

Poetry Series

**Bob Gibson**  
**- poems -**

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## Bob Gibson(25 April 1946)

Poetry comes from the heart, imagination, and life experiences, there is a poet in us all!

# @life Cell Division

Its started of coarse, its the way of the future, but with remorse!

Men are not needed for the production of child, random egg selection is running wild!

Sperm banks display, their eggs guaranteed, no weaklings, only male, dominated, seed!

They have developed with mixed DNA, the brains of Einstein with no radio active decay

The physique of a god, sculptured in bronze, mild in temper with all the mod cons

One size fits all, clonning's the rage, just like book, an identical page

The hair you can dye, and clothes! its your choice, you can alter the accent, or deepen the voice!

The perfect man is programmed to please, a G I Joe and with degrees!

Every model is perfect till one gave a sneeze, then they all died of a common disease!

Bob Gibson

# \_\_\_\_Granddad

One day I said Granddad, did you go to sea?  
Yes lad, I was a submariner, and a tale I'll tell to thee  
We were off the coast of Scotland, forty thousand fathoms deep  
It was very dark and eerie, and we couldn't hear a peep!

Somewhere in the distance we saw this yellow light  
So we went to investigate, it gave us all a fright  
Through the periscope we saw, a Spanish galleon of old  
Sat there on the sea bed, it made our blood run cold

For atop the mission mast, in plain view of us all  
An oil lamp was burning, so we slowed down to a crawl  
A cannon's gun turret opened, we were most alarmed  
Who would of thought a sunken ship, would still be armed!

A projectile shot out from the turret, at an alarming speed  
Not a cannon ball! but a squid, it was all agreed!  
Then the darkest cloud, started to cover the ship  
We just watched in awe, then our radar gave a blip

Now i'll tell you what we saw!  
A giant squid!

It had eight tentacles a hundred feet, or more  
Slithering towards us along the ocean floor  
We put the sub on alert, and engines full ahead  
We hightailed it out of there, and nothing more was said

Granddad fell asleep, a book was in his hand  
'Twenty thousand leagues under the sea'  
I think now I understand

Bob Gibson

## \_\_\_Granddad

My granddad was a bushman in the out backs of Woolloomooloo  
he knew all the aborigines, and he could play the didgeridoo  
he wasn't afraid of spiders, or poison tiger snakes  
he'd eat the white eyed mealy bugs, he made them into cakes!

Granddad never had a gun, he used his boomerangs  
whenever snakes attacked him, he'd knock out their fangs  
he'd could track a dingo through the bush, all the tricks he knew  
the goanna's and the platypus, he'd make into stew

he dressed like an aborigine, with his painted skin  
he told me about the 'dream time' the outback and within  
he's going back there one day, but its all hush! hush!  
he's fallen asleep in his chair! , i guess there isn't any rush

Bob Gibson

## \_\_Granddad

My Granddad was an astronaut he went to the moon  
he didn't fly a rocket ship, No! he went in a balloon  
he made it from a tarpaulin he had out in the shed  
with grandma's washing basket and a lot of woolen thread

he took his old army gas mask, cos there's no air up there  
his hobnailed boots and walking stick, and a comfy chair  
grandma packed him some sandwiches, and a flask of tea  
and said i've got some washing out, so be home by half past three

Granddad rose in to the sky, and soon went out of sight  
all the stars were out, so i guess he went at night!  
he fell asleep in the basket, and woke up on the moon  
had a walk about, and picked some rocks, that filled in the afternoon

I've still got those moon rocks, that my granddad gave to me  
they are not unlike the pebbles you find, on the shore beside the sea  
a thousand tales he told me, adventures by the score  
he may have stretched the truth a bit! but never was a bore!

Bob Gibson

# A Coromandel Dawn

Fifteen miles across the bay  
That's where the Coromandel lay  
Along its shore, the twinkling light  
Of cars and street lamps of the night

Above the Coromandel range  
Dawns first light will rearrange  
The colors' of the sky and sea  
From blood red, orange to Ecstasy

Those wispy clouds just for a spell  
Seem to be lit by the fires of hell  
The sky has changed from black to blue  
The sea has changed in color too

Clouds, stars, a waxing moon  
It seems, its over all to soon  
I bathe my eyes in this glorious time  
When I'm alone with nature's rhyme

Colors fade from the cloak of night  
As the sun beams out its eastern light  
Tomorrow / today will be reborn?  
With the promise of another dawn

Bob Gibson

# A Country Boy

I travelled from the country, . passing haystacks by the score  
I dreamt of city life and the people who had more!  
I wanted to be the one of them, when photographs were taken  
no longer wearing overalls, a country boy forsaken  
I caught the bus, we never used, the one that's once a week  
I cringed, as the conductor/driver said, is it fortune that you seek?  
I held my head up, not a grimace did I display,  
but looking back i sence, my heart gave me away

it seemed an eternity, , lights flashed before my eyes  
the endless fields and railings and towns I did despise  
we came into the city, this world captured my heart  
the flashing lights and grandeur, now of which I'm apart

my bag in hand at the station, no one to welcome me  
I overcome this loss, with the thought, 'that i am free'  
I pass the down and outs, . begging for cents and dimes  
I throw in twenty cents and wish them better times

I wander the city streets, motels beyond my price  
not wishing for a palace, just for somewhere nice  
my bag was heavy, the night was late, tiredness overcame!  
it seemed everywhere I trudged the price was just the same

no hay barns here, no croft or chicken shed  
no cornfield, or willow bank, no place to lay my head  
my burden it got heavier, as I trudged from place to place  
my ears deafened out from the dregs of human race

a cold six o clock in the morning, I saw the bus again  
and jumped aboard with gratitude, tiredness and pain  
sleep came very soon, exhaustion more to say  
as the driver, conductor said, fifteen dollars to pay!

it's the best fifteen dollars I've ever spent  
city folk ask thirty, just for a room to rent  
I hid my bag, dad scolded me, and asked why I was late  
I told a lie, and said, Dad! I'dve been out on a date





# A Hunters Prize

Through the valley the Cessna flies  
snow covered mountains, blue the skies  
on a plateau of a thousand yards  
we land in tussock and basalt shards

boil the billy, make a brew  
set up camp, and make a stew  
I'll take the valley you take the fringe  
where trees and mountain streams impinge

through the bush and wetland floor  
i see what I've been searching for!  
a hoof print, fresh droppings on the ground  
means a deer is still around

camouflaged deep in the bush  
i suddenly get an adrenalin rush  
not a hundred yards, a sika stag  
my sights are raised, he's in the bag

the shot rings out, i see him start  
i see my bullet pierce his heart  
he falls to his knees, and now he's dead  
forty kilo's dressed, he feels like lead

back at camp the wind has changed  
our flight plans they are rearranged  
we need a head wind to clear the trees  
its from the west just a gentle breeze

all next day were out of luck  
with the extra weight it seems were stuck  
the wind shift came, its in our favor  
tonight! venison will be the flavour

with apprehension the pilot, gave it the gun  
over the trees and into the sun  
the hard parts over, just the wife and a yarn

and its back to the sheep the cows and the farm

Bob Gibson

# A Lemon Tree

I was only two when she taught me, how to have a pee  
I was quite happy with my nappy! I guess that's womanly!  
Stand up straight and listen, point Percy at the pot  
Use both hands, lean forward, blessed by God, your not!

I struggled with this concept, my aim it took a while  
I knew I was doing pretty good by my mothers smile  
But I was easily distracted, and turned round, on hearing a voice  
Then I peed on the lino, it was not out of choice!

Id rather sit on the toilet, with my head upon my hands  
Then I would not have the problem, of knowing where it lands!  
there is only a few inches between, lads an lasses  
and boys are proud, when they fart, to let girls smell their gasses

I often wee in the garden, against the lemon tree  
My dad said son, it must be done, don't always rely on me!  
I've never eat lemon's, cos they taste so acidic  
I feel i'm getting my own back, from that lemon tree

Bob Gibson

# A Place Of Refuge

The cold north wind blows her hair  
Pounding waves crash the air  
She stands alone, looking out to sea  
A girl! in abject misery

She cries the tears of love 's sad song  
'Why me O Lord! did i do wrong?  
Her collar turned against the cold  
As flooded memories unfold

Her tears, are swallowed by the raging sea  
This place she goes for her sanity  
Her eyes are red, her nose is sore  
As she walks aimlessly by the shore

Its done her good, she needed to vent  
Now all her tears have been spent  
She tilts her head, bids the sea adieu  
Her place of refuge, Seaton Carew

Bob Gibson

# A Possum's Tale

Driving home one moonless night  
On a country road the only light  
is from the headlights of my car  
beams of light that reaches far

Around the bend two frozen eyes  
Taken by complete surprise  
A possum versus a ton of steel!  
Thump, thump! now he's under the wheel

The possums heart ceases to beat  
To a bird of pray he's just fresh meat  
That night another possum yields  
But for him i had to cross two fields!

For these creatures of the night  
Its a shame they have such poor eyesight!  
The light must hypnotise their brain  
Either that, or they are insane!

Bob Gibson

# A Practical Joke

I like to have a bit of fun, but my son is worse than me  
we are known throughout the village, which is by the sea

we've played a few practical jokes, all in fun of course  
nobody gets hurt, and there's no remorse

now Alan, next door installed, a wood fire, without council approval  
through the roof the chimney went, three studs were for removal

so my son and I had sneaky plan, about a new gas line  
we installed a plastic cover which said 'no naked flames at any time'

we gave a fifty meter coverage, which encapsulated Alan's land  
no gas cooking, or external fires, every spark is banned

you will be fined ten thousand dollars, if you make a flame  
we followed this up, with an official letter, with no mention of a name

we even dug a little trench leading to the sea  
to cover the imaginary gas line, that one could see

Alan's hands were shaking, as i was offering advice  
I'm just that kind of bloke, trying to be nice

his chimney, i said, needed to be, forty meters high  
and i would help him with the scaffolding, way up in the sky

his missus did not fall for this, as she woke up to the call  
she said (Bollocks) Bobby Gibson an to your son anall

Bob Gibson

# A Tablecloth

It was raining hard in Brooklyn, on a dark December day  
A priest was passing a garage sale, that was on his way  
His eye caught a tablecloth, it was red and with a cross  
To cover up the damage of the plaster he had lost

Rain had damaged the pulpit wall, 'a sorry sight to see  
So he covered it with the tablecloth, to cover the debris  
A lady was befriended, by the priest, on her way back home  
He invited her in to Gods house, where God had blessed each stone

Like drowned rats they entered, the place where saviors dwelt  
She offered up a pray, on her knees she knelt  
She looked up and saw the the tablecloth, and to the preacher said  
Please look, is there a signature, three letters sewn in red

The letters were the signature, from thirty five years before  
When atrocities in Germany in the wake of a world war  
Her husband had been taken, because he was a Jew  
She had never heard or seen him since, one of but a few

The priest took her home and thanked her, and blessed her for her story  
And returned to take a sermon, Christmas eve in all its glory  
Alone an old man gazed, at the cross upon the wall  
Tears ran from his eyes, the preacher did recall

That cloth cross, upon the wall! its embroidered in my mind  
My wife made one similar, on the bottom she had signed  
The preacher, drove the old man, to the place his wife resided  
And reunited them together, I think God had decided!

