

Poetry Series

**Mark Curtis**  
**- poems -**

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## Mark Curtis()

Always had an interest in joining words and making rhymes...my gramma is rubbish so i have to rely on friends to check it: -)

Former Coal Miner, now IT Specialist but just loves Boxing and basically any other sport.

# A Girl Can Clout

Can women really fight?  
Or do they dream they think they might?

If all you need is to be brave,  
i know she'd fight into the grave.

You say her punch will hold no power,  
and that she'd fade, just like a flower.

You'll change your tune with every bunch,  
your jaw will ache from every punch.

Has to train with alpha-males,  
whose brains are often in their tails.

Endure all comments, some are rough,  
no wonder that, these girls are tough.

Have to travel, more than most,  
to find a fight, a welcome host.

It's for the love, not for the pay,  
because they're back at work next day.

Consider what next words may bring,  
you might just end up in the ring,

And when she calmly knocks you out,  
you'll know first hand, a girl can clout.

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# Battle Cries

Goodbye for now, I am not beat,  
wisely laid off, called my retreat,

Premature holt, wounds still sore,  
i will be back to finish the war.

New battle plan to formulate,  
may take time, prepared to wait.

War zone distance, seem far apart,  
Nonsense, if the conflicts in your heart.

As experience gains, you reflect what's lost,  
High price to pay, now count the cost.

Guarantee, you'll be back, to re-engage,  
as sure as I write the words upon this page.

Battle cries, fully expect to hear,  
Granted though make take a year.

Approach with stealth, affix your armour,  
this time it's not the naive charmer.

Maybe you may even need a plan,  
not easy to tempt a wounded man.

Hard lesson learned, earned my stripes,  
studied, researched, the female types,

Now better equipped, I stand tall,  
alert and clear, know my role call.

Confident are you, still think I'll salute?  
well come prepared, bring a parachute?

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# Chamelelon

Never change, be who you are, if this believe you won't go far.  
We all must flex to some degree, or ones you love will set you free.  
Set you free, if will not budge, your conscience you now have to judge.  
A Chamelelon you must now appear, change to suit to hold all dear.  
Yes it might go against the grain but a little diversion equals little pain.  
But Chamelelon don't change scale to scale for that's a road addressed as fail.  
Subtle change is all that's required and rewards the result you have desired.  
Chamelelon be just what you are, you will succeed you will go far.

Mark Curtis

# Confidence

Confidence can come from many sources,  
something you do, your own resources.  
A single word, can but inspire,  
an inner glow, that raging fire.

A nod from one that you respect,  
you must feel good to be select.  
Strength in knowing what she overcome,  
you have acquired this, it's from your mum.

A decision you make all on your own,  
whatever said, whatever tone.  
Travel light, free soul and gentle,  
on roller coaster known as "mental"

Someone who gets a first class degree,  
Sounds like a confident person to me.  
Train every day still pushing harder,  
a lesser soul would raid the larder.

One word you blank is called "defeat",  
i'm confident you'll never meet.  
Go knock them out then have a dance,  
bare your soul then take a chance.

Keep your confidence keep your pride  
sail on in life and surf the tide.  
Finally if you think all above's not true  
here take my confidence, I have in you!

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# Conveyer Belt Of Life

Where we're born we have no say,  
Conveyor starts you're on the way.

Infancy years the belts slow pace,  
You'd hardly think this life's a race.

Never shame nor denial,  
Care free days bless a juvenile.

Belt speeds up, teenage years appear,  
Approached hands free still no fear.

The belt it pauses for love's first kiss,  
You jump off quick, a moment's bliss.

It's not real love though slightly smitten,  
You like the feel once you are bitten.

You jump back on to the next horizon,  
Thoughts fill in your head, you're summarizing.

Ride the belt early adult years,  
Cheers, jeers but seldom tears.

The belt stops still, no words to utter,  
Heads a spin, hearts in a flutter.

