

Poetry Series

Paul Fowler
- poems -

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Paul Fowler(28 August 1965)

Lives in Gosport, UK; with my wife Della and our four grown up children.
I've been writing poetry for a while now, still learning as I go along; and find it most relaxing. I haven't got a favourite poet or style as yet, enjoying exploring; but one I read regularly is Leisure by William Henry Davies

A Day At The Cricket

The sun is out and I've got my ticket,
Time to go and watch some cricket,
I take my seat on this glorious day,
As the man in the Panama hat says 'Play! '
A cautious start it seems to me,
I take it in as I drink my tea,
The batsman are building a decent score,
A wave of the hand signals four,
The batsman now settled, out come the tricks,
The crowd cheer as the umpire signals six,
Out? Really? Let the third umpire decide,
It looked to me it was down leg side,
A wicket taken as the fielders form a bunch,
One down isn't too bad, just before lunch,
Time to build in the afternoon session,
But a couple more wickets fall in succession,
Fourth man in starts quite quietly,
Just the thing before going in for tea,
We need another partnership I guess,
I follow the commentary on TMS,
Fourth wicket partnership is going our way,
Then the umpire calls stumps at the end of the day.

Paul Fowler

Along The Beach

On a bright summer's day there's no better place to be,
Just to stroll at your own pace and let your thoughts wander free,
And if so desired can be out of reach,
Just taking the time to stroll along the beach.

Paul Fowler

Blank

Sitting here looking at a blank page,
Don't I have anything I want to say?
Is there no flash of inspiration?
To help me get started on this day.

It's been a while since the ideas flowed,
Ideas came at me from every direction,
And start to finish I'd write the words down,
Without the need for any correction.

I wonder sometimes how they did it,
Prolific writers like Wordsworth or Keats,
Did they have the same problems as I?
When volumes of words they'd complete.

So here I sit staring at this blank page,
Knowing that I just can't give up,
Maybe as an exercise to get me started,
I'll write a poem about my coffee cup.

Paul Fowler

Carousel

Round and round on this carousel,
With every day just like the last,
This daily routine does not suit me well,
I'm longing for those better days past.

Wishing for some challenge anew,
And of good things of which I could tell,
But now the highlights are very few,
How I need to get off this carousel.

Paul Fowler

Chillin'

No work today,
Some time to unwind,
Just now rest and play,
Peace I now find.

There's no work today,
Done my bit to earn my livin'
I shall idle away the day,
For now I am chillin'

Paul Fowler

Freddie

22 years now he's been gone,
Though you wouldn't have thought it so,
A legacy that'll live on forever,
As he had, indeed, gone on with the show.

He worked right up to the end,
To complete the started works was his choice,
So that we could marvel again,
And listen once more to his amazing voice.

Friends and remaining band mates,
To keep his music alive have always been ready,
And to give us such gems,
For your amazing talent; I thank you Freddie

Paul Fowler

Freedom

Such a feeling of release,
Has now come over me,
Breathe in the fresh air,
And feel totally free.

I can do what I want,
There is so much to do,
I'll now put myself first,
Now I'm free from you.

Paul Fowler

Here Comes The Sun

Here comes the sun,
And winter's now passing,
Take time out and listen to birds sing.

No more dark days,
And feelings of gloom,
Go outdoors and see daffodils in bloom.

Enjoy the fresh air,
Go to your favourite place,
Feel the summer breeze on your sun-kissed face.

Walk through a field,
Or stroll on a beach,
All nature's wonders are easily in reach.

Day's work is done,
Maybe feeling uptight,
Here comes the sun, everything's alright

Paul Fowler

I Am A Poet

I am a poet,
At least, I'm trying to be,
Trying to recreate a sonnet,
In everything I see.

Always having a look,
At things around my town,
I carry a little notebook,
So I can write my ideas down.

Go through a park,
Trees and grass to be seen,
Can't help but think how dark,
Or what different shades of green.

Reading different words,
They're around me all the time,
When I reflect on what I've heard,
Do I have to make it rhyme?

