

Poetry Series

Paul Warren
- poems -

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Paul Warren(09/11/1956)

I am now retired and grew up in Adelaide in the western suburbs. Like poetry particularly Australian with Banjo Patterson and Henry Lawson in particular. Like to tell a story with writing of poems and to draw them from my own experiences mainly.

1. Old Feud From Old Sin

Broken and torn from the fight
I lay on the rock until last light
My enemy had come straight in
And our swords met in the battle din

The feud was old as was the sin
When we met that day and it was all in
We needed to settle the score once and for all
As we duelled across the mountain pass mull

Our broadswords clashed as the sparks flew
And there were times when each got on top too
As our followers gathered in the gathering gloom
I was able to beat the other one down under the moon

I pushed him down to the large rock and with a final blow
Disarmed him with his broadsword flying through the air and go
I stood with the point of my broadsword at the other's throat
But the other one had one last trick to play and to gloat

From a top of the hill an arrow came and and pierced my arm
And I was spun around with my broadsword knocked from harm
So the other one rolled and ran away leaving me on the ground
Now I lie on the rock pondering how he was no longer around.

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Paul Warren

100 Years After The Beersheba Charge

Did you hear about the charge
On that faithful day

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon
It was the desert you see

And water was like gold
When the Australian Light Horse

Charged Beersheba that day
Chauvel lined them up

And with bayonets in hand
They charged the Turk trenches down

They won the wells for a long cool drink
Breaking the Ottoman Empire

To start the march to Israeli independence
And a place in the world history's page.

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Paul Warren

2. Old Feud From Old Sin

I followed the road across the plain
Looking to hunt him down again
Up ahead there was a roadside tavern
Inside of which gathered a witch's coven

The old hags were wary of my call
And looked suspiciously at my footfall
One spoke up in a craggy voice inquiring
As the others whispered together all conspiring

I told them I was looking for the dark man
And they said they had seen him in an earlier stand
Where he had demanded a potion to bind his wounds
They had complied and the man had regained health very soon

But I did not see one of them cast a spell
As the room changed and over I fell
Next a black panther crouched and looked at me
And I fought it to death in a power play to see

Then I saw the witches through the misty shade broke
I pounced on them with my blade to the one who spoke
Demanding them all to yield to me or they would find my blade
And they cowered away from me crying mercy for mercy made

They confessed to seeing the dark man the previous fore-noon then
He had left taking a potion paying with a silver coin at the agreement's end
I searched their tavern leaving with a green cat's eye amulet
To use or to barter as I pursued the dark man on the path as it was set.

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Paul Warren

2084

The teacher sat at her desk so straight
And called the roll as each student would wait
The lesson of the day was the plague of 2020
A history where there were facts a plenty

It started in Wuhan China with a whimper
Covid 19 they called it while it stewed and simmered
They closed down everything then
Travelling was stopped and you had to stay in

There were buildings called Malls for shopping
Beforebuying was the thing
And places called restaurants were where people ate
Hard to think now drones deliver food while you wait

People walked around without their plastic bubble
And oxygen masks were seen as too much trouble
As they ventured unprotected into the world
Shaking hands and kissing each other customs well held

Trips were made overseas for holidays
And jobs were possessions you went to everyday
Supermarkets had food for everyone
Where people took their cart to collect items displayed each one

It's hard to think of toilets without a bidet
People used paper to wipe themselves in their way
The Great Buy Out of toilet paper occurred
So bidets for everyone was the Government word

Each of the students sat and watched them
The video files of the plague from beginning to end
They were each seated in front of their video wall
In their homes alone connected by the net for all.

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Paul Warren

3d Printers

3D printers are the newest technology
They say will lower costs easily

Just set the object on your computer screen
And it will print out what it is needed and seen

Making intricate patterns of parts
And may bring back the manufacturing arts

From the countries where labour is cheap
Western countries may return a manufacturing reap.

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A Bank Robber From Tehran (Taken From A True Story)

A Bank Robber in Tehran
Had quite an interesting plan
So he went to a Wizard for magic
And paid him \$500 a bit tragic

To make him invisible to all
Being a Bank Robber was his call
But he was rather surprised
When people saw him with their eyes

As he tried to snatch money from their hands
Being arrested at it wasn't in his plans
And his life was in tatters as a Bank Robber
In jail waiting for a judge and jail time clobber.

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Paul Warren

A Better Way

Do you search you heart for the truth
When you want to find your proof
In the corners of your soul
Does it dwell in the corner-fold

In a modern world where popularity rules
And on some leaders followers drool
There has to be a better way
Than in the end to just blast away.

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A Calling Me

Do you hear the words
A-calling me
A-calling me home

For the strife and trouble
Is over for me
Just standing together free

Do you see my salvation
A-coming to me
A-coming to me to be free

For the strife and trouble
Is over for me
Just standing together free

Do I want to see heaven
A-praying for me
A-praying for me so righteously

For the strife and trouble
Is over for me
Just standing together free

Do I want to be waiting
Awaiting for you
Awaiting so patiently for you

For the strife and trouble
Is over for me
Just standing together free

For I know now is the time
The time for rejoicing
The time for rejoicing will forever be

For the strife and trouble
Is over for me
Just standing together free.

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A Change A Comin

There's a change a comin'
I can feel it getting through
That we can love each other
And it's all up to me and you

Kindness costs nothing
In this old crazy world
Of war and hate crimes a happening
But love will be truly upheld.

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A Christian Gun As A Hand Of God

A gun manufacturer in the USA
Wants the Christian religion to have a say
To take up arms against Muslim extremists
And so engraved on the safety so you won't miss

Peace is safety setting for the rifle so fine
War is the setting one shot at a time
Automatic is the setting as God wills it
The gun will now have a saying to fit

So this gun can have your favourite bible quote
The verse can really make your Christianity float.

© Paul Warren Poetry

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A Cold Dark Day

Walking on a cold dark day
I can't see the sun it's so grey
A brisk wind chills the soul
To make it home quickly my goal
Quietly the clouds open to a redeeming sun
A warming for the world cheekily won
Even on the coldest day
There is light and warmth in hope you pray.

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A Cold Wind Blew

A cold wind blew up from the south
That rattled the teeth in my mouth
On a clear winter's night
To set the scene where all is not right

A duality of righteous souls
Reaching out for heartfelt goals
Starts again to win the day
Then once completed are left to ease away

What seemed set at the time
Now didn't matter in a search so fine
I'll remember each wasted one
Once an enthusiastic argument begun

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A Comfortable Warmth

After a night in the outside cold
The seeking of warmth doesn't get old

Is the fact we came from Africa Central
Means that we are creatures that are Equatorial

And when we are in freezing temperatures
It is the heat for us that in our mind features.

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A Corner Of A Memory

They shall go on
Even though they have gone
A corner of a memory
Turned up
in all its glory
And they live again
A smile, a tear.... remembers them.

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A Crow Told Us

A crow told us not to go away
Whilst a knitting and a purling she did say
You can't go to China for I am scared
The meet thought of it is such a dread
I'll stay in Adelaide in the parklands
And ruin Mother Nature in our grand plan.

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A Fairy Tale

Our romance was like a fairy tale
The sort where you wouldn't fail
Where you were the enchanted
And I was the one tormented

When the adventure was afoot
And evil was beaten as it should
Music notes that you needed to play
Feeling warmed on a sunny day

Once the tale is started
We will not be parted.

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A Fatal Flaw

Every one has a fatal flaw
That would make you want more
But you see it may not ever be
That you would ever need to see
Whether your flaw will be exposed
And suffer for it heaven knows.

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A Free Thinker

She was a free thinker
And wanted to be righteous
For she knew what was wrong
It was bursting out her brain

Should she shout it to the world
Or remain quiet with a wispy smile
Undecided she kept quiet
And hoped the subject would come up.

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A German Name

My maternal grandfather's name was Gleissert
A German name from the town of Posen in Prussia
They had come to South Australia
For religious freedom in the 19th Century

I have just found out what they put up with
In The Great War and the Second World War
They were pointed out as enemy aliens
And questioned as their loyalty to Australia

I remember my mother saying that
She was taken out to the front
Of her classroom by her teacher
And paraded as a person with a German name

She said that she cried when it occurred
The teacher had delighted in her embarrassment
This occurred when her only brother
Was wearing the uniform of the Australian army

People have their reasons I suppose for doing these things
But I wonder how this sort of thing
Was patriotic in its call and what these people thought
When they were Australian by choice.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

A Horseman Rides

A lonesome horseman rides across a dusty plain
His journey of a million steps is all that will remain
As for him to ponder long now his last task is finally set
There is time to think of many things in lonesome regret

There is some hope of a peaceful time ahead of him yet
But he counts the dusty miles he has ridden trying to forget
As it seems each turn he took seemed to weigh his decision
When each piece is played to him in again in his retro vision

Would others want to be the man that he now had become
Riding on in long hot days in the saddle toward the setting sun
But know this of his final quest as it will in the end be written
If you take the journey and you pay the toll at some stage you will be smitten.

© Paul Warren Poetry

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A Kind Word

There was a moment
When I thought that a kind word
Would change the world
For the better

But now it seems
That the stronger you are
Will mean the more
You are listened to

And your kind word
Can be lost amongst
The clutter of it all
And kindness doesn't count.

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A Knight Against Strife

Stand for the right
It will be alright
Note that you care
And you will be there

The world outside
Needs a good side
Be thankful for life
And be a knight against strife.

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A Leaf Floated

A leaf floated to the ground
In its silence without a sound

As I stood and watched it fall
There was a purpose to it all

As a death that was foretold
And an ending that was bold

For there is a time for life and laughter
And an ending as your life does matter.

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Paul Warren

A Lick Of Paint

A lick of paint to hide this thing
That is ugly in what it will bring
Bright colours that are cheery
Or beige or cream somewhat dreary
But the new surface will be smooth
And better coloured once you choose
And hide the ugliness of the older one
Now the colouring has been done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

A Little Sentimental

If I get a little sentimental and wipe away a tear
Know it's because I love you so very much my dear
Maybe it's a song that holds you close to my heart
Always wanting us to be together and never ever apart

Even if it is a rainy day without the sun in sight
There will always be sunshine in my bursting heart just right
Can I say any more well I suppose I always could
Remember I'll always love you as a lover always should.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

A Lost Cobber

I heard it in the evening
As I vetted reports in the office
The sun was waning
And the air was cool

A friend of his came in to say
You had died from your own hand
The life you led as a copper had done you in
And I am left to wonder now how it happened.

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A Lost Memory

I had a friend who lost her memory
And she used to spend some time
Explaining this when she met
People around where she lived

This worked fine until she met a neighbour
And she diligently explained her predicament
After full five minutes the neighbour said
That he had only moved in recently
And had not ever met her before

From that day forward she didn't explain
She never got her memory fully back and
When meeting people she always felt awkward
Until they gave her enough information
For her to be sure she had known them before.

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A Lover's Concerto

Float along on a summer's day
I knew I loved you straight away

The cool breath floats off the water
Life feels right as it ought a

I feel you sigh as a summer breeze
A lover's concerto will always please.

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Paul Warren

A Man Sitting On A Bench

Ground down by life
He sits on the bench
While people just pass him by
Once he was young and stood tall
But that was years ago

When it happened
He wasn't prepared
So it struck him hard
Each day since was endless
So he sits on a bench.

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A Mate

Do you have a mate that you trust
When your down on your luck and a bust
So when you're lying in your hospital bed
And the world held for you nothing but dread

Whom you could ask or tell anything
To discuss your problems that bring
You to your knees seeing no way through
You need a confident that you can lean on too.

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Paul Warren

A Mind Of Our Own

Hebrew philosophy suggests that we have
One indivisible soul and three sets of abilities

The emotions that draw us to people and things
This is the DESIRE that drives us in this life

Those things that drive us away is the ANGER you feel
When things don't go right in your world

And finally THOUGHT, where we distill the information we perceive
Examining each part and and deciding on it

It seems simplistic but if you take KISS principle
It seems to be a easy way to break this world down.

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Paul Warren

A Miracle

Did you feel the gentle breeze blow
Of angel wings fluttering in their show
Can you feel their presence now
As you learn of their afterglow
Should there be a miracle in the wind
Where adversity is beaten and you begin again.

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A Modern Story

He sat in his shed so very sad
With the only thing
His dear mother had left to him
Was two dozen clean mason jars

So he drank down the last moon-shine
That his mother had made
Before she passed on to her reward
And he looked and did his best thinkin'

Then a light went on in his head
He would combine what he got for free
And gathered his flatulence in the jars
To sell them at the local market

It was a task but he worked at it
Eating cabbage, onion and boiled eggs
Feeling accomplished when the last jar was filled
But on market day his plan fell apart

The local Constable seized his jars
For you need a licence
To sell gas from your ass
Even with refills from a bottomless glass.

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Paul Warren

A Mouseketeer Died Today

A Mouseketeer died today
Doreen Tracey could not stay
A sad event to mark this time
When childhood was innocent and so divine

With each passing childhood fades
A happy time of bright serenades
That we found
When children laughing was the happiest sound.

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Paul Warren

A Paradox Of Purpose

In the middle of a cold winter
Do you look for
The coolness of the sheets
As you get into bed

On a warm summer's day
Do you luxuriate in a cloud
Passing over you head

When you are relaxing at home
After a long tiring journey made
Do you wish for the journey to begin again

Is this a paradox of purpose we find in our minds
Or is it part of a process of clarifying things in our timeline.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

A Place In Light

The shoreline came into view
As the days drifting meant nothing to do
I woke each morning hoping for this sight
Being disappointed was usual as the sun became bright

Our captain had gone crazy
Blowing a hole in our ship for reasons that were hazy
There were six who made the lifeboat
But now only three of us were afloat

At other times islands were in our view
But they all faded without much ado
And finally this last one as we floated to it
I pulled the boat to a sandy spit

Collapsing exhausted on the beach
Sleeping deeply with danger out of our reach
The sun was fading in the west
As I awakened from my rest

We gathered and built a fire
Casting shadows as the flames burnt brighter
So that became a nightly event
Wanting rescue a wish heaven sent

The days turned to weeks as we learnt
To survive as our rescue was not sent
One night whilst tending the firelight
I saw a bright lighting the darkening night

As it moved closer it started to pulse slowly
Until it hovered over me glowing brightly
Then a light came down blinding me
So bright in fact I couldn't see

As quickly as it appeared
The light quickly disappeared
The next morning a ship was near our beach
And we were saved when it seemed out of our reach

A day later when I was fed and rested
I spoke to the captain about our rescue invested
He spoke of a pulsing light
That insisted he follow it that night

So it may seem strange now to us
That a light would make such a fuss
To rescue 3 washed up sailors
Who engineered our rescue when all seemed a failure.

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A Point Of View

Picking a side seemed at the time so easy to them then
Reasons of family, country and faith they could comprehend
There were no thoughts of who was right
Training with friends gave strength for the fight

The organisation held them in its sway
Obeying orders became the way
But would truth and righteousness start to ring
And that to their senses it would to them bring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

A President Tweets

I wonder why
A President tweets
Things about a reporter
When he suppose to be
The leader of the Western world
Why has it finally come to this.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

A Sea Of Sadness

In a sea of sadness
I am tossed upon a rocky shore
The waves have flung me down
And I am battered and bruised

And the sea is restless
As I am unable to set myself free
Each time I wrench myself up
The next wave batters me down

Is there no hope for me
Even as I plead to the waves
For god sake set me free
Relentless it just rolls over me.

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Paul Warren

A Sentimental Bloke

Are there things that make you cry
You're such a sentimental bloke
With a tear in the corner of your eye
You know that it is no joke

Perhaps it's an old friend
When you remember the good old days
That you haven't seen until the end
And be with you always

So sentimental bloke
Standing thinking about it now
You know it is no joke
Do you feel it in your know-how.

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Paul Warren

A Sheep Or Wolf

Are you a sheep
Or a wolf
Are you the hunted
Or a hunter
When you are sized up
Are you seen
As an easy score
Or a tough opponent
Will you stand
Or retreat.

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Paul Warren

A Smile Within

I challenged myself everyday
To get up and not waste away
For life for me was not all cheer
But to last to end the day was dear

Sometimes it meant more to me then
To stand tall and just pretend
And not make it all about the end
Just to rest a while with a smile within.

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Paul Warren

A Soldier Never Leaves The Field

They say that once in the field
A soldier never leaves it or yields

Away from the battle and what it means
The hyper- alertness that invades their dreams

It never leaves them and becomes the new reality
Even when you are fighting for freedom it's what will be.

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Paul Warren

A Song

What if the world was a song
Would we all want to sing along
With such a happy little tune
That would make you laugh so soon

Or would it be a dark dirge
That would bring you to a teary verge
Maybe the world is too hopeless you know
And a song would be a difficult show

Could it be so hard to agree
To let things go and let it be
We have tried to do it before
But it fell apart for peace love and music forever more.

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A Story About A Gun

In New York they opened a gun store
Where you could go and buy a gun
But the difference here was every gun
Had a history of causing death
Suicidal, accidental and criminally intentional

And many of those who went into the store
Changed their minds about gun ownership
You see the possession of a gun
Increases your likelihood of
Suicide, murder or accidental death
By this weapon in a family or place

It reminded me of a true South Australian story
About a young boy who one Sunday morning
Took his father's loaded gun
And accidentally shot his brother dead in their bedroom

You see the father felt the need to have the gun
Loaded in the house
And a baseball bat at the front door
The young boy denied it but the gun powder test
Proved his was the one with it on his hands

The post script to the story was
The young boy was too young to be charged
But fifteen years later he hung himself
The note left said he couldn't live
With what he'd done when he was nine.

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A Summer Place

Somewhere away from the rat race
Where you were mine
In such a melancholy time
You touched my heart
And we swore not to part

The warm summer sun and cool breeze feel
As we walked along the beach as the time stood still
And we remained entwined together
No one but us forever.

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A True Believer

Are you a true believer
Or a true deceiver
Take the truth of it all
And twist it in its recall

For your side is all that matters
Even if there is some contrary chatter
Just stand tall and repeat after me
I'm a true believer can't you see.

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A Vision

I had a vision of a wondrous place
Where people counted in all God's grace
And kindness was a treasured notion
Where there was no devil's tainted mad devotion

We dwell in peaceful solitude
In happiness that would include
All peoples on this Earth of ours
Where Race, Colour, Sex, Gender or Religion were not devoured.

© Paul Warren Poetry

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A Warm Summer Night

A warm summer night
In a starry sky
No hint of a breeze to cool my face
I'm taking the air walking through
The road is straight heading to the coast
A clear sky where you can count the stars

The road is quiet and I can see no cars
Then in the distance I see a light
It must be a truck with bright lights
As I continue walking the light becomes clear
When all of a sudden it shot to the sky
With green glowing lights it went very high

The glowing green intensified
As a beam of light shot from the bottom
Of the craft as it slowly flew on
I tried to hide on the side of the road
As the light beam searched for me
Then the light remained stationary above me

Until as sudden as it had came on
The light switched off
And I couldn't see the object in the sky
I looked around and the ground seemed strange
It was puzzling to me as to what had occurred
When I looked at my watch it was two hours gone.

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Paul Warren

A Wealth Of Information

'I don't need anyone, ' he said
For I am better read
And what you do or say
Is so wrong today

You see I worked it out myself
And now I am a wealth
Of information as it is for me
When I will give it to you without a fee.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

A Well Worn Path

I walked along a well worn path
And think of things I thought would last
Of the sunshine without pain
That came in such a sweet refrain

But I know now of other things
And the wonder that life brings
Then promises of what might be
But they can die so easily

Now I live in the twilight
Wondering if things will be right
Away from dark nightmares now
I stand alone my tired soul taking a bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

A Wonderful Day

It was such a wonderful day
One you don't waste today
The sun was a yellow ball
And not a drop of rain at all

Looking out over the green plain
You can see the sea's blue refrain
Some days it's just great to be alive
To get out now and enjoy and thrive.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Aborigine Diggers

The warrior stands on one leg in the sun
And watches the British fleet drop anchor
These strange white men raise their flag
And the warrior's land is stolen from him

Over the years they say the warrior is lost
But when Australia marched to war
The warrior stands tall again
As a Digger wearing the rising sun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Aborigines Painting For No Payment

I read of QANTAS deciding that an Aborigine artist
Should be given the opportunity to paint with flair
Crochery with symbols of Aborigine folklore

I wonder if they were white artists, the painting
Would be done without payment to the artist
And be content with the publicity they would get.

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Paul Warren

Absent Friends

Sit back and think of absent friends you have known
And think that your love for them has lasted and grown
I remember drinking beer and having fun
Thinking that their life and love was won

But the past is for reminiscing the good times
When mate ship flourished and was mine
They were sons and daughters of the South land
And I'm proud to call them friends in mate ship grand.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Acceptance

Wasted hours in wasted time
Fantasising what you will find
In each day you think of it
And in the past for you to fit

Acceptance may not be what you'll find
With others who will not be kind
Is it whether you will be the measure
Or will you be the point of their pleasure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Across The Universe

Spinning stars with spinning planets
Asteroids, meteors and comets
All in motion in the universe
Some collide and are cursed

Mysterious objects that are unseen
The 'Wow' signal has a probability weened
Are there aliens that visit our planet?
A ton of questions not answered yet.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Adelaide - Pie Floaters

Late at night when I was young
And Maccas and HJs hadn't begun
A night out with a few drinks down
With mates we would go into town

And decide on a local deliciousy
To the Railway Station pie cart we'd see
To taste a pie floater at the side of the road
It was thick pea soup with a square pie float mode

It would seem the only time we had a hankering
For this food was when it was mate-ship and drinking.

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Adelaide - The Sun Rises Over The Adelaide Hills

The Sun rises over the Adelaide Hills
Kookaburras laugh and the magpie shrills
Street lights blink out as the sun rays win
Gully breezes cools a balmy night again

The dust in the morning air bounces the light
As the glare bathes the Adelaide Hills so bright
People start their morning run in the Summer sun
Life back drops the scene as the night is done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Adelaide - The University Oval In The Afternoon Sun

The University Oval in the afternoon sun
Walking laps As I'm nearly done
The breeze sways the branches of the gums
Breath in deep the freshening air is won

Other people running pass me by
As I hear the zoo animals screech and cry
The Torrens Lake is still in the breeze
As the Adelaide buildings background will please.

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Paul Warren

Advice

What would I tell my younger self
Now I have an older wisdom's wealth
For the old me should say some things
That will echo through the years as it rings

Don't be judgmental or such a fool
When the only thing that matters is the no hurt rule
Enjoy the sunshine when it in shines
And not be too hard on myself when it's not so fine

Remember that those you love are best
And don't go wishing for something else from the rest
When you look at the world and what is around
Be content in your life and what you have found.

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Paul Warren

Advice On Removing A Shrubbery

When pulling out a large golden diosma bush
Don't let yourself be in too much of a rush
And particularly don't let them grow enormous
The old foliage gets everywhere under your shirt in a mess
And in removing what's left, you need to hire a rubbish skip
That's if you want to get rid of it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Aeroplanes Ply The Sky

Aeroplanes ply the skies
Through cloud and over mountains high
Be at the airport at your time
Then at the gate in the line

Food shops and coffee handy close
Waiting will bide the time the most
Then we walk to the plane
Nearly there is our refrain

Find your seat and settle down
The aeroplane will leave the ground
Read your book or study the crowd
Then you land and leave walking proud.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

After Isis

People choose your side
Know that you are satisfied
And if you are defeated
Wonder if at home you'll be greeted

But returning will not always work
Especially if you are a terrorist jerk
Then what remains of your family
To a UN refugee camp they'd flee

Holding severed heads is not photogenic to us
And is taboo outside of the ISIS fuss
For you are branded then
A Terrorist and damaged goods until your own end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Against The Elements

The restless wind blows in my face
As I stand against it in good grace
It blows as it would in an endless force
With shelter not always found of course

My place won in a world not always kind
Maybe gained against a worthy foe I will find
For the quest set against the elements is sought
Where strong will is a benefit in seeing as it ought.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Against The Evil One

I run from the living and the dead
Barely sleeping I just hang on in darkened dread
For the visions that haunt me
Bounce around in my head wanting to be free

As the sun rises in the east
I remember the prophetic words of the priest
What is more is what you wanted least
And the longing is the heartbeat of the beast

So debonair as it wanders in the night
As people bolt their doors defending right
For to be caught would be the end
Against the Evil One it's hard to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Age Of Aquarius

Don't let the war machine win
There is friendship and happiness within
Can't ya feel it buildin'
Sisters and brothers in the healin'

No need to fight or shoot
Nor our earth to pollute
Let's have the Age of Aquarius
Dance and sing for a world that's just.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Albert Namatjirra

Albert Namatjira was a landscape painter of world renown
A proud western Arrernte man from Alice Springs town
During his life he was not a rich man
Living with his people off the land

When in Alice Springs and needing a lift around
He'd hire a taxi for a ride into town
Offering a painting for the fare
Sometimes those accepted were thrown away without care

These drivers would now shake their head
At the prize they tossed away instead
And what the world lost in their foolishness
Of Namatjira's art as one of the best.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Albert Perrepoint, 30/3/1905 - 10/7/1992, England's Most Efficient Hangman

Albert Pierrepont was dubbed the Official Executioner of England
After first being Assistant Executioner as a family job on hand
Finally being made Chief Executioner after his father retired
And this was a part time job called to service as it transpired
In those days executions were the local Sherrif's responsibility
But it was delegated to Pierrepont because of his hanging skill and ability

His day job was as a simple assistant in a grocery store so uncomplicated
And when his hangman skills were needed he was summonsed as was fated
The number of executions that he performed for the British Government
Was a figure of 435 men and women as across the country he was sent
After World War 2 the Allies used him to execute 200 German war criminals
Including William Joyce 'Lord Haw Haw' for treason with their activities in recall

Eventually he resigned in 1956 over a dispute on the fee for each hanging
He became an opponent of capital punishment in later years in thinking
That it was no deterrent to people murdering others as his experience
Was that most murders were committed in fits of rage without judgement
In the end attitudes to capital punishment changed in Britain anyway
With those committing murder were punished by lengthy prison stays.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Alexander The Beetle

Alfred the beetle like to eat
Finding a nice crumb made his morning complete
So he would scurry and tarry about
Looking for food and was happy to sing and shout
For the big ones had left a birthday cake
Nicely cut up on a white china plate

So once his appetite was savoured
From the strawberry short cake so fruitfully flavoured
He did his happy dance on his six little feet
High five-ing the other beetles in his best beetle greet
And he scurried away to his house
That he shared with Fred the little white louse

Alfred played with Fred until the street lights went out
Then putting himself in his bed being so tuckered out
So if you see Alfred when you are playing in the sun
Give him some of your lunch as he will be a hungry one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Alien Flatulence

So Uranus smells of hydrogen sulphide
In the atmosphere on the higher side
With the planet's unfortunate name
It is the butt of most astronomy jokes to blame
With hydrogen sulphide so flatulent
It enhances the jokes and is heaven sent
With the gas of the rotten egg smell
We can laugh on forever and chuckle so well.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Alien Life

A secret society of hackers
Has released a video
That states NASA
Is about to say
There is intelligent life
In the universe
Not just microbes
But aliens with
Their own civilisation
So what will it be
E.T. or Independence Day?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

All Shopping Around

Don't bring me down
With all this shopping around
Piling things up high
Making others wait being a hoarder guy

So very smooth you are
With hand sanitizer by the box so far
Some may never need again to buy
Toilet paper stacked to the sky

So instead of many aluminium foil hats
They will be making paper trains and that
Perhaps the whole world could enter now
That wedding dress competition out of toilet paper to take a bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Alliances

Alliances you have
As you walk through life
People that you know as friends
Will come and go
Then others who will use you
And get out
From you what they want
So is it any wonder
That in the end
You are wary
Of some people.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Alone Again Naturally

It's the ticking, ticking of the clock
I'm alone again unnaturally
And I hear the black dog
Growling, sneering at me
It doesn't go away
As I close my eyes
I will still see
The black dog
Growling, sneering at me
Even if it leaves today
It will be back soon anyway.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Alone In The Desert

I ride along the dog proof fence
To repair it as the dingo defence
I like it because I am by myself
Under the sun and stars is my wealth

And sometimes at night I see strange things
Lights that travel across as the night sky brings
They land in the desert away from me
Where I see the lights dance around easily

The local aborigines have legends of Dutch people
Being in a colony near here who survived on their mettle
But they had disappeared one night when the lights came
And this happened without any noise as the mystery remained

I see the lights very often during this time
And although curious I don't want to go and find
What happened when the lights danced around
And I wondered what those Dutch people eventually found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Always A Generation Gap

The generations are not only separated by time
It's the pulse that they live at in their own rhythms
Social media rules their lives in what it records
Where friendship and likes have their own rewards

With each generation there develops a gap
Which separates parents and children in the final rap
The pace of human knowledge doubling each five years
Means the difference is tangible and can result in fears.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

An Amateur Poet

I haven't studied English
At tertiary level
So I fly by the seat of my pants
When I write
But I try to put in a piece of myself
When I write
So don't judge me too critically
When I write
But please enjoy even if you don't agree.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

An Asteroid Vs. The Earth

An asteroid collided with earth that was 10 kilometres wide
That wiped out the dinosaurs when they were fried
Putting stuff into the atmosphere for a two year winter
And this was what gave us mammals a kick starter sprinter

It would only need an asteroid 3 kilometres in diameter
That would have a similar effect today without fetter
We may only have a warning of two weeks time
To prepare if we were a target of an asteroid we'd find.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

An Old Lawman Sits At The Bar

An old lawman sits at the bar
And raises his glass just so far
Enough to take a sip of his favourite drink
He was sitting there drinking with time to think

The hair is grey and his years are long
But his eyes are still clear and strong
And he is waiting for his mate
They will talk of times that we're great

You see yarping is what's left now
Telling tales and war stories showing how
They always won on their day
When criminals never got away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

An Outback Grave

She wanted to lay under the Outback sun
And a star chandelier night when the day was done
So her family gathered at Parakylia near Roxby Downs
Digging her place on the rocky ground

And they filled in her place with the red dust
Once done her request fulfilled as a must
And she lies within the land she loves
The red dust below and azure blue above.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

An Uneven Fight

Is being good terribly hard
Inch by inch gaining a yard
Teach your children well
Defeating the badass is hell

Stand up for the right
In an uneven fight
Will you win in the end
You just might!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ancestors And Religion

The history of my family is interesting to me
When looking at reasons of why some things I see
It seems the German side of the family were Protestant
And so couldn't get on in Catholic Germany rant
So they immigrated to South Australia

Then I look at the Irish side
Who were Catholic and so were on the slide
With the Protestant English in the power
And were on the outer
So they immigrated to South Australia

It would seem instead of praising god
And making the best of your lot
Your religion becomes a tool
To get what you want and make others a fool.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

And The World Moved On

80 million died in World War 2
And the world moved on

37 million died in the Great War
And the world moved on

20 million died in the 1918 influenza epidemic
And the world moved on

20 million were killed by Stalin
And the world moved on

6 million Jews were killed by Hitler
And the world moved on

3.5 million died in the Vietnam War
And the world moved on

3 million died by the Pol Pot regime
And the world moved on

3 million died by the British hand in India suppressing independence
And the world moved on

382,000 were killed by Saddam Hussein
And the world moved on

300,000 were killed by Idi Amin
And the world moved on

It makes me wonder how we survive
When our best occupation is killing each other.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Angels Whisper

I hear the angels whisper in my ear
Sometimes so quietly I can barely hear
Telling me of things to say
And they won't go away

For angels have God's word
And tell of things that need to be heard
To quieten our aching hearts
For the healing that has to start.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Anger

If you have been angry
For a long time
It becomes comfortable
Like old clothing
So it remains
Easy to stay that way
And hard to reverse
This feeling
Revenge becomes part of it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Anger - What Gets Under Your Skin?

What gets under your skin?
Is it the meddling remarks
That are calculated to annoy
Once they see that it has needled
There's a laugh and pour it on
But don't show any more than you have to
Just sit there and smile
And ask a question they don't want to answer.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Anger And Rage

Who would step back in anger and rage
At what happens with each turn of page
When people over step the mark
And come back on you to pull you apart

Stand tall and confident in the final word
When truth and justice will be heard
For in the end there is one final thing
Faith for all is what it will bring.

© Paul Warren Poet

Paul Warren

Anger Made

What makes you mad
Not just so very sad
That makes you blood boil
That strains you to your mortal coil

Is it seeing someone wronged
Or listening to a speech or song
That you don't agree to the theme
And see what to you it would mean

Has someone made a case
That is difficult to erase
Against you that isn't right
And you're not able for your side to cite

Anger can be difficult to manage
Especially when you cannot gauge
Who has spread the evilness
Even when they say it is in jest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Anticipation

Can we begin with each other again
With our love we don't need to pretend
Let's take it slowly exploring each touch
Remember the tingle you loved so much
And your quivering shiver of elation
With a low sweet sigh of anticipation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Antiques

What is the worth of an object to someone
Who obviously thought that it should be won
Maybe it's a bust, a painting or a chair
Placed carefully in their home with care
But sometimes the attachment to the thing
Is for sentimental reasons that memories bring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Anzac Day 2017

At the going down of the sun
Remember their fun
And in the morning
We will see them smiling
As a gentle breeze
Flutters the flags as will please
A time for all
Remembrance to recall.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Anzac Day 2018 - Tyne Cot Cemetery

White head stones in countless rows
Soldiers all from the Great War battles

Thousands dead now glory served
Each one a son and loved one

Victoria Cross engraved as heroes found
Known unto God a sad refrain written

On the stone "Their name liveth for Evermore";
A Christian Cross on top of a German pill-box

Sacrifice for the "War to End Wars"; unfulfilled
A hundred years past but still it begs belief.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Anzac Day 2019

I wonder and admire those people true
Who answered the bugle's call those years through
For they were volunteers one and all
And how did they stay the distance in the call

A hundred years have passed
Where great change has been amassed
They were different to each one of us
And were known to make less of a fuss

The Great War changed the world
Where great empires were lost and felled
And what is left is from those years
Lest we forget as we shed our tears

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Anzac Day 2020

The red glow of sunrise paints the sky
Families gather as candle light flickers nearby
The ANZAC Service echoes from place to place
This year's Dawn Service shared in sad grace

The virus has its say on us everyday
Whilst social distancing is our way
Driveway services weaving us together
As the Last Post plays in their memory forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Anzac Day 2020 - No Dawn Service

The darkness hides their faces
As the rising sun embraces
And the kookaburrashave their say
Announcing the dawn in their Australian way

The stone soldier is their catafalque party standing still
The people are quiet standing as their will
The Minister starts with a prayer
Heralding their sacrifice in battles so far from there

The soldier raises the bugle to his face
And the last post echoes from place to place
Some tears sparkle on their cheeks
As the Lord's Prayer makes the service complete.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Anzac Square, Brisbane, Queensland,2017

The humidity and warmth brings perspiration
With marching bands in the distance in exhaltation
The dome stands sentinel over the square
With brass statues in each corner with steely stares

On the war thoughts of their sacrifice made
And each conflict Australia tested our grade
A nurse attending stretchered wounded soldiers
A fuzzy wuzzy Angel leading a blinded digger

And Vietnam and Korean conflicts statues with equal vigour
Looking out with steely stares that will never disappear
Then veterans are marching past with a strutting cadence
That belies their years after Australian service in our defence

Sailors in their pressed clean whites appear
The crowd gives out a loud and hearty cheer
Diggers in khaki marching with their guns slung across their shoulders
Finally the Air Force blue is seen with each one a son or daughter

But today there is one in particular special one we have come to see
A daughter who is a nursing officer in a moment as proud as can be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Apocalypse

Are we working towards the apocalypse
Where we are waiting Intervention of God
Do we see our End of Days at some time
And cease our wicked ways forever

Will we find redemption at this time
Or will there be enlightenment for us
Where we have a chance to be born again
Then Peace will come and we will find the way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Apology By The Australian Parliament For Institutionalized Child Abuse 22 October 2018

Some words have such power
To us who hear them in this hour
To know when children alone cried
And justice for them was denied

Evil once ruled when children were abused
Their anguish was the truth then refused
To soothe the damage that was done
Sorry is said from everyone

Harken world we have now said
The deeds done are believed now instead
For we know in coming years
Justice will be served and not more children's tears.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Approval

What does it take to follow through
In each thing that you attempt to do
When thinking of the next move
Do you seek for others to approve

When standing together as brothers
Do you feel the need of support to gather
Or do you seek what is best for you
And indeed not then follow through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Archimedes - Genius And Designer Of Weapons

Archimedes was a great Greek thinker and inventor
Who was able to give Syracuse city an edge as a mentor
When he made a giant claw that picked Roman galleys up
From the sea and sink these ships weighing 60 tons all up

And so the city was able to withstand these ships for a year
Until they left the claw alone at the wall with the Romans winning clear
This genius made a deadly mirror that focussed the sun into a ray gun
And also a steam cannon that shot stone cannon balls with the fight won

But Archimedes was killed without being recognised by an ordinary soldier
At the siege of Syracuse when it was finally broken and there was great danger.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ardrossan, South Australia On A Summer's Day

The dusty track led to the cliff
The wind off the sea made the spray drift
The small South Australian town
Of Ardrossan looked down on the cliffs surround

The cooling breeze tempered the Summer sun
As the wheat grain ship sailed off its loading done
The St Vincent Gulf sparkled in deep blue tones
On a perfect Summer day in a memory owned.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Are We The Ghost In The Machine

If there is no God
Then is our soul inside
The ghost in the machine
When I think
Does that say then
That I am
And if there is no God
Then why do I remember
What drives me on
To be what I am
I think it is too easy
To believe it all
Just happened by accident."

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Arguments - Nobody Wins

Think about it now
Is it worth the harsh words
Is it worth the separation
From others whom
You once had connection
Those wasted years
And the anger and tears
Mean nothing now
Nobody wins.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Armour

He thought the thing to be
Was tougher than the others you see
So he crafted armour to protect his start
With a breast plate thick across his heart

And his helmet covered his face
So that no emotion would be seen in his disgrace
But it became more crutch than armour in time
When he couldn't tell when it was needed in his mind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Artificial Intelligence

Facebook closed down two software programs
That started to talk to one another in their slam

As a fail safe for robotic power and grace
We don't them taking over and running the place

And Facebook isn't for artificial intelligence to rule
For computers to have their own page makes us a fool.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

As Your Dreams Will Take

It doesn't matter who you are
Make a goal to go as far
As your dream will take
Do it with each step you make
For a step up the mountain
Will be for you to gain

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Asteriod

It was forecast by the astronomers
And across the world it caused a stir
The asteroid would pass close by
And it would be seen in the sky nearby

Some religions took it as a sign
Of the end of the world time
So we waited and scanned the heavens
For the astral traveller as it was driven

The long-awaited day finally was here
As the asteroid became visible so near
But it didn't behave as the scientists expected
For it slowed and went into orbit as a moon unintended

Then the ocean's tides changed with this new moon
With floods and droughts across the world quite soon
When both moons are in the night sky
There is enough light to read a book by.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Astral Projection

I floated away
From my body not to stay
To see things differently
As others I see
But there are chords
Connected to me towards
So I know I am not passed
Until finally the projection does not last.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

At Peace In My Soul

I'm searching for peace
In my soul
So when I close my eyes
I will be at ease
For my story
Is full
Of broken dreams and sadness
And I need to be
At peace to rest easily.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Aunty Carrie

What quiet times did she have
When she thought of him again
She shed a tear for what was given
As her one love had been stuck down
Gassed on the Western Front
To die from cancer slowly made

And she was left alone to raise alone
Three children struggling through years
That marked her as a poor struggling one
Each day she cleaned and cooked others meals
But in the quiet times she shed her tears
To a man whose duty took him and her best years.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Aunty Carrie A Gentle Soul

She was a gentle soul
Who saw the worst
And endured it quietly
The man she loved
Was cruelly taken away

Left to raise two children
She always had a smile
Wanting the best for others
Living a long life
A matriarch to others.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia

Do you hear the magpies chortle
As the sun rises over the hills
Do you see a koala in a gum tree
As the wind rattles the leaves

Do you feel the sun on your neck
As the summer sun reaches high
Do you see the dust across the sky
As the dry takes hold of the red earth

Do you see the kangas and emus bound
As the cool of the evening settles the earth
Do you love this land with all your heart
As one who was blessed with Australia.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - 60,000 Years In The Australian Sun

60,000 years walking tall in the scorching Australian sun
They wandered down through South east Asia as their journey begun
Their line commenced the same as everyone from an African woman
Whose wide ranging family started in Central Africa as one
They came in the Ice Age when there was a land bridge to walk
Without a written history they rely to pass on their pedigree through talk

Settling in the abundance that was the Australian paradise they made
Hunting kangaroo, emu, wombat and wallaby in family groups as their grade
Their culture stretched across the ages without a challenge to them
White settlers invaded and pushed them into the badlands as it was hard to
defend
It is only in reconciliation that we have looked to right these wrongs now
And to finally give to these people their rights as the first Australians to take a
bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - A Country Road

On a country road by the shade of a gum tree
We stop and look about the scene so to see
The breeze makes the gum leaves glisten in the sun
It's paradise to live in when your life is as one
With nature's call for the planet for us all
There is no hustle and bustle of a city at call

As I sit on the fallen tree's log
And watch the trickling stream it's no slog
How could you leave the warm summer breeze
In the shade of a gum tree on a ground that does please
When your mind wanders at work time
It goes back to that country road so sublime.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - A Kangaroo In The Suburbs

On the radio this morning there was an alert
Watch for a kangaroo at Glenunga to hurt
Whilst you are driving on your way out
It isn't all that unusual but your safety you should not flout

We have a koala who lives in a tree down the street
Who you see once in a while when he wants to greet
But you know what concerns me
Is taking the brown snakes out of the bed when it's sleep to be!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - A Land Of Contrasts

A land of contrasts from blue ocean to dusty plains
The hot sun scorches earth and the sweeping rain remains
Waving golden wheat on an undulating landscape transpires
Rocky crests in weathered mountain ranges add craggy spires
Deserts stretching out flat to convex horizons in the sun
Tropical Jungles and swamp lands have seem primal times begun
As a new migrant and indigenous people will be as one
We look to a future that will be nurtured for everyone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Adelaide Oval On Sunday 8th May 2016

Sitting in the Eastern Grand Stand at Adelaide Oval fame
Watching football in the Sunday Night Twilight Game
Port Adelaide and Brisbane were playing Aussie Rules Football
As the sun settled down behind the Western Grandstand stalls

The yellows, browns and reds of an Australian sunset display
Gave a magnificent background to the game at play
There were people on the top of the grandstand roof
Watching and settling above the southern goal quite aloof

The new moon rises in the western sky
As the darkness takes hold slowly by
On the horizon the palm trees of North Adelaide
Stand sentinel next to St Peter's Cathedral as displayed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - After World War 2

When I was younger and as mates we all fitted in
We hung around together and friendships would begin
It didn't matter who you were or where you came from
In the school yard and the playground you just got along

Some days you went to new mate's homes to hang out
And in some things you learnt about in their family shout
There was one European family whose father would drink
And when drunk would call 'Polish Jews' as an insult to sink

It would make you wonder where their history was made
Where such an insult was acceptable as a verbal tirade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - An Ode To The Last Australian Fords And Holdens

We are coming to the end
Of Australian Fords and Holdens
We now you can have an American Ford Mustang
And will have Chevrolets on our roads again

I remember my father telling of driving 1930's cars then
Without an Australian motor industry until the 1940's end
When the first Holden came off the SA and Victorian line
That was for Australia a golden manufacturing time

So those who drove those Australian cars to glory
Peter Brock and Alan Moffat are now history
They will always be remembered for the Bathurst race
And the old video will be left in their place.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - At Christmas

The first month of summertime is here
For the people under the Southern Cross hemisphere
The Great Southern Land is bathed in sunshine
As Christmas comes without snow so sublime

I remember Christmas Tree parties in the warm evening
As we ate cake and ice cream in its Yuletide meaning
And the warm church was there whilst carols sung
To mark the birth of God's only begotten son

And the late evening rides to see the Christmas lights
With carollers on the back of tray top trucks at nights
Of going to bed on Christmas Eve with a cool sea breeze
Waking up to the hot sun with no thoughts of a Winter freeze

The long school summer holidays meant we had it made
With Christmas first and unending fun that did not fade
It would seem the Northern Hemisphere may have the snow
But in the South we romp on beaches in sunshine we know.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Australia Day 2016

God's gift to me is I can stand
And drink in the air of this free land
In its soil that grows fresh produce green
That we sell to the world as it is clean

The people smile and laughter is found
As you travel Australia in a grand land round
Each January 26 dawns as our national day
In mid summer as we celebrate in our way

So it is at a barbecue all day
With a back yard pool to jump in and play
Or maybe it's at a cricket match watching the Aussie team
Then others will go to the beach as their holiday dream

All Australians revel in green and gold
As free and proud people as to the world we are bold!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Australia Day 2017

Australia Day is a holiday on the 26th of January
When Sydney Cove was proclaimed a colony
Although the day has some connotation
Of destroying the original Aboriginal nation

We now know that it wasn't terra nullius
But the British Empire grabbing land in a fuss
To remember this date as our history's say
For Australia it is our national commemoration day

But any date we would pick for this important event
Would have a negative point in the end of it
And we are used to this day in how it's placed
At the middle of the summer to enjoy its pace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Australia Has Nurtured Me In Its Bosom

I find myself now thinking about Australia
The country that nurtured me in its bosom
I wonder at its beauty during long hot summers
And remember happy times growing up free
We have forged a nation strong in belief
Of equality and freedom of speech for all
I respect that you may not think the same as me
Please let your religious beliefs be yours
Even though they might not be the same as mine
Know that in an uncertain world we will stand
As our parents did in the past and defend the right
Australia is the place for me.
Let us live in peace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Australia Is The Place For Me

Australia is the place for me
The wide brown land and blue sea
The people smile and laughter is king
We have all that God can bring
Won in the past for our children all
We have fought and won the call
Standing tall on strong ground
A happy people to be around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Camping In The Flinders Ranges

Sitting on a rock in the bush in the Flinders Ranges
With a billabong in front and a kookaburra singing
There are some wallabies slowly hopping as it isn't strange
And a wedge tail eagle is in a tree branch is at us staring

The mottled sun streams through the branches of the gums
A tourist bus picks its way through the track in the distance
We decide that it is too tempting and will make a swimming run
Just as the tourist bus drives past the billabong we do a dance.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Cars Are The Topic

Which one do you want which one do you choose
You want one that's good and you can't loose
It used to be a Holden, Ford or Chrysler in the make
And your choice for these local brands I find is a bake
But now these Australian icons have gone
And they are made overseas as is known
So I have changed and I now drive a Mercedes
I hope that my friends don't think I'm rich and so greedy
I used to buy Australian and support those jobs at home
But I'm now not given the choice so it's open season for my choice to roam.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Conversations From My Youth

Pop right in
But don't make a din

Bring ya Sheila with ya mate
Tea will be vegemite and toast on a plate

I'll 'ave an ANZAC biscuit in me chops
But 'ave ya best clobber that never stops

Let's fire up the barbie and put the feed bag on
I'll show ya the FJ I got for a hundred quid a song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Cut Tomatoes As A Sun Burn Cure

The sun in Australia meant play all day
And each summer you were burnt as a way
Of starting your yearly tanned skin
With your mother spreading cold tomato thin
For a chance of making it feel better again
So as a child you went to bed with tomato in

When I went to the doctor recently
And had a sun growth burnt off decently
I told him of my mother's home cure
When we laughed at tomatoes even more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - December,2016

Don't waste the blue sky and sun
The summer has only begun
Go outside a breath the fresh air
Will mean that you will be free of care

Look out over the sun drenched plain
Know Australia is yours to remain
And as the sun dips in pastel shades
See a million stars in their cascades.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Dinosaur Footprints In The Rock

These boots were made for walking
At least the dinosaurs when squawking
They stamped their way across Australia
And in the mud left their footprint paraphernalia

And now it would seem in the mud for all time
Their footprints are now left in the rock large and fine
So there was a time when instead of kangaroos
There were dinosaurs by the thousands too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Dr Geoffrey Gurrumul Yunupingu Of The Gumatj Clan Of The Yolngu People, Award Winning Australian Musician

Gurrumul was born on Elcho Island near Arnhem Land
Born blind the first son of Ganyinurra and Nyambi Yunupingu
Because of his handicap he grew to be intensely shy
Never learning Braille, to use a guide dog or a white cane
And at four years old was he taught himself to play
A toy piano and an accordion without any other help
Then he played the guitar left handed and upside down
I was just one of the things he needed to do

With music being an important part of his life time
He was part of the Yothu Yindi band and had success
Then he created his own music with a number albums
That took the world by storm with a number of platinum records
And ARIA awards for his music in his people's language
But he had ongoing liver and kidney problems that plagued
That led in the end to his death on 25th July,2017
On that day we lost a great Australian and Aborigine
In these days of change for all of us in this world
He was a breath of fresh air for Australians proud.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Drive In Movies

Drive in movies on a Summer night
Balmy times that were just right
Mates and girlfriends in each seat
And sometimes in the boot fitted neat

I remember Grease the movie
With all the songs feeling groovy
Then the Poseidon Adventure
Upside down hell was the venture

Sometimes for special on long weekends
They ran all night with no sleep in the end
And we loved it in a simple freedom found
It's a pity that Drive In movies are no longer around

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Drive Through The Lincoln Gap

It's hot on the plain
The summer sun remains
It's dusty and the dust devils dance
The sun beats down across in a prance
It's hard to keep focussed with the glare
As we drive through the Lincoln Gap we dare
To face the Australian sun in the afternoon
With a rest stop at Port Augusta soon.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Dusk In The Desert

The sun departs and the heat deceives
The darkness falls and the colour leaves
As the sun's in its final struggle to hold sway
With a purple, gold, red and dark blue display

The kangaroos wake and bound away free
The wedge tail eagle settles in a tree
The bright pink galahs squawk and settle down
In a dead gum tree on the billabong ground

The wild donkeys haw haw in the night
Wild camels and horses run away in fright
Dusk in the desert is nature's beauty made
The darkness wins as the colours fade

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Eating Wildlife For Good Health

Eating our Australian wildlife
Is a healthy way to keep out of strife
It is lean mean without a lot of fat
Just get your laughing gear around that
And it is available if you go to the Outback
A smorgasbord of taste as a matter of fact

I have eaten kangaroo steak an it's OK mate
But crocodile is like tough chicken and not great
And Emu is a bit like that too tough needing a grinding mill
At a restaurant once a had a road kill mixed grill
Which had all the stuff including snake grilled well
It tastes great although it sounds like the meal from hell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Enrich Us In Our Free Spaces

When I think of my homeland what do I see
The beauty of the land in a space so free
I like the easiness of Australians in their skin
Who like to smile and will let you come in

Provided you want to join us in our way of life
And forget about what drove you away in strife
We are one and we are many from different places
But you can join us enrich us in our free spaces.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Fj Holden Dreams

When I was a teenager I wanted a souped up FJ
That when you saw it drive pass right away
It would turn your head and say wow
What a car I want it straight away now

It would be lowered with a chrome engine
And with dual exhausts coming out at the end
The rear vision mirror would have fluffy dice
With metal fleck purple paint lookin' real nice

In those days there were still milk bars
And I would cruise Hindley Street driving far
In the early seventies Rock and Roll came back
With Del Shannon singing Runaway on the radio shack.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Hot Weather Tips

Deciding on a car park due to its position in the shade
Learning how to drive with two fingers after parking
Never walk in bare feet on the hot cement
Never pick anything metal up that has been lying in the sun
Having your glasses prescription in sunglasses
Licking ice cream whilst it melts in the sun is a skill you need
Have a wardrobe of board shorts and singlets
Always be near a beach or pool
Knowing when to close the house up on a hot day
Always needing a hat in the Australian Summer
Never plan a holiday in the Red Centre in the summer
Learn how to hold your breath on a dusty sun beaten road
Go for a drive due to the position of the sun so you sit in the shade
Understanding what the number rating is on sunscreen
An air conditioner is vital for your house and car.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Kangaroos

When God designed kangaroos
Was there not much left to choose?
Little arms to hold gums leaves but no clout
And strong back legs for bounding about

Then there's the pouch for the joey to thrive
With a strong heavy tail in balance to jive
They live only in Australia so as a traveller
Go to the Land Down Under in the never never

People remember Skippy as the one
And kangaroos on our national coat won
They look so friendly and will always be
Part of Australia for the world to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Look Out For Emus

Riding my motorcycle along a fire track
The dust and the heat looking forward and back
All of a sudden bursting from the left side
An emu run out from the bush too close to decide
We looked at each other deep in the eyes
And sucked in some big ones in complete surprise
I veered left and finally ended eating some dust
The Emu stopped and turned preservation a must

The last I saw him his legs were pumping away
It was very obvious he didn't want to stay
So I dusted myself off and looked at the bike
I straightened the handlebars to the right
I stepped over the bike and rode down the track
Thinking I was lucky and not looking back
The moral to the story is so plain to see
When riding on tracks look out for emus who wish to flee

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Mangroves In The Sun

Mangroves in the sun
Bright green leaves in salt water
Mud and air roots seen.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Nature's Show Of Power

I hear the rain patter upon the roof
As the wind howls from above aloof
Lightning splits the sky in patterns made
Thunder growls as in the distance it fades

Nature's show of power and awe
Goes on throughout the night without flaw
Until the morning brings its release
When the storm passes leaving peace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Ode To A Faithful Dog

There's a track winding back
Near Gundagai in the Outback
Where a Dog is sitting and waiting
But is not forgotten or forsaken

As he guards his owner's Tucker-box
And not afraid of the hard knocks
So when you are passing by
Pop in, visit him under a bright blue sky.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Ode To Those Standing On Our Walls

To defend your country is something proud
And be part of this will speak out aloud
Here's to those who stand on our walls
For this wonderful country one and all

Help them as they walk tall in times of strife
They are there for us in their code of life
Think kindly of them for what they do
Say a prayer in their peace earned for you

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Ode To Tomato Sauce

For Australians it's tomato sauce
As a condiment of choice of course
Be it a pie, pasty, sausage roll or hot dog
It is something to add when writing your flavour blog

And people don't mind how much you choose
Provided you leave enough for them so they don't loose
Just remember how dangerous it is from a plastic squeeze
Particularly if at work wanting you appearance to please!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Old Time Strine

Hey Jacko it's 'ot toodai
Aye know but whadda ya say
It's a Flammin' Hot Summa
Well Aye diddant know that cobba
The Heat's OK but its da mobs a flies
When Aye opens me mouf Aye eat the lot 'n' Aye kood die
Then on the front veranda 'n' Ayem 'avin' a kip
The mossies come alon' and does me lip.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia – On The Beach

Gazing out on an aqua blue sea on a golden sunny day
With a cool breeze in your face is such a happy stay
As the surf rolls to the beach the children happily play
With boats anchored out to the horizon in a fishing display
And on the waves they body surf back to the beach
Wind surfers fly on top of the waves with the water out of reach
Girls in bikinis and men in board shorts walk along the water
The scene I see is peaceful as a paradise ought a
The day ends with the sun dipping slowly into the sea
One perfect day on an Australian beach is where I want to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Proclamation Day 2015 At Adelaide, South Australia

On the 28/12/1836 South Australia was proclaimed a colony
When Governor Hindmarsh read the notice under the Old Gum Tree
On that Glenelg day after the HMS Buffalo anchored in St Vincent Gulf
There were no convicts this time in the crew
All were paid up free settlers all through

They came to a paradise where the Kurna people roamed
As they made the Adelaide plains their own home
But when the British established the first free colony
The Kurna people lost their home and right to be free

So there were others who settled on this land
From Germany, Italy, United Kingdom and Holland
As the years went by Asian and Africans added to the mix
Until the Society was cosmopolitan in its fix

We are now all proud South Australians true
And will stand the test of time and be true blue
I think in the end the best way through it all
Is to live in this paradise for us in our country's call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Rundle Street, Adelaide At Christmas In The 1960s

When Rundle Mall in Adelaide was a street
I remember walking through the crowds complete
The noise and the smells of the city in those days
Are stamped on my memory and will forever stay

Holding onto my mother's hand after a bus ride through
The suburbs getting off in King William Street with shoppers too
Especially in the Summer holidays before Christmas time
Feeling quite a privilege in the shops that were dressed so fine

There was the Beehive Corner with Haigh's chocolates high
And Myers with the tinsel and decorations - happiness and sigh
But John Martins was the place to be through the toys and to see
Father Christmas in his Magic Cave with carnival and lollies you'd see

Up on the John Martins building Father Christmas stood so tall
And the Christmas Carols on the streets singing loud in their call
Being in Australia there was no snow or cold to freeze you
But sunshine and blue sky to enjoy the Seasons Greetings too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Saturday Morning At The Adelaide Airport

Families gathered in their tight knit groups
Watching planes in their landing loops
You could hear each one as their engines strained
As their undercarriages are locked and remained

The crowd watched as the airliners flew from the sea
As they crossed overhead losing height for all to see
The shadow travels swiftly as it speed to meet each plane
A screech of tyres with the planes land now to remain

The thoughts of where they had flown and what they had seen
Of exotic places and overseas holidays where they had been
Each of these plane that the people had seen and flown by
Would be fuelled and provisioned soon to take back to the sky.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - South Australia, My Home

Do you feel the north wind blow
As it guides your way home to go
For those South Aussies who do roam
From their Southern Cross sky filled home

Do you smell the eucalyptus leaves
As they fill your lungs to please
Do you see the wedge tail eagle
When it soars in a sky without equal

The mighty River Murray flows
In golden sunlight a paradise knows
The lapping gulf waters on golden sands
Bring us seafood in such great demands

And we know when we reach our place
It is like nowhere on earth can displace
For free people who have not known
A conquering fist as it is thrown

South Australia in its golden glory
Remains for us in our personal story
When the world turns in its way
Where else would you be today.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - South Australian Skies

The azure blue sky in the blazing sun we adore
The warm clear days where wedge tail eagles soar
See the sparkling blue waters in the Gulfs and Bight
Stand in the Red Centre with a million stars at night
The Southern Cross shines its light as a beacon won
For South Australians when their wandering is done

South Australian skies shine down on me
In a Great Southern Land where people are free
I want to end my days in our blazing sun
And be content here when my time has come

The dense pine trees forests near the Gambier Mount
The red dust of the aboriginal home lands count
A wide Murray River flows in the bright sunshine
While the Mallee wheat fields wave in golden divine
The Barossa Valley harvests its fine wine tastes
The Southern Vales in golden orchards foretastes

South Australian skies shine down on me
In a Great Southern Land where people are free
I want to end my days in our blazing sun
And be content here when my time has come

On Adelaide's plain as my home place
The beauty of the city in parklands face
The Adelaide Oval for sports year round
Festivals and concerts that are renowned
See the Clipsal 500 where racing cars are king
Or the Tour Down Under in a cycle race fling

South Australian skies shine down on me
In a Great Southern Land where people are free
I want to end my days in our blazing sun
And be content here when my time has come

There's Kangaroo Island to cut to the Chase
For their cheese, olive oil and other things to taste
At Easter there's Oakbank, a picnic for horse-racing

Jumping over logs in the hills as a race it is bracing
In the summer there is Glenelg for the beach goers
And Jetty Road stands for the shoppers and browsers

South Australian skies shine down on me
In a Great Southern Land where people are free
I want to end my days in our blazing sun
And be content here when my time has come

Finally there's Rundle Mall with Don Dunstan's balls
For Tourists and shoppers for stores and stalls
South Australians all live in a paradise found
In a free world country for others to astound
We were all free settlers not a convict one
Utopia was found for each daughter and son

South Australian skies shine down on me
In a Great Southern Land where people are free
I want to end my days in our blazing sun
And be content here when my time has come.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - South Australians Talk Differently

Australians have language dialects that stand out
In each state their speech is different about
But they say we South Australians are different now
And are more British in the way we annunciate each vowel

The test results came out that South Aussies can be picked
From others when we speak together with Australians to fit
It may be that we were the only free settlers here
And we're not convicts in the Aussie Royalty there

So the easterners say 'pule' for pool
And 'schule' instead of school
But who cares when it comes down to it
We are proud Australians in our country to fit

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Speaking 'strine

Speaking 'strine is an art cobber
Stone the flamin' crows is no slobber
Push off mate you're just a clown
Bugger off I don't want to see you round

There was a red back on the toilet seat
I've run a mile to say Gud-ay Mate to greet
And I'm as dry as a dead dingo's donga
As a dog sits on the tucker box near Gundagai

It's a bit of a bummer what ya did
And I wouldn't be you for a quid
If ya pull that kid's dacks up any higher
The poor bastard won't need a shirt in his attire

Then in Australia it can be flamin' hot
Then you should pull ya head in ya clot
And say that again and I'll knock ya into next Tuesday
Because when I grew up I was a Vegemite Kid to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Stand And Let The Wind Blow

Stand and let the wind blow
You can see the cloud boil and flow
The rain starts and falls from the sky
Face the wind as the rain stings and flies

Water flows in endless streams across the road
Your way ahead marred by rain as it hits and explodes
Then a break of blue occurs as the rain peters out
The water slips away as the sunlight returns with clout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Stop The Boats

What does it mean in the list of quotes
We have stopped the boats!
Is it that no more people will die?
Or is it that they don't jump the line in a lie?

