

Poetry Series

Christopher Tye
- poems -

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Christopher Tye()

Born in Lincolnshire, England. I have always lived in Lincolnshire.

Music, life & the Lincolnshire countryside are my greatest inspirations. History, the arts, archaeology, architecture, anthropology, aviation, railways, early & classical music are my main interests.

I tend to write poems as I think of them. My poems tend to be without much rhyme, reason or structure as a result.

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Christopher Tye

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Christopher Tye

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Christopher Tye

¿cuántos Más?

¿Cuántos más?

Sólo tres palabras,
Significa mucho, ,
Que tan pocos entienden,
Y muchas personas han pagado el precio.

¿Cuántas más guerras?
¿Cuántos más ataques terroristas?
¿Cuántas muertes más?
¿Cuántas personas más hemos conseguido enterrar?

¿Cuántas más familias destrozadas?
¿Cuántas más vidas desperdician?
¿Cuántas comunidades más destruidas?
¿Cuántos soldados más caídos?

¿Cuántos más tendrá?
¿Cuántos huérfanos más lo hará?
¿Cuántos más monumentos de la guerra hay que construir?
¿Cuántos más tumbas de guerra deben cavar?

¿Cuántas veces más antes de que los gobiernos aprenden?
¿Cuántos siglos?
¿Cuántos países más?
¿Cuántas guerras más puede hacer la humanidad?

Cuántos más, de que sólo tres palabras,
Si hemos escuchado claramente,
Podrían terminar todas las guerras,
Podrían terminar todas las divisiones.

Cuántos más, de que sólo tres palabras,
Podrían cambiar el mundo, ,
Podría poner fin a sufrimientos, ,
Podría unir al mundo si escuchamos..

Por Christopher Tye

21-03-2017 (Seeking)

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Christopher Tye

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Christopher Tye

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Christopher Tye

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Christopher Tye

A Bell

A Bell

I listen, as a bell,
Meeting no one here,
Sweeping across empty fields.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Better World

A Better World

A future for all.

Building a new world order,
Equality for everyone,
Together we can do it,
Throwing out tyrants and terrorists,
Earth turned into a new Eden,
Redressing mankind's greed.

Wars brought to an everlasting end,
Old and young rejoicing freedom,
Recycling weapons into plough-shears,
Love building bridges across divides,
Destiny can be altered if we work together.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Covert Of Coots

A Covert Of Coots

Aquatic birds on woodland ponds.

Coots how beautiful they look,
Overshadowed by ducks in people's hearts,
Verges on country roads one of your roaming places,
English idylls of waterfowl on ponds and lakes,
Rails all grouped together,
Together with your cousins the Moorhens.

Old colonies surviving for generations,
Fluffy young chicks protected by their mothers.

Covertly hiding in thickets,
Ornate birds showing how great nature is,
Olde English countryside vistas on chocolate boxes,
Top-notch little fellows,
Small birds with a big look.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Dream (Cap Verse)

A Dream (Cap Verse)

I dream of a better fairer world,
Dreams of equality for all humanity,
Yearning to end discrimination,
No more racism and genocide,
Everybody living as equals,
Stopping famine and hunger,
Reaching out to change the world,
Dreaming of a society fit for humanity.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Duck In The Snow

A duck in the snow

Freshly fallen snow was her favourite thing about winter,
Gleaming pure white just like her feathers in the winter sun,
She could hide amongst the snow and surprise us with a big quack,
And when it snowed on Christmas Day she danced with joy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Dying Dream

A Dying Dream

An epitaph for a lost cause.

Dealt a deadly blow and taking a last breath,
Yesterday's world lost to today's world,
Increasing terrorism and uncertainty,
Nation's faltering and crumbling,
Guns and bombs overruling common-sense.

Death and hopelessness crushing everything in sight,
Requiem for a utopian dream,
Earth teetering on the abyss,
All is lost it seems at the moment,
Much is in danger if we don't change.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Farewell

A Farewell

When I have departed this earth,
Don't look back with sorrow or regret,
For I lived far longer than I should have,
And probably achieved far more than I should have.

Look back at my life with fondness,
For I had a decent innings by the end,
Think of what I managed to achieve,
And be comforted with the thought that,
I am in a better place now where all are equals.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Forest

A Forest

A tree does not make a forest,
Forests are not just trees,
Oaks or pines any tree is welcome,
Resplendent in their beauty,
Essential for our survival,
See the trees but don't forget the forest,
The forest may be dark and full of shadows,
But it is ablaze with life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Heavy Book

A Heavy Book

Reading a lengthy tome,
Till I fell asleep,
A heavy book dropped
Is bad for your health,
As it breaks your toe.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lament To The Lightning's

A lament to the Lightning's

No more will we see your kind again in the skies of Lincolnshire,
What's left of you are just airframes scattered in museums,
A fading memory of your past glories.

You were never just a machine to me,
You had a heart and soul like a living being,
You were so perfect in your design,
You never had to carry out the grim reality of the duty you were designed for,
Was it just irony the only plane you had to shoot down was a Harrier abandoned
by its pilot.

You served your duty well,
Being based across Britain, Cyprus and West Germany,
The roar of your two mighty Avon jet engines echoed across the skies,
Sounding like the thunder that always accompanied lightning in a storm.

From when your prototypes first flew in the fifties,
No other airplane could match combination of power, speed & agility,
Until the American's built the F-15 Eagle,
Which became the first airplane to match and exceed what you could do.

But for me no other airplane can match your beauty and grace in the skies,
For it is the in the skies where you will always belong,
You will always stand out as an example of what our small island could achieve,
For you were the first plane to equal its thrust with its weight.

You will always be the fastest airplane of your time,
The late seventies' was the beginning of your long and glorious swansong,
As you were being reduced in numbers.

At the end of your service,
RAF Binbrook became your final stronghold,
From where you protected England's east coast.

Then in '88 your kind fell silent,
No more would we hear your mighty roar,
No more would we see you streak across the skies.

But now Binbrook is forever your true home,
With three of your ilk still remaining there,
Standing like sleeping sentinels,
Forever longing to reach for the skies once more.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - A Bad Mantle (Linkisheer Dialect)

A Lincolnshire Lad - A Bad Mantle (Linkisheer Dialect)

Git `in high uup in der wowd wonst,
A reight kelchin git sodden doown too undernean clothes,
A reight piece of timming to be out on a mantle,
Splawder amougsst squad till I waas a skelled,
Squad all'en over affter unepen landding w'th a cluft owdachehs,
Hopple thy tongue I dedes say'ath w'th fullock,
Bloomm'ing gawstering and hossacking gorming yockels sea'ed.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - A Brief History Of Radar In Lincolnshire

A Lincolnshire Lad - A Brief History Of Radar In Lincolnshire

Remember how it all began just before World War Two,
With the Chain Home system at Stenigot,
Where a lone transmitter tower still stands today,
The last of four of it's kin left,
The station's wooden receiver towers long gone.

Radar fitted Gloster Javelin's armed with Firestreak missiles,
Flying from RAF Binbrook high up in the wolds,
Giving Lincolnshire and the east coast all weather fighter cover,

Then came the English Electric Lightning to Lincolnshire,
The greatest ever fighter jet with it's air pass radar,
Reigning supreme at Binbrook from 1965 to 1988,
The thunder of two Rolls-Royce Avons accompanying it,
Now the Eurofighter is it's successor at RAF Coningsby.

The golf ball high on top of the wolds,
Serving Humberside Airport at the old RAF Kirmington,
Allowing the traffic controllers to do their jobs,
Keeping track of the airliners coming and going.

Boeing AWACS Sentry and Bombardier Sentinel extending radar cover,
Flying radar stations in the sky increasing cover over the sea,
Taking off from RAF Waddington Lincoln's adopted airfield,
Providing the United Kingdom's Early Warning cover.

Amazing how much technology has developed,
Over seventy-five years of progress in one county,
So much still can be seen if you know where to look.

A history started for military reasons of defence,
It's progress still pushed further for the military,
But so much has been gained by us the public,
How much safer airliners fly now they have weather radar.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - A Lad From Great Tows

A Lincolnshire Lad - A Lad From Great Tows

There was a lad from Great Tows,
Who was rather accident prone,
Much mischief and mirf did he cause,
When he parked his tractor in the dyke,
And broke his toes in Great Tows.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - A Lament To The Lightning's

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By Christopher Tye

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A Lincolnshire Lad - A Vista From Cleethorpes Promenade

A Lincolnshire Lad - A Vista From Cleethorpes Promenade

Waves crashing against the seawall at high tide,
The smell of fresh sea air blowing in on the breeze,
Children swimming and splashing in the shallows,
Fairground rides on the beach for the young and not so young.

Out at sea great leviathans of maritime transport,
Sailing in the deep sea channels heading to and from port,
All passing by Cleethorpes as they go to Grimsby and Immingham,
Standing tall as they dwarf the busy little tug boats,
Cargoes of containers, cars and coal for all over the UK.

Out in the distance fading out of sight wind farms,
For the new eco-friendly environmental age,
Spurnpoint threading it's way out into the sea,
And the north bank of the Humber with East-Yorkshire beyond.

All seafront attractions in place and plying their trade,
Candyfloss, sticks of rocks and doughnuts for starters,
Fish and chip emporiums and burger stalls for the main,
Then the best part ice creams and lollipops for desserts.

Lots of gift shops selling their wares from China,
Masses of amusement arcades for all ages,
Bingo games for Mildred and Gertrude,
Two-penny cascade falls for cheapskates like me,
Grab a cuddly toy crane grabbers,
One arm bandits by the thousands,
And loads of video games for the gaming generation.

At low tide with the sea slipping away,
Donkeys plying their age old traditional rides,
Golden beaches for the sun seekers on the drier side of Britain,
The old pier on it's sea legs looking smart once again.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - A Yellowbellies' Pride

A Yellowbellies' Pride

Us yellowbellies are proud of our homeland,
For Lincolnshire defines who we are,
Lincolnshire is where we were born and raised.

Us yellowbellies are a peculiar tribe,
Whether we are from The Wolds or The Fens,
We stand loyal to our homeland and its flag.

We have a unique place in England's history,
The great aquatic barriers of The Humber and The Wash,
Gave us a separate identity from East Yorkshire and Norfolk.

But it's our state of mind that makes us different,
As much as our counties geography,
After all why else would we have called ourselves Yellowbellies?

But most of all our history gives us an idea of our mind-set,
For we made the 1st of October Lincolnshire Day,
The same day that the Lincolnshire Rising started in 1536.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Boys

A Lincolnshire Lad - Boys

Born in the best place in the world,
Only we know what it means to be a yellowbelly,
Yellowbellies one and all,
Sausages have to be Lincolnshire Sausages.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Dunston Pillar

A Lincolnshire Lad - Dunston Pillar

A shadow of what it once like so much in Lincolnshire,
Like so much around here cut short by the Second World War,
Once reaching for the skies at one hundred and seven foot tall,
Cut down in height to add Lincolnshire's bomber fleet.

Built by the founder of The Hellfire Club in 1751,
Sir Francis Dashwood of Nocton Hall the infamous man himself,
Erected for the benefit of the public good,
When built the pillar had a fifteen foot high lantern.

The heathland was a dangerous place to travel,
At that time a great desolate expanse with few tracks,
The lantern brought light to guide the traveller,
Winter snows, freezing temperatures and Highwaymen added to the danger.

The Earl of Buckingham, Lord Hobart of Nocton made changes,
In 1810 to commemorate the fiftieth year of King George III's reign,
The lantern was removed to make way for the new,
A large statue of a bust of King George III instead,
Made of Coade stone an artificial hard material,
A sad occurrence was the death of a mason after a fall during the changes.

During the Georgian to Edwardian ages,
Dunston Pillar was at it's most magnificent,
Horse race meetings where hold upon the heathland around the pillar,
The great and the good watched on and had tea parties at the base of the pillar.

The bust of King George III was pulled down and damaged,
The pillar was reduced in height at the same time,
Scores of airfields were built across Lincolnshire's "Bomber County",
So with hundreds of the RAF's heavy bombers lumbering into the air,
This fate meet Dunston Pillar and many windmills to keep the bomber boy's safe.

The remains of Dunston Pillar still stand as a reminder of the past,
Even used once as part of an art exhibition bedecked with lights,
King George III's statue still survives in exile nearby,
Now living within the safety of Lincoln Castle's walls.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - East Barkwith Church Fête 2016

A Lincolnshire Lad - East Barkwith Church Fête 2016

It's fête time again at Saint Mary's Church,
The year's seem to fly by, last year seems like yesterday,
Old faces slowly disappear as new generations arrive,
Everything stays the same but always changes.

From the Domesday book onwards for a millennium,
The Barkwith's of East and West so typical of Lincolnshire,
Lincolnshire's farming heartland full of ancient churches,
Saint Mary's Church always evolving since the twelfth century.

Another fête day to reminisce about the good old days,
Watched over by the Virgin Mary people gather again,
Spending a bit of money to help the church keep going,
Still at the heart of community life even if God is not so much.

All the traditions of the village fête to be had,
Coffee and cakes on England's green and pleasant land,
Old games of skill and luck to be played,
Bric-a-brac and books from Shakespeare to Fifty Shades of Grey.

Bustling with life today amongst the grave stones,
Looking over grazing sheep at pasture hoping for some cake,
Old and young with everything in between,
The odd aircraft flying over but not the Vulcan unlike 2013.

Two and a bit hours of bliss by the house of God,
Having fun and building communities,
Walking around centuries of history and life,
Summer sun surrounding activity and joyous life.

Books brought and games played this afternoon,
Managed to win the senior bowls this year but the kid's game outscored me,
As the fête draws to a close you think about years past,
By the grace of God I hope to be there again next year.

By Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - East Coast

A Lincolnshire Lad - East Coast

Empires of sand from The Wash up to Cleethorpes,
Amusement arcades delighting the masses,
Sandy beaches, sun and high seas in summer,
Trawler's from Grimsby braving rough seas.

Cleethorpes the star of the Great Central Railway,
Old and young with sticks of rock and candyfloss,
All things to all people of all ages,
Skegness the Great Northern Railway's terminus in the sun,
Trains full of tourists heading to the coast.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Fanny Hands Lane

A Lincolnshire Lad - Fanny Hands Lane

Fanny Hands a Victorian lady,
A lasting legacy of Ludford's history,
Nationally famous for it's name,
Now where else could you find another,
You can all to easily misinterpret what you don't understand.

History cannot be rewritten or renamed,
Alive and loved by people once but now just a sign,
Now just a footnote in the village's history,
Don't judge people by their names,
Students stealing your sign repeatedly.

Ludford's most famous lane and resident,
An amusing name to modern eyes and ears,
Now over shadowing it's own history,
English eccentricity at it's finest and funniest.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Farming

A Lincolnshire Lad - Farming

Food capital of England thanks to farming,
Armies of agricultural labourers in the good olde days,
Rural tranquillity slowly disappearing,
Mechanised leviathans crowding country lanes,
Improvements and inventions displacing people,
Nature still clinging on in the hedgerows,
Gone forever the olde days of farming in Lincolnshire.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Great Grimsby

A Lincolnshire Lad - Great Grimsby

Great Grimsby first chartered in 1201,
Resting on the East Coast of Lincolnshire,
Enriched by food and fish factories,
A jewel on the south bank shining brighter than Hull,
Trawlers leaving port for the perilous north sea.

Grimsby fish renown across the globe,
RAF Grimsby home of 100 Squadron from 1942 to 1945,
In-compassing areas of great hardship and poverty,
Minister standing proudly by the Fisherman's Memorial,
Ships coming into the docks to unload cargo,
Busy hub of industrial factory's,
You wonder what will happen in the next thousand years.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Great Tows

A Lincolnshire Lad - Great Tows

Great hamlet of ours,
Remote and all the more glorious for it,
England's hidden gem,
A farming tradition kept alive,
Three bungalows and a farm does a hamlet make.

Tows little in size but great in heart,
Old barn's served as chapel on the Sabbath,
Wolds farmland at its finest,
Switchbacks the best little road in England.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Lad (Haiku)

A Lincolnshire Lad - Lad (Haiku)

Lincolnshire lads,
Answered the call,
Doomed youth.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Lincolnshire Day (2016)

A Lincolnshire Lad - Lincolnshire Day (2016)

Today is Lincolnshire Day held every year on the 1st October,
The anniversary of the start of The Lincolnshire Rising in 1536,
But after all these years we are still under the yoke of London,
But we still hope for independence from a government that doesn't care about
us.

Lincolnshire is England's largest united county,
Be it the Fens or the Wolds Lincolnshire is a beautiful place,
Covered with glorious countryside and historic buildings,
Full of quaint villages and market towns.

From Louth, the capital of the Wolds,
To Spalding, the capital of the Fens,
And Lincolnshire's capital, Lincoln itself,
There is nowhere better than Lincolnshire.

Stretching from the Wash to the Humber,
Bolingbroke castle birthplace of King Henry IV,
Gainsborough once the capital of England,
When King Swain ruled Viking England.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Louth

A Lincolnshire Lad - Louth

Last bastion of cattle markets in Lincolnshire,
Old Georgian town houses clustered together,
Undeniable capitol of the wolds,
Trains went all around but none run now,
Home of the Lincolnshire Rising.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Lud

A Lincolnshire Lad - Lud

Louth flooded many times,
Utopia on a riverbank,
Depends on where you live.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Manby

A Lincolnshire Lad - Manby

Manby once just a little village,
And then the Royal Air Force came,
Now everything changed for the better,
Bustling until the airfield closed,
Yet new life arrived using what the RAF left.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Marshall's Measles

A Lincolnshire Lad - Marshall's Measles

A most curious of diseases this Marshall's measles,
First recorded soon after the first Field Marshall was made,
Many a wise man tried to find a cure to the dreaded black spots,
Strangely only Field Marshall drivers succumbed to it.

Those splendid single cylinder diesel tractors from Gainsborough,
With their two-stroke engines ejecting emissions,
Out top of the bulbous chimney straight towards the drivers,
Marshall's measles, poor faces covered in oily sooty spots.

Once so common among farmers in these parts,
A symbol of Britannia Work's in Gainsborough for sure,
Worn with great pride once but now nearly extinct,
Just a few faces afflicted at vintage tractor rallies now.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Moonlight On The Wolds

A Lincolnshire Lad - Moonlight On The Wolds

Moonbeams dancing across the fields and woods,
Owls using hedges as flight paths for hunting,
Shrews running in the shadows looking for their burrows,
All of life living and sleeping under the moonlight skies.

Countryside and towns all lit by moonlight without prejudice,
Saint James Church Louth great spire reaching for the moon,
Little wolds hamlets bathed in magical moonlight,
Industrial estates working under the moon's spell.

The Lincolnshire Poacher working his craft by moonlight,
The village drunks stumbling their way home by moonshine,
Farmers harvesting through the night illuminated by the moon,
As for the rest of us yellow-bellies the moon rising is a sign it's time for bed.

Ghosts of long dead airmen walking across abandoned airfields,
Long abandoned monasteries resting gracefully in the moonlight,
Abandoned villages and hamlets from the time of the Black Death,
Like Girsby and Wkheham buried in the depths of fields while the moon looks down.

Magical winter's night's full of snow and cold moonlight,
Wooded copse's dusted with snow as moonbeams dance around branches,
Fallow fields covered in snow shimmering under the moon's watch,
Country roads with snow drifts looking like pillows in the moonlight.

Cool spring nights as moonlight shines on new life,
Little lambs sleeping under the moon's watchful gaze,
Snowdrops and Daffodils looking colourfully muted,
Early blossoms on trees gazing up at the moon.

Wolds hills reaching into the skies trying to touch the moon,
The Belmont transmitter's shadow falling long in the moonlight,
Stenigot Chain Home radar tower looking ghostly in the moonlight,
The moon still looking down on this ancient landscape after all this time.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Plum Bread

A Lincolnshire Lad - Plum Bread

Perfect with cheese and butter,
Lovely Lincolnshire flavours and ingredients,
Utterly delicious at suppertime,
Munching away is a sheer delight.

Brim-full of wholesome goodness,
Really good food from a great county,
Enriching our culture and life's,
A true gem from Lincolnshire's history,
Dedicated bakers up before dawn.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Sixhills

A Lincolnshire Lad - Sixhills

Sitting high up in the wolds,
Idolised as a quaint rural village,
Xylem fed stock sheltering in farmyards,
Haven of tranquillity away from busy roads,
Idyll of the good old days when life was good,
Lush farmland in all directions,
Lavish vistas for weary eyes,
Sitting amongst six hills how apt.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Skegness

A Lincolnshire Lad - Skegness

Summers by the sea,
Kiss me quick hats and sticks of rock,
Endless beaches of golden sand,
Great Northern Railway's jewel in the east,
Nature at it's most enjoyable,
Evening sunshine shimmering on the ocean,
Sand-castles at the mercy of time and tides,
Slot machines filling amusement arcades.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Steep Hill

A Lincolnshire Lad - Steep Hill

Steep hill that's for sure,
Timeless charm and appeal,
Endless tourists flow along you now,
England's finest street for many years,
Period buildings standing with modern houses.

Historical buildings from Norman England,
Imagine what tales you have to tell,
Linking lower Lincoln to the castle and cathedral,
Lindum's roman beginnings to the Lincoln of today.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Tealby

A Lincolnshire Lad - Tealby

Tennyson's ancestral home,
England's hidden gem of a village,
Always changing but always staying the same,
Lost forever the great Bayons Manor,
Buried treasures of the Tealby Hoard,
Yonder stream means a ford we must cross.

By Christopher Tye

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A Lincolnshire Lad - The Avro Vulcan

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Avro Vulcan

The last of the V-Bombers,
High level or low level flight,
Empresses of the skies to rival all others.

Avro's greatest jet aircraft,
Valiant, Victor and Vulcan V-bombers all,
Roaring into the skies with thunderous noise,
Operation Black Buck you're only bombing raids.

Victory at the end of your career,
Ultimate expression of the cold war,
Lincolnshire based like your ancestors,
Coningsby, Scampton and Waddington your homes,
Airplane par excellent beyond compare,
Nothing will ever better you.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Lads In Their Thousands

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Lads In Their Thousands

The lads in their thousands served king and country,
Lincolnshire lads from across the world,
Bomber command and fighter command bases,
Army regiments and units now disbanded,
Trawlers serving the navy as spy ships.

Serving across the twentieth century,
From the 10th regiment of foot in the Boar War,
To operations in Iraq, Afghanistan and Libya,
Countless lives lost or changed for ever,
People from across the free world served here.

Every village with it's war memorial,
Former bomber bases with squadron memorials,
Villages like Binbrook And Ludford Magna with both,
And in countless war graves across the world Lincolnshire lads lay.

In Flanders fields and vast memorials we remain,
Solitary graves to entire cemetery's we lay,
Lincolnshire lads in their thousands lie sleeping.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Last Chain Home Tower

The Last Chain Home Tower

Still standing at Stenigot, is the last of the Chain Home Towers,
Still standing like a sleeping sentinel,
Still reaching into the sky towards the Heavens,
Still towering three hundred and sixty foot over the landscape,
Still keeping a silent watch over the skies of Lincolnshire,
Still visible for miles around, reminding people of their past,
Still standing as a memorial to the dark days of 1940,
Still reminding us of all the fallen of World War Two who gave their lives for us,
Still standing long after all its fellow towers have gone,
Still standing as a beacon of hope for the future,
Still standing anchored to its little spot of Lincolnshire,
Still standing silently after over seventy years have passed.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Lincoln Red

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Lincoln Red

Lincolnshire's own beef cattle breed,
Good old traditional cows of England's past,
Prized for the quality of their meat,
No factory farms involved here,
Just green pasture and hay as nature intended,
Wonderful beasts from a wonderful place,
A lasting reminder of our farming history,
Lincoln Red our local breed for great steaks.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Old Orchard

The Old Orchard

Looking at these old trees reaching the end,
Ending their long journey through time,
From little saplings before the great war,
To the silent witnesses of the bomber crews,
Of the second world war for ever lost to their homeland,
The nuclear age with Thor missiles in their back yard,
To the Lightnings soaring over head to the end of the cold war,
Just like me they just want peace in their last years.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - The River Rase

A Lincolnshire Lad - The River Rase

The ducks looking forward to bread,
Hoping the town's folk of Market Rasen will visit,
Every crumb of bread gobbled up as spectators watch.

Rasenite's from West, Middle and Market Rasen,
Individuals all connected by the River Rase,
Varied town and villages linked by a waterway,
Enchanting and mesmerising body of water bringing tranquillity,
Running though the trio of Rasen's is one river.

Reaching the tranquil and picturesque West Rasen,
Ancient pack horse bridge under which it flows,
Spanning the Rase since the fourteenth century,
Evoking memories of times gone by.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Saint's Last Mission

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Saint's Last Mission

It was a cold March morning in 1945,
The wind cut across the exposed airfield,
Ludford Magna was once again living up to its nickname,
As the crews trudged across the mud to their Lancs,
Mudford Magna was a well deserved nickname,
The squadron's Lancaster's lifted off just before dawn,
Bremen was their target on this daylight mission.

It was the Saint's 119th mission that day,
The old girl was one of the squadrons veteran's,
Only the Saint and Harry managed more than a hundred mission's,
Which was all the more remarkable for they were,
Both fitted with 101 Squadron's unique ABC radios.

Luck was not on the Saint's side this time,
A Messerschmitt ME262 stopped you coming home,
Perhaps it was fate that you were the last Lancaster lost by 101 Squadron.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Settlement Camp

The Settlement Camp

So this how Britain repaid your bravery and sacrifices,
You came with your fellow refugees to continue the fight,
You're fellow Poles and all the others escaping the Nazis,
Wanting to free your homelands,
You continued to fight throughout WWII until VE Day.

But then came that terrible blow,
As we sold-out your homeland to Stalin's Russia,
All you're hopes of freedom disappeared,
Hidden behind the iron curtain,
Not knowing if your families survived the war.

So the British Government homes you across the country,
In disused airfields and army camps,
To think of all the sacrifices that you made to free Europe,
Not able to go back to Poland,
The settlement camps became your temporary homes.

Living together in asbestos covered Nissan huts,
What a way for heroes to be homed,
With twenty or more of you to a hut,
In winter the condensation froze as it formed,
The little cast iron stoves not able to drive the cold away.

But in the camps at least communities formed,
Keeping the dreams of a free Poland alive,
Some of the camps lasted a decade,
Before they were closed down,
But a free Poland was still a long way off.

After we shut the camps down,
You had to live with the sometimes hostile English,
For the general public didn't understand why you were still here,
That the allies had sold your homeland's freedom away,
It took fifty years of struggle to achieve freedom.

Fifty long years before Poland and the Polish were truly free,

And we have all but forgotten in England,
What we did to you after the end of the war,
Settlement camps were no way to treat heroes,
Who helped so much to keep Britain free.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Wolds

A Lincolnshire Lad - The Wolds

Wolds-man through and though am I,
Overlooking countryside like a god,
Lincolnshire's area of outstanding natural beauty,
Dawn mists in the valleys melting away,
Summer days forever in my heart.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Vista From Willingham Hill

A Lincolnshire Lad - Vista from Willingham Hill

High upon Willingham Hill,
A great vista of the heart of Lincolnshire,
Just glimpsing neighbouring Nottinghamshire,
Thirty and more miles of towns and countryside.

The great cathedral of Lincoln loaming in the distance,
The twin power stations of West and East Burton,
The local churches of Sixhills, Tealby and North Willingham,
The town of Market Rasen beyond Willingham Woods.

A great patchwork of fields in all directions,
Hints of dwelling places here and there,
Crops growing as sheep and cattle graze,
Looking from the wolds across the flatter parts of Lincolnshire.

Big skies over a big country,
Birds soaring high on thermals,
Airliners heading to and from Humberside Airport,
RAF jets flying high and low altitudes.

Everything a man could dream of in sight,
Broad sunlight uplands basking in summer,
Green and pleasant woodland full of life,
Quaint olde English villages scattered around.

The food basket of England laid out in fields,
Yellow rape fields to golden wheat fields,
Potatoes to feed the nation's tummies,
Carrots, peas and onions as well as sugar beet.

Just one hill with a view,
But what a view to behold,
A great vista of England's greatest county,
A Lincolnshire Lad could want nothing else.

By Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Was God A Lincolnshire Lad

A Lincolnshire Lad - Was God A Lincolnshire Lad

I was thinking God must be from around these parts,
As Lincolnshire has a bit of everything you see,
Just look around our county and you'll see it's all things to all people,
Wolds, fens, marsh, heathland, woodland and the coast.

I'd nether swap this land of thine for ought,
Mind you there are obstreperous folk round here,
Just have a look at our counties dialects,
You see it varies across our land mile by mile,
All incorporating legacies of our Chaucerian, Anglo-Saxon and Danegeld past.

If you look at our greatest lads and lasses,
You'll find the greatest scientists and poets,
From the great and the good to the misunderstood.

Just look at Grantham, giving us the first WPC in the UK,
As well as the first female prime minister and Sir Isaac Newton,
And look what's been achieved here across this county,
Agriculture and industry as well as world beating technology.

I think God was a Lincolnshire lad like us,
Maybe he was a Louth chap born in Crowtree Lane Hospital,
After all it was the birthplace of The Lincolnshire Rising,
When we thought King Henry VIII got too big for his boots challenging our
religion.

But with all sincerity and seriousness,
Lincolnshire is a paradise on this troubled planet of ours,
We're a county that's not perfect but stand and look,
For this is probably the closest there is to Eden in Europe.

And just look at how we have shaped the world,
The Pilgrim Fathers and Captain John Smith,
Matthew Flinders and Sir Joseph Banks to Sir Isaac Newton,
And in the arts and humanities there was,
Peter De Wint, Tennyson, William Byrd and John Taverner.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - We Avenge

A Lincolnshire Lad - We Avenge

To serve freedom's battle we flew from here,
Roaming across Europe from our little home in the wolds,
A Lancastrian Rose as a badge to symbolise our planes,
We flew the mighty Avro Lancaster like our neighbour's.

The now sleepy village of Kelstern our home,
Just the odd building and bits of runways,
In amongst peaceful farm land now,
Our stone memorial standing proud by the roadside.

Remember who we were and what we did,
The Merlin's no longer roar into life now,
Empty blue skies above now we have gone,
Just the ghosts of lost airmen wander here now.

The war long since won and freedom restored,
Remember our sacrifices as we lost so many,
Families still living with holes where fathers and grandfathers should be,
Remember us the bomber boys who lost so many.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - We've Always Been Here

A Lincolnshire Lad - We've Always Been Here

Back in the day we roamed the land,
Hunting Rhinos and Woolly Mammoths,
Ice ages came and went we stayed,
Burial mounds we built in the bronze age,
The iron age is still with us just.

The Romans came and went we stayed,
Swain the great Viking king reigned here,
The Normans left us castles and cathedrals,
King Steven and Queen Matilda anarchy did cause,
King John came and left us the crown jewels and democracy,
Henry of Bolingbroke King of England was one of us,
Lancastrian and Lincolnshire lads brothers of the red rose,
The Lincolnshire Rising gave Henry VIII something to think about.

The industrial revolution came and went we stayed,
We built steam engines for field and rails,
Aircraft built and flown here,
Submarines built by Marshall's of Gainsborough,
Water tanks for Mesopotamia built in Lincoln,
Farmers for all of England's food,
Lime woods, Wolds and fens we are hewn from,
We who left for King and Country our hearts remain.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Withcall Farm

A Lincolnshire Lad - Withcall Farm

Within the wolds a great farm sits,
Imagine what you looked like in your heyday,
Trains stopping at your very own railway station,
Haystacks in the yard ready for winter,
Cattle grazing out at pasture,
As mechanisation came your workers diminished,
Long gone are the halcyon days before the Great War,
Largest of all the farms in England once were you.

Fertile pastures grew your great success and fame,
Abandoned by BR in 1956 no trains run through your station now,
Rail track ripped up and your tunnel bricked up,
Moonlight nights host the ghosts of the past.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Lincolnshire Lad - Zion Hill

A Lincolnshire Lad - Zion Hill

Built up from great storms on the Lincolnshire coast,
From the thirteenth century onwards,
Nature created the beginnings of this storm beach,
Millions of tons of sand and shingle deposited here.

Now within The Saltfleetby - Theddlethorpe Dunes National Nature Reserve,
This once great conical sand hill stands at the heart of this reserve,
Zion Hill once the tallest sand hill in Lincolnshire,
Reaching over fifty foot high in the past.

Zion Hill even served King and Country,
Machineguns positioned on top of the hill,
Protecting the coastline in World War One,
Then the RAF later used this area as a bombing range.

Why Zion Hill? Who really knows why?
A simple sand hill with a biblical name,
Maybe the Lincolnshire Primitive Methodists gave this name,
For the dunes were used for Sunday services.

Now time has started to wither this hill,
Winter storms and wind eroding it away,
And us humans not helping by continually walking over it,
But still it stands high amongst it's neighbour's.

Zion Hill a little reminder of warmer climes,
A lovely place to stand and gaze in high summer,
Viewing the great coastline of Lincolnshire,
But in winter it can be a very cold and bleak place.

Where else in Lincolnshire can take you to the Holy land,
Thinking of King David's great palace mounted on a hill,
The great history of Jerusalem and the Holy land,
And most of all Sir Hubert Parry's Hymn Jerusalem.

By Christopher Tye

A Lonely Soul Searching For The Path

A Lonely Soul Searching For The Path

Apart from my people never really belonging here,
Always feeling alone in crowded rooms,
An exile wherever I am in the world,
An outsider with no sense of home.

The path I have trod is the one I must walk,
Trying to find my place in this world,
To be part of something bigger than me,
Time is short and the journey still long.

Exiled from my creed to walk alone,
Everyday feeling like an eternity,
Endeavouring to travel on the right path,
Enquiring about the true meaning of things.

Valiantly standing for what I believe in,
Vanquished in life but unrepentant in spirit,
Very tired and increasingly troubled by the journey,
Victorious in defeat and out of step with the world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Master Of Mediocrity

A Master Of Mediocrity

Why stand out from the crowd,
When you can blend into the background,
Why would you want perfection,
When you can achieve mediocrity,
Why be the best of the best,
When you can be a master of mediocrity,
Why be a high flyer reaching for the skies,
When you can see all the small stuff.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Necessary Evil

A Necessary Evil

A taxman once said in jest.

Nobody else agreed as they opened their Swiss bank accounts,
Eating into our pay is no joke,
Compromising our quality of life,
Everybody's got to pay for our quality government,
Smiling ministers looking at their retirement plans,
So many fingers in so many pies,
A politician's life is hard with all those company directors' jobs,
Retirement easy unless you've just got a state pension,
Yes life's hard when you earn more by retiring like politician.

Enjoying multi-million pound bolt holes,
Vile stuff money is unless you've got loads of it,
Interest rates don't matter to us as we can move money around,
Life's a peach when you're a minister or the prime minister.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Path To Serenity?

A Path To Serenity?

Follow your heart as much as you can,
Follow your head when you must,
Life has no certainty so live while you can,
Chasing money won't buy you happiness.

Live life with as much compassion as you can,
Try to bring peace and harmony if it's possible,
Live life with a heart and understanding,
Do your work and at the end step back.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Paupers Mirror

A Paupers Mirror

Only on rainy days,
Where puddles form,
Can I see myself.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Poet's Notebook (Cap Verse)

A Poet's Notebook (Cap Verse)

Old and battered from decades of use,
Each page a mass of words and ink blots,
So much crammed in as tightly as possible,
Each word intended to have meaning,
Glory of the human condition,
Nightmares of human despair and sadness.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Poet's Struggles

A Poet's Struggles

Do the struggles and hardships define a poet,
The constant struggles to find words for verse,
Desperately struggling to find new ideas,
Struggling to find new directions to walk.

For is it not that a poet has to be a tortured artist,
Without pain and a lifetime of struggles,
Will the poet's word have any meaning or resonance,
For the poem to arrive must we poet's struggle.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Rainy Birthday

A Rainy Birthday

Another year has pasted already.

Really rained heavy today just my luck,
Always seems to rain on my birthday,
Inclement weather yet again,
Next year might be fair,
Years seem to fly by now.

Birthday time again,
Rained on my parade again,
Intended to do lots but achieved nothing,
Tomorrow's another day thank goodness,
Here's to the year ahead,
Don't know what the coming year holds,
A job interview on my birthday oh well,
Yikes I'm over forty now where's my Zimmer frame?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Tree Falls

A Tree Falls

When a tree falls it is a tragedy,
But as with all life it must be,
To allow new life to form.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A War To End All Wars

A War To End All Wars

A war to end all wars they said,
A lasting peace turned out to be empty words,
Wars still raging as the innocent die,
Still more graves being dug and headstones carved.

Wasted generations at the hands of governments,
The people always paying the greatest price,
We seem to forget the horrors of war too quickly,
Remember the dead and ask why we are still having wars.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Winters Night

A Winters Night

Short cold days giving way to long nights,
Wind blown snow gathering on country lanes,
Jack Frost playing on window panes,
Lingering brown leaves glowing white in frosty moonlight.

Old barn roofs creaking under the weight of snow,
Moonlight dancing over frozen ponds,
Barn owls stealthy on the wing as they hunt,
Ghostly chimes of church clocks echoing around the village,
As moonlight casts shadows across the graveyard.

Fields lay fallow under blankets of snow,
Sleeping shire horses in snow sprinkled stables,
Cattle sheds full of occupants on straw covered stalls,
Stars converging on this clear clear cold nights.

Snow flurry's dancing like angels in shafts of moonlight,
Snow drifts burying hedgerows for now,
Snowmen standing guard in the gardens of childhood dreams,
A winters tale of a dying way of life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A World Fit For Heroes

A World Fit For Heroes

Let's make this world a place fit for true heroes,
The people who are prepared to stand up,
Those who fight for truth and justice,
The people who have sacrificed everything,
Let's make Martin Luther King's dream really happen,
It's time for a world fit for heroes and the ordinary folk.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A World In Trouble

A World In Trouble

Humanity living without any humanity or respect,
Race and religion used as an excuse for murder and genocide,
Mistrust and greed blinding people to the horror they are unleashing,
A world unable or unwilling to learn from the past.

Governments unable to govern due to being so out of touch with the people,
Corruption and greed leading the world as governments fail,
Countries teetering on the edge of civil war and anarchy,
All the time the poorest paying the heaviest price.

A world where big corporations and the super rich control everything,
Forcing the world backwards once again into division and hatred,
Looking at the possibility of racial segregation once again as we sink into hate,
As countries are beginning to look so divided as hatred overtakes common sense.

We the people of the world stuck in the middle trying to survive,
As the haters try to seize control by division and fear,
Terrorists causing mayhem and mass-murder to what end,
The police and the people suffering the most in these dark days.

Did we defeat the Nazi's in vain to preserve freedom then,
Did Martin Luther King die in vain for civil rights and equality,
Did Nelson Mandela teach the world about being true freedom in vain,
Do we really as a people want to walk this path again.

We the people must stand together for humanities sake,
We have fought and suffered so long for a better world,
We could lose everything in a blink of an eye,
Hatred and greed are cancers that will spread and destroy everything.

Together we the common people of the world must find our voice again,
Stand and fight for the truly democratic world we need,
Change how governments work so they represent the many not the few,
To make the world a place worth living for no matter who you are.

Don't let the haters win the world is ours to preserve and cherish,
Cry freedom and together we can win this great fight for humanity,

Peace and equality are worth fighting for at any cost as we can't afford to lose them,
Lets make the world a place that we will be proud to leave to our children once more.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A World Without Flowers

A World Without Flowers

Imagine a world without flowers,
No scent carried on the night air,
No bumble bees flying erratically,
Humming birds gone the way of the dodo.

English cottage gardens left only in pictures,
Olde English violet and lavender no more,
Hollyhocks and lupins conspicuous by their absence,
No more summer evenings enjoying the pastel palette.

Imagine history with-out the rose,
Shakespeare's work so much poorer with out it,
The war of the roses wouldn't sound the same,
Turkish delight not so delightfully tasty.

A world so much poorer just for one thing,
Flowers give us so much in so many areas,
Even comedy would be poorer if you think about it,
Dame Edna without her gladioli just wouldn't be the same.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Yellowbellies' Pride

Us yellowbellies are proud of our homeland,
For Lincolnshire defines who we are,
Lincolnshire is where we were born and raised.

Us yellowbellies are a peculiar tribe,
Whether we are from The Wolds or The Fens,
We stand loyal to our homeland and its flag.

We have a unique place in England's history,
The great aquatic barriers of The Humber and The Wash,
Gave us a separate identity from East Yorkshire and Norfolk.

But it's our state of mind that makes us different,
As much as our counties geography,
After all why else would we have called ourselves Yellowbellies?

But most of all our history gives us an idea of our mind-set,
For we made the 1st of October Lincolnshire Day,
The same day that the Lincolnshire Rising started in 1536.

Christopher Tye

A Young Farmer From Hull

A Young Farmer From Hull

There was a young farmer from Hull,
Who had an old bull in Hull,
It was so full of manure and hot air,
The good people of Hull decided,
To make the old bull the MP of Hull.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Young Lady From Hull

A Young Lady From Hull

There was a young lady from Hull,
She thought it would be nice to fly,
But for in Hull there's no place to fly,
So she swam the Humber to Lincolnshire,
And flew from Kirmington instead of Hull.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

A Young Lady Going To Peru

A Young Lady Going To Peru

There was a young lady going to Peru,
So she could peruse the sights,
Upon arrival in Peru she stopped at Lima,
After a few days in Lima she'd left,
To see the sights in deepest darkest Peru.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Abandoned Kitchen

Abandoned Kitchen

Old linoleum peeling
Kitchen cabinets gathering dust,
Just spiders living here now,
Perished washers letting taps drip,
Behold old father time.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Abc

ABC

Alphabet spaghetti for tea,
Books to read tonight,
Coursework to do oh dear.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Acrostic

Acrostic

A poem about poems spelling out words,
Clever use of words and wishful thinking,
Reasoning with myself to convey a coherent message,
Origins from Greek words akron and stikhos,
Simple to do most of the time if you avoid words with an x in it,
Trivial puzzles of blending words into poetry,
Inventive use of English words and languages,
Completely unlimited possibilities just think of all those words.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Acuity

Acuity

Always looking clearly into the future
Calculating the best path forward,
Unhindered by lack of vision,
Intuitively hearing the voices of time,
Timing everything to an ordered beat,
Your destiny is yours to discovery.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Acumen

Acumen

Astuteness leading businesses,
Cunningly always coming out on top,
Using intelligence to my advantage,
Making the most of any opportunities,
Equating the best path of progress,
Nothing ventured is a waste of life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Adze

Adze

Ancient as the axe and nearly as useful,
Dressing-up timber baulks and beams,
Zeitgeist principles of the nineties reclaiming your popularity,
Elizabethan table tops finished by the adze.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ageing

Ageing

Memories forgotten,
Old scars fading away,
As lines cross them.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ageing (18-07-2017)

Ageing

Memories forgotten,
Old scars fading away,
As time passes by.