I go and take in the weather,
And then before I know it,
I'll try and piece it all together,
So does this make me a poet?

Paul Fowler

In Poetry

Just a few words in,
And I'm floating away,
Don't call me a dreamer,
It just eases the day.

Can be taken any place,
That I care to go,
I'll just take in the words,
And go with the flow.

Many places to be found,
Be it imaginary or real,
And all along the way,
There's different emotions to feel.

In need of some peace,
As it's been a tough day,
It's in poetry I've found
There is no better way.

Paul Fowler

Looking Forward

Darker days will soon be gone,
And daffodils again will bloom,
Waking to a choir of birdsong,
When brighter days will lift the gloom.

A carpet of bluebells on the ground,
Truly is a spectacular thing,
Brand new energy can now be found,
When looking forward to the start of spring.

Paul Fowler

My Coffee Cup

You bring such joy to me,
And can easily cheer me up,
I feel more relaxed when you're full,
I couldn't be without you, my coffee cup!

Paul Fowler

New York

I walk these busy streets and awestruck am I,
As I look up and up, at buildings that scrape the sky,
A city so alive it'll surely entice,
A city so good, they had to name it twice.

Iconic landmarks appear everywhere,
Rebuilding Ground Zero, a moving place there,
Taking a ferry to Staten is surely a fave,
And on the way back, give Liberty a wave.

Aromas of vendor's wares on the avenue,
Everywhere you look, an experience anew,
And when the bustle of the city begs for release,
Stroll through Central Park for a little bit of peace.

To get the best view of this city so great,
There's no better way than atop Empire State,
And when it seems nothing else will fit into the day,
Times Square's lights and a show on Broadway.

This vibrant city inspires writers, artists and singers to sing,
Bountiful experiences one city can bring,
New York is, of course, this magical place,
There's no better city a person could grace.

Paul Fowler

Not 20\20

Here for the long haul,
Days to decide the outcome,
It's four day cricket.

Paul Fowler

Now I Shall Sleep

Now I shall sleep,
My work here is done,
Everyone knows that,
The night shift's not fun.

Now I shall rest,
Me and some others,
Have kept you all safe,
Whilst under your covers.

Now I shall dream,
Get away from it all,
For just a few hours,
Before I answer another call.

The night shift's not fun,
Alertness I must keep,
But when the work's done,
Now I shall sleep.

Paul Fowler

On The Allotment

Outside under a clear blue sky,
Don't think about the work I've got,
Just idly let the day go by,
As I sit in the sun and weed my plot
Enjoying the quiet in the fresh air,
Doing my own thing, there's no judgment,
Just tending my plants without a care,
Spending a glorious day on the allotment.

Paul Fowler

Peaceful Place

Let me stay in this peaceful place,
Where there's never a worry nor care,
Time is of no consequence here.
Given the choice I'd always be there,
The place where I can work hard, or not,
The pace is solely determined by me,
Time to count all the good things I've got,
The attraction here is for all to see,
When days are hard and I want some space,
Let me stay in this peaceful place.

Paul Fowler

Pesky Rain

The seats are empty and the covers are on,
Love to know where the sunshine has gone,
Just sitting in the pavilion is such a pain,
No play yet in the cricket due to this pesky rain!

Paul Fowler

Seasons

As I stroll through this park I see a wonderful scene,
Red, golden colours in the trees, they're no longer green,
The day can still be filled with bright sunshine,
This picturesque time of year that is autumn time.

I turn the corner and the leaves have all gone,
The day's been replaced by a cold, darker one,
There's sounds in the air of Christmas songs and rhyme,
Something to look forward to now that it's winter time.

Go round another corner and a breath of fresh air,
New shoots appearing and blossom everywhere,
Gardners get busy with planting and other things,
It's a hive of activity now that it's spring.

The park is now busy with people and flowers,
Enjoying their time now the sun lasts for hours,
Holidays planned, and activities with such cheer,
Can even watch cricket now that summer is here.