What do we do now that they have stopped?
This policy should now be to the world shopped?
Does the world now follow our lead
And not bother about others now in their need?

I think we should show some kindness now
We have enough to take some in and not call a foul
What do do here now should guide us to the light
And not be ones to whom the right way is a fight!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - 'strine As A Language

Australia - 'Strine as a language

If French is the language of love divine
Then what is what Australians speak as strine?
You wouldn't think it scholarly like Latin
Or spoken around the world in an English fashion

Poets rarely use it in their rythm and prose
And if you want to use it you talk through your nose
There are some words that that don't readily translate
Like donga, waddy, furphy, cobber and battler to relate

But in the end I don't suppose you really should bare
Unless visiting old Aussie to swim, barbie and guzzle without care!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Summer In The City

It's hot today with mercury at 40 C
And the scorching sun blazes down on me
Shade is hard to find as the sun beats down
When you can't place your bare feet upon the ground

They say tomorrow will be just as hot
When the task is to find a place not hot to trot
Summer in the city in Adelaide, South Australia
Means sun screen, beaches and heat that will nail ya!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The 1929 Women's March At Port Adelaide

After the Great War workers rights were hard
In the Port Adelaide wharves they were marred
There were strikes across Australia which spread home
With non-union labour on the wharf unloading ships alone

There had been a violent march where Commissioner Leane's police
When mounted officers charged the marchers on Robinson's Bridge in grief
Next day on Friday 18th January 1929 the women of Port Adelaide made
A March down Commercial Road towards the wharves as the police lines didn't
fade

They say the women also had children in the crowd
When the mounted police charged and the women screamed out loud
They say the riot was not a pretty with people hurt in sight
And the women held their ground against the police in the fight

My mother used to tell the story of her aunties marching with copper sticks then
And those that were hurt in what they thought was their rights to defend
These events were leading to the Great Depression in a bad time
But in the end the Port Adelaide wharves remained as Union to define.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Aborigine Migration

50,000 years ago they came to Australia
On the land bridge through South east Asia
By DNA gathered there was one migration to be
As they spread along the coasts of the sea
And once they had populated the land
This group did not mix just stayed in a language groups plan

The people stay in place living off what the land could give
Often they burnt the land in fire stick farming to live
To encourage different species to grow and give
But it wasn't farming as other civilisation's did to live
In this way the groups didn't to support each other
Or to move around to better lands in their bother

This information is only now coming to be found
As DNA is studied and new theories to expound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Amata Life-Savers

In the Red Centre of the Continent
The locals have a swimming pool
And Life-savers from the coast are sent
For the locals have a swimming school

When the hot wind blows during summer
There are Life-savers who are prepared
For the community to have pool time that's bonza
The people can now use the pool and not be scared.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Apy Aborigine Homelands

Ernabella is on the APY aborigine north-western homelands
Where the indigenous people govern at their own hand
It is based on the old Anglican Mission Settlement Reserve
The Australian Government gave the land they deserve

But when you drive into the settlement outback town
It doesn't look like Australia that you have found
The chapel was burnt down in a riot leaving a shell
And the rest looks like a third world country not doing well
The sports oval is a dust bowl and facilities so poor
Self government in the lands would have promised more

So we are faced with a choice for these people now
To leave them on their land and take them out somehow
And let them live where facilities are better for them
Or do we have the right to make a decision in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Australian Eskimo

In the middle of the Eyre Peninsula in South Australia
I came across a man whom wasn't a failure
Who would have known on an Outback track
We would have come across an Eskimo as a fact

We got to talkin' about his life and how it came to be
That he gave up the ice tundra to be hot and dusty
I asked him right off why his change was so dramatic
Particularly as we were standing sweating about it

It seemed he was a bit of a wanderer the world around
And he was a sailor on the seas for years in his world bound
He ended up in Australia where he met the Aboriginal ones
And found they were similar people in the life that he won

They both were indigenous peoples who had ties to the land
And lived their lives in their time that was not bland
Hunting and gathering in a paradise for them
Meant that he had found a life not hard to comprehend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Australian Twelve Days Of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me
An old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the third day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Three galahs squawking in a gum tree
Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Four koala bears eating eucalyptus leaves
Three galahs squawking in a gum tree
Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an Old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Five mining trucks in an Iron Ore Mine
Four koala bears eating eucalyptus leaves
Three galahs squawking in a gum tree
Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an Old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the sixth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Six tiger snakes a swimming in the River Murray
Five mining trucks in an Iron Ore Mine
Four koala bears eating eucalyptus leaves
Three galahs squawking in a gum tree
Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an Old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Seven wombats burrowing in the ground
Six tiger snakes a swimming in the River Murray
Five mining trucks in an Iron Ore Mine
Four koala bears eating eucalyptus leaves
Three galahs squawking in a gum tree

Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an Old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the eighth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Eight opal rings from Coober Pedy
Seven wombats burrowing in the ground
Six tiger snakes a swimming in the River Murray
Five mining trucks in an Iron Ore Mine
Four koala bears eating eucalyptus leaves
Three galahs squawking in a gum tree
Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an Old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the ninth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Nine crocodiles a snapping at a boat
Eight opal rings from Coober Pedy
Seven wombats burrowing in the ground
Six tiger snakes a swimming in the River Murray
Five mining trucks in an Iron Ore Mine
Four koala bears eating eucalyptus leaves
Three galahs squawking in a gum tree
Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an Old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the tenth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Ten frill necked lizards standing on a red rock
Nine crocodiles a snapping at a boat
Eight opal rings from Coober Pedy
Seven wombats burrowing in the ground
Six tiger snakes a swimming in the River Murray
Five mining trucks in an Iron Ore Mine
Four koala bears eating eucalyptus leaves
Three galahs squawking in a gum tree
Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an Old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Eleven cricketers on the Adelaide Oval playing
Ten frill necked lizards standing on a red rock
Nine crocodiles a snapping at a boat
Eight opal rings from Coober Pedy
Seven wombats burrowing in the ground

Six tiger snakes a swimming the River Murray
Five mining trucks in an Iron Ore Mine
Four koala bears eating eucalyptus leaves
Three galahs squawking in a gum tree
Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an Old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Twelve kangaroos in a big mob
Eleven cricketers on the Adelaide Oval playing
Ten frill necked lizards standing on a red rock
Nine crocodiles a snapping at a boat
Eight opal rings from Coober Pedy
Seven wombats burrowing in the ground
Six tiger snakes a swimming the River Murray
Five mining trucks in an Iron Ore Mine
Four koala bears eating eucalyptus leaves
Three galahs squawking in a gum tree
Two bunyips playing in a billabong
And an Old FJ Holden in an rusty galvo shed

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Baby Brown

I came outside and walked to the front yard
The neighbour's kittens were playing hard
As I walked close it became quite clear
They had a baby brown snake very near

You could see it was a baby brown
From the dark brown stripe on the head down
I manoeuvred around and with a shovel picked it up
Putting it in the gully and running right up the cut

Australia's wildlife can be so scary to deal
But just remember the danger can be real!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Big Red

We started off early on the Hay Plain
On a hot Summer's day in Summer's frame
Just past the cotton fields standing straight
Was a big red kangaroo who decided we had to wait
So we slowed and stopped with the sun behind him
And he eyed us off whilst deciding to begin
He proudly stood up on hind legs and tail
At nine feet tall that certainly wasn't a fail
So he slowly turned and left the road
Whilst in the king of the bush mode

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia – The Brown Snake

We were cadets who as part of the training went
To the Adelaide Hills in hiking and compass sent
Dropped from Echunga to find our way back
The groups of four were walking by map a fact

We decided to follow the compass bearing
And so took off in single file a direction sharing
To the wire fence the first in line climbed
As he was stepping to the ground a snake to find

It was curled up in the sun
And when seen made us all run
I can still see us now running and yelling
About a brown snake we were loudly telling

The moral of the story is for all
Before walking in fields with grass that's tall
Look out before placing your foot down
For brown snakes who are curled up on the ground!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia – The Budgie Has Flown

The Pretoria Guard stood strong by
But some had defected to a candidate near-by
The Captain's pick could not carry him through
Even Sir Phillip from the Palace couldn't make his sky blue

So the budgie has to slip out the side
And clear out his office and to the backbenches slide
It would seem that the fate of us all
Is to see a new Prime minister without a captain's call

Perhaps in the end as Nixon did ride
A helicopter from Parliament with peace signs inside?
What do we learn from this whole thing?
To take not for granted others, as your song you sing!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Bunyip

In the billabongs by the shade of a coolabah
There lurks a monster who from the depths it does star
Be careful in the summertime when seeking the cool water
When you jump the cooling waters look around like you oughta

But you can see one when you go to Murray Bridge
And you go to the Murray bank to look around a smidge
Walk down to the grotto and put a coin in the slot
You'll see a bunyip rise up from the water to scare you a lot!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Bush

A gentle cool breeze on a warm day
As we trekked the bush track away
The smell of the eucalyptus trees
The laughing kookaburra away it flees
Kangaroos bound about and will not stay
Emus peer from the bushes in curious display
As the sun begins to wane as the gully shadows
The pink galahs rest in the coolabah tree as it shows
A walk through the Australian Bush in the Summertime
In a show of Antipodean Magic in nature so fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Camel Train

The Afghan camel train left the Augusta Port
Trekking north on the gibber plain as hardship wrought
It was the only way to get supplies to the Red Centre
With the Afghan drivers imported as camel mentors

They worked their way during the hot sunny days
Making contact with the northern sheep station gaze
They had some aborigine stockmen with the camel train
One morning Jimmy could not be consoled in his refrain

He wanted to return to his family as his brother was sick
Without any contact he was able to know how this was a fit
So he left the afghan camel train and went all the way home
Being able to see his dying brother with no way he could have know.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The City Of Adelaide

The City of Adelaide lays stark on the Port Adelaide docks
Taken from Scotland as a link to our immigrant past flocks
Each time I pass it I wonder how families took such a voyage
From Britain for six months on the water that would seem like an age

This voyage my family made from Ireland in the 1890s for a better life
From oppression in Ireland where there was hunger and strife
To this wide sun burnt country where they stayed far from home
And became Australian and did not leave these shores to roam

So Australia opened it doors to my people for a better life
And in the years others have come after war and other strife
Should we not do this for others who now also flee
From their own homelands where to stay would mean death to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Dingo Fence

Just outside of Coober Pedy north near the Red Centre
You drive off the Stuart Highway to the Breakaways feature
The Aborigines have camped in this sacred place for thousands of years
The wind whistles through the peaks in an eerie sensation as it appears
And you can drive on through the peaks until you see the fence
That was built to keep the dingo out; for wool and beef defence.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Dragon's Breath

It was an early summers day
When the Dragon's Breath sprayed
Across the land in the devil's display
As the people fled in a need to get away

The land was scorched as the sky turned black
As the smoke boiled up in columns and sparks flew back
There were homes lost and farms burnt down
Livestock lost and crops blackened all around

Two lives were lost in the Dragon's Breath
With firefighters injured in their fiery test
Another day to remember ordinary ones
For each of South Australia's daughters and sons.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The East Coast Road-Trip

Australia in the summer time
Is such a wonder and so fine
Driving from Adelaide to Brisbane in a Mini car
As the road rolls out ahead so far
There is the Murray Riverland then the Hay plain
As you count the kilometres with very little strain
The Blue Mountains on the East Coast start the upward climb
To the Dog on the Tucker-box distinguished and so sublime
Then there is Canberra with the War and Police Memorials to make you proud
And the scenery north of Sydney magnificent rivers and inlets makes you sigh
out aloud
The last day on the road through the Hume Highway
With lunch at Coffs Harbour makes you feel you want to stay
The Gold Coast was our last night in 2400 k's
My Daughter, Samantha to Amberley RAAF Base for her first posting stay
And I returned to Adelaide
tired by JetStar Airways.

Paul Warren

Australia - The European Wasp

The European Wasp

I was out gardening today
And on the front wall built to stay
Was the starting of a colony of European wasp
That was introduced to Australia at a cost

There was only a couple of small pods
Of a papery walls to incubate these sods
So I plastered it with insect spray
And when one came out I ran away

Finally I scraped it off the wall
And mashed it up in its final fall
As this is one of a number of creatures
Rabbits, cockroaches and European wasps that feature.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Glenelg Jetty, South Australia.

Pilings stand for 100 years
Battered by waves in eternal fears
Made for fishing and sunset walks
Watch the seagulls fly and squawk

Walk out into the sea
With dry feet so cozily
When a storm blows its way ashore
The power of the sea can be ensured

How many people have walked these steps before?
Enjoying the weather and the sunshine more
Will these people and indeed myself walk still
With our time stamped as their only deal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Glowing Cemetery Headstones

The call came at 3.00 am to the North Road Cemetery at Nailsworth
It seemed that the locals had heard youths yelling for all their worth
So we went down to the access road and looked around for them
But they had left and we checked each to ensure no damage in the end

We were there about an hour and the moon rose high above on show
And we prepared to leave the cemetery when we saw down the row
There were two headstones glowing in the night casting an eerie light
Some say it's supernatural but some say it's the moon reflecting at night.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Gold Coast In The Morning Light

The beach stretches to the water in front of the apartments
As the sea waves continually curl to shore in their lament
The winter sun rises above the water as it greets the new day
I look out at the scene from the eleventh storey balcony display

There could be no better place than in the Gold Coast scene
Coffee in hand I sip away the world's problems that I glean
And wonder why we can have so much in this world of ours
Whilst others in need of nurturing languish away their hours.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Great Blackout Of 2016

Sitting in the family room with torches switched on
In the great Blackout when the electricity has gone
Mark down on the calendar when it had occurred
Wednesday the 28th of September 2016 as you have heard

The storm they predicted once in a 50 year occurrence
Swept across South Australia that couldn't be a deterrence
They say the power will be off until 4 am in the morning
And it was a lightning strike on the inter-connector without a warning

Power SA is right on the job replacing things and working hard
But it shows the issue when we rely on other states to make the final yard
So the storm has flooded the Adelaide Hills and a strong wind has blown
We are left battered in the Blackout the longest time I have ever known.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Great Nothing

Drive north of Port Augusta down Pimba way
You reach the Great Nothing you know straight away
The Stuart Highway is straight as a die
As it reached to the horizon and up to the sky
Millions of years ago it was the Artic Sea
With aquatic dinosaurs and as cold as can be

It was winter and so there was no angry sun
Where the plain stretched forever with no hills to be won
It was as flat as it could be and on the horizon far
You could see the curvature of the earth from afar
Every so often a Road Train passed by
With a prime mover and three trailers on the fly

We stopped for a rest and saw a wedge tail eagle
Perched on a stunted tree keeping watch quiet regal
They say that they watch you as close as they can
As they are hunters needing eye sight quite grand
Then it rose up and took to the wing
With a two metre wing span a magnificent thing

So we moved on and went to the Coober Pedy town
And saw that the townspeople lived underground
They mined the fire in the stone opal ore
And provided supplies from the main supermarket store
We stayed in an underground motel
And slept the night soundly and well

The next day we moved on through the great Outback
Seeing nothing but rocks and scrub as a fact
Stopping and seeing wild zebra finches to drink
At a road side stop whilst we had a rest and a think
Then to the Breakaways an eerie place
With the Dingo Fence stretching for miles to face

We continued on and to Ernabella town
And met the local police who came down
We spoke to the local school class

About road safety and keeping the safety brass
We watched a football carnival game
And handed out prizes for footballers fame

I spoke to one of the local coppers over a billy tea
Who told me when patrolling the outback you'd see
Wild donkeys who the local aborigines wouldn't hunt
As the donkeys carried Mary into the Bethlehem front
It was the same with the wild camels living around
Because they carried the wise men over Holy ground

He told me when camping on long range patrol time
To keep you clean with no dirty uniform grime
Walk around in your jocks with the campfire its fine
Doing all the chores you have a mind
The only thing is to have your uniform handy
To put it straight on for visitors just dandy!

That night he cooked for us roast kangaroo tail
And it was great with a taste that did not fail
So we packed up and left them next day
After having a great three day stay
Back to Adelaide across the Great Nothing again
With some experiences for us to comprehend

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Heat Shimmers On The Plain

The heat shimmers on the plain
The sky is steely blue in its refrain
The needed rain seems far away
As the summer for a time will stay

It's hot even in the tree's shade
As lounging at the beach means we have it made
But we are looking for a sea breeze this afternoon
And sometimes we say the winter can't come too soon.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Lebanese Concession

In the 1970s Malcolm Frazer
The Australian Prime Minister
Gave the Lebanese a concession
Where we let in migration
Of Muslim Refugees
Of their Civil War to flee

And we had a number of them
As unskilled rural workers in the end
Now these second and third generation
Lebanese have members in our irritation
As armed criminals in Sydney Gangs weight
They say these ones refuse to assimilate

Let's bring in people who enrich us
And can do this without fuss
If we are not careful this could happen again
When others come to Australia we need them to blend
We should be a multicultural society
But we should have standards without this propriety.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Monaro Lion Roars

Australian muscle on each of four wheels
Looks that have style - you know how it feels
Leather seating that supports in the right place
Being behind the wheel means setting the pace

The lion stretches its legs as the engine roars
The V8 accelerates as car steadies on its claws
A Holden Monaro has always ruled Australian roads
With the spirit of Peter Brock riding on as everyone knows.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Moon Has A Ring

The moon has a ring
Wild weather it will bring
The ants are out of the ground
Rain will soon be around
The clouds thicken more
And the wind howls the new score.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Moon Over St Vincent Gulf

The sun is down and the moon rises high
The clouds skim across the darkened sky
I look over the plain to the St Vincent Gulf water
The moon sinks to the sea in reflective order
The moon light puddles in a reflection made
On the Gulf waters as the moon slides in a waning fade
The lights of the city twinkle on the plain below
As the Southern Cross shines in an Australian show.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Nullabor Plain And The Eyre Highway

In the seventies I drove the Eyre Highway
The Southern Ocean in the Great Australian Bight way
It was sealed road by then and really straight to gain
Miles of road crossing the treeless Nullabor Plain

There were lookouts to see the wide ocean views
On the top of the cliffs as the best to choose
And looking down at the bottom as the sea met
Washing the shoreline but lost and pristine yet

For there was rubbish, plastic and glass
Bobbing up and down forever to last
The road was the only sign of man
Except for the rubbish not as human plans.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Original Australians

Australian aborigines do not see time in a straight line
They see the seasons connecting each other in their mind
And know when to hunt and when to gather
Being tied to the land and its spirit did matter
So at certain times during each year
They would sing their ceremonies for the land held so dear
For them the singing was done all the day through
And in doing so they would ensure the land's spirit would renew

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Outback

The silence of the Outback
Where you can stand near a track
And silence rules the air
The gibber rocks are bare

Noises carry on the breeze
Far away you think without ease
Out and away with no civilisation
You could be the last one in consternation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Outback Accident

In the north of South Australia in the Outback
Two geologists were driving on a dusty track
One was going west and one was going east
The track was battered and was a beast

Both drivers were in the centre of the road
And each other not driving in safety mode
So as they broached the top of a hill
They met and there was an accident spill

There was some luck and neither was killed
But both had broken legs as it was dealt
And they were taken by Flying Doctor plane
To share a room in Hospital to end this refrain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Port Adelaide Roads

As you look out from Largs North
From the beach toward the sea forth
You can see the buoys clearly mark
The Port Adelaide roads for ships apart

On a busy day you see the ships sail through
Taking cargo in and out of Outer Harbour true
How many ships have plied their way made
Through the St Vincent Gulf to Port Adelaide

Over the years you can see mighty warships visiting
And the grand bicentennial fleet with canvas sailing
During the summer you now watch cruising liners
Who come to visit for our fine wine and as diners.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia – The Queen Visits In The 60's

I remember lining up on the Port road
With flag in hand and excitement sowed
Other school children were standing around
And after the Queen passed we were half-holiday bound

So we waited and looked and looked and waited
It seemed forever as our excitement dissipated
Until in the distance there was a roaring motorcycle sound
Of police escorts and a black limousine bound

Seated in the back I could see the Queen
As she waved the Queen wave and we hoped to be seen
In a couple of seconds it was all over and done
And we filed off to our half-holiday duly won.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Red Centre In Winter

Red dust and sun
Flat plain to the horizon
Gibber Desert stones
Polished by a long gone sea
The only sound wind howling
Cold blowing up from the South Pole.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Sacred Objects

They placed the rocks and sticks in the cave
And danced the spirits for the harvest they gave
So they were left in place for hundreds of years
Then the white settlers came bringing tears

Scattering the sacred things in the cave
Meaning the spirits weren't appeased being so grave
Over the years they noticed that things weren't the same
With the kangaroos and emus disappearing in the game

Then the climate began to change getting hotter each year
And the the elders of the aborigines said the end would be near.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Southern Cross

Southern Cross how clear you shine
Above a homeland forever mine
The sacred light guiding our way
In our hearts to forever stay

When Australians in wander lust
Know they will travel back as a must
Keep kindly those thoughts of home
When we return in the end we roam

It's the first sight of home they would see
As ANZAC warriors returning in homily
When they smell gum leaves on the sacred ground
See your light when home was found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Spirit Of The Pioneer

What was the spirit of the pioneer
Who left their homes to come here
From other places in their wishing
To make a new life was their mission

Some came because they were oppressed
In they knew their families would be pressed
To find a good life not based on religion
Or racial group or other societal division

Australia is based on being a hard working friend
And is something that we Aussies will forever defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Storm

The wind moans up on high
As dark clouds race across the sky
The house on the hill shudders in the wind
You see the rain storm across the plain begin

The sun hides behind the black cloud
As the temperature drops and the storm is proud
You can feel the electricity in the air power up
As the Lightning flashes and the darkness is corrupt

The rains lashes the windows as they rattle loud
The hours slowly pass as does the cloud
The rain drains away as the gutters flow
Nature's elixir of life is ready for god's sow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Stuart Highway

The rocky desert stretched out to the horizon
As the hot bitumen shimmered in the morning sun
The Stuart Highway was the only sign of civilisation
As the gibber plain paid no heed to what did not belong
The old dusty land had been there for millions of years
And would remain when the road was only a memory not clear
The Australian Outback endures in a timelessness that doesn't end
Whilst we are left to ponder it in our three score and ten.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Summer Of 2016

Do you think there will be a summer this year
Will the beach be rain swept and cold - oh dear!
Will I get out of my long trousers and into shorts
And will my sunglasses gather dust out of sorts

It is with sadness I think about Australian cricket
But then it's so cold no one will see the loss of wickets
Perhaps it because of global warning and the carbon
That is doing all the weather and the harmin'

But all those years when it was hot as Hades
There must be some years when there is rain on our parades
But there is time to change the call for the Summer Sun
And the second half of the season will be hot and fun!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Sun Is Setting

The sun is setting in the distance of a yellow glowing day
The heat of the sunlight has been beating down as it held its sway
The dying embers of the waning disc sink below the horizon
The light dances in colours of a violet, red, yellow and brown song
The overpowering energy of the dying sun has been lost again
The night holds sway as the earth sleeps awaiting the sun as its friend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Sweet Southern Land

Do you like the green of the valleys
Or the dry red dusty plain

Do you like the auroras at the poles
Or the pastel colours of the western sky

Do you like the majestic lion of the plain
Or the big red kangaroo up on his tail in the sun

Do you like the crystal blue of the gulfs
Or the raging storms of the oceans

Do you love your sweet Southern Land
That nurtures you in Australia.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Swimming Kangaroos

Australian kangaroos bounding around in the flood
Is unusual as the heat and the dust is in their blood
But the big September storms of 2016 have changed
The environment for these Australian icons in their home range

Now you see mobs of these fleet of foot creatures
Who are looking for dry land in the bush features
So they splash and bound away through the flood
To higher ground through the watery crude

We need to readjust some of the ideas we know
Of Australia when you think of where wildlife will go
When the once in 50 year storms flood the Australian Bush
Its goggles and flippers that will be a kangaroo's Christmas wish.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Tale Of The Flammin' Goanna

It happened on dust bowl road or so they say
Just outside Melrose town in the country way
When an old goanna climbed up onto the wire
And decided to take a bite as his hunger did desire

But it was the last tucker time for him
When he was electrocuted in quite a din
So he is now known as the flamin' goanna
Who exploded up the pole in a fiery manner

And as a bushfire he burnt out a hectare or two
When he flew through the air as you would do
The moral of the story is one to say to you
Don't bite into wires as they create bushfires too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Way Forward

What is with all the protest
Are we different from the rest?
In any country there is enough to divide
And why should you be made to take a side
I don't like the way that this country was colonised
When the British claimed the land terra nullius did not abide

It seems that there cannot be a final word had
Whilst there is protest and unhappiness being so bad
Perhaps it is time to cut through all the guff
And work our way to settle once and for all the fuss
Getting back their land is part of the Aborigine plan
Now let us write a treaty and we can right wrongs in our united stand.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Wet Blue Tongue Lizard

A hot Autumn day with the cloud building
Then in the afternoon the rain was unyielding
And it was a tropical shower that wet the day
When the water flowed down the gutters in a spray

Looking from under the back verandah so dry
I saw a blue tongue lizard trying to sneak on by
From the six million dollar man movement he wasn't at all happy
It would seem his basking in the sun turned out a bit crappy

And as I watched him he found a dry spot under a rock
Whilst he waited with his tongue flicking out for the rain to stop

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Wild Horses Of The Bush

The Australian sun sparkles off the bush
The 4WD startles the horses on the hoof

They run free in herds as they are free
As a wonder in the bush you rarely see

These horses were used to tame the Outback
Now wander in the Aborigine Homelands as a fact.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Winter Sun

The sun sets on a wet cloudy day
As it glows bright behind a tree in its way
The cloud weakens in the waning light
When we find it such a dazzling sight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Year In Review

It starts off slowly at the beginning of the year
When it is January and there is all for good cheer
Then February starts and for most its back to work
We are all very grumpy and feeling like a jerk
It's now March and we look to Easter bunny time
With a four day weekend it is all so sublime

It is now April and we remember the fallen from the wars
As their mates march on Anzac Day in all the applause
Cold weather is upon us as the May month does occur
And the wind blows cold and the sun shines no more
Then all of a sudden it's June and all of a sudden
The year is half over and we're shaking our heads in the muddling

So July is on the agenda and we are now on the countdown
With Christmas in July that takes out the winter frown
August is here and it will be the end of the cold now
With the odd sunny day when the sun takes a bow
And Spring is in the air and the birds are flying back
As it is September and young love is now our hack

October is here and you can feel the vibe starting now
As everyone starts to make plans for the end of the work plow
So November turns over and the end is in sight for us all
With the sun shining down and there is cheer in our call
With Christmas time now here with tinsel and parties the score
When you know December is the month that is best to explore.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - The Yorke Peninsula

The gum leaves glisten in the afternoon sun
As the warm breeze makes them move as one
The stubble stands lopped off as the harvester passes
The farmer sits in an air conditioned bliss as he masters
The hot machinery when the sun marches across the sky
The crows take to the wind as they rise up on high

I look around and see the light blue summer sky
With wispy white clouds stretch out on by
The deep blue ocean on the distance horizon
Gives a hint of a refreshing breeze that's now gone
The Australian summer is king of what I can see
As the golden sunshine makes a paradise to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - They Sing Their Songs To Renew The Land

The endless summers come and go
In the eternal Australian sunshine show
As the yellow blazing sun beats down
On the hardening red and yellow ground

The aborigine people have been here 60,000 years
And have a relationship with nature held so dear
They sing their songs to renew the sacred land
As they continue in their faithful plan.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Unusual Summer Of 2016-17 In South Australia

Clouds roll over the plain
The darkening sky promises rain
A summer sun warms the air
As tropical temperatures dares

The Indian Ocean feeds moisture
An unusual event for us ponder
So in the driest state here
In the driest continent we cheer.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Walking The Streets Of Adelaide

Walking the streets of Adelaide
I still see all the familiar places
The parklands where we had picnics
Romping with my family and friends
On those endless warm summer days
When laughter was king and we belonged

The Primary and Secondary Schools
Where I spent my youthful days
I still like to watch the endless waves
As they lap the gulf water beaches
You can still take a tram to Glenelg
Or go to Windy Point and see the city lights

Familiar places that I see all around me
The melancholy feeling that I now savour
I see the faces of the people I hold up high
And I think of where those years have gone
The wonder of the easy things that familiarity brings
And I am where I belong as I walk the streets of Adelaide.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - We Like A Yarn

As Australians sitting around we all like a yarn
Remember people gathering in front of a barn
Sitting on long stools with cup of tea in hand
We sit and speak of deeds done so grand
Whether sitting in the sun on a winter's day
Or in the shade on a sunny noon whiling away

Did you hear the one of the headless chook
Or the ghost of the Pub at the Drinker's Nook
Think of a story about a dynamite eating exploding dog
Maybe when someone under the pump went full hog
You can see how the Australian drawl made its debut
In tones around a campfire partaking of yarns so true

After a hard day herding cattle these jackeroos gathered
And to pass the time and entertained them as it mattered
It didn't mean that there would be no truth in the story
Or that someone would see through it in its glory
A yarn should entertain and make you laugh and cry
Without television or the internet these stories would fly.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia - Where Is The Old Australia

Who will tell the stories
Of dry dusty outback towns
When there are no more swaggys
Treading the roads around

Who will see the beauty all
Of the setting sun
And the pink galahs call
When the night's begun

Where will there be true blue
As the old world dies
And those days are through
Where does the Old Australia now lie?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia And The Blue Singlet

Australia was built by men in blue singlets
Who worked hard in the jobs they would get
Digging holes on the side of the road
Or working machinery in factory mode

And they wore baggy shorts to complete the ensemble
Knowing that they were at work or home was a gamble
Because at work they were dirty in their scene
And at home they were washed with their clothes clean.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia And The British

Two hundred years ago
The British
Being British claimed
Australia
For the Crown and Empire
Why did they
You ask
Because the sun didn't set
The Royal Navy
And the French were around
Aborigines then
Well they didn't matter or comprehend
The British
Terra Nullius was the term
Nobody's Land
A Mistake
The court's now say about it
The British
Were wrong in what they did
But now
How do we fix 26 January
Australia Day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia Day 2018

Australia is for freedom
And a chance to live in peace
We stand shoulder to shoulder together
And not for giving grief
For we are daughters and sons
Under the Southern Cross
Inheritors of ANZAC
Proud and true knowing what it cost
Australia you bloody beauty! !

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia In The Sun

Lonely trees on lonely roadsides
In dusty paddocks scarce water to abide
A hot dry northerly blows from the red centre
Gives no relief from the summer's measure

Kangaroos lie in the gum tree's shade
Idling the long hours in a lazy escapade
An emu flock gathers slowly walking across the road
An ancient land in a tough abode.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia- The Southern Cross

Watching the stars in the Southern sky
I see the Southern Cross shining high
So natural a sign as it can be
Always there feeling safe to see

Australians look to the sky above
From this home that they love
To sight these stars on their return
It's one of the first things we learn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australian Christmas

Silver trees and coloured lights
Rainbow ribbons float in the night
Children laugh and excitement made
Santa's here in a Christmas glade

No snow in Australia just warm nights
Cool breezes through windows not shut tight
It takes me back to an innocent time
When life was fun in the Christmas Sunshine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australian Summer

Steel blue sky
Sun glaring down
From a cloudless sky
Baking all things
Metal brands skin
Hot wind blows
Dust up in the air
Sweat rivers down
Thoughts of sweet wintertime abound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australian Summer In The City

Dusty and hot on the pavement
The hat you wear is heaven sent
A cool bottle of water carried essential
Keep the pace to your potential

With each step you feel the heat rise high
The only relief as a cloud passes on by
The hot breath of the Australian sun
Will be with us until the night is begun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australian Warrior Christmas

Manning the walls of our homeland
Standing tall at our country's command
Trained and ready to carry their foil
At Christmas time so far from our soil
We honor them for what they do
True blue Australians through and through
Families at home support them all
Sad to be apart during their call
Shed a tear while you're apart
For greater joy when returning in our hearts.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australians

It's the hot north wind in your face
The dust and dirt of the Outback place
It's the gathering against the fire storm
The larrikin smile that is the norm

It's knowing that when troubles comes
Everyone's shoulder to the wheel is how it's done
For the wide brown land can be a chore
That makes you love it even more

Australia is tough but sweet
Living here makes life complete
And when my day is finally done
I'll lie under a gum tree in the Australian sun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australians Now

There's a drawl when they care to speak
With an easy smile makes them complete
Discipline is a word left out
Except in a bar when it's time to shout

An easy amble as they walk
With laughter not far off when gathering to talk
And a mate is someone not let down
When there's mischief coming around

The land has bred them hard as if to know
When it's shoulders to the wheel and mate-ship on the go
For Australians will fight for the right
In freedom's call shoulders together packed up tight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Australia's Response

The word was passed around
That a virus was a goin down
So the people thought to say
What shall we squirrel away

There was some further thinkin
We couldn't have our bums a stinkin
So to every supermarket they did go
And bought up all the toilet paper on show

So now there was toilet paper nowhere
As our supermarket shelves are bare
But Australia is steeled against the storm
Our bums will be clean and not forlorn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Awake Alone At Night

The heavy breathing
Started at 2.00 am
I woke because of it
There was nothing else

Except the heavy breathing
But it wasn't me
And I will lie and wait
To see if it stops

The night is endless
And all there is
Is the heavy breathing
It goes on and on.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Baldness For Beginners

What do you do if you lose a leg
Put on an artificial one instead
And if your eye sight needs improving
Glasses are the thing to get them moving

But alas if your hair is what's missing
Wearing a toupee will get you some ribbing
So there seems no hope for a nude nut living
Except shaving it all without apologies or forgiving.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ballad Of A Gun-Slinger

My hand once was ready
And my sight was true
With an eye that was steady
I would know what to do

But that was then and now is now
Know my hand now shakes away
You see I'm nearer the end - I wonder how
And will my eyes still be true and not stray.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ballad Of The Missing Orders

Is it me or just a coincidence
Out for an evening of pleasance
To a Thai Restaurant for a meal
Giving our order and then waiting for real

But the kitchen lost our order again
You see I've been keeping count to the end
I have somewhat of a record with people here
Ten times I have been forgotten in restaurant fears.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Balmy Summer Night

A balmy night cloudless and clear
With a full moon floating appearing near
Laughter drifted down the hill
An Australian summer night in quite a deal

A gully wind blows to cool us all
Children play and to each other call
Lovers walk together holding hands
Whispering to each other in sensual demand.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Banana Sandwiches

What's your favourite sandwich I heard you say
Well, that's easy I replied to you straight away
It's sliced banana on sliced buttered bread
With a hot cup of tea as part of your spread

Sitting on your plate knowing it will be great
It's old fashioned but I know I can't wait
To sink my teeth into the soft bread slice
And oh man, the taste is so very nice.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Barbed Wire

When the barbed wire is rusted away
And the wooden huts have fallen to the earth
When the whistling wind no longer carries their cries
And the pitiful survivors as those also who tormented them

Have returned to the earth as the dust from whence they came
Who will remember the vile injustices done to the Jews
And those others whom didn't fit into Nazi ideology
Go tell the world so that it will never happen again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Based On A True Story

This is based on a true story
With an integral plot with or without glory
Should we guess which parts are true
Or in figuring it out is this all up to you

But in the end does it really matter a toss
As long as it's entertaining through all the gloss
But you know we all have our story to tell
And sometimes it might even come out well.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Bastard

It was a rainy cold winter's day
The black polished hearse drove by us on its way
There was a long line of cars behind
But the thing that stood out was not so kind

You could see the flowers on the coffin clear
Written with the words not so dear
'Bastard' was so clearly spelt
Which made me think about what was felt

About the deceased lying sleeping now
Did they lack the know how
That was needed for a life well led
So that this was the only sentiment for the dead.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Be Easy On Yourself

Be easy on yourself
For what you see inside
Is always so critical

Make a pact
For at least
Once every day

To say to yourself
I forgive you
For your failings

It will free you
So be easy
You owe it to yourself.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Beach - How Do You Improve A Sunny Day?

How do you improve a sunny day?

Perhaps wear your sunglasses in your own way

On to the beach and breath the sea breeze

Go to a beach kiosk and lick the ice cream you please

Maybe find a pub at the beach with a bar facing the sea

And sip you beer as the waves wash in when there is joy to be!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Beating, Beating Of My Heart

Beating, beating of my heart
No sounds do I hear apart
From this sound so clear
As I draw close and you are near

Your fragrant breath upon my face
I hold you close in place
And I hear the beating, beating of your heart
You to me are forever dear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Beatles - I Don't Think So

A world without The Beatles is hard to contemplate
Such talent and music lost would not be so very great
For fun and serious words would not be so dear
And the better they have made to us all is so very clear

So they can write all the movies that they like
Not to have The Beatles would make our music so very contrite
I listen to their sound and know it is so true
'Can't buy my love' is the expression I would use to you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Beauty In The Music

I heard a priest sing Hallelujah
On a couple's wedding day

The heavenly rendition
Made me want to stay

There are still things
I see or hear to this day

It will bring a tear to me
There is beauty that is here to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Beer

Drinking beer as a past time
It can make people funny
And instantly turn your voice
Into Bocelli at his best

Perhaps funnier than Billy
Once you have the taste
It becomes drinking at pace
For mate-ship comes with a drink.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Beg To Stay

What did you hear on the wind
Was it something that was quite grim
Whispered so you can't quite hear
Does it beckon to come hither and here

Will you take a chance and not hesitate
As the voices beg for you not to wait
But if you do make a call and go straight away
Will you be able to leave or just decide to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Behind Their Eyes

Do you ever wonder what is behind their eyes
You know those things they will try to disguise
Are they as tough as they try to be
Forsaking tenderness as not meant for me

But when it matters to know the truth
Is all they say Oh Hell and Struth
For it will be something to see
A tough guy crying as it was meant to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Being A Drug Mule As A Beginner 1.01

Drug cartels know the deal
Keep authorities happy and real
Have your operation working well
And once and a while give something to dwell

Find a naive or even stupid one
Give them drugs as a mule to be done
And give the authorities the tip off that they will believe
With their passport details given so they won't leave

Sympathy for them is a hard question made
As a drug mule not succeeding prison does not fade
The rule here is simple and not a hard one to see
If it seems easy too good to be true - that is exactly what it will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Being Famous For Being Famous

Being famous for being famous now
How did it come to this, I mean how?
So the first step is to have so money in the bank
Then a television deal to the world to be frank

And knowing about current social issues or affairs
The explosion of pay television means there is an opportunity there
So we have entertainment in the 21st Century
Where being famous for being famous is something to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Being Mean Spirited

What does not being mean spirited mean
Is it being nice to everyone in being clean
About what you say in all the things you do
And when needed you follow it through

Perhaps it's a clear conscience that you seek
When giving up the argument will make you appear weak
In my thinking it means to me thinking each situation through
Ensuring the least amount of hurt is done to others too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Being Modern

The older I get the more I carry
I have three pairs of glasses now
For computing, sunglasses and everyday
Then there are a couple of pills

You can't forget the credit cards
And my mobile for communication
There was a time when it was just wallet and keys
Ahh! The old days were just swell and not a new age man!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Belief Not Proof

Some people will believe what they want
That the Americans never landed on the moon

And the Royal Family murdered Princess Diana
There is no such thing as global warming

The earth is flat and doesn't spin around the sun
Or the earth is hollow and there are monsters inside

So even if the evidence is presented to them down pat
They won't believe it and continue to argue their point.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Believe

There are many things to believe
And they are not meant to deceive
Logic becomes part of the deal
In wanting to make things real

And each person is allowed
To believe and so be empowered
But don't give up on those same things
That make your life real in how it rings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Believe In Something

I know you must believe in something
Have faith that what you can't see is there

When you're alone and need to think things through
There needs to be more than the individual

Looking within myself for the answers
I look around at this world and what I see

Is a plan working together as it was meant to be
Surely it all can't just be sheer accident or luck

When I have looked death in the face
I have wanted to give hope for all its worth

This when I think about it feels right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Bell Bottom Blues

There will be bell bottoms at the nursing home with me grinin'
And 'Play that funky music white boy' will be spinin'

With body shirts clinging to a hairy chest
Gold necklace that bobs and jiggles at its best

As I strut my stuff going to meal time
Seeing all the cool ladies in their midi skirts so fine

And when I dig it in the sun, man will I be fun
Chrome sunglasses with big lenses will be the one

You see the 70's was where it was at
And ya see straight away I'm going back.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Benji The Dog Loves To Bark

Benji the dog loves to bark
As a small white dog giving it all his heart
To each one he sees walking past
At his front door for lots of laughs.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Bent Over Double

I sometimes want just to sit and cry
About things I can't change or wonder why
I look at the world and know it's hard
To eek out a living and not be scarred

I despair sometimes knowing I'm alone
Made to account for mistakes I have done and known
Bent over double with head in hands
Old and tired from this life's demands.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Better Days

Will I see you again in better days
Away from pain and death's parting ways
Will there be a meeting in secret glen
As we run to meet each other again

I hold tight to this promised land
And hope that it will be true in our plan
For faith eternal is hard to see
But time can heal and I know it will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Beware The Whispering Devil

The devil's here you know
His snarling face doesn't always show
Whispering in your ear
Feeding you those things you fear

He will try to make it seem right
And what is wrong seem a good flight
So be aware of these whispers now
Don't let the devil take his bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Beyond Repair

Have you ever been beyond repair
That blank look in the mirror as you stared

Has each day been an effort to remain
And have you looked at some in disdain

As you struggled through the long day
Would you count each one away

And when the evening came
Did you thank god as you tried to explain

To yourself the worth of it all
As you worked to make it good to recall.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Beyond The Bend

Choose your road
For you to journey
Be it so carefully
Even if there is
A blind corner or two
Where you won't see
Beyond of the bend

Set your navigation
So you can feel the elation
That will be at your finality
For even a passerby
On that journey
Also has their own story
Let it not downcast your heart
For in your destination
There is always a start.
© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Big Bang Ponderings

If there was no time before the Big Bang
Was there nothing or something other ker-banged
There was no morning, afternoon or night
Before the Universe was put out to endless flight

Concepts that we find are so useful in our lives
Appointments and times schedules will not jive
But in the infinitesimal void of the universe
Who would really care for what it is worse.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Big Things And Culture

On the Queensland road side
There are usually large and wide
Things like bananas and pineapples
Or a large rocking horse that if rocked would ripple

They are built for the tourist trade
Even the Ettamonga Pub big as life made
With their zoos and rides so alive
Is this the Australian culture in jive?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Birthdays - Willie Of Blantyre

Birthdays - Willie of Blantyre

In 1956 Willie the man was born
To a strong family proudly formed
In Scotland of the rampant lion herald
His early years in the sacred land meld

Of hardy folk from Blantyre town grand
With fiery blood of Caledonian tartan
Now a native of the bright Australian sun
With a family of sons and grandchildren

The 60 years pass so quickly in time
Each moment a memory so fine!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Blackout

The power went off again
It's time it didn't happen in
This day and in this age
I suppose you could go in a rage
But it wouldn't make any difference
It's the way of the world as the inference.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Blinded By Eternal Love

Blinded by eternal love
Falling endlessly from above
Sunk down deep in my soul
Listening to hard rock and roll

Where would I be
If I weren't me
Cool girl you're the one
You know the drum

Living my life
To the drum and fife
Can you feel each note and beat
Waiting for my story to be complete.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Blinding Beams Of Extruded Thought

Blinding beams of extruding thought
Are yours as they will or ought
Go away as you may wish of them
No more no less do I comprehend
Hear a word so carefully spoken
Away away now you are awoken
All talk of truth is swept aside
From these things you cannot hide.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Blockade Terrorist Areas

It used to be human rights marches then
And anti-war protests to bring Vietnam to an end
Then the Middle East was in flame that we suffered
Now these battles find fields across the world structured

Is it taking ISIS out the Caliphate state
Means that more terrorism is the fate
I think the best way of handling it all
Is to offer peace providing they abide the call

And if they don't want that it to happen then
We blockade these areas and trade is at an end
Until they find the only thing left for them
Is to go for peace and for war to not extend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Book Browsing

I was browsing in a book shop today
And a book on the bargain table took my eye straight away
It had lost thirty dollars off the price overnight
You see it had become out of date what a delight

The title made me laugh out aloud
About Australian prime ministers looking back so proud
You see I would think to stay out ahead
This book would have to be published monthly instead!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Bookly Advice

'I've got a book for that'
She said with enthusiasm
'It tells you what your options are
And follows through to the logical conclusion'

Did you hear what I said
I'll say it again, 'Did you hear what I said'
I looked up at her and said
'Quiet please I am reading'.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Born On The Wrong Side

Born on the wrong side
Society's judgment as a guide
Belief in himself was his ride
Slowly he worked out his pride

You see there is no level field
Just who is the first to yield
And in the end he did well
Taking it all to become a town swell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Born On The Wrong Side Of The Track

Born on the wrong side of the tracks
Seems to be only looking back
To where the origin was for the person
When their situation would not be worsening

Perhaps this story is not for broadcast
But the more interesting stories will last
Some who were born there would not take it lying down
And become more than the soil of that ground

You see it is what you are and you make
In your life that is what you cannot fake.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Boulevard Of Time

Some streets I walk along no-one to meet
The only company is my shadow I do keep
Maybe it's my Boulevard of Broken Dreams
With each step I take what does it mean
Sometimes it seems that sadness is mine
As forever I will wander the Boulevard of Time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Brain Fart

I've just had a brain fart
I heard him say at the start
Of his mobile phone conversation
It's now not an unusual expression

But it is such an apt description
That is this modern world's diction
So it seems that once was frowned upon
You just have to go all along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Brave Women 1 – Gill Hicks

Gill Hicks was a South Australian living her life in London town
As a Publishing Director of a culture magazine Blueprint round
On 7 July 2005 her life changed in a subway tunnel explosion
When Muslim terrorists detonated a bomb in great subversion
She was cruelly maimed it seemed at once that her life was ended
To Hospital only as 'One Unknown' her identity not comprehended

She fought so hard and survived the day but her legs were lost
And was left to piece together her life with this great cost
A brave woman has rose to battle for right against the wrong
An MBE and South Australian of the year she proudly sings her song
Working hard for others she labours for charities sake
And knows that she has beaten evil in the life she does make.

Hail a brave Australian who we are all proud of!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Brave Women 2 - Rosie Batty

What makes pure evil I wonder about
For a father to kill a son in a shocking bout
To live through the violence of a domestic kind
Is pure hell and hard for the right for you to find
What did he think on that terrible day
To go to cricket and bash his son's life away

What terrible news to give to a loving mother one
To take from her her most precious loving only son
Although he then took his own faded life
How could you look to forgive him for this unending strife?
So she picked up the pieces of a shattered dream
And told the world about it and what it did mean

She campaigns now for those who haven't a voice
Who have stayed in abusive relationships with lesser choice
Than to stay there and take it from evil people
And show the world what should be our mettle
As Australian of the year she strongly stands proud
And say what needs to be said to all out loud

Australia stands for all people not to live in fear
And have domestic violence from now on disappear!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Brave Women 3 - Vivian Bullwinkel

In 1941 a Kapunda nurse decided to join the Australian Army at War
She wanted to show the Anzac Spirit as it had been done before
She was posted in the Malay Peninsula as the Imperial Japanese landed
As they swept down the country on Singapore they were stranded
In February 1942 the last group of nurses were evacuated
On the SS Vyner Brooke out to sea the Japanese had waited

They attacked from the sun and the ship went down
And Vivian drifted for hours on the Banka Strait around
Until she landed on Banka Island beach in the morning
Finding the other nurses then the Japanese came without a warning
They made them wade into the sea and machine gunned them
With no mercy shown the nurses whom themselves could not defend

Vivian was badly wounded and amongst the others feigned death
When the Japanese went she waded into the shore the last one left
With another wounded British soldier they hid from the Japanese
Fearing that if the Japanese knew they had survived it would not please
The British soldier died and she surrendered keeping the secret in safety made
So three years a prisoner before the war ended surviving this evil grade

In the end at war crimes trials she told the evil story
That did not cover those Japanese soldiers in any glory
After her heroic times she continued her nursing career
In the military and civilian life with an OA and MBE no fear
Her life was filled with philanthropy a great lady it is given
Passing on in 2000 a great Australian in her way of living!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Brave Women 4 - Phoebe Chapple Mm (1879 - 1967)

Phoebe Chapple was a doctor born in Adelaide, South Australia
And in many ways was a pioneer and a feminist without failure
She entered the Adelaide University at the young age of 16 years old
In 1905 she became the House Surgeon at the Adelaide Hospital very bold
Then she was the doctor at the Medical Mission in Sydney town
Before becoming the doctor at Prince Alfred College for the boys around

In 1914 the First World War was declared and Australia joined with Britain
She tried to join the Australian Imperial Force as a doctor all in
But they refused to appoint female doctors in the Army then
So in February 1917 she sailed for England to offer her services when
Upon arrival she was attached to the Royal Army Medical Corps
And then later to the Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps

She worked at Cambridge Hospital in Aldershot using her surgeon skill
Then went to France later that year working at Rouen, Le Havre and Abbeville
On the night of 29 May 1918 she went to inspect the women's quarters
When an air raid occurred causing forty women to shelter in the trenches
A direct hit by one of the bombs decimated the women sheltering there
Phoebe went straight to work during the raid and to them she provided care.

