

Poetry Series

Bob Blackwell
- poems -

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Bob Blackwell(29/5/1936)

I have always had an urge to write but it was only recently I convinced myself that I could. The poems on this site are my first attempts. I prefer to write in prose to rhyme. I intend to continue as it has given me more pleasure than anything else I have experienced. I strongly believe that we are all citizens of this world and we all deserve a fair chance at its spoils. If we take time to enjoy each moment as it comes we will all notice that we live in a wonderful world. I am interested in both Western and Eastern Philosophy, I am in love with nature and spend as much time as possible outdoors, inhaling the natural air and beauty all around.

!!!! Dreams For Tomorrow Are Gone

Dreams for tomorrow gone,
only conflict, hate and war,
fill the days, and visions of
the better times to come.

Yesterday's labour saw
homes destroyed, people killed,
bombs dropped, missiles fired,
and friends before are killed.

For who is friend, who is foe
in this fight, this crazy war,
that has trapped this country?
Is it a cause worth dying for?

For it leaves a sadness,
For a country, a nation,
whose factions differed, but
also once lived in peace.

So what happens now?
What should be done,
to heal the hurt, hide the scars
that spoil the life, the land?

Please give a pause, a lull,
a cease to all hostilities,
a friendly truce, to allow
peace talks to begin.

Make a Hush, a quiet,
So good thoughts, ideas,
materialise, make sense,
show the craziness of war!

Take time to remember
The soft green hills,
the sparkling streams,
the happy family pictures.

Recall only joyful times
of loved ones smiling, your
children playing games.
before the hate, the killings,

Now, negotiate, a resolution,
To find the middle ground,
So peace not hate rules,
over this fair and lovely land.

So forget the clutter,
The sound of guns and
listen for the sounds of
those who seek peace.

Let all hates dissolve, so
thoughts of love are found.
Now hold hands and make,
a truce, a pact of peace.

Please! do it now, let
The dreams of tomorrow
now return, to give hope
for better times to come

Bob Blackwell

3rd September 2013

Bob Blackwell

!!! A Refreshing Shower

After rain falls, the Earth sighs,
stretches, cups both hands,
accepts, thoughts of change.

Knowledge showered gives a
start to Earth's refreshment,
shows way to path of truth.

Warm sun helps feed the growth,
nourishes new thoughts for life,
helps to build new attitudes.

Scene changes, new point of view,
life changes, no stormy clouds
to spoil, no guilty feelings.

Earth bathes in truth's elixir,
soaks in new outlook, and
becomes happy with his world.

01-12-2009

Bob Blackwell

!!! Am I Crazy

Words that keep on coming
into my crazy mind, but why?
they enter they run around,
confuse, they drive me mad.

Nuisance this world of ours,
silly too the words that come,
they go away to come again,
in and out, they roundabout.

Turning they fly into my mind,
where or how who made these
crazy words come in, silly too
To I find my mind so troubled.

Am I mad, am I sane, am I crazy,
am I nuts, am I around the bend,
am I creating, do I have a problem,
do I have a gift for crazy thoughts?

Is it wrong to question, wrong to ask,
is the world mad or am I pretty dumb,
or should I become like a good sheep,
become a flock, a clique, a tag along?

I need to have an answer or a reply;
life is everywhere, so beautiful to see,
people love, they have their families,
they help each other, they marry too.

In all the crazy words, questions found;
if our world is full of beauty, full of growth,
if we love someone who is a human being,
a member of the human race that cares.

Most try to make a better world to live,
yet some who believe in this or that,
try to sweep the love the care away,
they kill, they hurt, they make the war.

Why use weapons to destroy beauty
of our world, make the bombs, the guns
that kill, spoil our world, hurt, injure
wound people, damage work that's built?

If you can say my crazy words are wrong,
and give good reasons why you'd rather war,
kill people, destroy their homes their lives,
destroy trust, truth, spread hate not love.

Than live a life of love, harmony, of peace.
Convince me of your love for all mankind,
Only then and with much persuasion will I
be a good sheep, who follows, tags along.

Indifferent, unconcerned by worlds at war.

Bob Blackwell
23-05-2010

Bob Blackwell

!!! Autumn Thoughts

Dewish sprinkles glistening,
reflect the autumn colours
as the sun rises in the sky,
and a rustle of light shines
through the autumn leaves.

I listen for the whispered
hush of dawns music playing,
packets of lovely tunes come
from chorus of the early birds,
as a white butterfly flutters by.

Leaves are changing, falling,
a branch sways, leaves fall,
to lie dead upon the ground;
yet natures brush of life still
paints the colours of renewal.

Soon some trees will accept
their look of nakedness, to
wait patiently through the
winters chill of snow and cold,
for springs season of redress.

In Nature there is no end to
a beginning, for Fall is the
beginning of a resurrection,
commencement of natures
start of new life to come.

A covering of roadway, a
a burning, an explosion can
stop the growth of nature,
but given time and change
we will see new life growing.

From this we can learn that
consciousness is essence of life,
life itself is truth, that truth is

beauty, that life is for eternity,
there is no end or stop to it.

12-05-2010

Bob Blackwell

!!! Being Open

Being Open,
Welcomes,
an honest word,
a sincere thought.

Calms,
no guilt,
no hidden fear.

Smells,
of oceans
to explore.

Sounds
exciting,
and inviting.

Looks
are happy
and appealing.

Tastes
feed
creative thoughts.

Paths
enlighten, teach,
the flow of life.

Mind
listens and
considers all.

09-01-2008

Bob Blackwell

!!! Christmas Is

A family celebration, a gathering of warmth,
that binds, giving love, support and care.
A time of giving, sharing happiness, a fellowship
of family and friends. Who delight at, gifts
unwrapped a child's pleasure; paper rustling,
cracker pulling, turkey carving, cork pulling,
drinks pouring, large appetites, food enjoyed.
A feast of plenty, a festivity of merriment.

An exchange of gifts and Christmas cards,
messages of Xmas cheer and goodwill,
say you still remember the happy times,
the parties, meetings, children born, the war,
the peace we made, the anguish shared,
the tears, the joy at common troubles solved.
Today, many send emails, SMS texts, or a
phone call; no stamp licked, no post with love.

Is a time to remember those no longer here,
the good times we shared, the sadness, the joy,
a smile for past Christmas's we enjoyed and loved.
For many, a time to reflect on true story of Xmas,
a stable, Christ child born of Mary, a manger his crib;
The three wise men who travelled from afar, with
gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. The Angels
call to shepherds tending flocks of sheep at night,
"Hail! birth of a God child, a saviour for our World."

It is a time for us to remember those less off, less
fortunate than us, give help when you see a need.
For it is a time of giving and sharing life's bounty,
a time of harmony, a time to consider other people.
Time to reveal the true love in our world, to pray
for a peace that lasts, and those in desperate need.
Most of all Christmas is a joy, a celebration, a time
for sharing love, a time of gratitude, a happy time.
Do please enjoy, have lots of fun this Christmas Time,
love and best wishes, and A Happy Xmas to you all.

01-12-2009

Bob Blackwell

!!! God

What is God, who is God you ask me?
I believe life's eternal consciousness is God,
he is the sun, the wind, the rain, the earth.
The elements that help bring all life to be,
the energy that pulses through everything,
makes us see, walk, talk and sense all life.
He is our world and other worlds combined.

He feeds us with its power; he is the heart
that beats, the mind that wonders why, and
everything we can see, or hear, taste, touch.
He is planets moving around sun, the moon
our earth, the flower that blooms, the trees,
the gentle breeze, the clouds, the sunlight
that colours, paints our world so we can see.

He is the comet that swoops through universe,
the gravity that causes it to return, heaven,
the cosmos, the star dust that sparkles, floats
in the milky way, to form new worlds out of
old, and the stars collapse to form black holes
to swallow all that passes, to give a short cut,
and a bypass to the other side of our universe.

He is life's energy that expands to make,
more planets, new worlds to explore, give
new beauty in our lives, for it is his energy
made of a consciousness that has no limits,
here since the beginning of time, then a void,
of nothing, an emptiness, a silence that held
life's dream, a drama of all of future lives. He

expands to explode and create the start of time.
All an illusion, a lovely mystery of how life began,
after the first word was written and our history
began to unfold, slowly, very slowly, the story
expands, more life is born, nature's store opens.
He is all this, the story, the drama play, you, me,
all we see, all connected to make up one big soul.

Bob Blackwell
09-08-2010

Bob Blackwell

!!! Haunted Memories

Are about yesterday,
that time gone by,
memories of lovers,
broken hearts, those
rejected advances,

wrecked promises, and
pledges left undone.
Tender love lost brings
a sigh, a sob, a tear,
gloom, and unhappiness.

A sadness relived
to haunt, to upset,
with reminiscences of
stormy angry times
and tempers frayed.

Untreated wounds,
reopened give cause for
anguish, torment, pain,
nightmares return to
give us troubled nights.

Bad memories not left,
or dropped, spoil the life
that is now present,
the one we should be
living in right now.

For true life we only
feel this instant, in
a flash it moves on,
past is now history,
future only prophecy.

Each breath we take
a different moment,
each breath out a

new instant of time,
for us to experience.

So hear only present time,
each dawn's chorus of song
greet a brand new day,
that is full of possibilities,
we see the truth of life that

yesterday's bad memories,
have gone, so we must forgive;
forgiveness dissolves the harm,
and removes the hurt places
in our heart and feelings.

05-12-2009

Bob Blackwell

!!! I Try To Regain The Peace I Had, But.....

I was dreaming, the sun was warm,
the bright green grass was comforting.
I could see pretty yellow flowers, hear
the champagne stream rippling by,
over head the trees met to form an
avenue over water unhurried, bit by
bit it slowly moves, mottled shadows
shift on the leisurely moving stream.

I lie besides that brook that bubbled,
relaxed without any care, so happy
gazing at the blue and cloudless sky.
I was comforted by the thought that
simple pleasures like this are free,
no entrance fee to enjoy natural
splendours of mother natures charm;
available always free of charge for all.

I smell the winds flowery perfume,
scent from natures blossoms fill my
heart my soul, I am at peace in the
lovely landscape, my minds journey
of pictures of calm, birds singing,
warm soothing colours, natures hush
a whisper, silence rules, there is a
peace so complete its settled down.

Later my minds eye got disturbed
I heard angry flashes of gunfire,
many aeroplanes, missiles fired;
my mothers cries, the music stop,
the laughter gone away, the tears,
peoples screams bombard my head.
I try to regain the peace I had,
but war keeps getting in my way.

The air was cold, I felt shivers run,
I trembled, sky now a darker black,
my cities life silhouetted, outline

smashed, too many gaps, a broken
spiky skyline of blackened shadows;
a charcoal drawing of a tragic scene.
No sun, no colour, just blackened grey.
All warmth now gone, just sadness left.

My ears still ring, small fires still burn,
There are bodies lying, broken, scarred.
my arm hurts, headaches, leg bleeding,
feel lost and disorientated, miss family.
I stifle back the tears, be brave I say.
As I lie unable to move, I remember that
when they fell I was walking down street,
how explosion pinned me to the ground.

Trapped unable to move, I drift again
into my reverie, my flight to calm. My
escape and freedom from a world at war.
A gun fires, I hear the shot, a man dies,
a poppy grows, a field of poppies from
all the wars before, colour red fills mind,
it is the blood of many lives, past wars,
future conflicts, killing's, more lost lives.

I reflect in my reverie how our world
needs a landscape of love to care for,
mountains of hope and rivers that flow
with understanding to feed only oceans
of peace, happiness and tranquillity;
before the rivulets of mans mind turns
once more to love and sharing to solve
mans inhumanity to his fellow man.

I try to regain the peace I had,
but war keeps getting in my way.

Bob Blackwell
19-07-2010

Bob Blackwell

!!! Morning Rising

Smouldering of light
rises slowly in the east,
our land is blushing.

Amongst clumps of thorn,
the wooden monuments
of a life long gone.

A scene emerges,
for early luminosity
shows burial places.

Echo's in the mist,
hold hidden memories,
still untouched by time.

Bob Blackwell
06-07-2011

Bob Blackwell

!!! Mountains Recalled

Fluffy clouds fold over mountains,
their tops hidden and obscured.
Looking down folds of green
rush down to reach a stream, a
water flow that cascades and drops,
a sparkling torrent rushing down.

Quite brilliant on a hillside far away,
white rocks scattered here and there;
close by, wild flowers, coloured red,
yellow, blue, orchids pink and white.
Red plants with bright white seeds,
imitate a patch of snow that bleeds,
whilst red grasses manifest a blush.

Soil orange, red and mouldy grey,
stunted yellow grass on rocky crags,
boulders, giant rocks, mountain cliffs,
aged grey, brown, have orange flecks;
their weathered faces aged by time,
weary: countless memories to recall.

The stillness of the air feeds down,
the silence magical, no thoughts
expressed, scene now too beautiful
to grasp. Clouds have now expired,
our view is clear, mountains stretch
endlessly to the far point of the eye.

Breathe in take in gulps of hilly air,
refresh your mindscape once more,
take home this cool mountain scene,
to recall and free your mental eye
from life's artificial pictures of want
and its many landscapes of desire.

Bob Blackwell

15-03-2010

Bob Blackwell

! ! ! Poets Choice

For some a sad sort of day,
a day to lounge about, no
inducement or motivation,
no reason for stimulation.

It is a quiet greying day,
the sky shows no excitement,
just flattened shades of grey.
Air is warm and full of rain.

All is still, no wind blowing,
no peeping sun is shining,
a half light of quiet gloom,
appears to paint no colour.

At rest with a peace that's
settled down a few survey
greying summer landscape,
seek out the brighter colours.

They see the trees are emerald
green with yellow blossoms,
flowers have lots of colour,
a bright red bus is passing.

Breathing in the warm moist air,
they survey the patterned clouds,
with their pretty shades of grey,
and proceed to write a poem.

07-01-2010

Bob Blackwell

!!! So What Happened

How come you write poetry,
what made you write poems,
was it a want fulfilled, a need?

To understand, you must soften
what is hard, feel the flow of life,
run through your heart and soul.

Notice, natures many colours,
see, the different form of things,
Gods creatures great and small.

Even ants have different shapes,
the many birds have different colours,
their songs an orchestra of sound.

Detect, the seasons changing shape,
how winters frost and snow make icicles,
springs new life strike up a happy stance.

And Summers warmth and joy warms
the playing fields of happy minds, and
ripens Autumns gift of fruits for life.

See, how landscapes changing scene is
reflected in the calm seas still water,
how crystal streams sparkle with life.

See, as they cascade down a mountain side,
to carry life from rain, melting snow and ice,
a river of life nurtures all of natures creations.

Observe, the beauty of trees new leaves, how
their springs light green foliage screams out,
cries out please, please notice me I am new.

Spot, the absence of the summer birds, their calls
missing from your ear. No cuckoo, no summer
swallow, the kite with yellow bill has gone away.

Determine, this means winters on its way once more,
with cooler temperatures, a time to make provision
for the colder days and nights, with warmer clothes.

See, what is wrong in our world, notice greed
of many people, their desire to capture all for self.
and realize this makes wars with many killed.