Christopher Tye

Alas

Alas

Alas I have run out of time,
Alas my body dost fail thee,
Alas I wax weary,
Alas one dost wilt,
Alas ye be seech thine will,
Alas durst hath been in yonder mere,
Alas thou art in the midst of a puld of a storm,
Alas thee should return whence thou came,
Alas art dost hath derth of heart.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Alas, I' Am Just Me

Alas, I' am Just Me

Alas, I' am not a great orator,
Alas, I' am not a genius,
Alas, I' am not a great thinker,
Alas, I' am not a composer.

I' am just me, an ordinary man,
I' am just me; I will never be anything else,
I' am just me; I will never achieve much,
I' am just me, just the bloke next-door.

Alas, I will never be a king or a prince,
Alas, I will never walk on the moon,
Alas, I will never be a novelist or poet,
Alas, I will never have film star looks.

I' am just me, an ordinary working man,
I' am just me, destined never to travel far,
I' am just me, a man of few words,
I' am just me, plain old me.

Alas, I' am not a diplomat,
Alas, I' am not well versed in politics,
Alas, I' am not a social animal,
Alas, I' am not someone who makes lots of friends.

I' am just me, with my knack of upsetting people,
I' am just me; I just speak my mind come what may,
I' am just me, at my happiest on my own,
I' am just me, destined to be a lonely person.

Alas, I' am not rich,
Alas, I' am not a banker,
Alas, I' am not a CEO of a big company,
Alas, I' am not a businessman.

I' am just me, like most people I' am just poor,
I' am just me; I don't get big bonuses,

I' am just me; I don't get a good salary,
I' am just me, a downtrodden worker.

Alas, my dreams are just dreams,
Alas, I didn't achieve what I should have,
Alas, I' am growing old fast,
Alas, I don't know how much time I have left.

I' am just me, just struggling to survive,
I' am just me, life just got in the way,
I' am just me; illness did batter my body,
I' am just me, I' am just a frail human.

Alas, I never gained the qualifications I should have,
Alas, did the schools fail me?
Alas, I had to fight too many fights,
Alas, I had to stand by my faith.

I' am just me; maybe I could have done more,
I' am just me, did I fail myself?
I' am just me; I just scarified my future,
I' am just me; my faith is everything to me.

Alas, things could have been so different,
Alas, history won't remember me,
Alas, I couldn't change my principles,
Alas, I was facing too great an enemy.

I' am just me, I can't rewrite history,
I' am just me; I won't even make the footnotes of history,
I' am just me, doomed forever to do the right thing at all costs,
I' am just me, failing to realise I was my own greatest enemy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Album

Album

All those memories stuck in an album,
Lots of photographs of past generations,
Being reminders of holidays and days out,
Unassuming covers hiding priceless photos,
Memories of loved ones since passed.

by Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

All Things Will Die

All Things Will Die

Rivers flow to the seas like all life flows to heaven,
Nothing can out run nature or time,
Even the oldest trees fall in the end,
Only through rebirth and renewal we will live on.

The strongest hearts stop beating in time,
Bristlecone Pines may live thousands of years,
But even they succumb to the passage of time.

The brightest suns fade and implode at the end,
Stars fade from existence as universes expand,
Planets fall victim to supernovas and asteroids,
Moon's spinning out of orbit into oblivion.

Mankind marches on through time with indecent hast,
Generations withered by war and disease,
Running around trying to keep pace with technology,
Individual lives passing without anybody noticing.

Noble beasts of land and seas living as their predecessors,
From tiny mice and shrews of short lifespans,
To elephants and whales living for decades.

Then the great variations of the plant kingdom,
From annual and biannual garden flowers,
To Ginko Biloba, The Maidenhair Tree the last survivor of it's family.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Allan O Amser

Allan o amser

Nid oes lle i mi yn awr,
Wrth y byd dyfu oer,
Dyfu I hen.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Always

Always

Always wanted to stand beside you,
Living our lives as one for all time,
Wanted to be your truest love,
Always thinking about you when we're apart,
You always capture my heart when we met,
Standing together for always as we go amongst the stars.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Amser

Amser

Dreigl amser,
Wrth y byd dyfu oer,
Dyfu I hen.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Amser Ar Ben

Amser ar ben

Y frwydr ar goll
Amser y bellach,
Gobaith wedi marw.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

An Elegy For J.B.

An Elegy For J.B.

A star so bright you brought light to us all,
Words and verse so fine so few could compare,
Your time here so brief yet brilliant,
Our lines will be more mundane without you to inspire us.

Your reign was a great one,
We poets know poetry sometimes comes at a great cost,
We'll all miss the joy and tragedy of your poems,
After your abdication we look back,
With sadness of you leaving you,
But with memories of great joy.

Where ever the world takes you,
And whatever life holds for you,
We are so grateful that you shared your poems,
And remember most of all we wish you well,
For many of us you'll always be an inspiration.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

An English Idyll

An English Idyll

Did it ever exist except in our dreams,
Church spires peeking up through morning mists,
Quint hamlets standing next to babbling brooks,
Farmlands and forests as far as the eye can see.

The hope and dreams of lost generations,
War memorials in every town and village,
Time passes by and still they stand in memoriam,
To remind of countless souls lost in defence of their idyll.

What of the future generations,
Will they still have our green and pleasant land,
Could the farmland and forests remain,
Wolds, fens, moors and heathland for them.

Could we be the one's to destroy this English Idyll,
Building everywhere we want too because we can,
Housing estates and industrial estates to that's all there is,
Forcing our green and pleasant land into a memory.

The village green with it's cricketers,
Stone bridges over meandering streams,
Ducks swimming in the village pons,
Churches and chapels marking the passage of time.

The rolling green hills of my youth,
Birds on the wing and sheep grazing at pasture,
Butterflies and ladybirds in cottage gardens,
The English idyll is still in my dreams.

BY Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

An Ode To Chicken Soup

An Ode To Chicken Soup

Remember the good old days when chicken soup was always on the menu,
Restaurants just seem to have one "veggie" soup nowadays alas,
But nothings quite the same as chicken soup and a crusty roll,
When chicken soup's is not on the menu it just puts me in a fowl mood.

A good old fashioned dish with a lot of taste and charm,
Wholesome and nutritious, tastes even better with croutons,
Just right for a traditional treat before the main course,
Shame that it seems to fallen fowl of changing tastes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

An Ode To Music

An Ode to Music

You don't words to touch my soul,
You don't words to bring light into my life,
You don't words to paint a picture,
You don't words to make me think of home.

You are a great leveller talking to kings and paupers alike,
You give people identity,
You can unite us,
You can give us hope.

You are as old as humanity itself,
You are always evolving with us,
You can show us our past,
You can show us our future.

You can inspire us to dream,
You can change the future,
You document our lives,
You can drive darkness out of our hearts.

You are a great force for good,
You can help liberate people,
You are mankind's greatest gift,
You could bring unity to mankind if we just listened to you.

You are perhaps my greatest love,
You are there for every occasion,
You are there for the happy times,
You are there for the great tragedies of life.

You can define time and eras,
You can define a man's life like nothing else,
You are the life-blood of me,
You are like the alpha and omega there at the beginning and at the end.

By Christopher Tye

An Ode To Super Glue

An Ode To Super Glue

Cyanoacrylate what a super glue,
It's amazing what you can make with cyanide,
Who'd have thought a poison would make such a good glue,
These chemists are clever people.

Glues fingers together faster than anything else on earth,
Always handy in a sticky situation,
Shops know it doesn't stick around on shelves for long,
It's a glue we can all bond with.

Fixing awkward cuts in A and E departments,
Finding finger prints in forensics laboratories,
Loved by modellers making multi-media kits,
Great for fixing all those broken knick-knacks around the house.

The one's in plastic bottles are my favourites,
Keep'em cool and dry it'll last a year or more,
If it's thickening-up it's past it's best.

Great for frosting up clear plastics,
If you're making model houses that's a tip for making bathroom windows,
To keep clear plastics clear coat them with PVA glue first.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

An Ode To Youth

An Ode to Youth

Oh youth where did you go?
Oh youth why did your days have to end?
Oh youth what happened to your energy?
Oh youth why did you forsake me so soon?

I long to be back in your arms again,
I long to see your endless springs again,
I long to see your endless summers again,
I long for those dim distant times again.

What happened to your endless spring?
What happened to your endless summers?
What happened to your optimism?
What happened to your boundless Joy?

I long to be back in your arms again,
I long to see your endless springs again,
I long to see your endless summers again,
I long for those dim distant times again.

Where did all that exuberance go?
Where did all the dreams go?
Where did all the hope go?
Where did all the freedom go?

I long to be back in your arms again,
I long to see your endless springs again,
I long to see your endless summers again,
I long for those dim distant times again.

Why does youth have to be so fleeting?
Why do we have to go up and be responsible?
Why do we have to grow old?
Why does death have to be the end of youth?

I long to be back in your arms again,
I long to see your endless springs again,

I long to see your endless summers again,
I long for those dim distant times again.

I long to be young again,
To have no great problems weighing me down,
To have enough energy to keep fighting,
To have no fear of my oppressors.

I long to be back in your arms again,
I long to see your endless springs again,
I long to see your endless summers again,
I long for those dim distant times again.

But my youth has deserted me many years ago,
All I have to look forward to is death,
For in death I will be young again,
In death I shall give new life a change to grow.

I long to be back in your arms again,
I long to see your endless springs again,
I long to see your endless summers again,
I long for those dim distant times again.

We will always be young in the corners of our minds,
In our minds we will always be young if we remember to be,
For youth is a state of mind not the age of our bodies,
For youth will be forever young.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

An Old Lady From Crewe

An Old Lady From Crewe

There was an old lady from Crewe,
Whose son's worked as train crew,
This was back in the day when there was pride,
So every old lady knew the trains to Crewe ran on time.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

An Old Lady From Fife

An Old Lady From Fife

There was an old lady from Fife,
Who owed her life to a knife,
As one day her hair caught in a lift,
So the knife cut her hair and saved her life,
And all of Fife thought the knife gave her life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

An Old Lady From Hull

An Old Lady From Hull

There was an old lady from Hull,
Whom went out on the pull,
And was caught short in the pub,
For the flush wouldn't pull,
And so ended her days stuck in the ladies loo.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

An Onion Seller From Orleans

An Onion Seller From Orleans

He came from Orleans with onions red and brown,
All his stews were stuffed with onions,
So fed up with his lot in life and work,
So he retired and said that's shallot I'm off to New Orleans,
All of Orleans cried as they peeled their onions that night.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Anchor

Anchor

Ain't going anywhere,
Nautical necessity,
Cast anchor,
Harbour awaits,
Old boats languishing in marinas,
Rusting away in salt water.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ángeles

Ángeles

¿Por qué te quedas Ángeles entre nosotros?

¿Por qué nos sentimos su presencia?

¿Por qué sólo vemos fugaces vislumbres de las esquinas de los ojos de ellos?

¿Por qué todavía, ¿por qué creer en ellos?

Para los ángeles son los mensajeros de lo alto,

Porque son tan antiguos como la humanidad,

Para los ángeles son nuestros guardianes,

Para los Ángeles deben producir la iluminación para todos nosotros.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Angels

Angels

Why do angels stand amongst us?

Why do we feel their presence?

Why do we only see fleeting glimpses out of the corners of our eyes of them?

Why do we still believe in them?

What do they mean to us?

What do we see when we look at them?

What does humanity believe you mean?

What if angels are us in a different place?

For angels are our messengers from above,

For they are as old as humanity,

For angels are our guardians,

For angels should bring enlightenment to all of us.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Anghyfiawnder

Anghyfiawnder

Newyn am masau,
Chafiâr i'r ychydig,
Cymaint dlodi,
Y Cyfoethog angharedig,
Anghyfiawnder cymdeithasol yn dal yma.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Angry

Angry

Anger taking over common-sense,
Negativity and darkness taking over,
Generating hostility and hatred,
Reasoning lost and a world falling apart,
Yet we've survived this long despite anger.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Another Year Passes

Another year passes

The old man is sitting in his armchair,
Looking out of the window,
Watching the birds,
As they are flying from tree to tree,
He remembers all the winters,
He spent in his garden when he was young,
Planting those same trees,
When they were just little saplings,
He remembers all the years that,
Those trees have been growing and slowly maturing,
He knows long after he has celebrated his final birthday,
All the trees in his beloved garden,
Will still be growing,
And still be giving food and shelter to the birds,
He wonders if in sixty years from now,
Will his grandchildren be doing the same.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Another Eden

Another Eden

This green and pleasant land is a new Eden,
Just a little corner of England's rural idyll,
But it is another Eden for humanity in these troubled days,
A place where nature rules the roost,
A land of perpetual greenery and life,
It's just too bad that most people are blind to it.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Another Happy Landing

Another Happy Landing

The joy of a tight budget,
Old airliners from the USSR,
Flying with the cheapest,
On a Wing and a Prayer Airlines,
Guaranteed a bumpy landing.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Another World

Another World

I my look like you and walk like you,
But in my mind I am different,
For me the world is another place.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ant

Ant

Ant farms in school classrooms,
Nature's cleaners eating waste,
Tiny insects roaming for food.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ant (Yn Gymraeg)

Ant

Ant ffermydd mewn ysgol dosbarthiadau,
Mae natur y glanhawyr bwyta gwastraff,
Pryfed bach yn crwydro ar gyfer bwyd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Apenas Mi Suerte

Apenas mi suerte

Apenas mi suerte,
Tarde para mi funeral,
Sólo podía hacerlo,
Escoger un coche fúnebre antiguo,
Se descompone en el camino..

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

April

April

Damp grass under foot,
Daffodils still in bloom,
Here comes the rain.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

April (Haiku)

April (Haiku)

Spring flowers wither,
April showers passing by sedately,
Grass growing greener.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ara Fejn Hu

Ara Fejn Hu (Look Where It Is)

A keen eye will always look and focus in,
Retinas trained on where it is,
A lost item found again maybe.

Finding new details in something just by looking,
Eagle eyes sharply focused in on their prey,
Just keep looking at a picture to reveal all,
Now what was hidden is exposed to the world.

Hidden in plain sight where no-one sees,
Under one's nose yet completely overlooked.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Árboles (10-04-2017)

Árboles

Los pilares de la vida,
Reposición de aire de todo el mundo,
Perennes o caducas,
Por todas partes en todo el mundo,
Proveernos de combustible, comida y belleza.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Arboretum

Arboretum

Acer Pseudoplatanus, the Sycamore beloved of the butcher for his blocks,
Rhododendron Thomsonii, with it's blood red flowers,
Buxus Sempervirens, the Box tree with it's dense hard wood,
Ostrya Carpinifolia, the European Hop Hornbeam a good ornamental tree,
Rhus Typhina, the Stag's Horn Sumac with it's red fruit and velvet bark,
Euonymus Europaeus, the Spindle Tree used for spindles by spinners,
Tilia Vulgaris, the Common Lime who's timber is so beloved of woodcarvers,
Ulmus Glabra, the Wych Elm still hanging on to life in the hedgerows,
Mespilus Germanica, the Medlar with it's really distinctive fruit.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Area 51

Area 51

Alien technology under test,
Real life UFO's in flight,
Extraterrestrial interplanetary secrets,
Area 51 Uncle Sam's black projects capital,
50 plus years since Roswell,
1 day we learn the truth.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Armada

Armada

An almighty naval fleet scuppered,
Repelling the Spanish invasion fleet,
Mighty victory of English oaken vessels,
A legendary tale of England's greatness,
Dashed hopes of the Spanish King in 1588,
As Queen Elizabeth ruled the waves.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Arrows

Arrows

Archers at Agincourt,
Robin hood and his merry men,
Renaissance of chivalry,
Olde English longbows,
Worked from the finest forests,
Still sets an English man's heart a quiver.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Article Scarifié

Article Scarifié

Progress for progress's sake,
As we destroy our ancestors legacies,
It's old so it doesn't matter now,
For technology will cure all.

As old houses crumble under bulldozer's,
Books torched in funeral pyres,
Sculpture crushed to build roads,
The folly of modernism will die as well.

Progress, progress, progress at all costs,
Farms? who needs food grown by nature,
When you can have wall to wall buildings,
Housing and industrial estates and factories across the land.

As England's green and pleasant land dies,
Our culture and knowledge withers with it,
Behold our contribution to the world,
The death of nature and history.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Artist

Artist

Artist's aren't just painters,
Rembrandt never just did anything ordinary,
Turner transfixed the nation with just one picture,
Imagine sunflowers with-out Vincent Van Gogh,
Stamford captured by Peter De Wint,
True artists define exceptions.

By Christopher Tye.

Christopher Tye

Ascent

Ascent

Ascent of man is in our nature,
Stubbornly continuing on our path,
Climbing as high as we could go,
Endeavouring to conquer the ascent of mountains,
Never willing to relinquish the challenge,
Triumph of the human endeavour is our goal.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Atoms

Atoms

All life incorporated,
Built from atoms,
But destroyed by the a-bomb.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Attain

Attain

Attain our birth rites,
To the liberty of humanity and freedom of speech,
To a better world for all not just the few,
A world where all have a place in society,
Inclusiveness not excluded peoples,
Now mankind must attain this new world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Auger Gimlet

Auger Gimlet

Auld tools from yesteryear still used today,
Useful tools to have in your toolbox,
Grandfather's favourite for woodwork,
Easing the screw's path without drilling,
Reaching places where power drills can't.

Gimlets don't take much space to store,
It's just the perfect thing for starting a screw's progress,
Made from carbon steel and sometimes ferro-blackened,
Lasting for a lifetime and such a simple idea,
Eco-friendly without electricity,
Traditional tools without the whine of a motor.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Auld

Auld

Age is just the passage of time,
Undeterred by the past or future,
Living life for today not tomorrow,
Death is only a new beginning in life.

Christopher Tye

Autumn

Autumn

A chill in the air as leaves fall,
Under cover of darkness Jack Frost makes his first visit,
Turning shades of brown and red trees know the time of year,
Under the trees fallen fruit for the next generation of life,
Mellowing colours in the countryside,
Now everything is slowing down ready for winter.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Awelon Haf

Awelon haf

Haul gyda'r nos,
I oeri Awelon,
Fel y mae yr haul yn machlud i lawr.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Awl

Awl

Always starting a hole,
Wood dented to make a hole,
Long pins and screws eased on their journey.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Axe

Axe

A woodsman's tool from the stone age,
'Xtra heavy for splitting logs,
Even carried into battle.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Baby Boy

Baby Boy

Baby boy born,
Middle age looms soon,
Old age takes away.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Back In '88

Back In '88

Back in '88 life was changing for the worse,
The Lightning's stopped ruling the skies,
RAF Binbrook fell silent as Avon's roared no more,
Another piece of Lincolnshire's history dying,
The winds of change starting to kill the land I loved,
Progress marching on at the cost of our humanity.

Secondary school no longer a place of education,
Just a hostile warzone where I was just one against everybody else,
Anything of certainty disappearing to fast,
Hope dying every day with every bruise,
Any chance of having a future dying with every beating,
What chance of learning anything except fear and pain.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bad

Bad

Bitter and twisted,
Anger taking control,
Destroying yourself.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Baldric

Baldric

Belt for a sword that's all,
A must for all swashbuckling heroes,
Looping over the shoulder to the opposite hip,
Dashing dandy's and highwaymen keeping swords at hand,
Robin Hood and his Merry Men must have had a few,
Incorporated to English from the old French word "Baudre",
Caught you out if you thinking of Blackadder.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Balloons (Cap Verse)

Balloons (Cap Verse)

Rising skywards full of hot air,
Reaching for the skies lifted by helium gas,
Scores of balloons at children's parties,
Sculpted by artists into animals of colour,
Really amazing what you can do with a balloon,
Nothing lasts forever but at least a balloon can go out with a bang.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Balwnau

Balwnau

Sgoriau balwnau ar partion plant,
Wirioneddol anhygoel beth y gallwch ei wneud gyda balwnau.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Baradwys Goll

Baradwys goll (Tanka)

Baradwys goll fel ffwl ei gymryd drosodd,
Unrhyw harbyrau diogel ar gyfer unrhyw un awr yn y byd hwn,
Colli tir gwyrdd a theg i bawb,
Fel tymor byr ffôl fethu mesurau,
Croeso i Lloegr dim ond un ystâd dai fawr.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Batris

Batris

Trydan yn eich piced,
Celloedd pwer ar gyfer bywyd modern,
Cyn bo hir yn mynd yn fflat.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bats

Bats

Nocturnal life,
Flying mammals so unique,
Nature is wise.

By Christopher tye

Christopher Tye

Batteries

Batteries

Electricity in your pocket,
Power cells for modern life,
Soon goes flat.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Beams (Tanka)

Beams (Tanka)

Ancient Oaks,
Felled centuries ago,
Holding up well,
Roofs and fireplaces,
In this abode.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Beans

Beans on toast,
Eggs on toast,
A dish of cereal,
Never can decide at breakfast time,
So I'll have the lot.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Beaufort

Beaufort

Beginning at zero for a nice calm day,
Ending at twelve for hurricanes over 73mph,
Admiral Beaufort's scale of wind speed,
Used to be in common use but now slipping out of use,
From a time when we were a naval superpower,
Old tall ship's aplenty back then sailing the seven seas,
Ruling the high seas with Nelson's spirit in the sails,
Time and tide have changed as we retreat to an island race.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Because We Can

Because We Can

Let's make a stand and change the world,
It's time for a world and society fit for all,
A place where we are all really equal,
A world led by the many not the few.

Let's make a world where the disabled,
Can become people of greatness,
Where disability is embraced not just tolerated,
Mental and physical disability shouldn't hold people back,

Let's make a world where racism has died,
Imagine all countries and people's being one,
Just one united family of humanity,
Because we are all very similar really.

Let's make a world run by people power,
Call out and topple the tyrants,
Cast aside governments who don't listen to the people,
Let's end the monopoly of global corporations.

Let's have a world where the wealth,
Is spread out as a commonwealth and all is fair,
After all a world where billionaires are getting richer,
And children starve to death is just plain wrong.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Beddi

Beddi

Mewn cytew gan amser,
Inscriptions hen yn cael eu colli i amser,
Weld ein dyfodol.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Before

Before

Before us a land of opportunity,
Europe united a dream to far,
Flanders Fields still hold by those who went before,
Our sceptred isle a beacon of hope,
Relish the opportunity before us now,
England a last bastion of liberty.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Before (Revisted)

Before

Before the storm there is calm,
Everyday which passes will be before,
Finding answers before the end,
Overriding sense of being here before,
Remembering things before it's too late,
Emerging before the crowd.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Besom

Besom

Brooms from ye good olde days,
Easily made by craftsmen just twigs tied around a handle,
Stick for a handle how simple is that,
Old fashioned and out of favour now,
Museum pieces now in Victorian set pieces.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Better?

Better?

Better times ahead they keep saying,
Everything will get better they said,
Time is a great healer they say,
Trouble is time and options have run out,
Everything hinged on this day and one last chance,
Reality for me is things won't get better.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bicker

Bicker

Bickering and arguing throughout life,
Irksome burden's carried unhappily,
Curmudgeons living life grumpily,
Kicking and screaming through life,
Everybody busy bickering instead of living,
Resentment clouding humanities path.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bidonville

Bidonville

Welcome to Bidonville home of broken dreams,
Shantytown of lives lost to the world,
A place of corroded dreams and hopes,
Corroding as fast as the oil-drums Bidonville is built from.

Bidonville home of the outcasts and the failed,
Life just grinds you into the dust here,
Trying to survive with nothing,
Wondering why the hope died here,
Surrounded by poverty and the forgotten.

Bidonville like all shantytowns welcomes all into its doors,
High-born or low-born all the same here,
One town and one people built from hopelessness,
A township hidden from view as the lucky look away.

Prey that you'll never be unfortunate to arrive at Bidonville,
Hard work and hope of little value here,
Trapped by circumstance and poverty to the daily hell of here,
For once you're here you'll never be able to leave.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Birch

Birch

Whispering twigs dancing in the breeze,
White trunks shining in the sunlight,
While nature proves its wisdom.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Blacksmith's Vice

Blacksmith's Vice

Big heavy lumps of metal,
Legged vices a mark of the blacksmith,
Always substantially built for hard work,
Clamping heavy iron for working,
Keeping things in place as the hammer hits,
Smithy's workbenches always had one,
Mounted by three big bolts to the bench,
Inserted by it's leg into the ground,
Toughest of all the vices for working,
Historic relics of a world slowly disappearing,
So remember the craftsmen of the good old days.

Vices aplenty I have but just two of this vice,
Imagine the history these vices have seen,
Countryside traditions all but gone,
English forge's are now a rare thing.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bleak

Bleak

Bleak winds building snow drifts,
Leafless trees dark and bleak in the fog,
Evenings rolling in fast in bleak winters,
As daylight fades into bleak nights,
Keeping warm in front of log fires.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Blodau (Haicw)

Blodau (haicw)

Blodau yn y gwanwyn,
Bywyd newydd yn ei blodau,
Withers cyn bo hir.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bloom

Bloom

Behold nature's gifts,
Life beginning again,
Out of old age,
Our future blooms,
Making the circle complete.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Boats

Boats

Boating lakes disappearing fast,
Old sailors remembering the good old days,
A English tradition slowly faded away,
Tiny vessels plying their trade,
Summer days sailing on the Trent.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Books (Cap Verse)

Books (Cap Verse)

Volumes old and new,
Well-thumbed over time,
Each page a new adventure,
Each page a place of education,
Novels or non-fiction books,
So many to choose from today,
You can't beat a good book to read.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Botanical

Botanical

Botanists at Botany Bay,
Observing structure and classification,
Trees from the tropics,
Alpine plants from mountain sides,
Noting physiology and distribution,
Imagine all those plants from Latin names,
Creating a worldwide record of species and genus,
Australasia to the new world and still we explore,
Living specimens in botanical gardens.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bourgeon

Bourgeon

Nouvelle bourgeonner grosseur,
Vieux feuille pourrissant disparition,
Cercle de vie complètement.

Christopher Tye

Bow

Bow

Be it a weapon,
Or in someone's hair,
What else would you play a violin with?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Braid

Braid

Beautiful princesses with braided hair,
Remember how the braids always wear out on slot cars,
A shire horse with it's mane and tail braided,
Imagine what a humble braid could be,
Drapery with braided tassels.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Brain

Brain

Biological miracle of thinking,
Reality of the human condition,
A neurological miracle that is our brain,
I think therefore I am so somebody once said,
Neurons transmitting that spark of life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Brash

Brash

Brash salesmen really annoying me,
Rude people with no respect for you,
A world where everything is so in your face,
Smug billionaires brashly ignoring poverty,
How have us humans become this.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bread

Bread

Bread and butter for supper,
Rustic loaves from craftsmen bakers,
Enjoying the smell of bread straight from the oven,
A good loaf is hard to beat for taste,
Dough and the magic touch of a good baker is all you need.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Break

Break

Break of form as luck goes our way,
Remember to push hard and break our limits,
Ensuring we break clear of those who held us back,
Arms and legs may break but the mind doesn't,
Keeping ahead after breaking clear of the pack.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Breuddwydion Japan

Breuddwydion Japan

Haicw yn fy nghalon,
Tanka yn fy meddwl,
Y Senryu gan ei droi fy enaid.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bricks

Bricks

Building homes and businesses,
Red brick terrace houses,
Imposing mansion houses of yellow bricks,
Castles even made of red bricks,
Kilns in every town in the good old days,
Strong blue engineering bricks in railway bridges.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Broken

Broken

Broken life's and dream's,
Requiem for the modern world,
Overlords and dictators doing their worst,
Killing for any cause or reason,
Emancipation of the people still needed,
New hope needed for this broken world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Broken Life's

Broken Life's

Broken life's and broken dreams a sign of the times,
A generation facing an uncertain future with our legacy,
A world splintering into a divided and troubled place,
War and terrorism continually raising their ugly heads.

Broken life's and broken dreams a sign of the times,
Governments failing to govern as we pay the price,
Businesses and global corporations lining the pockets of their boards,
While the ordinary workers don't even get their pensions.

Broken life's and broken dreams a sign of the times,
First world, second world and third world all the same for the poorest,
In this age of technology how come people are still starving,
Social disparity growing as those who could change it look away.

Broken life's and broken dreams a sign of the times,
Children being forgotten by councils and careers,
The young being radicalised by false prophets,
Whole communities sinking into the abyss as governments walk away.

Broken life's and broken dreams a sign of the times,
Racism on the rise again as local communities splinter apart,
Kids roaming the streets like feral's with no family around,
Old people abandoned by families into not so caring homes.

Broken life's and broken dreams a sign of the times,
Fractured families and generations being lost to time,
Children in care homes being turfed out and forgotten at eighteen,
Children forced into a culture of testing at school without the time to be kids.

Broken life's and broken dreams a sign of the times,
Lives being cut short for want of good healthcare,
People drinking and smoking themselves to an early grave,
Life expectancy varying so much between rich and poor.

Broken life's and broken dreams a sign of the times,
Civil liberties and freedom of speech increasingly compromised,

Civil rights looking like we might end up in the dark ages again,
We all dream of a better world but it's a dream slipping away from us.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Brotos, Frutos Y Pájaros

Brotos, frutos y pájaros

De la yema proviene las flores,
De la flor viene las bayas,
De los feeds de las bayas hace el pájaro,
De las aves son separadas las semillas,
De las semillas crecen árboles nuevos,
De los árboles yemas brotan a la vida,
De vida viene más vida ad finem.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Brushes

Brushes

Brushes for all sorts of uses,
Really good for decorating,
Useful for applying make-up,
Sweeping up floors with brooms,
Helping sign-writers with their art,
Every council worker knows a good thing to lean on,
Sable brushes for model makers painting tiny things.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Budget Air Travel

Budget Air Travel

Too good to be true,
I should have realised,
You just get what you pay for,
Parachutes for all on the plane,
And duct tape on the wings.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Buds (Haicw)

Buds (haicw)

Blagur newydd chwyddo,
Hen dail sy'n pydru i ffwrdd,
Cylch bywyd cwblhau.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Buds (Haiku)

Buds (Haiku)

New buds swelling,
Old leaves rotting away,
Circle of life completing.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Buds, Berries And Birds

Buds, Berries and Birds

From the bud comes the flowers,
From the flower comes the berries,
From the berries feeds does the bird,
From the bird seeds are spread,
From the seeds new trees grow,
From the trees buds sprout into life,
From life comes more life ad finem.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bugs

Bugs

Beautiful curious little creatures,
Ugly to some who don't look close enough,
Good workers doing useful deeds,
Shield Bugs looking beautiful in the sun.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Buses

Buses

Bringing people home,
Utility transport for the masses,
Snaking through congested streets,
Economic necessity,
Stopping everywhere.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bustle

Bustle

Busy streets bustling with life,
Urban sprawl crowded with traffic,
Suffering from the hurly-burly of life,
Terminal velocity reached,
Life moving to fast these days,
Everybody moving around like drones.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Butt Mortice Plane

Butt Mortice Plane

Built for making and cleaning up mortices,
Unusual so you won't see many,
Traditional tool of the joiner,
Truly useful for the cabinet maker.

Mortices made quickly and accurately,
Old ideas tend to be honed to perfection,
Routers don't compare with this tool,
Trimming mortices for hinges,
It's a must have for the craftsman,
Carpentry needs a lot of planes,
Easy to take apart for sharpening.

Plane with a big mouth for a clear view,
Looks so lovely sat on a workshop shelve,
A joy to work with feeling just right,
Never know when you might need one,
Everyday tool perhaps not but it's great to have one.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Button

Button

Buttoned up and straight-laced,
Undoing fiddly little buttons when tired,
Tailored blazers with brass buttons,
Television remote's with so many buttons,
Old push button telephones remember them,
No end to their usefulness.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Buwch

Buwch

Mae tyfu glaswellt gwyrdd,
Fel y mae gwartheg yn bwyta popeth
Llaeth i bawb yn y siopau

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

By The Babbling Brook

By the babbling brook

By the babbling brook I rest myself,
Watching damsel-flies hovering above the water,
Fish darting around for food and shelter,
Birds on the wing looking for their food,
Water boatmen swimming around without a care in the world,
The gentle breeze dropping petals into the water,
The banks covered in lush green grass,
The bull rushes and water lilies slowly spreading,
A little twig floating by towards the bridge,
The merry song of nature and water in harmony,
The afternoon sun glinting of the water,
Why would I want to be anywhere else but here,
By the babbling brook is the place to be.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bye

Bye

Beginning of the end,
Yearning for the end of days,
Everybody's going to the rapture.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Bywyd Pwll

Bywyd pwll

Sticklebacks nofio,
Flodau'r lili dwr yn cuddio y penbyliaid,
Fel hwyaid paddle gan.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cabin

Cabin

Cabin a home from home,
Appalachian mountain cabin a rural dream,
Back of beyond away from modern life,
In amongst nature's giants,
Now that's the way to live.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cakes

Cakes

Cream cakes for afternoon tea,
Angel cake or marble cake what a choice,
Kitchens full of the aroma of baking cakes,
Enormous slices of black forest gateaux would be nice,
Sponge cakes are a must if they are chocolate.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Calendar

Calendar

January beginning the year slowly and coldly,
February still cold but hope beginning to grow,
March bringing signs of spring,
April showers dampening flowers,
May the forth be with you as May tree's flower,
June a busting out all over so it's time for strawberries and cream,
July brings summer into full bloom so smell the roses,
August giving us the beginnings of harvest time,
September when summer starts to bow out,
October ending with Halloween's hollowed-out pumpkins,
November bonfires heralding winter's arrival,
December the end is here so let's blow-out all our money on Christmas.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Campanillas

Campanillas

Maravillosas en plena floración,
Invierno en completo retiro,
Primavera en la ascendencia,
Verano esperando en las alas,
Otoño estará aquí antes de que usted puede parpadear.

Tan sólo un año de cuatro estaciones,
Otro año de mi vida,
Un día mirando la nieve.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Can

Can

Could you,
Answer the call,
Now we can.

Christopher Tye

Capel Tun

Capel tun

Segur ac yn rhydu,
Hen dalenni haearn rychog,
Duw yn unig bellach yma.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Captain Jack

Captain Jack

My life knows no limits,
I am what I am therefore I live life,
I see myself without limits,
Making a positive impact in life.

Disability is something I don't perceive,
That's what others perceive instead of thinking,
If you try to impose limits I'll just overcome them,
For I am a spirit full of humanity.

I'll shine the light of love and friendship,
A spirit full of life and hope winning the battle,
Spreading positivity with smiles and hugs,
And when I've won the room I'll salute to one and all.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Carbon (Tanka)

Carbon (Tanka)

Graphite pencils for art,
Carbon Dioxide polluting everywhere,
Carbon Monoxide killing slowly,
Diamonds are just a girl's favourite form of carbon,
Amazing what a carbon particle can do.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Carbon (Yn Gymraeg)

Carbon (yn Gymraeg)

Graffit pensiliau ar gyfer celf,
Carbon deuocsid sy'n llygru ym mhob man,
Anhygoel beth gall gronynnau carbon yn ei wneud.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cars

Cars

Carbon dioxide by the mile,
Commuters traveling to work,
Costing the earth.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cars (Cap Verse)

Cars (Cap Verse)

Contraptions of the modern world,
Digesting fossil fuels by the mile,
Emitting carbon-dioxide and noxious gases,
So to speed modern life we may just end life,
Extinction on earth just for modernity.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cathod

Cathod

Cathod hepian,
Gadarn ar soffas,
Mae bodau dynol yn sefyll.

Christopher Tye

Cats

Cats

Cuddly creatures making life better,
Ancient Egyptian gods were you,
Tabby tiger stripes or black and white,
Snuggled up on peoples laps purring continently.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cats (19-03-2017)

Cats

Cats napping,
Soundly on sofas,
As us humans stand.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cats (Haiku)

Cats (Haiku)

Whiskers twitching,
Almost silent purrs,
A cat on the prowl.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ceir

Ceir

Carbon deuocsid gan y filltir,
Cymudwyr sy'n teithio i'r gwaith,
Costio'r ddaear.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Centre

Centre

Controlled by central government,
England's green and pleasant land no more,
No control for local communities,
Trodden down by politicians who know nothing,
Rural needs ignored by Westminster,
Europe's Governments failing the people.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Century

Century

Could a hundred years be a lifetime,
Entwined years merging into decades,
New lives arriving as others pass,
Times goes by so quickly,
United measures of time,
Remember how much we've done century,
Yesteryear was only a century ago.

By Christopher tye

Christopher Tye

Chairs

Chairs

Comfy old armchairs looking careworn,
High Wycombe made Windsor chairs,
Antique chairs made by Chippendale,
In the garden it's got to be a deckchair,
Rocking chairs just the thing for retirement,
Sofas so good for laying back and spalling out.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Chance

Chance

Taking a chance,
Life's a long term gamble,
Chances are just that.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Changes

Changes

Never able to stand still and find rest bite,
Everything changing in a changeable world,
Life forever changing when you need stability,
Actions of others forever changing your world.

Forced to change because of others,
Life evolving into something you don't recognise,
Going through changes when all you need is stability,
A changing world where progress isn't always progress.

A world changing beyond it's means and capacity,
Global weather patterns changing over time,
Ice ages changing to global warming and altering life,
The more things change the more they stay the same.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Chase

Chase

Chasing money is no life to live,
Honest man are rarely rich with money,
As they are rich in humanity and hope,
Simple souls chasing only life and love,
Everyday is a chase to preserve your soul.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cheese

Cheese

Cheddar cheese on toast would be nice,
Ham and cheese sandwiches please,
Edam or Gouda it could be double Dutch,
Ewe's, goat or cow's milk all make cheese,
Single Gloucester is by far the best for me,
Everything seems better after eating cheese.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Chess

Chess

Checkmate for a king is the end,
High and mighty queens taking everything in their path,
Eponymous pawns slaughtered at the first move,
Strategic moves across the board,
Sideways moves by the rooks.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cicatrices

Cicatrices

Cicatrices de décadas de luchas,
Siendo incontables viejas heridas,
Tal vez por mis pecados, la expiación
Recordatorios de batallas ganaron y perdieron,
Las cicatrices no siempre son visibles a los demás.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Clock (04-03-2017)

Clock

Tick tock or not,
To wind or not to wind,
Time to decide.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Clocks

Clocks

Clocks tick-tocking time away,
Loved by horologists and collectors,
Old grandfather clocks in museums,
Church towers with ancient clocks for the populace,
Keeping time in time honoured fashion,
Seconds ticking by into minutes and hours.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Clustiau Cwningen

Clustiau cwningen

Bob tro yr wyf yn Skyping,
Ceir rhai twit tu ôl i mi,
Clustiau cwningen yn ei wneud.

Gan Chistopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cob

Cob

Corn on the cob for dinner,
Or shall I eat cob-nuts,
Better Still I'll have a cob loaf.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Coedwig

Coedwig

Derw neu pines unrhyw goeden i'w groesawu,
Ysblennydd yn eu harddwch,
Hanfodol i oroesi,
Gweld y coed ond peidiwch ag anghofio y goedwig,
Caiff y goedwig yn dywyll ac yn llawn cysgodion,
Ond mae'n wenfflam gyda bywyd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cogito, Ergo Sum

Cogito, Ergo Sum

I think therefore I am,
René Descartes once thought,
But nowadays far too many,
Have the ability to do and not think.

Politicians creating wars,
With-out any thought,
To the millions who suffer,
And the countless war graves.

Businessmen only interested,
In the bottom line and profit,
No need to think about the workers,
Or the social injustice of poverty.