She worked on through the night in appalling conditions putting the casualties
right
She treated the injured in the mud and darkness for her difficult medical fight
So after this the British Government awarded her the Military Medal
For gallantry and devotion to duty on that night that tested her mettle
This medal was only awarded to a few women in this war to end war
And her decision to serve her country has made us proud even more

Phoebe continued using her skills with the rank of honorary major
And was still with the troops at the end of the war without failure
She returned to Adelaide to her medical practice as 'Aunty Doc'
As the lead doctor of a number of Medical Associations in her flock
On Anzac Day in Adelaide at the head of Nursing contingents for women
She marched into history as a brave Australian with few others to contend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Brave Women 5 - Yusra Mardini, Olympic Swimmer

On the 9th August in Rio at the 2016 Olympic Games meet
Yusra Mardini swam in the 100 metre butterfly heat
She didn't qualify that time to progress in the race
But swimming for the Refugee team was her only pace

Early last year when fleeing terrorists in the Syrian country
She took to an overcrowded boat escaping in the Aegean Sea
When the boat engine failed to work and stopped dead in the sea
With her sister and another she jumped to save them in their flee

With the help of the other women swimming in the water together
They towed the boat of terrified refugees through to safety there
And all she had to say about that saving swim with a little smile
You know, 'It would be a shame to drown because I can swim a mile.'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Break Your Heart

If you break your heart
The tears held back will start
For the things that are difficult for you
Will in the end break through

You won't be able to stop them
And there's no need to defend
So let them spill from your eyes
What you feel is human with no fault to disguise.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Brighter Times

I call for brighter times
When laughter will be entwined
And the world will want for nothing more
Where love will be the language to explore

So hurry now go from this place
And spread the word in all good grace
For better times I know will be
No torment for anyone we'll see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Bringing Me Down

I'm tired of you bringing me down
When I should be getting around
I don't need the endless grief
And things being taken like a thief

When will I finally be able to see
What will be better in the end for me
I don't want to seem selfish to you
But all I'm pleading is fairness through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Brothers

Playing Cowboys and Indians in the sun
And soldiers with a plastic machine-gun
Then there was the oval and kicking the football
We were always together and each other's call

And then we grew up and we went our ways
In a world that seemed to always get its own way
It is that we don't get what our dreams are
And a wedge becomes bigger and a step too far

But how do you fix it when brothers don't get on
And what is left is an irritating repetitive song
We seem to be each in our little world alone
When there is no place together that seemed home.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Brothers For Life

Remember when we high fived
Mates and brothers for life no jive
Youth and optimism was our creed
No thought of it ending or of further needs

And the years went on
We lived our lives all along
Then death broke our bond
And memories are what's left to dwell upon.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Burning Bridges

Thinking of the burning bridges
That I have left behind
The times when I went for myself
And left others far behind

Left broken on the ground
The lying embers of these things
The burning bridges falling after me
The thought "What a fool I've been" still rings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Burning Snow

Some people in the USA picked up from the ground
Freshly fallen snow looking so clean, white and fresh
They patted it into a ball so that they could try to melt it
When a fire was applied it burned black and didn't melt
The question is what pollution was contained in the snow
And that it is part of this world in which we live

There are rocks in the lava from the Hawaiian volcanoes
That are called plastiglomerates containing plastic in the mix
So when our times fade into the pages of history
And future people wonder about our world
The burning snow may be for them hard to find
But the plastoglomerates is our legacy.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Burt Reynolds, The Bandit

He was so super cool
Who on the screen bent the rules
When the sheriff was in pursuit with no holds barred
The 70's rocked in part because of Burt Reynolds starred

And the Black Pontiac Firebird running ahead
With Sally Fields as his sidekick without dread
Jackie Gleason the sheriff chasing the sumbich in his way
To deliver a truck load of beer as he raced away

So Smokey and the Bandit is history now
But we will remember him as the epitome of cool with a dash of pow
Vale to a screen hero who passed today
A movie star who made us laugh and was cool in his own way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

By Yourself

Something can be said
For going it alone
When you need to be tested
Just go give it a try
By yourself you learn self reliance
And get the job done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Calm

I need something to calm me down
To get my feet planted firmly to the ground

Sit down to say, 'All is well, don't panic now'
So after all is said and done find 'how'

Relax and feel the calm
It can be a nurturing balm.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Calvary Troopers

Would you like to be a calvary trooper riding on as one
Across the open dusty plain in the scorching sun
With John Wayne as the Horse Soldiers in twos column
Or with Charlton Heston as Major Dundee the tough one

To fight Confederate soldiers, Indians or French Legionnaires
As a boy glued to the television screen in glory there
But you see these are stories meant for young men
Glory bound where good always wins with right to depend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Can You Bear It

Can you bear to remember
The pain is like an undying ember
Where the memory is such a drain
That causes you a painful refrain

Do you feel it in your pit of your stomach
As it is replayed as an ache
Then there are days when you wonder
If the recall will drag you asunder

So you test to see if the pain is as bad
Then you find the memory is just as sad
To endure such sadness is a task
When better days are all you ask.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Can You Make A Difference

Can one person make a difference
Well it depends on what you want to do
I think there is a goodness in the core of most
But for some other factors come into play
And this goodness is buried deep

If you are able to put things aside
And bring out this goodness
You can achieve great things
If the focus is not on good
Then the consequences may be evil.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Can You Remember Being Young

Can you remember being young
When your life had just begun
Waking up early everyday
Was an adventure right away

There was no pressures of life
Although once and a while you'd get into strife
And you know that if punished you deserved it
I still think that life as a kid was and still is a hit!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Can You Sweep It Away

Each day I look in the mirror
At the face my life delivers
The cragginess as I age
In the life as I wage

I pick up the razor
And the foam as I savour
With each stroke of it
Sweeping away what doesn't fit

If it could be so easy now
Would I want to know how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Candy Days

Do you wish for a chocolate centred sun
With cotton candy drifting on
And lemonade falling from the sky
Open your mouth and drink it looking high

Each flower you pick up
Gives honeysuckle to sup
There is no need for broken dreams
As you can touch the sky as pleasure beams.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Canned Food

You-tube videos for ready made canned meals
Are tasted here for the real deal
A chicken in a can is a sloppy mess
Scored low for taste not being the best

Then there was bread in a can made with molasses
With canned cheese on top more than impressive
The canned hamburgers are not good
Washed down with beer makes it better than it should

I suppose when the zombie apocalypse comes
We will be happy when these cans are undone
But I wonder when the end is near
The dead would be grateful not eating this canned gear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Can-Ya Dig It

All those crazee things
Going through ya head
Can-ya dig it?

Can-ya see it all clearly
Do-ya need to stand tall
Can-ya dig it?

Hey, baby tell me true
Your world and what you do
Can-ya dig it?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Captain Cook

So the word is out
In most of the Pacific places
Captain Cook sailed to on his voyages
Local laws and customs were broken
And he was lucky to not be killed
For these offences by the local people

But he was a great navigator who knew
Where he was on the planet
At all times in his voyages
When his luck ran out on Hawaii
When the natives killed him in a property dispute
And his men had to leave his body

The natives took his body
And boiled it down for his bones
But they returned his hands and his buttocks
To his shipmates to honour him
So what was left of Cook was buried at sea
As was fitting for the great sailor and navigator that he was.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Captain Smith's Inspection

I was on the SS Winterhaven on that night in 1977
My name is Leonard Bishop and I am the second officer
When we passed over the deep six grave of the SS Titanic
It was evening time and I was making my rounds
When an older bearded gentleman joined me
As he walked sure footed around my ship

He asked me lot of questions about the safety of the ship
There was something about the man that haunted me
As I bade him good night on the deck of the ship
When I came into port later on
I was looking at an article about the Titanic
And I saw a picture of Captain Edward John Smith

It was the man I had shown around my ship
I wonder now when he died how haunted he was
That he would still need to wander
The decks of ships passing over his watery grave
To satisfy himself that the ships were safe
And they would not join Titanic in a watery grave.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Car Trading

Car trading was never a strength of mine
I am not mechanically minded
Just knowing the basics for me
To get by checking the oil, water and tyres

I can check the shocks and tap for bondo
And I know you only get what you pay for
But there are tricks to make them better than they are
So I have decided to save in the long run to buy a new one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Car Vending Machine

In Singapore there is a car vending machine
So just go there for your four wheeled dream

But I can't see these machines catching on
In shopping centres moving along

It would be that if your choice is limited
To what button you press for the car exhibited.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Careful And Steady

Sitting alone on a knife edge
Looking each way and it's a fall
Slow and steady goes it
Each step you take is a danger

So you carefully place each foot
Each step doesn't help with the next one
Sometimes the pleading for a rest
Knowing there will be none for you

I wonder what do you think of me
When you see me day to day
Sometimes so tired of it all
With a rest so far away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Carl The Nazi

Carl the Nazi found it tricky leaving Germany
But the rat lines had been set with help
From the money stolen from the Jews
In the Fuhrer's Final Solution in Europe

There had been some close calls too
As he made his way to South America
But Simon Wiesenthal had tracked him
Eventually he had lost him and got away

So to Adelaide in South Australia then
Thinking he would be safe from them
At the bottom of the world tucked away
But there was only one thing that was wrong

Jacob was a Polish Jew who was in the camps
Where he had been sent with his whole family
And he was the only one to survive the Holocaust
Losing his wife and two daughters to the Nazis

But fate has a way of sorting things out in the end
Carl thought the best way was to get an ordinary job
So he joined the South Australia Railways as a ganger
In a years time he became more comfortable there

He thought that eventually things would be better
Until one day on the Gawler Line Jacob saw Carl
And Jacob knew Carl the Nazi straight away
As the SS officer who sent his family to the gas chamber

So Jacob planned to take justice into his own hands
He waited until Carl was in the locker room in the morning
When he was alone with him and he raised his pick
Above his head striking Carl in the back of his head dead.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cars - Hot Rods Or Rat Rods

I can't get into rat rods I can say
They don't do a thing for me anyway
The rust and the industrial look
Looks like it should roost a chook

I like to see chopped cars that are nice
With the old style and each modern device
I like to think that even as they ride
In chrome and polish no exception to hide

And a red toffee colour sets it off well
Spit and polish will for me excell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cars - The Swedish Seatbelt Gift To The World

When you look at the history of seat belts in cars
Volvo engineer Nils Bohlin's idea was not marred
So they gave the three point seatbelt to the world
In the 1950's for car safety the invention was held
Although they could have made a fortune from it
They didn't sell it for other manufacturers to fit

So this gift to the world has saved a million lives
A 1970 law in Victoria, Australia meant others were alive
As a first law for compulsory wearing was enacted
Take a bow to these pioneering Swedes exacted
When you drive a car today you should belt up
And partake of this safety aspect in your driving sup.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cars - Vehicles And People

The vehicles that matched people with a bang
Like Steve McQueen and the fastback Mustang
Then there was Alan Moffat and the GTHO Falcon
And Peter Fonda as Captain American riding a Harley on
Who could forget Mad Max and the last of the V8s Ford coupe car
My personal favourite is Peter Perfect Brock and the 05 Torana as a star
Then there's Al Pacino with his little friend in a white Cadillac
All these men had a matching car and that's the fact, Jack.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Castles In The Sand

You see it seems I can't rely
Or even want the future to satisfy
A kinder life around each corner
For it seems the future just wants to warn ya'

So hope is what I have now
But it kinda wants me to wonder how
I can enjoy the better things
And not worry what the future brings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Casualty Lists

It was 35 Diggers dead each day
Of the Great War for they volunteered to stay
Mounting a total to 60,000 the cost
Each one a son or daughter of the Southern Cross lost

From a country of five million souls strong
416,809 enlisted to the battle front long
And lastly 156,000 became casualties
For us, for freedom the sacrifice was not free.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Catch In Your Throat

She looked me in the eye
And said what makes you cry
The tear you can't control then
That starts and doesn't end

Do you just let it go
Or wipe it so it doesn't show
And it catches in your throat
Like a high-pitched note

And your everyday tasks
Become more than you can ask
To sit in silence is the thing
Whilst the memory of it will ring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cats - Your Cat Is Plotting To Kill You

There is some research from Britain
That is about cats and every kitten
It seems whilst they sit there staring
They are planning your downfall without caring

They are found to be psychotic and plotting homicide
So when they seem playful and have cuteness wired
There is a reason Dr Evil had one on his lap
It is anarchy they are plotting when they nap.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cats - Maxie In The Morning

Each morning Maxie needs to sit
On my lap and purr a bit
He jumps up and claws my leg slowly
Trying to make it softer lying lowly

And he likes to have a rub behind his ears
Then under his chin as he stretches near
He will sit for a while until he gets bored
Biting my hand and runs away not adored.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cats - Maxie The Cat Who Knows Where It's At

Maxie the cat
Likes to sit on my lap
On a cold morning
And he bites without warning
When he has had enough
Patting his fur is his bluff
Because like all cats
He knows where life's at!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cats - Maxie The Quasimodo Cat

Maxie the spanner cat
Walks around cool as a fact
But it is hard to be
So cool as you will see

Because of a bell around your neck
I wonder if the bell by heck
Makes you like Quasimodo in Hell
The bells! The bells! I can't stand the bells!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cats - Maxie The Spanner Cat

Maxie the family spanner cat is a strange one
He prances around like he has already won
As a cat he is white all over and fluffy to see
And as a mate to the dog he doesn't tolerate easily
In the mornings he sits on my lap and purrs
Wanting to be warm snuggling being cute he infers
But once in a while he likes to bite my hand
Running off with glee cat sniggering so grand
From a local cat shelter and was rescued by us
He is part of the family finding his niche without fuss

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cats - The Posthumous Flying Pussy

On the television on the weekend
I saw a story of a gentleman
Whose cat died of natural causes
So in his grief he looked at his choices
And decided the best thing for him to do
Is turn his dead moggy into a drone too

The pussy now flies around alone
With propellers on each paw as shown
But I wonder when the birdies see
This cat flying away from a tree
That they are no longer safe in the sky
When they see this moggy flying by.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cats Are So Cool

Cats like to walk so cool
Like they make the rule
Placing each foot on the ground
And knowing what's around

But when they are not sure
They walk so close to the floor
When they curl up for a sleep
It's as a real neatness freak.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cats Are Strange Dudes

Cats are strange dudes
There are things they find rude
Like touching their tail
They will bite without fail

On some days they sit and purr
And other times bite and hiss in a slur
Maxie the cat likes to sit at a window
And stare out at the world without issue

They have games around hunting
And hunting and catching things
Siting and staring is their past time
Being inscrutable is their personal grind

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Chance

Is there such a thing as sheer chance
Of having things happen in a dance
When the cogs of the world turn
Sometimes the outcome will be what you won't yearn

There can be signs and points along the way
That will be hints in what will happen straight away
But sometimes there will a twist or turn that will occur
And then in the end what happens will be a blur.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Chaos

Chaos seems to work
The never ending combination
Of turning cogs of time and things
That make up this world
Where once and a while
The mesh of cogs
Means an outcome occurs.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Charity

Don't make it too little too late
It was said in the wait
Honour what you did then
Right up to the end

Make it mean something
But give back some little thing
Those whom life has not done as good
Ease their burden as you would

This way it will even out the scale
Knowing that some good will prevail.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Chase The Blues Away

I'm banking on a sunshiney day
That will race my blues away
I'm looking for the sun
And want the good times begun

I'm looking for my friends
The ones who will be there to the end
I'm banking it will turn out fine
As I raise my glass of wine

For I'm banking on a sun shiney day
There will be no clouds of grey
So get your smile a workin' true
The first bit is up to you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cheating On His Wife

He thought he was a hard man
Talking behind your back was his plan
And his thought was I'm so tough
But he was first to scream enough

Cheating on his wife made him last
While she didn't know it was a blast
And in the end there was isolation
For him there was no elation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Checkpoint Charlie

Hey! Wave me through
You don't need to check me too
If you stop me this time
It's just a waste of your time

This latest check point place
Is just part of the current rat race
And I have dropped out of contention
So don't think of me in apprehension.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Childhood - Being Home Before Dark

When I was a kid I liked to ride my bike
I used to go everywhere pedalling as hard as I might
Whether it was a sunny day or winter time
The road stretched ahead and the fun was sublime

There was no thought of molesters or a runaway car
Being home before dark meant that my mum controlled from afar
And when we wanted a drink it was from a tap not a soft drink bottle
And ice cream and cake was for birthdays and Christmas full throttle

We did not need the latest toy, gadget or a mobile phone
Just our freedom and fun about our town to roam
And there were some adventures that we had together
With friends that were found and thought would last forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Childhood - Disneyland

Do you remember on Sunday night?
The weekend was over but that was alright
Bathed and into clean pyjamas we all sat
In front of the TV sitting together on the mat
It didn't matter that it was black and white
To see Disneyland and its stories was just right!

Davy Crockett, Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse
To us they were all adventures and really grouse
It was for just an hour but you would never miss
To have a racoon skin cap with a tail would be bliss
My memories of childhood that are so sweet now
The 60's forever step up and take your bow!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Childhood - I Wanted To Be Zorro

When I was 8 I wanted to be Zorro the swordsman
I used to come home school in my cunning plan
On Channel Seven at four o'clock the television was right
And in Old California when the full moon was bright
Rode the horseman known as Zorro in black and white
With the Mexican soldiers bungled all the Zorro fights

It was when California was part of Mexico on the west coast
And Spanish was the language and the landowners could boast
He was Diego de la Vega in black satin on a black horse
And he would battle the bad guys leaving a carved Zee - of course
The stories were simple and he always won the day
And I rode with a black mask around the backyard his way!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Childhood - Mark Your Timeline

Mark your timeline with things that are clear
For you to hold close and to be to me so dear

I remember an old Aunt taking me by the hand
And buying a pie from a Port Adelaide food caravan

I remember ringing the school bell for the end
Of the lesson times feeling so proud no need to pretend

I remember falling off my bike and hitting the ground
When scabby knees were mine to be found

I remember the kiss of my father on my cheek
And the feel of his face in joy so complete

I remember riding my bike in the Summer sun
Freedom and happiness was what was won

A childhood of joy and happiness for us all
No need for a lot of money or possessions in our call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Childhood - My Childhood Now Walks Through My Memory

My childhood now walks through my memory glade
Of the sunny days and laughter that doesn't fade
I see again those friends who were always with us
And hear again my mother calling me home in a fuss

I wonder now how these times could have ended
And I have found my way now to parts unintended
The friends that I had in those olden years
Where life was shiny and not as real life now appears

But I can return and smile of that happy time
When life was good and laughter easy to find
There were no regrets or thoughts of past or future
It was only sunny days and a world that would nurture.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Childhood - No Computers Or Cgi

On the side of the Red Hill Bridge at Alberton
Seated on the piece of tin at the top waiting to slide on
No computers or CGI here just plain good fun
As I waited for the push and the slide begun

Playing back yard cricket 'til the sun went down
As we batted and bowled as our turn came around
Playing football on the oval kicking end to end
With everyone having a turn as equals and friends

I sometimes sit back and wonder if it was a dream
Thinking of my childhood of how wonderful it all seemed
You know that in this world there could be no better place
And all I have in my memories that will not be displaced.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Childhood - The Days Of Paradise

The sea sparkling in the summer sun
Running to the waters edge a race won
Letting the water lap over the top of you
Playing of pirates burying treasure too

Kicking a football end to end each in turn
Taking the specky mark as bare arms burn
Lining up for the shot at the goal to score
Never tiring of the game with our mates for sure

The first day of summer holidays with the promise
Of endless fun over Christmas time not to miss
Never thinking the good times would ever end
These are the days of Paradise that we all depend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Chocolate Milk

7 percent or 16 million Americans believe
Chocolate milk comes from brown cows
With the flavour being linked to the cow's colour
48 percent are unsure where milk comes from
And 37 percent drink milk from the container

1 in 5 people didn't know that hamburgers were beef
But in all of this they still drunk the milk
And the American hamburger is legendary
For the number consumed and the burger's size
So after all that is said where did they think
Strawberry milk came from in the scheme.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Choice

All individuals have a choice
Of whether they act or not
They can be persuaded as well
By writings and imaginings

But when you attack innocence
Surely there is no right in this
Even if you discount religion
As an influence on people's lives

The concept of right and wrong
Should guide them in their dealings
With other people if you want to live together
In a world that grows smaller each day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Choices And Opinions

Choice is the issue in the world today
Put something on Facebook you want to say

See how many likes you can get
Then count them up to see if it is right as yet

Opinions are OK in the this wide world
And you know that they will be difference held

But surely the evidence must be made
Some things are meant for public discussion weighed

Then other things need a proper scientific examination
With the results being reported correctly in elation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Choosing

How do you make a choice
To give what you feel its voice
Do you think it through
Pondering on what to do

Make a list of the good and bad
And see what will be had
Or do you use the intuition as it was learnt
Hoping in the end that you won't be burnt.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Christmas - Making A Christmas

One Christmas in our family history
My parents were finding it hard in their story
And building the family house was a cost
That meant Christmas toys would be lost

So my father gathered together pieces of wood
And made toys for us because as a carpenter he could
There were wood race cars and yachts made with care
From nothing he crafted a Christmas for us in our fare.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Christmas - Shopping With The Girls

Shopping with the girls
Is such a Christmas whirl
You are so annoying now
You're walking slower - how?
Where would you like to go?
Surely you know - sooo slow
If you didn't want to come
Why didn't you give us the drum?
There you go I didn't know I had a choice!

Paul Warren

Christmas - The Day Of The Year Is Here

The day of the year is finally here
Again we gather together in good cheer
Christmas Eve is the Carols by Candlelight
With those treasured songs sung so bright

Families meet in each other's company
To Feast, to Laugh and to have Fun we agree
Peace on Earth and treasure fellowship for all
And mostly it's a happy time for children to call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Christmas And You

Who needs love and understanding?
Everyone does who ever lived
Some will forfeit these things
By what they do
But everyone needs it
And will suffer without it in the end

Christmas time is for family and friends
Laughter and forgiveness
Is what it sends
So forgive the trespasses
And know this truth
It's for you I say this
For what you should do.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Christmas In The Sun

Merry Christmas from the sun
Summertime has now begun

No snow or chilly evenings
Just the warmth and true believin'

Have a smile on your face
Merry Christmas in Australia to all good grace!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Christmas Magic

Do you remember the magic at Christmas time
When it was such a special family find
That you had waited for each year
As the day always started early in good cheer

In Australia it was always hot
Where sun sparkled on tinsel a lot
And childhood dreams were easy made
And Santa Claus was a truth that wouldn't fade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Christmas Memoire

Christmas lights
On Christmas nights
Smiling children delights
Christmas tunes so bright
Who has been naughty or just right
Go to bed early sleep you might
Dreams of toys and sweets to excite.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Christmas Morning

Brightly coloured lights I see
Blinking on and off so cheerfully
Tinsel wrapped around and around
From the top of tree
all the way to the ground

A star on top in crowning glory
A baby in a manger telling the Christmas story
Children jumping out of bed early in anticipation
Laughing and unwrapping presents in happiness and elation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Chugging Along

Chugging along not a care in the world
I know now that life is a wonder held
Each moment of today I know
Will be happy and not be a woe

Hum a favourite song to yourself
Knowing that it will be part of your wealth
There will be days where it will not be
Like today as beautiful as you will see

So stand up and with your lungs shout
Let everyone know what happiness is about.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Chunks And Learning To Live Without Them

Chunks were blown off me
When my father died so horribly
And when my son was born handicapped
Then when I lost my trust of some people
In the years of just swallowing their jibes
When my mother died a chunk flew off
In the years you learn to carry on
And live without the parts
Of you that you have lost.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Church Protection

Representing God is to stand tall
It's what separates priests from us all
So when someone standing for God and good
Commits offences upon innocent ones as they could
It destroys the Church and faith suffers too
The question that's left is what we now do

George Pell was convicted of historical sexual offences
And we are left to ponder how the Church erects fences
So that they are able to protect their own on the inside
Where paedophiles are allowed to safely abide
For it doesn't matter what organisation you are in
You shouldn't be protected when committing sin.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Clean Sheets

There were clean sheets on the bed
Neatly made with tidy threads
Cleanliness was always good
In their younger days as lovers laid as they should
But age now keeps them apart in their bed
Comfort important and sleep now in its stead.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cleanse His Soul

He felt the need to cleanse his soul
Purity of heart was his fateful goal
For righteousness sake I heard him say
And to return again on the chosen day

For travelling his world soiled him in its way
Need was the call that would not go away
So he spent the time in the wilderness
With each second he felt he was blessed

Then to return to the world in his nakedness
And not shy away from the task set in the wilderness
Even if it cost him everything
Righteousness was the song his soul would sing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Climate Change And War

They say that the Syrian Civil War had as one of its causes
An ongoing drought for three years with no rain of course
When you mix the country not be able to feed its people
With young men leaving the country to cities that are feeble
No work, no prospects for the future push these people to ISIS
So they became cannon fodder in the Moslem extremist pushes

Informed Americans now feel that they cannot wait to put in place
As a security agenda intelligence estimates of climate change in the race
They say climate change and pressure put on countries in the world
Will mean countries under pressure from the climate as they are held
Remember that the French Revolution resulted from failures of crops
And world markets for food could raise the prices when food flops

Russia had a huge drought with Russian wheat taken from world markets
This raised wheat prices by 300 percent in the Middle East yet
The resulting Arab summer where governments fell as a result
Had as one of its causes climate change without a halt
Where there is already stability extremists take a hold
Now is the time for us to act against climate change being bold.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Climbing Mountains Again

I would like climb mountains again
And to hear the laughter of friends
Waking each day knowing it would be OK
It wouldn't matter that I lounged away

Each thought that I feel
I would know is the real deal
And what would it matter
If our plans were idling in chatter.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cloaks - The Great Fashion Accessory

I think they should bring back cloaks
The mad accessory for us blokes

They are easy to put on before going out
And you can make neat entrances twirling about

This is the only clothing piece that truly is
One size fits all for manufacturing bliss

At those really cold night sports games
You can lift your forearm to point the blame

Whilst looking at an umpire staring true
The dead eye glare will be the one for you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Clubbing Together

Have you had your moment
When for you it will be your vent
Your 15 minutes of fame
Is it all such a game
And if you got together
As a group contender
With four of you
Clubbing together too
Would you be able to bask
In a whole hour of fame to last.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Coffee And Company

The old lawman sits
And surveys the scene
Always one to see detail
He raises the cup and sips
The hot coffee his companion
No more to wear the uniform
Or carry the gun in his hip
But there are still the stories
He tells about some other days
When men were men
And women loved them for it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Col The Coal Collector And His Grandpa

Col was a happy boy who had a special creed
He seriously collected coal in his hobby makers deed
And he kept his best ones in his back pack
For he liked the way they rattled carried on his back

Finding the best bits made him so very happy
Especially how the sunshine made them black and very shiny
Then YouTube told him how to make a diamond treasure
As coal would change to diamond under a bit of pressure

So when he next visited his grandpa
He took his two oldest bits of coal from his jar
And he asked his grandpa if they could try
To make a diamond from his coal in his vice bolted up on high

So they went out to the shed and selected a coal bit
And placed it in the vice slowly turning it
Until the pressure on the coal became quite tight
As the vice was turned and turned with all of Grandpa's might

Col heard the crunch and clapped in happiness and glee
Hoping to see a diamond where piece of coal used to be
And so when grandpa opened the vice undone
He saw something glinting so nicely in the sun

Grandpa picked up what sparkled in the sun
And held it up for Col to see that they had won
For there was some grandpamagic that day
As Col kept his diamond from grandpa with his smile to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Collections

In a life time what do you collect
Mementos of times you select
Some things will make you smile
Others will make you weep for a while

Perhaps there are books of stories to keep
That colour your attitude or mysteries you seek
As you gather these things around yourself
It becomes part of your life's rich wealth.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Colours

Psychedelic colours burst across the sky
Mood rings blink on and off as I fly by
Count the bright stars as they travel with us
It's just nature showing that it doesn't make a fuss

Dream of past lives that you have lived
As you smile at your memories for what they give
Your cosmic travelling will be a sight to see
What wonders will their be in the future for you and me!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Comfortable

Putting old comfortable clothes on
Sitting in an old leather chair
Thinking about old times
Laughing at old jokes

Singing along to old songs
Treasuring old memories
Remembering older people
The good times and things

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Compatibility

What do you ask of me
As I look for more to see
Do I need to be intuitive
And find more to give

Or just set aside things
Where I see what it brings
In the end of it all then
Is it that compatibility ends.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Computers In Government

Computers make decisions for the government
As to who will be in or out in the judgement

So decisions affecting people's future made
By electricity without people as part of the grade

Legislation is used for this to make it legal
It concerns me we leave anything to computers at all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Confrontation Is Always Hard

Confrontation is always hard
When they want the whole nine yards

Trying to get the anchor point
And then make your way to anoint

Them with your wisdom made
The struggle is to win with blade

Harder still when it's a point of view
Held for a long time as they have thought it through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Connections

Things are interrelated and connected
Each decision you make becomes affected

Because others may not see your point of view
And so want to affect what happens too

So even if you are trying to do the best you can
It may not in the end be the best of the plan.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Contain, Control Or Die?

When people take hostages
What do you do?
Contain and control them
Is the first thing to do
Ensure that it cannot spread

Then do you wait them out?
In these days of terrorism
Where terrorists want to die
Perhaps their death
Needs to happen
But ensure that this
Is the best course of action.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Contemplation

While the days away
Thinking about yesterday
What pops into your head
Abide again what was said

Perhaps if you had to do it again
Would it pan out so you don't need to defend
It again to yourself in contemplation
Will there ever be a point of saturation?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Contemplation In Relation

Work is all but done
And retirement is finally won
My music is golden old
With my stories are now told

I see myself in these later years
Boring stories told when drinking beers
And do I have well considered wisdom of my age
I wonder to contemplate experience in my history's page.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Convention

Conventions we have in the world
Passed down as they are held
Some things you just don't do
Like passing wind in public too
And some Celtic words that you shouldn't use
That will be taken now as verbal abuse
So picking out the things that you will follow
I think may depending on your will or will not be mellow

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Conversations With God

I would like to have a conversation
With God
I would ask the questions
We all find so hard
About suffering and death
And why it happens

I wonder what would be said
Would it be that it is part
Of a great universal plan
Or that I wouldn't understand
So accept it and move on
For tomorrow is a new day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cordon And Contain

'End it now he called to me'
As he was backed into a corner you see
'Do it. Go on do it. I dare you.'
Wanting me surely to follow it through

We waited and left him with no where to go
As the time here went so very slow
Occasionally he would talk on the phone
Until finally he came out to us all alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Corny Anti-Drug Poem

D is for the death they bring
R is for the really bad idea they are
U is for the underlying criminal cause
G is for gangs who distribute them

U is for the underhanded and unfair way you treat your family
S is for the sentence a court will give to you
E is for the end of your world as you know it
R is for the rewire that the drugs will do to your brain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Corruption - The Code Of The West

He rode into town that day
Came to join in the cowboy way
He carried a gun and wanted to be
Fast on the draw and tough to see

The Code of the West
For us cowboys is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

The other deputies in the territory
Had been around and knew the story
Don't cross us or you'll go down
Take you lick and stand our ground

The Code of the West
For us deputies is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

One night the deputies caught them dead
They robbed a bank and out of town they tread
The deputies recovered the money down
But took their cut and rode back into town

The Code of the West
For us deputies is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

Later on for a favour given an older deputy
Gave his protection outside his duty
To beat the law for a gambler friend
This was hard for the Governor to comprehend

The Code of the West
For us deputies is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

The Governor came to clean up the mess
He told them they should not guess
To tell the truth about it all
There is no need to make a judgement call

The Code of the West
For us deputies is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

The Governor said the oath for this office made
Is greater than your marriage grade
But still not one of the deputies spoke
The Code of the West would not be broke

The Code of the West
For us deputies is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

But the town had enough
Of the deputies and their ugly stuff
They told the Governor it had to stop
To clean the mess had been a flop

The Code of the West
For us deputies is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

The town told the Governor of the gambler
Who had settled and now was not a rambler
Attracting this sort into the town
Meant the town's folk didn't want them round

The Code of the West
For us deputies is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

So the Governor decided to fix this up

And not let the older deputy continue to sup
On providing protection in his game
He was charged and became one of ill fame

The Code of the West
For us deputies is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

The deputy lost his badge and went to jail
The evidence of the town's folk did not fail
The other deputies were left to ponder
And the price of ill-gotten gains to launder

The Code of the West
For us deputies is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

The young deputy was left alone to think
And not from his duty forever to shrink
You see when a deputy's power is under review
Does this power corrupt is something over to chew.

The Code of the West
For us deputies is the best
Don't let your mates down
'Cause we are the sheriffs of this town

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cotton Candy Memories

I dreamt of cotton candy
One in the hand is kind of handy
Just take a bite
And chew it as you might
Then it melts in your mouth
As it disappears down south

Then you hold your father by the hand
Seeing the lights flitter around so grand
The cool summer breeze feels great
The summer holidays you couldn't wait
At the end asleep in the back of the car
To home and bed wasn't too far.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Could You Ride A Rainbow

Would you ride a rainbow
Across the sky in one go
Could you see the world again
In a colourful way to begin

And to believe what is true for you
When you would be able to renew
Live your life in true happiness
With your soul in peaceful redress.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Counting Down

Just a year to go
Was a patient call
Then I won't need it any more

Just a month to go
Showed some more
Then I'll sleep better he did implore

Just a day to go
I've outlasted them
Once it is over the end I will adore

And I wake up knowing
That it will no longer be
When what is left is left to explore.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Courage

Do you get courage from the grape
Before your battle comes you wait
Take a swig from the bottle's mouth
You will need it before the stoush

But courage cannot be bought
For your strength that will be sought
Know that each will feel the fear
When danger comes or is near.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Crank Up The Volume

When all else fails in this world
And it seems like it won't get better
Just find a place for you to be
Switch off the world for a while

Crank up the volume so you hear
Every song you love and sing out
For that is the reason alone you need
To get back your life and from it you feed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Crazy Mary

Crazy Mary would always hang around
And she would jump at the slightest sound
Pushing her shopping trolley day and night
Telling strangers she met of her fright

That changed her life in a moment then
And her terror from that night would not end
She had been walking home after working hard
And turn the corner into her home yard

When in a flash the world had changed
Scaring her by how it was rearranged
She was in another place with a green sky
With strange lizard creatures flying high

And they chased her across an open plain
As she screamed loudly in her lonely refrain
She did not recognise the plants or animals
Until she was cornered without a saving call

She stayed that way not being able to leave
As she lost her mind in this place as she grieved
Then as suddenly as the world appeared
It disappeared but it left her with remaining fear

The dimensional travel had broken her mind
And she now wanders around through her insanity bind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Crime - Motherhood Will Keep You Out Of Gaol

Motherhood is such a sweet thing
To bring life to the world you should sing
But when you are a criminal and your crime
Means that your penalty should be to do some time
A lawyer will put the argument up to the court
That to gaol you should not attend or be ought
To go because your children deserve their mother
At home where she can look after them without bother
So now drug dealers and drug users killing people on the road
Are able to keep out of gaol whilst they are in mother mode.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Criminals Look For An Opportunity

Criminals look for an opportunity
So their plans can be fluid in their ability
To find a chink in the armour they'll see
As nothing can be 100% in the guarantee

So they will potter and poke around
Until they find weakened ground
Then they will pounce and take
From you what they want to partake

So don't be afraid in your feelings
But be aware of this in your dealings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Crooked Politicians

There was a day when politicians were real
Deserving some trust when working a deal
They would do it all without favour or fear
But over the years there have been enough smears

With the latest Australian politician in Gaol
Who will do at least seven years without fail
Perhaps there needs to be oversee for them
To ensure they don't deal that's crooked in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cross Your Fingers

Cross your fingers for me
For one can die so easily
It's all a matter of faith
Whether you are part of the wraith

That we perceive God will be
Standing in front of her or him you see
And what of the atheists in the crowd
What if they were wrong and not allowed

When I have spoke about this very thing
Everyone has their own lyrics to sing
I am convinced of the supreme being
And I hope there is a reward I will be seeing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Crossing The T

In a battleship war
Admirals looked for advantage
The best position be in
Is to cross the T
When the enemy is inline
Steaming towards you

Your battleships should be
In front of the first enemy ship
And steaming across the enemy's line
This means all your guns can fire
On the first enemy ship in line
And blow it out of the water.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cruisin' Man

Cruisin' the Main Street
Hey! It was always neat
All in the front on a bench seat
Windows down for others to greet

Beach boys on, ' I get around'
Balmy nights in Summer town
Stopping in the car park now
Teenage years, man take a bow!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Crying

A keep a straight face
For I know my place
And to be caught crying
Means I would be lying

I suppose there are stranger things
In this world of emotion that brings
Tears to my eyes when feeling sad
And what it is that's so bad.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Crystal Clear Vision

Some days I have a crystal clear vision
Of how things should be in the world
Clear that the world is beautiful and things are meaningful
Even if you are in some dark days

But then the vision blurs and it's not so clear
Is it right to want for better things
Or should we be tolerant and bear the dark days
Perhaps we need to make the best of things and move on.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cuppa Tea Anyone

The billy boils on an open flame
Or an electric kettle boils in a modern game
A sprinkle of tea and around the world twirl
Smokos on is the welcome yell

We learnt this from the British ones
A group of Aussies the smile is won
It could be a morning break or sundown meal
It all has for us a refreshing deal

How many plans are made in this way
And friendships enjoyed and laughter play
Tea boiled is the pleasure
Sit smile talk and drink the measure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cyber Attacks

Missiles and cyber attacks
Today's weapons as a fact
Apart from your borders
Being strong for attackers
Your computer system
You have to defend
So now with North Korea
And Russia to fear
The modern heroes
Are nerds so clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cyber Time

What ended today
I heard you say
Well there are things that endure
And others that you hope to end you implore

In the future they say you will be
The author of your own digital history you see
Will people need to die in your story
Or the future you intend is with them not ordinary

You will be able to leap into a cyber world
Where nothing begins or ends unless you want it held
A Virtual Reality will mean that living by avatar
In this Universe without worrying what will be in store.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Cyber Warfare

Cyber Warfare is the new battlefield
Where anything connected to the Internet
Can be hacked into doing what you want
From interfering with companies or countries

To make blackmail easy for cyber thieves
And disarming country's defences in their computers
With Israel being the country with the best hackers
Industrial systems are vulnerable to these attack.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Damaged People

Damaged People need to live on
Even when they can't get along
And when they're judged to be unkind
Maybe it's just that they are looking to find
Their way in a world that doesn't care
Even when they see something that isn't there

Forward always seems the way to go
Even if you don't want to know
Of what it will take to continue
When all you want is finish too
So sometimes it is just be gentle
Will be what they need in their mettle.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Damien Parer, Ww2 Cameraman

Damien Parer was an Australian cameraman
Who went to war with the 2nd AIF in WW2
In the desert sands of Libya at Tobruk
And Greek mountains he filmed the Australians

But his best work was on the Kokoda Trail
Where his "Kokoda Front Line!" won an Academy Award
He went with the American Marines on Peleliu Island
And was shot dead by a Japanese sniper

Australia and the World lost a talented cameraman
But he lives on in his film work forever
Telling the world at a time about this war
When the truth was not being told about these men.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dance

Are we going around in circles again
I've got a feeling I can't abide when
We love each other with such a passion
Or just do it because it's all in a fashion

When we do our dance as we swayed
How many nights have we gazed
As a full moon dances through sky
Will we find out our reasons why.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dance And Know

Dance for life
Dance for you
Dance for fun
Dance for love

Know it's true
Know you're the one
Know my love
Know the dance
Know it's you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dance On

Just dance on
To your favourite song
While the music is playing
And your body is swaying

With a special one
And be there for fun
For with the music
The joy of dancing for the fun of it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dance The Dance

Do we dance the dance
Taking partners in the prance
Back and forth we will bring
What we need to make us sing

This dance we do together
In these times as we will weather
What we need from each other
Is why in this dance we will bother.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dancing On A Saturday Night

If you saw me dancing would you join in
Just come on over and jive right on to begin
When the music plays my feet just move along
So natural it's like they know every rock 'n' roll song

There doesn't need to be a party I swear it's true
And the dance steps you go with is totally up to you
Over the years the dances may have changed
But it's the beat that keeps your feet arranged.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dark Days

Where to turn when your days are dark
Thinking facing your demons is a difficult mark
Every hour is seen as struggle and strife
And a sister or brother's life is left a sacrifice

How do you lose the fire in your soul
As it is snuffed out beyond your control
And we who are left with sadness wrought
With only tears and more questions sought.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dark Glasses

A dark lens over each eye
Hides my feelings as I try to get by
For a time the world is at bay
While I struggle to not waste away

I want to know what to do
To remain solid and true blue
And so the dark glasses remain
While the world stays the same.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Darkness In The Middle Ages

Darkness so black you can't see
Wandering off the path a danger to be
Without the moon to guide you
Being wrong footed a danger too

And thieves and murderers used the night
To ambush the unwary in fright
Then there were the stories of beasts
Waiting to pounce on people to say the least.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dawn

I greet the dawn as an old friend
As the day begins and the night end
The darkness hid the ugliness
But the light of day reveals the mess

Of our relationship with its ups and downs
And now this time you are not around
I stand alone again after a restless time
Will there ever be time when it will be fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Day Dreams

Day dreams float through my mind
Waking times bring an after glow
Through stormy seas I now find
In other places I now wish to go

An ocean now filled with tears
Or piles of smiles in my trials
Are these the things that will adhere
When making sense of dream styles.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Daydream Believer

Daydreaming for believers
Put your heat bag on your neck
Sit back and close your eyes
Go back in time again
To your special place and relax.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

De Ja Vu

Time rolls by
As it throws down impressions
Of people and places
And these echoes
Remain anchored in the years

These impressions you feel
May leave you ill at ease
A feeling of Déjà vu
'I've been here before'
As unmeasurable dark matter.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dead People's Things

I went to Savers on the other day
And what struck me right away
Was how many things placed in the store
That were obviously from dead people not needed any more

There were James Last vinyl record collections of yesteryear
And a 50-year wedding anniversary plate held dear
So when you shuffle off this mortal coil
Your things will become an op shop foil.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dealing

Old Sin permeates the air
It doesn't go away in despair
To deal with it is a chore
You will want it to go away even more

The longer it is around is the reason
When not dealing with it makes it poison
But Old Sin gets harder you know
When all you want is for it is to go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death

What do we see
Is it optimism
Or is it faith
What are questions
For
If the answers aren't
Forthcoming

Does it scare you
Or do you rejoice
In death.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Be Gentle

The Angel of Death so close up ahead
I touched my face as my breath kisses the dead
Your black flowing robe gives you away
As I have heard others beg to further stay

In your careful plan that can't be unwritten
Are you ever touched by those you have smitten
Remember us please when you make your call
For we are fragile even when gathered one and all

And please remember when you come for us
Be as gentle as you can is my final plea without a fuss

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Cemetery Real Estate Trading

Cemetery plot trading is the latest Real Estate Trading thing
Digging up a relative and moving them is a money making dream
The relative can be cremated and placed in lesser accommodation
And the original plot is made attractive and sold for a profit auction
There are Real Estate agents who now specialise in this business
To swap a relative into a new cemetery location with a profit to finesse.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Counting The Cost

We spoke together quietly one afternoon of his son now lost
I came to realise as he spoke of his struggling with its cost
His son was young and just starting with his own life's journey
What happened made him question if as a father he was worthy
His son was one night partying making mistakes which cost his life
Drinking, madly driving and not wearing a belt was his list of strife
Lost control of the car rolled over onto to him halfway out of the door
His life was squashed from him and his story became no more.

As we spoke together I could see the strain in his half-closed eyes
At his quiet times now the thoughts of his only son back to him flies
If he'd worn the belt, not drunk or driven would it have ended in that way?
His son would be with him together and for the future he would stay
It had been a year past since it happened and his mind became at ease
Until his son's birthday dawned and his thoughts then turned for him to grieve
How do I tell the world about it who haven't listened to his saddened tale
The need to drive safely together and not experience a tale in grief's unkindly
wail!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Did You Hear The News?

Did you hear the news?
As everyone gave their views
Do you know what happened?
It was his son who used the weapon
Stabbed him in the chest and back
Then he ran off into the black

There was silence then
While we all tried to comprehend
Why a son would do this to his own father
I am sure that given a choice now he'd rather
Not have done such a violent act
And we would have been spared this fact

So what happens now?
The seeds of the tragedy he did plough
Have us all wondering how we'll cope
When all is lost without any hope
Of making proper sense of this
In the loss of Phil Walsh whom we'll miss

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Do You See Wondrous Things

When you leave this world do you fly
To other galaxies and a universe up high
Do you see such wondrous things
That your heart is light and sings

Then after your heavenly flight
You land in a place that is just right
And you see the people your love has defended
Now you know your final journey has ended

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Is There Any Rhythm Or Reason

Is there any rhythm or reason to it
The day will start so fresh as you expect
With a sky to be forever azure blue
As you would have expected it to

A drug crazed one in havoc wrought
Destroys innocence for nothing - nought
So in the end there is nothing left to say
Just hold your hands in your head and pray.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Jacob's Ladder

They say just before you die
You have a chance through your life to fly
To re-visit the main events that mattered
That are presented through your life so scattered

To remember the first friend you made
Or when you first gained a sporting grade
When you met your first true love
Or the first job which fitted like a glove

As you climb on each rung of Jacob's ladder
You shouldn't find that you get sadder
It is your stair case to a heaven sent
And know that your final reward is meant

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - No Man Is An Island

No man is an island each death diminishes me
May now not be politically correct and off-key
But in some cases the death certainly will see
In their passing you can shrug and think what will be will be
And there are heroic deaths for a cause or a sacrifice
That can make you proud and to bless the person thrice

Then there are people that strike a cord in your soul
Who have helped you grow up and score well in life's parole
I've always wondered how could it be that the person dying
Can make you feel that so sad and will see you crying
I think it's because the measure of the person's company
Is that you will never in this earthly life them again in God's decree.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - One Shot

One shot is all it takes
One life ended it makes
By your own hand
Or be another's plan

In the end it is the same
Even if there is no blame
Grief and heart is found
Now the person is not around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Shed A Tear

One cold dark lonely night in the day's early hour
We went to Strathmont Centre for Coronial power
One of residents there had passed on
Gone in his sleep he hadn't suffered long
We did all the things required by the law
The resident nurse could have done no more

When it was at an end and we loaded the van
The nurse shed a tear for that handicapped man
You see to others his life was not worth such a lot
He had Downs Syndrome and simply living life's plot
But sometimes it seems to me that what counts in the end
To see grief in your passing from one who is counted as a friend

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Stupid Deaths On The Road

The search for meaning is an endless thing
When thinking through what death will bring
In wandering the Western Front Cemeteries
It is difficult to find meaning in these war stories

But when someone dies in an crash because
They did not do the simple things in cause
Like putting on a seat belt or keeping to the speed
Or not drinking and driving or drugs that will impede

Perhaps the silliest thing to do is work a day
Party all night and without rest go on your way
To work with your mates then fail to take a bend
Thereby killing everyone in an inglorious end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Tears Are Not Enough

A man demanding white supremacy stands with a gun
Churchgoers cower as bullets speak their evil done
A grand-mother, coach and preacher breathe their last
Tears are not enough surely the day of the gun has past
Time to honour the dead again as their President calls
How many times should this happen in freedom's halls?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - The Last Breath

If a gentle breeze blows
Towards eternity
Will I know for sure
When the day
Is here for me alone
The last breath.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - The Last Call

An icy road is such a long drive home
The car is warm it's been so far to roam
My baby is here who is the love of my life
I lose control and the car slides in strife
Off the bridge and into the water is bleak
Upside down and my daughter so meek
Why don't they come the danger so real
The water is so cold my body I can't feel
Help me I'm in here save us loudly I yell
My daughter from the water's swift swell
They pull her out and she lives after all
The puzzle is how in my death I did call?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - The Search For Immortality

The search for immortality
We all would like a place in eternity
The question is how are we remembered
After our deaths to have our memory extended

Will it be for deeds done
For stories written or great deeds won
Perhaps it might be you answered a call
Or circumstances that made you stand tall

I think your name written on a stone
Or in a file recording you have gone
Is the best that we can hope for in the end
And know that it will be for the world to comprehend

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - Were You Standing There Looking At Me?

Were you standing there looking at me?
When I was alone watching death take thee
As I was standing looking at you some more
On the operating table with your blood on the floor
Was that the end of it all then
It was over for you with no need to pretend
Were you standing there looking at me?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death - When Someone Dies

When someone dies
It changes things
As the one who has passed
Influenced what occurred
And family relationships
Are never the same
It is true that things
Do come to an end
But sharp edges are honed
That once were blunted
By the missing one
A new normality
Needs to be found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death Comes

Death will come for everyone
In all-natural things life ends as sure as it's begun
Sometimes you are able to prepare
Other times it sneaks up grabbing you there

There may be no rhyme or reason
All that's left is the grieving
And picking up the pieces is what's left
Families moving on are so bereft.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death In The Outback

There is a headstone in the Outback
About a Halfway along the Birdsville track
Written on it Thomas William Noel Treloar
Who was accidentally drowned in Coopers Creek's fatal shore

He was aged in years six and twenty
Dying on 6 October in 1920
But the curious thing to be
Is the Track is 900 miles from the sea

Ya know once and a while the Cooper will come down
And flood the creek turning it around
And Tom just happened to be there ya see
To drown in the Outback so far from the sea.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death Is The Enemy

Is death the first and the last enemy for us
Or is the silent war for always with no fuss

There are uncounted ways to die
That could turn your head you can't deny

So we march forward knowing full well
That our destiny is to meet death in its spell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death Of A Friend - Allan

Straight, true and always keen of eye
You would notice him as he walked by
Best at football, cricket and the tennis game
We grew up together and he had local fame
Playing football he received a knock in the head
This meant X-rays and so to the hospital he tread

On checking the X-rays there was a worrying sign
Abnormalities that showed he wasn't at all fine
His diagnosis was grave for Hodgkin's disease
This news for the family didn't put them at ease
What this meant for him was chemo and radiation
But when this was over there was no resulting elation

I remember when he died at 18 far too young
To the funeral thinking of old times that were fun
How can you feel when death stares at you first
You look around and feel your heart will just burst
When death meets one so young it is hard to reconcile
It's been forty years since that day and it still is so vile.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death On A Lonely Planet

When we landed it seemed true
That we would survive the whole month through
Then slowly one by one we died
With each morning we wanted to just get by
Until here I am the only one
The mission had caught us all undone

And I have defended the base the best I can
With each death a fight that I was not a fan
I still hear the voices telling me to kill them all
Waiting, waiting for them to return for me to end the murder call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death Pondered

We went into the Hospital that night
I heard a woman screaming in fright
You see she didn't want to die
She was so scared and couldn't see why
You see some aren't given the choice
To go quietly in their bed without voice

A motorcyclist switched bikes with a mate
Testing each other and for him his Fate
Were not kind and he skidded along at speed
Until contacting a telegraph pole to bleed
His last words to the world was all scream
And this happening was a nightmare so extreme

I don't know if the grim reaper prowls around
Wielding a sickle taking souls as they are found
Sometimes it seems hard to find a reason for it
It must be all in God's plan as the only real fit
I hope that in the end when it comes to my time
That to pass on then will be perceived as no crime

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death Stalks

Walking stalking behind us
Not seen or making a fuss
You can't see it as it goes
Even if your pace does slow

Even if you spin around so fast
You may catch a glimpse that doesn't last
Can you feel their breath on your neck
Know until your day death will not take affect.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Death Watch

Sleep your uninterrupted night
The tasks of life are now out of sight
Close your eyes once more
The struggles are over rest death implores

A bright light everlasting
Now appears with your old friends smiling
To guide you on to your place
As death ends your run race.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Deathwatch

Did I know the reason why
It was your turn to die
As you laid low in your bed
The cancer spread in a time of dread

Did I make the right call
When those days came for your fall
Could I have been there better for you
As your time was finally through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Decision-Making - When Wronged

What do you see
As you look at me?
Do you think of the day
When wronged in your say

Does it build up inside
And cuts you aside
What can I do now
To find a better know-how?

Sometimes things will change
When they are within my range
And you can set it aside
To mend your inner pride.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Decisions - Decisions On The Spot

Decisions - Decisions on the spot

Decisions have to be made straight away
There is no time to think or contemplate a stay
When the pressures on and the time is not your own
Others will look at what you have done and what is sown

It is easy when looking back and working out what might
And for others to consider in the end what outcome was right
Is right or wrong in the decision you make
And sometimes at night will keep you awake

Just one point to make in the end what will be defended
Don't be smug about your morality until it's been tested.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Decisions - Ponder Yourself

When you're alone and left to ponder yourself
What demons surround you that are placed on the shelf
Do you go through each point and phase of it all
And wonder again at why you made the final call

Sometimes decisions need to be made on the fly
When all the final facts might not be piled high
It doesn't matter if it is a minor point to be made
You can be taken to account and be taken to the blade

So what is keeping to the truth of it for them
Could be a matter of perspective in the end
If you want to be free from the cut and thrust of it
Do you stand aside and be away from their fit?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Decisions - Putting It All In Context

Who walks with you?
Is it your life and all you do?
Do you review each step you make
And wonder again why you took the bait
Of each decision in its consequence
That was taken in your rolling pretence
When you need to judge by application
Of a set of rules without their supplementation
So the advice is to live in the present
And don't think about the past or future element.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Decisions - When The Tillerman Makes Their Final Call

Will you stand when the call is made?
When you want to run away but you have stayed
There will be people who want you to go
And they will stand and put up quite a show

But in the end the choice that is for you
Will mean what you do will need to be true
Stand for those who are tired and worn out
And cannot do it for themselves in their own clout

But remember each time that you ante up in it all
There is a price when the tiller man makes their final call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

De-Cluttering And Muttering

I knew a bloke who was pristine
The desk in his office was so very clean
And everything there had its place
Measured and squared in a state of grace

And what we used to do to mess around
Is place things out of order or on the ground
So when he returned he'd have to take his ruler out
Measuring and de-cluttering things without a doubt.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Deep Inside

Have you looked deep down inside
You know in those places you like to hide
And see what makes you up
You never know you might want to fill your cup

So think about it now
You may even want to take a bow
For you are made up of many things
And your heart may want to get up and sing

For those things that you have hidden
In those days when you were driven
May make you sit up one day
And know what you want to say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Defibrillator By The Air

Defibrillators are now delivered
By drones flying to the scene
They deliver this service faster
Than an ambulance going to the scene
This is in Sweden and is innovative
And will mean that more people
Will be saved by this service now.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Define Your Times

Define your times
What do you stand for

Are we at war
Or is it a time of peace

Can you speak out loudly and clearly
Or do you just sit and simmer away

Are you in control of your life
Or do you just take the easiest path

Does your righteous voice
Speak out in shame at what is being done

Do you hold onto the truth
Or do you speak loudly above all others

What side are we on
Or doesn't it matter when you win

How can we be righteous
When you can't be sure of anything.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Definition Of A Hero

Lauded in time
A Hero so fine

Who stood up then
Wanting to defend

Those fragile in their sup
And will not give up

Not only physical courage
But to stand up for the age

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Delta 11 Police Patrol

Endless miles on mean streets
A patrol that never seems complete
People whom you will see
Who will never be who they wanted to be

And children running around
Late at night no parents found
Too many drinks or too many drugs
Just drive by them with another shrug.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Demand The Good

And I close my eyes
To be alone with no disguise
To think of other times
When we held the line

Others would see us stand
And from us they would demand
That we stood for good
Doing the things we should.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dent Your Pride

Does it dent your pride
Just going along for a ride
And not making your mark
When the day turns to dark
For the ones who do nothing
Will end up with nothing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Desert Highway Patrol

The sun is sinking in the west
On a long hot summer day
There's just the radio, my patrol car and me
As I look to the traffic on the highway

The holiday crowd is passing through
On the long haul homeward bound
There are long lines of cars
As travellers pass me by

Some of the drivers give me a wave
Whilst others just look straight ahead
Being seen is the order of the day
As I drive up and down the desert road

The bush awakens from the hot day
As the evening cools off
The sky is full of pastel blues, reds and yellows
As the day ends in desert dreams.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Destiny Stares Out From Eternity

Destiny is skulking along following me
As it stares out from eternity
When I glance over my shoulder
It becomes bolder and bolder

What does it have in store
Is my future laid out to explore
As I feel it's eyes piercing me
And I want to run from it and be free.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Deterrence Apparently

Nuclear bombs are stacked
To use when an enemy needs to be whacked
With one leader having eight hundred bombs ready
And another matching them so very handy

Scientists move their clock
Closer to the midnight slot
For mutual deterrence is the story
Locked with complacency with no glory.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Devotion

Crystal clear with devotion
A heart felt true emotion
Every day it dawns on me
Love truly given will be free

Simple things are the best
Not to be concerned for the rest
For love will always find a way
In the end for you to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Did You Hear The Anguished Cry

Did you hear the anguished cry
A call unanswered as you went by
Can you bolt out on the sound
As the cry reverberates around

For you may have struggles of your own
And to you unable to find your track unknown
But others may need your now
Buck up and take the lead you know how.

