

Poetry Series

Bill Mitton
- poems -

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Bill Mitton(26-03-45)

Electrician, Soldier, Electronics Engineer, Quality Engineer
(Part-time playwright, writer, poet, Scholar, Historian,)

Married to Rosyanne, one son, Simon, (flown the nest)

I'm too big, the house is too big, Rosyanne is still beautiful, loving, patient, kind,
as gentle as an Angel's smile and STILL too good for the likes of me!

I love Corned beef Hash, Chilli, any literature from Chaucer to Pratchett, all types
of music. Manchester United, (Football) Sale Sharks (Rugby Union)

A Chance Meeting

He sat and cocked his head
so that his eyes seemed almost
vertical.

Unfortunately
he spoke no English
and I spoke no Blackbird.

Bill Mitton

A Fool In All His Glory

If
as they say
a fool in love
is
a fool in all his glory
then
I am he
Here amongst the golds
and russets
The rustling and the
almost holy
bareness
of the autumn trees
where greens and golds
compete
to become
the next voyager
upon the cooling
breeze
A fool indeed
but oh
the glory

Bill Mitton

A Friendship Trilogy

I hear her cry, once again, she is alone.
Once again nature's clock dictates a mate.
I hear him answer, and I know this night,
will echo to the sound of their joining.
In the turning of the season she will come,
tired, and heavy with her burden of new life.

She is more grey than red, with one white leg
I know her and am sure she is aware of me.
I feel her trust, wary tho' she is and must be.
I will feed her chicken laced with cod liver oil
to help her through the growing heaviness.

We will spend the winter watching each other.
I will watch her feed from the tray I leave,
Then, through my field glasses 'til the hedge.
I know she watches me as I put the food out.
And again at the hedge she turns to look back at me.

SHE IS OLD NOW

She is old now her
breeding days
are done
It is hard to Spot
her white leg
the greyness
is so advanced
her movement
is slower
she limps on
a hind leg

Yet for all this
I knew her
As soon as I
Saw her

As I'm sure
She knew me
And then I got
to wandering
if I had aged
as much in
her eye

GREY INTO BLACK

I started my walk with a happy step
there was mist and rain mixed
but I was warm with
a heart full of sunshine
Why should I feel downcast
beside me walked my own tall son
mirroring his mother's smile.

Off to one side the rain shimmering shape
of Heaton hill and
at her brambled feet
the dark but evergreen
of Brody's spinney.
as always at this point I thought of her
my once gold and red but now grey friend.

I wished a wish to see her
just once more by that hedge turn
but no, fate held only pain
as we turned my son and I
in anticipation of supper and laughter
through the evening mist
I caught a hint of greyness in
amongst the wet grass

My heart turned in that moment
and had she been across
John Garton's cold pool
I would have gone waste deep
to see her in that place
But there she lay amongst wet grass
the numbers of her days written

across cold grey red tinted fur.

I sat and cried and my son
unembarrassed, took off his coat
and gently wrapped her in it
she was not his friend but
his father's friend
this was for him, enough
and now she lies beneath
the hedgerow corner where
I can still see her turn
and watch back over our years

Bill Mitton

A Grey Perspective

A GREY PERSPECTIVE

Ask me not of ethereal things
even less of Queens or Kings
from politics and diplomacy
I pray dear friend deliver me

What care I of ozone holes
of rising seas or dwindling poles
Of warming world I worry not
of carbon footprint not one jot!

Ask me please of creaking joints
that with oils and unctions I anoint
the worry of the hair I loose
the fight to find wide fitting shoes

Sympathise about my aches
the decisions my bladder makes
Stiffness that invests my bones
each move a serenade of moans.

What care I of worldly din
which politicians loose or win
Beijing nor Kremlin bother me
of Parliamentarians set me free

I'm afraid I just can't find the time
For hoodies, druggies, wars on crime
Indeed nor can I any interest show
For where Rainforest or Gorilla go.

I must admit that I care an awful lot
about this arthritic foot I've got.
and likewise I find it most concerning
the lack of interest my pension's earning

Dispensing sage-like wisdom free
Is not a gift you'll find in me
The aches that plague my aging joints

detract from making salient points

The interface twixt life and me
is far less tenuous than it used to be
sixty years of gravity has taken toll
How far away the stone and hole.

So join the cause and fight good fights
Greenhouse gases, Human Rights
Me, I'm opting for a gentler plod
to anoint my aches and wait for God

Bill Mitton

A Leap Of Faith

A LEAP OF FAITH

Sometime, you just have to jump
and hope to God the net appears.
As everything inside you screams
That it's now! The time is here.
The dreadful tightness in your chest
A racing pulse rate way too high
Dry mouth, wet palms, a paradox
unsure, do you laugh or cry.
To wager here, on just one leap
without stopping to ask why?
All you have, and own, and cherish
On this one, risky, single try.
Here on the cusp of win or lose
as fate begins her deal
Through every fibre of yourself
You have never FELT so REAL.

Bill Mitton

A Man Of Two Islands

I am a man of two green islands
Which by unhappy force and nature
Have become home to five peoples
Not that these people are different
For we have lived cheek by jowl
For fifteen hundred summers
We have traded, and fought wars
Against, and alongside each other
We have loved and married
We have moved and mixed
The blood that flows in our veins
contains the elements of all
And the whole of none
Cruelty, treachery, dishonour, deceit
We have used and shared them all
But it remains a fact
We of the two islands, have become
Who we are in this world
Not, as history would have it,
In spite of each other
but because of each other.
Throughout the bad times
The men of Andrew and David
Bled and died, alongside
The men of George and Patrick
Not for any Queen or Flag
Not for any Flower or Plant
Not for some government edict
Nor a Royal command
But for a far simpler truth
The cement which in the end
Let's us live in this sometimes
Fragile, sometimes unequal
Edgy brittle harmony
simply
because of this love we share
For our two green Islands

A Name On A Wall

It was a forgotten war
and a wall of afterthoughts
It was Black with white scars
and every scar a name, a life
It was pain it was sorrow
and I was drawn to it's names
drawn to it's single stories
It took a stunned nation years to
acknowledge their sacrifice
and perhaps not until the
vast black stone wall stood
did a people understand the
the enormity of that sacrifice
and the scale of their own
indifference and ignorance
fifty eight thousand scars
are marked on that black stone
fifty eight thousand lives
given to the cold ground
and as I scanned the names
of men and boys who in minds
and hearts will never change
this stone touched my life
in one more surprising way
as one white scar bore
for me a poignant reminder
of the smile of fortune
it was the name I have
and will carry all my life
William Mitton,
But this name was followed by
CWO US Army
1949-1970 Killed in Action.
Wednesday, May 6,1970.
The Day he was killed in Cambodia
is the day I left Thailand,
The British army, and harms way.
I looked at that black wall knowing
Here are fifty eight thousand

prayers imploring, that we find another way.

Bill Mitton

A Question

And the barbed wire never ceases
And the craters never fill.
The guns are made and the guns are sold
And in the end they kill.

And the bombers drone unending
And the missiles fill the sky
And the people fear and then they run
And as refugees, then ask, Why?

And the politicians argue
And the Generals plot and vie
And the young are set to soldiering
And in the end they die.

And the earth just goes on circling
And her borders rise and fall
Does our evolutionary process
Hold no place for PEACE at all?

Bill Mitton

A Song For The Journey

A SONG FOR THE JOURNEY

Sometimes you may sing in your heart
or have song running through your head
but there's always singing's in your soul
and it's on this song's journey you'll be led.
Towards a distant point, as yet unclear
your singing soul will lead you on
to find that place of understanding
with all your preconceptions gone.
Yet we sometimes meet more questions
Hard, hash decisions we must make
So the Soul song leads you onwards
along the pathway you must take.
The road can be both rough and smooth
its horizon hidden from your view
But the power within the singing
gives you strength to see it through.
With every step upon the road
the soul song keeps its tune and beat
and from its verses courage comes
to face the challenges you meet.
For some the song is understood
they come to recognise the voice
and in the facets of their lives
they use the song to make their choice
Some feel of the sound of singing
but don't care, or know, where from
The song it doesn't differentiate
into each soul it still sings on.
If we can listen to the message
and the true meaning in the song
Our footfall becomes much gentler
down the paths we walk along.
It's the soundtrack of the life we lead
of the choices in life we make
The pragmatic or compassionate
a search for beauty, greed, or hate
Somewhere within the soul song
are great sacrifice and pain

and a promise ever present
of eternal peace and life again.
In the silence and the stillness
between all the bustle and the strife
listen carefully and you'll recognise
the first and last love song of your life.

Bill Mitton

A Wet Squirrel

And there he sat
amid a halo
of raindrops.
handling an acorn
like it was
fine bone china

Whilst all around
towers collaped
Gods were beseeched
and bombs and food fell
like the acorns
discarded shell

Not for him
the worry of poison
by post.
There are always wars,
but only so many
so many acorns
before winter.

Bill Mitton

A Wonder In Sepia

From beneath the dusty layers
Of paper old and brown
A wonder in fading sepia
A face at last put to a name.
I was rooted to the spot
She died long before I was conceived
Yet I'd know her all my life
Bridget Flynn, from the Hill of the Moon
She of the lilting voice and dancing feet
who had tamed the heart of Red Liam
and punctuated the passing years
with nine wailing nativities
clothing them in history and honesty.
Then watched her son's march off
to die one by one on far flung shores,
see her daughter give herself to God
Yet could still rise above that sadness
To sing the songs of Meave
upon the Hill of the Moon.
My chest tightened because
Here, held in my trembling hand
I saw for the first time
The smile of Bridget Brennan nee Flynn
My Grandmother

'Sleep well Matty My old friend
I'll hold our laughter in trust until we meet again.'

Bill Mitton

A Word With God

God he spaketh unto me
he said "Ow art thee lad? "
Low his voice was comforting
he sounded like my Dad

"Well..well am alreet Lord
thank you very much
then E asked me "wer I prospering"
and I answered "Not as such"

Then E' paused as though in pondering
"Lad I've a job for thee
I'm ending th'world next Friday
I've ad enough you see."

You can tell em that I said so
Ow you do it 's up to you
"By eck Lord that's a shocker
Am flummoxed what to do."