Bob Gibson



# A Thousand Words

A picture says a thousand words, a poet but a few  
Not everything we see or hear, is absolutely true!  
Iv'e seen pictures that's been doctored, and lies will people tell  
But a poets words come from the heart, nay! from his inner shell!  
I've seen pictures of far off galaxies, and the dark side of the moon  
I've heard cretin's words spoken, that have made me swoon  
I've seen dinosaurs feeding on the screen, along with tyrannosaurus rex  
But never have I seen a poets untruths, written here in text  
A painting may go down in history, as well a maiden speech  
But a great poem, is the epitome we poets aspire to reach

Bob Gibson

# A Touch Of Colour

I was sitting watching the TV, when i heard my youngest say  
have you looked in the mirror Dad! by God your getting grey!  
your starting to look old Dad 'I was under attack'  
I've just put a rinse through my hair, do you fancy going black?

no! thats quite alright son, i wear my grey hair with pride  
Then he put his hand upon on my head, that was when i sighed  
his hand was sheathed in a rubber glove, it was soaked in dye  
so sorry! look what I've done! sorry i have to fly!

I looked into the mirror, horrified was i  
he'd covered half my head, in the blackest dye  
theres only one thing for it! i had to do the rest  
for me moustache and me eyebrows i did a little test

i used the tip of an ear bud and gently stroked each hair  
it seemed to take forever, by then i didn't care  
next morning my reflection I'd put on such a glow  
i shook my head and stated 'i look like a Gigolo'

my workmates weren't so kind! John didn't understand  
for him my feelings didn't count, this was the promised land!  
the ribbing that he gave me, it was handed on a plate  
and everyone we met that day, the story he'd relate

ave yer seen my mate 'the Gigolo' a big smile across his face  
what a bloody wally he looks, John has no tact or taste!  
well he spun it out as long as he could, forever comes to mind!  
Sadly! humiliations cup was all he left behind!

Bob Gibson

# A Winters Day

The skies are grey on this winters day, and its pelting down with rain  
I cannot see the mountain range, through my window pane  
The morning mists envelop, like the tide, it hides the beach  
No bird song heard, not even a word, of the Tui's warbled speech  
Storm clouds they are gathering, as the east wind starts to blow  
The barometer is dropping, down the island they'll have snow  
there's a big low over northland, and across the Waikato plain  
And gale force winds are forecast with 150 mil of rain  
The gardens like a quagmire, and the drains are running fast  
Water tanks are overflowing, and the lake levels are surpassed  
The mountain streams are like rivers now, as muddy water fills the bay  
So i thought i would write this poem, and go out another day.

Bob Gibson

# A Yorkshire Pudding

Our old ship was sinking, very far from land  
No lifeboat or floatation aid, was there close at hand  
The radio didn't work, and flares would not ignite  
No other vessel could be seen, on this dark and lonely night

It was the cook that saved our souls, a man whose name was Spud  
He went into the galley, and made a giant Yorkshire pud!  
Four hundred eggs went into it, with seven sacks of flour  
The fire in the engine room, cooked it in half an hour

We launched it off the starboard bow, not an easy task  
We all climbed inside, as our ship it sank at last  
Seven weeks we sailed the high seas, before we saw a ship  
We lived on Yorkshire pudding, on our ocean trip

They lifted us out of the pudding, it was quite a scene  
We were the fattest survivors, they had ever seen!

Bob Gibson

# Alone

Alone with people all around  
Alone with friends i have not found  
A satelite among the stars  
As far as jupiter is from mars

Alone with thoughts i can not share  
Alone with people who do not care  
I'm the missing link from the chain  
No one cares or see's my pain

Alone with dreams of long ago  
Alone in a place where lovers go  
A beautiful song the sounds of love  
Lifted my heart like the wings of a dove

Alone in my mind, was i just feeling down?  
Alone in a city, and a strange town  
Driving home, a familiar sight  
Her open arms in my headlight

Bob Gibson

# Alone Again

Lost in a world I call my own  
Alone in a place that I called home  
Loneliness in a crowded room  
An empty heart, smells no perfume!

Where are friends when I need them most  
The house lacks your presence, I feel like a ghost!  
The dreams that we had, are shattered and gone  
Time to pick up the pieces, Its time to move on!

How many times have I traveled this road  
Starting again, with this heavy load  
Its not like the carefree days of my youth  
Its a lot harder now! ain't that the truth!

I'm battle worn, from fighting so long  
Loneliness now is a familiar song  
When we were together, love of my life!  
I stood behind you through trouble and strife

Now no one to cook, no one to clean  
No love or cuddles or self esteem  
Emptiness' will anyone share  
A life with a man who loved to care

Bob Gibson

# Angry

Alone, there is no one here, to hear my 'cry  
I'm angry! this is the reason why!  
I stand alone in my place of birth,  
This God forsaken place on earth!  
What do I know, what have I been taught  
So many years and i still have naught  
What have I missed, can I connect?  
Is it my teaching or neglect!  
I don't blame those people, that brought me up  
God! , they lived through humiliations cup!  
This legacy of today  
there must have been a better way  
I'm Just a Guy who's done his best!  
So bugger you an all the rest!

Bob Gibson

# Another Chance

Do we really pick the lives we lead  
What guides us? is it love or greed?  
What was i serching for all these years  
Am not i content among my peers?

The paths I, ve tread, my days of youth  
The people I've met, the lies and truth!  
The same decisions would i make today  
Is someone pleased with life, this way?

If I could really turn back time  
Would i spin another line?  
Would drastic changes be put in place  
Or would i choose a different slower pace?

Did my Guardian Angel pass me by  
Or was it that I didn't try  
Tomorrow will it be the same again  
My next, life, will i dance! the same?

Bob Gibson



# Autumn Of Our Lives

Its Autumn now and its the season  
I'm getting old and there's a reason  
Were casting off our summers bloom,  
Amongst falling leaves I feel in tune  
Leaves are falling, disrobing the tree  
My hair turning silver, in sympathy  
Winds of change are in the air  
Stripping us of our summer flare  
A gunmetal sky at mornings half light  
Heralds the winters darkest night  
No birds sing to welcome the day  
Migrations begun they're on their way  
Second year branches they start breaking  
Like my old bones they start aching  
We both are rooted to this place  
Together the winter we will face

Bob Gibson

## Beautiful Love

Years they have past and I still feel the same  
The love in my heart that love will remain  
Everyday of my life i picture her face  
Only her! out of the whole human race  
Her eyes, that smile, that lilt of her head  
Words can't explain, there's nothing I've read  
The perfect first love, we both gave our all  
It was not meant to be, we both took a fall  
It devastated our lives, we could not forget  
Our lives run parallel, and with regret  
What would it take to rekindle the fire  
For a girl whose love I totally aspire

Bob Gibson

# Beyond The Future

I have been back to the future, and to the future beyond,  
Utopia, is not all its cracked up to be, and I need you to understand  
yes! you will have the life of simple living, there is nothing that you need,  
no grocery shopping, no work, there is no need for greed!

everything is beautiful, every lawn is manicured,  
there is nothing for you to wish for, everything has been secured  
no crime exists in our 'so called' perfect world, for there is no need to steal  
anything your heart desires, we can make it real!

no poverty, no hunger, no class, were all the same  
black or white does not matter! there isn't any blame!  
i won't go into religion! this is an experiment of kind  
I'm on this earth to observe, and to report on, what i find

I've lived an earth time life, my report is now complete  
I've studied the inhabitants, and found them rather weak  
no tolerance, no patience, , but they do possess a gene  
its something that we missed, one that was never seen!

Life in the future is so static, like iron, life is cast  
there's no hunger, wars or resentment, i feel, I belong, in the past!  
the excitement of not knowing, and of my computerized life  
the selection of my loved one, or my choice! of a wife!

continued\_\_\_\_\_if you want

Bob Gibson

# Bonfire Night

It was a week away from bonfire night, and we hadn't made a 'Guy'  
Our Bondy it got stolen, it nearly made us cry,  
We had collected wood and boxes from everywhere around  
And hid it all in garden sheds, so it could not be found

Some unscrupulous kid! from up the street, heard about our stash  
He came at night with a dozen mates, and with our Bondy made a dash  
We were broken hearted, nothing left ter burn  
We said revenge is sweet! now its our turn!

We waited in the shadows till their bedroom lights went out  
With stealth, we waited, , till no one was about  
I saw them the next day, i guess it was no surprise  
Now they felt like we did, they had tears in their eyes

Ah! said! come on Ron! let's call a truce, one bonfire instead of two!  
We all collected things ter burn, our friendship then it grew  
We made a guy from overalls, an stuffed him with some straw  
His head was made from stockings, that me sister wore

We took him in a wheelbarrow. an stood outside the bars  
And shouted 'Penny fer the guy mister' then held out our jars  
Thats how we bought our firecrackers, cos we had nowt ter spend  
And the dads who filled our jars up, got ter see em in the end

We built a giant bonfire, our guy was way up high  
And waited till it got quite dark, as flames lit up the sky  
We put our roast potatoes, wrapped in silver paper  
And run around with sparklers, an bangers fer a caper

We got an old milk bottle, an put inside a rocket  
And with a box of beehive matches, that me dad kept in his pocket  
We'd light the blue touch paper, all eyes watched it with glee  
As it zoomed into the night sky, what a sight ter see

Our mums an dads would be around, nailing a 'Catherine wheel' to the fence  
We spent all our money on fireworks, a night of consequence



# Christmas Without Dad

I want my Dad! i started to cry  
why did he have to go and die?  
Christmas without him is not the same  
i need someone to take the blame!

i see my Mum sat all alone  
looking at a silent phone  
he'd ring as he left his job  
she'd put the kettle on the hob

To night the phone it never rung  
the hours past but he didn't come  
a policeman standing at the door  
my mothers eyes began to pour

Mum looked at me, and held me tight  
through tearful eyes, a smile, in sight!  
come on get dressed, were going out  
Dad wouldn't want us sitting about

The sounds of Christmas everywhere  
the Christmas spirit we tried to share  
we took presents to the orphans home  
but like them i felt alone

late at night when we got back  
we found that Santa had left a sack  
Uncle Joe and Auntie May  
with cousin Fred had come to stay

Christmas dinner with party hats  
streamers, crackers, and cricket bats  
laughter, smiles and tummy's filled  
our Christmas wishes all but fulfilled

underneath those hallowed traces  
lies the pain, of diserning faces  
half a smile is not enough  
even grown ups are not that tough

Baldric

Bob Gibson

# Colonoscopy

I want to see you tomorrow, said the Doctor on the phone  
And bring your wife along, because you won't be driving home!  
A deep depression came over me, memories of the past  
I was going to get reamed again! i knew it wouldn't last

Nothing to eat or drink, have i made that clear!  
I want your passage's squeaky clean, i might even do a smear  
I want you sideways on the bed, looking at the screen  
You can watch it on the tv, or shut your eyes and dream

I know you seen the video! and pain relief I'll give  
But i might be there for a while, cos your bum is like a sieve!  
Those polyps that i extruded, i may have gone to far  
I also removed your testicles! thats them in the jar!

A look of horror came on my face, he said I'm having you on  
I'm a profesional surgeon! , don't worry about it son! !  
I didn't believe a word he said, because he was not sincere!  
Then he shoved a drain pipe up, it was then i shed a tear!

I saw my bum's inside, there upon the screen  
I'd drunk four litres of horrible stuff inside i was pristine  
Eventually he said enough! I've had my fun today  
I'll extract my tubes quite swiftly, then you can be on your way

My wife was working that day and i was on my bike  
I left it in the carpark and begun to hike  
That seat would have been the death of me, i broke out in a sweat  
The first car was the surgeons! he said come on lad, in yer get!