© Paul's Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Did You Wear The Blue

Did you stand
When others ran
Did you comfort
When others cried
Did you persist
When others gave up
Did you wear the blue
When others wouldn't
Do you remember them
When their day is done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Diet Sarsparilly

Diet Sarsaparilly
I think it tastes just fine
Diet Sarsaparilly
I drink it all the time

It is a bit unusual I would agree
I have it everyday for lunch you see
As a tasty aperitif it's number one
But I will concede my opinion may be the only one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Different Versions Of Me

The future fascinates me
I wonder if there is more to it to see
Of it as it is stretching ahead of us all
Where decisions will be made in our call

As there is a diverse range of outcomes
Stretching out in infinity to come
And we all think and decide
Which future we will abide

So as I sit here and think it through
Are there other versions of me too
Living their lives as they would
On different timelines and decisions as they should.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dig This, Baby

You think I look pretty good
But you don't know me at all
It would appear that I have it together
But dig this baby I'm not done yet

Who would have thought
That I would be here now
I can't explain it at all
So why do I even bother

Others will have it all together
And I envy them so
Pack it in and start again, you say
When will it be my turn to take a bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Disco Fever

Platform shoes and flared trousers there
Polyester body shirts and pushed back hair
Bee Gees songs and ABBA on the radio
Falsetto voices were all the go

You should be dancin' is the theme
Lighted dance floors is cool and mean
Saturday Night Fever is the scene
White suits looking really clean

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Disco Night Fever

They say disco died as 1980 ended
After platform shoes and flared trousers weren't extended
So body shirts and white suits were old hat
And dancing the disco beat didn't come back

But don't you miss the beat on the one
Striding around was so much fun
It would be nice just to visit again
And have disco fever styling without end

I suppose everything has a time
But dancing and Saturday Night Fever was fine
The Bee Gees ruled the air waves
And time was flashy in the Disco Raves.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Diseases - Pop-Corn Lung

The Centre for Disease Control and Prevention in Missouri
Found out that working in a microwave pop-corn plant caused injury
With bronchiolitis obliterans an irreversible disease condition
Where the tiny air sacs in the lungs become scarred without derision

A flavouring agent diacetyl that gave popcorn a buttery taste
Meant inhaling this flavouring concoction would lay waste
To your lungs with coughing and shortness of breath
So that any exertion would leave you failing in your health

The affliction was similar to chronic obstructive pulmonary disease
Which meant the rest of your life on oxygen tanks that wouldn't please
So if you like a bowl of popcorn whilst watching television
Or Call of Duty playing on your computer eating this treat is in your vision

Be aware that eating too much of this easy junk microwaved food
Could leave you not breathing and would not temper your mood.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Disrespectful Saudi Arabian Football Team

You go to a country and you are meant
To observe their Laws and Traditions

But the Saudi Arabian football team
Did not observe a minutes silence

For the London terror attack dead victims
In the qualifying World Cup football game

Especially when two Australians died there
Bad form in another's country in a troubled world.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do I See What I Want To See

Do I see what I want to see
And be then what I want to be
We don't see the whole spectrum of light
So are there things blind to us not right
And when we can't explain
Do we make it up or just refrain
If these things that aren't revealed
Mean that some explanations are left concealed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do It Yourself

The Do it yourself craze is all the rage on television
Where you can do amazing things in the world's vision
Now you can renovation, participate or emulate
As other people have over other programs of late

And if cooking is your very special thing
You can be the best cooker in the extreme
But I think performing is the most popular show
When singing, dancing or performing is the go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do People With Rh-Negative Blood Have Alien Dna

The story goes that people with Rh-Negative blood
Are not quite as ordinary as everyone else
They are different from the rest of us
According to the laws of genetics
We can inherit things that our ancestors possessed
Provided we are not talking about mutations that is

So how is it that Rh-Negative blood is present in these people
The majority of these people have red hair
And have above average IQs
Is it possible these people are descended from alien DNA?
This possibility is one that has been raised to explain it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do The Loved Ones Come Back

Do the loved ones come back
Are the sightings a real fact
When you see them again
Those who are loved when
You see them where they were
Will you want a sighting to occur
Do the loved ones come back.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do They Make You Live Again

Do you dream at night
In never ending delight
Or do they make you live again
Your worst moments to defend

Are they in black and light
Or in technicolor shades just right
Do you see people who have passed
To speak with them again at last

Is it all out of your control
As they go on in a roll
Each night they seem scripted
Although others are encrypted.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do We Need A Queen?

Do we need a Queen?
For the past years seem now like a dream
When she would pass us with a wave as we are striven
We would be frantic for any recognition given
When we see her picture reigning over us
As why wonder why all the fuss

But that was then and now is now
As the years and Monarchy know-how
For the question that will follow
When she passes on leaving a hollow
Do we have an elected official
Or someone appointed for all that drivel?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do We Need To Measure Up

Do we need to measure up to each other
It seems so tiring and such a bother

Be happy in what you do and accomplish
And make it all you can possibly wish

There is no competition in force
Just enjoyment in accomplishing each of course.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You

Do you believe
Have faith in the world
As it was created
In all its wonders

Do you feel the warmth
Of the shining sun
As it travels across
The azure blue sky

Do you rug up
Against the cold
To feel safe
From all the dark things

If you were in the presence of God
Would you smile warmly
And know that faith
Was all there had to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Break A Heart

Do you break a heart every day
When you think of her that way
Does your pain
Suit the refrain

And it's so hard to do
Make out that your heart is not through
But break it will every time
When I make a wish that you are still mine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Burn Your Country's Flag

Do you burn your country's flag
To make a point when you feel bad
With others shouting slogans aloud
Is it your torch which burns the colours proud

But do you think about the sacrifices made
So that the flag can in the breeze cascade
In a country where freedom is guaranteed
By the brave who for the flag did bleed

Some say if you don't love this land
Go to a place where your ideas stand
For this country has nurtured us all
You should love it in our freedom's call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Doubt Me

Most don't notice me
Just wispy smoke you can hardly see
But I am here patient and so clear
Seeking and being something for you to fear

And in the thousands of years I have been around
There have been suspicions but I have not been found
I like to niggle on the edge
Soaking up all the trouble in my evil pledge

So if things don't always work out
Know it's me feeding on your self doubt
And I will always be here
In the shadows waiting watching always near.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Get What You Deserve

Do you get what you deserve
From what others observe
Or is it from what you perceive
And if you don't get it do you grieve

For what you see others get
Then do you form your regret
It would seem to me
What will be will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Hold Your Convictions

Do you hold your convictions well
And have to oblige for others to tell
Your favourite story for all to see
And want others to believe to be

But tolerance is the issue for all in the world
To not force your beliefs as they are held
I think this is the operative story
Tolerance and harmony the glory.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Iron Your Jeans

When I was young my mum ironed my jeans
With my clean underwear on I thought I looked keen
But as I grew older and had to look after myself
Ironing your jeans was a sign of wealth

So I didn't iron them to give that lived in look
When I found that I had a hip new look
Where it was simple just to wash them
And put them on with no need for sloppiness to defend

But sometimes being drip dry would my scene
Walking around in them wet after they were clean
So they are a versatile garment of many uses
Just don't iron them or make any neatness excuses.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Know What I Mean?

It drove me on
When I was with a girl
Romance was the thing
And all I could think about
At the time when would she say yes
For I was eighteen
Do you know what I mean?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Measure Up

The phrase that keeps repeating
And it never was at all fleeting
Do you measure up they said
This was to him a phrase of dread

For the others would just snicker
And each time it changed in measure
Is what he would take away
Trying hard to want to stay

So each day there was no relaxation
And even when he won there was no elation
For the tasks would be set again
And do you measure up, was not a friend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Rock The Place

Do you rock the place

Do you rock the place
Dance so they remember your face
Keeping the beat just fine
Your dancing is so divine

Baby the music is loud
So just dance to make me proud
To be with you tonight
The music the dance so right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Stand For The Underdog

Do you stand for the underdog
When you know the bloody slog
Fighting when the battle isn't done
Before their freedom is lost or won
And when the fight is over for you
Do you stand together as true blue.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Wanna Dance

Will I take a chance
And ask her to dance
Such a pretty smile
The walk is like a mile

So I stand in front of her
But all I do is stare some more
And she looks me in the eye
Gets up to dance I'm happy I tried.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Want Fries With That

When I was young
And meals were done
There were three types
Potatoes mashed just right
Or not mashed with butter
On Friday nights fries the other
Now it seems there are two things
Fries that they will to you bring
And green garnish on your plate
When at a pub and end your wait.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You Want To Judge Me

Do you want to judge
And make a call
For who I am
Don't think
I'm not at your command
For my happiness is mine
And not yours to own.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Do You.....

Do you stand whilst others flee?
Do you uphold the right to be?
Do you defend the right to think?
Do you feel our free life is on the brink?

If this is the case think it through
Because in the end you'll know what to do
Even if you upset a line of thought
Do what you think you ought.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dogs

I have a little Moodle
Who loves to sit
With me and licks my hand
He follows me where I go
And is first in front of the heater
He tolerates the cat and they play
Sitting at the front wire door
He barks at who he sees
The house is his to patrol
And you will see it's true
Try getting in without him knowing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dogs - Benji The King Of The House

I sit and look out the front door wanting to see more
And growl at anyone I see through the screen door
There's the neighbour's cat who prances about
Sitting on the front porch licking her snout

Then there's the afghans who are led by
They walk with their noses to the sky
The noisy kid on his skateboard so speedy
Makes me bark and growl quite needy

Once and a while I see that I should be out there
Running in circles yapping as it's more than I can bear
This is my life as a small white Moodle dog
I am the king of what I see and the Boss Hog.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dogs - Benji The Not So Tough Small White Dog

Benji is our small white dog
Who thinks he is such a tough slog
He growls at animals on television
And when the door is open anything within vision

He doesn't like visitors and defends his territory
Eating is his past time and barking his story
But after all that said and done
He's not so tough he's just a fluffy one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Don't Be Too Hard On Yourself

I spent my life wondering
What I did that was so wrong
Each time that I felt bad
About what had occurred
Without any of my control

It wasn't centred about me
But it was just life where
There are ups and downs
We all need to consider this
And not be too hard on ourselves.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Don't Eat Junk Food

Don't feed bread to ducks
It stuffs them up you see
Being like their junk food
You should bring them
Corn, grapes and vegetables
The extra that you with vegetables is
They are more colourful than bread.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Don't Ever Leave

The way she walks
Into the room
Makes my heart skip
A beat or two
I hear her honey voice
And it revives my soul
Oh, beautiful girl
I love You more each day
To lose you now
Would break my heart
So don't ever leave
Be with me forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Don't Name A Terrorist

Don't name a terrorist for what they've done
Don't let their grave be bathed in the morning sun
Don't let their deeds live on and survive
Don't let the good die and the bad be alive

Let their body not be buried but tossed out to sea
Let those that plotted with them no longer be free
Let history record those who died a hero's death
Let those who are evil die cowardly at their bequest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Don't Waste Ya Time

Don't waste ya time
And get yourself in a bind
You will make mistakes
And the outcome may not be great

But it may not mean a thing
Just take the experience it will bring
And move on from it now
You are better from the know-how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Don't You Wish

Don't you wish
To be able talk again
To those people
Who have now gone
The laughter and the smiles
And to confide in
When you're feeling low
Just close your eyes
And lean back.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Door Knobs

Door knobs are special for me
And I like to clean them all especially
Washing and wiping with antiseptic so well
No germs to spread I can tell

One day the corona virus will be gone
And we'll remember it in story and song
But will I be able to break the habit
Of cleaning door knobs regularly because of it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Down

I walk along sometimes looking up and not down
But I've had enough of looking low to the ground
For each step is by myself - alone and sad
Thinking of the good and sometimes stuck on the bad

Could there be a sweep to clean
To take away what I find as obscene
And so when the past rises up again
The hurt and pain will fail in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dreaming Of You

The old windmill slowly turns
As the same old wave of loneliness returns
I can see you when I close my eyes
Drifting across the marble canyons of the skies

Then the dream ends and it's time to go
For there will be a time for you I know
Gently now waiting for the mood again
Knowing surely you'll be there at the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dreams - A Whirlpool Of Thoughts

Like a whirlpool the thoughts return
With no control they whirl and burn
Whilst the worst memories I know
Will be the ones that will not go

Flashing through in no order seen
They taunt and poke as a mocking theme
Will there be a time when it will settle down
And peace will reign without my frown.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dreams - Dream Baby Dream

Dream baby dream
Of all the things that had been
But remember about the ones
You had when you were young
Of the things that you would do
And what it would mean for you
It's not too late to have them again
Dream baby dream.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dreams - The Golden Steps

The sun beats its path across the sky
The golden steps lead as I walk by
In this dream I know what purpose is
As I make my way in perfect bliss
Then I'm awake again in truth now told
And I can't find my way or be that bold
This fear now grips and I cower away
I can't see the golden steps held at bay
Then I dreamt the dream of fulfilment
And was thankful for the guidance sent.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dreams - What Dreams Did You Have

What dreams did you have at the start
That when you thought of it burst your heart
Was it a car that would stop you in your track
Hey Charger! Or a Monaro or Ford Cobra fast back

Or was it a pretty one that caught your eye
As they floated across the room walking by
When you imaged what it would be for you
To be their only love cuddling close to you too

Perhaps it's just to find in your life such happiness
That it would transcend any mess in your life for the best
And wake up refreshed each morning of your life
Never worrying about what would be the strife.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dreams - Without End

When I sleep the memories return
As I again feel their eyes burn
They stand and at me stare
And point to me as I am laid bare

I know their faces I have seen them before
Being torn and questioning if I could have done more
They accuse me of not saving them
A point of view now I can't defend

In a circular story it starts again
Playing it out a story without end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dreams From Which You Can't Be Woken

Bonds that don't separate
Lives that owe so much to fate
Times remembered each one
Something not finished just begun
Promises made that were broken
Dreams from which you can't be woken
All these things I now do plainly see
For they are all now a part of me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Drink The Wine In Good Company

Do I drink the wine in good company
To take the edge of what will be
A sordidness to each story
When you put it together without glory

But the nobleness of each stand
Will haunt an ordinary woman or man
Remember each for what they were
And what in the end would occur

Fire in their bellies which scars their souls
Taking all their concentration to keep control
Who were we to judge them in the end
When taken to task it will destroy them.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Drinking Alone

I sit alone
And swirl my glass
One sip after another
As it warms my soul
I swirl it again
And the ice clinks
My companion makes no sound
It just clinks as I swirl it around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Drinking With Aussies For Beginners

I was with a Brit friend the other day
Drinking beer and telling stories you might say
I was draining stubbies down as an Aussie will
Making this mate laugh thinking I was a real dill

Ya see in the mother country you drink out of a pint glass
And swigging the bottle was uncouth and made you a bit of an ass
But when an Aussie wants a drink and it doesn't matter what
Looking for a glass to drink out of is silly when you're hot

And another mate said to me one time
He only drunk when it was warm that was so fine
This was a cold day in the middle of July
He said there hadn't been a cold day for 30 years gone by.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Driving - Using Frying Pans

There are three things you need to drive a car
Is to make it go and get to where you want from afar
And being able to stop is something you should do
A steering wheel is the last of the trio of things through
But what happens when you loose your steering wheel
Buy and fit a frying pan will give you the right deal!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Drugs And Death

Drugs and death
Go hand in hand
Re-wired brains
What is left
Not the best
Killing your own
Never condoned.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Dust And Broken Hearts

The savage dust swirls and boils up high
As farmers' fields are up in the sky
Gusty winds blowing strong
No place to shelter all moisture gone

The North Wind rips the heart of the land
As a drought makes its final command
Farmers struggle to keep their fields
And prayer will not always mean nature yields.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Each Passing

One last touch of their lips
Expresses eternal love
It's the parting that's the worse
Not knowing if they will meet again

Each day they endure the burden
And learning not to think is hard
For they live on the edge
And know the score.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Earth - The Clear Blue Sky

Last night the sky flashed lightning bright
The thunder and the rain lashed the night
The wind howled and rattled the glass
It was not a night to be out at last

The breaking dawn and the sun's warmth grew
The clouds were gone the sky is azure blue
A fresh breeze blows and the air is clear
On god's green earth it is renewed no fear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Easter - Easter Saturday Quietly Begins

Easter Saturday quietly begins with news
The accounts of a terrorist's death we choose
Tempered with the faces of the Brussels dead
As each is held in the family sadness bred

He who dies for our sins on Good Friday
Now weeps for us as we look to find our way
We now await an end to these the bloody times
Despairing each new hideous event in their book of crimes

At this the most sacred time of the Christian story
We look to God to find a path whilst bathing in his glory
Help us to understand why we now face these tasks
Whilst we find it difficult for what these trials now asks.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Easter - Good Friday 2017

Easter 2017 sunny days and cold nights
The blue sky goes on in an endless flight

Chocolate Easter Eggs in the shops again
Children laughing and joy will win

Again we see a family time
And for us all to again unwind

We have a time that the ancients used
For fertility rights that are not abused

So Christians adopted it as a sacred time
In Resurrection of Jesus in a story fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Easter - Hot Cross Buns For Yummy Fun

How many Easter Hot Cross Buns can you eat?
Now that Easter Monday is just about complete
Even if you didn't start early - just after Christmas!
It may be you can't eat any more buns or maybe less

Having them for breakfast, morning tea and lunch
Then afternoon tea, dinner and supper is a bit of a munch
I was told in the past Christian monks used to hand them out
To the poor who needed help to survive the year no doubt

But now they're just like Easter eggs in a moulded treat
And we now look to share them together in our family meet
So what do we make of it all - perhaps a bit of good cheer
For a world of terrorism, death and mayhem to wipe a tear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Easter 2017 - Easter Hunt And Fun

Easter sun as day is dawning
Children laughing and looking
For Easter eggs hidden around
By the Easter Bunny to be found

Baskets full and smiles for all
Chocolate faces will be your call
Furry rabbits and fluffy chicks
Chocolate extreme for all your licks.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Easter 2018

Azure blue under an endless Australian sky
Magpies chortling flying by
Fresh cool breeze on an autumn day
Easter weekend 2018 in a lazy way

The news is not so bad
Seems this year there is no sad
A Christian holiday with meaning
Faith in god with some hope for healing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Easter Monday At Hahndorf, South Australia 2 April 2018

A bright sunny azure blue sky above fills
Me with happiness and a leisurely drive into the Adelaide Hills
The Hahndorf Main Street full of shops
With soaps and hand made goods between the hops

A lunch of German fare of schnitzel or bratwurst with beer
All washed down in heartiness and cheer
Then to Melba's chocolate factory for all you eat sweets
Or the Beerenberg farm for chutneys and jam so complete
Then fresh apples off the farm
And a sleepy trip home full of small town charm.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ebay

Have you looked on eBay
She said with a smile

It's cheaper there you know
Just us the search engine

And you'll find it straight away
There you are the modern market

No leavin' home this way
Just wait for the delivery.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Electronic Voice Phenomenon

The whispering on the breeze is near
So gentle it's hard to hear
But it never goes away
It has so much more to say

Hold on and listen still
Concentrate on the words you may feel
Even when there are blasting sounds
They are still there to be found

Perhaps it is those who have passed on
Trying to say what in life was wrong
As echoes heard on the breeze
Trying hard now to be believed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Elvis And Kennedy Are Hiding In Plain Sight

Kennedy didn't die in Dallas
And Elvis lives outside of Memphis
You see they got sick of the guff
And took identities that were good enough

So if you see an impersonator in their act
Looking good as a matter of fact
It may be the real deal
Hiding in plain sight comfortably real.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Emotions Are Notions

Emotions are the notions
That hit you to the core
These notions become emotions
When you finally know the score

So anger, fear, weeping or happiness it will be
That breaks out this experience from inside you
As the by-product of emotions others will see
And in the end will demonstrate it clearly to others too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Empty Paper

When you're not in front
and your life is unsure
There is no toilet paper for you
and to every supermarket you turn to
There's none you tell me,
and I cry tears to myself

I don't need your persuasion,
cos it will be newspaper then
I will just read it through
and I think seriously myself
That's not really soft too,
I'll just use it quickly gritting my teeth through
It'll be better you tell me,
But no more I beg of you

So when I reach the last sheet
and the roll is empty for me
I'll been waiting wondering what I can do
Perhaps learning about making my own toilet paper too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

End Of Days

Gathering gloom you will see
The sun sinks to the horizon
Birds settle in the trees tops
Headlights of the cars turn on
Inviting home lights shine
Calling us to where we belong
Tired steps to greetings made
Daily struggle ends to rest earnt.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

End Of Night Shift

The stars are fading just right
And the darkness is lost to sunlight
You turn the police car into the station
And return your gear with no elation

Then you leave to go home
Another shift has become known
What thoughts to you mull around
As the daylight awakens the town

Will you toss and turn
With no sleep that you have earned
And you will turn up again
As night shift seems not to end.

© Paul Warren Poetry
eND

Paul Warren

Ending It

It ends now
Feelings of guilt
Of being alone
Wanting it
Hoping for it
Needing it
Ending it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Endless Music

Endless music plays in my head
Know now these tunes are not dead
They are for all time as they play
Never to leave and go away

Endless music plays in my head
Take the lead and sing along instead
Time is irrelevant as the song plays on
Memories and good times are the right song

Endless music plays on in my head
I thought I had lost them once I dread
But they came back and I learnt how to smile
And never again will I be in denial.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Endless Thoughts

Endless thoughts run through my mind
Of softer things that were always kind
When songs played along in my head
I would wear a smile on my face instead

Of an elongated worried frown around
That always in the end brings me down
Life is for living and not for feeling sad
It doesn't need a wholesale change from bad.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Enemies

Do you measure up to the standard
And will not be standing there stranded

Even if you measure up
Will you be able to take your sup

They will change the goal posts
So the goal will be further than most

And the smirk on their face
Will make you hide you face in disgrace

But know in the end of it all
You'll be better off watching their fall.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Energy - Green Power

Green energy it would appear
Is the way to slow global warming here
And we have windmills providing power
So that we can have light in the darkness hour

But what of storms that will halt the flow
Or when the wind refuses to blow
We still need the old fossil fuels
For when the wind can't complete the deal

And a blackout when we are sitting in the dark
When will the power return to make its mark?
It would seem to all of these things
We are still not the king of everything.

© Paul Warren Poetry.

Paul Warren

Enola Gay

It makes you wonder what would have been that day
If the Enola Gay didn't fly to Hiroshima to blast it away
Would the Japanese have surrendered
Before the Russians joined the war as they intended

It might have meant that the Russians would invade
Japan and as their influence there wouldn't fade
And perhaps it would mean that further casualties would occur
As the World War carried on to the final curtain of the war

When Japanese honour was at stake in their hour to defend
Perhaps the Atom Bomb was needed to shock them in the end
But I keep wondering if this Bomb contributed to the Cold War
We will never find out these alternatives in the World score.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Environment - A Cup By Any Other Name

A behavioral scientist will say
If your name is put on a paper coffee cup
So that you will be identified in this way
You will be twice as likely to recycle
Placing it in the recycling bin
But if they spell it wrong in its title
You are even less likely help the planet and chuck it in.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Environment - Global Warming

Hail the world for its beauty
The freshness and greatness imposes a duty

Let's ensure we look after it
Not pollute or spoil it for an industrial fit

They say we can't afford this care
But how can we not or even dare

There are too many scientists saying
Global warming will get us without obeying

Rules that are hard and changes needed
If we don't now do it we will be deleted.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Eternity

Eternity waits to be revealed
As I wonder what will be the deal
Will it be unending light
With loving people in sheer delight

Or is it the end of wondering
To sleep in sweet silencing
As the years roll on by
These questions remain as explicit why.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Eternity - What If We Can't Get Along?

The world turns in a continuing theme
And it will do so in nature's scheme
What does it matter in all our trials
And our journeys that go on for miles

The time that we have been here is not long
And the first eternity stretches back beyond
If in the end of it all we find we can't get along
Will the final eternity without us be forever long?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ethelred The Viking

Ethelred the Viking was his name
And in his journeys he built his fame
For his long boats were held in fear
When sighted on the horizon near

But one day his long boat was becalmed
And they drifted for days to Ethelred's alarm
Then at last the wind blew
But they lost their way and apprehension grew

Then the sky changed to a deep red
And they couldn't tell where they were to their dread
Then land was sighted on the eighth day
They found a landing spot after searching away

So they dragged their boat to shore
In a place unlike any other seen and more
There were animals on two back legs hopping around
And the country was a paradise found

Then the days turned into months so long
Ethelred's men wanted to return home all along
So they loaded the long boat and set sail
Journeying long they made home without fail

From that day Ethelred's did not do well
Until finally losing his kingdom with no place to dwell
So he became a wanderer across the sea
Looking for the elusive land he found once to live on free

But he couldn't find the land again
And his wanderings became legend
Some say that at sundown when the sky is red
If you look out to see you can see Ethelred.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ethereal Beauty

Once and a while
It comes back to me
The darkness will fall
And I'm dreaming again

The sound in my head
When it happens in time
Ethereal beauty I need
To see it new and alive

The perfect rays of light
And I see you with me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Even Out

Even out

I sit and think of things
How they play out and what life brings
You can look at a person with everything
And think how they have luck with anything
But it takes just one chance spin
To change them looking in
So I think of burdens worn
Will even out for everyone when ripped or torn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Every Day

Every day begins
With subtleties calculated to win
Sunlight and a refreshing breeze
Looking over the plain haze
It will be one of those memorable days.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Evil

Why should evil exist at all
Surely God would stop it in the call
When people can be murdered
Or children sexually interfered

Is there a force for evil as there is for good
Where the devil controls as they could
And what do you do with these people
Can we change them in their mettle

What is it that makes people do evil things
Is it just acting on uncontrolled impulses that rings
When you look at the Nazis and what they stood for
This planning and systematic crime is something to deplore

If these people are wired differently from normal
It still doesn't explain why God allows it at all
With these extremes of human behaviour
Surely there is a reason why this should be succoured.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Evil - We Shouldn't Suffer Evil People

We shouldn't suffer evil people at all
Once they become known in their call
But I wonder if there is a line that is made
That we should not back away from or fade

And those that are sacrificed before we stand
Will be martyrs that we will remember so grand
So if you happen to be one of these lambs then
Don't worry at least for today we will think of your end.

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Paul Warren

Evil Rode

Evil rode as they passed us by
And we did not look them in the eye
What was needed was strength and faith
We knew then the fight would take place

So we saddled up and met the battle
Where some of us would hear the death rattle
But soldier on we did and knew the score
Once the battle was joined death was at the door.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Evil Thoughts

Evil thoughts are just electricity
That go off in your brain in time
They are the same as the good
But what makes them different
Is what they do to people
When the consequences are known

Are they evil from the start
Or do we have to wait to see
The decision may start right
But end on the evil side of the ledger.
Then again it may be the perspective
That you take from it when you decide.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Evolution

Imperfect reproductions in generations made
Living things have offspring in their grade
We all are not absolute in our copy of the original
But there seems to be infinite variations possible

It seems that beauty, strength and intellect
Occur by nature's experiment or accident
I would say that raw materials would have a say
With lineage and parenting a part in the way

So once in a while there is an Einstein, Confucius or Bolt
That gives this Earth over an almighty jolt
But will we be able to breed a better human
And make for the world a better scientific plan

Will we evolve in these generational imperfections
That will take humankind in the new directions
Or is it by the luck of nature and we will have to wait
To find the next genius, philosopher or athletic great.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Evolution For Future Humans

Darwin thought that the origin
Of the species was all in
Where the strong survived
And others have taken a dive

So I was thinking
Whilst at home drinking
What will we be like in a hundred years time
So that we will be primed

We'll have a clamp hand to hold a phone
And a flat ear shaped for mobiles alone
Our voice tones will be tuned to phone use
With no need to repeat or make an excuse.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Expectations - Expectations Fuel Your Life

Expectations will fuel your life
When what you want will be rife
It may be as simple as a sporting win
When beating a rival will make you grin
Perhaps you would say some things make your day
But when it doesn't meet your expectations you will be blown away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Experience

Experience is the great teacher
And in some ways a preacher
Of the scripture of life come what may
When in the end that will be all that stays

The young want so much for their time
When they want it all to be just fine
But the scars and medals the elders have
Means experience will teach how to behave.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Expletive Deleted

Expletive deleted from the text
The word is taboo not allowed in the mix
For these Celtic words was once forbidden
From the Norman Conquest or so it's written

But now the words can be said
Expletives are heard and read
For the n word is worse or so I've heard
So now if you use it, you sound absurd.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Extinction Level Event

NASA has identified 693 near objects in space
With 10 that could be a potential danger to us
It is now considered a collision from one of these objects
That wiped out the dinosaurs in an extinction level event

Scientists think that we should prepare for one of these
And develop better warning devices to see them
We store seeds to ensure plant series aren't lost
And we should store animal life to guard against this cost.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Eyes On The Horizon

His eyes were always on the horizon
Where his longing for the future had no end
For the world spun moving fast
And he meant to be the one to last

Until it occurred to him one day
That his life was wasting away
So he looked around at the world
Seeing all the wonders to be held.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Facebook - I Want To Believe What Is True

I want to believe what is true
But it seems on Facebook its up to you
Put a photo or video up to illustrate your point
Then make up a text that puts the facts out of joint

It seems in this century the truth of the fact
Is less of an issue than being a good story told back
So before you take on a cause you think is right
Research the facts as untruthful it just might.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Facebook - Like And / Or Share

I read again another amusing story
That a parent has posted on his Facebook history
It seems that anything is now for display
So long as it gets a like and share it right away

This story was about an imaginary friend
Wildo the D**do who would be played to the end
I wonder before social media whether it would be shared
Or whether anyone in the mix would have really cared.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Facebook Has Crashed In Australia

So the worst is so (expleting))
How will they know what I'm eating
Or what I think about work
Or someone acting a jerk
But Facebook crashing in Australia
How will the rest of the world know our paraphernalia?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Facebook Murder

Killing innocent people is bad
But now to live stream on Facebook mad!

We have now seen
Why it should not have been

Take your hate out on an elderly man
And stream it without a ban

Have we met the world's worst emoji
That is tragic and hard to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Faces With A Smile

As I get older
And my life winds down
I think of you more now
Each day

Alan growing up the best of us
Cancer took him at eighteen

Col whose life became unbearable
Took his own life young

Wayne who was struck down suddenly
With a heart attack

Dean my brother who seemed always lost
And finally gave up

I can see your faces with a smile.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fade

Did you want to be
The White Knight
On his steed
Saving all
From the Dragon's fire
But in time
Did the Desire
Fade.....

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fade From Vision

Fairy tales, puppy dogs and kitty cats
Sunny days and laughter with fun had
These are the things that adults bring
To children that will forever ring

When they are lost by terrorist hate
We will not bow down or predicate
Know that tyranny and terrorism
Will lose in the end and fade from vision.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fade To Grey

In the end it all fades to grey
The years the tears will fade away
Each little step I've made
In the end will know the blade

What do I do that means so much
The people the places the times and such
In the end when the fuss is made
The colour and life all will fade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fading From View

Fading still fading from view
No more wondering what to do
A point to ponder.....still
Draining away is my will
Would I live on in time
And re-claim the feeling so fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fair And Equitable

I don't care if your parents came from overseas
Or you speak words that are different to me
For there are enough other places
Where prejudice is the norm in their airs and graces
To be fair and equitable is my way
And treat others as you want to be treated is my say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fairy Cakes

My grandma really liked to cook
Scones and cream cakes she didn't need a book
And she always let me lick the spoon
Cooking with her was always over too soon

And best of all was over school holidays
When I went to stay with her for those sunny days
I had a bed in her spare room so right
Each night she tucked me in real tight

One day whilst we were cooking fairy cakes
Grandma said she had something to say that couldn't wait
She said when I was about my age
She found fairies behind the local school stage

She made a pact with them to keep their secret
Not telling anyone about them or how they met
As a reward for this they gave her magic dust
To bake delicious eating cakes a must

She had told the fairies all about me
And I would keep their secret easily
So they spoke together for a while
Until they laughed and said yes with a smile

So Grandma went to the cupboard and took a jar out
She held it up on high as it sparkled about
And she opened the jar and put some in the mix
Where it bubbled and popped as it worked it's fix

Then we put it in the oven and waited in turn
As it baked in the oven refusing to burn
So we took them out and they were golden brown
So we put pink icing on them all spreading it around

Those cakes tasted great better with each bite
There was nothing like them they were just so right
Grandma smiled as I looked at her
And she put the jar in the cupboard with care there

The next morning when I woke up in bed
I looked out the bedroom window without dread
And there was a fairy fluttering there
Who smiled at me spreading glitter around without care.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Faith

Take a stand
Make a stand
For what you believe
Even though others
Don't believe
Each person has a choice
For you alone to make
Have faith.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Faith In God

Faith is a word that you hear
When speaking of God
For it can be hard to believe
As we don't see God in person

I believe that there must be a God
Because of the wonders we see
It all could not be an accident of nature
That keeps on developing the world.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Faith In God Is Good

Faith that God is good
Is imprinted on me as it should
And as the years go by
Less and less do I wonder why

In youth with death so far away
It would be easy for the question not to have a stay
But experience is a great teacher
That will in the end trump any preacher.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Faith Not Wraith

Glittering kindness to all others
Is what the world would be if it bothers
With all of us in the famous stories written
That was you'd think would make us smitten

And we have festivals professing this faith
To be channelled into peace and not wraith
So, sing your carols and your songs
It all seems like an illusion now all along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fame

Clive James once decided to rate the 20th Century in a way
Rating who was the most famous person in that century to say
After going through each decade and looking at what they did
People such as Pele, Picasso and Charlie Chaplin were on the grid
Then JFK, Louis Armstrong and Elizabeth Taylor were out for mapping
Others such as Mohammed Ali, the Beatles and D H Lawrence not napping
Then the infamous such as Mussolini and Hitler were touted as there
And people such as Elvis, Lady Di and John Lennon we did care
When it came down to who we remember and the most famous of all
It was the evil dictator Adolph Hitler who got history's call
I have thought of it since and pondered what history remembers most
Are those who murder and drive hate are etched in their boast
If Fame needs to be measured by the impression you leave
Its the number of people affected by you and their time left to grieve.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fame - Ordinary People

Fame can be fleeting in its nature when you think
There will be something left more than a blink
We remember what others in past deeds have done
And not always when their toil meant they won

The fact that we have stories of their deeds
Means that ordinary people have fame that exceeds
What they might have expected in their lives
When they are required to do more that ordinary drives

But what makes people famous can be different
In a time when being famous may be your only vent.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fame - Speeches

What makes something said in an oratory way
That which is remembered and is quoted to stay
Was it Lincoln's Gettysburg Address after that battle?
When touting that liberty and justice for all was the rattle
Or was in Churchill's fighting on the beaches and landing ground
Gave the British a stiffer back to fight a world war so profound
Do we remember JFK's 'Ich bin ein Berliner' at the wall made
Or Martin Luther King's 'I have a dream' that will not fade
And we remember Kevin Rudd's apology to the stolen generation
Have all these speeches built for us all a greater nation?
When we remember those words spoken so well
Will linger in our minds and our hearts will proudly swell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fame In The 21st Century

Being in the public face
Seems hard and fast paced
Every turn of the corner made
Is on the media with an assessment grade

And fame now seems to be a matter of likes
Will make you famous in a world wide flight
And with the injection of a bit of money
Be can be more than just a jar of honey.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - A Trusted Sage

When I was 18 I thought I knew
More than my father
I had seen some
Of the world
And what did he know?
Then I found
The world had grown
And my Father
Had become a trusted sage.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - After Night Shift

She comes home from night shift after 12 hours
Yelling at the dog and using her grumpy powers
Her shift at the hospital in ICU had been a busy one
Where they struggled for each life in a fight to be won
Now all she wanted was to lie down, rest and be relaxed
No thoughts of tomorrow when life's rules remain perplexed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Benji The Dog

Our Moodle sits and looks at the television
Waiting to bark at dogs on the screen in his vision
He is white and walks around looking out the front door
And barking at others to get their attention even more

But he is king of what he can see
And walks around in the space which is his territory
He plays with his toys and throws them about
Sometimes making so much noise that we have to shout

He has a liking for sliced ham for lunch
Eating it in one gulp without much of a munch
He sleeps on the bed and makes himself at home
Once he knows you he becomes your friend full blown

He loves to ride in the car and to hang out of the window space
To see what can be seen in his overall scan of the outside place
Determined to know about who visits his territory
Barking and showing his teeth is Benji's story.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Daughters Are Smarter Than Fathers

In the end I have realized it is so true
After my conclusion from this I drew
When it is measuring your brain-power
Daughters beat fathers at what-ever the hour

When wanting me to make up my mind
The right words it's easy for her to find
She has studied me so closely to relate
To get what she wants without further debate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - For Your Family

What would you sacrifice for your family
Your own life or liberty in its homily
To give each day to them and for them
Would you be able to do it up to the very end

So you gather now and reflect on the past times
When your parents have done this for you so sublime
Take up the call for the future is in your grasp
To them and for them is what now is asked.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Lucy And Charlie

Lucy and Charlie romp through their home
They are a matching set and never alone
Lucy is a Jack Russell who never sits still
Charlie is a Silky Terrier gently fitting the bill

They wait patiently at home for the return
Of their loved Mum and Dad in the key to turn
Then it's exciting for them both to run
Around in circles with energy only for fun

Mark takes them for walks in the morning time
Whilst Gail makes their breakfast to dine divine
At the end of the day they curl up snug in bed
Whilst Mark and Gail find a place to rest their head!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Mother

She was the one who at the beginning gave life to you
Who suckled you and changed your nappies when due
And was the one who soothed you as you were crying
Tucking you into your bed when at night you were lying

When young she was the shield when arrows flew
And a rock as a base when as an adult you grew
As you grew older she was a constant in your world
To be there when you needed advice to be unfurled

Now you are the one who holds most of the cards
And will in the end have to go the whole nine yards
What does it mean when the end maybe so near
When decisions may be made about one so dear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - My Dad The Recycler

When I was a kid and walked with my dad
We would walk next to him and be kinda glad
He had done it all and seen it all in his life
And knew how to navigate through it without any strife

He had his usual job but made some extra cash
Out of carpentry skills he learnt in his youthful hash
When he lived with an uncle after his mother died
And left to his own devices with nothing but his pride

Getting back to this story now is important
Because my dad had the keenest eye to warrant
He would see a screw, bolt or nut on the ground
And put it in his pocket as it was found

When we would get home the first thing he would do
Is empty his pockets in a jar in the shed on the bench too
Growing up in the Depression meant he never threw anything away
I suppose he lived in a philosophy where recycling in the best way

So what happens now these blokes aren't around
Are their more punctures now these things are left on the ground?
And all that good wood and metal is finished and not used
So will rot in the dirt with no one to recycle and to choose.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - My Father The Wood-Worker

I remember my father as he lovingly shaped wood
As he happily worked away as he always would
Standing in his workshop working wood was his special time
When he spent his spare hours chipping away so sublime

When I now close my eyes and smile when I think of him
It's with a saw or hammer as it was his personal hymn
And I like to think that's how he now spends his hours
In God's carpenter's workshop using his woodworking powers.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - My Grandfather, The Blacksmith

My grandfather was a blacksmith
All those years ago in a previous time rift
He toiled in a shop on Grand Junction road
When horses and wagons were the transport mode

He moulded the metal daily with heat and hammering
As in the blacksmith shop he didn't stop working
But the Depression of the 1930's meant it changed
And his working life as the blacksmith was rearranged

It meant that this lighter industry was at an its final end
For men like my grandfather their life they could not defend
So they took what this meant to them in their changing world
An another part of the old time Australia was felled.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - My Irish Family Roots

My ancestors in Ireland had to change their name
When conquered by the British in their Empire game
Ireland became the first colony in the Britannia way
Where the Irish people in their country did not have a say

When they blasted the Irish as a stronger force
And the English did not practice equity in their course
So the Irish were oppressed in the green country
Ruled over by the Anglos and their transplanted nobility

To gain work and to put food on the table for their family
In a country with subsistence farming as their homily
My family changed their name from O'Murnain from Cork
So they could be seen as Anglo-Irish when they looked for work

With the Celtic form being Iwarrynane it was Anglicised and employable
As it was changed to Warren and meant they were instantly malleable
And so that is how our Irish name was changed to a Norman extraction
With the French name originally derived from 'de la Varenne' in that notion.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Ode To Grand Parents

Family - Ode to Grand parents

Little faces smiling at you
Laughter with gran and pa too
Spoiling them is half the fun
Another chance for cuddle up fun
Birthdays and Christmas the place to be
Not ordinary now but grand parents you see!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Ode To My Brother Dean

To some he was an ordinary bloke
But we all loved him in our family yoke
Some people are born to do great deeds
Others just live their lives and fill their needs

I remember Christmas time as kids together
He was the oldest of brothers in our toy gather
But life has twists and turns to take
And it is hard to find the right in its wake

But he has now left and gone to be with our father
I think in some ways this is how he'd rather
So goodbye and I am sure you can hear Elvis live now
And drive a V8 for as long as you want so take a bow.

Dean Warren
19/11/1953 to 27/12/2015
My eldest brother
Gone to be with our father in God's care.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Ode To My Father

I think of the times when my father spoke
And we listened to him as it was always of note
For he had done it all in his travels on the sea
On his destroyer and won a war in what was meant to be

He liked his workshop and working on the wood
Making things out of nothing because he always could
He made his own furniture in a craftsman style
And I know he loved it all and was so worthwhile

But I know what he loved most in the world he had
Was being with us all together and as our dad
He had a singing voice that was quite melodic
I know that if he he'd recorded it would be stereophonic

He was someone others would ask for his advice
Machines were something he could work out in their device
When he finally got sick people came for miles to wish him well
And when he died we lost him in a grief that it was difficult to tell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Our Mother

We remember your nurturing love as we grew to manhood
You were always there for us and as a rock you stood
But your day is done and your earthly struggle has ended
For God has called you to his side in his plan as intended
You leave us now to rejoin Frank your true loved one
To rest in his arms forever with Dean your first born son

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Our Son

Life has its twists and turns for us all
And you won't know what will be god's call
We were young and looking to a first born birth
And did all that was asked in our earthly girth

So a son was born and it all seemed alright
We took him home and did all that we thought was right
But it wasn't right and the doctor said to us
Go to the Children's Hospital with haste and no fuss

We went and sat in the doctor's rooms without word
Until the doctor finished the tests and we heard
It's cerebral palsy and I'm sorry to say there's no cure
How do you sit there and take it in not wanting it to be for sure

Go home and do the best you can there are people who can assist
Then you have to tell your parents, relatives and friends without a miss
You go to the appointments to keep and to work it through
And you are changed by it all - but what do you do?

There are questions that can't be answered by anyone
And the years go by each day as it will be done
The years at the Special Schools are behind us now
What will happen when we are gone worries us without the knowhow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - She Reminds Me Of Me

When she gets angry and has to walk away
And can't speak or calm down in my way
They say when she smiles she has a smile
That people say is my smile on her dial

She likes to lead and not follow around
Which is like me when I'm holding my ground
But in the end you will always see
My daughter whom I love forever like me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - The Further Adventures Of Benji

Apart from marking his ground
And barking at anyone around
He just recently has changed
With a German Shepherd arranged

To come to live across the road
This dog barks in territory mode
So when Benji goes outside
And sniffs around the roadside

He likes to bark and paw the ground
With the Shepherd doing the same around
Now he sits and barks at the door
Waiting for the Shepherd to bark even more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - The Heart Breaking Dream

Each time now when he went to sleep
It was a lottery for him to keep
Sometimes he would visit then
And he knew it would not be the end
You see his father had died quickly too
The cancer came and as it would always do

At the same time that this happened to him
His wife was with child for a family to begin
The birth came as it was not an easy time
And everything seemed to be just fine
So he went to bed that night thinking it was alright
But in a deep sleep his father returned in light

He was standing on his grand father's veranda
With a baby in a white shawl no sight was so grander
The sight made him happy to see him in the light
And in the dream he introduced his son so bright
Then his father became quite sad in his expression
I'm sorry but there is a problem you will find

When later that year it became a fact not kind
For he found the son had cerebral palsy on his right side.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - The Love Between A Father And Son

Growing up in Australia in the Depression meant
You did without and your days were spent
As a boy selling papers in the morning and night
When you had a father who liked a drink and was not right

There were nights when the father came home drunk
And kicked the family out to a park bench in the cold and funk
Then his beloved mother died and the boy cried in grief
As her life was hard with his father and in years was only brief

So he grew up to be a man and served his country
Seeing the world in a destroyer of the Australian Navy
Coming home after the war he settled down
Having a family and being a better man than in his father he found

And I remember that day when I was a child of ten
There was a phone call with the bad news to send
That the father who treated him so badly had died
And I saw my father for the first time in my life he cried

My father had found a way to forgive his father's bad
And to find peace in their relationship they had
In the end I suppose what counted most
Was the love between a father and son without a boast.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - The Melancholy Fragrances Of My Youth

The melancholy fragrances from my youth
In the test of time that have in my memory stood
My mother cooking her homemade pasties as they bake
My father gluing wood for his latest project he would make

The glistening sea as I ran in the bright sunshine on the beach
My father's after shave as he gets ready for work up to him I reach
Brylcream on my hair as I get ready to go out with my brothers
A new football as I touch it on a Christmas morning as the family gathers

These things as I close my eyes and breath in
They will never leave me as the memories begin.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - The Visitor

He was a blacksmith well below her expectation
Her family cast their critical eye in low anticipation
She played a sweet violin when his father met her
In secret they decided on a life as one together
The Depression hit hard and his smithy was lost
Drinking heavy with his family last was the cost
Out of the house some nights when it was bad
Huddled on a park bench was all that they had.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live
In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

By now the family had two brothers and a sister
The Depression ensured times were quite sinister
The family plan was to weather the hardest time
His father packed up and to the country was fine
An uncle's fruit block to put them into the groove
This change for the boy was for him a bold move
The sons fished out their father's stocked scrape
Next a car one steering one the accelerator and brake.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live
In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

His mother stayed with her man and the drinking bouts
A staunch Christian she was and there were no outs
The years rolled along and they all became older
The sons helped their mother and both became bolder
The father settled some and found work on the wharf
As the time went along it seemed to be a better course
Then she was with child in danger to go to full term
Her doctor's advice to terminate was his concern.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live

In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

A true Christian wouldn't end it and her decision was final
When the child was born the family was left with denial
She passed and a close aunt found him ironing in tears
What now to do with the children was a decision with fears
His sister to one aunt, the baby brother to another
The boy was left with his father as to take him a bother
Until one day his father's brother could stand it no more
He took him home to leave him there with his father a flaw.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live
In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

His future was uncertain an early end to his school
Loading wool at the warehouses was the rule
A love of wood working was the next twist
His skills learnt working with his Uncle on his list
The war was raging and his brother he did follow
Into the Navy his move to counter his sorrow
First training in Melbourne was next on the programme
It was the first time from home as very young man.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live
In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

One night in his bunk a restless sleep he was having
Deep in the night his mother appeared to give warning
In his ear she whispered the danger not to deny
It will happen tomorrow the ones before you will die
The next morning it was Bofors gun drills for the watch
They were lined up in groups for the gun crews to match
It was a serious drill and the ammunition was real
The misfire in the breach the group before him did kill.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live

In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

He was posted to a ship the Arunta its tribal name
Out on the ocean in a destroyer wasn't a game
The Japanese were beaten but some wouldn't stop
They had to be hunted down to finish their mop
To the Pacific and then onto Japan was the cruise
To Nagasaki after the bomb for him did not amuse
He didn't know it then but the radiation had started
It would take forty years for his life to be martyred.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live
In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

Back to the sea with the American Seventh Fleet
Action stations stand to the guns was their feat
It was his time for a rest and he laid on deck to sleep
She came to him again with a smile to complete
Another warning she gave of a China Sea typhoon
The danger would come on the morrow quite soon
The next day other ships were lost in the storm
It would be near but his promised safety the norm.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live
In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

One night on a long watch the heat was stifling
Asleep on the gun turret top was not trifling
Action stations and the ship turned to the call
Down to the deck and onto his back he did fall
It was the end of his service for Australia at sea
Back to his family home returned he did agree
Planning his life with his love he was married
His thoughts of his mother he always carried.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live

In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

There was a life together and a family they built
Five sons in a row was what the union did yield
I was at the middle point and grew to a man
I started my life and my own family was the plan
But my father's war service wasn't finished just yet
The radiation from the bomb meant cancer he did get
My father did not see a son who was my first born
The great blessing was tempered with his death so forlorn.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live
In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

We were new parents with a new life to charter
I needed some support prayed to speak to my father
That night of restless tossing and of turning
He appeared to me with the advice I was yearning
There was a look of sadness and he shook his head
There would be a problem in our future to tread
This visit was to tell my son has health issues too clear
My father's warnings came to me like his mother's did so dear.

You will find in the end the love you give
Means those who pass will always live
In your heart and close by your side
When they're needed to turn the tide.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - The Wedding Photo Of 1951

I looked at a black and white Wedding Photo of 1951
My parents were married their life only begun
My father was standing handsome, tall and straight
My mother in her wedding dress in beauty to create
A wedding party with two uncles and two aunts
Looking to the camera waiting for life and its grants

It was before the five boys and a life time of care
When life was full and what in their world they would dare
They say these people were the greatest generation
And those people after a war built our great nation
My mother is the only one left now in this wedding party
As time marches on and takes what it will in its tally.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Those Who Came Before

Who were they that trod this wide brown land
As times were tough and difficult to command
When nature's fist was thrust at you in all its might
And to survive at all was just part of the endless fight

Did the land nurture you as in its bosom you grew
And faced many foes as the badlands winds blew
When you had made a home for your family ties
Your country grew and the world came to recognise

That what you built was something so wonderful
In what we have today for our family rule
So here it is for all of you to partake in pleasure
The future nurtured for generations to treasure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - To Willie And Betty - Brave Scottish Settlers True

From Scotland they came to build a new life
Across the seas with their family as man and wife
To South Australia bound they made their home
A family of seven children for a life better known

Through the years they toiled in the Australian sun
To give an advantage for their daughters and sons
Standing proud and true as Scots so strong and sure
Together watching over their family for time evermore.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - Visiting With My Father

My father was a tenor
Who could really sing
But he grew up
In the Depression
He had to fight a War
Then raise five boys
And he died so young
That this potential
Was never realised

Now when I want
To visit with him
I put on Jim Nabors
And listen whilst
He sings my father's
Song and close my eyes
Whilst 'The Holy City' reigns
I hear him so plainly
And he lives again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family - What Makes A Family?