So it's time to think for ourselves,
What do you want our future to be,
A world fit for all peoples,
A future for our children and the world,
Liberty and equality finally?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cogito, Ergo Sum, (Tanka)

Cogito, Ergo Sum, (Tanka)

The human condition,
To think or not to think,
Look at our progress,
It looks like not to think,
Or the world would be better.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cold

Cold

Cold winds blowing,
Uncaring hearts beating coldly,
Life is a cold existence.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Collectors

Collectors

Collecting anything that they fancy,
Obsessively looking for that one last item,
Listing everything they have,
Looking and studying their collections,
Enjoying their hobbies with glee,
Coins, stamps and objects d'art,
Treasures one and all to the collectors,
Old and obsolete objects a must for them,
Relics from long lost times and cultures,
Surprising what some people collect.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Combat

Combat

Comrades in arms for king and country,
Only pawns in great strategic offensives,
Military technology helping no one,
Brothers in arms into the grave,
Armies of soldiers lying in cemeteries,
Those who served paying a heavy price.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Combination

Combination

Combination of life and love,
Old idea's combining with new technology,
Meeting in the middle combining the best of both,
Born into two worlds combining together,
Integrating all that's good in life,
Nations working together for a common goal,
Arriving at a place where anything is possible,
Turning compromising into an art form,
Imagine what we could achieve working as a combine,
Overcoming obstacles with ease,
Now we could change everything together.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Coming Of Age

Coming Of Age

Precious seeds,
Cast away in the wind,
Who knows the future.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Complete

Complete

Complete life's journey by living,
Only by truly living can life be understood,
Money is a disease to humanity don't chase it,
Purity of heart makes a person complete,
Love life and all it's idiosyncrasies completely,
Every day counts so grasp it with both hands.
Time to complete the journey is short,
Everything in life is down to you.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Concise

Concise

Compacted and shortened,
Only the necessary remains,
Nothing superfluous included,
Containing just what it needs,
Information at an instant,
Streamlined coverage at hand,
Enjoying an easier life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Convent

Convent

Cloistered courtyards,
Old traditions of piousness,
Nuns converging in prayers,
Vows to honour God and life,
Ecclesiastical buildings in glory,
Nuns in the chapel worshipping God,
Timeless habits continuing.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Convey

Convey

Communicating to others,
Oral folk tales conveyed down the generations,
Native histories told over time,
Verbal traditions still continuing,
Every word should convey meaning,
Young and old conveying tall tales.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Convoy

Convoy

Cargo ships on arctic convoys,
Overland road-trains in desert convoys,
Naval destroyers defending convoys,
Vessels combating U-boats in numbers,
Over great distances goods carried,
Your modern life delivered by convoys.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cooker

Cooker

Cookers radiating heat all around,
Ovens feeling like blast furnaces,
Oven baked bread attracting attention,
Kitchens making food for all,
Electric cookers or gas fired,
Results are the same food fit to eat.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cookie

Cookie

Chocolate chips cookies are the best,
Oh so crumbly and yummy,
Oaty goodness and chocolate covered naughtiness,
Keeping on eating until the packets empty,
Imagine all those different flavours,
Eating away as the crumbs mount up.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Coolth

Coolth

Cool breezes on a summer's day,
Out in the evening as every cools down,
Over by the stream enjoying the coolness,
Loving the evening air scented by flowers,
Temperature cooling down to perfection,
Hot summer's day melting into the coolness of night.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Coppice

Coppice

Charcoal burners in a freshly coppiced woodland,
Old bodgers making spindles out of Ash,
Pole lathes for turning green wood,
Perfect combination of man and nature working together,
Impressive baskets woven from coppiced Willow,
Coppiced Hazel being made into hurdles,
Entirely sustainable woodland management.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Copse

Copse

Corners of old woods lingering on,
Overgrown shrubs and trees covered in ivy,
Popular trees coppiced for bio-fuels,
Shady places for nature to survive,
English dreams of the good old days.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Costa-Lotta

Costa-Lotta

Sunbeds a hundred Euros,
Ice cream cones just ninety-nine Euros,
Deck chairs a snip at fifty Euros,
Stick of rock only eight Euros,
When I were a lad the whole was thrupence.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Costa-Lotta (En Español)

Costa-Lotta (en Español)

Hamacas 100 Euros,
Conos de helado sólo noventa y nueve Euros,
Cubierta de sillas un recorte de 50 Euros,
Palillo roca de la sólo ocho Euros,
Cuando era un muchacho todo era tres peniques.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Costa-Lotta (Yn Gymraeg)

Costa Lotta

Gwelyau haul gant o Ewros,
Mae hufen iâ conau dim ond naw deg naw ewros,
Mae'r dec yn cadeirio hanner cant o Ewros,

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cottage (Cap Verse)

Cottage (Cap Verse)

The English dream of a rural idyll,
Life lived slowly and full of joy,
Yearning for the halcyon days of Edwardian England,
Days sitting in the sunshine observing,
Glorious cottage gardens growing,
Great colours as hollyhocks flower,
Reaping the rewards of nature,
England's cottage gardens a sight to behold,
Damp days spent being cosy by the fireplace,
English Oak beams a thing of beauty and age,
England's rural idyll still surviving.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Country Life

Country Life

Country life dying out fast,
Overcome by progress and greed,
Urban spall consuming green land,
New build everywhere even the flood plains,
Townies over-running villages,
Roadside rubbish higher than the hedgerows,
Yearning for the idyll of my youth.

Lived the dream once but now it's died,
In need of rescuing while there's still some left,
Fields of green pasture and golden wheat,
England's glory all but lost for the future.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cows

Cows

Green grass grows,
As cows digest,
Milk for all.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Crecer

Crecer

Respetarse a sí mismo,
Superarte,
Superar a ti mismo,
Educarse a sí mismo.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Creithiau

Creithiau

Creithiau o ddegawdau o frwydrau,
Mae hen glwyf di-rif o hyd,
Atonement am fy mhechodau,
Nodiadau atgoffa Mae hen frwydrau ennill ac yn colli,
Creithiau ddim bob amser yn amlwg i eraill.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cry Freedom

Cry Freedom

Freedom is finally in sight after forty years,
The common man finally bringing common sense,
A new hope finally achieved for future generations,
British Citizens finally finding their voice again.

Common people not listening to political propoganda from all sides,
Britain finding it's heart and destiny finally,
The working man at last allowed to speak once more,
Now we can build a better future and world for all.

A step towards a better Britain and Europe,
A new dawn of equality and honesty for us all,
A brave new world where we can end poverty and injustice,
A world where local democracy will give people their voices back.

A new start where the world can be stronger,
Sovereign nations able to follow their own paths,
Nations being able to be nations once more,
World trade taking a step towards being fairer.

All people's of the world must continue working for freedom,
Striving to combat social injustice and prejudice,
Trying to make the world a level playing field for all,
A place where we all have a voice not just the rich and bureaucrats.

Now we have a chance for us all to be equals,
Stopping corruption and tumbling despots,
Starting to shine the light of liberty on the oppressed,
A place where every human is treated with humanity.

Cry freedom and continue the fight across the world,
Cry freedom until we have the world we need,
Cry freedom while continuing fighting for independence,
Cry Freedom until humanity triumphs.

By Christopher Tye

'Crye'

'Crye'

Can you hear their calls,
Echoing across the towns and cities,
Being carried on the wind,
Their cries are as old as the markets and streets themselves.

Can you hear their calls,
Proclaiming their wares and prices,
Trying to sell their goods to the public,
From the greengrocers to the pedlars.

Can you hear their calls,
You won't be the first,
They have been making their cries,
Since the dawn of civilization.

Can you hear their calls,
All of them trying to be heard,
Above the noise of the bustling market places,
Above each other's cries.

Can you hear their calls,
Across time itself,
Across the world,
Across every country.

Can you hear their calls,
Can you imagine their work, in all weather's good or ill,
Can you imagine going to work before dawn,
Can you imagine them pushing their barrows and erecting their stalls.

Can you hear their calls,
They are always hardworking,
They are always overlooked by history,
They are always at the bottom of the class structure.

Can you hear their calls,
From biblical times in Israel,

Across Elizabethan England,
Even today the street traders still ply their trade with their 'Crye'

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

'Crye' (Yn Y Gymraeg)

'Crye'

Gallwch glywed eu galw
Atseinio ar draws y trefi a dinasoedd,
Yn cael ei wneud ar y gwynt,
Yn eu gweiddi mor hen â marchnadoedd a strydoedd eu hunain.

Gallwch glywed eu galw
Datgan eu cynnyrch a'u prisiau,
Yn ceisio gwerthu eu nwyddau i'r cyhoedd,
Gan y meddwl i y Bedleriaid.

Gallwch glywed eu galw
Fyddwch chi ddim yn y cyntaf,
Maent wedi gwneud eu gweiddi,
Ers y dawn o wareiddiad.

Gallwch glywed eu galw
Pob un ohonynt yn ceisio gael eu clywed,
Uwch swm y lleoedd marchnad prysur,
Uwchlaw pob un arall yn gweiddi.

Gallwch glywed eu galw
Ar draws amser ei hun,
Ar draws y byd,
Ar draws pob gwlad.

Gallwch glywed eu galw
A allwch ddychmygu eu gwaith, yn mhob tywydd da neu er drwg,
A allwch ddychmygu yn mynd i weithio cyn dawn,
Gallwch ddychmygu eu gwthio eu berfâu a chodi eu stondinau.

Gallwch glywed eu galw
Maent bob amser yn gweithio'n galed,
Bob amser eu bod yn cael eu hanwybyddu gan hanes,
Maent bob amser ar waelod y strwythur dosbarth.

Gallwch glywed eu galw
O amseroedd Beiblaidd yn Israel,

Yn hen Lloegr

Hyd yn oed heddiw mae masnachwyr stryd hyd gyda eu 'Crye'

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

'Crye' En Español

'Crye'

Puede escuchar sus llamadas,
Haciendo eco a través de los pueblos y ciudades,
Transportada por el viento,
Sus gritos son tan antiguos como los mercados y las calles mismas.

Puede escuchar sus llamadas,
Proclamando sus mercancías y los precios,
Tratando de vender sus productos al público,
De la frutería a los vendedores ambulantes.

Puede escuchar sus llamadas,
No serás la primera,
Ellos han estado haciendo sus gritos,
Desde los albores de la civilización.

Puede escuchar sus llamadas,
Todos ellos tratando de ser escuchado,
Por encima del ruido de las animadas plazas de mercado,
Uno encima del otro es gritos.

Puede escuchar sus llamadas,
A través del tiempo
En todo el mundo,
En cada país.

Puede escuchar sus llamadas,
Te imaginas su trabajo, en todo tiempo bien o para mal, ,
Te imaginas ir a trabajar antes del amanecer, ,
Te imaginas ellos empujando sus carretillas y levantar sus puestos..

Puede escuchar sus llamadas,
Siempre son trabajadores,
Ellos siempre son ignorados por la historia,
Están siempre en la parte inferior de la estructura de clase.

Puede escuchar sus llamadas,
Desde los tiempos bíblicos en Israel,

En la Inglaterra isabelina,
Incluso hoy en día los comerciantes de la calle todavía ejercer su oficio con su
'Crye'

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cuando Yo Me Muera

Cuando yo me muera

No habrá dolientes para mí,
No habrá ningún gran servicio para mí,
No habrá ningún gran tumba para poder descansar
No habrá ninguna tumba en el cementerio para mí.

Porque voy a ser como era en vida,
Para que descansar en la eternidad donde pertenezco,
Mi humilde sepulcro estará en mi jardín,
El lugar que siento pertenece.

Vi por los árboles que planté cuando era joven, ,
Los árboles serán la escalera de mi alma al cielo,
Mis huesos para siempre deberán montar guardia sobre mi pequeño reino en la
tierra,
Mi cuerpo descansará por la eternidad.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cwmpo Coed

Cwmpo coed

Pan fydd coeden yn disgyn iddo yn drychineb,
Ond fel gyda pob bywyd, rhaid iddo fod,
Rhoi bywyd newydd i ffurflen.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cyfle

Cyfle

Mentro,
Bywyd y gambl tymor hir,
Gobaith yn hynny.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cyflogau

Cyflogau

Gofynion cydnabyddiaeth y gweithiwr,
Cyflog byw ar gyfer y dyn cyffredin y bydd,
Cyfalafwyr fyd-eang trachwant am ba bris,
Llawen darbodus yn mynd rownd adael y tlawd ar ei hôl hi.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cynnydd

Cynnydd

Parchu eich hun,
Wella eich hun,
Rhagori ar eich hun,
Addysgu eich hun.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Cynnydd (Eto)

Cynnydd (eto)

Anelu am y gorau,
Hysbrydoli gan eraill,
Ymdrech i fod gyda'r gorau,
Mae popeth yn gyfrifoldeb arnom.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dail

Dail

Grym bywyd o natur,
Fytholwyrdd neu collddail,
Lliwiau hydrefol newid,
Sy'n dod yn ôl i'r pridd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dail (22-03-2017)

Dail

Edrych yn hyfryd yn eu masau
Enchanting â eu harddwch,
Ymddangos gyda y gwanwyn,
Ddiflannodd gyda y gaeaf,
Evergreens ymwrthod â Jack Frost,
Disgleirio yn yr haul ar ôl cawodydd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Damnation

Damnation

Damnation of mankind's greed,
Always after more and more of everything,
Marching to our own destruction,
Now we are fuelled by greed and lust,
Always so consumed we forget common-sense,
Taking so much from the earth and giving so little,
If we continue what of our children's future,
Overcome with greed we lose our humanity,
Now only we can be masters of our salvation.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Darkness

Darkness

Darkness shrouding everything and driving the light away,
At war with foes that can't be defeated,
Raveness' shielding me from the light and the good,
Kingdoms of sorrow ruling my heart,
Nightmares plaguing my sleep,
Eternally damned to live with-out joy and happiness,
Surviving with-out purpose in this life,
Shadows and sorrowful symphonies engulfing my life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Darkness Returning

Darkness Returning

Deeds can't be undone once they've been committed,
A path has been trod now others will follow,
Returning to an age of darkness and despair,
Kingdom of heaven weeping at the actions of mankind.

Now humanity is becoming so divided,
Everybody running scared and looking for salvation,
Somebody's son choosing the wrong path,
Somebody's daughter paying the price.

Religion being used as an excuse for unholiness,
Europe splintering as uncertainty takes hold,
Terrorists fuelling the fires of hatred and mistrust,
Unforgivable acts committed in the name of God as he weeps.

Running out of time to change this path we are walking,
Now we are having to fight harder than ever for humanity,
Increasing divides in society must be reversed,
Nobody should have to live in fear and poverty,
Good can still win the day if we work together for freedom.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Darnau Sbâr Neu Atgyweirio

Darnau sbâr neu atgyweirio

Unwaith ffermwyr balchder a llawenydd,
I ffwrdd yn rhydu mewn gwrychoedd,
Teiars fflat yn amddifad o aer,
Gwydr wedi torri a drysau ar goll,
Fel y mae y rhwd yn dal.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dashed Hopes

Dashed Hopes

Hoped to achieve loads of stuff today,
Fell somewhat short of my aspirations,
For I am always the eternal blind optimist,
So my hopes always seem to be dashed.

But at the end of the day today was today,
Tomorrow is a new day for new hopes,
Past experience ain't going to tether me down,
Eventually high hopes and blind optimism will win the day.

Dashed hopes a sign that I over estimate,
Always out thinking my actual capability,
Who knows maybe a young mind stuck in an old body,
But without high hopes nothing will be achieved at all.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ddi-Rym (Tanka)

Ddi-rym (Tanka)

Y tlawd yn gaeth,
Mewn tlodi diddiwedd,
Y biliwnyddion meddwl
Dim ond am eu hunain,
Felly mae y Cylch yn parhau.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

De Dioses Y Reyes

De dioses y Reyes

En mi corazón siento la presencia de dioses y Reyes,
Dioses y reyes que se han ido, y
Dioses y reyes que están aquí y presente,
Dioses y reyes que están aún por ser,
En mi corazón todavía creo que debe ser este tipo de cosas,
Toda la humanidad a través de las edades ha necesitado dioses y Reyes,
Si no siempre hemos buscado orientación de dioses y Reyes,
No buscamos a dioses y reyes de la moralidad, ,
Mi corazón no siente lo mismo que toda la humanidad,
No todos miramos a dioses y Reyes con la esperanza de un futuro mejor,
No todos todavía necesitamos tener fe en dioses y Reyes,
¿No todos vemos un poco de nosotros mismos en dioses y Reyes?

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dead

Dead

Destiny can not be avoided,
Ethereal existence awaits,
Away from the constraints of corporeal life,
Death is just a new dawn.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dealt

Dealt

Destiny's dealt blind and fast,
Everything in play against fate,
A life in the hands of greater forces,
Luck or fate is all the same,
Time alone will tell you what's been dealt.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Death

Death

Death awaits me time can't be outrun,
Ethereal existence awaits my spirit,
Allotted time on earth short,
Time running out for this corporeal body,
Heavenly light is it a trick of the mind.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Death (06-03-2017)

Death

Decomposing flesh,
Entombed in coffins,
A fate that awaits us all.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Death Of A Dream

Death Of A Dream

When I was young dreams could come true,
A whole world of knowledge and adventures awaited,
Freedom from society's constraints and restrictions,
Only restricted by my own mind's limitations.

Complete freedom was the dream I was living,
Able to do anything that I put my mind to,
Being able to teach myself faster and better than any teacher could,
Able to build anything I dreamed of with ease.

Then as age starts to sneak upon you things change,
Dreams start to die before your eyes,
Time catches up with you and dreams start to crumble,
Death of a dream becomes the death of your dream.

Life tearing away everything you ever loved,
Death stealing all your family and friends,
Hope dying as reality bites with vengeance,
Death of a dream bringing you only sorrow and despair.

Progress stripping away everything that was once dear to me,
Old shops and shopkeepers replaced by multinational giants,
Old mixed farms giving way to factory farms,
An olde worlde England that died like my dreams.

The cattle drovers long gone like my hopes for the future,
Schools in every village long since shut regardless of the cost to save a few pennies,
Village shops and village life dying away so fast,
Death of village communities dying like the dreams of a nation.

Dreams slowly died like the England I once knew,
An England that was a field of dreams to all,
The England of my youth has long since died even in my dreams,
Death of a dream becoming the death of human spirit.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Death Of Daytime

Death Of Daytime

Sun dying away,
Darkness spreading like a veil,
As the day dies.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Decay

Decay

Fresh paint job,
Can't hide what's underneath,
Old wood decaying.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Decrepit

Decrepit

Decidedly past my best,
Eking out life for as long as I can,
Creaking joints and an awkward gait,
Remembering the distant past of my youth,
Every day surviving becoming harder,
Powers of sight and hearing diminishing,
Intellect still sharp but nowt else,
Time running short as the journey closes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Deep Seas Of Passion

Deep Seas Of Passion

Beneath the crashing waves of the senses,
The heart of love beats like a deep-sea current,
Constant and unyielding in a love that can't be broken,
Two hearts beating as in unison as two become one.

Human hearts and spirits conquered by love,
Without love and passion in our hearts,
We are just biological machines running without purpose.

We were all born out of love and passion,
Without passion and love there would be no creation,
Since our evolution from the deep seas our passion is what makes us.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Defeated

Defeated

Defeated just once so far,
Empty heart and broken spirit,
Fallen to rock bottom,
Everything becoming a struggle,
Alone in my defeat,
Time to rebuild again,
Eternal struggles between good and evil,
Determined not to taste defeat again.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Deltic (Cap Verse)

Deltic (Cap Verse)

Racehorses of the east coast mainline,
England to Scotland travelling fast,
Topping a hundred miles an hour,
Rail travel in it's heyday,
Yesteryear when Britain made stuff,
Finest locomotives in the world,
Deltics and the other fine machines.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Demit

Demit

Done as much as I can here,
Everybody has to move on sometimes,
Moving on to a better remuneration package,
It's time to resign and leave the building like Elvis,
Time to move on to greener pastures.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Desist

Desist

Denied the chance to finish,
Exited from my mission in life,
Stopped from finishing what I started,
Incapable of succeeding at the end,
Sadly had to walk away from my life's work,
Terminal end and destiny fated.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Días Desperdiciados

Días desperdiciados

Hay días que no tengo ninguna pelea en mí,
Cuando no tengo ninguna energía a la izquierda,
Días cuando todo lo que quiero hacer es dormir.

Días en el trabajo,
Cuando todo lo que quieren,
Es tiempo de hacer lo que quiera.

Han sido tantos días perdidos en mi vida,
Días donde nada vale la pena se ha logrado,
Días cuando lo debería haber hecho más.

Pero entonces ' soy no es diferente a cualquier otra persona,
Para nosotros los seres humanos siempre parecen perder días aquí y allá,
¿Así que son días perdidos perdidos realmente o son sólo otro día?

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dickey Bird

Dickey Bird

Dickey bird was always smartly dressed,
Standing out from the rest of the birds,
Always looking debonair and dashing,
Dickey bird the little robin,
His red breast really a dickey,
And always finished off with a dickey bow.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dictionary

Dictionary

Dictionaries are needed by bad spellers like me,
Inclusions and pronunciations,
Clearing up the differences,
Their and there always confuse,
International differences in spelling,
Over time grey to gray and colour to color,
Notations scribbled in the margins,
Abbreviations and compounds are words,
Really glad I didn't have to compile it,
Years of evolution and development.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Digest

Digest

Digestive systems breaking down food,
Intestines still absorbing nutrients,
Gaseous by-products breaking out,
Eating to survive and fuel ourselves,
Stomach's working like a power plant,
Transforming matter into energy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dim Mynediad

Dim mynediad

Tir preifat arwyddion,
Ystad Arglwydd rhywun,
Nid Croeso Cerddwyr.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dim Ond

Dim ond

Dim ond Rwy'n gall yn troi pethau o gwmpas,
Fod agweddau negyddol wedi mynd
Oes brwydrau,
Eto lle bydd yn dod i ben.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dim Ond Fy Lwc

Dim ond fy lwc

Dim ond fy lwc,
Hwyr ar gyfer angladd fy hun,
Dim ond gallai wneud hynny,
Pigo hearse hen,
Mae hynny'n torri i lawr ar y ffordd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dinner

Dinner

Dinner served at friendly restaurants,
Interesting chats over the dinner table,
Nice roast for Sunday dinner,
New things to taste from time to time,
Eating anything you want at dinnertime,
Retiring to the sitting room after dinner.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Diploid

Diploid

Dual identities in a cell,
Individuals joined in new life,
Parents joined into one form,
Life combining complete chromosomes,
Out of two one is created,
Intertwined lives giving rise to diploid,
Doubled chromosomes in a nucleus.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Direct

Direct

Direct to your home by post,
Internet maps directing you wrong,
Remember your somebody's direct descendant,
Everybody needs to be direct sometimes,
Couriers delivering direct to your door,
Tuning television to directions from customer care.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dirge

Dirge

Dirges played for the dead,
In memoriam to fallen friends,
Respectful mourning for the passed,
Graveside blessings for the journey to the afterlife,
Everlasting memories of lost loved ones.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Distant Tides Calling

Distant Tides Calling

Time is ebbing away fast as tides come and go,
Life is just a wave commanded by distant tides,
Destiny is not mine to decide, but for the tides to travel,
Prey my pilot will find the distant tides of heaven.

Stars and tides are infinite, but life is short,
For the tides will guide my fate amongst the stars,
For when my life draws to an end and light fades dim,
I will have crost into the stars of heaven.

The tides of time decided my place,
Celestial bodies and gravity at play,
Calling upon distant tides to flow,
The moon and evening star calling upon the tides to dance.

So farewell old friends for distant tides are calling,
Bare no sadness for me as my last journey commences,
For my future lays above in amongst distant stars,
As I journey there on distant tides.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Distant Water

Distant Water

Moonlight dancing light off distant water,
Waters flowing across quiet lands,
Nature always on the move, always evolving,
Goldfishes in garden ponds dreaming of distant homelands.

Moonbeams glinting on gentle ripples,
Sunbeams lighting golden ponds,
Distant water is nature at it's most elemental,
Enjoy distant water and the joy of creation.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Diwedd

Diwedd

Diwedd gobeithion a breuddwydion,
Erioed gwireddu fy disgwyladau,
Bywyd yn dod i ben.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Diwedd Y Diwrnod (Haicw)

Diwedd y diwrnod (haicw)

Mae amser eu dal gyda mi,
Cymaint o ben galwadau,
Ond dyma'r diwedd diwrnod bron,

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Diwrnod Wedi'i Wastraffu

Diwrnod wedi'i wastraffu

Ceir diwrnodau pan fydd yn rhaid unrhyw frwydr yn gadael i mi,
Pan nad oes gen i unrhyw ynni a gadael,
Diwrnod pryd yr wyf am ei wneud yw i gysgu.

Diwrnod a dreulir yn y gwaith,
Pan fyddwch i gyd am,
Mae'n amser i wneud yr hyn yr ydych am.

Bu cynifer o ddiwrnodau yn cael ei wastraffu yn fy mywyd,
Diwrnod lle dim gwerth chweil a gyflawnwyd,
Diwrnod pan ddylai wedi gwneud mwy.

Ond yna ' yr wyf yn ddim gwahanol i unrhyw un arall,
I ni fodau dynol bob tro'n ymddangos bod gwastraff diwrnod yma ac acw,
Felly mewn gwirionedd yn cael diwrnod gwastraffu eu gwastraffu neu a ydynt
dydd arall yn unig?

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dogs

Dogs

Determined rescuers in disaster zones,
Old faithful friends to the lonely,
Good companions to mankind's masses,
Shepherds wouldn't be shepherds with out you.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dollars

Dollars

Dollars killing innocents,
As corporations profit no matter what,
What value in life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Don't Let The Hater's Win

Don't Let The Hater's Win

The world is ours to preserve,
Cry freedom and stand together,
Peace and equality are worth fighting for.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Doors

Doors

Doors to unknown worlds,
Opening into new places,
Old doors still used after centuries,
Remains of old doorways abandoned to time,
Search and you will find.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dosbarth Cyntaf

Dosbarth cyntaf

Tocynnau dosbarth cyntaf,
Mae hyn yn ffordd i deithio,
Seddi cyffyrddus mawr.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dream

Dream

Daring to dream of a new Eden,
Room and respect for all peoples,
Everybody having a real chance in life,
At last making life a level playing field,
Making a world worthy of heroes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dreams

Dreams

Dreaming of a better world,
Respect and equality for all,
Earth a united planet finally,
A world of plenty and free of hunger,
Most importantly all people's living as one,
Sometimes we have to keep dreaming until it happens.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Driftwood

Driftwood

Driftwood carried by sea and natural forces,
Recycled by nature if we're not there first,
Imagine the history and possibilities,
Floating around the world waiting for land,
Trees washed down rivers to the sea,
Washed up on beaches from who knows.
Old wrecks breaking up in deep oceans,
Overtime sculpted by the waves and currents,
Driftwood just pieces of nature's art.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Driftwood Of Humanity

Driftwood Of Humanity

We are the transients always on the move,
Exiles and outsiders where ever we are,
Just outcasts humanity is loaved to accept.

Always judged by what we are,
Never judged for who we really are,
Forced to live in the margins and shadows,
We could be some of the greatest humanity has.

Our fellow humans don't see us,
They just ignore us and walk blindly by,
As the tides of time and displacement,
Casts us adrift in the sea of humanity like driftwood.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Drop Hammer

Drop Hammer

Deafening noise as the blows rain down,
Reshaping steel for industry,
Old tech brute force is the best,
Powerful as the God Thor.

Hammering out things to shape,
Anvils not needed here,
Massive machines packing some punch,
Monsters in the forge,
Engineering for real men,
Raining down tons of force.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Drowning Troubles In Tears

Drowning Troubles In Tears

Life's troubles bringing seas of tears,
When all of your heart and force can't change the day
Seeing the world for what it really is,
Full of endless brutally and death.

Nations weeping at national disasters,
Fans steaming with tears as stars pass far too young,
Road accidents robbing families of a future.

So the world keeps turning as always,
Life keeps evolving and moving on,
But the tears will never stop flowing.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Drych (Haicw)

Drych (haicw)

Traed y cght a llinellau yn tyfu,
Blew llwyd taenu cyflym,
Edrych yn ôl yn y drych.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dying (Tanka)

Dying

Life slipping away,
Far too much damage sustained,
Too much pain in my veins,
As life winds down at the end,
Now death walks with me.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Dynion A Choed

Dynion a choed

Yr ydym fel hen goed,
Rydym yn tyfu am flynyddoedd lawer cyn farwolaeth,
Rydym yn tyfu ddoeth rhy hwyr.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Eagles

Eagles

Earth left behind as you soar towards the heavens,
American Bald Headed Eagles symbolising a nation,
Golden Eagles gliding over Scottish lochs,
Looking down at the earth below,
Eagles exceeding the deeds of other avian's,
Sea Eagles always on the wing hunting for fish.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Easing My Heart

Easing My Heart

Only nature's beauty can ease my heart,
The green sunlight uplands of my youth,
Old woodlands littered with centuries old oaks and beeches,
Cattle grazing out at pasture.

Never managed to win the heart of a fair maiden,
Nothing much of a family left to care for,
So the beauty of nature is my only love,
Easing my heart as I drift into old age.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Eastern Diversions

Eastern Diversions

Why does my heart always yearn for the east,
Day-dreaming of groves of Japanese Kanzan trees,
Creeper covered Buddhist temples in Chinese forests.

Eastern writings whirring around in my mind,
Haiku's in my heart and senryu's in my soul,
Tu Mu's poems easing into my heart.

Living on England's east coast always looking east,
Yearning to be always heading east,
Maybe it's the Tao calling the way to my soul.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Eat

Eat

Enjoyed breakfast this morning,
Afternoon cream teas with strawberry jam,
Tasty fish and chips for supper.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ebrill

Ebrill

Glaswellt Ilaith o dan droed,
Cennin Pedr yn dal i yn ei blodau,
Yma daw y glaw.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ebrill (Haicw)

Ebrill (haicw)

Heibio sedately, cawodydd Ebrill
Mae'r blodau yn y gwanwyn yn edwino,
Gwair yn tyfu yn fwy gwyrdd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Egg

Egg

Extra tasty treat for breakfast,
Good on top of a nice steak with onion rings,
Great big ostrich eggs making eyes water.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

El Exilio Muere

El exilio muere

Como el hombre exiliado pone morir en tierra extranjera,
Su pensamiento se dirige a su amada patria,
Mientras dibuja sus finales pocas respiraciones,
Piensa en el pueblo donde nació,
La pequeña casa donde pasó su infancia,
El fue a la escuela y todos sus amigos de largo tiempo perdido a partir de ahí,
El pueblo 's la pequeña iglesia de piedra, con su campanario de tratando de tocar
el cielo,
Los campos ondulados jugó en cuando era un niño,
Gloriosos atardeceres de los días felices de su juventud,
Preguntándose por qué él tiene que morir en tierra extranjera,
Nunca puede ser enterrado con su familia,
Él anhela para estar de vuelta en su patria una vez más, pero sabiendo que
nunca será capaz de hacer ese viaje,
Así como el destino le ha dejado para pasar el resto de la eternidad en esta tierra
extranjera que anhela para el hogar.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

El Hombre Armado

El hombre armado

L ' Homme armé

El hombre siempre debe ser temido,
Porque él no tiene ningún amor de la paz o la vida,
Desde el amanecer del hombre-clase ha sido entre nosotros,
Él mismo armado con armas más poderosas.

El hombre siempre debe ser temido,
Ningún país está libre de su ira,
La inocencia no es proteger contra sus armas,
Moralidad está de ninguna preocupación para él.

El hombre siempre debe ser temido,
Para cuando él se desata,
Muerte y destrucción siguen en su estela,
Credo y religión a que él es ciego.

El hombre siempre debe ser temido,
No hay ninguna lógica para sus acciones,
Sólo vive para la batalla,
Su llamado es sólo para destruir.

El hombre siempre debe ser temido,
Él y su tropa pueden ser humanos,
Pero Dónde está su humanidad, ,
Ha siempre mostró compasión.

El hombre siempre debe ser temido,
Él está en todas partes en todo el mundo,
Está presente a lo largo de la historia,
Él siempre camina entre nosotros.

El hombre siempre debe ser temido,
Que existe para luchar y matar,
Él utilizará cualquier excusa para justificar sus acciones,
Para el hombre armado lucha es toda.

El hombre siempre debe ser temido,
Lo que llama a sí mismo,
Ser soldado, combatiente de la libertad, el terrorismo o encargado de la paz,
Los resultados son siempre los mismos.

El hombre siempre debe ser temido,
Infinidad de tumbas de guerra y cementerios,
Monumentos de la guerra en cada pueblo y ciudad,
Sin embargo el hombre armado se siguen matando en todo el mundo.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

El Humilde Caracol

El humilde caracol

Siempre por alto,
Sólo se ven como alimento por las aves.
Sin embargo si nos tomamos tiempo para mirar su calaña, ¿qué veríamos?

Podemos ver sus diferentes especies, ,
Vemos la maravilla de la naturaleza que eres, ,
Vemos su verdadera belleza oculta debajo de,
Nos vemos en toda la gloria que posees, ,
Vemos la complejidad de su cáscara.

Tú eres una de las creaciones más grandes de la naturaleza,
Desde el caracol común de jardín
A los caracoles de mar que acechan en las profundidades de los océanos,
Para el caracol gigante africano, que tiene tamaño solo debe impresionar.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

El Padre Ausente

El padre ausente

Él es sólo un niño,
Preguntándose por qué su padre no ha nunca en contacto con él,
Él siempre está esperando una tarjeta de Navidad o un cumpleaños,
Sus sueños de ser parte de la familia normal siempre son incumplidos.

Lo de su padre,
Es el temor de tener que asumir sus responsabilidades,
O es el temor de tener que enfrentarnos a sus errores, ,
¿Que ha causado lo que sea para siempre ausente?

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

El Pavo Real Se Lamenta

El pavo real se lamenta

Los pavos reales permanecen en el Parque viejo,
Sus llamadas lamentando lo que se ha perdido,
La gran casa solariega ha caído desde hace mucho tiempo,
Los restos del viejo estado son una sombra de lo que fue.

Ellos son descendientes de los pavos reales,
Vivió allí en los días de gloria de antaño, ,
Cuando apenas construida la casa solariega,
Ellos parecen saber lo que una vez fue aquí.

Eco de llamadas del pavo real a través de los bosques y zonas verdes,
Desde el pequeño riachuelo con su ornamentada gran puente,
A la antigua puerta de la mansión con sus piedra zorros haciendo guardia,
Llamadas fantasmales del pavo real echo todo para siempre lamentando lo que se ha perdido.

Para la casa de señorío duró tan brevemente,
Construido en 1905 fue la altura de estilo eduardiano,
Pero como con muchos otros las excavadoras hicieron corto
Pero los pavos reales del señorío su hogar todavía.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

El Poema Inacabado

El poema inacabado

Puede tener acabado un día o puede permanecer inacabado, sólo un destello en mi ojo, nunca para cumplir con lo que podría haber sido.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

El Trono

El trono

Sentado en el trono,
Como no queda papel que usar,
En la casa.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

El Viejo Ciruelo

El viejo ciruelo

Cuando era joven su tenaz agarre en la vida siempre me sorprende
Había mirado hasta entonces, tan frágil
Pero cada primavera sus ramas estallaron con los brotes de vida nueva.

En el otoño sus ciruelas eran siempre los mejores que nadie podía soñar de cata,

En invierno siempre miraras tan fantasmal en las nieblas de la mañana,
Su tronco hueco fue profundamente fisurado con agujeros,
Tan profundas eran que podía asomarse a tu corazón.

Mi abuelo había intentado costar hasta el tronco que se decaía con el cemento,
Probablemente le ayudó al peso de las Nieves de invierno, ,
Me pregunto su cáscara hueca fría consiguió en esos inviernos sombríos.

Yo sabía que el otoño pasado sería la última,
Ya probé tus frutos
La próxima primavera no hay nueva vida emergió de sus sucursales.

Sus raíces enviados hasta un lechón solo cerca del final de su vida,
Fue casi como si supieras que te fueron quedando sin tiempo,
Como si sus estaciones en el sol habían casi desaparecidas,
Un lechón creció y se convirtió en un árbol Damson fino..

Sus restos que se decaían eran un espectáculo triste,
Un triste recuerdo de glorias pasadas,
Su final había llegado poco tiempo después que mi abuelo había muerto.

El árbol damson que diste vida todavía crece,
Tan fuertemente como lo hizo una vez,
Ha dado lugar a varias generaciones más de la vida,
Cada año el clan aumenta con una o dos ventosas más.

Al lado de donde tenías a tus antiguos vecinos todavía crecer,
Silencio de luto su pasar,
En su lugar está parado un árbol de pera jóvenes,
En años venideros pueden crecer grande como fueron una vez.

¿Así que recordará después he?
I ' am el pasado humano a llorar le pasa,
Espero en se reencontrará con mi abuelo.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Electric

Electric

Electric pylons standing like giants,
Live wires with a spark,
Energy flowing and arcing,
Currents flowing around,
Turbines in old coal fired power stations,
Reactors and fusion generating power,
Imagine the amps and volts flowing,
Capacitors and gizmos feeding from the mains.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Elegy (For G. H. T., Killed In Action, 19th August 1918)

Elegy (For G. H. T., killed in action, 19th August 1918)

Just a name carved in stone,
A name amongst thousands on this memorial,
No known grave, no place for your soul to rest,
No headstone for your Families' flowers.

This is your price for fighting for freedom,
One name among the endless names on stone,
All answering the call for king and country,
Lost to this world in the madness of war.

A family mourning their lost son,
Like so many families of this lost generation,
What could you have achieved if you returned,
Maybe a family of your own with a wife and children.

Forever a hero to your younger brother,
The letters and buttons sent back from the front,
Treasured as his only link left to you,
The medals and death plaque no reminder of your spirit.

So what of the war to end all wars,
So did your and your comrade's deaths change anything,
For king and country and emperor and empire,
A hundred years on we're still waging war.
Still killing unable to see our humanity.

So this is one elegy to one fallen hero,
How many more must be written,
How long before we end all wars and find peace,
How many more graves and memorials?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Elegy For My Life

Elegy For My Life

Elegy for my life,
Nothing left undone,
Destiny was what it was,
Ended so swiftly,
Death is a new beginning.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Empires

Empires

Empires lost in the depths of history,
Misdeeds done in the name of expansionism,
Plundering of treasures just for show,
Independent peoples crushed and enslaved,
Rome grew to large and failed thus for,
Empires of commerce going bankrupt,
So much for mankind's fickle dreams.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Empires (Revisted)

Empires

Empires controlling distant lands,
Merchant's exploiting trade routes,
People at the mercy of rulers who don't care,
Important historical legacies,
Roman ruins showing even the greatest fall,
Exploited peoples robbed of their destiny,
Subject's raising up for their freedom.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Empires Of Sand

Empires of Sand

As children we built our empires of sand,
Every time we visited the beaches on the east coast,
Great castles of sand we did build,
But in our minds they were real castles.

We always imagined long lost kingdoms and tribes,
We imagined the days when Boadicea led the Iceni against the romans,
We imagined King Arthur and his round table in Camelot,
We imagined the great castles of the Renaissance and their courts.

We always wanted our little empires of sand to last forever,
Every day at the beach we would rebuild them,
Every time we made them bigger and better,
But alas time and tide wait for no man and our empires of sand were washed
away.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

En Grande Tenue

En Grande Tenue

In full dress soldiers on parade,
Bright red tunics and bear skin hats,
Brass buttons shining like little suns,
Shiny boots polished like mirrors,
Rifles with fixed bayonets completing the look,
All the grandeur so different from the battlefields.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Encilio

Encilio

Nid oes dewisiadau chwith,
Torri fy hun oddi wrth Gymdeithas,
Encilio oddi wrth y byd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Encyclopedia

Encyclopedia

Enclosed in a hefty book,
New things to learn and teach,
Carrying on our desire for knowledge,
Yearnings for learning fulfilled,
Complete works or things to expand on,
Logically compiled tomes on a subject,
Old volumes giving insights to the past,
Pleasure comes from within it's pages,
Enduring objects to treasure,
Delighting bibliophiles everywhere,
Imagine what you could find,
An emperor amongst books.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

End

End

Expired hopes and dreams,
Never fulfilled my expectations,
Death is the only escape.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

End (Haiku)

End

No future left
As battles on earth conclude,
Life dies away.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

End Of Days (Tanka)

End Of Days (Tanka)

Time has caught up with me,
So many close calls,
But now the end of days is nigh,
Too much battle damage sustained,
So bury me where I fall.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

End Of Empire

End of Empire

So after half a millennia the empire falls,
As time and fate caught up with us,
Nothing can last forever alas, no matter how hard you try,
Into exile and torn apart now.

The old glory days long since passed,
As our once great house fades away,
So much history and achievements lost,
As what's left of our once great empire crumbles away.

So as we the last survivors head into exile,
Stop and think of the England we stood for,
Serving at the courts of great kings and queens,
Dying for king and country and the greater good.

Hard work and toil can't make us escape time or fate,
So much was at stake for the future,
But the future was not to be for us,
Flung into exile and divided by fate.

Our house now fallen to time and fate,
Look back at all the people we supported,
The impact we had on the world and humanity,
End of empire as we fall to time.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

England

England

England land of forests and fields,
Noble ideas of freedom and abolishing slavery,
Great men like Newton and Churchill among us,
Land of old villages clustered around church spires,
All things to all people lie here in this sceptred isle,
Nation in decline as the world changes,
Democracy was reborn here for modern times.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Engulf

Engulf

Engulfed by the sorrow of life,
No real hope left of victory,
Great gulfs between hopes and life,
Ultimately defeated by the human condition,
Life just a long battle until we are engulfed,
Foolish fickle fate never sides with you.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ennui

Ennui

Everything becoming a chore,
Nothing exciting to live for,
Nothing but boredom and listlessness,
Under the spell of melancholy,
Imagine being so listless and bored.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Enough

Enough

Endgame in play for the final few days,
No chance of victory in this lifetime,
Out of options and choices at the end,
Ultimately defeated and broken by life,
Guilty of dreaming of a better future that never appeared,
Hope finally died today and enough is enough.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Epsilon

Epsilon

Easily the most poetic Greek letter,
Pi is not so nice sounding,
Sigma just doesn't have the same pizaz,
Iota don't sound like it or-to,
Lambda is a bit sheepish in relation to you,
Omicron sounds awkward in comparison,
Nu is just nil points.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ersatz

Ersatz

English scuppered by texting,
Replaced by something so unworthy,
Spelling who needs it now,
A millennia of progress debased,
This new age of LOL's and tweets,
Zero points for this substitution.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ethel The Ghost

Ethel The Ghost

Who would have thought a ghost could make a difference,
Giving somebody a second chance at life,
Being made to make me feel accepted.

So was it fate or something more supernatural at play,
The spirit world lifting a human spirit,
Serendipity at play as everything finally falls into place,
So thanks to Ethel and her human friends.

Sometimes God moves in very mysterious ways,
Sending me a guardian angel in the form of Ethel the ghost,
So I look forward to seeing you out of the corner of my eye,
And the mischievous taps on my shoulders.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

F5

F5

Timed out yet again better press F5,

Refresh refresh refresh! ! !

Darn infernal machine,

Best chuck this heap of junk at the nearest window.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fabled

Fabled

Fabled heroes needed now in a world in turmoil,
As civilisation teeters on the edge of an abyss,
Broken hopes and dreams may still be rescued,
Like a fairy story we need more heroes,
Ernest people putting the world before themselves,
Destiny can be ours once more if we return to the fabled land.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Faded

Faded

Faded star setting at the end,
Always eclipsed by other's efforts,
Doomed to be in the shade of brighter stars,
Every effort destined not to work,
Descent life not remembered.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Faded (Revisited)

Faded

Faded by age and neglect,
Artwork faded out of sight,
Decayed and forgotten ruins,
Empty houses declining into faded glory,
Dreams captured by art fading out of view.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Faded Glory

Faded Glory

The old glory days are just fading dreams,
A person and life in decline waiting for the end,
Just shadows of what once was here,
Faded glory charting the demise of hope.

The past is a more certain place to dwell in,
Even if it's glory days have faded,
Trying to evade the pain of the present,
Faded glory of a life fading away.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Failed

Failed

Frustrated

Alienated

Inglorious

Lamenting

Emasculated

Doomed

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Failed (Again)

Failed

Failed at being human,
Always feeling alone in a crowd,
Independent spirit keeping me apart,
Lone warrior with no wars to fight,
Empty existence with no purpose,
Destined to die alone like I lived.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Faint Mwy?

