakens the morning dew.

You will hear the most amazing sound
Of bird song and crickets in the warm breeze
And see squirrels coming from all around
And hear the wind rustling through the trees.

Cuckoo's can be heard in the morning air
Woodpeckers hammering away all day
A brace of roe deer make a perfect pair
As they both run and skip and jump and play.

Nature's wonder is beauty to behold
To behold this beauty is worth more than gold.

David Wood

Sonnet 82: On Youth

All the youth of today want is their 'I' phone:
Communicate through social media,
Just sitting in their room all alone
Unknown friends acting all the seedier.

With very few real friends they are an island
Drifting through the day missing nature's feast
They wear their loneliness like a garland
They are under the power of the beast.

So oblivious to the written word
Educationally barren, what a waste
And never hearing the song of a bird
They lack life's experience and have no taste.

Oh, what does the future hold for our youth?
Will they grow up and learn of nature's truth.

David Wood

Sonnet 83: On Tea

We cannot live without our cup of tea,
It's the staple drink throughout all the earth,
And it is a healthy drink for all you see
Therefore people drink it for all its worth.

Green tea with a slice of lemon is best
But now lapsang souchong, that roasted brew,
Is a drink that does not taste like the rest
Though people drink black tea leaving it to stew.

Tea can bring the world closer together
It can oft sooth the nerves and make you calm
And can be drunk whatever the weather
It is that one drink that does you no harm.

Tea is a healthy drink for everyone
It has a delightful taste second to none.

David Wood

Sonnet 84: Joys Of Love

Man has not lived until he has been loved
His mighty works and good deeds count as nought.
Any man without love needs to be shoved
Into the bosom of love as he ought.

No man is an island; he has a heart,
And without love he is a clanging gong
Because love makes him play the lovers part,
His heart will burst into a lover's song.

A heart full of love makes the world go round
And love greets each day with a fine blessing
For there is no sweeter or finer sound
Than a lover's kiss and deep caressing.

True love is indeed nature's sweetest charm
For it soothes the heart and makes all things calm.

David Wood

Sonnet 85: To Blind Jack

Blind Jack plays sorrowful tunes in the street
On his old accordion so battered
He begs pennies from all that he will meet
His weathered face said nothing now mattered.

A witness to poverty and despair
He knew no other way to make a living
He had no breaks in life which was unfair
And now relied on people's kind giving.

Standing on the street corner all alone
Playing to passers-by his sweet sounds
For his lot in life you will not see him moan
He ekes a living with only a few pounds.

We have to be generous to those in need
And have a kind heart to do a good deed.

David Wood

Sonnet 86: For Your Today

There he stood, never kissed a girl before
Not even made love, even with his eyes,
Now he stood guard in the trenches of war
While generals prepared their battlefield lies.

Over the top they had to go to fight
Valiantly walking in no man's land
Hiding their inner fears and endless fright
Locked in combat, some fighting hand to hand.

The only sound they heard was shot and shell
And the mud sucking clay that held them back
Turning a living nightmare into hell
For courage was the thing they did not lack

Remember all those who fell with sorrow
For your today they gave up their tomorrow.

David Wood

Sonnet 87: Ode To Spring

We wander aimlessly down a country lane
Springtime daffodils perfume fills the air
And holding hands with my sweetheart again
As a couple we make an enchanting pair.

Morning skylarks sing in the sky above
And happy spring lambs playing in the field
Making our two hearts sing aloud with love
Watching robins dance, their red breasts a shield.

Spring is a season to look forward to
With winters cold snowy days now long past
And April rains and early morning dew,
With lovers out walking finding love that last.

Spring is a time for love to shine brightly
New life comes forth and nature glows rightly.

David Wood

Sonnet 88: Trees

There is never a sight more beautiful
Or so amazing than that of a tree,
In summer with branches and leaves so full
With gently swaying boughs for all to see.

Sure footed roots set so deep in the earth
Where wriggly worms and microbes do dwell
To branches where robins nest and give birth,
Oh how these trees have some stories to tell.

In spring comes gentle rain over the ground
And summer's heat offers shade from the sun
Autumn leaves see such beauty to be found
And deep winter's snow can be so much fun.

Trees are the earth's lungs, not to be destroyed
They're to be gazed in wonder and enjoyed.

David Wood

Sonnet 89 The Glorious Dead

Hearts of oak once pounding beating with joy
Waves of emotions of love sorrow mirth
Kind generosity did once employ
Now lying at rest their sunset the earth

In their youth they responded to the call
Forsaking everything for a damp trench
Going forward in no-man's land they fall
The smell of flowers exchanged for Death's stench

Once wounded they lay with bodies broken
Lying in mud their life but a trickle
Silent words that will never be spoken
Death walks slowly claims all with his suckle

Now glowing with shining peace where they lie
Unending glory in their clear blue sky

David Wood

Sonnet 9: How Proud I Am Of My Love When We Step Out

Even wandering through the High Street shops
For my love for her is never in doubt
And for her joy I pull out all the stops.
My love does in turn put me at my ease
When one evening we go out for a meal
For my love I do try so hard to please
Her company puts me at rest I feel.
But providence is not my good fortune
If our small car breaks down when we are out
When the car engine is not thus in tune.
And I hailing for a taxi do shout.
They do say that things are sent to try us
When my love and I have to go home by bus.