Bob Gibson



# Discovery

I looked out, into the darkened night  
The ship Discovery was in sight  
In its orbital path I see  
A pinpoint of light looking down on me

My mind goes back, nigh on forty years  
mine, eyes start to fill with tears  
The Russian Sputnik, on her maiden flight  
I saw! with my dad, that night

down a country lane, we watched it pass  
laid on a blanket, on the grass  
as Dad pointed out which consolation  
I was was filled with admiration

Orion's belt, The Plough, and mars  
This was my introduction to the stars  
Binoculars, star charts, and flask of tea  
I loved that time, just my Dad an me

Out of the night a car pulled by  
A Young couple had a reason why  
Then a police car stopped as well  
My Dads jaw dropped, I could tell

Wots going on ere! the policeman said!  
As he spied me and Dad, on our grass bed  
You two perving at this young pair?  
Nowt better ter do than ter sit and stare!

The star chart saved us from being arrested  
My dad an my innocence, had been contested  
Off yer go! now get yersels home  
This is a loves lane, not a Spacedrome

Discovery's gone now, and so has my Dad  
But I still remember the times we had  
Orion's Belt is still as bright  
As I look to the stars at night

Bob Gibson

Bob Gibson

# Does Anyone Care

Way below the city street  
Where rats and the down-an-out do meet  
The homeless, junkies, tramps and kids  
Heating food on dustbin lids

Another night, another score  
Still the junkie cries out for more  
Cowing in a cardboard box  
Frightened and weary like a fox

Kids cast out from there home  
On the streets, just left to roam  
Tramps they move from place to place  
All wearing the same old face

Homeless people! does anyone care  
Out in to space they stare  
Foraging, for things to eat  
Their bed tonight, an old park seat

What keeps them going? some are old!  
A greatcoat protects them from the cold  
They live this way each day and night  
in our view, but not in our sight

Do you look in their eyes when they plead?  
Do you see anothers need?  
Are they asleep or are they dead?  
Will you! a tear shed!

Bob Gibson

# Dolphins

Today i saw the dolphins, feeding in the bay  
a pod of almost forty, put on a grand display  
they were heading south to the river mouth  
where the tidal waters flow  
feeding on the sprats along the way  
and putting on a show  
their forms are so symmetrical, as graceful as if in flight  
surfacing to take a breath, they are an absolute delight!

Bob Gibson

## Don'T Ever!

Don't ever put me down! I know you see me as a clown  
those snide remarks, said in jest, why not treat me like all the rest!  
I'm trying my best, to make the grade you know i call a spade a spade  
its up to you! my borrowed friend is this where friendship will end?  
I've had enough, I'll take no more, a beaten path lies to the door  
you put me down, a laughing stock, your cruelty has run amok  
no more, find another fool, giving pain is so uncool  
the torment hurts, a lesson learned, so-called friends have now been spurned

Bob Gibson

# Don'T Look Back

As i placed my foot upon the train  
i looked back an saw my mothers pain  
i can't go back I've come this far  
i'm a sailor now! a jolly jack tar!

no mother now to hold my hand  
no longer under dads command  
I'm free to wander over this earth  
and in that ship i'll find my berth!

don't look back, the future's free  
its in this ship an with the sea  
new, and exiting things to do  
my family now, i'm part of the crew

it was in my blood to sail the seas  
like a duck to water, i did it with ease  
i love the life, the foreign places  
nights at sea, and differant races

should i have taken another road  
i might be back in my mums abode  
thank you mum for all you've done  
you made a man out of your son

Bob Gibson

# Ducks On The Wall

I remember going to me mothers house, an on the living room wall  
there were three ducks descending, heading for a fall  
the biggest duck was always first, he was the one in front  
then came the middle one! and the next one was the runt  
I think they were mallards! from their coloring so to speak  
white rings around their necks, and yellow painted beak  
from a child i was puzzled, the last duck's beak was brown  
why different from the other ducks in their eider down?  
i asked my Dad about his beak, why different from the rest?  
its because! that duck, cannot stop, as fast as all the rest!

Bob Gibson

# Emptiness

Emptiness, that bridge to far, I've tried so many times to cross that bar  
I've tried my best, even bought a friend, but that proved fruitless in the end!  
time and age are against the old, younger people are bold! I'm told!  
relentless each and every day, they all pass by and go on their way  
a knowing smile a friendly wave, would these same people surround my grave?  
no time to chat, no inclination I've lived my life still on probation  
I know we all must die alone, why pay the bill to a silent phone  
the television my link with life I I fall asleep without my wife  
tomorrow? what will dawn bring, will I hear the Tui's sing  
a bellbird deep inside the bush, or feed the common garden thrush  
maybe the sun will come out today, showing blue skies instead of grey  
there's hope, there's life, I need to feel, the love of life so I can heal

Bob Gibson



# Eyes Cry Black

At fourteen years old, he went down the mine  
Like his Dad before him, it was his time  
He was issued, with a hat and a lamp  
Way below ground its hot and its damp

Drilling the coal face eight hours a day  
Coming home black, with a pittance of pay  
Muscles aching from squatting so low  
Following the coal seam a mile below

A billy of tea, bread and some cheese  
Coal dust in lungs it makes a man sneeze  
Old miners cough blood, their lungs are shot  
More tea here son, I'll empty the pot

I look at these men, a life underground  
The drill and the shovels, are the only sound  
I looked in their eyes, through a Davy lamp's gleam  
A cage dead canary has made a man scream

Coal gas has entered through a crack in the wall  
All it needs is a spark, that's the end of us all  
The shafts ventilated, there's no need to fear  
We'll be o.k. when we get the all clear

These men are as hard, as the coal I believe  
Coal wagons full! come on lads heave!  
The pit ponies are blind but they know every stride  
When a wagon breaks loose they've got nowhere to hide

A pit prop it breaks leaving trapped men below  
Tons of rock fall, we've got to dig slow  
We'll prop as we go, it's our only way out  
I think I'm done for I, heard a man shout

The workings came down, with a thunderous roar  
I never saw that boy any more  
That night in my bed when I hit the sack  
That's when a miner's eyes cry black!

Bob Gibson

# Found

Cold, alone and in the dark  
Sits an old man in the park  
He drifts off to his lonely home  
Rejected, and frozen to the bone

On the bridge, ready to jump  
He grabs a young man by the rump  
Let me take your place instead  
I think its my time to be dead!

The young man looked into his eyes  
There was something about this old mans guise  
What's your name young man he said?  
The words he heard were full of dread

The old man looked him in the eyes,  
Taken by complete surprise  
My son! i don't want you to come to harm  
They walked from that bridge arm in arm

Many years since that cold dark night  
A father and son, they saw the light  
They shared there problems and there fears  
And stayed together throughout the years

On the bridge, they sit and share  
A father and son who've learnt to care

Bob Gibson

# Geoff

Geoff lived all alone, in a shed in the bush, that he called home.  
Never married, not one for rings, in fact he disliked material things!  
He knew all the wildflowers in the bush, nature was Geoff's adrenaline rush!  
He would only work six months at a time, he smoked cigars and drank fine wine  
Six months later his savings gone, time to put his work boots on  
No motor car or mouths to feed, no time for religion or for greed  
Spend Christmas with us, folks used to say, but Christmas to Geoff, just another  
day  
Old and grey and frail of bone, he now spends his days, in a rest home.

Bob Gibson

# Global Warming

Co2's the problem! its killing our world!  
Greenhouse gasses are responsible, science has unfurled  
Its blocking up the atmosphere and darkening the sky,  
The earth is getting warmer, and were all gonna die!

The ice caps are melting, and polar bears will drown  
Its breaking up the ozone layer, making skins turn brown  
The oceans can't absorb no more, leading to acid rain  
It will certainly rot your curtains, isn't that a pain

Carbon dioxide is heavier than air, it falls onto earth and sea,  
We don't fill balloons with Co2 wouldn't you agree?  
Plants feed on Co2 and the algae, has its fill  
Carbon feeds the crops and the algae feed the krill

Whales eat krill, would you like to save the whale?  
Then burn some fossil fuels, but that's another tale  
The food chains in a cycle, we live then we die  
And our bodies make more carbon, global warming is a lie

Bob Gibson

# Gottcha

A cicada flying to find his mate  
Who didn't know that he'd be late  
in fact he'd never keep his date  
a spiders web that was his fate

a sticky web i must relate  
a cicada that did incarcerate  
his gossemer wings they did berate  
knackered now he could only wait

then through vibrations the spider's gate  
a tightrope walk then he would sedate  
the spider spun its torcherous thread  
soon the cicada would be dead

now encased by feet and wing  
only to feel the spiders sting  
a twitch then his life has gone  
another meal and time moves on

Bob Gibson

# He Gathered Cans

He pushed his trolley around the mall  
It was full, a good nights haul  
Aluminum cans of every kind  
Each one he crushed, another find!

Off to the merchant, scrap to sell  
Its Friday night he did do well  
Beer cans cast aside  
By drunken youths that have no pride

\$20 he'll eat well today  
\$10 for a bed he'll pay  
Vincent St Paul's, the Sally shop  
The clothing bin, is the next stop

He sits in the mall, there's people there  
They just walk past, none of them care  
Its warm, its dry its a place to go!  
The doors will be locked soon! back in the snow!

A flagon of wine in a brown paper bag  
The embankment tonight a bed he will flag  
His army greatcoat with its collar turned up  
He raised the bottle and takes a sup

Glue sniffers arrive, high on drugs  
Yesterdays children, are today's thugs  
They beat the old man an stole his grog  
And left him bleeding like a dog

Bob Gibson

# He Stretched The Truth

Micky stretched the truth a bit!  
Well! that's not strictly true!  
He was the biggest liar around  
And I've met quite a few

He could bullshit with the best of them  
Tell porkies by the score  
And if he had an audience  
He could make up many more

Yes Micky stretched the truth a bit!  
He'd tell blatant lies at that  
And his face is Oh! so serious  
As he fills you with his I crap

You could tell when Mick was lying  
You just had to watch his lips  
If you saw that they were moving  
You knew Mick was telling fibs

He'd tell to you a story, and write it down for you  
He'd tell it too to someone else, but non of it was true  
You'd end up with three versions, even the names were changed  
And the good guys and the bad guys had all been rearranged

Micky is a lovable rogue, but he can't even lie straight in bed  
I heard Tom Pepper got chucked out of hell, for only half of what Micky said!

I wouldn't trust our Micky to shut our garden gate!  
He'd once said he had a lion, that he killed and ate  
he'd tell me such a story, he must think that I'm naive  
Or think that i am stupid and easy to deceive

He said he was in the secret service! and couldn't say to much  
And the navy and the air force and the army! that's the Dutch!)  
About when he was a mercenary, fighting crocodiles and fear  
He was the bravest of them all, when he'd had a beer!

I haven't seen Micky, for many a long year



I think he's on a mission! out in space somewhere!  
He'll tell me all about it, when he gets back i feel  
He might just polish it up a bit! it certainly won't be real!

Bob Gibson

# I Miss Her

There's a shadow on the water, and I'm reminiscing of my daughter  
As the moons silvery fingers casts its shadows beneath the tree!  
The shadow it gets longer, the more I sit and ponder, I cannot help but wonder  
If the night will set her free

Tw'as on a night as this one, and I don't know where it came from  
In the shallows of the river, as it empties to the sea  
it was there she came a cropper, but no one 'mortal man' could stop her  
She was dragged under the water, by the branches of a tree!

She would have been seventeen this morning, my heart it gave a warning  
Her eyes no longer of laughing ' she was fighting to be free'  
now I feel so bloody helpless, maybe I was selfish, I want another chance  
Dear Lord! take not her, but me!