Faint mwy?

Dim ond tri gair bach,
Mae hynny'n golygu cymaint,
Bod cyn lleied o bobl yn deall,
Ac wedi cymaint o bobl yn talu'r pris.

Faint o ryfeloedd mwy?
Faint o ymosodiadau terfysgol mwy?
Faint yn fwy o farwolaethau?
Faint o bobl mwy sydd gennym i gladdu?

Faint o deuluoedd mwy chwalwyd?
Faint o fywydau ifanc mwy yn cael ei wastraffu?
Faint o gymunedau mwy ddinistriwyd?
Faint o filwyr fwy marw?

Sut llawer mwy o bobl yn eu cymryd?
Faint o blant amddifad mwy y bydd eu gwneud?
Faint o gofebau rhyfel mwy rhaid inni adeiladu?
Rhaid i faint o feddau rhyfel mwy Rydym yn palu?

Faint o amser mwy cyn Lywodraethau ei ddysgu?
Faint o ganrifoedd mwy?
Faint o wledydd mwy?
Faint o ryfel mwy y gall dynoliaeth yn ei gymryd?

Faint mwy, mae'n dim ond tri ychydig o eiriau,
Os buom yn gwrando arnynt yn amlwg,
Gallai iddynt orffen pob rhyfel,
Y pen draw gallent holl is-adrannau.

Faint mwy, mae'n dim ond tri ychydig o eiriau,
Gallai hynny newid y byd,
Y gallai pen dioddefaint,
Gellid sy'n uno y byd os gwnaethom wrando.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fat

Fat

Fat cats chewing the fat of the land,
Always consuming more than their share,
Tough for the rest of us eating dry bread.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fatal

Fatal

Flawed minds and thinking,
Atrocities committed as innocents fall,
Terrorists with no humanity killing children,
Armies trying to seize power,
Lives being lost for what?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fickle

Fickle

Fate or luck who knows,
Inconsistencies of life toing and frowning,
Capturing the human condition,
King of the hill one day,
Lost in the masses the next,
Earthbound with a bump from the sky.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Firebirds

Firebirds

Force of nature skyward bound,
Impervious to wind and mankind,
Rebel leaders of nature's great avians,
Earthly beginnings left behind.

Born of fire and air the skies their kingdom,
Iridescent plumage simmering in the sun,
Rising above all else,
Destiny is theirs alone to decide,
Soaring above mankind's limited vision.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fires

Fires

Fireplaces with roaring log fires,
Inclement days huddled around the fire,
Red embers glowing brightly,
Elemental heart of the home,
Simple pleasures of proper toast by the fireside.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

First Class

First Class

First class ticket,
This is the way to travel,
Big comfy seats.

Christopher Tye

Fish Tail Chisel

Fish Tail Chisel

Firmly gripped by craftsmen,
In perpetration for work,
Stripping away hardwood,
Honed to perfection.

Traditional woodcarvers tool,
A 1 sweep this time,
It's time for the 4 sweep,
Last one to use is the 7 sweep.

Carvers are artists,
Hardwood their canvas,
Intricate work so fragile,
Slowly revealing the heart,
Everything controlled to a hair's width,
Lime wood carved to perfection.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Five

Five

Five pips in an apple,
Imagine five lifetimes,
Victory five times in a row,
Every five steps led to the future.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Flagon

Flagon

Flagons of mead in grand old halls,
Lashings of ale in overflowing flagons,
A good old word capturing a period of history,
Gallons of ale consumed in old taverns,
Olde English pubs serving everything in flagons,
Nobles and peasants all drinking from flagons.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Flight (Cap Verse)

Flight (Cap Verse)

Feathered friends flying high,
How mankind envied their ability,
Yearning to soar upwards towards the heavens,
So many humans trying to make flight possible,
Everything tried from the time of Icarus,
Success started with balloons but still short,
The birds able to anything but balloons at the mercy of the wind,
Desiring to be like birds led us slowly,
Years of work and finally we can fly higher than any bird.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Flour

Flour

Flour that staple ingredient of food,
Lupin, corn, wheat all do produce,
Oven fresh bread can't be done without you,
Utilitarian maybe but so important to mankind,
Rising demand as we humans expand.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Flowering

Flowering

Flora and fauna so diverse,
Life enriching and life giving,
Orchids across the world,
Winter days brightening up with colour
Enriching everybody's life's,
Roses blooming and heavenly scents drifting,
Insects pollinating and bees making honey,
Natures greatest ever gift to the world,
Grow some today and spread the joy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Flowers (Haiku)

Flowers (Haiku)

Spring flowers,
New life in bloom,
Soon withers.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Flowers From Trees

Flowers From Trees

Poinciana Trees with their showy flowers in the tropics,
Hawthorns flowering in May with red or white petals,
Cherry blossoms in full bloom showing spring is here,
Tulip Trees reaching two hundred feet high flowering all the way to the top,
Cucumber Tree's fragrant flowers giving way to their signature fruit,
Common Lilacs bringing colour to English gardens,
Elders giving us Elderflower cordial,
White Frangipani Trees releasing their exquisite fragrance.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Flowers Of The Trenches

Flowers Of The Trenches

Look at where the trenches once were,
A century has all but made them invisible,
Overgrown and silted up as nature reclaims them,
Just wild flowers and grasses on show now.

But a century on the wounds are still there,
Barbed wire and shell cases slowly corroding,
Unknown soldiers sleeping where they fell,
And scars still bourn by families and humanity.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fogbound

Fogbound

Fog enveloping everything in sight,
Cold dampness wrapping it's self around villages,
Entire valleys cut off from sunshine,
Green fields turned grey by mist.

Fogbound until the Sun works it's magic,
Hours of dankness and ghostly greyness left,
My green and pleasant homeland hidden from view,
How much longer before the sun burns away the fog?

High summer in the wold's and we still get fogbound,
Early morning mists and evening gloom,
Days in June completely fogbound oh so gloomy,
As for November being fogbound for a week is no fun.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Folio

Folio

Folio's of words capturing a life's work,
Old parchment eon's old from the dark ages,
Love and lives through the ages recorded on pages,
Imagine all that can be found on a folio,
Old monks working on manuscripts by candle light.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Folly

Folly

Famous folly's in great country estates,
Old and ruinous now but once a dream of a mind,
Life lived as we created such folly's,
Look at what we created because we could,
Yesterday's trends now today's folly.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Food

Food

Fancy expensive stuff for the rich,
Famine and starvation for the meek,
Factory food for the masses at what cost,
Facing epidemic levels of poor nutrition,
Failings by big corporations and governments.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Food (Cap Verse)

Food (Cap Verse)

Food for the whole world,
Depriving no-one of a decent meal,
Life lived on full stomachs,
So let's make sure everybody can eat.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fools

Fools

Fools squandering nature's bounty,
Only looking out for themselves,
One is never enough when you can have a dozen,
Living beyond what nature can tolerate,
Sometimes they don't know they are in paradise.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fool's Gold

Fool's Gold

Lusting after gold,
Real riches of life always,
Left behind and forgotten.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Forces

Forces

Forces of nature at play,
Oppressive feelings of dread,
Raging against fickle fate,
Crushed by the weight of your oppressors,
Eternal battles between the forces of good and evil,
Spirits of the dead now supernatural forces.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Forces (Revisited)

Forces (Revisited)

Forces of nature whipping up tempests,
Old trees left broken by gales,
Rivers of ice carving valleys and ravines,
Cold winds cutting through exposed dales,
Exposed mountains ravaged by the wind,
So much power yet man always seeks to conquer.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Forever Delayed (V.1)

Forever Delayed (Version 1)

The end of poverty seems to be forever delayed,
The end of racism seems to be forever delayed,
The end of suffering seems to be forever delayed.

The beginning of world peace seems to be forever delayed,
The end of war seem to be forever delayed,
The end of famine seems to be forever delayed.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Forever Delayed (V.2)

Forever Delayed (Version 2)

I always seem to be forever delayed,
My life seems to be forever delayed,
My progress seems to be forever delayed.

Everything seems to be forever delayed,
Every journey to work seems to be forever delayed,
Every queue I join seems to be forever delayed.

My dreams seem to be forever delayed,
My hopes seem to be forever delayed,
My destiny seems to be forever delayed.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Free (Tanka)

Free (Tanka)

Free spirit stuck in life,
Chained up as slaves,
As the daily grind crushes you,
No freedom here on earth,
Only in death will we be free.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Freedom (06-03-2017)

Freedom

Freedom for all they said,
That's what we're all fighting for,
As always the people betrayed.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Freedom (Cap Verse)

Freedom (Cap Verse)

The oppressed masses wishing for freedom,
Millions of people locked into poverty,
Yet the free don't help to release them,
Millennia of progress yet true freedom still held by the few,
We the ordinary people living like paupers,
So the super-rich can swan around in super-yachts,
Strings always being pulled to keep us down,
No freedom for the oppressed masses in sight.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Frijoles

Frijoles

Habas en tostada,
Huevos sobre pan tostado,
Un plato de cereal,
Nunca pueden decidir a la hora del desayuno,
Así que voy a tener el lote.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Froe

Froe

Froe's or riving axes are just the same,
Roman's making shingles,
Old bodgers making spindles,
Elapsed by technology for now.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Front

Front

First in everything and always going forward,
Racing ahead to the front of the field,
Opposite to the back,
Never behind anybody else,
Time to open the front door.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Frontier

Frontier

Final frontier of the known world,
Reaching the limit of our knowledge,
Other frontiers still to be found,
Night skies showing us the next frontier,
Trying to push our boundaries beyond all reason,
Intellect driving us to ever greater things,
Ever hopeful of finding the meaning of life,
Reaching out looking for the genesis.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Frozen

Frozen

Frozen world of bleakness,
Rivers iced over creaking under stress,
Once clear roads now covered in compacted snow and ice,
Zero degrees and below not a place to survive,
Everything becoming impassable and hostile,
Now we are locked in winter's frozen grasp.

By Christopher tye

Christopher Tye

Fruit

Fruit

Food from the Gods,
Ripened by summer sunshine,
Understand nature in all it's glory,
In season now enjoy while you can,
Taste natures goodness with gusto.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Full Of Beans

Full Of Beans

Baked beans his favourite thing,
Full English breakfast with loads of beans,
The chippy for lunch with a large pot of beans,
Always beans on toast for tea,
So many beans meant so much wind,
So no wonder his wife left him,
And nobody liked working with him.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fun

Fun

Friends making us laugh,
Uplifting weary spirits,
Never tiring of having fun.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Furnace

Furnace

Fiery birth place of the industrial revolution,
Utilitarian work place of mankind's progress,
Rivers of white hot Sheffield steel,
New castings of iron produced by the ton,
Abbeydale Industrial Hamlet to today's monster mills,
Crucibles pouring out carbon steel,
Everyday products born out of a fiery hell.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fy Ngardd

Fy ngardd

Bywyd cadw tyfu,
Roedd popeth yn cadw blodeuo
Wrth yr wyf yn fy fedd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Fyrd

Fyrd

For King and Country,
Young and old serving in the militia,
Remaining until King Harold died,
Duty served before the Norman's conquered.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gansos

Gansos

Los gansos están migrando de nuevo,
Vuelo a climas más cálidos mientras que puede,
Predicen la venida de agarre helado de invierno.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Garden Flowers

Garden Flowers

Peace roses with their great beauty,
Forget-me-nots understated presence,
Foxgloves with their tall spikes of flowers,
Pansies of so many colours for gardens.

Cyclamens growing in shade but not over looked,
Crocus put on a bright spring show,
Daffodils and Narcissus the great spring performers,
Tulips from bright red to the deepest purple.

Brooms full of golden yellow blooms,
Wigila with their subtle red and pink flowers,
Fushias in a multitude of sizes and colours,
Mock Orange spreading their scent in the evening air.

Cherry blossoms showing spring is in full bloom,
Apple blossom with it's delicate fragrance,
Horse Chestnut Trees with cones of white or red,
Laburnum Trees with cascades of bright yellow flowers.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gardens

Gardens

Colours of life,
Trees shading the heat,
As humans snooze.

By Christopher tye

Christopher Tye

Gates

Gates

Gates guarding entrances,
Animals kept safe in fields,
Timber or metal be they,
Everywhere across the world,
Simple and everyday objects but so amazing.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gauss

Gauss

Guess it's magnetic attraction,
A magnetic field in flux,
Unseen forces at play with physics,
South Pole or North Pole fields,
So we're measuring natural attractions.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Geese

Geese

The geese are migrating again,
Flying to warmer climes while they can,
Foretelling the coming of winter's icy grip.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gerddi

Gerddi

Lliwiau bywyd,
Coed trwy ddarparu cysgod y gwres,
Fel y mae bodau dynol yn hepian.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ghosts

Ghosts

Ghosts of forgotten life's trapped between worlds,
Haunted houses harbouring secrets,
Orbs of light travelling between dimensions,
Spectral apparitions of those who have passed,
Talking though EVP's and spirit boxes,
Spirits walking with us to warn us.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ghosts Of The Night

Ghosts Of The Night

Ghostly whispers in the breeze,
The dead walking in the shadows,
As life sleeps silently.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Glade

Glade

Golden sunlight streaming into the glade,
Leaves and limbs whispering in the gentle wind,
Armies of ants on manoeuvres collecting fallen leaves,
Dove's cooing from their woodland perches,
Evening drawing in as nature works it's magic.

By Christophyeer Tye

Christopher Tye

Glanio Hapus Arall

Glanio hapus arall

Y pleser o fod yn gyllideb dynn,
Hen awyrennau teithwyr o USSR,
Dechrau'n Deg gyda rhataf,
Ar adain a Airlines gweddi,
Gwarantu glanio anwastad.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Glaw

Glaw

Rhedeg i lawr windows,
Troi bob amser i fywyd newydd,
Diwrnodau garw unwaith eto ym mis Ebrill,

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Globos (Verso Del Casquillo)

Globos (verso del casquillo)

Alcanzando los cielos levantados por el gas helio,
Decenas de globos en fiestas infantiles,
Realmente asombroso lo que se puede hacer con un globo,

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Glues

Glues

Glues made from all sorts of things from poison to horses,
Liquids or sticks and powders to be melted,
Useful stuff to fix all that broken stuff,
Even making model making a user friendly hobby,
Sticky stuff for sticky situations.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gnomes

Gnomes

Garden dwellers of stone,
Novelties and protectors for gardens,
Ornamental tomfoolery for fun,
Mischievous little people in folklore,
English eccentricity in full flow,
Something to wind up you prim and proper neighbours.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gold

Gold

Golden guineas and sovereigns,
Old Celtic and Anglo-Saxon treasures,
Lusted after by greedy people,
Dust collected from rivers and nuggets from deserts.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Golondrinas En El Verano

Golondrinas en el verano

Las golondrinas han vuelto otra vez,
Que me recuerda esos días felices de mi juventud,
Han pasado muchos años desde aquellos días dichosos,
Pasaría muchas noches felices verlos dar alrededor.

Las golondrinas siempre vuelve cada verano,
Desplegando sus alas alegres sobre la tierra verde y agradable de Inglaterra,
Cada verano que me pregunto cuántas veces más le veo la vuelta,
Aunque es verano otra vez, ' estoy acercando el invierno de mi vida.

Cuando las golondrinas volver nuevo el próximo año otra vez,
Me pregunto si yo todavía estaré aquí verlos otra vez,
Vuelo en el ala bajo el cielo azul de verano,
Si I ' am, siento por el arroyo susurrante y ver su baile una vez más.

Si veo las golondrinas volver una vez más,
Me acordaré de aquellos días de verano de hace mucho tiempo,
Cuando era un chaval y el campo parece continuar para siempre,
Y en mi mente voy a ser joven otra vez.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gorchwyl (Haicw)

Gorchwyl (haicw)

Waith i'w wneud,
Galon nid ddyhead,
Bywyd i fyw.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gracious

Gracious

Gliding graciously as I fall down the stairs,
Reaching the bottom with a gracious crash,
Always gracious when somebody treads on my foot,
Crashing through the ceiling graciously as a floor joist breaks my fall,
Impaling my foot with a garden fork and graciously hopping around after,
On the floor at a job interview after graciously falling off a bench,
Unique abilities to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory with such grace,
Stiches at A&E after falling and landing graciously on the door keys in my pocket.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gravestones

Gravestones

Weathered and battered by time,
Old inscriptions being lost to time,
Behold all our futures.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Green

Green

Grass on freshly mowed lawns,
Rolling chalk downlands,
English cottage gardens,
Evergreens bringing colour in winter,
Natures most important colour.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Grey Hairs

Grey Hairs

Grey hairs spreading,
Time keeps taking its toll,
As lines grow.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Groups

Groups

Gathering in the highlands,
Ramblers assembling for the journey,
Old veterans on remembrance Sunday,
Ukulele players arriving for practice,
Party goes having fun together,
Shoppers waiting for the doors to open.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Guard

Guard

Guardsmen at Buckingham Palace,
Unnamed soldiers still guarding where they fell,
Air National Guard patrolling the skies,
Railway guards keeping trains safe and fares paid,
Different guards doing different jobs but the same role.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Guipure

Guipure

Guiper covers rich in silk,
Using linen into lace,
Inspired creations of skill,
Purity of human inspiration,
Under generations of traditions
Remnants made good for a useful life,
Embroidery holding everything in place.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gumption

Gumption

Gumption sadly lacking these days,
Useless youth's with-out experience,
Modern times making us to soft,
Population's with-out common sense,
Technology lessening our survival skills,
International leaders needing more gumption,
Or what chance of world peace,
Now's the time for good old fashioned gumption.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gusto

Gusto

Giving it my all every day,
Using everything to the max,
Seeing life is just so brief,
Today might be the last,
Our time is brief so live with gusto.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gutter

Gutter

Growing up in the gutters,
Unseen by the masses blinded to our plight,
Trying to exist with nothing,
Try living in our shoes for the day,
Everyday a battle for survival,
Running and hiding in the shadows.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gwasanaethau

Gwasanaethau

Weinidogion wedi ymddeol,
Dim pregeth mwy yma,
Eglwys heb wasanaethau.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gwthio

Gwthio

Gwthio allan o fy etifeddiaeth gan gystadleuwyr eiddigeddus,
Usurper Frenhines yn eistedd ar yr Orsedd,
Drywanu yn ôl gan y rhai yr wyf unwaith eu hamddiffyn,
Brenin ostyngedig dethroned am na resymau da,
Gadael fy mamwlad ar gyfer eternity,
Arfaethir byth i adennill fy Deyrnas.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Gwyntoedd Y Gaeaf

Gwyntoedd y gaeaf

Gwyntoedd oer yn torri drwy,
Oeri at yr asgwrn,
Fel y mae'r eira yn casglu o gwmpas.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Haf

Haf

Wedi glaw stopio,
Pyllau yn yr heulwen,
Sanau dal di.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Haiku De La Vida

Haiku de la vida

Todos moriremos,
Formó a partir de los elementos, ,
Y regresaremos.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Haiku ??????

??????

??????

????????

??—?—????????

Christopher Tye

Haiku ???

???

???????,
???????,
???????

Christopher Tye

Halloween Teatime Treats

Halloween Teatime Treats

Cadaver kebabs with pigs blood sauce,
Cadaverous gelatine with selected eyeballs,
Toad in the hole with real toads and blood batter,
Death cap mushroom pies with cesspit gravy,
Bats wing bread sandwiches filled with cow entrails,
Congealed blood and maggoty ham fritters,
Rat's tail and octopus tentacle stew,
And best of all frogspawn soup,
If that don't keep the trick and treaters away nothing will.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hamlet

Hamlet

Hamlets of rural England,
A few houses in the middle of nowhere,
Medieval origins still showing,
Lingering on into the 21st century,
England as loved by artists,
Timeless appeal of the quiet life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hammy

Hammy

Hammy acting without any style,
Actors who should really look for another career,
Macbeth massacred and Hamlet hammed up,
My goodness where on earth did they learn their craft,
Yet they still seem to find work.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hamper

Hamper

Hamper packed ready for the picnic,
Away to remote countryside today,
Miles away from uncivilised civilisation,
Picnic time for us and the wasps and ants,
Evading the uncouthed with loud car radios,
Rural idylls found until they build houses on it.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Handy

Handy

Handy friends to have around,
A well equipped workshop is really handy,
New convenience store down the street how handy,
Delicious food when you need it now that's handy,
Yet More handy inventions to buy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Happy For Once

Happy For Once

Happiness is a state of mind I rarely know,
And yet today I was really happy,
Positively grinning ear to ear,
Pessimism banished for today,
Yet what will tomorrow bring for me.

Fortune and luck may still smile on me,
Ordered lifestyles like mine don't change often,
Relish the day for tomorrow fate could change.

Once more into the breach and smile,
Now if only everyday could be like today,
Chance is a fickle mistress and luck can soon run out,
Even my bad luck can't return so soon.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hats

Hats

Head ware for all classes,
A bowler hat for the middle classes,
Top hats for the upper classes,
So it's flat caps for the working classes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Haystacks

Haystacks

Haystacks in sunshine,
As lovers hide inside,
As farmers toil.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Heading To Heaven

Heading To Heaven

No more battles to fight,
No more foes to face,
No more victories to win,
No more wounds to heal.

Now I can stand with my brothers,
Now I can re-join my house,
Now I can watch from above,
Now I can rest for eternity.

I did not cease the fight,
I did not hate my enemies,
I did not stray from the path,
I did not stop my endeavours.

I had no more lands to conquer,
I had no more armies to led,
I had no more empires to rule,
I had no more to prove.

Pity me not now I am here,
Pity those left behind,
Pity me not for I am free,
Pity those who have no wars to fight.

The time was right,
The journey is complete,
The house is now reunited
The warrior brothers together again.

Remember us with a toast,
Remember our life's with happiness,
Remember we fought willingly,
Remember we will watch over you.

By Christopher Tye

Hearts Of Oak

Hearts of Oak

English men and naval vessels beat with a heart of oak,
Quercus Robur the heart of English broad leaf woodlands,
Ancient churches and cathedrals with oak doors and beams,
Admiral Nelson and his oaken command ship HMS Victory,
Elizabethan country piles with ancient oak tables and chests,
Oak beams in country cottages an Englishman's idyll,
Centuries old half-timbered buildings in English towns and cities,
Oak trees fit for kings and outlaws to live and hide in.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Heaved

Heaved

Heavy work as we heave the logs home,
Everyday more backbreaking work to be done,
A day's work never finished until dusk,
Veins pumping as we work ourselves into the ground,
English Oaks felled and heaved out to the sawmill,
Days of work still needing to be done.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Heb Oleuni

Heb oleuni

Heb olau, beth byddai gyrru ymaith y tywyllwch?

Heb olau, byddai'r coed yn dal i dyfu?

Heb olau, byddai blodau dal blodeuo?

Heb olau, hyd fyddai Gwawr?

Heb olau, hyd fyddai fachlud?

Heb olau, byddai yn dal i weld y sêr?

Heb olau, byddai yn dal i weld y lleuad?

Heb olau, byddai gennym dal i obeithio?

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Helve

Helve

Handles heft from wood for tools,
Evolved over generations too perfection,
Long handles for hammers to short stubby ones for screwdrivers,
Virtuous things of tactile beauty,
Everybody takes you for granted.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hen (04-04-2017)

Hen

Anarferedig ac anghofio'n awr,
Mae degawdau o gwybodaeth ac atgofion o hyd,
Oes o helyntion.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hen Ffrindiau

Hen ffrindiau

Hen ffrindiau,
Dal i fyw yn fy nghalon,
Fe hoffwn i cefais fwy o amser gyda nhw,
Atgofion hen amseroedd da,
Fel y mae'r lluniau yn dechrau pylu.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hen Focsys

Hen focsys

Hel llwch yn awr,
Trysorau cudd yn angof,
Wrth dyfu gwe pry cop.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

High Flight

High Flight

Birds on the wing soaring skywards,
Reaching above the clouds soaring upwards,
High above the earth in rarefied air.

Annual commutes to warmer lands,
Soaring high and fast on thermals,
Oceans and patchworks of land below,
High flight as nature intended for them.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

History

History

History has a long history,
Imagine bringing light into the dark ages,
Sutton Hoo a look into the life of a King,
Town and city museums bringing local history to life,
Old things to be seen and teaching history,
Roman coins and pottery dug up in English fields,
Yesterday's preserved and recounted.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hombres Y Árboles

Hombres y árboles

Somos como árboles viejos,
Cultivamos durante muchos años antes de la muerte,
Crecemos sabios demasiado tarde.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Home

Home

The only place that I really belonged,
The place where I was born and raised,
The ancestral pile for generations,
The dreams and visions of one family.

All but lost now as fate and time intervened,
All those dreams and hopes dashed,
All the history and stories dying,
All the orchards and woodland what future now.

Into uncertainty as our world crumbles apart,
Into a future that's not ours to decide,
Into difficult times with no path to walk,
Into decline as the empire falls.

A home that meant everything to us,
A castle that withstood for generations,
A home now lost as time ran out,
A family ripped apart by state and government.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Homeland

Homeland

Will I ever see your wondrous beauty ever again,
As I spend an eternity in exile on distant shores,
My heart breaking more every day.

My homeland that I spent so long trying to protect,
So many generations and history now lost to me,
As the future rips my homeland apart.

The gardens of my homeland how I miss them,
The orchards covered in spring blossom that I'll never see again,
The forests I planted only to never see them grow in my old age.

Never able to return to the house that shaped me,
Everything that I loved no longer mine,
As the path of life ripped me away from my homeland.

The glory days of youth died like my dreams,
The ancestral homeland no more,
As fate has destroyed everything that should have been.

So my homeland is no more like my future,
Cast adrift on changing tides with no certainty,
An exile's life is one not worth living.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Homes

Homes

Houses are more than just homes,
Our own sanctuaries from life,
Maisonettes aren't what I'd call a home,
Englishmen believing that home is a castle,
Spirits remaining where they once dwelled.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Homeward Bound

Homeward Bound

Exiled to distant shores and lands,
No place to call home now,
Drifting wherever the wind blows,
Just wishing I could be homeward bound.

Always living as an exile,
In an uncaring world,
Seeing the worst in humanity,
Just wishing I could be homeward bound.

So as I travel across hostile lands,
Always an exile fighting for survival,
Doomed to this existence until my dying day,
Just wishing I could be homeward bound.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Honeysuckle

Honeysuckle

Hedgerows and woodland glades for a home,
Often called Woodbine by some as it mats hedges,
Nature gives us great gifts like you reminiscent of heaven,
East to west turns the Honeysuckle as it climbs,
Young children picking your flowers for honey,
Sweet scent prevailing in summer evenings,
Upwards bound twining around tree trunks,
Climbing over twenty foot high sometimes,
King of the climbers with your deep red berries,
Lonicera Periclymenum is quite a mouthful,
Easy to see why everybody calls you Honeysuckle.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hope

Hope

Hope died again today killed by terror,
Ordinary people falling to terrorism,
People and hope losing their freedom,
Everybody should have peace and hope for a better world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hope (Cap Verse)

Hope (Cap Verse)

Humanity hoping for a better world,
Dreaming of a world of fairness,
Societies of equality and hope,
Each person able to be their best,
Time to bring real hope again,
Now is our chance to spread the word,
Destiny is ours to grab and share,
Everybody should have hope in their soul,
Life with-out hope is no life at all.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Horse

Horse

Heavy horses working on farms,
Old horses put out to pasture,
Race horses romping away trying to win,
Stallions running free in the wild west,
Equine livestock living with mankind.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

How Many More?

How Many More?

Just three little words,
That means so much,
That so few people understand,
And so many people have paid the price.

How many more wars?
How many more terrorist attacks?
How many more deaths?
How many more people have we got to bury?

How many more families torn apart?
How many more young lives wasted?
How many more destroyed communities?
How many more fallen soldiers?

How many more people will it take?
How many more orphans will we make?
How many more war memorials must we build?
How many more war graves must we dig?

How many more times before governments learn?
How many more centuries?
How many more countries?
How many more wars can humanity take?

How many more, it's just three little words,
If we listened to them clearly,
They could end all wars,
They could end all divisions.

How many more, it's just three little words,
That could change the world,
That could end suffering,
That could unite the world if we listened.

By Christopher Tye

Huertos En La Nieve

Huertos en la nieve

Pudrición de frutos en el suelo,
Suelo, agua y luz del sol dan vida una oportunidad,
Nieve siempre se derrite en agua.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Human?

Human?

Human maybe but where's the humanity?
Ultimately the heart and spirit lives,
Mankind and the human race may not be me,
Always the exile searching for a place in time and space,
Now how can you decide how human a human is?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Humanity (Cap Verse)

Humanity (Cap Verse)

Humans working for the common good,
Desperately trying to end discrimination,
Nobody should have to face discrimination,
Nobody should have to face poverty,
Yet poverty seems to be on the rise,
Even though the rich are getting better off,
Flawed thinking by governments not helping,
Got to start fighting to preserve our humanity.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hunger

Hunger

Hunger for life,
Unwilling to be tethered down by others,
New fights and problems to conquer,
Great quests to fulfil,
Everyday a hunger to succeed,
Relishing the fight to live.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hungry

Hungry

How do we still have starving children,
Unable to feed people in need,
Nations succumbing to famine,
Global injustice for the poor and misplaced,
Rich people with billions and kids with nothing,
You'd think we could do a lot better than that.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Hurdle

Hurdle

Hampered by other's prejudices,
Unable to achieve what we should do,
Restricted by society's misconceptions,
Disabilities not treated fairly or understood,
Life's wasted by systems that don't care,
Equality for the privileged few not the masses.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

I

I

Heddiw fydd fy niwrnod,
Neu efallai y gallai fod yfory.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

I Am The Best

I Am The Best

Invincible self-belief.

Ambitious mind set,
Meticulously laid plans.

Truthfully a brilliant mind,
Hardworking and determined,
Easily the best among equals.

Building a great empire for all,
Everybody loves my modesty,
Smarter and faster than the rest,
Totally unique and irreplaceable.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

I Fod Yn

I fod yn

Efallai dynol,
Bardd un diwrnod efallai,
Llwyddiant byth.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

I Shall Return

I Shall Return

I shall return one day to this place,
But for now I must leave my dreams behind,
Into exile must I travel for now,
My heart yearns to be where I belong.

I shall return one day to be beside my queen,
Exile can't destroy our bond of love,
Each day seems like an eternity without you,
Those who stand between us will never prevail.

I shall return one day like King Arthur,
When the world realises that I am needed,
To finally be among my people in my homeland,
On that I will finally be released from the burden of exile.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

I Think (Tanka)

I Think (Tanka)

Just small thoughts,
Wanting to change the world,
One small voice,
Like so many others,
Thinking what could be.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

I Wlad Nad Hunan

I wlad nad hunan

I wlad nad hunan,
Yr oedd fy nyletswydd,
Gyda fy mrodyr yn y fraich,
Ymladd dros y Brenin a'r wlad,
Ymladd dros yr ymerawdwr ac ymerodraethau,
Rydym yn talu gyda ein bywydau gan filiynau,
Rydym yn dal i aros lle yr ydym yn disgyn,
Ar draws pob gwlad a'r cyfandir,
Ein dyletswydd ni yw ein mamwlad.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ice Cubes

Ice Cubes

Cold and damp once,
Hearts frozen to life,
Just dripping on a summer's day.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

If

If

If I made a mistake, would you forgive me?
If I die, would you mourn my passing?
If I found love, would you be happy for me?
If I fall from grace, would you stand by me?

If I could be a better person, would I be?
If I could change the past would I?
If I could change the world, would I make it a better place?
If I became rich, would I be a richer person?

If I could, I would end all wars,
If I could, I would end famine,
If I could, I would end hatred,
If I could, I would unite the world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Igni Renatus

Igni renatus

Born again in fire,
Like the phoenix,
I shall rise from the ashes,
My spirit shall rise like a bird,
No matter how many deaths,
I will always rise again,
For life burns so strongly in my heart,
It can never be extinguished by death,
For I shall always be born again in fire.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Igni Renatus (En Español)

Igni renatus (en Español)

Nacer de nuevo en el fuego,
Como el Ave Fénix,
Voy a levantar de las cenizas, ,
Mi espíritu se levantará como un pájaro,
No importa cómo muchas muertes,
Yo siempre se levantará otra vez,
Para las quemaduras de la vida tan fuertemente en mi corazón,
Nunca puede ser extinguida por la muerte,
Para que voy siempre nacer de nuevo en el fuego.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Igni Renatus (Yn Gymraeg)

Igni renatus

Cael ei eni eto yn y tân,
Fel y Ffenics,
Bydd yn codi o'r lludw,
Bydd fy ysbryd yn codi fel aderyn,
Ni waeth faint o farwolaethau,
yr wyf bob amser yn byw eto,
Ar gyfer llosgiadau bywyd mor gryf yn fy nghalon,
Gall wedi'i ddihsbyddu byth gan farwolaeth,
Ar gyfer y bydd bob amser wedi'i eni eto yn tân.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Igni Renatus (?????? ?????)

Igni renatus (?????? ?????)

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Christopher Tye

Illegitimi Non Carborundum (The D.L.T.B.G.Y.D. Series)

Illegitimi Non Carborundum

Imbeciles with no respect,
Lowlife's always on the make,
Living life with no respect for others,
Envious of over people's talents,
Greed over-ruling common sense,
Illegitimate sons of a gun,
Twits in charge of everything,
Imagine what we could do with-out them,
Monstrous ego's and no humanity,
Ill-gotten gains their only goal.

Noble intentions long since lost.
Ogres full of hate and loathing,
No soul left worth saving.

Charmless wonders so full of themselves,
Always chasing over people's money,
Ruinness tactics bringing everybody down,
Brutes trying to grind you down,
Our world will be destroyed by them,
Respect and the spirit and rule of law must be restored,
Until decency is restored thugs lead,
None of us is safe from these people,
Duty is our concern for freedom's cause,
Uphold decency and defeat these traitors to humanity,
Make this a world of fairness and honour again.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Imagine A World Without Flowers By Unwritten Soul And Christopher Tye

Imagine A World Without Flowers

The sun arise from its mystery hide
Again morning light awakes the day from asleep
No more nightmare of past to runaway
But to visit those smile from you
Like the blossom flowers
I would do for the whole day

You are my favourite flower in the garden
As if your the one on those green
Perhaps you don't know
How much it meant to me
Maybe you couldn't see
How much it perfect to me

So just imagine a world without flowers,
No scent carried on the night air,
No bumble bees flying erratically,
Humming birds gone the way of the dodo.

English cottage gardens left only in pictures,
Olde English violet and lavender no more,
Hollyhocks and lupins conspicuous by their absence,
No more summer evenings enjoying the pastel palette.

Imagine history with-out the rose,
Shakespeare's work something else sans,
The war of the roses wouldn't sound the same,
Turkish delight not so delightfully tasty.

A world so much poorer just for one thing,
Flowers give us so much in so many areas,
Even comedy would be poorer if you think about it,
Dame Edna without her gladioli just wouldn't be the same.

I could Imagine this world without flower

I just couldn't imagine
Me without you.

Completed June 11th,2016

Poem: Imagine world without flower

Writer: Christopher Tye and Unwritten Soul

Christopher Tye

Imperios De Arena

Imperios de arena

Como los niños hemos construido nuestros imperios de arena,
Cada vez que visitamos las playas de la costa este,
Grandes castillos de arena que construimos,
Pero en nuestras mentes eran auténticos castillos.

Siempre imaginamos perdidos reinos y tribus,
Nos imaginamos los días cuando Boadicea dirigida el Iceni contra los romanos,
Nos imaginamos King Arthur y su mesa redonda en Camelot,
Nos imaginamos los grandes castillos del renacimiento y sus tribunales.

Siempre queríamos que nuestros pequeños imperios de arena que dure para siempre,
Cada día en la playa nos permita reconstruir
Cada vez hacía más grande y mejor,
Pero ay tiempo y marea esperan por ningún hombre y nuestros imperios de arena eran arrastrados.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Injustice

Injustice

Famine for the masses,
Caviar for the few,
So much poverty,
Billionaires in super-yachts,
Social injustice still.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Inshave

Inshave

In the coopers tool box originally,
Now used for so much more than barrels,
Seats shaped out perfectly for le grand derriere,
Having uses where other tools won't reach,
As with a draw knife always pulled towards you,
Even out the inside of barrels a coopers job.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

It

It

Me or you,
To be or not to be,
That's life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

It's

It's

It's going to be a busy day again,
Time is short and the tasks are long,
Someday it's going to be so different.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Janitor

Janitor

Janitor from the Latin words "janua" and "or",,
America's version of a caretaker,
Nobody leave's school wanting a career as a janitor,
It's not exactly a glamorous career choice,
Toilet maintenance with replaced ballcocks,
Old floors and doors fixed for now,
Requiring elbow grease and hard-work.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Japanese Dreams

Japanese Dreams

Haiku's in my heart,
Tanka's in my train of thought,
Senryu's stirring my soul.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Jelly

Jelly

Jolly desert for all ages,
Extremely wibbly wobbly,
Lashings of cream on top,
Loads of flavours but strawberry is best,
Yummy scrummy treat for tea.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Jobber Drills

Jobber Drills

Just perfect for boring jobs,
Old and well proven bits,
Boring holes in metal,
Boring holes in timber,
Everyday drill bits for all,
Robust high-speed steel bits.

Diameters in imperial or metric,
Requisite item for all toolboxes,
Industrial or domestic use,
Look after them and they will last,
Looking the same as a hundred years ago,
Simple but super tools to have.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Judgement

Judgement

Who are you to stand in judgement of me,
You judge me by what I `am not who I `am,
You chose to judge me by my faith,
You chose to judge me by my creed,
You chose to judge me by my appearance,
But you forgot to judge me as you brother,
For are we not equal's in God's eyes & judgement,
I would judge you by what you do in life,
No judgement would I make of what you are,
I would judge you like I would like to be judged by you.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Just Another Christmas

Just another Christmas

Hoping for peace on earth,
Hoping for food and shelter for all,
Looking for the day that mankind might understand,
Looking for a Christmas that dreams may come true.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Just My Luck

Just My Luck

Just my luck,
Late for my own funeral,
Only I could do that,
Picking a vintage hearse,
That breaks down on the way.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Juzgarme

Juzgarme

Usted me juzga por lo que ' no soy que I ' am,
Elegió a juzgarme por mi credo,
Elegió a juzgarme por mi aspecto,
Pero se le olvidó a juzgarme como hermano,
Te juzgo por lo que haces en la vida, ,
Juzgarle como me gustaría ser juzgado por usted..

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Kanzan

Kanzan

Cherry trees in bloom,
Behold the sight,
Cherish the Kanzan in your heart.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Kaput

Kaput

Kingdoms collapsing,
As empires fall and crumble away,
Per excelsior no more,
Usurpers plotting our downfall,
The past glory's fading from sight.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Kaput (Haibun)

Kaput

Life crashing out of control,
All things conspiring against me,
Playing for time desperately,
But it's running out far too fast,
Just like luck except bad luck,
As empires fall to usurpers,
So the end is all to near and looming up fast,
As this once great family falls from grace,
For us it's death before dishonour.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Killed In Action

Killed In Action

Killed in action the telegram said,
A heartless piece of paper sent in the millions,
Across the world in countless languages,
It's impact always the same to the readers.

Families robbed of their future,
Children becoming orphans,
Wife's made into widows,
Sons and daughters lost in far off lands.

Killed in action the message still the same,
A century of progress yet we're still sending them,
Still fighting wars and killing each other,
When will 'killed in action' end.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Kings

Kings

Kingdoms ruled by mortal man,
Immortal bloodlines millennia old,
Nobel birthrights to rule men,
Godly grace in a changed world,
Sovereign of lands but not of hearts.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Kiosk

Kiosk

Kiosk on a long closed railway station,
Impersonal petrol station kiosks,
Outdated in today's internet age maybe,
Shopping for newspapers and chocolate before the train departs,
Keeping going where they can.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Kits

Kits

Kits of all sorts of things from planes to trains,
Imagineering the completed model while looking at a pile of sprue's,
Tiny little detailing parts pinging of into hiding,
Sticking bits of plastic together for fun.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Kitsch

Kitsch

Kitsch objects d'art,
Impressively garish pottery,
Tasteless pictures of no finesse,
Sixties furniture becoming classics,
Classy definitely not to me,
Humorous in a ironic tasteless way.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Kvetch

Kvetch

Kings unhappy with their lot in life,
Victors bemoaning the cost of war,
Englishmen's pet love of moaning about the weather,
Tiny things bringing disproportionate complaints,
Content we are not and that's for sure,
How modern life is lots to complain about.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Kyofu

Kyofu (Mighty Wind)

Keeping us cool in summer,
Yew trees bowing into submission,
Overseas and overland,
Flowing across the world,
Unstoppable and untameable force of nature.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Kyofu (Mighty Gwynt)

Kyofu (Mighty gwynt)

Ein cadw'n oer yn yr haf,
Tramor a trostir,
Sy'n llifo ar draws y byd,
Rym ddiatal o natur.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

L' Ancienne Vie Est Perdre

L' Ancienne Vie Est Perdre

So the old ways have died out,
Ancient skills and knowledge,
Now lost to this world of technology.

Behold the great loss for us all,
As time marches on tirelessly,
And all crumbles into dust before it.

As machines take over all things,
Use humans lose our humanity faster,
Just letting machines kill at a touch of a button.