Understand, how our difference of religion,
our beliefs, our rituals and ceremonies, only
separate us, cause strife and keep us closed.

Believe, to seek God we must look into ourselves,
not outwards to other things. For God lies in
all of us, and all of us and everything is God.

Trust, if we are still in the silent centre of ourselves,
we feel the rhythm of life flow through everything, we will then know in our own
true selves we are One with all.

Consider our One with everything, how we are part of nature,
and nature's part of us, how we must treat all with gratitude.
Then and only then will you begin to understand my needs.

01-12-2009

Bob Blackwell

! ! ! The Circle Of Life

The circle of life goes round,
and then round some more.
For most a roundabout of want,
minds fed by a parade of things
all made to increase ones desire.

Suppose we could have everything,
money, power, status, sex, security,
all our desires satisfied, what then,
now we have made it, what comes
next with all our wants fulfilled?

We will now realise having all of life's
pleasures, does not make us happy,
does not fill the aching gap, the need.
For once ask what our heart desires,
we'll find it needs peace and liberty

from the cycle of wants, desires, and
craving for life's material pleasures.
The freedom to be happy with what
we already possess and permission
to enjoy each present moment Now.

Bob Blackwell
11-05-2010

Bob Blackwell

!!! Truth

If we study
words of truth,
words that come
from our consciousness,
gain a knowledge of
our own true Self, we
learn from what we see.

We look at nature's beauty,
sit by sea watch tiny waves lap
up on the shore, listen for
the morning song of birds,
feel the love, that's all around,
touch others with its caring.

Sure footed we'll follow
paths of truth, we will not
deviate from its road. We'll
accumulate many blessings.
For like a fruit ripening,
knowledge that shines brightly,
comes to those that seek it.

Just like a cloud moving
slowly through the sky,
holds the rain that is to fall;
the heavenly atmosphere
we hold inside our minds,
will now release and fall.

07-01-2010

Bob Blackwell

! ! ! With A Quieter Mind

We grow with silence
through the winter of our
ignorance as we await the
spring of change, to grow
with favour in the warmth of
summer sun and rain. So
when Autumn comes we bear
the fruits of our silence; and
understanding comes to
to give us the strength
to face our winter storms.□

And so Life begins□

Hush quiet, the music begins, you tingle,
feel the chords pluck your heart.
The melody comes, up and down goes the lilt,
and the rhythm of life flows through.
Your blood runs faster
your heart beats tremor from the sound.
The song from a distance purrs,
and gradually comes closer.
Your body relaxes, you feel the beat of life
come pulsing through.

The music is close now,
closer than it has ever been before.
Now you can see, feel, smell, hear
and even taste the joy
of this orchestra of life.
Ideas, creative pictures, answers,
come tumbling and jumbling through.
Now yes! Life becomes real,
you feel a delight at all you see.

The rhythm slows, melody softens
and love comes through,
full of compassion, full of caring,
gentle happy feelings,

a beauty for the mind.

Now dark clouds can come,
changes occur,
but the joy, and
serenity we feel will never change.

Just like a flower that slowly opens
through the night; to burst open
with different shades of pink, it
glows with a blush of morning light;
its soul no words do speak,
it shows a presence,
a truth, a reality,
proud in the garden of our world.

Bob Blackwell
14-12-2011

Bob Blackwell

! ! A Happy Person

Storm blown ripples
line my weathered brow,
face a map of life's journey,
of striving, disappointments
happiness and joy.

The winds of sorrow,
and displeasure have
left their mark on
my furrowed brow, but
my sparkling crows feet,
eyes, are happy lines.

Although
the sad waters have left
their lines of memory,
there are no tears
for past events to fill up
dry lakes of discontent,
and my now happy smile,
helps smooth the waters of
my still much wrinkled face.

Flowers of hope have opened,
blossoms of bliss bloomed,
and seas of tranquillity and
peace now fill my soul and
my heart is filled with love.

All thoughts of past and future
displaced through practice,
meditation, quietness, being
still; these daily moments of
calm, bring a realisation that
to be happy I must only
live now, in present moment,
for as each moment dies,
for me, a new one is born.

30-07-2008

Inspired by a poem sent to me by that lovely poet Mamta Agarwal, thank you
Mamtaji

Bob Blackwell

!! A Moment

Just a moment.
Yes, a moment in time,
A moment in your day,
A moment in your life.

To act, create
to grieve, to cry
to smile, to laugh.
to love, to hate.

Do not grasp,
do not seize,
do not hold,
do not attach.

Its past, it's gone
it's not alive
its dead, it's done.
So leave it now.

Bob Blackwell
13 February 2007

Bob Blackwell

! ! A Slaughter Of The Innocent

Surreptitiously,
they came
ten assassins,
by boat
slipped into
Mumbai.

Hidden,
tools of slaughter;
grenades, bullets,
automatic weapons,

Deceptively,
one by one
by furtive means
they spread
unnoticed
through Mumbai.

Secretly they
gain entry
to places where
foreigners and
other city visitors
congregate.

A railway station,
a Jewish hostel,
a restaurant,
two five star hotels,
other tourist places.
Book rooms, smuggle
hide their weapons in.

Their purpose is
predetermined
by evil persons
still unknown.
Their mission

they believe
was preordained
to be a holy war,
its objective to
slaughter lots
and lots
of infidels.

In places of business,
with many people busy
going, waiting, talking,
shopping, selling, laughing,
innocently enjoying life.
Was where they started
where they began their
reign of holy terror.

Bombs are thrown, grenades explode,
bullets sprayed, flying, hitting,
killing, maiming, slaughtering;
indiscriminately they take life as
coldly they execute, murder;
devoid of feeling they fulfil
their preordained and evil plan.

For two days they dodged, hid,
carried on their killing spree.
Mumbai comes to a standstill,
shocked by the inhumanity of
a cause that slaughters all it sees.
Who, why, what for's are heard.
Accusations fly around.

Assassins know there is no return,
their mission suicidal, but heaven
promised, paradise a better life.
Surely this was a belief, a cause,
a misguided act of faith, a miasma

so they couldn't see their wickedness!

They cannot feel, they cannot see,
they cannot hear a pity plea.
Programmed to hate, they couldn't
stop, their slaughter of the innocent.

Lets now have a meeting a gathering
of all people, all faiths, creeds
casts, colours, nations and religions,
to foster love not hurt, give not take,
between all the peoples of this earth.
Let us all promote a belief, a faith
in the humanity and togetherness of us all.

The Slaughter of the Innocent
must stop now, not carry on and on.

06-12-2008

Dedicated to all my Indian friends

Bob Blackwell

! ! At Daybreak

Sun rises on our anxious world,
Streams of light pass through trees,
to uncover a partial waiting scene.
Robin the day's first sound, sings,
the night watered grass, twinkles,
mimics nights departed starlit sky,
In the distance, a pale reflecting moon,
bids goodbye to our now emerging day.
And a silent life form of our dark, a moth,
struggles to find a private place to rest.

Air though cool, has hopes of warmth;
leaves on trees hang still, waiting,
expecting the arrival of the wind.
Robin quietens, a whispered hush,
calm enfolds our unfinished scene,
to give us a peace, a stillness, that
has a silence with a beauty of its own.

Golden orb rises higher in the sky,
faces, fluffy white clouds appear,
they hang motionless, suspended
over mountain tops, peering down,
staring, at our still awakening world.□
Pale Moon falls to die in distant hills.
And our now faint moth is sleeping.

Sun has risen high, clouds evaporate.
Our world shakes then stirs, a breeze,
leaves rustle, move with light and shade.
Flowers open, bees work, long legged
insects fly, and the ants begin to march.
Song birds whistle, twitter, call, and sing,
to compose a melody of notes, that
sweetly feeds the garden of my mind.

16-04-2009

! ! At Days End

As our sun sets,
our moon,
a citrus segment,
halfway to whole,
rises, on a
now retiring world.

Its warm amber glow
softens, calms, it's
blush of orange, creeps
covers, warms, comforts;
it illuminates our view.

Days noise and bustle
lessens, stars appear,
moon now a silver piece,
brings nightfall, a peace,
a gentle whispered calm.

A stillness wrapped up
in starlight and secured
by moonbeams, has
no threatening shadows,
no noisy rising wants.

An empty mind holds no
sorrows, fears, concerns
or worries. With no thoughts,
it embraces a golden silence,
that soothes and heals our
still anxious, troubled World.

08-05-2009

Bob Blackwell

! ! Before Time

Before time,
before birth of
clocks, watches,
other ways to
compass, fragment
disrupt our day:

we noticed how,
as the golden orb
that makes the light of day,
rose, the moon and stars
dissolved, the night
escaped new day,
Mother Nature stirred.

We saw grasses move,
flowers unfurl, we heard
leaves rustle in the breeze,
to silence mornings hush;
we smelt the morning air,
felt how it invigorated,
gave life to all dawns
creatures on the move.

We remarked how as the
air warmed to evaporate
the mist or fog of night,
tiny insects moved on mass,
butterflies spread honeyed wings,
before they searched for flowers.

Before time we were in touch
with nature's charm, connected
to the natural world, we knew
we needed nature, that nature
needed us, we knew we were
part of nature's tranquil way.

As the sun moved higher,

to move in an arc, we
measured parts of day
by suns position, and light
created shadows that vary
with progression of our day.
We watched the phases of moon,
and passing of the seasons.

From this we knew our tasks,
our needs, when we should,
work, play, eat or rest.
Nothing was precise, but our
crops grew, we harvested,
we secured our shelter, we
understood our needs.

From nature we received
rain and sun to help our
food grow and multiply,
we understood that if
it failed to rain, we must
move to yet another plain,
travel to different part of land.

Then in gratitude we
gave thanks we made
sacrifice to God of Sky,
Mother Natures store
of sun and rain,
we knew all land
belonged to all people,
all creatures of this world.

Then without title held
without exclusivity we lived
in peace, in tune with nature,
and happy with its provisions,
We did not covet, or make war.

Before time, of time machines,
as the moon rose, as stars came out,
happy, grateful, for what our day supplied,

we closed our eyes, we rested, then we slept.

15-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

! ! Hush Moments

I hear the birds sing,
I feel the gentle wind
blow through trees
whose branches creek,
leaves fall softly down.

No footsteps on path,
far away the traffic roar,
curled up asleep my cat,
I catch quiet moments;
a sigh of silence reigns.

Gentle wind now ebbs,
stillness rules my land.
Untroubled, undisturbed,
composed and calm, a
peace that's settled down.

I reflect how in moments
such as this, all time stops,
no finger moves, no cogs
turn, what's past is gone,
no longing for is present.

Yet nature's beauty stays,
flourish of beauty lights
partly cloudy winters scene;
bed of smiling pansy faces,
host of features all unique,
still warm my heart with joy.

21-06-2009

Bob Blackwell

! ! Life

This life,
this energy,
this consciousness,
we sense in
everything
we touch,
we feel, we smell,
we hear, we see,
we even taste?

This life energy,
flows through every
creature, plant, tree,
mountain, river, sea;
it flows through us all
and everything we see.
Everything on earth
has conscious movement
nothing's really dead.

Everything that has
the mask of death,
is recycled, to grow
to renew, to change,
to be unique; an ever
changing pattern that
multiplies, alters to
create new life from
what was discarded, or
now thought deceased.

If we look with seeing eyes,
we will see how trees, plants,
and pretty flowers, appear to
radiate, to emit the glow of life.
We will become aware of how
life's energy has so many faces,
everything's unique, each
flake of snow, a different pattern,

each flower face is not the same.
All creatures great and small
distinctive, each a one alone.

When we really notice things, we
become more alive, we are excited
by the love for life itself; we also
understand, the join of things,
the bond, the link, the stream of life
which flows, to make all we see a
whole, a spiritual union of it all. We
see the Oneness of life's energy is
materialized, that everything is One.

09-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

! ! Life Renewed

I look up into blue, blue heaven,
watching a cloud move slowly
drifting, floating, as it passes aimlessly
through the unique experience of
a firmament that holds the truth of all.

As this white, wispy, fluffy cloud moves
it grows bigger as it collects, and gathers
moisture from below, it is happy knowing
its mission is to be a ship, to carry the
natures spirit, life's renewal, water.

It is at peace, content, knowing that
when its life's elixir falls as rain upon our
world, it will disappear, will be no more,
but given time its life's force will return
to serve yet again, in yet another form.

Each ending is always
the start of something new.
Life's perpetual changes manifest
as a rebirth of something else.
Each time the sun rises,
it sees a different world,
at dusk it sets again, and we are
happy knowing it will rise again.

Like magic, plants grow, flowers blossom,
seeds fall, nuts crack and new life appears.
As each season ends, a new one begins.
A cycle of plenty is followed by one of drought.
Our own cycle of birth and death must
surely follow on to breathe a life renewed.
One energy one life force encompasses all we see,
it is our Oneness that makes the changes happen.

05-10-2008

Bob Blackwell

! ! More Thoughts

As I reflect on what has gone before,
I consider, hopes and dreams
both past and present, some dreams
fulfilled, others broken, elapsed,
discarded from field of my imaginings.

I remember happy times, when laughter
poured out of happy smiling faces, fun times
blissful times of happiness, that had no care.
As tears fell down, I feel the dampness of
those dark moments of anguish on my face.

I mull over how fears I overcame of anxieties,
made me harden my resolve not to give into
hidden fears, to ignore them all the time. For
fears, worries, qualms and reservations all live
in future, and future is a time that never comes.

I recall the help, the good deeds I have given,
and recollect those times when I have erred.
As I journey ever onward through the mindscape
of my life, with its many ups and downs, I ponder
how the renewal of the spirit that made me happy,

was found through realising that we have to go,
through both shaded and sunny periods, effort is
needed, before we climb a mountain and descend
to life's basin. What worth is life without hardship,
the reward of knowledge gained without some trial.

18-08-2009

Bob Blackwell

! ! Oneness

Our walk to discovery
was blessed, with a
silence wrapped in
music, the songs,
the tunes of birds, and
the rustle of the leaves.

Looking up we see
motionless, unmoving
small white wispy clouds
tinged orange, brushed
by some unseen artist in the sky,

A rising filtered sun,
casts soft merging
shadows, and gives
a morning light, that
warms, comforts, settles,
opens, mind and soul

As we walk a probability,
an expectation for the
unfolding mystery
of dawns first light
comes over us, after all
we are looking for
a very special place.

We amble, moving slowly,
searching, looking, so we
can discover hidden
places, spaces, answers,
solutions, to the worlds
of mystery in our minds.

Then the melody stops,
Natures Orchestra quietens.
Now under the lovely painted sky,
the rising warming sun, comes

a hush, a stillness, a Golden Silence,
and a realisation that in our own
true Selves we are truly one.

08-09-2008

Bob Blackwell

! ! Our Comet Wise

Our comet with a fiery tail
moves slowly as it enters
heavens doors, to illuminate
the way to peace, the bliss,
the happiness that waits,
for all that seek to live a truth.

Our Comet Wise, tours our
Universe, it swoops through
the heavens with the speed
of a shooting star, and the ease
of a wandering albatross.
Leaving behind the cosmic
sprinkling of knowledge, with
the answers, to our
puzzle of enlightenment.

