

Poetry Series

Gordon Whittaker
- poems -

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Gordon Whittaker(24-3-38)

I will eventually fill this space.

' Egotism '

I had a date, but in the rain I let her wait.
She was a ravenous beautiful creature,
deserving of me, for I had caught her eye.
The thought of her waiting especially for me
made my confidence and egotism run high.
I hopped of the bus with a jaunty step
as I hoisted my umbrella in the air.
I felt really good, she was still waiting there.

Hello been waiting long, ? I casually asked of her,
She was wet through to the skin
the rain was pouring off her chin.
No words passed her lips
instead she gave me a long frightening look,
followed by a lightening left hook.
Another sledgehammer blow put me down on the floor,
my senses were running amok.
I was being beaten up by something in a frock.

I was brought to by the words ' what happened to you "
I must have had a blackout was my reply,
As I was helped to my feet, I thanked the guy.
My pride and egotism would not let me tell the truth,
as I walked down the street nursing a very loose tooth.
But now I have seen the light and felt the pain,
I shall never leave another girl waiting in the rain.

Gordon Whittaker

' Mam '

Mother you left us eleven years ago
we were all so saddened to see you go.
You had a very hard life our dear mam,
we remember those days of bread and jam.

You struggled to put food on the table,
and to put clothes on our back, but you
managed it, and kept us on the right track.
Thanks to you we overcame adversity
and none of us ever looked back.

You are forever on our mind,
a wonderful mother, so honest so kind.
And mother your words did come true,
all the family, really really do miss you.

Gordon Whittaker

' My Best Friend '

He is my best friend
a pal on who I can depend.
We are always together,
I love him in a funny sort of way
but I hasten to add, I'm certainly not gay

He always gets all the attention
I'm sure he goes out with that intention.
Females fondle him quite unashamedly,
whilst I observe with a tinge of envy.

But he is a real good looking guy
a guy that attracts admiring female glances
and oh boy he certainly gets his chances.
Yet from birth when he learned to walk
my best friend has never been able to talk.
He understands everything that I say,
he communicates with me in his own special way.

Tonight we are watching the TV
but I am bored, it's a re-run on BBC.
I glance at the clock it's quarter to nine
the weather outside is warm and fine
I say " lets go to the pub
for a few glasses of ale."
He jumps up makes for the door
wagging his tail.

Need I say more, my best friend is
A handsome Labrador

Gordon Whittaker

' Our Ron '

Ron, you were to me all a brother could be,
your friendship and memory will always be a part of me. The happy days we
spent together are gone, forever lost in time,
but the memories will linger, they will always be mine.
When I was young you used to take me to the flicks, on our way home you would
buy me fish and chips, and Ron the times you fixed my tie for school
the result always made me feel so cool
I swaggered off to school with my tie in full view
for no-one could tie a windsor knot like you.
Those times are imprinted on my mind, no-one can take them away
they are here with me to stay.
I would point you out with pride,
when you played soccer at the Sunnyside,
whether you lost or won,
I would proudly say: ' that's our Ron. '

You taught me how to ride a bike, and how to drive a car
we went down the motorways to places near and far.
I was over the moon when I passed my driving test first time
and it was all down to you Ron, that brilliant teacher of mine.
I can see us now on Lanky canal, fishing in atrocious weather
and later that same morning, sharing a fry up together.
For me it was a life of bliss,
even though you caught all the fish.
I can imagine you there, you seemed so content
To me those were perfect days, well spent.

I remember the times I came to AP,
just to keep you company.
I would accompany you silently on your rounds,
listening out for unfamiliar sounds.
Then to your office for another a cup of tea,
back to the banter and the goodhearted repartee.
I listened intently as your stories unfurled,
Hey Ron, I would, nt have missed it for the world.

If I could talk to Saint Peter and ask "did our Ron pass this way."
I, m sure his answer would be, " He will be fishing at this time of day

and relating his story about the one that got away"

RIPR

Gordon Whittaker

' Slaughter Of The Innocents '

Mr Bush why the rush to bomb Irak
do you dream about those words attack attack attack

Stop and think about the innocents and the newborn
what have they done to deserve your scorn.

It is in your hands Mr Bush whether they live or perish
surely not a thought that you could cherish.

Remember the little speck that dropped from the sky
and a hundred thousand innocents were left to die.

That little speck came from the Enola Gay,
in the name of the U.S.A.

Mister Bush even a president can change his mind, especially when it comes to
saving mankind.

Gordon Whittaker

' Teachers Pet '

Hey, I kissed the teacher three times on the cheeks,
But damn it, I gotta wait another fifty two weeks.

Yea, I gotta wait so long I swear.....
Just to wish her a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Oh to hell with it, I'll grab her, and plant a kiss on her lips,
But the thought of it scares me out of my wits.
A little voice keeps saying " no no no no no no ".
don't forget
She HAS learned " AIKIDO "

Oh hell I'll forget it and say no more
I don't want to land up battered and bruised on the floor.

