

Poetry Series

**Charles Wiles**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Charles Wiles()

## .....If Love Were Like Water (Best Love Poems)

If love were like water  
I'd build you a fountain,  
And if love were like stone  
I'd bring you a mountain.  
If love were like air  
I'd set whirlwinds free,  
But as these are not love  
I'll just give you me.

(1995)

Charles Wiles

## .....When I Wake Up Every Morning (Best Love Poems)

When I wake up every morning  
I always watch you for a while  
Then I kiss you very lightly,  
Watch you lips turn to a smile.

Then you ask me what the time is  
And I whisper in your ear  
That the hour hardly matters  
When you're lying warm and near.

Your smile grows slightly wider,  
But you turn your face away,  
Hide your head under the pillow,  
Try to cheat the break of day.

Your hair wisps round about you,  
Flows like water to your hips,  
But your neck soon bare before me  
Feels the pressure of my lips.

Then I touch you very lightly,  
Run my fingers down your spine,  
And your body gently waking  
Turns till eyes gaze into mine.

And in that very moment,  
As your mouth seeks to entice,  
When I wake up every morning,  
I am lost in paradise.

(June 2007)

Charles Wiles

## .....You Ask How Much I Love You (Best Love Poems)

You ask how much I love you  
And then you ask once more  
And so my love I'll tell you now  
As I did once before.

I love you more than flowers love  
The rising of the sun  
I love you more than horses love  
The plains on which they run.

I love you more than eagles love  
The currents way up high  
I love you more than rainbows love  
The droplets in the sky.

I love you more than fishes love  
The sea in which they swim  
I love you more than sea birds love  
The waves on which they skim.

I love you more than moonbeams love  
The planets as they turn  
I love you more than starships love  
The gases that they burn.

I love you more than Paris loved  
Fair Helen when in Troy  
I love you more than any girl  
Has every loved a boy.

I love you more than Shakespeare loved  
The muses in his verse  
I love you more than rich old men  
Love money in their purse.

I love you more than lollipops  
I love you more than cheese  
I even love you somewhat more than  
Than honey made by bees!

I love you more than yesterday,  
And every day before,  
But I think that when tomorrow comes  
I'll love you even more.

I love you quite a lot you see  
But this I must impress  
I love you more than any words  
Could ever help express.

(April 2013)

Charles Wiles

## ....Each Time I Think Of You (Best Love Poems)

Did I say that you're amazing?  
Did I mention how I knew?  
See how angels watch in wonder  
Each time I think of you.

Did I tell you how you move me?  
Perhaps you had a clue.  
Watch how Cupid breaks his bowstring  
Each time I think of you.

Did I say that you you're so special?  
I'm sure you know it's true.  
Look the Gods themselves stop fighting  
Each time I think of you.

Did I tell you that I love you?  
Perhaps you knew this too,  
For all the hosts of heaven stumble  
Each time I think of you.

(July 2008)

Charles Wiles

## ....So Much More Than Words Can Say (Best Love Poems)

I'm trying to write a love song  
But the words won't come out right  
My heart is breaking painfully  
Yet I'm lost for words tonight.

I'm trying to find some lyric  
That would make you turn around  
My heart cries out in agony  
But my voice makes not a sound.

I'm trying to say I'm sorry  
As I watch you walk away  
My heart hurts so unbearably  
So much more than words can say.

(November 2008)

-

Charles Wiles



## ....Tell Me Softly (Best Love Poems)

Tell me softly, my sweet love,  
Of how I won your heart.  
Whisper now the gentle tale  
Of how our love did start.

Tell me how we met by chance  
One rainy day in June.  
Tease me now of our first kiss  
Beneath a summer moon.

Tell me where we said 'hello'  
And watched the dying storm.  
Remind me how we huddled close  
To keep each other warm.

Tell me, love, before I sleep,  
Of how I won your heart,  
Let me hear your voice once more  
Before, at last, we part.

(May 2009)

Charles Wiles

## ....The Moment I Saw You (Best Love Poems)

The moment I saw you  
I could barely contain  
All the butterflies jumping  
It's hard to explain.

My coolest persona  
Just melted away  
And my words came out jumbled  
I forgot what to say.

I felt rather foolish  
And thought you would leave  
But the smile that you gave me  
I still can't believe.