"Well you've got a week to do it
To spread the news about"
I asked what help he'd give the righteous
The Lord's one word reply was "Nowt"

"The good are sodding boring
They've lost the sense of fun
I gave the gift of laughter
And they've forgotten how it's done"

"The wicked.. well, they're wicked
They worship Sin and money
But at least amongst those evils sods
There's one or two that's funny! "

"I've given them the world" he said
"And they've buggered up the lot.
They think my love's eternal
Well they'll find out soon, it's not."

"And you know what really riles me,
which drives me up the wall
they never stop their moaning
So they've had it! Sod 'em all."

Then thunderbolts and lightening
Flashed across the sky
And suddenly it dawned on me
That I, was going to die.

Bloody Hell! Or Heavens above
depending on his whim
it was either lodging with old Nick
Or in Paradise with him

I searched in desperation
For some argument or plan
Of stopping Armageddon
"By gum I think I can! "

"Have you really thought this out lord
'cos remember if you do
the bad end up with Satan
but the GOOD end up with you! "

"By Eck! " he said (The lighting stopped)
"I never thought before
I've got wall to wall do-gooders
I don't want no bloody more"

By now th' thunder had abated
And a quiet reigned again
God was having second thoughts
And I was shaking with the strain

"On second thoughts" the Lord he asked
"is it worth the song and dance?
Appen I were hasty
A think al givem one more chance."

"Well it's up to you, of course Lord

But if you really want my view
Better the boring sods are all down here
Than up there annoying you."

"I like you train of thought Lad
EEH It's all turned out a treat
I'll see thee right Lad, when tha time comes
Al leave thee name onth' door with Pete! "

Bill Mitton

Acid Reign

At least 15 were mad as coots
several more were deaf
four we know, responsible
for their older sibling's death
Six we're sure had syphilis
and seven more were drunks
one it's said, distastefully
had his mother chopped in chunks
a number, Gay, we also know
and there's nothing wrong in that
but when a king's a raving Queen
it doesn't sit 'quite' pat
most of them were warmongers
and for some, we spell that 'whore'
and one was locked up straight away
MAD! 'he tried to help the poor'
We had one called 'The Virgin Queen'
but did she really fit the bill?
as she had the 'evidence' all bumped off
we don't know.....and never will.
At least George the Third was funny
he thought he was a tree
He even had them water him
how much more Royal can you be?
Quite a lot weren't British
I mean, Richard One was a French
Orange Billy a Dutch import
is this making ANY sense?
A good few had their relatives
Locked up in some tower
And some poor sod was on the Throne
For barely half an hour
The Queens we've had (except THAT King)
Were just as bad, and in cases even worse
If you got too close to Lizzie one
You'd end up in a hearse.
Her dad, you know him, Henry 8,
Was very big on weddings
He went through wives like nobody

'cos he also liked beheadings
One was forced to abdicate
The scandal of divorce
There would not have been a bigger row
If he'd been marrying his horse!
The present lot are German
Sax Coberg was their name
But in World War I, hey presto!
The Windsor's they became
By ditching consanguinity
From the royal marriage form
And marrying their cousins
Strange children they have born
These grow up as ugly kings
And most of them are ...well....dim
look at the Crown Prince we have now
would you be ruled by HIM?
Of course we have the dear Queen Mum
Oh hurrah I hear you say
I'm sure I'd live passed a hundred too
If I'd, never worked, one day.
And they've upset every body
Caused strife on every shore
But it doesn't matter what they do
THEY never fight the war.
Yet the thing which really riles me
Yes, the thing which really jars
Is for all they KNOW about the likes of me
We might as well be from Mars.

My apologies to any Monachists out there, don't worry I'm sure the House of Windsor (?) will be around for a long time yet. You'll get the last laugh. I'm quite sure I'm going to die out before the Monarchy does.

Bill Mitton

Agnus Dei

AGNUS DEI

qui tolis peccata mundi.

You made us in your own image

yet we hurt and kill each other.

You came and offered us love

Yet we gave you pain and death

miserere nobis.

AGNUS DEI

qui tolis peccata mundi.

You gave us the miracle of life

Yet we kill it casually in the womb

You gave us children in trust

Yet we exploit them everywhere

miserere nobis.

AGNUS DEI

qui tolis peccata mundi.

You gave us the earth to hold

yet we broke it before your eyes

You gave us the gift of heaven

And we threw it back in your face.

Take our troubled hearts Lord

dona nobis pacem.

Agnus dei.....dona nobis pacem

Bill Mitton

Albert Potter Is Not Dead!

Albert Potter isn't dead
It were just a bloody lie
In fact, apart from athlete's foot
he's as fit as you or I
but someone's got it in for him
they told the papers he were gone
that he'd popped his clogs
turned up his toes
that his soul had "travelled on"
EE! This fairly vexed old Albert
By Gum he did get mad
It's not as If I'm old he said
WellI'm younger than my dad
But people keep on telling him
"Aye up Lad, thou art dead,
it's in yon paper in big print
you died peacefully in bed."
They keep bringing wreaths and sentiments
And knocking on the door
But then of course he answers it
And confusion reigns once more.
If it's a joke, It ain't that funny
In fact it's pretty sick
Oh Albert plays the whole thing down
But it's getting on his wick
So he phoned the local paper
And said can you print that I'm not dead
And whilst I like the flowers and sympathy
Could folk bring me beer instead.

Bill Mitton

Allegiance.

This is my land
it the land of my birth
but it is only my land.
Not my father's nor mother's.
It is the land of their
history's persecutors.

Yet, it is the land I love
The land I long for
when I'm away from it.
I am part of its fabric
It's part in my heritage
is cruel and painful.
but it is the land I claim
this I cannot nor
would not change.
Though I will always
bless the Black Rose
I Rose I love is Red

My life is clothed
in this island and people
they belong to me and I to them.
Never would I deny
my roots or history.
Yet across my heart
is written, one word
England.
She is both my
paradox, and my love

Bill Mitton

An Audience Granted

I saw him briefly once,
like a three dimensional
shadow on the lake.
And I was breathless in
the presence of such majesty.
The sheen of his plumage,
changing, as the sun danced
on the rippling water.
He turned towards the
bank where I lay.
Across the small distance,
We met eye to eye,
suddenly as if to offer
me a benediction he
raised himself in the
water and spread his wings.
Then he turned and was gone,
yet in the contact of our eyes
I felt his pity, in that I was
just a mortal man.
Whilst He, was a Black Swan.

Bill Mitton

And So The Women Wept

In the noise and dust of that dark day
When pain and anger mingled.
Where Love was driven on with whips and jeers
shouldering the oppressive burden of a sinful world.
A world blood hazed and scorched with hatred
with the dust of its decaying filling the eyes and mouth.
Hope held hostage and life bleached of any meaning
The women wept, for they saw love bleeding.

Ringed by indifference, goaded by ignorance
Love staggered, faltered, slipped and fell,
And goodness bore the kicks, blows and bites
of poverty, famine, hunger and despair.
Pity fled, compassion turned its face away
chaffed shoulders bled, thorns pierced as spikes.
The burden grew heavier with every faltered step
Once more the women wept, for they knew love's agony.

The sound of hammer on nail, a death knell ringing
and Love was iron spiked to the wood of sacrifice.
Upon a hill named for skulls, they raised love up
to be ridiculed below a label of false titles.
In that moment love took the evil of this world
and gathering it all into an anguished heart.
To place it imploring at the feet of eternal light
and the tears of the women became a prayer

Side pierced on that hill who's name was skulls
Love died, and the world knew darkness complete.
she who had born love in her womb, felt the sword
and she who had once denied love, now knew her lie.
So they wept, together, for the lose of that light,
and love was entombed in haste amongst dark rock
Thus a world hung in the canyon between darkness and light.
Huddled, cold and frightened the women wept in fear.

From the radiant glory, of a third dawn,
fulfilling the prophecy and promise of his word
in glory, Love arose, Hope was given wings and flew

to illuminate all the corners of a dark world.
The light of eternity smiled upon Love's ransom
and in his gift this world would be redeemed.
Death is banished for all who's lives hold love
this the women saw and they wept with joy.

Yet still, down the ages the women's tears have fallen
at births, and deaths, in sacrifice for life's grief and joy.
Yet in these tears, Love's message is ever present.
They wept for the lives they've born into an evil world,
from crib to cross, in gentleness and compassion,
they watch each painful step up to the hill of skulls
anguishing at the ignorance in every hammered nail
the women wept and will ever weep, for they weep Love's tears.

Bill Mitton

And Then You Know

In an instant I saw it clearly.
This smiling girl
was
no longer a casual date,
but the person who
filled
all the corners of my life.
In her eyes I saw the
future.
In the passing of a
heartbeat
my life was made
anew.
In one breath
Time stood still
and
we
became a lifetime.

Bill Mitton

Bamboo Ducks

Today I bought a Bamboo Duck
Well three, to be precise
I bought them at a roadside stall
They were just, well....kinda nice

The stall was full of carvings
sorta folkys rural things
mushrooms carved in sycamore
Moths on Beech wood, wings

Yet the Ducks they really drew me
They seemed to be alive
The colour and the markings
Their posture strong and lithe

They're made from bamboo roots
He said, the guy who ran the stall
when they uproot a bamboo plant
These people use it all

They take the root and clean them
read the story in the shape
the size and contours telling of
the mood the duck will take

The ducks come from Indonesia
From a village workshop there
to a village green in England
where another carver sells his wears

And the beauty of this story
when all is said and done
Is that no one gets exploited
no environmental damage done

Because bamboo grows rapidly

the resource can be sustained
and because Fair Trade is organised
an Indonesian village is maintained

The guy who ran the roadside stall
played a part in this as well
He only used recycled wood
In the things he carved to sell

So now I've heard the story of
how they came to be
The ducks I fell in love with
Mean that much more to me

Bill Mitton

Bowled Over

It only happens once a year
And that once is tough enough
The Ladies v the Gentlemen
By eck it does get rough!

Our Club is not a male preserve
It's mixed, except for teams
And for two weeks before the match
It's full of plots and schemes.