Bob Gibson

## If I Were A Mouse!

If I were a mouse I'd live in a house, by the sea with a wood fire burning  
I'd warm my tail, read yesterdays mail, and listen to the bread maker churning  
I'd put on a hat, watch out for the cat, take a stroll by the side of the sea  
the shells I would roll while taking my stroll I think i'll take home with me!

I would come out at night, give the ladies a fright, I'd stand on my hind legs and  
wave

then to appease, I would eat all their cheese, I think I would be terribly brave!  
I'd sleep in till late, eat food off their plate, I'd do it, not making a noise  
but with a sigh, I sit in my sty, I'm just a pig without any choice

Bob Gibson

# Its Time

Its time to stop the fighting  
Its time for peace on earth  
Its time for men to make amends  
Its time for a rebirth

Stop fighting over religion  
Or squabbling over land  
Reach out and give  
Another man your hand

Work towards a common goal  
A friend to one in need  
Shake hands with a stranger  
Give a hungry man a feed

Colour doesn't matter  
When your laid there in your grave  
And all of the religions  
Will not steps to heaven pave

Lets rejoice in mans achievements  
Not wallow in his sins  
Lets make this a better world  
That way everybody wins

This world is given as a gift  
We all occupy a space  
Come and take my hand my friend  
We'll make this a better place

Bob Gibson

# Just A Cop

In the early morn on the city street  
Druggies, prostitutes, drunks i meet  
I see them all, they know the score  
Dregs of humanity to the core  
Each night i patrol the taverns and bars  
Fights and drunks driving cars  
I pick them up, locked in a cell  
Then they tell me to go to hell  
They sleep it off, this is their home!  
They have no one to atone  
The cells smell of urine and of sick  
Junkies, needles another trick!  
Working life is no fantasy  
To a policewoman like me! called Marie!

Bob Gibson

# Just A Walk

I see her in the distance pink pants, gloves and hat  
as I approach I see her smile, we always have a chat  
my dog, he is a sniffer, and circles round her knees  
his tail is wagging, so she knows he aims to please  
she gives a pat and welcomes him, and carry on with our walk  
no matter what the weather, we just stroll and talk  
we've ambled along the seaside and the fringes of the bush  
clambered over open fields where mushrooms are lush  
we both extol the beauty, we stop and smell the air  
decaying leaves of autumn, sometimes we stand and stare  
as sunlight filters through the leaves, russet reds to brown  
the carpet on the forest floor, as soft as eiderdown  
a bellbird breaks the silence, its clarity so sweet  
as a waxeye gently circles around our head and feet  
back to the road again I bid my friend adieu  
have a lovely day pet! she says the same to you

Bob Gibson

# Just Me

I didn't start life as a father, I started as a son  
the allocates my father gained they are what he won  
he never asked for acceptance that was rightly given  
he was my dad, he did his best, there was no decision  
he worked twelve hour shifts, absence was the norm  
he would disappear at six o clock and not return till morn  
holidays what were they? overseas were for the rich  
a bus ride to the seaside and not a tent to pitch  
no matter! i loved my Dad! i wish he were here today  
to see his grandchildren, that i would so proudly display  
My boys love the outdoor life on water or the bush  
they're traversed the mountain streams, and meadow pastures lush  
we live twelve thousand miles from, the place that i was born  
but they know no differant to them it's just the norm  
I often look back upon my life, and think of who i am  
were we meant to be here and was there a plan!  
I'm just a mortal man, one day i will expire  
but for now I'm sixty five and ready to retire

Bob Gibson

# Leave Them At Home

People came from a foreign shore,  
To New Zealand they wanted more  
They filled their ships with plants and grain,  
They wanted us to enjoy the same  
They planted gorse, a touch of home,  
They let it seed, and was free to roam  
They brought along some rabbits to,  
At first there was just a few  
Stoats and weasels, rats off their ship,  
They brought on another trip  
Along with a multitude of disease's,  
Coughing flem in-between sneezes  
From across the ditch God bless em!  
They thought we might enjoy the possum  
We drew the line at snakes and crocks  
And spiders that inhabit socks  
The rabbits decimated the high country plains,  
Hills washed away in winters rains  
Possums ring barked native trees  
And brought the fauna to its knees  
Stoats nearly obliterated our native bird,  
That's the Kiwi! you may have heard  
Did I mention the Koi carp?  
They slipped them in just for a lark!  
The species that they held so dear  
Has changed our way of life I fear!

Bob Gibson



# Lonely

I'm tired, I'm cold, I'm lonely, I'm old  
i feel lost, i feel angry, i feel empty, I'm told!  
you need help, you need medication, you need specialist care!  
all from the one's, whose love i should share

every night I'm alone, a silent ring phone  
only myself i have to atone  
i fall asleep with monotonous programs on air  
is there anyone out there, whose life i can share?

life's past me by, its just me and her  
love's held by a thread, in a world that's not fair  
the loneliness drapes me, as black as a cloud  
She's gone again now, I'm just a face in the crowd

There's people that love me, that I've never met  
we talk about life on the 'internet'  
they are so far away, not like next door  
my friend is the mouse, and the screen my 'amour'

Bob Gibson

# Me Breakfast

I just fancied a full English breakfast, tomatoes bacon and egg  
Mushrooms from the fields this morning, that i was able to peg  
I grilled the tomatoes and bacon, and a sausage or two i fried.  
The eggs i poached, the mushrooms were broached, and with lemon i plied  
The homemade bread looked delicious, my face lit up with glee  
A knife and fork, some pepper and salt, and a nice cup of tea  
Back to the fridge i meandered, and lavishly covered my meal  
My first mouthful was sweet, i just couldn't eat, that sauce did not appeal  
I know it said sauce on the bottle, I bought it whilst i was out shopping  
But the BBQ sauce, i now have remorse, it turned out to be chocolate topping

Bob Gibson

# Me Dad

Jim Mattison, was a neighbor, through working life he sailed  
My Dad his breath did labor, from chemicals inhaled  
One day there paths did meet, a funeral to abate  
For Jim it was a grave to dig, for dad it was a mate

Dad stopped to cough and take a breath, but Jim with hardened shell  
Said! waste of time you going home I'll bury you as well!  
In his prime I would have seen the twinkle in Dads eye  
Jim! knew of this, and of dads health, still! he smiled! with a sigh!

Two old men! with swords to cross, is there any winner  
Bones that are six feet underground, a savior or a sinner  
Both are dead and Jim was buried in a plot that was berated  
But, Dad said no! he'll not bury me I want to be cremated

Bob Gibson

# Me First Bike

I remember my first bicycle, it came on Christmas day  
i got up very early cos i wanted to go out and play  
i didn't have any trainer wheels, and the seat was very low  
and it took a while ter get me balance, the bruises i did show

Me Dad held onto the seat and ran beside me bike  
the handlebars were all over the place, till i got it right  
soon i was off on me own, riding on the path  
i used ter clean it everyday, giving it a bath

then i got a dynamo so i could ride it round at night  
it whirred and whizzed and flickered, and gave out a lot light  
it also wore me tyre out, so off the bike it came  
i got a battery lamp then, but it never was the same

i used ter put my lolly sticks, jam them in the spokes  
it was like rattling a fence, to annoy the older folks  
i used me bike all summer till snow was on the ground  
then Dad sold me bike at Christmas, he only got a pound

that pound it bought my train set, the first i ever had  
i loved that little train set, an i loved me Dad!

Bob Gibson

# Memories

At birth, does our memory start at naught?  
Because at birth there's nothing taught!  
No lessons learnt, no recollection!  
Everything is brand new, there is no reflection!

Instinct! now there's a funny word!  
Where does it come from? i have never heard!  
Programmed to suckle a mothers breast  
And cry when in pain /hunger/ needs rest!

The penguins INSTINCT is to walk to the sea  
They cannot fly, but in the sea they are free  
Such graceful creatures so clumsy on land  
Merge with the sea as one happy band

Memory, instinct! are they one of the same  
Through DNA, is the structure of life to blame?  
Under hypnoses can we reveal past lives  
But are they ours! or ancient husbands and wife's

The building blocks of life, our DNA  
All different! because we don't think the same way!  
We take on the looks of our dads and mums  
The DNA is working, it works out our sums!

You have your mam's eyes and your dads great big feet  
You have granddads smile, and grandmothers fetish for neat!  
Look back a thousand years of kin  
I think of those dreams' would come back, again and again!

Bob Gibson

# Men Don'T Talk

Men don't talk' when their hearts are broken  
Men don't talk' not a word is spoken  
the shutters come down and they just regress  
Inside it hurts, such emptiness!

They feel pain, of a love gone wrong  
Loves an old familiar song  
They need the space to work things out  
Its not their way to scream and shout

The pain is there, their fists are clenched  
Body is shaking, heart is wrenched  
What his choice? its his fate!  
He goes it alone, he can't tell a mate!

Bob Gibson

# Men-An-Tol

many have passed through this ancient stone  
this granite, hollowed, magic roan  
stepping backwards through its centre  
seven times a baby would soon venture  
nine times for the ricketed child  
passed through naked meek and mild  
a pixy guardian seeks and cures  
belief in its power endures  
be there when the moon is whole  
the Crick Stones power will extol

Bob Gibson

# Milk

It stands alone out in the snow  
With its silver top aglow  
A head of cream under the top,  
.Around it little sparrows hop  
With their beaks they break the seal  
Its the cream they want to steal  
Its here they balance on the rim,  
Dunking their beaks through the tin  
The paperboy see's his prize,  
He looks around with wary eyes  
Has a guzzle, an puts back the lid,  
And blamed the sparrows for what he did  
An old tom cat was watching this,  
Saw the birds and gave a hiss  
He pounced, but missed them all,  
Knocked the bottle an made it fall  
The milk it spillt out on to the ground,  
The cat was making a lapping sound  
The door it opened with a rush,  
And the cat got belted with the brush

Bob Gibson



# My Boys

Heavy metal in my ears, full blast at six am  
something brings a father to tears, his sons he has to blame  
its not done intentionally to annoy me or to goad  
they tell me its the future! come on Dad hit the road!

I traveled in a Volkswagen, in my underpants  
handled by my sons, I really had no chance  
it broke down in Manurewa, and I was asked to push  
now a man in is his underpants, doest seem to rush!

ill sit behind the wheel! I in a said in a squeaky voice  
sat their in my underpants I really had no choice  
now come on lads get pushing, and never mind the lights  
if a cop pulls up beside me, he will read me out my rights

That car got home with out a hitch, my nerves were on the boil  
what if i said, what if i said, my reputation spoiled  
now that i am older, i can laugh at what i have done  
but i will arm my lovely grandsons, so they can have some fun!

