

# THE MUSICAL LAGOON

## CONTENTS

Genesis

On Valentines Eve

Poetry for Common Use

The Stream

ODE : To an Englishman with Liberty

Shambhalla

Modern Limericks

The Lost Poem

Rikki D's Table

Bingo Lingo

TSU-NA-MI

To Spring

The State of the Union Address

Young Love

ODE : To Team GB upon winning nine gold  
                    Medals at the Athens Olympics 2004

On Love at First sight

Requiem

**YOUNG ODES -**

*To the Dejection of Love's Cruel Passing*

*To the Modern-Day Gentleman*

*Pisan Spring*

*To the Man that Yields Love for Life*

## 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?

## **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!*

## **POETRY FOR COMMON USE**

If you are ever forced to dwell  
In solitary station cell  
There is one card held up your sleeve –  
Your Duty Solicitor leave  
Then if you find time pins you tight  
Demand to see them – tis your right  
Soon you will find, amazingly,  
In such short time you'll be set free

If you have to change a fuse  
From the plastic twist the screws  
Swap the old one for the new  
Then reassemble as plugs do  
But if it is a plug entire

Counting letters moves each wire  
Both left & blue add up to four  
Now brown & right one letter more

If you have an egg to boil  
Heat water up by kettle coil  
Then let it bubble in a pan  
& add the egg & boil to plan –  
A runny egg takes minutes three  
Served with soldiers & cup of tea  
A hard boil'd egg nine minutes paced  
Add mayonnaise & salt to taste

To make a curry hot & tasty  
First fry your veggies odours free  
Then mix some meat in if you like  
From fleshy ham to fresh caught pike  
Milk & tomatoes make the sauce  
Good curry powder puffs the force  
Add other seasonings to taste  
Then stew awhile, no need for haste

Though dieters all dream of sweets  
Let common sense balance your treats  
If bag of crisps you yearn to eat  
Take brisk walks up & down the street  
& if a chocolate bar you munch  
You must have salad for your lunch  
But if you try a takeaway  
Eat only veggies the next day

### **The Stream**

One night while wand'ring to my door

Down woodland moss trails new to me  
I thought I heard the gentle roar

Of rivers rushing to the sea,  
& so, as if in nature's dream  
I made my way so airily:

Star-twinklets in the eyelets gleam  
As with a sigh so sugar-sweet  
I burst before a stony stream

& with a faerie footstep fleet  
I stept into that cool, clear place,  
Whose waters swirl'd about my feet

Where scatter'd sunlight crystals lace,  
Quite shatter'd by a leaping fish  
Splashing its droplets on my face

& whisper'd in my ear to wish  
For transport to my dearest shore,  
I wish & with a swift tail-swish  
I'm magick'd to my door

## **ODE : To an Englishman with Liberty**

**(i)**

Everything you can imagine is real... *Pablo Picasso*

Sir, have you ever seen Cumbria clad in snow  
Or Brighton's beaches been in summer's easy glow  
& have you ever heard the Cambridge matin bells  
Or felt your senses stirr'd when England's anthem swells?

Sir, did you drink the ale brewed for the northern mills  
Or watch seafarers sail from Whitby's salty sills  
& did you ever feed your thirst in Cornish Springs  
Or take the time to read thro histories of kings?

Sir, did you ever take these bright isles in a tour,  
The pride of Scotland slake on Hampden's awesome roar  
& did you ever stun the herd of Wicklow deer  
Or strike a mountain run on Snowdon sloping sheer?

To an Englishman with liberty  
What of these coy demands?  
*"These things, sir, I have known!"*

You have? Then let us fly  
Beyond these fabled lands  
The English call their own  
Set sail for Calais sands...

(ii)

The sea is calm to-night.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits; -on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

*Matthew Arnold - Dover Beach*





dedicated May 9, 1991, is a tribute to American men and women who have made the ultimate sacrifice believing the conquest of space is worth the risk of life.

*Mission of the Astronauts Memorial - Florida*

Sir, did you foot the floor of dusty lunar seas  
Or spread your mind & soar upon the solar breeze  
& did you ever sail betwixt the Saturn rings  
Or catch a comets tail & tie it to your wings?

