

Poetry Series

kipper Stagg
- poems -

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kipper Stagg(6th April 1957)

Brought up on a council estate in South London,

Left School at the age of fifteen years old unable to read and write.

The Middle child of a single parent family who had seen the very worst life had to throw at it

But somehow survived it all until now!

A committed Humanitarian, one time socialist now disillusioned with all political systems

And if I had to label myself I would say I am a Zeitgeistian.

"hail Mary Full Of Grace"

"Hail Mary full of grace"

He gazed at the statue robed in blue and white.

"Hail Mary full of grace"

He chanted constantly all day and all night

"Hail Mary full of grace"

In fervent prayer he would plead

"Hail Mary full of grace"

Like the Christ on his cross his heart slowly bleeds

"Hail Mary full of grace"

And chanting he would cry.

"Hail Mary full of grace"

Yet still came no reply.

"Hail Mary full of grace the lord is with you"

Yet not with him!

kipper Stagg

A Fathers Love

He had but to ask and all ills would be forgiven.
He'd seen enough of life's carnage to turn him slightly mad.
Yet ask as he might no hope nor help came forth nor ever was given.
Time lost, time running out, he was alone and desperately hopeless and sad!
His hour had come; once again calling, he asked half hesitatingly for mercy.
Yet still none would come
The life he'd had was set to turn any man bad,
He looked at the figure of Christ, static, hands stretched forth in welcoming.
Unmoving expressionless!
"Why was I ever born he asked? "
then a vision did appear and spoke in whispers laying a hand upon him saying
softly "Journey with me and I shall give you peace!
And from your burdens I shall release."
"Am I not light and life personified? "
'Oh Prince of love' he said, was I not born a sinner? But answer me this if you
will? ,
If God is all love then why was I burdened with such a rotten life?
Think what heartache was put upon my family and wife?
The Christ watched as he slumped back on his chair with watered eyes and cried.
The Christ replied
"Do you have no faith in my known word? '
'Did I not suffer for sin of man so all men are born free, see these wounds upon
my hands and feet! "
the Man replied, you suffered right enough, but your suffering lasted but one
day!
Mine has lasted a lifetime, and a man can only carry so much pain.
What sin was so great that little children suffer so in this world, and would not a
father's love put it all to rights?
The Christ bowed his head beneath the crown of thorns and no reply came back.

kipper Stagg

Adams Rib

Adam's Rib

Adam's Rib sat and heard all his cry's, and watched as he wiped all the tears from his eye's.

Constant abuse had made him so sad, was it any wonder he had become so slightly mad?

She had failed in her job to make his mind right, he'd still wake in fright in the dead of the night.

Adams Rib sat and listened to his life, and all of the pressures he'd put on his wife.

but try as she would to pacify, he'd still have those thoughts that his health was a lie.

Adam's Rib sat and wondered in vain that whatever was said he'd still be the same.

kipper Stagg

Annon

Annon.

A tab closes,
A bright light turns off,
A fire extinguished leaves us all bereft.
A sad song ends,
A day closes,
A lost prized possession,
A victim of theft!
No more a bird song,
No more break of day,
No more shooting stars to spirit our wishes away.
Only you have left us
Only you went away
Only you I feel in the breeze as the trees gently sway
No more laughter
No more tears
No more holding your hand at the end of this day.
No one to banish all of my fears!

kipper Stagg

Antisocial

We look, and for all that is seen through these tainted eyes is human blight
unadulterated

Visceral life forms living on half expectations of hope and greed and lust for fame

Vapid dreams disperse before them leaving hunger far worse than before

Semi-quasi ambitions, unattainable, unanswerable, unyielding

Undying

Ugliness, black as a raven and ravenous for vain glory!

We write, and writing tries to express our inner depths. Humanity failing as we
forget the reasons we write.

Symbiotic relationships with people who where slightly psychotic.