One word, one line, one look, one glance,  
You feel so sure both take a chance.

Belt starts up but this time for two,  
You always think you'll see it through.

But years drift by no warning place,  
The conveyor belt is gaining pace.

Suddenly the belt goes slack,  
Your heart it takes a mighty whack.



That flutter, the one, you feel again,  
It's back though clouded with a tint of pain.

The belt has parted, it's split in two,  
Which way is right, what should you do?

Ride the belt that's gaining pace,  
Or navigate to a brand new place?

A choice to make now the belt's apart,  
Navigate with head or with your heart?

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# Described As A Flower

Can you be described as a bunch of flowers?  
Of course you can, cos I have the powers.

Hair from Vidal, streaks of yellow daffodil,  
Don't come so cheap, as I've seen the bill

Skin you tan on sun bed, high power,  
Please turn it down, you'll whither sunflower.

Face so pretty, compared to a rose,  
No bits protruding, apart from your nose.

Hour glass figure, you look so dam swell,  
Reminds me of Springtime, a first time bluebell.

My love for you, is an evening primrose,  
Goes on forever, it grows and it grows.

Nothing can part us, no not even greed.  
Your planted in my heart, the eternal seed.

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Mark Curtis

# Father's Day

My memories of you, are never sad,  
I'd like to share some with you Dad.

You never ceased to make me laugh,  
When I was young and in the bath.

Warm towel from fire, wrapped I'd be,  
In your arms, you would dry me

Camping trips, we had a ball,  
At the time you seemed so tall.

Perched on shoulders, mushroom hunt,  
Rest would trail, we'd be in front.

'Mimims' I'd shout, do you recall?  
Excited jumps, we'd nearly fall!

Those carefree years, to me so dear,  
We'd finish off and share a beer.

Drink our share without a care,  
Then wobble home, a 'right old pair'.

Sober, drunk you'd talk away,  
To anyone, at night or day.

Sand to Arabs, you could sell,  
Convince Big Ben they need a bell.

This gift, you then passed down to me,  
To deal with issues easily.

Respect for you, no one can measure,  
A noble prize, the long lost treasure

I miss you, but my heart grows fonder,  
For the man down in the Rhonda.

Would want you not, any other way,  
For all of time not 'Fathers Day'

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# Funny Things

I write about things, i find funny,  
an overdraft and still no money,

On old man on his mobile phone,  
a sticky face from ice cream cone,

When kids repeat what they overheard,  
parents will shriek and say `absurd`.

Middle aged men who think they're cool,  
no word is said but all think `fool`.

Folk who still wear green shell suits,  
and dye their hair, still see their roots.

This silly world, where we reside,  
exposes fun we can not hide.

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# Guess The Sport

A follower of sport i claim to be,  
apart from this, it's so dreary.

Charging, screening illegal blocking,  
a concept i thought, might fill my stocking.  
I watched it once, it left me fraught,  
ten lunatics, let loose on a court.  
Chasing Top Cat like Officer Dibble,  
what the heck's a double dribble?

A round ball used, bounce by hand,  
i wish my head was in the sand.  
Can't even run and hold the ball,  
has this sport got a point at all?

One point scored if a FREE throw,  
well would you PAY to have a go?  
Three point line inside scores two,  
it doesn't seem that hard to do.  
Three point line outside scores three,  
they run around in fits of glee.

Eight second rule can not be past,  
same time that this game should last!  
Have you guessed this sport i call?  
i bet you have it's Basketball.

A season ticket i leave for you,  
The exit door, for me will do.

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# Heart Strings

For you a poem, verse or even riddle,  
To play your heart strings like a fiddle.  
Increase the rate of rhythmic beats,  
Will be the greatest of all feats.  
By raising levels in desire,  
A burning love it will inspire.  
With only words can you be tempted?  
To show your hearts not regimented.  
Love is blind but brains are smart,  
That's where I trust to guide your heart.

