

Poetry Series

**John KENT**  
**- poems -**

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# John KENT()

# A Day In The Life Of A Knight

In days of old when knights were bold  
and damsels got distressed,  
it took a knight a lot of time  
to get a dame undressed,  
for layer upon layer  
were her skirts so deeply piled,  
the time it took to get her nude  
could drive a knight quite wild.

But persistence was a virtue  
for our bold and gallant knight,  
and soon the object of his lust  
was bared and in plain sight,  
but wrapped around her tiny waist  
was a device so strong and stout,  
designed to keep her pure and chaste  
by keeping man-bits out.

Thwarted by the steel between  
her soft, come-hither thighs,

our errant knight from olden days  
was forced to sodomize,  
(and this he did with caution  
lest his penis he did fracture,  
upon the steel between her cheeks  
some swine did manufacture) .

But after he had done his deed  
and had some time to think,  
t'was then that he reflected  
and thought it all did stink,  
to have a dame all bound in steel  
to curb his wanton lust,  
would suggest a lack of honour  
and a certain lack of trust.

Our knight felt so insulted  
and aggrieved in every way,  
and thus upon his horse did climb  
and gallop fast away,  
off to find the husband

of the wife he'd fornicated,  
and challenge to a duel till death  
and thus feel vindicated.

The husband of our nubile nymph  
was well and truly soused,  
but he agreed to fight our knight  
and chose the place to joust,  
but next day when the sun did rise  
he realized what he'd done,  
and there upon his bed did weep  
and prayed he had a gun.

But guns were not invented  
so his prayer was all in vain,  
and the sound of his loud wailing  
castle walls could not contain,  
and thus in abject fear he donned  
his chainmail of forged steel,  
and finally with his helmet  
which his face he could conceal.

Our poor cuckolded husband  
with body all a-trembled,  
did point his horse towards the place  
the masses had assembled,  
and when the husband did arrive  
the townsfolk did all cheer,  
'cause they were going to watch a fight  
and quaff a lot of beer.

Whilst in front of all the folks  
our knight did sit and preen  
(for he was just the cutest knight  
the town had ever seen) ,  
the husband of the buxom wench  
whose arse was violated,  
did sit upon his trusty nag  
and sadly contemplated.

He searched his mind to try to find  
the reason for this mess,

something that might help explain  
his feelings of duress,  
for he was just a simple man  
who lived a simple life,  
and was unfortunate enough to have himself  
a beauty for his wife.

Not a moment did he contemplate  
the problems he might face,  
when married to a woman  
men would happily debase,  
but still there was a niggling doubt  
each time he was departing,  
and thus he put her steel cage on  
to prevent her legs from parting.

Now here he sat, he felt like crap,  
life seemed so unfair,  
here his life was on the line  
and no one seemed to care,  
'To hell with everyone' he thought,

'I'll give it all I've got',  
and to the point of no return  
he had his horsie trot.

Mounted on their mighty steeds  
with lances raised and ready,  
sat our knight, so cool and calm  
- the husband quite unsteady,  
for well was he aware  
that his life might end this day,  
and he would much prefer to have  
it end some other way.

The thought of being impaled upon  
a long and pointy stick,  
made his bowels turn into liquid  
and his stomach mighty sick,  
and even though his brain said 'flee'  
his body told him 'stay',  
and thus the die was cast  
and a life would end this day.



[Now, I could have had this story end  
and have the husband win,  
but that would be dishonest  
- which would have been a sin,  
so I will end it realistically  
this tale of which I tell,  
and if you don't fucking like it  
you can go to fucking hell! ]

The moment had arrived  
which would test both man and horse,  
and regardless of the fear inside  
our man would stay the course,  
better that his life should end  
in abject misery,  
than live a life of fear and shame  
in perpetuity.

Our knight did what knights do best  
and galloped straight and true,

he took his lance, aimed it straight,  
and ran the poor guy through,  
and there he lay upon the ground,  
a human-shishkebab,  
the product of one pissed-off knight  
and one almighty stab.

Our poor pathetic husband  
of the noblest intentions,  
a victim of the latest  
of deadly war inventions,  
he gave his life - not for his wife  
- and not for fame nor glory,  
he gave it up because I had to find  
an ending for this story.

So let this be a lesson  
to all you men out there,  
go get yourselves an ugly wife  
and no one else will care,  
but should you feel compelled to wed

a beauty with no class,  
don't act surprised when some guy comes  
and screws her in the arse!

