

GEMINI DRAGON

*These poems represent personal
Favorites among my shorter pieces*

THIS IS MY CONTREE

Good Morning Great Britain
Still great, still Britain
£296.26 pence in my pocket
Time to hit the road again

There are those who live & those who might exist
When realizing our natures
It is the lone individual which moves the age
For as stones hold the sun's heat long after she is gone
The adventure there forever shall remain

Relishing the visible mystery of the world
Far from the long, slow dream of childhood
Of naked soul & mind & bedrock of consciousness
Time to wager all I've got on a single number
The how I live more crucial than the why
Gotta write it down or it might never have happened,

If time is a mere scratch & life is nothing
& nothing that occurs is of the slightest importance
Then,

From Bristol to Birmingham, Arundel & Deal
From Dullis Hill to Rotherham, Aberdeen & Peel
From Inverness to Liverpool, Leeds & Palmer's Green
From Lewisham to Padiham & all the pubs between

From Badminton to Twickenham & Barton-in-the Beans

From mud, through blood, to the green fields beyond,
Til my bardic breath expires

This is my Time,
This is my Rhyme,
This is my Contree

THE LOST POEM

I wrote a poem once,
At Hatfield, not far from the scene of disaster
My friend was driving there one sunny day
Smoking reefers & talking about life's changes

We ended up in a funky metal scrapyard
One of those places you never thought existed
Like when you were younger & joked
About where all the lost odd socks went
But this place was the real deal,
Full of Volkswagon carcasses,
Camper vans & Beetle hulks
& a couple of greasy mechanics,
chilling with the sun

While my friend looked at a ninety-nicker bumper
I was suddenly inspired to write a few desolate lines
About the decaying Earth & the dwindling fuel reserves
& finished it off with an arty kind of twist
About discovering an old photograph of myself
Holding a pretty young lady, she was wearing beads
Sat upon the beach of, perhaps, San Remo
It never happened like that, but all poems need an end

So I stashed it away,
A single sheet of paper folded several times
Constantly forgetting to type the blighter up
Until it turned up in a book I was reading
Livy's remarkable *Early History of Rome*
I'd packed it to study on my mission round the Baltic
Where trawling about the soft streets of Stockholm
Wondering what the hell the plastic cows were for
Every time I picked it up the sheet fell out the pages
Constantly reminding me that I should make it safe
It would only take a second, but I never took the time...

I found myself having one of those moments
The sun setting sublimely as I ate my evening meal
Upon the forecastle of the hotel boat I was staying on
The splish-splish of the waves & a gust of sea breeze
Blew out the sheet as I turned a page
To float on the air like a falling feather
Time was standing still but the paper started

F
A
L

To slip thro the narrowest of cracks tween the L boards

To be found one day in the distant future I
By somebody breaking up the hold for scrap N
G

I was gutted at first,
Like the time my girlfriend ran off with a German
But as I ponder'd home to my cabin empty handed,
Past painted memorials of the age of sail
I had a remarkable epiphany
At last my poem had a proper end!

On Valentines Eve

My love...

as we drift toward Valentines Day

upon the endless water that is time,
stood here at the edge of my river-barge,
casting piercing glances through the waters
I pause to reflect on the light of your face,
half a light now, then brighter than the evening star...

& it is to there that I draw my memory,
falling overboard into the flow of loving feeling
to meet as spirits, well met,
commingling our essence on many a fine night upstanding,
is to be with a lover indeed
& it pains me to be in your absence
& I am but seaweed on a sad shore,
slowly drying as the moisture of your ruby lips
ascends to highest heaven...

but as with the sea & the waves & all the oceans
the tides of time shall bring you to me once again
when we shall set ourselves adrift for islands of soft exstasi...
two fine liners fluttering the ocean blue,
aslant in elegant luxury...

& on the occasion we dock in the same port,
some shanty of Mauritius or the Harbors of New York,
there we shall float upon times velvet ocean
bobbing together in unison, a special shared tranquility,
til time & life's pathways shall separate us both again
remember kindly always

... you are forever in my heart!

TSU-NA-MI

*In remembrance of the 300,000 souls who lost their lives
Boxing Day 2004*

Remember the host of the ghostly battalion
Imagine them drown'd in a growling sea

Beach-huts for driftwood, corpses for carrion
O sing a sad song for the TSU-NA-MI

Sing to the outlying islands of Andaman
As waves strip the tribesmen's neolithic dress
Ripping them out to the mad, frothing ocean
Leaves nothing behind but wasted wilderness

Far worse than the monster that shock'd mighty Lisbon
From the Guadalquivir to the Antibes
Struck by the scope, the proportion of ocean
Forever witness to these biblical seas

Remember them fleeing those huge walls of water
That snapp'd them & toss'd them & made bloody piles
In Mamallapuram she search'd for her daughter
A sad scene repeated some three thousand miles

Remember the mood in the days after Christmas
When so many strangers shall shun the new year
A new, doleful sound when the river grows restless
As so many tears crystallize a new fear

Remember the grief in the streets of Sumatra
Second Krakatoa rolls in as a gale
The wave left a swathe for the here & hereafter
Of death & destruction on Golgothan scale

These scenes a true portent of deadly Katrina
Soon Louisiana would suffer the same
When lives devastated by merciless water
Become bloated bodies of barbaric shame

Remember them flock from the lush Phuket beaches
As in rush'd a storm to destroy the fair bays
Lost in wreck'd Kamala street urchin beseeches
The first waves survivors the oceans still raise

Remember the sounds on the shores of Sri Lanka
The crunching & breaking & snapping & screams
As ships of pig-iron are ripped from the anchor
& pack'd teeming trains flung from bent, steely beams

Remember the shock when the seas were retreating
What nuclear winter on all sides was seen
On the horizon the dark sky now meeting
A vast wall of water of Aegean green

& in the black minute that heaven was swelling
Nature's awesome horror in raw, rampant state
For two hundred thousand the death bell is knelling
What Sayer or Vates could foresee their fate

Remember the trail of those waves of destruction
From Asia to Africa surged the wild sea
Remember, remember the Lord of the Ocean
O sing a sad song for the TSU-NA-MI!

Rikki D's Table

Sunday morning, sunny again
Usually a bit rough from last night
The Premiership & Hollyoakes
Big piles of food & the Eastenders omnibus
Dirty Den's back after fourteen years
Not today - Rikki D needs a table

Derbyshire & Dronfield
Twinned with Sondelfinger
Here the bus stops are green
By Bowshaw & her car boot sale;

Prams & baby clothes
Toy cars & jigsaws
Weights & suitcases
Settees & lawnmowers
Crap coats & old comics
CDs & fish 'n' chips
Portaloos & chess sets
Mothball suits & fluffy old bears
& finally

A table for £8!

"Too pricey!" said Rikki D as we carry on,
Sweet stalls & tea stalls
Videos & boxes of books
Fishing nets & china
Pool balls & pictures
Cut glass & jewelry
Car seats & ornaments
& then she is there

a £3 table

On a wood to coinage ratio the real deal
Made in Czechoslovakia
stamped underneath
Looks a bit like a bench
"Sold!" said Rikki D

We set off, the smash & grab complete
Walk for three miles thro the city of steel
Low Edge & Meadowhead, by Batemoor
Jordanthorpe & down into Woodseats
Frequently perched, breaking on our 'bench'

*"What's wrong with you people,
Have you never seen a table before!"*

& finally home to a perfect fit!