David Wood

Sonnet 90: Summer Dawn

Clouds float gently above a tranquil sky
A semi-transparent lustre high above
Red Kites circling the higher they fly
And song thrushes loudly sing songs of love

Nature still slumbers in the early dawn
Early mist gives way to shafts of bright light
Blackbirds and robins feed their newly born
And tired bats wonder why it's not night

Bees now wander from flower to flower
Butterflies skip and dance their merry way
A gold sun rules with absolute power
Summer's delights are here and here to stay

Early summer morning gently unfold
The story of the wood starts to be told

David Wood

Spiders

We're living in the year of the spider
Of woven golden silken thread
Of sticky drippy weave filled dread
That capture small fly's that stray.

Cobwebs that spiders climb each day
Up ladders in the sky filled room
That spells a fly's quiet doom
As the spider toy's to play.

This is the year of the spider,
All fly's take note with dread.
You only keep the spider fed
In those cobwebs so enticing to climb.

David Wood

Spinster

Every day after walking the dog I slip
Into the café and every day she walks in alone.
Toast washed down with tea then reads the paper.

No suitor for her, her barriers and defences are up
High for everybody to see. She is like a solitary cuckoo
In a nest high in the trees surrounded by a wood wrapped
In a forest. An enigma.

She was the perpetual winter of discontent. Frosty. Cold
Icy finger tips wrapped around the cup on a hot summer
Day. Where were the flowers in her borders? Where was the love.

Her flowers were in disarray, as barren as a drought in summer.
Yet she was delicate, willowy; a frail frame holding everything
Together. A rare beauty like a wild cornflower
Blowing in the wind waiting to be picked.

David Wood

Starlight

Bright Star
Lone splendour hung
Loves sleepless eremite
Gazing down upon this poor Earth
with mirth

David Wood

Starlight (Triolet)

Look up at the stars tonight
Close your eyes and make a wish
Just for you they will be shining bright
Look up at the stars tonight
In the soft darkness of the night
At a full moon such a perfect dish
Look up at the stars tonight
Close your eyes and make a wish

David Wood

Starry Night

Oh for a starry, starry night
Heavenly lights burning bright
Shining forth their sheer delight
Oh behold what a wonderful sight.

They twinkle in the night time sky
When people look up and wonder why
Under which lovers laugh and cry
In days of old when time gone by.

To see them in the heavens above
Make lover's hearts melt with thoughts of love
With cooing words like Turtle Doves
From sandy beach to sheltered cove.

Our starlight is both beautiful and true
A blaze in the heavens so dark, so blue
Their brightness makes all things new
Without our glorious starlight what would we do.

David Wood

Starting The Day

Soaping away nights stale breath,
Sleepy eyes blinking in the light
Of the day, staring back wearily.

The machete cuts a solitary path
Under the shaving foam
Hiding the evidence.

The air is fresh, too fresh for comfort
The stale beer gone too soon
Steam hangs thickly in the air.

Swirling mists in old time
Steaming up the mirror
While to dog pines for its food.

David Wood

Steam Trains

Steam trains
Huffing puffing
Belching smoke coal and steam
Travelling down the railway track
Timeless

David Wood

Stillness

Venus's cloudy image
Filled the room with
Breath taking stillness.

Even the beams shouted
In their silence of
The gulf that existed.

Our love pregnantly
Profound, cold as any
Iceberg.

Embers of the day
Captivating the cold
Stillness of life.

David Wood

Storm Clouds

Look up
At the storm clouds
Scent the rain in the air
Autumn wind time to find shelter
Rain comes

David Wood

Summer

The summer breeze has turned to autumn rain
Yet August has yet to close its door
Summer has so far failed to mature
And the spring rains have not tired

The air is damp with the smell of mown grass
Its fragrance hangs in suspension
And the day is filled with passing clouds
Heavily pregnant they empty their contents

Unripe blackberry's glisten in the rain
Poking their heads through the hedgerow
As they wait for September's harvest
Field mice and blackbirds wait in anticipation

Only the ducks and other water birds happily play
As rain gently falls round about them
As the remnants of a lost summer dampen spirits
And rain relentlessly falls without reprieve

David Wood

Sunflowers

Will Gauguin like them in his room?
Even van Gogh said he was mad about
His sunflowers.

Gauguin even painted van Gogh
Painting his sunflowers.

Those sunflowers, the cycle of life.
From those buds to showing maturity.
Then death in its final epitaph not on
A gravestone but on the canvas.
Spiky twisted stems that epitomise

Life in the raw.
Of green sepals and bristling seed heads
That speak of the passion of life.
But Gauguin didn't stay; van Gogh
Frustration seen in the melting gold flowers.