7/2/09

John KENT

# A Monster In The Closet.

There's a monster in my house

it lives inside my room,

it hides away from light of day

and comes out in the gloom.

My mother says it isn't real

my father rolls his eyes,

I think he thinks I'm just a kid

who tells too many lies.

They both think that I'm crazy

they both think I am nuts,

they cannot seem to understand

he wants to eat my guts.

It lives inside my closet

and comes out late at night,

- which really is annoying

as it gives me quite a fright.

Often when I'm trying to sleep

I hear the closet door,

and then I hear his monster feet

'click-clack' 'cross the floor.

I squeeze my eyes so very tight

pretend that I'm asleep,

but then I feel his slimy lips

press against my cheek.

Often he will use his claws

and softly scratch my head,

but I think he's just checking

to see if I am dead.

Yes, there's a monster in my house

of this I am quite sure,

it lives inside my bedroom

behind my closet door,

and even though I'm really scared

I sometimes feel quite brave,

but that's because he sometimes smells

like my daddy's aftershave!

2/3/2012

John KENT

# A Poem About Nothing

I've been sitting here waiting  
for a bit of inspiration  
that will help me write some words  
that will inspire,  
I would like them to excite  
as well as bring delight  
and I hope to choose some words  
that all others will admire,  
but I am feeling rather sickly  
as the time speeds by so quickly  
and my pad remains without a single word,  
and quite truly I feel sad  
and it makes me feel so bad  
that the only things I think of  
seem really quite absurd,  
but I have a premonition  
that my rhyming composition  
will be a huge success  
if it makes it to fruition,  
so I sit here in frustration

trying to end my minds stagnation  
by focusing on thoughts I think  
that need illumination.

But quite clearly I am missing  
some inner thought process  
which muddles up my jumbled thoughts  
and leaves them in a mess  
and I lack the skills to figure out  
just what I should be writing  
to inspire all my readers  
and to make it more exciting,  
so I refrain from writing things  
which will cause me more confusion  
as the last thing that my mind needs now  
is even more delusion,  
and thus I'll sit here waiting  
for a flash of inspiration  
which will greatly help my writing  
and will give me much elation,



for I'll have penned a poem  
which is envied by my peers  
and will be a huge success  
and I'll be known for many years  
as the man who wrote a poem  
that didn't make a lot of sense,  
...but he wrote it with panache  
and with much exuberance!

7/5/2013

John KENT

# Answers In Rhyme

A long time ago in a long ago time

there lived an old man who would answer in rhyme,

when asked any question he invariably said;

'I will answer in rhyme till the day I am dead! '

'How old are you sir? ' asked a man with a laugh

'I am older than you are by two times and half.'

'So you think you can answer any question I ask? '

'I know that I can, so begin with your task! '

'Why am I here on this planet called Earth? '

'It's because of the fact that your mother gave birth! '

'What reason is there for why I was born? '

'It's so you have reason to get up each morn! '

'Where do I go to once I am dead? '

'Right into a grave with dirt on your head! '

'What reason do I have to even exist? '

'Probably none if your Dad wasn't pissed! '

The man was impressed with the speed of replies  
from someone so old and so patently wise,  
so he tried once again with this man of old age  
with some questions designed to rattle his cage.

'What is the sound of a one-handed clap? '

'It's the same as the sound of a one-finger 'snap'! '

'How many grains of sand on a beach? '

'There's more than the number a teacher could teach! '

'Why do the stars shine so brightly at night? '

'It's so we can see them when there is no sunlight! '

'Exactly how long is a cut piece of string? '

'It depends on the length that you cut the damn thing! '

The man was agog by that wily old guy  
with his quick-fire wit and his rapid reply,

but he had one last question that might cause him some strife;

'What is the purpose and the meaning of life? '

'Ahhh...the meaning of life is easy my son,

it's to look back at your life and see what you've done,

and if you have not done the very best that you can

you're a failure at life and you're less than a man! '

The man walked away with a shrug and a smile

from someone he thought might be old and senile,

but he had to admit that the old man was right

for he had squandered his life without much of a fight.

19/7/2015

John KENT

# Big Bang V God

Look up to the skies at night  
that effervesce with sparkling light  
and ask yourself if what you see  
could all just happen naturally.

Or did some guiding hand take part  
make for us this work of art  
that shimmers in the blackest night  
and brings to us such pure delight?