Bob Gibson

# My Life

Life is but a journey, we travel all alone  
some directions are we given, but we are free to roam  
There's people that will inspire us, and guide us on our way  
Others may reject us, and some they will betray  
Its not an easy road to travel, sometimes its all up hill  
We take the good with the bad, and swallow lives bitter pill  
Some friends we'll meet along the way, will put a spurt into our stride  
But others lurk out there, from whom we need to hide  
No one has come back from the dead, to tell us of our plight  
One can only battle on, and fight for what is right  
There are many paths to travel, and many signposts to  
Its every ones choice in life, what they decide to do  
Sometimes we get weary, and sit aside a spell  
Then some stranger shouts, 'your on the road to hell'  
Get on you feet and follow me, without God you are lost  
I was sent to save your soul, no matter what the cost!  
The road was dark and long, and overgrown with weeds  
The soothsayers words were endless, on other's souls he feeds  
I walked to where the light was, just a pinpoint at first  
Then i saw the sun shine, my heart did almost burst  
Now i walk in wildflowers, and along the shore  
Gone is the darkness, i won't ask for more  
That cross is but a burden, that i no longer need  
I was not put on this earth, for other peoples greed  
Each day is a pleasure to me, i look through different eyes  
I believe in myself, and not in soothsayers lies  
I don't want a road paved with gold, or trappings of the rich  
I ask very little out of life, though sometimes its a bitch  
Our paths may cross again my friend, as we journey down lifes lane  
I wish you wealth and happiness, and freedom from your pain

Bob Gibson

# My Memory

Sometimes we are reminded, of memories of the past  
I never purposely stored them there, or think that they would last!  
I challenge now there validity, did it really happen that way?  
Or has my mind altered them, to ease my guilt, persay!

As we travel that rocky road, that we all call memory lane  
Do our brains rewrite events, just to ease our pain!  
If it's a happy story, does it make it happier still?  
Are our smiles made bigger, to give us all a thrill!

Maybe its better this way, I feel good about myself!  
Maybe it gave me the confidence, not to be left upon the shelf  
Bad memories, do not lurk around, maybe only in my dreams  
They're locked away securely but occasionally it seems

Sometimes I get depressed, those memories must germinate  
Is there a vitamin I've eaten, that's opened up a gate?  
I stopped eating cheese! I think that's done the trick  
But I'm beggared I can't remember, or why I thought of it?

Bob Gibson

# My Second Trip

My second trip was deep sea, foreign places I did roam  
The country was Penang! it was many miles from home  
I went out with the sailors, and took to drinking rum  
As the evening was progressing, I was having fun

A girl came up to me, and winked as she sat down  
I bought her a drink, and started to think! she knows I'm from out of town  
We chatted on, the lights were low, it was then, that she said  
Your a good looking sailor! are you gonna take me to bed?

I stumbled off my chair, my mates they gave a cheer  
I said you jealous sods! its me she's calling dear!  
We went up to her room, how I cannot say!  
I fell fast asleep, before she had her wicked way

I woke up in the morning! OH! my aching head  
I found that I was lying, naked on her bed  
I looked around for my trousers, but all that I could find  
Was a dress and a razor, that she'd left behind

She had taken everything I came with! I was in a mess  
So I took to the razor and put on the dress!  
I met a sailor in the bar, he was really drunk  
I said come here big boy! your my kind of hunk!

I led him to the bedroom, where he fell fast asleep  
I put on his clothes i felt awfully cheap!  
I left the dress and razor, and bid my sailor adieu  
then I joined my ship again an met up with the crew

Bob Gibson

# Ode To The Pie

Have yer ever had a pork pie, made in the northeast  
Ah! tell yer now bonny lad! yer missing a feast!  
A Morrels pie from Hartlepool, fer that you'd have ter queue  
Its made from flaky pastry, an half a pound of stew

Get yerself ter Stockton, to Newbolds bakery  
Little pies and pickle onions with mustard thrown in fer free  
Now Metcalfs! do a bacon pie, they also put in leeks  
I like a bit of bacon that's come from a pigs bums cheeks

I went way up ter Scotland, i thought i' d do a test  
But they stuff their pies with haggis an the pastry's not the best  
Ave tried London's, ' Kate an Sidney ' an 'egg an ham' in Wales  
The gravy was all runny, and the Welsh'es eggs were quales!

I like a thick pie casing with a hue of golden brown  
With gelatin inside it, an pork pushing up its crown  
Some mushy peas with golden chips an bottle of H.P sauce  
A meal fit for a king i say, from the Northeast of course!

Bob Gibson

# One For The Road

The car it left the coast road onto the rocks below  
The driver had been drinking and was putting on a show  
In the back his children, eating chips swilled down with coke  
As he overtook his mate and thought it was a joke!  
He misjudged the corner, and over the bank he went  
The car landed upside down and his children's lives were spent  
He survived and scrambled out as water filled the van  
Just a broken arm, they say a lucky man  
His mate carried on oblivious, your late his wife would say  
Not knowing of his drinking pal, or his children in the bay  
The fire brigade was sanctioned by a passerby that night  
As firemen searched the wreckage in the early morning light  
Two children under five, life for them no more  
Their blooded bodies strewn, upon the rocky shore  
A fireman shakes his head, no words does he exchange  
As he gathers up the pieces, the parts he'll rearrange

Bob Gibson

# Opportunity

opening time without fail, outside the pub, was old Nipper Dale  
a rented a room, he lived alone, no tv and no phone  
his lived in clothes, from the sallies, kissed by the cobbles and the alleys  
his Giro was paid on a Wednesday morn, and cashed whilst it was still warm  
the pubs landlord supplied his need, eight pints of beer and a feed  
the final call for drinks to end, found Nipper left with nowt to spend  
bleary eyed he scuttled home, cold, drunk, and all alone  
next day was just the same to the pub in wind and rain  
a new face he would make his friend, and milk him till the bitter end  
one day while waiting for the pub to open, a truck pulled up, no word was spoken  
an eight foot roll of copper wire, met Nipper and his mate's desire  
within an hour, it was stripped and burned, before the workmen had returned  
two hundred pounds of copper core, disappeared out the door  
after lunch the workmen saw, the reel of cable was there no more  
Nipper was drinking his second scotch, as his mate Budgie was keeping watch  
did anyone see that reel of wire? hoping that someone would conspire!  
shaken heads, and lowered face, but Nipper Dale felt no disgrace

Bob Gibson

# Politicians

I don't like our politicians, I think they are the pits  
I'm angry at the government they survive upon their wits  
I distrust our prime minister, I'm sure he tells us lies  
And that Speaker of the house, i really do despise!  
I'm not keen on the finance minister, he's taxing me to death  
And the opposition leader, what a waste of breath!  
I despise our local candidate, I can't believe, he was voted in!  
Its rigged I'm sure, that I know! because I voted, for his twin!  
Yes! I hate our politicians, and I'm not to keen on the Mayor!  
I dislike those robes of office, and the silly wigs they wear  
I can't stand! the verbal buffalo dust! uttered so sincere  
kissing babies in the street, when election time is near!  
I dread to watch live parliament, with half of them asleep  
Only waking to approve a bill, which they'll never keep  
Oh! sorry! I forgot, the fastest bill on earth,  
The politicians pension's, backdated from time of birth!  
I'm utterly disgusted! , perks stretch to children and their wives  
and when they die its carried on, for the rest of their natural lives  
Now I know that I have faults, and I'm a long way from perfection  
but I'm going to put my hand up, at the next election

Bob Gibson



# Respect

Self esteem! that's the same as self respect  
The value we place on ourselves, is to that affect

That person in the mirror, of the image are you proud?  
Can you look it in the eye? or is it hiding behind a cloud

Respect is not something we are born with! it is a lesson taught  
Not something that's bandied around, and cannot be bought

Learn to love that image, learn to love that smile,  
When we learn to love ourselves, we can walk that extra mile

Look after your body, and be sure to feed your mind  
And take some time out for yourself, to yourself be kind

Bob Gibson

# Saltburn

I used to watch the fishermen, go out from Saltburn sands  
Their cobbles loaded up with nets and long lines in their hands  
The lobster pots were up forard, with the markers and the picks  
Going to the fishing grounds, they knew all the tricks

They wore a woolen jersey and a yellow vinyl coat  
A sow wester when it was raining, or a beanie in the boat  
I used to watch them coming home, from the fishing bed  
A wave pushing his beam, i loved my uncle Fred

The cobbles they were sturdy boats overlapped you see  
Corked with tar to seal them from the northern sea  
I've seen them in the water when storms are about ter burst  
Disappearing beneath a wave, it's what they fear the worst

Up she comes with the spray, there oars are digging deep  
Just longing for some dry clothes and someones arm's to sleep  
I've seen them on the good days, . when a bountiful catch is landed  
I heard them in the pub that night tall tales, They expanded

I've seen their craggy faces, as they smoked their pipes  
I've seen them playing dominoes an listened to their gripes  
A braver bunch I've never met, apart from the miner  
I take my hat off to fisherfolk, you make my England finer

Bob Gibson

# Savage Seas

The water is perfect, as clear as glass  
Ne're a ripple, or a splash  
Then i felt it, a gentle breeze  
Twas nothing, not more than a sneeze

Ripples now began to appear  
The wind now audible to my ear  
Air pressure dropping, I could feel its mass  
The barometer fell, when I tapped the glass

White horses soon, began to form  
The barometer pointed to a storm  
Waves were building out at sea  
Ships were warned of their destiny

The breakers lashed a lone sailing boat  
Dragged, from its moorings, half afloat  
Relentless hammering on the shore  
Smashed to pieces recognised no more

Gigantic waves, a solid wall  
A tsunami, that devoured all!  
Out at sea, ships head a wave  
Anchor's dragging a watery grave

It's over now, the storm has passed  
Back to normal, calm at last  
The clean up begins, counting the cost  
God take care of those we've lost

Bob Gibson

# Seaton Carew

I used to go to Seaton Carew and watch the wild North sea  
The crashing of the waves, brings it all home to me  
Some men go sea-coaling further up the beach  
Filling sacks with sea coal , as far as they can reach

The sacks put across the handlebars, as the wheels dig in the sand  
Snow may lay on the rooftop, but the fire grate was grand  
As i walk along the sea front, the salt would burn my face  
The northeast wind would cut me in half, but the cold i did embrace

A deserted beach in winter, I'd walk at waters edge  
I'd see the big ships anchored, waiting for the dredge  
An oil rig in the distance, towed by Crosthwaite's tug  
Constructed in the Greythorpe yard, I can hear the engine chug

Here among the sand dune's, on to Seaton Snooks  
The tank traps are still standing, weather worn in looks  
My mate had a houseboat there, a bit further down the way  
The (Cranch) it was called, but its not there today.

Industry has taken over, a power station built  
Churning out the megawatts, and uranium to the hilt  
Lets get back to Seaton! when i was a boy  
Mad Max's magic toy shop for me it was a joy

The big dipper and the waltzes' and all the show ground fun  
I can still smell the dodgems, on rubber wheels they'd run  
It's all gone now, just a figment of the past  
The good times are in my memory, however long i last

Bob Gibson

# Serenity

Sunlight filters through the trees  
In a wooded glade, a gentle breeze  
The sound of water over stone  
In this place, my heart calls home

A rippling stream from way up high  
Where tree tops seem to reach the sky  
On it travels to a distant shore  
Over waterfalls and forest floor

Sparkling, diamonds reflected light  
Never ending in its flight  
In the gorge where it runs deep  
It slows down to just a creep

A trout looks up into the sky  
A tasty meal, is a dragonfly  
A kingfisher is waiting for smaller fish  
Not long before he gets his wish

The coolness of this wooded scene  
At one with nature so serene  
Peace of mind, my thoughts they stray  
My troubles seem to drift away

Bob Gibson

# She Has To Go!

She's getting tired my old lass, at fifty four I think I'll pass  
she grumbles, moans, men know the score! i think it's time I showed her the  
door!  
when she was young, . i didn't mind, she seemed, like (well) one of a kind!  
she's passed her best, lets face it guys! a pound foolish a penny wise!  
now i drool over the latest model, i think she's for me! what a doddle!  
my old girl has done her best, and she'll retire like all the rest  
should i keep her on for for pity's sake? NO! bugger it! i'm on the make!  
get rid of her now, while she is down, she'll cost me money, and make me frown  
I'm tempted, to let her go, I 'm thinking hard! and i think no!  
sweetheart! you have never let me down! it seems that i have been the clown  
you have the right to moan and groan, and to live in my humble home!  
your waterworks, leaking on the floor, dribbling slowly out the door  
my mind has made a decision, with engineering skills and precision!  
I'll restore you to your former pride, no longer will you have to hide  
to me your agless! my old friend, and to you, i will lovingly attend  
your worn out pump, and sluggish starts, hydraulics, splined and geared parts  
My Nuffield tractor, was England's best! so be it! my case! i rest!