Sir, did you abseil down craters of Mercury  
Or wander rusting towns of Martian history  
& did you pierce the clouds twixt Ceres & Trojan  
Or hide beneath the clouds of rain Venusian?

Sir, did you feel winds form on Neptune's azure reed  
Or watch the great red storm from twinkling Ganymede  
& did you once observe the green Urasian glow  
& with Colombus verve pass fringes of Pluto?

To an Englishman with liberty  
Have you these pleasures sought?  
*"I have sir, & have felt!"*

God bless astronomy!  
Relax, come let us float  
Beyond the Kuiper belt  
Unto our final port...

Everywhere I go I find a poet has been there before me.

*Sigmund Freud*

Sir, have you ever gone beyond the icy Quaoar  
Or paused at Ixion, core of an ancyent star,  
& did you scan the skies from lovely Varuna  
Or set your naked eyes on sanguinous Sedna?

Sir, come with us & spin upon this scarlet sphere,  
Through head of tiny pin watch our vast sun appear,  
Here ye shall find no guide, nor shall ye hear a sound,  
From Sedna's swirling side a rocky moon slips round...

Sir, watch the goddess sit, voluptuous & fair,  
Beloved Enuit, with starfish dappled hair,  
Whom by her husband cruel purged of her vanities,  
Now sits she as the jewel of the infinities...

To an Englishman with liberty  
What brings ye to this place?  
*"She called me from her stone!"*

She did, then cross this sea  
She calls the stretch of space,  
Continue, sir, alone  
& vanish without trace...

1

**Shambhalla**

I

Dawn's roses bloom  
The heavenly room  
Fills with a vision of wonder.

I gaze up in awe,  
The heavenly roar  
Soothes my soul with Blustarfiyathunda

II

Soft as a sigh  
The storm fills the sky  
Cradl'd by clouds carv'd in starshine.

Th'azure rains fall free  
I gaze cross the sea,  
A craft is a-crowning the line.

III

Atop the jade flow  
The ship sail'd on slow,  
A dragon defending the helm.

As swift as a wish  
The beach teem'd with fish,  
Flames spread o'er the sea-crystal realm.

**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 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





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!

## BINGO LINGO

Ladies & gentlemen eyes down,  
Bag o sweets for your line,  
Two pound your full house;

Snakes alive, all the fives, fifty five  
Christmas cake, three & eight, thirty eighty  
& it's half-way there, four & five, forty five  
Doctors orders, on its own, the number nine  
Seven & six,

"Was she worth it?"

every penny... seventy six

Kelly's Eye, on its own, the number one  
& its three & O, dirty gertie, blind thirty  
Tickle me, six & three, sixty three  
& its thee & me, two & three, twenty three  
Tony's Den, the number ten  
Five & nine, the Brighton line, fifty nine  
Its Diana Doors in droopy drawers,

All the fours,

"EE-YAAAA!!"

Shouts Mary Pie,

Much to Cliff's consternation,  
He only needed one for the line

Al, the old drunk, goes to check the ticket

55, 76, 1, 63, 59, 44

& hands her the boiled sweets

I'll give them to Sally, says Mary Pie,

They're no good for mi teeth

& suddenly it gets serious

The numbers come calling  
Eyes Down for your full house,

On its own, its lucky seven  
Unlucky for some, thirteen  
Heinz Varieties, five & seven, fifty seven  
Ooo! its those legs, eleven  
    The room echoes to shrill cat whistles

It's Sherwood Forest, all the trees, thirty three  
A fumph & a duck, five & two, fifty two  
All the sixes, clickity-click, sixty-six  
& someone didn't flush the toilet  
    Its a dirty loo, thirty two

Five-O, Five-O, its off to work we go  
With a shovel & pick & a walking stick, Five-O, Five-O  
Purple-haired Slyvia gets exited & carries on the song,  
Five-O, Five-O, its off to work we go,  
With a bucket & spade & a hand grenade,  
    Five-O, Five-O,  
                    Blind fifty!