12/6/2112

John KENT

# Don't Ever Touch Your Willy After You Have Chopped A Chilli. Aka The Chilli Song

The wisest thing I think I ever heard my father say,  
was 'Son, you are now twenty-one, you are a man today,  
I think it's time to tell you what I think that you should know  
and this applies all the time, wherever you may go'.

'Don't ever touch your willy after you have chopped a chilli  
especially when you go and take a squirt,  
for you will quickly see that it burns like hell to pee  
and you will feel a great degree of hurt,  
and for the pain you will endure you will never find a cure  
and that's why I am warning you today,  
don't ever touch your willy after you have chopped a chilli  
or the pain you'll feel will take your breath away.'

So I heeded his advice and I never chopped nor diced  
a chilli that might cause my willy pain,  
but one night when at a party, I was a bit foolhardy  
and I treated his advice with much disdain.

An older woman that I met - and one I'm not likely to forget

ate raw chilli's by the handful without pause,  
then she took me by the hand and she led me to a room  
where she taught me many things behind closed doors.

Now modesty forbid that I tell just what she did  
- how many times or what she did with what,  
but it wasn't too much later when I got a little tingle  
and my lower head began to get quite hot.

If only I had known the effects of being blown  
by a woman eating chillies was the same,  
as taking willy out and lighting up the gas  
and sticking his head right into the flame.

As I lay upon the floor with poor willy in my hands  
fighting back the tears of love gone wrong,  
I knew I had to do my best to help to spread the word  
which is why I quickly went and wrote this song.  
Every guy, everywhere, needs to know and be aware  
the effects from having sex is sometimes bad,  
but it will save you lots of pain and an awful lot of grief  
if you just heed the sage advice from my wise Dad.

'Don't ever touch your willy after you have chopped a chilli  
especially when you go and take a squirt,  
for you will quickly see that it burns like hell to pee  
and you will feel a high degree of hurt,  
and for the pain you will endure you will never find a cure  
and that is why you really must refrain,  
so don't ever touch your willy after you have chopped a chilly  
or you may never feel like having sex again! '

15/4/10 ©

John KENT



# Flight Of The Bumblebee

Part 1.

I have a little problem  
that I think you all should know,  
and it causes me embarrassment  
everywhere I go,  
I vent my anal gases  
with amazing regularity  
which is frowned upon by some  
as the utmost of vulgarity.

Though it's always been a problem  
it also has some uses  
for I find that if I clench my cheeks  
I can sometimes summon mooses,  
and I can turn a full-size pool  
in to a spa-bath for the masses  
by the systematic venting  
of my percolating gases.

The weather plays a part  
in my degree of effervescence,  
the hotter that it gets  
the more you'll smell my essence,  
but you'll need to run like hell  
- especially when it's pluvius [rainy]  
as my bum begins to bubble  
and I erupt like Mount Vesuvius.

I went off to see my Doctor  
to garner some advice  
but unfortunately my Doctor  
did something not so nice,  
he stuck his finger up my bum  
like some gigantic missile  
and then, as I began to fart  
he made my bumhole whistle.

It was a melodic little tune  
that he played upon my ass  
the Doctor sure had skills

- and I sure had the gas,  
and thus it came to be  
that we formed a two man band  
and we took our two man act  
and we toured across the land.

We were booked to do a gig  
in a little town out west  
which was perfect for our needs  
and would be a major test,  
and our moment had arrived  
which would be the culmination  
of the Doctors expertise  
and my rectal orchestration.

The crowd was hushed and awed  
with what was next to come,  
and they gasped with gasps of awe  
when he began to tune my bum,  
the notes that were emitted  
from my puckered anal passage,

were melodious and fluid  
and fueled by my ripe gassage.

The expulsion of escaping gas  
around his probing finger,  
made the notes fly out my bum  
and caused the sound to linger,  
and it was then that he began to play  
a tune about a hero,  
it was the 15 minute epic tale  
of Maurice Ravel's 'Bolero'.

The Doctor was a maestro  
who coaxed those high notes out,  
his expertise in colonoscopies  
left no one in no doubt,  
but still it could be argued  
whose talent reigned supreme,  
the Doctor, with his gifted hands  
- or me, with my gas-stream.

For fifteen non-stop minutes  
I expressed my anal air,  
I'd almost reached the limits  
of my manly derriere,  
and as the final note slipped out  
my tired, ravaged colon,  
the Doctor put some ice on it  
to prevent it getting swollen.