Is it wise to eat the solar dust
it leaves? Must we chase its
trail of light? Can we solve?
Rubik Heavens secret code,
for happiness and bliss?

Yes, we must follow and keep to
the path, the journey that it makes,
not deviating, being firm and resolute.
Just focus on its light, a light that's
special, as it highlights all our faults,
and shows the path, the way of truth.

The same light will also warm, soften,
knead our hearts and minds, till
we can feel abundant love for all.
Our hearts will now feel the pain
of other's in distress, we'll want to
aid and with compassion, will give help.
Our own minds suffering will now lessen;
problems shared are problems halved.

We must also remain still, fall quiet,
from time to time, in the silent centre
of our Comet Wise. Leaving thoughts
behind, we'll follow breath, go with
the whispered hush, the noiseless flow,
the silent path, to a place where souls
combine and we can see we are One
'This is the way to our Enlightenment'

09-11-2008

Bob Blackwell

! ! Our Sun Reveals

Shades of life return,
as our sun, brush paints
a landscape of love,
to brighten up our globe.

Sun mottled colours,
the energy of being,
form a palette of life,
to illuminate our world.

Nature made clear, the
fruits of field and forest,
give knowledge of path
to our enlightenment.

06-06-2009

Bob Blackwell

! ! Real Life Is Free

Beauty of my garden shows me that real life is free,
its colour calls out please, please stop to look at me.
I hear the wind rush through the shrubs and trees, my
music playing soft, a robins song, all sounds of silence.

To complete this sincere and peaceful picture, my
dogs, Harry sleeps beside my feet, Sparky's half awake,
his eyes half closed, he waits, expectantly he listens,
for he lives by sounds, and reacts to those unknown.

The grass is an emerald green speckled gold by lovely
windblown yellow flowers, scattered here and there.
My cats Dozy and Iley curled up asleep upon a chair,
eyes shut tight, ears awake, tail still, they wait for dusk.

Wind blows louder, rushing, brushing trees
Music plays on its melody of love, I am relaxed
enjoying present moments, knowing life is now,
not what is promised or news reported.

Strife is everywhere, floods, hurricanes and wars,
but I do not grasp, I do not hold on to news, and cry.
I'd rather treat it with concern, help another if I can,
give a part of me to aid, assist to make things right.

Today people driven by greed for many things,
chase devils in our shopping malls and stores.
Searching, grabbing, wanting one thing, then another.
Instead of living now, they greed for many things.

They build castles to contain these many, many things,
not palaces to hold the dreams that would enable
them to see this world of ours for what it really is.
They cannot hear the wind or see the beauty all around.

They are blind, driven by the ego they worship.
Unseen the blue sky, white fluffy clouds, warming sun.
They should be lying still taking in warm air,
breathing in happiness with each breath,

and exhaling all those wanton thoughts away.

This is the way to achieve a better way of life.
Relax be still, no thoughts of what life was,
or wanting feelings for a future happy life.
The now is now and now is all the life we have,
so enjoy and do not grasp this moment, but
just live each moment as they come.

The music is louder now, strains of beauty
softly flow around me, each note lifts me up, then
slowly I descend, each note a moment to enjoy.
This is life, the wind still blowing soft now,
helps the yellow flower petals multiply upon
the grass so green, this really is a lovely scene.

Breathe in breathe out, taste the air, inhale life.
Now no wants desires, just live your life in peace.
If all do this, what a world of love this would become.
Shadow of a kite with yellow bill flies slowly by,
moving over yellow speckled lawn in search of prey.

All this just another sign of life and how we all
intermingled become a part of one big Shams.
It grows quieter now, the wind has dropped,
now it only whispers through the trees.
I hear the robins call, a petal fall, the music soften,
and I reflect once more how I listen in the stillness
to my one true self, with no noisy wants to spoil
this life of peace. I am sure real life is free.

Bob Blackwell

! ! Spirit Of Africa

To
visit Africa,
to spend time
to notice
beauty of the land.
To feel its heat,
to drink it's waters,
to observe, to marvel,
at its creatures,
great and small.

To see the diversity
of its people, in all
their rainbow shades,
to feel their warmth,
their love, their
big-heartedness.

Means Africa,
has touched your soul,
you have breathed in
a love of Africa, a love
that never ceases,
a love that never
goes away.
you have been
delighted, charmed,
have become
enchanted by
The Spirit of Africa.

For Africa is a
land of spirits,
they occupy dirt,
soil, trees, flowers
fruit, food that feeds;
the mountains, streams,
rivers, seas, oceans,
air, the breath of life, and

all the people of its land.

Africa believes,
that before time,
before,
things began,
there was nothing,
save for a void,
a sphere of spirit
that knew no limit;
it did not have a name.

This one spirit split
broke up, spread,
to change, to
create our world,
and all that's here.
This one spirit
known to us as love
stays the same, to
invade all it made,
all that visit, especially
those that stay.

Now if you leave,
you'll always
yearn, you'll hunger
you'll always
have that longing
to return.

14-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

! ! Thoughts That Come

I consider how blossom trees, do
a stark impressive autumn strip, to
shamelessly stand naked through
winters frost and snow; stir to
feel of springs softer magic touch;
this warm enchantment bids their
exposed winter coats farewell, to
let soft fluffy pink flowers blossom.

Blossoms whiten, snow petals fall,
create illusion of a winter scene.
As suns warmth and rain encourage
growth, soft light green leaves open,
fruit appears, grows, ripens slowly
during summers long sunny hours, to
autumns shorter days, when fruit is ripe.

Fruit now ready, harvested, stored,
nourishment for our winter need.
Trees leaves turn rustic shades, give
our souls some warmth, reminds us
to get ready for the start of winter cold.
Leaves fall, tree returns to nakedness.
Trees yearly cycle is now complete.

Like all natures changes they happen
quietly, no praise, no warm applause.

I now reflect, how as seasons change,
the moments come alive, to give life's
lesson, of true knowledge for our world.
How yesterday has gone to be no more.
How our tomorrows will never reach us.
How our present moment contains all time,
and within it, all we wish for, hope for,
prepare for, complete, realize, achieve.

09-06-2009

Bob Blackwell

! ! Unhappiness

Sky, a cold steel blue, patchy dark grey clouds,
the part sunny day, holds no happy smiles.
Unseen go warming sun, the joyful faces;
sadness rules this now discontented soul.
Body slouched, bent with grief, tears plummet.
A longing heart feels sad, despair is set;
blind to hope, unsighted, screened from love;
lifeless in that moment now deceased.
Yet sorrow stays only, till love returns;
for the love of life itself, is bliss.
Life's changes happen all the time, so
to stay in fashion, religiously follow,
pursue, each of life's moments faithfully.
Happiness is the love of life, that's Now!

08-06-2009

Bob Blackwell

! A Plea

What good has the world done today,
what deeds that make it now a better place?
Very little do I feel.
My land, should be our land, for all to share.
Seldom words describe a fair division
Of the wares from land on earth.

Together we should strive
to have a better life, for all men,
all creatures great and small.
Please see the beauty,
not the stain upon the land.

Why must we rush about to make a buck,
to drill for oil and gas and such?
Go underground to hunt for gold.
Greed for oil makes big mistake,
its mine not yours to use for fuel!
Make war so cruel, so wrong,
so greedy to want it all for us.

Why can't we just sit down,
and wait to see the beauty of it all.
To sit by sea, watch waves,
wash sand upon the shore,
pebbles damp that glint and shine,
so quiet in the sand.

No! Underneath is where we want to go,
to dark places, that have no beauty,
no sun for us to see.
No sense, just blackness,
and maybe just a glint of gold.
Sad, it is this mind of ours
that tells us not to share.

Wicked too this mind
that cannot see,
a hungry child,

that cannot help,
a troubled land.

We are so small upon the earth,
yet feel we own it all, for us.
Treasury this world of ours of plants and trees,
flowers that bloom, fruit that feeds,
and grass so green,
insects small we cannot see,
mountains high and seas so blue.
Who knows, who does know what this is all about, so
Why think to sort it out?

Nature comes naturally, caring for itself in turn.
Seasons come seasons go,
weather changes all the time.
Hot, then cold, next rain, then drought,
now storm, and then a hurricane.
Everything brown and falls to ground.
Spring returns and paints it green.
So light the green that slowly darkens.
So beautiful to watch things grow.
So; why does war go on and on?

In this diverse and magic world,
we love to see the contrasts of,
seas, mountains, deserts, fields, and plains.
They transform, and change with the seasons,
as they come and go.
From pole to pole and east to west,
the changes that illuminate and feed.
Seeds become trees, so big and tall,
their wood burnt, keeps us warm.
Blossoms change to fruit that feeds.
Grasses green, turn golden brown,
seeds then ground to make our bread.

Of this I'm sure, there must become,
another scene, a picture or a vision
to motivate, a sense of love,
not hurt, between the peoples of this earth.
A philosophy that says, we love our contrasts,

shades, beliefs, and different colours.
We tolerate and share; not separate, and keep,
to discriminate against our fellow man.
Then this world becomes our world
for us all to love, and share.

7 March 2006

17 October 2006 edited and revised.

Bob Blackwell

! A Poets Life

One word falls as another rises
to the surface of my mind,
together they create the start
of what life means to me.

Each day I hope for more,
Each day I return to source.

That mystical place, a
well of metaphors, a
place of meaning, that
beginning of word life,
found in the stillness, of
life's yet unspoken library,
which on cue, like magic
words begin to flow.

Jumbled and cramped into
cupboards and drawers,
indexed through time to flow;
words of meaning, doing words
thinking verbs bring action,
to stir, to stimulate a poem.

Poems to inspire, to make right,
Poems that see all of life's evil,
Poems of hope, reasons for living,
Poems of nature, poems of beauty.
Poems of love, poems of silence.

Creating a philosophical journey,
all mixed, stirred and shaken up,
fashioned to form reasons to
strive, to press on through all of
life's up's and downs, to life's
reason of happiness and bliss.

07-07-2008

Bob Blackwell

! A Poets Life (2)

One by one the string of words
make sentences and verses.

They describe
a world of wonder,
a world of hate;

great poem epics of
how
humankind is wrong,
flow strongly.

No still waters
no mountain of hope
no tiny flowers
hidden
between the rocks
of conflict.

Black angry waters
flow,
they cry out for
justice, truth.
No knowledge shared,
little love is spread around.

Yet hope lies close
A lotus flower,
its petals lie serene,
its scent of knowledge
given freely, we must
read the words it writes
upon this page.

Give a love
that lasts, a love
that does not
discriminate.

07-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

! A Poets Mind

In a poets mind,
silence has stopped chatter,
traffic noise, childish play.

A hum from a distance sings,
words begin to congregate.

Choosing nouns, verbs and
adjectives, words collected
from the gentle light.....

Lines of tenderness and love
merge into a lovers pledge.

Music for her mind,
sonnet of love and promise
to adore forevermore.

08-06-2009

Inspired by Anjali Sinha's poem Words

Bob Blackwell

! Alone

Home alone and by oneself,
fed up, a sad unhappy me.
Life offers so little pleasure;
how dull and boring life can be.

Home alone happy by myself,
joyful, contented with just me,
Life offering so much pleasure;
how still and peaceful life can be.

21-06-2009

Bob Blackwell

! Be Still

An empty mind
holds no tears,
no sadness
for the past.

Soften,
the cold hard
places of
your heart.

Listen for that
knowledge,
the love,
that lies within.

And stay close,
to the sounds,
that will make
you feel alive.

10-05-2009

Bob Blackwell

! Butterfly Lessons In Philosophy

Butterflies flitter about, some fly by rapidly, and others seem to just float past your eye. I often wonder at their beauty of flight and feel quite envious that I cannot do the same. Life I suppose can be a little like that; sometimes events go by rapidly, while others, they seem to meander up and down flying slowly through our minds. It is the rapidly moving ones that irritate me; most events come and go so quickly. You look forward to something for months and when it eventually arrives it is over in a tick of the clock. Leaves you sometimes to wonder why it happened and why you looked forward to it so much. The slower events in time, which are really the ones we experience everyday can be so beautiful and thought provoking, that they last for a longer period of time. Then we have the earth shattering events that come like the butterfly you have never seen in your garden before that grabs your interest. These can grip you so strongly, that eventually it dawns on you that this is something worthwhile pursuing. The idea grows and grows, before you know it, you are on a different path in life, which is hopefully leading you to a better one. This can be very exciting and fulfilling. It is the same as when all those years ago, a lady showed my wife and I a paradise flycatcher; we have been bird watching ever since.

It is amazing how we quietly go about our affairs from day to day, and the time slips by quickly month-by-month, then year-by-year, before we know it, we are nearly at the end of our time. We look back and wonder how we really got, to this moment in time, without an honest thought, to what we are actually doing, with this wonderful life we have been given. Surely it is better to stop and think about our life now, take notice of what is actually going on, what we are doing, how we think, and where we are actually going. I don't know, but it seems so logical, to have a thought or sight which is so inspiring, it makes us change our attitude, our life. After all we only have one life that we know of, having a second one would be wonderful, but surely it is better to enjoy this one now, than hope for another one that could be better. We are good at making our own hell on earth, surely it is better to enjoy the world for the heaven that it is.

A butterfly's life is so short, I wonder if the ones that fly fast have as good a time as the ones that float slowly past our eyes. The slower ones would certainly see more than the fast ones. More flowers and their nectar are spotted. They can stop more often to enjoy life's garden, it makes sense to be slower I suppose. Less haste more speed they say, I believe less speed then more understanding comes. Take your time you'll find it will last longer and mean more. A very useful exercise is the one that makes you slow down to a rest in order to experience the present.

When we take time to listen to our own true self, life-changing miracles can happen. We are so busy listening to our own thoughts about the past and future that we miss the joy that is present now. We have beauty all around us, why not stop, and see, how happy you can be.

Butterflies cannot think so they are always in the present. This means they have no thoughts of past or future, to spoil their lives. Yet I expect it would be nice if they could think and talk. They are so beautiful to see, I am sure their thoughts will be just as beautiful. "What did you see today butterfly"? "I noticed a beautiful bird drinking from my flower; it was so pretty that I forgot it was supposed to be mine". This made me think that the bird, the flower, and everything else in this wonderful world are here for us all to enjoy. It's a pity we as people cannot see this. We do not share amongst ourselves, never mind the other inhabitants of the planet!

Butterflies are real; they have beauty with a purpose, to help provide for other lives. Butterflies are also quiet; they do not make a noise, so why do we notice them? Their colour draws our attention to them. They announce their presence by simply being here, and because of their beauty we notice them. A tiny seed grows into an exquisite flower, quietly without noise, when it blooms, no trumpet call to announce its presence; once again it is its beauty, which makes us take note.

This is true of all of nature's remarkable surprises. If we remain silent like a butterfly or seed, amazing things will also happen to us. Also by being quiet, we will be able to listen for and not miss, the opportunities life gives us. It is in this silence, this Golden Silence; we will realise that our constant thoughts of past and present just, confuse our view of life. A Butterflies life from birth to death is programmed, it has sight so it can see the way, but it lives unselfishly spreading pollen the seed of love, to germinate the other flowers. By doing this it ensures a food source for other butterflies and creatures. Provisions for the future lives to come, ensures food source continues. Surely we can learn from such intelligent banking? Butterflies are clever!