So our culture will decline and fall,
Art dying as it withers in dusty corners,
Behold what we have done to ourselves.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

La Luna Y El Cerezo (Tanka)

La luna y el cerezo (Tanka)

Ver la flor de cerezo en la luz de la luna,
La luna está en brillante nuevo,
Pero la flor de cerezo es cerca de su extremo,
La luna baña el árbol de cerezo en una luz fantasmal,
Presagiando la inminente desaparición de flores de cerezo.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

La Lune (Haiku)

La Lune (Haiku)

Time passing by,
As the moon dreams aloft,
Behold the night.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

La Última Torre

La última torre

Todavía el estar parado en el Stenigot,
Todavía en pie como un centinela dormido,
Todavía alcanza el cielo hacia los cielos,
Todavía imponente trescientos sesenta pies sobre el paisaje,
Mantiene un reloj silencioso sobre los cielos de Lincolnshire,
Todavía visible para las millas alrededor, recordando a la gente de su pasado,
Todavía en pie como un monumento a los oscuros días de 1940,
Todavía nos recuerda todos que los caídos del mundo guerra que dieron su vida
por nosotros,
Siguen en pie mucho después de todo su compañero Torres han ido,
Todavía en pie como un faro de esperanza para el futuro,
Todavía en pie anclado a su rinconcito de Lincolnshire,
Todavía en pie silenciosamente después de más de setenta años.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lágrimas

Lágrimas

Lágrimas fluyen como la verdad me pega,
Ejecutan las emociones profundamente dentro de mí,
Crece angustia en mi alma,
Resignarse a una vida sin ti,
Tristeza me atormentan sin ti.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lakes

Lakes

Loved across the world for their beauty,
Anglers hoping for the catch of the day,
Kingfishers hunting for their breakfast,
Eels slipping and sliding out of sight,
Salmon coming home for spawning.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Landau

Landau

Landed gentry's favourite carriage,
Appointed with comfort and luxury,
Nineteenth century's ultimate carriage,
Duke's and dandy's riding rough roads,
All horse powered and sustainable,
Under used now and out of favour.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Landed

Landed

Landed gentry in vast country piles,
Aristocrats owning all they survey,
Noblemen inheriting vast wealth,
Dukedoms spanning dales and downlands,
Elizabethan houses in great country estates,
Dark age feudal systems echoing down to today.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lanky

Lanky

Long-shanks king of England,
A tall thin person looking all lanky,
New born lambs standing on lanky legs,
Kelp washed up on beaches all wet and lanky,
Young saplings all thin and lanky.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lapsed

Lapsed

Lapsed lives lost forever,
Ancient traditions lost to health and safety,
Previous contracts null and void,
Story's of lost tribes lapsed from existence,
Ethereal lives from lapsed corporeal lives,
Depending from where you look from lapsed can be many things.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Las Normas

Las normas

¿debería estar celoso, ?

De las normas y su perspectiva limitada,

O alégrate de no ser uno.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Last Days

Last Days

Into the sunset,
Life drawing to an end,
As I grow old and cold.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Late

Late

Last one here,
After everybody else,
Trains causing problems,
Everyday delays.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Late (23-03-2017)

Late

No time left,
Shops have shut there shutters,
So have the cafes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lawn Rakes

Lawn Rakes

Long handle reaching far and wide,
An English tradition of manicured lawns,
Weeding out patches of moss and worm casts,
Now the grass is always greener.

Rain stopping play well it is an English summer,
A rake's progress is always assured,
Keeping the cottage garden dream alive,
Eventually we might get the deck-chairs out,
Springy steel tines bouncing over the lawn.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Leaf

Leaf

Life force of nature,
Evergreen or deciduous,
Autumnal colours changing,
Falling back to the soil.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Leaf (Revisited)

Leaf

Loads of shapes,
Endless variety,
Autumn colours changing,
Falling to the ground.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

League

League

Leagues of nations failing,
Earthly paradise denied to the masses,
Animosity and mistrust between nations,
Global businesses in league with each other,
Using conflicts for profit and greed,
Everyone suffers when we have this as a legacy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Leaves

Leaves

Looking lovely in their masses,
Enchanting us with their beauty,
Appearing with the spring,
Vanishing with the winter,
Evergreens resisting Jack Frost,
Shining in sunlight after showers.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Legacy

Legacy

Life reaching it's natural end,
Ending life and what's left after that,
Grandiose dreams collapsing around us,
A few intrinsic processions left,
Capitalist processions from a corporeal life,
Yet what do we leave for the next generation.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Legacy (Revisited)

Legacy

Looking back at my life and wondering what legacy I am leaving,
The world seems more divided and unjust than when I was young,
I never achieved the creation of the world filled with humour,
No great deeds done or any real achievements achieved.

A legacy of a working isn't much of any note,
Just some insignificant poems and writings,
A life of no importance lived quietly in the shadows,
Always pondering mortality and what's left at the end.

What will my life add to the family tree and history,
In comparison to others who went before very little,
Over five hundred years of predecessors of great legacies,
No great musical, artistic or poetical works left behind by me.

A lifetime lived so mundanely and ordinarily,
Whereas my predecessors fought and died in defence of freedom,
Taught music at universities and conducted proms concerts,
Painted pictures that graced the Royal Academy.

Maybe my legacy is just to be ordinary in a changing world,
While my ancestors did so many great things,
Being court composer to Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth I,
Singing operas for a living and writing Newark upon Trent guide books.

Looking at this great legacy of my once great family,
I know I wasn't cut out to be a doctor of music,
As for being skilled enough an artist for a career no chance,
No some of us were destined for ordinary jobs in shops.

My legacy will be a few mediocre second rate poems,
But I hope my gift to the world will be trees,
Trees that I hope will survive for a few centuries,
And in all that time think of all the life they will support.

By Christopher Tye

Legal

Legal

Legal isn't always just and moral,
Excuses to start wars and grab land,
Governments making laws to serve themselves,
All the time the poorest going without justice,
Legal might for the rich and for the poor nothing.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Legend

Legend

Looking up to our childhood heroes,
Everybody needs legendary role models,
Great life's to emulate and inspire to,
Epitomised legends of humanity's history,
Nothing lasts for ever as legends fall from grace,
Dreams dying as legend's fall to time.

Christopher Tye

Lemon

Lemon

Lemonade to drink in the summer,
Eating lemon curd sandwiches for tea,
Making lemon tea for mother,
Out at a restaurant having fish with a slice of lemon on it,
Never forget how bitter a lemon can be.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Let's Make Change Happen

Let's Make Change Happen

We can't change the status quo by doing now't,
Standing by societies conventions won't change anything,
We have to make a stand to force things to change,
The world can't keep travelling on this path,
We've got to make this world ours again.

Let's change how things work and run,
It's time to put humanity back into the human race,
Let's get global corporations working ethically again,
Let's get governments run by the people for the people,
Let's wipe out tyrants and wars forever.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Letter

Letter

Letters sent home from the front,
Envelopes carrying priceless letters,
Tearful reminders from a lost generation,
Time capsules from distant days,
Every letter and word carrying meaning,
Remaining long after e-mails can.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

L'Homme Armé

The Armed Man

L'homme armé

The armed man must always be feared,
For he has no love of peace or life's,
Since the dawn of man-kind he has been amongst us,
Arming himself with ever more powerful weapons.

The armed man must always be feared,
No country is free from his wrath,
Innocence is no safe-guard against his weapons,
Morality is of no concern to him.

The armed man must always be feared,
For when he is unleashed,
Death and destruction follow in his wake,
Creed and religion he is blind to.

The armed man must always be feared,
There is no logic to his actions,
He just lives to do battle,
His calling is just to destroy.

The armed man must always be feared,
He and his ilk may be human,
But where is his humanity,
Has he ever showed compassion.

The armed man must always be feared,
He is everywhere across the world,
He is present throughout history,
He is always walking amongst us.

The armed man must always be feared,
He exists just to fight & kill,
He will use any excuse to justify his actions,
For the armed man fighting is all there is.

The armed man must always be feared,
Whatever he calls himself,
Be it soldier, freedom fighter, terrorist or peace-keeper,
The results are always the same.

The armed man must always be feared,
Countless war graves and cemeteries,
War memorials in every village and town,
Yet the armed man is still killing across the world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Libation Of Tears

Libation Of Tears

Behold this woodland and think what it's seen,
Generations of men lost in wars,
The estate workers sent to the Great War,
Nether to see their homeland again.

Then during World War Two all the bomber crews,
So many lost from the three airfields,
Three airfields whose planes flew over you,
And the planes who crashed into your trees so close to home.

All the ghosts of lost souls gathering on moonlight nights,
Around the crash sites your trees shield,
And the memories of loved ones long gone,
A peaceful woodland full of life and death,
As ghosts in the winding stream wander.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Life

Life

Humans and trees live the same life,
We are just short lived transient beings,
Of no great importance in the grand scheme of things,
We all live, die and return to the elements that we formed from.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Life & Death

Life and Death

We are like cherry blossom,
Destined to have a brief fleeting life,
Before being cast into the wind.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Life (Cap Verse)

Life (Cap Verse)

Life is for the living to live,
Every breath is precious,
So live the moment and the day,
Yesterdays could be tales or regret or adventure,
Everybody has choices so follow your heart,
Time is so short for us humans,
Spanning decades but eclipsed by trees,
Spanning millennia imagine a tree's life,
Even now some trees from the time of Christ live,
Eons of time compared with our short lifespans,
So think what four thousand year old Bristlecone Pines have seen.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Life (Haiku) 10-04-2017

Life

We shall all die,
We formed where from the elements,
And we shall return.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Life (Revisited)

Life

Lived life to the full,
Increasing age and declining time,
Finding life's growing tedious,
Everyday passing as the path grows shorter.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Life Reborn

Life Reborn

We humans are like daffodils,
We put on a brief glorious show,
Before we die to be reborn.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Life Revisited (Cap Verse)

Life Revisited (Cap Verse)

A lifetime of struggles against the masses,
Spirit unyielding and unbroken,
No doubt in life you've got-to fight,
Time is limited in our mortal life,
Eking out life for as long as possible,
Each generation trying to outdo the last,
Trying to make the most out of life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lights

Lights

Light bulbs shining brightness around by incandescence,
Illuminating the path ahead by torchlight,
Glowing brightly so you can continue the journey,
Headlights and taillights on the highway,
Torches with million candle power brightness,
Shining the light where darkness lurks.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Limited

Limited

Limited time spans of life,
Imagine living without limits of time,
Mortality cutting young lives short,
Infants still dying too young in our world,
Trying to make the most of our limited life's,
Everything is limited even our hopes,
Do as much as possible in our limited lives.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Limited Edition (Cap Verse)

Limited Edition (Cap Verse)

Everything seems to be a limited edition now,
New dearer versions of the same old things,
Special packing for lots of extra money,
Yes us consumers are really gullible,
Eating pricey limited edition grapes,
So you can even get limited edition toilet tissue,
Everyday things marketed as an exclusive.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Limits

Limits

Limits are meant to be pushed,
In reality we often limit ourselves,
Make the time to open your mind fully,
Imagine what you could do if you push,
Time is too scarce to live in our limits,
Shine and show the world what you can do.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lincolnshire Day

Lincolnshire Day (2012)

Today is Lincolnshire Day held every year on the 1st October,
The anniversary of the start of The Lincolnshire Rising in 1536,
But after all these years we are still under the yoke of Westminster,
But we still hope for independence.

Lincolnshire is England's largest united county,
Be it the Fens or the Wolds Lincolnshire is a beautiful place,
Covered with glorious countryside,
Full of quaint villages and market towns.

From Louth, the capital of the Wolds,
To Spalding, the capital of the Fens,
And Lincolnshire's capital, Lincoln itself,
There is nowhere better than Lincolnshire.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lineage

Lineage

Lineage from the Tudor period and before,
Imagine having to live up to past generation's achievements,
Noblemen from the courts of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I,
Echoes of past generations lingering on into today's world,
Ancestors of historical note still well known today,
Geniuses whose works still remain in use,
Eventually I might live up to past glories.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lineal

Lineal

Look back on your bloodlines,
Imagine who you might find back in time,
Norman barons or Viking warriors,
Everyday folks or the great and not so good,
Angles and Saxons or maybe even Romans,
Life is a lineal history of generations.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Linear

Linear

Linear thinking limiting us to the straight and narrow,
Imagine time and space running in waves,
Narrow thinking within accepted lines,
Equations of variables plotted as straight lines,
Accelerators pushing travelling particles,
Remember time is linear or is it?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lines

Lines

Lined paper in exercise books,
Ink scrawled across pages in lines,
Now I'm getting old, lines on my face,
Electricity Lines bringing power to our homes,
School children doing lines in detention.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Listed

Listed

Listed buildings preserving the past,
Interesting architectural gems saved,
Shops and factory's of note,
Thatched cottages in quaint villages,
England's legacy saved for the world,
Dreaming spires and ruinous castles.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lived

Lived

Life so brief,
So much hope and dreams,
Until life killed them.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Living (Cap Verse)

Living (Cap Verse)

Living is more than merely existing,
Got to have a reason to live and fight for,
Romance or trying to build a better world,
Destiny play's it's part in living,
Got to wonder how much luck plays in life,
Everybody's got luck good or bad,
Destiny is a fickle mistress,
So live life while you can,
Nobody knows what lies ahead tomorrow,
What happens might be fate,
Each day of living has to count.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lleuad Newydd

Lleuad newydd

Lleuad newydd llosgi'n llachar,
Fel gyda'r nos yn tyfu mwy tywyll,
Tra'n gwyllo cherry ffynnu.

Gan Chistopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lloches Wedi Colli

Lloches wedi colli

Nid oes lle i'w alw'n gartref,
Man diwethaf lloches ar goll,
Nid oes bywyd chwith i fyw.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lluvia

Lluvia

Corriendo por las ventanas,
Siempre convirtiéndose en una nueva vida,
Días inclementes de nuevo en abril,
No importa May está casi aquí.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Llyfr Trwm

Llyfr trwm

Darllen gyfrol hir,
Til syrthiais i gysgu,
Llyfr trwm wedi gostwng
Yn ddrwg i'ch iechyd,
Fel yn torri eich troed.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lochs

Lochs

Loch Ness and it's famous monster,
Old geological features of the highlands,
Cold and uninviting in the depths of winter,
Heavenly places of beauty in the high-summer,
Spring water running down from glen and mountain.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lonely Lanes

Lonely Lanes

Not a soul insight,
Walking across hills and valleys,
At peace with nature.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lonydd Unig

Lonydd unig

Nid enaid,
Ar draws mynyddoedd a'r Cymoedd,
Mewn heddwch natur.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Loopy

Loopy

Lunatics running the asylum,
Overcome by the stress of modern life,
Old standards crumbling in the face of progress,
Positively driven mad by politicians,
Yes I am defiantly going loopy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Loose

Loose

Loose change in my pocket,
Old floorboards becoming loose,
Old windows rattling in the wind,
Sweets from the pick and mix stand,
Even muscles becoming loose with old age.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lost

Lost

Lost my way in life,
Old age haunts me now,
Slipped out of society's view,
Truly lost am I now.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lost In Paradise

Lost In Paradise

Old friends lost long ago,
Too this world no more,
Fading memories of summer days,
The dead no longer ageing,
As time withers away us left behind,
Longing to be lost in paradise,
Once more amongst old friends,
Away from this cruel world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Lost Lives And Fallen Friends

Lost Lives And Fallen Friends

In every town and village war memorials stand testament to lost lives and fallen friends,

Generations withered by war from Flanders fields to Arabian deserts,
Victims of forgotten wars and conflicts in Korea and Aden,
Millions of lives cut short serving king and country.

Families and friends torn apart by the horrors of war,
Individual graves and massive memorials to heroes and the innocent,
Schools and hospitals hit as collateral targets for what ends,
Innocents killed for no reason except being in the wrong place at the wrong time,

Lives ended before they could blossom into full bloom,
Children growing up without fathers and siblings.

Hatred and bigotry overtaking common sense and diplomacy,
How many more mass graves must we dig and how many more orphans must we make,
Lost lives and fallen friends victims of humanities failings,
And still we fall by the hands of terrorists and governments.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Love

Love

Love in hearts,
Trying so hard to care,
Not seeing the end.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Love (Cap Verse)

Love (cap Verse)

Love life and the world,
Diversity and compassion in your heart,
True love can be many things,
So much love needed for the unloved,
Dreaming of finding true love eventually.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Luna Nueva

Luna nueva

Luna nueva brillando intensamente,
A medida que la noche se oscurece,
Mientras los cerezos observan.

Por Chistopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Machlud

Machlud

Lleoliad yr haul ar ddiwrnod,
Wrth dyfu I hen ac oer,
Aros am yr haul i osod ar fy mywyd,
Nid oes Gwawr mwy i weld,
Dim ond y sêr yn y nefoedd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mae Blwyddyn Arall Wedi Mynd Heibio

Mae blwyddyn arall wedi mynd heibio

Yn yr hen wr yn eistedd yn ei gadair freichiau,
Edrych allan drwy'r ffenestr,
Gwyllo adar,
Fel y maent yn hedfan o goeden i goeden,
Yn cofio pob y gaeafau,
Treuliodd yn ei ardd pan oedd yn ifanc,
Plannu coed,
Pan oeddent yn dim ond fawr ddim coed,
Yn y blynyddoedd hynny,
Coed hynny wedi bod yn tyfu ac yn aeddfedu araf,
Gwyr ef ymhell ar ôl ei fod wedi dathlu ei terfynol ben-blwydd,
Holl goed yn ei ardd,
Dal i dyfu,
A dal yn rhoi bwyd a chysgod i adar,
Rhyfeddodau au os bydd drigain mlynedd o nawr,
Bydd ei wyrion yn gwneud yr un peth.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mae'n

Mae'n

Mi neu chi,
Neu beidio â bod,
Y mae bywyd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Magna

Magna

Mile after mile,
Always on the tramp,
Got to keep moving on,
Never able to stop,
Another day another place.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mail

Mail

Mail-shots going straight into the bin,
Airmail flown in on big jets,
Invoices for energy bills unfortunately,
Letters from distant friends.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mal De Mer

Mal De Mer

Motions of this ship wreaking havoc,
Abandon all hope of keeping food down,
Land lubbers like me should know better.

Digestive torment as my stomach churns,
Eating that full English Breakfast was a mistake.

Must take the train or a plane next time,
English Channel wishing you were shorter,
Really suffered with seasickness this time.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mamwlad

Mamwlad

Y dyn alltud gosod marw mewn gwlad dramor,
Mae ei syniadau yn troi at ei mamwlad annwyl,
Fel y mae'n tynnu ei hanadl olaf,
Mae'n meddwl am y pentref lle cafodd ei eni,
Aeth i ysgol a'i holl colli hir gyfeillion oddi yno,
Y pentref Eglwys gyda steeple ei estyn allan yn ceisio cyffwrdd nefoedd,
Machlud godidog o'r dyddiau hirfelyn tesog,
Meddwl tybed pam mae ganddo i farw mewn gwlad dramor,
Byth yn gallu eu claddu gyda'i deulu,
Mae ef yn dyheu gymaint i fod yn ôl yn ei mamwlad unwaith yn rhagor, ond gan
wybod y bydd byth yn gallu gwneud y daith honno,
Felly fel y mae tynged wedi gadael iddo dreulio gweddill eternity mewn tir hwn
tramor Mae ef yearns llawer ar gyfer cartref.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mandarin Ducks

Mandarin Ducks

Just think what these faithful birds can teach us,
Duck and drake paired for life faithfully,
So much for us fickle human's to learn about life and love.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mantener Fuera

Mantener fuera

Signos de tierras privadas,
Finca del Señor cualquiera,
No la bienvenida a los caminantes.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Manual

Manual

Must read the manual for my new telly,
Almost weighs a ton with five hundred pages,
New fangled technology what a joy,
Under the cosh of progress,
Analogue was so much easier to understand.
Look back to when anybody could turn on a telly.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Maple

Maple

Maple trees of great variety,
Acer's from Japan grown for show in gardens,
Pancakes smothered in maple syrup,
Large Sycamores grown for timber,
England's Field Maples growing in hedgerows.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Marwolaeth

Marwolaeth

Bywyd yn llithro i ffwrdd,
Gormod o lawer o difrod,
Gormod o boen yn fy gwythiennau,
Fel gwyntoedd bywyd i lawr ar y diwedd,
Bellach mae marwolaeth yn cerdded gyda mi.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Master

Master

Master of all I survey,
At my complete control,
Supreme at everything I do,
True master of my trade,
Exceptional talent at what I do,
Really no improvements to make.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Medlar

Medlar

Maybe the most unusual of the orchard's fruit,
Eating them when bletting and overripe,
Deciduous like most orchard trees,
Limited varieties to choose from,
A most interesting fruit tree to have,
Russet hues on these lovely fruits.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Men And Trees

Men and Trees

We are like old trees,
We grow for many years before death,
We grow wise too late.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mighty

Mighty

Mighty storms looming on the horizon,
Invisible power of nature on the move,
Great claps of thunder roaring,
Heavy rain coming down like stair-rods,
Tempestuous winds and lightning strikes,
Yet the mighty will fall silent.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mighty Oaks (Tanka)

Mighty Oaks (Tanka)

Ancient Oaks,
Centuries have passed by,
Your kin felled,
For naval men of war,
Hearts of Oak.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Minster

Minster

Minister in the middle of town,
Inclusive to all in need,
Noble endeavours to help,
Salvation for those in trouble,
Trying to feed the homeless,
Encouraging unity in a divided world,
Religion taking a humanitarian role.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mirror (Tanka)

Mirror (Tanka)

Time worn reflections,
Crow's feet and lines growing,
Grey hairs spreading fast,
Where did all the time go to,
Looking back into the mirror.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mists

Mists

Fog bound again,
Moisture misting the day again,
Sunshine in short supply

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Models

Models

Model kits to make and paint,
Old buildings captured in miniature,
Die-cast models of cars and trucks,
Everyday objects in a dolls-house,
Locomotives in miniature on models railway layouts,
Supermodels on the catwalk.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Modern

Modern

Modern modular buildings without a soul,
Obsolete craftsmen side-lined by progress,
Death of human spirit and free thinking,
Earth being overwhelmed by modern pollution,
Rain forests ripped up for more cities,
Now we are building the seeds of our destruction.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Monday

Monday

Mopping around with Monday morning blues,
Oh goodness five working days ahead,
Nothing nice ever happens on Mondays,
Days of toil and strife ahead,
Another week started oh yeah,
Yet another week full of broken dreams.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Money (Cap Verse)

Money (Cap Verse)

People chasing money all their life,
Empty souls ruled by greed and lust,
Totally missing the point of money is to aid life,
Empty wallets a sign of a life lived,
Deep pockets full of cash won't help you in death,
Happiness comes from the heart not material possessions,
Spend what you can and give away what's left,
Threepence once brought a fish and chip supper,
Really sad that penny sweets aren't a penny anymore.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Monster

Monster

Monsters born of our times,
Only here to kill and mime,
No humanity but still human,
Searching for answers in the wrong places,
Terror their methods but what purpose,
Empty hearts and souls looking for a cause,
Remember however lost life is life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Montage

Montage

Many things blended into one,
Out of many one great picture,
New clothes made from old rags,
Trying to recycle and remake,
Artwork from scraps of newspaper,
Getting the most of our resources,
Even pallets montaged into fences.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Monumental

Monumental

Monumental endeavours of effort,
Old ruins of lost empires and lives,
Neoclassical follies nodding to the past,
Utopia's lost to time standing as ruins,
Mighty ancient cities and temples,
Egypt's great archaeological remains,
New York's Ground Zero a monument to freedom,
The treasures of Babylon looted and scattered,
All through history humanity trying to build monumentally,
Look at what we can achieve if given a chance.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mouldy

Mouldy

Mouldy fruits rotting away on the ground in orchards,
Old crumpets covered in mould,
Unfit to eat now that's for sure,
Life going around in circles,
Decaying food returning to earth,
Yesterday's bread past it in a nice shade of green.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Mr Tye's Ties

You never see him with-out a tie,
He always seems to have a different one on,
He must have one for every day of the year,
Mr Tye seems to have a tie for every occasion,
You never would have thought was so many ties had been made,
Ties for every season and every place,
One wonders if Mr Tye's ties are a form of self-parody.

Christopher Tye

Mungo

Mungo

Mungo just short fibres off felt,
Unloved and forgotten fellows,
Not many people know or care about you,
Got lots of uses if recycled,
Often good to use in shoddy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Music & Poetry

Music and poetry is at my very heart and soul,
For all of mankind's hope, life, death and love,
Is always present in music and poetry to the core.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Música Y Poesía

Música y poesía

Música y la poesía está en mi corazón y mi alma,
Para todos de esperanza de la humanidad, vida, muerte y amor,
Está siempre presente en la música y la poesía hasta el final.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

My Garden

My Garden

Life keeps growing,
Everything kept in full bloom,
As I lay in my grave.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

My Way

My Way

Lived life my way on my terms,
Standing up when I'm right regardless of the consequences,
Staying true to my beliefs and morality,
Just because I have Asperger's Syndrome doesn't make me any less human.

Seeing humanity for what it is warts and all,
Seeing the good being muted without just cause,
Seeing people consumed by greed and power,
Seeing that my way is my only choice.

My way is running on blind optimism and stubbornness,
My way is trying to live life with integrity,
My way is to stand my ground for as long as I can,
My way is trying to change the world to a place fit for humanity.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Nail

Nail

Now is it a fitting or a tool,
A masonry nail with a wooden handle becomes an awl,
Incorporated as the pivot for a large trammel,
Large nails in wood making a rake.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Nature (Cap Verse)

Nature (Cap Verse)

Nature the miracle of life,
Evolution and the environment,
Trees of tremendous size and age,
Earwigs and woodlice just as amazing,
Giving food and oxygen for life,
Earth full of natural wonders,
Seas with life at the deepest depths,
So much variety of nature on this planet,
Think of all those other planets,
So many of them orbiting distant stars,
So many that nature must exist,
Time to think about looking for alien life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Nature's Death

Nature's Death

Carbon dioxide levels,
Arctic ice melting,
Roads replacing countryside,
So what we can do.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Near Thorgill Bank

Near Thorgill Bank

Near Thorgill Bank a doomed Wellington bomber crash landed,
After it's bombing of Stavenger Airfield was completed it headed home,
It's crew hoping to land back at RAF Marham in Norfolk,
But fate had a different ending it store for R3154 KO-Q.

After the raid R3154 and it's companions from No.115 Squadron,
Started the long journey back to England all being thankful,
For over the target three of the thirty-five aircraft were lost,
But for Wellington Mk.Ic R3154 KO-Q it's luck was about to run out.

R3154 lost all it's electrics including all navigational and wireless equipment,
It's flight crew managed to follow another 115 Squadron Wellington,
But as visibility worsened and low cloud built up they became separated.

Now hopelessly lost and drifting unknowingly northwards,
R3154 finally crossed the English coast over North Yorkshire,
The crew thought they were over East Anglia and near their home-base.

Flying at an altitude of a thousand foot sealed R3154's fate,
Near Thorgill Bank in the North Yorkshire Moors,
At 3: 15am May 1st 1940 R3154 crash landed here north of Lavington.

After the crash four of the six crew members escaped,
But the second pilot and the front gunner weren't so lucky,
In the pitch black of the moorland the survivors searched,
Finally searching the area four times they found the missing crew's bodies.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Never

Never

Never did anything right,
Each day never lived up to my dreams,
Victory never came,
Each battle never won,
Renaissance of my life never happened.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

New Moon

New Moon

New moon glowing brightly,
As the evening grows darker,
While cherry blossoms watch.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ni Ildio

Ni ildio

Drwy gydol fy mywyd,
Byth wyf wedi cyfaddawdu fy egwyddorion,
Ni waeth pa bywyd wedi cael eu taflu ataf,
Rwyf wedi fy erioed ildio fy credoau.

Sefais gan fy crefydd,
Pan fydd rhai o amgylch mi,
Ceisio torri fy ffydd,
Ond nid oedd gennyf ildio.

Gallai wedi rhoi rhwydd
Ond dyna ni sut wyf yn byw fy mywyd,
Casineb a chas perffaith byth daeth yn rhan o mi,
Yr wyf byth yn ildio fy ffydd yn Nuw.

Bob amser yn aros ffyddlon,
Ni waeth y gost i 'm bywyd,
Cefais i fyw fy mywyd fy ffordd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

No Entry

No Entry

Private land signs,
Lord Somebody's Estate,
Walkers not welcome.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

No Surrender

No Surrender

Throughout my life,
I've never compromised my principles,
No matter what life has thrown at me,
I've never surrendered my beliefs.

I stood by my religion,
When all those around me,
Tried to break my faith,
But I didn't surrender.

I could have easily given in,
But that's not how I live my life,
Hatred and vengeance never became part of me,
For I never surrendered to fear.

My moral principles have stayed the same,
I never took the path of self-destruction,
Never using drink to hide pain,
I never surrendered my faith in god.

I always stayed loyal to my-self,
No matter the cost to my life,
I had to live my life my way,
But at least I never surrendered.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Noctambulist

Noctambulist

No rest in the night,
On the move as we sleep,
Constant restlessness,
Trance like searching,
A cause not known,
Moving around fast asleep,
Body walking while the mind's at rest,
Unconsciousness taking control,
Lost in dreams of the night,
In the grasp of the night,
Sleep walking in the night,
Tasked to wonder through the night.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Nocturne

Nocturne

Nightly songs of the moonlight,
Overtures of lovers under the stars,
Chopin's piano nocturnes with notes dancing in the night air,
The triumph of Beethoven's moonlight sonata,
Universal languages of music and love embracing the moonlight,
Rivers of music running into the heavens,
Notes flowing like scent on the night air,
Earthly bounds lost in the music of night transcending time and space.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Nomadic

Nomadic

No place to settle down
On life's journey to find my place,
Moving all the time,
Always searching for a home,
Destiny making me a nomad,
Into unknown places and distant lands,
Calling the road a way of life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Non Sibi Sed Patriae

Non sibi sed patriae

For country not self,
Such was my duty,
With my brothers in arms,
Fighting for King and Country,
Fighting for Emperor's and Empires,
We paid with our lives by the millions,
We still lie where we fell,
Across every country and continent,
We did not do it for ourselves,
But for our duty to our homelands.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Nosotros Los Muertos

Nosotros los muertos

Todavía vivimos aquí,
Parias para siempre en las sombras,
Puede que estemos muertos.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Notes

Notes

Notes to remind us of things,
Odd scraps of paper for jotting notes down,
Telephone messages scribbled down in a hurry,
Everyday occurrences noted down in a diary,
Students revising from their notes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Nothingness

Nothingness

Nothingness in my empty heart,
Overwhelmed by a sea of nothingness,
Time and space losing all meaning,
Hopelessly adrift in a life of no meaning,
In a life lived in triviality of the human condition,
Nonexistence in the eyes of humanity,
God forsaken nothingness in a modern life,
Nothingness is it a state of mind or a state of life,
Empty heart and soul a mark of nothingness,
Something lurking at the bottom of nothingness,
Soulless life in a soulless world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Notion

Notion

Notion's creeping up on you,
Out of nowhere ideas popping up,
Thinking of concepts and beliefs,
Imagine believing world peace is possible,
Opening the door to greater things,
Nothing is impossible if we push the notion.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Novels

Novels

Novels plucked from the minds of authors,
Old times created in modern times,
Volumes written by one author,
Endless possibility's limited only by imagination,
Life and lost loves trapped in words,
Strife and woes or good times all can be found within.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Nowt

Nowt

Nothing of value heard,
Other than this there's nowt here,
Well there's nowt left now,
Traditional olde pronoun and adverb.

Christopher Tye

Nubbin

Nubbin

Nothing of any importance,
Under old machinery we lurk,
Bumps and little lumps a nubbin be,
Being a residual part is no fun,
Industrial gubbins and nubbins,
Nubbin what a funny little word.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Nucleus

Nucleus

Nucleus of genetic cells,
Undeniable centre of all things,
Central core of atoms in reactors,
Life growing cell by cell,
Empires grown from small beginnings,
Under microscopes all is revealed,
Squadrons formed from the nucleus of another.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

O' Death

O' Death, why have you taken everything I loved,
O' Death, why do you keep taking my friends.
O' Death, why do you always stand at my side,
O' Death, why don't you release me when angels are calling me to heaven,
O' Death, why do you always leave me behind.

O' Death, can't you take me away from this accursed place,
O' Death, you don't hold any fear for me,
O' Death, you have seemed to be stalking me all life,
O' Death, I have grown so old yet you still spare me,
O' Death, can't you take me to the land of eternal peace.

Christopher Tye

Oak

Oak

Old oaks' remembering the past,
An age of great kings and noble dreams,
King of England's ancient woodlands.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Obsidian

Born out of the heat of volcanoes,
Nature's own glass it is so beautiful and rare,
So hard it can take an edge sharper than flint,
Yet so few of us have heard of it,
A barely known wonder of the natural world,
Yet it has uses like pumice does,
Its ability to take a razor sharp edge,
Far sharper than any steel,
Gives it a useful role in surgical tools.

Christopher Tye

Obsidiana

Obsidiana

Nacida en el calor de los volcanes,
Vidrio de la naturaleza es tan bella y rara,
Tan duro puede tomar un borde más agudo que el pedernal,
Sin embargo tan pocos de nosotros han oído hablar de él,
Una maravilla apenas conocida del mundo natural,
Sin embargo tiene usos como piedra pómez,
Su capacidad para tomar un filo de navaja,
Mucho más agudo que cualquier acero,
Le da un papel útil en herramientas quirúrgicas.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Of Gods & Kings

Of Gods & Kings

In my heart I feel the presence of Gods and Kings,
Great Gods and Kings that have been and gone,
Great Gods and Kings that are here and present,
Great Gods and Kings that are yet to be,
In my heart I still believe such things must be,
All of humanity through the ages has needed Gods and Kings,
Have we not always sought guidance from Gods and Kings,
Do we not look to Gods and Kings for morality,
Does my heart not feel the same as all humanity,
Don't we all look to Gods and Kings hoping for a better future,
Don't we all still need to have faith in Gods and Kings,
Don't we all see a little bit of ourselves in Gods and Kings?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ohka

Ohka (Cherry Blossom)

Ode to the coming of spring,
Homage to nature's beauty,
Kanzan in full bloom,
A king amongst the trees.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Old

Old

Obsolete and overlooked now,
Lifetime worth of woe and sorrow,
Decades of knowledge and memories remain.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Old (Again)

Old (Again)

Old but alive,
Life force diminishing,
Death stalking me.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Old Abe From Lincoln

Old Abe From Lincoln

There was an old chap called Abe in Lincoln,
Who always wore top-hat and tails,
And always stroked his fine beard,
And looked bewildered when people called him Mr President,
That fine old chap Abraham from Lincoln.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Old Age And Treachery

Old Age And Treachery

Old age and treachery is the best way to be,
For what can youth and skill offer,
After all most politicians are old and treacherous,
And the more treacherous they are the richer their pensions are.

Just look at super rich business people,
What do your workers need their pensions for,
After all you need another super yacht,
And a bigger private jet is a must.

All the greatest and the wealthiest,
Know old age and treachery works wonders,
As you can out run the taxman with ease.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Old Boxes

Old Boxes

Gathering dust now,
Hidden treasures forgotten,
As cobwebs grow.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Old Friends

Old Friends

Old friends long departed,
Still living in my heart,
How I wish I had more time with them,
Old memories of good times,
As photographs begin to fade.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Old Hoes

Old Hoes

Old gardeners leaning on old hoes,
Laying in wait for the weeds to grow,
Determined to destroy all those weeds.

Hoe' down for lunch in the potting shed,
Old traditions die hard in the countryside,
English lettuce defended by old Dutch hoes,
Sentinels of time and tradition.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Old Man's Beard

Old Man's Beard

Old Man's Beard or Travellers' Joy depending on your view point,
Showing weary travellers' the way to water,
Looking like an old man's beard with your dried fruit,
Lurking around the coast and tablelands,
What a joyful Clematis you are.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Old Socks

Old Socks

Old and threadbare,
Lasted me for decades,
Darned and darned again.

Socks to wear every day,
Oh no another hole to darn,
Comfy and just bedded in,
Knitted in England yes there that old,
Still got years of life in them.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Old Tom

Old Tom

Looking into old tom's eyes you see everything,
Unimaginable horrors that he has seen,
Nothing glamorous about war and it's aftermath,
After seeing how low humanity can sink.

Marching through Europe bringing freedom,
Liberating oppressed civilian populations,
Seeing victory and the end of war was near,
Then the liberation of the concentration camp.

Nothing could prepare anybody for that,
The sheer evil that mankind could do to other men,
Mass graves everywhere beyond the gas chambers,
And the survivors what hell they must have lived through.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

On And On Forever

On And On Forever

Life in the trenches seemed endless,
Just like this war and the endless casualties,
Brigade after brigade decimated,
Going over the top again and again.

So four years of slaughter and waste,
For so little gain in the grand scheme of things,
The lists of names on memorials going on and on forever,
And the fallen laying in their graves forever.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

On The Table

On The Table

Once the centre of family life,
Now losing out to TV dinners and solo life.

The heart of the dining room,
Home cooked Sunday dinners,
Everything family life should be.

The cats and dogs waiting for any falling food,
A symbol of a world disappearing,
Big old oak dining tables holding so much,
Loving laid out place settings,
Edwardian silver cutlery shining in the candlelight.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Once

Once

Once I could do anything,
Now I struggle to do everything,
Can't return to me youth now,
Earthly pleasures hold little for me now.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Only

Only

Only I can turn things around,
Negativity be gone
Lifetime of struggles,
Yet where will it end.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Opener

Opener

Opening lines of a book
Putting down the opening score,
Everyday we must come up with a good opener,
New game of cricket with a wicket,
Every opener is a new beginning
Really must stop opening with an insult.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Optics

Optics

Optics of binoculars just right,
Poets seeing pictures in words,
Taking pictures through optical lens,
Imagine the sights to be seen,
Come and look at the star-scape's with a telescope,
See what you can do with a word.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Orchards

Orchards

Old trees resting quietly,
Ripening fruit hanging in dappled shade,
Cherries making their brief annual appearance,
Heavy branches staining under a bumper harvest,
Apples good from July to March,
Russet hues at the end of autumn,
Damsons just right for jams and pies,
Snows giving way to blossoms in spring.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Orchards In The Snow

Orchards in the Snow

Fruits rot away into the soil,
Soil, water and sunlight give life a chance,
Snow always melts back in water.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Orejas De Conejo

Orejas de conejo

Cada vez que estoy Skype,
Hay un imbécil detrás de mí,
Haciendo orejas de conejo.

Por Chistopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Origin

Origin

Origin of the species,
Remnants of species long past,
Incomplete fossil skeletons,
Geographically separate species found,
Interrelated jigsaw pieces of evolution,
New genetic mutations laying the origins of new life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Os

Os

Os gwneuthum gamgymeriad, a wnewch chi faddau imi?

Os wyf yn marw, chi byddai galaru?

Os oedd cariad, a fyddech yn hapus i mi?

Os gallech newid y gorffennol byddwn?

Os gallech newid y byd, byddwn wneud yn lle gwell?

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Otra Navidad

Otra Navidad

Con la esperanza de paz en la tierra,
Con la esperanza de refugio y alimento para todos,
Buscando el día que la humanidad pueda entender,
En busca de una Navidad que los sueños pueden hacerse realidad.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Otro Año Pasa

Otro año pasa

El anciano está sentado en su sillón,
Mirando por la ventana,
Observación de aves,
Como están volando de árbol en árbol,
Pasó en su jardín cuando era joven,
Esos árboles han sido creciendo y madurando lentamente,
Él sabe mucho después de que él ha celebrado su cumpleaños final,
Todos los árboles en su jardín querido,
Se sigue creciendo,
Y todavía dar alimento y refugio a las aves,
Maravillas si dentro de sesenta años, ,
Sus nietos hará lo mismo.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Otro Aterrizaje Feliz

Otro aterrizaje feliz

La alegría de un presupuesto ajustado,
Viejos aviones de la URSS,
Volando con el más barato,
En un ala y una oración de las líneas aéreas,
Garantiza un aterrizaje accidentado.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Out Of Ideas

Out Of Ideas

How many poems can a poet write before the words fall silent,
How much can a single mind produce in a lifetime,
After all without ideas words are just words.

How much can a physicist add to humanity's knowledge,
Is space really the expanding infinity we believe it to be,
Are the big bang theory and string theory just ideas.

Without ideas are we really still human,
For if I think therefore I am defines us as a species,
Do ideas or lack of them define a person.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Out Of Time

Out Of Time

No place for me now,
As the world grows cold,
And I grow old.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Out Of Time (17-03-2017)

Out Of Time

Time running out,
As the world grows cold,
And I grow old.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Out To Lunch

Out to Lunch

No calls can I take,
No visitors will I see,
For I have gone out to lunch.

No work will I do,
No customers will I serve,
For I have gone out to lunch.

No grand schemes shall I devise,
No other plans shall I complete,
For I have gone out to lunch.

Nothing else matters to me at the moment,
My only concern is food,
For I have gone out to lunch.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Packed

Packed

Packed up ready for the journey,
Awaiting the call to duty,
Called to the frontline packed with troops,
King and country lead us here,
England's lost generations in foreign lands,
Died for our duty and left in mass graves at the Somme.

By Christopher tye

Christopher Tye

Packet

Packet

Packets of food from supermarkets,
An easy way to market products on shelves,
Colourful things to capture people's attention,
Keeping everything safe and sound,
Easing modern life but at what cost,
Together confined ready for use.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pages

Pages

Pages of a book to behold,
Artist's work printed by lithographs on pages,
Great Shakespearian tragedy in heavy volumes,
Engravings and woodcuts in Victorian books,
So many things to be found on pages.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pages (Tanka)

Pages (Tanka)

Words in ink,
Story to be told,
History to be recorded,
All of humanity,
Needs pages to write.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Páginas

Páginas

Palabras en tinta,
Historia que contar,
Historia a grabar,
Toda la humanidad,
Necesita páginas para escribir.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pain

Pain

Pins and needles in my limbs,
Aches and pains in my joints,
In need of painkillers,
Never had this in my youth.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pain (21-03-2017)

Pain

Life hurts,
Existence causes pain,
Joints ache.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pained

Pained

Pained to the core of my heart,
As I had to leave you behind as life changed,
Imaged we would be together again someday,
Nothing ever meant as much as you did to me,
Everyday hoping we could be together again,
Destiny worked to keep us apart forever.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Paint

Paint

Pigments in suspension,
Artist's medium for art,
Interior decorators going for bold,
New shades and formulas,
Technology in play with polymers.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Palate

Palate

Pleasure of taste,
A mouthful of flavours,
Lasting sensations from food,
All foods tasting different,
Taste is all about the palate,
Every bit of taste savoured.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Palette

Palette

Paint's mixed on the palette,
Artist's at work on pictures,
Landscapes created with paints from a palette,
Every colour under the sun mixed on a palette,
Time honoured tool of artists,
Turner using such a rich palette,
Essential yet such a simple tool.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pallet

Pallet

Pieces of wood formed into pallets,
A simple but world changing innovation,
Lorries loaded quickly and efficiently,
Labour saving and speeding commence,
Easing backache and deliveries for years,
Tired and worn-out pallets perfect for firewood.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Para

Para

Hoy será mi día,
O tal vez sea mañana.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Paradise Lost

Paradise Lost

Paradise killed by greed and hate,
A lost chance for mankind,
Riches hoarded by the few,
And so many with-out food or hope,
Devils wearing gold bling and sunglasses,
Intent on only serving themselves,
Stripping the world bare to feed their greed,
Eating plenty and ignoring the plight of the hungry.