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# Home Sweet Gym

Work is over for the day,  
the Boxing Club I make my way.  
Smell of sweat in lights so dim,  
welcome to my home sweet gym.

Begin to stretch then jump a rope,  
time to focus, time to scope.  
Hands are wrapped they form protection,  
chin down low to avoid detection.

Sparring, sparring, time today,  
someone will be made to pay.  
Three steps to the ring I mount,  
I pray to God there is no count.

Counter punch then full throttle,  
courage don't come in a bottle.  
Square retreat on ropes I sit,  
allowing both sides to be hit.

Faint the jab then throw a hook,  
it's over! Great! They did not duck.  
My rewards a cut lip and sore knuckle,  
the other pro's just sit and chuckle.

Sit up's, press up's and knee tucks,  
it must be love, it's not the bucks!  
Finished for another hour,  
going home without a shower.  
Home and clean I make my dinner,  
confident that I'm a winner.

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# Imikins

When first you look him in the eye, your insecure, you'll want to cry.  
Hurt you bad, betrayed your trust, a worthless kiss, a moment's lust.

There's no excuse, nowhere to hide, inside its shame, outside its pride.  
I know this man; i know he cried, as though a piece inside him died.

Look in his soul, his heart's still true; it only beats because of you.  
Forgive him please, his stupid sins; you'll always be his "Imikins".

Plan a future, for both you must, to relight love, to rebuild trust.  
And if he ever does it large, i'll be your hit man, free of charge.

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# Inspire, Inspire

Inspire, inspire, I want to inspire;  
I want to ignite your heart on fire.  
To have it burning, have it yearning,  
People walk by and heads are turning.  
So easy to see head over heels in love,  
Confirmed is this by the hovering dove.  
Unspoken words only two can hear,  
There is no sound but it's crystal clear.  
Eyes always meet no distance too far,  
Both sets are filled with a shining star.  
If I could inspire what I've just written,  
I'd have the power to make you smitten.  
This power I'd share we'd all succeed,  
And search for love we'd no longer need.

Mark Curtis

# Invisible

Phone calls you no longer return,  
your mind made up i can not turn.  
Email and texts assume rejected,  
i suffer much, you're unaffected.

Ask to see you one last time,  
answers no, what is my crime?  
I'm penalized because i care,  
oh how i wish i could be there?

No more to say, I'm miserable,  
i dream now I'm invisible.

Imagine i could stand by you,  
your angel and you'd have no clue.  
Would tuck you in, a guard at night,  
there to ensure no harm or fright.

Beneath the stars as they appear,  
each one a thought of someone near.  
Foresee trouble, send you warning,  
safely watch you wake each morning.

When days are cold, wind is blowing,  
i'd shelter you to keep you glowing.  
Rain, snow, ice or sleet,  
i'll always keep you on your feet.  
Even sun, you would not burn,  
i'd nudge you when it's time to turn.

Dreams now fading, time has past,  
your still the ship, i am the mast.  
My hidden face will hide my cries,  
although inside, my heart it dies.  
Invisible with you i'll sail  
than listen to you're no avail.

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Mark Curtis

## Love Must Grow,

Can only he, from the great above?  
Spot real souls, who look for love?  
Or is it all down to our perception?  
The way you feel, upon reception.

A romantic gesture once a week,  
satisfies some, that's all they seek.  
Though only once in seven days,  
could lead to parting of the ways.

When love is young, it has to grow,  
mature in size, the more you know.  
That's why beware, the clone of smitten,  
love's camouflaged, once you are bitten.

Dive in head first and then two feet,  
you must take care, there lies a cheat.  
No thought of love, just seek attention,  
themselves are all they ever mention.

They love but one, will not be true,  
that one is them, so cant be you.  
So if you feel that love's gone stale,  
don't hang or dwell, in dark detail,

Go out and find the one's that know,  
true love inside must grow and grow.