Oh we set the rules impartially
The committee's fifty, fifty.
STILL the atmosphere gets tense
And the teams, get downright shiftty.

Ethel Rudge the ladies Cap'
created last year's stink
by accusing Arthur Openshaw
of doping pre-match drinks

Then Arthur. being Arthur
Bit back, as he knows how
By calling her 'a lying witch'
And that caused another row!

But it isn't just the women
The men can be as bad
They've sabotaged the ladies Loo
Now, I find that, very sad.

They're usually SO supportive
The women and the men
But every year before this match
The knives come out again

We've threaten and we've warned them
That it makes the Club look bad
Yet every year it's open war
The committee's going mad!

This year we tried a different tack
The Carrot, not the stick
The Burnage Cup for "Sportsmanship"
It just might do the trick

So there we are before the match
All is quiet and serene
But the referee is nervous
As he views each smiling team

It started off so calmly
So sportsman like, and warm
Not once did we suspect it was
The calm before the storm

The jack went out to start the end
The ladies went off first
Then Ingrid Morgan dropped a Wood
And Harry Bennet cursed

"My bloody toe, you dozy sod! "
he bent and grabbed his foot
Ingrid swung to "slap his face"
but she got poor Brian Tutt.

Now the Referee, was good here
He calmed it down a treat
as Harry and Ingrid made it up
We got Brian to his feet.

The end was played with no more fuss
Both sides were seeing sense
Then the ladies took a three chalks lead
And things started getting tense

As Avril Jones sent down the Jack
To start the second end
Fred Thompson yelled and waved
He said, "he'd seen a friend"

Gamesmanship! The cry went up

'Team Ladies' were irate
OK, the ref he cautioned Fred
it was too little and too late

Then Brian Tutt threw down his mat
his stance we know, pure class
one minute he was drawing back
the next, face down in the grass!

"Oh is that wood there a blocker? "
asked Ingrid in poor taste
as Brian raised his face to see
his wood about, six inches from his face.

The referee he took Bri's mat
And turned it upside down
It's Vaseline! He cried in rage
And he threw it on the ground

The Atmosphere was 'cutable'
and almost 'daggers drawn'
"BY Gum" said Jim to Eric Stott
"This Ref will earn his corn"

April Pike, the ladies sub,
Laid Arthur on his back
Her reason for the knockout blow?
he 'nudged away' the bloody jack

So it went the whole game through
It was cheat and cheat about
And Jim remarked to Eric that
"It would take some sorting out"

It's ended up nineteen chinks each
With one end 'just' left to play
And it looks like who cheats the best
Is almost sure to win the day

I just can't watch this final end
It will descend to open war
But fickle fate gives two chinks each

By God! We've got a DRAW!

That's your lot we tell them
This fixture is no more
But to our surprise amazingly
They ALL begin to roar

It seems they like 'tradition'
And want to keep this game
For without this "Bit of Rivalry"
The Club wouldn't be the same! ! ! !

Bill Mitton

Captive Of A Grecian Moon

The gentle beat of waves on sand
Helios sinks below a darkening sea.
yielding his sky to the glory of Selene's smile,
the whiteness of the sand becomes a silver grey,
figs trees now darkened rows against the land.
I am seduce once more, my senses no longer free
the willing captive of a Grecian moon.

The waves of this ancient centre sea caress my feet
white crests bejewelled by the tide's phosphorescence.
Each sound holding harmony with the next
all that is peace is captured in this amber of time,
and be there Gods or be there none, in this instant
my heart knows the same majesty they would hold.
Whilst high above my captor smiles on all knowingly

Slowly dies the hum of the Cicada's busy song
driven to stoic silence by the cooling evening breeze
on the air the mingled scent of Black Pine and Mimosa
from a sea in gentle mood a gifted hint of salt upon the lip
soon all that is not of this place is for an instant vapour
bound am I in silver chains, the bounty of a Grecian moon

To: David

I hope I did justice to your Moon, I left her exactly where she was, in all her splendour, awaiting her next captive.

Bill Mitton

Dancing Lightly On The Wind (In Memory Of George Best)

Dancing lightly on the breeze
As any autumnal leaf would
Just ahead of that final
chasing icy winter wind.
How we've watched you
Over the wasting years
In the sure and dark knowledge
Of our own untold guilt
This mass implicitly
In your change from summer's
vibrant, and virile green
to the brittle dying russet
you've become.
We witnessed you halcyon day's
roaring you on as you danced
lithe and supple, across
those green gladiatorial meadows
little knowing or caring
that with every roar and cheer
we were bringing
winter's icy and killing blast
more surely and swifter
hidden within fame's golden shroud
and now I stand watching
this sad and grieving panoply
unable to grieve, held back from
what should a natural thing
upon the lose of greatness
I cannot grieve George
My shame won't let me.

Bill Mitton

Days Like These

On days like these there is no other song
just the soft duet of gull and sea
no perfume sweeter than the scent
of salt upon the warm gentle breeze

On days like these Neptune's breast
sings a gentle song of peace, and
the sun smiles fondly upon his slumber
clouds float by on a canopy of Azure

On day's like these there is no land
The world holds only that which we see
No Gods save the sun, moon and sea
And the benediction of the wind

On days like these all worries are becalmed
all ills hidden across the circling horizon
all angers and hatred held at bay
by the blue salt vastness beneath our bows

Yet my head tells me of the falseness
working upon my heart and eyes
That with the night, dark clouds will gather
bringing the reality of the horizon's storms

but oh with all my heart I dearly wish
that I could share with all who breath
the wonderful falseness that holds me
as I live through days like these

Bill Mitton

Defying Gravity (Amongst Other Things)

It's quite a simple thing to do
just between gravity
And you.
Natural laws are binding?
Then, answer this.
Say's who?

It's just a bit like singing,
Catching that single
perfect tone.
take the law and ditch it
and draft one of
your own.

No wings of wax like Icarus
nor fear of mortal jeer
or gloat
Release the ties of mind and man
Who says that you
Won't float?

Bill Mitton

From The Study Window

Across the white mantled lawn
The dotted smudge marks
of a feline homecoming.
And through the naked branches
The twinkling signals of
a universe*s past and future.

From the Heaton hill come shadows
As in homeward pilgrimage
Upon sled and childhood*s laughter
girl and boy and man descending.
Reminding me of my bygone part
In this self same happy pageant.

Another year is come and gone
And most is just a memory
loss and pain are yet for healing
But there upon the bird table
Unaware of all my thoughts
A Blue Jay takes his evening feeding

How fragile the dividing wall between
mankind and man, savage, cruel, greedy
Then the Blue Jay*s call distracts me.
Its snowing, the lawn is white once more
And for a while the world is pure
Until I start again, to thinking

Bill Mitton

Geese In The Dawn

GEESE IN THE DAWN

Sometimes when your heart holds
all the worries and troubles of life.
when you cannot find a smile
and your soul know shades of grey.

You See Geese In The Dawn

There in Skeen and dark definition
against the orange morning sky
singing their noisy joyful song.

And the picture become a prayer

Because of Geese in The Dawn

As the morning sun dresses the day
flying silhouettes change colour
and a soul becomes a lighter hue
perspective paints a different day

A Gift Of Geese In The Dawn

As the distant hills accept their cry
they become hidden by the tree line
taking with them all somberness
leaving behind another bright day.

And in a grateful heart

a Prayer of Thanks

To him who sent

Geese in The Dawn.

Bill Mitton

God's Dog

God's dog he barketh never
His tail is ever still
For heaven hath no cats to taunt
Nor rabbits yet to kill

He scratcheth not
And howleth less
His life a bitter pill
For omnipotents they throw no sticks
And low they never will.

To throw a ball in heaven
Is simply never done
And cars to chase in paradise
Are numbered less than one.

So paradox on paradox
The circumstances tell
Of a hound who dwells in heaven
But lives his life in HELL!

Bill Mitton

'Gold! '

Gold! 'he yelled
'in them thar hills'
he danced to pass the time
'it's laying all around'
he said 'and I'm gonna
git me mine.
But first I gotsta to
stake my claim.'
and he turned towards the town.
thinking of the life he'd lead
and the dynasty he'd found
But he shudna, didna yelled
so loud,
shoulda kept the
news hush, hush,
'cos he
never gotsta stake his claim
he was trampled in the rush.....yuk.....yuk.....yuk

Bill Mitton

Herbert

Whilst cleaning out a stable
A was about to light me light
When a voice behind my shoulder
Said "It's rather cold tonight"

"How do you do", he said "I'm, Herbert"
then he give his foot a stamp
"I expect this has quite shaken you"
He was right! ...A nearly dropped me lamp.

For a start he'd no right talking
A mean he were a Bloody Horse!
And secondly he had real a posh voice
E' made me sound proper coarse.

"Well" a said "am gobsmacked"
am am not sure what to do
a talking horse named Herbert
A you sure that, that was you?

"Of course not, don't be silly
But I'll tell you what you missed
You see that pig behind you
Then he whispered "Ventriloquist"

Well a give the Pig a reet good stare
But he never blinked an eye.
"Herbert art thou takin piss"
and the horse he said "I try"

So it is you that's bloody talking
But isn't that's against the rules?
the Horse just looked straight at me
and you could see him thinking "fool! "

Now that's a matter of opinion
As to who's allowed to talk
I mean you humans just have two legs
But you still allowed to walk.

OK OK I said, a take your point
I suppose it's really up to you
But for all them years not one horse spoke
Now suddenly "how do you bloody do"

A' said hang on just a minute Herbert
How come you picked today?
Oh it was by way of an experiment
Just to see what you would say.

On reflection though a little rash
Perhaps not the thing to do
Mankind is just not ready yet
If I am to judge by you

Well you've blown you cover big style
Of that there's little doubt
A talking horse called Herbert
just wait 'til this gets out

So you met a talking horse did you?
Now who'll believe the truth
I mean once this conversations over
Think carefully, where's you proof

The Horse he looked around him
The he eyed the pig as well.
"He's your only real eye witness
And who's the Pig about to tell"

Bill Mitton

Hope

HOPE

Sometimes
hope is all we have
and yet it is enough
For it is the fuel.
of every heart.
That light which shows
the way across
each weary and
frightened soul.
It is the sign upon
the path which
brings each of us
to an understanding
, and from this,
the gentle acceptance
of our fears.