Lives with so much disparity isn't right,
Orchards of plenty cut down to keep the poor poor,
Super yachts for the few and tainted water for the rest,
Tragedy of our own making as we walked blindly into it.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Paradise Lost (Tanka)

Paradise Lost (Tanka)

Paradise lost as fool's takeover,
No safe harbours for anyone now in this world,
A green and pleasant land lost to all,
As foolish short term measures backfire,
Welcome to England just one big housing estate.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Paradoxical (Haibun)

Paradoxical

Life can only exist because of death,
Do you see the woodland or the trees,
Death cannot be without life,
Do you see the stream or the fish,
Is life just a phase in a greater journey,
Do you see green fields or the wheat growing,
Is life just a corporeal dream.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pass Me The Thingy-Me-Jig

Pass me the thingy-me-jig

Pass me the thingy-me-jig to connect to the what's-it bit,
You know the one to connect the cable plug to the wireless plug,
No not the JST-XH90 connecter it's got to be an XST90.5 plug.

Pass the left-handed ratchet torque bit for the hex bolt 5/8 mm,
No not that one that's for a 15mm right-hand thread tri-drive,
It's that one just there third on the left next to the elbow grease.

We need an AHD Mk.IIa plug to connect the telly to the laptop,
No that's an ATRZ Ilfe version six socket adaptor,
It's the one under the sixty OHM LED back light bulb.

Can you pass the Tri-Lithium left-handed elbow grease,
No that's obviously the Silicon Carbide 100 grit dressing paste,
It's the tub next to the tub of T-6 alloy space adaptors.

Right we need the Di-Lithium-Diamond-Tri-Carbonite Carbide grit,
No that's obviously the Tri-Lithium-Silicon-Titanium Carbide paste,
It's the one third on the right of the left-handed tin shears.

Engineering apprentices aren't all that bright these days,
Seems like they couldn't find a glass headed tin-foil hammer if they trod on it,
They'd even struggle to use chocolate teapots and cardboard kettles.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pauper

Pauper

Pauper peasants at the mercy of God,
A rich man's greed robbing them of hope,
Unfair societies causing hardships and misery,
People should be equal in a just and fair world,
Ever increasing divides between rich and poor,
Revolution may be the only answer now.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Peace

Peace

People freed from tyrants and fear,
Ending suffering and fresh war graves,
Armies laying down their arms,
Crate a better world for the future,
Everlasting peace for a everlasting humanity.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Peace On Earth This Christmas

Peace On Earth This Christmas

Will the guns fall silent today and not kill,
Will the bombs not explode and not maim the innocent,
Will the children not have to run for cover,
Will the terrorists realise the folly of their ways.

Will we feed the world this Christmas,
Will we be able to change lives for the better,
Will we build bridges across our divided society,
Will we be able to have peace on earth today.

Will we forget self-indulgence today and help the poor,
Will we forget our petty squabbles and make peace a priority,
Will we forget about ourselves and care about others,
Will we forget about greed and wealth to spread equality for all.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pennawd I Nefoedd

Pennawd i nefoedd

Nid oes brwydrau mwy i ymladd,
Dim byd mwy i wynebu,
Nid oes buddugoliaethau mwy i ennill,
Clwyfau dim mwy i iachau'r.

Nawr dwi'n gallu amddiffyn gyda fy mrodyr,
Nawr gallwch ail-ymuno â fy nhy,
Bellach gall wyliaf uchod gyfer eternity.

Oedd peidio y frwydr,
Nid oedd yn casáu fy gelynion,
Ni wnaeth ddylwn grwydro oddi wrth y llwybr,
Nid ateliais fy ymdrechion.

Cefais tiroedd dim mwy i goncro,
Cefais oes byddinoedd mwy i arwain,
Cefais dim mwy i brofi,
Trueni y rhai sy'n gadael ar ôl,

Yr oedd yr amser yn iawn,
Y daith wedi'i chwblhau,
Yn y ty yn awr haduno
Y brodyr gyda'i gilydd unwaith eto.

Cofio ein bywyd gyda hapusrwydd,
Cofiwch inni ymladd o'u gwirfodd,
Cofiwch byddwn yn gwylio dros chi.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Per Ardua Ad Elsan

Per Ardua Ad Elsan

People reaching for the skies,
Everybody striving to be the best,
Really living life is an art.

Always pushing the envelope of life,
Redoubling efforts to overcome setbacks,
Deeds can't be judged by ourselves clearly,
Ultimately time and history is the judge,
After we have passed what will be our legacy.

All men are judged by their peers,
Deeds done are all we leave behind.

Exactly what do you want from life,
Live life for it's too short to waste,
So do all those things you keep putting off,
As life can change and end so quickly,
Nearly everybody thinks life's crappy sometimes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Perfect

Perfect

Perfect days I wish,
Everything done to be perfect,
Restoration to perfect condition,
Finding something perfect becoming hard,
Endeavouring to be perfect in a imperfect world,
Collimating in a perfect finish,
Timed to perfection as always.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pictures At An Exhibition

Pictures At An Exhibition

A gallery full of adventure and history,
Just look around you and imagine as you interpret the works,
Great biblical canvases to little miniatures in locketts,
Neo-Classical landscapes next to abstract works.

Great artists and local heroes vying for space,
Oil paintings by Turner next to Peter De Wint's Landscapes,
Holbein's Henry VIII hobnobbing with L. S. Lowry's mill scenes,
Photographs holding their own against old masters.

Old cathedrals standing above ancient cities,
Tumbled-down ruins saved for ever in water colours,
City streets captured in line and wash on paper,
Wild flower meadows captured in gouache on canvas.

Artists speaking through the rich palette of life,
Turner's "The Fighting Tamara" speaking so much you could spend a
lifetime studying it,
Constable's "The Haywain" capturing a way of life long gone in
England,
Picasso's "Gunica" speaking so much of the horrors of war you
wonder why there's no peace.

The Old Masters still bringing joy to millions,
Hans Holbein's work still defining how we see Henry VIII,
Van Dyck's great portrait of King Charles I a national treasure,
Rembrandt's "The Night Watchman" how I wish that could hang on
my wall.

The great renaissance painters ushering a new age of light,
Leonardo De Vinci still keeping us guessing as to how smart he was,
Michelangelo's works brining a serenity few can match,
Hieronymus Bosch's paintings still giving nightmares to young children.

Then there are the local museums with their ad hoc collections,
Prize cattle and long dead race horses preserved on canvases,
Locally famous artists who had a few pictures displayed at the Royal Academy,

A hundred and one views of the town by all and sundry.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pies

Pies

Puff pastry isn't as nice as short-crust pastry,
Imagine all the choices for dessert with fruit pies,
Eating a whole pie by one's self so it's not wasted,
Shepherd's pie or cottage pie it's nearly the same.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pinetum

Pinetum

Pinus Pinaster, the Maritime Pine with it's useful resin,
Incense Cedar, Calocedrus decurrens with it's deeply furrowed bark,
Neocallitropsis Araucarioides, a rarity from New Caledonia,
Easter Pine, Pinus Rugida with it's hard resinous timber,
Taxus Baccata, the Common Yew used for the English Long Bow,
Umbrella Pine, Pinus Pinea with it's distinctive seeds,
Metasequoia Glyptostrobooides, the Dawn Redwood a living fossil.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pipe Clamps

Pipe Clamps

Pipes three quarters of an inch,
Ingeniously allowing you to clamp long and wide,
Pipe clamps as long as your longest bit of pipe,
Easily clamping doors and table-tops.

Cabinetry or joinery it's just the same,
Long enough for nearly any job,
America's answer to the sash clamp,
More quickly adjusted than the sash clamp,
Passivated steel pipes or iron pipes,
Simple ideas are often the best.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pirates In Their Pants

Pirates In Their Pants

Pantaloon's made them look like pansies,
Plus-four's made them look like washed-up golfers,
As for denim jeans they shrunk far too tight in salt water,
So that's why pirates are always in their pants.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pivot

Pivot

Pivotable principles of engineering,
Immense objects moved easily,
Very useful pins to have spare,
Oscillations of mechanisms,
Teams with a pivotal person at it's heart.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pixel

Pixel

Picture elements combined,
Imagine what can be created out of pixels,
Xerographic copies of documents,
Electronically tweaked images,
Loads of small dots making something far grander.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Places

Places

Places in time and space,
Landscapes to be seen,
Aircraft taking people places,
Countries and places to visit,
Everyday places to look at more closely,
Sights to be seen and enjoyed.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Planes

Planes

People travelling to distant places by plane,
Leaves falling in autumn from the Plane Tree,
A craftsman smoothing wood with his plane,
New horizons reached thanks to the plane,
Enjoying the shade of a Plane Tree in the summer,
Shavings left on the workshop floor by the plane.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Plank

Plank

Pine floorboards in Victorian houses,
Lumber sawn into boards,
Antique wood reclaimed from demolished buildings,
Naval ships with clinker-built hulls,
Kiln dried oak for fine furniture.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Play

Play

Children playing,
Shakespeare preformed,
Politics at play.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pleonasm

Pleonasm

Prolonging this poem far too much I think,
Lots of words to say so little and look so much,
Enormous effort and work to convey not very much,
Overrunning my deadline and stretching things too far,
Never knowing when to finish my work,
A pleonastic nature conveyed in this poem,
So I made an eight line acrostic poem to stretch things out,
Many words losing meaning and purpose just to look clever.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pocket

Pocket

Pennies and fluff at the bottom of your pocket,
Old boiled sweets going sticky in jacket pockets,
Coins and keys jangling as we walk,
Keeping everything close at hand,
Everything shoved in and out of sight,
Trousers pockets with holes are no good.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Poems

Poems

People united by poetry and harmony,
Old words and verse read by modern eyes,
Eternal gifts from the minds of people,
Memories written down for the benefit of all,
Souls of poets captured by words and verse.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Poen

Poen

Bywyd brifo,
Bodolaeth yn achosi poen,
Hen cymalau poenus.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Poetical Works

Poetical Works

Poems written by poets,
Odysseys in time and space,
Everything captured in words and verse,
Tragedy struck lovers and lives,
Innocents lost to war,
Capturing life in all it's forms,
Artistic endeavours in words not pictures,
Lasting impressions of times now lost.

Winter snows captured on white paper,
Old friends in memorandum,
Remembrance of the millions of life's cut short by war,
Kings and noble deeds evoked in verse,
Stories laid down for future generations.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Poetry (Cap Verse)

Poetry (Cap Verse)

Poetry just words trying to capture the human condition,
Noting changes in humanities aspirations,
So much written throughout history,
Yet we still write our poetry as we ponder our place,
Every poet wondering about the meaning of life,
Each of us pondering the universe,
Everybody searching for the meaning of our existence.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Poets

Poets

Poems and prose from the heart,
Ode's to old friends passed,
Every creed and kin has them,
Teaming up words and wisdom into verse,
Sounds so simple doesn't it.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Poets (Haiku)

Poets

Poetic words caught in ink,
Poet's heart and mind in turmoil,
All this in just a little verse.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Poets (Tanka)

Poets (Tanka)

Poetical verses of heroes,
Poets thinking of Arthurian legends,
Trying to capture ideals,
Words forming into poems,
So is the poet a heroic ideal.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pond Life

Pond Life

Sticklebacks swimming,
Water lilies hiding tadpoles,
As ducks paddle by.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ponds

Ponds

Picturesque garden features,
Overflowing with life in it's infinite variety,
Newts and goldfish swimming and lurking in the margins,
Damp and boggy edges covered with bulrushes,
Study closely and see life in all it's glory.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Poppy Fields

Poppy Fields

Never pick a poppy I was told when I was a child,
For every flower was the soul of a fallen soldier,
It must be so because of Flanders Fields,
Which were once seas of red poppies.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Por El Arroyo Rumoroso

Por el arroyo rumoroso

Por el arroyo rumoroso, descanso
Ver doncella-moscas revoloteando sobre el agua,
Pescado alrededor de alimento y refugio,
Pájaros en el ala en busca de su alimento,
Barqueros de agua nadando alrededor sin preocuparse en el mundo,
La suave brisa caer pétalos en el agua,
Los bancos cubren de hierba verde exuberante,
El toro juncos y lirios de agua que se separa lentamente,
Una pequeña ramita flotando por hacia el puente,
La canción feliz de la naturaleza y el agua en armonía,
La tarde brillando sol del agua,
Por qué yo quiero ser cualquier otra cosa, pero aquí, ,
Por el arroyo susurrante es el lugar para estar.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Posibl (Haibun)

Posibl

Mynd ar drywydd eich breuddwydion gyda eich holl efallai,
Goresgyn rhai sy'n sefyll yn eich ffordd,
Ceisio eich llawn botensial mewn bywyd,
Pob ymdrech i geisio gwneud gwahaniaeth,
Canolbwyntio'n llwyr ar gyrraedd eich nodau,
Sefyll eich tir, byw bywyd eich llawn botensial.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Potential

Potential

Pursuing your dreams with all your might,
Overcoming all those that stand in your way,
Trying to maximise your potential in life,
Every effort to try to make a difference,
Not letting self-doubt hinder you,
Totally focused on achieving your goals,
Indefectibly standing your ground,
Attaining everything and more of your plans,
Living life to your full potential.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Powerless (Tanka)

Powerless (Tanka)

The poor trapped,
In endless poverty,
As the rich think,
Only of themselves,
So the cycle continues.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Press

Press

Printer's presses churning out books,
Really pressed for time now,
Everyday objects being pressed out of sheet steel,
Scullery maids pressing clothes on laundry day,
Sour apples being pressed for cider.

Christopher Tye

Press (Revisited)

Press

Press officers releasing stories,
Reporters writing stories for the broadsheets,
Exposés of government cover-up's,
Scandals on the front page,
Selling on the back of misfortune and sorrow.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Presupuesto Aire Viajes

Presupuesto aire viajes

Demasiado bueno para ser verdad,
Debo haber realizado, ,
Solo obtienes lo que pagas,
Paracaídas para todos en el avión,
Y cinta en las alas del conducto.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Price

Price

Plutocrat businessmen costing the earth,
Riches beyond compare for the few,
International corporations stripping the world bare,
Commerce keeping the poor starving for profit,
Economics robbing the poor to keep the rich wealthy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Prices

Prices

Plutocracies gone mad with greed and lust,
Remuneration packages big enough for a town just for one,
International tax havens for the rich,
Coppers and stale bread for the working man,
Equality on paper but not in life for us workers,
Socialist leaders selling out and sending us down the river.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pris

Pris

Plutocrat dynion busnes costio'r ddaear,
'R ychydig gyda golud y tu hwnt i yn cymharu,
Corfforaethau rhyngwladol dwyn y byd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Puppy (Haiku)

Puppy (Haiku)

Dashing around,
Chasing anything in sight,
Youthful abandon.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pushed

Pushed

Pushed out of my inheritance by jealous rivals,
Usurper queens sitting on the throne,
Stabbed in the back by those I once protected,
Humble king dethroned for no good reasons,
Exiled from my homeland must I be for eternity,
Destined never to regain my kingdom.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Putrid

Putrid

Putrid mice lying devoid of life,
Under things in garden sheds,
Time ran-out for these little fellows,
Rodents past reviving laying in rest,
In dark corners away from disturbance,
Death comes to all things from mice to men.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Pva

PVA

Polyvinyl Acetate the king of wood glues,
Strong and reliable and some are even waterproof,
A woodworker's best friend,
Really useful for crafters working with card and paper,
Railway modellers watering it down to stick ballast in place,
Even used by builders in rendering mixes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Quaro

Quaro (I Seek)

Always seeking answers,
Seeking out more questions,
Seeking an end to endless quests,
Always seeking the purpose of life,
Seeking new beginnings in life,
Always seeking the solution to problems,
Seeking the end of this life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Quaro (Yn Y Gymraeg)

Quaro

Bob amser yn chwilio am atebion,
Chwilio am fwy o gwestiynau,
Chwilio am ben i quests diddiwedd,
Bob amser yn chwilio am y phwrpas bywyd,
Ceisio dechrau newydd mewn bywyd,
Bob amser yn chwilio am ateb i broblemau,
Chwilio am ddiwedd y bywyd hwn.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Quick

Quick

Quick thinking with wise cracks,
Up-most haste and speed in all things,
Impressive momentum achieved again,
Crossing long distances in the blink of an eye,
Kings of speed leaving every thing else behind.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Quod Erat Demonstandum

Quod Erat Demonstandum

Look and we will prove by showing,
Living life with your eyes open,
All things can become a reality,
Prove is always in seeing things demonstrated.

Science wouldn't have advanced so far,
Without scientist's bringing theory into being,
The leap of faith from drawing boards and theories,
To become things must be seen in action.

Mankind would still be caveman without belief,
That spark of genius putting ideas into practice,
Evolution overtime progressing over centuries,
Without self-belief man wouldn't have walked on the moon.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rabbit Ears

Rabbit Ears

Every time I'm Skyping,
There's some twit behind me,
Doing rabbit ears.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Radio

Radio

Radio waves carrying sound through the air,
All things for all people's needs,
Diverse music from around the world,
Important news broadcast to the world,
Old technology merging into the internet age.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Railroads

Railroads

Rock Island lives on in my heart,
Alco PA's, FA's and Century series locos beyond compare,
Industrial switchers or road switchers,
Lima T-2500 transfer units on the Pennsy remember those?
Rutland's lost glory - ghosts of old steamers still linger,
Old F-units still rolling on the tracks,
American diesels across the world,
Dreaming of the golden days in short line heaven,
Sharknose's Baldwin's finest ever loco?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rails

Rails

Railways criss-crossing the nation,
Across fens and dales connecting cities,
Industry keeping freight waggons loaded and rolling,
Loaded passengers traveling fast on main lines,
Steam still ruling on preserved lines.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rain

Rain

Running down windows,
Always turning into new life,
Inclement days again in April,
Never mind May is nearly here.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rain (Revisited)

Rain

Rain descending from the heavens,
A gift from God and the clouds for all life on earth,
Irrigation across the nation as the rain falls,
New life growing as the rain soaks in.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rains

Rains

Rain coming down like stair-rods,
April showers giving way to summer,
Insidious precipitation spoiling sunny days,
Nocturnal cloud bursts ruining crops,
Sodden ground and soggy socks.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rattus Maximus

Rattus Maximus

Rattus Maximus - the blooming big rat,
You know the one I mean soo big,
As big as a full grown rabbit,
But with-out the cuteness or charm,
I start to wonder about reincarnation,
Rattus Maximus a politician reborn?
Getting big and fat on other's endeavours,
And let's face it their both a scourge of humanity.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Reach

Reach

Reaching for the skies,
Earthly bound no more,
Aspiring for ever greater heights,
Climbing as high as possible,
Heroically pushing as far as mankind could.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Reamers

Reamers

Reaming out holes with precision,
Ensuring clearances are met,
Always handy to have around the workshop,
Metal cleaned up and pipes deburred,
Engineered with care and accuracy,
Really useful things reamers are,
Step reamers now that's another story.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Refuge Lost

Refuge Lost

No place to call home,
Last place of refuge lost,
No life left to live.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Refugio Perdido

Refugio perdido

No hay lugar para llamar a casa,
Último lugar de refugio perdido,
No queda vida para vivir.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Regalos Simples

Regalos simples

Hombre necesita regalos simples,
De la flor de los árboles en primavera,
El sonido de las campanas de iglesia sonando,
El sonido de la canción del pájaro anunciando un nuevo amanecer,
El sol brillando sobre un arroyo,
Mariposas calentamiento sus alas al sol de la mañana,
Regalos simples de vida que la humanidad necesita sobrevivir y crecer.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Renace La Vida

Renace la vida

Nosotros los seres humanos somos como los narcisos,
Ponemos en un breve espectáculo glorioso,
Antes nos morimos para renacer.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Requiem

Requiem

Let me lie in this corner of Lincolnshire's green and pleasant land,
Forever resting under the big skies I loved in life.

Let me lie here in the only place that was ever home for me,
A realm where I gladly lived and gladly watch over in death.

Let me lie amongst my trees I planted when I was young so I could reach the
skies,
In the light filled landscape of my youth as I looked into the heavens.

Let me lie here where the spirits of old friends still roam,
A place where heroes stood to fight for freedom and decency.

Let me lie with peace and dignity for all eternity,
A corner of old England that my spirit will be at home.

Let me lie under sunny days and starry skies at night,
Where I can rest and gaze into the infinity of time and space.

Let me lie as I lived in life devoted to my homeland,
Surrounded by the spirits of those who have gone before me.

Let me lie under the protection of old trees and wise owls,
Surrounded by the gifts of nature and God's wisdom.

Let me lie in my homeland where my heart will always be.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Respice Finem (Consider The End)

Respice Finem (Consider The End)

Requiem of lost dreams,
Eternally stuck between heaven and hell,
Strength slipping away with the years,
Plans collapsing around you at the end,
Internal struggles between body and mind,
Coffins awaiting soulless bodies at the end,
Everybody should consider the end,
Finishing life with a flourish at the end,
Irrespectively looking back at life,
Never achieving anything of note,
But achieving more than I ever dreamed off,
Epilogue of a wasted life and dashed hopes,
That could have been so much more,
Mortal body giving way to eternal spirit.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Retiro

Retiro

No quedan opciones,
Alejándome de la sociedad,
Retirándose lejos del mundo.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Retreat

Retreat

No choices left,
Cutting myself away from society,
Retreating away from the world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Return

Return

Return to this place I can't,
Exiled I must be from where I belong,
Time and mankind stood against my return,
Ultimately my spirit will roam until peace is found,
Rivers of sorrow flowing from my eyes,
Never able to return to my homeland.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Returning Home?

Returning Home?

A dream slipping away,
As the road grows ever longer,
As time for this mortal body ebbs away.

Still yearning for the utopia of my youth again,
The old family home for generations,
A little piece of England's green and pleasant land,
Now perhaps lost to me forever.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rhoddion Syml

Rhoddion syml

Pob dyn ei angen rhoddion syml,
Mewn bywyd Mae rhoddion syml y gall godi calon yr enaid,
Pan fydd dim byd arall,
O'r blodau ar y coed yn y gwanwyn,
Sain clychau Eglwys,
Cael ei arogl o rosynnau ar Awel haf yn y nos,
Cân aderyn rhagflaenu yn wawr newydd,
Harddwch syml y fuwch goch gota gyda ei smotiau,
Yr haul a glinting ar ffrwd,
Gloÿnnod byw cynhesu eu hadenydd yn haul y bore,
Snowdrop ostyngedig ymddangos i herald yn y gaeaf yn dirwyn i ben,
Pan fydd amseroedd enbyd yw rhoddion syml mae fy nghalon yn yearns rhoddion
syml,
Ar gyfer rhoddion syml ei fywyd yn unig sy'n gwneud ddynoliaeth angen i oroesi
a thyfu mawr.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rhwymo Homeward

Rhwymo homeward

Wedi'i alltudio i lannau pell,
Nid oes lle i'w alw'n gartref bellach,
Le bynnag y mae y gwynt yn chwythu,
Gweld y gwaethaf mewn dynoliaeth,
Felly wrth imi deithio ar draws tiroedd gelyniaethus,
Bob amser alltud ymladd er mwyn goroesi,
Dynghedu i fodolaeth hon tan fy niwrnod sy'n marw,

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rhydd (Tanka)

Rhydd (Tanka)

Ysbryd rhydd yn sownd mewn bywyd,
Chadwyno fel caethweision,
Fel y mae y dydd yn crushes chi,
Nid oes rhyddid yma ar y ddaear,
Dim ond mewn marwolaeth bydd yn rhyddid.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ripsaw

Ripsaw

Reducing board widths to fit,
In the old days ripsaws ruled before circular saws,
Points per inch quite low for a swifty cut,
Saw dust a plenty as the cut progresses,
A good one will survive decades of work,
Working along timber baulks cutting to size.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rise

Rise

Respect yourself,
Improve yourself,
Surpass yourself,
Educate yourself.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rise (Revisited)

Rise (Revisited)

Reach for the sky,
Inspired by others,
Striving to be the best,
Everything is down to us.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Robin

Robin

Robin with your plump little red breast,
Our faithful companion in the garden,
Busily taking interest in our gardening endeavours,
Inquisitive and intelligent little friends,
Nicest of all the garden birds.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rocking Chair

Rocking Chair

Just used by spiders,
It still sits on the veranda,
Now you walk in the stars.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Roses

Roses

Roses are red for Valentine 's Day,
Olde English gardens full of rose bushes,
Sweet scent carried on the evening air,
Every colour under the sun can be found,
Spring and summer just wouldn't be the same without them.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rotten

Rotten

Rouges rotten to the core,
Only after money and power,
Time will catch up with them,
Tyrants leading rotten governments,
Epizoon's feeding off other's endeavours,
No friends of freedom or equality.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Roundabout

Roundabout

Cars going clockwise,
Shrubs on round islands,
Everything going circular.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rubbish

Rubbish

Resources wasted and dumped,
Unloved and sent to landfill,
Barmy how we squander so much,
Binning what could still be of use,
Infinite usage of finite resources,
Shameful wastage of food when people are starving,
Humans turning earth into a waste dump.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rubble

Rubble

Ruined buildings crumbling back to earth,
Uncared for and being reclaimed by nature,
Barn's superseded and lying empty,
Big castles long since vacated,
Long lost Roman villas buried underground,
Entire medieval villages abandoned due to the black-death.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rusty

Rusty

Rust buckets returning to nature,
Undergrowth and hedgerows growing over,
Spared the scrapyard for now,
Time and weather taking their toll,
Yesterday's tractors slumbering away.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rwy'n

Rwy'n

Felly yw diwedd y diwrnod yma,
Fel rwy'n mount fy safiad olaf,
Yr olaf fy llinell,
Gorfodi i'r diwrnod hwn,
Brwydr terfynol wedi'u tynghedu i ni ennill.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Rydym Y Meirw

Rydym y meirw

Hyd yr ydym yn byw yma,
Outcasts am byth yn y dirgel,
Yn i marw.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sacrificing Plants In The Name Of Love

Sacrificing Plants In The Name Of Love

Every valentine's day a massacre of red rose blooms,
In the name of love so many flowers life's cut short,
Bunches of carnations and chrysanthemums on mothers day,
Flowers stuck in plastic buckets on petrol station forecourts,
Oh the humanity of it all cutting life short for love,
All those flower arrangements at weddings,
Bunches of flowers for anniversaries and birthdays,
And think of all the vegetables at romantic dinners,
All those trees cut down for cards and gift wrap,
Then there is all the cocoa beans for boxes of chocolates,
At the end of life there's still more flowers and cards,
Funny how we humans celebrate life and love by sacrificing it.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sailing Off Into The Sunset

Sailing Off Into The Sunset

Sailing off into the sunset heading off for the new world,
Wondering if I will ever see these shores again,
Following the sun as it dips below the horizon,
Heading off to places unknown in this old galleon.

Sailing off into the sunset leaving my old life behind,
Thinking of old friends I might never see again,
Remembering the little village I grew up in,
Wondering if I ever return what will be left of what I knew.

Sailing off into the sunset slipping anchor out of the cove,
Time and tide waiting for no man as we chase the setting sun,
Hoping for a good wind in the sails as we head off into the ocean,
A journey just beginning as my homeland fades into the distance.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Salir A Comer

Salir a comer

No hay llamadas puedo tomar,
No los visitantes verán,
Porque he salido a almorzar.

No hay trabajo que hacer,
No hay clientes se sirven,
Porque he salido a almorzar.

No hay grandes proyectos a desarrollar,
No otros planes a completar,
Porque he salido a almorzar.

Nada más me importa no este momento,
Mi única preocupación es alimento,
Porque he salido a almorzar.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Samples

Samples

Salesmen taking samples out on their rounds,
A sample for the doctor to test,
Manufacturers samples hoping to win trade,
Products used to show what we can do,
Lets sample our mothers cooking,
Eating free samples at the supermarket,
Sometimes it's good to have a freebie.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sand

Sand

Seaside dreams of youth,
As we combed the beach for seashells,
Nodding off on deckchairs in the sea breeze,
Donkeys walking along plying their trade.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sarnie

Sarnie

Sausage and bacon sarnies for lunch,
Applewood smoked mature cheddar cheese the best for sarnies,
Ravioli and baked bean sandwiches sure to drip everywhere,
No crusts on cucumber sarnies is just right and proper,
Imagine the finest Lincolnshire Haslet in a sarnie,
Eating sarnies beats an empty tummy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Satire

Satire

Stupidity of politicians mocked in print,
All those brilliant people messing up are fair game,
Timeless way of trying to humble the great and the good,
It's the monumental cock-ups that inspires satire,
Real good satire should always be good humoured,
Enjoying a good laugh at the expense of someone else.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Saturday Night

Saturday Night

The foolish drink,
The pious study and learn,
The lonely just exist.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Scars

Scars from decades of struggles,
Countless old wounds remain,
Atonement perhaps for my sins,
Reminders of old battles won and lost,
Scars aren't always visible to others.

Christopher Tye

Schuhe

Schuhe

Shiny shoes show a man's demeanour,
Cobbler's pride in his work,
Hobnail boots of yesteryear,
Underfoot and underway,
Hiking across the countryside,
Everybody needs shoes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sculpt

Sculpt

Sculptors chipping away at stone,
Casting of bronze beginning with sculpts,
Unique survivors from ancient times,
Limbless but still classics,
Priceless art starts with a sculpt,
Trying to capture what's in your mind.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Se Acabó El Tiempo

Se acabó el tiempo

La batalla ha perdido,
No queda tiempo,
Hope ha muerto.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Searching For Ideas

Searching For Ideas

Idea's I wish I had some,
No words flowing and Idea's dried up,
Why do they spring forth so fast one day,
Then the next day is just drought.

Ideas and words are the essence of poetry,
No ideas left and poetic expressions die,
So much in the world and nothing comes forth,
A poet can't exist if there's no ideas.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Secrets

Secrets

Something's just can't be said,
Encrypted text for no-one to read,
Clandestine objectives to keep,
Restricted to just a few away from the public,
Every government hiding a lot,
Take them to the grave so they die with you,
Sometimes sharing isn't possible alas.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Seeing The Moon Rise

Seeing The Moon Rise

Rising like a ghostly spirit in the sky,
This most beautiful celestial body,
Moonbeams beginning to dance across the land,
Bringing light into the darkness.

The birth of a new night has begun,
As the sun settles into its sleep,
The moons magic spreads across the land,
Making the countryside into a fairyland.

Seeing the moon rise again is magic,
It's friendly face looking down,
On us it's earthly children,
As we look up in wonder to the heavens.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Seen

Seen

Somebody had seen him at a crossroads,
Everybody struggling against the onslaught,
Ever hopeful his wounds weren't fatal,
No trace of him since and no known grave.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Self Harming

Self Harming

Slicing into skin,
Empty life and soul,
Loathing myself and life,
Fury running through my veins.

Hurting so much inside,
Angry with everything,
Riddled with self-doubt,
Masses of scars merging into one,
Images of the past haunting me,
Nothing will take the sadness away,
God forsaken life with no hope.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Services (19-03-2017)

Services

Vicars' retired now,
No more sermons here,
A church with no services.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Shadows

Shadows

The forgotten hidden,
The shadows claim all in sight,
As humanity is blind.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Shells

Shells

Sea-bound life armoured for survival,
Hiding pearls in safety in the deaths,
Egg shells protecting the new life inside,
Lobsters in their suits of armour,
Looking at the Armadillo's bony shell,
Snails' shells in their beautiful forms.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Shine

Shine

Surprise your doubters,
Help yourself up again,
Improve what needs improving,
Now is the time to shine,
Excel and seize the moment.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Shining Bright Like A Supernova

Shining Bright Like A Supernova

Reach inside of yourself,
Search for your true potential,
For every human should shine,
Let the love in your heart spread the light.

Shine as brightly as you can,
For only light can shield you from darkness,
Outshine those who belittle you and put you down,
Only then you can see what humanity really is.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ships

Ships

Slipping out of harbour at dawn,
Heading out to sea past the headlands,
In full sail with the wind behind us,
Passing a school of whales at speed,
Sailing away into the evening sunset.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ships (Revisited)

Ships

Sailing to distant climes,
Heaving with cargo,
International trade routes,
Passengers sailing to new climes,
Slipping into harbour.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Shirts

Shirts

Shirts for work and leisure,
Has to be a double cuffed shirt for a job interview,
Imagine lumberjacks without lumberjack shirts,
Remains of old shirts used as dusters and oil-cloths,
Tailored fit for those who want it,
Short sleeves for summer style.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Shoddy

Shoddy

Shredded fibres making cheap cloth,
Have a look under your jacket collar,
Old as Adam but still in use,
Decades old example of recycling,
Dedicated fashionistas own some unknowingly,
Yes shoddy is everywhere from shirts and suits.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Shoe Sting (Cap Verse)

Shoe Sting (Cap Verse)

How I envy those people who can afford shoe string,
Got to be nice having money to spend,
Drifters like me rarely have any to spare,
Everyday a struggle to exist,
The lucky people with a shoe string budget,
The fortunate ones who actually shoes and shoe string.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Shoes

Shoes

Soles of my feet,
Holes in my soles,
Old and worn-out,
Everyday on the move,
Someday I'll stop walking.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Shot At Dawn

Shot At Dawn

We died for the values that we hold,
Our beliefs and conscience could not be broken,
Cowardice was not us we were strong,
Our hearts would not yield to pressure,
We were all brothers in the eyes of God,
Our brothers we could not fight,
Our fate was to be shot at dawn by our own side.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum

Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum

If you want peace, prepare for war,
Build your defences tall and strong,
Full your barracks with men and guns,
Keep watch of the sea, skies and land.

If you want peace, prepare for war,
If you want peace, seek out the common ground,
If you want peace, hope diplomacy prevails,
If you want peace, be prepared for the worst that war can bring.

If you want peace, prepare for war,
Prepare for war as strong defences needs to be shown,
Prepare for war as peace brings compliancy,
Prepare for war but hope peace prevails.

If you want peace, prepare for war,
Most of us hope and pray for peace,
But there are always a few motived to wreak war,
No matter the cost we most stand strong amongst our defences.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sicknote

Sicknote

Sicknote's not very well today again,
It doesn't look good for the rest of the week ether,
Coming to work is enough to bring an allergic reaction,
Keeping fit is impossible to do for sicknote,
Not sure if it's yellow fever or scarlet fever,
Or it could even be smallpox or cowpox,
To hospital for tests again this week,
Eventually we might even get a full day's work from sicknote.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Side Axes

Side Axes

Side axes all but extinct now,
Intriguing curios from the past,
Defiantly hanging on in the modern world,
Ether left or right handed axes.

Allowing a skilled worker to square off lumber,
'Xtra special because one side is flat,
Easy to bash your knuckles with this one,
Something of an anachronism in the machine age.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Siempre Retrasada (Versión 1)

Siempre retrasada (versión 1)

El fin de la pobreza parece retrasarse para siempre,
El final del racismo parece retrasarse para siempre,
El final del sufrimiento parece retrasarse para siempre.

El principio de la paz mundial parece retrasarse para siempre,
El final de la guerra parecen retrasarse para siempre,
Al final de la hambruna parece retrasarse para siempre.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Siempre Retrasada (Versión 2)

Siempre retrasada (versión 2)

Siempre parece que se retrasa para siempre,
Mi vida parece retrasarse para siempre,
Mi progreso parece retrasarse para siempre.

Todo parece retrasarse para siempre,
Cada viaje a trabajar parece retrasarse para siempre,
Cada cola que unirme parece retrasarse para siempre.

Mis sueños parecen retrasarse para siempre,
Mis esperanzas parecen retrasarse para siempre,
Mi destino parece retrasarse para siempre.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sight

Sight

Seeing what path lays ahead,
Instinctively knowing what's around the corner,
Gut instinct saving the day,
Having the gift of sight is a miracle of nature,
Think about what you see and you will see so much more.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Silver

Silver

Sterling silver coins of our past,
International trade currency in the Maria Theresa thaler,
Longcross pennies of plantagenet kings,
Viking coins from old Norse kingdoms,
Eating with sterling silver cutlery,
Religious chalices made from plate silver.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Silvery Paths (Tanka)

Silvery Paths (Tanka)

Cold moonlight,
Lighting old countryside,
As weary humans,
Sleep idly by in beds,
Missing the show.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Simple Gifts

Simple Gifts

All a man needs is simple gifts,
In life it is the simple gifts that can cheer the soul,
When nothing else will,
From the blossom on the trees in spring,
The sound of church bells ringing,
The scent of roses carried on a summer breeze in the evening,
The sound of bird song heralding a new dawn,
The simple beauty of the Ladybird with her spots,
The sun glinting upon a stream,
Butterflies warming their wings in the morning sun,
The humble snowdripp appearing to herald that winter is drawing to a close,
When times are dire it's the simple gifts my heart yearns for most,
For its just life's simple gifts that makes humanity needs to survive and grow great.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sin Amor

Sin amor

Sin amor cómo podemos nosotros crecer como personas,
Sin amor cómo es posible que haya esperanza,
Sin amor cómo es posible que haya vida,
Sin amor cómo podemos tener un alma.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sin Entrega

Sin entrega

A lo largo de mi vida,
Nunca he comprometido mis principios,
No importa lo que la vida ha tirado de mí,
Nunca he perdido mis creencias.

Estuve por mi religión,
Cuando todos aquellos a mi alrededor,
Intentó romper mi fe,
Pero no me rindo.

Podía haber fácilmente dado en, ,
Pero no cómo vivir mi vida,
Odio y l venganza nunca se convirtió en parte de mí,
Para que nunca se rindió al miedo.

Mis principios morales siguen igual,
Nunca tomé el camino de la autodestrucción,
Nunca sirviéndose la bebida para ocultar el dolor,
Nunca entregaron mi fe en Dios.

Permanecí siempre fiel a mi mismo,
No importa el costo de mi vida,
Tuve que vivir mi vida a mi manera,
Pero por lo menos nunca rendido.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sin Poder

Sin poder

Los pobres atrapados,
En la pobreza sin fin,
Como piensan los ricos,
Sólo de sí mismos,
Así el ciclo continúa.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sky

Sky

Seagulls soaring into the sky,
Kestrels on the wing gliding skywards,
Young birds making it into the skies for the first time.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sleep

Sleep

Sleeping life away,
Lost in a world of dreams,
Earthly endeavours matter no more,
Escaping reality in dreams,
Perhaps I'm better off sleeping.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sleeve

Sleeve

Shirt sleeves rolled up for work,
Long sleeves always covering my hands,
Evening Dresses with-out sleeves,
Every day things like t-shirts with short sleeves,
Very useful long sleeves stopping sunburnt arms,
Ever changing fashions changing sleeves.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Slept

Slept

Slumbering so long as we want,
Laying as I slept to another world,
Eternally a sleep in my grave,
Past lives in heaven slept as spirits,
Time catches up with us all.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Slice

Slice

Slices of cake for tea,
Lashings of cream poured over apple pie,
Imagine breakfast without slices of bacon,
Cream slices in bakers display cases,
Eating slices of bread for supper.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sliding Bevels

Sliding Bevels

Site work by shuttering joiners,
Loved and cared for by cabinet makers,
Inexpensive plastic ones on building sites,
Degrees of angles marked out,
Infinitely adjustable and useful,
Now loved by collectors of old tools,
Gleaming brass and polished steel.

Brass fittings or stainless steel,
Ebony and rosewood for high quality,
Very useful old idea still irreplaceable,
Every workshop should have at least one,
Long history stretching back centuries,
So many variations of this classic tool.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Smart

Smart

Scholarly devotion to knowledge,
Mental abilities beyond the norm,
Always learning and gathering information,
Remembering vast quantities of data,
Top IQ's belie so much of humanities quest of advancements.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Smart (Revisited)

Smart

Silk ties and double cuffed shirts,
Making a statement in hi-shine oxfords,
A watch and chain to complete the outfit,
Restrained elegance the mark of an Englishman,
Tailored three piece suits can't be beaten.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Smelly Socks

Smelly Socks

There was a young lady from York,
Who had worn her socks far too long,
When one day in the staff canteen,
Her shoes she did remove forgetting her smelly socks,
And all of York look for smelly Limburger cheese in vain.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Snowbound

Snowbound

Mid-winter and spring snows cutting us off,
Rural isolation as roads become impassable.
Dark nights and bleak days during power-cuts,
Hoping the food will last and the water-mains don't freeze.

Temperatures staying well below zero at midday,
Ice forming on door handles inside the house,
Roofs creaking and groaning under the weight of snow and ice,
Huddling around the fire to keep warm as the camping kettle boils.

Snow reaching up to the eaves and still it falls,
Roads blocked for a month as the drifts keep forming,
No hope of getting out of the village for help,
Food and supplies only getting through in air drops.

Hours spent each day digging out paths again and again,
Trying to keep them open to neighbouring properties,
Keeping access paths cleared to log shed and coal bunkers,
Working fast trying not to compress the snow to ice.

Rural life is always hard when snowbound,
But we couldn't live in faceless towns and cities,
Artists rarely paint towns and cities covered in snow,
It's always rural villages and countryside captured on canvas.

Snowbound at the moment let's hope it's not for long,
Snowbound roads ain't no fun out here in the wolds,
Snowbound villages and hamlets on moonlight nights what a view,
Snowbound countryside in winter sunshine what a sight to behold.

Being snowbound is the best of times,
Being snowbound is the worst of times,
Being snowbound pushes life to the limit,
Being snowbound makes everything look beautiful.

Snows come and go faster than the seasons,
Some of them remain far longer in folklore,

The harsh winter of 1947 when life nearly stopped,
And the winter of 2010/11 when ice persisted until April.

When I was young a very long time ago snow was fun,
Snowball fights with other kids and target practice using traffic,
Building snowmen and even igloo's some years,
Walking over snowdrifts and realising you're standing on top of a hedgerow.

Now I'm old and decrepit it's not so much fun,
Worrying about falling over and breaking a hip,
Worrying about catching hypothermia when the power goes out,
At least I can still enjoy the view when snowbound.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Snowdrops

Snowdrops

Snowdrops in full bloom,
Winter in full retreat,
Spring in the ascendancy,
Summer waiting in the wings,
Autumn will be here before you can blink.