Insurmountable madness overtaking any semblance of reason

Anthropophobic antisocial

kipper Stagg

Autumn

An autumn day with chilled wind whips dry leaves in front of every step I take,
An ancient tree groans and creaks and gently sways
As I pass it sending warning of the coming winter preparations we must make
Whilst a squirrel scurries past in haste gathering provisions and hesitates in
curiosity watching as I wend my way.
This wind teases me and like a child, steals my hat and runs away taunting me to
chase it like a school playground game from my youth
Red leaves fall like a thousand flames and run in circles whilst join in the fun.
Just once I am a child again kicking piles of leaves high into the air whilst
savouring the smell of their dampness nature and I are merged into one
My heart warms like a welcoming fire on a cold and frosty night.
If my life were a season then autumn it would be not wishing it were summer.
for I am happy light and free
Was this day savoured a thousand years ago? And in a thousand years from
now?
Who cares for today this day is my day!

kipper Stagg

Care

He sat and gazed and thought a while
Of the Daughter he loved so much
And on his face a hidden smile
Her presents his stone heart would touch
Her actions left him deep in thought
Gazing through pooled eyes she'd stare
And through them many lessons taught
She'd taught him what it was to care.

For my wonderful daughter who taught me more than lifes lessons ever could
and I love her for it!

kipper Stagg

Cenotaph

Oh! How we glorify War.
Or brave lads are doing such a fine job,
Fighting for democracy like they had a thousand times before.
And we'll all bask in all their glory.
Oh how we justify their fate without remembering the past.
A million million wasted lives and all that they shall reap
Are their names carved in a cenotaph partly remembering their story?
But if you could ask them all to a man what they would sooner have?
Our lives! , each would reply, from first man to the last!

Wrote this at the start of the second gulf war upon seeing the first war dead had been flown home on the news.

kipper Stagg

Clumsy Hands

I held a sunbeam in these clumsy hands gentle but so short
Its light shone so brightly that for a moment I was blind,
I had held others before but their light quickly faded to a dull glow!

This sunbeam lit up this dark and gloomy world and it was unlike the others I
had caught

It did not fade nor disappear and was kind and within my heart it would flow
through my veins.

Glancing upward into the bright sky, the sun smiled and a bird twittered gay
But then a cloud passed across the face of the sun and an old oak tree swayed
A chill passed through the air.

The cloud passed and all at once I noticed the moon in broad daylight
Looking in awe of its majesty I am reminded of my own mortality

But nothing could compare to that majesty I once coveted so dearly
And cherished, Held in these clumsy hands!

kipper Stagg

Do You Remember?

Do You Remember?

Do you remember how hard it was?

No money on the table and no Mother's love, and when the beatings started and our father was so cold hearted. Where was the love then? A five minute wonder and temper like thunder.

Do you remember how hard it was?

Burning old newspapers in the grate, and nothing to eat on our dinner plate.

Worn out clothes and holes in our shoes, reading newspapers with yesterdays news.

And then she would return home again just as beautiful as she was before, and then she'd disappear again as she quietly closed the street door.

Do you remember how hard it was?

A grandmother, quite unlike any other.

Fuelled with such Venom, whilst listening to the words of John Lennon, and dreaming the world could be such a better place. Whilst she would stand in the kitchen with such bitter hatred on her face.

Do you remember how hard it was?

Looking back into all that Black.

And at last when you think its all past it comes back to haunt you again, all the things you remember like an undying ember.

And you try to forget all of the regrets of a loveless life in a home with no wife

fuelled with worry and strife.

I can remember how hard it was!

The beating, the Cheating and all the hard times.

The unconditional love, but not for all. Some deserved more than others, all those sisters and brothers. We should have been treated the same, and isn't it a shame that we didn't.

But where is the love now?

kipper Stagg

Enough

Was it not enough?
Did he not suffer quite as much as you'd wanted?
Was all of this folly just what you'd needed?
Had he not witnessed all ill's of men and was his despair taken
Unheeded?
Doomed to fall from grace and die for sin of man, an outcast
In an un-caring world!
Was it his fate? Did he ask for all he had been given?
Or was it thrust upon him against his will?
He's told "I am light and Love" so why must he suffer?
Crucified but not between two thieves,
Yet no one to wrap his body in fine linen and grieve.
No mother to kiss his feet when all is done
No one there to tell him he's the loving son.
"The first shall come last and the last shall come first! "
So why was he always last?
Was it your plan to see him suffer?
Did you enjoy watching him cry?
Have you compassion?
Or is that just a lie?
He had feelings, most of them pain.
Did you enjoy watching him hurt?
Or was it all just a game?