The first time I saw you  
You blew me away  
But your smile still disarms me  
When I see you each day.

(October 2008)

Charles Wiles

## ...An Angel's Face (Best Love Poems)

When I was young I had a dream  
A vision of perfection seen  
A miracle of female grace  
Heaven sent, an angel's face.

The image filled my heart and mind  
And through my life I longed to find  
The woman of that holy night  
When I was blessed with such a sight.

The world I searched and breathless saw  
Steep mountain peaks, cruel jagged shore,  
Harsh highland hills, white river's run,  
Cool arctic moon, hot desert sun.

Dry planes so wide, lush valleys deep,  
Rich palaces and ragged keeps,  
Night sky so black, fresh snow so white,  
Deep caverns dark and cities bright.

Fair beaches warm, fierce oceans cold,  
Wild orchids young, great forests old,  
New widows' tears and new borns' cries,  
Pear shaped pearls and burning skies!

Yet nothing took my breath away  
Quite like your smile that golden day  
For there at last, my vision true,  
That angel's face belonged to you.

(May 2005)

Charles Wiles

## ...Do The Oceans Rise And Fall Each Day? (Best Love Poems)

Do the oceans rise and fall each day?  
Do the skies fill all above?  
For if these be not true, my dear,  
Then so be not my love.

Do the dark nights turn to light each day?  
Do the mountains fill our view?  
For the laws that bind the world, my dear,  
So bind my love to you.

(May 2009)

-

Charles Wiles

## ...Heaven Sent (Best Love Poems)

Before that day I saw you  
I never looked with true love's eyes,  
But angels are revealing  
And shine through all disguise.

Before that day I heard you  
I never thought true love would call,  
But angels are enthralling  
And so you made me fall.

Before that day I touched you  
I never knew how true love felt,  
But angels are embracing  
And so my heart did melt.

Before that day I kissed you  
I never tasted true love's pull,  
But angels are all giving  
And let you drink your full.

Before that day I met you  
I never knew what true love meant,  
But angels are for loving  
And you are heaven sent.

(2009)

Charles Wiles

## ...In The Garden Of Delight (Best Love Poems)

I was busy smelling roses  
In the garden of delight  
When the wind picked up a moment  
And my eyes picked out your flight.

You fluttered round the tulips  
So pretty in your way  
So lovely in your movement  
So wonderful the day.

You danced with me a moment  
Then wrapped me in your wings  
And in a breath I loved you  
With all that loving brings.

So beautiful your colours  
So lovely were your eyes  
So much I came to love you,  
Of all the butterflies!

You dreamed of distant gardens  
Where the butterflies fly free  
And asked me to go with you  
To an island in the sea.

I couldn't go there with you  
So hard it was to stay  
So much, in pain, I loved you  
So sad you went away.

You danced with me a moment  
Then fluttered through the sky  
And in a breath... you left me...  
My beautiful butterfly.

(May 2004)

Charles Wiles

## ...Let Me Go Back To The Days I Once Knew (Best Love Poems)

Let me go back to  
The days I once knew  
When the weight of my worries  
Was how to court you,  
And the seconds like snowflakes  
Just melted away  
And the hours like starlight  
Turned night into day.

Let me remember  
The things I dreamed of  
When I spent the nights seeking  
The words for my love,  
And the rhythm like raindrops  
Fell swift on the page  
And the verses like moonlight  
Lit up a new age.

Let me recall now  
How true love felt then  
When the first of my feelings  
Escaped through my pen,  
And though slow years like snowflakes  
Have melted away  
Our deep love like twilight  
Still touches each day.

(Nov 2009)

Charles Wiles

## ...So Much To Miss (Best Love Poems)

You have such looks  
Eternal grace  
The prettiest smile  
In any face.

You have such style  
A model's walk  
The sexiest eyes  
Seductive talk.

You have such charm  
A candid light  
The cosiest touch  
Each winter night.

You have it all  
So much to miss  
But loveliest is  
Your tender kiss.

(November 2009)

-

Charles Wiles



## ...Thank You For The Days (Love Poem)

Thank you for the days you talked a while, and  
Thank you for the days you made me smile.  
Thank you for the days you believed in me,  
When I was blind you helped me see.