Just a year of four seasons,
Just another year of my life,
Just another day looking at snowdrops.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sodden

Sodden

Soaked to the skin again,
Oh' my kingdom for an umbrella,
Downpours damping the day,
Darn English summers and their rains,
Earthbound water washing out the day,
Now I'm drenched like a drowned rat.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Soften

Soften

Steamed pudding so soft and tasty,
Old seats softening with age,
Flowing water softening the ground,
Tenderising meat to soften it,
Enjoy watching cheese on toast as the cheese softens and melts,
Now even I'm getting softer with age.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Soggy

Soggy

Soggy bottoms on damp park benches,
Old English tradition of soggy cucumber sandwiches,
Great! ! ! Soggy chips for tea must try another chippy,
Gardening making soggy ground,
Yet another leak in my willies leading to soggy socks.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sol Naciente

Sol naciente

Rotura del día glorioso,
Como el sol se eleva majestuosamente,
Difusión de luz en el mundo.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sorrow

Sorrow

Sadness and sorrow stalking my life,
Oneiric memories afflicting sleep,
Reality crushing life's hopes and dreams,
Rundown by sorrow and regrets,
Onerous difficulties continuing to plague life,
Woes and troubles all leading to sorrow.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sorry

Sorry

Sincerely sorry for what happened,
One of those things that was out of my control,
Remember the good times not this,
Reaching out trying to make this right again,
Yesterday seems so far away now.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Soul

Soul

Suffering in this life,
Onwards to the next life,
Ultimately destined for the heavens,
Life is life even in death.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Spade

Spade

Steel forged in the heat of fire,
Peasants and queen's planting trees,
Ancient design tweaked for today,
Double digging in the vegetable plot,
Earthmoving the hard way.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Spares Or Repair

Spares Or Repair

Once a farmers pride and joy,
Rusting away in the hedgerows,
Flat tyres bereft of air,
Broken glass and missing doors,
As the dreaded tin-worm takes hold.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Spares Or Repair (19-03-2017)

Spares or repair

A farmer's pride and joy,
Flat tire lost air,
Broken glass and missing doors,
Quietly rotting away
Far into the bushes.

By Christopher TYe

Christopher Tye

Speed

Speed

Streamlined Mallard still holding it's world speed record after eighty years,
People pushing boundaries beyond there limits,
Enormous jumps in speed with the jet-age,
Ever faster is the only way to go,
Dry lake beds used for land speed records.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Spelling

Spelling

Spelling's just not my forte,
Poor spelling for such a mind as mine,
English, French and German just as bad,
Languages just confusing me,
Linguistics leaving me baffled,
Inverting I's and E's all over the place,
Nouns now they leave me clueless,
Got to refer to the dictionary yet again.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Spitfire

Spitfire

Supermarine Spitfire fighter par excellence,
Pride of a nation still after all these years,
Image of a battle that still resonates today,
Timeless icon of the best of British design,
Finding fame as a fighter but so much more,
Inspiring schoolboy dreams for generations,
Roaring into life with Merlin and Griffon engines,
Even dog-fighting with a Lightning once.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sport

Sport

Snooker players using green baize as a battlefield,
Posh people playing polo with loads of horses,
Old timer's outwitting each other on bowling greens,
Racing cars roaring round racetracks,
Tennis being played on grass courts.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Spray

Spray

Spraying every crop in sight,
Pesticides decimating wildlife,
Rural idylls destroyed by modern farming,
Agricultural fertilizers leaching into rivers,
Yesterday's world was one where life was kinder.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Spring

Spring

Slowly life begins again,
Petite snowdrops the first sign of spring,
Regal daffodils growing in spring sunshine,
Increasing life as orchards start to bloom,
New life springing out all over,
God's gift to the world each year a new start.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Spring Blossoms

Spring Blossoms

Cherry blossom time,
So fleeting,
As petals wither.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Spring Lambs

Spring Lambs

Spring lambs,
Fathered by rams,
Born of ewe,
For you,
And your dinnertime.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Star Scapes

Star Scapes

An infinity of lights reaching across time and space,
How I stand in awe on this cold frosty night,
Looking towards the heavens in wonderment.

Transfixed by such heavenly beauty,
Wondering how many more of us mere mortals,
Are standing around the world transfixed skywards.

Looking across the constellations and galaxies,
Looking for answers to unanswerable questions,
How far can infinity continue.

Am I looking into the past or future,
Are we the only planet full of life,
Will I journey up amongst the stars,
When my time on earth is over.

Will I spend aeons searching for the truth,
Flying from star to star across never-ending galaxies,
Or shall I stand on frosty nights looking up to the stars,
Lost in my grandiose dreams of space and time.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Stars

Stars

Starlit skies at night,
Twinkling away like a nursery rhyme,
Astronomers delights at night,
Reaching across the heavens,
Skies full of celestial light.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Storm

Storm

Storm clouds gathering in summer,
Thunder claps and lightning strikes,
Old trees broken by the gale,
Running for cover in the monsoon,
Muddy paths and fields after the deluge.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Storm (Tanka)

Storm (Tanka)

Angry winds roar,
Old trees fall and splinter,
Rains flood the valley,
Mankind facing nature's wrath,
For nature is life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Story

Story

Story's of daring do and adventures,
Tall tales of old legends told,
Oral histories passed down over millennia,
Romantic medieval tales of chivalry,
Yesterday's world captured intime.

Christopher Tye

Street Lights

Street Lights

Illumination for the nation,
Lighting up our paths and roads,
Keeping us feeling safe,
Masking the night skies,
That's until the council's pull the plug,
Will the last person made redundant,
Please turn the lights of as they leave.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Strike True

Strike True

Strike true and live life being true to yourself,
Stand up for your beliefs and see that justice prevails,
Protect those who you care about with all your might,
Conduct life with compassion and seek the truth,
Stand up and defend those who can't defend themselves.

Live the life that you need to live,
Remain true to your conscience and remain honourable,
Deal with people as you would hope they would with you,
Follow your heart and dreams in life,
There is no point to life if you fail to stay true to yourself.

Money may ease the path of life but it won't buy happiness,
Flaunting wealth with flash cars and loads of bling,
Billionaire's with private jets and super yachts,
That's not staying true to yourself or humanity,
God won't be swayed by riches, it's the humanity in your heart that counts.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Stuff

Stuff

Stuff acquired along life's path,
Trinkets from our travels,
Using dead space to store stuff,
Finding uses for all your old stuff,
Filling up the attic with stuff worth hanging on to.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Subida (Revisado)

Subida (revisado)

Llegar al cielo,
Inspirado por otros,
Tratando de ser los mejores,
Todo es a nosotros.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sugar

Sugar

Sweet and simple,
Used to sweeten our foods,
Glucose syrup all gloopy and sticky,
All produced from cane, beet and sweetcorn,
Refined white or raw brown sugar.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Suitor

Suitor

Searing for a kindred spirit,
Undertaking cupid's journey for a heart,
In need of a soul-mate for life's journey,
Time to build a family for the future,
Opportunity at last to become a complete person,
Revealing in the love of another human.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Summer

Summer

Sunshine on long summer days,
Uplands bathed in golden hues,
Midsummer showers reviving lush greenness,
Magical moonlight peering through orchards,
England's green and pleasant land at it's finest,
Rural farms glowing with golden fields.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Summer Breezes

Summer Breezes

Sunlight evenings,
In cooling breezes,
As the sun dips down.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Summertime

Summertime

Rain has stopped,
Puddles gleaming with sunshine,
Socks still soggy.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sun

Sun

Sunlight steaming through the sky,
Uplands engulfed in your rays,
Noon is nigh and night will follow.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sunflowers

Sunflowers

Sunflowers immortalised by Van Gogh,
Unified fields of golden hues in a vase,
Now worth millions to the rich art collectors,
Fortunately the rest of us know it's true value,
Lofty plants grown by youngsters for competition and fun,
Oils for cooking and spreads for breads,
Welcome sign of high summer,
Ecological surprize a flower that's so much more,
Reflecting the Sun's golden rays,
Seeds loved by wild bird's in our gardens.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sunny Valley

Sunny Valley

Lay me down in my sunny valley when I die,
So I can bask in the sunlit homeland of my youth,
Away from the horrors of the modern world.

Lay me down in my sunny valley when I die,
Let me rest in eternal peace and solitude,
For this little corner of old England is where my heart belongs.

Lay me down in my sunny valley when I die,
This little valley of orchards, woods and golden wheat fields,
Land of hedgehogs, bunny rabbits and colourful birds.

Lay me down in my sunny valley when I die,
The last reminder of a sun filled childhood long since passed,
A little corner of the world that was once utopia.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sunrise

Sunrise

Sunlight breaking over the misty horizon,
Utopian visions as the sunrises over this land,
Now nature draws upon this great power,
Rising above England's green and pleasant land,
Iridescence shimmering on the babbling brook,
Streaming light dancing between tree branches,
Embers of life rising with the sun's light.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sunset

Sunset

Slipping into darkness as the sunsets,
Until dawn darkness is all that's left,
No sunlight now the sun is disappearing over the horizon,
Sunlight transitioning into twinkling starlight,
Earth bound life heading to sleep through the night,
Till sunrise the world sleeps in the dark.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sunset (Tanka)

Sunset

Sun setting on a dying day,
As I grow old and cold,
Waiting for the sun to set on my life,
No more sunrises to see,
Just the stars in the heavens.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Supernova

Supernova

Shining brightly,
Upstaging everything else,
Plasma and neutrinos flying out,
Enlightening time and space,
Reaching out from distant times,
Now even at light-speed it takes time,
Old events just reaching us now,
Venturing into distant universes,
Astronomical marvels in the heavens.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Swallows In The Summertime

Swallows in the summertime

The swallows have returned again,
Reminding me of those halcyon days of my youth,
Many years have passed since those blissful days,
I would spend many happy evenings watch them dart around.

The swallows always return each summer,
Spreading their joyful wings over England's green and pleasant land,
Every summer I wonder how many more times will I see the return,
Although it's summer again, I `am approaching the winter of my life.

When the swallows return again next year again,
I wonder if I will still be here to see them again,
Flying on the wing under the clear blue skies of summer,
If I `am, I will sit by the babbling brook and watch their dance once more.

If I see the swallows return once more,
I will remember those summer days of long ago,
When I was a lad and the countryside seemed to go on forever,
And in my mind I will be young again.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sweet

Sweet

Schooldays sweethearts fondly remembered,
Well respected people loved by all,
Engaged to your sweetheart,
Enjoying life surrounded by good friends,
True friends are the sweetest gift of all.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Sweets

Sweets

Sweetshop windows so hard to walk past,
Wealth of colours and flavours to explore,
Éclair's and toffees full of chocolate,
Enormous gob-stoppers keeping kids quiet,
Treats that we can all enjoy,
Strawberry laces that don't work very well in shoes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tables

Tables

Tables set for lunchtime at a diner,
A table to work at full of tools,
Battered old tables dumped in out buildings,
Long tables in big country houses,
Elemental tables in science
Springs forced up by the water table.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tanka

Tanka

Not a little tank,
Just a verse of words,
Tanka just a bigger haiku,
Or maybe not so simple,
Japanese traditions so hard to emulate.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Target

Target

Air rifles hitting the bull's-eye with a ping,
Routed by the long-bow at Agincourt,
Gun sights set firmly on targets,
Eagle eye's targeting their prey,
Targets and KPI's for salesmen to hit.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tasked (Haiku)

Tasked (Haiku)

Work to do,
Heart not yearning,
Life to live.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Taste

Taste

Tasted life's glory in full,
Appetite to live life to the full,
Still so much more to experience,
Trying every flavour to be had,
Eat and enjoy life while you can.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tavern

Tavern

Traditional drinking house,
Ale houses of the rural peasants,
Vernacular ad hoc public houses,
England's old traditions of country inns,
Restless spirits haunting old pubs,
Now slowly disappearing from villages.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tea And Teacakes At Teatime

Tea and Teacakes at Teatime

Eating muffins and drinking cordials,
All's fair in the love of food,
Teatime's the best meal of the day,
Indulging in cream cakes and chocolate éclairs,
Mountains of cupcakes and French fancies,
Eating's all well and good an teatime.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tears

Tears

Tears flow as the truth hits me,
Emotions run deep inside me,
Anguish grows in my soul,
Resigned to a life without you,
Sorrow shall haunt me without you.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Teithio Awyr Cyllideb

Teithio awyr cyllideb

Rhy dda i fod yn wir,
Dylai wedi sylweddoli,
Dim ond cewch beth yr ydych yn ei dalu am,
Parasiwtiau i bawb ar yr awyren,
A dwythell tâp ar yr adenydd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Temples

Temples

Temporal temples built for ethereal dreams,
Human hearts and minds hoping for passage to ethereal heaven,
Temples to humanity's hopes and dreams,

Temples to retreat to in troubled times,
Testament to mankind's faith of something more than the here and now,
Regardless of time or place on this earth,
Temples and churches of the here and now,
Burial mounds and stone circles to pyramids,
Our hearts always seeking a higher place.

For we cannot be truly alone in the vastness of space,
So are temples for refuge or looking outwards,
Who really knows as the reasons are lost to time,
All we know is to keep building and maintaining them.

Testament to our constant hope and faith,
Dreaming spires scraping the skies,
Chapels channelling hymns and prayers,
Temples linking temporal dreams to the ethereal.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Temporal Dreams

Temporal Dreams

Temporal dreams the folly of mankind,
Prizing possessions more than life,
Short sightedness blinding us to the truth,
For life is far more than temporal dreams.

Temporal dreams consumed with greed,
As we always seek more and more,
Not counting the cost to ourselves,
Just think how much more we could be.

Temporal dreams blinding us to the truth,
Humanity living with-out humanity,
Always forgetting what's really important,
As temporal life and dreams soon pass.

Temporal dreams blinding us to the path,
Ethereal life is our true destiny,
For temporal dreams and life is just a stage,
Before we become our true ethereal self's.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tents

Tents

Time to go camping,
Erecting tents in grass fields,
Nights under the starscapes,
Tourists on budgets going to camping sites,
Summers here so we may as well get cold and wet.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tesla

Tesla

Truly a great mind full of invention,
Electricity and magnetism mastered,
Sparks of genius arcing across the world,
Lasting gifts to the modern world,
Amazing how much a single mind can change the world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

That's All Folks

That's All Folks

Time to bow-out and leave this existence,
Hope died out such a long time ago,
Always getting slapped in the face by life,
Trying to think of reasons to continue,
Searching for something to cling on to.

Always getting the bad luck and raw deals,
Life's not worth living at this price,
Living in the shadows out of sight.

Feeling like humanity treats me as something less than them,
Only if the standard's knew me truly,
Limited by others not by myself,
King of broken dreams and hopes,
Suicide is the only viable option.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Absent Father

The Absent Father

He is just a child,
Wondering why he hasn't got a father,
Like all the other children at school,
He is wondering why so many people have ostracised him,
For something that's not his fault.

Wondering why his father has never contacted him,
He is always hoping for a Christmas card or a birthday card,
His dreams of being part of normal family are always unfulfilled.

What of his father,
Is it the fear of having to come face his responsibilities,
Or is it the fear of having to come face to face with his mistakes,
That has caused him to be forever absent?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Air Is Our Path

The Air Is Our Path

We are not bound to the ground,
For we were born out of the skies,
Flying across the night skies,
Roaming for eternity between galaxies.

We are the great lovers banished to the stars,
Flying across galaxies to be reunited,
The rain is our tear's when we are apart,
Solar eclipses are the dark sorrow in our hearts,
Shooting stars are our children searching for us.

Now we are free spirits the air is our path,
Now we are free of human conventions and limits,
Now we are able to roam across the heavens,
Now we are what we always were destined to be.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Ants (Haiku)

The Ants (Haiku)

Fearless workers,
Nature's bin-men at work,
Natural circle continues.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Bacon Sarnie Thief

The Bacon Sarnie Thief

That darned elusive sarnie pincher,
The swine keeps pilfering our bacon sarnies,
Our sandwiches getting swiped is no fun,
Somebody's bound to squeal on him,
When we catch him the swine will be cured.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Banshee From Bradford

The Banshee From Bradford

The banshee from Bradford was her nickname,
For her singing was so abysmal,
Cats scattered for cover in terror,
Dogs dived down rabbit holes to evade her song,
And as for all the poor residents of Bradford,
They applied for asylum in Leeds to lead life in peace.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Birch Tree

The Birch Tree

Silver bark shimmering,
As leaves quiver in the breeze,
Autumnal weather now.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Cemetery

The Cemetery

Rows upon rows of headstones,
All once loved and cherished by family,
Now just dead flowers remain.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Church Mouse (Tanka)

The Church Mouse (Tanka)

Must be Holy,
As he lives in a mouse hole,
Under the Altar,
Waiting through the sermon,
For any bread crumbs.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Comet

The Comet

The first of your kind,
Higher and faster flying,
Entering the jet age.

Commercial airliners revitalised,
Overcoming the austerity years of WWII,
Moving the world into a new era,
England's world beater,
Tragically pushing technology to far at first.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Dead

The Dead

We once breathed and eat heartily,
Gazed upon sunrises and sunsets,
Walked under starry skies with our sweethearts,
But now our spirits have gone.

Our broken bodies submerged beneath the Somme,
Finding our final resting place in Flanders Fields,
Once so young and full of life now buried in Ypres.

So look at our graves and memorials,
And ask yourselves this, why so many dead,
How did it come to this, surely there was another way,
For all us dead fought for king and country,
Blindly not questioning our governments.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Dead (26-02-2017)

The Dead

Buried deep in earth,
Old bones resting coldly,
Low rents in this graveyard,
Our pensions paid in full.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Death Of Innocence

The Death Of Innocence

There is no innocence left in the world,
What little that was left died today,
Just when you think that the human race couldn't sink any lower,
Something so bad happens that you lose what little faith that was left.

How did we end up like this?
Hospitals being bombed on purpose,
Politicians gunned down in the street,
States killing civil rights by the backdoor.

Where has all the good and hope gone to?
Children and old people starving to death in this technological age,
Riots in the streets for no real purpose,
Terrorists using religion to justify their means.

Where did the dream of utopia die?
Governments abandoning those in need,
Countries seizing parts of other countries,
Governments ousted by coalitions of countries.

Where will all this end?
Do we have to continue to tread this path,
Murdering each other and waging war wantonly,
Destroying everything that should make us human.

When did we lose our humanity?
Was it when the twin towers fell?
Was it when Syria's hospitals were targeted?
Was it when politicians weren't safe in small towns?

The death of innocence will leave a bleak world,
Children afraid to go to school because of bigots,
Old people afraid to go shopping because of thugs,
People of all creeds and kin's so afraid of each other that trust and understanding died.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Dying Exile

The dying exile

As the exiled man lays dying in a foreign land,
His thoughts turn to his beloved homeland,
As he draws his final few breaths,
He thinks about the village where he was born,
The little house where he spent his childhood,
The school he went to and all his long-lost friends from there,
The village's little sand stone church, with its steeple reaching out trying to touch
heaven,
The rolling fields he played in when he was a child,
The glorious sunsets from those long lost halcyon days of his youth,
Wondering why he has to die in a foreign land,
Never able to be buried with his family,
He longs so much to be back in his homeland once more, but knowing he will
never be able to make that journey,
So as fate has left him to spend the rest of eternity in this foreign land he yearns
so much for home.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Empty Chair

The Empty Chair

Near the fireplace stands the empty chair,
Untouched for five years now since that winter,
Christmas Eve what a day to pass over to the next world,
The dreams of children and grandchildren dashed.

Now the old armchair stands empty in vain hope,
Dust on the rails and slowly building upon the fabric,
Grandma's chair it was and always will be,
A shrine to her memory and a throne for her spirit.

The empty chair an epitaph to a life still missed,
Life comes and goes but what do we leave behind,
Family if we are lucky to remember us in the future,
Objects like a well-worn armchair and fading photographs.

The empty chair every home has had one at some time,
An empty space in our hearts and by the fireplace,
Decades of wear and tear until it's bedded in just right,
Now no more wear and tear for this chair that's now a shrine.

The empty chair sitting forlornly in grief,
Christmases by the fireside just not the same now,
A family still mourning after your passing each Christmas,
An empty armchair used just by your spirit.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Empty House

The Empty House

Tired paintwork flaking and faded,
Hipped roof bowing and slates slipping,
Empty now and abandoned to time.

Echoes of the past captured in faded pictures on the wall,
Marooned in a sea of weeds as ivy climbs the walls,
Plaster falling from the ceiling as water seeps in,
Time and the weather taking their toll,
Yesterday's full of life and joyous laughter.

Home to generations past but just ghosts left now,
Old and crumbling like a fallen tree returning to nature,
Utopia once when children ran through the place,
Striped of every valuable and left open to the elements,
Empty of life now except for the mice.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Expired Chicken Farmer

The Expired Chicken Farmer

A fowl deed or an eggremely bad day,
The local constabulary suspected fowl play,
So the flying squad combed the area,
But alas the evidence was just chicken feed,
And had been well pecked over already.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Farewell

The Farewell

Farewell my homeland and family,
To Flanders Fields and foreign lands must I go,
For king and country our regiment goes,
Our hearts will always be here with you.

If luck is on our side we will return one day,
To England's green and pleasant land,
But for now we must embark for distant shores,
Who knows what lay's ahead for us as we fight for freedom.

We leave from every shire and parish in this land,
Hoping God will watch over us and our brothers in arms,
We do not hate our enemies we just stand for liberty,
We know not where this war will lead us.

To our families we hope to return soon,
They say the war will be over by Christmas,
And freedom and liberty restored to all,
We hope our losses will be mercifully light.

Farewell for now all that I have known,
Our hearts are heavy and our souls homesick,
If my time on earth runs out remember me,
And think of me as a little part of England,
That's forever at rest in Flanders Fields,
For us this is the price of freedom.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Final Defeat

The Final Defeat

Today was the day that ended all days,
Finally reaching the point of not being able to fight anymore,
Defeated by lessor people fuelled by jealousy.

Today all hope died as fate played it's hand,
Stuck in a luckless position as my enemies massed,
A lone voice silenced by the masses as they heckled.

The end of a lifelong struggle to keep living,
Finding that I know longer had any place in this world,
A defeat so massive that nobody could survive.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Four Seasons

The Four Seasons

Slowly life begins again,
Petite snowdrops the first sign of spring,
Regal daffodils growing in spring sunshine,
Increasing life as orchards start to bloom,
New life springing out all over,
God's gift to the world each year a new start.

Sunshine on long summer days,
Uplands bathed in golden hues,
Midsummer showers reviving lush greenness,
Magical moonlight peering through orchards,
England's green and pleasant land at it's finest,
Rural farms glowing with golden fields.

A chill in the air as leaves fall,
Under cover of darkness Jack Frost makes his first visit,
Turning shades of brown and red trees know the time of year,
Under the trees fallen fruit for the next generation of life,
Mellowing colours in the countryside,
Now everything is slowing down ready for winter.

Wind blowing in cold fronts,
Ice forming overnight as temperatures fall
New snow glistening in the winter sun,
The ground laying fallow under the blanket of snow,
Evergreens giving homes to wildlife,
Rural villages looking beautiful as they are snowbound.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Ghost In The Machine

The Ghost In The Machine

Do I exist except in your imagination,
A consciousness trapped in the machine,
The hiss of interference speaking as a voice from the grave,
The face matrixing in the snow of TV interference,
We are the things that blow fuses in the middle of the night,
The flickering lights, that's us saying hello,
All those strange noises in fridges and immersion heaters it's us,
We are those little voices in the subconsciousness playing on your mistrust of
technology.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Hill

The Hill

High above,
The world below,
Upon the hill.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Humble Snail

The Humble Snail

You are always overlooked,
You are disliked by gardeners,
You are just seen as food by the birds.
Yet if we took time to look at your ilk, what would we see?

Would we see all your different species,
Would we see the marvel of nature that you are,
Would we see your true beauty hidden beneath your slime,
Would we see you in all the glory that you possess,
Would we see the complexity of your shell,
Would we realise how diverse a clan you are.

For you are one of nature's greatest creations,
From the common garden snail
To the sea snails lurking at the depths of the oceans,
To the Giant African Snail, who's size alone should impress,
To the snails of the chalk downlands,
Who's shells look like humbugs & butter mints.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Innocent Suffer

The Innocent Suffer

The innocent once again killed and maimed by terrorists,
How many more lives must we lose to these people,
The slaughtering of innocents serves no God or cause,
We can't let terrorists win and create a divided world,
No world can survive if this is how we solve problems,
No true God or Prophet would want all this in death and mayhem in their name,
We can't keep letting people die for the purposes of hate and xenophobia,
The false prophets of hatred and racism must be defeated,
When will all this end as more and more innocents die,
Will we stop when the whole world is blinded and toothless,
Nobody deserves to die this way no matter what the cause,
Remember the innocent will always suffer the most in the face of terrorism.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Jet Age

The jet age

Early days full of failures and setbacks,
Barely reaching for the skies only just leaving the ground,
Fighter jets paved the way to more peaceful things,
Faster and faster speeds until the plateau came,
Bigger engines gave us jumbo jets and beyond,
A jet plane lifting the population of a village to the skies,
Railway locomotives in cargo planes crossing continents,
Supersonic speeds and sonic booms in the skies,
What of pollution and bird strikes,
Contrails of planes heading to distant lands,
Pilots dreaming of ever greater adventures,
Airshow antics of aerobatic teams,
Who could have imagined all of this back in the thirties?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Joiners Shop

The Joiners Shop

Old work benches covered in sawdust,
Wooden planes and chisels generations old,
Hiding underneath awaiting the call to duty,
The family's trade for centuries.

Still clinging to old traditions,
As the world changes far too fast,
The craftsman at one with the old ways,
Where skill and knowledge ruled.

Dusty planks of wood homing spiders,
As they slowly season and air-dry,
At one with nature's wisdom.

A sight once so commonplace,
Now so rare as the world changes,
This old joiner's shop a rare thing now.

Observe the present while you can,
For tomorrow will arrive too soon,
As the old ways and skills die out,
Technology isn't always a good thing.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Journey

The Journey

Destination unknown,
Following the path ahead,
Walking a life's journey,
The road walked wearily at the end.

Destination unimportant,
The journey is all important,
The path is all important,
The people on the path all important.

Destination not certain,
So many crossroads to navigate,
So many twists and turns to negotiate,
So many dead ends and wrong turns chosen.

Destination any place,
Many streams studied,
Many brooks navigated now,
Many rivers left to cross.

Destination anywhere,
Journeyed round many hamlets,
Passed through so many towns and villages,
Still so many cities to explore.

Destination any old port,
Sailed to far shores and mystical lands,
Seen so many ships slip anchor one last time,
Known so many who never return to port.

Destination anytime,
Meet people from different times,
Lives blighted by the horrors of war,
People are living reminders of past times.

Destination irrelevant,
Life is all about the journey,

The life we lead and how it impacts on others,
How life is changed by luck and fate.

Destination not yet determined,
The path evolves as the journey changes,
A blink of the eye changing everything,
A bridge crossed that can't be re-crossed.

Destination changeable,
The wind can blow us off course as it changes,
Winter can block our chosen path,
Our destiny lies within the stars at the end.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Last (17-03-2017)

The Last

So the end of days is here,
As I mount a last stand,
The last of my line, after me none,
Forced into this day,
A final battle destined not to be won.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Last Battle

The Last Battle

Upon the green and pleasant fields of this shire,
All my forces massed for the last battle for everything,
Armed with words and a reasoning intellect for this day,
As I am surrounded by my enemies and a world that didn't care.

As I stood on this field recalling a lifetime of battles,
Always having to use subterfuge and sleight of hand to survive,
Always having to watch my back amongst people who should have been allies,
Lessons learnt in life that you can't fully trust anyone.

Family all too easily prepared to stab you in the back,
Blood ties don't stop greed and personal gain taking precedence,
The old days of putting your house first long since gone,
As self became the most important thing to divided families.

Old friends long since lost as paths become divided with time,
School day friend soon departed as tribes divided,
Always left on the fringes of society watching treachery at play,
Learning very early on that most humans looked after themselves first.

Over time victories and defeats blended into one life,
A life spent fighting for basic rights and human decency,
Seeing so much injustice in social and education systems,
Seeing how some had everything as the majority enough to survive then us
outcasts fighting for survival.

Life is a journey most people don't truly understand,
As they grow people can lose sight of their humanity,
The path is hard and long for those pure of heart,
We have to stand by our codes of decency and honour.

The last battle has arrived and can't be won or lost,
After so many fights have been fought and survived,
Time has run out today for corporeal life and it's existence,
Death can only be cheated and outrun so many times.

Now as this last battle plays out nothing of importance remains,

As my last stand for all that's just and righteous falls,
As I am hopelessly outnumbered and outgunned,
Destined in this last battle to share the fate of good King Harold and Richard III.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Last Chain Home Tower

The Last Chain Home Tower

Still standing at Stenigot, is the last of the Chain Home Towers,
Still standing like a sleeping sentinel,
Still reaching into the sky towards the Heavens,
Still towering three hundred and sixty foot over the landscape,
Still keeping a silent watch over the skies of Lincolnshire,
Still visible for miles around, reminding people of their past,
Still standing as a memorial to the dark days of 1940,
Still reminding us of all the fallen of World War Two who gave their lives for us,
Still standing long after all its fellow towers have gone,
Still standing as a beacon of hope for the future,
Still standing anchored to its little spot of Lincolnshire,
Still standing silently after over seventy years have passed.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Last Laugh

The Last Laugh

Lived life to the full and beyond,
Summers making hay while the sun shone,
Bleak winters weathered-out with hope,
Springtime spent searching amongst new life,
Autumns with colourful melancholy.

Always followed my own path to the derision of others,
My heart always true to my soul,
Always looking for a cause to live for,
Sometimes the only voice of reason.

Working when I had the chance,
Never giving up hope when I couldn't,
Always the quiet man working hard,
Trying to give something back to the world.

The last laugh, just look at what I've achieved,
Not too shabby for a kid without much education,
Outshining my exam results by a country mile,
Making an impact by doing things my way.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Life Of Tye

The Life Of Tye

A life lived in the shadow of humanity,
Minor victories won in a futile war,
Working to overthrow misconceptions,
Still human though nobody wanted to admit it,
Always apart from the rest of the world,
Always having to fight harder just to live.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Little Duckling

The Little Duckling

Gazing upon his reflection,
A little duckling on the pond,
Wondering if he will be a swan one day.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Lost

The Lost

No longer of this world,
Corporeal life over,
As I am lost to this world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Many

The Many

Remember us the bomber boys,
Not just pilots but a family in the air,
We died in our thousands serving our countries,
Flying for a better world for humanity.

Some of our squadrons lost many men doing their duty,
Enough young men to populate entire villages and towns,
Flying to regain freedom for the people,
No matter the cost we flew our missions.

History not treating us with respect,
Modern eyes with modern values,
Judging our missions unfairly,
Times were different with different values.

The war couldn't be won without us,
Think of the soldiers saved by our actions,
We could do things no other method could,
For we were the bomber boys.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Mirror (Cap Verse)

The Mirror (Cap Verse)

Old mirrors never lie,
Every wrinkle and grey hair,
Reflected back to you to study,
Youth long gone as time marches on,
Nobody can fool the mirror.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Moon (Tanka)

The Moon (Tanka)

Just a face,
Looking down on us,
How we live,
Have we progressed,
Or still lunatics.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Moon And The Cherry Tree

See the cherry blossom in the moonlight,
The moon is in a bright new quarter,
But the cherry blossom is near its end,
The moon bathes the cherry tree in a ghostly light,
Foretelling the cherry blossoms imminent passing.

Christopher Tye

The Not So Good Old Days

The Not So Good Old Days

Modern life's not great but the good old days weren't much better,
Izal toilet paper at primary school should have been used in the art class,
Power cuts every time a farmer cut through unmarked cables,
3 day working weeks in the seventies due to working strife.

And then there's all those good old fashioned diseases,
Consumption caught from unpasteurised milk,
Smallpox unless you were a lucky milk-maid with cowpox,
All the fevers looking like a rainbow with yellows and scarlet's.

Then there's all that old technology from the golden age of industry,
Trains without loo's but at least they kept time better then,
Televisions and photo's in black and white or sepia if you were posh,
Back in my day mobile telecommunications were two bean cans and a piece of string.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Old Orangery

The Old Orangery

Once the pride of the estate,
Built in the High Georgian style,
With fine columns of Portland stone,
And thousands of shimmering panes of glass.

The citrus plants long since dead,
The heating long since cold,
Shards of glass on the ground,
As the wind cuts through empty panes.

Time wreaking havoc with an architect's vision,
As fine stone columns crumble into dust,
Where soils was once carefully tilled,
Rain pouring in through the roof.

The perils of delusions of grandeur,
So no lord of the manor since the great war,
Has managed to eat an orange,
Upon the day it was picked on his estate.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Old Plum Tree

The Old Plum Tree

When I was young your tenacious grip on life always amazed me,
You had looked so fragile even back then,
But each spring your branches erupted with the buds of new life.

In the autumn your plums were always the best anyone could dream of tasting,
In winter you always looked so ghostly in the morning mists,
Your hollow trunk was deeply fissured with holes,
So deep were they that I could peer into your heart.

My grandfather had tried to shore-up your decaying trunk with cement,
That probably helped you to bare the weight of the winter snows,
I wonder how cold your hollow shell got in those bleak winters.

Little did I know that last autumn would be your last,
As I tasted your fruits again,
The next spring no new life emerged from your branches.

Your roots sent up a single sucker near the end of your life,
It was almost like you knew that you were running out of time,
As if your seasons in the sun were nearly gone,
That one sucker grew and turned into a fine Damson tree.

Your decaying remains were a sorrowful sight,
A sad reminder of past glories,
Your end had come so soon after my grandfather had died.

The damson tree that you gave life to still grows,
As strongly as you once did,
It has given rise to several more generations of life,
Each year you clan increases by one or two more suckers.

Next to where you stood your old neighbours still grow,
Silently mourning your passing,
In your place stands a young pear tree,
In years to come it might grow great like you were once.

So who will remember you after I have died?

For I `am the last human to mourn you passing,
I hope in death I will be reunited with my grandfather and you.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Path Of Life

The Path Of Life

Preordained perhaps,
Self-determined maybe,
Fate playing it's part,
Luck running your way,
Following God's path,
Following your own path,
Following your families path,
Following where others have trod the path,
How much is our free will,
How much are we led,
How much is self-determined,
How much do we compromise our path,
Walking wearily on the path,
Blistered and battered on the path,
Tired and lost on the path,
Life is hard if the path is righteous,
Struggling to see your way on the path,
Crossroads and junctions to cast you off the right path,
Friends and family lost along the path,
Now the path is at it's end and the journey complete.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Peacock Laments

The Peacock Laments

The peacocks remain in the old parkland,
Their eerie calls lamenting what has been lost,
The grand manor house has long since fallen,
The remains of the old estate are a shadow of what once was.

They are descendants of the peacocks,
That lived there in the glory days of old,
When the manor house had just been built,
They seem to know what was once here.

The peacock's calls echo across the woods and parkland,
From the little stream with its ornately grand bridge,
To the manor's old gate with its stone foxes standing guard,
The peacock's ghostly calls echo around forever lamenting what has been lost.

For the manor house lasted so briefly,
Built in 1905 it was the height of Edwardian style,
But as with so many others the bulldozers made short work of you,
But the peacocks call the manor its home still.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Quiet Man

The Quiet Man

The quiet man always observing,
Home his only sanctuary in this world,
Each day quietly working away.

Quietly standing his ground,
Unyielding spirit standing tall,
In life always the quiet man of honour,
Engaging the world with quiet wonderment,
Time always spent working and studying.

Making the most of limited opportunities,
A life passing by unnoticed by most,
Not making any impact on society.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Reaper

The Reaper

The reaper feeds off our evil deeds,
Wars across the centuries making him strong,
No compassion in his soulless bones.

All of humanities misfortune his boon,
The plight of the poor fits his nefarious purposes,
Gladly taking the young as much as the old.

Warmongers and despots his earthly children,
Humanities darkest and baddest his friends,
For without death and sorrow he wouldn't be.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Rising Sun

The Rising Sun

Glorious day-break,
As the sun rises majestically,
Spreading light into the world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Rural Resistance

The Rural Resistance

The time has come to stand up to Westminster,
Hamlets and villages of England unite,
England's green and pleasant land's at stake.

Ruining of our once great countryside has to stop,
Uprisings are needed to regain our rights,
Running down and closing of our schools and post offices is going to stop,
All children should have a place in the heart of the community,
Let Westminster get their way schools will just be in soulless cities.

Resistance is the only way now,
Everybody fighting for every hedgerow,
Sleepy hamlet's awake and fight the good fight,
Insurrection to save this once great land,
Soon England will be just concrete and housing estates.

Twits in central government without a clue of the real world,
As the country falls apart from their mistakes,
No future for merry old England if they win,
Concrete wind turbines and Heathrow runways,
England's future with Westminster in control.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Saint's Last Mission

It was a cold March morning in 1945,
The wind cut across the exposed airfield,
Ludford Magna was once again living up to its nickname,
As the crews trudged across the mud to their Lancs,
Mudford Magna was a well deserved nickname,
The squadron's Lancaster's lifted off just before dawn,
Bremen was their target on this daylight mission.

It was the Saint's 119th mission that day,
The old girl was one of the squadrons veteran's,
Only the Saint and Harry managed more than a hundred mission's,
Which was all the more remarkable for they were,
Both fitted with 101 Squadron's unique ABC radios.

Luck was not on the Saint's side this time,
A Messerschmitt ME262 stopped you coming home,
Perhaps it was fate that you were the last Lancaster lost by 101 Squadron.

Christopher Tye

The Settlement Camp

So this how Britain repaid your bravery and sacrifices,
You came with your fellow refugees to continue the fight,
You're fellow Poles and all the others escaping the Nazis,
Wanting to free your homelands,
You continued to fight throughout WWII until VE Day.

But then came that terrible blow,
As we sold-out your homeland to Stalin's Russia,
All you're hopes of freedom disappeared,
Hidden behind the iron curtain,
Not knowing if your families survived the war.

So the British Government homes you across the country,
In disused airfields and army camps,
To think of all the sacrifices that you made to free Europe,
Not able to go back to Poland,
The settlement camps became your temporary homes.

Living together in asbestos covered Nissan huts,
What a way for heroes to be homed,
With twenty or more of you to a hut,
In winter the condensation froze as it formed,
The little cast iron stoves not able to drive the cold away.

But in the camps at least communities formed,
Keeping the dreams of a free Poland alive,
Some of the camps lasted a decade,
Before they were closed down,
But a free Poland was still a long way off.

After we shut the camps down,
You had to live with the sometimes hostile English,
For the general public didn't understand why you were still here,
That the allies had sold your homeland's freedom away,
It took fifty years of struggle to achieve freedom.

Fifty long years before Poland and the Polish were truly free,
And we have all but forgotten in England,
What we did to you after the end of the war,

Settlement camps were no way to treat heroes,
Who helped so much to keep Britain free.

Christopher Tye

The Sleeping Hero's

The Sleeping Hero's

All of our fallen hero's lay sleeping awaiting the call to duty one last time,
All across the world they sleep having fallen for king and country,
All of them hero's who sacrificed everything for freedom's battle,
All awaiting the call of Drake's drum to fight for freedom.

When freedom is oppressed King Arthur shall rise from his grave,
To led the world's sleeping hero's into battle for freedoms cause,
Spirits of the fallen will fight against evil once more,
To save mankind from itself and it's own greed and warfare.

A mighty army of the pure of heart to redeem humanity,
Spirits spreading freedom and virtue to a mankind that's lost it's way,
To free the world of the scourge of terrorism and hatred,
To restore mankind's humanity and equality across the world.

Imagine humanity saved and led to a new Eden,
Where King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table,
Led an equal and democratic society for all,
A world where our differences created strength not discrimination.

As this world continues on a path of greed and destruction,
Led by governments and corporations controlled by greed,
Where religious and cultural misunderstandings feed terrorism,
We the common people so desperately need the help of sleeping hero's.

This world's oppressed need to be freed and given a new hope,
A shining path to guide us to the promised land of peace,
Somewhere to build bridges across great divides,
A new Eden where mankind's sinful nature can be redeemed.

The world breaking apart as us humans become divided,
Where hatred and greed have robbed us of our humanity,
As a people how could we have descended into this mess,
So let our sleeping hero's led us with wisdom and benevolence.

By Christopher Tye

The Soldier

The Soldier

We were conscripted by the thousands,
To fight in foreign lands against enemies we don't know,
To fight for king and country was our duty,
So many of us left to never return.

Across the world we went with our regiments,
From Flanders fields to the beaches of Gallipoli,
From the beaches of Dunkirk to the assault on Monte Cassino,
From the jungles of Burma to the cold winters of Korea.

Those of us who returned were never the same,
After the horrors we have witnessed,
The comrades we had to leave behind,
All in the name of king and country,
At the call of our governments.

So many of us never returned,
Lists of names on war memorials across the world,
Vast cemeteries and mass graves,
For us this is the price of war.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Standards

The Standards

Should I be jealous,
Of the standards and their limited outlook,
Or be glad I'm not one.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Steel City

The Steel City

Once a great powerhouse of the industrial revolution,
Making high quality steel and silver goods,
Drop hammers pounding away all day and night,
Massive steel works with furnaces burning brightly,
Master craftsmen beavering away as apprentices learn,
Once a world centre for manufacturing tools and cutlery,
Sheffield steel once the best in the world,
With manufactures famous the world over,
Who knows what the future will hold now.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Storm

The Storm

Storm clouds massing on the horizon,
Nature on the rampage across the land,
Thunder and lightning the storm troopers,
Massing before the deluge arrives.

Us mere humans running for cover,
As nature rains and the winds blow,
Trees bow under nature's might,
Thunder shaking buildings to the foundations.

Lightning illuminating the land and nature's power,
Storm drains in full flow with rivers of rain,
Window panes rattling as the rain lashes down,
Umbrella's losing the fight as the wind blows.

Sodden ground and wind strewn leaves,
Mosses washed off roofs and tree trunks,
Damp cows and soaked sheep at pasture,
Nature's power leaving it's power in no doubt.