As one, the crowd erupted  
and exploded from their seats,  
the people went ballistic  
and cheered our mighty feats,  
never had they seen before  
such talent so unique,  
or marvelled in the talents  
of an anal-whistle freak.

Our fame transcended borders  
we'd become a world class act,  
we were bigger than The Beatles

the Rolling Stones and Fleetwood Mac,  
we were wined and dined by Kings and Queens  
by Presidents and Sheikhs,  
and all because we'd learned to tame  
the wind between my cheeks.

Our lives were looking rosy  
in a rosy looking way,  
we'd gone from being poor to rich  
without too much dismay,  
but just as fast as we went up  
we knew we'd tumble down,  
for fame is like a two-edged sword  
being wielded by a clown.

The biggest concert ever staged  
the world would ever see,  
was set in place and would take place  
to showcase Doc and me,  
and leaders from around the world  
would cancel all hostilities,

to give their citizens the chance

to be awed by our abilities.

Always had I left the choice

of music to the Doc,

but what he was about to try

came as quite a shock,

fear and trepidation

set my anus all a-quiver,

as fear that what he would attempt

my bum could not deliver.

I warned him of my fears

and my degree of my trepidation,

but he just smiled and laughed and said

'You need some relaxation -

for years I've studied nothing

but the functions of the anus,

and my knowledge of all rear-end bits

is now why we are famous'.

The masses were assembled  
my bum was tuned and ready,  
the Doctor was relaxed and calm  
his fingers were quite steady,  
I bared my taut and muscled butt  
and lay across his knee,  
it was then that he began to play  
the 'Flight of the Bumblebee'.

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## PART 2.

It started off quite slowly  
as slow music often does,  
but it wasn't long before he had  
my bumhole all abuzz,  
and as the tempo grew in speed  
so too did my frustrations,  
as it's not an easy task to fart  
a bumblebees gyrations.

My puckered anal passage



was getting sorer by the minute,  
it felt just like the bee itself  
had flown right up in it,  
yet still I kept expressing wind  
with dignity and class,  
- which is something that's quite hard to do  
with five fingers up your ass!

Playing like a man possessed  
the Doctors fingers flew,  
he poked, prodded, thrust and shoved  
to heights I never knew,  
and still that bee kept buzzing on  
but just as I forboded,  
when it built to a crescendo  
my goddamn ass exploded.

There were bits of flying bumhole  
whizzing here and whirling there,  
and there were people laying wounded  
by my shredded derriere,

and body bits aplenty  
hung like meaty chandeliers  
from the rafters of the stage  
and from peoples exposed ears.

But sadly, there were people  
who'd been killed by bits of colon,  
cut down in their prime of life  
and had their futures stolen,  
and all because a Doctor  
didn't know enough to stop,  
when first he heard the warning sounds  
of bowel begin to pop.

A needless tragic waste of life  
occured through one mans greed,  
the Doctor with his gifted hands  
and an obsession to succeed,  
and though the Doctor lived through it  
he'll never play again,  
he lost both hands and half his face

and a large portion of his brain.

He really was quite lucky  
in an unlucky kind of way,  
his gift that brought him so much joy  
had lead to his dismay,  
but instead of being killed  
by a bum-bomb poorly aimed,  
he'll get to live life as a freak  
with the criminally deranged.

Me, myself, I lost the skills  
to make music from my rectum,  
and there now is one large crater  
where there once was pure perfection,  
but the biggest loss I suffered  
if you have to know the truth,  
is, I also lost my pecker  
so they now all call me Ruth.

EPILOGUE:

There's many things we're warned about

- but ass-shrapnel isn't one,

I mean, what's the odds of being killed

by bits of flying bum?

but take it from the man who knows

the dangers that ensue,

when trying to make music from

a place designed for making poo.

John A. Kent. © 8/1/2011.

John KENT

# Guy Fawkes

I have the inclination to emulate Guy Fawkes

and to blow up politicians where they work,

for all their lying and deceiving and governmental thieving

like their superannuation and all their parliamentary perks,

but I would like to make it clear the only reason they're still here

is not because I'm scared to light the fuse,

no, the reason they're still nesting in the rooms they've been infesting

is simply that I haven't (YET) found enough dynamite to use!

