

Poetry Series

John Scully
- poems -

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John Scully(19th October 1947)

Founder of the Chesham Poetry Society. Gives talks on all aspects of Poetry and Literature in and around Buckinghamshire. Poetry has been published in various magazines.

A Boat Came Gliding By

I was not part of nature
but a drowning man
flattened, pounded, darkened
in the business of the ordinary.

And yet, mercy of something unknown
sowed seeds to hold back the suicidal
and packed my bags with hope.

My eyes now open
no fear of the stranded
and causes of calamities,
a boat came gliding by
from a clump of reeds,
unbleached against the sun, calling
'It's been so long since....'
and was gone.

And well I reflected
in shining ripples left by that craft
and felt a roaring in the trees.

John Scully

A Christmas Song

That day again,
Every year just the same,
Repeats on telly
Visits from Vi and Nellie,
Mum's sister-in-laws.
Turkey, sprouts and cauliflower,
Diamond socks from Marks,
'You're not off already
It's only four
Say goodbye then, and close the door'.

I walked out without a proper coat
or 'sensible shoes', as mum called them.
No job, no prospects,
'No nice girl then?' asked Nellie
behind my back
winking at Vi as they sipped mum's sherry.
Heavens, what would they think
If they knew,
I've gone to wait my turn
In the soup kitchen queue.

John Scully

A New Emptiness

I found yesterday
today,
through unlit corridors,
and saw catastrophies
tomorrow,
standing, waiting, still.

John Scully

A No More 'Glorious Destiny'

When death is trampled underfoot
and martyred flowers wither so,
it's time to be a Pilgrim
a Peter, James or John.

Chose the wrong gear to take
and select a time and place unknown,
but never give the journey up
for being a Pilgrim is the indwelling of the word.

Stretch out the heavens like a tent
listening to birds parading their repertoire,
for the cobweb-veiled fingers around the rosary beads
are those of the colonel-in-chief,
and my friend, don't hurry,
for you the Pilgrim, share the envy of the everlasting life.

John Scully

A Pilgrim Resurrected

When death is trampled underfoot
and martyred flowers wither so,
it's time to be a Pilgrim
a Peter, James or John.

Chose the wrong gear to take
and select a time and place unknown,
but never give the journey up
for being a Pilgrim is the indwelling of the word.

Stretch out the heavens like a tent
listening to birds parading their repertoire,
for the cobweb-veiled fingers around the rosary beads
are those of the colonel-in-chief,
and my friend, don't hurry,
for you the Pilgrim, share the envy of the everlasting life.

John Scully

A Plague Upon This Howling

Running North, South, East and West
familiar summer fetes have suffered loss
as foaming, tossing floods
break over man-made and country things.
In thundering chaos
the summer calm betrayed
a tranquility of season
full of weather goblins going wild,
like the great oceans of the sea.

John Scully

A Touch Of Autumn

Like the touch of sun,
returns the autumn splendour.
The secrecy beneath the shades
of ash brown and yellow leaves
hidden in undergrowth of summer's warmth.
That blissful season,
that enchanted isle, that inland sea.

John Scully

Agatha And The Sparrow Mystery

Do you ever walk through Regents, Green or Holland Park,
And wonder why, no sparrows?
London's chirpy little chappies, I do.
How I miss Agatha
Miss Christie to her friends,
I'm sure she would know.
We need her walking Rotten Row, investigating,
calling from the Doctor Who police boxes,
coloured blue.
Or if they were still around I could call collect.
'I think they've flown' she might say,
'To another Heaven, where I am now. Cheerio'.
'Oh by the way don't ring again,
I'm writng mystery books for you know who'.

John Scully

At Summer's End (August 1914)

The muffled-knock of high blown summer,
upon the leaves and grasses August since June,
wrap tightly like bundled flowers,
around the jaundiced seasoned air.

Shaken and solemn the church bells,
under a single sky of coming morn
lonesome, turn the clay-dark hands of time,
while ill-winds blow in gathering storm.

Then in some faraway land, a shot,
far from Englands shore,
under a red scorched earth and bitter sun
an August summer forever gone.

John Scully

Bank On Love

Don't break some heart
before you wish the week away
for whatever how it goes
one day will do for me.
So don't explain
the reasons why
or send me from the cold
simply say you love me
even on a one month rolling contract
that's all I ask.

John Scully

Be Heedful Of Necessity

As you simplify your life
from past and present changes,
be afraid of nothing, but necessity,
for it is the journey that matters most.