Bill Mitton

I Don'T Like Candied Peel!

I don't like Candied Peel,
And never will I fear.
So I am lost to cakes and pies
baked at this time of Year.

Most Christmas cakes contain it
Along with love and care
But I can't eat these offerings
I ask you, is that fair?

The Brown sugar and the brandy
Sultanas and their ilk
I love them as the next man would
Along with the flour and milk

The icing and the marzipan
The bowl after the mix
Are things that I enjoyed as well
If just the peel, they'd fix!

Mince pies are simply no go
The cake I dare not touch
I'm missing part of Christmas
Is it asking very much

To instigate a PEEL FREE zone
At least within the cake
The pie of course is hard to do
Peels essential to the bake.

Dedicated to Mike Morris 'Christmas Cake Baker Supreme.'

Bill Mitton

Jimmy Hogarth's Motorbike

Jimmy Hogarth had a motorbike
both it, and Jim, were wrecks
And the consensus of opinion was
It would break his bloody neck.

But Jimmy didn't heed them
He'd heard it all before
it's not surprising that he had
the bloke was eighty four!

How he kept the damn thing going
It was something of an art
People said he used black magic
Just to get the bike to start

The lads down at the bowling club
Tried to get old Jim to stop
But it just seemed to upset him
So they let the subject drop

Mind you, once it was moving
By gum, the thing could shift a bit
Old Jim he liked a turn of speed
And he'd often go for it

But people said he was too old
For the excitement and the speed
That if he didn't start to act his age
God knows where it would lead

His daughter tried, then Age Concern
To make old Jim slow down
But he told them all to "bugger off!
I'll be a long time in the ground."

The local bikers loved the guy
if you mentioned him they'd smile
"Yeah we know the guy's a wrinkly,
but the old fart's got some style! "

He shuffled when he walked did Jim
he'd say "not long now 'til I'm dead"
but sat astride that motorbike
by God his years were shed

But in the end the do-goods won
They took Jims bike away.
So just to spite the kill joy sods
Old Jim died the following day.

Bill Mitton

Life

Collectively Life is cheap.
that which makes life precious
is the individuality of each one
for we walk this earth unique
throughout all eternities
each life never to be repeated
every one a notch upon time's tally
and in that way
each death it's own small Hiroshima

Bill Mitton

Mobile Egyptian Deities

Two Mobile Egyptian Deities
both black and both annoyed
the object of their earthly Wrath
a pingpong ball caught
beneath a non-celestial fridge.
Surely Worlds will
shake for this or
Someones Nile run red
but no
for they are
deities with style and class
the Sacrificial wall paper
at the stair head will
stand shredded in mute
testiment to their
tempered wraths.

For Kane and Mabel,
Black Feline Deities, pretending mortality and fooling no one.

Bill Mitton

Mythology!

MYTHOLOGY!

What do you mean!

Zeus

spat

thunderbolts and lightening

and the Gods they walked

about on eggs shells

to the sound of

several sphincters...tightening

THIS is no MYTH!

another lightening bolt

One scorched Ionic Column

the Kracken quaked

The Muses fled

to leave behind a

Hera calm but solemn

Several sheep were roasted

a Ricochet the cause

Hades had his Toga singed

Poseidon lost his draws

Pan left for somewhere Georgic

Pesephone for the coast

and Ariel and Mercury

a second delivery post

But Zues would not be quietened

His words echoed from the roof

THIS IS NOT MYTHOLOGY

THIS IS THE

BLOODY TRUTH!

Bill Mitton

Poetry In Motion

To be a poet Laureate be good at what you do
if what you do is kissing arse, well, that's a talent too.
You have to know the ones to kiss, the mighty or the grand
include in this dead royal butt, if that's all there is on hand

be fulsome as a sycophant, the verse is 'by the way'
you needn't try to rhyme or scan, but be careful what you say
don't rock the boat, or startle, preserve the Status Quo'
make sure the ones you versify are always 'in the know'

Do not court controversy, keep your poems bland
That's how to win the laurels of high poet of our land
Never heed the call of poets who hold a different view
Let them kick the arses, and leave the kissing up to you

Who ever said that poets, must challenge where they can
Or point out the inequities or errors in life's plan
It's not our job to criticise, to chastise or berate
poet laureates ought to eulogise, or versify the great

Yet in the realm of lesser folk there's somehow held the view
That poetry should help to change the jaundiced to the true
They seem to think the Laureateship has lost a lot of late
And if there's poetry in Motion, is still open to debate

Bill Mitton

Questionable Horizons.

How should it be I speak
and yet say nothing
When sun, and sky and sea
can say so much.
Why should it be my voice
booms in shallowness
When mind and heart together
sing so readily in tune.
Where are my darling buds of May,
my sparkling ice of winter
I know the path, I see the door,
but the key eludes me.

What worth my eyes, when I see nothing
save the sparkle of false baubles.
when all around precious stones
are trodden underfoot.
Why does my footfall echo
into the emptiness?
And not the measured
tread of reason.
Where are my summer birdsongs
Winter's song of twisting ice
I know the path, I see the door
But the verse eludes me.

Who am I to speak and sing of love,
to plead for peace in all things
yet to be at war within myself
entrenched inside my soul.
Where is the ache of hatred
when love holds a greater pain
How can I share my journey
I do not know it's end.
Where are my snowclad mountains
My warming summer rain
I know the path, I see the door
But all answers elude me.

Reportage

'It wasn't me, ' the man he said
though he held the smoking gun.
'and he's not dead, ' the cop replied
'he's stopped breathing just for fun.'
'Who's the victim? ' asked the press
as they looked in through the door
'if I had to guess, ' the cop said back
'him, bleeding, but not breathing,
lying face down, on the floor."

Bill Mitton

Roses In A Lions Den

Across the fields where
once a bugle played
The returning echo
of the children's laughter.
Ground that shook to
history's martial boot
Sings now to the small joyous
feet that tread the future.
Blessed time has thinned
The rows of marching men
Into a rainbow crocodile
of curiosity and wonder.
Now where rifle and
bayonet once held sway
A sand pit and plastic slide
Give the calling and the purpose
Nor am I sad at what I see
For things are, here at least, in order.
Children at play and learning
And wars and soldiering, held
Safe, within old men's memories.

Bill Mitton

Sonar

What did I think was I doing here?
This was no old man*s cruise.
These waves belonged to the
Fresh faced, twenty something, sailors.
Their deference simply made it worse

Even here in this dark Sonar room
faces tinged green from the screen*s glow
My heart holds only loneliness
my mind ever on her who's smile haunts me
and even their young laughter jars

The vow *never again* becomes a mantra.
And I dig inside myself for one,
Just one, small spark of joy
But my mind and heart are
Like the seas we sail, troubled and grey

We have a contact brings me from the greyness
and on my screen the dots appear and grow
strange, unusual contacts, *Go to aural* headphones buzz.
Suddenly my heart lifts, my eyes swim and my soul soars,
as my head is filled with waves of whale song.

Bill Mitton

Songs Of Loneliness..... And Resentment

And here I sit, in this
small island of light,
bequeathed by
the laptop's glow.
I am fingertips
away from the world,
but lonely still.

Outside the window
of this hired space,
a river runs the gauntlet
of the street lights,
mirrored in it's flow,
and I am lonely still.

Doors bang, a car starts,
someone in the
hallway laughs.
The noises which
litter life,
surround me.
Yet I am lonely still.

There is no gentle
breathing.
No warmth against
my back.
No kiss upon my
shoulder scar.
And I am lonely still.

and resentment.....

FULL FLOW

Hello river,
I'm here once more,
and isn't it nature's
paradox.
That this
incessant rain,
which deflates me,
should swell you so.

Yet stranger still,
that the sight of
your swollen wrath.
Should bring the
soothing to,
my angry soul.

But though we
both may anger
we are each in
our own way
constrained,
You by the concrete
of the Weir.
Me by a sense
of responsibility.

Bill Mitton

Stranded Shoe

One shoe half buried in the sand,
stranded above the tidal beach.
Suspended in some parched limbo,
it's striding days long over
and it's sailing days
just inches.....out of reach.

Bill Mitton

The Scent Of God

Behind the eye
before the mind
where 'feel' and 'see'
are one.

A place of
least resistance
all pre-conceptions
gone.

A void between what
was and is
where must and could
both vie
twixt wake and sleep,
a limbo.
where truth's barriers
all die.

It's here within life's
molten core
where who we are
holds ground
and we see ourselves
from inside out
that the scent of God
is found.

Bill Mitton

The 39 Years

There is no weight upon these years
Only gentle love, patience and understanding
And within a heart and mind such thanksgiving
There is no time upon these years
For they have passed as in one heartbeat
All laughter, tears, sadness and joys
held within one seconds run
Nor If I could would I change a thing
Save this one
I would try to love more than I did
you have deserved far greater than I gave
for as within the dance of sun and moon
mine was but a reflection of your love.
You are my warmth, my light, my life
And in all things the reason why
I can look back and say
There is no weight upon these years.

For Rosyanne,
My Wife, My friend,
My companion on life's journey
My one true Love.

Bill Mitton

The Black Mountain (Brecon, An Old Adversary)

I stood in tight chested forbodeing
at the hem of your heathered dress
long years on from when
you did your best to kill me.
I brought a garland of bright memories
of the years between then and now to show you
See here my son is born, there his graduation
the continuing song of the life you held to ransom
for three long cold and painful days.
In spite of your dark wrath, I am, still.
Now in sunlight once again your beauty belies
the icy wet stilettos neath your dress
the dark shroud with which in seconds
you ensnare those who you select.
Standing in tight breathlessness upon your crown
The backpack of years weighing heavy
I see the rocks where once I lay broken
from one sunrise to another dawn
for an instant again, death's icy hand upon my heart
then in rain and fading light I descend your flank
the memory of a nightly kiss upon a deep shoulder scar
given I know, in thanksgiving for my life.
I see your own brown scar, a road cut deep into your side
You are no longer the mountains you were back then
and I am no longer the man I was.
I suddenly feel that thought I lived in spite of you
I am who I am because of you,
perhaps we are even Now, mountain.

