

Poetry Series

Dave James
- poems -

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Dave James(24/11/1968)

Inspiration comes from the way words are assembled and performed, they are our strongest weapon yet our closest ally.

A Soldier Blue

A soldier blue once walked past me
With flag and gun for all to see
Shouts i hurrah for you are brave
Our King and country you will save

But as he marched i noticed that
Beneath his hardened soldiers hat
An empty stare that held the thought
Of all the horrors battle brought

He marched a line so straight and true
With comrades also dressed in blue
A sense of pride we all could feel
As on they marched from toe to heel

But as they disappeared from view
Their colours flying proud and true
Thought i of soldier blue once more
His stare that told the truth of war.

Dave James

A Song For (Some) Guy

I gave you my world
You gave me the same
Your flag I unfurled
But you lost your aim
The print far too small
It couldn't be read
That my love was never
The song in your head

The care and attention
I lavished on you
Got hardly a mention
I know this is true
But you were so busy
And I just in love
So blinded by feelings
I placed you above.

But tables have turned
And I am alone
Crashed and now burned
Without heart and home
I fell in too deeply
I let down my guard
I fell far too steeply
The landing so hard.

I will pick up the pieces
Its just what I do
Then iron the creases
Still left there by you
Love is for fools
None bigger than me
I played by the rules
But nothing's for free

Time will pass honey
While I try and mend

No person, no money,
Can make the hurt end.
Your words are just hollow
The hating's begun
It's so hard too swallow
Thought you were the one.

Dave James

Home

Home is a Place.
When the breeze hits your face
In a way that you know
When the hills call your name
And the trees cry hello

When the ground that you tread
Seems to lead you your way
And the Road seems to know
What the signposts will say

When the heart beats much harder
And the smiles are all known
You can walk without looking
It's a place you call home

We all think about it
To some its a dream
For those who would doubt it
They've surely not been

Wherever life takes us
Its surely a calling
But home keeps you grounded
It stops you from falling

So don't be afraid
You can miss it awhile
Be proud of your actions
And just raise a smile

For homes just a place
Its the people who make it
So enjoy what you have
Its your life, so just take it.

Dave James

Natures Gift.

May I stay awhile with you?
May I walk your narrow tracks
That meander across your back
Like a spiders web on dewy mornings.

May I stay awhile with you?
Among the freshest air and flowing grass?
Such beauty never matched
yet always to yourself so true

The flowing stream that cuts a dash
Crystal clear and ice cold too
meanders down your very spine
Bringing life to all that share your beauty.

For upon this crest of natures very soul
My every sense is teased and caressed
From mighty oaks that stand on guard
Aloft the fern that sways to scented summers breeze

So here I am. I will stay awhile
Upon this mountain top that holds my heart
Stare into the abyss that is nature at her best
For none is richer than I today...

Dave James

Not Today Thank You..

I dont need religion to guide my poor soul
The book that I read from has life written through it
I dont need the scriptures to strive for my goal
If I want it that much then I'll just go and do it

If I dont like your preaching I'm not a blasphemer
If Gods are all real then they know understanding
Not all of us search for one great redeemer
Or searching for rules that are far too demanding

Go pray if you want to I will not pass judgement
For I just see life through a different perspective
To force your beliefs is not what your God meant
Its all about you staying calm and reflective

Dont kill in my name, dont shout in my favour
For I want to live with all colours and creeds
Guns are just made for a fool that will savour
destruction and death just to furnish their needs.

So keep all your preaching, your prayers and your chanting
Your clothes that just say you're follower true
For sooner or later your prayers become rantings
And the only one listening to that will be you.

Dave James

Post English

There's a breeze that blows that misses my face
Grass that grows at an unseen pace
Pathways that wind to a hillside view
Bear witness to the form of the morning dew

Dogs that will bark though yet unheard
Songs from the heart of the morning bird
Lambs bleating loud but still a silence
Whispering grass in fields seem violent

Chatter of children heading for the playground
The whistle of the Postie while making his round
Rain and wind make the tall trees rustle
All sing their songs yet I raise not a muscle

For I sing a tune that should carry on the breeze,
But as loud as I can sing it's surely just a tease
A world away from the land that i knew
And the silence I hear is deafening too.

Dave James

The Morning Tale

Across the misty morning skyline, dew abounds though soul's enlightened,
As rising sun sends trusted fingers through the night-falls weakened heart,
The shadows cast seem never ending, Ash and Oak's defiant stance,
From daylight's slow encroaching march, that signals Nightingales advance.