Bob Gibson

# St Swithens Day

Saint Swithen's request please don't forget  
Was to be buried outside, so his bones were wet  
The monks built for him, a shrine inside  
They moved him from the place he lyed  
The Saints displeasure was not feigned  
For forty days and nights it rained  
July 15th St Swithen's day,  
let sleeping saints have their way!

Bob Gibson

# The Affair

She waved him off and said goodbye  
that blown kiss was just a lie  
behind her smile and laughing eyes  
no more would she fantasize

wantonly, she drew the drape  
a signal for her lover, to escape  
hiding behind the garden wall  
he waited till he received the call

passionately, their bodies kissed  
exited by the chances risked  
on the floor their clothes they shed  
gyrating on the marriage bed

silently a key turned in the door  
her saw them romping on the floor  
he turned around with out a sound  
and left them to it on the ground

four years have gone since she saw him last  
so sorry for her sinful past  
he moved on but cannot trust  
it seems his dreams have turned to dust

Bob Gibson



# The African Queen

She sits alone on a silent sea, anchored in the bay  
No lights at night, a derelict, not loved in any way  
She swings at anchor on every tide, starboard through to port  
And rides the waves, like a well trained horse, like she has been taught  
The 'African Queen' i named her, a solid Kauri boat  
Seaworthy, staunch, and feisty, as a mountain goat  
I saw her in the moonlight, as moonbeams broke her bow  
I watched her in the early morn, as the sun lit up her prow  
With baited breath, i clung to her, struggling in heavy seas  
Her anchor warp was dragging, sheets flapping in the breeze  
The storm it was relentless, rope parted from the chain  
She was no longer tetherd, the rocks had made their claim  
Battered, holed, and broken up, lashed by waves unseen  
That was the fate, of the kauri boat, I named the 'African Queen'

Bob Gibson

# The Beast

Imprisoned and chained underground, her cries for help were all unfound  
beaten and sexually abused, she whimpered day and night confused  
left alone for weeks on end, food pushed through a hole a cold comfort friend  
there's no way out all hope is gone, raped and beaten a familiar song  
giving birth, underground alone, her screams not heard through walls of foam  
there's no fight left no place to hide as this monster tears at her inside  
her babies weaned are taken away, only three are left to stay  
her son he stoops from ceilings low, in the underground prison down below  
no natural light no breath of air, reality has gone beyond despair  
she see's the beast! eye, her female child, the evil eyes of a pedophile  
how much more can a mother take, how many bones will he break  
her daughter screams from another room, she prays it will be over very soon  
then he'll leave through the concrete door, they hold each other and cry some  
more

My heart bleeds! !

Bob Gibson

# The Bully

Jack Birchel was a big man, Jack Birchel was bully!  
he was an ugly, evil man, and i understood him fully  
he was a blacksmiths striker, who worked out in the yards  
Jack took everything he wanted, that was on the cards!

with one hand he'd pick a young boy up, and leave him hanging by his belt  
humiliation was his game depends on how he felt  
he used to pull their trousers down in front of other guys  
and slap them on the bottom, oblivious to their cries!

whenever some new guy started, he was issued with new gear  
Jack would often take it all, he instilled such fear  
then a new guy started! his name was Tanky Wrench  
he was just a little guy eating a sandwich by his bench

Jack did then approach him, and grabbed Tanky's spade  
Tanky didn't take to kindly to this, and into Jack he laid  
he broke the handle over his back, and said i think your right  
this old spade must be mine, Jack had turned quite white

as Jack lay prostrate upon the floor this is what i heard  
! next time I'll take your fingers off! you can take my word!  
Jack went very quite! a lesson he had learned  
don't mess with little Tanky or your fingers will get burned

two months later a new guy started, his new gear by his side  
Jack started to sus him out but to his rear he spied!  
Tanky was just waiting, shovel in his hand  
Jack just skulked away, he didn't make a stand

Tanky was my hero! he taught me all i knew  
i was one of the boys that Jack hung up, one of but a few  
one day they'll turn their backs on you! that is when to strike  
alls fair in love and war, now Jack has seen the light

Bob Gibson

# The Dawn Chorus

Its four o'clock, two hours till dawn  
Snuggled in bed, I'm cozy and warm  
then a bird begins its song  
Has it got its timing wrong?

Cheep cheep cheep, whistle, chirp  
I'm trying to sleep you little twerp!  
Go sing in the forest and find your mate  
For once i want to sleep till late

Why are you singing so loud today?  
Is it because your mate has flown away?  
Is your song happy? or is it sad?  
She's flown the coup, you don't seem mad!

So i sit here this early morn  
While you are singing in the dawn  
Tweet tweet tweet your mates returned  
She's come home to roost, her love was spurned!

Maybe tomorrow you might be glum  
Will you be singing then old chum?  
Sat on a twig, head under your wing  
Getting told off! you poor old thing

Bob Gibson

# The Dream

I was sat in a classroom, exam papers read  
I seem to have a million things, going on in my head  
I read it all again but my mind drifted off  
So I raised my hand and pretended to cough

Wrote on my body I printed my notes  
Math's on my right hand! on the left i have quotes!  
Here's a tough question! the answer, I sigh  
I'd wrote on my knee just under my thigh

I'll pull down my jeans an just have a look  
I'll pretend I'm clumsy an just dropp a book!  
With my pants round my ankles, to the right of my knee  
Is the answer to question one hundred an three

With the aid of a mirror I'll just have a squiz  
I've got the quotation to answer the quiz  
People are staring! what do they see  
I'm down to my underpants! They're looking at me!

The professor is asking are they tattoo's  
I'm covered in script right down to my shoes!  
The whole class is laughing, i wish i was dead  
Then i wake up sweating, at home in my bed

Bob Gibson

# The Drought

Another day the sun beats down  
The land is parched, the grass is brown  
The ground is cracked, it's bare and dry  
Relentless heat, from way up high

The sky is blue, no patch of white  
The heat goes on throughout the night  
On the horizon at dawn's first light  
A fluffy cloud comes into sight

A gentle breeze, begins to blow  
As cumulous clouds put on a show  
I heard it first, on the iron roof  
Two drops! , to my ears, proof!

A cloud now obscures the sun  
Twas a trickle at first, then it begun  
Outside we ran, and danced in the street  
The pouring rain, drenched our head to our feet

Rivulets, running down my face  
Caressing my sweet to taste  
The drought has broken pastures now green  
The world is so beautiful and its pristine!

Bob Gibson

# The Euroclic

I don't want to adopt a euroclic, to make my profile pop  
they choke up my desktop, there's no way to make them stop  
glitter texts and smilies, cursors or graphics  
I just want plain old text, I don't need a bag of tricks

Bob Gibson

# The Footie Match

The toilets leaking darling, as i woke up with a start!  
come and have a look at it, it won't take long sweetheart!  
But! the footies almost starting, the lads are on the ground  
get me another beer pet, and can you turn up the sound!

That didn't go down to well at all, from what i feel torday  
The beer was poured over my head, it was then i heard her say!  
get yer sweet ass over there an fix that bloody loo!  
Ive' asked yer nicely, yer lazy sod, now see what you can do!

i gorr up rather abruptly, from me beer sodden seat  
she was standing hands on hips, her gaze i had to meet!  
not a problem honeybunch, i managed with a smile  
then i dropped me hammer, and broke a bloody tile!

are you alright she shouted! for me she was not concerned  
last night i wanted some slap and tickle, but my love for her was spurned!  
I'll never understand wimen, they are players of the mind!  
i heard the footie lads all Cheering, oh! life is so unkind

Bob Gibson



# The Footie Match Extended

That didn't take long! you fixed the loo!  
see what a bit of patience, and a plunger can do!  
in the fridge there's a bottle of wine!  
pour me a glass, when you have the time

not a problem! honeybunnch!  
you sit there and I'll do lunch!  
shall i peel you a grape? or kiss your toes?  
a massage maybe! no i don't suppose!

she smiled at me, but her eyes could melt steel  
and casually said oh! just do what you feel!  
your wine milady! as i hovered over head  
spill one dropp and you wish you were dead!

i was shocked and stunned! not to mention surprised!  
my integrity had been compromised!  
what are you thinking, you've wounded my heart!  
I'll go down ter the Pub! an watch the game from the start!

Bob Gibson

# The Funeral

Jim Mattison was a neighbor, through working life he sailed  
my Dad his breath did labor, from chemicals inhaled  
one day their paths met, a funeral to abate  
for Jim it was a grave to dig, for Dad it was a mate

Dad stopped to cough and take a breath, but Jim with hardened shell  
said! waste of time you going home I'll bury you as well!  
in his prime I would have seen the twinkle in Dads eye  
Jim! knew of this, and of dads health, he smiled! but with a sigh!

two old men! with swords to cross, is there any winner  
bones that are six feet underground, a savior or a sinner  
both are dead and Jim was buried in a plot that was berated  
but Dad said no! he'll not bury me I want ter be cremated

Bob Gibson

# The Garage Sale

I went to a garage sale yesterday  
it was a deceased estate  
i saw a load of things i liked  
and thought that this is great

i bought some tools and a radio  
a spade, a rake and a hoe  
then i stood back and looked around  
a mans life is here! thats what i found

people barganing over this or that  
a walking stick, a trilby hat  
i knew this man had led his life  
for the last two years without his wife

after fifty years he was alone  
in this place they called their home  
no baking smells permeate the air  
no perfume or bra left on the stair

no goodnight dear or loving hug  
sat in a chair staring at the rug  
Oh! yes he had food he could exist  
but his pills in the morning? who would insist?

he just faded away no will to live  
he'd given everything he'd had to give  
the real treasures have gone with him  
thats the memories of him and Kim

what is left has no price at all  
the proceeds going to ST Paul  
if your looking down at this young fool  
i'll treasure the radio and every tool

Bob Gibson

# The Garment

I've seen them serrated they cut like a knife  
Made of plastic, they're the bane of my life!  
They're indestructible, and fitted with care  
That bloody label, that says wash and wear

Every new garment no matter how frail  
They attach a label which feels like a nail  
I suppose its designed to make you aware  
Of its maker's name and how to take care

It takes the strength of 'Garth' to tear it off  
The back of my neck is feeling rough  
I've wrestled with them and ripped the shirt  
But the indestructible label remains unhurt

I want some jeans made of this  
Honestly! I'm not taking the piss!  
They will last forever and be wrinkle free  
A garment for eternity

They'll never shrink or fall apart  
The right material from the start  
There's just one thing that would make life hell!  
From what would they make that bloody label?

Bob Gibson

# The Good Old Aussie Fly

Australia is fantastic, I'd live here till I die  
but there's one thing that's stopping me! The good old Aussie fly!  
I've tried all the lotions, I've covered myself in Vick!  
I've used up all me whisky thinking that would do the trick!

They're very friendly over here, they call it 'the Aussie wave'  
I thought they all knew semaphore! it seemed like all the rage!  
I started waving back at them, smiling as yer do!  
they said I was demented, and a poofter too!