Butterflies you might say do not have a choice; they have only one way of life. This is true, but their impact on our world though small, is wanted. However we have many, many, choices, but it is how and what we choose, that determines what our worth will be.

By choosing right, your role in life becomes worthwhile, your help is needed, your love respected, and your effect upon our world is like a butterflies visit to many

flowers, it's good.

By choosing wrong, you do harm, damage self, harm others, you give no love,
and your effect upon our world is bad. A lone Butterflies visit to just one flower
has more worth than you.

Surely it is better to be like a butterfly, spreading love, sharing happiness, giving
life, sharing beauty, and giving lessons on how to lead a happy life.

Sitting here, writing down,
words that come to me,
I wonder why, they come to me.
They should be here for all to see.

Bob Blackwell

! If We See

We can...

notice nature suffers,
how pretty flowers wilt
in heat of midday sun,
how plants are broken
by the wind, how some
die from frosty cold.

But...

still see natures beauty
blooms, a cascade of
colour, lights our much
divided fractured world.

Which...

has no concern, so
occupied by conflict, war,
discrimination, worry and
its greed for many things.

Yet...

our world suffers all of
mans quarrels and disorder,
so it can be, a poets dream,
a bards delight, a writers relish
and an artists paradise.

18-08-2009

Bob Blackwell

! Let The Mind Be Still

Let Mind be Still

Hush quiet, the music begins, you tingle,
feel the chords pluck your heart.

The melody comes,
up and down goes the lilt,
and the rhythm of life flows through.

Your blood runs faster
your heart beats tremor, as
the song from a distance purrs,
gradually coming closer.
You feel your body relax,
you feel the beat of life
come pulsing through.

The music is close now,
Much closer than
it has ever been before.
Now you can see, feel, smell, hear
and even taste the joy
of this orchestra of life.

Ideas, creative pictures, answers,
come tumbling and jumbling through.
Now yes! life becomes real,
you feel a delight at all you see.

The rhythm slows, melody softens
and love comes through,
full of compassion, full of caring,
gentle happy feelings,
a beauty for the mind.

Now the dark clouds can come,
changes occur,
but the joy, and
serenity we feel will never change.

Just like a flower that slowly opens
through the night; to burst open
with different shades of pink, it
glows with a blush of morning light;
its soul no words do speak,
it shows a presence,
a truth, a reality,
proud in the garden of our world.

We grow with silence
through the winter of our
ignorance as we await the
spring of change, to grow
with favour in the warmth of
summer sun and rain. So
when Autumn comes we bear
the fruits of our silence; and
understanding comes to
to give us the strength
to face our winter storms.□

Bob Blackwell

! No Voices

No Voices

Mind empties
smell the flowers,
taste the thyme,
feel the air,
hear the hush.

Silence deepens,
lake now still,
no ripples,
calm waters rule,
all is One.

Words would spoil.

08-04-2009

Bob Blackwell

! Only Whispers

What good has the world done today,
what deeds that make it now a better place?
Very little do I feel?
George on savior's path to save the world.
Guantanamo voices never heard, so stay!
People trying to make a life, are not allowed to be.
My land, your land, whose land?
Should be our land, your land, for all to share.
Seldom words describe a fair division
of the wares from land on earth.
My God, your God,
live this way, live that way,
not here, not there.
Never our God,
love God,
live here with us.

Together we should strive to have a better life,
for all men,
all creatures great and small.
Please see the beauty,
not the stain upon the land.

Why must we rush about to make a buck,
to drill for oil and gas and such?
Go underground to hunt for gold.
Greed for oil makes big mistake,
its mine not yours to use for fuel!
Remarks so cruel, so wrong,
so tricky this georgey of the mind.

Why can't we just sit down
and wait to see the beauty of it all.
To sit by sea, watch waves, wash sand upon the shore,
pebbles damp that glint and shine, so quiet in the sand.
No! Underneath is where we want to go,
to dark places, that have no beauty,
no sun for us to see.
No sense, just blackness,

and maybe just a glint of gold.
Sad, it is this mind of ours that tells us not to share.
Wicked too this mind that cannot see, a hungry child,
that cannot help, a troubled land.

We are so small upon the earth,
yet feel we own it all, for us.
Treasury this world of ours of plants and trees,
flowers that bloom, fruit that feeds
and grass so green,
insects small we cannot see,
mountains high and seas so blue.
Who knows,
who does know what this is all about,
Why think to sort it out?

Nature comes naturally,
caring for itself in turn.
Seasons come seasons go,
weather changes all the time.
Hot, then cold, next rain, then drought,
now storm, and then a hurricane.
Everything brown and falls to ground.
Spring returns and paints it green.
So light the green that slowly darkens.
So beautiful to watch things grow.

Whispers come hardly heard,
they follow on with words of love of
peace on Earth.

Who am I to see their worth,
who am I to care for now?

'Who am I to sit and stare,
at all that's here and all that's there?
No they say it must not be,
to stop to stare,
to wonder on, at everything that lives and grows.
To bomb, to kill, to maim, to break,
to smash, it down to dust and bits.
Then with profit seen, build up again,

with what is, so-called democracy!
So let the war begin.'

From afar missiles fired,
high above bombs are dropped,
missiles fall,
and bombs explode.
Down below,
boom boom,
smoke, dust, lights go out,
buildings gone,
streets on fire,
we cannot see,
panic now,
rush here, rush there.
Help must come!
Noise is deafening,
buildings falling,
women screaming,
bombs exploding.
Hundreds dead.
People wounded,
bodies flung, far and wide.
Streets are blocked,
rubble here, rubble everywhere.
People dying, many crying,
and lots of bodies to repair.
Hospitals hit, no medicine, no bandage,
and no support.
All the time the bombs are falling.
What's the reason for all this?
Victory won!
But how many people have been killed because of this?
Never mind we'll repair; we'll make new,
big profits to be found!
What happens now?

Whispers come hardly heard,
they follow on with words of love of
peace on earth.

Who am I to see their worth,

who am I to care for now.

So strap bomb on,
walk slowly to your fate;
a crowded room,
people smile, talk enjoyed,
and children play,
no danger here, no hurt just fun.
Weapon carried, hidden, is not seen,
press it now,
all must die and so must I.
Suicide, fantasize, realise.
Not a pretty sight,
no me, no fun, no smile, no talk, no play, not free,
now recognize,
no reason to be done.
Too late!
No love or peace is found.

Whispers come hardly heard,
they follow on with words of love of
peace on earth.

Who am I to see their worth,
who am I to care for now.

Another time in other places,
on an aeroplane that flies a bomb,
a man looks down upon a town,
a city looking pretty.
Children playing in the street,
sound of laughter, music booms,
sweets are eaten for a treat,
people rushing here and there,
and no trouble in the air.
Bombs are ready for ejection,
mission coming to completion.
Safe up here in the sky,
no danger comes to spoil my try.
Bomb load gone,
hurries down, no stopping,
gravity helps it to the ground.

Bombs explode with fire and noise
and things that hurt fly all around.
Children screaming,
people bleeding,
some are running,
women crying,
many praying,
hundreds dying,
thousands dead!
Music stopped,
laughter gone,
buildings down,
panic reigns,
death has come to town,
city now not sitting pretty!
High above the ground,
man sees how brave he is,
but does not fear the chaos on the ground.
Mission finished;
one day, his God willing,
he will fly home to just another town.
No love, no hate, this soldier in the sky,
he just followed orders to eliminate.

So I think; why does this go on and on?
In this diverse and magic world,
we love to see the contrasts of,
seas, mountains, deserts, fields, and plains.
They transform
and change with the seasons,
as they come and go.
From pole to pole and east to west
the changes that illuminate and feed.
Seeds become trees, so big and tall,
their wood burnt, keeps us warm.
Blossoms change to fruit that feeds.
Grasses green, turn golden brown,
seeds then ground to make our bread.

Of this I'm sure, there must become,
another scene,

a picture or a vision to motivate,
a sense of love,
not hurt,
between the peoples of this earth.
A philosophy that says,
we love our contrasts,
shades, beliefs,
and different colours.
We tolerate and share;
not separate,
to discriminate
against our fellow man.
Then this world becomes our world
for us all to love,
and share.

Whispers came were loudly heard,
of words of love,
of peace,
to all on earth,
only now we see
the beauty of our land.
All free now,
just one God,
you and me,
him and her,
them and us,
all people of this world.

Now I see their worth,
For now I surely care.

Bob Blackwell

! Our Sun

Our Sun
on edge
of world
signals
days rush
has finished,
dusk, and
twilight
time begins.

Our Sun's
warmth stays;
it's love
still warms,
removes, the
shadows from
our souls.

Moon,
a lightened mirror,
rising on a
darkened
world,
allows

Our Sun's,
reflected light
to shine,
to remove
the darkness,
and uncertainty
from our lives.

Our Sun is
always free,
no charge
given to
light and warm
our hearts, our souls,

our lives.

11-12-2008

Bob Blackwell

! Silence

Like a flower that slowly opens
Through the night, to burst open
With different shades of pink. It
Glow with a blush,
Of morning light. Its soul
No words do speak;
But shows a presence,
A truth, a reality,
Proud in the garden of our world.

Bob Blackwell

! Some

Controlled by ego, driven by want,
dogged by desire, blinded by guile,
fail to see most of life's attractions,
Unseen natures, beauty, charm, style,
fluffy clouds, setting sun, moon, and stars.
Unfelt is mans inhumanity, or selfishness,
like cry of a hungry child, a troubled land.
Sightless from avarice, and self reward,
ignoring most of Natures vast appeal.
Have no time to gaze, no time to stare,
no time to feel, magic of a silent prayer.
Blind; not accepting nature's caring way,

07-04-2009

Bob Blackwell

! Sweet Butterflies

Butterflies, so quietly do you fly,
you have no song,
your wings do not creak or rasp,
you do not make a noise,
yet we still notice you,
as you come floating by.

You search, looking for a flower,
finding one, you float down,
drink some honey,
but you always leave,
a gift of love.

By paying with your passion,
many seeds are formed,
and when the wind blows,
the seeds fall,
floating down they travel far,
to fall again,
to make a union with the earth.

In time the seasons change,
then in silence,
new lives,
more lovely flowers are born.

Sweet Butterfly you came in peace,
silently you flew,
we noted your presence,
by the beauty that you are,
then quietly,
without any noise or fuss,
you helped to form new lives.

What a joy you are to all of us.

Bob Blackwell

! Take Notice

Pick a flower,

Smell the aroma,
it spreads widely
out of love.

See it's beauty,
it gives generously
out of love.

Hear the hush,
it gives in silence
out of love.

Feel it's touch
it give so gently
out of love.

Taste it's essence,
it's gives pleasure
out of love.

Sense it's genius
to give love freely
out of love.

Learn from this.

25-05-2009

Bob Blackwell

! The Road Ahead

We must grow with silence,
Through the winter of our
Ignorance as we wait the
Spring of change, to grow
With favor in the warmth of
Summer sun and rain. When
Autumn comes we hear the
Fruits of our silence, then an
Understanding comes to
Give us strength, to face
Our new winters without
Fear but with a new joy and
Appreciation for everything
True, that comes our way.

Bob Blackwell

! What Is Love

Love is everything,
love is everywhere.
Hush! now is the time.
For it to find you.

Love is happiness,
love is bliss.
Hush! hear,
loves song.

Love is life,
love is energy.
Hush! feel,
loves gentle touch.

Love is beauty,
love is art.
Hush! see,
loves splendour all about.

Love is food,
love is nectar,
Hush! taste,
loves bounteous feast.

Love is fragrance,
love is scent,
Hush! smell,
loves aromatic path.

Love is enchanting,
love is ensnaring,
Hush! catch
loves magic charm.

Bob Blackwell

*a New Life

A New Life

This new life that you found,
at the beginning what was it like?
Oh! Mountains, streams,
babbling brooks, grass so green,
and the trees that grow so silently.

Hush now can't you hear the wind?
As it rushes through your hair,
wild as you tumble through your life.
Then the here and now become
now, not then.

The new life begins,
mind opens wide,
words come in fast,
so fast it's hard to put them down.

Inside a joy wells up,
how I love this life,
so free from all anxiety,
no chains to lock away,
the energy that grows and grows.

First one Step, then another,
slowly at first, then growing faster,
now I have reached a canter.
Words pour from my soul,
my mind, and most of all
my Heart is full of love
for all things beautiful on earth.

Nothing now to stop the flow,
it keeps coming forth,
there is no stopping it.
Memories rush to come,
thoughts of the past,
and what my life has done,

to deserve this new serenity.

27-05-2008

Bob Blackwell

***change**

Happens,
all the time,
changes come
then changes,
change.

Change
means
something,
sad, exciting,
frightening.

Broken promises,
a loss of love,
divorce,
a loss.

New seasons,
snow in winter,
spring blossoms,
summer sun,
autumn harvests.

Dawn sunrises
Dusk sunsets
Birth, death,
growing
living, dying.

change is exciting,
new countries,
new lands,
new loves,
new wants,
the must have
moments, of our lives.

New creations, new words,
new stories, new poems,

new drama, new art.
new moments of enchantment.
New discoveries,
new worlds, new stars,
new moons, new planets,
Given time everything changes.

21-01-2008

Bob Blackwell

***fear**

Means you
are a slave
to thoughts,
of future dreads.

An apprehension,
a trepidation,
a feeling of dread,
a sword above your head.

No reason to fear,
do not tell your fortune,
the future is not here,
please do not to fear,
try not to be a seer.

But crimes are everyday,
tomorrow I could be
robbed, hijacked, raped,
of this I'm frightened.

It's only thoughts,
that make you dread.
So leave the future,
you do not live there,
and you never will.

Life is now
So live right now,
and deal with
future moments,
as they come.

No need to agonize,
you'll find you enjoy
a gift of peace
when you learn
to only live
in present time.

19-11-2008

Bob Blackwell

***i Am Waiting**

Like a fruit ripening,
a nut within its shell,
A cocoon that holds a butterfly,
for a chest, a box, a
door which holds the key;
to open flood gates of
a dam that holds, all the
unused reservoir of love,
for caring in this world.

09-10-2008

Bob Blackwell

A Life

My early childhood years,
learning years, scary years,
fear of failure, fear of bullies,
some success, small delights.

My later childhood years,
school time, trying, doing well,
body changing, feelings came,
with them many longings,
to be, much older than I am.

My early grownup years,
leaving home, travel to
far off lands to work,
love, marriage, children,
many, many long goodbyes.

A longing to be home,
a loneliness, a feeling
that cripples, causes worry,
I sense I am not complete,
a concern, an anxiety that
does not go away.

Separation, and desperation,
stay until my middle years,
the craving, wanting ones,
my addictive time of life,
full of anger, full of strife.
full of wanting, full of shame.

A compulsive hurting ache,
wipes out my caring mind,
drives my family to a break,
alone, sad, frightened, and
unhappy I tried to end my life.