David Wood

Sunrise

In the pre-dawn darkness the herdsman awoke.
On the trees outside woodpigeons and magpies
Fluffed up their feathers and crows shifted on their perch.
The shower was hot and steam filled the bathroom
Soon breakfast of tea, cereals and toast was over.

It was the robins that started to call followed by the
Woodpigeons. Their long low coo, coo echoed
As the veil of night lifted to the grey of dawn.
Light came from low down on the horizon in a pink
Faint glow. Soon an orchestra of birdsong filled the air.

The herdsman walked the cows down to the milking
Parlour, the only sound came from their hooves and the
Swishing of their tails striking their back bone. The sound
Of woodpigeons, magpies and crows filled the air. On the
Horizon the pink glow had turned into a faint orange.

The sun began to lift low on the horizon as the herdsman
Entered the milking parlour with the first half dozen cows
Ready for milking. In the field the first rabbits surfaced and
Scurried across the field, faint shadows of trees as darkness
Was replaced by light. And still the birds sang their dawn chorus.

The sun rose on the horizon and over the land and hoarfrost
Began to glisten in the field. Magpies and crows began to
Look for worms and robins darted here and there and
Cornflowers and poppies opened their petals to start their
New day. Squirrels came down tree trunks as the sun began to rise.

David Wood

Sunset

That glowing orb of yellow daffodil
Darkening from yellow to orange glow
From the west faint embers that thrill
A shimmering breeze that dips below
The horizon like a mirage in a desert of sea.

From the east darkness spreads its dark cloak
As night creeps slowly in what must be
The closing of the daylight hours now broke.
Sweet nature governs what you and I now see
That orb, now gone, just a dim faint glow
Marks the end of today and what may be.

David Wood

Swan

Delightful cool breeze
Light reflecting
Nomad
Under nights sky
Floating drifting
Grazing
Their love everlasting
Their fortune the wind
Graceful
Nature
Chose you
To be a
Swan

David Wood

Swansea Bay

How many feet in times long ago
Felt the sand between their toes
The warm golden sand threading
Their beads between each toe
Those footprints lasting until
The wind or tide consigns them
To history.

Only remains the oyster shells
Making islands in the sand
Around Swansea Bay.
How many feet in medieval
Times danced on that beach?
How many oystermen launched
Their boats out on a pale blue sea?

How many Victorian children
Danced and played, their footsteps
The only trace of their existence
Left behind in the golden sand.
How many lovers walked
Hand in hand, or sat and picnicked
Looking out to sea?

People come and people go,
They fade with each passing year.
They are but a shadow in the sand
Their laughter but a distant echo,
Their life but a footprint in the sand.
The beach is now for future footprints
That pass in coming times.

David Wood

Swansea Marina

Yellow sun low on horizon
Masts of yachts point
To pale blue sky above.

Rigging singing in the wind,
Water lapping against hulls.
Swansea marina sleeps on.

Men with woolly hats and
Faded jumpers tinker.
A lick of paint here,
Touch of varnish there.
Sitting on deck smoking.

One yacht leaves her berth,
The sound of her diesel motor
Softly breaking the silence
Of the misty tranquil morning.

David Wood

Sweet Valentine

To lay forever never to be parted
Is but a sweet lover's dream.
Somewhere the chord snapped
And we were parted.

Eternity took you away
From my sight, your sound no
Longer audible. I am left to drift
Thinking of you my dear Valentine.

I wander the long days alone
In the hills or through the park,
Walking Clara around the lake
Or along the sandy beach.

I sit and wait for my time to come
When we will meet, walk and run
Through green fields of eternity
And you can once again be my
Sweet Valentine.

David Wood

The Artist

The artist sat at her easel,
In front the lake made music
With swans dancing
And cormorants stunningly
Clapping their wings.

Green and red splashed
The canvas with dots of white.
The sun created shadows
That looked suspiciously
Creamy in the distance.

The artist didn't see the poet
Open the five-bar gate and
Climb into the picture as the
Cloud hid the sun from view
And the paint began to dry.

David Wood

The Bus Stop Flasher

The police looked here
The police looked there,
Oh, those police looked everywhere.
Behind the library, through the shops,
Around the corner where the bus stops.
They tried the High Street – not there
They couldn't find him anywhere.
Those who saw him didn't see his face
Because when they did, off he'd race.
Doris saw him, and to her amazement,
Her false teeth fell on the pavement
And chatted and chatted to what gain
Oh, that Bus Stop Flasher strikes again.

David Wood

The Copper Beech

Sunlight Streaming through
The sombre canopy illuminating

A smooth gray trunk and
Arched boughs.

A Cathedral atmosphere
Of broad appearance.

Glinting sunlight
Flashes on the eye
Of deep wonder
And might descending.

In the litter of fallen
Leaves and fruits
Depending.
Fresh bulbs prosper.

Of copper leaf,
Purplish radiance

Create a feast
Of colour blazon in
Natures delight.