I went down to the beach one day, I took off all me gear  
the flies just homed in on me, attacking front an rear  
there must have been a thousand, they invaded every crack  
I stood there like a windmill, till I acquired the knack!

its a natural manuver! its done without a thought  
I think it's in genetics! it certainly can't be taught!  
they acquire this trait from an early age, they time the move just right  
they slap the fly just as it lands or get it in mid flight!

they leave a trail of bodies, as they pass you on the street  
the fly's they have a fielday, fresh visitors they eat  
where do they go in winter? not one is to be seen!  
and no more friendly Aussie's to tell where they have been

Bob Gibson

# The Haw Haw Bird

Last night I heard the Haw haw bird, not in my dreams! i plainly heard  
her cry, it echo'ed through the night, on and on till days first light  
never one I 've seen in flight, but then I've only looked at night  
its body is black and wing of blue, a red beak and legs askew  
did I mention legs three in all? never seen her take a fall!  
or on wing! there's only one! she flies in circles all day long  
her warble, let me relate, although unusual, it sounds great  
I laugh at her each time she talks, . and laugh again when she walks  
her feet are not three abreast more, in line with her chest!  
her wing is centered above her tail, allowing access for the male  
her beak is astoundingly red! from eating juniper berries instead,  
of, avocado green on tree, that keeps her free from fly and flea  
what a strange bird I have here, she nests in my tractor from year to year  
I'd get rid of her if fortune begs! but I admit, I love her eggs

Bob Gibson

# The Journey

Life is just a journey, we travel all alone  
no directions are we given, we are free to roam  
some people inspire us, and guide us on our way  
some people they reject us, and some they will betray  
its not an easy road to travel, sometimes its all up hill  
we take the good with the bad, and swallow lives bitter pill  
friends we meet along the way, put a spurt into our stride  
but others lurk out there, from whom we need to hide  
No one has come back from the dead, to tell us of our plight  
one can only travel on, and fight for what is right  
there are many paths out there, and many signposts to  
its every ones choice in life, with what they want to do  
sometimes we get weary, and sit aside a spell  
then some Christian starts shouting, 'your on the road to hell'  
get off your arse and follow me, without me you are lost  
i was sent to save your soul, no matter what the cost!  
the road was dark and long, and overgrown with weeds  
the soothsayers words where endless, on other's souls he feeds  
no! i walked to where the light was, just a pinpoint at first  
then i saw the sun shine, my heart did almost burst  
now i walk in wildflowers, and along the shore  
gone is the darkness, i wont ask for more  
that cross is but a burden, that i no longer need  
i was not put on this earth, for other peoples greed  
each day is a pleasure to me, i look through different eyes  
i believe in myself, and not in soothsayers lies  
i don't want a road paved with gold, or trappings of the rich  
i ask very little out of life, though sometimes its a bitch  
our paths may cross again my friend, as we journey down the lane  
i wish you health and happiness, and freedom from your pain

Bob Gibson

# The Log Splitter

I went into Walton's Garage, and saw a strange machine  
I said whats this contraption, Pete said this is my dream!  
This thing it was enormous, it must have weighed a ton  
Ill get the starting handle, would you like to see it run?

The Walton's made a Log splitter, it had a six inch ram  
With a petrol engine, and its very own jerry can  
The motor drove a hydraulic pump, attached to a rigid frame  
It didn't have an ignition switch, which later he will blame!

I'll give you a demonstration, I'll go and get some wood  
He found an old block in the yard which was covered up with crud  
He put it on the mounting block and cranked the starting handle  
The engine burst in to life, but the throttle would not strangle

The ram came out at a rate of knots till it felt resistance  
The hydraulic pressure started to rise at the engine revs insistence  
This log had been there over thirty years, it should have been a cinch  
But it was hard as the hobs of hell, and it didn't yield an inch

The engine was revving furiously, no relief valve was there fitted  
The machine started to disintegrate, the ram it was committed  
He tried to stop the engine, with his hands shorting the lead  
But twenty thousand volts were there! and no! he did not, succeed!

Pete was going frantic now, his brother screaming stop it!  
The frame just kept on buckling it was Pete whose going to cop it  
The ram came to the end of its travel, and thats what stalled the motor  
I've never laughed so much before! and I've even got a photer!

Bob Gibson



# The Long Nosed Ridged Backed Swamp Whippet

We had to leave new Zealand shores, in rain an snow an fog  
just me and my adversary by that I mean my dog!  
a pig dog was Dorothy, a holder of the best  
the first to feel the tusk, she would never let it rest  
teeth barded she would attack, from front or from the rear  
she grabbed at their extremities to her she knew no fear  
we landed on the Aussie shores, an to the great out back  
we slept amongst the stars at night where the abbo's track  
we came upon a wayside pub, we were tired and dry  
our swag a burden on our backs at night beneath the sky  
the landlord said to me, is that a fighting dog?  
I said with a grimace, with a chance she would!  
I have a dog out beyond, will you take a bet on him!  
landlord for free beer I'll even let him sing!  
out the back the landlords dog was long and lean and thin  
I'd never seen the likes of him or anything close to him!  
what kind of dog is that I said, for sure I'd never seen  
It's a 'long nosed ridged backed swamp whippet'  
and for a fight he's very keen!  
Dorothy, looked at him then looked again at me  
I said go on sweetheart let his soul go free!  
the whippet took her leg, but she just gave a groan  
in she rushed and grabbed his tail, and took it to the bone  
it was in a flash the whippet caught Dorothy by the head  
it was over in a flash, for poor Dorothy was dead!  
money changed hands and I was all alone  
the whippet had eaten Dorothy all was left was bone!  
the landlord told me of his dog, of tales I'd never heard,  
the beers on me tonight, not another word  
What was the breed of dog that took my Dorothy  
a Long nosed ridged backed swamp whippet, it very plain to see  
the locals call them crocodiles but that's, between you, and me!

Bob Gibson

# The Lottery Winner

I called in the pub! i just fancied a drink  
a pint of ale and a chance to think!  
then i saw him, at a glance  
in the corner, was my old mate Lance!

hi! there Lance! you don't look well!  
he said! Bob lad there's a story ter tell!  
I won all that money and moved to France  
I've led the wife one hell of a dance!

i bought a big house with a swimming pool  
and I've lost the lot! I've been such a fool  
i started drinking, i hit the booze  
my wife said i had to choose!

the fighting started and i left home  
i was a man of money! so i did roam  
I've lost my wife when she caught me  
with a lady of the night, in close proximity

this girl i bought her diamonds and fur  
when the money ran out she didn't care  
my last five grand went on a horse  
with my luck it came last of course

he held his pint with a shaking hand  
hoping i would understand  
my friends are gone i'm down and out  
another pint Lance? its my shout

Bob Gibson

# The Move

Sold the house! we move today  
We bought another not far away  
For twenty years this has been our home,  
Now its time for us to roam  
The rooms are empty the walls are bare  
My footsteps echo on the stair  
In my mind each room comes to life,  
Memories of children and my wife  
The Christmas tree stood by the wall,  
Covered in lights it seemed so tall  
Exited voices of children playing,  
.I'm getting old what am i saying  
Its just a house, it has no soul  
A habitat that's fulfilled its role  
But how we loved our little nest,  
Though winters hard, you stood the test  
The wind and rain on the window pane,  
As the log fire bursts in to flame  
The children are gone and we must move  
There's a new family now, I'm sure you'll approve  
Goodbye old house as i shed a tear  
You'll look after this family, i have no fear  
A new lick of paint, to brighten your eave  
You'll welcome them to, this i believe

Bob Gibson

# The Nurse

Its half past two, the dead of night  
four hours till the morning light  
a bell it rings room number nine  
a woman in labour, its her time

spasms occurring two minutes apart  
doctors and nurses are ready to start  
delivery suite, she's whisked away  
modesty and formalities put at bay

this is no place for a father to be  
he'll only cause her anxiety!  
he'll mean well and hold her hand  
but there are things he doesn't understand

she can't switch off, whilst he is there  
pain is something she cannot share  
she can't relax, and he can't see  
leave her alone and let things be!

she closes her eyes, as the pain gets worse  
believing fully in her nurse  
the babies head comes into sight  
another child is born this night

Bob Gibson

# The Old Engine

In the bush near an old gold mine  
Old pick axes and a railway line  
The workings were sieved down by the steam  
Where specs of gold once did gleam

Many years have past since then  
When the bush sang with working men  
Old iron wheels red with rust  
A three legged stool turning to dust

There in the corner of my eyes  
Something takes me by surprise  
an old engine once painted green  
With brass nameplate clearly seen

The flywheel moves but just a tad  
That means the innards are not to bad  
To get it home will be a task  
A favor my friends I have to ask

Tied to poles four men it took  
We managed with a lot of luck  
Stripped and chipped and piston cleaned  
Oiled, and painted now she gleamed

Swinging the handle, a puff of smoke  
She chugs away with a touch of choke  
Its been fifty years since it last run  
Preserving the past can be so much fun

Bob Gibson

# The Rhythm Of The Dance

A warm balmy eve on palm fringed beach  
A bonfire burns, out of touch out of reach  
Whispers of waves lapping the shore  
A full moon reflecting the ocean's amour

The music plays, a sip of red wine  
Two body's synchronized to rhythm and time  
The delicious decadence of two people in love  
Synchronized movement like a hand in a glove

The dance started slow each step was controlled  
But as the tempo increased, we became rather bold  
Our bodies entwined, nothing made sense  
Our dancing that night was so intense

The purity of movement, the language of life  
The core of our passion, it cut like a knife  
The fluids of motion, our body's on fire  
The magic of rhythm the dance of desire

Do these passionate feelings dwell in the young?  
Will they kiss their lover, using their tongue?  
Are their hearts desires like yours and mine?  
Is the world still the same? as in our time?

Yes Girl! you dance, you dance every day  
Its just now you dance, in a different way  
The passions of youth played a different tune  
It seems it was over all to soon

The tango's still there, we danced it with Passion  
We've just got older, it's not out of fashion  
Yes i to miss the days, of our youth  
It was exiting, ain't that is the truth

We'll see these feelings, through the eyes of our young  
Yes! they'll kiss their lovers! still using their tongue



# The Rock

Born from a fiery mountain on the coast of Waharau  
Molten lava flowed to the sea with a thunderous row!  
The mountains anger was raging, fire filled the air  
The quenching of the sea, brought the lava to despair  
Fifty meters from the shore, its cooled by incoming tide  
It burned its way through bush and scrub, now solidified  
The sea has kept it captive, its just visible twice a day  
When the ebb tide recedes, it a rest for birds of pray  
Gannets dry their wings, and seagulls rest a spell  
Mollusks climb on this old rock and fishermen as well  
Seaweed caresses it with the rhythm of the waves  
Beneath the surface crustations live, in darkened little caves  
Fishes swim around it, its here for all of time  
When the mountain was angry, the sea, it drew the line.