Thank you for the days you blew me kisses, and  
Thank you for the days you granted my wishes.  
Thank you for the days you helped me fly,  
When I was low you lifted me high.

Thank you for the days you gave me flowers, and  
Thank you for the days you waited for hours,  
Thank you for the days you spent with me,  
When I was trapped you set me free.

Thank you for the days you touched my soul, and  
Thank you for the days you made me whole.  
Thank you for the days you took my part,  
When I was cold you warmed my heart.

Thank you for the days you dried my tears.  
Thank you for the days, and for all the years.  
Thank you for each day that you gave to me.  
Thank you for the days, a sweet memory.

Charles Wiles

## ...When Angels Walk (Best Love Poems)

Today was much like any other  
I did not plan to stop and pray  
But what on earth are men to do  
When angels walk on by their way?

Your beauty was unlike another  
Your smile the brightest summer day  
Your eyes turned greying skies to blue  
Thank heaven for your golden ray.

Today was much like any other  
Except my world stood still today  
I wonder if you noticed too  
As you divinely walked my way?

Charles Wiles

## ..African Beauty (Best Love Poems)

The sea is painted in her eyes  
And sand is sprinkled on her skin  
Her waves of hair so soft to touch  
Her mouth a cave they wisp within.

Her body lithe as leopard limbs  
Whose spots adorn her cape of hope  
Her arms that wrap like swaying grass  
Her style and grace of antelope.

The broken skies show fickle winds  
That warn of rains as thunder forms  
And when her lightning spears the night  
It drowns the plains in ocean storms.

But wrecking cliffs are turned to roosts  
Soothed by the calm of summer lulls  
And love so warm it dries you out  
And lifts you with the wings of gulls.

(1988-1996)

Charles Wiles

## ..Counting On Starlight (Best Love Poems)

One day fate will find us  
Two hearts will be sure  
Three words I will whisper  
Like none did before.

Five oceans will bare us  
Six moons we will date  
Seven seas to sail over  
One love to create.

Nine planets will chase us  
Ten worlds we'll unshelve  
Eleven will love you  
And mine will be twelve.

One burning beside us  
One billion above  
Each star that I count on  
Will light up our love.

Charles Wiles

## ..Hold Me (Best Love Poems)

Sometimes I feel a little anxious  
I wonder if the days with you will last.  
You are the kind, enduring heart,  
Banish all my fears, don't part,  
Hold me 'til the darkest hour has passed.

Sometimes I feel a little helpless  
I wonder if the strength you give will stay.  
You are the rock on which I stand,  
Steady me, please take my hand,  
Hold me now until the break of day.

Sometimes I feel a little lonely  
I wonder when you next will hold me tight.  
You are my world, I need you near,  
Wrap me in your arms, come here,  
Hold me close until the morning light.

Sometimes I feel a little broken  
I wonder if you'll heal me with your love.  
You are my kiss, sweet remedy,  
Press your lips to mine, mend me  
Hold me breathless 'til the sun's above.

Charles Wiles

## **..I Cannot Find A Single Flower (Best Love Poems)**

I cannot find a single flower,  
That looks as fine or smells as sweet,  
As you, my one and only love,  
Each time we kiss and touch and meet.

(April 2006)

Charles Wiles

## ..Live Well And Long (Love Poem)

When you are standing by my grave  
Don't ask the children to behave,  
Let them run free and shout out loud,  
The living joy of which I'm proud.

When I am lying six feet deep  
Don't sadly hang your head and weep,  
But let my final epitaph  
Be tales of life that make you laugh.

When you are talking at my wake  
Don't chat politely eating cake,  
Instead buy champagne by the crate  
Link arms with friends, dance, celebrate!

When people stop and say 'too bad'  
Don't reminisce and then feel sad,  
But raise your glass up high and toast  
The joys of life you love the most.

When all are shaking hands at last  
Don't hold a grudge from years long past,  
But face each other, then embrace,  
Forgive, let love spread from this place.

And finally, when on your own,  
Don't think that you are all alone,  
But sing out loud so I can hear  
And wipe away that foolish tear.

For I lived well  
And I lived long  
And none shall soon forget my song,  
And all I wish,  
From high above,  
Is you live well and long, my love.

Charles Wiles

## ..So Many Times (Best Love Poems)

So many times I touched your hand,  
As mornings woke and day broke in.  
Long arms the tone of finest sand,  
My fingers grazed the softest skin.