Natures beautiful tree
In anyone's sight.

The Copper Beech
In full radiant sunlight.

David Wood

The Elusive House Sparrow

Where have all the house sparrows gone?
Will we ever hear again their beautiful song?
Here one day gone the next.
It makes a sorry story vexed.

When will we hear them chirping loud?
They used to fly around in a crowd.
Fluffing up their feather to get a mate
Building nests for food to grate.

Soon they will be gone forever
And we will see them never.
Only in pictures or in books
Will we see their graceful looks.

David Wood

The Eye Of The Needle

All the needles sitting to attention in the packet
Waiting for you to pick one with the biggest eye
Their shiny coat glistens in the bright day,
Their fine lines waiting to be caressed.

Brightly coloured cotton reels of differing sizes
In the sewing box like a multi coloured painters
Palette. A rainbow of colours both big and small
Roll around the box.

You select one reel and run your fingers through
The packet of needles, looking for the right one.
The one that you can see that you can thread
The cotton through – but Arrghh – C'est impossible.

Needle in one hand, cotton in the other, you spend
Ten minutes squinting at the eye of the needle
Trying to thread the cotton. The cotton brushes
Over the eye but alas, it passes along side.

Life can be a bit like threading cotton through the
Eye of a needle. You look at a problem yet the eyes
Deceive and you lose the thread. Only patience prevails
In this uncertain world. Patience and perseverance.

David Wood

The Float

Hovering silently waiting for its prey,
Fours fifths under water and painted dark grey.
To the fisherman it bobs up and down in the swell
With its red tip, a miniature liberty bell.

The line passed through a small rubber band
Attached to the neck of the float, it's not that grand,
To the hook which may rest below in the sand,
Or gravel, or the weeds where the pike stand.

The fisherman looks and wonders the reason why
Life is so hard, or ponders on the universe and sky.
Hour upon hour he looks at his float.
It's tatty and scratched and nothing to gloat.

It's his link with the prey, and he's in a fishing match,
With the number of fish he is hoping to catch.
He looks and looks at the float again and again.
The wait is tremendous and it's beginning to strain.

The float bobs in the water and blows in the breeze.
The fisherman sees it there, is afraid even to sneeze.
Oh, a tug on the line is all that he wants to haul a fish ashore,
But the fish are too cleaver, they have seen the float before.

David Wood

The Floating Mind

Thoughts

Cycle through my mind

Or the drift in

And then float away

On the whim of a breeze

They start

I ponder and reflect

Sometimes

They cause me to

Reminisce

Yet I am the only one

To blame

David Wood

The Girl With The Pearl Earring

What was she thinking, sitting there?
Her blue and gold head scarf hanging
Down her back, that pearl earring, those
Bright red lips drawn slightly apart.

Was it a worried look on her face? A look
Of a servant girl about to be found out by
Her mistress wearing THAT earring. Those
Deep brown pleading eyes looking at Vermeer

With affection waiting and wanting to be loved.
How many times had she sat there posing for
Him to paint that beautiful face whilst the
Mistress of the house was away?

And what did his wife think on first viewing
The painting? Was she pleased, jealous,
Upset, angry? And what happened to the girl?
There is more to a painting than what you see.

David Wood

The Gower

Mottled green, grey, yellow and brown
Dot the rugged landscape down.

Houses, farms and hamlets abound.
Blackbirds, thrushes and ravens sound.

Sheep in pastures green surround
Heathland, scrub and meadow land.

Their speckled faces look around
Sights and smells of nature all around.

Wide sandy beaches often found,
And long breaking waves do ground
The sand and seashells do they pound.

The Gower in all its splendour found.

David Wood

The Harvest (Quatrain)

September brings a final burst of sun
The harvest is in stacked in barn or shed
Mice feed fat faces before they go to bed
Or play in the barn to have some fun

Cattle are still in the field grazing
Calves suckling to get their fill
The twilight evening all calm and still
Stars coming out truly amazing

Sheep huddle together in the night
Keeping warm in the chilly night air
Over a Welsh landscape kind and fair
When dawn breaks in soft glorious light

Wisps of grey smoke stirs from a farmhouse
Men with flat caps emerge from their sleep
The cold of the dawn makes their eyes weep
Enter the barn where scurries a mouse

The day starts as it always had done
Cattle on the hill calves at their side
Sheep in the field roaming far and wide
And mice in the barn all having fun

Nature is a wonderful charmer
We can do without most things in life
But it would indeed be full of strife
As we can't do without a farmer

David Wood

The Haunting Flute

O flute your music
Floats on the air
You are pure ecstasy
My heart melts whenever I hear you
I am at peace
My soul at rest
Your frail vessel gives such
Pleasure
Such delicate
Haunting
Melodies
That I am
Captivated
Spellbound
By your ageless
Charm

David Wood

The Moon In The Wood

Walking the street on a clear crisp
Winter's night in the light of a crescent
Moon, Orion tightens his belt in full
View of the Plough making furrows
In a starry sky.