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Ether

A summer smile wakens me on a cold winter's morning.
How I have thought of you,
Your words dancing across my screen
Like a bright sun ray.
You are like a rainbow in a stormy sky,
I see you in the far distance
Your words gently play.
Only your words fly to me
Warming and gentle,
Tender to the touch
Sheltering me from another grey and darkening day!
A world apart
Yet only connected through the ether!

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Fallen Leaf

They sat perched high gazing out over Gods creations in awe and wonder.
Half a century together and never a day apart,
Yet off in the far distance he could hear the roar of thunder.
And to safety they would run laughing, holding hands with love pulsing through
their hearts.
Inside they where still young, youth had not past them by.
Time for them had stood still.
A cloud past swiftly over the sun and a cold breeze shook the old oak tree and a
single leaf gently fell.
Her hand was lost! In anguish he searched for her aimlessly but she was gone
and through his veins a deathly chill.
And in his heart a silent hell!

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Fool!

Fool!

Why did you have to go?

Perhaps the lure of money or do you just not know?

I called you friend once and we'd talk and fix all ills,

But now you've walked away in hope to pay off all your bills!

Time is a teacher, an un-forgiving friend that sits and waits in judgement until the bitter end.

Mistakes we have to make through life's unending maze

In clouded judgment for you'll see no lighthouse through the haze.

Mistreatment for the many or have you just forgot?

Perhaps greed took a hold of you and you're caught up in all the rot?

So many missed opportunities to put this world to rights,

Yet like so many others you gave up without a fight.

And when life starts to ebb away I hope you'll plainly see

The mechanism that drives our hearts and tries to set men free!

I leave you with no ill feelings, no malice or no hate.

You've made your rash decision and now it is too late

I only ask you this one thing and then I'll let you be

That you remember your actions and their impact on such as we!

Fossor jump in qua Angelus vereor calco!

Kipper Stagg.

kipper Stagg

Hurt

I never wished to hurt you
I just hoped you'd understand that my life was always to be tragic with
foundations built on sand.

I never wished to hurt you
You where the whole wide world to me
I wish I could turn it all around and somehow set you free.

I never wished to hurt you
I guess that I'm no good
I was only born for evil and you where born for good.

I never wished to hurt you.
But I loved you so
And I would quite understand if you'd told me I had to go.

I never wished to hurt you
I've dragged you through the dirt,
And that I've been so selfish and left you feeling hurt.

I never wished to hurt you
Of times I've told you that I do feel ill
It's just that I needed someone to express the way I feel

I never wished to hurt you
But I will tell you this
That I was just like Judas who betrayed you with a kiss.

These poems I have written to help you understand that I was just a feeble man
This life I did not plan.

Sorry just can't make better the hurt that I have give
I never earned the right to claim that I had ever lived.

Always on the outside and always looking in
Not knowing which way to turn or just where to begin

I was just a sad boy with no hope of a life

My only love I wasted and that was you my wife.

To Vanessa! I am sorry for all the hurt you had endured in the past
Love is painful!

kipper Stagg

In Deus Nos Inquisitor

in deus nos inquisitor

Sweet breath cut short through pain of hate
Mud and slime their only fate.
no one dared to question why
and with fear they prey and die
in Deus nos inquisitor
(in God we trusted)

scythed and twisted bodies thrown
hell and torture they had known
poppies glow in streams of red
and all around his foe lay dead
permissum Liberi Adveho unto mihi
(let the children come unto me)

through hell they went, in hell they stay
no more harking break of day,
mud and slime is where they lay and all around them rats make play
Abbas, quare have vos relinquo nos
(father why have you forsaken us)

kipper Stagg

In The Beginning!