The chorus beckons, dawn wins over, songs from every bird with voice,
As sunlight shares the secrets night holds, in her presence none can hide.
The still air blessed with heavy moisture sweet the taste when so inhaled
Natures calmness here a blessing, though cursed as doldrums under sail

The tawny owl swoops through the woods and now retreats advancing light,
No use the sharpest eyesight here, that saw her hunting pitch black grounds,
The daylight beckons all to waken those that slumbered darkened hours,
For now another day is made, that we can claim we lived as ours.

Dave James

There

There is someone who makes a difference
Who sees the world through our own eyes
Who writes the test and asks the questions
While we're learning how to fly

There is someone that holds you tighter
Than any person ever could
That always has that special something
That helps you sort the bad from good

There is someone that cant be taken
From childhood dreams you cant replace
Who filled our dreams with inspiration
At any time or given place

There is someone that we call Father
We call him Dad and Papa too
When he is with us we stand stronger
he gives us strength to follow through

There is someone who we all miss here
A Father, Husband, yes a friend
And though he's answered his own calling
I know we'll dance with him again.

So take me back to days of summer
When dad would hoist us in the air
And sit us on his mighty shoulders
The child that laughed with not a care

There is someone who will be waiting
In time a distant far off place
That knows the smile that we've been given
That knowing look upon his face

Yes there is someone who is missing,
Now surely eased from worldly pain,
But all his dreams and inspiration
Will live through us and in his name.

Dave James

Those Days When

Those days when just waking is a struggle enough
The kids up for school have lost all their stuff
Time seems to race like it needs a vacation
Arrive at the platform but wrong blooming station
A sip of your latte you find out its tea
Your boss is the star from Despicable Me

The clock is just crawling you know that old feeling
Paperwork climbs all the way to the ceiling,
The lady from marketing calls smack on One
And two thirty beckons when she is all done
The train arrives early but you arrive late
Those hungry young mouths just swing on your gate

You get them all fed but the noise levels lift
The X-Box has died and they're all feeling miffed
The old man is home and asleep the poor chap
While half of his dinner just sits on his lap
The dog has run off with the meat that's remaining
And shoots through the cat flap no care if its raining

A bottle of wine but you needed a flagon
Tonight you were trying to stay on the wagon
But you are defeated the wine is essential
The cork breaks in half and its driving you mental
As night closes in and the bed surely calls
You wonder how men ended up with the balls.

Dave James

Were It That...

Were it that the sky was always clear
That hunters never caught the grazing deer
The rain would only fall when safe indoors
That man would live in peace and not in wars

Were it that our love came guaranteed
And tears just fell with joy and not in need
That life was lived in full with no regret
And all that we deserve so shall we get

Were it that the clocks could be unwound
Or those who've lost their way be safely found
That crops could grow without the fear of weather
And burdens on our souls were but a feather

If all of these and more made up our lives
No guns no tanks no thugs all bearing knives
The poet surely never would exist
For once his work would not be sorely missed.

Dave James

What You Really Want To Say To Customers...

'It was broken when I bought it'
Buy a pair of specs
'It's cheaper on the internet'
Well go see Google next
'Can you do it cheap for cash? '
Are you from Revenue?
'This cream has caused a nasty rash'
It would it's Super Glue
'Can I pay in small installments'
Sure just call me Barclays
'Do you take favours for your work? '
Please Madam off of your knees!
'My dad says that is way too dear'
In that case he can do it
'You will be hearing from my brief'
If you can't haggle sue it
'Has this done a lot of miles? '
Not for Neil Armstrong
'What warranty is there for me? '
A week if it lasts that long
'I think my daddy knows your boss'
He drinks in gay bars too?
'Will you take a cheque from me? '
I love the jokes you do
'American Express Ok? '
You must be bloody joking
'I think this smells of creme de menthe'
Hell I think I'm choking
'Tell me are you open Sundays? '
Sure who needs a life?
'Any extras with this purchase? '
Just wait I'll get the wife
'Have you this in any colour? '
It would still look shitty
'I almost tripped on your display! '
You didn't? more's the pity.

Dave James

Words

Words make sense in every way,
We use them each and every day,
We ask, we tell, we scorn, we praise,
We tell of life and special days,
We sing the words that tell our story,
Be they of sadness death or glory,
They stand as testament to living,
Of times of need and times of giving,
So why oh why can words not spell?
That simple line I need to tell,
Just what it is you mean to me,
And without you, just where I'd be,
For though I've searched a million times,
And tried to say in many rhymes,
The words that sit inside my heart
Just how I feel while we're apart,
I fear they really don't exist,
And won't be found on any list
But here I'll try to share my thoughts
Explain just what to me you've brought,
That breath of air from mountain high,
That sweetest sound of babes first cry,
That warming sun on aching bones,
That thought that I am not alone,
That warming smile when day has ended,
That hug that makes all bad things mended,
In fact no single words could be
Enough to say your worth to me,
So here I've scrolled them as above
My one my only true sweet love.

Dave James