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Mark Curtis

# Measure Time

Time measured in ten ways,  
Measure one, is in full days  
Measure two, a moment's gaze  
Measure three, a passing phase,  
Measure four, a sleepy haze,  
Measure five, how long they stay,  
Measure six, attention pays,  
Measure seven, heaven says,  
Measure eight, how long sun rays,  
Measure nine, the time he prays,  
Measure ten, love a heart portrays.  
Can you think of other ways?

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Mark Curtis

# Move The Chains

Poems are written, worldwide, everyday,  
expressive way, we all have our say.

Concoction of words, some used to make sense,  
while others created, to sit on the fence.

Colours I'll nail and stick to my mast,  
a friendship now forged, forever will last.

A distance apart, for some many miles,  
for me though it shortens, we travel by smiles.

Pet names acquired, the Outlaw Robin Hood,  
Maid Marian for you, is that cos 'ya'll' good?

Acknowledged my work, made me feel high,  
passed true test of poems, by making one cry.

No time for crying, this girl's made of Steeler,  
i know she'll come through, I know she's a healer.

A fighter inside, I now doth you "Ali-Gator",  
so what's the future, what does await her?

LSAT, Law School, perhaps fly a jumbo,  
go buy a "mack" and solve crime Columbo!

Joking aside, place faith into God's will,  
just hope he don't send, a lawyers bill.

Great actions alone, in one's heart leave stains,  
So always be strong and go "Move the Chains"

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Mark Curtis

# Mum's A Hero

This poem is about a friend's mother who beat breast cancer and separation:

Take no offence, don't call me dumb,  
this poem I write, is about your mum.  
I only scribe from what you've said,  
and the things created in my head.

Her pleasure of meeting, I've never had,  
though email thanks, for which I'm glad.  
When growing up, I believe you were driven,  
through someone's dreams, perhaps were living?

A person, in background was always there,  
with a loving smile, to show they care.  
To pick you up unlike no other,  
that person had to be your mother.

A separation came, for you all rough,  
no choice for her, she must be tough.  
Outside so strong, inside was crying,  
perhaps the only time worth lying!

Showed character to deal with strife,  
she soldiered on, rebuilt her life.  
For year's things smooth and then no answer,  
how do you react? Two words "breast cancer"!

Answered the only way she might,  
I'll win this war, just watch me fight!  
Once more adorned the mask for healing,  
to ease the pain her children feeling.

A victory won, fought with vigour,  
one casualty, a distorted figure.  
Appearance though is not a measure,  
love in one's heart, the real treasure.

Time moves on, the time in now,  
sometimes you sit and wonder wow!



Race for Life, the start, all cuddle,  
tears are cried within the huddle.

The hurdles in life she overcome,  
gives you the right to call her mum.  
So when life's dull and all seems zero,  
just think of one, who you call hero.

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Mark Curtis

# Olive Oil

My dearest darling Olive Oil, I hope this don't make your blood boil.  
Spare me some you time, that I can spend, to prove I am aa actual friend?  
I want to win back all your trust, don't make me wait until I rust.  
I know I need just one more chance; this time won't be a merry dance.  
Let me fill your night and day with exciting things in every way.  
Could go bowling, just hit a ball or lean and chat against a wall.  
Pale smooth skin on frame of back I will massage and never slack.  
Caress your neck while washing dishes that is one of my favourite wishes.  
Protect forever in might of arms deflect bad feeling through childish charms.  
Two outta three they say aint bad but with all three your never sad.  
Spot your mistake in the line above, I bet you'd hit me with a boxing glove.  
So I'd take you on the focus mitts and absorb your girly fluffy hits.  
Then after all that work and play I'd say this to you everyday.  
You are perfect and I want to spoil my dearest darling Olive Oil.

Mark Curtis

# Open Door

His calls i answer, don't know why,  
as all he does, is make me cry.

I know, i'm not all what he says,  
though believe i do, his immoral ways.

The strength i need, inside me lies,  
must surface now, to tell him goodbyes.

Rebuild my life, new page, new book,  
i have no plans, i'll trust in luck.