SPRING

Wool white wilderness
Pendle to Chelsea garden
Mist lock'd frost & snow

Beams of warm amber
Penetrate the morning mists
Snowdrops drink the thaw

Amidst the celadon buds
The burgeoning woods promise
Their blossoming hues

Pinks & pastel whites
Lend the tender blossoming
Hints of sensual scent

Year's first warm morning
Lone bee stalks the wilderness
Birds breeze on the wing

Green fields, green tractor
Trawling lines of muddy rouge
Hungry gulls in train

White, saffron, lilac
Skorries Park kaleidoscope
Crocus carnival

Woodland or wasteland?
Lone dead leaf clings to a branch
Dead brown brush beneath

Daffodils explode
Explosions in slow motion
Move the child-like soul

Fertile forest floor
Shoots thrust up round spiky ferns
Gardens start their joy!

O trees! Such budding!
Thy delicate bursts of green
Nervous turtleheads

Yews yearn for romance
Females hanging single seeds -
Males, sun-bronzed catkins

Nettles start their show
& midst these virgin stingers
Single bumblebees

Molehill mountain range
Subterranean violence
Soil-swept volcanoes

Welcome wee calves!
Doglike in thine agile skips
Jigging pig-snouted

Flashes in the grass
Reflections of the sun? no!
Beautiful bluebells

Green tinted treetops
Clint's floral bells – pinks, reds, whites
Rhododendrums rare

Adolescent lambs
Mothers shedding winter fleece
Strange, like melting snow

Glorious sun-stream
Gorse gleaming ne'er so golden
Hedgerows gain the gleam

Last week all was bare
This week woods are green again
Summer's luscious spread

Brighton Promenade

Less than an hour's ride from London wind the bustling Brighton Lanes. On display were T-shirts, vests, oriental eats, florists, flatcaps & funky beats, plus a plethora of pipes, beads & bangles. Further still the shlinky streets were laden with bookshops & babes, socks & calendars, creams, laughter, oils, rings & everyone flitting around like schmetterlings. I walked through the exotic Pavilion Gardens deeper into the narrow streets of old *Brighthelmstone*, past the vinyl hives & the mopeds, botanical lives & electric threads, flea markets, ironmongers & duvet dappled beds as to my ears swept the sea's dull roar. I passed delicatessens & jewellers, pills, thrills, pubs, clubs, stars, bars, bags, slags, scarves & cars until I saw the sea-slit sitting through a gap in the street.

Onto the beach I tarried where waves crashed in onto the stony sands as like a grey slab to the distance the sea expands. On the wet rocks only the gulls were at play by a grey-haired old geezer with scarf & beret. He played Robert Johnson & Leadbelly, sang the gospel blues, with shrieking copper slide & brown, tapping shoes. This is why I travel, for moments like these, melodic music & a warm seabreeze, with the buzz of Brighton flowing through my veins I glide barefoot along the promenade, past the throbbing clubs to a skeletal relic & its fluttering flocks of gulls, where

barefoot upon the stones, beside the West Pier, sat with the sea-brace, quaffing a cool beer,

I watched the gull fleet sail the spangled wave.

Love at First sight (unrequited)

"Omnia Vincit Amor"

Vergilius

Being virgin to Eros & his sighs
Spectral seconds attend the growing soul
Hearing a lute-string'd aether-breathing call
I turn'd to see her star-wreath'd, lustful eyes

My Latvian eagle-lashed poetess
My pearl-eyed raven in her Persian dress
My Spanish pea-hen singing as she comes
My nude Numidian banging the drums

Like songbirds witnessing the world's first dawn
Or proud parents cooing their babe's first yawn
Like virgins witness to the breast exposed
Or an exploring of the always closed

We are the music of the finches green
We are two pussies purring by a fire
We are the fragrance of a vernal scene
We are two frogs full throated with desire

You are the dairy cream of an éclair
& the fine berries of a bramble bush
Like honey dew the gold locks of your hair
& with rose milk your warm cheeks are aflush

We are the thistle of your bonnie land
We are two rabbits sprinting cross the glen
We are the seaweed strewn across the sand
We are two badgers snuggled in their den

Like mountain men & archipelagos
Or young sweethearts sniffing a first red rose
Like money men glimpsing a glint of gold
Or distant kin returning to the fold

We are morning in the Tuscan enclaves
We are night on the sea of Gallilee
We are birds gliding between the white waves
For we are one in nature, you & me,

But Cupid cruelly took away the dream
Our little flower crushed before the bloom
All thro a tragic hour my soul did seem
A lad pining so lonely in the gloom

To know that I would never feel hot breath
Upon my neck where honey lips do tread
A pathway to our heart & to our death
Forever twined within our life, our bed

Was such an aching travesty to me
As now, upon this page, you pass away
But life is life & all things come to be
For after day comes night & then comes day...

GENESIS

.... & then there was light

Out of nothing comes substance

A universe is born
Out of something unknown

A galaxy of galaxies
& more matter beyond

Boundless,
Never-ending,

Could you possibly imagine the physical map of infinity?
When aeons live & die in the blink of an eye

& time is only relative
To those daring not to comprehend
There is no such thing as forever

& somewhere in a peripheral arm
Of an insignificant spiral galaxy
Thro a great cloud of interstellar gas & dust

Cocooning a cluster of effervescent spheres

A new star is born,

Like a trillion before

So what makes this one special?

Modern Limericks

There was a lass from Inverleith
Who had the most masculine teeth

Her mum thought her strange
Til she had the sex change
& now Lina's accepted as Keith

There was a black Geordie called Jack
Who sold the big issue for smack
Til one freezing night
Neath a Sainsbury light
He was found with a knife in his back

There was a young raver from Hull
Whose dayshifts were terribly dull
So come the weekend
She'd meet up with a friend
& they'd go & get out of their skull

There was a man from Milton Keynes
Who could never fit into his jeans
Vastly overweight
& pushing thirty eight
He has never grown out of his teens

There was a lass from Leytonstone
Who rang up consumers by phone
& come the long day
Every answer would say
"O why won't you leave us alone?"

The Ear Cleaner

Stepping out one golden Goan morning,
Drowsy with the sunken sun's adorning,
I was content to be in nature's hand,
Soul freshen'd as bare feet sunk into sand,
Treading the curv'd glide of Anjuna beach –
A red & rocky hillock headland reach...

From out of nowhere stepped a wizen'd man,
"Sahib! Guide you yonder the hill I can!"
"Lead on!" & as our destination nears
He begs to wipe the dirt from out my ears,
Shows Western praises in his little book,
"OK my friend!" from both my ears he took
A big, black gungey alien of wax...
I pay him well & further round the tracks
We turn the rugged roll met by the view
Of Konkan coast careering into blue...
I shook the hand that scrubb'd my hearing clear
Said fond farewells & watch'd him disappear
Then faced the estuary, baggage held high,
Slow waded to a sunbliss beach to dry,
Where first I found the profits of his fee
I'd never known how sweetly sounds the sea!