23/6/2013

John KENT

# Happy Birthday To You

Today is such a special day  
a day for celebrations,  
you've made it through another year  
my sincere congratulations,  
but have you ever stopped to contemplate  
that each and every breath  
might be the last you ever breathe  
before you meet your death?

I don't mean to sound alarmist  
nor to spoil your special day,  
but face the facts, you're getting old  
but that's just nature's way,  
so take the time to savor life  
it's full of joy and wonder,  
or next time when your birthday comes  
you just might be six feet under.

2003

John KENT

# I Am My Father's Son.

I am my father's son,  
of this there is no doubt,  
for every time I do bad things  
I hear my mother shout,  
'You're like your bloody father was  
a shiftless, worthless slob,  
a good-for-nothing layabout  
who cannot hold a job.  
What woman with her brain intact  
would waste her time on you,  
you're like your stinking father was  
and act just like him too.'  
Yes, I am my father's son, of this you can be sure  
but unlike Dad, I buried Mum, underneath the floor!  
.  
.

John A. Kent. © 12/9/2017

John KENT



# If

If you're old and enfeebled and losing your mind,  
if you're balding and fat and partially blind,  
if your bones are all brittle and your teeth are all plastic,  
if your skin is all dry and has lost its elastic,  
if your bladder is stuffed and your lungs are all weak,  
if your kidneys are shot and you cant take a leak,  
if your spleen isn't doing - whatever spleens do,  
if your veins are all clogged and the blood can't get through,  
if your heart's barely pumping and your hearing is failing,  
if you're all out of breath from simply exhaling,  
then maybe it's time you crawled into bed  
'cause like it or not, you're better off dead! !

April 2000 ©

John KENT

# Jigsaw

The composition of a poem  
cannot easily be defined,  
it is more than just some random words  
rhythmically entwined,  
it's like a jigsaw puzzle  
of a thought inside your mind,  
that only when completed  
is the message there to find.

John A. Kent. © 1990

John KENT

# Love Is An Illusion

I have come to the conclusion  
that all love is an illusion  
and a figment of a sick and twisted mind,  
and what some may think erotic  
is really quite psychotic  
and dementia is most likely what you'll find.  
What passes for affection  
is just a mass deception  
perpetrated by the masses on the weak,  
and the only thing that's sure  
is the reason it is for  
is to try and dupe the ones of whom I speak.

There are those who would refute  
my logic and dispute the reasons  
why I say that love does not exist,  
but the ones who would deny it  
are the same who would imply it  
that I am simply just a sad misogynist.

But my reasons for dismissing

the love that I'm not missing  
is not because I'm sad or that I'm gay,  
it is simply just a matter  
of love equates to cash  
and that's one expense that I refuse to pay!

31/3/2012

John KENT

# Lucky Me

I had a thought the other day

but fortunately it went away.

\26/1/2014

John KENT

# Mirror Mirror

Mirror, mirror, on the wall

I can now see my reflection,

and what I see looking back

is almost pure perfection!

Mirror, mirror, on the wall

you don't reflect the truth at all,

what Michael Jackson saw looking back

was a face that was all white, not black!

Mirror, mirror on the wall

who is the sexiest one of all?

Mirror, mirror, cracked and broken

I wish now that I had not spoken!

John KENT

# My Eulogy

Now I've passed away and I've left that mortal coil

and my body's in a grave and I'm fertilizing soil,

I only have one small request now that I am dead -

just move a few feet further back and GET OFF MY GODDAMN HEAD!

P.S.

To those of you I did not like - from underneath the grass,

I leave one final message - YOU CAN KISS MY GODDAMN ARSE! !

2010.

John KENT

# My Father's Son

My father's son's an awesome guy

I know him well, for he is I!

10/5/2013

John KENT



# Our Disunited Nation

Through periods of discontent  
we look towards our government  
to see if they can help prevent  
our hopeless situation,  
but they can't seem to empathize  
which really comes as no surprise  
as they don't seem to realize  
they've wrecked our once great nation!

22/06/2011

John KENT

# Our World

Our world is as it always was  
and as it always was will be,  
a place in which we'll strive to live  
in peace and harmony.

6/4/2013

John KENT

# Politicians

POLITICIANS MAKE DECISIONS WITH GLOBAL IMPLICATIONS  
FOR THE CHOICES OF THE MASSES BUT WITH NO CONSIDERATIONS  
FOR THE WELFARE OF OUR CHILDREN AND ALL FUTURE GENERATIONS  
AND INDEMNIFY THEIR ACTIONS WITH IMMORAL LEGISLATIONS.