Gordon Whittaker

' The Dominant Woman '

You can count on me to hold my tongue
I will never ever do you wrong.

No-one can ever call me a liar,
No-one can say I've dragged their name through the mire.

I can never be accused of slander or libel,
I could never ever swear on the bible

You could reveal your innermost secrets to me,
knowing that forever and a day,
your secrets are with me to stay.

But my partner she is very different you see,
she enjoys manipulating me.

She loves the acclaim the adulation,
the correct verbal pronunciation.

I have no life I'm shoved away when not needed.
I am like so many of her other things.

She's the one who pulls the strings.

What the hell, you may shout
what on earth is this poem about

My partner is a ventriloquist
she has complete control over me.
For I am the dummy that sits on her knee.

Gordon Whittaker

' The Voice In The Storm '

Gazing through the window at the rain
I wondered from where the rain came.
Then a voice said to me 'It's sucked up from the sea,
or do you believe that old wives tale that it is angels wee.
You have heard the story of Noah's Ark,
that was certainly no walk in the park
and no it wasn't incontinent angels that did it for a lark.

Suddenly the peace was shattered by thunder,
yes the thunder made me wonder, is God angry?
No he is not, said the voice.
Thunder is caused by rapidly expanding atmospheric gasses
being heated by lightening.
But it does make some people angry, and some ill,
especially the insurance companies who have to foot the bill.

At that moment my mother came running out of the kitchen
and dashed under the stairs, she would stay there till the storm had passed
trembling and saying her prayers
I looked through the window at the night sky,
and thought what a great end to the day.
As I witnessed mother natures firework display.

I wonder..... "Son I am tired " said the voice
And it is time you went to bed, and to ponder what I've said.
You have a mind of your own son
I will not put you on the spot.
You either believe it or not.

Gordon Whittaker

' The Web '

Oh what a web of deceit
world leaders do weave.
The words they say they would
have us believe.
We know that it is so called spin,
concocted by the backroom boys within,
who are not adverse to committing sin.

WMD that was their swan song
Blair apologized this week
admitting he had got it wrong,
But why oh why did it take so long.
The politicians surely have no vision
do they not understand or realize
we all have television.
We also have ears eyes and a brain,
what a pity for the U.S and
the UK governments
One cannot say the same.

Gordon Whittaker

' War '

Three little letters a simple anagram of raw,
but the outcome is Death Devastation, Sorrow.
For the thousands of innocents massacred,
there is no tomorrow.

They had no choice, not even a voice, over-ruled
by the hawks in the government, the elected powers that be.
Willing ambassadors for the arms and oil industry.
Purveyors of death destruction, and misery.

Do these multinationals think of the people who have lost loved ones,
Husbands, wives, mothers, fathers, daughters, brothers, sisters and sons.
And for what." To boost the multinational companies shareholders funds."
Who are motivated by profits and an insatiable greed,
they are a heartless, selfish, uncaring breed.

They rest peacefully in their slumber, to them, and the government hawks,
the dead, and the victims of war are just another number.

Gordon Whittaker

' What A Waste '

She walked towards me down our street
my fluttering heart missed a beat
My throat went dry I felt oh so shy
and my knees began to knock
She was the most beautiful thing
I had ever seen in a frock
I wanted to say " hello "but nothing came
As though my voice box had gone lame.

I was besotted by her natural beauty
I turned as she walked past,
she was brimming with allure
and she had an hourglass figure
Later I related the story to my friend
of the beauty I had encountered that day
he gave me a strange look and said
" Don't you know her? Her name is Kay."
She is not your type my dear pal
she is an assistant librarian..... and
she is a lesbian as well

Those last words went down like a bomb
And really left me feeling quite numb.
I was devastated, shattered beyond belief
I stayed in for the rest of the week
wallowing in my grief.
I prided myself with my choice
one could see I had taste.
But my god, what a waste, what a waste,
what a waste.

Gordon Whittaker

Bush And Blair

Bush and Blair, oh what a pair
they have brought the world
to the edge of despair.
The battles were decisively won
but their problems have only just begun.

Those shocking images on tv
around the world for all to see.
Humiliating acts of denigration
acts, which have shamed the U.S. nation.
Carried out by degenerates on Iraqi
prisoners of an unjust war, in
' Operation Shock and Awe '.

WMD was a false scare put out by
the backroom boys of Bush and Blair.
So they would have us believe,
but world leaders can also deceive.
As we happen to see time and again
by that sadist Saddam Hussein.

Will we ever find out the true reason?
for this war of disgrace, a war
opposed by millions
in the first place.

Let us sincerely hope that those
honourable allied soldiers who
died on foreign soil
Did not sacrifice their lives for OIL.

Gordon Whittaker

Don'T Take Her For Granted

WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT A WIFE.

She will care for you throughout your life.
She cooks, washes and irons your clothes,
and does a thousand other chores.

So when you come home from work feeling blue,
just think of the menial tasks your wife had to do.
She hardly complains, takes it all in her stride,
she does her duty with a certain amount of pride.