MODERN LIFE

At this stage of mankind's evolution,
We live in an age of air pollution,
Fat-cats & taxes, taxi fares, faxes,
Serial killers, silky leg waxes,
Condoms, modems, gimmicks, gadgets, gizmos
Two rubber ducks & comic book heroes,
Football, rock & roll, catwalk, movie stars,
Recession, depression & wonder bras,
Four packs & prozac, pylon countryside,
Anarchist daughter, schoolboy suicide,
Just-add-water, slaughter of Mother Earth
Death of religion & occult rebirth,
Not one inch left of this globe to explore,
The whole world itchin' for a third world war...

THITHER THE ABOVE

O knightly lights of heaven, star on star
You never shone so beauteous, we are
The work, perhaps, of some astral being
Or am I him now I am the all-seeing
Acolyte of the lost art of the skies
Painting Orion & the Geminis
Musing upon those long, eternal days
Soar shooting stars, trailblazing my amaze
Mixt with the phantom llumin'd Milky Way
I saw, I swear, the Seraphim at play
Dancing between the planetary kings
Lord Jupiter & Saturn's eerie rings
Venus is beaming streaming dreams of love
Sweetheart come hither, thither the above

THE FADER CODE

- 1 Remain alert
- 2 Always keep your cool
- 3 Trust your instincts
- 4 Never show your money
- 5 Know your stations
- 6 Another five minutes won't hurt in the loo
- 7 Know your enemy
- 8 Know your postcodes
- 9 The train's going there anyway
- 10 When in doubt, clout
- 11 The train always comes when you're skinnin' up
- 12 It is every Fader's duty to baffle & confuse
- 13 Always remember your free cup of tea
- 14 There's no need to rush - unless you're being chased

VICTORIA EXPRESS

I hop on a train
little fuss
few passengers
watch me sit
a black woman
a young punk
old man twiddles his tash
& in a flash
the train sets off
planes wing over gatwick
& as we reach croydon
my brain
pretends to be elsewhere
dreaming of mysterious fancies

BURNLEY

You must know Burnley to see it's beauty,
Twixt Hambledon & Pendle where she lies,
Thou fertile region of the North contree,
Of Bingo halls & market stalls & pies,
Of cobblestones & Bovis Homes & lanes,
Of working men & the working men's pride
Of balmy days & snowy greys & rains
& blatantly the world's best football side.

You must know Burnley to see it's beauty,
The arches & the chimneys & Turf Moor,
The stately halls of Gawthorpe & Towneley,
The station & the bus-stop & mi door -
You can keep yer New Yorks, Delhis & Rome
At the end of the day there's no place like home!

PARADISE BEACH

Writing in silver light
Enough for Tamil Measure
Full Moon over Paradise
This vista my heaven
Fisher boats have gone
Home through willowing waters
Under hoary jungle cliffs
Palms fringe soft beaches
Halv'd by volcanic outcrop
High waves lap restaurants
Sounds of drummers rise
Dancing upon the sands
This party so wonderful
Music, magic, nudity, stars

ON THE BUSES

Me

How much to Rawtenstall
One-twenty – thanks a lot

Driver (x43)

Oi this is Manchester
You paid to Rawtenstall

Driver (national express)

Welcome to Tebay services
We leave at three
If ya late ya left behind

Me

How much to Edinburgh mate?
Five-seventy – daylight robbery

Driver (900)

Princes Street is closed

It's the tramworks y' see

Me

Single to East Linton

Three pound bloody twenty

Do you accept rupees?

GWYNEDD

I tackl'd Snowdon from the low Rhyd Ddu
Infinite furlongs from her summit view;
The little cluster that is Liverpool
& many mountain masses minds enjewel,
The twinkle of the distant river Dee,
The rising lion of Aran Fawwdwy,
The quaint domain of old Dolgellau grey,
The epic sweep that keeps Cardigan Bay,
Dinas Emrys & her sleeping dragon,
Castles at Flint, Harlech & Caernarvon,
The isle adjacent to th'adjacent isle
& yonder Wicklow's shadowy defile -
The British Isles have wrapt me all around,
Though in the heavens I still touch her ground.

SKYE

As Kestrels surf the mountain-fringed spaces
Road twists between saturnine gargants,
Romantic mounds of monstrous magma,
Marvelous munroes of aulden minstrel-song,

Lost in the moment, eyes keen to the skies,
Hard traveling unravels, sailing above us
Silver-fire mists of the sylvan alpine rise,
& beyond, entering the stunning scope
Of another planet, another Jupiter,
Sodden expanse of treeless waste,
But beautiful land, stupendous Cuillin hills,
Seats of Titans, where thrusting solar shafts
Induce startling notions of timelessness -
Here there is no time, only milky flowing waterfalls.

AMSTERDAMINIT

We trawl'd the long-haul of the motorway
& pick'd up more pot-heads past Birmingham
Jelly wobbles on the waves to Calais,
Mojo puked in the lowlands near the 'Dam.

We rush'd to relax in the smoky cafes;
Tried Purple Haze & buy Sensemelia,
Each coffee & space-cake puff'd up the daze
Of a mushroom-gilded psychedelia.

We tram'd through 'Dam to the sleezy district,
Pluck'd up Dutch courage for 'Sucky fucky,'
Crack head whores begg'd at doors, wink'd to be dicked-
Its a shame when you pay to get lucky...

Skunked-up, smashed to fuck, zombie bus, bongtubes,
Grass stashed up Nicky's ass, Richie's itchy pubes.

Thro the Teutoburger Wald went the arms of Varius
Arminius of the Cherusci made his excuses
& soon a ghoulish baritas surrounds the sons of Mars
Chaunting for Lord Tuisto & Odin amidst the stars
The chiefs fighting for victory, companions for their chief
They set out all for slaughter, no quarter & no relief
A black storm rages all around the javelins & spears
The fallen Goths are carried off to dry the widow tears
Three days of carnage rampant in the dark & marshy wood
The roman gen'ral cuts his throat & gurgles on the blood
Some men cast off their armour & await the lethal blow
Only a lucky few would safely reach the Rhine's wide flow
 The news reaches Augustus, flying thro grieving regions;
 "O Quintillius Varius, give me back my legions!"

COUNTRY DREAMS

My cities, I leave thee, gritty & grime,
This budding muse prepares the spirit's ark,
Where bird-migration marks the pass of time

What was lifestyle now grey & stranger-stark
Like Guernica or Oranges-sur-Seine,
Once-vivid colours growing daily dark.

This strange occasion wends my thoughts to when
Wordsworth had found a stool to ease his mind
From crowded sensibilities of men

I, too, hope happy harbourage to find
Beside a world of green, where piny glade
By Vallambrosan cardinal design'd

For as Iona's church from wattles made
The forum for a forest made fair trade.

BENEDICTUS

Go thee to Garvald, go up to Nunraw
Summit of Cistercian activity
Gain'd from the Hayes of Hailes & Traprain Law
& many a Ravenswood dynasty.
Dally, then pass thro the Fortatrice door
Friends enter a centre of sanctity
So go thee to Garvald, seek out Nunraw
Summit of Cistercian activity

As chapel-roof'd cherubim spread their wings
Thro the heraldrics of Christian kings
Far from the golden glow of Gallilee
Fathers offer coffee & compassion
To those souls tired of vices & fashion
Cistercian essence of god's destiny.