So many times I heard your voice,  
As midday sun rose high above.  
To lie with you, I had no choice,  
Seduced in full by words of love.

So many times I watched your face,  
As evenings faded into night.  
And always I, entranced by grace,  
Was moved to kiss your lips so bright.

So many times I breathed your scent,  
As midnight moon seeped through the veils.  
The purest drug, my life is spent,  
In a love with you that never fails.

(2004)

-

Charles Wiles



## ..Why Do I Write This Poem, This Day? (Love Poem)

Why do I write this poem, this day,  
With the morning sky bright, and the world on its way?  
Do I not have, better things I should do,  
Than sit here and idle this poem for you?

The answer, my love, is whenever I write,  
My heart is on fire and my soul it takes flight;  
My senses are heightened, and my dreams become real,  
And the beauty of you is so easy to feel.

So take up your pen, please give me your view,  
As the world is much less when I don't hear from you,  
Share with me now your passions and dreams  
For writing is wonderf'ly more than it seems.

Charles Wiles

## .apadana Palace (Best Love Poems)

Last night my dreams were vivid  
The sky was emerald green  
And in ancient Persopolis  
You danced a smiling queen.

Your gown of vibrant colors  
Swirled through the splendid walls  
And round a hundred columns high  
You danced in palace halls.

Each man who saw your movement  
Was captured by your grace  
A legion fell at your command  
You danced to my embrace.

Your dreamy eyes entrapped me  
Your kiss made me obey  
And as the stars spun round our heads  
You danced the night away.

(March 2009)

Charles Wiles

## .at Autumn's End (Best Love Poems)

For seven days and seven nights  
The sun rose up and fell again  
But while the stars spun round our heads  
The moon was always on the wane.

For seven days and seven nights  
The tide came in and fell away  
But while the ships sailed in and out  
The geese were leaving every day.

For seven days and seven nights  
The wind blew strong then weak once more  
But while the gusts swept round the trees  
The leaves kept falling to the floor.

For seven days and seven nights  
Your hand held tight in mine did spend,  
But moon and geese and leaves foretold  
That two would part at Autumn's end.

(October 2007)

Charles Wiles

## .by The Windswept Shore (Best Love Poems)

I stand, I wait,  
By the windswept shore  
My eyes are closed  
Like the days before.

I hear your call  
On the waves you cry  
'Run to the cliff  
To the lookout fly! '

I run, I climb,  
To the point above  
'Neath the tower high  
I reach for my love.

I feel your breath  
From the west you come  
My arms open wide  
As we join as one.

We rise, we fly,  
Over cliffs we soar,  
One with the wind  
By the windswept shore.

(2005)

Charles Wiles

## .castles In The Sand (Best Love Poems)

You kissed me on the beach one day  
And told me I must understand,  
Then smiled and watched the children play,  
They built tall castles in the sand.

You said we'd always be together  
And so I thought we'd always be!  
My God, does nothing last forever?  
Must castles fall into the sea?

(September 2006)

Charles Wiles

## .elemental Woman (Best Love Poems)

She is like water  
Calmly she goes  
With a touch that knows  
Gently pressing  
Light caressing  
As she flows.

She is like air  
Slowly she drifts  
With a breeze that gifts  
Softly smiling  
Long beguiling  
As she lifts.

She is like fire  
Deeply she cares  
With a warmth that bares  
Passion burning  
Lust returning  
As she flares.

She is like earth  
Firmly she beds  
With a love that spreads  
Tightly holding  
Limbs unfolding  
As she weds.

Charles Wiles

## .in Keller Grows A Flower (Love Poem)

In Keller grows a flower  
The rarest of its kind  
Its most exquisite beauty  
The like you'll never find.

It comes from deepest asia  
Caught by a western breeze  
A seed of eastern flavor  
Blown far across the seas.

Its legend is like fever  
And pilgrims seek the site  
For just one hint of essence  
Will make your soul take flight.

The garden is a secret  
And few will ever know  
The summer lane in Keller  
This bloom does choose to grow.

One day I'll go to Keller  
And this you can believe  
That once I've found that flower  
I'll never, ever leave.