Bill Mitton

The Blessed Virgin Of The Late Night Store

Her Children sleep, Guarded by
a fourteen year old disciple
whilst she works the dead hours
dispensing, pale smiles, pepsi and
tobacco, to the weak beards and
young breasts of a student population
Saving lives and slaking thirsts
Blessed virgin of the late night store

There in her neon glass grotto
the conduit between the last joint
and something sticky, sweet, quick.
Worshipped, protected, 'til semi dawn
dreaming of her lost childhood
and picking away childhood's shells
from those who worship at
the blessed vigin's late night store

Until at last their drunken youth
becomes an empty echo in the aisles
her dreams grow cold within the dawn
her limbs grow numb from worship
and the call of her children's love
drive the blessed virgin home to
her earthly life, and a few hours fitful sleep

Bill Mitton

The Box From The Attic

A Father's Medals World War One
The wrist band from a stillborn son
The first picture of the two (now three)
An Old Irish Fiddle, Left to me
My Rugby Jersey old and Blue
My Son's first Rugby Jersey too
A silver frame, the self same smile
My wife's Pennant (She ran the mile)
War department Telegram (a death)
My wife's Mothers Christening dress
my first handcraft (a mat of reeds)
My Father's Mothers Rosary beads
A picture of our son at play
a memento of my graduation day
My wife's Pearl backed wedding book
Big Peter's number (what a crook)
The box is almost empty now
Forgotten memories, but how?
The pride, the Lose, the answered Call
The pain, the joy, I knew them all.

Bill Mitton

The Chosen

You who were the 'Chosen',
you who suffered long.
You who wore the yellow star,
The victims of great wrongs.
You who lost six million dead,
slaughtered for a creed.
You who for centuries have been
the whipping boys of greed.
You who watch the old ones come,
to scan the lists with dread,
with tattooed arms and memories,
to say kaddish for their dead.
Has the pain and grief,
your race endured,
stopped your ears and eyes.
Does the horror of the Holocaust,
Silence Palestinian cries.
Are the camps across the Jordan,
with their dying diseased and pained,
less real than those your fathers knew
and by which humanity was shamed.
Though you've never had the peace you crave,
and your children still are lost,
Can you really want to add the blood,
of other innocents to the cost.
The things we see your soldiers do
and hear your politicians state,
can they really be the deeds and words,
of refugees from hate?
Can oppression be the practice,
of those who bear its scars.
The use of fear and naked force,
when your history it mars.
How far apart Salaam - Shalom,
'Peace', in both your tongues.
This land has held you in its palm
in truth you both belong;
Arab, Jew semitic both,
your histories entwined.

Can you not find a middle ground
with differences that fine.

To Arab, Jew, and Christian
this land has long held sway.
In Gods name, yours, theirs, and mine,
can peace never find it's way

Bill Mitton

The Death Of A Carpenter

I find no guilt within this man
The Roman Prefect said
Whilst all around yelled Crucify!
We want to see him dead

As Pilate felt their Anger
he wondered at the fates
not five days on "Hosannas"
were replaced by screams of hate.

This Nazarene would surely die
If this went a further stage
"Scourge him well Centurion
and that might stem the rage".

Using cruel iron clawed lashes
To strip his flesh from bone.
Soldiers jeered and mocked him
But he neither cried nor moaned

Once again they brought him
Before the Governor's throne
in crown of thorns and Purple robe
to the baying crowd he's shown

If they see I've scourged him badly
surely then their rage will wilt
"Be satisfied and let him go free
for I still can find no guilt."

Unrest was not an option
was the message sent from Rome
Should this turn out ugly
It would not go well at home.

"Bring me out the Brigand
I think I have a plan
We'll offer them an amnesty
Barrabas or this Man"

The Sanhedrin and Pharisees
had work upon the crowd
So when Pilate made his offer
BARRABAS! Came back loud

Amid all this the Carpenter
stood impassive to his fate
pain and death pre-ordained
likewise the rage and hate.

Then Pilate called for water
To wash away his part
In the fate of this young Carpenter
for fear gripped the Prefect's heart

"Take him then and kill him
I wash my hands in shame.
This is all internal politics
for which Rome is not to blame."

The Carpenter looked to this Sky
And his lips they moved in prayer
"Father they do not understand
This pain for them I bear."

So they drove him to a hilltop
With whips, insults, and jeers
the carpenter he fell three times
hate ringing in his ears

They stripped him of his garments
And they nailed him to a cross
raised him up between two thieves
below a label writ to scoff.

In the midst of hate and anger
This young Carpenter he died
But his death was the beginning
For all like you and I

For now we know, unlike that crowd

That nailed upon that tree
Was Christ the Saviour, God's own son
Who died to set men free

For in Glory he has risen
To the Trinity on High
Father Son and Spirit
So all who love will never die

So now I celebrate this Easter day
As I believe men should
In praise of this young carpenter
Who shaped Souls instead of Wood.

Bill Mitton

The Eternal Circle

These terraces and pillars are pitted with
the dying screams of generations
and where I sit base instincts
grew with every final pained breath.

Here within Rome's stone centre
on display the glory of her name
and yet the grim reminder of
the history of her lowest ebb

These stones that echo to our steps
once rang to blood hazed roars
whilst in counterpoint there raised
a song of praise and supplication.

Here within this pained theatre
The stuttered beating of a dying heart
and all the Gods of Rome
did become, recognisable as clay

Within this ring of ancient stones
upon the plain of blood soak sand
here in the torment and the pain
a stone ring became a crown of thorns

here against this backdrop of
a civilisation's death throes
came forth in fiery baptism the light
which brought eternal truth.

Held in trust within this open space
The answered prayers
Of those who turned
A Crown from Thorns to Gold.

Bill Mitton

The God Of Albert Road

Much like any other God
most people
never saw him coming.
Yet when he spoke
it boomed
no ignoring him.
He was Paddy
the God of Albert road,
resident deity
of the A6.
His loud prophecies
almost Biblical.
In that they,
passeth all
understanding.
Possibly
due to
the cloud cover
between his
idea of heaven
and ours.

A down to earth God
who rode
a small bicycle
festooned
in tinsel and day glow
orange tape.
Not quite
your
traditional fiery chariot
but
on Stockport road
it seemed
fitting.

No need of a Gabriel.
this God
bulbhorn, hand, and

handlebars
were for him,
even in the rush hour
always.
In communion.
A self reliant saviour
offering
blessings whilst
dodging
heavy traffic.

Somewhat untypically.
He was not
A vengeful God.
His unholy bark being
infinitely worse
than his
unpractised bite.
Though,
in truth
and passing,
his language
could, sometimes
be choice.

On high and holy days
when he chose
To ride
amongst us.
He donned his
celestial shades.
offerings of
some old earthly
lucky bag.
They were his
Shields
against the fallen.

Yet it is written
Gods, like stolen cars,
are often left,
burned out and

abandoned.
I still remember
the days
he rode out to
offer benediction
to bus drivers
and remind
noise dazed shoppers
that
Paddy
the God of Albert road.
Liveth!

Bill Mitton

The God Of Hedgehogs

I am the God of Hedgehogs
It's a living, though quite small
Yet still within my mood swings
Hedgehogdoms rise or fall

The spikey skin was my idea
a nose man did the snout
its colour scheme, traditional
as were the 'in' and 'out'

Mobility I did myself
likewise the feet or paws
The tail, a small sad victim
of the overspend on jaws

I think we got the balance wrong
between temerity and pluck
so the roll-into-a-ball response
was quite a stroke of luck

The size and weight? A safety net
I mean, how happy would you be
at a Hedgehog the was eight feet six
made by a larger God than me.

The brain we used an old one
I got it cheap some Garage Sale?
one previous owner, hardly used
from some guy called Dan Quayle

The eyesight was a bugger
I just couldn't get it right
So I boosted up the sense of smell
And said don't go out at night

But all-in-all it ain't that bad
It came out better than the Bat
and let's not talk about the Platypus

The Guys STILL rib me over that

Bill Mitton

The Good Thief (From The Easter Suite)

The Good Thief

Whence came the grace he got that day
whilst he to hung there in agony
who wrung the goodness from his soul
whilst death did slowly take its toll.
'Our deeds have earned the death we die.
yet this man dies and none know why,
Lord as this day you reach your home
remember you did not die alone."
Yet should we wonder at this thing
of the Thief who died beside our king
for even though with sin forlorn
in God's image this thief was born
and so they died there on Calvary
That thief, and, He who set us free.
for the simple faith of his last words
in his final breath the thief he heard
Our dying Lord and Saviour say
"you'll be in paradise with me this day."

Bill Mitton

The Gorilla And David Attenbrough

This one is male and getting on
there's silver in his hair
I don't believe he'll do me harm
Still I'd better take some care.
If I keep the eye contact minimal
and pretend he's not been seen
that should keep the bugger docile
and stop him turning mean

He's not the best of specimens
The years have not been kind
and I have to say in fairness
He's left most of his behind
then again there's none of them
you could say were all that cute
and this one's no exception
in fact he's quite an ugly brute

He's spends the whole day sitting
half hiding in those trees
and seems to show an intelligence
Or is it eagerness to please?
Those funny noises that he makes
sound like talking when he's stirred
but with those rudimentary vocal cords
of course, he couldn't form the words

He has rudimentary social skills
but they're primitive and few
with thumbs attached the wrong way round
there's not much he can do.
I suppose it's evolution's fault
We adapted and moved on
Leaving his kind a good way back
Probably wondering where we'd gone.

But this one really seems to want to learn
With his pleading big round eye's
He sees the things we're doing

and then pathetically he tries.
There's a chance that he's the brightest
but he looks too old to breed
and an improvement in their gene pool
is really what they need

and as we move away at night
to build our sleeping nests
I often wonder where they go
To take their nightly rest.
There's a view amongst our elders
That we were once like them
But I don't believe a word of it
I mean, Gorillas descend from MEN?