10/10/2009

John KENT

# Politics Schmopolitics!

We go to work to earn the cash  
to pay the bills that never end  
but then we're forced to pay our tax  
so little cash is left to spend  
on things we like to spend our time  
like having fun and drinking wine  
and swimming in the deep blue sea  
with all my friends my son and me  
then lay upon the beach to tan  
and slow but sure we form a plan  
to save more cash so we can buy  
the finer things that catch our eye  
but once again our plans are wrecked  
by politicians so inept  
that they can't make their budget pay  
for all the things we need today  
so we can live in happiness  
and spend our lives without duress  
enjoying goods that we possess  
paid for by our own success.

It's time for governments to learn  
that our respect they have to earn  
and not rely on our largesse  
to save them from their self-made mess  
or one day soon a time will come  
when we'll be forced to end their fun  
by any means that we deem fit  
and they will have no say in it  
as we have taken quite enough  
of their abuse and living rough  
and though we know these times are tough  
our lives depend on other stuff  
to help us through the years ahead  
which most of us all clearly dread  
'cause if the past is any guide  
we know full well it's suicide  
to try to change what we cannot  
and live our lives without a lot  
of basic things and be misled

to waste our lives to end up dead!

11/6/2012

John KENT

# Reality Check

Have you ever wished  
that you could return  
to your halcyon years  
and wish you had learned  
all the things you were taught  
when you were so young  
and life was a game  
and living was fun?

Do you ever look back  
on the things that you did  
when you were so young  
and were just a small kid  
and remember the times  
when you were too scared  
to do all the things  
that your friends had all dared.

How did you feel  
when the years flew right by

and left you behind  
in the blink of an eye  
and did you ever lament  
all the times you had pondered  
the meaning of life  
and the years you had squandered.

Well maybe it's time  
you sat and reflected  
on all of the hopes  
and dreams you neglected,  
maybe now is the time  
that you'll understand  
that not everything goes  
the way you had planned.

1/2/2016

John KENT



## She's So Finger Lick'n

She lay naked on her back with her thighs spread open wide  
and it was then that I began to slide my fingers deep inside,  
the wetness that I felt as my fingers slipped right in  
were a prelude to the juices that would soon flow from within.  
My hand caressed her naked flesh, her skin so soft and cool  
and the thought I'd soon be eating her almost made me drool,  
but in my haste to taste her I became a little rougher  
and with much anticipation I then began to stuff her.  
I rammed my fingers all the way inside her gaping slit  
I crammed them in, I pushed and shoved, every little bit,  
then when she could take no more, I grabbed my massive rod  
and pushed the tip inside her slit and then began to prod.  
At first I felt resistance as I tried to ram it in  
but yielding flesh gave way to force and finally it popped in,  
impaled upon my rod of steel, she looked so finger-lick'n  
- but that's to be expected when you barbeque a chicken!

7/8/2007 ©

John KENT

# Sway

I saw her on a dance floor on a hot and balmy night,  
she was there with all her girlfriends, she really was a sight,  
she was swaying to the music, she was swaying to the beat  
and the music that entranced her began to move her feet.

She was swaying to the music, she was swaying to and fro  
the music had possessed her and it wouldn't let her go,  
it was the rhythm of the music that made her lose control  
and her body came alive when the music touched her soul.

She was swaying to the music - pure fluidity in motion  
like birds upon a breeze or like waves upon an ocean,  
and the movements that she made as she danced around the floor  
just took my breath away and left me totally in awe.

She looked hypnotized, mesmerized, her body kept pulsating  
and even when the music stopped she kept on undulating,  
and such were the effects of the music that she'd heard  
that it took her quite awhile before she knew what had occurred.

The music gave her rhythm, the rhythm moved her feet  
her feet tapped out a tempo that measured out the beat,  
the beat became a primal urge that made her body sway  
and it was the spirit of her primal dance that blew my mind away.

3/8/2010

John KENT

# Tangled Webs

Oh what tangled webs they weave  
when spiders try hard to conceive.

1/6/2012

John KENT

# The Coo-Clucks Clan.

A chicken met a dove

upon the road to Mandalay

the dove 'Cooed', the chicken 'Clucked'

then both went on their way.

They met again in Kathmandu

the chicken 'Clucked', the dove said 'Coo'

and as they did in Mandalay

they again went on their separate way.