Its two little ducks, twenty two  
Its the sunset strip, all the sevens, seventy-seven  
& a duck & a crutch, two & seven, twenty-seven  
Almost there, eight & nine, eighty nine  
Ooo! its top of the shop, blind ninety!

The room is getting tense,  
Cliff only needs one for the full house  
But Mary Pie is right on his tail

& its queen bee, seventy three  
Anyway up, six & nine, sixty nine  
& its those steps! three & nine, thirty nine

Man alive, the number five  
& its two fat ladies, all the eights, eight-yeight  
You've been & gone at eighty one  
The key of the door, two & one, twenty one  
& its Ghandis breakfast, blind eighty

"*EE-ya!* shouts Sally, knocking over her drink  
Much to Cliff's annoyance

Al goes to check the ticket  
7, 57, 33, 66, 77, 90, 88, 21, 80

& gives her the two pound

"*I'll share it with Mary Pie,*" she says with a smile

Ladies & gentlemen eyes down,  
Bag o sweets for your line,  
Two pound your full house...

## **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 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

Remember them fleeing the huge walls of water  
That snapped them & tossed them & made bloody piles  
The aftermath pale, she search'd for her daughter  
A sad scene repeated some three thousand miles

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!

## To 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

Expectancy breathes in the milding air,  
The flocks have returned, the trees show the bud,  
Along a canal-side the poet strides,  
Spies in the fields flocks of mothering sheep  
Clustering the new born lambs with soft cries,  
Who stare at the poet in nervous fear,  
Who stares back fondly & wishes that he,  
He who has left his life's own spring behind,  
Could be as innocent as a lambs glance.

O trees! Such budding!

Thy delicate bursts of green  
Nervous turtleheads

Two Drakes fight for the pleasure of a mate,  
This spinning vortex of quack & feather,  
A nipping, splashing duel of two love-lorn  
Birds fighting from instinct & not training;  
Watching them wear each other down a third  
Drake, nestled in the shades of a willow,  
Waits for her signal to join the melee  
& triumph, tis his seed that shall succeed.

Amidst the celadon buds  
The burgeoning woods promise  
Their blossoming hues

As winter passes the season's baton,  
A hint of rouge has returned to the cheek,  
The old men gaze at their gardens with joy  
As the boy a few days before Christmas.

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

All thro the park a thick, sweet aroma,  
Spring time's pleasant mead, hangs as tho honey  
Did drip from the skies, framed by first flowers  
Of the year - snowdrops, daffodils have thrust  
Their bright colours upon a drab & drear  
Scene, a place of death not so long ago.

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

With the re-awakening of her land  
The month of May has mellow'd nature's realm,  
The insect fleets return to feast on flesh,  
Whilst women of scintillant radiance  
Cast crystals sparkling in a poet's eye,  
Merrily musing thro ferny forest  
& daisy fields of bouncing hare -  
Where trees, blest with Eden's blanket of leaf,  
Bathe the land in a clean & lucid air,  
To stroll by the rolling river where twelve  
Fluffy ducklings follow two loving ducks,  
How tranquil seems her simple family,  
In carefree splashing down the rippling flow...

Sol gestures higher  
Colors surprise the eyes  
Spring! She smiles at last

### **The State of the Union Address**

Three hundred years ago  
Three kingdoms merged as one  
On which fate would bestow  
Her greatest empire won  
Now what have we to show  
For all those summer's gone?

As thirty million  
Cars thro the country steer  
& drain ten billion  
Pints of our precious beer  
Six thousand trillion  
Gas cubes will dissapear

Asbos & Peter Kay,  
The War upon Terror

Tesco's growing display,  
Millions with asthma  
National Poetry Day  
Samhainaphobia!