INDIAN RAILWAYS

I found myself waiting at this train station
Not for a train, it was just to buy a ticket
Not even for that day, but eleven in the future
The next one available from Ooty to Calicut
So I'm waiting & waiting & I'm waiting nit-pick longer
& the guy behind the desk's on his third guy in an hour
& I was fourth, but the seventh guy's hand starts waving
His reservation form as the third guy was about to finish
So I warned fifth, sixth, & seventh they'd be a foolish to push in
After all, Id been walking in the sun all day like a mad English dog
& my legs felt like lead & I was definitely, definitely, going next...

So the third guy finishes & just as I thrust my form through the window

The guy behind the desk decides its time he went to the toilet
& then, when he gets back, the bouncer closes the window for lunch!

FORT COCHIN

Come share a second with serenity
Up in this lake of European rooves,
The crescent lamp'd oer Arabian sea
Lulls me thither, I hear the sound of hooves...
At once a sacred chime grows on the breeze,
Some teller of a thousand ancyeut tayles,
Some from the world's crop-fellers overseas,
Some cross the Karakoram's lofty trails,
Some were seekers of immortal glory,
Some content to be husbands & be wives...
Though the vision all clutter'd & hoary,
With me a single memory survives,
Being extras in the global story
We are stars in the movies of our lives.

OVERTAKING LANES

Two saddus stood by the side of the road
Staring at a truck that had spill'd it's load
By that, an old wreck that just would not start
Bypass'd by a man in an ox-drawn cart,
& faster still; first a cycle rickshaw
A dull green tractor from the days of yore,
Auto-rickshaw belching dirty black smoke,
Bright red moped missing many-a-spoke,
Some weird lorry's siren psychedelics,
Bus driven by two mad alcoholics,
These by breezy motorcycle bypass'd
Til last, a white car of the Rajput caste,
O lawless highways death-dark angels stalk

You know, it's a nice day, I think I'll walk.

JAIT SAGAR

If India can make a man a man
More than the brothel-nests of Amsterdam
If thro the chaos he can make a plan
Respecting Hinduism & Islam

If he can give the beggar his rupee
& tip a tout charging over the odds
If he can read his Rajput history
& choose a god but still bless other gods

If he can bear the rolling railway run,
Find fresh clean waterfalls amid the dirt
If he can wonder how the Raj was won
Then pause upon the horrors & the hurt

If he can haggle down & know his daal
Then does he need to see the Taj Mahal?

NOW THAT I AM TWENTY FIVE

Now the landlords shouted, "*Sup up!*" at some jam night down Camden
Time has come for me to sum up some cool stuff which I have done;
I have had a hundred ladies, & some of 'em together,
Played football round the counties proudly for my Lancashire,
I have done what's necessary, composed poesy midst Bombay,
Trudged through muddy Glastonbury off my nut to see Brown play,
I have master'd Fare Evasion, troubadour'd through all my crimes
(Except for one 'boitelle du vin' they reported in the Times),*

I have cream'd my pants at Wembley, been a champion at chess,
Dodg'd workplace prison misery, nigh six years now free from stress,
I have writ a wicked album, formed a company of kings,
Chased romantic ghosts through Belgium, these & many other things,
For I'm flush with understanding what it means to be alive,
With a spirit so demanding now that I am Twenty Five.

* September 15th 2000

ROMANTIC LIASONS

Twas a quintessential English evening
All about town & the capital's core,
On my arm a wonderful flutterling
A perfect way to start a foreign tour.

We met in a wine-bar off Trafalgar
To delve within a cosy eaterie,
Then took our places at the theatre
With Dame Christie & her twee company.

So the night brimm'd a goblet romantic
& our spirits they sparkl'd as the stars,
Dabbling with the gentle alcoholic,
Floating, flirting, through my favourite bars...

Til at the sound of Big Ben's midnight bells
She caught the last train back to Tunbridge Wells

CAMPALDINO

Across the sheer Consuma Pass the Papal Guelfs did steer
To permeate the Poppi plain, the Ghibellines appear
Noble Swabian lineage with rival war ensigns
Amplified by Catenaian Alps & spangling Apennines
The sun had risen muggy on Saint Barnabas's day,
Where over Verna Francis of Assisi's hands did pray,
Dante Alighieri, far beyond his metaphors,
Stood in the first line of the Guelfs, the fearless Feditors,
& faced the charging enemy & yes he was afraid
But Appollo-protected many mortal parries made
As now the Pavesari wrap around the fading foe
Who drop their shields & flee the field, splashing thro the Arno,
The Guelfs did claim a victory & furthermore the pride
"Come Dante," said Boccacio, *"Let us to Florence ride!"*

CASALINO

More tranquil than the murmur of a rose,
The piazzas of Pratovecchia,
Bethlehem-twinning, harbour a sweet repose,
Calm cluster shepherds call Casalino -
Here Dante mused upon his fifth canto,
For Paulo & Francesca tears did pour,
Mixing with the streamlings of the Arno,
Flowing to ev'ry Italian shore -
A place to set poesia in store,
Where sacred sisters break the ancient bread,
There, summoned by the grunting of wild boar
Into a place where feet have seldom tread,
Not life nor history shall help mine art,
Just fragrant music of the valley-heart.

*Pui tranquillo del mormorio della rosa, la piazza di Pratovecchia, Betlemme-gemellare, rifugio
una villaggio dolce, amosso calmo il pastori chiamato Casalino - Ecco Dante meditato il suo
cante cinque, Lacrime versate per Paulo & Francesco, Mescolato con il fiumicello giovane*

del'Arno, Scorando a tutta la riva d'Italia – Un posto per consevara la poesia, Dove les suore sacreto spezzanno il pane antico, La, convoco presso il gruniri dei chingialo selvaggi, Dentro un bosco dove un piede ha calpestato raramente, Non vita ne storia auiteranno la mia arte, Solo musica fragrante del cuore delal valle.

FARFALLA

	*		*	
	*		*	
	*		*	
skoelapper		*	*	nipwisipwis
liblikas	farasha	titli	mariposa	dimago
burabiro	sommerflue	mot'l	petalou'da	paruparo
pi sugnya	<i>butterfly</i>	uvevane	kupu	lupelupe <i>vlinder</i> pulelehua
papillon	<i>lilldeh</i>	popti	peplim	papalotl
txipilota	<i>choochoo</i>	lepke	<i>perhonen</i>	luvivane
prajapathi	<i>papilio</i>	flutur	<i>bimbilo</i>	kupukupu
peperuda	<i>huitzil</i>	fuf lao	<i>bembe</i>	gorgoleta
borboleta	<i>kakupo</i>	tauriuö	<i>kelebek</i>	babochka
woo deep	<i>zanimu</i>	<i>fithrildi</i>	parpar	<i>fluturi</i> <i>kipepeo</i> bayboum
serurubele	<i>bulubulu</i>	metulj	<i>ramarama</i>	mpornboli
hevavahkema	fefe-fefe	pepeo	pili-pala	schmetterling
pillango	marlimarlirni	oguyo	shavishavi	parvaneh
sommerfugl		fjril		samanalaya

VAGABONDO

Solo, sono stato viaggio,
 Dalle complessite senza vita,
 Di villaggio a villaggio,
 Panarami di vista a vista -
 Oh! sospiri del Viarregio,

Oh! scheletro catta di Calcata,
Solo, sono stato viaggio,
Dalle complessite senza vita.