Clara's tail wagging in front of me
Held tight on her lead, head down
Already racing to the next lamp post.
Magpies already fast asleep in the
Wood as the night shift stirs in the

Dark green depths of a cold night
Where even the daffodils sleep.
We come to the edge of the wood
And Clara's nose works overtime
Sniffing the sweet scent of the night.

Owl silently perched on the bough
Eyes blinking scanning the area for
Rodents out taking the night air.
Only silence fills the air and peace,
Or the hope of peace, prevails.

David Wood

The Path Undecided

Walking through a wood one day
I came across two paths leading around a lake
I pondered which one to take; looking at
Them both they looked almost identical,
After all they may both circumnavigate the lake.
But looking closer I could see one path was
Overgrown with weeds and wild flowers
And the other had potholes.

Undecided I let Clara off her lead to see which one
She preferred. She sniffed the air and looked
Trusting at me to decide. If I took the path with the
Potholes I thought I could walk around them.
If I took the path covered with weeds and wild flowers
There might be snakes in the grass: The decision was
Mine alone.

David Wood

The People Decide

The people decided and voted for UKIP
Who made big waves that rocked the ship
Of main parties now wounded and feeling sore.
The TV's full of politics and becoming a bore.

Now it's all over bar the accusing & shouting
With new politicians strutting around pouting.
Look, we now have new kids on the block
In four years' time they too may get a shock.

The schools will still open & busses still run
With street lights not working creating such fun
And bouncing into potholes that remain unrepaired
And the angry public making politicians run scared.

Of long debates in the council chamber each evening
And lengthy discussions forming the basis for reasoning
With delicate Town Hall flowers all neatly arranged
We get another four years when nothing has changed.

David Wood

The Rape Of The Wild

The farmers cleared the forest,
Cutting, slashing, burning.
Smoke from fires came down like a fog
Choking everything in its path.
Killing all that was enveloped in its dense pall.

Animals of every description fled from
Its path, those who were too slow were
Burned alive. They ran, skin burning, only
To fall as their life was extinguished by fire.
The earth was scorched and crackled.

Wildlife habitats destroyed on an hourly
Basis world-wide as the need to feed an
Ever growing army of human mouths continue
Unrelenting. When will people understand
That nature is held in balance.

David Wood

The Rising Of The Lark

Night cast its cape aside and golden rays
Glanced across the early dawn,
A soft breeze rustled tired leaves
And began to melt the morning dew.

The lake in the wood began to wake from
Its slumber as mallard ducks and coots
Began shaking their cold weary feathers.
Jackdaws and blackbirds looked for worms.

High above a skylark called out in the morning air
Hovering above the wood and started collecting
Insects for its young, their beaks agape
Waiting for their breakfast.

Slowly the wood began to stir. The sound of a
Woodpecker echoed through the trees and a
Cuckoo's haunting melody drifted high in the breeze.
All the time the skylark sang in the early dawn.

David Wood

The Shed

It stood at the bottom of the garden,
Old creosote worn wood chipped.
Time rusting away its thin hinges
That holds the door in place.

Inside cobwebs hang like faded
Curtains in far corners whose
Occupants crawl between plant-pots
And rusted tins of screws and nails.

A toothed rake and hoe stand talking
In one corner with a rusting spade
Among shelves with paint pots and old
Coffee jars containing nuts and bolts.

An electric mower with spaghetti lines
Hide behind a wooden bench that had
A vice bolted firmly at one end waiting
For work opposite a dusty window.

David Wood

The Turning Of The Page

The monastery sat high on a hill closer to heaven,
Four tired buildings facing each other forming a
Square with a grass covered courtyard containing
Pretty border flowers seeking God's forgiveness.
Poppies gazed from a farmer's field mingling with
Corn surrounded by broken hedges that once
Formed a fairly straight line.

What took us by surprise was the silence. The only
Sound was birdsong rising above the breeze,
And the absence of monks distorted the picture,
Presumably they were at prayer or working in their
Vegetable or herb garden. A bell sounded like an
Orchestra in the silence of the day as the world
Turned another page.

David Wood

The Winter Sheep

Welsh sheep bleary eyed
Looking dolefully wide
In the snow field.

Fleece, like steel,
Not letting a drop
Of water touch
Their skin.

The bitter
Cold ground where
Hay lies around, and
A tray of oats, meet
Where sheep's feet
Walk to eat and drink
From an ice covered
Trough.

Bitter winds
Blow cruel as snow
Drifts in whirls bind
All that shows
Winters' cruel mind.

David Wood

This Earth's Tiny Plot

Oh' how rolls that deep blue sea
What tales it could tell you and me
Its constant rolling, its breaking spray
In the moonlight at the end of the day.

Oh' land what changes you have seen
Your woods and rolling hills of green.
Land under the plough being tilled
By farmers who, strong willed

Rotate their crops in all seasons
Their year dictated by all reason.
Fields harvested now industrialised
That farming now is marginalised.