Bill Mitton

The Journey Of The Magi

I have long know of their journey
learned at my mothers knee.
How the Magi travelled long and hard
To the land of Galilee
I never questioned why they went
on this journey so profound.
for I knew too of the Christ Child
who beneath a star they found.
Gold and Myrrh and Frankincense
These names through ages ring.
The gifts they brought the infant
as their homage to a king.
The prophecy of Seth had told
of a star so wondrous bright
to lead them to the Prince of Peace
across the Eastern night.
Balthasar, Gasper and Malchior
The three Wise men of old
who did not betray the son of God
So the story is still told.
Balthasar came from the East
Gasper from the West
And Melchior came from the south
All at the Star's behest.
Some say it's just a legend
I believe that it took place,
but that really doesn't matter
The story holds this grace.
That everyone has such a star
and they follow where it leads
to find there own small stable
away from cruelty and greed
or in a quest to find some answers
in hard journeys for some proof
by sacrificing everything
enduring all to gain the truth
and the journeys always different
for some it's Pole to Pole
for others it's much longer

'til they reach their own life goal.
It's a journey that we all must make
to find that place of peace
or throw off our pain and sorrow
and know the joy of that release.
Or in the footsteps of the Magi
To find, just as they told,
the stable and the Christ Child
and the flame which lights the soul.

Bill Mitton

The Man Of Kerioth (From The Easter Suite)

THE MAN OF KERIOTH

(Judas Iscariot)

Was he just a Hebrew Zealot
who's choice went badly wrong
or was he really Mr Ten Percent
out to con his way along.
He who down all the ages
we learned to vilify and curse
Iscariot! who sold the Christ
For a thirty pieces purse.
Yet he was an Apostle
Their funds were his to hold
a man who'd walked with Jesus
could his motive just be Gold?
Had he never loved the Master
Was he just there for the ride
Or was he thinking Jesus
Would turn the Roman tide
This man who saw our Saviour
Heal the sick and Blind
feed a Crowd on one man's food
and turn water into wine.
Had he mistaken Love for power
And this kingdom for the next
Had he listened the word of Christ
But not understood the text.
So that in his disappointment
He let the anger flare
his actions trying to tell his heart
that it didn't really care
Then when they took the Master
anger changed to deep remorse
remorse then turned to black despair
and only one recourse
We know no man is all good or bad
But it's for goodness that we try
Was Iscariot just a soul confused
Lost in this world, like you or I
He tried to give the money back

Then hanged himself in shame
If his heart had never loved the Lord
how could it feel the blame?
Or is the answer far more simple
Did it cause Iscariot's soul to die
The night his kiss betrayed our Saviour
Did he see God in his Master's eye.

Bill Mitton

The Memory Of A Smile

The memory of a smile long gone
returns to warm me on
this windy March morning
and in it's swirling song
the happy counterpoint
of gentle laughter

For we were children of
this quartered moon
hip joined in childhood's
joyful wanderings.
Rascal partners upon
a rocky mischief trail

We were the young immortals
unbreakable in space or time
given wings to fly
across the skies of youth
small lords of the domains
without a far horizon

Yet the Gods and Nature
conspired against us
and in one dark night you
and your smile became
a legacy, to be fixed
within the amber of my mind.

I watched the sad tapestry of
your earthly leaving
with unbelieving eyes
for I was sure you would return
as we had always done before
tired contrite and hungry.

Another March wind blew
before my hope and expectation
grew into the certainty of death
the black stone was not

your hiding place, I knew now
you would not come, you could not come

Never does the March wind blow
That your smile shines through
my minds amber once more
Yet there is no sadness in it
only the glow of childhood's joy
for in our time we knew no other
nor could we have, nor should we have,

Bill Mitton

The Moon And Icarus

He never saw my reflected warmth
his reason blinded by light of Sol
drawn by the brilliance
unable to know the danger
held within Sol's close embrace
so on fragile wings began his dance
and I waited in my quarterings
hoped in my waxings and wanings
but mine was only a reflected glory
and Icarus saw only
day's golden molten glow
Even in my full dressed beamings
I was unnoticed in his flight
and as his wings obeyed Sol's heat
as the earth cried out it's death call
Icarus in his falling must have heard
Lunar's invocation gentle and soft
My embrace would have been warm
caressing and often
Yet Icarus you would have danced on

Bill Mitton

The Pigeon Man

'That pigeon lofts his only love
his daughter often said
If it wasn't for those bloody birds
He might as well be dead!
Just sits up there and talks to them
And they've all got names.
Mabel, George, and dozens more
E' says none of them's the same.
He's often up there all day long
Bad weather, he doesn't care.
Cleaning out or feeding them
Or just sitting in that chair.
He's known for it is our dad
Famous in a way
Aye up! Here comes yon pigeon man
You'll often here folks say
You can ask him any question
Any one you like
As long as it's about them birds
He'll get the bugger right
And if a bird gets poorly
He'll worry and he'll fret
He's had me out all hour of night
To fetch him to the Vet
There's one up there a dappled hen
She's special so he says
A ruddy pigeon she might be
But she's got your mothers ways
Our mother used to humour him
Until she passed away
Said' she'd rather have him doing that
Than suppin' Ale all day
They helped him when she died, them birds
When his heart was set to break
They seemed to understand his grief
And helped to ease the ache.
He's entered them for shows an' that
He's won some prizes too
Some cups, a shield, a cut glass bowl

aye,and a bob or two.
He used to race them once as well
With some help from our Pat
But his favourite hen went missing
And he stopped it after that.
But now he seems contented
To sit at' loft all day
To hear his pigeons cooing
And wile his hours away
His grandkids often go up there.
To pass the time of day
And he's always got some time for them
To tell them tales and play
But his life is centred on them birds
Their the reason in his day
They seem to keep him fit and well
And hold his years at bay
But we know that dad will leave us
Aye, we know that by and by
God will call him to his house
To be with mum on high
And when he passes through those pearly gates
And say he's come to stay
Ay up Lord, here's yon pigeon man!
You'll hear Saint Peter say.'

Bill Mitton

The Song Of Seti

The heavens ring with our calling,
In vain we search the Cosmos,
for another sentient, sapient, entity.
Are we alone? Is humanity unique?

Alone in this vast emptiness,
No other like ourselves.
It would be a crushing blow,
were this to be the case.

Think on then humanity
at the song of the Whale.
At our guilt, implicit,
in it's sadness
For his song mirrors our own.

Bill Mitton

The Song Of The Atheist

There are no giants, save for egos.
We all enter the world,
to the fanfare of our own wailing
and the cries of our mother's natal pain.

There is no greatness, save the infinity
of the universe's expanding gases,
which places our facile, plodding, achievements
into an ever shrinking context.

There is no history, save that of Earth
in her timeless turnings,
we are and will be but an incident upon her skin,
a rash which will die.

There is no Salvation, for that would
imply transgression.
Our sentience transgresses nothing
except the dying earth. No omnipotent watches.

There is no future, just the same thin drama
against the backdrop of insignificance.
We still die, lie, cheat and
more efficiently, and fiscally and for the watching millions.

We have no cure, only a futile hoping
in the dark of night.
Small implicit yearnings for solutions,
to problems, we've yet to know we have.
The planet will have a cure for us.

There is no mercy, save the sterility of cosmic oblivion.
All arts, all cultures, all technological wonders,
are but a tick upon the clock of time.
Out there are other sentients, like us
Simply, season's blooms, in the garden of the universe.

Bill Mitton

The Sound And The Texture

THE TEXTURE AND THE SOUND

(For Joaquin Rodrigo)

We who hold the Moon and Stars
by familiarity and time
to be but baubles in the sky
and pay not breathless homage
at each and every sighting
should learn from you Joaquin
of the passion and beauty held
hostage within the vibrations
of air, ear and heart.

Nor we who do not turn
In smiling, joyful, wonder
towards the scents of
green meadows mown
and glades with flowers strewn
or cannot see within your song
a summer's invocation
and yet feel not shame
within our sin of ignorance.

You who held within your senses
as if in loving gentle fingers,
the perfect weaving of
the song of birds in flight
magnolia scent upon the air
As from within its falling waters
you took the fountain's song
and gave the world a portrait of
Aranjuez's, fragrant, verdant, story

I wonder how in your darkness
you captured the colours of life
and made them dance and shine
upon the strings and timpani
Before in a night's turning a child died

and your heart knew sadness
the song became a saeta,
for your child and Christ crucified
so your pain became a hymn.

Rodrigo we who listen with our hearts
need no eyes to understand
the colours that your music paints
for love controls each brushstroke
and your Spain became the canvas
from which you drew each breath in life
The world is weary now Rodrigo
And we are blinder than you ever were
For you had always known the secret
of the textures held within life's sound

Bill Mitton

The Stealing Of A Heart

A thief, who didn't know my crime
nor the victim of my deed
I only knew the sudden surge
the clash of love and need.
The heart that beats so close to mine
was it never free to take.
The love I claim, is it just in trust?
Did I simply dull an ache?

To be judged on distant shadows,
and values from the past.
So that every small comparison
cuts deeper than the last
to lie awake and ruffle through
the ifs and buts and whys.
and in every pondered heartbeat
wonder, did I steal nothing but a lie?

Bill Mitton

The Sword Of Mary (Extract From The Easter Suite)

THE SWORD OF MARY

When he was just a little boy
I'd watch him laugh and play
then my heart would ponder
on this pain I feel today

You will know the greatest Joy
The Angel told me from the start
For you shall bear the son of God
But a sword will pierce your heart

As I watch him go from Boy to man
Through the turning of the years
My pleasure at his growing
Always tempered by my fears

I loved him as a mother would
And he loved me as my son
But each of us both well aware
God's will must soon be done.

I watch him heal the sick and blind
I watch him raise the dead
And every day despite my smiles
My heart grew dark with dread.

I saw him call the Fishermen
Simon Peter, James and John
I knew then that his Father's work
And my trial had both begun.

I stood in fear and anguish
As in his anger and his doubt
He went into the temple
And drove the moneylenders out.

He was my son in all things
his love was always mine

and just for me at Canna
he turned water into Wine.

His time with me was borrowed
and I knew his hour was near
that soon would be his sacrifice
my heart was cold with fear.

They took my son and scourged him
With thorns they pierced his head
then my heart it knew the sword
As God's messenger had said

But as I watched my Son's last agony
as he hung there on the Cross
Ten thousand swords were not enough
To express my pain and loss.