Self confidence, i know, i will restore,  
a stronger mind, for each new door.

Experience has left me, battered and sore,  
but at least i know, i can shut this door.

copyright 2009 Mark Curtis (this was requested by a lady friend, who was having  
a hard time from an old boyfriend)

Mark Curtis

# Pins

God, forgive me for my sins,  
can't stop thinking of her pins.

long and smooth, two pronged attack,  
first time I'd seen this crackerjack.

Muscled curves, no fault in view,  
glass slipper, for her would do.

Power oozes, speed, finesse,  
should see her in a short cut dress.

If supermarkets sold them pins,  
i'd go and purchase all the tins.

Nothing's close to match her legs,  
blow me away like powder kegs.

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Mark Curtis

# Pot Of Gold

For every tear you ever cry,  
let me be there to wipe them dry.

Or when a dream goes up in smoke,  
make fun of me, someone to poke.

If things go bad whilst at the gym,  
to cheer you up, i'd say "your thin"

And those who make fun of your hair  
just send them my way, if they dare.

You are not perfect, you do have sins,  
but oh my God, those awesome pins,

It's when you walk into the room;  
my mind goes blank, my heart goes boom!

Write from the soul, my words to thee,  
if could, would write, on bended knee.

I'm always here, on you i'm sold,  
i wish i was your pot of gold.

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Mark Curtis

# Pre Fight

At the venue arrive in time,  
to hit someone and not a crime.  
Cold corridor you walk at pace,  
the time to switch to poker face.

Dressing room with music blurring,  
reflected view you just keep staring.  
Boots tied tight put protectors on,  
hear a fight the bell sounds one.

Shorts are next; "MAS" on the loom,  
nerves kick in now clear the room!  
Sweaty palms while hands are wrapped,  
the guns of war beneath now trapped.

Gloves secured tape fixed around,  
eyes are clear but not a sound.  
Focus pads to raise a sweat,  
sample what opponents get.

Music sounds name's called out loud,  
your mind is blank your on a cloud.  
Walk to the ring, are you really there?  
Or sat a home in a rocking chair?

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# Press Up Teacher

A thing that's always puzzled me,  
how strict a teacher would you be?  
I think i have a good idea,  
read on below, would i be near?

Arrived for class, was not on time,  
i'm sure you seen this as a crime,  
Get on your knees and give me twenty,  
that's just the start, you will do plenty.

Lesson taught, you teach it well,  
i leave my desk, I hear the bell,  
"No one leaves", oh don't be 'shirty',  
get down again and give me thirty.

I take the break, need protein shake,  
rebuild my arms, because they ache.  
Mid morning lesson, you eye me shifty,  
i ask you why? you give me fifty.  
I then enquire "what happened to forty"?  
You say "stay down", "do them too, shorty"

Dinner time, need a rest,  
got such a pain across my chest.  
Nutrition and Diet for afternoon study,  
If i'm nice, she'll may be my buddy?  
I think it's worked, might even date me,  
Then i hear, sixty, seventy, eighty.

End of class, she said "what fun"! ! !  
to finish off give me a ton.  
but where is ninety, i did not say! ! !  
I'm not that stupid twice a day

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## Qa Poem

My poems needed 'QA', i ask if you would,  
love checking English, reply "yes that sounds good".  
A little bit nervous, i sent one, then two,  
have improved each time, with feedback from you.  
Rhyme upon rhyme, you say widen span,  
a fair observation, let's see if i can.  
Grammar though still, i need your help with,  
you complete the plot, corrected lines that you give.  
So Monica or Olive, i'll tell you what,  
do please continue, review what i jot.  
And maybe one day, verses written by you,  
think i can critique, improve them for you.

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# Real Good Friend

How would i class, a real good friend to me  
someone who's friendship, is given for free?

No need to ask them, if i'm in the right,  
i know when i am, their lips will stay tight.