It may take many wonderful ways
or days of bitterness and resentment,
but to travel in the right direction
things will simply happen.

We will change and overcome our problems
and be ourselves without really knowing
that love was letting go of fear,
so laugh and let life stand aside for just a while.

Look in that misty mirror
and see reflections looking back,
direct your dreams in the eyes of the beholder
and you will join with certainty the 'caravan of love'.

John Scully

Between The Darkness And The Light

Does the heart moment and explore abstractions
or is it just flesh and blood, a pumping station?
That it can grow radiant and resplendent,
that I am sure, not just seeking to extend our lives.
It's internal hidden caverns and caves
that break love, beauty, old and new.
Does have some strange union with a GOD who made it,
does it stop suddenly to think, 'I've had enough'?
or is it just the 'Man' above who needs us more than we would care.
It might just stop, but something more happens
our earthly life takes a rest, and overshadowed by mortality
welcomes the distant beings that 'He' wanted us to be.
a sort of 'Numinous', a 'Nirvana' in time for Easter Day.

John Scully

Crazy Paving

For I was reared in the great city
And saw nought but the sky
And the town's people
Packed in their caves
Like Neanderthal slaves.
And the Great War for civilisation
Crashed down on my head
Whilst those in the know
Looked elsewhere instead.

Peace rallies and strikes
Students on bikes
Postmen and city gents too,
All pass me by on their way
While I sit solid and cobblestone firm
Waiting for Christmas Day.
For that's when it's silent for a day
When nobody walks
Over my gown of pavement grey.

John Scully

From Yon Far Country Blows, 'His Many Ways.'

To overcome the bounds of time
from the humility of mind,
we kneel before the tabernacle
of bread and wine.

And in the presence of God at least
we try the Sacrifice of Calvary,
and genuflect for a deeper thirst
with morning prayers for peace.

A simple smile to see a new day
gentle calling to meet and welcome
Christ his son in his busyness
'Well then', all is not lost we gladly pray.

And when in those July days
small apples fall ready for the cider press,
and purple grapes shelter from the chilly winds
He shall come to bless his Heaven on earth,
and we shall declare his glory
for the wonder of 'his many ways'.

John Scully

Hidden Thoughts From The Heart

Does the heart moment and explore abstractions
or is it just flesh and blood, a pumping station?
That it can grow radiant and resplendent,
that I am sure, not just seeking to extend our lives.
It's internal hidden caverns and caves
that break love, beauty, old and new.
Does have some strange union with a GOD who made it,
does it stop suddenly to think, 'I've had enough'?
or is it just the 'Man' above who needs us more than we would care.
It might just stop, but something more happens
our earthly life takes a rest, and overshadowed by mortality
welcomes the distant beings that 'He' wanted us to be.
a sort of 'Numinous', a 'Nirvana' in time for Easter Day.

John Scully

Horizons Far

When the morning was over
and the sun crumbling noon,
ants kissed the patio dust
disappearing down cracks of the dead.
While a living air of calm
drifted midday into afternoon prayer,
and clouds sailed on the jib
caught by waves of an evening somewhere.

John Scully

I Will My Own Heart Willingly

Does the heart moment and explore abstractions
or is it just flesh and blood, a pumping station?
That it can grow radiant and resplendent,
that I am sure, not just seeking to extend our lives.
It's internal hidden caverns and caves
that break love, beauty, old and new.
Does have some strange union with a GOD who made it,
does it stop suddenly to think, 'I've had enough'?
or is it just the 'Man' above who needs us more than we would care.
It might just stop, but something more happens
our earthly life takes a rest, and overshadowed by mortality
welcomes the distant beings that 'He' wanted us to be.
a sort of 'Numinous', a 'Nirvana' in time for Easter Day.

John Scully

I Will Walk With You Awhile

When I know that evening's fog
will no more haunt and cloister me
I will come and walk with you awhile
knowing that my gloomy face will smile again.

For paths of dangers dread
my hobbled feet will careful tread
by waterways and cotton grass
I'll leave behind my city past.

And in twilight, a shadow sun
will stop by chance
for me to draw a canvas green
and sit awhile with you and dream.

For painted daffodils of yellow gold
whisper words I couldn't say
as I walked out with you
that last remembered summer's day.