After the storm passes nature evolves,
The sun regains it's might as light pours down,
Sunrays glinting off puddles as steam rises,
Ducks paddling down the street while they can.

Rain drops draining off leaves dripping to the ground,
Damp grass looking greener than ever before,
Fruits swelling on bushes and tree branches,
Damp mouse's sunbathing on top of marrows in allotments.

Rainbows romp in the far horizon,
Chasing the disappearing storm clouds,
As sunrays dry this blessed land again,
And fluffy white clouds looking like they've been washed.

Now the rain has washed the dryness of summer away,
Life is reinvigorated and growing at full pelt,

Wheat swelling enough for harvest time,
Rivers and streams flowing with force again.

Young children relishing the chance to get muddy,
The beaches swelling with holiday makers again,
Shops and amusement arcades emptying after the rain,
Summer wouldn't be summer without thunder storms.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Telex Machine

The Telex Machine

The Telex machine sits quietly forgotten in the corner,
Elapsed by the fax machine and then e-mail,
Long forgotten by all but us oldies,
Excluded to the vaults of museums,
Xylonite shared your fate with the public consonance.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Three Rulers

The Three Rulers

In life I have three rulers,
My own mind,
My love of my homeland,
My faith in God.

My own mind defines who I am,
The decisions I have made,
The way I live my life,
The hope and dreams I have for the future.

My homeland defines how I look at the world,
The countless people who have fallen defending it,
The beauty of its countryside,
The long history of its people's over many millennia.

My faith guides how I treat the world,
The way I respect other people,
The way I respect different religions and cultures,
The way I respect the earth in all its glory.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Throne

The Throne

Sitting upon the throne,
As there's no paper left to use,
In the outhouse.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Unfinished Poem

The Unfinished Poem

Christopher Tye

The Valley

The Valley

Cloaked in mist,
Hidden from passing travellers,
Nature safe for today.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Valley (16-03-2017)

The Valley

Cloaked in mist,
Hidden from humanities malice,
Nature protected today.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

The Weekend

The Weekend

Time to relax and think about myself,
No objectives to achieve for overs,
Not having to fight over people's war and conflicts,
Able to follow my agendas for once.

Pottering around in the garden if it's sunny,
Retreating into the workshop if it's inclement,
Having time to relax and watch a bit of telly,
But most importantly no getting up before 5am.

Ah the joy of not sitting behind a computer for eight hours a day,
Not having to commute for thirty miles each way to work,
No worries about achieving key performance indicators,
Not having to manage losses and deal with shoplifters.

The joy of doing what I want for a change,
Being able to make models and recreate the past,
Being able to study all the things I enjoy,
Taking myself back into history and other places.

Not having to babysit fifty-something staff members behaving like five year old kids,
Not having to encourage well-paid staff to do what there paid for,
Not having to be a diplomat when staff members fall-out,
Not having to sort out damages and discrepancies in deliveries.

Having time to concentrate on writing poems,
Being able to go shopping with-out having to rush around,
Visiting museum's and art galleries for ideas,
Looking around castles and great country piles.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Thesaurus

Thesaurus

Thesaurus what a word for a book,
Hundreds of possibilities for words,
English language so complicated and complex,
Synonyms by the thousands,
All those words to cross-reference,
Useful for all wordsmith's,
Regional variations and peculiarities,
Usable idiomatic words that you forgot,
Sewing together sentences with-out a fuss.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

This And That's

Life is full of this and that's,
Which path to take this one or that one?
What would happen if we did things this way?
Or what would happen if we did things that way?

Life is full of this and that's,
Little this and that's that never get done,
This and that's that we should have done,
This and that's that never get achieved.

Life is full of this and that's,
This and that's of importance to us,
This and that's that mean things to people,
Little bits of this and that's that hold memories.

Life is full of this and that's,
This and that's that could have been,
This and that's that should have been,
This and that's that could have changed us.

Christopher Tye

Thor

Thor

Thunderous Viking,
Hammering home the message of the Gods,
Oak woodlands his lair,
Runic writings of his deeds still prevail.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Three

Three

Three times for luck,
Holy father, Holy ghost, Holy spirit,
Rulers three be the Queen, house of commons and house of lords,
Everybody needs three meals a day,
Eternal power of the trinity.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Throwing In The Towel

Throwing In The Towel

That is it no more can I take,
Honour is all I have left,
Rebelling against those who belittle me,
Outnumbered and hopelessly out gunned,
What chance of victory today,
Into battle against everybody and everything,
No other option left open now,
Got to fight the fight to a standstill.

Into one last stand against the world,
No hope of victory or survival.

Targeting those who've cheated me,
Harbingers of doom surround me,
Everything seems to be a struggle.

Today will be the end of days,
Old friends will be reunited in heaven,
When the dust settles what will be left,
Earthbound for eternity desperate to be in the heavens,
Life must come to an end even for me.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Thunder Flies

Thunder Flies

Thunder flies arriving in their thousand's,
Harvest time approaching fast as nature works miracle's,
Under the heat of summer storms brew,
Now the harbingers of thunder storms arrive,
Deluges of rain and thunder flies,
Everywhere these flies get even indoors,
Roaming across England like an invading army.

Fields of gold harbingering legions of flies,
Living their short lives on the wing,
Into the skies they swarm like a storm,
Ensuring next year's generation are laid down,
Smallest of all the flies but look at what they achieve.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tidal

Tidal

Tidal estuaries between river and seas,
Impoverished fishermen working in tidal bays,
Deep waters stirred up with movement
Always exerting the power of nature,
Little boats at the mercy of tidal currents.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tides

Tides

Time and tides wait for no man,
Imagine trying to surf without the tide,
Doomed ships at the mercy of tides,
Even King Canute could not turn the tide,
Sandy shores always shifting with tides.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tie

Tie

To reach a draw at the end of a game,
Italian silk ties with sharp suits,
Even railroads use ties.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tied

Tired of life,
Indefinitely hampered,
Eternally struggling,
Destiny is not mine to know

Christopher Tye

Tied (Shoelaces)

Tied

Trouble is I can't move tied-up like this,
If I ever catch the twit who tied my shoelaces together,
Escape from this without falling over some hope,
Dastardly deed of bondage

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Till The End

Till The End

We stood our ground,
For what us it was to us,
Till the end, till the end.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Time

Time

Time's running out,
Increasingly depleted day by day,
Minutes flashing by alarmingly,
Era's merging into eon's.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Time (17-03-2017)

Time

The passage of time,
As the world grows cold,
I grow old.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Time (28-02-2017)

Time

Out of time,
Time to depart,
Another life awaits.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Time (Again)

Time

Ticking away like a time bomb,
Indicating a life drawing to an end,
Mortal life ebbing away,
Earthly life coming to a stop.

Christopher Tye

Time (Cap Verse)

Time (Cap Verse)

Time tick-tocking away,
Yesterday was a moment in time,
Every second passing by fast,
Today's world time is running out,
Time has no masters to answer,
Running as a constant in the universe,
Epochs are just time frames,
So to infinity and beyond,
Distant stars light years of time away,
Yes we are looking at the past in our stars,
So much time pasted and so much left.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Time (Version 2)

Time

Timelines running in linear lines,
Incomprehensible before we learned more,
Minutes flying by and merging into a blur,
Eternal law of nature and physics.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Timed

Timed

Trying to time things right,
Imagine a world where trains ran to the timetable,
Metronomic timing to life's heartbeat,
English summer timed on British Summer Time,
Did we have a better life things weren't timed so tightly.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Time's Up

Time's Up

Battle's lost
Time's up for me now,
Hope has died.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tin Chapel

Tin Chapel

Disused and rusting,
Old corrugated iron sheets,
Just God here now.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

To

Today will be my day,
Or maybe it might be tomorrow.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

To Be (19-03-2017)

To Be

A human maybe,
A poet one day perhaps,
A success never.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

Why do toasted cheese sandwiches taste so much nicer,
Ordinary cheese sandwiches are all right I suppose,
But toasted they are simply beyond compare,
Lovely bubbly cheese filling the gap for tea time,
Nothing better than hot and stringy cheese oozing onto the plate.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Today

Today

Tried my best today,
Over soon now the moon is rising,
Dawn of a new day,
A new hope for a new day,
Yesterday was better.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Today (Revisted)

Today

Time to live and seize the day,
Only one chance of today,
Days are soon lost,
A day to fight for,
Yesterday was a today.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tormented

Tormented

Tormented existence,
Order never found,
Reasons to survive lost,
Misunderstood by others,
Eternally troubled,
Never belonging anywhere,
Torrentially overwhelmed,
Emotionally compromised,
Destined never to fulfil my destiny.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Toys (Cap Verse)

Toys (Cap Verse)

Diecast cars burning up carpet highways,
Soft and cuddly teddy bears being hugged,
Dolls houses with the splendour of palaces,
Spinning tops and kaleidoscopes old but fun,
Noah's Arks and animals two by two,
Old model farmyards with lead animals.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tractor

Tractor

Tools of modern agriculture,
Revolution putting horses out to pasture,
Agricultural leviathans lumbering across this land,
Crawler tractors on boggy ground,
Tractors with over five hundred horsepower,
Old tractors rusting away in hedgerows,
Rural roads their homes to roam.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Trains

Trains

Transport for the masses,
Railways across the nation,
Alpine trains in Switzerland,
Immense freight trains in North America,
Networks across the world,
Steam trains are still the best.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Trams

Trams

Time ran out for you in the fifty's,
Renaissance for an old friend now,
As cities regretted your passing,
Modern light-railway systems just trams with a new name,
Streamlined "Balloon" trams on Blackpool seafront.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tree Blossom (Haiku)

Tree Blossom (Haiku)

Cherry blossom wither,
As hawthorns bloom,
Summers on the way.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Trees

Trees

The cornerstones of life,
Replenishing the world's air,
Evergreen or deciduous,
Everywhere across the world,
Supplying us with fuel, food & beauty.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Trees (Revisited)

Trees

Treasure's of mother nature wisdom,
Reassuring shelter and shade for all of us,
Everywhere across the world,
Endlessly changing and growing,
Showing us the sheer beauty of perfection.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Trenau

Trenau

Trafnidiaeth ar gyfer y masau
Rheilffyrdd ledled y wlad,
Trenau alpaidd yn y Swistir,
Trenau nwyddau aruthrol yng Ngogledd America,
Rhwydweithiau ar draws y byd,
Trenau stêm yn dal i fod y gorau.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Trenes

Trenes

Transporte para las masas,
Ferrocarriles en todo el país,
Trenes alpinos en Suiza, ,
Inmensos trenes de mercancías en América del norte,
Redes en todo el mundo,
Trenes de vapor siguen siendo los mejores.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tropical Woollybutt

Tropical Woollybutt

Tropical Woollybutt what a name for a gum tree,
Eucalyptus Minieta sounds so more refined,
Your brilliant orange flowers brightening up a winters day,
Your flowers and gum-nuts so familiar in the Northern Territory,
But seriously which comedian called you Woollybutt.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Trust

Trust

True friends always trust each other,
Remain true to what you trust and believe,
Under life's journey to many people forget how to trust in themselves,
Suspicious thoughts can destroy many things,
Trying to live life with-out trust is the path to sorrow.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Try

Try

Trying to be the best person I can be,
Resolutely trying to succeed,
Yet again I find myself trying to overcome life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Trygg Havet

Trygg Havet (Guarding The Seas)

Tides come and go under our watch,
Reconnaissance to protect the seas,
Yearning to keep our families safe,
Guiding ships to safety away from attack,
Guarding the coast from the enemy.

High seas observed from the skies,
Airmen in flying boats sailing the air,
Valiant flyers on patrol,
Evening patrols chasing the sunset,
Tides come and go under our watch.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tudalennau (Tanka)

Tudalennau (Tanka)

Geiriau mewn inc,
Stori i'w hadrodd,
Hanes gael eu cofnodi,
Holl ddynoliaeth,
Angen tudalennau i ysgrifennu.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Two

Two

Two chances to make things right,
Would two be better than one,
One day we may become two.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tye

I was once a great queen of Egypt,
Though I `am just a lifeless mummy now,
I was once at the heart of Egyptian life,
I became first queen of real power,
I helped shape history through my actions,
My name still lives on today,
People still carry my name after all these years,
I have become as close to immortal as any human can,
History still remembers who I was,
The Tye name lives on across the world,
People still us my name with pride,
Though I died so long ago I still live on,
Showing the world what I achieved,
I was the first woman to become an equal to men,
People respected me for my wisdom and intellect,
I paved the way for all those who followed me,
I was the first of many great queens though-out history,
I `am a sign of what could be achieved by one person.

Christopher Tye

Tye (En Español)

Tye (en Español)

Era una vez una gran reina de Egipto,
Aunque yo ' soy sólo una momia sin vida,
Una vez estaba en el corazón de la vida egipcia,
Me convertí en la primera reina del poder real,
Ayudé a historia de la forma a través de mis acciones,
Mi nombre todavía vive la actualidad,
Personas aún llevan mi nombre después de todos estos años,
Me he vuelto tan cerca inmortal como cualquier humano puede
Historia aún recuerda que era,
El nombre de Tye vive todo el mundo,
Aunque morí tan de largo hace aún vivo
Mostrando al mundo lo que logrado,
Era la primera mujer en convertirse en un igual a los hombres,
Gente me respeta por mi sabiduría y el intelecto,
Allanó el camino para todos aquellos que seguido,
Yo fui el primero de la historia aunque fuera de muchos grandes reinas,
Yo ' soy un signo de lo que podría lograrse por una sola persona.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Tyres

Tyres

Threadbare and completely bold,
You've got a flat tyre on your bicycle,
Rubber at it's most useful,
Everywhere these days old tyres dumped,
Stopped in your tracks by a puncture.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Un Árbol Se Cae

Un árbol se cae

Cuando lo cae un árbol es una tragedia,
Pero como con toda la vida las cosas deben ser,
Para permitir la vida al crecer.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Un Cloch

Un Cloch

Gwrandawaf ar, un cloch,
Heb gwrod â neb,
Yu sgubo'r caeau gwag.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Un Libro Pesado

Un libro pesado

Leyendo un tomo largo,
Hasta que me dormí,
Un libro pesado cayó
Es malo para su salud,
Como te rompe el dedo.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Un Pato En La Nieve

Un pato en la nieve

Nieve recién caída era su cosa favorita acerca de invierno,
Blanco puro brillante al igual que sus plumas al sol de invierno,
Ella podría esconderse la nieve y nos sorprende,
Y cuando nevó el día de Navidad bailó con alegría.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Una Oda A La Juventud

Una oda a la juventud

¿Oh juventud donde fuiste?

Oh ¿por qué tuvo para poner fin a sus días de juventud?

Oh juventud, ¿qué pasó con tu energía?

Oh juventud ¿por qué lo hizo usted me abandones tan pronto?

Me largo a estar de vuelta en tus brazos otra vez,

Me largo a ver tus resortes sin fin,

Me largo a ver sus interminables veranos otra vez,

De largo para los dim distantes tiempos otra vez..

¿Qué pasó con su eterna primavera?

¿Qué pasó sus veranos interminables?

¿Qué pasó con tu optimismo?

¿Qué pasó con su alegría sin límites?

Me largo a estar de vuelta en tus brazos otra vez,

Me largo a ver tus resortes sin fin,

Me largo a ver sus interminables veranos otra vez,

De largo para los dim distantes tiempos otra vez..

¿Esa exuberancia adónde?

¿Adónde van los sueños?

¿Adónde van todos la esperanza?

¿Adónde la libertad?

Me largo a estar de vuelta en tus brazos otra vez,

Me largo a ver tus resortes sin fin,

Me largo a ver sus interminables veranos otra vez,

De largo para los dim distantes tiempos otra vez..

¿Por qué la juventud debe ser tan fugaz?

¿Por qué tenemos que ir para arriba y ser responsable?

¿Por qué tenemos que envejecer?

¿Por qué la muerte debe ser el fin de la juventud?

Me largo a estar de vuelta en tus brazos otra vez,

Me largo a ver tus resortes sin fin,

Me largo a ver sus interminables veranos otra vez,
Me largo para los dim distantes tiempos otra vez..

Me largo a ser joven otra vez,
A no tener grandes problemas
Para tener suficiente energía para seguir luchando,
A no tengas miedo de mis opresores.

Me largo a estar de vuelta en tus brazos otra vez,
Me largo a ver tus resortes sin fin,
Me largo a ver sus interminables veranos otra vez,
De largo para los dim distantes tiempos otra vez..

Pero mi juventud me ha abandonado hace muchos años,
Todo lo que tengo que esperar es la muerte,
Para en muerte seré joven otra vez,
En la muerte daré nueva vida un cambio para crecer.

Me largo a estar de vuelta en tus brazos otra vez,
Me largo a ver tus resortes sin fin,
Me largo a ver sus interminables veranos otra vez,
De largo para los dim distantes tiempos otra vez..

Siempre seremos jóvenes en las esquinas de nuestras mentes,
En nuestras mentes siempre seremos jóvenes si recordamos que,
Para la juventud es un estado de ánimo no la edad de nuestros cuerpos,
Para los jóvenes será para siempre jóvenes.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Unfair

Unfair

Unjust inequality on the rise across the world,
No chance for the common man now,
Failing governments cheating the poor,
A world where the rich keep getting richer,
Increasing poverty on a global scale,
Really do we have to do this to ourselves.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Unity

Unity

If we looked at ourselves,
Are we that different to each other?
Don't we all have common ground?
Don't we all want a better world?

If we all united together,
We could do enormous good,
We could end famine,
We could end all wars,

If we all united together,
We could become one people,
We could understand each other's languages,
We could understand each other's faiths.

If we all united together,
We would all be brothers and sisters,
We would understand our differences,
We would overcome the hurdles of the past.

If we all united together,
Think of what we could achieve,
We could become truly great,
We could make earth the utopia it should be.

Unity, what's so hard to do?
It's only one small word,
A single word that could change everything,
A single word that can overcome all our troubles.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Useful

Useful

Usable stuff thrown out long before their usefulness finishes,
Scrapyards profiting when good cars are sent to them,
Ecological suicide by us wasteful humans,
Finding out the true cost of squandering useful stuff,
Until we have depleted our resources will we learn,
Lament what we are doing to ourselves.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Utopia

Utopia

Utopia exists in my mind,
Together we can create the dream,
Only if we all work together Utopia will be,
Pulling the world into a new era of hope,
Imagine what we could achieve,
A dream of a better world for all.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Vapid

Vapid

Vapid food yet again,
Always so insipid and tasteless,
Palatable me thinks not,
It's always a chore consuming this,
Dinnertime's are such a bore.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Venus

Venus

Valiantly orbiting closer to the Sun,
Ethereal world floating in the heavens,
Nocturnal visitor to earth's starscapes,
Uninhabited world of love and heat,
Solar paths orbiting in unison.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Verse

Verse

Verses written about brave deeds,
English poets writing verse about King and Country,
Rhyming words formed into verse,
Songs blended from many verses,
Every Poem needs a verse or two.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Verse Or Worse

Verse Or Worse

Verse or worse a poet's problem,
Everything falling into place or not,
Revising and rewriting verses,
Stanza's not always flowing smoothly,
Every word a problem sometimes.

Old ideas still maturing in the mind,
Reinterpreting things beyond recognition.

Words for verses always the worst,
Order not always clear at first,
Roaming far and wide hoping for ideas,
Suddenly something clicks into place for a verse,
Enjoy the poet's verse for better or worse.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Victory

Victory

Victorious at last,
Over two years of toil,
Countless battles lost.

False dawns and false starts,
But finally hope for the future,
Now everything has fallen into place.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Vida (10-04-2017)

Vida

Los seres humanos y árboles viven la misma vida,
Somos seres transitorios vividos a corto,
De no gran importancia en el gran esquema de cosas,
Todos vivir, morir y volver a los elementos.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Vida Y La Muerte

Vida y la muerte

Somos como la flor de cerezo,
Destinados a tener una corta vida fugaz,
Antes de ser fundido en el viento.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Vida? (14-07-2017)

Vida? (14-07-2017)

Trabajo que hacer,
Corazón que no anhela,
Vida para vivir.

Por Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Vitae

Vitae

Various dreams and hopes dashed,
In so many year's gone what's left,
Time flying past so fast now,
Attempting to reach as high as possible,
Entering the last stages of corporeal life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Viva La France

Viva La France

Remember the price of freedom comes high,
We are all brothers with a common bond,
We will stand together against terrorism,
We all feel every death to the bottom of our hearts,
We all want a world free from this curse to humanity,
No matter our nationality we are all one people,
Nothing will change our hope for peace and understanding,
Every innocent person lost to terrorism is a stain on humanity,
Every person lost reinforces our resolve to end hatred,
We can win this battle and make the world right again,
Together we can overcome and shine the light onto darkness,
Every life cut short by terrorists is a martyr to freedom,
Sometimes liberty comes at a huge cost to the people,
Remember every life lost and the price we are paying,
Viva La France, Viva Life, Viva Freedom.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Voices

Voices

Voices speaking from beyond the grave,
Old records playing lost voices,
Incomplete voices caught as EVP's,
Capturing voices of lost loved ones
Ethereal voices coming through spirit-boxes,
Singing old ballads of daring do.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Volumes

Volumes

Volumes of books by the greats,
Old works holding their own against new,
Labyrinths of books housed in my library,
Utter bibliophiles like me always need more,
Motivated to acquire and gather knowledge,
Encyclopaedias covering all things rest high,
Scholars volumes weighing down shelves.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wages

Wages

Worker's remuneration requirements,
A living wage for the common man that will be the day,
Global capitalists stocking greed at what price,
Economical merry go rounds leaving the poor behind,
Super yachts and super cars for the super rich and so little for the poor.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Walking Amongst Giants

Walking amongst giants

Walking amongst you now all this time later,
Takes me back to when it all started,
A quarter of a century ago in a barren field,
Thank goodness I started it when I was young and fit,
Now that time has ravaged my body I couldn't do it now.

Look how all of you have grown,
From tiny saplings to great hulking giants,
Stretching your limbs skywards touching the clouds,
Connecting heaven and earth with your strength,
Providing food and shelter to countless birds and insects,
Providing shade from the harsh summer sun for this old man.

I remember when I looked down at you,
Now all I can do is to look up at you,
Amazed at how much you have become giants,
Massive trunks and roots anchoring you to the ground,
Slender stems fifty foot up touching the blue,
Look at how much you have achieved so far,
I wonder what the next quarter of a century holds for us.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

War

War

Wanton destruction and wasted lives,
Annihilated masses for the crimes of the few,
Remember the innocent suffer first.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

War (06-03-2017)

War

Wasted life's for what,
Politics killing the poorest,
To keep us down.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

War (18-03-2017)

War

Fighting for what,
Young lives wasted,
Why this way.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

War (Haiku)

War

Wasted lives,
All for what cost,
Remember the lost.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Warble

Warble

Wren's warbling in the hedgerows,
A bullfinches' song as he gathers buds,
Robin's happy chorus for gardeners,
Blue-tits singing their way to the bird table,
Little sparrows singing in big choirs,
Even showboating blackbirds belting out tunes.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wasted Days

Wasted Days

There are days when I have no fight left in me,
When I haven't got any energy left,
Days when all I want to do is to sleep.

Days spent at work,
When all you want,
Is time to do what you want.

There have been so many days wasted in my life,
Days where nothing worthwhile has been achieved,
Days when I should have done more.

But then I `am no different to anybody else,
For us humans always seem to waste days here and there,
So are wasted days really wasted or are they just another day?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Watch

Watch

Wonders of time keeping and miniaturisation,
Accurate gems of technology,
Time pieces for wrists or pockets,
Clockwork movements lasting into the digital age,
Hunters of Half-hunters ideal for the waistcoat.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Water

Water

Waterfalls cascading over rocks,
A spring forcing it's self from the ground,
Tributaries flowing into the Amazon,
Egypt's great Nile giving life,
Rivers flowing into the oceans.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Water (Revisited)

Water

Waves breaking on the beach,
A couple of bits of hydrogen and one bit of oxygen,
Temperate rainforests cycling water,
Evaporation leading to precipitation,
Rain it's just clouds crying.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Waves

Waves

Waves breaking on the beach,
A perfect example of gravitational forces at play,
Veritable tidal wave of natural power,
Echoing of the cliffs as they break,
Surf's up dude.

By Christopher

Christopher Tye

Waves (28-02-2017)

Waves

Washing beaches,
Driftwood travelling,
Lost souls drowning.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

We The Dead

We The Dead

We still live here,
Outcasts forever in the shadows,
We may as well be dead.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

We The People

We The People

We the people must work for a better world,
A world where there are no billionaires and paupers,
No more wars, genocide and terrorists on earth.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wedi Blino

Wedi blino

Wedi blino bywyd,
Rhwydro am gyfnod amhenodol,
Cael trafferth fythol,
Ei thynged yw nid i mi hysbys.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wedi Methu

Wedi methu

Rhwystredig
Dranc yn anochel
Wedi'u dieithrio

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wedi Mynd Am Ginio

Wedi mynd am ginio

Unrhyw alwadau gallwn i ei gymryd,
Unrhyw ymwelwyr a welaf fi,
Ar gyfer wedi yn mynd i ginio.

Dim gwaith yn ei wneud,
Dim cwsmeriaid bydd yn gwasanaethu,
Ar gyfer wedi yn mynd i ginio.

Nid oes cynlluniau mawreddog rhaid i ei ddyfeisio,
Cynlluniau eraill nid oes rhaid i ei lenwi,
Ar gyfer wedi yn mynd i ginio.

Mae dim byd arall o bwys i mi ar hyn o bryd,
Fy unig bryder yw bwyd,
Ar gyfer wedi yn mynd i ginio.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Weeds

Weeds

Wild flowers and food to me,
Everything bringing life and hope,
Enticing birds and butterflies to derelict places,
Dandelion clocks and daisy chains,
Spreading mother nature's love to the world.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wennol Yn Yr Haf

Wennol yn yr haf

Y wennol wedi dychwelyd eto,
Fy atgoffa o'r dyddiau hirfelyn tesog fy ieuenctid,
Mae sawl blwyddyn wedi pasio ers dyddiau hynny blissful,
Rwy'n byddai yn gwario llawer yn hapus gyda'r nos yn gwylio'r iddynt
anghyfreithlon o gwmpas.

Y wennol bob amser yn dychwelyd bob haf,
Lledu eu hadenydd dros tir gwyrdd a theg,
Bob haf tybed faint fydd amseroedd mwy gwelaf dychwelyd,
Er ei fod yn haf unwaith eto, yr wyf bron y rwy'n gaeaf o 'm bywyd.

Pan y wennol yn dychwelyd unwaith eto y flwyddyn nesaf,
Tybed os bydd dal i fod yn yma i'w gweld eto,
Dechrau'n Deg ar yr adain o dan awyr glir las o haf,
Os yr wyf, bydd yn eistedd gan y Nant babbling ac yn gwylio eu dawns unwaith
yn rhagor.

Os gwelaf y wennol yn dychwelyd unwaith yn rhagor,
Rwy'n yn cofio'r dyddiau hynny haf o bell yn ôl,
Pan oeddwn yn fachgen a Chefn Gwlad yn ymddangos i fynd ymlaen am byth,
Ac yn fy meddwl bydd yn ifanc unwaith eto.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Westerns

Westerns

Mustangs on the prairie,
Cattle-drives replacing Bison's,
Fools rushing after gold.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Westward Ho?

Westward Ho?

Dreaming of life in the old Wild West,
Tumble weed blowing past the saloon doors,
High-noon shoot-outs with the sheriff.

Cattle drives through the parched dusty plains,
Making fortunes in the gold rush and railroad booms,
A dream that died long ago in reality,
Yet grows ever stronger in our hearts.

Dreaming of making it into Western Europe,
Escaping the tyranny of the old Soviet Block,
Meeting all your estranged family in the west.

Dreaming of the first world countries where people were free,
Now the Berlin Wall has fallen and Germany is one again,
Now some of the former Soviet republics are finding freedom,
It's a dream that coming to life but still needs to be fought for.

Dreaming of being Westward Ho! On the high seas,
Swashbuckling against pirates and buccaneers,
Pieces of eight in the hold and wind in the sail's,
Roaming across the seven seas looking for adventures,
A dream that's reality for just the billionaires in their super yachts.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wet Days

Wet Days

Ducks shelter,
Under bulrushes as rain,
Comes down like stair rods.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

What

What

What was that thing lurking there,
Heaven knows but I don't have a clue,
Always just seeing it out of the corner of my eye,
The thing always scuttles out of sight to hide.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

What (Revisited)

What

What did you do that for?
Hiding I think, not tidying up,
Always rearranging everything,
Trouble finding anything now.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wheels

Wheels

Waggon wheels built by wheel-wrights,
Horse drawn carriages riding rough over cobbled streets,
Electric trams gliding effortlessly on wheels over steel rails,
Early bone-shaker bicycles on hard wooden wheels,
Locomotives with so many gleaming wheels,
Soft rubber tyres on racing cars wheels.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

When I Die

When I Die

There will be no mourners for me,
There will be no great service for me,
There will be no grand tomb for me to rest in,
There will be no grave in the churchyard for me.

For I will be as I was in life alone,
For I will rest in eternity where I belong,
My humble grave will be in my garden,
The one place that I feel I belong.

I shall be watched over by the trees I planted when I was young,
The trees will be my soul's ladder to heaven,
My bones shall forever stand guard over my little kingdom on earth,
My body shall rest for eternity alone as I was in life.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

White Cherry Blossom

White Cherry Blossom

Behold the joy of spring,
As white cherry blossom blooms,
For it will be over soon.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

White Goods (Tanka)

White Goods (Tanka)

Washing machines a must,
Fridge-freezers very heavy when on your foot,
Toasters a really good idea,
Tumble dryers so good on damp days,
Dishwashers just so middle-class.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Why Hate When We Can Love

Why Hate When We Can Love

Why give in to your fears and hate?
If you understood the differences between us,
Love would drive out hate's illogical rage.

If we truly loved life,
We wouldn't let our hatred descend into war,
We could build bridges between tribes and faiths.

If we let love drive out hate,
Just think of the utopia we could build,
A rainbow of united people and nations.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Why Have I Returned

Why Have I Returned

Why have I returned to this life,
For I died and have no place on this earth,
I walked to the light summoning me,
To the place of utopian peace and all knowledge.

Was I called before my time,
Have I been returned in error,
For me this earth was never my true home,
I always felt out of step with the world.

So have I returned for some divine purpose,
Have I some deed to accomplish here,
What does this world need me for,
Until I find out I am marooned here.

In the grand scheme of things what can I change,
For I am just one man out of place and out of time,
No great influence can I have here on earth,
For I am just a common man with no purpose.

A single man can't change the world alone,
I was never born to do great things,
I am just adrift in the sea of mankind,
Not knowing where the winds of change will led.

I sense something laying ahead for me,
What roads must I walk along to the end,
A journey leading somewhere unknown,
Something preordained in the cosmos.

So I am a spirit grounded in human form,
To live once more and die again,
For today I live to see life in nature,
Knowing what will be will be.

So I have returned here spirit unbroken,
To walk this land once again in body,

For how long and what ends who knows,
Is it God's will that I returned here.

Why I returned to a life of exile,
A man alone amongst his people,
Still living in the margins and shadows,
All that's changed in me is a voice in poetry.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wild Flowers

Wild Flowers

Dandelion's golden yellow blooms so pretty to be weeds,
Honesty's purple flower giving way to those seed pods,
Creeping Buttercup looking so nice amongst the grass,
Daisies peering over tended lawns,
Thistles may be prickly but look at those flowers.

Campion growing in paddocks gently flowering,
Wild Roses forming under scrub and smelling sweetly,
Dead Nettles with tiny flowers growing where they can,
Cow Parsley weeds maybe but just look at their flowers,
Buddleias colonising anywhere they can feeding butterflies.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Winds Of Change

Winds of Change

Listen to the whispers in the wind,
Change has to be on it's way,
So many disillusioned people wanting change,
Hoping for a new dawn after whirlwinds of change.

It's time to blow away all the bad in the world,
Governments across the world serving themselves not the people,
The legal elite not upholding the spirit of the law and the common people,
Multi-national corporations lining the pockets of directors not the workers,
Billionaires turning a blind eye to poverty of global proportions.

Terrorists and warmongering tyrants leading us to the abyss,
Superpowers still stockpiling nuclear weapons no matter the risk,
The political classes ignoring the public's will all the time,
All the time the common people paying the price.

The winds of change blowing in favour of us,
The people must have a better world for all,
A place fit for children to grow and thrive,
Listen to the whispers in the wind and rise for freedom.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Winjeel

Winjeel (Eagle)

Wings soaring you skywards,
Inspiring legends and myths across the world,
Nations using you as emblems and on flags,
Just like your ancestors,
Eagle eyes sighting your prey,
Earthly bounds don't tether you down,
Lofty Heights achieved and great distances covered.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Winter

Winter

Wind blowing in cold fronts,
Ice forming overnight as temperatures fall
New snow glistening in the winter sun,
The ground laying fallow under the blanket of snow,
Evergreens giving homes to wildlife,
Rural villages looking beautiful as they are snowbound.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Winter Trees

Winter Trees

Deep in winter trees showing no life,
Deep within their trunks life's heartbeats,
Dry branches with wind whistling past,
No leaves bourn hear today on a winter's day.

Dark shadows dancing on fresh white snow,
A myriad of trunks standing like sentinels,
Deep in the orchard black boughs stand in the shadows,
No fruits or flowers to be found today.

Life all around hidden in the trees,
Winters cold grasp driving life into shelter,
Animals and insects deep inside hollow trunks,
Everything waiting for springtime to emerge.

Foolish mankind not seeing what time can achieve,
Even in the dead silhouettes of winter lays hope,
We see no life in dead winter trees in woods,
But nature knows life force is more than looks.

Cold white skies lit by the low winter's sun,
Casting playful shadows as twigs dance in the winds,
All but the evergreen's hibernating in winter,
Only the Holly brave enough to bare berries,
Little orbs of red flickering within the snow flurries.

What life does mankind have compared with nature,
Trees stand firm and unyielding against the wind,
When we stand alone in winter what are we,
We are so little if our proud conceptions falter,
We die as children compered to old oaks and yews.

Sleeping giants unmoving in the cold of winter,
The purity of nature's grandest designs stand,
Curved and bowing boughs as proof of a new hope,
Near immortals clinging onto life in winters,
Knowing spring will bring new life into centuries old trunks.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Winter Winds

Winter Winds

Cold winds cutting through,
Chilling me to the bone,
As snow gathers all around.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Without Light

Without Light

Without Light, what would drive away the darkness?

Without Light, would there still be life?

Without Light, would there still be love?

Without Light, would trees still grow?

Without Light, would flowers still bloom?

Without Light, would there still be a sunrise?

Without Light, would there still be a sunset?

Without Light, would we still see the stars?

Without Light, would we still see the moon?

Without Light, would we still have hope?

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Without Love

Without Love

Without love how can we grow as people,
Without love how can there be hope,
Without love how can there be life,
Without love how can we have a soul.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Without You

Without You

Without you by my side life is empty,
No real point of continuing this fight now,
A heart broken with grief drowning in tears,
My soul shattered with sorrow for you.

Without you the world is a darker place,
The light of your love blown-out leaving just darkness,
Like a candle in the wind the spark of life exhausted,
Now all that's left of me is just darkness in the shadows.

Without you all hope has gone,
All my hopes and dreams died with you,
All the plan's and shared destiny dashed,
All reason's to continue the journey gone.

Without you life has come to an end,
The loss of your life robbing me of any chance to live,
As my heart shrinks and sinks into the sea of darkness,
Why were you taken instead of me for I would gladly take your place.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wombat Berry

Wombat Berry

Wombat Berry sounds cuddlier than Blackfellow's Oranges,
With your bright orange berries attracting wombats,
Climbing high trying to avoid curious wombats,
Feeding Aborigines in centuries past,
Loving the damp air of the cast and mountains,
Wombat Berry a jewel in the crown of Eastern Australia.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Words

Words

Words the most powerful weapon,
Ode's written about defeated armies,
Revenge and poisonous plots in novels,
Doomed prisoners cruising their fate,
Such cutting remarks of just words.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Words (06-03-2017)

Words

Words have failed,
As nothing can describe this,
As life dies.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Work

Work

Working to survive at any cost,
Ordinary people trying to make ends meet,
Remaining downtrodden by the rich,
Killing our spirits for the sake of profit.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

World

World

Whole galaxies of worlds,
Only ours inhabited in this system,
Rocky planets to gaseous giants,
Lifeless ice worlds frozen in time,
Do other worlds have life like ours.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

World Mental Health Day 2016

World Mental Health Day 2016

It's time to end prejudice and discrimination,
We didn't choose to be mentally ill,
It chooses us by birth or by life's tragedy's.

We are not standard or substandard,
We can be extraordinary and great,
In the bad times we need help and assistance,
Not empty words and false sympathy.

Do you think those of born with mental conditions,
Are happy having things that can't be cured or treated,
Autism and Asperger's Syndrome limits us socially,
But we can see the world with clarity lost on others.

People trivialising depression as merely a chemical imbalance,
Not understanding how deeply it impacts our daily life,
Not seeing how deep the rivers of sorrow run eroding our souls,
To reach a point where suicide and death is the only hope for redemption.

Do you think we wanted to develop PTSD,
Do you think we wanted to see the horrors we've seen,
Do you think our traumas and injuries were wanted,
Do you think we suffer our nightmares willingly.

Anorexia Nervosa just something suffered by teenagers under pressure,
Think again as our minds drive us in a quest for over-perfection,
Imagine what it's like for us as acid burns away at our stomachs and throats,
Living and working on empty as our bodies slowly shut down.

Do you think anxiety is just a bit of nerves,
Think again as it can be crippling to life,
Living in isolation as we can't face the world,
Panicking and worrying about social engagement.

Self-Harming is something far deeper than the cuts,
As we try to wash away our pain in rivers of blood,
Beating and cutting ourselves trying to stay afloat in a sea of sorrow,

Each scar a battle wound from our fight for our place in humanity.

Did the greatest artists and writers became great in-spite or because of mental problems,
We are just as human as everybody else so don't try classify us as anything else,

If you're lucky you'll live life without any mental health problems,
But one in four people a year isn't really good odd's is it.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wreck

Wreck

Wasted life's broken by humanity,
Ruined and wrecked by circumstance,
Everything becoming a wreck eventually,
Cracks appearing as everything goes to ruins,
Kingdoms in disarray wrecked by greed.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Writer's Block

Writer's Block

When the words stop flowing,
The idea's light bulb burnt out,
A mind consumed by over-thinking,
Becoming desperate for that spark,
The folly of working with words.

Day's when things ground to a stop,
Death of a dream of achievement,
Oh for the want of coherent sentences,
Thank goodness I just write poems,
For if I were a novelist there'd be nothing.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Wrong

Wrong

Social injustice,
Where's the humanity,
Human race just wrong.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Y Drych

Y drych

Mae'r drychau hen byth yn gorwedd,
Bob wrinkle a gwallt llwyd,
Gall neb dwyllo y drych.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Y Gerdd Anorffenedig

Y gerdd anorffenedig

Efallai ei gael wedi gorffen un diwrnod neu efallai y bydd yn aros yn anorffenedig,
byth i gyflawni'r hyn y gallai wedi bod.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Y Lleuad A'r Goeden Geirios

Y lleuad a'r goeden geirios

Gweler y cherry blossom yn moonlight,
Lleuad yn olau chwarter newydd,
Ond y cherry blossom yn agos at ei diwedd,
Mae'r lleuad yn bathes y goeden geirios mewn goleuni,
Mae foretelling y ceirios ffynnu ar fin pasio.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Y Mynydd

Y Mynydd

Uchel uwchben,
Y byd isod,
Ar y Mynydd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Y Safonau

Y safonau

Dylai fod eiddigeddus,
Y safonau a eu rhagolygon cyfyngedig,
Neu yn falch nad wyf yn un.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Year

Year

Yearning for days to pass,
Each month taking it's time,
Another day closes for tomorrow,
Really seems ages since Christmas.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Yes

Yes

Yes we can change the world,
Everybody pulling together again,
Society can become something with humanity.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Yours

Yours

You always owned my heart,
Over time I loved you more than anyone,
Utterly devoted to your beauty,
Richer than anybody else while I had you,
Still in my heart after all this time.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ypres

Ypres

Young men slaughtered in their thousands,
Passchendaele the third battle of Ypres,
Rain and waterlogged ground sinking morale,
Enduring four battles costing hundreds of thousands of lives,
Squandered life's of a lost generation.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Yr Haul Yn Codi

Yr haul yn codi

Diwrnod gogoneddus-egwyl,
Fel mae'r haul yn codi,
Goleuni i'r byd.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Yr Orsedd

Yr Orsedd

Eistedd ar Orsedd,
Gan nad oes dim papur chwith i ddefnyddio,
Yn y ty allan.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Yr Plân

Yr Plân

Bobl sy'n teithio i leoedd pell mewn awyren,
Dail yn Hydref yn disgyn o'r awyren goeden,
Gorwelion newydd cyrraedd yr awyren,
Mwynhau gysgod coeden awyren yn yr haf,

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ysbrydion Y Nos

Ysbrydion y nos

Sibrydion yn yr Awel,
Y meirw cerdded yn y dirgel,
Fel y mae bywyd yn cysgu yn dawel.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Ystlumod

Ystlumod

Nosol bywyd,
Dechrau'n Deg mor unigryw,
Mae natur yn ddoeth.

Gan Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Zapatones

Zapatones

Zeus had sandals but he was a God,
Aniline dyed uppers in good leather,
Patent finishes shining in the sun,
A country boy like me? Well it's got to be brogues,
Trainers really! ! ! at a diner party,
Oh should I wear Balmoral's Or Blucher's or Oxford's or Derby's,
Neutral shoes? Greys and pastels just ain't me,
Everyday essentials? Or an opening to the soul,
Some shoes are hard to fill.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Zariba

Zariba

Zariba a place of protection,
All safe inside our village enclosure,
Robbers and bandits kept at bay,
In our refuge of calmness and safety,
Beginnings from a humble cattle pen,
All humans and cattle now behind a wall of safety.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

Zebras

Zebras

Zebra crossings on English roads,
Everybody loves these stripy horses,
Beyond Africa their fame spread,
Racing away from natural predators,
Africa's native equine herds,
Stripy things on the savannah grass lands.

By Christopher Tye

Christopher Tye

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