Settlements aeons now passed
Middle age villages now grassed.
They melted in the mist of time
Lives lived through ages rhyme.

Of the future what tales will tell
And what ideas will they sell
To future generations to blot
Upon this earths tiny plot.

David Wood

Thoughts

Subconscious thoughts echoing through
A room full of noise bouncing off the walls
Creating sometimes a double echo true,
Sometimes false, bouncing like tennis balls
Hit by an invisible racket of reasons.
Chiselled out of rocks throughout the seasons,
Trying to make sense of life's do or die
Making the best of others sense's that cry
At you in all directions.

Compartmenting thoughts in sections.
But what is the rule book and what does it say?
Where is the logic that understands the way
The thought processes are mined?
Invisible thoughts that are entwined
With outside background noise that scatter.
Reason that rhymes does seem to matter.
Invisible reason taken from the rule book of the mind
That creates the trueness within should it we find.

David Wood

Time

Tick tock, relentlessly
Echoing their tale.

Tick tock, the echo
Of their calling into the day.
Their information is
All they have for sale.

Tick tock, in railway waiting rooms,
Hospital waiting rooms and GP surgeries.
Time goes by second by second
Tick tock, the cry of the whale.

Tick tock, slowly, minute by minute
Hour by hour
Time passes slowly
Under their veil.

Tick tock. Men are governed, and
Businesses groan under its pressure:
Working to a deadline.
Pressure making you pale.

Tick tock, there is a time
For everything.
There is no time at all.
Pressure working under the sail.

Tick tock, the time cometh!
Time waits for no man.
Who can beat time?
That is the Holy Grail.

David Wood

Time Immortal

The fallen tree lay across the lake
Moss covered wood, swollen decay,
Branches drowned lay half submerged
At years end that the swan died.
Glassy waters with a hidden secret
Passing through the time of day
Thus the immortality of time
Tis only this that does not cry.

Fish weave between the branches
Unable and uncaring to understand
Each precious moment that passes;
Their only clock is the light and dark
As they till the murky waters deep
And plough furrows as they swim
And reap a harvest in the mud
As they swim around thatfateful swan
That time allowed to die.

David Wood

Time Shift

Walking through the last few years
The High Street suddenly changed.
No longer were people going into shops
No longer were they buying things.

They were walking around chatting,
Peering in through the window from
Outside, looking and walking away
Empty handed.

The old order had changed, the old
Guard had gone. Old shops closed
And new ones opened. Pawn shops,
Pay day loan shops, charity shops.

These were for the new poor who
Didn't realise they were poor at all,
For nobody had told them. Austerity
Britain eating their money and hopes.

Only the robins in the wood with the
Blackbirds knew they were rich, for
Them nothing had changed. Their
World still revolved as it always had done.

David Wood

Tina

I wake and you are beside me sleeping
Breathing heavily, labouring with each breath.
Your illness masking your fragility.
I pause to gently kiss your forehead.

Your garden is overgrown with unplaced
Flowers. Dreams unfulfilled are but weeds
Covering the daffodils and crocuses.
An early breeze blowing the long grass.

The wind dissolves gently amongst your
Early morning dreams as you gently wake
Looking like the first daffodil in spring.
The veil of night shattered as light drifts
In through the blinds creating shadows.

You are inside my head now, calculating
The tablets you need to keep you alive
Keeping the garden in good order until
Summer brightens your sky.

David Wood

To My Sweet Love

I lay here dreaming that you love me
In that half twilight world between sleep
And being awake just before dawn
When it is neither night nor day.

And a tear comes to my eye as I cannot
Have your affection. In this dream you
Are smiling at me with your iridescent eyes
Of limpid blue looking softly through

The haze of that smoky mist of dreams.
Your soft mellow brow twinkles a
Beguile wanton softness as I slumber
In this my twilight world.

I gaze and in that flood of limpid blue
My spirit wanders free. Only that now
The new dawn begins to wake me from
My slumber and my lonely torture begins.

David Wood

To Spring

Winter casts its cape aside
Though frosts still greet the frigid earth.
From which snowdrops take their pride
And daffodils form an easy birth.

Lambs leap in the early frosty dawn
Taking their mother's milk with ease
And crocuses sprout in the hedge and lawn
With buds on the twig and stem do tease.
Spring lightens up the days to please.

Robins and blackbirds sing their song
While magpies cruise with ravens in the sky
As rabbits in fields run all day long
With chicks in nests for their food do cry.

The seed in the ground begins to stir
As shepherds manage their lambing season
The cat out catching rats begins to purr
In the farm shed for no particular reason.

We have seen the back of winters chill
That cold chilling wind and driving rain,
The dark nights and snow that snaps the will
That makes old bones ache with pain.
Summer is round the corner now, our gain.

David Wood

Toad's Day Out

Flip flop, hip hop,
Toad came to a dead stop
Landing in a puddle
He got into a muddle
As to where he was.

Rivet, rivet, he called out loud
Expecting to hear from the crowd,
But silence was in the air.
So with devil may care
He hopped along the path.