Still in middle years,
but tired of being tired,

losing hope, and in despair,
I reach the bottom of my life,
I then realize I need a miracle,
to help me change my ways.

A sober moment, a breath of air,
a precious lady, a start of love.
A new desire, I now had,
a motive to begin again,
to have a better life
and start a life anew.

With help of precious lady,
by talking to myself,
seeking help of others,
and wanting to be free;
I lost my thoughts, the
ten thousand rising things,
the worries, the despair,
the doubts, the problems,
I start to build a life with
that precious lady who
has now become my wife.

In my senior later years,
with time, I learned I had
a gift for other things,
through silence I began
to enjoy the present moments,
and learn to be content;
no crazy wants, no noisy thoughts,
no big hurrahs, no moans or groans.
I grew, I read, I wrote, I studied,
I became what I was meant to be,
a kind, cheerful, caring, happy man.

Bob Blackwell

A Mother

Although
worry numbs
her heart,
she'll not
complain
as she helps
dear ones
recover,
from their
hurts.

Smiling
she
always
hides her
pain.

Though
stressed,
she'll hum
a lullaby,
a hymn of hope,
as she waits for
dawns fresh
gleam of light
to rise, to clear
away the darkest
shadows of
her night.

Bob Blackwell

A Poets Life (3)

The beauty of our world,
now fills our poets mind,
words to form a nature poem
grow, to illustrate how natural,
how peaceful our world can be.

All must see how wild mountain
streams can flow serenely down,
no hard and jagged rocks to hurt,
just soft grassy slopes that fall,
gently, they softly tumble down.

They form a placid peaceful lake
where all still waters gather,
gaining strength to overcome
the storms of life to come.

All must sit quiet, listen for the sounds
that come trickling through to help the
rivulets of mind, form the seas of hope,
and the calm oceans of tranquillity.

Only then can flowers grow between the
hard rocks of reality, to let caring blossom,
fragrance of sharing multiply, and the love
of beauty touch, to form years of peace
throughout all the people of our world.

07-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

A Presence Felt

Reflections on life's essence fill my mind,
my soul opens up to thoughts on energy,
the power that flows through all we see.
I observe closely a meadow of grasses,
to notice wildflowers dancing in between.

Reflections on life's essence fill my mind,
my soul opens up to thoughts on energy,
the power that flows through all we see.
I observe closely a meadow of grasses,
to notice wildflowers dancing in between.

I now can feel there has to be a spirit,
that lives amongst the fairest valley's,
whose home is found in sparkling rivers,
seas, oceans, hills, mountains, flowers,
the rain that falls, our moon and stars.

I sense same magic force pulse through,
my ideas, my imagination,
my thoughts that rise, my inspiration
to drive my passion to achieve.
Same intensity powers a twinkling star.

I feel nature's presence all around me,
it influences the air I breathe in,
the warming light from beams of sunshine,
the coldness ice and snow of winter days,
the new life of springs blossoming days.

I am aware of it moving through everything,
a wave of consciousness stirring through,
it is life itself, it is the emotion of wanting
to be free of all restraints, to be happy.
A presence felt which gives a life to all.

Bob Blackwell

A Small White Feather

Soars and falls
like a coaster ride,
it climbs, then falls,
to climb and fall
once more.

No hurry, slow
then quick then slow
again, it wanders
listlessly,
here then there.
in gentle breeze,
it dances freely
and with ease,
it does a turn.

Fading light
helps the illusion,
the impression that
as it dances,
slow, slow,
quick quick
slow;
it does a waltz.

Bob Blackwell

A Smile

A smile full of kindness,
fills our hearts our minds.
It means we are noticed,
accepted and are loved.

14-04-2009

Bob Blackwell

A Soldier

Raining hard,
my back hurts,
I'm very cold,
feet soaking wet,
they hurt, I rest.

No sleep for days;
I drag my feet,
soggy mud,
trench a bog;
it's full of tears!

What time is it?
Dawn or dusk?
Rats, many rats,
run from holes
in side of trench.

Lots of corpses;
my arm hurts,
runs with blood,
had I passed out?
I don't remember.

I.....
do not want
to recall,
the hell of war,
the noise, the smoke,
the bodies fall.

Rains relentlessly,
drip, drip,
it runs down my neck.
Wish I was home,
a warm mug of tea,
two sugars please?

A light, a flash,

an explosion;
as I depart this world,
I wonder, how
this all came to be,
but mostly
WHY I came!

19-11-2008

Bob Blackwell

A Sunset

Our sun maintains a wondrous cycle;
from dawn to dusk, day to night,
birth to death, always moving.

At sundown....

On a screen of darkening blue,
we behold a magic picture show,
impressionist paintings of the sky.
An orange ball highlights stretched
streaky clouds of white and grey.

Sky now turns from blue to yellow,
a yellow with just a tinge of red,
a quick change to tawny amber,
transforms to tints and shades of
pink, crimson, scarlet, maroon, and red.
These colours splashed; shaded with a
dash of grey, of blue, of white and black.
Form a source of wonder for the eye.

The golden orb falls lower, and twilight starts.
Streaky clouds grow dark, more black than grey;
and draw pencil lines across the sun and sky.
Other clouds still fluffy white have orange edge, □
form lovely ice cream patterns in the sky.
Bright green emerald sea, turned navy blue,
is full of smiles; when the setting sun lays
scattered beams upon its rippled water face.
Moving colours splashed on to a canvas heaven,
present an enchanted picture show.

Sun a large ruby ball, falls to the end of world,
to sit on waters edge, ready to descend,
collapse and rise again, to shine on other worlds.
As dusk and evening ends, daybreak dawns
our blood red sun leaves our twilight world,
to rise still dripping red to announce the dawn
for those that live in other lands. Soon it will

sink once more, to rise glowing red at dawn,
and announce the start of our new day.

Each end; always is a new beginning.

.

Bob Blackwell

A Wise Owl

The wise owl frowns,
does he think like me,
what can he see
of this world and me?

12-08-2008

Bob Blackwell

African Summer

Live in

African town
beneath the African sun
sky is blue, then storm clouds gather,
lightening flashes light a darkening scene,
torrents of rain commence to fall,
it thunders ground is wet.
African sun?
It's Gone!

12-08-2008
(Rictameter Poem)

Bob Blackwell

Alcoholic

Early Morning,
Feeling weak
Hands shake,
Tummy Trembles,
Off to bar,
To get a shot.

Amazing how a drink
Relieves the stress,
The tensions of my body,
Shakes now gone,
Relief is found,
But only brief.

As body succumbs to
Alcohol, feelings of
Guilt abound.
I don't care
So lets have another drink;
Lets have another round.

Now I just want sleep
To eliminate the shame,
Forget the harm I may have
Done. Mind still works
A little talk to self, do not
Get too drunk.

You have to carry home,
A bottle, so you can drink,
To welcome sleep,
A sweet oblivion
Of nothingness. A stupor,
That helps me manage life.

Astonishing how I keep
This pattern up
From day to day,
Week to week,

Month to month,
Then years it carries on.

Drink for tomorrow
I may die!
Die! Die you will.
When tomorrow?
Who knows it could be sooner;
If not drink, it could be suicide.

The drink that kills, I think:
I do not care.
So lets have another drink.
Another round
So I can give way once
More to alcohol.

My mind goes round and
Round, then round some more,
Never stopping,
Crazy thoughts tumble
Through this cuckoo cage
I call my mind.

Never settling, switching
All the time, from one
Problem to another
Guilt, qualms, poor me,
Appear. Can't you see?
It wasn't me that drinks.

It was another man, my
Alter ego that drinks to
Much. I'm not like that.
I can stop, and one day
Will stop.
For sure I can.

Stop shaking, stop shaking,
Please stop my trembling hands.
Please make them go away,
In the bath my body shakes,

The water ripples, please
Shakes please go.

Must be clean not dirty,
Wash smell out.
Shave and then put on
Plenty aftershave.
Dress smart, a little drink
To kill the tremors.

Now nobody can tell, that
I'm the one that
Smells, that shakes,
Falls down, goes home
Infrequently,
Neglects his family.

Nobody can see that I
Make many promises
That I forget to keep,
That I do not care
Not even when I have
A little drink.

If, job I have, my mind
Is in another place that
Comes at end of day.
Where once again the drink
That cures relieves my pain
Of living in this world.

My mind is gone it has
Left to find another home.
It cannot live in space it
Has, it hurts to much.
The pain just goes, on to long.
Please make it stop.

God please make me stop,
Put the cork back in the
Bottle. So I can begin a
Life anew. One that doesn't

Hurt. An honest one, for me.
A promise I can keep.

Bob Blackwell

Appreciation

Row upon row of thin flat clouds,
sliced smooth, their bottoms gone,
stretch, far as eye can see, moisture
there, no promise rain is guaranteed.
The filtered sun, beats down relentlessly
dries this thirsty dehydrated land. A
scrub land now, tufts of burnt dry grass, .
small straggly acacia trees sparsely leafed,
thorns bent, fight vainly, for height and width.
No water here, ground is parched, earth dry,
powdered soil, dust clouds fly.
Life is hard, few creatures here, more
death than life, vultures circle overhead.

Lone large presence in this stark dry land,
a large dead tree shows better days have
come and gone, Trunk smooth, shaded
grey by sun and wind, no bark to spoil
its sheen. Dead; dried out, breaking down,
its twisted upright arms, cry out, implore,
please, please see the beauty, that I was.

Sun still beats down, in distance heat waves rise,
a lone jackal walks head down in search of prey,
black back appears bent in shimmering light.
Alongside a rutted dusty road of dirt, a long line
of tall straight poles dissect this barren land. They
carry light, cool air, give life to distant town.
Lets hope, give a wish, a prayer for better things.

Gazing up clouds have darkened, a distant rumble,
wind blows, its cooler now. Sky blackens, noise is
closer, a flash of light, it grumbles now. Look to the
horizon, hope appears, a swirl of black, moves up and
down, a dancing dervish shape, that twists and shouts its
raining now. Great big life giving drops of water fall,
the parched earth sighs, and gladly opens up to accept
the heavenly tears, land happy, moisture falls, ground wet.
Storm overhead now, everywhere lightning bolts display,

a thanksgiving festival of light, a gala celebration with
thunder rolls of gratitude, for pouring rain, moistened
earth, and the lake that forms the dam that's full of joy.

Bob Blackwell

Baghdad

City of my birth, no longer mine.
Infidels control and rule my town.
Because of this I have,
no job, no hope of one,
work has gone to
people not like us.
They maim, they kill,
they execute my son.
No love just hate I feel!
I have no expectations.
Violence rules this city.

They say make jihad, kill infidel,
kill other sect, they're not like us,
Who are you to see their worth,
Why should you care for them.
Allah pleased, he'll treat you well.

So strap bomb on,
By car you'll reach your goal,
along a road and then a street.
It's busy, people everywhere,
shopping, chatting, walking,
children going to school.
No danger there, but danger feared,
their eyes are everywhere.

Walk to target from the car,
making carefree glances everywhere,
goal is reached,
give silent prayer,
press here,
bomb explodes.
You'll fragment, disintegrate,
and eradicate our hated foe.
Vengeance done,
Allah pleased.

Go now.

Bob Blackwell

Clouds

At home the clouds have no
bottoms cut off by magic knife,
they are soft, fluffy, white and
like me have shades of grey.

Happy clouds, quiet clouds,
relaxed, not moving clouds.
Bathed in sunshine, they are
clouds I want to see.

Glad to be here clouds.
Altogether nice clouds
No place like home clouds.
Clouds I want to stay.

Bob Blackwell

End

Curtain down,
can disappoint,
can give relief;
sunset, sundown.

Hears last post,
sees a finality,
going to sleep,
a truce in war.

Phone put down,
the lights go out,
a sigh, a laugh,
a conclusion.

Final whistle,
all goodbyes
door closes
story finishes.

An explosion,
a books last page,
an empty cup,
a graduation.

Leaves falling,
petals dropping,
bus stopping,
kettle boiling.

A funeral, a requiem,
a grave, a tomb,
an epitaph, a loss,
the last full stop.

Bob Blackwell

Erosion

Erosion

Starts

with empty churches
and no moral lessons
taught at home.
Parental guidance,
too engrossed in self
and magic picture shows.

Many

young minds
grow without
guardianship or care,
no guidance given,
no ethics, discipline,
no moral code,
to help guide
their future life.

Lost

peer pressure wins the
battle for young minds.
Each young spirit lost
one less soul banked
for future of our world.

Youth

now cowed,
hides intent,
young conscience, no
rights or wrongs
scruple fires are cold, no
fuel, no nourishment,
nothing taught, so
many souls now dead.

How

can we afford to loose?

Young talent not
nurtured, gives out
no creative promise!
So much waste, so
much promise lost.

To
graffiti walls in the
art schools of the street,
that give expression
to the secret codes,
that mean a
gang of sameness,
the belonging makes
them strong.

Many
experience and feel,
The pain of indifference,
The pain of boredom,
The pain of misunderstood,
The pain of defiance and
The pain of guilt.

Pain
needs a potion,
intoxicant prescribed,
to alleviate the pain,
makes life exciting.
so they do not care,
they laugh, they make
a noise, make trouble,
so we'll notice them.

What
hope for future lives?
Same values taught,
by those already lost,
same sad intent, still
no book of ethics, still
no principles, no guide
or moral code.

Erosion

means a slow but
gradual decay,
a mould, a rust,
a deterioration, that
never stops, it erodes
the soil, the growth of
future births: descendent
families still to come.
The rot just multiplies.

Bob Blackwell

Evening

Twilight,
dusk
sun sinks,
light lessens,
day softens,
work ends.

A time to rest,
a time to think,
a time to meditate.

Quiet moments
then give,
time to care,
time for talk,
time to listen,
time to love,

and later
time for sleep.

Bob Blackwell
27 February 2007

Bob Blackwell

For One Whole Day

Imagine peace
for one whole day
throughout the world.

No people killing,
no destruction
no angry words.

One whole day
love is fostered,
with give not take.

One day of peace,
can save so many
give time to heal.

Time to escape
misery, famine to
live in other place.

Time to vaccinate
against disease,
time to enjoy quiet,

of a peaceful day,
to rest with no fear
of harm to come.

That must be worth
a lot of blessings.

Bob Blackwell

Heatbumps

Heatbumps, scratch, scratch and damn that louse
Nain and Taid grey and black have cold house
Bedroom smell wee, chamber pot, double bed
Its dark, its cold, bed wet, and full of dread
Wallpaper on the ceiling, patterns come and go
Sheets rough, mattress feathered, candle glow
Scratch, scratch, heat bumps, itch, and itch some more
Carpet wet, damp is rising in the corner by the door
Every visit heatbumps come, pink ointment to apply
Its the change, its the water, everyone tell lie
Scratch scratch, itch itch, tic toc went the clock
All night long an itch, a scratch a tic a toc
Lifetime shorter than the night you see
Body sore, itches, home is where I want to be
Holidays from school, so cruel, please kill that flea.

Bob Blackwell

Human Beings

Earth planted seeds grow;
in peace the spirit of life,
ignites fresh beginnings.

So new lives can join
the orchestra for living
by natures many rules.