From inner cities rife  
With guns & gangster law  
Thro caravaning Fife  
To pensions by the shore  
Nigh eighty years of life,  
Ten thousand twenty more

## YOUNG LOVE

*As stones hold the sun's heat long after she is gone  
The adventure there forever shall remain*

Two reckless youths caught by hot amour  
Sit opposite each other, eye to flaming eye

Pierre Merlot meets Veronique Innocent  
French literature class,

The floral call of Rimbaud's soul  
Made music like Verlaine

To them it seem'd cupid had struck for the very first time

& they kissed for the first time  
as they walked thro a blossoming olive grove

& made love for the first time  
at her mothers house when she was away in Orleans

& they cried together for the first time  
the day he went away to military training

For the storm of war was rolling in from Hitler's Germany  
On the tongues of the Jews & in the stench of the news  
& tho the hope of peace was burning brightly thro them all  
Every Frenchman would be expected to fight  
As they did, & bled, & died at Verdun,

But this did not bother Pierre & Veronique very much  
as they climaxed beneath the moon...

**ODE : To Team GB upon winning nine gold  
Medals at the Athens Olympics 2004**

(i)

I bid to proclaim loud the laurell'd names  
Albion's nine! Children of Apollo!  
Who little thought, as Athens won her Games,  
What honour cheering victory could bestow  
In history & song,  
Muse sing the hymnal nemean,  
Gather'd no mortal throng of our modern Briton

(ii)

Water is best, most precious, than the gold  
Our athletes sought, left Altis for the wave  
Where glory comes to those whom row so bold  
Four Trojan oarsmen clinch'd it by a shave  
Cinque's trusted Navy

Constrains th' Aeolian roar  
Navigates the Attic sea in triumph to her shore

(iii)

Now turn your thoughts to those who dare to ride  
The Theban steeds, horses victorious,  
The Knight, three days since, has his all applied  
Now the last fence is leapt, raised glorious,  
As in the cycle race  
Two brave charioteers  
Set a swift podium pace for the vale of Hebe's tears!

(iv)

Beneath the Parthenon where once did fly  
Asopichos, Heiron & Megakles  
Union Jacks are swallows in the sky  
The fastest race is run as lightning flees  
& Britannia arise  
The rare twin laurel won  
Image cast to the skies & the eternal pantheon!

(v)

Britannia! Queen of heroes & of toil  
Sat proudly in the company of nations  
That came to Hellas & her sacred soil  
To sup & cheer in great celebrations  
Nine muses duly sing  
Songs mighty in her praise  
To lead us on to Beijing in but fourteen hundred days

**On Love at First sight**

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

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 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

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,

## **Requiem**

Alas! the days are fading fast,  
This flesh of mine not meant to last  
Some years beyond a century  
Full burthen'd with mortality

How many days may I recall  
Before the moonrise & her fall  
How many trees shall I see grow  
From seedling breeze to nesting crow

Trajectories aimed low & high  
Still watch the toss fall from the sky  
This is the curse of life my friend  
Its shadows haunt us til the end

## **YOUNG ODES**

### **To the Dejection of Love's Cruel Passing**

The sun & the stars & the moon still shine  
Tho' your heart beats not next to mine  
The oceans, the seas, the rivers, the streams  
Still flow thro the vale of my lonely dreams  
As above me the birds blessing a blue dome  
Still fly e'en tho our love hath flown  
So why waste I in misery  
When the world it tastes so good to me  
& would these weeping words instill my weeping soul with thee

### **To the Modern-Day Gentleman**

Wherever he goes he walks with nobility  
If ever he slows he rests with tranquility  
Why ever he rhymes he writes with authority  
With whome'er he dines he eats with humility  
However they pass he charms them with dignity  
Whatever they ask he replies in serenity  
& whenever conduct does offend  
Whether stranger, enemy or friend  
All aspects of his honour must a gentleman defend

### **Pisan Spring**

I walk amidst the decadence  
Faded papal magnificence  
Beneath an April Tuscan shower  
& May's majestic sunny flower  
& sometimes I startle the doves  
From statues the wanderer loves  
& the streets antique  
Lend the days a certain, sensual mystique  
Oft of the glorious Pisan sunset softly I shall speak

### **To the Man that Yields Love for Life**

Tis time to leave thee my true love  
The stars & moon thither above  
For now the evening songs are over  
I depart to play the rover  
Ride my heart in fervent fashion  
Liberty of life's lost passion  
Yet soon I may return  
To the heart by thy side where the home fires burn  
For thee & thee only

will my wandering spirit yearn