Flip flop, hip hop, he felt silly
And hopped onto a water lily
At the edge of the pond.
Then climbed to the top of a frond
From which to see.

Rivet, rivet, he called out loud
And this time he heard the crowd.
"We're hiding under the lotus leaf"
"I thought you'd gone", he cried with relief.
And toad smiled broadly.

David Wood

Tranquillity

Our soul searches for truth:
It seeks an orderly house
And to coexist with love.

Then it finds contentment
And an eternal peace
With each heartbeat.

The soul is a well-tended
Garden with sweetly scented
Blooms in gentle breezes.

It is not overpowered by
Summer rain or occasional
Drought but overcomes both.

Where harmony and grace
Compliment truth and love
To live in perfect harmony.

David Wood

Tree Of Life

We all start as buds on a tree
Miniscule pods on the stem
Day by day we start to grow
Nourished by sun and rain

Our spring brings forth the
Delicate fragrance of blossom
We begin to shine in our youth
Until wind blows the blossom away

Hues of new green as leaves unfurl
And they begin to learn about life
The brightness of innocence
Taken on the breeze of the day

As spring turns to summer
The leaves on the tree darken
As they mature into adults
Their career takes many a turn

We all face the end of summer
The leaves fully developed
Giving shade to birds on hot days
All the leaves united as one

The autumn of our days
Sees the leaves enter their
Golden sunset their russet
Colours bring beauty in old age

Gradually the leaves fall their
Death marks the end of their days
They decompose in the damp earth
Their place in time but a moment

Of history
The tree stands dormant through
The long dark cold winter
Until spring buds start to form again

True Love

The poetry of love is never dead
When couples kiss and lose their head
In romantic talk for no rhyme or reason
As they stroll in the park whatever the season.
And songbirds sing in the trees above
And hearts are warmed with talk of love
As couples sit on benches in the park
And remind themselves of loves first spark.
The poetry of love is ceasing never
This true love that fails to sever.
The sense of belonging is plain to see
This poetic love between you and me.

David Wood

Velvet Lines

The Humming Bird is my pen
It writes syllables on the page
And a poem develops in the womb
Of inspiration from my heart.

Stanza's fall on the page as
Evening falls and night claims
The end of the day and a cool
Evening breeze gently blows.

David Wood

Waiting

Standing on my front step
Leaning against the door frame
I wait with frozen hands for -
The post man.

The streets stray cat sits on
Number eighteen's window ledge
Licking its cold body after
Last night's supper of rodents.

Smoke rises from tall chimneys
Standing to attention in monotonous row.

Cars drive down the street going
To work in the factories only to wait
In cold car parks for their owners return.

Today I am waiting for a letter,
Its journey across the country
Being unassumingly ordinary.

Minutes tick by as the world turns
I clench my fists then rub my hands.
The clock bends time slowly at first
As I wait and wait and wait.

Time slowly dripping off the wall clock
Eating into the day. Time marching on.

David Wood

Waiting For God

Sitting by the window looking out
Over the manicured lawn green,
Black birds and robins did shout
Their calling, wanting to be seen.

Memories were his only comfort
Of his dear wife of years gone by.
Life now seemed to be so short,
So lonely, he'd sometimes cry.

His family seldom visited him
Waiting for God at the farm
They came once a month on a whim
In the hope he hadn't come to harm.

Surrounded by others the same age
Old and infirm in their ways
Writing their last paragraph on the page
Waiting at the end of their days

David Wood

Waiting For Water

Drip, drip, drip goes my tap.
Drip, drip, drip goes my patience
As I wait for the water company
To come round, my patience to sap

They have given me a six hour run
To come to my rescue today
On a warm beautiful sunny day
Where the dog wants to go out for some fun.

I wait in looking at the clock
Waiting for the time to pass
Listening for every car in the street
But the cars just drive on round the block.

The dog's looking forlorn and glum
At the waste of a sunny day's play
As we play their waiting game,
Waiting for the water company to come.

David Wood

Wanting

What does love do
When love goes away
And that love still cares.

The heart aches still,
Longing, caring feeling.
A bough blowing in the wind
Then breaking with a crack.

Once two swans entwined
On a glassy twinkling lake
Under a harvest moon.

Now the harvest has been
Gathered by the grim reapers
Sickle, one taken one left.

Two loves joined at the hip
Now love abandoned
Love alone.

David Wood

What Love

Oh what faith do we employ?
And what love do we enjoy
True faith live from the heart
Deep faith never to depart.

What grace can we now see?
The grace that He shows me
Standing from outside the door
Welcoming both rich and poor.

□

Hope that springs eternal and true
For the beauty of all things new
From the shadow of the cross
He paid in full for my sins and loss.

What love must I now show?
For in my heart it must surely grow
A love strong enough to endure
A love so mighty and so pure.

David Wood

When

When
I write
Languid lines
That fills this page
That weaves this new plot
Of loves labours
Or past loves
It is
Joy.