Created lovingly,
we start our earthly journey,
quite innocently enjoy,

exciting moments,
in a world that stimulates,
imaginings and dreams.

Beauty all around,
a planet full of many contrasts,
provisions we can share.

The seasons change and
enlighten natures lesson
of serenity and peace.

Natures noble truths;
share, do no evil, help others
have concern for all.

Later is not understood,
we have little love, do not share
or care for other lives.

We have no need of....
Natures Tranquil Ways.

Bob Blackwell

I Believe Before Everything Began, Before Time

The page is blank, pen is poised.
Before time, before things happen,
there was nothing, save for a void,
a nothingness, a emptiness, no life
or consciousness, a space unfilled.

No word is written, no thoughts,
nothing is recorded, no story,
before history, before time began,
a nonentity of everything, of all.

No moon, no stars, no planets,
no galaxies, no universe, no sun.
No milky way, no solar flares,
no comets, just one black hole.

A sphere of spirit, an energy,
a lifeforce, that knew no limit;
a supreme dormant power
filled the void, it had no name,
no presence, it is not there.

All is still, silence is the rule,
no tiny cogs to measure time,
no sun, no shadows, no sundial,
just eternal time, one moment
is suspended in no time at all.

An emptiness that settled, had no
divisions, no separate ways, it is
unmoving, it had no limits, it's spread
boundless, its reach was to infinity.

Still in eternal time, a spark ignites
the dormant spirit, it then expands,
void explodes, life's energy free to
spread its consciousness unlimited,
life's current to all corners of infinity.

A word is written, history opens,
start of continuous moving time.
Life's energy makes stars, planets
other worlds, our universe, our sun,
our moon, our earth, our milky way.

This same spirit created earth with
its mountains, hills, oceans, seas,
forests, deserts, rolling plains,
icecaps, and lovely valley streams.

Creatures great and small are made,
lifes cascade of energy spreads, to all,
its current a continuous moving flow
of consciousness for all new life made.

Human life evolves, ability to think
given, our thoughts remembered,
feelings and emotions given, our
intelligence, our knowledge improves.

All this made possible by life's spirit
which flows unbroken through all that
it has created and all that it will create.
It is the current of life's creation the
same eternal spirit flows through all.

We all come from that same
moment of eternal time that
held the spark that set free the
dormant spirit in the empty void,
to let consciousness go free.

This moment contains all time,
all history that is gone, all thoughts
all deeds, all loves lost and gained,
all achievements, victories, losses,
our hopes, our dreams, our lives.

Today this same life spirit flows,
it is our own true selves, and has
an eternal energy that never dies.

Lifes spirit binds, its flow joins us
to everything, to all, we are One.
Together we make up one large Soul.
We are life, we are part of life's flow.

You ask was supreme dormant power
that had no name, God? You can give
it that name, if you feel it makes it right,
for it was and is the greatest power we
know, for it shares its spirit with all,
so we and everything can have a life.

This means however we all must care for,
love, cherish and help everything we see.
Because you see, what we see is me
and you, and all me's and you's, and
everything, make up lifes spirit, our soul.

If we all work together to heal our
world, we will succeed, for our unity
of purpose, our Oneness, will ensure we
are the greatest power that's ever been!

Together we can work miracles, like
that the supreme power you called God.

Bob Blackwell

Ideas

In consciousness
a tiny bud blossoms,
a berry falls,
nature covers,
protects
from frost and cold.

Time passes,
spring arrives
now warmer days,
the spark of life
ignites
fresh growth.

From our berry
hidden warm,
new life appears,
a root bores down
searches
for support.

In the dark
a tender shoot
pale, vulnerable;
blind it advances,
ascends
towards the light.

The dawn's light
sees our slender
shoot emerge;
fragile white it
seeks
sun and rain.

Given time
and many seasons,
our shoot grows
into a tree which

blossoms,
then,
a berry falls.

19-06-2008

Bob Blackwell

Imagination

Tastes the oceans salty brine.
Hears a dandelion tell the time.
Feels happy, sad, funny, kind.
Spots Alice's fall to wonderland.

Observes a mouse run up a clock,
A small frog turns into a prince,
the genie of Aladdin's lamp,
and the moon is made of cheese

Creates fantasies, makes us bold.
New works to enrich our world.
Saddens, gladdens and maddens,
Makes us poor, with many riches.

Overcomes life's many difficulties,
Sees the funny side of things,
Hears angels, heavenly voices,
Makes come true our dreams.

Imagination gives verve to life,
Without it our mind is dead,
our life would be difficult, and
sounds of laughter seldom heard.

Our problems will remain unsolved,
Our difficulties, worries multiply,
All changes will make things worse,
Our life will become very dreary.

21-04-2008

Bob Blackwell

In My Garden

I watch as the days brightness alters
from sunrise, sunset, nightfall, ☐
to when the moon and stars light up,
and I can see the Milky Way.

I watch the seasons change from
spring growth, to summer heat,
autumn leaves, winter rot with
rain, sun, wind, frost, and snow.

I study, ants, worms, slugs and snails.
Leaves, buds, trees and flowers;
bees, wasps, white bellied sunbirds,
and many butterflies stop for nectar.

But most of all as I sit in my garden,
I feel angry, sad, confused, when I think,
how man persecutes man, and stamps
him under foot to break his will.

How his power corrupts,
his laws cheat, and
his desires tempt him, to steal,
murder, rape, abuse and wound.

How his beliefs, ideas, and dogma's;
separate, judge, blame, confuse,
causing hurt, harm, even wars, so
his love wasted, and his charity ignored.

How his belief might is right, allows
governmental avarice, politician's spin,
and leaders lies to make wars, in which
thousands die, and millions come to hate.

How his miasma blocks out truth, hope
new optimism, a talk of peace,
freedom cries ignored, and answers given
shrouded with false reasons for not ending war.

Relaxing in my spring garden full of hope,
surrounded by lovely flowering shrubs,
I mostly hear the black crows cry but
have just one wish, that a red eyed dove brings
peace, commonsense, love, understanding,
and compassion to the people of our world.

Bob Blackwell

Knowledge

Deep beneath our darkened earth a seed has ripened,
it is ready to sprout, and dash with strength,
to the surface of our world.

Bravely it bends its tiny head, pushing out, questioning the
beginnings of its growth, a root, a starting point, and
a pale white shoot that struggles up in search of light.

As dawn comes a warm glow illuminates our tiny shoot,
and the changes start immediately. It thickens, grows,
stronger, and changes colour as it feeds on sun and rain.

First a lovely light green that is so beautiful to see.
As it develops it darkens, turned brown by the sun,
side shoots appear, branches are born.

Tiny leaves then grow, pale green at first, so young
they look, like a puppies smile, a childs first step,
a birds first flight, an idea that has just been born.

Branches mature, more shoots become twigs,
and leaves begin to multiply, trunk now fat and
broad as our tree grows larger from the light.

Soon it blossoms and fruit is formed, seeds are born
to fall to earth, with time they will struggle up against
great odds, to create yet again another tree.

Bob Blackwell

Kruger Changing

North of Satara on a dusty road,
Row upon row of thin flat clouds,
sliced smooth, their bottoms gone,
stretch, far as eye can see, moisture
there, no promise rain is guaranteed.
The filtered sun, beats down relentlessly
dries this thirsty dehydrated land. A
scrub land now, tufts of burnt dry grass,
small straggly acacia trees sparsely leafed,
thorns bent, fight vainly for height and width.
No water here, ground is parched, earth dry,
powdered soil, dust clouds fly.
Life is hard, few creatures here, more
death than life, vultures circle overhead.

Lone large presence in this stark dry land,
a large dead tree shows better days have
come and gone, trunk smooth, shaded
grey by sun and wind, no bark to spoil
its sheen. Dead; dried out, breaking down,
its twisted upright arms cry out, implore,
please, please see the beauty, that I was.

Sun still beats down, in distance heat waves rise,
a lone jackal walks head down in search of prey,
black back appears bent in shimmering light.
Alongside a rutted dusty road of dirt, a long line
of tall straight poles dissect this barren land. They
carry light, cool air, give life to distant camp. Lets
now hope, and say a prayer, a wish for better things.

Gazing up clouds have darkened, a distant rumble,
wind blows, its cooler now. Sky blackens, noise is
closer, a flash of light, it grumbles now. On the
horizon, hope appears, a swirl of black, moves up and
down, a dancing dervish shape, that twists and shouts its
raining now. Great big life giving drops of water fall,
the parched earth sighs, and gladly opens up to accept
the heavenly tears. Land now happy, moisture falls,

ground is wet, puddles gather, the waters everywhere.
Storm overhead now, everywhere lightning bolts display,
a thanksgiving festival of light, a gala celebration with
thunder rolls of gratitude, for pouring rain, moistened
earth, and the lake that forms the dam that's full of joy.

Angel tears worked their magic overnight and the
next day life returns to this long dry thirsty land.
After such a long, long sleep the earth has stretched,
dust has disappeared and green grass begins to sprout.
Later leaves appear and a divine green glow covers
this once dead and empty land. The earth greens,
the spirit of life returns, nature's cycle has moved to
replenish, give relief to this once neglected land.

Now we have fluffy happy ice cream clouds of joy,
that promises more delightful rain will fall, to bring
fruits that feed, seeds that nourish, leafy trees for shade,
and new strength to the limp acacia trees. The sun now
aids gives help to improve new growth and the jackals bent
black back straightens. On the branches of the dried out
long dead tree, birds have returned to roost and nest
to give it purpose, a reason to be there.

To witness nature's drama play, change scenes before our eyes
is something to behold, remember and recall. Lucky we are
to visit nature parks, and luckier still to visit once again.
This way we witness the best of our natural world, observe its many cycles,
different seasons, all in unspoilt places of our land.

Kruger Mornings

A warm Kruger morning
the sun just rising in the sky,
Orange globe so round so fiery,
makes shadows on the ground.

Our eyes are open, we're wide awake,
our faces full of joy,
once more exhilarated, keyed up,
and eager, for our safari up ahead.
Excitement builds
we leave our hutted camp,
to seek out Gods creatures
great and small.

As we begin our drive,
the first light of day breaks,
softly at first,
Then slowly it brightens
and illuminates
hidden places of the bush.

Exciting this time before the noon of day
with sun so hot it burns, it
forces all to seek the shade
that's cool,
to avoid the heat of afternoon.

□

Mornings are best to view the game.
Rested from the cool of night,
Impala with eyes so big
so brown so bright,
prance, cavort and play,
tiny tails a wag, as
they frolic, skip and jump,
they seem to play follow me.

Looking up at sky now blue,
vultures soar on air that's warm,
wisps of clouds come into view

and other birds appear.

Full of grace the Bataleur
so French,
so striking this bird of prey,
short tail,
feathers black and tawny,
face and feet blood red.

It floats quietly by
then turns,
swooping quickly and with guile,
it captures prey upon the ground,
claws outstretched,
a splash of red, of
black, of blue,
it seizes Roller in the grass.

Coming by and flying high,
another kite this one has yellow bill,
feathers brown, and tail with fork.
Head down it preys like hawk,
eyes searching out his prey
of chicks, of mice, or even ants.

A cloud, a million Queleas
with red bill,
swarming, as one they move,
flying like a coaster ride.
Up above them falcons soar
and hunt.
Wings folded tight,
ensure great speed
as they swoop down on swarm
to catch and feed.

Wildebeest and Zebra graze,
while Warthog with tails erect
scurry by with young in tow,
and a lone Snake Eagle
perches on a branch.

In grass that encroaches on the road,
Francolins hide,
a Snake slithers out on to the road,
its head raised
it menaces with forked tongue.

Brown patches of veld
now appear,
ants are busy moving house,
Hyena saunters slowly by,
while monkeys play amongst the trees.
A Mongoose family play,
curious,
as we approach
they hurry scared to grass that's long.

We cross a bridge,
below Water buck
graze and drink,
a Saddle billed stork,
tall, red bill,
feathers black and white.
Another stork has Yellow bill,
a Goliath Heron standing still,
Crocodiles asleep upon the bank.

Later Giraffe
beanpole neck, head perched high,
huge brown eyes, lashes long,
a mouth, with curling tongue,
a face, a human one,
that smiles.
Four long legs,
a tiny tail,
it moves along with tiny steps,
to browse on leaves
in trees with thorns.

Eagerly we search for game,
hoping we will spot a cat
before they decide to hide

and take a nap.
A lion, cheetah, or leopard,
so we can claim we saw,
and mark position on the map,
with coloured pin.
Others then can view our finds,
that is if they haven't
moved away.

Elephant, Buffalo, Rhino, Lion, Leopard,
other tourists come to view these five.
Eagerly they hunt and seek,
so they can say they've seen
big five.
Fervently
they seek them out,
missing other beauty all about.
Shame it is they cannot see
the rest of Kruger's many charms.

□
So quiet,
so peaceful to be here,
we feel like
we're in another world,
and so we are,
for it is a special place
this wonderland,
this paradise,
called Kruger Park.

Every year we have returned,
to haunt, explore, enjoy,
wonder, and be thrilled,
by magic early morning drives,
that have revealed
the hidden riches of the bush.

Thank you Kruger Park
our nations pride,
for all the countless pleasures
you provide;

it has been our luck and joy
to have explored
your treasure trove
of natures many gifts.

Yes we will be back next year.

□

□

□

□

□

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Bob Blackwell

Life And Death (A Renga)

Faces, fluffy white clouds
hang still on mountain tops.
A brown dirt road meanders.

Surprised, still being alive,
stunted grasses fight to grow.

Struggling, holding back,
sun rises slowly in the east.
An emerging scene.

Flower, slowly opening,
with a glow of morning light.

Hidden places lighten
magical spaces surface.
moments come alive.

Eggs crack, and new life appears.
Stimulating changes to come.

Life, keeps moving on;
Sun sets happen every day,
a shooting star; dies.

Moon rises on a darker world,
So much goes unexplained.

21-04-2008

Bob Blackwell

Life Expects

A wholehearted
enthusiasm and
and passion,
without which we will
be condemned to
a shallow life,
of monotonous zero,
amongst those classed as
living, but already dead.

18-08-2009

Bob Blackwell

Life Is Only Now

Picture

Clouds, upside down folding hills
of grey and white, passing over
shimmering fields of golden grass,
swaying back and forth in breeze.

Hills, their grey tumbled down rocks,
ancient fallen remains of past events.
A lone umbrella thorn, stands proud,
a silhouette, shaded sentinel protects.

It guards the start of a long brown
road that meanders here then there.
It twists, it turns, ever onwards as it
searches, looking for its own horizon.

Feel

The heat that shimmers, sky shaded
but ground and air fevers, envelopes.
Beads of sweat fed by a body heat,
that as temperature rises, loses control.

Underfoot the ground is rough, clogs,
grassy earth, make for uneven ground.
Smooth patches have shiny surface,
small circles of black whiskered grass.

Sense

A hopelessness that's rising fast,
No hope here, life is tough, life is hard.
You feel inadequate for the task,
not strong, too old to carry on and on.

Life a battle, nature doesn't help,
no rain, hot sun, dust, more dust,
blows, eyes sore, mouth cracked,
dry, a drought, land is parched.