On the first day God said "let there be light"
And there was light and God separated
Darkness from light and this he called "Day and night"

On the second day God created the sea and the whole
World was covered in water and God called the firmament
"Heaven" and so the evening and the morning where the second day!

On the third day God commanded the waters below to gather into one place
And dry land appeared and God brought forth grass and plants
And fruit bearing trees.

On the fourth day God separated the days and
The seasons and years and two great lights the sun and the moon
And caused the stars to twinkle at night And God was well pleased

On the fifth day God commanded the seas to teem with fish
And birds to fly across the skies and that they should be fruitful
And multiply.

On the sixth day God commanded the land bring forth living creatures
Wild beasts, livestock and reptiles!
He also made Man in his own image and told them to be fruitful and multiply.

On the seventh day God rested and looked upon his creation and was pleased.
God had created Eden and life was abundant free from worry for both man and
beast
and both where fruitful and the earth was populated.

On the eighth day God looked at his creation once more and was shocked to see
what It had become,
Greed and selfishness where abundant and destruction was rife
God looked away in shame, turned his back and was never seen again!

kipper Stagg

Innocence Lost!

Innocence lost!

All of his life people had beaten him down,

Made him feel useless,

Treated him like a clown.

Sweet Love met with a volley of blows,

A weeping Heart and a bloody nose!

Constant Abuse from a tender age,

Life left him bitter,

A heart full of rage!

No one to hear his impassioned cries!

No one to wipe all the tears from his eyes!

And now he's a man everything's stayed the same.

Living his life with a heart full of shame!

kipper Stagg

Listen

I have tried to explain yet no one would listen,
Prayed to god for forgiveness but none was ever given.
Tried to explain with a shout and on deaf ears it all fell.
Until there was no one left for me to tell!
Turning in circles with no where to go
Telling people who just don't want to know
Why?
Was I so bad?
The running history of my life was always so sad
Should mere children endure such pain?
People's future thrown down the drain!

kipper Stagg

Madness!

She sat all knowing, all seeing. Listening as she had done a thousand times before
to the ramblings of life's fool as he told her how he'd crashed hard upon Life's concrete floor.

Confident she could persuade his doubting brow to take a different direction, she had realised her mistake much later, upon more deeper reflection.

From the onset she had attempted to grasp the rudder of his mind and steer him from impending Disaster
Alas life's rapids had her beat, this was one task she could not Master.

Life had been a hard teacher to him, uneducated, but with an all seeing minds eye.
Able to read life's body language with deathly accuracy, and an unmatched instinct to pick out a lie.

However! He had his own 'Sword of Damocles' hovering over his head by a frayed silken thread,
and waited in horror for it to break and strike him down dead.

He thought he had a great respect for her, her life knowledge came out with the stumbling blocks she would expertly put in his way.
But nimble footed, and drawing on lives lost lessons the fool skip and leaped his way around them and she knew that his mind she could not sway.

She had tried to explain that not everyone was a black hearted scoundrel hell bent on Deception.
And that sometimes we must learn to trust, and question the darker motives of our perception.

But alas, she could not feel the heavy sorrow he carried within his old worn out heart, she did not see what we do to one another.
All the suffering, all the pain, the selfishness and greed, the self indulgence at the cost of others,
even though we are all Sisters and Brothers

He wished everyone would just for a moment in their own warped lives open their eyes.

And see what we are doing to each other, and banish all the lies.

But all things must come to an end, and the Six hours he was allotted are all past now, Freud and Jung had failed to deliver a more healthy and normal brain. Whilst his cost to the Surgery Budget had been such a terrible drain!

kipper Stagg

Oaf!

How I hated you!
You pompous ass,
How quickly you forget!
Strutting about like a lord,
Ordering people about!
You compassionless Oaf!

Perhaps someday you'll wake up and realise the mistakes you've made?
Or perhaps not!
Perhaps you're too caught up in all the rot?

kipper Stagg

Oblivion

Oblivion.

Solemnly we remember you but once a year with sullen face,
And reward you with false flowers and prayers.