Charles Wiles

## .island Girl (Love Poem)

Each of your eyes is like a priceless pearl  
Of midnight colour smoothed by ocean swirl  
Held to the sea on a cloudless night  
With a full moon halo of reflected light.

Each of your lips is like a passion fruit  
With garnet red skin on a mouth made mute  
By a hungry kiss and a craved embrace  
The sweetest juice of exotic taste.

Each of your arms is like an ocean breeze  
A mermaid's caress and a siren's tease  
A cooling touch on the beach by day  
A beguiling pull in the evening spray.

Each of your legs is like a secret road  
On a cliffside ledge to your warm abode  
A heavenly place of immortal sin  
A secret cave with a fire within.

(February 2005)

Charles Wiles



## .my New York Girl (Love Poems)

My New York girl,  
So sweet and kind,  
I cannot keep you  
From my mind.

You came to me  
Near every night,  
And stayed with me  
Till morning light.

Through silent words  
I heard your voice  
And pursed lips  
Kissed sweet and moist,

You made me laugh  
You made me cry  
You made me smile  
You made me sigh.

You made me strong  
You made me weak  
You made me bold  
You made me meek.

You made me hope  
You made me feel  
You made me love  
You seemed so real.

But every night  
We could not touch  
I needed warmth  
You craved it much.

So then one night  
Like none before  
You turned away  
And came no more.

The New York dawns  
Are cold and grey  
And daylight...  
Washes dreams away.

Charles Wiles

## .near The Place Where The Daffodils Grow (Love Poem)

Do you remember the morn  
When our love was born  
By the clear stream long ago?  
We were young and free  
When you first kissed me  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the place  
Of our first embrace  
Where the river starts to slow?  
And the grass grew long  
While our love grew strong  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the boat,  
Where the lily pads float,  
And I took the oars to row?  
We made love all day  
In the tall reeds' sway  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the field  
Where I stopped and kneeled  
In the evening's amber glow?  
And the poppies blushed  
And the songbirds hushed  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember my hand  
Held a diamond band  
As the sun sank down below?  
Then you whispered 'yes'  
And our lips did press  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the moon  
On that eve in June

As we dreamed about the morrow?  
Then you smiled and said  
We should make our bed  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember that night  
When I held you tight  
'Neath the limbs of the old willow?  
You stayed close and warm  
Through that summer storm  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the dawn  
And the fragile fawn  
Waking up by the sleeping doe?  
Then the mist did clear  
To a hundred deer  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember we smiled  
As the mother and child  
Wandered off to the fields below?  
And we both believed  
We had just conceived  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the days  
And my funny ways  
As the months and years did follow?  
You became my wife  
And fulfilled my life  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Do you remember the way  
That we laughed all day  
By the clear stream long ago  
Now you're lying here  
'Neath the grazing deer  
Near the place where the daffodils grow.

Charles Wiles

## .summer Rain (Love Poem)

That day it rained  
You made me smile  
And for a while  
I belonged to you.

Soaked to the skin  
You kissed my lips  
And moved your hips  
I felt a love so true.

And then you saw  
A rainbow high  
You said goodbye.

-

Today it rained  
It made me smile  
And for a while  
I remembered you.

Soaked to the skin  
I missed your lips  
And your sweet hips  
Then the sky turned blue.

And then I saw  
A rainbow high  
I said goodbye  
As the sun broke through.

Charles Wiles

## .visiting Cambridge (Love Poem)

There's something lovely in your eyes  
That wander to and fro,  
Light hazel brown in winter sun  
As we to Cambridge go.

There's something lovely in your smile  
A big, flirtatious grin,  
We sneak into old college rooms  
And make our love within.

There's something lovely in your hands  
So soft and warm to hold,  
November nights can chill the air  
But I don't feel the cold.

There's something lovely in your arms  
But soon we have to part,  
The taxi leaves, and though you're gone,  
I feel you in my heart.

(2006)

Charles Wiles

## .waterloo Station (Love Poem)

There is something amazing about Waterloo Station,  
A world is unraveled at this destination.  
I arrive at 8: 20 to find I am late  
For a train that departed at a quarter past eight.  
What wonderful luck, for now I can spend  
An hour exploring my erstwhile old friend!