John Scully

In A State Of Grace

Does the heart moment and explore abstractions
or is it just flesh and blood, a pumping station?
That it can grow radiant and resplendent,
that I am sure, not just seeking to extend our lives.
It's internal hidden caverns and caves
that break love, beauty, old and new
does have some strange union with a GOD who made it.
Does it stop suddenly to think, 'I've had enough'?
or is it just the 'Man' above who needs us more than we would care.
It might just stop, but something more happens,
our earthly life takes a rest, and overshadowed by mortality
welcomes the distant beings that 'He' wanted us to be.
A sort of 'Numinous', a 'Nirvana' in time for Easter Day.

John Scully

In The Light Of Things

Big, small, the ageing tombs
coal-face Victorian black
stand sheltering in mourning glory
like fallen leaves in autumn's rigour.
And in the sun-dripping shadows
staringly wide-awake
they whisper in rustle sways
attendant that we should
not go far away.
For in the end, at nature's whim
we too will break the soil,
big, small and ageing
returning at His will.

John Scully

Indeed I Am Afraid

I have heard the smoulderings
and the sighs from those thin flat stones
where the humble touch everywhere
at what is clear and clean.

I have seen what passes through
the bits of filth in hovel doors
when days and months of tussles strife
are driven ever miles away.

I have lived through them all
of bustling chatter of half-living things
and war and men and giants of the sea
with darkness where no virtue shines.

Do not think no strange new fate befalls us
or no divisions of the seasons
it's they who lie dead and trampled
those heroes, those valient souls who reasoned why?

John Scully

It Happened One Day

On weed encumbered banks; I saw her
drifting in and out of sleep.
There was a little dew upon her dress
which made it nothing less
than perfection of Beauty's form and matter.
I imagined God saying, 'It's alright, you can look'.
But her remoteness was too far in excess
and I turned back, unseen, my love unknown.
Thoughts still come back to haunt me,
when for just a moment in my life
eternity did unite.

John Scully

Jaywick Sands

I need the sun and sea
the pinks, the greens and yellow caravans
the weathered boarded holiday homes
so isolated in winter squalls
but loved in summer highs.
The need for the cry of gulls
a single spray of salty water on my face
the light of a moon and a distant star
when I walk along the rocky shore
of Jaywick, a stones throw
from a grey and dismal Harlow.

John Scully

Kindly Words

Imagine;

One word or even two
on a day that's not good or you
and someone nearby
is having a worse one
but you'll never know why
unless with a word and a smile
that says 'I'm having one too'
will stop a cry.

Something daft,
to make them smile.
A troop of monkeys out shopping
in Marks on a Saturday
when the football is on.
Not a camera in sight
to snap such a view
of the chimps asking for refunds
for the cost of the fare
back to the zoo.

Imagine;

Telling a stranger
with a smile and a word
a silly story like that.

John Scully

Last Year's Wind

I went West to frequent 'civilisation'
and stopped,
and stared in sorrow.
Words cannot utter what I saw
out on the lonely city moor.
Those faces, anxious,
on beds of straw.
I left, grief overladen,
with ups and downs, far and wide
at all the places.
For behind the painted curtains
only black dust flies
while the west wind rose from under rocks
and the night air walked on fallen trees.

John Scully

Mole

Till meadows weep with pollen drops,
And flowers turn to fruit
The ghosts of winter glimmer still
Among the frosty village frocks.
And when the brown thrush comes with throaty song,
Touching barren hedgerows with his wing,
The west-wind hovers o'er my door
And wakes me with a roar.
Till then and only then
Will I desert my dark and cosy home
And blinking search, with sorrows heart
The hardened fields above.
For Spring is at my door,
And I must with outward-steel
Avoid the winter snares,
For dangers hurry to deceive
Small creatures still in winter's snowy sleeve.

John Scully

Nightmares Came A Knocking

Footsteps soften at the door,
Like darkness, a presence still unsure.
For it has awakened a trembling there
Of whispered souls lost in prayer.

An envious candle, mercy lit
A stolen view of heaven's gate
For as the spirits wandered led
Plague bells rang among the dead.

And in the muttered death-cold town
Ghostly dreams pond'rous settled down
And strangers at the cemetery gates
Murdered thoughts gathered late.

For in that sorry town
Disfigured hearts tussled sleep
As witchery abounds the night
And silent stands the deathly acolyte.

John Scully

Now Departing From....

Long ash coats and cherry faces
say nearly, but not quite.

Long grey coats and beady faces
say tomorrow, maybe.