A little gratitude from you would not go amiss,
neither would a tender loving kiss.
Take her out, wine and dine her in a romantic way,
whisper those sweet words she loves to hear you say.

When she was at the alter and said ' I do ',
did you think those two little words meant to become a slave
to you?

Put the magic back into her life
and forget your minor troubles and strife.

FOR WHAT IS WIFE WITHOUT A LIFE

Gordon Whittaker

Hiroshima

Along came the plane
It was not flying low
Waiting to release its lethal load.
On unsuspecting people below.
Five, four, three, two, one, Bomb gone.
It was a beautiful clear day, the sun shone.
Cameras clicked into action to record
This baptism of fire, utter destruction
Death and devastation,
To anything standing in its path.
This was the result of America's wrath.

The crew witnessed the mushroom cloud
As it rose menacingly into the atmosphere
They were aghast at the magnitude of
The Atomic Bomb's blast.
The pilot in a low voice said
"My god what have we done".
With a startled look on his face
He headed the Enola Gay back to base.

More than thirty thousand innocents
Were incinerated from the face of the earth
Within seconds of the bombs impact
The walking wounded died where they fell
In this man-made Devils Hell
Men, women and children cried out for water
The water finally came, in the guise of black rain.
Adding more misery death and pain.

Let Hiroshima be a lesson to us all,
And let the country be damned that lets
Another Atom Bomb Fall.

Gordon Whittaker

Sleeping Beauty

She lay safe in my arms
her eyes closed in sleep,
I gazed at her beautiful features
to me they are certainly unique.
Her lovely long eye lashes,
her complexion like a rose,
and that irresistible cute shaped nose.
I bent over to kiss her soft velvet like skin,
the aroma that exuded from her body made
me feel really good within.
I am a lucky guy to have such a
beauty lying by my side.
I drifted off to sleep feeling a certain amount of pride.
I was awakened in the night by an almighty yell,
it was my beauty crying like hell.
I jumped up startled, and looked around
And found her dummy lying on the ground.

Gordon Whittaker

The Bullying Game

I took a snapshot of my little tot
then gently lifted her out of her cot
she was like a feather in my arms,
and oh how I fell for those baby charms.

Those small delicate fingers
and screwed up tiny toes,
the aroma of a newborn baby,
her beautiful wrinkled nose.

Now fifteen years further on,
life is certainly not the same.
My girl comes home from school
with her head hung down in shame.

Today once more she's been the victim
of the bullying game.
Tears welled up in her beautiful blue eyes
Mum I can't take this madness anymore she cries.

I'm going to end it once and for all, she said
It's now a year this bullying has gone on,
believe me Mum I have sometimes wished
That I was dead..

Those words filled her Mum with fright,
she went to the bathroom and removed
all the pills to a safer place that evening.
Foreboding gripped her heart, that night.

She went lots of times to her daughter's
bedroom to see if she was okay.
She stayed awake all of the night.
awaiting the dawn of a new day.

The new day came, her daughter arrived
home but not hanging her head in shame,
she came in the room no tears were shed.
Later she ate her tea and retired to bed.

The next day mum rang her teacher to ask about her daughter, " well yesterday she taught those bullies a lesson "said the teacher, "I'll say no more but all three of them ended up on the floor."

Mum replaced the phone, with a feeling of disbelief, a weight was off her shoulders, she felt only relief. She no longer felt down and blue, she hoped and prayed that What she had heard was true.

Then she remembered the book in her daughters room last week, and smiled to herself as she took a peek. The title was " Learn the art of self-defence, master Jujitsu." My little tot in the cot, she certainly has grown up a lot. Mum burst into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing and laughter, she later settled down, became more peaceful and mild, she now knew she was'nt going to lose her beloved child.

Gordon Whittaker

The Death Of Respect.

The youth of today but not all I may say,
have no integrity or moral principles.

They have no qualms about who they insult
whether it be their parents or another adult.

Respect has gone out of the window
it is no longer here. It meant something
in our lifetime we held it very dear.

No-one gives up their seat to elderly
people anymore, what does it matter
old woman if your feet are sore.

They shun and ignore the older generation
as though they were not there.
they don't give a damn they really don't care.

They won't be so belligerent and bold,
When they too eventually grow old.

Maybe they too will look back with sadness
by their actions, and their disgrace.
for making the world a poorer place.

And respect will stay a spectre of the past,
my god, what a pity it did not last.

Gordon Whittaker

The Soldier With A Conscience.

War is a battle one cannot win.
Win or lose you are committing a sin
In war there are no victorious winners.
The participating parties are the sinners
.
Devastation, death, shock and awe
The true meaning of that little word war.
Human beings slain, wounded and in pain.
Never being able to live normal lives again.

Gallant men and women meet their maker.
And end up in the obituaries of the daily paper.
Mother and father weep for their son and daughter.
Whilst war carries on with it's insane slaughter.

Oh God give me you're almighty strength.
So that I.
May never have to pull the trigger,
and see another human die.

Yes I am most fortunate that I survived,
But my heart grieves for those who died.

Gordon Whittaker