If down the wrong path, i happen to stray,  
without hesitation, a loud voice would say.

Nothing expected, in the background they blend,  
will always appear, when there's something to mend.

One that can hear, when there's hurt in your voice,  
will offer their help, but it's always your choice.

Subjects of taboo, in them can confide,  
never will surface, in them you can hide.

And honest you know, when you look in their eye,  
their words are sincere, you know they don't lie.

Would cover your back, right up to the end,  
now that's what I would class, a real good friend.

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# Seven Parts

This girl is hard to satisfy,  
just take a look and you'll see why?  
What make of man, wins this queen of Hearts?  
It's simple, a man of seven parts.

Part 1, requires a defined fit physique,  
no less will do for this studying geek.  
Part 2, are eyes, a hidden world within,  
free from lies and the burden of sin.  
Part 3, well formed lips, but not to thin,  
perfect to kiss, drink juice and grin.  
Part 4, a soul, that will need some exploring,  
last thing she wants is someone who's boring.  
Part 5, a nimble brain, with high intellect,  
just think, the prize, you might collect!  
Part 6, manhood, you got to have passion! !  
even if this girl's a bit out of fashion.  
Part 7, a must or never can start,  
love for two within your heart.

Have you got the parts? or are you a choker?  
Have you got the fire? could you be the stoker?  
If you do get the chance, make sure it don't end,  
or you'll just hear the words, "will you stay my friend"?

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# Six Rounds

Want to think, laugh and smile?  
Then read on for a little while.  
This poem contains no hidden clue,  
It's called six rounds, it's just for you.

Round one, the time to begin,  
remember the only word is win.  
Left hand high, back foot planted,  
never take your style for granted.

Round two, a reconnaissance mission,  
this fight is won on war of attrition?  
Pressure for perfection, you do every time,  
is learn, absorb, progress a crime?

Round three, now it's really started,  
eyes closed please for weak of hearted.  
More confident please, you must aspire,  
to match that burning heart desire.

Round four, it's past halfway,  
now's the time to make them pay.  
Undefeated so you say,  
is it going to stay that way?

Round five, show no pity,  
that fool's an impostor in your city.  
God took six days with Sunday rest,  
make this your day, the acid test.

Round six, must finish off in style,  
combinations, thrown with guile.  
Count hits ten, still undefeated,  
win that way, you can't be cheated.

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Mark Curtis

# Smiling

I like to lose myself in your eyes,  
I like the ones that shine not cries.  
I like it when you hold my hand,  
I like it when you say "that's grand".

I like it when we kiss and walk,  
I like it when we sit and talk.  
I like it when you dress in style,  
but most of all I like your smile.

A social smile for general folk,  
acceptable as there's no joke.  
A warming smile of sympathy  
beats from a heart with empathy.

A contempt smile but not in vain,  
you generate when feeling pain.  
A loving smile it's just for me,  
a smile I always want to see.

A smile that lights a fire inside,  
a raging crush I can not hide.  
This feeling that you generate,  
makes you the only one to date.

Please never go a country mile'n,  
I need you near, I need your smiling.

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# Soul-Mate Builder

Everyday i feel highs and lows,  
causes friction but never blows.  
Moan at you because your there,  
a funny way to show i care.

I shout at you 'go get a life',  
but one where i remain the wife.  
I guess you can say i'm paranoid,  
dont want your life to feel a void.  
The sands of time we don't control,  
no one can see how big the hole.

When i drink and the words i say,  
regret them most the next day.  
I really love you, i really do,  
i only live to be with you.

The Rarest of all Dutch Golden Guilder,  
could never come near my soul-mate builder! !

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Mark Curtis

# The Lonely Tree

Stare out at a the lonely tree,  
My mind it forms a memory.  
Gentle breeze moves left then right,  
Reminds me of a once fought plight.  
The branches shape a closed pair of arms,  
To open wide receive your charms.  
Sun attached to leaves like glue,  
Seem stained with tears from eyes once blue.  
Solid base a trunk so firm,  
A time it had to come to term.  
Roots so deep but one can see,  
Only you can uproot me.