Yet

We have to carry on, strive for,
battle for a life more worthwhile,
by trying hard we will succeed,
we'll conquer all our fears to win.

See

Now the upside down clouds part, how
suns downfall begins its slow descent.
The shadows lengthen, stretching,
means days labour is about to end.

Living now I watch the sun crossing,
its passage from dawns entrancement,
to a slow ebb at eventides enchanting.
From dawn to dusk, its colour charms.

I reflect now how life can feel hard, if,
thoughts spoil the sweetness of it all,
they cloud the beauty that is present,
making sadness of the days creation.

For...

Each moment is a flush of fascination,
each moment is the sweetest sweet,
happiness is now, joy now is present.
Mind clear, no myriad of rising things.

We now realise that each moment,
even though some may be dark, the
stars still shine, disturbances come,
but the joy for living will always stay.

Bob Blackwell

Mannikins

One by one, then two by two,
together but not together,
scared, then not scared;
Is how they go about their daily life.

Bob Blackwell

Melancholy

Early morning,
light with sun,
that's still to rise.

Chilly is the air,
mist still rising,
from the pond.

A morning hush
mingles with
a rising damp.

Moon a ghost
shines dimly in
a misty vapour.

Outlook gloomy
her way forward
is not very clear.

Hunched up sad,
she stares down,
till a shiver runs.

Then a tear falls
slowly down to
wet her cheek.

Bob Blackwell

Memories

Smile my love with me,
can't you hear my voice,
speak of places we have been,
and those we still want to see.
Our life together was
so full of happy times,
it isn't meant to end, for
our memories still live.

See that bird,
the one that jokes
and makes a noise.
he is here and so am I.
I shall never leave
the garden of your mind,

I will always linger
by the blossom tree,
tread amongst the pansies,
watch the sun birds fly;
look hard and you will see me,
smiling, underneath our big tree.
The one that spoils
our yellow brick path,
but also gives us shade.

Those lovely sunrises,
the ones you used to tell,
sleepy me to wake and see.
Look now catch sight of the
sunrise over nearby hill,
sky coloured orange, red, and pink
with streaked grey clouds that
grow thinner by the minute.
Observe how as the sun rises
higher in the sky, the clouds,
vaporise, evaporate, and vanish.
Rising higher still the sun begins
to quickly warm your back,

a warmth that says, you're home,
please do enjoy,
so I can see your lovely smile.

See those tiny trees in pots,
both large and small,
see me wiring this tree,
pruning others
some water here, a feed there,
please look at this one
it has such light green leaves;
in spring they grow so fast.

See me picking spuds,
tomatoes, lettuce,
spinach, other veg,
or just the herbs
I loved to grow.

You used to say,
so much garden,
yet you still grow
some more in pots.

The clouds I used to study,
watch and love.
ice cream clouds, with faces,
cathedrals in the sky.

See those flat bottomed clouds,
appear in rows,
underneath smooth
cleaved off by magic knife.

I float up there with them,
looking down,
Seeing you, I write a poem,
a story of my life with you,
memories of appreciation for
the love you gave so easily.

Reach out now,

your heart
clasped in your hand,
so we can once more,
feel the warmth and
love we gave so willing.

My bodies gone,
worn out,
too many years;
It got too old.

Just remember I am now
the fine energy
that moves the wind,
steers the stars,
makes the sun rise up and fall,
and the knife that cuts the
bottoms from the clouds.

Reach out, you can touch me,
you can see my smile,
for I am now sweet energy,
the sugar of your mind.
Just be happy with it all.

21-04-2008

Bob Blackwell

Memory

It was a happening,
a moment in time,
some fifty years ago.
I remember
the pull on my shirt,
a plaintive voice
a cry for help,
the revulsion
that I felt.

For standing there,
Iraqi girl,
age close to seven,
dress torn,
sandals broken,
cupped hands
outstretched;
no nose,
no cheek,
no right eye.
staring out
instead
a gap,
a void,
a fly trapped
festering hole.

Horror struck,
I search,
I find a coin,
a silver one,
to give,
to push
into her hand.

I think
girl with only half a face,
please go away,
please leave my view,

seeing you
I ache, I pain,
I hurt,
for you do offend
my sight.

She had run,
had scurried off,
was quickly gone.

Now when I close my eyes.

Bob Blackwell

My Reverie

I was dreaming, the sun was warm,
the bright green grass was comforting.
I could see pretty yellow flowers, hear
the champagne stream rippling by,
over head the trees met to form an
avenue over water unhurried, bit by
bit it slowly moves, mottled shadows
shift on the leisurely moving stream.

I lie besides that brook that bubbled,
relaxed without any care, so happy
gazing at the blue and cloudless sky.
I was comforted by the thought that
simple pleasures like this are free,
no entrance fee to enjoy natural
splendours of mother natures charm;
available always free of charge for all.

I smell the winds flowery perfume,
scent from natures blossoms fill my
heart my soul, I am at peace in the
lovely landscape, my minds journey
of pictures of calm, birds singing,
warm soothing colours, natures hush
a whisper, silence rules, there is a
peace so complete its settled down.

Later my minds eye got disturbed
I heard angry flashes of gunfire,
many aeroplanes, missiles fired;
my mothers cries, the music stop,
the laughter gone away, the tears,
peoples screams bombard my head.
I try to regain the peace I had,
but war keeps getting in my way.

The air was cold, I felt shivers run,
I trembled, sky now a darker black,
my cities life silhouetted, outline

smashed, too many gaps, a broken
spiky skyline of blackened shadows;
a charcoal drawing of a tragic scene.
No sun, no colour, just blackened grey.
All warmth now gone, just sadness left.

My ears still ring, small fires still burn,
There are bodies lying, broken, scarred.
my arm hurts, headaches, leg bleeding,
feel lost and disorientated, miss family.
I stifle back the tears, be brave I say.
As I lie unable to move, I remember that
when they fell I was walking down street,
how explosion pinned me to the ground.

Trapped unable to move, I drift again
into my reverie, my flight to calm. My
escape and freedom from a world at war.
A gun fires, I hear the shot, a man dies,
a poppy grows, a field of poppies from
all the wars before, colour red fills mind,
it is the blood of many lives, past wars,
future conflicts, killing's, more lost lives.

I reflect in my reverie how our world
needs a landscape of love to care for,
mountains of hope and rivers that flow
with understanding to feed only oceans
of peace, happiness and tranquillity;
before the rivulets of mans mind turns
once more to love and sharing to solve
mans inhumanity to his fellow man.

I try to regain the peace I had,
but war keeps getting in my way.

Bob Blackwell

On Being Happy

The sun has set on yet another day.
I am relaxed and at peace as,
I listen to the sounds of the night;
an owl's mournful hoot,
the wind blowing,
the fire settling, and
the beautiful chords of a guitar,
playing my sort music.

The moon is crescent shaped,
on the horizon I see a fishing boat,
crew no doubt looking forward to
unload their catch and returning home.
A welcome glow awaits their arrival
from their small white homes on harbours edge.

The air is warm, the moon still rising,
the waves lap on the shore.
I feel at ease, rested, and
enjoying the company of myself.
I sigh, close my eyes,
and sink deeper in my chair.

Thoughts of experiences, incidents that shaped my life.
Happy events, sad times, pass through my mind.
Unsettled, I shake them off, I must not grasp.
I think of future plans, but mood is still affected.
I must not expect.
I take a deep breath, I slowly exhale
to return to present moments.

The moon rises higher,
it looks brighter and bigger,
its reflected light makes
obscure formations that
jump and ripple with incoming tide.

Flames from fire
dance and stretch ever upwards

to light the blackness of the night;
and the shadows formed,
make hurried patterns in the sand.

I hear, the buzz of the village
as it prepares for night,
the waves breaking on the shore,
the crew's excited chatter
as they unload their fishy catch,
and in the distance, a roll of thunder.

I feel a slight breeze,
the warmth of fire,
the sand between my toes.
I smell: the sea, its salty air,
drives out the scent of smoke,
I taste the brine.

Catch unloaded, fishermen walk home.
I wonder what their evening has in store.
A happy time for all I hope.
For some there could be trouble,
an unhappy spouse, a child not well,
unwanted bill, emergency.

For others a smile, a kiss,
a welcome meal, a hug
family talk, school talk
happy talk,
a loving silence.

I reflect on how we cannot
search for happiness. How
we must know our own true self,
work with love
and live the right kind of life,
before happiness will come.

We must learn from our mistakes,
become aware of all around,
help others when we see a need.
We'll then enjoy each precious
moment and live each one with joy.

My fire is a dying, embers do not glow,
means it is a time for me to end my reverie.
The village is quiet, streets are empty,
lights are going out, people are in bed.

As the evening moves to night,
I see the stars come out and
wonder at the vastness of it all.
The Milky Way so dense with stars,
makes our world seem very small.

I release my body from my chair,
collect my thoughts and things,
to close, to make an end.
Time to rest, to sleep, a time of
recovery for happy days ahead.

.

Bob Blackwell

Our Ever Changing World

As I fly high above our world in
such a clear azure and cloudless sky,
I listen to the roar of the wind, and
hear the crash of waves upon a shore.
I see hills and mountaintops, crawl
endlessly overland, as if on a slow
journey to some far off distant land.

The red green grass of summer
runs quickly from those peaks,
a red topped tide that rushes, waves,
plunging down from the summits,
to where the valleys shine, and glisten,
radiant from the streams that run,
over rocks, stones, and waterfalls,
to form pools that reflect and glow,
with sparkling sunbeams, to then move
on through trees so tall so proud.
Trees that always seem to stretch my way.

The green and fertile valleys washed clean
by summer rains and melting winter snows.
Greens, browns, reds and natures other colours,
form earth and fields, spread out like a patchwork.
Everything placed just right, different, and unique,
nothing quite the same, this world of ours of many
contrasts, shades, relief's, and different colours.

Moving on, seas so green so blue,
splashed white like snow. now mingle
with the land, are full of life for us to see.
Tiny fishes shining bright, millions mass
and congregate, to make a shoal that shimmers,
the sun shines through and from this mass,
this throng, this multitude of many fish,
the water seems to dance with light smiling
kisses, sparkle, glint, flicker and jump
over here, now over there, then here again.

The same seas, water laps gently on the shore,
sand so black, so dark, so wet, glistens,
tiny bubbles foam like frothy soap,
then holes appear and disappear, as the
waves move out and the waves move in

On this ever changing shifting tide,
A few broken shells, and pebbles,
lie so still, not moving in the sand
and tiny crab like creatures running
scared, hurry to burrow and hide
their bodies in the washed clean sand.

Polar ice caps now appear covered in snow,
shifting constantly over frozen seas.
With the changing seasons they
seem to come and go, ever moving
drifting south then north then south again.

Other places that I see deserts, barren
shifting sands, drifting, drifting, moving,
too hot by day, too cold at night.
They form drifted sanded mountains
from the wind swept drifted sands.
Barren as they are, some life lives there.

This world, this earth, a planet of changes,
first the seasons come and seasons go,
now snow, then rain, now drought,
and then a hurricane. Fog, mist, drizzly rain,
clouds flat, clouds streaky, fluffy clouds,
clouds that rain, green clouds hail, clouds of
falling snow, but then warm sun appears.

This world of changes, nothing stays the same,
it is like a constant moving picture show.
An ever changing continuous performance.
Entrance is free, there is no charge to view,
but if you want to have a life, just make sure
you are on time, or you might just miss the show.

Our Natural World

To study, to see, to observe
the magnificence of our world,
is a joy, a bliss, to live with nature,
to realize that we are a part of,
that we belong, feels so right;
no question, we are a component,
of what is called our natural world.

To climb to overlook to take in, to
notice how valleys shine, glisten
radiant from the streams that run,
over rocks, stones, and waterfalls,
to form pools that reflect and glow.
With sparkling sunbeams, glittering
waters then move on, to reach the
green fertile valleys, washed clean by
summer rains, melting winter snows.

Streams now form rivers that travel,
winding through other plains and valleys
till they reach our seas and oceans,
coloured by reflection of our changing sky,
they can be seen shaded blue, green or grey,
are splashed white like snow, the waves of
fair white horses gallop, surge, and roll,
as they rush to mingle with the land.

The seas can lap gently on the shore, on
sand so black, so dark, so wet, it glistens,
tiny bubbles, spray foam soap suds to
wash clean sand the shoreline of the sea.
As waves move in and waves move out,
as waters ebb and flow, tiny holes appear,
they form, to then disappear and vanish.
On water's edge of this changing shifting tide,
a few broken shells, pebbles, rocks, driftwood
all lie so still, not moving in the drifting sand,
tiny crab like creatures running, scared, dash
to burrow, to hide in the blackened sand.

Our seas are so full, they overflow with life,
tiny fishes shining bright, millions mass to
congregate, to make a shoal that shimmers.
As sun shines through and from this mass,
this throng, this multitude of many fish;
the water seems to dance with light,
smiling kisses, sparkle, glint, flicker, flash,
over here, now over there, then here again;
the shoal driven, by their urge to multiply.

Natures cycle of life, its connection to all
natural splendid things, becomes apparent,
if we take time to notice and to see how,
Nature feeds our soul with its beauty,
feeds our bodies with its food, it shows its
love so unselfishly. Without the honey bees
sweet search, no fruit, nuts, flowers, cereal crops
would procreate, they would become absent
from our diet, absent from our world. This
means we have to care for nature, treat her
with respect, look after, give her lots of love;
for she gives us life, she gives it all for free.

Bob Blackwell

Past Maturity

My trunk has greyed,
my body bent,
my branches twisted,
from years of beating sun.

My heart has died,
too many years of growth
have sapped my spirit;
yet I still appraise my land.

No leaves or foliage grow,
no blossom blooms in spring,
no fruit, no seeds
that fall and feed.

I'm tired and broken down,
the wind blows yet
I feel no movement
In my soul.

Large wrinkled cracks
line my weathered face.
My bark long gone and
my trunk well polished.

One time magnificent,
the tallest tree around,
the greenest leaves,
fruit most sought.

Time, wind and sun,
have aged my body,
my many, many rings
add far too many years.

Pretty birds I used to love
no longer perch and feed
the butterflies, the bees
that pollinate long gone.

Past beauty that I am
forgotten, and ignored,
soon I will fall, break,
decay, mould and rot.

My rotting remains
soon composted to
manure, I can now return
as goodness to the earth.

New growth now born,
new trees, grasses, plants,
blossoms that give food
to feed our hungry land.

The cycle of life means
I will grow again to
give life, sustain growth,
help maintain our world.

So life continues.

Bob Blackwell

Pause

Stop running,
stop chasing,
take notice
what happens
all around.

Hush,
now listen,
for it is only in
silence that what
should be revealed
is opened.

Bob Blackwell
02-03-2010

Bob Blackwell

Peace

Just like before
We harmonize the land.

Why?

To rest, recoup, repair,
Keep our people happy,
Then we go to war again;
We must expand.

But women will be killed,
Children and babies lost,
Homes destroyed
Corpses everywhere.
What for! What for! Why!
Why carry on so mercilessly.
Its time to think, to talk,
To see the difference,
To share the land,
Have lasting peace.