And as we make our way back to normality without a backwards glance, happy
with our conscience! We forget you for another year.

are we the Grateful ones? , happy to breathe the chilled air and hear the lark
twitter gay on a cold November morn, to know that there's always tomorrow for
us.

But I would ask you this! Who would trade places with you now
Oh! Grateful dead! And see what you had seen and march on without a fuss?

And should you speak but once again would you not say "tear down your
bloody cenotaphs and give us what is rightfully ours there is no Glory in death,
but for blood did we not lust"?

Stolen youth! Oh! Wasted seeds of Europe, no bloodline for you to continue your
lineage, just cold earth for now lest greed take away your resting place
And what then do we remember?

Was this reward foretold you by some ancient sage before your supreme sacrifice
should you still walk into the teeth of the Hydra before that last November?

And could you speak for one last time should you say "was nothing learnt
by our parting, our deaths did you not trust? "

And lastly! Why did God not cry "Enough! , Enough! , Enough! "?

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kipper Stagg

Of Mice And Men

Subdued they sat waiting for the final chapter of their meaningless lives.
Insulating themselves from bitter truth of what may come
Not knowing what to do with hardened truths,
Advice they'd seek from dominant sergeant majors.
Who allay them of their fears with tales of timeless glories?
They were brave men not so long ago,
They laughed at fear and trod where Angels feared to go.
The world was theirs and selfishly they guarded it and were care free
Not caring of tomorrows or days to come
They'd stand firm and would not flee.
Only memories now, no more to see the setting sun!
Only cold Novembers with no Daughters or Sons!

kipper Stagg

Pale Moon

He had said 'enough', there was nothing left to tell
People had seen enough of the visions of his hell.
"I shall write no more! " he'd said his pen had run quite dry
And anyway every word he wrote would bring tears to his eyes.
A shadow makes its way to him; the pale moon's in the sky
And summer days within his world are gone and he must try
To cherish what is left to him as time slowly passes by.

kipper Stagg

Pharisees

Self questioning, like the ancient Pharisees or Doctors of law, his motives in life,
he was not so sure.

Demanding answers for his actions he could not give,
Whilst struggling with his emotions the reasons he should live.

He had sat like Noah, watching the sea slowly engulf the remnants of life all
around him,
And freely accept its fate without as much as a whim.

One after another he sent out doves of peace expecting them all to return with
an olive branch.
When only black crows would appear on the horizon like returning cattle on some
Texan ranch!

He had witnessed the bitter taste of what it was like to be physically crucified.
A slow lingering death, so much pain, his tears and screams he kept tethered
inside.

The immense weight of the cross he had to bear,
And how others had passed by him without as much as a care!
Left him damaged beyond all repair.

They will cheer you as you ride triumphantly in,
And in an instant spit and jeer without as much as a whim

kipper Stagg

Pride

Youthful pride drives us to despair
Wondering about the "why's" and "where's"

Youth sat looking at old age,
listening to words of the grey haired sage!

Life's lessons gained through a full and haunted life
Sharpened words cut through him like a well honed knife.

Could they but see what he'd seen in past times?
Perhaps their meagre lives would have drawn a different line

Cold and callous youth
He knew could not sustain hard truth of "where's" and "when's"

He knew he could not live it, not again
The heart he carried full of hurt and full of pain

Youth made a fool of us all!

kipper Stagg

Red Toadstools

How he'd longed for ancient summer's days,
Running through long grass, voices of children in play!
Bright sunbeams upon his face,
Searching for that perfect hiding place!
Scented winds of fresh mown grass,
Endless sunshine days that just would not pass!
Cries of laughter, screams of joy
Take him back to when he was just a boy.
Faces of friends he'd long ago forgot,
Back to endless summers that where always so hot.
Searching for newts in muddy pools
Dancing in Fairy rings of red toadstools!

kipper Stagg

Sage

He once said "To know people is to have great knowledge, but to know self is to have great wisdom! " and tenderly He tried to guide me.

"If you try to change to fast you will meet resistance"

But Love conquers all through gentle persistence

If love could tell it then tell it plain, and glancing backwards with opened mind
Delves deep within setting souls free!