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Mark Curtis

# The Village Yard

So many I know now lie in that yard, to venture up I do find hard.  
Friends I watched grow up with me, their faces now, I all can see.  
Hear their voices, out loud too, which they learned from the village school.  
My Grandad's there amongst the friends, a song he sings once more then sends.  
I've only met one man that I'd call finer than Roy the boy, the Bevin Miner.  
And that man is... my hero, barring none, he is my Dad I am his Son.  
I miss him more every single day, football I watched boy he could play!  
So friends, Gramps & Dad a toast of beer, to another Christmas without you  
here.  
Of course we'll all meet up again one day but until then I want to say.  
No matter how much time goes by, no matter how much tears can dry.  
The joy you brought into the village can not be taken can not be pillaged.  
I bet you're in the Stute in heaven and knowling you lot on beer seven!

Mark Curtis

# These Are The Words I Read In Your Eyes.

Happy today, is that not always?  
Start of each day, hopes high it will,  
no reason to doubt, i have no ties,  
these are the words i read in your eyes.

Interpretation of words, do i sense love?  
Is meaning to me, same meaning to you?  
Inside i know true but on outside defies,  
these are the words i read in your eyes.

Break open the mould it's now or never,  
a solid structure beneath there may-be,  
worthy am i? to claim such a prize,  
these are the words i read in your eyes.

One foundation always should be with,  
maintaining several will only drain you,  
crush him to rubble, i could with my lies,  
these are the words i read in your eyes.

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# Tv Nation

The consequence of a TV nation,  
We lost the art of conversation.

Sit there glued TV all rooms,  
Motionless, digital tombs.

Watch a show full of slander,  
Switch the channel propaganda.

Two minute break you speak, surprising,  
A spin off gained from advertising.

Fixed again now in one spot,  
There you'll remain until the dot.

If life revolves around a square,  
Then life is dull and life is bare.

Shut down, switch off then we might,  
Reduce this need on satellite.

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# What Is Ocean

Who was it that prescribed the notion,  
Not what you sea but just an ocean.

By "deep blue" known a common name,  
But are they really all the same?

The Indian sits abreast Kashmir,  
A well of hope a giant tear?

Atlantic stretch does bridge two nations,  
A ripple flex of God's creations.

Pacific, specific, how deep who's counting?  
Wet Everest the water mountain.

Artic icebergs hidden, show no clue,  
Ships navigate obscure from view.

Antarctic, warms ozone caps,  
Cause a rise like dripping taps.

Prescribed a notion, salt spray in motion  
Now can you sea, not just an ocean?

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# Who To Talk

If i was told i had one last dream,  
i'd dream a dream about a dream.  
A dream i've had on countless days,  
and still unsure of what it says.  
Read on i ask, at end you might,  
provide me with some wise insight.  
For who is it i'm talking to?  
a question that i ask of you.  
Two meet, to talk, same likes the key,  
though one is trapped, can not be free.  
Can read one's thoughts upon reflection,  
but can't look inside, can't see affection.  
Expressive look, hard to see at night,  
still blurred as frame appears to light.  
Wish to see the real inside,  
as outside view can always hide.  
Break it up, remove the screw,  
let go of me the real you.

Mark Curtis

# You're So Afraid

Ever loved someone so much?  
you're so afraid, to even touch?  
For if you hold them in your grip,  
you're so afraid, in case they slip.

When suddenly the chance arises,  
you're so afraid, you fear surprises.  
Gently hold them, from the start,  
you're so afraid, they'll break your heart.

Increase the hold to feel secure,  
you're so afraid, and still not sure.  
Holds now strong, so why loose power?  
you're so afraid, you start to cower.

The hold you feel was not returned,  
you're so afraid, a lesson learned,  
Played for a fool, they were not true,  
you're so afraid, that's nothing new.

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