They will not listen to our plan,
They do not care for us.
We must ensure we are secure;
What they do is not our concern.

Of no concern?

No! they are not like us,
They have a different God,
They're from a different land;
For them we do not care.

We'll harmonize the land!

Bob Blackwell

Poet Tree Pleasure

Soft light green
are the leaves of spring,
they energise, give new life,
revive, make new,
rejuvenate
our living passion.

The trees pleasure
is now our pleasure.

Good poetry,
can fertilise,
revitalise, renew,
inspire new thought,
can comfort or
create new passion.

The poets pleasure
is now our pleasure.

For it is our pleasure
to see new green leaves
our pleasure to read
good poetic works.

They must both come
from, the same life spirit
that runs through all.

For is it not like magic,
both begin to grow?

Bob Blackwell

Pride

A secretary bird has
Pale grey feathered top,
three quarter dark black pants,
below long pink slender legs,
wings make bustled skirt, within
a grey black bordered tail,
Its tasseled head has orange face,
grey blue bill, and hazel eyes.
He gives a pompous grin, head
turned up, he parades, he struts,
a slow flamboyant stride, that says
I am the most superior bird.

Bob Blackwell
19 February 2007

Bob Blackwell

Proper Choice

The proper way to care,
shines bright for all to see.
Lets choose this path of truth,
let us learn to accumulate,
the knowledge, the reality,
the essence of right living.

A life were we share resources,
ensure there's food, water,
a place called home for all.
With compassion learned, we'll
have concern to conserve and
care for the future of our World.

09-10-2008

Bob Blackwell

Questions

Most of life's
a moan, a cry,
a laugh, a fear,
a need, a want,
then maybe just
a little prayer.

But its our thoughts
that become a nuisance,
while the world just
comes and goes;
trouble too those words
that come, then go
to only come again.

Then those
reflective moments
bring many questions.

Why?
Who made?
What for?
What next?
Where to?

It is in stillness,
at peace,
in a silence wrapped up in birdsongs,
the questions go
and we realise
why, who made, what for,
next, where to;
do not need an answer,
because happiness is Now.

12-08-2008

Bob Blackwell

Resolve

On stony ground, a small black beetle,
a scarab struggles; stubbornly he toils,
to push, to roll a large brown ball of dung.
When ball sticks, he tries a pull, if no go, he
climbs on top and crawls forward on the dung;
the ball rolls forward under extra weight.
The beetle falls, gets up and begins to push again.
He repeats this many many times, a push, a pull,
a climb, a fall, get up, push on, till ball of dung
finds resting hole, and is a larder for the young.
Scarab fights not for self, it has no selfish
thought of that, he perseveres, he carries on,
he ensures survival for the life that is to come.

Bob Blackwell

Searching

Seek and your life becomes clear,
Have no penitence, doubt or fear.
Unwind relax, and let the present flow,
The qualms, guilt and regret so
Worthless; they must go.
Now; thoughts free, no despair
No doubts, worries, to repair.
Be free, let go, yours words will prove,
You travel to a different grove,
Where fruits are pure and full of juice!
So write, create, have no excuse.
You have such stories to unfold!
Slowly, quietly, let the words be told,
Of tales of lives that have been sought,
In the language you were taught.

16.01.2005

Howick South Africa

Bob Blackwell

Separations

Water streaming,
drops fall, drip, drip,
they trickle down.

Grey fog, mist
swirls around,
a dark, dark night.

Cold and damp,
the blackest hour,
gives out a chill.

A smudge appears,
an orange glow lights
up a flash of steel.

Waiting, waiting,
missing warmth,
missing hope.

Separations bad,
you feel alone,
it isn't fair.

Hug, move close,
then a sound echo's
through the fog.

Heart drops,
shapes on platform,
shuffling feet.

A final kiss,
a hug, a cry,
a wave goodbye.

Moving now,
wave looks small,
a teardropp falls.

Bob Blackwell

Serenity

Sit,
relax be still,
Shush, hush
now, quiet mind,
no hopes, worries,
past suspicions,
or expectations.

Take time,
taste the essence,
smell the fragrance,
feel the air,
see the beauty,
hear the sounds,
both near and far.

Do not hold,
do not grasp,
you must not attach.
Just rest in the peace
that is yourself,
let the magic rise.

Now the
intelligence
in silence,
gives birth to,
fresh ideas, works of art,
and a life full of a
serenity that lasts.

Bob Blackwell

Small Flowers Of Hope

Memories should always
evoke something of beauty,
when all you see is dark.

Flights of the black crow,
have the darker shadows.
fly much blacker shades.

Fill up your consciousness
drown yourself in beauty,
force out the black, the blue.

Search out a better way;
in murky darkened shadows,
small flowers of hope look-in.

(26-05-2011)

Bob Blackwell

Spring Feeling

Give rise to exciting moments.
Trees bare, unclad, all wait for
their tiny swollen buds to burst
into a light green leafy feast.
The trees now verdant bright,
a mist of green comes into sight.

As winters chill and cold leaves;
the sun, wind, atmosphere warms;
to soften hearts, minds and souls.
A warmer sun, romantic feelings,
ignite minds with imaginings of
love, a mating song their mantra.

As birds chatter, twitter, court and
chase, their mating calls are urgent.
Swallows, flycatchers, and swifts revisit.
Cuckoo's call is continuous and persistent.
Other birds once paired, start to collect
stuff, to build a nest, to raise new life.

Springs happy feelings are healing
broken hearts, mending past regrets,
giving hope of a caring mate to love.
Spring is a season for sewing seeds,
planting new hope, love, and care to
nourish life's lovely new beginnings.

17-11-2008

Bob Blackwell

Suicide

This is all I can say
about the suicide,
the attempt
to end my wretched life.
Sad, lonely, desperate, tired,

Each week I trek,
two cities,
one holds all I cherish,
other
speaks a different tongue.

They ignore me
standing at the bar.
I do not understand,
they do not hear my tale,
I have another drink.

The glass that soothes
my troubled brow,
I drink some more.
I drink, I think and
wonder what to do.

I hate this place that
gives me bread but
has no love to give,
I long for end of week
to journey back.

So I drink and think
of other town,
of precious girl
I love, and I want to
give my name.

No money, to far apart,
still married,
children

gone to other land
that's far away.

I have another drink,
I drink the night away.
Mind now muddled,
Feet unsteady,
I stagger to my bed.

Night after night,
the same routine.
Drink, sad, lonely
drink some more,
till Friday comes.

One weekend
happy but not happy,
decide to steal an
extra night, before I
do the trek I hate

Morning comes
I must return to
town that hurts,
that stabs me in
the heart.

Separation, desperation
rules my mind,
a sadness overcomes,
my heart low
my spirits gone.

I have no go,
no desire, no wish
to be, here or there.
I just do not
want to be.

On road I find a bar,
a few drinks
is what I need,

to make things clear,
to see me on my way.

I do not return
to town that hurts,
that sees me low,
just two drinks and
I return to empty flat.

Fifty small black pills,
ten white pills,
I gulp down,
I do not want to wake
to feel more pain.

Lie down upon the bed,
I'm quiet now,
my mind has stopped.
A peace has comes to
rescue me, from pain.

Asleep now,
rest has come at last.
Long time coming,
trek here, trek there
how I hated it.

I was scared, guilty,
lonely, so unhappy.
I'm alright now
my mind has stopped
the silence soothes.

Goodnight world.
Next morning I awake
a chastened man,
many questions
asked.

Alcohol spurned I grew
I began to change.
Married precious girl

who saved my life.
Happiness came.

.

Bob Blackwell

The Right Way

On my life's journey I've
faced many problems,
encountered many trials,
my path not always smooth.

My wilderness ahead
looked ominous, its dark,
trees close together look
forbidding, unwelcoming.

Go round I thought its easier,
skirting problem areas best,
no difficulties to overcome,
most choose the easier path.

Hesitating briefly, my inner
voice spoke, "to make right,
go straight, go sure, you must
follow hunch, not the bunch".

So I took the least trodden
path, knowing difficulties,
hardships and ordeals, would
try hard to stop my progress.

Light from tree filtered sun,
shines in torch like beams to
light up the shadowed path,
and the wetness of the foliage.

The smell of the forest floor
rises, a damp pungent odour,
a mustiness brought on by
the decay from fallen leaves.

Thorny creepers block my
way, scratch my legs and
thighs. I stumble and fall,
get up, stagger to move on.

As the path meanders,
it becomes more shaded,
with even darker areas, and
the shafts of light subdued.

One beam shows an easy
trail, the route is smooth
and effortless, with desires
to tempt me off right way.

By now I am resolute
I press on relentlessly,
clearing frequent obstacles,
life's hurdles overcome.

As I advance my resolve,
is more determined, and
my knowledge what is true,
increases each trial I win.

Eventually I hear the sweet
sound of water flowing over
rocks and stones, a silence
parcelled by a liquid sound.

I have travelled through
the wilderness of my mind,
by a course less taken, and
found it worked out well.

10-12-2008

Bob Blackwell

Time

As each moment passes by,
from day to day, week to week
month to month, year to year
we can watch our time slip by.

Soon we are nearly at the end,
and we look back and wonder,
how did we get to this moment,
this time, close to the end of time.

Its only then we see how short
our life given, really is in time.
Sometimes it's only then, now
time is short and winding up,

that we decide to take a look
at what we have done, what we
should have done, what we still
want to do, need to do in time.

It is better if we stop now at this
moment, yes this moment in time,
take notice, have a look and see
what is actually ticking, going on.

Now is the best time, the only time,
stay in the present, you could be
inspired by thoughts that come, for
new plans for the time that is to come.

Surely is better with one ration of time,
to do something exciting that you like,
to make this lifetime, a heaven to enjoy,
not into a hell, a ghastly time on earth.

Bob Blackwell

Truth

If we study
words of truth,
words that come
from our consciousness,
gain a knowledge of
our own true Self, we
learn from what we see.

We look at nature's beauty,
sit by sea watch tiny waves lap
up on the shore, listen for
the morning song of birds,
feel the love, that's all around,
touch others with its caring.

Sure footed we'll follow
paths of truth, we will not
deviate from its road. We'll
accumulate many blessings.
For just like a fruit ripening,
knowledge that shines brightly,
comes to those that seek it.

Just like a cloud moving
slowly through the sky,
holds the rain that is to fall;
the heavenly atmosphere
we hold inside our minds,
will now release and fall.

Bob Blackwell
07-01-2010

Bob Blackwell

Twilight

That time between
light and darkness,
when twilight reigns,
long soft shadows,
at life's dusk, is the
beginning of our end.

On our mindscape
light, grey, and dark
clouds reappear, as
shaded memories of
sunny spells, storms,
future low depressions.

In our minds eye,
pretty coloured
patterns formed
bring a smile, a
tear, a angry flash
a thunder roar,
a happy sunny face.

From sunset,
evening time
we learn
how times of rest
bring peace to mind,
that dark clouds
can be dissolved.

As our sun settles on
edge of world, it
collects our problems,
dissolves them
into the mist of time,
to rise once more
at dawns moment;
renewed, unsullied,
clean and fresh,

to light a
different world.

Bob Blackwell

Unsettled Mind

I suppose one-day life will get better,

I wonder if John will come back to me?
He really shouldn't have gone,
Life is awful without him.

My headaches,
I feel so tired all the time
I forgot my doctors appointment.

Mother will be arriving soon,
I must put the kettle on.
I must take an aspirin.

Last year John and I went to the theatre to see
'Shirley somebody or other.'
The roses were blooming, it rained buckets.

John and I could go to the beach.
I forgot to get bread and milk; I'll have to go out.
I wish the postman would come.

I expect the tide will be out.
I must do the ironing
Maybe there is a letter from John.

I've got no money,
I didn't do it last week, too many clothes.
I forgot to go to the bank.

I have such a headache,
It was 'Valentine'.
I have a toothache.

Mother will be hear shortly.
Put the kettle on, she'll expect cake.
I must take two aspirins.

The bakers wife died last week, cancer.

Oh dear, I have no tea never mind cake.
Maybe there will be a letter from John.

The dentist should have phoned me.
She'd been ill for quite awhile.
Expect not, he never writes.

I forgot my birthday last week.
The funerals tomorrow,
I expect mother will be late.

He really should not have left me.
I didn't get a card from John.
Everybody will wear black.

I had a dentists appointment this morning.
She usually is late.
I forgot to get the car from the garage.

I hope she doesn't come.
I must take three aspirin.
Its been there since last week.

I have such a headache.
The mechanic said I really should learn to drive
I wish John was here.

It was not my fault I didn't see the other car.
I expect life will get better.
It was green or was it red?

There's mother at the door.
I wish she'd go away.
If only John would come back.

She is so critical of me.
I feel awful.
Who is that knocking at my door.

I suppose one day life will get better

War

Let the war begin.
missiles fired from afar
high above bombs are dropped,
missiles fall, bombs explode.
Down below,
fire and noise;
smoke and dust, lights go out,
and buildings gone,
streets on fire,
we cannot see,
there's panic now,
rush here, rush there.
Help must come!
The noise is deafening,
buildings are falling,
women screaming,
bombs exploding. Hundreds dead.
People wounded, bodies flung far and wide.
Streets are blocked,
debris scattered everywhere.
People dying, many crying,
many injured,
blood and flesh are everywhere.
many bodies to repair.
Hospitals hit, no medicine, no bandage,
no support and all the time the bombs are falling.

The reason for this War?
Victory won country conquered!
But, many people have been killed because of this?
Never mind we'll repair; we'll make new,
big profits to be found!
But, what happens now?

Bob Blackwell

Water

The spirit of life,
spreads everywhere,
to all corners of our globe.
Rain, mist, fog, snow,
form lakes, rivers,
babbling running brooks;
the carriers of life's soul
life's bountiful
identity and joy.

Without it,
grasses brown,
trees rot and fall,
no leaves, flowers,
seeds, or fruit;
no shade, no scent,
no colour, food.

Animals, people, die;
no creatures great or small.
Deserts of want appear
no life or giving;
there is a thirst upon the land.
In time, all will wither,
wilt, rot and die.
Then a dirt, an ash
a sandy earth of want,
no open hand,
all life has gone.

More valuable than gold,
a treasure for us all.
use wisely, it is life.
All used up; We die!

Bob Blackwell

What Words Can Do

Are you ready for dictation?
Then listen to creation,
Slowly words that reach fruition,
Find a way to your location.

Quickly one by one they
Swiftly take possession,
One by one they hurry by,
Seeking out their destination.

Rhyming words doing verbs
In fact all sort of words,
Some change some rearrange,
As they dance across the page.

First a sentence then a line,
Paragraphs come just in time,
Next a page, soon a chapter,
How many more to capture?

Stories written, tales are told,
Of people who have been bold.
Fears faced they bravely hound,
Their reservations underground

Romance of hero, who was parted,
Sweetheart torn from him, he cried,
Decides to take a camel ride,
By caravan he sought and found his bride.

Work is done, yarn createdd,
Novel written, pages sorted,
Chapters checked, paper printed,
Book is bound and title found.

Stillness taught so vision comes,
Quietly listened, words abound,
Silenced mind so story writes,
Pictured all and work was found.

Bob Blackwell