I amble along the concourse and see  
That wherever I look there are people like me  
Who simply are there to go on their way  
And travel straight home at the end of the day.  
But looking more deeply the wonders are there  
In people that kiss and simply don't care  
And in couples who stand with their arms wrapped around  
As they watch for the platform of trains homeward bound.

I really can't say why this place makes me smile,  
But next time you visit, just wander a while.  
And maybe, like me, you will feel some elation,  
When missing your train at Waterloo Station.

(September 2007)

Charles Wiles

## .where The Occident Meets The Orient (Love Poem)

I.

Where the Occident meets the Orient  
A tumbling stream does spring  
And smiles through snowflakes falling  
Do warmth to winter bring.

Soon the stream becomes a river  
With the thawing of the snow  
And the cherry blossoms mingle  
With the lillies in the flow.

Here the incense from the temple  
Is carried on the breeze  
And the lovers whisper promises  
As they lie beneath the trees.

II.

Now a scarlet sun is rising  
Over tiles with yellow hue  
Where the emerald phoenix dances  
With the dragon's golden blue.

And the white ghost he is laughing  
With the princess from the East  
In the palace once forbidden  
On the bridge in summer heat.

Here the last dead emperor watches  
From his shallow wartery grave  
And smiles when they are kissing  
Remembering better days.

III.

Now the lovers they go cycling  
Then climb as time stands still  
For the world's laid out before them



As the sun shines through Moon Hill.

And the river there below them  
Is far longer than they knew  
For the twists and turns of water  
Bring the village into view.

Here the cormorants go fishing  
When the moon is out of sight  
And the lovers go love making  
In the coolness of the night.

IV.

Now the dragon boats are racing  
As the drums beat out the pace  
And the lovers beer are drinking  
In the Mekong evening haze.

And the moon cakes they are eating  
Carry secrets they now know  
As the lantern light reflected  
Beckons on the river flow.

Soon the cyclo driver listens  
To the crickets as they ride  
For the lovers they are sleeping  
Dreaming deeply side by side.

V.

Where the Occident meets the Orient  
Is a tumbling stream no more  
For the river, it's still flowing,  
But much deeper than before.

Charles Wiles

# A Cow In A Field

I saw a cow in a field,  
It went moo,  
Most doo.

(1992)

Charles Wiles

# A Hole In The Road (Inspired By The Gruffalo)

A mouse took a stroll down a long leafy road  
Whistling to himself after visiting toad.  
Lunch had been tasty, with his favourite food,  
Acorn soup from the deep dark wood.

He was making good time when he came to a stop  
For there in the road was a rather big drop.  
An enormous gap was barring his way,  
A hole in the road, well what can you say?

Mouse scratched his head and was about to go on  
When his good friend hare came bounding along.  
'Good evening mouse, I say, are you stumped?  
Just follow my lead! ' And over he jumped.

Mouse called to his friend as he bounced away  
'Many thanks dear hare, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse raised one foot and looked round about  
As there in the ground mole's head popped out.  
'Good evening mouse, this hole looks big!  
Just follow me down! ' And he started to dig.

Mouse called to his friend as he tunneled away  
'Many thanks dear mole, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse checked left and right, then took one pace  
And found he was staring right in otter's face!  
'Good evening mouse, I have water on tap! '  
And he filled up the hole and dove into the gap.

Mouse called to his friend as he swam fast away.  
'Many thanks dear otter, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse tested the water, it wasn't too bad,  
When frog leaped out onto a broad lily pad.  
'Good evening mouse, let's test my new raft.  
Just hop on board.' And he pushed off his craft.

Mouse called to his friend as he paddled away.  
'Many thanks dear frog, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse gazed at the pond and almost fell in  
When beaver crept up and quite startled him!  
'Good evening mouse, lets build a bridge.  
I'll gather some branches from that nearby ridge.'

Mouse called to his friend as he beavered away,  
'Many thanks dear beaver, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse looked around and who did he see,  
But squirrel with a rope scuttling down an oak tree.  
'Good evening mouse, are you at a loss?  
Just hold on tight.' And he swung straight across.

Mouse called to his friend as he swung away,  
'Many thanks dear squirrel, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse asked himself 'Who next will come by? '  
When pigeon dropped down from the sunset sky.  
'Good evening mouse, do you need a ride?  
Just climb on top, we'll fly from this side.'

Mouse called to his friend as he flapped away,  
'Many thanks dear pigeon, but there's an easier way.'