Stelle quando sono campaggio,
Pensiero sulla passagio,
Oh! isola balerno di Ponza,
Oh! piazza confortolvemente,
Oh! bellaza di Portovenere,
Oh! Non complicato mezza-vita!

*Alone, I went wandering, from complexities without life, from village to village, panorama
from view to view - O! sighs of Viareggio, O! skeletal cats of Calcata, Alone, I went
wandering, from complexities without life. Stars when I am camping, thoughts upon the path,
O! whale-island of Ponza, O! comfortable city-squares, O! beauty of Portovenere, O!
uncomplicated half-life!*

ENTERING HELL

THRO ME THE WAY INTO THE WOEFUL CITY
THRO ME THE WAY TO THE ETERNAL PAIN
THRO ME THE WAY AMONG THE LOST PEOPLE
ABANDON ALL HOPE THOSE THAT ENTER HERE

Holding breath I enter a starless gloom,
Sounds like whirlwind-eddying sand surround my head,

Clapping hands * Screams of anguish
Haunted sighs * Lamentations
Loud Wailings * Strange Tongues
Horrible Lingua * Words of Pain

The poet saw me shrink back from those angry tones & said

"Welcome to the Inferno!"

So breathing deeply & holding my breath

I stepp'd into the land that men call Limbo

BELOW SCOPELLO

(french location)

To become, to belong, bohemian,
So many miles my smitten songsmith sent,
Striving for prospects paradesean
In an immortal moment's monument -

Time carves us this vista Tyhrennean,
Tranquilo corner of a continent,
To become, to belong, bohemian,
So many miles my smitten songsmith sent.

This rocky cove, this tower, this mountain,
Blend in an often prophesied fusion,
Sweet Sicily!

Sat silent & content,
Recently have my dreams increasing seen
Visions of places I had never been
Where I should sit a songsmith & invent

ERICE

Italia d'oro
Paradiso di pensiero esiliato
Regina di poesia

Sicilia sublime
Cuore di oceano antico
Cucina di cultura

Animata Trapani
Smeraldo del Mediterraneo

Delizia dei pescatori

Magnifiche Egadi;
Farfalla Favignana
Pigro Levanzo

Le onde riflettono il sole
Marettimo risplende in estensione

*Golden Italy, paradise of exiled thought, queen of poetry
Sublime Sicily, heart of ancient ocean, cauldron of culture
Busy Trapani, emerald of the Mediterranean, Fishermen's delight
Magnificent Egadi, butterfly Favignana, lazy Levanzo
Waves reflect the sun, Marettimo spread splendid*

WHAT BLEEDS FOR FIVE DAYS & DOES NOT DIE?

"Varium et mutabile semper"

Virgil

She moans about her hormones every second week in four
Goes clattering the cutlery & slamming every door
Like when we went to Sicily & found a paradise
But she was full of PMT & said, "*It's not THAT nice,*"
Reminding me of Dublin by the whiffy Liffy shore
When all I needed was a spliff, well she just wanted war,
But women are man's reason, so when swings the pendulum
Put on your safety helmet for the fireworks to come -
She sulks & yells, her belly swells, her paranoia grows,
Now fear the snarling werewolf where you once could smell a rose,
Cos' women synch up to the moon, that's just the way things are,
So never say "*irrational,*" or let her drive the car,
Then when the fun is over, son, there's one thing you should do -
Embrace your woman, kiss her lips & whisper, "*I love you!*"

LOVE HEART

you are
poetic clever
sensual-amusing
sweet-sassy-sharing
warmhearted-caring
adorable-decadent
funny-joyloving
inspirational
kittencute
o baby
I love
you
so
!

THE NAZARENE

*Gethsemene
Judas rope
Archmagus
Sadly maintain the scandalised Sanhedrim
Leaning their wills upon the Roman whim
The Pilate's orders murder the son of Him
To Calvary
A Crucifix
Sanguinus
Human sin
Son of god*

*Devils day
Pious fires
Epiphanies*

AETHALSTANEFORD

Dramatis Personae

Angus MacFergus – High King of Alba

Kennith MacAlpin – Prince of Alba

Eochaidh – King of Dalriada

Scene – *The Peffer Valley, 832 AD – King Angus heads a combined army of Picts & Scots, blocking the path of the oncoming Angles led by Aethalstan*

Eochaidh - What think ye, Angus, lord of our command
Your face is furrow'd as a farmer's field
Are ye concern'd with if we should withstand
This fearsome host

Angus – Some strange dream is my shield
For last night good Saint Andrew came to me
Promising survival & victory

MacAlpin – King, look, the way those white clouds cross the blue
Same as the day a saint was crucified
Strung up on Roman wood, your dream comes true
Is this his ghost?

Angus – Come Scotland, unified,
Let us bless Andrew's sainthood & Saltire
Whose eminence shall ever Scots inspire

NALATIYAR

Her :

O lord of fertile land & everflowing waterfalls

O lord of cool sunshine warming ocean's running waves

○ lord of good country with beautiful ebony mountains
○ lord of flowery hills with lush & sparkling waterfalls
○ lord of honey-bearing woods in the good country
○ lord of long seashore with fine, unfailing salt-pans
○ lord of the hills with lovely sandal groves on
○ lord of cool lagoons & bays brimming with water
○ lord of prosperous vineyards & huge gem-studded caverns

Him :

○ beautiful lady with breasts like budding flowers
○ lady of beautiful hair with fragrance of musk
○ lady of long-eyed spears & bow-like eyebrows

Him & Her

○ lord of bewitching victories bring these beauties to me

The Battle of Chester

The account of the battle of 616 between the Northumbrians, led by King Aethelfrith, & a number of ancient British kingdoms, including King Selyf Sarffgadau's Powys. The result of the battle was the land separation of the Welsh Britons from their Northern counterparts in Lancashire & Scotland.

Men fought a battle long ago
Aslant Pendragon skies;
Two armies met in weather wet
Black crows crowding the skies

Druids gather, stone circles glow,
Cast was a cryptic rune

*"The time is nigh, a king shall die
Beneath a mystic moon!"*

Dawn's glory shone, the Angles rose
With sword & spear & shield,
Across the plain, in driving rain,
The Britons block'd the field.