David Wood

Whispers

O break you waves, break
Over the sandy beach in the bay
That I may hear you speak
Of the oceans great story today.

The fisherman, his line out to sea,
The boy flying his kite on high,
People on the ferry do see
The Mumbles go sliding by.

O for the touch of your tiny hand
Never more to be held so dearly,
The walk along the beach so grand,
My mind on softer times so clearly.

Only the wind and waves do speak
Telling me their tales of travelling far,
The wind over my head does streak
With the waves crashing over the bar.

David Wood

Whitsun

Whitsuntide fast approaches,
Another Bank holiday beckons.
Time for a long week-end in the pub
Or sitting in the garden whose grass
Needs cutting with dandelions like
Saucers. This is the new Pentecost,
People mooching around the shops
Looking for that something that they
Didn't realise they wanted only to find
They had one when they got home.
People enjoying the Bank holiday
Not realizing what the holiday means.
Of family day trips to the seaside with
Children eating ice cream that spread
Around their face and noses.
A day to escape the daily grind.

David Wood

Winter On The Farm

Highland cattle with horns outstretched,
On hard frost covered short spiky grass,
Like jagged shards of broken glass.
Winter on the farm seems not that far-fetched.

Cattle staring wide eyed and steady.
Their frosted breath hanging in the air,
The cold morning air all naked and bare,
Calves at their feet waiting and ready.

Icy wind whipping up the animals coat
As one starts to walk, he must be the leader,
To the snow covered hay in the high animal feeder.
And eat his fill of hay; others look on as if to gloat.

The others soon follow to take in their fill
Then stand in the lee of a hedge out of the breeze
Keeping out the wind and trying not to wheeze
Standing by the trough with icicles hanging over the sill

Day after day they stand as the snow drifted
In whirls around the hedge, and it gets even deeper.
The calves find it harder as the ground gets steeper
To suckle from their mothers as dark clouds lifted.

Week after week they wait for the spring,
They know it will come for that they are sure,
But for now they know they will have to endure
They are tough and hardy and ready for anything.

David Wood

Winter Path (Triolet)

I walked along a winding path through an ancient wood
Where a carpet of autumn leaves I trod crumpled underfoot
That squirrels who gathered winter nuts fully understood
I walked along a winding path through an ancient wood
Squirrels gather all their food and in secret were hidden good
With sparrows and nightingale's watching wondering what's afoot
I walked along a winding path through an ancient wood
Where a carpet of autumn leaves I trod crumpled underfoot

David Wood

Winter Song

I walk through the winter leafy glade
A carpet of gold and red and brown
Cascade at my feet through which I wade
In the wood at the edge of the town.

Bare trees thrust their branches skyward,
Like pointing fingers accusing the sky
Of creating a cold dank misty wood
Where a solitary magpie does fly.

Songs sung by the robins echo around
The wood and an orchestra of blackbirds
Make music come to life with their distinctive sound;
A solitary nightingale knows all the words.

The fountain from the lake falls in perfect pitch
Forming eddies which the fish swim through.
And voles and mice dance through a ditch
Where squirrels gather nuts quickly and true.

The wood was rough with several meandering tracks
Where people wore their days with long masks
Sowing dreams and reaping realities hard facts
Some recall the drabness of life's hard tasks.

But the wood will live on for many a year
And robins and blackbirds will entertain all
Where life in the wood will remain everything dear
Looking forward to spring and the mid-summer ball.

David Wood

Winter's Mask

Naked, the tree looked perplexed,
Self-conscious. Its leaves had long
Gone, fallen to the ground creating
A carpet now mashed to pieces.

Its branches pointed to the sky
Accusing the sun of being cold.
Winter had put its overcoat on,
Deep cold permeated frozen ground.

The tree cast its shadow over the lake
Where a crane stood motionless, waiting
For its date to swim by while swans
Shivered in the cold February day.

Cormorants regretted getting up
Wishing they had stayed in bed.
So the cold grey day began to make
Its mark on nature all around.

Autumn had retired and winters mask
Forged cold windy days with little food
Survival was the order of the day
Until they could dance again at the
Spring and summer ball.

David Wood

Wisdom

If a wise man argues with windy knowledge
Filling his head with a cold wind
And cloud his speech with unprofitable talk
Then all his words can do no good
By his own mouth he is condemned
And his lips testify against him

Wisdom like wine matures with age
And knowledge is his brother
Although knowledge is key
Man is only truly wise
When he knows the worth of wisdom

David Wood

Words

Do words come like a rider less horse
Galloping across green fields, jumping
And running free, kicking the air with
Its hind legs with hoofs kicking up turf.

Do words come like a sail-boat riding the
Waves with a southerly wind blowing
And sea spray from bow waves breaking
In the wind, hitting your face.

Do words come like riding a fast motorbike
Through winding twisty country lanes
In the early morning calm as the sun
Grows large on the horizon.

Or do words come in like a gentle breeze
Kissing your face on a warm summers day,
Words that grace the page with lines
Of thoughts that slowly turn into poems.

David Wood