Looking for answers brings only more questions

Love, pure, unadulterated calms the beast, helps us see

Hate starts where Love ends and love makes mortal enemies our closest friends.

Thought flows like a stream through the brain, gentle, soothing organic.

Avoiding sharpened words, trying to make amends, haste bringing confusion and panic!

Anger is an energy.

He is gone now that wise old sage, life's book for him had turned the final page!

For my Father a wise old sage

kipper Stagg

Salvation

I used to listen to you talk about 'Compassion' and love and how we as a society have become selfish and greedy.

And oh! How you loved it being the centre of attention vying for everyone's affection your sermons encapsulated us like a well fitting glove

We should try to live like saints and share our love, throw away possessions, Live simply and try to help the needy.

God loves a sinner and that's every one of us.
His forgiveness has a force so great that we could not imagine
And oh! The power of his love!

yet do but one wrong thing and there will be no forgiveness.
It's hell for us all. Cast out Self indulgence, lust, greed and self satisfaction!

But I tell you this! Hell is other people, and as for the needy where were you when others called for help and you turned your back?

You where a showman, good at playing on people's heart strings, words come cheap; sentiment can't heal the sick and needy only actions.

Yet strangely people still love you? they listen fervently to your sermons unaware it's all an act, your veneer had slipped and for one second and I saw the real you.

You have no faith! It's all a well rehearsed act, a job chosen to keep your mother happy or ensure you free passage into heaven.

Perhaps there was faith once? Or fear? But not now! You allowed the self to take centre stage and forsook all others.

I was your greatest follower once, but I saw the other you! The real you!
You where no different to those you would preach about, the selfish and greedy,

You never helped the needy!

kipper Stagg

Shea

1

You smiled and my world fell apart
You didn't know the power you possessed
Whilst playing with your friends in the park
If you could but feel this beating aching heart
Perhaps you too would realise the radiance you possess.

2

I watched you sleeping, so peaceful!
Old age denies me that now!
You where somewhere at play no doubt, or on some adventure in Neverland
flying higher than the clouds
Fighting Pirates whilst I stood here watching denied and was envious!

3

You where young yet with a wise old head upon your shoulders, and a mind
sharper than any well
Honed knife cutting deep into my soul!
Your eyes with the wisdom of ages and a purer tender love that I selfishly
mocked and was eternally sorry for!

4

If I was given just one more chance I'd take you to the moon and gift you with a
thousand stars and a thousand stars more wrapped for all eternity in love. And
should you grow lonely when I'm gone you'd have but to glance into the night
sky and I would give you consolation!

5

We are all but mortal and life can be cruel,
But take comfort in this and know that God gifted us an Angel winged with a love
most high, rare and true
And in a Hundred thousand years there would be no one as pure as you!

kipper Stagg

Strange Dream

A strange dream.

Hello old man!
It's so good to see you again;
I tried to give you a friendly hug!
But you gently refrain.

We made our way together
Down a narrow pebbled beach
Perhaps there is a lesson here
To me you have to teach?

The sea was calm
The sky ice blue,
The sea salt I can taste!
But when I looked at you again
There was worry on your face.

That blue sky quickly darkened
And a thunder began to roar
And high and choppy waves
Began a crashing upon the shore!

A tidal wave stood unmoving
So high I could not see
Of Biblical proportions
Like the parting of the red sea!

A spectacle so frightening
I thought that I might die.
When all at once another wave
Standing twice as high!

You beckon me and spoke so soft
Your words I could not hear
For within this frightful din your message disappears.

You gently take my hand and try to lead me from this place
And when I looked at you again disappointment was etched upon your face.

You show me in the distance sunshine and white cliffs
But panicking I step backwards and rapidly I lift
Upon the back of a Raven that soars into the sky!
But strangely I see the teardrops rolling from your eyes.

Disappointment that I've failed this test and a broken hearts I see.
Yet deep inside this guilty soul these feelings won't let me be.