For some it was a blushing morn
Yet others fear'd the light
Weapon's glisten, two lines listen
For word to launch the fight

As flash-on-flash the weapons clash
Behind the crashing fray
With smoke & bells the holy spells
Melt minds to disarray

The music of the battle rang
Cross country shore-to-shore
A legend born, no-one had known
How cruel could be war

The Britons driven to their camps
The sunset bled wound red
The Angles bring back to their king
His foeman's sever'd head

For every head a stone was found
& there a barrow built
Into the mound with shrieking sound
Men plunged great swords full hilt

The next day dawn'd, its beauty lost
The gods of battle reign
The air grew still, fog left the hill
& settled on the plain

Two armies stood there paralyzed
Three bees buzzed on the hush
With startling cry & swords held high
Mass'd men made angry rush

Kings & princes, fathers & sons
All mingled for the fray
Death dips & darts, for many hearts
This was their final day

Death after death, duel after duel
The Angles press their might
Til at the line, midst forest pine
Two princes met to fight

Aethefrith's son is Looe the strong
Selyf bore Slainge the fair
A lethal fray & to this day
Looe's bones are buried there

King Selyf led them from the front
This day held the land's fate
Twas life & death, with striving breath
They held the Cymric gate

& there King Selyf set upon
Three javelins pierce his side
He slew all three by wind-blast tree
& there lay down & died

Slainge dropp'd his spear & paced alone
Before the Northern band
He met the king & slid his ring
On Selyf's handsome hand

His father buried neath the field
His battle cairn grew high
So many stones, so many bones
Selyf shall reach the sky

So if you find yourself one night
Aslant Pendragon skies
Come cast a rune, sing to the moon
& watch the spirits rise

The Language of Flowers

The Stray Cats of Calcatta

Being an account of two cats of Calcata who communicate upon a romantic level by using the secret Language of the Flowers. Upon falling in love as kittens, then getting married, their tranquility is disturbed by the arrival of a young, handsome tom from the nearby town of Falaria. The Wife becomes completely enamored of him, begins an affair & seeks a divorce. Her husband challenges the tom to a duel, but is left second bested & bleeding. His wife sees this & realizes her true love for her husband - but it is too late, for in a fit of jealousy the husband murders her. He instantly shows the greatest remorse, burying his wife at the spot where she died...

Lazing through days of Italy,
O life of lovely hours!
The soft wine & festivity,
The sunshine & tranquility,

Where street cats speak, eloquently,
The Language of the Flowers.

There is a place where you must go
To hear the street-cat patter,
Where sweet Rondini swoop & show,
The river glistens far below
A maze of streets, then you will know
The magic of Calcata.

Upon a soft & starry night
Two kittens kiss'd all hazy
& pluck'd two *Lilacs* flushing bright,
Purple for her, for him pure White,
Love blossoming from first sweet sight
Fresh as a *Mountain Daisy*.

Young lovers grew, through every scene
The cute *Red Catchfly* carried -
Where Spring Crocuses grow serene
& *Orange Blossoms* speckle green,
Amidst the gentle *Celandine*
They were forever married!

Their home a mountain theatre
Sunshine rising to mild purrs -
Each day they found *Veronica*,
Blue Violets & *Ambrosia*
For to bind them all together
On a bed of felted Furze.

Then from Falaria there came
The cat with eyes a-dapple,
& in her heart the strangest flame
Burning so brightly, to her shame,
With *Amethyst* he won her name
& left for her an *Apple*.

They dallied by the old river
Where grow the *Four-Leaf Clovers*,
He plucked the wylde *Justicia*
& with *Peach Blossom* gave to her,
So by the bright *Honey Flower*
They were the tender lovers.

The husband woke that cloudy night,
Went out all wrack'd with worry,
Grew frantic thro the gloomy light
Til shone the moon full beaming bright,
No man should suffer such a sight
Underneath the *Judas Tree*.

Biting a fig between his teeth,
Clutching a *Red Carnation*,
He gave to her the *Cedar Leaf*,
But she, to his own disbelief,
Wrapt *Butterfly Weeds* in a wreath
& bid for separation.

The husband's wounded heart wants war,
Throws down the cruel *Wylde Tansy* -
The piazza, as was the law,
Saw scratch & screech & bite & claw,
As lost he left, limping by paw,
From heaven fell a *Pansy*.

To see her first love lose the fray,
By an arrow her heart shot!
She found a fresh straw from the hay,
A dozen *Red Tulips* at play,
Wove them into a lush bouquet
With a fresh *Forget-Me-Not*.

Pressing *Basil* into a wound,

Chewing fresh *Begonia*,
He stood up with a hissing sound,
Sore paws the pretty rooftops pound,
Upon a wall his sweetheart found
& push'd her to the murder!

Distraught he dash'd to where she fell
Weeping for the tragedy,
Kiss'd & buried her spirit's shell,
Cloaked her with Cudweed, as tears swell
He placed a little Asphodel
'Neath the sea-green Locust Tree.

So if you ever take the care
To visit fair Calcata
Go to the walls the street cats share
& pause a while to look down there
Where you should see, come really stare,
The grave *Red Roses* flatter.

The Falcon Princes

Being an account of a contest, wherein the princes of five contrees attempt to win the affections of the princees of the king of Sicily's falcons. The tournament is held upon Monte Falcano that towers ovet the island of Marretimo & one-by-one they are whittled down, first thro their

personality, then speed, then ability to hunt game. Finally, the princes of Portugal & Cyprus duel, wherein the Portuguese falcon is triumphant, wins the princess & plants his national flower on the island for posterity.

There is an island you should know
Of sun & sea & showers
Call'd marvellous Marettimo
Where Homer mused so long ago
& all god's creatures grew to know
The Language of the Flowers

Upon this island lives a king,
Lord of Sicily's falcons,
The Guelder Roses grow each spring
About his Ash Tree, in a ring,
But still the eagles fear his wing
From Scotland to the Balkans.

More beautiful than true Orchis
Grew his beloved daughter;
When she had pluck'd blue clematis
He sent forth mountain messengers
To the royal falcon princes
Inviting them to court her.

A handsome prince flew to propose
Bearing tri-petal'd Iris,
Then came on others, one with Rose,
One clutch'd Lavender in his claws,
One brought Bear's Breech in spiky pose,
The last - Egyptian Lotus!

Each kiss'd the princess with soft peck
& shower'd admiration;
One gave her Mint, one gave Angrec,

One Cherry Blossom, one Garlic,
But to the one with Hollyshock
She toss'd a Striped Carnation.

The king announced a tournament
Amid the mountain bowers;
The goats broke up their government
Assinos braved the steep ascent
While local seagulls squawk'd consent
& scatter'd Zephyr Flowers.

The crowds had gather'd on a slope,
Oer the sea that swam to space,
The princes hover'd at the rope
The king took out a telescope
Salvaged from some ship shorn of hope
Then settled to watch the race

Four falcons flew down lightning fast
From clouds to the low sea-mist,
Touching the lone fuggazi mast
Then Imperial Lily pass'd,
The princess cheer'd, gave to the last
The colourful Amethyst.

Three princes hunted thro the day,
Down they swoop'd on ev'ry kill,
Each filling up a silver tray,
Then when the sun shed last red ray
The princess on the least did spray
The blossom of *Sweet Basil*.

The King announced twas time to dine,
The day's hunt put in a pile,
Wash'd down with wash'd up Tuscan wine,
The finalists both found a sign,
One pluck'd the *Purple Columbine*

& his rival Cammomile.

Two falcons face the final fray
From Portugal & Cyprus;
The evening gloom consumes the day
Up to the moon assinos bray,
The princess keeps the cold at bay
Wrapp'd with warm *Indian Cress*.

Thro *Belladonna*-scented sky
Princes fought with wing & peck,
Their talons lock, they fall from high,
One hits the water with shock'd cry,
Returns, receiving, with a sigh,
The *Bay Wreath* around his neck.

The Prince of Portugal had won
His princess's Carnation,
As is the law of high falcon
The King embraced his future son
Whose flower planted with talon
To join the vegetation.