Bob Gibson



# The Rocking Chair

Buried under ivy, behind a garden shed  
i came across a rocking chair, painted shocking red  
the legs were loose, the back was broke, it was in a sorry state  
the seat broken in three pieces, was holding up the gate  
i took it to my workshop, and left it out to dry  
then removed the leaded paint work, the dust it made me high!  
i sanded the spindles on the lathe, then glued up the seat  
assembled it all together, and varnished to a treat  
I test drove that rocking chair, its as good as new  
it now needs a loving home, and i know just who!  
a young mum is breast feeding, her baby on the stair  
i think some memories can still be made, in this old rocking chair

Bob Gibson

# The Sea Gipsy

The sea gipsy

she's anchored in our sheltered bay, a fishing boat tonight will stay  
a forward mooring rope made fast, engine's cut, anchor cast  
light is failing, silhouettes, casts shadows of old fishing nets  
atop the mast a solitary light, a beacon, throughout the night

with the tides rise and fall, she swings on the anchor's maul  
waves lapping against her hull, oblivious to a wandering gull  
decks are clear, gear stored, sleep comes to those aboard  
on the morrow, at dawn's first light, the eastern sun chases the night

movement aboard this working craft, is witnessed forward and abaft  
now in the bright light of day, the gipsy prepares to get under way  
lines are hauled, the engines started, the gipsy now, has departed  
steaming to the fishing grounds, through the reefs and outer sounds

Bob Gibson

# The Songbirds

Have you ever heard the clarity, of the bell birds song at dawn  
its ring is so spectacular, such delicious sounds are born  
next you'll hear the Tui's they'll be feeding on the flax  
its white throat feathers warbling, neere a song it lacks  
the 'wax eye's' love to twitter as they fly within arms reach  
they tilt their heads and and chirp away, that's their way of speech  
the lorikeets always in pairs, I've never heard their song  
the beautiful colours they display, i know they'd sing along  
the blackbirds and the thrushes those noisy miners to  
sing in the day, and may i say, I'm very pleased they do

Bob Gibson

# The Stag

It was a gunmetal sky at the break of dawn  
the bellbirds sung in the early morn  
from the clearing came a roar  
a twelve point stag is what he saw

Standing in all his majesty  
Marking out his territory  
This young buck had beaten all  
And now it's his turn, to make his call

the old buck is dead and bleeding  
Young does are busily feeding  
A new generation will be born  
And to each doe will be a fawn

The young and strong, they will live  
The old and weak their life they give  
But the hunters gun see's no divide  
From a bullet no stag can hide

A shot rings out, he drops to his knees  
Bleeding profusely amongst the trees  
His horns cut off and his meat in a sack  
i guess, used for an aphrodisiac

Bob Gibson

# The Tale Of The' Martha Mine'

There's tales that's told in search of gold, beyond the blackened stump  
Where men's desires kindle the fires, of a man named Barry Crump  
Miners came from near and far, in the days of the of the great' gold rush  
There's them that was scared, who listened and heard, of happenings out in the bush

This tale is about, and I have no doubt, this story is but true  
For greed and gold, and loyalties sold, that are known to all, but a few  
Four men they desired, and conveniently acquired, , the makings to mine for gold

With pack horses went, and with further intent, pushed on through the bushlands wold

They crossed the steams with pack horse teams, through bush no man had been

They made camp, in a kauri swamp where manuka trees were green

The mountain face, they dug with haste, the going got tougher each day

The basalt face, there was neere a trace, not a glint of the golden ray

The days were fraught, the workings wrought, by cave-ins' every yard

Trees were dropped, and the walls were propped, the going, it was hard

Six months of toil, of mountain spoil, was sifted through the stream

Men grow old, in a quest for gold, the men with a common dream!

Mick Jacobs, Barry Crump, Jim Conner, Sid French

The miners muscles wrenched, the tunnel they dug now know as 'Martha's trench'

One man would work the basalt face, and barrow the spoils to the trough

Another worked the tail race, whilst the others took time off

Mick was digging the basalt face, when he got quite a shock

A sliver of golden ore appeared, amongst the hardened rock

His mind began to wander about his mates demise

He had uncovered a seam of gold, a good hands width in size

His brain was working frantically, the green eyed monster led

The seam he covered up, and he diverted the mineshaft head

When asked about the diversion, he produced a nugget bright

No gold was found, in the tailings mound, something was not right

The lads they smelt a rat! and followed Mick, so the stories told

They found his secret passage, and they found his stash of gold

They had dug so many tunnels, a 'maze' God forbade

They had to use a compass, in the labyrinths they had made

To find the tunnel headrace, took an hour of ones time

And the gold was confiscated, before Mick entered the mine

the lads had made their own plans, revenge is so divine

Loadstones were placed, to trick, the dirty rotten swine  
The compass spiraled wildly, magnetic waves abound  
The entrance was sealed up, all with out a sound  
Mick wandered through the tunnels, but he was seen no more  
Barry Jim and Sid they had blocked the door  
The 'Martha mine's 'still out there, deep within the bush  
Hidden by gorse and bracken and the tailings of the rush

Bob Gibson

# The Tangiwai Disaster

The year was 1953, the night was Christmas eve  
People were rejoicing, going home on annual leave  
The night train from Auckland, with a full head of steam  
South bound, for Wellington, it seemed like just a dream

When it approached Waiuru, beside the desert road  
From Mt' Ruapehu's bowels, volcanic ashes flowed  
The most active of three volcanoes, its crater lake collapsed  
Cascading down the mountainside, as local people gasped

The Tangiwai bridge was in its path, the lahar was moving fast  
Rails and stanchions twisted, the bridge's life had past  
The train driver completely unaware, kept his steady speed  
Till he saw a man with a lantern, imploring him to heed

The brakes squealed in that instant, but the momentum was too great  
It careered into the river, five carriages too late  
One hundred and thirty one people passed away that night  
Twenty are still missing, presumed buried at the site

Today the crater lake is swelling to the size that was on par  
Will they drain the lake? or risk another lahar?

Bob Gibson

# The Wall

I built a wall the other day  
its foundations strong and stout  
it was not built to keep people in  
No! it was built to keep them out!

i reinforced the ramparts  
each brick laid with such precision  
the mortar that was chosen  
was also my decision

behind my wall, i feel so safe  
no-one can reach out and touch  
no -one can see what i go through  
i use it like a crutch

The wall is in my mind you see  
i put this barrier there  
i made it to protect myself  
from those that do not care

I sometimes go outside my wall  
but i never lock the gate  
i need its strength around me  
secure in its weight

its only for protection  
its only for a while  
just till i get my act together  
or make somebody smile

Bob Gibson



# They Hung A Monkey!

Washed up along old Hartlepool's! shore  
a uniformed, bedraggled, stevedore  
a sailor from a foreign coast  
not speaking English was the toast!

A spy! from France the sergeant held  
in to the cells he was expelled  
word got out through out the town  
the lord Mayor came, but with a frown!

towns people from near and far  
wanted to cover him in tar!  
not a word did they understand  
from this uniformed brigand!

Hang him from the highest tree  
Hartlepool people did decree!  
and so they hung the foreign spy  
from a rope that dangled high

this tale has been told so many times  
and facts have been altered along with rhymes  
Hartlepool still has plenty of rope  
but if you have an accent there is no hope!

They hung a monkey! there was no doubt  
because in a foreign tongue did shout  
what kind of monkey? you may suppose  
one with a tail and pointy nose?

A powder monkey, was a young boy  
who filled the cannons with such joy  
but a mascot dressed in naval garb  
was a monkey! most! sorry Sarb!

Bob Gibson

# Titanic

Full ahead in the dead of night  
Steaming in the moons half light  
Boilers working at full capacity  
Hissing steam with such tenacity

Down below in the engine room  
Men shovel coal in the fires gloom  
Sweat is pouring from their brows  
Through the ocean Titanic ploughs

Every pound of steam is raised  
To reach New York a trail is blazed  
To be the fastest ship afloat  
So men of rank can sit and gloat

But in the coldness of the night  
An iceberg, comes into sight  
From the crows nest, a piecing scream  
An iceberg on the starboard beam

The second mate, with concern  
Rings for engines, full astern  
Hard a port the helm is wound  
Then they hear that dreadful sound

Under the plimpsol line, on the starboard beam  
Ice water poured in like a stream  
The design of the bulkheads they could not seal  
A gap was left between deck and keel

Twelve hundred passengers her on her list  
Submerged engines steamed and hissed  
To few lifeboats to save them all  
Save our souls went out the call

She went forrard first to her watery grave,  
Not many lives could they save  
Steerage passengers they were last,  
' Class' for them, their fate was cast

Lessons were learnt but at a cost  
That being the lives of people lost  
Titanic now lies in the mud  
The sea again has called for blood

Bob Gibson

# To Sleep To Sleep

I get up every morning, close on half past four  
I do not put the lights on, or close the bloody door!  
I stand there having a wiggle, rocking back an forth  
My eyes are closed, I'm not a wake, or which way is north!

I was trained to hear the splashes, and I try to hit the pot  
Girls have got it easy! but us lads have lost the plot  
Rocking back an forth, hand against the wall  
Its not an art you can perfect, when your pecker is so small

I don't want to be awake so my eyes I keep tight shut  
Why do men have to stand an pee, an not sit on their but?  
I'm nearly finished now, I'm dribbling, my pj'S they feel wet  
my aim is bloody useless, not to worry, not to fret

I want to go back to sleep, but my they feel damp  
so i take the bloody bottoms off so I don't get a cramp  
I think i have performed a miracle, with my eyes tight shut  
as i lay here in a cold bed with an itchy but!

night night

Bob Gibson

# Violence In Church

I didn't want to go to work, my eyes were black an blue  
the Forman said to me, what the hell happened to you!  
I said it was religion, I'm never going back!  
the violence and the swearing and the resultant fist attack!  
Ok! your late! tell me your tale of woe!  
Forman! you got to believe me, and I'll tell it slow  
this woman in the pew in front, her dress crimped in her bum  
I thought I'd help her out, so I pulled it with my thumb  
she turned around and smacked me, my eye it felt so sore  
so I sat there through the sermon and headed for the door  
that night my mate and me went to evening prayer  
we all stood up to sing a song, but that lady she was there!  
my mate saw her dress, it was crimped into her bum  
so he reached and pulled it out again he did what I had done!  
But! I knew! she did not like this, so I pushed it back again  
it was then she turned around and it was then i felt the pain!

Bob Gibson

# Winter In The Antipodes

Winter in the antipodes, the long Antarctic night  
Months of perpetual darkness, a world devoid of light  
Winds off the southern ocean, drive hard into your bones  
As grassy slopes are washed away, leaving only stones  
Uprooted trees lay lifeless, to rot upon the ground  
A sea of leaves and branches, everywhere abound  
A horizontal shower of water, strikes just like a train  
Souwesterly winds are driving, the airborne driven rain  
Gentle brooks and lazy streams, now a torrent flows  
Flooded are the lowlands where crops and bushland grows  
Further down the country, they have hoar frosts and snow  
The mountain passes are all closed and the high plateau  
Stock is moved to higher ground, till the storm abates  
Fallen trees have taken out, power lines, fences and the gates  
Animals now free to roam they herd in mud knee deep  
No tractor can keep traction, Oh! how the farmers weep  
Its bleak, its cold, as the wind and rain repair  
A cloud of fog has descended, to some winter means despair

Bob Gibson

# Woman Talk

Woman talk! they talk about their hairdo's their lovers and their life  
Their inner most secrets, they display, their happiness and strife  
She will hold no secrets from her friend, and she the same to her  
They confide in one another other, a problem they will share!  
A bond must form between them, from a mans point of view  
A sisterhood, a partnership? privy to but a few

For a man it is a weakness, his problems are his own  
To tell them to a brother, is to be disgraced and left alone  
Be a man, take it on the chin, don't whine, your like the wife!  
That's a deadly sin! have another beer! and just get on with life!

Maybe there's a compromise hope for modern man  
Times are changing fast, even in my lifespan!  
Woman have always been my equal, more so now today  
A man can now tell a stranger, what he needs to say

Bob Gibson