I leave behind my passion, my love and faith of God, I am bereft
An invisible hand thrusts inside my chest and shows me I've nothing left.

kipper Stagg

Tears

You fell like a teardropp into a pool of grief
and although I lost sight of you only the ripples remained
and slowly they to would disappear
and although I could not see you I knew you where still there
yet in this aching heart I wished you where still hear.

For my Father.

kipper Stagg

The Self

I saw you this morning; I looked into your eyes.
If you only knew how much I hated you, I can see through all of your lies.
Why do you hurt people with all your wretched ways?
With your deeds and actions and all the things you say?
You'd never say you're sorry; you just dish out all the dirt!
Why does it not worry you, all of those people that you hurt?
Look at you! Arrogant and smug, no wonder no one likes you,
You're nothing but a thug!
Good bye and good riddens I'll not be sorry when you leave
And even when you die no one will ever grieve!
I'll have to get rid of that damn mirror!

kipper Stagg

The Trials And Tribulations Of Job

And Job who was a God fearing man, and worshiped the lord and carried about his duties as best he could, looked upon his life when it was all done and questioned God saying

'Did I sin? Was I not your most humble servant, fearing you? Honouring you and worshipping you? '

'Yes' said God ' none where so true and faithful as you! '

'Then answer me this asked Job? why put such pains upon a man as he lives his life so full of strife
And pain and sadness? '

'As a test 'said God! To see how far pain could go until a man such as you breaks and looses faith!

But lord! Surely you can see into mans heart and know who's righteous and faithful? Why the need to test and tease a sole if you can truly see?

God replied! ' I may see into a man's sole yet Satan can not so a test I gave you to show him the true ways of faith! '

'But is that not gambling' asked Job questioningly 'and is gambling not a sin! To whom do you answer for such short fallings? '

God was not pleased with jobs questioning and pride took over.

'You have earned your place in haven, now stop questioning me and be happy with what I have given you for there are many who would trade places for what you have! '

Job replied 'paradise I may have but the memories of your spite I can not forget and all this pain for just one Bet? '

kipper Stagg

To Live

It would have been nice to have lived a trouble free life!
Instead of perpetual suffering each day!
My right arm I would have give
To take this constant pain away.
A bleeding heart so full of sorrow
For you my dear friends, though you do not see
So as we all could have had a "Better Tomorrow! ";
Ridiculed, vilified beaten and kicked
Protecting the weak and the scared and the sick
From bullying tyrants who just do not care
Their prey they would stalk and then pounce
Without feeling, "NO! "; not one ounce!
How I would cry, seeing fear at the glint of an eye
And how try as hard as I could, they'd take it as only they could.

kipper Stagg

Uruk!

You'd thought they learnt by past mistakes
How many lives that it must take
To learn where youth and laughter go
To fight in war for one last show

To give them all democracy
And help them live like you and me?
But obviously they do not see
the broken limbs and body bags
and coffins draped in national flags

The ruined lives and distraught wives
Who cry as solemn processions pass them by?
They were youth not long ago but now they lay where flowers grow
And we shall mourn for a short while and see their picture with fixed smile
And then forget as we all do until it affects me or you!

kipper Stagg

Witch Finder Pursuivant

Witch finder Pursuivant

I remember you!

You used to scour the halls and corridors looking for sinners and the soulless to burn at the stake!

Sniffing out Satan wherever he lays less he corrupt the innocent the vulnerable and the weak!

And when you slapped me around the face I'd turn the other cheek!

Do you recall how you alighted on me? Different to all the others you see,
Born on the wrong side of the track!

A council estate 'yob! '

It was as much as you could take!

I never knew an eleven year old could contain so much evil, but I guess it would be fair

To try and understand when you knocked me to the ground and dragged me out of assembly by my hair!

You told me that I would 'Burn in Hell' although I had done no wrong except be born into poverty.

Did it make you feel more like a man? Beating small children?

You told me of Dante's inferno. And showed me pictures in his book

That's where I would end up.

Punished for eternity.

For being a motherless youth.

Well! If I do end up in hell.

Save me a place near you!

They say you'll receive it double!

I want to see if thats true?

kipper Stagg