Long drizzled coats and dreary faces
say very, very nearly.

Long black coats and scaly faces
say lift as one.

Ready

Steady

God he's heavy.

White gowns and plastic gloves long gone
just sorry gloves for someone.

John Scully

O.M.G.

He's in here already
The God of my childhood
Of the long white beard
The God of my youth.

He's still here
The God of my age
Of the long frown and rueful gaze
The God of my grave.

He's here
O.M.G! !

John Scully

Of Every Truth

Let me make this day the last,
slow and solemnly,
for tears flow freely over moving sands,
and lonely the ghostly clouds
that disperse the wind
and muffled empty sky.
Birds, thin and withered
no longer sing,
they mourn only for a better time
when the world was constant
in all that was furious.

John Scully

Of Our Own

It's the old miracle,
a sudden burst of inspiration
a once in a lifetime thought
perhaps the fascination of immortality,
but if you look within, outside
what reason have you to envy anything.
You are your majesty
without disgrace,
it's the same old miracle
born of life and grace.

John Scully

Of Shedded Leaves

When grasses wild
swept wide my wintery moor
and cool winds
gathered upon the air,
an hour-glass faraway
with weary grains
drew out my clouded dreams
slipping ever faster
in the soft smoke of timely day.
And even as the leaves withered
I sought still
to gather thoughts
of what and when and might have been.

John Scully

One Day In June

Amidst the hills full and lonely
I walked the ragged paths and stumbled stones,
Looking for a kind of longing,
A memory of that one day in June so long ago.
Remembering that summer,
Where leaves, green and velvet,
Hung down, idle and unraised.
The weather warm and wet,
Clouds in wind meeting their shadows on the ground,
Hovering over elm and willow.
Their branches eavesdropping on rooks and jackdaws
While beneath rabbits watched each other,
As if in endless love.
Here is where the memory of beauty will find me,
In a breeze that rustles faintly,
On occasion to take a nap,
That leaves the air silent, still.
For on that day in June
When the summer rite began,
It was as if nothing in the world mattered,
Which made it all the sweeter.

John Scully

One Day In Summer

When the morning was over
and the sun crumbling noon,
the ants kissed the patio dust
disappearing down cracks of the dead.

There was a living air of calm
as midday drifted into afternoon prayer,
and clouds drifted on the jib
caught by the waves of an evening som58164here.

John Scully

Overdue

The last finger folds of grief,
the sad-coloured twisted tissues,
loitering with noxious blubbings.
Where is my father now?
who once touched my being,
but only now my solitude.
How I curse his work's librarian clerk
who wrote to ask
'Please return your book, it's overdue'
just a month after, as if they didn't know.

John Scully

Pres De La Mine- (Almost Mine)

You stepped down, a lion
singular among the crowd,
you had your Terai Hat
set angular, in a state of grace
from your Himalayan days
of postcards sent
once a year post haste,
playing kiss chase
with my eyes and face,
while posing Renaissance style
that made the wait worthwhile,
while all at Gare Montparnesse turned to look,
my box brownie, my colouring book
ready for the photo shot.

'Best wishes' it said,
'with love and kisses, Papa.'
Found years later
hidden after you had gone,
a passe-partout,
a masterpiece in tempera
of watercolour tears
as we drank coffee in Moliere's.

You laughed that day like Valentino
at passers-by who smiled at one so small
with camera shy her hand in his,
as you boarded the train for Saint Denis,
and by shutter click, I closed up
and set the date and time,
to see my father, my partner in crime,
for a day, when he was almost mine.

John Scully

Same Time Next Year

Who will not grieve
over power misspent
at the lies of the Generals
caught in their web of deceit.
While we in our lairs
groaned at the folly
but in the end
laid flowers at their feet,
and on plinths
praised them to God
while pausing in silence
two minutes each year
at the same time
when the clocks of eleven
rang out their sad chime.

John Scully

Some Happier Days

I thought I heard your morning step
but it was my heart beating
missing steps
as I spoke your name.

And now my widow weeds
are turning dusty grey
as the years of tears
have dyed the cloth.

But still I look along
the road of life we travelled
and remember well your smile's
of some happier days.

John Scully

Summer's Bones

Close down the summer curtain
and shake the leaves and flowers,
allow the autumn ripples in
the slanted sunlight
the dead stump leaves of mist.
The kiln of summer's heat
now charred to ash
her bowels withered old in folds
of flowered dresses, mottled red.
And grasses stricken by the frost
prolong the Advent melody
as out to pasture, a season gone and been
awaits the snowy Christmas scene.