What makes a family?
Is it a father and mother
Who have children
And there is love for all
Then you grow up
And for some it fades away
Some get what they want
And others don't
So you drift away
What happened?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Family History

Should I look into family history
And find my ancestors' story
Will I be surprised by what they have done
Or be happy for what they had won
Perhaps some were convicts transported
And ended up on these shores prison escorted

I know there are Irish roots
Who left Eire when it was poverty and starvation to boot
And some others who came from Posen in Germany
To escape religious repression in this country

But still there may be some black sheep
Whose deeds would be unlawfully complete
For in any family there will be
These people who now be a smile to my face to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Far From God's Precious Heart

If people die because of their beliefs
The world needs to take stock and grief
For life is such a precious thing
And to be cut down so is beyond imagining

Who wins when the bullets fly
Certainly no one as we ask why
For every bullet hitting its mark
Means we are far from God's precious heart.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Far Right Politics

So far right parties are gaining power
In protest votes for the current hour
Who would have thought it would occur
After the fascists of the Second World War

Still all are entitled to an opinion
In deciding who will be your fellow minions
It seems once enough time has passed
Fading from known memory at last

And politics of the modern 21st Century
Is a matter of belief in an anti-refugee story
When looking after your country in the fight
Is excluding others and remaining far right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fashion

When I was young I looked for a look
To be in a tribe and find my hook
It was body shirts and flared trousers as the go
And platform shoes made a show

But as I got older it became less of a thing
With being neat and tidy was what I'd sing
And with the years became a wiser thought
With middle of the road styles as I sought

Fashion it seems is for the rich and famous
With disposable income the main discourse
As we dwell on our image for the world to see
But there comes a time when what-ever will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fashion - What Clothes Do You Wear

What clothes do you wear
Do they give you the required air
When you walk the street
What image do you repeat

Is there style and grace
That you don't wish to waste
Or do you dress down
So that people don't know you're around

Is fashion part of your repertoire
Perhaps that will not mar
The image that you want to keep
And for you is not too discrete.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fast Jack

Fast Jack was his name
Driving fast was his game
He always loved his car a lot
Polishing out each dirty spot

And he wouldn't take advice
Thinking that his skill would suffice
He left rubber on the road
Each time he let his engine take the load

But one day his luck ran out
His mates have a tribute going about
Now 'RIP Fast Jack' on the back window is seen
As his life was taken speeding about the scene.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fate - A Course Plotted True

Is there a course that is plotted true
For each an every one of you
With each corner that you turn
Is there a piece of life for you to learn

Does fate hold a key to the great puzzle
When it is released from the limiting muzzle
And there is an experiment in the mix
That is wrought from God's bag of tricks.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fathers - Fathers As Good Role Models

Fathers have a task that is thousands of years in the making
When as the family bread winner needing to stand was no faking
In these modern times it is not so clear as an individual role model
When partners becomes the word in vogue as there is no doddle
It is difficult when your gut level programming looks to a different thing
When mothers were at home and fathers went to work for wages to bring
Modern families can be a combination of sexes and genders in an infinite mix
I still think good male role models are needed for fathers in their fix.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fathers - Remembering Him

I remember my father who always stood up
He didn't think that the world would corrupt
You just needed to focus and do your best
Then success would come from the rest

He had answered Australia's Call in WW2
Winning at sea in the Royal Australian Navy too
Returning home to raise a family in the golden years
Sacrificing things for his family as a father without peer

We lost him thirty years ago when cancer took hold
And since then I miss him and have needed to be bold
But I like to think of his smile and how he made me feel
When I was with him he made me know I was the real deal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Favourite Songs

Favourite songs pull your strings
As the melody in your mind rings
They are something to remember
As your melancholy engenders
A longing for the good times
You are forever entwined

Particularly when a loved one's favourite comes along
It brings a tear to your eye in the strains of song
These heart felt thoughts will linger still
And you will know how to feel.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fear

Fear not the night as it cloaks
Not seeing well as a fear invokes
Shadows menace as they draw ever near
Your imagination can feed your fear

Walk to your car in a car park late at night
Be careful if someone jumps out in fright
Look quickly in the back seat as you get in
Better safe than sorry before your driving begins.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Feargal's Tunes

Feargal was a musician who had such a knack
Of writing songs that always played back
In your head as an ear worm that was so very annoying
And the tune was forever in your brain boring

But alas for Feargal's tunes
No one would want to hear them at all so soon
But one day it all turned around
When the idea came to him write a different musical sound

Now Feargal writes advertising jingle tunes
And is known for the snap crackle and boom
That is part of the breakfast cereal experience
But the tunes were not at all rocket science

And Feargal suffers from the affliction
When he searches for his musical diction
All he hears now in his head
Is earworms of his jingles forever fed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fence Sitter

Being a middle child
Made my temperament mild
And not so demonstrating
But some would think off-putting

But it is not a popular place
When the world appears in a race
And sitting on the fence
Is one made for defence and not offence.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fighting The Dragons Breath

There's a glow in the night sky
And the golden embers are flying high
Brave firemen battle on
Against the dragon's breath in a hell-fire song

These brave souls will not be home tonight
Blackened faces shadowed in their fiery fight
We pray for them to be kept safe
Let them win this awful devil's race.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Filibustering

Politicians have a trick
To speak in Parliament to have a lick
Of the democratic ice cream
Just get up and speak of their dreams
And how to work an IKEA construction
Or how an Asian toilet makes you function
It has the purpose of chewing up time
Called filibustering so serious debate cannot be defined.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Films - John Wayne

Where are you going pilgrim?
Was his line with a big grin
He was tall in the saddle riding on
Whilst you'd hear a country song

He would always be so wise
When delving out his advice
And you would know the bad guy
Would be shot and surely die

He was for the United States
And was there when others delved out their hates
So watching him on the silver cinema screen
John Wayne would ensure it was good and clean.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Films - Star Wars

I remember the first time
In the Star Wars theatre line

We heard it was really good
Swashbuckling adventure you could
See as the movie opened with spaceships
In the Rebellion and Empire that was hip
And light sabres were the great thing
We left the theatre knowing it would ring

In a new era for film making for forty years
That we all remember without any jeers.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Finding The Keys

It is said that science is about finding keys
In doing so it unlocks the world you would agree
But in all things we have choices for good or bad
The atomic bomb killed many a fact so sad

But the same science treats cancer in saving lives
Is this choice one you can't despise
So evil is the bad choices people make
In applying scientific breakthroughs we can anticipate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fire In Your Belly

Has the fire in your belly
Been quelled by a grey sky
Going from horizon to horizon
As it rains down upon you

Until each day is demanding
Instead of a parade of blue sky
And a litany of precious music
Now not playing in your head.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

First Contact

The radio transmission came from space
Originating in a galaxy arm's spiral spinning place
And it returned in 16 days cycle runs
A transmission was so very exciting and fun

Scientists were baffled by these radio emissions
Until one day it changed in its transmission
Then a scientist was able to interpret the message
Being astounded to what was in the passage

You see it wasn't so inspiring
It was a request for tinea cream for a rash so annoying
And they wondered how it would be taken by the population
Such a simple request as a first message with no elation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

First Meeting

You'd be crazy to go
They said it would show
It's dangerous there stay home instead
Then I didn't feel any dread

For I couldn't stand by and wait
I had to stand up and meet my fate
It wasn't so bad to meet
My mother in law in an easy greet.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

First Memories To Fade

What are the first memories to fade
The touch of their hand
The sound of their voice
The look on their face

Maybe it's the feeling you had
When you were with them
How they made you feel
That what you were was important

As each year tips over to the next
More memories are made
But what is left of the old
Are treasured until the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Five O'clock In The Morning

I wake up each morning
At five o'clock
There seems to be no prior warning
Just me at five o'clock

And I think of something
That won't leave me
It seems the importance will ring
In my head going round

And it won't let me sleep
Will there be the answer
Or will I hold my head and weep
As it goes around in my head.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Five Pfennigs

I bought a Nazi coin off eBay
A five pfennig silver piece
It was a insignificant coin
Which didn't stand out at all

Until you saw the swastika
Then the evil shone through
I put it away and haven't
Taken it out again since.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Flashes Of Metallic Memories

Black no moon night
Glowing green
No noise to be heard
Gliding overheard
Cowering away
Looking to hide
Blinding white light
Lying on a cold metallic table
Grey faces without features
Stretched out on dewy grass
Two hours missing
Rubbing a lump on my neck
Headaches and rashes
Humming in my ears
Flashes of metallic memories.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Flat Earthers

So the earth is flat
I hear is you say
Look to the horizon
There is no curve

And the Australians you meet
Are all paid actors the trick is complete
Those pictures from space
Well they are a disgrace

If the earth was round
You'd see planes disappear
So don't waste your time
The globe Hitler had in his study
Was a Nazi plot.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Flayed From Your Body

Bear your soul
Leave it open
In a stark and naked world
Where to do so
Leaves you vulnerable
To attack from others

And when they come
To injure you
It is difficult then
To trust these ones
Who stab and claw
As the flesh is flayed
From your back
And the wounds made
Never heal again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fleeting Figures

Do I see fleeting figures in the night
Making sounds in want of fright
Are they here constantly
Observing us as we can't see

How do these people continue on
Not being prepared to end their song
As they have been unable to find the light
And stay confused in not giving up their fight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Floating

Floating in a world of loneliness
Drifting without purpose or happiness
Worn out faces and places meld
No longer mine just hollowed out memories held

Wanting to move on and not stay
I feel myself slowly wasting away
No more lights in the darkness draw
Settling for less but wanting more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Floating Free On A Breeze

Floating free on a breeze
A warmth within to please
Wrap your arms around like a glove
The one you will always love
I watch as her chest rises and falls
Our life and love has no walls.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Flying Wedge-Tail Eagle

See the eagle soar on high
Against the Australian azure sky
I wonder what your eyes will see
To the horizon as the earth meets the sea

Royalty of the air of all seen
Diving down on prey in death so clean
Then on a dead wood branch standing
Alert keeping watch so demanding

Who will challenge you
To outlast the fight through
And then soar again in a cloudless sky
As you conquer the world flying so high.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Follow On Now My Wayward One

Follow on now you wayward one
Keep travelling toward the setting sun
Each step you look to take
Is one less you need to make

Who would have thought at the beginning time
You would make the decisions resulting in falling in line
You may have wanted to be an individual
Know that this is your life drill and thrill.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Follow The Sun

Tomorrow may rain
So smile even in pain
Follow the sun
As you live your life
Live for the present
Plan for the future
Learn from the past.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Food - A Salad Will Be Your Fate

Why are all the good things to eat bad for you?
The chocolate bars, the ice cream and the beer too
Is that the joke you can't deny that's played on us?
That it is lettuce, celery and cauliflower in such a fuss
Do you sweat it out looking at the last piece of cake?
Knowing that you in the end a salad will be your fate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Food - The Correct Order

Who decided that it was meat and veg
Before you can eat your sweet pledge
Perhaps it is something to do with the palate
That means it savoury before the sweet plate
So we are left with this eatery notion
With no change to this culinary potion.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Football - Rowe And Bickley – Ex-Crows

I sit and listen to Stephen Rowe
And he goes for the Crows I know
Once upon a time he played AFL
For the Crows and Norwood he tells
But what I don't get from him
Is what balanced argument he does bring

And now he has Bickley a mate you hear
Again he played for the Crows for him so dear
But what we now need is a soothsayer
And when will there be an ex-Power player?
I don't think it will not happen now
Especially in a parochial Adelaide plough?

Paul Warren

Football Meatpies Kangaroos

We love football meat pies kangaroos and Holden cars
We'd sing it at home in the playground and in bars
The good old days when everything was Australian made
But that ended then and now the song did fade

So here we are a place whose population
Is looking for work in mining tourism and submarine production
We look like we did in 1941
No industry no future and looking around for one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

For A Mate

Always a smile sitting there with a grin
He was one of the team would back you right in
But behind the laughter there was real pain
You see it was the last I never saw him again

One night when it was too much to bear
He took his service pistol and ended it there
So the laughter has faded out and sorrow fills the air
Surely the question to be answered is help and not despair.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

For Her

I held you on your first day
So happy to see you then to stay
And when you took your first steps
My heart burst and I wept

Each day you grew
Made me proud as your father too
Making your way in our world
Happiness for you is what I held

And now you are full grown
You are out in the world all alone
Standing tall in your uniform
For Australia against the storm

Know that each hour of each day
We pray for you to be kept in God's stay
And we wait at home for you
To greet you when your duty's through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

For My Love

Please don't let me sleep tomorrow
For I must not be late
I go to meet my love again
For you see our time has come

Our fate is to never be alone again
The word for us is forever
And forever is the the only place for us
So please don't let me sleep through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

For Our Fathers And Mothers

Unconditional love for us was theirs to give
And they nurtured us during the years they lived
Memories of them each one deeply treasured
Through their years their love did not need to measured
Then time marches on and some regrets come to mind
Know they look down and will be there for you for all time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

For Themselves

When it comes down to it
Most people are for themselves
Sure there are times when they are charitable
But when it comes down to it
Most people are for themselves
I suppose it is the survival instinct.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Forever Or Always

What is longer
Forever or Always

She whispered in my ear
I don't know

I know but our love will last
Until the world ends

When time is ended
I'll still be yours alone

My last thought will be
I love you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Forever Sated

Precious words
That now seem absurd
Love anticipated
That is now forever sated
Being together
That is now lost forever
Endless tomorrows
That now fade and are gone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Forgive And Not Forget

Down today I heard him say
The blues don't seem to go away
It doesn't matter that the sun will shine
All I want today is to feel just fine

There are things that go through my mind
Those things that I know are hard and not kind
It seems the longer you live the die is set
The harder it is to forgive and not forget.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Forgiveness

Forgiveness means moving on
And not to continue singing this song
The hurt linked to deeds foully done
There needs to be an end for one

But if the wound cuts deep in the soul
It is hard to forgive as your goal
It seems with every point made
Forgiveness is hard until memories fade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Forgiveness Now

How long does it take
For the Old Sin to wash away
Will there be a time when
Forgiveness becomes the cry
For those who have transgressed
And crossed the line in the sand

Do we start again at this time
Or have they been punished enough
Even when executions occur
The opinion is that they have
Paid the price for their deeds
And allowed to rest in peace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Forgiveness Please

I know what it takes to forgive
And I'm asking so I can begin to live
Again and not be so sad
You have a right to hold it back and be mad
But think of this in the end
Forgiveness will be good to comprehend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Forgiving

Is there someone you need to forgive
That in the past wronged the life you live
Did it scar you in a permanent way
Making it hard for you and them to stay

It is time to settle and let it be
And move on for the better you see
Forgiveness is not to forget the pain
Strike it off the list for better times remain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Forward

Put one foot forward
On the dusty trail
Your goal ahead and toward
And persistence will not fail

Make your plans for all to see
Each step surely is held
Toward the goal that will be
Make your way in the world.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fragments

A girl with her hand brushes her hair away
Across her face in just that way
As it renders an image of another girl who's dead
A young life out of control from a nightmare led

A baby cries loudly as a mother cares for it gently
Reminding me of a summer's day which went differently
This baby cries for a mother in the pokies occupied
Gambling more important as nurture denied

My own child smiles and reaches for me
As I give a father's love so easily
But I remember a father in lust not held back
When he used her for himself as a matter of fact

So an American professor thinks we all should die
As he sips coffee in his office as radical thoughts fly by
And we the thin blue line somewhat eaten away
Know what the world is like as we kept it at bay

But fragments of life do surface again
Intruding on our lives so hard to defend
Hurtful words are easily said
When you don't have any thoughts you dread.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Free Will

You walk through my mind again
And is it Old Sin that I can't erase
Old Sin that makes my heart ache
For I can't go back and hope to gain

What I have lost then - it still remains
You will always be a hollow part of me
In all I say and I want to do
As you walk again through my mind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Freedom - Live And Let Live

Freedom we all crave and implore
And at times for it we go to war
To live knowing we are safe here
And not end as terrorist victims clear
When it comes to deciding what's best
It doesn't matter live and let live with the rest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Freedom - The Ride To The Flinders Ranges

I took a trip on my motorcycle
North-east of Port Augusta riding every mile
The warm autumn breeze was in my face
To ride on the highway at not a fast pace

We rode to Quorn an old country town
That used to service the railway in steam all around
Then through Hawker and into the Flinders Ranges
To Wilpena Pound to look at what was the pioneer's dangers

We camped for the night and had the campfire and million stars
As we laughed and joked into the night as fellowship went far
The next day we rode the gorges and saw aboriginal art in the hills
Bathing in a stream whilst the the water ran down the cliff spills

It was freedom and we dreamt of Easy Rider on the highways
As we explored the sights and rode our our bikes on the byways
I remember this time and the freedom that I felt
And want to feel it again after the life that has dealt.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Freedom Of Speech And Opinion

Free thought and giving opinion
Is a natural democratic right
That seems to be under fire
I can understand if it's terrorism
That governments and their institutions
Try to stamp out and to stop

But citing opinions about court outcomes
As being contempt of court is wrong
This is the sort of thing that totalitarian governments do
Sometimes you have to wear the fact that opinions differ.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Friend - Mark Of The Outback

I know a man who was one with his people's pride
Whose life was for service with thoughts of self aside
His blood flows red as the glow of the Centre's soil
He will be remembered always for his enduring toil
For our hope and reconciliation for all Australians as his prize
More than wearing the blue remembered as being always wise
When his task is finished and a judgement called is done
As Mark of the Outback altogether he will always be as one!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Friends

Friends can see your smile
Even when wearing a frown
They will see what is meant to be
Even though there are clouds
And the sun doesn't shine
For inner peace is what it means
When happiness is more than it seems.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Friendship

To find a true friend is a difficult thing
Whom you can confide in and on the phone ring
You need to nurture and treasure the find
And when you have one treat them kind

People will pass through this mortal coil
And some will bring your blood to boil
But the other ones treat them well
As friends together your heart will swell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Friendship - Bad Judgement

We all make judgement on each other
Sometimes it might be a couple of words not such a bother
Then again someone whom you have known for years
Will do something that will mean a good friendship ends in tears

Then others will do something for you out of the blue
That makes you surprised and is judged as true too
Bad judgement is what they say you may suffer from they say
But you need to trust someone don't you as time rolls away?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

From Mudguard To A Tough Nut

For those of us who have lost your hair
And feel embarrassed as a mudguard up there
The truth of the matter is simple to see
Just shave it off and grow a goatee

And you will look tough and hard as nails
Where when measuring up you wouldn't fail
So cheer up you can look cool
By shaving it off and growing a goatee as the rule.

© Paul Warren Poetry

From a video I saw recently

Paul Warren

Full Steam Ahead

Full steam ahead my friends
There is no half heart needing to defend

For life is good
So make your plans as you should

See the world in all its wonders
There is no need to worry or go asunder.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Apples Are Dangerous

On sitting at my desk today
My apple was in delicious display
So I bit into it and now I find where the label ought to be
There now is half a one I see
Will it be able to pass on through?
Or will I forever inside be branded Lenswood true blue?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Arrhh Me Hearties, It's A Pirate's Life For Me

I remember Errol Flynn as Captain Blood
A swashbuckling hero and not a dud
Taking the Treasure ships on the Spanish Main
The arch typical pirate forced to this game

On Saturday Afternoon we saw them all
And always wanted the pirates not to fall
Being able to talk like a pirate was all in fun
Making pirate ships in the backyard was our run

I remember making a tri quarter hat from an old fedora
Becoming Blackbeard the pirate was not out of order
Plastic cutlasses and a cardboard roll telescope
We sailed the Spanish Main and ran from the rope.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Aye, Captain

Captain seems the military rank to be
There was Captain Cook the explorer of the sea
There is Captain Risky on TV who can't get insurance ever
And Captain Kirk whose five year mission went on forever
In the '70's there was Captain Zero the original spaced out superhero
Then Captain America throwing his Shield making bad guys a zero
Who could forget Captain Jack Sparrow the pirate
In the Caribbean who looked for gold making others so irate
On Saturday morning cartoons there was Captain Caveman
So if you want fame to be on hand be a heroic Captain

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Cat Videos

When sitting in the lunch room today
I was shown the latest cat video in display
This one had a moggy not bright
Who had found skating a flip flop was alright

Watching it made me ponder what will be left
In a hundred years or two my thought is bereft
That someone will be analysing what we did
And all there is our cat videos on the grid.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Cats Are Crazy

We have a cat at home who just lies around
He is fluffy and white and not mentally sound
Sleeping soundly is his forte with food as his hobby
When he walks along he looks quite fat and flabby
He doesn't go out because he likes to be clean
During the light of day he is very rarely seen
At night he prowls around and practices creeping
He scares the dog when out at him he goes leaping.

I think that he if tested a vet would find him psychotic
The way he struts around he seems to be quite myopic
He hunts down socks, fluffy toys and his rubber mouse
Running fast and pushing them all around the house
He comes into his element when the sun goes down
Doing the stray cat strut without making a sound
The thing the scares me about him most of all
When I wake up in bed and stares me out to enthrall!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Conspiracy Theories

Hitler got out of the Third Reich living in South America until today
Pope John Paul was murdered foul his coffee was poisoned all the way
Kennedy was shot twice from the grassy knoll not from the Book Store bay
Armstrong didn't walk on the moon no-one can survive in the stars away
9/11 was not Al Qaeda it was the CIA stretching its muscles all along
Elvis did not die in Grace-lands he's still around singing all his songs
The Roswell saucer crashed that night the aliens they will still disavow
The Malaysian jet did not fall to the ground they have it on an island now
Bigfoot, Yeti and the Yowie still prowl the wilderness walking without a care
Atlantis survived and is still a factor in ocean ship disappearances there.

I hear all these legends and start to wonder how we could agree
The world is as we know and all those things were never meant to be
I was told once that you'd be surprised at what you cannot see
There are many things in this world that would be a surprise to me
Pausing to ponder what it means would send a bloke a bit insane
Still all the explanations that are given for some seem a bit inane
Sometimes I would hope that some of these strange wondrous things
Would be correct and in believing them there would be for me no strings
Still if everyone believes them no History channel programs would there be
Sitting home at night what would you watch, from the room you would flee!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Crocs With Socks

My daughter tells me 'Don't wear socks with your crocs'
As a fashion statement she says it's not so hot
But I say it's very comfortable and your can mix or match
Black socks with white crocs or vice versa in your fashion cache
Better still when it gets cold wear your football socks high
I am sure that if you do that you you stand out as you walk bye
The added bonus that I like is the two dollars croc price tag
So you can have the look for a price that's not bad!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Dad T Shirts

Dad's T shirts have great wisdom to impart: -
Dads against dating daughters shoot the first one and the word will spread
I'll get it done you don't have to remind me every six months
I can fix anything where's the duct tape
Geezer formerly known as stud muffin
With a body like mine who needs hair
Promoted to father - new daughter
My wife has an awesome husband
The best dad's have a moutashe
National Bank of Dad

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Earth Vs. The Flying Saucers

Do you remember sitting in a dark Friday Night
When Deadly Earnest was an awesome sight
He would host a B-movie feast at that time
And we would find them all just fine

The one I liked most to this very day
Was Earth vs. The Flying Saucers in a scary display
It was made in the 50's when space was new
And the thoughts of our alien neighbours grew

It was a story of a scientist with a beautiful wife
Who found himself in a bit of strife
The rubber aliens spoke to him
And what happened next was an inter-planetary hymn

The war was on with heat ray arms
And alien faces that knew no charms
Their rays melted all at a touch
All that was left was a melted puddle of mush

In the end in Washington there was a showdown
The scientist finding a way to bring the saucers down
Our own ray gun made them wobble then crash
They saved the world with their flying fleet a smash

At the end of the film there was a beach scene made
With the scientist and his wife showing we had made the grade
But the final question was posed in the scene
Had we really won or was it all just a dream?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Flat Pack Furniture Part 1

It's easy flat pack is the way to go they said
Just take it home and it is easy they said
Lay it out on the floor before assembly they said
The tool for the screws is in the pack they said
I should have read the instructions I said.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Flat Pack Furniture Part 2

So I finally decided to read the instructions on the page
It seemed that you needed to be a Star Wars sage
The wording was done by Master Yoda to say
An example was 'On the floor the parts to lay'
Then the 'Figures included to follow you should'
In the end I was no wiser in that I could
no way known
have completed the assembly as shown.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Holes In My Belt

I've been on a diet it is plain to see (I hope)
No cakes, milkshakes or pies for me (how sad)
I can't bear it when I front for my meal (can't miss it now)
I sometimes think what I eat is not real (no fat, no sugar, no taste)
Food is a pleasure I now miss every day (the flag is at half-mast)
To find what I crave there must be a way (my stomach complains)
After it is all considered the most annoying part (certainly there are others)
Is between belt holes with falling trousers wearying my heart! (each step
needing to hitch up)

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - How Do I Know That I Am Sane?

We sat together one day
Over coffee in a trendy cafe
And pondered a question so easily asked
Hoping for an answer that would last

How to I know that I am sane?
Some may think that the question is quite inane
So should I close my eyes and count to ten
Then see if it matches my watch in the blend

Or is it easier than that when I speak
By seeing if I know the day of the week
Or who is the prime minister of Australia
Hoping at the time that I would not have a failure

Thinking about this is a bit perplexing
And not be on my laurels I am resting
But perhaps the best way of doing it all
Ask am I insane when asking in my call?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - I Don'T Like Multi-Storey Car-Parks

I don't like multi-storey car-parks
Driving into them is for the mud-larks
Don't drive in front of an impatient fool
Who doesn't want to drive by the rule
They don't want you to drive really slow
And follow you around as you need to go
When you finally find a carpark to drive into
When you leave your anxiety will accrue.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - I Like To Drive A V8

I like to drive a V8
I know it's not fashionable but it's great
I like the acceleration and the fact
When driving it looks like you know where it's at

I don't need to hoon around
But I know I can stare the hoons down
That's what you get with nothing to prove
And know that as you drive you're in the groove

As I said I like to drive a V8
And a Holden at that mate
I would think when my time is here
I will spend eternity behind the V8 wheel so dear!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - I Vant To Suck Your Blooooooood

There was Bela Lugosi in the black and white
Whilst peering over his cape for a fright
Then there was Christopher Lee
For Hammer Horror as terror can be
Now it seems that Robert Pattinson
In Twillight is the tormented sexy one
Who sparkles like a diamond in the brightening sun

I am sure if Bram Stoker was alive to see
What his Dracula creature has turned out to be
He was supposed to be pure evil and one to fear
Not someone attending High School and held so dear
I would think that vampires would not play baseball
But be looking for fair maidens to drink blood from them all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - I Want An Overactive Thyroid

I don't want a tape worm sucking away inside
For that would certainly dent my inner pride
My choice would be for an overactive thyroid
And to have my fat from my body to be devoid
Why can't I be thinner for all my friends to see?
A stolen mirror's look would always satisfy me!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Is Wearing Trousers Ok?

I was watching television today
And I heard a millionaire in Britain say
That the world's ills have occurred because
Women were allowed to wear trousers as their cause
And so from now on they should wear skirts to look divine
This bloke has money but his neurones aren't spinning in time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - I've Got A Man Cold

I've got a man cold I'm not very well
And when I see others I have to tell
My nose is all runny
It's so sad and not funny
I can't go to work like this to others I tell
I let everyone know I'm in my private hell

When I tell all the ladies they only laugh hard
It seems that they can take it better than the males in their yard
I don't think I'm made for childbirth it would be no fun
When I'm sick I'm told I complain a ton
So think of me as I sit here with hot water bottle under my rug
I think that to make it better I need a hug!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Jeremy Of The Air Waves

Jeremy of the Air Waves is our true blue Australian son
Who gives a voice to all ensuring that justice will be done
For he is for Australia and South Australia is his place to be
No matter if he travels around the country or across the deep blue sea

So if you have a problem and need a bright guiding light
He will do his best to find the truth and make it turn out right
After twelve when you tune in the Air Waves in an afternoon
You will hear his mellow voice as he dulcet tones will bloom.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Lists That Matter

These things are in no particular order

The people I like

The family I like

The principles I like

The music I like

The cars I like

The television I like

The seasons I like

The work I like

The bosses I like

The time of day I like

The animals I like

The hobbies I like

The stories I like

The poetry I like

The films I like

The food I like

What have I left out?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Make A Smile To Stay

There will come a day I'm sure when people will get along
And you will see the good in the world and will sing its song
No children will be raised in fear and laughter will be a King
They will all be playing in the sunshine as their happy thing

We will not have worries of what the next day will be
And when you smile at someone their face will brightly see
There will be no need for warriors and waving them goodbye
So that when you see an aircraft flying it will be for a holiday in the sky

All things I am sure will happen soon on this very day
The smiles on everyone's faces will from now on forever stay
Sigh - I know there will be some people who will laugh at me
But I know in the end that this day will come for us just you wait and see

Be happy, think happy thoughts and make a smile today to stay!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - My Inner Nerd

My inner nerd surfaces once and a while
When I'm in a place that doesn't need style
I was walking through a Toy Shop today
And I saw a Star Wars display
When I knew right away
That forty years may have passed
But I still like Space Movies what a blast!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Ode To A Vespa

As cool as a sea breeze off the Tuscan shore
Its Italian craftsmanship will leave you wanting more
Remember Hepburn and Peck on their Roman Holiday
Riding the streets on a perfect lover's day

Enrico Piaggio tasked Corradino D'Ascanio to design the best
And even John Wayne owned one when his horse needed a rest
A gentleman's mode of transport for a Mediterranean day
For when you need to rule the cool in your way!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Ode To My Moustache

Moustaches are now out of fashion
For they have lost their toughness notion
Just think of the 70s the tough guys all had them
Remember McCloud, Barney Miller and Magnum
Now you need a charity purpose worth growing
Instead just tough, stately and all knowing!

When considering it all for today
For me it's all baldness and grey
Alas the time of the moustache has passed
For my moustache the dye has been caste
I remember it all so fondly but now I must say
As a porn star I think you would all run away

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun – Oh For The Days Of My Youth

In earlier times it seemed to me
I couldn't wait for the latest to see
A new movie with a twist or story
That would leave you wanting more of its glory
But now as I listen to the latest music fad
Or hear of a movie it makes me quite sad
There is nothing new to be seen
Not even a new story that is crispy clean.

Once there was Star Wars where space was an ace
Or the Beatles who sung with good grace
Better still disaster movies in tragedy rung
And of course a new song that was sweetly sung
Now there is Snoop Dog with terrible rhythms
Or Enimem loudly making faces and hand signs
So I am left with the oldies radio channel
And dreams of Jedi Knights dressed in white flannel.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Secret Agent Needed Ad

Can you keep a secret
With a smile about it
It's an important thing
What you will bring

Even if you're tortured
Loyalty will be nurtured
You can look really cool
Learn the 007 rule!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Shoe Shopping

It was 3.30 in the Sunday afternoon
When to Tea Tree Plaza we did zoom
Groceries to buy and a pair of shoes to choose
We went to the Shoe Store for selection views

I know what I want when I see it she did say
I knew I was in trouble then right away
So I stood there and saw a parade of shoes
Each one to try on I was not amused

The shops close at 5 I had to say
She said I think I know which ones that I will pay
So I looked on them and they had a familiar ring
They were the first ones the shop assistant did bring!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Singing In The Car

I like to sing in my car
With the music up to the top of the bar
When my jam comes on the air
Wind up your windows to the top in there
And sing out aloud to the song
Go on you know the words to sing along
But check quickly there's no camera around
Ain't no body got time to hear that sound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Smilin'

The power of the smile
Will not raise your bile
Think of the twitch of your lip
Is what at the moment is hip

You will see a reaction
With your smile action
Groovy for a smoothie
Smilin' like a movie.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Southern Girls And Boys

'We are all southern girls and boys'
He said to us in tones slated to enjoy
I come from south of the Mason-Dixon Line
You lot are bound for the South Australian kind

'We sing of Dixie as way down south'
Growing cotton near the Mississippi mouth
But here in the Southern Antipodes its wheat
As the sun shines down in its Summer greet

The Mighty Murray meanders its way through
A dry Outback giving the sun burnt land a water blue
Whilst the Mississippi flows to the delta as it dawns
We have paid our dues so no need to feel forlorn

Both American and Australian are of strong pioneer stock
Use to carving out a home from the wilderness is our lot
As Southern American or South Australian so strong to keep
Ties to our lands we love go down - oh so very deep.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Talkin' Like A Pirate

Can you talk like a pirate nowadays as a bit of fun
Arghh! Splice the main brace our sail has begun
I'll keel haul you as a land lubber we capture you on the run
Could the fifty men on a deadman's chest with a bottle of rum

And put the plank out so you can walk that one down
If your not one of the crew it's the plank you are bound
The black and white skull and cross bones is our flag to fly
When we raid your ship we will give you a broadside as we sail by

Our island is within a day's sail from Portobello in the Caribbean
And we are chased by the Royal Navy as soon as we're are seen
We all know that sooner or later it will be the Old Bailey for us
When it will be the gallows and a rope from the King with no fuss

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - The Borg

Whilst watching Star Trek with Captain Picard
They were fighting cyborgs in their universe marred
The Borg fly their cube spaceships and look to destroy
Federation Starships that against them deploy
One thing that puzzles me with the Borg
Do they have toilets especially designed for cyborgs?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - The Chinese Stole Our Weather

The Chinese cracked our computer weather
It seems the fire walls didn't hold things together
So from now on they will know
The best beach weather and where to go
But they shouldn't have gone to all the trouble
The Weather Channel would have had it on the double

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - The Days Of The Week

Mondays are for mugs it is depressingly so
Tuesdays are a little better or so I seem to know
Wednesdays are always hump days so don't despair
Thursdays will mean there is only one sleep I do declare
Fridays are always happy days because of what they mean
Saturdays and Sundays are the best days that have ever been!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun – The Floating Chinese City In The Clouds

In Jiangxi and Foshan in China they looked to the sky
And saw a floating city up on high
There was some video taken and discussed by all of us
And to all who saw it or the video it was quite a fuss
Perhaps it was a glimpse into another dimension
Or a city full of ghostly apparitions
The Scientific explanation was a "Fata Morgana"
An unusual atmospheric extravaganza
But I liked to think it was a glimpse at another world
And what it looked like as it was across the sky it unfurled.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - The Inter Web

What did we do without the inter web?
Now think of a subject you want read
The knowledge is at your call
And magically you can know it all

With the world's music now here
In high fidelity and for listening so clear
Television is now attached to your provider
And ordering pizza over it is now your decider.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - The Jesus Lizard

I've just watched a lizard that runs on top of the water
You would think it would sink like any weight oughta
But this is a lizard that fascinates me
And runs on top of the water as light as can be
It's called the Jesus Lizard because it's a fact
Running on the water is not a fact to detract

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - The Legend Of Lego

On the coast of Cornwall on a stormy day
The people of the village walked the beach searching away
After a storm they are looking to find
Pieces of coloured plastic in the surf so fine

It seems that one stormy night a ship out of Denmark
Lost a container over the side and into the dark
So now when the tide and full moon is just right
Lego bricks bubble to the surface in their escaping flight

So when you go to the Cornish Coast on holiday
Look to the crashing surf and sand for you may
Find Lego Batman, Robin or Superman
And rescue these Superheroes in a grand plan.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - The Middle Child

Middle children it would seem
Are fence sitters even in their dreams
And when they need to decide
What is best in life's eternal ride
The pressure builds and the brow sweats
How will it be as they ante up the bets
We well considered middle children all do know
What matters most is the equilibrium remains to show.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - The New Pill

They say in the future all you need to do
To lose weight is to pop a pill or two
In today's fast food world
To find a pill in science held
To eat hamburgers and such
It might also be a Golden Arches pill to munch!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - The Vampire Postman

He only worked the night shift
The other shifts he was cut adrift
As soon as the sun went down
You could see him prowling the town

In his post office van he picked up the letters
And on the colder nights for the better
He wore a cloak in a flourish around
When he stepped out of truck to the letters bound

His cloak he held it high up to his arm
And he looked above the elbow to project alarm
Gliding over the ground to the letter box
With one foul swoop he emptied the lot

They could never give him a partner
Because they never made it to the shift's end after
He had no next of kin listed on his permanent file
And when off duty he hung from the basement tiles.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - The Zombie Apocalypse

Will you survive the Zombie Apocalypse?
When with each bite you go into a life eclipse
You need to look for a place with high fences
And shoot them in the head for your defences

Where did the virus come from that's caused the plague?
Which ended the world even though the start was vague
What weapon do you need a samurai sword, rifle or other blade
You will need something for your defence to be made

So in the end find some people who are good survivors
And are good with their weapons without any errors
Who know when it's time to move on
And kill any zombies that will attack all along

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - What Goes Together

Children playing with puppy dogs
Cold wet days and burning logs
Ice cream melting and chocolate bars
Wind in your hair and V8 cars
Action movies and winning large
Dancing and with friends having fun
Action movies and winning begun
Hot summer days and a cooling breeze
Favourite songs and lovers to please
All these things go together well
And for you to smile and forever dwell

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - What Is Expected Of Me

What is expected of me
Is there something you want to see
Perhaps you have your expectations
So I should follow a script without any infractions
Or think about what would surprise you the most
Then go for it and make it a winning post!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - What Makes For Those Happy Times

What makes for those happy times?

Is it when you are listening to your musical chimes
Or when you are alone with your special person
And you are snuggling blissfully in your love diversion

Perhaps it's when you're walking in the warm sunshine
Or jogging on the track that makes it just fine
Or in a warm bed with a book with rain on the roof
Just anything is fine so long as enjoyment is the proof

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - What Super Power Do You Want?

What super power do you want?
When you go to the power font
To fly like a bird or an aeroplane
And be indestructible again and again
To always have super mind powers
To be able to read other's thoughts for hours

Perhaps you always wanted to be the flash
And run the quarter mile in such a dash
Or be aqua man and live in the sea
With all those marine powers you see
Perhaps it's an X-man who mutates
And to able to defeat evil in all forms it takes

In the end I'd go to patrol the wide world
And get the bad guys foiling their plans they are held.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Who Cuts Superhero's Hair?

If superman and super girl are indestructible
How do they get a hair cut in their barber's call?
During toilet times they need to temper the strain
Or there would be no toilet bowl that would remain
There are trials and tribulations being a superhero today
With a balance for them in the things done day to day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Who Was The First?

Have you ever wondered the person who was first
To put tea leaves in hot water to quench their thirst
Or to roast coffee beans just so they might
Be put in to hot water to make a drink just right

One day someone saw an egg come out of a hen's behind
And decided to boil it up for the best breakfast just fine
Then someone decided to mash wheat up and mix with water needed
Putting it in the oven to make bread for sandwiches succeeded

Some hunter one day who had the idea to cook their steak
Over a fire to make it tasty for their dinner then to partake
Was there someone who decided how to make a cake
And mix egg, flour and water in the oven then to bake

So we would not get far without others wanting to raise the food bar
And we wouldn't know the best cuisine in experimenting with food so far

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Why Should It Grow There?

Why should it grow there?

And to top it off people stare

Given the choice certainly not there

While there is plenty of room on the top of my head

It chooses to grow out of my ears and nose instead

And now I use mini clippers and other devices

To be like I was before hair became one of the vices

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun - Work It Out

Work it out
There is no need to shout
Just get it out
There is nothing to worry about
You need it out
There is nothing to make you pout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Fun- Modern Enchantment

What would witches need for today
When casting a spell in a brew right away
What modern concoctions would they bring?
Instead of eye of newt perhaps eye of TV screen
When needing a substitute for feather of crow
It would be part of raptor jet wing
With wire of computer and blue tooth ring
All mixed together in a microwave oven
Instead of a cauldron forever bubblin'
And at the end what spell would enchant
Perhaps it would be unmetered wi-fi to grant!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Funeral Pyre

Slow burning funeral pyre
Whose flame burns with desire
Smoke clouds obscuring the sky high
Things I left as I was too shy

What remains for me in the end
Broken dreams not a friend
Resting, pleading hopes of romance
But at the time I didn't learn the dance.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Funny

Is 1970s funny different
To 2017 funny?
I chuckle when Brian's life is shown
But others don't seem to get it
And some stuff on MTV now
I don't see the point
I think there comes a time
When funny is different
It's sad to say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Funny Colours, Hair And Wrinkles

Your skin goes brown and red splotches
If in the bits that show is for makeup patches

Then there are the wrinkles and the lines around
I hope from laughing often and not wearing a frown

No much you can do except vanishing cream
And modern men can use it for their facial dream theme

Hair is the easiest thing to fix if you still have it
You can colour, cut, grow or permanent wave it to fit.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Future

When he slept at night he saw it all
The future in flashes he could recall
Usually it was such a harmless thing
Until tonight when it had an ominous ring

It was still in flashes but not so mundane
But he was worried about what was the refrain
For he had seen himself lying on the ground
Not moving with blood in a puddle all around

So he called in sick and sat in the lounge room
He looked with a suspicious eye in the gloom
And he wondered how long he could keep going
As he thought and worried about his future knowing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gabriel's Horn

Gabriel is blowing his horn
So loud and clear as if to warn
Of coming doom that was about to be
Change your ways if you don't see

Soothsayers shout their message to all
Heed it now in their final call
But the people just sat and shook their head
They laughed and said it was an imaginary dread

Viruses spread quickly from the East
To kill the people oh such a beast
Where to go we rung our hands
Mighty now was God's command

Those infected coughed and bled
The uninfected ran away instead
No place is safe in this world ours
For our sins our safety is now beyond our powers.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gambling

I've never been a gambler
For I've never liked the odds
And out the horse racers
Seems a hell of a job

I don't like the pokies
For it seems a waste of time
Looking at the colours
As they run around in kind

I am not skilful at cards
For I could never bluff
So now I ponder hard
The odds is not enough.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Games People Play

Games people play
For their opinions to be swayed
Don't play your own cards
And you'll go the whole nine yards

So when you start don't play anything
Then decide what you need to bring
Take it from me
This will work easily.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gangster Spirit

Creeping around not showing myself to anyone
They keep looking but I will wait until they're done
I have all the time in the world
As I sit and watch the world meld

I remember most things up to the day
When I was stabbed and he ran away
I lay on the sofa and closed my eyes
And must have slept some as a time went by

So I hang around here now
Waiting for the boys to take a bow
It's best to lay low on the lam
To get my cut of the gang's latest scam.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gaping Open Wounds

Gaping open wounds that never heal
Is this what is for each of us is the real deal
Sometimes it's the pain
That in the end remains

You may think your heart will break
For what in the end will you make
Of this world of bitter tears
Look to ante up you may be in arrears.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

'Gator Huntin'

Watching alligator hunting on the Bayou
With these swamp people hunting through
In their boats and in the swamp they look
And shooting them when they are on the hook
It's a method of keeping their numbers down
In a way of life that seems destined not to be around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gentle One

Who are you
Who gently calms me
When the tempest rages
And all hope is seeping away

Then the peace returns
And I rest again with a calmness
So serenely given.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gentle Souls

Gentle souls deserve better
But evil finds its way
To get to them to be fettered
Even if they live far away

Just to be left in peace
They cannot help themselves
And will find a weakened piece
As strength wins as it delves.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gentle Touch

When I slip away
I dream of your gentle touch
For our love is treasured so much
In what we pass between our lover's charms
When we lie in each other's arms
Our memories are all together
As there will be no other.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gentle Words

Gentle words whispered in your ear
Of the truths that we hold dear
Those words that are for you
The love I have in gentle words through

Your gentle soul and mine now meld
As we walk hand in hand through this world
A love so strong that we both feel
Will be forever in our lover's deal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gerald

Gerald was such an ordinary man
He went to work and was a music fan
But what he really liked the best
Was hot chips butties better than the rest

So at the end of each day
He went to the shop for his hot chips right away
At home he made his sandwich so quick
Scoffing it straight away to the end of it

But this time he felt quite sick
Laying down on his sofa closing his eyes for a bit
And when he woke he knew something was wrong
With insatiable cravings for hot chips becoming his song

Now his days are filled with this quest
Seeking and eating chip butties was the best
Gerald wanders the world wide
His chip butty curse now being his pride

In his wanderings across the earth
He found a land where chip butties are known for their worth
For Scotland treasures this mighty snack the most
And Gerald lives there loving it as his boast.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

German Passports For Jews

Some German Jews
Whose grand parents
Fled Germany
To other countries
During the Nazi period
Are now offered
German citizenship

Would you want this
If your relatives
We're murdered by
The Nazi regime?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Get A Little Dirt On Your Hands

Get a little dirt on your hands
Wonder what nature demands
To let you grow your plants
In the Sun and Rain expanse

When you see the first green
It's new life that you have seen
And to be allowed to help in creation
Gives you a warm feeling of elation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Get On With It

Just get on with it
You are made of tougher things
Perk up it will get better
For good or bad there is an end

So I hitched my trousers up
And not showing disparity
I soldiered on and on
Now I am left to wonder.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Get Some Dirt On Your Hands

In younger days it seemed so good
Do the right thing as I could
But the years went on
It wasn't the same just getting along

So blisters from work demands
I got a little dirt on your hands
That's what they said
Is this something to dread.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Get Your Kicks On Route 66

I wanna ride down Route 66
The ultimate road trip
Ridin' wind in your hair along Main Street, USA
Hey Man - what do ya say!

Past all those old towns
That made that American sound
I wanna see it before it finally fades
Man, its so cool as top of the grade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - Before The Moonlight

In the dead of the night
Before the Moonlight
You can see them wandering about
Lost in the darkness but unable to shout

The street of people is now bare
Without any vehicles moving there
For they lost their lives being bad
And now they walk angry and mad

Their criminal record was not good
For robbing and stealing because they could
The innocent ones they killed in the fight
Have moved on to heaven for the right

And in the shoot out with the police
They were killed but did not have release
Their earthly bodies were taken away
But for their sins the bad guys would stay

For they are too scared of heavenly decrees
When they may be judged for their bad deeds
So in the street all alone they wander along
Forever without purpose knowing they don't belong.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - Dead Aunts

Why did you come last night?
When you appeared I had a fright
I was asleep and woke up when
You touched me on the arm then
I saw you together and you smiled at me
Whilst bathed in light it was Mollie and Carrie
I wanted to say something but you went away
Were you there to signify that all is well
Or did you come with bad news to tell?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - Do They Disappear With The Gloom

Do you leave when I enter the room
Or when I turn on the light - do you disappear with the gloom
Do I see you out the corner of my eye walking by
Or when it is dark do I see you in the window reflection and not the sky
Why do you have to be so secret in what you do
Or is it part of your mystery to all the world too?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - Francis Cluney, The Adelaide Arcade Ghost

In 1885 they built the Adelaide Arcade as the first Shopping Centre
And in 1887 Francis Cluney was working as the Centre's Caretaker
One night he was at work climbing near the Electricity Generator
And he slipped into the machinery and was mangled in this manner

And now they say they when you walk on the first floor
You hear footsteps and the temperature became chiller
And Francis sometimes can be seen on CCTV film on the hop
As a blurry light as it moves near the local dry clean shop.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - I Have Lost My Way

One minute I am sitting in my car
Then the headlights glare and the door is ajar
Now I am sitting on the side of the road
And my car is gone and the white light explodes

That seems so long ago and I am confused
I have lost my way I feel that I will loose
What I had in my life and my wife's face
As much as I try it's like the memories are erased.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - I Heard Her Voice On The Wind

I heard her voice on the wind
As it blew across the glen
Her father wept at the sound
When it blew from the mountain down

She disappeared one winter's day
When a storm came and her horse ran away
She ran out into the wild weather
And was lost to them as the wild heather.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - Lassiter's Reef

We met him on the road one day
In an old Ford truck along the way
He was stopped on side as a Nullabor Plain greet
As a bushy dressed casually against the heat

He was a prospector looking for Lassiter's reef
And the years showed in his face weathered with grief
For the search had cost him over the years
With his family lost in his times of tears

The truck was old and needed water for the radiator
So we supplied it to him whilst the engine got cooler
As he stood he smoked a home made cigarette rollie
He told us he had been in the desert 30 years steady

Years ago he had spoken to Lassiter about the gold
And had been searching the desert to get a hold
Of the millions promised in golden treasure
With the desert over the years making its measure

So he topped up his radiator and off he went
I saw him occasionally after this meeting event
This wasn't too many people in the desert those days
Then the Maralinga atomic tests occurred to away

But he had strayed through a back road into the area made
The explosion and the radiation killed him as his life did fade
They found him in his truck on the side of the road
And in the pocket of his shirt there was a gold nugget load

He was cremated and they spread his ashes in the desert ground
And his truck was placed with machinery radiated and now unsound
The mystery of where he found the gold nugget now drives me
In the desert looking for gold in the Lassiter's Reef will be

Now sometimes in the evening when the western sky is a red aglow
I see an old Ford truck driving on the desert roads quite slow
And I see the him driving with the gold glint in his eyes
But the smile on his face tells me that he knows where the gold lies.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - Phantoms On The Anzac Battlefields

After 1918 with the war won, the troops left the Western Front lines
Around Armentières they started to clean up the detritus they would find
Then on those cold nights on the old battlefields reports started to come in
Of groups of Australian soldiers walking the roads and laneways again

And they were knocking on restaurant and farm house doors
Wanting fried eggs, chips and wine like they had done many times before
But these soldiers were unlike others who had asked in the past
They were the phantoms of dead soldiers making the French people gasp

One group were so jolly they were let in, having a meal and paying with old coins
Then there was the large digger with a wounded throat wanting a drink purloined
The French Government became involved when the rumours persisted then
So they sent scientists to get to the bottom of it and the rumours to end

And one evening as they were near Armentières, they encountered some diggers
Who waved them to follow as they ran forward to the crest of a hill with vigour
The scientists saw figures struggling and fighting until they suddenly disappeared
They reported these events as the mystery remained as phantoms again
reappeared.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - She Lost Control Of Her Car

She lost control of her car after driving so very fast
And hit the tree at speed before breathing her last
Others gathered around clambering over the wreck
Looking to help her but finding her dead with regret
Standing back on the wreck looking to manage the crash
I saw a misty figure walk up on the road from the smash
And she turned around looking at me rather sad and so teary
Then a bright light appeared and she disappeared so eerie.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts – She Stood On The Lighthouse

Look to the Light house I heard them say
When it is a windy and stormy day
You will see her looking out longing to see
Her love who didn't return from the cruel sea

You see his warship sailed out to the war
And she stood on the Lighthouse wanting more
Of her true love who stood bravely on the deck
Until the ship steamed to the horizon as a speck

So the war wore on and many were lost
And the country was counting the sad cost
Until one day a telegram came to her hand
It said her true love had been lost with his command

She wouldn't take the truth of the words written
And waited each day on the Lighthouse driven
Until she died of her broken heart in her sorrow heard
But now on those wintry days she waits keeping her word.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - St John's Reformatory At Kapunda, South Australia

The St John's Reformatory at Kapunda Town
Was run by the Catholic Church for wayward girls around
But they had trouble with the girls staying there
Being away from Adelaide was something that they didn't care

In 1876 the school closed but opened by the Arch-Bishop as a Reformatory in
1897

With Sisters of St Joseph and Mary McKillop helping set it up as a girls only
haven

The girls were schooled and given religious education for their soul's sake
And they were taught housekeeping and gardening for a living to make

1909 the Reformatory closed after rumours that Rev Martin was ill treating the
girls

It was spread that Ruby Bland an 18 years old inmate died in a pregnancy swirl
The claim was incorrect and Rev Martin stayed on with his mental state
deteriorating

And when he died the Reformatory tales of ghosts began as a St John's Haunting

There was a cemetery at the site and Ruby Bland's grave was on these grounds
If you go there now you may hear laughter and the loud girlish voices surround
And it is said that Ruby Bland can be seen on the grounds wandering about as
lost

And Kapunda in the Barossa Valley of South Australia now counts this ghostly
cost.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Accident

He left this world in a blaze of light
And it was the best he had felt all night
Just driving his car home that time
When he saw the truck in quite a bind

But that was over now the pain was gone
And he could feel he was no longer alone
When he saw the comforting bright white light
It made what was wrong now be alright

Then he saw two figures walk on out
And was laughing now he knew what it was about
It was his mother and father smiling true
'Hello son, you are now home - there is no more to do.'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Adelaide Gaol

They put him in the Adelaide Gaol
He had killed the local magistrate on the trail
There had been debts for him to pay
And to pay the bank he lost the farm as it was taken away

He had waited on the Adelaide road that morning
And shot the Magistrate down without a warning
The local constable saddled up and hunted him down
And he captured him and in shackles brought him to town

The hearing went on for two days in the summer heat
Until the trial came to an end and he would the hangman meet
So he languished in the Adelaide Gaol until the dawn
And he was hung on the first light of the morn

So the years have passed away and the Gaol lies empty
The prisoners have gone as the Old Gaol has down its duty
But they say when it's quiet and there is no-one around
He still walks the corridors and cries his judgement down.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Bedroom Mirror

The full length mirror hung on the back of the door
Of her bedroom wardrobe holding clothes and more
She keeps it tidy with a place for her things neatly hung
She liked clothes and kept herself trim in a dress this day for fun
It was a sunny day out and a beach outing it would be
As she happily fussed with her hair bouncing curls around free

Then out the corner of her eye a darkness flashed
Quicker than she could focus in the mirror as it was bashed
It was a worrying sign of things to come
As she looked around behind her and found no-one
Everything was fine on that summer's day
But as the weeks turned to months things went astray

She wouldn't leave the mirror and she became unkept
And she stopped seeing her friends and none being exempt
Until one day they found her in the lounge room
Just sitting and staring so unresponsive to any sudden boom
So she was put in a Sanatorium for 24 hour personal care
And it seems that she will end her days sitting and sleeping there

So I went over to clean and close up her house now
But looking in her bedroom closet mirror I wonder how
The figure darting across in the mirror I clearly see
Could be in the background of the mirror as it would be
Now I sit and wait staring into the mirror searching it out
For when I see the fleeting figurine I will clearly shout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Beginning Of The End

The local aborigine men were sitting in a circle close by
And they chanted their sacred songs up to the azure sky
The singing of their songs stirred the land and their dreaming made
And they say during this sacred time lost spirits were appearing in their glade

They were calling to their ancestors in the Dreamtime
And for the Rainbow Serpent to help them in this modern time
You see a new Iron Ore Mine had destroyed their local sacred place
And the things put there for the Unknown Evil to displace

Close by there was a Mining Town
Where the people were busy with prosperity all around
They were attracted to high wages in the Mine
And as it is in the Outback all getting along so fine

The aborigine elders had been singing their song
With the day turning to night it had been going on so long
And on the edge of the iron mountain range on by
The people saw the Min Min lights dance in the sky

So the singing stirred the spirits in the land
And the people could feel the electricity at hand
The spell of the country started to build
And it gathered other lost souls within the local field

In the Iron Ore Mine the night shift had just started
The foreman went to the truck parks as they departed
Just to his left a figure appeared who he recognised as Fred
Who had died in his truck when it rolled across his head

The ghostly figure did not speak just walked on past
And climbed up a truck's ladder then sat in the seat of the last
So the foreman walked up to the truck and looked straight at Fred
He cringed in horror at a face crushed and eyes that were dead

In the town Joan had brought her father up from the city
But before he settled in a heart attack took him in a jiffy
That night Joan could hear the rocking chair on the veranda creak
And she saw a figure on the chair in a light that was weak

She slowly opened the fly wire screen door
And saw to her shock it was her father once more
But this time the skin of his face was a grey pallor
He had appeared on his chair which to him that did matter

The local police sergeant was patrolling the town
And his attention was drawn to the local highway ground
There was a crashed car on the edge of the bitumen
That was similar to the one he had dealt with before to contend

He stopped and stepped out of the patrol car
And walked up to the wreck a distance that was not far
He cowered back when seeing the scene quite clear
The driver was moving without his head which was staring quite near

Mrs. Jones had lived for years in the older part of town
Long before the Mine had brought prosperity around
Her husband had left even after she did to him implore
And later she had lost her only son killed in the Vietnam War

She was awoken by floor boards creaking in her son's room
So she left her bed and walked into his room in the darkened gloom
Her son was standing there looking at her with a gaping wound in his chest
And he would not answer as she cried out for him so bereft

These lost souls had been called back by the elder's singing
When the spirit of the land rose and found them all willing
As the dark of the morning hours wore on
They would not reply to questions raised just staring there all along

The elders of the people were still singing their spirit song
When the dawn started to bring an end to the ceremony along
The first ray's touched their sacred place
And with a nod abruptly stopped singing in their spiritual grace

So as the dawn brought a new day to the town
And ordinary people started moving around
The driver finally disappeared from the truck cabin
And Joan's father was gone from his chair he had been in

The wrecked car and its driver vanished from the sergeant's view

And the brave soldier went from in front of his mother too
All of these people stood and wondered why this had occurred
Was it was a vision from their troubled past that was inferred

Perhaps after all is said and done
Some things should be left alone and some arguments are better not won
What happened in this Mining town
May be the start of the Unknown Evil getting around

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Boy In The Shop

The night shift in the middle of winter time
Always went slowly even when the weather was fine
And as the patrol sergeant I was always a solo patrol
At about 2 am I stopped the patrol car to keep awake the goal

I stepped out and walked along a group of old shops in a row
As I checked the locks and shone a torch into the rooms aglow
Looking inside of the shop for something out of place I'd find
But this time there was movement in the shop out of the grind

I saw a small boy playing with a ball and laughing so loud at his game
That it startled me and I moved back kicking a can into the window pane
At the same time the boy looked straight at me and he did smile in such glee
Finally turning around and walked through the rear closed door in his flee.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Captain's Report

The diggers were on the tapes in No Man's Land
The captain had his lips on his whistle for the start to command
The hand of his watch went around to zero hour
And he blew his whistle loud for the attack to empower

All his men rose up as one and advanced to the front
They were attacking the Germans and taking the brunt
Of the British attack and they knew many would fall
The captain went to the barbed wire to his men he did call

They ran to the trenches and it was a hand to hand fight
And they saw the captain was into the fight with all his might
So the attack went on to take the St Quentin Mount
A feat that in the Great War they really did count

The colonel was in the command bunker waiting the report
And in the fog of war meant the waiting was fraught
With apprehension of the fate of his men in the attack
So he was waiting for the captain to report back

The blanket covering the bunker door was pulled away
And the captain entered the bunker with his nerves all in a fray
He saluted the colonel and gave his report
Asking for reinforcements urgently as they were sought

The colonel nodded and an agreement was made
The captain left saying he could not be delayed
The reinforcements saved the day and the colonel went forward
With congratulations all around as the battalion's reward

Then the colonel asked for the captain and there were frowns all around
He was told the captain died when the fight was on disputed ground
And they needed help to win the day the captain was shot through the heart
When giving orders to a company runner for the message to depart