Mouse looked to the left and then to the right  
He didn't want to wait for the next small fright.  
The hole was deep, but it wasn't very wide,  
So mouse just walked around the side.

Mouse smiled to himself as he strolled on past,  
'That wasn't so hard, I can eat at last.'

A mouse took a stroll down a long leafy road  
Whistling to himself after visiting toad.  
It was time for tea, with his favourite food,  
Acorn soup from the deep dark wood.

...

Now watching from the hedge was an old gruffalo  
Who said out loud, 'Why didn't you know?  
There's an easier way to reach your goal'  
And in one great stride, stepped over the hole.

(December 2007)

Charles Wiles

# A Morning New

First awake  
Already bright  
Canvas sheets  
Let in the light.

Chilly air  
As I crawl out  
Rub my eyes  
And look about.

Morning mist  
Across the camp  
Hanging towels  
Already damp.

Underfoot  
The grass is wet  
Ancient oaks  
In silhouette.

River sounds  
Somewhere near  
Fleetest glimpse  
Of running deer.

Sycamore  
And bales of hay  
Paint the vale  
In shades of grey.

Hazy sun  
Sweet apple dew  
Rising now  
A morning new.

(April 2004)

Charles Wiles

# A Riddle, A Riddle, For You, For You!

I'll give you a clue  
I'll give you a clue  
Listen carefully now  
As I tell it to you.  
Without mouth or ears  
I can sing out loud  
Yet silent I am  
When noone is around.  
I hide in caves  
And can never be seen  
Though double I am  
When you hear me scream.  
I jump of cliffs  
And fly through the sky  
Though without legs or wings  
I must fall and die.  
Let me tell you again  
Let me tell you again  
For I always tell twice  
As I come to my end.

(March 2005)

Charles Wiles

# Antillean Moon

My feet are dancing tonight,  
To the beat of a merengue tune.  
Under the glistening light,  
Of a rhythmic Antillean moon.

Charles Wiles



# Cheeky Monkeys

My son's a cheeky monkey  
And my daughter, she'll tell you,  
That monkeys come in pairs, you see,  
So lucky me's got two!

My daughter can be sweet, sometimes,  
And occasionally my son,  
And so my daughter's right, you see,  
For luck gave two, not one!

(December 2007)

Charles Wiles

# Down Some River Gently Flowing

Down some river gently flowing  
In a small boat cruising by  
Stands my father gently smiling  
Underneath an English sky.  
And if you listen really closely  
You may hear him ask if you  
Would like to coil the rope up  
As a member of his crew.

And the water lilies blossom  
Where the weeping willows sigh  
And the swans look up in wonder  
As my father passes by.

Through some woodland gently blowing  
Along path and over log  
Walks my father gently talking  
To his ever faithful dog.  
And if you listen really closely  
You may hear him ask if you  
Would like to help him look for  
The small ball he overthrew.

And the bluebells bow their faces  
Where the thrushes sing up high,  
And the sycamore drop seedlings  
As my father passes by.

In some garden gently growing  
On a lovely summer's day  
Lies my father gently resting  
While the younger children play.  
And if you listen really closely  
You may hear him ask if you  
Would like to brew some tea up  
While the sky above is blue.

And the roses show their colours  
Where the blackbirds love to fly,

And the silver birch grows taller  
As my father passes by.

In some far place gently knowing  
Where the twilight never ends  
Sits my father gently watching  
Sharing tales with long lost friends.  
And if you listen really closely  
You may here him call your name,  
Near the rivers, woods and gardens,  
You may hear him just the same.

And the judges sit in silence  
And the captains wonder why  
And his friends bow heads in honour  
As my father passes by.

Charles Wiles

# Flakes Of Snow

Flakes of snow drift in the breeze  
And falling so are caught with ease  
By little hands that love to play  
A game of catch and melt away.

But most fall light upon the ground  
Where footsteps shallow wander round  
As little feet do love to tread  
On virgin snow in boots of red.