All around the world they met

in Paris, London, and Phuket,

and all that they would ever do

the chicken 'Clucked', the dove said 'Coo'.

Eventually, this trend caught on

and it became a global song,

where chickens 'Cluck' and doves say 'Coo'

'cause that's what doves and chickens do!

So there it is and now you know

just how it all began,

the first official forming of

'The Coo-Clucks Clan! '

17/6/2011

John KENT

# The Girl I Love

The girl I love I have never met...

but she's not one I'll soon forget,

I've see her in my dreams at night

and held her close and hugged her tight,

I've whispered softly in her ear

all the things she longs to hear,

and we've made love beneath moons' light

...I hope she's there again tonight.

John A. Kent. © 25/8/09.

John KENT

# The Laughter Of The Little Children

Take all the sounds you've ever heard

every noise and every word,

filter out the bad sounds

and all that you'll have then,

are the sounds that sound the best

which, when sorted from the rest,

is the laughter of the little children.

20/10/2010

John KENT



# The Man Who Was Afraid To Die

He lived with a mortal fear of death  
and savoured each and every breath,  
and as each day passed swiftly by  
he prayed to God he would not die.

The thought that he might soon be dead  
filled him with a sense of dread,  
and thus, he rarely ventured out  
as he would not put his health in doubt.

But what he failed to realize  
and took him by complete surprise,  
that life caught up, then passed him by  
- the man who was afraid to die.

6/3/2011

John KENT

# The Non-Existence Of Now!

How would you feel if I told you what's real

is all a degree of perception,

though things DO exist, I have to insist

all of life is a major deception.

Your future is but a moment away

your past is a moment gone by,

and the things that you do

won't mean a damn thing

now matter how hard that you try.

All of life is but a perception of time

and is gone in the blink of an eye,

and the reasons we're here on this planet called Earth

defy all our questions of 'why? '

13/02/2012

John KENT

# The Problem With Being Poor.

If you're wanting some money  
and you need it real quick  
then I have an idea  
that is really quite slick,  
just forget all your bills  
save your money instead,  
and in a very short time  
you'll be light-years ahead.

Now I realize, of course  
there is one minor glitch,  
that if everyone did it  
we'd all soon be rich,  
but if everyone's rich  
there'd be no need to work,  
there'd be nothing to do  
and every job we would shirk.

With no one out working  
every thing would soon stop,

there'd be no one producing  
not a single wheat crop,  
no turf would be turned  
no crops would be seeded,  
there'd be no one to sell us  
the things that we needed.

We'd have lots of money  
and we'd all be content,  
but the loss of all jobs  
we would greatly lament,  
'cause if everyone's rich  
and if no one is poor,  
then who do we get  
to do the jobs we abhor?

It wouldn't take long  
before we understood,  
that a vault full of money  
won't do us much good,  
for what good is money

when there's nothing to buy,  
when there's no one to sell it  
all demand - no supply.

So I thought and reflected  
on how things would be,  
if all of mankind  
were rich equally,  
and I'm left with the notion  
that poor people are needed,  
otherwise how will the rich know  
when they have succeeded! ?

9/9/2015

John KENT

## The Status Quo.

If you always go where you've always gone  
if you always do what you've always done,  
if you always seek what you've always sought  
if you always buy what you've always bought,  
if you always be what you've always been  
if you always see what you've always seen,  
if you always sit where you've always sat  
then you'll always be where you're always at!

18/5/2012

John KENT

# The Vanquished.

Life's blood has quenched the sands on foreign shores of vanquished foes,

but we shall not forget our mates who gave their all,

no sacrifice too great and in eternal slumber do they repose.

John A. Kent © 9/10/2010

John KENT

## Wise Words

Look both ways before crossing the street

or a very bad end you are liable to meet. ©

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Too many cooks spoil the broth

and if that should happen you'll incur the chef's wrath. ©

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One man's trash is another man's treasure,

and one man's ex is another man's pleasure. ©

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Two wrongs don't make a right

but it sure can make for one hell of a fight. ©

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Lie down with dogs, wake up with fleas,

have sex with a skank and you'll catch a disease. ©

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Don't count your chickens before they hatch

or the ones that you count might be a dud batch. ©

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Early to bed and early to rise

makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,

though as wise as he is, don't ever forget,

a man who is loved will have little regret. ©

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What's good for the goose

is good for the gander,

but don't post it

or you'll be sued for slander. ©



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John KENT