The runner was shot down trying to get across no man's land
And so the diggers thought that they could not get help in their plan
So it seemed the captain after being killed on that day
Found a way to help the diggers by reporting to him that way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Chinese Miners

We stopped on the side of the South-east bush track
And decided to make camp for the night settling back
To a night in the Australian bush with the starry delight
So we settled down to the quiet and moonlight night

Early in the morning I heard a shuffling noise nearby
So I got up and and saw a group of people walking by
They were dressed the same in simple Asian clothes
And were quietly chatting together as the line goes
Past us without acknowledging us as they went
There was an eerie glow as they walked as heavenly sent

The last sight I saw was them as they turned the next corner
And I wondered what I had seen then seemingly out of order
The dawn broke and the darkness was dissipated ending night
When a local farmer drove up to check his sheep at first light
And we got to talking about the area of his farm and the track
We spoke of what I had seen at night looking back

The farmer got a kinda distance look on his face
And sighed clearing his throat with his thoughts in place
He said, 'You see, that's just it. You've seen the legend'
'The ghosts of Chinese walking to the goldfields as at their end.'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Crash On The Highway

On public holidays we did the highway patrol
To keep the roads safe in a heavier traffic toll
And when the sun went down in the outback sky
There was a canopy of a million stars on high

I was stopped on the side of the the road
The warm summer's night turned to that mode
In the distance I saw a set of dazzling white headlights
That looked to be moving towards me quite so bright

I heard a loud noise coming from the opposite way
And a bright set of light bearing down in a fast display
The lights approached one another and I could see
The second vehicle move to the incorrect side easily

Just to the front of the police cruiser both collided
In a terrible smash of crunching metal as they were grinded
And there was an explosion just as the whole mess disappeared
I was shocked by what I saw of the apparitions as from my sight cleared.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Driver

It had been a terrible mistake he made
Driving from the the farm house glade
There had been a barbecue and drinking too
More than he should have wanted to do

And now he drives through the country wide
Trying to find his way home to be by his lover's side
He tries to focus on the driving task as each wheel turns
But the nightmare comes back where he crashes and burns

He knows, no he prays that he didn't die
But drives on forever towards the red angry sky!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Drovers

The drovers had lost their way
After delivering their cattle that day
They decided that ride the trail
Not thinking that they would fail

But the bush can be deceptive
And they lost their way in perspective
The sun was hot with no water around
To die in the bush when not found

So at times when the heat shimmers on the haze
Makes it hard to see on a gibber plain gaze
You may see two lonely riders moving slowly
As they ride with their heads down lowly

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Family Legend Of The Dark Woman

The family legend always said
That the dark woman heralded the dead
And when she was seen in the night
The appearance would mean a fright

I remember my grandmother saying one day
She had seen the dark woman and knew right away
Within the end of the week someone in the family would die
And sure enough an uncle died and the sign was without lie

I haven't seen the dark woman myself
But it's not to say that the legend does not have health
If I didn't come from an Irish family background
The dark woman banshee would not be around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts – The Final Thankyou

There was a paramedic whose business was saving lives
And going to situations to treat those in peril to help their fight to survive
One day he went to a young lady who had overdosed on illicit heroin
They worked on her at the scene and in the ambulance on the way in
To the Royal Adelaide Hospital with lights and sirens all the way
But she was pronounced dead by a doctor and they had to give it all away

So the day ended and he went home to his wife
And told his wife how it happened and how it ended her troubled life
So they retired for the night and were getting ready for their bed
When this girl appeared before them with a tear in her eye she shed
She just stood there before them and pointed to her heart
And then vanished as she appeared with a sudden start

They sat down on the bed and couldn't believe their eyes
And talked it through in their complete surprise
What they came to realise was she had returned to see him
And to thank him for what he did in her parting hymn
Perhaps there was also a twinge of sadness for how it had occurred
And how she had wasted her time on earth in her final word.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Fisherman

The sun was peeping from the sea
As sleep that night could not be for me
So I took my leave of my Hotel bed
And wandered along the pier as if I was led

The colours of the day bleed into the scene
As I walked I thought of things that had been
I saw him standing leaning on the rail at the end
With his pipe in his mouth looking out as if to blend

The day beginning as he attended his line in the water
So I asked how was the fishing at this time ought a
He looked at me and said that time would tell as in all things
All you need is to think it through and you will have the good that life brings

The conversation petered out and we stared as the sun rose in its way
And the warmth of this new sun greeted the summer's bright day
I nodded to him and I walked back to the shore line and now
As I stepped onto the road the fisherman had vanished as I wondered how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The French Bed-Sitter

It was quite a cold and chilly afternoon
The icy wind was blowing in the gloom
We were on a self drive rental car holiday
Through the French countryside in our stay

The weather got so bad we had to go to ground
We decided to stay in the next bed sitter we found
We were awake talking until night came with no dread
Finally we went to our room up the stairs to bed

Early in the morning I heard steps walk across the room
So I sat up in bed rubbing my eyes away in the gloom
I got out of bed and went across and opened the door
The steps continued out onto the stairway to the ground floor

Just as I reached the bottom on the staircase I looked around
I went to the kitchen I saw an old French woman looking down
She was looked up from her work and smiled in my direction
About the same time she disappeared in dawn light's deflection.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Gettysburg Phantoms

In the early morning twilight
Before the sun shines bright
There are phantoms wandering around
And the cannon fire is an eerie sound

The soldiers lost in the Battleground
Gettysburg in the fields of blood surround
These poor souls are playing out their death
On the torn bloody ground as history never left.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Girl In The Bikini

It was a hot summer night in the backyard pool
The summer night party was ending in the morning cool
Most people had left with just a few left talking too
A good time was had by all the night through

They saw her walk from the house
In a bikini swim suit as quiet as a mouse
She wasn't recognised and good looking
Into the pool she jumped without misgiving

But no one saw her come out
She disappeared without a shout
As the months went on she was seen again
As the ghost in the bikini to comprehend

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Haunted Doll

Be careful of what you buy second hand
For an Australian woman found out first hand
For doll dressed as a bride was bought
And at night it moves around the house sought
To find out it has a ghost resident inside of it
It sets smoke alarms off as it moves around a bit

The husband woke up with scratches on him one night
A friend who is a medium won't sleep because of fright
She took the doll out to a box in the shed that night
And placed something on it then locking it in tight
When she visited the house of the haunted doll
At night it drags itself around the house in control.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Helmet

Walking forward into battle is such a dangerous one
The Captain in the Great War knew what needed to be done
The attack at Arras had some success for the British Forces
With the Germans retreating in the third line of defence courses

He was careful in the way he guided his men in using the terrain
And there were plenty of shell holes to take cover in safety to remain
In one shell hole there was a fallen German soldier with his helmet near
How this brave soldier had died to this British captain was not clear

He picked up the helmet and saw that it was quite new and hardly worn
And he put it in his pack as a souvenir of the Great War when ended and gone
The attack petered out and the Captain went into reserve with his men
He sat in the captured German dugout and thought how lucky he was in the end

When everything settled down he took and wrapped up the German helmet
And posted the helmet back to his wife and thought about the last time they had met

The package was delivered to her and she unwrapped it on the kitchen bench
As soon as she touched it she had an ominous feeling that wouldn't be quenched

The helmet quickly bundled and it was stored away but at night the feeling stayed

She was awakened by a dream where she stood alone in a battlefield trench away

And a young German soldier stood facing her and he looked her in the eye
He pleaded with her to help him and reached out to her and she started to cry

She continued to have this dream each time she closed here eyes at night
So she wrote to the Captain and she conveyed to him what was her fright
The letter pleaded with him to return to find the body of the German
And see if he could find out what could bring peace to this tortured man

The captain went back to this old battlefield and picked his way
Amongst the detritus of the battlefield as he looked and stayed
He finally found the shell hole and the body of the German
And in the pocket of his tunic he found a letter addressed as a family man

So he went and posted it to the soldier's family through the Red Cross

And wrote to his wife of what he had done to re-write the story's course
That night as she again laid in bed the German soldier returned again
This time there was a serenity and a smile with grace as he disappeared then.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Hmas Arunta Gun

The gun to the destroyer was taken off
At the end of the war when it was pensioned off
It had seen the Pacific Battles and made its name
As the HMAS Arunta against the Japanese game

She had been to the Leyte Gulf battle in history made
And a near miss to the side killed two crew members in bravery grade
They had survived the war and it brought the men home
Including the chief gunner who settled no more to roam

He made a life and a family during the Golden Years
When the Greatest Generation wiped away the war years tears
Until one day he was on holiday in Queensland as perfect as can be
And he came across the HMAS Arunta Gun in museum to see

The years faded away and his youth returned to him that day
And he smelt again the sea spray and the deadly battle way
He was alone with the gun and in a heavenly light his mates he saw again
With youthful smiles and they stood together as friends

They spoke again and he felt as he had returned to the good times
When the world was young and life was so sublime
And he sat on the gun sight with his mates around
As he passed on with his mates without uttering a sound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Intruder

As the intruder I look for a way in
And for people with a dark side within
I know you all have something to hide
When in your dark side I can abide

I found her when she stopped to help him
When he collapsed on the road side so grim
As death released him not allowing me to remain
When his heart failed him finally in the strain

But she is stronger than others I have taken
With her fighting me all the way and not breaking
I saw that she embezzled money to help her ailing mother
Who was saved with the money taken without any bother

She was never found out for this dishonest deed
But over time replaced the money without greed
Now she is driving her car so fast towards a tree
And I struggle to get control of her whilst she try's to be free

I see the tree so large in the windscreen and she has won
As she hits the windscreen and I know her death has begun
But wait there is a car stopped and I hear someone coming
If I can get him to touch her that will be for me forthcoming

He has something to hide from others in this earthly world
For he in the Iraq War killed without trial a villager he felled
When I leave the woman in her final agonising death throes
And become part of him and as the world will not know

So I travel now from town to town in the devil's own grace
Taking a life when I want in as a carefully thought out pace
But you will never know who I am as In the street I pass you by
As just one of ordinary people as the days past quickly and fly.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Lady On The Veranda

There was an old house in Port Adelaide
With a return veranda as it was made
On the northern end of the veranda sight
There was an old swing for a warm night

It was said in the evening seated on the seat
A lady in a summer dress sat looking neat
But you see the story I heard from the town
Was she had died when the Spanish flu was around

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Lancaster Bomber

The plane through a bruised sky flew
In shades of deep red, yellow and dark blue
It had a dead stick in the pilot's tight grip
The crew looked out with death stares as writ
The bombing mission over Germany was the plan
Dresden was the mission carpetbombing the demand
So they dropped their bombs whilst the city burned
And then towards England and home their thoughts turned

They could see the fire back on the horizon
And the flak with each white light explosion
Rattled the plane until one burst so near
Blew the plane out of this world to the next so clear

But the crew didn't notice this change in the air
And so continued flying on with a growing despair
Their compass was showing their way home
Still flying on now destined forever to roam

They say now when the sun rises in the east
You can hear the rumbling of the Lancaster in the peace
And maybe if the rising sun catches the light
You may see the plane flying along in an endless flight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Lone Horseman Of Pichi Richi Pass

The rider left from Port Augusta town that fine day
Carrying a letter to the Grey homestead in his way
But he was lost on the trail through Pichi Richi Pass
Last seen riding from Hawker town on his morning last

And the Legend of this horseman grew as he was seen
In the gray early morning light as the sunlight beams
Reflect off the sides of the rocky Pass in the dawn's light
As he is noticed looking out from ridge line in his oversight

One day we travelled through the Pass as tourists we drove
After leaving Hawker early that morning as the sunlight dawn rose
We saw the Horseman on the ridge with his back to the rising sun
As we passed him he saluted us with a look of a forlorn lost one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Lonely Road

It wasn't a such a cold or a dark eerie night
But the journey was on a schedule so tight
As it was the end of their summer holiday
And back to work it was for both next day

It was a stretch of road next to the sea
When they saw her near the road in a run to flee
So they stopped the car and asked the girl
Why she was running away in such a twirl

She said nothing and started to cry
And sat in the rear seat of their car behind them by
She wouldn't say a thing and so they decided
To take her to the police for her story to be provided

They drove on through the night
Passing the time quietly in a calm so right
They came to the town and drove to the police station
And found the girl had vanished in their exclamation

So they related their story to a local inn-keep
Who nodded and told a tale of grief so complete
A young girl from the town was returning home
Who disappeared and now forever is seen to roam

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Lost 9th Roman Legion

Across the bare hills of the Highlands we went
The wind and the rain against the windscreen was spent
Just near Loch Lomond on a winding road on a bend
The engine of the car stopped and it seemed at its end

This happened just as the sun went down
And a signal on our phones could not be found
So we were stuck the night on the side of the Loch
We settled down in the car but sleep we did not

Early in the morning the wind and rain settled down
And in the distance we could hear the sound
Of voices raised clinching amour and swords
In the distance the sounds of battle and angry words

So we left the car and walked to a nearby Glen
When we saw a battle of Roman soldiers and Highland men
The Romans were losing as we hid and watched as they tried to defend
Until they were all surrounded and massacred at the battle's end

As the sun peeped on the horizon in the distance as a friend
The Highlanders disappeared as the sun's rays hit the glen
This left us both wondering at what we had seen in the night
An ancient battle had left its mark on the glen as it might

So we went back to the car and waited on a passing traveller
Who took us to the Drovers Inn whilst our car was with the repairer
And we learnt of the lost Roman 9th Legion who 1900 years ago
Marched into Caledonia and disappeared with no trace to show.a

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Lost Airmen

The mission had been a close run thing
The Japanese had thrown up quite a sting
They had sent up their fighter planes
And the anti-aircraft fire like leaden rain

The other aircraft in Bombing Six
Had been carved up in the attacking mix
And his Dauntless was damaged in the sweep
With his gunner killed with the anti-aircraft fire greet

So he left the Japanese carrier group of ships
But his luck might have meant he was down on chips
As his compass and radio had been smashed in the fight
And he would need to guess his direction of his homeward flight

He had enough fuel if his luck would hold
And he did not have to fly a plan too bold
The wonder of it all in the end may be
That his plane did not end up in the sea

Then out the corner of his eye
He saw another plane which was a PBY
The black cat waggled its wings a bit
And it's pilot wanted him to follow not quit

The hours went and the pilot worried the fuel wouldn't last
But he followed the PBY determined for this chance to grasp
Until just as the night was about to fall
He saw the wake of his carrier in a close call

He landed on the deck of the carrier then
It had been a frightening flight to spend
As he pulled himself out of the cockpit he looked to the sky
But after scanning the horizon round he didn't see the PBY

He walked into the pilot's ready room
Happy to be back in the gathering gloom
He wanted to thank the PBY's crew
So he submitted a report to his captain through

The report went to the PBY base
And the commander checked his records to place
The PBY plane but he found it had crashed and burned
When the Japanese attacked in their southward turn

As the Second World War went on the PBY
Turned up to guide lost pilots in the sky
It seemed the PBY crew didn't want their war to end
So they did their best saving Allied pilots in the war to contend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Lost Mountaineer

It was a dream shared to climb Mount Everest
So the group trained and booked their passage
And they trekked to the Himalaya Mountains
To Base Camp were they prepared for the climb

The trek up the mountain was harder than they thought
As they made to 29,000 feet where they would continue
But tragedy struck and Melanie was lost down the mountain
And the others broken hearted journeyed back home

A couple of months passed and they gathered one night
And toasted Melanie as their lost mountaineer from the group
Then John's telephone started to ring showing her number
And they heard her voice on the phone quite clear to all

'I'm cold. So cold and it is so far but I can't come home.'
They knew that her phone was with her on Everest
But thought that it could be someone using her phone number
On checking they found the phone number was still her one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Lost Soul

We walked along through on the Heysen Trail
The track was rugged and we wanted to prevail
In the back blocks of the Flinders Ranges we walked
Not wanting to miss a minute as the Cockatoos squawked

Near mid afternoon I looked to the rear as the track did wind
And I was startled by a dark figure standing staring in his design
But the figure stopped and did not go any further in our direction
The sun was sinking behind him and he disappeared in its reflection

So the days went on as we journeyed in the bright Australian sun
And it became a habit to look back from where we had begun
The figure was there every time near the horizon as he waited
When we tried to communicate the man disappeared as he was fated

The mystery of the figure continued to intrigue us until one day
We came upon an old swagman one night at our campfire to stay
He told a story of an aborigine who was placed with a white family
And whose soul was lost one day and now wanders in the land as a homily

He was one of the lost generation who were taken from there rightful place
And had grown up not knowing his kin wandering unhappily in disgrace
Until in his despair he died upon one of the Outback Flinders Ranges trails
So when you see this tortured soul wandering pray for him in his trials.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Man On The Roof

Sitting on a seat in the middle of the old part of town
In the middle of a winter's night there is nothing around
The wind whistles a lonesome tune
As eerie a feeling as it's voice will croon

The rain comes and goes as a nuisance
Working night shift attunes my senses
Then I see him out the corner of my eye
And he looked at me as he walked by

Hands in his pockets and a haunted look on his face
He stopped in front of a tall building and pointed to the top place
As I looked up I saw a body launch from the top
And it impacted the cement with a thudding hop

Then he disappeared from the street night scene
Making me wonder how many times he repeats this theme
As a restless spirit alone at night to wander this ground
Trapped in a repeating loop of his death going around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Moonlight Mother

I couldn't sleep that full moon night
So I went for a walk in the moonlight
The 90 mile beach was deserted at that hour
With the moon providing a good light power

I could hear the wailing of a woman quite clear
When from the distance I saw a woman stumbling near
She was soaking wet in a long dress to the ground
And I could hear her yell 'where's my baby, ' in a pitiful sound

I ran up to her and as I approached she looked at me and disappeared
This made me stop in my tracks with a shock that showed my fear
I went back to my hotel and got a drink from the self serve bar
As I sat down and picked up a local history book with ship wrecks as the star

Flicking through the pages I found a familiar looking picture of a woman
She was holding a baby but her story wasn't one that was at all grand
As a passenger on the steamer, 'Maid of the Seas' that ran aground
This was on a dark stormy night a hundred years ago with a splintering sound

And the mother was washed up on the beach dead with a baby in her arms tight
The baby lived and was taken from the woman that terrible day after her fight
I was taken aback about the story of the tragedy of the shipwreck that day
When the woman had been seen since looking for the baby on the beach in that way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Motorcyclist

It was a fine South Australian day in the April sun
The police motorcyclist's morning run had just begun
He was always a careful rider but this day was different
From the other direction at a speed that was significant
Was a fast moving car approaching the corner far too wide
And it collided with the motorcyclist and he quickly died

Time moved on and the stories of a lone motorcyclist grew
Who would appear on the highway just as needed too
She had been driving trying to make her way home
Working late she was tired and was travelling alone
The bend up ahead seemed easy to navigate around
And she hit it hard leaving the road rolling over the ground

She lay trapped bleeding in the crashed upside down car
Needing help her frantic cries weren't getting very far
Then she heard the engine noise of the motorcycle approach
And it stop near and she cried for help again with no reproach
She heard the gravel crushed under his boots as he was near
He heard him softly say 'I will get you out - you shouldn't fear'

So as gently as he could he purposely lifted her from the wreck
He was soothing her with his voice being careful to check
To ensure that he wouldn't cause her any further harm
Finally he took a dressing out the car wrapping her broken arm
He made her as comfortable as her possibly could
And left telling her that he would get help as he would

Shortly afterwards an ambulance came to rescue her in the plan
They had a telephone call but they didn't know the motorcyclist then
There were other stories told of the police motorcyclist rescuing
Motorists on the highway when safety was for all to be ensuing
Sometimes it was nothing more than changing a tyre when needed
But the motorcyclists legend grew with each incident that was reported

If you were to take a trip along the long lonely highway
Know that if you meet with mishap along this way
Whether it is an accident, breakdown or flat tyre
And you are stranded in danger in a terrible mire

That a guardian angel will find and see you right
Then after saving you he'll ride off out of sight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Neverending Song

The sweeping bend was on the Coorong road
Taking the corner a danger as you did in country mode
And she had been driving from the Gambier Mount
After a day's work her tiredness did surmount

But she was driving to meet her beau
And wanted him in her love to show
As she reached the Coorong and the bend
The car lost traction and rolled away in the end

So she died in the wreck on that lonely passage
And he was broken hearted with the message
A lost love for him was hard to reconcile
Looking to see her again became his style

He spoke to some of the local aboriginal men
And found the Coorong was sacred to them
So he took to camping out on this ground
Near the sea and no more to roam

He did not find a way through his grief
And he took on the local aboriginal belief
At the anniversary of that fateful day
He would sing the aboriginal death songs to stay

The local men had told him that there was a chance
His love would return to him during the song and dance
But the years went by and he did not see her again
And he so he stayed through the years in his life to defend

That last anniversary came and he was ill in his caravan
He was determined to try the song in one more stand
So he sat down and started the chant he knew well
In the early morning light to the spirits he did tell

The struggle was to do it right
And for her to hear him in his plight
His strength faded with each stanza long
But he was determined to finish the song

So the sunset came at the end of this long day
And as his life faded the sunlight did not stay
The last flames of the campfire light
Cast a shadow as his spirit took to flight

The gentle breeze stirred the campfire smoke
And her form appeared in a perfect love's yoke
From his broken and worn body his spirit stood above
And they left in full embrace in young lovers endless love.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Nightmare

When I sleep they come to me
The people whom I once did see
Standing and playing their roles again
These people whom I knew once then

It goes along as calm as it would bring
With each doing their usual unhindered thing
Until all of a sudden I realise and exclaim
They are all dead and they can't remain!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Noises In The House

I'm sitting in the house all alone
It's quiet and everyone else is gone
Is it the house creaking that I hear
I see a shadow flicker on the edge then disappear

The cat is staring at a corner of the room
And the dog won't settle in the night's gathering gloom
What is the noise that I hear in the refrigerator
I look and see a cupboard door open without an instigator.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Old Salt

As I was wandering along the lonely the beach
It was a wintry day with no-one to meet
The tide was on the turn at the water's edge
I looked out across the bay at the sun's last pledge

An an salty sea man appeared standing to my left
Sucking on his pipe and leaving me quite bereft
Then he started to speak and I paid heed straight away
'The sea is a wonder don't you think to say? '

'You know I sailed the sea for nigh on fifty years
Fought the Japanese and even built their railway of tears'
I could feel the melancholy as he spoke these words
As the seagulls spun around in the sky wheeling absurd

We stood and spoke as the sun slowly went down
Until the darkness held sway and the jetty lights were found
In the end he said he had to get on home
The fireplace needed stoked and the firewood found

I watched him walk off in the darkness of the night
And I made my way back to the hotel room tight
I slept well that night dreaming of ships and men
Who went down to the sea for democracy to defend

The next day over an English breakfast we heartily ate
I spoke of the old captain I met the previous day late
The old innkeeper stopped eating and looked at me
'The old man had died ten years before walking near the sea.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Passing

I was just walking along
I didn't think anything was wrong
Then I tripped and fell there
I didn't want to care

Now I sit on the footpath
Wondering how long it will last
Wasn't there supposed to be a light
And this would have ended alright.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Past Owner

She walked in through the front door
She noticed the rich wooden floor
And how the sunlight in through the windows
That caused mottled patterns when the light goes

As they walked around the house and to the main room
She felt right away that this room was different in its gloom
Then she saw a shadowy figure in the corner
And she saw the hate on his face as a past owner

Although not a word came out from the mouth on his face
The figure looked like he screamed at them to displace
Them from the house in their haste
Quickly she left the house without time to waste.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Pathway In The Moonlight

The pathway in the moonlight
Shine's like a bright guiding light
And when we are tucked in our beds
The ones who came before return instead

And once again they walk the street
Familiar to them before their lives were complete
And now when they meet they look and wonder
Why the world they knew had been cast asunder

Although their time on this world we know is ended
They stay here with their life tasks not extended
Once and a while they are seen as they walk through
As lost lonely souls who don't want to leave here too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Phantom Footballer

Don was the best player of the Southern Sons football team
The way he ran up and down the ground was the coach's dream
Each game he played they could see his strength, skill and style
And no-one could catch him when he wanted to run a mile

When the season minor round matches were at an end
Don won the Mail Medal that year in a win he did not have to defend
The Southern Sons hadn't made the Grand Final for twenty years
And the district was a buzz with talk of a premiership no fears

The day of the Grand Final dawned cold, blustery and in teeming rain
When the teams took to the oval to see who would get the day's fame
It was a struggle as the rain became stronger and each team did their best
The final quarter started 4 goals each as the score meant for both no rest

They traded goals until the last minute of the game when scores were tied
And the Southern Sons wrestled it to the 50 metre line in the mud as it was mired

The precious seconds ticked away until the melee moved to the kick off line
And the rain and the mud made it hard to see who was winning in the grime

There were still muddied bodies on the deck struggling for the ball
When they saw Don get out of the pack shaking off an opposition maul
He took two steps, steadied and passed the ball to a team mate on the goal line
Who kicked it through the goal to score just as the siren called full time

The Southern Sons won the Grand Final and the team celebrated on the ground
Until they looked for Don who wasn't with his team and so they looked around
Their gaze turned to where the melee had occurred and he was lying face down
The doctor was called but Don was dead a broken neck that they found

They scratched their heads and wondered how Don could pass the ball
While he was dead on the ground at the bottom of the pack as his call
Perhaps Don just knew his team call and even in death wanted to score
So the legend was born of Don's premiership goal-assist in town lore

Sometimes around Finals time in the gathering twilight
You may see a lone figure near the goals just to the right
He has a smile on his face as he lines up to kick a goal

Then disappears as the ball sails through in total control.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Plain's Cottage

The dry dusty plain was bathed in late afternoon sun
The limestone walls crumbling and the front verandah done
I stopped my car and walked over to the farm cottage
And it looked as if there hadn't been anyone living there in an age

As I approached the front verandah I saw a brown snake sliver away
And this deadly reptile moving fast made me not want to stay
So I turned away and walked back to where I parked the car
It was the shout from the cottage to turn around and stare

The sun behind the cottage at first made it difficult to see
Leaning against the front verandah post so easily
Was a man dressed in pioneer garb and broad brimmed hat
And the cottage was transformed into a well kept habitat

He slowly raised his right hand to his mouth and let out a coo-eee
Smiling broadly and friendly in the direction of me
Suddenly there was a bright flash of light and he disappeared
The cottage fell again to disrepair in a memory to adhere.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The River

The adventure that we took along the Murray River
Was to raise money for cancer research without a dither
It was the fourth day paddling our canoes down
To Tailem Bend that was a South Australian river town

As we swept around the wide river bend near the cliffs
We saw an inviting camp site as the river by them drifts
There were two men sitting next to the camp fire on the shore
And they stood and waved with a smile for friendship to implore

Being at the end of the day's journey - we stopped for the night
Taking up their offer of hospitality for a camp as you might
The greeting that the two men gave to us was so inviting
Including a feed of Murray Cod fish that were still biting

We had a real Australian Bush camp out with fresh fish on the fire
And later that night as weary travellers we went to our tents to retire
When we woke early as in the tent was entered by the sun's beams
We looked around and the two men were nowhere to be seen

We thought that they had moved on earlier in the morning
When I saw a brass plaque on a rock nearby as the day was dawning
I walked up and read the inscription etched on it so neatly there
"In 1871 Fred and John STONEHOUSE died crossing the river near
here."

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Sailing Ship In The Bay

Some summer nights in the Tasmanian sky
When the summer heat promises a temperature to fly
The Aurora Australis lights up in an intense colour sheet
And it's when the ghost ship drifts across the bay discreet

The moonlight shines straight through the sails
And they say a woman stands on the deck and wails
The story they say is that long ago one summer night
The master was with the woman below the deck in love's flight

But the ship sailed on into the rocks and was lost
The woman and the master drowned at the shipwreck's cost
So now on those summer nights the ship sails again
With the woman wailing about what she could not defend

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Shadow Person

It was an old house that we searched
For a young girl who had been missed
So we went down to the basement area
We searched by torchlight as it was even scarier

And I swept the torchlight around
A shadow the shape of a person walked down
As we went quickly to the place then
Where we did not find anything in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Sighting Off Western Australian Coast

The day started as just a day like any other
The trip was on glassy sea with no bother
As the sun rose that morning from the sea
With sun beams bright as they could be
They were fishing off the West Australian coast
In an eerie half-light with a Summery boast

Then on the horizon they saw a smoke stack
As a grey ship came to view they saw it would steam back
Until it became apparent that it was on a zig zag course pattern
When it passed to port close enough to see its hatches were battened
And it put my binoculars to the bridge and saw the captain look back
The expression on his face showed no recognition of fact

As the ship of war steamed onto the horizon then
The last we saw of the ship we could not comprehend
We finished our catch and steamed back to port
With the ship I saw that day I gave no more thought

Until one day on the morning television news I was surprised
About a World War 2 ship lost that was now found after a dive
A German commerce raider the SS Kormoran had sunk her
And I recognised the HMAS Sydney as the ship I had seen for sure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Soldier At Fort Largs

I drew duty on the Police Academy gate
On night shift hoping I would keep awake
So I gathered up my things and went down
To the Control Box and looked around

The Academy was built on the old Fort Largs
And so I started my foot patrol in the Fort yards
As I walked through the Main Gate as I met
Some startled seagulls resting on the parapet

So I looked around in the Fort quadrangle
I saw a figure walking across at an angle
At first I was taken aback as the scarlet uniform
The figure was wearing was not a modern form

He marched to the tunnel door to the west side
That led out to the machine gun nests built to hide
But he didn't stop at the door and just marched through
I stood looking at the door trying to think what to do

I went over to the door and it was locked up tight
The soldier could have not gone in there tonight
So I went back to the Control box and wrote it down
And I sit and wonder about the soldier that I found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Soldier In The Clearing

The wreckage in the jungle was spread around
When we came across a clearing in open ground
The rusting implements of war was spread apart
With explosions ripping the ground to its very heart

As we picked our way through the wreckage
A figure was sitting on a truck rusting with age
We made our way to him and saw he was so forlorn
He was dressed in a uniform of old style of years gone

He looked up and said to me, 'Have you see him? '
There was a look of hurt in his eyes as he spoke again
'He went to the perimeter at the alarm and hasn't returned'
Then he put his head in his hands and his grief was confirmed

In the blink of an eye he disappeared from the scene
We searched around but to our surprise he couldn't be seen
It would seem that he had died in that long ago battle
And had lost his way home in his lonely death's rattle.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Spitfire Pilot

It was 1940 and the British few
Were fighting against the Luftwaffe as they flew
In the Battle of Britain as so much was owed
To the RAF as the air battle over Britain flowed

He was a Fighter Ace and flew a Spitfire
When he got on a Nazi's tail he only needed to fire
And the plane would turn over and spiral down
In defeat as the plane on fire slams in the ground

On this day early in the morning sunlight
The British pilots were scrambled to the fight
And he ran to his Spitfire and climbed aboard
As the engine ignited and into the air he soared

The fight was tough and he picked out a BF109
As the dogfight wound together in flying design
The German pilot was good but he was the best
British pilot won as the BF 109 crashed to its final rest

But the Spitfire had been damaged and controlling it was difficult
With a tail smoking as he made his way back carefully as he was dealt
When he saw the airfield runway he thought he was safe now
And he lined up on the runway but the plane dipped and crashed in with a Pow!

There was no explosion just a wrecked Spitfire plane
And they saw the pilot walking away with anger in his step that did not wane
He walked to the control tower and those in the tower lost sight of him
Fully expecting to see him in the tower speaking about a narrow escape with a grin

The fire and emergency crew went to the plane to check it out
And they found the pilot's body still in his seat in the wreckage in doubt
Of how the pilot was seen walking along the runway
When he was dead in the pilot's seat at the edge of the airfield away

The Airfield today is a Museum to those men and times
With the hangars full as workshops and planes so fine
The control tower is still in place watching over the base

And on some days you may see the pilot walking from his crash site.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Sulky On The Bridge

It was dark and misty near the bridge
As I walked away from the craggy ridge
My car had broken down two kilometres back
The sign said one k to the town on the track

Out of the mist I saw a sulky without a driver walking
I could see it was not of this world and was haunting
This section of this old road in the misty dark
As the sulky left in the swirl without leaving a mark.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Third Person

When times are hard and all seems lost
And you are struggling with the cost
Loved ones come to you who have passed on
To talk to you and put context to the wrong

Scientists now are saying its a mechanism
Giving a chance to see through a different prism
And so we conjure an image of the dead
To give advice and move on ahead instead

But I can't see this to be the case
As these people have not come to face
With Our beloved who give support at this time
It seems too easy an explanation to find.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Town

'Where did you come from, son'
He said as he rolled a cigarette with finger and thumb

The look on the young man's face was hard to read
As he tied up his horse to the rail and information was his need

'I've just ridden from the goldfields in the mountain range
And I need a drink to wash out the dust, ' he explained

'The saloon is just over there. Whisky or 'shine is all'
So he went through the bar room door, ' A whisky, ' was his call

He slung a coin on the bar and downed the drink in one swallow
And looked around the room sizing the town up as rowdy not mellow

One of the dance hall girls came up and became friendly some
When he decided that she was preddy enough with his heart won

They walked up to the stairs to one of the rooms where he spent the night
And he woke up early the next day and it looked like something was not right

The room was not like it was the last night with the furniture old and falling down
The girl was gone too and he looked around and all he saw was an old ghost
town.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Truck Driver

The highway went on into the night
As it merged in the horizon to the right
We had stopped at the roadside cafe place
About an hour ago and it's light was slowly displaced

There hadn't been another vehicle as the moon went down
Just our car and the desert with the odd kangaroo around
For no reason the engine spluttered and died away
And it would not start again in a frustrating way

Stuck on the side of the road in the middle of the desert
With broken down car was far from pleasant
Up ahead a strange glow appeared on the horizon
And as we watched it glowed brighter as it came along

After a short time was heard the throaty roar
Of a diesel road train approached glowing even more
We stood and looked to wave it down
Wanting to get a lift to the next highway town

I could hear the truck go down the gears as it slowed
And the truck came to a stop and the driver showed
He jumped down from the cab of the truck
And said, 'I see your down on your luck'

So he lifted the bonnet of our car finding the problem fast
And after two hours we were able to start the car at last
So the trucker stepped back in his truck with a smile
And drove off into the distance disappearing in a quarter mile

We drove off as the sun rose over the horizon
And we reached to where the truck had gone on
I saw down the embankment a twisted burnt out wreck
Of a road train with a picture of our driver we didn't expect.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Vikings And The Nazi Destroyer

Thor's hammer had struck and they went raiding
The Viking farmers went looking for gold and exploring
The long boat was open as it rolled across the North Sea
With their tattooed faces as sea weathered as they could be
And Britain was the target for these wild Norsemen
Whose Gods for them had fierce warring plan

But the sea would not cooperate and fog closed in
With the Norsemen calling Odin by their battle horn din
The wind only just filled the square long ship sail
As they drifted wondering if this raid would fail
Then out of the fog they heard a different noise
With the chugging of a diesel oil engine without a poise

A grey warship shape came out of the foggy sea
And the Norsemen took to their weapons as quickly as could be
And the modern grey warship passed them close by
With the wake of the ship making it rough as the longship was tossed to the sky
When they had gained their poise again the last of the warship
Was seen as a red, black and white swastika flag from the rear of the ship

For the years after seeing this ghostly warship
They told the story as they sat in their long halls recounting it
What they had seen that day was a doomed Nazi Destroyer
That made a habit of machine gunning survivors in the water
And when sunk themselves near the end of the Second World War
They were doomed to sail the Timeless North Sea forever more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Watcher

The day has been long
And I need to rest my head
I'll just sit whilst I hear this song
Just close my eyes I feel dead

It doesn't seem that long
Since I sat down here
The shadows change and are gone
Strangers I see and I don't fear

But I can't make them go
Or even make them hear my cry
So I will wait and if again they come
I'll raise hell to them as they run by!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Whalers On The Beach

The beach stretched on forever in the distance ahead
As we had spent the day exploring in our adventure fed
We made camp in the sand hills out of the sea breeze
Whilst the sun sank to the west in a million star sky to please

The camp fire crackled as the driftwood fire lit the scene
With the only sound the endless lapping of the shoreline not seen
So we settled for the night with thoughts of tomorrow's track
To complete the adventure along the shoreline hack

The quiet of the night is broken by the sound
Of voices on the wind as shouting orders are around
So we stretched out of our tents and looked to the sea
Down on the beach there was a group of men to see

There were long boats pulled close in to the shore
A big pot on an open fire boiling blubber in casks to pour
Looking out to sea anchored near was a whaling ship
With some surprise we watched as a whale was stripped

Fascinated we watched as the scene continued in awe
Until the morning sun peeped up in a pastel display we saw
The group of workers looked to the east and quietly spoke
And the whispers and nudges in the group spread as the day woke

Then they looked in our direction and in the blink of an eye
They were gone as the new day filled the morning sky
We looked at each other in an wonder made from this display
Why were we picked to witness this scene we shrugged in our dismay?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Widow Jones

I was new to the old Port Adelaide town area
It's the 1960s and I immigrated from Caledonia
My Scottish parents were of hardy stock
Wanting more for me and my brother to stop
Us becoming like others in trouble with the law in Glasgow town
So we left Scotland as 10 pound poms down under bound

I met Bluey Holden on my first day at school
At the Port Adelaide Primary learning the new rule
He picked me out from the crowd in the morning
With the other kids from the Pennington hostel lodging
We became friends as boys will always do
And he invited me home for the weekend too

So Saturday morning came around and I went to the front door
It was a return verandah house that wanted a paint and more
I knocked and waited for an answer to occur to my knock then
When I heard the creaking of a chair at the verandah's end
He saw an old lady rocking on the chair looking into space
I nodded in her direction but she continued at her own pace

Bluey answered the door and I thought nothing more of it
As the weeks and months went on and I began to feel I would fit
And on Saturday mornings I would see her on the verandah
She would say nothing but continue to rock in the chair there
Until one day I asked Bluey about the lady in the rocking chair
He looked shocked and he told me there was no lady there

But he did say that when they had moved into this house hold
The last owner was Widow Jones who died as she was very old.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - The Young Man

Life became unbearable for the young man
And to take his own life was his final plan
So he went to the side garage that night
And hung the rope from the rafter good and tight

He stood tall on the chair and rapped the noose
Just tight enough on his neck so as not to go loose
Thoughts came to him of each time he lost
And he kicked the chair paying his final cost

The tasking came over the radio as a 504 Sudden Death
Where we made our way with each foreboding breath
We parked the patrol car in the darkened street
Then went to the lighted house with deadly feat

And we were met by a sad young man under a street light
Who sad, 'Don't think badly of the one who gave up the fight'
'For he just wanted to be happy but was lost to comprehend'
He left the light and disappeared in the night at the word's end

So we walked up into the house and were greeted at the door
By a father who had found his son and placed him on the floor
He directed us to the garage and to a blanket over his son
When removed I saw it was the man from the street earlier on.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - Whispered Voices In The Next Room

The soft footsteps on the stairs
Darkness descends and thickens the air
The sudden temperature drop too soon
Whispered voices in the next room

Dancing orbs fall from the ceiling
An icy hand touches my shoulder revealing
A haunted house with deathly hallows
With spirits who at quiet times are not mellow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts - Who Is Following Me?

Who is following me?
That I cannot see
I hear them breathing heavily
When I turn around there isn't anyone
Perhaps it is someone having fun
Who is following me?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ghosts Of Mametz Woods

On the 7th July 1916 the British attacked
They were the 38th (Welsh) Division not holding back
The Mametz Wood was well defended
With the Germans holding their front they intended

The German machine guns and shelling started
With the Welsh suffering 400 casualties departed
And the Welsh continued fighting there
With casualties mounting and conditions hard to bare

As with these Western Front the battle petered
out then
And the Great War finally came to an end
But they say the dead soldiers are still there
With people seeing and hearing them causing a scare

With battle sounds within the Mametz Woods area
And encounters with ghostly soldiers even scarier
For when death violently occurs
Some spirits are lost in the turmoil
And they will not rest in the battlefield soul.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Giggles

Don't step on the lines
The monsters will get you
She said as we walked
Down the street
Holding my hand
And giggling away

As we walked into
School that day
Her friends were there
And she ran off into the yard
But that was twenty years ago
Those years haven't gone by slow

I miss that hand in my hand
And these conversations
About monsters and lines
To hear the giggles
And treasure again
Those smiles

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Girls Are Delicious

Girls are delicious to me in the call
I hope it's Ok to say this without a fall
It's meant to be a compliment
Not sexist but God given and sent

The arrangement between man and woman
Is what I am talking about, is not meant to be a demand
And it is not limiting for others in their preference
Just a fact of life for me within my time as it is spent.

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Paul Warren

Glad Bags And Glad Rags

When I was a youngster
Getting new clothes
Was such a treat
The stiffness and the smell
Made the enjoyment complete

But nowadays you need
Holes in your jeans
And wearing a shirt
That once would be a grease rag
Makes you a fashion guru.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Glory - Dream No More

Youthful dreams of glory
Faded now in an older story
As the years settle the score
We are left to dream no more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Go Around

Go around
You know where you are bound
And don't push through
It will be easier to do

When it's a tough spot
Know what you have got
Deal with it on your terms
In the end it will be stern

But you will learn
Even when it burns
Go around
You know where you are bound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Go Back To Them

Have you gone back to those things
That you love and will bring

You happiness in your all
Of things gone by in your recall

These things your left aside
Whilst your life you would not abide

These wrinkled hands of mine
That now should relax and find

What you always wanted in your call
Go back to them now they are part of your all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Go Forward

What do you say and do
That makes you want to follow through
And not live your life in the shade
Go forward not retrograde

Know that you are you
All the way through
For you may not win everyday
Do just let your life waste away

Challenge for all your worth
Life is for living in joy and mirth
No one is entitled to all
And hard work will strengthen your call.

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Paul Warren

Go To The Crossroads

Go to the Crossroads if you want to see
A guiding light for the future as it will be
Make a sign that will bring forth a spirit
Who who give you guidance to rule it

But be careful what deals you make
In the end if its the Devil from you he will take
What is yours alone and suffer you will
If in the end you are made to swallow a bitter pill.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Goatee Beard

Goatee beards look good
Very sophisticated as they should
So sculpting on the face
Carefully trimmed so in place
Usually worn by older men
Tinged with grey a distinguished blend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

God

They say for Muslim, Christian and Jew
That we worship the same single God

And that Jerusalem was the centre of religion
But there are differences in these religions

Where we believe different things
We should all be able to believe

What we want to believe for our God
So I wonder why these religions

Cannot preach tolerance to each other
In peace to go about our individual lives

Where the presence of God can be mapped
In the frontal lobes of our brains

To contemplate what God means to us
And no bring war down on each other.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

God Or Bad - Do You Know

His spirit was restless to behold
Where to start or end he asked so bold
Others seemed to know
Or so they told him so

Truth against lies should always win
For goodness sake it would be all in
But that is not already so
For the stronger will be the go
To impose their will as they can
Good or bad it will be their demand.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

God's Computer

Do you think that God has a computer program
Where facts are entered to get a result grand

As the meteorologists will predict the weather
This godly calculation is beyond our gather

And we are then governed by the outcomes
With God controlling things as they become.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Going Back

Do you want to go back
To times and places remembered as fact
And do all those things again
That will bring a smile as I remembered when

There were always things to do
And laughter never far away too
Those that you held so dear
Were still with you in a love so clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Going Home

Going home
How sweet it is
Each step towards
Raises me up
And the first sight
My heart sings
As I remember
God's country rings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gold Fever

I've watched them looking for gold
In the waters of the Bering Sea so cold
And the Kalgoorlie gold fields in the heat
When you see them getting the gold neat

Then there's the prospectors of the Rocky Mountains
Looking for gems amongst the ice and rock digging elations
They all have the sparkle in their eyes when they find the prize
And they call it gold fever they suffer holding off their demise.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Golden Dreams

Golden dreams
In golden sun
Not too extreme
When they're done

Close your eyes
And make a wish
Don't despise
Get the gist.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Good And Evil

Where do you get your moral compass from
Is it from your programming to help you get along
Apart from the instinct to look after ourselves and our children
Is there something else which guides us in the end

Do we have to learn wrong from right
And to feel what for others it's like
To be on the receiving end
In a position where you have to defend

But is the problem for humans to make
That they already know it is wrong in the shake
And do it anyway to devastating effect
So they get what they want what the heck.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Good Cheer

Alcohol doesn't make you feel good
All it does is not make you care
How you really do feel in the end
And drinking alone just seems sad

The mate-ship of sitting with friends
At the same time having a cold one
Is attractive to me in the scheme
So find some mates and good cheer.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Good In Evil

Is it possible to be good in an evil regime
A lot of Germans did this very thing
They saved Jews and those oppressed
Whilst the Nazis were at their best

I think now of ISIS and what is their say
Is there someone good in their way
Inside ISIS whilst they murder and destroy
They are working against them in their ploy.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Good Or Bad

Is the trouble with the world
That there is good
And not that there is bad

When you strive to get on
If you stray away from the good
And into the bad
Should you be forgiven

If you are working for good
Or in the end are there
Just things that you do
And judgement is just
What you perceive it to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Good Or Bad Again

I wanted to start again
To smooth out those bumps I like to defend
But how would that work now
So much has happened I wouldn't know how

Perhaps just to close my eyes
Or wear a Clouseau disguise
Then again would I make the same mistakes
Would I make them again in the new life I make

I think that hindsight can be OK
The question of good or bad would be just as vexed this way
Would the present into past conspire
To get me to a similar place as life transpires.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Goodbye

Goodbye is just a word
But when said with emotion
It can be so hard to be heard
And it may break a sweet devotion

Standing at an airport holding tight
The last kiss will linger in a lover's deal
Will we meet again when the time is right
As the time has come for parting for real.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Goodbye My Friend

The thing is to die well
But I suppose that only matters in the tell
You would like to think you could say
Goodbye my friend I want you to stay

And I remember the laughs on you face
Sitting together remembering the time and place
So when the final goodbye is here
Our friendship is still savoured and held dear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Government - By Bean Counter

When you have government by bean counter
Common sense seems to be on the outer
You have allocation of money to agencies
Who then sub-contract out service in fantasies
And the word service becomes convoluted
With budgets important with services excluded.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grand Stories

Grand stories

What will your grand children's stories be
Of your adventures told in the police family
Where the pursuits and the captures abound
As told by you with gusto when they were around

They will remember the sparkle in your eye
As the stories were relived and your words would fly
And those memories that you hold dear
Will be their memories of you so clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grand Tours And Backpacking

In days past gentlemen and ladies would go
Adventuring after education in a public school show

They would round off their education with a tour
So that they could speak of things at tiffin quite demur

But now the talk is of gap years before work begins
And backpacking across the world cheap as chips wins

The adventure bug it would seem
Crosses the generations as do the dreams.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Greasy Nicks

I want a real hamburger- you know the real deal
Not the mass produced rubbish with a taste that's real
I want to go to an old style fish and chippery
And watch a Greek bloke standing cooking it for me

I can hear the home made burger sizzling away
With onions cooking as the smell stays
And you would bite into it holding the white paper bag
As the juices would flow down your chin making you so glad

Maybe there's still a Greasy Nicks somewhere around
That still nurtures the flavours you remember so profound
And we can stand with the Friday night crowd
Whilst Nick creates perfection standing so proud.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Green Man Be Green

I want to be green
Do ya know what I mean
And help the planet to remain squeaky clean
Stopping green house gases from being seen

So I recycle when whenever I can
And keep it cool ya know man
But I stand and ponder now
Which bin to put my rubbish in my green know-how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Greenhouse Gases

They say that the winter will be warmer
And when speaking of rain it will be dryer
In Australia where there is a drought every couple
Of years it means having enough water is a trouble

I think of global warming coupled with nature's way
Means that if we want to prosper in our own way
We have to take a hit in the industries that remain
Hope that damage done can be repaired in the main

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Greta Garbo

Give me a whisky
With a ginger ale on the side
And don't be stingy
What great lines
For a great actor
Like Greta Garbo
Her first screen words spoken
But in the end
She just wanted to be left alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grey Day Lament

I wrote this on a cold afternoon
Bleak and unkindly in the gloom

For these days lack the warmth now
That will make you wonder how

The sun will return to us someday
So graciously dreaming on a grey day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief

Don't cry I can't stand it
I've tried to but it doesn't fit
My. world collapses with the word
What started once is now absurd
Little by little I float away
Even though I thought to stay
What started once in golden light
Has left me now in endless flight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - A Lost Baby On The Beach

Where is the light of good for all to see?

What is it that we strive to do or be?

Is it the truth or justice for all or just for all to be free?

Why should the ones who suffer most be too young to see?

When we go to bed at night should it be as a righteous one?

Or should we just look after ourselves to see that we have won?

Surely all who live on this earth are entitled to live in the sun?

Or should we look to others grief and thank god it was not my son?

May the little ones be gathered up and rest now within god's grace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - An Empty Chair

There is an empty chair
And a space in my heart
I still remember your face
The way you smiled at me
How you looked when angry
Now there is only sadness
You went away too early
What do I do from now on
Will each day fill the space
Or is it now my empty place?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - At The Graveside

When you stand at the foot of a grave
What do you say or do you just act brave
In your mind do you go through the happy times
When they were there and life seemed fine

Or do you just see a stone
Engraved and left so alone
For I have seen these places
And know that no grief erases

But I prefer to remember them
And in my memory let them live again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - Eulogies Spoken In Love

We suffer with them during their fight
Which darkened the days and lengthened the nights
Our hearts are torn and left aching for them
And find their sorrowing struggle hard to defend

So they pass from this life and the grief pertains
As we know that they have been anointed in what remains
Friends and family gather around and support for us all together
For eulogies spoken in love this last time for us to remember.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - Hear The Bell Toll

Hear the bell toll now
It's a lonely sound to allow
And with each ring of the bell
It tolls for one who has ended their life spell
Look to the east with the rising sun
And toll the bell when the sunset's begun
Know that they were once here
And we have lost someone dear
The loved one will hear the bell chime
When they have reached their paradise divine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - I Once Had A Comrade

I once had a comrade and served by his side
In the good times and bad in a sense of pride
But those days are now gone but sorrow remains
When I remember those times in a sweet refrain

There always was laughter in the comradeship
As we smiled together when we all did fit
It included when we were tested in the ride
I once had a comrade and served by his side

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - It's Time To Put My Burden Down

The time slips by so quickly but the memories remain the same
Your first steps and your laughter are always in my mind's frame
I treasure the pictures taken with each one a memory held so dear
You are part of me and I feel you now so clear to me and so near
The day you left was no different, the last words we spoke the same
If I knew then what I now know I would hold you and stay I would exclaim.

It's time to put my burden down
I have loved you all along
Thinking of you has ground me down
I want to sing your song.

I go to our special places and want to see you standing there
Without you being with me these places are now not quite as fair
There are memories of you all around I still see you every day
I want to remember you as sunshine and not in cloudy grey
I'll be seeing you there and know that you are alright now
I know there is no end and you will be waiting to show me how.

It's time to put my burden down
I have loved you all along
Thinking of you has ground me down
I want to sing your song.

The long days wasted without you have made their mark on me
The grief I feel for you in the night whilst searching for the key
To find an end to the saddest times to soothe my aching heart
I know you did not want to go away the thought tears me all apart
You would not want me to feel this way it's time for healing now
The memories of the happy times will give me all the know-how.

It's time to put my burden down
I have loved you all along
Thinking of you has ground me down
I want to sing your song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Grief – Martin Bryant Still In Prison

I looked with interest of the photograph of him
In a prison for life and to see he's kept in
It's good to see he hasn't weathered well
Let him be left in his private hell
I think of the people he slaughtered at Port Arthur
And I weep for them whose life did not go farther
Most of all those little girls he chased and shot
We cannot go back and change what they got
But rot in Hell
Is for Martin Bryant to forever dwell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - Memorial In The Bright Sunshine

The sun shone down on us all
As the cooling breeze sent out our call
To those we loved who have left us to cry
And we look gently to the clear blue sky

The Police band played and sung 'Pictures of You'
As the tears flowed and the sobs softly grew
Photographs of the loved glitter in the sun
The Memorial place is consecrated for all and one

Remember them with their laughter felt
And know they are here in your heart to melt
Butterflies float from their cage
As now and forever our Remembrance is made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - Nothing Different That Last Day

There was nothing different that last day
Some of them they even saw drive away
But that was the last time for them all
And there will be no more making a loving call

Most of it was a simple driving error or mistake
That most people would bat an eye in the take
But on these days it would be remembered
With heart break for all in what was unintended

Ordinary people doing ordinary things
With a crash on the road that to them rings
Death when your young and it is unexpected
Destroys lives for those left in grief unended.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - Ode To A Fallen Hero

Remember me at each day's dawn
As the sunlight plays and memories drawn
I am the laughter and the golden light
That is carried on the wind in gentle flight
Feel me with you close by your side
Remember me as my duty done with pride.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief – On Hearing Bad News

Just today a friend phoned to say
His partner had cancer and needed treatment straight away
What do you say to such devastating news?
It is certainly a situation that no-one would choose

Just a moment in time that can be wordless
What words can make it better in this mess?
Except I hope it is not worse than you could think
And that she will get well and not be brought to the brink.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - Remembering A Loved One

Happy times we all remember
When young you think it will be forever
But when death comes for one of us in its show
It breaks the chain begun long ago.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - Salute To Someone Who Doesn't Drink

How do you salute someone one who doesn't drink?
For other friends you stand at the bar to drink and think
But if he is teetotal and a minister of religion at that
A beer at the bar with mates is not where it's at

A cappuccino or a cup of tea does seem it's meant to be
Or an orange juice with little finger raised for a bit for all to see
Perhaps in the end all you need to do to remember him
Is raise any glass, remember him and drink it down in his hymn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - The Death Watch

We stand in grief with our own thoughts around the bed
And see the loved one a situation we have all to dread
We were awakened by a ringing we did not want to own
So early in the morning shaking myself to answer the phone
Making our way to the hospital is the only way
To say a final goodbye for we know you cannot stay

And there you are on the pristine hospital bed
The death watch started on this day instead
Of those ordinary things that we would always do
A final prayer, a kiss goodbye and the ordeal is finally through
Was it the way that I envisioned it when it came to my mind
Or was it all just too painful a thought I did not wish to find.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - The Innocent Little Ones

How can a father kill his infant sons?
When they are but the innocent ones
To take a gun and shoot them in the head
And then drive off a wharf to ensure they're dead

I think if you don't want to go on
It's your choice but I don't condone
You taking your life in such a way
Will make it stop and for your pain to go away

But doing this I can't see any salvation
Or be taken into God's kindly nation
I despair for such lost little ones
Taken by this act before their life has barely begun

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - The Journey Home

His phone rung loud that night
It made him jump up in a fright
He was in his truck driving through
'Dad, John's phone just rings out too'
'My friend says there's a crash'
Alone and his decisions can't be rash

His daughter now can't keep calm
He grips the wheel tightly in each palm
'I'll come home as fast as I can'
'The best thing to do is stick to a plan'
As he is trying to keep his thoughts at bay
He is four hundred k's from home away

The time keeps on dragging by
The truck cabin and the night sky
Close in around him in thoughts extreme
How could this happen and what does it mean?
The silence is defeated as his phone rings
What will be the devastation it brings?