Charles Wiles

# Haiku #1 - A Purple Shower

A purple shower  
Falls silently about me  
Spring Wisteria

Charles Wiles

## Haiku #2 - A Dappled Ocean

A dappled ocean  
Waves of shaded blue in spring  
A wild bluebell wood

Charles Wiles

## Haiku #3 - Clear Gushing Water

Clear gushing water  
By a budding mountain path  
Spring air cool and fresh

Charles Wiles

## Haiku #6 - Choosing Just One Star

Choosing just one star  
That will make my dreams come true  
Choosing a lover

Charles Wiles



## Haiku #7 - Love That Lasts For Just

Love that lasts for just  
One kiss, one breath, one moment  
Never forgotten

Charles Wiles

# I Wish I Was A Better Man

I wish I was a better man,  
I know that I fall short  
For all the things that I have done  
Have so far come to naught.

Though I failed not for trying  
And none could rightly say  
That all the things that I have done  
Were worthless in their day.

So yes, I'm not the best of men  
But I can rightly see  
That all the things I'm yet to do  
Will show the best in me.

Charles Wiles

# If I Could Write

If I could write  
My words would pour  
Like melting snow  
In springtime thaw  
To meet in rhyme  
That magnifies  
The flowing verse  
Beneath the skies.  
My words would leap  
Off rocks below  
Then thunder back  
Into the flow  
Till currents mix  
Sweet syllables  
That tumble down  
Great waterfalls.

(November 2008)

Charles Wiles

# My Children's Shoes

When I was a child  
My father would come home each day  
And shout  
'How many times do I have to tell you?  
Put your shoes away! '  
He never said 'I love you.'

When I get home each day  
My children's shoes are scattered on the floor.  
I usually shout at them too,  
Long days at work can make you short of patience.

But sometimes I remember,  
And seeing one shoe lying on another  
I call to them  
'I love you! '  
And they think it a little strange and look at each other.  
'We love you too, Dad.' one of them will say.  
Then they will return to watching TV or eating or playing with trains  
And I will put away their shoes.  
I never told my father I loved him.

Charles Wiles

# Seven Ways To Skin A Cat

There are seven ways to skin a cat  
And not a lot of people know that.  
Let me explain the ways and means  
It's not as easy as it seems.

The first way is to ask politely  
For his skin shining so brightly  
And if he gives it straight to you  
Show gratitude with a kind thank you.

The second way is slightly smarter  
Bring something along with which to barter  
A fair exchange may pass with ease  
A shiny coat will both you please.

The third way for a fur of honey  
Is to pay for fur with paper money  
He may be well prepared to sell  
A bargain deal will serve you well.

The fourth way is to challenge him  
To a game of cards at which you win!  
A polka dot you may by chance  
Acquire to keep and so advance.

The fifth way is to exploit his pride  
Tell him he needs a brand new hide  
Present him with the latest fashion  
And take his trendy fleece of passion.

The sixth way if you are so brave  
And it is a lion's mane you crave  
Is to steal it from the sleeping cat  
But wake him not, don't make him fat!

The seventh way if truth be told  
Is to wait until that cat is old  
And hope that when his will is read  
That skin you're taking in his stead.

(2001)

Charles Wiles

# Sometimes

Sometimes it rains in deserts,  
Sometimes it snows in June,  
Sometimes a burning sun  
Is cooled behind the moon.

Sometimes a classic's written,  
Sometimes a poem's sung,  
Sometimes the wisest words  
Are spoken by the young.

Sometimes the treasure's golden,  
Sometimes the victory's won,  
Sometimes the road not taken  
Is where the path begun.

Sometimes when all is rotten,  
Sometimes when hope is gone,  
Sometimes your foe is worthy  
And helps you carry on.

Sometimes a miracle happens,  
Sometimes the fear's misplaced,  
Sometimes the hope that's lost  
Is once again embraced.

Sometimes our tears are happy,  
Sometimes the hate undone,  
Sometimes the chains are broken  
And the world stands up as one.

Charles Wiles

# The Warrior's Cry

Hand me a sharpened blade, brother,  
Lend me your golden shield.  
Follow me now into the fight,  
Our fate is not yet sealed!

Stand! Stand by my side, brother,  
This day as warriors true.  
Stand! Back to back my brother,  
We fight, us lucky few!

We shall not die today, brother,  
We shall not lose this fight.  
Our battle cries, like lions' roars,  
Shout courage over might!

Hand me a sharpened blade, brother,  
Lend me your golden shield.  
We fight! We fight today, brother!  
We take the bloody field!

Charles Wiles