So if you ever take the time
To view Monte Falcano,
& venture on its verdant climb,
'Tween sea & Sicily sublime,
More fragrant than a poet's rhyme
Does the lush *Lavender* grow.

The Lost Kitten

Being an account of the birth of a kitten in Calcata & her accidental journey to the city of Rome, whereupon she is discovered by a local street cat who decides to help her return home. After plucking flowers from a local park in order to communicate they visit the city's chief cat, the emperor, at his seat on the colosseum, who gives them a meeting with a wise old feline at Forte Prenistina. The old ginger worked out the locality of the kitten by her odour, that is the land of hazelnuts, upon which the street cat carries the kitten through many an adventure to the town of Falaria, where they part. The kitten then makes her own way to a joyous re-union with her parents in Calcata.

Once more, my friends, follow our rhyme
To the green hills north of Rome
For Calcata, set so sublime
Midst nature & her ancylent chime,
Where people live life's playful time
& the street cats share their home

There was a Cat with snow white fur
Her ears all pink & fluffy
Wooing the tom which fell for her
Whose lion mane & Roman burr
Arose passion & thoughts that stir -
 They had a little baby

She grew into a lovely one
Calm as a river cruising
They showed her off to everyone
Around her neck wrapped pink ribbon
Upon ev'ry bonnie action
They call'd her so amusing

To Calcata there came a clown
The sun was up & shining
Our little Kitten yawn'd a frown
& found a spot to snuggle down...
The truck set off & all the town

Could hear her mother whining

She woke up to the roar of cars,
A jolt & she went flying
Into a land of neon bars
The city lights shining like stars
A scruffy Tomcat with rough scars
Attends her timid crying

He finds her lying in the dark
Soft purring as she cowers
The tom became her patriarch
& led her to a handsome park
Where all beasts speak, from bleat to bark
The Language of the Flowers

The Kitten mewed so helplessly
Pawing an *Ipomaea*
With *Windflower Anemone*
She bites a sprig of *Bryony* -
The Tom banished her misery
With a knot of *Fresia*

An oasis they found so calm
As day was slowly dawning
In pretty ruins free from harm
Grew *Cobea* & *Gentle Balm*
They found a shade beneath a palm
& dozed right through the morning

Hind legs rose with the mid-day heat
& plunged into the city
From street to roof, from roof to street
A grey, fat, one-eyed cat to meet
Sat in his coliseum seat -
Gave thought & then pawed a pea

Emperor hissed & they were gone
To Forte Prenistina
By Milkwort & Meadow Saffron
Wise Ginger sniffed the silk ribbon
Gave them a hazelnut & one
Bay Rose to warn for danger

The Tom leapt on a clanking train
Clutching the Kitten tightly
To thunder through the fair champaign
Until the tall, town-topped mountain
& hit the road, where once again
The starlight shone so brightly

They dally thro a fragrant night,
Perfumed with *Convolvulus*,
A restaurant slides into sight
Aroma whets the appetite
They search the bins, a meaty bite
Tasting of Saffron Crocus

Morning covers Falaria
The weather light & lazy -
By hazelnut & gatherer
He purr'd goodbye & gave to her
The Garlic plant in full flower
& Michaelmas the Daisy

Sad Cat mourns by the old river
Beneath a weeping *Willow*
Her lover leaps from Calcata
Clutching their beautiful daughter
Happiness shines from a mother
Whose heart her Kitten's pillow!

The Asian Wreath

Being an account of the death of the King of the Falcons, consumed with grief upon hearing of the Asian Tsunami. His heir, the Falcon Prince, gathers a number of flowers & sets off for Asia, where in exchange for his own flowers he obtains the national flowers of several countries. He then returns to Sicily & wraps the dead king in the wreath, before dropping the body into the flames of Mounta Aetna.

There is a taylor that I must tell
Tho men be disbelieving
Of when the king of falcons fell
Into the flamey fields of hell
& in that moment broke a spell
Of misery & grieving

My taylor begins beneath the sea
Where angry grew Poseidon
For poisonous humanity
Pollutes his kingdom carelessly
& so he sent the Tsu-na-mi
Cantering cross the ocean

The news brought to Marettimo
& a king sick with disease,
At such sad tidings wept him so
The news was such a mortal blow
Once mighty breath began to slow
Then gave out a dying wheeze.

As is the way in ancyent laws
The crown prince of the Falcons
Took up six flowers in his claws
Transports them to the tragic cause
Of all his weeping & his woes
Flew far beyond the Balkans

He drove above the dusty lands
Where God's flowers rarely grow,
Ranging beyond those desert sands

That changed to ocean's rippling bands,
Saw a cluster of small islands
In the waters far below.

Mid Maldivian pearls where palm trees grew
To the monkey's chattering
Dropt was the beautiful Aloe
Of yellow hue & herbal dew,
In recompense the Falcon drew
A rose to tie cross his wing

Sri Lanka loom'd, our Falcon fell
For the mountain-scented tea
Where lions charm'd him with a spell
Of sunny-centred Nil Manel
He swapp'd one for an Asphodel
Afore soaring ocean free.

He flew the length of India
Where the weird wild banyon grows
There met the Peacock Emperor
Where, after tea, took together,
Our falcon pluck'd a tail-feather
& won him a light-pink rose.

To Bangladesh he next did come
& the Gangeatic mouth
Near Tygers hiding hunter's drum
White water lilies, quite a sum,
The falcon dropp'd helenium
Pluck'd sepal & reer'd on south.

He came to Thailand's golden sand
Where the rachapruek grows
Whose pendulous racemes act grand
For on them elephants won't stand
But brave are falcons &, as plann'd,

Barter'd one for a black rose.

He flew at last to Borneo
With a poppy in his claws
Where moth orchids do pinkly grow
Guarded by Dragons Komodo
But opiates all beasts do slow
Soon the jungle shook with snores

The Prince he pluck'd an orchid free
His wreath was wound completed,
So on he flew high westerly
Across the sea to Sicily
Where on an ancient chestnut tree
A thousand falcons seated.

They flew in funerary lines
Up to Aetna's steaming rim
At sunset when the psyche shines
The king dropt in these molten mines
Wrapt in a wreath, Prince screech'd oer pines
Til that sad, sore day grew dim.

So, if you visit Sicily,
See where Mount Aetna towers
Think of great Asia's Tsunami
& how her emblems came to be
Bound in a wreath of poignancy
For falcons speak with flowers.