Bill Mitton

The Tears Of The Magdelane (From The Easter Suite)

THE TEARS OF THE MAGDELANE

They took my Lord and killed him
They nailed him to a cross
and we who loved him hid away
In confusion fear and loss.
He who did my life restore
And my very soul did heal
his feet bathed in my sorrow's tears
And taught me of a love so real
The darkness gathered round me
The old fear came once more
without him could I face a world
That had broken me before.
All of heaven cried that night
I felt the stars scream out in pain
And in my fear I lost the faith
That he would rise again.
The pain I felt drowned out his words
My heart and soul were numb
And in my loss and darkness
I forgot his Glory yet to come
On the dawning of the third day
I walked to where he lay
To see for just one last time
My Lord's body and to pray
But there his tomb was empty
The stone was rolled away
It was then his word came to me
That this would be his day.
In the dawning of the third morn
He would in glory rise again
and with it mankind's ransom
would be paid for by his pain.
I remember well his lovely smile
And his words so soft and true
I remember when he said to us
I will always be with you
Suddenly my heart was full

And my soul in joy did glow
For now I knew with certainty
The real Love, God can bestow
In this love he will not leave us
He will always be close by
For all who glory in this Day
his love will never die. 

Bill Mitton

The Twisted Man

THE TWISTED MAN

(my relationship with my Lord and Saviour)

I am he and he is me, he takes this man
All I am he gave me, and all he is, is in me
In one atom, or the universe, he is alpha and omega
In me he is a breathing, beating, heart
the universe rests in me, because I am his
Here within one grateful praising soul
All summers warmth and winters cold
and every seasons turning are there
All bright starburst and planet turnings
Each cosmic storm and comet shower
dwell here within this imperfect mortal shell
because this soul holds his breath.
No pain, loss, nor sadness, hold dominion
here within a heartbeat, empires rise
kingdoms fall, and worlds slowly turn.
Yet in the midst of all turmoil and terror
Look into the face of this one twisted man
And see into the eyes of him who is love
See within this lined imperfect countenance
Every question ever asked, its answer.
All anger, hate, and pain is written here
Across this breaking, beating, heart
Held here in this twisted crucified man.

Bill Mitton

The Unsung Bell

The unsung bell
atop the tower
of a ruined church
unchallenged by wind
mute witness to
the creaking rotting
supports which will
one day break beneath
the bells silent weight
and allow the unsung bell
a final death nell

Bill Mitton

The Watering Can Incident

I said I hadn't borrowed it
so stop accusing me!
but the bugger wouldn't listen
how stupid can you be?
Anyway, the damned thing leaked!
and it was far from being new.
but he just went on about it
There was nothing I could do

So I soaked him with the hosepipe
By Gum! he did get vexed
if he hadn't fallen on his arse.
who knows where we'd been next.
He jumped up like a young un
his vengeance for to take
but he trod upon the upturned blade
and met the handle of the rake.

By eck! his nose looked awful
and his lip was cut as well
so he never saw the bucket
and so once again he fell
It could have been quite serious
so when you take it, all in all
he really was quite lucky when
the manure heap, broke his fall.

He staggered to his feet AGAIN
Yea Gods he looked a sight
and if he'd packed in at that point
he'd have probably been alright
but no, he'd got his dander up
he just would not see sense.
so in his rage he mistakenly
leaned on the broken fence
it's lucky that the duck pond
is really shallow at the back
unluckily when they get frightened
it's well known that, ducks attack.

He refused the help I offered
I tried to make the peace
but he slammed the gate behind him
and that upset the Geese
I think he got away unscathed
but I couldn't really see
he was hidden by the foliage
as he was sitting in the tree.

I put the Geese back in their pen
then I heard a yell and crash
the tree was now unoccupied
and he was face down in the grass
But just as quick he was up again
and running through the trees
which I thought rather strange until
I saw the pursuing swarm of bees.

Just then old Jack he ambled up
He said "Yon looks a busy man,
I'm sorry that I missed him though
I've brought back his watering can."

Bill Mitton

The Waves Upon The Bass Rock

The waves upon the Bass Rock
Beat mournful in the dawn
And in the Leaside of this monolith
The Cod and Mackerel spawn

Across the shore proud Tantallon
Part shrouded in the mist
And edged with gold the hillsides
Where the morning sun has kissed

Upon the Rock the Seabirds nest
Their presence caps it white
and golden sunbursts drive away
the rear guard of night

The wind blows strong and coldly
To chill unto the bone
and herring gull and gannet call
are silenced by it's moan

But wind nor sea nor bird cry
Can hold back the angry cry
in the Wolf like howl
The Grey Seal gives, defiant, to the sky

As though in thankful sacrifice
we offer to the waves
The filletings of Cod and Ling
The Mackerel roe we save.

This wind is set to drive us home
This bitter spiteful blow
And soon the swell begins to rise
The sign for us to go

As we turn towards the shore
from a rock just feet away
a Grey bull roars defiantly
so near we feel his spray

Bill Mitton

The Winds Around Kilturra

I sat against the graveyard wall
looking out across the Mayo peatlands
reaching out to touch your souls
and the names upon the crosses
became stepping stones between
the greyness of our orb spun turnings
there in one ten graved row
the stones aged before my eyes
polished black and brightly gold
to granite wind worn grey and Lichen green.
Then the winds around Kilturra sang
and my soul reached out,
In one heartbeat those who had bought and
brought my life to this hillside
pulled me to the dancing circle
of all who's blood I held in trust.
This was the ground which held
the final paths of nine generations
I am ten, and here in this watery dawn
my heart sings the memory songs
of countless voices and my soul
dances the dance of a hundred souls
then, all to soon, Kilturra's wind died
the heartbeat, once more became my own.
As I closed the gate upon the stones
the Bittern's called their joy upon this day
my soul gives thanks to earth and sky
for all the pathways given to my life
and at my back,
Kilturra's wind sings me home once more

Bill Mitton

The Winds Of Troodos

THE WINDS OF TROODOS

Sometimes when least expected I feel you
The scent of Pine resin hits my nostrils and memory
and for a short while I sense you dancing at my back
Welcoming and cool in the long warm days
Chilling to the bone in the dark frightening nights
Then once more I am standing against a Landscape
painted in beauty, yet coloured in hate and cruelty
once again you carry the smell of fear in your flow
and in that one night the world opened its hand
to show me the ugliness and horror of humanity lost.
Then your sound became a cry of agony and anguish
to cut and scar a young soul for the rest of its days.
So that even now, in the small hours, my soul cries
In the knowing, that down the years the horror grew less
with each terrible repeated painting of the scene.
Now, with hair as white as that, which caps your peaks
and my years written in deep lines across my face.
I remember the Easter Dawn at Kykkos Monastery
the alter with the crown of thorns and folded cloth
which brought such soothing to a frightened youth
there, for a little while, your moan became a prayer
Yet still today, within the dark hours, I pray in shame
asking forgiveness for a heart that learned to harden.

Bill Mitton

Thomas (From The Easter Suite)

THOMAS

“Get up and stand before me
Then Thomas you will see
The holes wherein
the nails were put
So you will know it’s me

Then, just in case you’re still in doubt
Put your hand into my side
To the place where it was spear pierced
Just before I died.

Thomas I’m surprised at you
How little faith you’ve shown
You were there when I raised Lazarus
I would have thought you’d known.

But since you doubt look at my head
Each hole a separate Thorn
My back still lined with heavy scars
From the scourging I have borne

You watched me die yet here I am
The Jesus that you knew
Thomas I knew that some would doubt
But I didn’t count on you

I told you I would rise again
Yet you demand to see
Thomas I never doubted you
Why then did you doubt me? ”

Thomas fell unto his knees
His face was wreathed in shame
“You are my Master Lord and God
I’ll never doubt again.”

The Saviour smiled on Thomas

Then helped him to his feet
and Thomas knew forgiveness
so loving and complete.

“Now hear me my friend Thomas
These words with you I leave
“Blessed are they who have not seen
and yet they still believe”

Bill Mitton

To Make Stone Sing

In fashioning Stone to give a song in every turning,
by giving flow to glass that is not molten,
placing a dancing step within a twist of steel,
bringing life and warmth to wood long dead,
seeing the story in a shape, where none intended
this, surely is the alchemy in your Art

By your hand and inner eye is the common
made to become uncommon, cherished, special.
Breathing sympathy into that which, by nature's way,
is wrought from clay and holds no life nor feelings.
To balance shapes upon a pin within your mind
and be not breathless at the audacity in the thought.

To know the shape of time and space
To give bright image to a feeling.
To hold within your palm a sunset's touch,
and awaken within a dormant heart
the fires of something long forgotten.
To be a signpost to life's light and beauty.

To comprehend the colours of emotion
and mirror them in paint and weft.
So that on their reading, each heart
and eye, is given choice of understanding.
To bring forth from base elements
The golden touchstone of the future.

To give yourself into the singing stone
So that hand and heart and mind
are laid bare, for all to witness.
To have the courage and the charity
to open your palms and show the workings
of your soul.
Should we not cherish such alchemy as this?

TO JOE on your graduation

“In admiration of your own unique alchemy, ”

Bill Mitton

To Old To Be A Rebel

"Your to old to be a rebel,
your marching days are gone
let someone younger do it this time
your protesting days are done
and I can't blame her really
all my battles should be won.
yet something in me won't let go
whilst the war's still going on

I'll be to old to be a rebel
when I'm to old to breathe,
and to old to see inequities,
or to old to see men bleed,
shed tears for children starving
and not try to ease their need
To old to raise an angry voice
Against prejudice and greed.

I'd be to old to feel injustice
and my heart to know the pain
or to see the growth of poverty
and my soul not burn with shame.
To old to shout in protest
as many innocents are slain
To old to strive for what is right
with hand and heart and brain

I understand your reluctance
To risk this life of ease.
But the rebel in me can't just watch
People driven to their knees.
I hope and pray that this won't change
Til my soul finds it's release
And when I'm to old to be a rebel
I'll face eternity, at peace

Bill Mitton

To Slay The Dragon

Throw off the soft cheeks of childhood
But not the joy nor laughter.
Let not the dragon's roar
stop your eyes and ears.
All that was fresh and wonderful, still is.
Keep them near, against the cold times

Hold to your dreams, no matter
who or what, do storm against them.
Listen to the song within you
let not fear of the dragon mar the music.
Be as bold in your giving as you can,
hold not your heart to ransom.