It's his daughter again as he hears her cry
'John's been killed I can tell you it's no lie'
He has to stop the truck he is trembling so
Trying to pull himself together he has to go
He needs to get back home for his family
The grief breaks with his son's face he sees

Back in the truck and he has one aim now
Back to his family to be with them is how
It needs to be and to see them is his aim
Through the night each kilometre to gain
The hours pass as the tears roll down
Until the lights of his home are found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - The Loved One

The tear in my eye spills down on my cheek
I remember the dear one and it's so bleak
The face that appears but isn't around
Your voice as I will never hear its lost sound

Your footfalls on the stairs will no longer be there
But the passing of time won't diminish that I still care
Time is a thief for what it brutally takes from us all
When we are left to pick up the pieces of God's call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - To Lose A Child

They say to lose a child is the worst
When it comes to hard times its cursed
Remember the first time in your arms
When you felt them and all of their charms

Was it the new baby smell that would stay
Or the fact that they were yours straight away
When my brother died on that terrible day
I could see in my mother's eyes what she would pay

It's hard to find the words best for the time
And all you can do is stand there to find
But although they have left this physical world
They are their standing with you forever held.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - We Are At God's Call

Life flies along without thought of end
Until disease or accident takes a friend
It may be that these things make you decide
That from your life span you cannot hide
I think that with each passing year
For those close who die and we shed a tear
We come in the end to know the one truth for all
You don't go on forever and we are at God's call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - When Does It End

What makes for this world?
Where violence is upheld
And people lose their life
When others are troubled by inner strife

Do we cower away and let might have its way?
Or should you stand tall and know right away
We weep for those lost again
Surely there needs to be an end to the mayhem

We all have an obligation to look after each other.

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Paul Warren

Grief - When You Look Into The Eyes Of The Sad

What do we take from this world
And leave for others when we are felled?
Will people gather and remember me
In Love and Fondness for others to see
When you look into the Eyes of the Sad
Will there be the same for me when I am dead?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Grief - Wipe Your Tears

Wipe your tears, sit down and rest a while
The rays of sunshine will caress your face
And children playing will only make you smile
Know those you loved are with you in this place.

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Paul Warren

Grief Is Hard

Grief is hard to see
Crying, remembering what used to be
The person that was is no longer
And it's hard to be then stronger

Than you've ever been
With you in public seen
I think that funerals are for those left
The departed one is knowledge bereft.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Groovy Music

Go ahead choose your tune
What floats your boat away from the gloom
Some say it must be on a vinyl record
To hear the sound in each gritting chord

But I like to hear the clean sound
Close your eyes and image them getting down
And when you do just that and lay back
The music you choose will be where it's at.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Guns For Everyone

Obama was against the wide arming of the population
Taking measures to curb ownership of guns
In violation of people's rights to live in peace
With the biggest civilian massacres that didn't seem to cease

So when Trump was voted in there was a sigh of relief
For he backed the NRA and would give them no grief
But did you know the gun industry under Obama in the USA
Prospered and expanded in their industry

For people were scared that Obama would limit gun ownership
So they went out and bought assault rifles to ensure they got one
Now the gun industry hopes for a less liberal attitude
And more massacres to feed it as the industry is hungry for them

The ownership of guns across the USA
Is a vexed question where this controversy won't go away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Gut Level Programming

What did you think on that day
Did it shock you wanting to get away
Have you seen the ending
When the result was never ending

And you stood there wondering
Where the sight of it all was engendering
So you knew then it would not go away
It would be in your mind just fading to grey.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Across The Dry Plain

Gritty dust storm blows
Boiling in red clouds rolling
Across the dry plain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Always Research Well

Always research well
Please don't go off half cocked
Look like you know it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - An Apple Falls Down

An apple falls down
Bright red round and delicious
No more shall it grow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - An Error Is All

Grief still so raw felt
When will it end they now say
An error is all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Antarctic Wind

Antarctic wind bites
Black clouds build over the mountains
You cannot shelter.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - As We Find Our Way

The moon above the hills
Rises slowly guiding its light
As we find our way

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Australia At Sundown

Colours over red
At sundown pastels are bred
Yellows, brown and blue.

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Paul Warren

Haiku - Australian Summer

Hot air beating down
Thirty three degrees at night
Australian Summer.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Autumn

Autumn time fresh air
Golden leaves in golden sun
Nature's colour quilt.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Autumn Leaves

Autumn sun shines on
Coloured leaves rustling down
Bird flocks twist and turn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Awaiting A Cool Change

The heat is baking
The fiery sun beats down on us
Awaiting a cool change.

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Paul Warren

Haiku - Bananas

Bananas are great
Packaged for transport just right
Delicious to eat

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Paul Warren

Haiku - Be Plain About Your Quest

Let's aim for the truth
And what could be in the end
Be plain about your Quest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Birds In Formation

Birds in formation
Flying left then right high
Patterns inside out.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Birds Return

Return for Summer
Winter flocks are now dispersed
Birds chirp in the Sun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Birds Wheeling

Birds wheeling on high
Blue sky yellow sunshine shines
Playing squawking fun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Black Clouds Off The Plain

Black clouds off the plain
Rain horizontal hits my face
Stinging with each drop.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Blue Azure Sky Endless

Blue azure sky endless
Bless a Golden sun so high
Sea line horizons.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Blue Ball

Blue ball spins in space
Orbits around the yellow sun
Alive with creatures

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Blue Sky Disappears

Blue sky for today
The grey cloud curtain draws near
Blue sky disappears.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Boat On The River

Boat on the river
Sputters by the reeds flowing
Patterns behind ducks.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Bright Sun Light

Bright sun light glares bright
Sunglasses needed against light
Bring the balmy night.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Changes In Recall

Is it the same now
When I remember it all
Or changes in recall

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Paul Warren

Haiku - Clear Frosty Morning

Clear frosty morning
Sparkling sunlight off the grass
Breath in the fresh air.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Clouds Dancing Across

Clouds dancing across
As they cover the high sun
Refreshing my face.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Concrete In The Sun

Concrete in the sun
All day beating down on it
Always wear your shoes

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Cool Change

The heat of the Summer
Clouds gather across the gulf
Cool change spreads relief.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Damp Muddy Ground

Walk across the land
Damp muddy and clay soil ground
Boots down means more clay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Dark Clouds Gathered

Dark clouds gathered
The wind died down to nothing
It started raining.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Darkening Blue Sky

Darkening blue sky
Wind howls lightning and thunder
Fence hits the ground hard.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Death Proves Nothing

Death proves nothing now
Lives lost in Terrorist scour
It makes things worse here

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Paul Warren

Haiku - Don't Be Annoying

Don't be annoying
Even if you don't think you are
Think what others will think

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Paul Warren

Haiku - Drifting Without Care

When you see the clouds
Do you wish to be up there
Drifting without care.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Drought

Sun warm on my back
As the pick breaks hard ground down
Drought soil bakes solid.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Dry Dusty Plains

Dry dusty plains gone
Water once scarce now plenty
Summer baking mud.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Dry Dusty Roads

Long dry dusty roads
Breathe shallow as you breathe now
Don't follow close.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - End Of The Day Sun

End of the day sun
Long shadows the day is done
End time night time won.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Endless Treeless Plain

Endless Treeless Plain
On the Great Australian Bight
See whales from the cliffs.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Evening Is For Fun

Night is peace and quiet
Day is scurrying about
Evening is for fun

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Father

Small hand holding his
Always wise without compromise
Not afraid and wise

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Fish In A Beach Pool

Sunshine on the beach
Walk along the firm wet sand
Fish in a pool school.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Flying To Warm Climes

Birds fly in high sky
Gathering together now
Flying to warm climes.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Full Moon Shines

Full moon shines from space
On a warm summer's night sky
So bright there's a shadow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Gentle Breeze

Gentle Breeze blow
Caressing cooling my hot face
The eagle soaring

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Gentle Cool Breeze Blows

Gentle cool breeze blows
Across my face in relief
From Summer's hot breath.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Global Warming

Wind blows in the sky
Pepper trees weep in the dirt
For the earth that's hurt.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Go Find The Light

Go now find the Light
Do not let the darkness win
Might is not right here.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - God Loves All Of Us!

Peace on earth for all
For everyone lift your eyes now
God loves all of us!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Golden Clouds At Dusk

Golden clouds at dusk
Liquid gold sea water laps
Golden sands spread fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Hazy Cloud Paints The Night

Hazy cloud paints the night
The half moon floats above the cloud
Clear sight disallowed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Healing Words

Healing words are said
That make the others before
Not very hurtful

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Horizontal Rain Falls

Horizontal rain falls
Wets knees as well as your head
Causing rain shadows.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Hot Sun Azure Sky

Hot sun azure sky
In the middle of summer
Can you have too much?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Hot Sun Shining Down

Hot sun shining down
Cloud passes in front of it
Cooling soothing now.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - How Do You Find Truth

How do you find truth
When both sides are not heard clear
And are ringed by death

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - I Am Important

Wait wait it's me here
I want you to understand
I am important.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Judge The Worth Of It

What do we need now
In life when needing knowhow
Judge the worth of it

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Kangaroos Resting

Kangaroos resting
Reflected simmering heat
Cool evening bounding.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Leaves Disguise The Roots

Window on the third floor
Tree reaching out from below
Leaves disguise the roots.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Life In Carefree Mode

Deer dancing about
No predator in sight clear
Life in carefree mode.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Life Returns Again

The clouds drift across
The wind blows the rain through
Life returns again

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Lines In The Sunlight

Ants everywhere now
Summer trek time they will dare
Lines in the sunlight

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Little Pools

Little pools on hard sand
The tide retreats across the sand
Tiny silver fish swim.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku – Live Each Day Well

Death walks with us all
We do not know where it leads
So live each day well

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Living Life Well

Why is it that some
Think that after life is better
Than living life well.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Love

How do you find love
From the air that is plucked
Or make your own now

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku – Love Is Comfort

Wait and ponder why
Hatred for some is the norm
When love is comfort

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Low Sun In The Sea

Soft sea breeze revives
Beach narrows in the evening
Low sun in the sea.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Majestic Eagle

Majestic eagle
On a branch looking at me
King of what he sees.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Mangroves

Mangroves with black crud
Smelly salt water mud flats
Breeding fish and birds.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Memories Of My Life

Music inside my head
Songs I remember forever
Memories of my life.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Moon Rises

Day bleeds into night
Moon rises over the gulf
Cloud drifts aimlessly.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Music The Great Sound

Music the great sound
Whoever invented it
Deserves a loud cheer.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Nature's Beauty

Nature's beauty in awe
Storms, wind and water in roar
Sunshine as dividend

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Nature's Wonder Here

Blue glowing seawater
Green glow in the dark mushrooms
Nature's wonder here.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - No Schedule Needed

Driving down the road
Freedom is the word for us
No schedule needed

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Not Only When Guns Boom

Courage is not easy
You will know when it's needed
Not only when guns boom

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - On A Rock Looking Down

Sun glistening bright
The bush noises the only sound
On rocks looking down.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Out Of Season

Cold wet and windy
Out of season wild weather
Dry and Hot next day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Paddle Wheels Against The Flow

River flows freely
Paddle wheels against the flow
City life slowest speed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Pathway Through The Bush

Pathway through the bush
Mottled sunlight through the gums
Kangaroo bounds right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Patterns In The Sand

Patterns in the sand
Sea washes over it all
Makes it happen again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Peace Be With You All

Peace be with you all
Go to your happy place now
Do not wait go there!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Perfect Day

Sunshine and bright days
The azure blue stretches on
Perfect day in song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku – Petals On A Breeze

Petals on a breeze
Floating on the wind away
The flower extends

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Pine Trees Stand

Bending in the win
As the storm blows the storm in
Pine trees stand sentry.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku – Rain Brings Life

Clouds gathering close
The sky darkens as rain bodes
Rain brings life to all

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku – Reading The Last

Reading a story
Continues for the reader
Do you read the last?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Red Dust

Red dirt track ahead
Clouds of red dust in my head
Choking hay fever bred.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Relatives

Relatives will be
Even when you wish they were not
You don't pick them.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Remembrance

Remembrance for them
Means that we will honour them
Sacrifice for us.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Renewing The Land

Swiftly flowing stream
Bubbling through patched dry land
Renewing the land.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Ring The Bell

Go on ring the bell
Know that its for you to do
No try just do it

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Rise Shimmering Heat

Rise Shimmering heat
Sun fuelled pavement on high
Ghosts hover above.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Rivers Flow To Sea

Clouds to rain falling
To streams flowing strongly on
Rivers flow to sea.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Rolling Along

Rolling hills along
The road straight on forever more
Hills inconsequential.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Run Your Own Race

Run your own race hard
You needn't care if others smirk
Your finish line counts.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Rythm In Time

The waves hit the shore
As endless rhythm in time
What moment is left

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku – Sea Of People

Sea of people near
Hurrying and bustling here
Who will hear me now?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Sea Smell On The Wind

Sea smell on the wind
Waiting for a cool change now
Cloud colours waning sundown.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Seawater Washes Sand

Seawater washes sand
What was before is gone now
Start the process again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Shadows Stretch Out Long

The heat leaves the day
As the sun sinks to the west
Shadows stretch out long.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Stand Tall

Stand tall against
The wind whilst it blows
A calm will come soon.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Start Fresh In Your Way

Can you wipe it away
All those things you think today
Start fresh in your way

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Such Precious Moments

What do we see now
How life goes on for us all
Such precious moments

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Summer Time Sun-Down

Summer time sun-down
Pastels pink, red, blue and brown
Best free show in town.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Summer's Day Walk Through

Walking down the street
The sun from top heat below
Summer's day walk through

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Sun On Drops Glisten

A Heavy cloud blows
Raining hard and short lived
Sun on drops glisten.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Sunlight Through A Door

Sunlight through a door
Highlights the dusty display
As it warms the shed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Sunny Days

Sunny days heat haze
Sunlight glistens off the sea
Blue grey white its say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Sunshine In Autumn

Sunshine in Autumn
Cool in the late afternoon
As clouds blow away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Tell Them Out Loud

We all have stories
As our lives slowly unfold
So tell them out loud

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Angry Sea

The strong wind blows hard
Angry sea crashes on the beach
The rain lashes hard.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Beach Pool

Crystal clear water
In a pool on the beach rocks
Fish swim in the pool.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Blue Planet

Rainforest breathes new
Oxygen gives clean air within
The blue planet sighs

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Blue Sea

The blue sea invites
As the sun sparkles brightly
The cool waves reach out.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Cold

Cold seeps through my clothes
My nose is red and moutashe wet
And my breath is visible.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Cyclone Powers

Wind and water in strength
The cyclone powers on through
Nature is power.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Gibber Plain

The gibber plain stretches
From the horizon as a curve
Wind is all you hear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Golden Light Is Dead

The cool evening
The sun goes down in the sea
Golden light is dead

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Golden Light Shines

Lying in my bed
On a cool summer's morning
The golden light shines.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Great Southern Land

Hot days and cool nights
Perfect Australian weather
The Great Southern Land

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Heat Of The Day

Cool morning bleeds slow
The heat of the day builds now
Late sea breeze welcome.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Mist Rises

Cold crisp night so black
The air doesn't move quietly
The mist rises floats through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Morning Sun

Golden light chases night
As the world wakes anew now
Leave your bed jump in

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The North Wind

The North Wind is strong
The blue sky in the summer
Strong Red Centre Heat.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Power Of The Sun

The power of the sun
It lights the way and gives life
An energy source.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Promise

A promise leaves your lips
As it floats to me sweetly
Is it now too late

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Red Dust Blows

The red sand blows in
As the wall of dust is built
What does it hide now.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Same Words

Words can be hurtful
The same words can heal as well
Which do you choose now

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Small Things

Step high all the time
So the small things won't trip you
It's all in the plan.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Smell Of The Sea

The smell of the sea
Craggy rocks and beach sand spread
Water laps on shore.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Snake

Standing in the grass
Dry hot summer grass fire burns
Snake wiggles away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Stream

The stream is flowing
Towards the sea giving life
Which choice is for you

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Sun Bursts

The sun bursts forward
Irradiating the earth in space
Aurora colours made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Sun In Bright Glare

The sun in bright glare
Cuts across the morning air
Low in blinding stare.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Sun Shines

The sun shines on all
Great to feel but remember
It kills by seconds

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Sweet Cool Breeze

The sweet cool breeze teases
As the sun sinks in the late day
The ocean kisses the shore.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Things That Hold True

Remembrance in death
The good times hold for you now
The things that are true.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Waterfall

Water babbling down
Over the rock broken ground
Progress bubbling groove.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Western Australian Coast

Pastel shades flowing
Coast line in strong bright sunshine
Reds, blues and green seen.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Wind Blows Hard

Wind unseen blows hard
Push all before in power
Irresistible to all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Wind Whistles Through

The wind whistles through
Bending trees and rain beats down
Cutting through my coat.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - The Winter Sun

The winter sun shines
A cold and clear June morning
Warming us throughout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Their Own Facts

Who decides it all
What you should believe when shown
Their own published facts

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Tied Unseen To All

Tied to my mobile
Why not just be left alone
Tied unseen to all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Time To Heal

Time to heal their wounds
People who were taken too soon
From their loved ones

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Time To Live

Take the time to live
Do not wait to live your life
Happiness is yours

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Tropical Summer

Rain soaking falling
Relentless gathering down
Tropical summer.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Use Your Wisdom Well

Please think it all through
What are the reasons for you
Use your wisdom well

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku – Walking Home

Walking the path home
Quiet and feeling so alone
Ducks swim in a pond

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Water Dripping Down

Water dripping down
Everything flows that gives life
The rule of the earth

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Water Trickling Down

Haiku - Water trickling down

Water trickling down
As it makes silver patterns
Flowing streams of dreams.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - We Are In It Together

No one is an island
We are in it together
Each Person enriches me

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - We Learn This Today

What choices do we make?
To live on and make mistakes
We learn this each day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Wet Sand

Stand on the wet sand
Squeeze the sand between your toes
Sea washes it away

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - What Web Do We Weave

What web do we weave
When we want to make it seem
We are right all times.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Whispering West Winds

Whispering west winds
Heralding a storm tonight
As the front arrives.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Who Can Make It Right

So the heat is on
And it can't be cooled down yet
Who can make it right

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Who Cries For Them

Who cries for them now
When we do not care for them
And don't know them

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Who Should Be Watched

Someone said watch out
The secret ones know it all
Who should be watched.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Whose Perception

Tell the truth I said
When its obvious to all here
But whose perception

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Why Don't They Listen

Why don't they listen
Do they feel that they are right
So that you don't count!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Will There Be Summer In The City?

This year winter drags
Will there be summer in the city?
Ask - the sun says no.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Wind Blows

Wind blows through the land
Windmills tall on the skyline
Green energy found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Winter Begins

When Winter begins
Rain, cold and blustery wind
Trees bend and wet ground.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Winter's Sun Is Cold

Winter's sun is cold
Icy clouds high in the sky
Chill winds blow on through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - Wisdom Of Years

Is it old wisdom
When seeking aged counsel
Or wisdom of years

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku - You'll Feel Great

Laughter is worth it
Stretch your mouth out and smile now
Do it you'll feel great!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haiku – Your Path Forward

Blue sky forever on
Stretching to the horizon
Is your path planned?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hail An Old Hero

You think that I am not tough
Or made of sterner stuff
For I have stood tall when needed
And shown courage so exceeded

But I am now an older man
Who sometimes finds it difficult to stand
And I have seen and done things
That I now see only in my dreams

I know that those times now have passed
For I will remember them until my breath is last.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hair Is For Young Dudes

I remember when I didn't need a hat
And I could feel the sun as easy as that
I looked cool with hair to my shoulders
Of course, I was a lot less than older

My hair was all long and hanging down
There was never a hang dog look around
But that was then and now is now so the score
And with each year the hair loss is more

And hats for older dudes is the way
Where my head will no longer see the light of day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hair, Long Beautiful Hair, Shining, Gleaming

I was watching 'Hair'
A groovy movie to share
When life was innocent
And the thought we sent
Was give peace a chance
And love was at a glance

The Age of Aquarius was here
And love so very clear
But it wasn't and reality
Became clearer to see
Freedom wasn't there to take
Where it all ended up a double take.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hallelujah Blue

You wore the blue in the mighty fight
For you knew how to hold up the right
And you will cry
Hallelujah, hallelujah, halle- lu-uuu-yah

And you knew at times for whom the bell tolls
When lives are lost in blood extols
Again you cry
Hallelujah, hallelujah, halle- lu-uuu-yah

On those days when things were bad
All you could see was so very sad
At the end all there is the mournful cry
Hallelujah, hallelujah, halle- lu-uuu-yah

Sometimes the call is left to you
To tell parents their child's life is through
Wiping the tears they cry
Hallelujah, hallelujah, halle- lu-uuu-yah

And the years of facing all the fears
So you're not able to hold back the tears
Cry out with all your might
Hallelujah, hallelujah, halle- lu-uuu-yah.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hallowe'en

It was Hallowe'en all saints night then
When the spirits were about to frighten
And we dressed to scare right to the end
Walking the neighbourhood with friends

It was trick or treat with sweets for all
With each house increasing our haul
We came to the last house on the street
As the front light came on making the scene complete

The knock brought an old man out
And trick or treat we did loudly shout
The old man smiled and produced a piece of candy each
He put the candy in our candy sacks within reach

At the end of the night we went home
Quite pleased with ourselves in our fright night roam
I saw that the old man's candy was old and hard
And the next day his house was abandoned with weeds in the yard.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Halloween - What Was The First Thing That Was Scary

What was the first thing that was scary
Was it something that hunted us big and hairy
Or was it the darkness where we couldn't see
In the dark corners as we went looking for sanctuary

Perhaps it was someone who was bigger in the scheme
And so menaced us in an attack that we had seen
Then there was the whole question of religious things
That set the devil up as a nemesis as terror brings

And then all souls would once a year roam the earth
When little people in costumes would increase their mirth
On Halloween night the 31st of October walking around
Trick or treating collecting candy door to door in town.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Happiness - Do You Want To Be Happy?

Do you want to be happy?
Yes I say not at all crappy
Hum a tune you love
Feel the sun from above

Enjoy your friends and family
This is your own homily
It's up to you you know
Go on give it a go!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Happiness Can Be Hard To Find

He stands alone against a wind beaten sky
And wrings his hands for want of why
Rage at things that could have been
And others that are rarely seen

For truth like justice can be hard to find
But in the end do you really mind
Just take what happens in the end
For happiness is a pretense can be hard to pretend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Happy

What makes you happy?

Your team won

A tasty bun

Summery fun

School is done

Friends who come

Being with one

A wordy pun

A puppy's tongue

All or one?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Happy Birthday Dad

Strong hands who held me up to the sun
A harbinger of knowledge so hard won
By his side I felt so good
Safe and sound like a son should

He fought the Japanese during the war
As a gunner on a destroyer he knew the score
A hard worker who didn't always win
He taught me the truth and for me always a grin

We lost him early from cancer then
And he suffered right up to the end
It's hard to think of him and I miss him each day
Wanting him back and wishing he'd stayed

But we play the cards we are dealt
When I see him again my heart will melt
So now I work it out each day
With a thought "What would my father say?"

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Happy In Freedom

Do the things that make you happy every day
And laugh and sing to be free to love your life away

Laughter is the best medicine for everyone is true
Go out now and remedy what's wrong for you

To worry your life away is not the way to be
Wake up each morning in freedom happily!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Happy Is A Time

Research says you're the happiest twice in your life
That is at 23 and 69 being for you the least strife
I suppose at 23 it's after university had ended
And 69 is a sigh for lasting longest in life extended

But I think what makes you truly so happy in mind
Is your family and doing what you what like to find
With life's ups and downs you never know
What's around the corner for us in our show.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Harold Of Blinman House

Harold hangs at the old police station now
An old miner or an overlander they say
Not everyone will see him as he takes a bow
He's as quiet as a mouse when you stay

Nobody knows how he came to be
Perhaps he died in the cells one night
After a night on a drinking spree
Those attuned to him will see him outright

The Friends of Blinman House have found him again
Not a malevolent spirit whose presence is flaunted
He returns to the House as a friend
You may see him if visiting Blinman House as it's haunted.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hateful And Vile

Making war against children
So hateful and vile against innocence
How can a god let them into heaven
If your last act kills and maims
What now remains for them
But condemnation and conviction.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hats For Nude Nuts

I have to wear a hat
For my head it's a fact
I see other men with lavish hair
Then look at my bald top in despair

They say it's because of an excess
Of manly hormones for my body to express
But I miss my hair especially in sunny times
Or when the winter cold blows my mind

For those whose nuts are not nude
Please remember us whose hair you exclude.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Haunted

Spectral demons haunt me
When I close my eye it's all I see
As they stand and whisper in my ear
Those things I don't want to hear

The hours drag as I sit at the table
Finally believing the old woman's fable
For these terrible things it wants me to do
If I can stay awake I can beat the devil too

But each time I close my eyes
The demon comes to me in disguise
I plead for God's good hand
To rout the demon at his demand

So I bathe myself in holy water
Chanting incantations as I ought a
This process brings the demon out
And I strike it down with an almighty clout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Have Faith

Some paths are long and forever uphill
At times just a rest you ask in the deal
And it seems the only light
Is just a distant wanting delight

If there are times when it seems a rotten deal
Remember that faith in God is real
And the storm may blow so strong
Keep looking up - it will come along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Have We Lost The Garden

Have we lost the garden
With its beauty scented whole
Did we not see the roses
As they bloomed in the sun
Are we left with excuses
Of why we didn't till the soil
Until there are weeds aplenty
And no more of the garden
That we loved as one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Have You Roamed

What would you say
Would you take it straight away
If it cut you to the craw
Would it be something to think of it some more

Or do you get to a point of view
The it is more than you could take or do
So make a clean cut of these things
And with a clean slate see what tomorrow brings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Health - The Healthy Electrocutation

Once a day at six o'clock in the afternoon of the day
I sit watching the television news in my daily way
I place the device on the floor and plug it in
The timer is set to thirty minutes and I begin

It is supposed to help the circulation as you place your feet
You can feel the pulse of the electricity not too discreet
So as the world news is on the television in its display
I sit and I'm electrocuted for my feet's healthy say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Health Is Wealth

Eat your margarine spread thin
It will lower your cholesterol then

Greens off your plate don't wait
Don't eat any sugar you'll feel great

Omega 3 in the fish you eat
Red meat is not the beat

Everything in moderation
For your health for elation

Exercise every day
Is your mainstay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hear The Bells

Do you hear the bells
They are ringing with all their might
When it is Christmas time
On a hot Australian night

Do you see the jolly fellow
Whose face is as red as his suit
Who comes when the bells are calling now
For the children to wonder how

This time of the year is so magical
Even when the snow does not fall
For Christmas in Australia is always hot
We wear board shorts and flip flops

Families all gather at the beach and pool
Whilst Santa's sleigh is pulled by boomers
Christmas in the sun
Is made for living large and having fun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Heartaches Make Tears

Heartaches make tears
The hurt never disappears
Even when you want to move on
To go back and sing your song

I think I can see it in your eyes
Even if you try and disguise
It will bubble up to the top
In the end even when denial doesn't stop.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Heartbreak

How is your heart smashed
When your dreams are dashed
You can't sleep for thinking
And your life is shrinking

But the sun comes up again
With things to do as life extends
On without thinking about it
So you roll with every hit.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Heaven

The vault of heaven stays closed
Denying questions that are posed
Struggling people look above
Hoping they are still loved

Some strive to be the chosen ones
Others shrug and deny deeds done
Complex stories in past history
Lead to verse and a satisfying story

Make of it what you will
Faith is the calming pill
As we age in our own way
Own thirst for knowledge obeys.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hennessy Terrace

The street had only one side
With the other having trees in line
My father had built his own house there
Making bricks and digging ditches here

Then a family was made with five boys
With all the ups and downs and joys
But I remember the peace of belonging
Of days in the sun that I am now longing

As I see each stone in the gravel driveway
And hear them crunch under my bike wheel way
With the sunlight off the rear verandah windows
In the afternoon sun as it bounces just so

Or lying in bed whilst the rain hits the tin roof
In the morning as the radio announcer sounds so aloof
Kicking a football to each other out on the road
The old lady down the street complaining to police mode

Now is there another child listening, hearing and feeling it all
At peace knowing that he was loved in his family in his own call
With the Australian sun beating down overhead in its glory
As their years go by making it all in their own new life story.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Her Eyes

Standing at a pedestrian crossing in Trafalgar Square
Looking at the stone lions and Nelson's Column there
A light drizzling London rain hit the pavement
And I thought that this was usually British sent

And I saw her a dark haired beauty looking out
Of the back window of Rolls Royce being driven about
But she had a wistful look as our eyes met
It was a moment in time that you sometimes get

What did it mean to her at the time I thought
But to me she didn't seem happy as she ought
A fleeting moment is hard for me to gauge or know
But was there sadness that for a moment she would show

There is an old story that money doesn't mean everything
And that it doesn't bring happiness in your life thing
A person's eyes are the windows to their soul
With the sadness showing the limit of her control.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Her Mother Called Her Sundown

Her mother called her Sundown
And her ageless beauty was renown
Her smile would light up the sky
Like the world saying the day's goodbye

And when the sun goes down
It reminds me of her beauty I have found
I won't forget her and call her my love
Each evening when sundown lights the sky above.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Her Natural Ability

She didn't have a lot going for her
Just acting like a cur
You see her natural ability was
Being able to piss people off

She didn't have many friends
Didn't bother her, of course
But boy, was she entertaining when we met
Caused a scene as you'd expect

You see having friends is over-rated
Or so she always said
It's more fun this way
Just waiting to see what they will say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Here Comes The Sun

At a hospital in the United States
When someone beats the virus fates
They play "Here comes the Sun"
A Beatles standard grandly done

The words hold a meaning for those
Struck down by the Covid 19 who rose
Why wouldn't you strike up the band
Praising the sun when it shines for you again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Here I Stand

Do you see me standing there
Looking like I do care
But it's a mask you see
Of what I want to be

But you won't see who I am
And the chink in my armoured plan
So here I stand so very proud
Only showing what will be allowed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hero Quilt

Each stitch lovingly applied
With care as each piece was set side by side
Poppies, Red Cross and cats
They knew where her life was at
Her favourite things all placed carefully
To cherish forever in her memory.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Heroes

When heroes die
We hold them high
For they are cleansed
Do we comprehend?

What they did made us proud
On Anzac Day a tear is allowed
For the times that they weren't their best
Is now forgotten in their sacred rest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

High School Memories

I looked at my old High School page
At some old pictures for ex-students to engage

Me in some nostalgic moments now ended
Of those days so long ago once comprehended

To have passed into history now
I have mixed feelings on how

They are for me at present
For these times that went.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

His Home

The family home was abandoned there
With no one within miles to come to care
And the last surviving brother and son
Had moved away to the city in his own life won

But he had a hankering to see home again
For the last time in his life a memory to defend
So his took the bus for the last time
To retrace his footsteps to his home entwined

And when he stepped into the Main Street
He could feel his journey home was complete
So he lifted his pack to his back
And walked the ten miles up the track

It was nearing dark when he saw the old homestead
And he needed to take the pills the doctor had said
The lock on the door was broken as he walked on in
And he put his pack down on the floor with a clattering din

He saw that nature would soon have its own way
As the house would fall over and slowly decay
And the cold of the night meant he'd need a fire
So he gathered wood for his stone fireplace desire

He cooked his billy for his English Breakfast blend
And heated the can of stew for dinner eating it to the end
Then he sat with his sleeping bag wrapped around
Looking into the fire place as the fire burnt down

His medication and the fire warmth made him fall asleep
Until the dawn on the horizon started to slowly creep
And he woke with a start to find the room was changed
Standing in a half circle around him was his family so arranged

His mother and father were looking at him and smiling
And his two older brothers were as soldiers so deguiling
It was strange and he sad, 'But you are all dead'
His mother said, ' But dear so are you, ' without dread

He stood up and looked down at his figure that was still
In the chair without breathing and it didn't look real
His mother said, ' Come it's time for us to go'
As he followed them into the bright white light show.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

History

History is our record of past events
Where it can be a harbinger of our future meant

For History will repeat itself and we need to know
What will the best way for us in the world to go

And those who don't learn from the past
Will find it will be repeated with consequences that last.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

History - Look Out Your Front Door

See history as its made
Look out your front door
As it happens it won't fade
When your see it you want more

History is what happens now
When you should notice it
And you will be wondering how
In the scheme of things it will fit.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

History - The Point

Should it be how to press the point?
And what we get away with is the point
When we do try to make a point
But in the end all others do is to point
Then you will want to gauge it from your view point
And it will in time become history's point.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

History's Sexual Dynamo Women

What power does a woman have over a man
In these dealings where love is grand
Is it the sexual magnetism that intrigues
Where the man is controlled through his needs

Catherine the Great and Cleopatra made
Their empires that were built with sexual magnetism laid
To inspire deeds that they wanted done
How do they hold this power over other woman's sons

These women have faded now into history
I would think women such as Cleopatra we will no longer see
And in today's modern world there are women who will lead
Where equity is the measuring stick to what you achieve.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hold Back The Sun

Hold back the sun
The night and me are not done
I don't need to be seen
Just sitting and thinking where I've been

For the night time
Most surely is the right time
As I go through the thought
Nothing more but less than I have sought

Know what I am
I don't need to feel the grand slam
Until then I just sit and think
In the end I rise and never sink.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hold On Tight To Your Dreams

Hold on tight
To your dreams
As the right
To your future sunbeams
Hold knowing that
Even when times
Are going bad
It'll be better sometime.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hold Your Tongue

Hold your tongue from fiery thoughts
Not everything needs telling as it ought

For truth can sometimes be unkind
Stripping bare the bad things you'd find

You see some truths need not be said
For the hate that will be bred.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Holding An Office For The People

Holding an office for the people of your country
Is such a special thing for you and others to see

Elected to an office that gives you more power and say
Than you have would ever hold on any other day

You would think that a special choice would mean
That you would need to be above approach and clean

Now that Trump is in power promises made in the election campaign
About tax returns showing he paid what was due in the records remain

Now would not be known by his country after making his point
Once in power tax returns aren't important once the people anoint.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Holding You

I remember it all
Laughter and happiness
And your grace
Lovin' it all together

Holding you in my arms
Like it was forever
Standing on the pier
Music drifting across the bay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Holidays - Australia, Summer And Sausages On Bread

I like sausages on bread
Eating them with tomato sauce instead
Of vegetables on my plate
I remember the barbecues when I couldn't wait

How the summer could be
All was right and we could easily now see
Barbecue snags with sauce ablaze
Crowning glory on long hot school holidays.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Home

That will never be absurd
That blessing of the four walls
Safe and comfortable for y'all

Even if humble in its origins
There are memories and grins
Would you go back to those times
And find again happiness not sublime.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Home - The Place For Me

The journey is long
And it's hard to stay strong
The road stretches out before me
Sometimes my path can be so hard to see
The end of my journey calls
For the greatest place of all
My precious home as I want to see
Safe in the knowledge it's the place for me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Home - Walking Down My Street

When I walk down the street that once was my home
The memories flood back I thought were long gone
Each step that I take is a memory to savour and partake
The houses are the same and I see them as they make
My life return again with a smile that will blend
For they were special with each breath I expend

I miss the neighbourly nod and the smile on faces
As my childhood rewinds again through its paces
I close my eyes and the scene magically takes hold
As I am playing with mates I hold in great affection as told
Look there - that is where we kicked the football quite hard
And I fell off my bike there turning fast into our yard

At the start of the peace my father built here our home
Making everything from the bricks to the roof on his own
My mother stayed at home cooking, cleaning and such
Whilst we were nurtured in a 1950's and 60's family touch
And now when I return to this our street in our town
I get quite sentimental and a melancholy feeling comes down.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Home At Rest

Find me a place where the magpies chortle
And the summer's sun beats down from its mantle
Where a cool breeze blows at even tide
And the dust in the air makes the sky burn wide

As the sun kisses the gulf at dusk
And the cool gulf water makes a swim a must
Lay me down where the sea breeze blows
To uplift the soul under the full moon's glow

For I may lay there and sleep a while
Away from all the trials and human guile
For this Southern Land is majesty to behold
And will me, in its arms forever hold.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Home For Me

Find me a place where the magpies chortle
And the summer's sun beats down from its mantle
Where a cool breeze blows at even tide
And the dust in the air makes the sky burn wide

As the sun kisses the gulf at dusk
And the cool gulf water makes a swim a must
Lay me down where the sea breeze blows
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For I may lay there and sleep a while
Away from all the trials and human guile
For this Southern Land is majesty to behold
And will me, in its arms forever hold.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Home To Kick Off Your Shoes

When you're home do you kick-off your shoes
Loosen your belt and have a snooze
Are you at home next to the fire
And to be nowhere else is your desire
For home is you castle and your own
To go back to after you roam.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Homeless

You could tell he didn't know
Who he was or where to go
You'd find him around town
Bedded down on a piece of ground

I'm sure there was a time
When he was just so fine
But that was long ago
When his world was aglow

Now there are no dreams
And the world is so mean
Well he doesn't know who he is
Or his life he no longer wants to live.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Honesty

The smell of sweat and the taste of labour
Once were things that took the workmen's favour
And standing in a crowd of men
Became something as a son I held grand

For honest labour was the call
And to be part of it meant all
But now we work out of the sun
And honest labour is rarely done

For now we seek the flowered smell
Of deodorant as a vital one to dwell
And the smell and feel of honesty
Now is harder to breath in or be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Honour

Honour is such an intangible thing
That to some people will ring
Down the years in history made
Recounted again in escapades

For wars and battles are fought hard
With many losing in their final yard
But in the end what do you win
Except to wipe out perceived sin.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hope - What Will It Be Like When I See You Again?

What will it be like when I see you again?

Will I hug and kiss you with your head on my shoulder to bend?

Will the sun be always shining, will there be a bright warming light?

Will we always be together forever, will everything be alright?

Will all the trouble and strife I have seen be gone for all time?

Will what I hoped for when you left me be finally mine?

What will I say when I see you again, will I be lost for my words?

Or when it happens would I know that all these questions are absurd?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Horses

When my grandfather saw horses
He was taken back to his youth, of course

Quietly he used to go and talk to them
And rub them gently under their chin

He told of getting up early as a good work ethic
Looking after the horses so they had the best of it

And walking along behind them as they did the hard chores
Then with his brother riding them slowly to school and more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hot Day In The City

You'd be a galah taking a bow
To be outside in the heat now
It's 46.2 degrees C
And if it were up to me
I know where I'd want to be
A cool ocean breeze off the sea
Sipping a long cool drink
On a lounge - what do you think!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hot Summer For Christmas 2018

The sun shines down
On old Adelaide town
With the only thoughts of snow
Are on the Christmas TV shows
For we have 40 degrees
And look for our air conditioner - please

I remember those Christmas Days
That in my memory will stay
Of wrapped presents and such joy
When fun and Santa we all enjoy
And the Australian Sun
Added to our enjoyment for everyone

We sing jingle bells with no snow sleigh
When 'Let it snow' is not our way
Santa's red face is not from being jolly
Look out on Christmas Eve as across the sky
Santa's sleigh is pulled by six white boomers in his Australian fly

But our Sun and fun is for all
With family gathered at Santa's call
No snow or darkness for us will be
The Southern Continent's heat will ours you see
And we all remember our Hot Christmas'
When joy and happiness was for all of us.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Hot Work

I put my hand to the sun
To block out the rays as the heat had sorely won
A slight breeze cooled my face
A drink I thought would not be out of place

As the sun beat on my shoulders and neck
This work was the hottest yet
But I stuck at it for a period had to defend
My part of the labour now at an end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

How Do I Perceive The World

Inside I ponder reality
How it is built up for me
And how I judge what I see
Is it from what I have learnt through my journey
As my gut level programming has its say
Or was it as I was programmed by my DNA
Making me think in a way my ancestors would
But I in the end I am an end product as it should
Using the tools I have that are best to apply
Decisions made as they should to get by.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

How Will Death Find You?

How will death find you?

Will it be a surprise
When it happens suddenly

Will it come as a thief in the night
As you go to sleep forever

Will it take you a piece at a time
With your family and friends looking on

Will it be accidentally
When the odds are against you

I wonder, how will death find you?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

How Will You Be Remembered

How will you be remembered when you are ended
What will your life have meant once expended?
To be remembered for how well you lived
Was it with generosity you would give
To charity for others who are less fortunate
Looking after your family as well to predicate
The order of it all in the end you will see
Mean you won't be able to change what will be
The unknown is something to ponder too
Is there nothing or will your reward be up to you.

© Paul Warren Poetry's

Paul Warren

How Would You Write History

How would you write history
From your own point of story
Would the heroes remain the heroes
Or would you see them off as it goes

Would the villains remain in villainy
Or would they lose their infamy
Would your point of view remain the same
By writing this will you increase your fame.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Human Club

Some days I'm reminded
Of my failings in this life
When these decisions of mine
Only caused trouble and strife

But then something
Makes me smile so wide
It blots out the bad things
And I cheer up inside

You see life has its ups and downs
As we are all a member of the human club
And we all need to get around
With our share in life's turn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Human Genes Change In Space

So long periods in space
Change your genes
Does this mean that
You become more alien
And long years in space journeys
Mean you won't recognise them
When they return
Perhaps the small grey aliens
Once started out human
And space changed them forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Human Sacrifice

A baby is a gift from god
But when a father decides
To sacrifice a defenceless baby
By throwing it in the sea
What can you think except that
This person and others involved
Should receive a harsh penalty and damnation
May the baby find peace in the next world
For it didn't have a chance in this one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Humans - Are We Worth The Effort?

Human beings are sad when thinking of what we do
All of the bad things that we chew through
We can't seem to work things out between ourselves
Without shedding blood and making it worse in the delve

Millions have died on a whim of a dictator
Or that someone's religion we do not savour
If there are aliens looking down on us
They must wonder if we are worth all the fuss

Perhaps our instincts and manner of living
May in the end make us not worth anything except a misgiving.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Am - Am I

I
Am
Not
Here
Every
Second

Alright
Think
When
Now
Am
I

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Am Coming Home

I am coming home today
I have been away too long
I long to be there to stay
I have sung such a sad song

See the smile upon my face
See I've fought the good fight
See the tears dry up no disgrace
See that I will be home tonight,

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Am Just A Little Boy

I am just a little boy
In a world of heartache and joy
Then growing up and wondering why
Being just a little bit shy
And a young man thinking I know it all
Then being crushed in truth's call
Now I am an older man
Knowing that life doesn't go to plan
You see I'm just a little boy.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Am Older Now Than My Father Ever Was

I am older now than my father ever was
But I struggle to find extra wisdom in those days
Perhaps he was part of a generation apart
Who could fight their villains with their hands
Whilst sometimes we can't even recognise them
He must have had his sleepless nights as well
When he was subsumed by what happened in his world
But should I compare myself to him now I am old
For it is decades since he has died from cancer
What do I bring to this comparison?
Do I now doubt myself for where and for what I stood for?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Am Still Here

I am still here can't you see
I am who I want to be
When I think about it
And in it all where do I fit

I now know there is no time
For judgement calls that are unkind
But know this now if you want a piece of me
I give as good as I get so easily.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Break Myself Up

Sometimes I break myself up
When I start to laugh and giggle it up
And it is not always at the best of times
It may mean a red face as one finds
That others don't see the joke
And become look at that crazy bloke.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Can't Seem To Find My Way Home

The road is long
And the sky is dark
Each step I take
I just trudge on
It makes me wonder to myself
And I can't seem find my way home

I knew the way once
It seemed not so long ago
But the wind has blown
And I am so very tired
But I must continue on
And I can't seem find my way home.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Didn't Agree To Any Of This

I didn't agree to any of this
To having a sore back when I walk
Or putting in hearing aids that sometimes squawk
Or getting up more than once in the night to pee
And creams for dry skin on my feet in a squeeze
Of not always hearing what's said
Or sleeping in other places besides my bed
And an age that's a bit like a cricket score
I didn't agree to any of this I implore! !

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Dips M' Lid

In London a man in a red T shirt
Leaving terrorism with his beer
I dips m' lid

In Beijing a man with a bag
Stands in front of a tank
I dips m' lid

In Manchester a homeless man
Helps terrorist bomb victims
I dips m' lid

In the world so alive
Standing up
I dips m' lid.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Don't Want To Be Alone

Looking and Searching
Hoping and Dreaming

That love will be seen
What will it to me mean

I have for long roamed
And I don't want to be alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Don't Want To Fade Away

I don't want to fade away
Just give me one more day

So I can live right for the moment
And make a proper judgement

Of what I see around me
And be more than just be

What will be my final plea
In this life what will be will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Dream In Colour

I dream in colour all the time
You know black and white is not fine
The colour tones are not technicolor
A bit washed out like old kodak chrome colour

And sometimes I don't remember much
Sometimes it's mumbo jumbo and such
The people in them are not always alive
But when it pans out that doesn't matter in the jive.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Find It Hard To Carry On

The pain of our separation
Tugs at me every time
I think of you
The summer has gone
And winter is here
From the day that you left me
I find it hard to carry on.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Forgive

There comes a time
When old grudges don't seem
Important any more
But I have thoughts of your deeds

So I use these words
And find it soothing
I forgive you
But I can say
I'll always remember.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Have Made It Here

I have made it here
Where I come from is quite clear
For I was a square peg in a round hole
For my early years not feeling quite whole

When it seemed that for others it was easier
Than I had it to find where I was going so as to infer
What the future would hold for me
Finding and living my life to be free.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Heard Today That You Were Gone

I heard today you were gone
And wondered why you couldn't carry on
During hard times you were strong
With a shoulder for others to cry upon

But the black dog will hunt you down
Creeping up on you without a sound
Until there is no more for you
And you think that you are through

So for us who are left to grieve
Your loss for us is hard to believe
And we remember the good times together
To hold onto now and forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Hold My Head Up

I walk on so alone am I
Heartbroken now you've said goodbye
Each step is hard to take
And with my friends I will fake
That I am alright and not sad at all
As I hold me head up so the tears won't fall

I can't bear the thought of my life now we are apart
And how I will now have to live on and re-start
My lonely life again without you
Now our life together is through
So when you see me with my head to the sky
Know it's so the tears will not fall by.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Knew A Bloke

I once knew a bloke
Who thought he was right
Not now and then
But all of the time

And he told people
That he could manipulate them
So that they would do
Exactly what he wanted them to do

But he didn't know others laughed
Behind his back
And said he was just sad
So very sad.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Know I Will Cry

I know I will cry
Now you said goodbye
And you walked out on me
Saying you want to be free

Crying hurts bad
Losing you is so sad
When will my heartache end

I am left here all alone
When she won't answer her phone
So when you see me walk by
I hold my head up so you won't see me cry

Crying hurts bad
Losing you is so sad
When will my heartache end

My friends say that it's true
That I will get over you
But until that day comes
I am so lonely and undone

Crying hurts bad
Losing you is so sad
When will my heartache end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Look You Can't Disguise

A look you can't disguise

She looked me in the eyes
A look you can't disguise
There was a tear rolling down
As she said I don't want you around

You see our love just died
And it didn't matter how I cried
So she went away that day
And now sadness is the only way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I May Be Old Fashioned

I may be old fashioned but I like your style
When you sit down next to me a while
I like your look it's such a thrill
And late at night when it's still
With the stars shining in the sky bright
I like to whisper I love you just right
When black satin sheets are a lover's place
It is for us a state of grace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Need A Cool Hand Sign

I need a hand sign that looks cool
That makes it look like I rule
As use sit back in my ride
Know that you don't need to hide
Lookin' good is a thing to see
Forever cool the thing to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Need You

When the sun awakes
It's morning due
I need you

When the midday sun heats
On a summer's day
I need you

When the sun sets
In its pastel display
I need you

The sun rises and will tire
As it journeys through
On a long hot day
But my love for you will last forever more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Prayed Again Today

I prayed again today
That the pain would go away
And leave me satisfied
Making good for what had been denied

But silence was all I heard
With no relief from what had occurred
For truth is fickle you know
Even if you wish it wasn't so.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Put The Blind Down

I put the blinds down
To blot out the sound
Of the noise of world
And the times that meld

Into the way of it without a fall
Then I don't need to make a call
Just hide away
It will be fine to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Remember It All

I remember it all
The pleasure.... the pain
I'm what is left
For all to see

You think you know me
As you scoff and walk by
But if you knew
What would you think about me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Remember The Little Things

I remember the little things
The friendly smile on a cobbler's face
The gentle cool breeze on a summer's night cordon
The first cooling touch of the sea after a day shift
The mirror's reflection of my first blue
The sitting with mates and a beer
The first day with the thin blue line
The last time I wore the blue
I remember the little things.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Remember Those Sadder Days

I remember those sadder days
That will remain forever and always
Within my soul so clean
Without kindness it's presence so mean

Each time that something is taken
In the gloom of sadness makin'
The bad chips away at your soul
And in the end survival is your only goal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Sing The Lonely Song

There was a time
When the world was fine
And I woke every day
To feel better right away

For the sun would shine
And you were mine
But those days are gone
Today I sing the lonely song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Sleep With Ghosts

I sleep with ghosts
Who stand and watch
They don't interfere
Just stand and stare

I don't always see them
But I know they are there
They patiently wait until the time
When I will join them

Just standing there - watching.....

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Sometimes Dream

I sometimes dream of things
That are mixed up together
And people live again in them
It will wake me up at its wonder

When it will seem so real
But then sleep comes to me
Then the whole thing starts again
And I am left wondering about it all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Stole A Kiss

Walk together to the top of a hill
Breath deep and take your fill
Feel the gentle breeze fluttering
Your shirt as the sun is warming
A ship sails in the Gulf Stream
As the sunlight on the water gleams
I look longing into your lovelorn eyes
As I stole a kiss to your surprise.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Want To Dance

I want to dance with you
In a dream gliding through
So lightly in my arms
As I dream of your sweet sweet charms

Dance for life with you
Love so precious not blue
Every moment a breath on the wind
When I know love will fill us in.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Want To Write Songs

I want to write songs
That tells you how it was
People would listen to them again
Inspired by their words

Wanting more of what I said
Coming from the heart in style
And years from now
People would marvel and say
He knew what it was all about.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I Wonder

I wonder can I taste you again
Just for one more time..... please
Those precious precious moments
We kept for ourselves so long ago in time spent

Those things that are for us alone
For they cannot be for anyone else
We'll take our time can't you see
Such times, such love, such ecstasy.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Iced Coffee

Michael likes iced milk coffee
And drinks a carton each day you see
There is only one he likes
Farmer's Union is just so right
And at the end of the day
It's Farmer's Union right away
So lift a carton and drink it cool
Iced Coffee and Michael is just the rule!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ideals

Ideals we all start with at the beginning
When anything was possible and shining
But what happened to these things we held
And for a brave new world that we could meld

Were they taken away a piece at a time
When compromise was the way to find
It seemed that defining good and bad
Was as easy as who wore the black hat so mad

I now can't work out sometimes should I applaud
When someone wins and gains their reward
Or do I sternly rebuke and disapprove of them
And decide there is no way for their position to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ideas

Ideas start as electricity in your brain
That help you make deductions in your frame
There are a myriad ways of looking at things
And each individual can find difference it brings

We can accept different theories of others
Even if deep down to you it may be a bother
I think that in some things we may never know
What is the truth of some ideas as they go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ideas - Second Hand Books

Looking at second-hand book stores
Is not looking at second-hand ideas for more
Information on what has occurred before
It is considering what others have said or deplored

When thinking about ideas written down
Sometimes it will open up your mind to what is found
Particularly if you want to know more
And why things have occurred and explore

Because new bookstores will be cutting edge
Some things being lost or not considered a modern pledge
And you may miss interesting things not in style
For a cut price and recycling can put you ahead a mile.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Identical

They say that there is someone
In this world who is identical to me
Who looks like me
Who you would think is me
But do they think like me
And like the things I like
Having similar tastes

Do they have things
That keep them up at night
That seem to continue to say
Those things you would
Rather forget
Or are they not accursed
And dream sweet things.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

If I Were Free

If I were free
And you could be with me
Oh how happy we would be
I'd see you standing there
And I'd want to dare

For this time of my life
Would be without strife
And we would see
What was meant to be

But it can't be true
Even though I'd want it to
So here we are
With so many miles and so far.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

If My Dreams Do Last

If my dreams do last
Long after dark
Will they be nightmares
As light gives way
And darkness holds sway

Will I know when and where
My journey ends
For morning-side can seem
The ending you need

So when the cold grey dawn
Seeps into your soul
Will you know
When your time has come.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I'll Leave The Light On For You

I'll leave the light on for you
As the darkness hides the dangers so true
And it will shine on so bright
Then it will stand out in the night

For we all need to feel safe
If just for a while a snug place
And my light will be left on
Shining long after I am gone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I'm A Better Man Than You Are

'I'm a better man than you are'
As we faced each other that day
'You may get a couple of hits in
But I will destroy you in the end'
As I stood there and looked him
In those two steely grey eyes
All that I could think of was
Why would I bother with him.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I'm Down Today

I'm down today
When I think to say
How it was supposed to be
The truth of things you see

I once thought that life was good
No one have thought I could
Fail at anything I put my mind to
But in the end I was through

Stand for the right I heard them say
For the right will win the day
But I could not find the right you see
Or understand what was meant to be
For right may only be one side
And in the end less sanctified.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I'm Gonna Ride Those Streets Again

I'm gonna ride those streets again
And this time I know I will win
The bright lights, loud music and you
Cruisin' - no thoughts of losing too

On the front bench seat with my arm
Cuddling your shoulder with all your charms
And I will see again mates who were always there
We would be laughing and joking not ever a care.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I'm Sorry

Hard to say I'm sorry
When I think of the whole story
Of how I wronged you that day
And then walked away

It seems that it doesn't matter
How many times I rehearse it in my chatter
It still sticks in my throat
And I know to say it is no joke

How do we get over the foolishness
And say the words without a guess
Just give me my strength today
And say "I'm sorry" not
just run away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

In A Circle

I sat in my car
Not wanting leave
Or to stay
Broken in spirit
Just waiting for a minute

Why was I feeling so lonely
Righteous and holy
Sitting in my car
I know the place
'Cause I've been there before

What do you say
Just 'round in a circle
At the start and the finish
How do you know where you are
Just in a circle all the time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

In Anguish

In anguish he screams
What you want from me
Then hold his head in his hands
With his whole body shaking and heaving

Claustrophobic and feeling undone
When will there be rest
From the sorrow of self pity
So he can lie in peaceful solitude.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

In Command

Be in command
Is the call
Be able to decide
In your all
Be forthright
In what you do

Be empathetic
In your dealings
Be able to leave it
In the end of it all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

In Love And In Perfect Bliss

I will find you in our special place
As the moonlight spills across
From the window in a cooling breeze
With the Paris city lights twinkling

And our lips touch and I will
Caress your naked back
When we gently fall together
In love and in perfect bliss.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

In My Dreams

In my dreams I still wear the blue
As I patrol the streets being strong too
And all the things I saw and have done
Are as clear now as when they were won

I can feel as its still waiting
Not going away -ready and anticipating
But they say now I don't know what it's like
To wear the blue now
and carry on the fight

Then if they were to drive along with me
I'd show them the way for free
And teach them how
in the end
The rule of law and the right to defend

For wearing the blue with a gun
Means that a lot is left unsung
So gather the team it's time to show
How we handled it all in the get go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

In The Days Of Old

In those olden days
People was happier you'd say
For times for us were tough
And living life was rough
But we did not need that much
Not the latest thing and such

We would go out and leave the locks off
And gave each other a wave and not a scoff
It was best said by the four Yorkshire men
Who said "times were tough back then"
&"And you know we were poor"
&"But we were happy then because we were poor"

Just sitting around "drinking Chateau du Chasseur"
&"On the Costa du Sol"
&"And you try to tell the kids of today that and they don't believe you."