Acorn - immortality

Acynthus - artistic

Aloe - grief

Ambrosia - love returned

Amethyst - admiration

Angelica - inspiration

Angrec - finer arts

Apple - temptation

Ash Tree - grandeur
Asphodel - my regrets follow you to the grave
Basil - hatred
Bay Rose - beware
Bay Wreath - record of merit
Begonia - dark thoughts
Belladonna - silence
Black Bryony - be my support
Bluebell - humility
Broken Straw - a broken contract
Burnet - merry heart
Butterfly Weeds - let me go
Cammomile - energy in adversity
Carnation, red - alas for my poor heart
Carnation, striped - refusal
Cedar Leaf - I live for thee
Celandine - joys to come
Centauria - felicity
Cherry Blossom - good education
Clematis - mental beauty
Cobea - gossip
Convolvulus - a bond
Cornflower - refinement
Cornpoppy - consolation
Crocus, saffron - mirth
Crocus, spring - youthful gladness
Cudwed - never ceasing remembrance
Daisy, marguerite - a token
Daisy, mountain - innocence
Daisy, wylde - I share your feelings
Eglantine - poetry
Eidelweiss - noble courage
Fig - argument
Four Leaf Clover - be mine
Forget-Me-Not - true love
Fresia - trust
Furze - enduring affection
Garlic - strength
Gentle balm - pleasantry
Guelder Rose - old age
Helenium - tears
Hollyshock - ambition
Honey Flower - love sweet & secret
Imperial Lily - majesty
Indian Cress - warlike trophy
Ipomaca - I attach myself to you
Iris - eloquence
Judas Tree - betrayal
Justicia - perfection of female beauty
Laurel - ambition
Lilac, white - youthful innocence
Lily-of-the Valley - return of happiness

Linnea - I wish we were together
Locust Tree - affection beyond the grave
Magnolia - love of nature
Meadow Saffron - grown old
Michaelmas Daisy - farewell
Milkwort - hermitage
Mint - virtue
Myrtle - discipline
Orange Blossoms - bridal festivities
Orchis - a belle
Pansy - a thought
Pea - an appointed meeting
Peach Blossom - I am your captive
Poppy - eternal sleep
Purple Columbine - resolve to win
Purple Lilac - first emotions of love
Red Catchfly - youthful love
Rose, black - death
Rose, blue - mystery
Rose, light-pink - sympathy
Rose, red - love
Rose, silver - sonnetry
Rue - disdain
Stephanotis - desire to travel
Sweet Basil - good wishes
Syringa - memory
Thistle - austerity
Thyme - activity
Tulip, red - declaration of love
Tulip, variegated - beautiful eyes
Tulip, yellow - hopelessness
Veronica - fidelity
Violets, blue - faithfulness
Weeping Willow - grief
Windflower Anemone - forsaken
Wylde Tansy - I declare war against you
Zephyr Flowers - expectation

National Flowers

Bangladesh - White Water Lily
Carnation - Sicily
Cyprus - Rose
Denmark - Marguerite Daisy
Egypt - Egyptian Lotus
England - Rose
Estonia - Cornflower
Finland - Lily-of-the-Valley
France - Iris
Germany - Centaurea

Greece - Bear's Breech
Holland - Tulip
India - Banyan Tree
Indonesia - Pink Moth Orchid
Italy - Poppy
Latvia - Wilde daisy
Lithania - Rue
Maldives - Rose
Norway - Purple Heather
Poland - Cornpoppy
Portugal - Lavender
Russia - Cammomile
Scotland - Thistle
Sri Lanka - Nil Manel
Sweden - Linnea
Thailand - Rachapruerk

La Lingua dei Fiori

o

*Come la lavanda e`arrivata sull'isola di Marettimo
La Lingua dei Fiori*

C'e una isola che devi conoscere
Di sole & mare & acquazzoni
Chiamata meravigliosa Marettimo
Dove Homer ha meditato molto tempo fa
E tutte le creature di Dio conoscono
La Lingua dei Fiori

Su quest'isola vive un Re,
Signore dei falconi di Sicilia
La rose d'inverno ricresce ogni primavera
Ha all'interno il suo trono, in un anello,
Pero le aquile hanno ancora paura delle sue ali
Dall'Antartide al mar Baltico

Piu bella davvero di un'Orchidea
Cresciuta come figlia adorata
Quando ha colto blu Clematis
Il Re ha mandato messengeri alle montagne
Ai principi reali dei falcone
Invitandoli a corte.

Un bel principe e` volato per proporsi
Trasportando un arcobaleno d'Iris
Poi un altro ha portato la Rosa,
Un altro ha la Lavanda nel suo artiglio
Un altro regala Fondo di Orso
L'ultimo porge Loto d'Egiziano.

Hanno baciato la principessa con un bacetto
E' l'hanno ricoperta d'ammirazione
Uno con Menta, uno con Angreco,
Uno con Cilegio, uno con Aglio,
Pero' poi uno con l'Agrifoglio-Scossa
Ha gettato un Garofano-Righe

Il Re ha annunciato un torneo
In mezzo ai fiori di montagna
Le capre hanno squattrinato il loro governo
Gli Asini hanno affrontato la ripida salita,
I gabbiani hanno strillato il loro consenso
E sparso Zeffi-Fiore

La folla si e' radunata sul versante
Sopra il mare che nuota nello spazio
I principi si e liberato in volo sulla corda
Il Re ha aperto il suo telescopio
Sono stati salvati da una nave
Poi si sono sistemati ad osservare la gara.

Quattro falconi volano come fulmini
Dalle nuvole alla bassa nebbia del mar

Toccano l'albero del ghiozzo
Oltrepassano il Giglio Imperiale e ritorno
La principessa saluta! poi all'ultimo
da l'Ametista dai vivaci colori.

Tre principi hanno cacciato per tutto il giorno
Scendono in picchiata con il cacciato
Ognuno riempie un piatto d'argento
Quando il sole ha spirato l'ultimo raggio
La principessa dona al peggior cacciatore
Un piccolo mazzetto di Dolce Basilico

Il Re annuncia che era tempo di pranzare
Messa la cacciagione in un tinello
La lavano con vino che il Re ha salvato
Tutti e due I finalisti hanno trovato un segno
Uno ha colto l'Aquilegia Viola
E l'altro, il suo rivale, Chamomilla.

Due falconi affrontano l'ultima baruffa
Dal Portogallo e da Cipro
L'oscurita della sera consuma il giorno
Asini ragliano alla luna
La principessa trema dal freddo
Avvolta da un caldo Indiano Crescione

I due principi che hanno lottato nel cielo
Colpendosi con le ali e il becco con fiero aspetto
Si bloccano e cadono dall'alto
Uno va ad urtare l'acqua,
Ritorna a ricevere, con un sospiro,
La Corona d'Alloro intorno al suo collo

Il principe di Portogallo ha vinto
Il Garofano della sua principessa
In regola con le leggi della falconeria
Il Re ha abbracciato il suo futuro figlio

Qui ha piantato il suo fiore
Che si mescola con la vegetazione

Così, se avrai il tempo
Di visitare Monte Falcone
Azzardando un po' di alpinismo
Fra mare e Sicilia sublime
Potrai vedere che con la rima dei poeti
Cresce la lussureggiante Lavanda.

Italiano

Aglione - forza
Agrifoglio Scossa - ambizione
Ametista - ammirazione
Angreco - belle arti
Aquilegia Viola - risoluzione vincere
Chamomile - energia contro avversità
Cilegione - buona educazione
Clematis - mentale bellezza
Corona d'Allora - ricordo di merito
Dolce Basilico - cordiali saluti
Garofano Righe - rifiuto
Giglio Imperiale - maestria
Indiano Crescione - guerriero trofeo
Menta - virtù
Orchidea - bellezza
Zeffireo Fiore - aspettativa

Nazionale Fiore

Fondo di Orso - Grecia
Iris - Francia
Lavanda - Portogallo
Loto d'Egiziano - Egitto
Rosa - Cipro
Garofano - Sicilia