John Scully

The Aftermath

Cast them not in shadows down
To steps steepened at sorrows gate,
For eyes avert that do not dare
To see mere mortals weep.

Cavernous avenues of death
Once happy carefree walks,
Meander breathless now in searching cries
For friends deep down beneath.

Guillotined from friend and foe
A fitting place for weeds,
Long lost the smiles of faces young
In the shambled carnage of shameful deeds.

Though letters from the front are lost
And cherished kisses missed,
Memories of you 'my soldier boy'
Grow more and more daily.

So dark the silent days
As eyes upon the crosses dim,
Angels sepulchured in ghostly white
Stand and stare as strangers might.

And in the distant fields of poppy red
We few that are left walk out,
And cling, not in sweet farewells
But in prayer to God that our boys died well.

And from somewhere far away
In the killing fields of Picardy,
A cautious note from those who did believe
That it would all be over by Christmas Eve.

John Scully

The Boatman's Lot

Western Winds of glory
drive across the waves
are sometimes kind and fair
to boatmen scurrying home
in time to meet the tide.

Inlet cosy harbours of creamy coloured houses,
stand salt- encrusted firm against the storms,
while deep inside a boatman's family
ruddy faced and friendly to the waves
glance occasionally from the door
in hope that the boatman
hits the homely safety of the shore.

John Scully

The Darkest Dawn Of Change

Our shadow, our negative against the light
revels in the masks of living fright.
And in our orphaned state of life
we fight for a 'Kingdom of Heaven within'.

Yet, it never goes away, hidden maybe
by idle tears, regrets and wasted days,
but now with springtime
it's a new, laughing and illuming time.

But still the devils of darkened sin whisper deep
until embraces of a new day sun
return in nature's time
to open the season doors with divine song.

And open wide, the river, meadow and mountain height
trembling, as we smile again,
kissing dry our tears and quietly saying in our deepest thoughts
'Let it be, this blessed day'.

John Scully

The Day We Went To Margate

Was the loviest day of the year,
with buckets and spades
fish paste sandwiches
and four-cornered hankies on heads.
The sea and the sand
and winkles for tea
before we packed up for the day.
A slamming of doors
as the steam from the train
carried us home.
Tired we slept
and dreamed of next year
for tomorrow it's work
and Christmas is soon.

John Scully

The Groan Of Grief

In sorrow's lonely hour
When lost and saddened glances show,
Tears with a mist of dew
Blow like ashes scattered
On faces of those he knew.
And when this hour of death
Relived, remembered of despair,
Cast a prayer and swear
You never saw a better man.
For still our hours draw near, as his,
Each step perhaps the last
To share with him, the happiness of years,
That would be a thing.

John Scully

The Kiss

On that bridge in Chelsea,
One afternoon in March,
A Sunday, as I remember
I kissed you.
You smiled a little after
And in my heart I knew
As you did too
That we would part sometime later,
And kiss no more.

John Scully

The Playing Fields

Out of muddied pasts
and ninety years on
no guns, no blame
only prayers and dog-eared verses
and for what?
Crosses, sepulchered in pain
grown weary over time,
pray silent in the still air.
And crimson fields
bereft of stomping, stamping feet
of boys and men
flower each Spring,
while underneath the men of Picardy
dream of England still.

John Scully

The Soup Run

Last night it rained
and the night before
when the soup kitchen came.
Nice people those
who hand out food
and listen to us
moaning and groaning.

'At how unfair'
that people pass and stare.

'Never mind dear
drink up your soup
it's cold out tonight
you don't want a chill
we can't have you ill'.

John Scully

The Train Now Departing

Why cannot stay you longer
or wave goodbye
to help untread the knot
within my heart.
For your smile on mistlike glass
was my last remembrance
as your shadow dimmed in yellow fog.
The train had long left,
the platform bare and empty
save for cold and curling arches
stained with tears and years
of like departures
so scattered cruelly with the wind.

John Scully

The Tree House

I climb up, a final look
its branches once gave weight
to when we went to play.
But now hang useless,
leaves long gone and drained.
Above, once snug, my tree house,
its eyes out, its liver
heart and bone now gone.
Just a slither of a rope remains
of distant childhood dreams.
Beneath, an echo of tiny voices still
creep out as memories always will.