Though the path may pitch and roll
Plant your feet with care
be steady in your stance and gaze,
and then, when time be right,
tread a measured and deliberate step
by these things, is the dragon is held at bay.

Know your worth, in sinew, steel, and gold
yet rejoice only in the former.
Understand that love is a borrowed gift,
yet do not hesitate in the borrowing,
for there is no greater gift.
Let it be your strength against the dragon's claws

Learn well what lies within your heart
and you shall surely soar with falcons.
Fear not the horizon, for its
distance is of your own making.
Understand the nature of all things,
thus will you see the nature of the dragon

Hold to these things, they will keep you safe,
and life's bright talisman shall be your guide.
Your heart shall beat to your own truths,
And the only borders shall be your own.

Til' at the sunset, your own tall sons shall bear witness
upon the body of the dragon, you have Slain.

Bill Mitton

Today I Stood By A River

Today I stood by a river swollen in song
and from its rippling, happy, surface
a rainbow mist of laughter and love arose.
Here, inside a treasured, pinned, likeness
a poignant song for a love lost to the sea,
there, flowing by under a day-glow wig
a heart in grateful song for a love saved.
Multiplied within this swollen, rainbow, flood,
33,000 songs of hope, gratitude and love
flowing through the Sunday morning streets
and from the walls and windows of our city
the returning echoes of these love songs,
became in every watching, listening, heart
standing upon this running river's banks
a sympathetic beat to each trainer footfall,
and glow of pride at this generosity of spirit.
Here in the cold morning air the river runs
until tin-foiled, medaled, tired, hot, it stops
and it's colourful, rippling, roar subsides
into a memory hymn of love and
an anthem for the will to live and love.

Bill Mitton

Trust Not The Wind

Trust not the wind
for on his blowing
is carried the scent
of blood red false dawns.
Be wary of the gentle breeze
for in its gathering curl
hides the anger of the storm.
Trust not the gentle breeze
for by his mood swings
are giant redwoods snapped
and seas given swords.□

Bill Mitton

Uncaring Shores

There is beauty here within
this sea silvered bay
rich bounty too, along the
tide's shorn edge
whilst the green ramparts of
proud Cumbria
hold back the weather's
cold, angry, excesses
and the wind hold no threat
within her singing.
Lulled by the scene,
drawn on by the promise
of the sand's hidden bounty
six thousand miles from home,
they walk upon the
moon sheened wetness
of this foreign bay
not knowing of the tide's
Medusain threat.
That silver icy snakes
crept steadily upon them
hidden by the contours
of glowing sands.
They should have left
an hour since
but none is there to tell
none hold their lives
of importance
none care for their safety
they are pitied
no better on the shore
than by the silver snakes
who came to kill them.
They are illegals
escapees from another tide
which sweeps their land
they are a new slavery
bought and sold
by the slave masters

of this mobile age
and
tonight the sea's silver snakes
will pay their slave price

Bill Mitton

Voices On The Edge Of The World (In Honour Of My Fellow Poets)

It is how we are and who we are
that we live out here on the edge
the ragged rim of the world
It's the nature of our vice
This dark self imposed isolation

Yet the paradox in it shines bright
As the isolation bears heavy
upon our pale and brittle skin
for unless we share our souls
there is but dust in what we do

Each staking a separate claim
along the river of the golden muse
and each naked in hand and heart
bares the working of a soul
tasting the ice in the edges isolation

yet from each site along the rim
the voices of comfort and support
and a song becomes an anthem
so into each isolation a warm voice
'We know, we understand we're here'

Bill Mitton

We Are The Champions!

We're as ready as we're going to be
The lads are fit and keen
Oh George's lumbago plays him up
But, that goes for half the team

No, all in all we're set to go
I think we're at our best
Now Ron and me can only watch
The lads must do the rest

We've tried to keep them focused
To concentrate their minds
With only one small crisis
'Harry' left his teeth behind

So now it's just the boys out there
Bowling on that green
Will the team end up as Champions
Or one of "might have beens"

Dave's the one who worries me
He's a bit young, and I'm not sure
That he has the "big game temperament"
The lads only sixty four

Arthur, Jim and Smokin' jack
Harry George and Fred
Oh Percy would have been there too
But he can't be, 'cos he's dead.

The Burnage Veterans Bowling Team
It's written in their eyes
 To win the Mauldeth Crown green Cup
Before another bugger dies.

No thoughts of frozen shoulders
Arthritic hands, or gout
No limps, no stoops, no hearing aids
The signs of age they flout

The Final ends, they've won it!
The championship is theirs
Send young Dave up to fetch the Cup
He has no problem with stairs.

So think on this young people
Next time you pass us by
We're not just out there playing bowls
'til it's our turn to die!

Bill Mitton

What Brought Us Too This Day

That we were brought to this day by Love
Is beyond all reasonable doubt
It's written in their faces
These two who's joining we celebrate.
In much the same way
were they not made by
another generation's love
which in turn goes folding back through
our memories and histories.
Yet, in their own unique way
these two renew and relay
all the love gone before them.
Once more through them, love's beacon
shines the brighter on this day.
In so much as they were two
And now become one, so we
who wrought and brought them
to this place are also changed.
Because through these two
our love, is renewed once more.
And will light the future

Bill Mitton

Why Am I Standing In Front Of This Fridge?

WHY AM I STANDING IN FRONT OF THIS FRIDGE?
(or..Memories Are Made Of..Of?)
Why am I standing in front of this fridge?
because it's just a mystery to me.
Something I wanted? or just putting back?
A can of beer, or some milk for my tea?
My memory's becoming just like a black hole
A place where things go.....to get lost.
Locking your cars keys...well inside the car
Inconvenient, I've found to my cost
Keeping appointments or things you've to do
Are both things that I've missed or forgot
Leaving your wife stranded at Tesco's...bad news
In fact...that's something I do..... quite a lot.
Last week I forgot where I'd parked my bike
It's still chained to some telegraph pole.
I could use the car, but it's got all the keys?
Still, they say walking is good for the soul.
The answering machine is obviously, not on my side
It keeps telling me appointments I've missed
I can't phone them back `cos the cordless is lost
Oh, and my mobile is on the same missing list
Name's..... those I'll also forget
It's... it's like I keep telling the wife
Oh, her name I know.... it's Doris....I think
We've been marriedwell quite a bit of my life
Just Last night I was going upstairs to my bed
when my mind turned to our old tabby Midge
I wasn't quite sure if I'd put the milk out the door
and put the poor bloody cat in the fridge!
To try to remember all the things that I should
I bought myself a small notebook and pen
It worked like a dream.... BUT then I lost them as well
So right now..... I'm on small book..... number TEN!
So why.... am I standing in front of this fridge
I said it's another mystery to me
Hang about I remember, it's football tonight
Oh Bugger! I should be watching..... TV!

With Open Palms

WITH OPEN PALMS

With open palms, I face the setting sun
awaiting the stillness within my soul.
As the orange sky becomes burned ochre
and the heat of the day sink into the earth
All that I am and have been melts away
each breath becomes a mantra
to its accompanying heartbeat.
There I wait as sunset's amber fades
until in the darkness, I become nothing
below the canopy of the Divine
So that in his sacred presence
my emptiness becomes a prayer.
There within in this timeless oasis
Let my essence join with the wind
and like incense be carried skywards
in thanks for the gift of his love.
Oh you who gave love as a ransom
hear the song of worship within my soul
See past my weakness and transgressions
Place within my open heart, your peace
and let my open empty palms
feel my Saviour's gentle touch
AMEN

Bill Mitton

Within This Space

Within this space upon this spot
Hatred blinded worse than dust
Repression and anger crushed
More surely than any falling concrete
And once again
Innocence became death's victim,

Time holds no strong dominion here
Life's cycle ceased it's turning
Gone, all hope, all dreams of future
A dark and mournful paradox
A bleak empty city lot
which holds a million beating hearts

They were but seconds on time's clock
yet each did not fulfil its turning.
Only harvested moments of agony.
in hatred's deadly ripening
carried spitefully,
world wide, upon uncaring wings

Here in this space, perverse sacrifice
a warped priesthood in service
to an unwanting and unwilling God.
Who must have wept blood once more
To the chilling echo's
of innocence's bravest departures

Here in this mummified dust blown city
who's only industries are war and death
childhood's heart can hold no hope
when a God of cruelty is held aloft
all innocence is dust
and a creed of hatred soothes
the poverty, pain and hunger's yearning

Within this dark space, is loneliness
Hatred blinding worse than dust
Oppression and anger crushing

More surely than any falling concrete
And once again
Innocence becomes death's instrument

Bill Mitton

Young Sons

YOUNG SONS

A mother takes down a photo
And she holds it to her breast
Just as she'd done the child it shows
The little boy she'd washed and dressed.
She remembers how his hair felt
His soft scent still fills her nose.
And one again she curses,
the path her young son chose.
With boyish smile, and happiness
he'd picked the shilling and the gun
she remembered still the fear and dread
when he told her what he'd done.
Yet she'd smiled and waved him off
as only a loving mother could
If God was good, her smiling son
would return as young son's should.
but then fickle fate, it knows no God
it makes it's judgments where it will
and IED's they don't discriminate
about who they should maim or kill.
So young son's often come home
fulfilling all their mothers fears
not with happy smiles and laughter
But, draped in flags and mother's tears.

Bill Mitton

Your Children Are Always Your Children

In your eye's the child
never ends,
nor should it
Oh the limbs grow,
the body matures to adulthood
But in your eye's and heart
the child remains
The laughter though a deeper tone
Still holds that
joyous golden ring
of Christmas presents
or a birthday game
The hair now full and Silky
Still holds the urge
to touch and stroke
The smile though older
still makes the heart leap
The body may be
tall and lithe and grown
But in your eyes the outline
of the child is still seen
Though they are grown and flown
Never does a day pass
without the same worry
how are they, where are they
though they may be grown
In your eyes the child never ends nor should it

Bill Mitton