Paul Fowler

Stanley Park

Take a trip to Stanley Park,
When at the end of your tether,
It's a fine place to visit,
Whatever the weather.

Walk along the winding path,
Or stroll through the small woods,
The scenery that surrounds you,
Is equally as good.

Neatly arranged flower beds,
Follow the path all the way,
That cuts through a grass area,
For relaxing or play.

Get a sense of inner peace,
A feeling to which you just couldn't harden,
Enjoy the tranquility of the,
Charles Osborn garden.

Take a seat on one of the benches,
Away from it all you want to be,
And just glance over towards,
The Ornamental Cherry tree.

Walk through its gates,
Another spot you must reach,
It also serves as a,
Scenic shortcut to the beach.

Make the most of your day,
Any time right up until dark,
Just gather up whatever and,
Take a trip to Stanley Park.

Paul Fowler

Tension

Tension lifts like a droplet of water,
Evaporating in the midday sun,
There's no looking back now,
The hard work's been done.
Time now to fulfill some pleasure,
To get that little bit of release,
Take a moment to indulge in leisure,
And enjoy the quiet, calmness and peace.

Paul Fowler

That Day

Weeks have now passed since that day,
When you paid a visit and said I had to go away,
Words have been exchanged to see if I'm consistent,
And I pleaded my case and dissected the incident.

Days go by and sometimes things hit a nerve,
And no words from you since you said it was a learning curve,
Just like a sprinter back to it and pick up the baton,
And it's business as usual as if nothing had happened.

Paul Fowler

The Ashes

Time to tune the right radio station,
Or look it up on Sky Sports,
We are now as one in the nation,
For the coming battle, of sorts.
The plans of either country sorted,
Tactics discussed for each day,
Checking so that no plans are thwarted,
Let no obstacle blight their way,
It's time to join up with the masses,
As we now look forward to The Ashes

Paul Fowler

The Poet

How green is a leaf, how white is a cloud,
Not everything they write,
Has to be so profound.

Be it joyous, or someone yearning,
There's many a subject,
Is what we are learning.

Free verse, or Shakespearean sonnet,
Whatever it may be,
Just simply enjoy it.

Stand and stare, or wander lonely as a cloud,
Just let yourself go,
Maybe read them out loud.

Embrace them all, just go with it,
Read far and wide,
Lose yourself in the world of a poet.

Paul Fowler

Trapped

We used to get on so well,
Each day was bright and new,
Was always something special,
And dark days were so few.

Used to think we'd last a lifetime,
My future was perfectly mapped,
Now the years have come and gone,
And all I feel is trapped.

I did believe we made a difference,
And in you I had the perfect tutor,
But the real reason I'm staying here,
Is to secure my financial future.

These latter years my future is in mind,
And there really is no other way,
So I'll bite the bullet and carry on,
Because it's with you I know I must stay.

Paul Fowler

Trapped II

Here I go again,
Another day to do,
It's the same old thing,
I yearn for something new.

I'm just a number,
No longer have the fire,
Just get on with the day,
And fulfill their desires.

I need a break,
Get away from it all,
Just meeting their needs,
I've now hit the wall.

Here I go again,
My energy now sapped,
It's constant repetition,
And all I feel is trapped.

Paul Fowler

Walking Outside

Clear blue skies above,
A hat to shield from the wind,
Not quite summer yet

Paul Fowler

Winter's Here

The days now how dark they stay,
And sunshine hours are very few,
Now's the time for shorter days,
And all around's a greyish hue.

Temperatures outside are getting low,
So now's the time to wrap up warm,
Soon the ground'll be covered in snow,
Hats and gloves are now the norm.

There's barely a leaf left on a tree,
The branches can be covered in ice,
But all around there's still plenty to see,
A Christmas card scene can be so nice.

Paul Fowler

Writer's Block

Where have all the words gone?
That I need to describe this day,
That explains how I feel at the moment,
And helps me put down what I want to say.

They're proving to be very elusive,
Like my thoughts have been cut off by a rock,
I need to find a way to get round it,
And clear myself of this writer's block.

Paul Fowler