John Scully

The Wildest Beauty

Rooks cawed,
over apples sliced and stored,
while nothing else stirred the air.
The day: Had a certain mystery and magic,
sleeping under a blanket of lazy grey.
Oaks, standing statuesque
shaded us like enormous brollies
from a mugging heat.
A single robin landed nearby and stared,
no one spoke,
there was no need,
and the robin gave a piping tune.

John Scully

Through Summer's Door

The warm evenings open out
into hotdays of heaven scent,
such are the scenes as clouds toil windward
and soaring birds hover haughtingly over treetops.
While river waters flow
beside perfume-flowered fields
a gentleness beyond compare
smiles as summer opens out,
and later closes up its evening door.

John Scully

Through The Endless Years

We walked in air,
cross cliffs and peaks
and at dawn for ever and never
cried for all that there was,
while ten thousand years
brooding of loitering footsteps
waited for the coming man.

John Scully

To Bear The Sanded Cross

I sailed, never to see England again
to an island as yet unknown,
where sin may abound but grace aplenty.
I scoured the broken charts of island hope
and followed my sense of salted freedom.
Then one misty morning, distant far,
there it stood, granite-like, monastic in the sea.
Something awesome, wonderful happened
my boat broke upon the arid, rocky shore,
At last I was there.
With a splashing of salted waves I waded out
leaving the maternal womb of my broken boat.
I knelt and crossed the sand
for the peace and love of other men.
My 'stigmata' was my sudden loneliness,
as my wooden broken boat floated far
into that damp and foggy darkness.
I was a self-made Trappist, Dominican, a lonely holy man
I was me, on a granite block within the sea, somewhere with my God.
What a very mysterious, suffering way to be.

John Scully

We Came In Peace

In the summer of sixty-nine
we laid flowers at the edge
of the sea and wore
garlands of love in our hair.
And in the village of Sur la Mer
mimosa and fuchsia
lifted the air in the night
as we read Fitzgerald and Baudelaire.
While down on the sands
golden and bare of footprints
yet to declare, we listened
to Dylan and Hendricks in evening wear.

Though our jingles and jangles
were simple and easy to hear
an event one day in July
caused a rocket to fly
as Buzz and the boys stepped
tap-dancing onto the moon.

Our summer of love
became but a memory,
buried in the Sea of Tranquility
by a ground control that listened
to a Major called Tom.
And Fairport Convention played on
while the Byrd's became rock and roll stars
and Wilson sang 'God Only Knows'
in that summer of sixty-nine.

John Scully

We That Were Young

The Generals smiled,
their swords in hand
and drank a stately port
before the storm.

And the sun about
to rise, stood still
in time to hear
the whistles blow
and listen to the prayers,
hushed, in that bloody air.

With darkening skies
and whispered words
in death-tone sonorous sound
they clamoured, shrouds
over earthly mounds
to onward drive
in God's name
to gain the upper hand.

A yard, no more, before
a bullet felled
a rifleman from a school
somewhere in Ayr.
His number scored
now, in rows of white, turned grey
while ghostly lips unmoving spoke
'How went your day? '

John Scully

When All Is Done.

For the simple reason
from humility of mind
we, with a firm step
return, season after season
to inspire,
to shelter,
to love,
the home stretch
hidden in the shadows
of snowflakes, watching suns,
and apple blossom time.

John Scully

When Day Is Put Away.

On a wild and dreary hill,
the sun still on the horizon,
a running flock of birds
swirled and gathered, home to roost.
Their bodies stark against the dusk of day,
curling, as one upward,
and in a flash drifted away
as shadows lost.
And the last of the sun,
shone through the coming rain
silently, to disappear ghost-like,
into another day, on another world,
million and millions of miles away.

John Scully

Within That Land

A summer's mist, a summer's morn
born fairer under this part heaven
shade a churchyard yew
high born within those lands
of English honeydew.

And while summer storms bring showers
to brush away the heat of day
the shouts of children
to early bed and dream
of Cornish fudge and clotted cream.

While in the days of autumn still to come
the chorus birds fly south
a blossom scatters in season's chill
as picnic cloths are laid to dry.

And home to roost their tired heads
the little people, girl and boy
on pillows to softly lie
and dream of sun and sea, and apple pie.

John Scully

World's Apart

I saw the shadows
Long after I had looked away
An imprimatura of self
Left clinging to the imposter
That was me, in another sort of life.

John Scully