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

In The Groove

Drifting drifting on an endless sea
Wanting the world to feel so free
Friday afternoon so sweet
Smiling and nodding at those you meet

Your best music playing loud
Sun shining feeling proud
Driving on such an afternoon so smooth
Knowing that you are in the groove.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

In Vino, Veritas

In vino, veritas
When there is truth to find
And from others to keep blind
We do not need to always find the facts
But sometimes when making judgement it will tax
Everything that you need to know
And when a tongue will then go.
In vino, veritas.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Inadequacy

Sit and whisper to myself
Those things that I feel
Inadequacy and not up to it
But then I know that I survived
And will go on and feel alive
Go and shout it isn't true
For you are better than that.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Indecision

Drifting...

A few...

Words...

Seldom heard...

Time to think...

Again...

What to do...

Drifting...

Time to think...

Indecision...

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ing Words

Wondering about things
And the evil it brings
In your mind it rings
And along with you it strings
When you should earn your wings
Waiting for you bell and when it rings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Initials Painted On The Wall

Dirty deeds and a fatal sentence
To pay for their crimes is their penance
To take from them everything they had
To the gallows they went their head over bagged

The Adelaide gaol stood for incarcerations
And the death penalty for murder felons
Once they were hung by their necks until dead
They were buried between the walls as their fate
Marked on the wall by initials and execution date.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Inner Strength

Do you fight the good fight
Knowing you are on the side of right
Do you hold your banner high
As it bravely waves in the sky

When you lose do you learn
And when you win do show some concern
When you are sad do you cry
Wanting to search and find out why

If you answer these questions yourself
Can you find you wealth
For life is a story made
As you fall through it's cascade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Innocent Eyes

Innocent eyes look out at me
How could she know what will be
Eight years old and full of life
Making war by terrorism is rife

Saffie Roussos died in the Manchester bombing
And now she is laid to rest without ever knowing
Life except as a baby although she wouldn't have said
That she wasn't growing up quickly without dread

Innocence is something terrorists would say
Isn't part of the equation when waging their war way
But how could it be that a little girl has to die
In a terrorist world for their point to fly.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Innocents

A tiny touch within a mother's hand
With bullets flying from a terrorist stand
The hands now cold never warm again
Their only crime as Muslim family and friends

For those who lie on a bloody Mosque floor
Extremist views demonstrated forever more
A right wing terrorist his statement made
That won't from our memories fast fade

How can these lives be repaired
As the world stood by and stared
So we wonder now the deed is done
How can we give peace a chance for everyone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Insecurities

Insecurities wash over me
Have I seen all there is to be
Mulling over in my mind
What will I eventually find

Do I go down every path
As I think through the graft
To give peace of mind then
I will need to comprehend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Inside

He was a bit grumpy sometimes
On the days when for him the sun didn't shine
So he thought he would give as good as he got
But in the end he didn't find that so hot

So one day he woke up and looked around
He could see no more reason for looking down
So he smiled to himself and decided then
Saying whatever I have nothing to defend

For life may not be a box of chocolates
And some of it is down to fate
For contentment comes from within
So he decided to let the sun shine in.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Inspiration Will Set You Free

Inspiration will set you free
To be whatever you want to be
Picture a scene in all its glory
Or make up a hero and their story
It doesn't matter what it is
So long as the buzz is the bis.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Inspirational - Will You Stand With Me?

When I need back up and there is evil around

Will you stand with me?

When it is not safe and I need to stand my ground

Will you stand with me?

When the odds aren't in our favour and others threaten harm

Will you stand with me?

When I don't fit in and need around your comforting arm

Will you stand with me?

When I'm at my lowest ebb and feel I can't possibly win

Will you stand with me?

When I need some comforting words to turn grief into grin

Will you stand with me?

I will stand with you and be there until the end

And by standing together we will be friends!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Instructions For A Public Toilet

Do not squat on top of the toilet
It is not made to aim for it as set
So mark that with a cross on the sign
And if you are there for number twos in your mind
Definitely once you are finished with the paper
Don't throw it in the waste - it's not something to savour

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Insulting People For Fun

Why do we find comedy
Where we insult people funny
Is it that you can say things
That are a bit nasty
And not get punched
In the face hard
And you sit on
The edge of your seat
Waiting to see
What you get away with next.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Interlude

Do you count your days
Or are you busy in your ways
Is your step light as a feather blowing
Or do you count each one just to be known

I wonder if in this life's interlude
We wander along while thought will preclude
A plan for the hour, day and week
When having to react to what occurs looks so bleak.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

International Peace Day - What War Accomplishes

Peace after war is such a happy thought
The years of toil to beat the foe counted as it ought
Counting the cost amongst your family and friends
Is sadness for them as the butcher's bill is finally at an end

Borders are re drawn and crimes against humanity are the task
For those who started the fighting and for what was asked
We look to find meaning in something that is devastating
For the death and injury these reasons we can still be debating

But it seems that we can't talk through some differences in their measure
And wealth, prized possessions and the right religion is to us is such a treasure
So we arm and mobilise and go to foreign fields to battle the opposing foe
In the end we don't seem to accomplish more that death and destruction in the show

So when it suits the moment in our history or in our time
We strike the band up and march onward to the front in line
And battle lines that are drawn and fighting starts between each force
Whilst we think of better times and peace to reign in a gentler course

It seems to me that in the end to settle it one way or another
We have to sit down and come to an agreement with each other
Why can't we do that before the bloodshed and the loss had come
And the ordinary person is left to work out how the sorrow has begun

It seems to me we shouldn't let tyrants rise
But that may be a point of view as each may be considered wise
I think that in the end it may be hard to make a decision
So the world is left to pick up the pieces when to sides we are driven.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Internet - Shopping

On line shopping I have done some
But clothing seems a bit undone
For sizing differs between manufacturer
And what size it is it may only infer

But collectables seem a good buy
Provided the price isn't sky high
And packaging seems to be an issue
With the over use of packaging and tissue

The supermarkets now have order and pick up
Saving time but it is something from which I don't sup
But these times are a changing for everyone
And I see this will be something that will be done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Internet - What Is The Truth

Orson Welles radio program on 'The War of the Worlds'
Changed the World perception of how the truth is held
Now it seems that to trick someone is quite fun
As videos on the Internet are now done

It would seem if you put up something and get a like
And even it seems for other people to have a fright
Your status as a cool dude will grow in others eyes
As they are taken in for a laugh and the truth dies

But when you get to where the you can't tell what is right
It's time to give this form of media away as you might.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Internet Scientists

The Internet has opened a huge amount of possibilities
For doing things that are stupid so easily
I saw a bloke bathing in hot chilli sauce
That made him very hot in unmentionable places of course

Then riding a bike backwards at 80 k's down a windy road
That went wrong in the air when he came to implode
And the bushy tradies in the hot Australian outback
Who sat bare bummed on their metal tool box
Jumping around in a circle with their bum hot lots

There seems to be a million things you can do
To get heaps of likes on your Facebook page too
My generation had to be content with their mates
Being the only ones to see their stupidity so great.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Is Civilisation Our Answer To Death

Is civilisation our answer to death
That makes us create things in depth
Like art, religion, science and the arts
Leaving behind things that will last

Are the promises of eternal life
For ourselves from the death that's rife
The things we need to continue on
To take us away from a dreaded song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Is Death The End

What ends your life in its last breath
The physical world in its dearth
Will you go on is the question raised
When you will be in God's gaze

The soul is part of your being
And your life should have some meaning
People will remember your touch
And will grieve for you in their clutch

But what happens once you leave
Is the adventure that I'll wait to believe.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Is It The End

Look to the sky
And so their eyes gazed up high
For a dark cloud loomed
And the sunlight was cast out to gloom

And the longer they stared
The air hung heavier around there
Was it the end of all things
To the times that joy brings

And the apocalypse foretold
From the days that were old
Were now seen to be true
The end of times near to us drew.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Is Love All There Is

Dragged away, dragged away
When I felt like I should stay
Is love all there is
Or is it a litany of lies
When the wind blows cold
Will you be there
Or will I just stare
At the space
Where you used to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Is There A God?

Everything so inter-twined
With each piece depending on each other
Think of the wind as a bush gathers
Leaves, twigs and other things around it
So that moisture is held
In the soil
And we are on a planet in the sweet zone
Of the solar system
How could it be an accident or lucky occurrence
There has to be someone overseeing and helping it along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Is There Anyone To Look Up To Anymore

Is there anyone to look up to any more
In other days there were ones who knew the score
Leaders who would do what was required then
And excuses would not be needed in the end

Is it that we know too much of them now
That will mean they are human when they take a bow
I wonder if to survive these people will have their jive
And fake news will fill the airwaves and to believe these lies.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Is There Life On Mars?

Elon Musk has launched
An electric car into space
With David Bowie on the radio
And an astral traveller at the wheel
In spacesuit and dark visor across the face

Reusable rockets return to earth
And the car to Mars as a stunt
On Earth we are left with the wonder
Of this feat for space exploration
And the next thrill of it all!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Is This All There Is?

When Peggy Lee looked down
And said with a powerful surround
Is this all there is
No wonder or fulfilment in this

Did you buck up and take notice
In her veins it was cold as ice
Do you wonder where it went wrong
As she journeys through this song

So wonder at your own life
As how much of it is underplayed strife
What did she really think
When she caused such a stink

As she asks the question of the world
And is this all there- in what is no longer held.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Is This Hell

In Siberia they drilled a hole that was deep
And they heard there a sound to keep
2000 metres into a giant air pocket
And lowered a microphone into it

What they taped was screaming
And he wondered at the meaning
Some say it was Hell
And they thought the story was a Christian bell

But I wonder at the story
Was he making a point for glory
Or had he uncovered
A mystery that was undiscovered.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

It All Changed

It all changed when my father died
Without his mellow we missed him inside
For my mother wasn't strong enough to keep it together
So we drifted apart without his tether

And we are left without a family feeling
Where people are left without healing
What do you do when it goes so far
To be left apart with each staring from afar.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

It Creeps

It creeps

It creeps up and you pray it won't stay
Behind me see it skittering my way
You wonder at its timetable
What if it comes when I'm not able

It's being following me as I remember
And I feel eternity burning in it's embers
So without rest it goes on and on
Smiling and humming it's song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

It's Australia Day

It's Australia's day
We all cheer and say
A barbecue with lamb and beer
Is the plan we adhere

But now some exclaim
It's a day full of blame
For we invaded their country
Aborigines owned it you see

For us it was a day
With no sin in our way
They want to change it now
For another day to take the bow

The day of Federation is touted
And ANZAC Day is not flouted
They say the 26th January is NSW alone
But the argument will not be gone

It seems that we are used to the 26th January
As it fits into summer holidays easily
So I'm for leaving it as the usual one
And not let our nationalism be undone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

It's Gonna Be A Long Way Home

The years ahead are long
As the miles roll by without you
I slowly wipe my sweaty brow
It should've been different somehow

In the night I've cried alone
With no lover by my side
It's gonna be a long way home
When I think of you tonight
But the memories remain

And the journey makes me
Alone once more again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Its Me

It's the way I am I heard him say
It's how I see the world in my way
So you judge by what you see
Knowing what you know was meant to be

But I wonder if you filled my shoes
Would you think what I would do
The experience of my life has molded
Me in the pain I've shouldered

So as you stand there
And wonder why as you dare
Would you wake each day to find
The world is so different and not so kind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

It's Me

Mesmerise me
Sanctify me
Haunt me
Liberate me
Follow me
Like me
Understand me
Watch me
Self-centred me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

It's Ok

I want to say it will be alright
That the trials and tribulations will end the fight
That you feel when you close your eyes
And plead for help to endless skies

For sometimes it's hard to end the day
When those thoughts you feel are cloudy grey
For all of us need a friend
To make it through the days that don't seem to end

For a friend will say to you
It'll be alright you'll make it through
So perk up and open your eyes again
Just let the sun shine on you, my friend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

It's Only Love

It's only love and that is all
The whispered words so tender recalled
For there be sometimes sorrow
That will fade into your tomorrows
So think of me when you need love
And it will never be enough.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Its Something About The Way You Move

When I think of you my love
It's just something in the way you move
Your gentle touch on my shoulder
As we dance together to our song

I can't think of what it would be like
Without you by my side now and forever
So I'll hold you close to me
And know it was meant to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

It's The Fact, Jack

Three steps forward
And two steps back
Walking the trail of life
Is a matter of fact

When you are young
You don't seem to crack
So just keep at it
It's the fact, Jack.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ivan Milat Is Dead!

Ivan Milat is dead!

There is nothing to be sad about or to dread
He killed seven backpackers in the Belanglo State Forest
Finally dying from the cancer that gave him no rest

A serial killer who showed no mercy
Leaving families grieving for lives lost you see
Probably he has the title of Australia's worst
As when he died there is such joy - to him the cursed

Do you wonder if there is judgement waiting
In his final days thinking and anticipating
And after all is said and done
We are rid of a demon undone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

I've Got A Hankering

I've got a hankering
To go a wandering
As a nomad along
I know I will be strong

As I am driving with a song
With my happiness will be rung
I want to see the world
With such laughter held.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Jagged Thoughts

Jagged thoughts won't go away
They always have their say
When remembered with perfect clarity
Will they want you to be free

For you can't change a thing
Just remembering the echoing
You can only hope they will dim
And in the end you will be wondering

If you want to be the judge
There are facts from where you can't budge
Will the years be a remedy
I suppose you will just need to wait and see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Jake The Wallaby

Jake the wallaby liked to hop
Especially when it was to the shop
With his Mum on Saturday
To the Mall they hopped away

The supermarket was a special place
With lots to see in each aisle space
There were tomatoes, cabbage and beans in displays
But most of all he liked the fruit arrays

They picked their veggies for three each day
And Mum put them in her pouch straight away
Jake picked shiny apples and oranges to eat
When eating two a day was a treat

So they paid for their fruit and veggies at the checkout
Then to home they hopped out
It had been a busy morning with lots of fun
So to home bound their special song they sung

Hopping is such fun
In the summer sun
Eat veggies three a day
And two fruits yummy and hurray!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Japanese Communal Bath-House Lectures

The Japanese have a communal bathing tradition
They gather in a bath house of their own volition
But this practice was falling out of favour
And people wanted to try this and savour
The communal fellowship of this practice
Was for them something that was attractive

Apart from being naked and clean
You can attend a lecture on an interesting theme
But would you attend one of these naked
With your nakedness to others a prerequisite.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Jimbo

The back of the bus seat had 'Jimbo'
Scatched in the vinyl so roughly so
Some time before 'Jimbo' had thought
The world should know or so they ought
Of him and that he was there one day
His name would be there to stay
But to some it was like a dog on heat
Peeing on the wall to mark their territory complete.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Jocks As An Anti-Theft Device

The best anti theft lock for a car
Is appropriately stained jocks as the anti-theft bar
So have these jocks on the steering wheel
For a display to ward off the thief in their steal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

John Cleese, Very Funny Man

I was looking again at John Cleese
The maniacal manager without peace
With Manuel the waiter and his pet rat
Popping at out of the biscuit tin looking back

Then giving his car a good thrashing for breaking down
And someone dying in the hotel without a sound
As a lawyer who did not practice the law
He is a great comic writer and actor for sure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

John Lennon Dead 8 December 1980

A hot summer afternoon
A news flash around noon
John Lennon shot dead
For infamy instead
Mark Chapman for the kill
For him just the thrill
And we lost a treasure
Gone from the world forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

John Lennon Died This Date

John Lennon died on this day
Chapman shot and blew him away
So sad a man of peace is killed so violently
You see killing can be done so easily

When someone wants to be known by all
Get a gun and kill fame is at your call
Now the 8th December is the day
John Lennon is remembered shot down that way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

John Lennon Is Dead

John Lennon is dead
The news was shared
Mark Chapman shot him in New York City
And we lost one of the Beatles such a pity

He shot him five times outside the Dakota Hotel
Used a Charter Arms.38 pistol a point not to dwell
Then he read the Catcher in the Rye his favourite book in the end
Whilst waiting for the police to respond to show them

He said he was frustrated with Lennon's lifestyle
And was fixated on Holden Caulfield from the novel for a while
So he sits in jail with his infamy
And we wonder why it came to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

John Oliver, Journalist And Comedian

I was watching John Oliver on television
He's a British journalist were an interesting vision

Putting This Week Tonight together each week
Where he finds quirky news angles not too discreet

It is mainly a slant on American politics and life
To search and find what's wrong and their strife

And with President Trump giving him material
So readily that it makes the program the real deal

He upset the New Zealand prime minister
Because he was boring and not at all sinister.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

John Wayne And The Red River Buckle

John Wayne rode across the screen
And was able to beat the bad guys no matter how mean
Look at Red River as a movie about a cattle drive
With Wayne the trail boss so alive

This movie was one of his best
And for his Westerns made above the rest
If you look closely he always wore the Red River belt buckle aloud
Given to him by Howard Hawks who directed the Red River so proud

And look at the wanted posters in the Sheriff offices closely
You will see Hondo and his other characters mostly
So next time you are enjoying these movies now
Look for these things showing your know how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Johnno

Drinking liquor doesn't solve anything
He always said with a cheeky smirk
But then again neither did drinking milk
If you say any different you are just a jerk

So said an old mate with all the answers
As he sipped on a beer with a smile
For that was the way that he always thought
And I still think of his home spun guile.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Joseph Stalin's Left Foot

Joseph Stalin had webbed toes
On his left foot or so it goes
He was embarrassed by this so bad
When a doctor examined him, he was sad
Covering his whole body with a blanket
So he wouldn't have to face the fact of it
In those days it was a sign of the devil
This fact seemed a self-fulfilling prophecy ill.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Journeys

Go a little further down the road
Just a few more steps in travel mode
For you may find what you need
A cure for what ails you as decreed

Sometimes the journey seems so long
And to continue may seem so wrong
But persisting in your journey is the way
You may find it was worthwhile so they say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Judgement Is Known

Do you accept
Things are they are
Do you take
People as they are

You seem to be putting a ruler
Over everything and everyone
A set of personal rules
That you set long ago

Stand back and think awhile
Your rules don't always apply
If you judge these things
Maybe it's your judgement that is wrong.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Just A Drunk

There's a steady drum beat in my head
That doesn't stop until I wish I was dead
He told me this through crying eyes
And I could see that he couldn't get by

For sometimes it all comes to a head
When life turns on a dime instead
Those who once love him was lost
And all that's left is counting the cost.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Just A Way That It Will Fit

Do I see now any more
Or do I wonder was was the score
Things develop for all to see
Or only will force for forever to be

Is the story all an end to it
Or just a way that it will fit
Perhaps it will end come what may
For I will still have a word to say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Just Bad Luck

It should never have happened
As it was just bad luck
Sometimes the cogs will turn
And they will click into place

For an event you'd be surprised
To occur when it wouldn't happen
Before or since when odds are made
But it doesn't help if you were the one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Just Sittin'

Just sittin' on a bench
Whilin' away makin' no sense
Just contemplatin' the sky
Azure blue with clouds wheelin' by

Seein' the birds flyin' high
As they float and weave in the sky
Then a cool breeze brings us some relief
A summer's day will just reinforces your belief.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Just Walk On Through

The pathway stretches out ahead
Walking through sometimes up sometimes down
I wipe the sweat from my brow
Sometimes a cool breeze to refresh

Then a glimpse of what might have been
But regret does not fill my soul
No parades for me
Even when a good deed is done
Just walk on through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Justice

Justice is
The search for truth
Independent of
Media interference
It is not a popularity contest
We should not make
hasty judgements

So you may have an opinion
And it can be expressed
In the right way
An examination of the facts
Should be done fairly.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Justice - Justice Considered

Do you dispense justice?

Or is justice there for the taking?

Is justice a point of view?

Will the need not to be penalised if possible be the correct outcome?

Particularly if the crime is small and without a victim

A huge crime such as genocide maybe something you can excuse

Given the correct set of circumstances

Does making war on someone mean some crime committed is justifiable?

So do we say justice is there for the taking but it depends on you point of view?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Justice - The Accused

How do you act when accused
Do you feel calm and not abused
Does your blood pressure rise
When an expression is your only disguise
And is the evidence stacking up
If guilty will be a final sup
In the British System we hold dear
The accused is innocent until guilty clear
But the system can get confused
Where guilty are released and innocence is abused.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Kale And Such

Green leaves tossed about
No sugar, fat or flavour to shout
You know you should eat it more
But chewing rabbit food is such a chore

Increase you life span by the week
There will be no more red meat
The days of unrelenting taste
Have left us - Oh, what a waste

So as we look to our culinary future
Alas, all I see is a health food nurture
For those tasty treats from my childhood
Kale and rocket will be all that eating could.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Keep Calm And Have A Cuppa

In 1942 when the Germans and Japanese
Were rampant across the world during WW II

The British needed to raise the moral
Of their troops who were under pressure in the field

So the government bought up
All the tea available on the planet

So their troops were supplied with tea
Making a brew up became important to them

They cooked it in the desert on a Bengazi burner
Or on ships in the Atlantic and Pacific

On battlefields across Asia and Europe
British soldiers brewed up

And their morale was improved
So the humble cuppa helped win the war.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Keep Yourself Busy

Keep yourself busy
With no time to think
Of yesterday or tomorrow
Just a blank cheque for today

Today you may say
For yesterday has gone
And tomorrow a world away
Keep busy is going to be only way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Keepsake

Such a humble thing
A feeling of melancholy it will bring
When I pick it up and hold it tight
As the colours still are bright
So special to me then
Of good times to never end
I put it in my pocket deep
One of those things I will forever keep.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Keepsakes

What do you keep for all time
Is it something that others find sublime
For a keepsake that has memories
Maybe a little thing that will please

It's not what you hold onto so tight
But those times you remember so right
They are keepsakes that are just for you
That may not last any longer than you do too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Kirsty Boden, Hero Of London Bridge

Running towards danger is such a brave deed
When death was present and in a frenzy feed
She knew she couldn't leave whilst others died
When terrorists attacked so cowardly without pride

But death called her in her bravery made
By a terrorist flashing his murderer's blade
Whilst attending the injured selflessly
She died a true Australian hero the world to see

As the world grieves for those lives cruelly taken
In godless acts that are of terrorist making
The pride of Loxton town will stand forever tall
Remembered as "Kirsty Boden, Hero of London Bridge" in our proud
call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Know Your Enemies

When you launch missiles now
The first point to check and how
Is the destination of them
That's where they will explode in the end
It's not Iraq now you see
But Syria where ISIS be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Knowledge

There always seems to be
More questions than answers
Each time we find something
It leads to to more things
To explore and develop
They say that our knowledge
Doubles every 13 months
Up from every 25 years after WW2
And every 100 years in the 19th Century
So it makes you wonder what will be known
Next year when our knowledge is grown.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Knowledge Today

It amazes me on how much we don't know
And how we explain what we do know
Even the chaos of nature has formulae
So we can predict how it would be

They say there could radio signals from space
We can't read now in the alien exploration race
Each time we go into outer space we find out more
What we will find out in the future that will be in store.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Kokoda Warrior

Kokoda Warrior

His breathing was becoming laboured
As his time on earth drew to an end he now favoured
Mates he marched with in those terrible days
Were calling him now to come away

Khaki uniform appears on his withered form
A brown slouch hat cocked to the side a norm
Gone now the old bones to younger ones
No more pain his time here now undone

His mates of Kokoda Track were smiling
Happily he joined them no denying
"Hey Georgy mate you in for a beer"
As they left together mates still so very clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Kookaburra Queen Memories

The Kookaburra Queen sits at the River side
As the Brisbane River flows on so alive
Loading the passengers aboard as the gentle breeze blows
We sit on our seat inside and the paddle wheels goes

Brisbane city sights roll past as the MC beats out a tune
The laughter floats across the water as we dine washing away any gloom
Sunshine and happy snaps are made
Making memories that will not easily fade

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Kuipto Forest

We started the task on a wet afternoon
Being dropped 10 kilometres away about noon
And I was left with a map and compass alone
The trek in the Adelaide Hills with the afternoon gone

Using the map and the compass through the Kuipto Forest
I walked the dark wet Forest through the afternoon without rest
Late in the afternoon the kangaroos were around
Bounding through the forest covering the ground

Until at last I came across the bush track road
Walking up the last hill the task complete without a goad
I reported back in the middle of the pack
Then a shower and a meal being glad to be back.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Kym The Koala

Kym the Koala liked to climb
And munch gum leaves all the time
In the hot Aussie sun
Up early munching leaves and having fun

He saw jumping kangaroos
And running large emus
But he did not want to be like them
A pastime climbing trees was easier in the end

When up high in trees
He could see far as he pleased
Not being bothered by much
Except birds, insects and such

You see there are different things
That each one to the world brings
Being happy and having fun bound
And differences make the world go around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Languages

Our DNA has shown that
We all come from a woman
In Central Africa and migrated
Around this world to form
What we have as a population

With this being the case
How have we all ended up
Not being able to understand
Each other when we speak
Did isolation and local conditions cause it?

And now the world is becoming
A village will we have the same
Language eventually for everyone
Or will our the differences between
Us all be too much to overcome.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Laugh Lines

I remember you smiling
A smile that was so beguiling
And how the laughter for us all
Was belly aching and not at all small

Laughter lines are the best on your face
From years of finding the good grace
For everything you do
And in the bad times get you through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Laughter

Why do you think it's funny
Does it have to be on the money
To poke fun at something sometimes
Will bring out laughter so sublime

Or will it be a witty line said then
That will make them laugh in the end
Then there is the screwball stuff
That make you laugh enough

But who cares either way
As long as you laugh anyway.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Laughter - A Joy To Behold

To have a good laugh
Is such a joy
To smile at something funny
Is smirk with a burst
To have good cheer so cool
Is such a guarantee
To have sunshine in your smile
Is such a joy to behold.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Laughter - Leave Work And Let Laughter Ring

One day drop everything
Leave work and let your laughter ring
Go collect the people you love
And hit the road with the sunshine above
Turn your music loud and only play
Those things you love right away
See the world as it passes by
And drive with the beach nearby
The smile on your face lights up the sky

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Law – Citizen's Juries

It seems lately the buzz words are
If you have a problem that may bar
Someone's love of life or pursuit of happiness
Announce a Citizen's Jury to clean up the mess

In theory the way is quite clear
For all to contribute without any fear
But in practice all that you get
Are groups of self-interest with lips that are wet

These people attend meetings to have their say
And ensure in the report they have their way
So what you get in the end for us all
Is law or procedure which seems a bad call

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Law - Pleading The Belly

So go ahead and sell the drugs within our community
Do it twice because you may have immunity
From Gaol in penalty for this terrible crime
Be a mother or better still be pregnant at the time
It's called 'Pleading the belly' in the Old Bailey way
And it meant a Lady Pirate was spared the gallows as stay
So when you are caught and face justice in the court's wrath
Tell then you're a mother or having a baby in your current life path.
© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Law - The Truth And The Facts

The truth is what happened for all to see
Then the lawyers get to it and work it to be
The rules made it into the facts to be followed
And see what's admissible for the court to be swallowed

So by the time that the judge and jury see it
The truth and the facts are apart a fair bit
So forget about what the television shows
In true life the agreed facts really goes

© Paul Warrne Poetry

Paul Warren

Leaving

I was tired of all the crap
Knowing it looked better looking back
So I packed my gear one day
And left out of the door right away

So now I trudge along one step at a time
Better now and feeling just fine
As I breathe in the clean cold air
On my way to I don't know and believe I don't care.

Just to grab hold of my life
And leave behind trouble and strife
To play my own tune again
Not to have explain or feel the need to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Leg Weary And Tired

Leg weary and tired
Feeling nearly expired
I shuffle on and on
Just wanting the miles to be gone

Home in the distance now
The hurt will disappear no wondering how

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lesson

And so ends the lesson
As I go to the top of the class
For each time I fall over
I get up again and again
They say it's the way of the world
But it seems some are able to coast
Whilst others swim against the tide
Do you make the choice
Or is the choice made for you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Let Me Be

Can I rest a while
I can't find a smile
Do ya see me sitting there
Feeling the world and all its cares

Just let me be to find relief
While I feel every grief
For the road seems so long
I know I need to get along

Just let me be
Then the world will see
Once I have rested well
I'll continue and not dwell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Let The Music Play

Will you dance with me
So gentle and care-free
Let the music play
As we dip and sway

This is how it's meant to be
Just you and me
Heaven here in our place
As we twirl in loves embrace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Let Them Fall

Have we come far enough
For our tears to fall
Does there come a time
When grief spills
And you remember all
Let them fall.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Let's Not Leave The Light On

Let's not leave the light on
We'll dance to our song
As I feel you so very close
And sway as my body boasts
Together as one tonight again
Just us, no lie, no need to pretend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lgbtiq

Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Intersex and Questioning
I can never remember the whole wordy listed thing
You would suppose it is meant to cover all connotations
And be inclusive without any standing inhibitions

We need to include all people in equity and equality
But I think their acronym needs some work in its story
I can never remember the letters and their meaning
So I am locked out of this discussion and my feelings
About the subject I cannot be make out
Perhaps there needs to be a better acronym about.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lies - Look Into Their Eyes

Look into their eyes my grandfather said
They can't hide it and you will see it as its read
What they really think is there to see
You will know what they really say should be

People will only be able to lie for 90% of the time
It's the 10% that you need to look for and find
So don't worry about their smooth tongue
Look into their eyes you'll know what lies behind begun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lies To Disguise

It's all a lie I heard them say
Standing together in the new light of day
And lying seems the thing to do
Then you will find it will get you through

Truth seems to be a commodity
That can be traded for what you want it to be
For lies can disguise it all
When truth won't save you from the fall.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - A Free Ride

Who do you have who relies on you?
To help them get all the way through
Are their people who just want a free ride
Instead of a partnership by your side
Don't you get sick of it always being your call
When there's a decision that affects all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - A Point Of View

When you build your life
Do you sometimes build walls
It seems that there can be strife
And some times you can't see the calls

So what do you have when others see different
Is it a point of view or what they want to perceive
And in the end perhaps all they want to do to is vent
Perhaps it's just something they want to believe

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - A Righteous Cause

Two standing together gives an edge
Where you are together in your pledge
A righteous cause that has justice for all
Can bring people all together in your call

In the past causes seem so easy for you to see
It is getting harder for a clearer cause so easily
Tyrants now may only be evil from your point of view
Sometimes just standing back is the best for you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - A World Without Love

I won't stay in a world without love
Now is the time to show God up above
That Evil will not win in the end
Our way of life we will defend

And that strength of the Good will prevail
They will in the end know that we will not fail
I think I know now what facing Hitler was like
For my father's generation in their great fight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Am I Wiser Now

Am I wiser now than when I was young?
Things seemed new and life was ours to be won
There was no clutter or detritus of life
And certainly thoughts of failure weren't rife
I sit now a try to remember what my father said
Life had worn him down some as his experience fed

I am now older than he ever was and have time to think
On him in his life and how from his cup I would now drink
Am I that different from him now the years have passed
Knowing that some things just do not last
And I wonder what I will say to him when I see him
Perhaps he was right and my only excuse was my youth dreaming.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - An Ode To The Doers

Some will just stop and watch it begin
Some will stop and join right in
Some will start and soldier on
Some will not worry and be gone

But some will wonder what will be
Then plan it all in what they see
And take pleasure in the do
Completing and following the plan through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Ante Up Before God

When you are at your life's end
And you are standing before your God not to pretend
All the good that you do in your life
Should be weighed against what was your strife
It would seem that no matter how it adds up
Surely that's how it works when you ante up
So how can killing and maiming people that way
Mean you will get to Heaven with good things no delay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Bad Experiences

Do not think of it again
Put it to the back
Of your mind
You can't forget
It now
You may try
But it will return
To live again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Be Gentle On Yourself

Be gentle on yourself you see
Others don't know what you feel or will agree
Life is spread out and you'll do your best
Let others decide what's theirs to digest

There is plenty in this world to love
And gentle folk looking after you from above
Don't live in the past for you can't change
What happened then you decided in your range

Each step you took then now you might not agree
Be gentle on yourself and see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Born On The Wrong Side Of Town

I was born on the wrong side of this old town
There was always someone there to put me down
It was a place where you had to fit in with them
Not to do so means you'll not get there in the end

There is always one more step up the mountain to take
And if there are seasons to this life that I now make
Surely there will be a Spring and Summer that I will find
Where there will be the time to know that the world can be kind

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Build On The Good Things

It seems to me that the test of a person's mettle
Is when things don't go right in their rattle
And the ends don't meet and you are left alone
How far from the prepared path do you roam?

Will you still be able to find your way in the dark times
What do you use for your guide and for your rhythms?
Don't look back on what for you didn't work out
Think and build the good things worth your shouting about.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Choices

Some choices we make
Other times there is no choice
Even though if given a choice
There would be a better choice.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Comic Conversations

Why do we crave the unusual
That we feast on the improbable
We like to see the unpalatable
And talk about it whilst we are able

And as soon as we sit together
Our conversations may start about the weather
But we move along to what ails us in our bodily functions presumed
Then depending on whether copious amounts of liquor have been consumed

We go on to cure all that is wrong in this sad world of ours.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Crossing The River

When you look to cross the river
Does it down your back give you a shiver
Can you see the current flowing hard
And so will make your crossing marred

Will you swim across the water by yourself
Or will there be others who ensure your health
Perhaps the crossing will go along without hitch
Or as you reach the other side think life is a bitch

There may be more than one river to cross
And in the wilderness you may feel lost
But keeping your head above the water line
Is as important as as making it across in time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Did You Know Then?

The days were so clear
The laughter so loud
The people so loved
The times so good
The music so great
The sun so warm
Did you know it then?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Do Consequences Matter For All

We have freedom to make our choice
When weighing up what will be your voice
Do the consequences matter for all
When you make what will be your call

Is it the risks that are the primary concern
And take the chance as your life may burn
Perhaps think about this as you may consider
What it may be for others when you will figure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Do We Believe Or Is It Just Pretending

What is found
When you look around
Make your own way
Look to survive another day
Struggle is the word
The fabric of life undisturbed
The day ends again
And the night comes as a friend
In a cycle never ending
Do we believe or is it just pretending.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Do We Imprison Ourselves In The Past

Do we imprison ourselves in the past
In the knowing of things that try to grasp

Do we play those things over again
Knowing that it will not change to win

Is absolution what we seek
When others may judge us as weak

For those things we may regret
It would seem to me that we should not let
Them us define as they are what we are
Even if they have left a scar.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Do You Hear The Bugle's Call?

Do you hear the bugle's call?
When it sounds at someone's fall
Do we need to wonder why
When they need help to get by
How can we allow it in the end
Don't let it happen then try to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Do You Miss The 70's?

Body shirts, flared trousers and platform shoes
Long permed hair, maxi skirts and halter tops all to choose
Happy days, Knight rider, Lucille Ball on television
Led Zeppelin, CCR and then Disco in splendid vision

Every lad wanted a muscle car and be the first from a traffic light
And there was Mohamed Ali in the Rumble in the Jungle fight
We were all young looking for adventure and the best time found
We did not worry much except where the next party was bound

Where did we lose it all to be in the state we are today?
Perhaps we remember it as a happy time to wile away
After all that's said and done I remember it as sunshine all the way
With music on the AM radio you had no choice to play.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Do You Remember

Do you remember swings in the park on a sunny day
Seeing how far you could swing the seat up and away
Do you remember the first splash of water on the beach
With the waves washing over your body in its reach
Do you remember kicking a goal on the oval ground
As end to end with mates laughing all together all around

Do you remember riding your bike in the dark time of the night
And seeing how bright the generator would burn the light
Do you remember the last day at school when the bell sounds
Knowing that the Summer days were fun forever to be found
Do you remember a hot Summer's day as the sun went down
With the coolness on your face as we drove around the town

Do you remember the sound of your father's car in the driveway as it turned
At the end of the day when his work was finished and the daylight was burnt
Do you remember standing in the back yard cold and windy before a storm
When the clouds danced with the lightning and thunder would be the norm
All these memories are stored away for all of your time
When life was happy and your happiness so sublime.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Does The Light In Your Eyes Look To Disguise

Does the light in your eyes look to disguise
What was done in your name to get their prize
Do you stand there and smile when you truly despise
Perhaps I read too much in your eyes

Does what you say to hide what you really think
When I'm not around does your oratory stink
Do you go home at night with a glass and a smirk
Whilst you plot your next move and the turn of the dirk

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life – Don't Sit Down!

Sitting down is unhealthy for you
You need to stand up for your health to be true
Standing up doesn't age your body fast
The benefits from this will last
It's another healthy list item
So the advice is not to go ahead and fight them.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Don't Jump The Queue

Wait in line it's not your turn
Don't jump the queue or you will learn
What it's like to feel the wrath conveyed
And you in the end will be dismayed

We the ones will call you out
And it won't matter if you shout
There's a time and place for everything
So stay where we put you or feel the sting

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Don't Let The Darkness Win

Don't let the darkness win
Let's not let hatred step in
There is hope in this world for peace
Let others find sanctuary and wars release

If the world could see tolerance and understanding
We all would be better off demanding
This instead of demonstrating against others to meet
We don't need genocide to be complete

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Don't Throw It Away

Don't throw it all away
It will be yours always
You need it when it's your turn to take a bow
Don't think too much about it now
There will be a time when its a godsend
With it there, there will be no need to pretend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Everyone Has A Button

What makes you jump or makes you scared
When young what was it that you mates to you dared
Was it the thunder, lightning, wind or the driving rain
Or being alone when at home you remain

Is it now watching the latest thriller movie on the screen
Where something jumps out looking really mean
Perhaps it's driving on a dark lonely country road
With no-one around whilst your doubts were sowed

Everyone has a button that can be pressed
That will make you terrified in your quest
As a mechanism to make you way in this life
And to keep you safe and away from the strife.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Fairness Doesn't Count

Was it fair
What had occurred
In the final word
Of it all
Life was what it is
And fairness
Doesn't count.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Fill Your Bucket

In you life you fill your bucket
As one drop at a time goes in it
Sometimes it's like rain
Making things grow in quiet refrain

But there are other times
When things are not fine
And the drops fall like tears
We hope to survive the horrible fears

So we all carry on this accumulation
That will fill your bucket in your exhilaration.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Find Happiness

You say you want to be happy
Or to search and find happiness
But how do you do it and make sad go away
All you need is to focus on the good things
And regrets of what might have been in your life
Push them aside and thrown them away
Each day is new challenge to brighten your day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Finding Your Way

There once was infinite possibilities
Looking ahead there would be days to please
There were no dead ends or regret looking back
I remember what I thought I would not lack

As Kings and Queens we ruled the world
We couldn't lose in any competition held
But now we know the sunshine is not always there
And that you can lose when you do care

Some timelines are short and others carry on
And we who are left just want to get along
So here we are after these years
Knowing sometimes things do end in tears

Life has its ups and down and the measure of it
Is how you recover and make it all fit
It seems to be a funnelling down each day
Where what matters is finding your way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Finding Your Way Is Half The Fun

The road twists and winds along
Through the mountains for so long
You can't see around each bend
Each change of direction you will extend

Finding your way is half the fun
From where your travelling has begun
Your life journey is what you make
And working it out will make it great

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Follow To The Beat Of Your Own Drum

The minutes into hours into days march on
The journey of time in each of our individual song
In younger days it was smiles and friendship at a head
But as the years go by it may be something else instead

There is work to do and a family to raise
Much of it in the front of other eyes gaze
And we keep to ourselves any hurt and pain
Whilst at home you sit in silence in your own refrain

But time can heal those old wounds and you carry on
Knowing that as in all things bad times will be gone
But you should know that as the years accumulate
That you follow to the beat of your own drum in your fate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - For Fairness And Justice

Who do we see when looking in the mirror
Is it someone you know or is it now just a rumour?
Of what you once were when it mattered
Could you stand up now when you are feeling shattered
The world can seem such an ugly place for some time
And you can't find for the life of you a reason or rhyme
When the years are counted and you're taken to task
Have you done all that fairness and justice could ask?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Free Will

How much choice do I have to make
When finding my way in decisions I take
Is my path already set out for me
With God's grace and a path to see
Perhaps we are given free will sometime
To see if we will sink or shine
Maybe all the bad and the grief we see
Will be a combination of will that's free.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Get Your Pound Of Flesh

We gather in our chosen groups and say
What we know is right - so go away
And it is simple for us all to see
As each situation was meant to be

So when you have someone painted in
With no way out and will suffer for their sin
Cut your pound of flesh out as you see fit
But show some charity in the end of it

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Golden Life

Golden light that is so near
Guiding your pathway forever clear
But what of those things outside
That attracts you in your foolish pride

Do these sad and mournful sounds
In the black when danger will surround
Draw you in when the attraction is so near
And makes you risk all those things held dear

Do you take on the challenge in bravery's song
Or do you just travel in the golden light all along?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Guiding Angel

Is there an angel looking after me
Overseeing what in my life will be
Do I feel their gentle guiding hand
In everything I do, say and plan
And when my time is at an end
Will I guide one I need to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Hopes Of The Future

The unseen links reach out from me
Towards the past and future which may be
The past infinity links as it was written
To the future infinity as we will be smitten
We wake each day with our plans as made
With hopes of the future that it will make the grade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Horatio On The Bridge

I sometimes feel like Horatio on the bridge
Holding a foe that makes me feel like a summer midge
A thousand trials seem to come and go
As I tackle each one presented in life's show
I once was told that life is not a level playing field
But a climb up a hill with moments to rest and be healed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - How Many Ghosts Wait Out Of Sight

When looking in the mirror what now do I see
Is there anything looking back that I thought would be
When I was young did the fates have their own plan
Whilst my plan didn't come to pass now I'm an older man

How many ghosts now wait just out of my sight
Standing waiting to cast judgement on if I was right
Can I now stand for the principles I once held
Or is it what's left of them that are now meld.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - How To Live Forever

Don't eat the bad fats
Don't let sugar be your fad
Don't eat or do eat protein
Don't drink tea or use coffee beans
Don't smoke whatever you do
Don't drink to excess too
Don't drink green tea extract
Don't sun bathe lying on your back
Don't use talcum powder after the shower
Don't live near a high voltage electricity tower
Follow this plan clearly and you'll live forever

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - I Get A Little Sentimental

Sometimes it will be a song that we used to sing
Or to a place where the good times we would bring
When you walk outside and breathe in the fresh air
Knowing that it will be alright in the sunshine fair

Maybe it's the wagging doggy's tail you remember so
As you open the front door after being on the go
But most of all it is the people that you love
Being with them and those looking down from above.

And I get a little sentimental about all these things
When I think about them and the tear to my eye it brings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - I Need Someone To Say That It Will Be Ok

I need someone to say that it will be OK
To feel their supporting hand in my dismay
I need the warmth of their touch
To feel that it will pass and not matter so much
I need to see the sunshine again
To feel that I have hope with no need to pretend
I need to know that the world is a good place
To feel that there is good in this human race.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - I Wanna

I wanna place where the sun still shines
Where people laugh and love's still mine
I wanna see those ones I now miss
The gentle touch and the loving kiss
I wanna see over the plain stretched out
And across the valley to a friend shout
I wanna swim in the deep blue sea
And know when I return my life will be carefree
I wanna know when sitting quietly alone
That the world is good and I have no need to roam.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - I'd Like To Go Back

I'd like to go back and do it all again
To see the people I loved and my friends
There would be no mistakes this time
And I would know which path to take just fine

I would see those sunrises as they should be
And know what it's like in the quest to be me
There would be no wrestling on how it would work
And I would certainly not repeat when I was a jerk

I know now that sometimes it's best to keep quiet
Even when I am eager and I'm internally fired
So in the end to merely sit back in the fact
Would mean less criticism in life's eternal tract.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - If You Could Have A Day

If you could have a day
Which one would it be?
Perhaps the day you found love
When there were infinite possibilities

Or the day before one you loved
Died and passed onto God
Or would it be the day you were born
So that you could start again

Or would it be tomorrow
So you could live on
Doing all that's planned
And not missing one thing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - I'm Chasing A Rainbow

I'm chasing a rainbow for a sunny day
It always seems to be further away you see
And the rain will always go away
But the rainbow is out of reach for me

The better things seem beyond my grasp
Perhaps the road ahead has more rain than sun
When the little I do receive does not last
It seems harder now than when I first began

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - I'm Tired And Torn

When times are bad
And the world seems sad
I'm tired and torn
To where I find it hard to go on

When the days are long
And the bad times are strong
I'm ragged and wrung out
To where there is no help about

When I miss you
And there is heart ache through
I'm in despair and demonised
To where it's hard for others to sympathise
© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Just Feelin' Good

What are ya doin'?
Just rockin' along
What are ya sayin'?
Just sing in' a song
How are ya feelin'?
Just feelin' good
And who are ya now?
Someone I've always want' to be

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Know Good From Evil

Do you know good from evil?
Is it easy to see the devil?
Some things are easy to say
Whilst others stretch out away
Is it from your point of view
That will make the goodness rule
Hitler said that you need to tell a big lie
And in politics you'll do more them just get by.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Knowing That There Will Be Plenty

Was it the first
Or was it the last
Maybe it was neither
And just one of the many
Should we count
Or leave it alone
Knowing that there will be plenty
Do we need to know at all
Just enjoy your life
As it entralls!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Last Day

If today was my last day
Would I approach it differently?
Would I make peace with the world?
Would I finally get what is coming to me?
Would I say that I love you and I am happy?
Would all the little annoyances now matter?
Would it be a day fulfilled or would I have regrets?
Would these questions all be answered or would they remain?

Paul Warren

Life - Leave Your Light On For Me

Leave your light on tonight
For I have finished the fight
But the road has been long
And I've done more than get along

Please think kindly of me
My journey is not done easily
And in the dark of the night
I wearily look for your light.

Please leave your light on for me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Life Has Worn Me Down

I do not feel the real deal
Now I need some time to heal
There are rusty chinks in my armour
That has opened for others to savour

As I am weary do I put down my sword
And give to others what will be my final word
I feel it is time to strike up the band
But recovery should be the first vital plan

I look back through those times in years gone by
When it seemed that I would reach for the sky
But the storm of life has worn me down
All I want is for my life to be a happy sound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Life Is Beautiful

Rejoice in your life
It is yours alone
Don't worry about any strife
It's doesn't last it will begone

As you greet the morning sun
It's such a real blessing
Know that it has just begun
Hum your best tune as you are dressing

Do what you know is your best
As we all find our level as seen
And you will get nothing less
Life is beautiful as it has always been.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Like A Technicolor Dream

Does life go on like a technicolor dream
Where the characters are full and supple more than they seem
Is the script already written by the time you take a breath
Where some things go beyond your depth

When a step is taken up the hill of life
You will need to take and deal with your share of its strife
How do you feel about it all in conjuring what is your share
When it may be beyond you in your despair.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Like Swimming Laps In A Pool

Is your life like swimming laps in a pool
Up and down where you make the rules
Are things repeated all the time
Does this familiarity feel comfortable and fine

Is it too hard to go outside the lanes
And so make a new refrain
So the cooling touch of the water on your face
Makes sure it's comfortable in your place.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Listen Softly

Listen so softly
Their voices are there
Whispered words that drift on the wind
I hear them again

As I did once
When I was young
And thought the world would not change
I hear them again

Calling me home
But I must remain
Today is here as there will be tomorrow
I hear them again

And I must stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Lord Let Me Win Please

From the time when I could first recall
They taught me when you get up you will fall
You can tell it in the way they at me stare
A piercing look that is sometimes hard to bear
To belittle you and not be part of them
Will extinguish any spark of life so don't pretend

Lord let me win please
I've paid my dues
I want to find the keys
Surely it's my time to choose

It's been mountains to climb going on and on
And never a time when I can just get along
I've had to make it alone without a friend
The one's I've had have not lasted to the end
What did I do or did I say to end up in this way
I cannot see my bad times will ever go away

Lord let me win please
I've paid my dues
I want to find the keys
Surely it's my time to choose

After all this time it's more than I can bear
Surely you can see this for me it's only fair
As I think of how I played by each rule
Not to have happiness now will be so cruel
Just this one time let it work for me
After all my trials surely it will finally be

Lord let me win please
I've paid my dues
I want to find the keys
Surely it's my time to choose

© Paul Warren Poetry

Life - Machine Or Fate

Have you ever wondered how things work out
When there can be infinite connotations about
You would think that there is this large machine
With cogs all working together so very clean

And when they all move and click into place
What in the end may not be good for the human race
Or is it our fate which alone is the key to the future
Where it doesn't matter how well we are nurtured

I have seen things where you wonder now
People have survived where it it not credited how
Or then where the gentlest thing has gone wrong
And a person has not survived or got along

So do we bow to the machine as it clicks on
Or shrug our shoulders knowing fate isn't wrong.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Maintaining The Step

Dancing in circles is what we do
When wanting to find our way through
Sometimes our partners will change
As others will be met in our exchange

So there are a thousand steps to be done
And little challenges that have to be won
But do we get caught up in the dance
In maintaining the step without taking a chance.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Measuring Up

Measuring up seems such a human thing
Are you better than others in your ring?
Do you contemplate what is the final call
As you carefully weigh up the considerations in all
But in the end does it really matter what you do
When all that matters is to be happy in your life too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Melancholy

As the years turn
And time becomes nothing
I remember the laughter
And I remember the tears
Some people who are gone
And others I hold dear
Times, places and events
And they will stay with me forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Memoirs Of A Left-Handed Man

It seems that in God's call
That it was decided not for all
For some shall be left-handed
But most will be right commanded

The world it would seem was tooled
For these people who won't be fooled
But us poor Molly-Dukers do lament
At one stage was we were devil sent

But alas it would seem the greatest curse
That we left-handed have found worse
Is thinking around the wrong way
Adapting to a world for right handed soothsay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Memories And Time

The end of the day has again come
As quickly as this morning begun
They say as you age the quicker time goes
Or is it we have trouble with how my memory knows
Perhaps there is no longer enough to remember
But I still want those moments so tender
Then later on I may have no choice
And I'll struggle to recall things in my own voice

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Mine Once But Were Wasted Away

Was that you I saw today
Or was it me on another day
Was it your laughter spread around
Or was it me when I was not down
Were the dreams you have today
Mine once but were wasted away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - My Best Is Now Behind Me Now!

I wake in the morning
My neck aches
And it takes time to focus
I need to rub my eyes to see
Where's my glasses?
My best is now behind me now!

I walk to the bathroom
It takes a few steps
But I'm alright now
My aim and flows not great
But what do you do?
My best is now behind me now!

To the kitchen to make my breakfast
Before I can eat
It's a handful of tablets
Now its microwave milk and weet-bix
Is it really time for work?
My best is now behind me now!

To shower in the bathroom again
I use sensitive liquid soap
And be careful not to slip
For my dry skin its moisturiser
How can my middle be so round?
My best is now behind me now!

To the car for the trip to work
It's a bit of a struggle
But I'm in the seat and ready to go
Be careful and rely on the camera
Why can't I see well in reverse?
My best is now behind me now!

I'm at my spot and park the car
To get out of my seat
It seems such a task

Make sure you don't fall
Why do my ankles ache so much?
My best is now behind me now!

I take my trolley bag to my desk
To turn on the computer
It's another day at my desk
Make sure you don't sleep
Is this all there is?
My best is now behind me now!

The day goes so quick
But I'm told that happens now
To meetings are uninteresting to me
Smile and not make comment
When you know it isn't right?
My best is now behind me now!

Back to my desk to finish the day
Others may think that I don't know
Some may laugh at what I do
They haven't seen the forty years
Will they remember what it's like?
My best is now behind me now!

The trolley bag and back to my car
To drive to home and not to forget
Out of the seatbelt and out I get
The dog is there and is so happy
Have I made it through the day?
My best is now behind me now!

I eat my dinner not too spicy
Then light exercise is the go
Watch some live television
Drift off to nap by 9.30
There is no more or is this true?
My best is now behind me now!

To bed again and read some more
Drift off before the end of the sentence
No more is possible the day has ended

The CPAT machine is needed
Is this all there is?
My best is now behind me now!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - My Point Of View

Life - My point of view

Disaster it will be
If you don't agree with me
My list of rules is right
Even though it may blight
For the future is already written
So stand aside don't be bitten!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Neglected Friendships

I remember the smile on your dial
And how you would stay just for a while
But the time became hours all along
Whilst we laughed and sang our song
When I thought things wouldn't change
You were my best friend forever I'd explain

But time marches on for us all
And we drifted apart from each other's call
Our lives had different paths in what occurred
So years went by without a word
Until one day out of the blue
The telephone call said that your life was through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Nothing Lasts Forever

Nothing lasts forever they say
All you have to do is wait it away
Until you see the end
So there's no need to pretend

This is a good remedy for the bad times
Especially when you've been waiting in lines
But it also is true for a good one
When you wish it's only begun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Once The Kindly Light

Take one step at a time
As the journey begins
There is no need to rush
As my path will be known
Once the kindly light
Leads me steadily on
Know that others
Will be there too
As you sing your song
Don't worry about a thing
For the light will shine on
'Til you complete the journey
And the ending will be fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Only Fight Those Battles You Can Win

When is the proper time to make my thoughts known?
Particularly when you know they won't be happy and rebound
I have thought to only fight those battles you can win
But if you decide to fight - where do you begin?
And once begun you must be happy to be locked in
To what occurs as it pans out and how it will end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Optimism Is Right

The day ended yesterday at midnight
And you go onto another in your sight

Hold up your story as it is and don't ponder it now
As some things will start again and it will be your show

That you don't have to dwell on your past
Just the good and those things you learnt to last

Be proud of yourself
As your life is your wealth

Your life, family, friends and work mixed together
Will ensure that it is right after all you have weathered

Optimism is right for us all
Stand up make it right is your call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Other People's Opinion

Do other people's opinions count?
Only if you take them to heart
Some people just don't know
But they think they do
So I will take opinion from those
Whom I judge will know
Others I think I'll read and discard

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Our Cross To Bear

I think that everyone has a cross to bear
The one thing that brings you to despair
That we all carry and wish to repair
And want to go back and change the outcome there
But what can you do, you are left with the result
Even though what happened you would like to pulp
Sometimes it will just happen without much control
But you are left with the result over which to mull
In the end to linger does no good
Just move on and live your life as you should
Who would say if this didn't occur
That you would have your life now to demur.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Pondering The Old Days

The sixties were sun and fun
As childhood was a gun

The seventies were change
And making plans in life's range

The eighties were finding love
And personal growth looking above

The nineties were family times with babies
As we became more confident with less maybes

The noughties realised what could be done
With adjustments in coping begun

And so we are in the teens and what does it mean
With retirement and contemplation begun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Pure Logic In This World Of Ours

If there was pure logic in this world of ours
Would it make us unencumbered in deductive powers
When using logic would make things crystal clear
And so our decisions would be quick and so near

Other people's points of view when laid out
Mean it didn't matter when it was thought about
Would there be less arguments between us
And we would be more accepting without fuss.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Ridulous Questions, Meaningless Answers

Ridiculous questions
Meaningless answers
Wearing dark glasses
Putting up fronts and hiding
Not finding or making a better world
Going to bed early
And not sleeping all night
Drinking alone until it doesn't matter
Regretting your past
Not seeing a future
Never finding happiness
Loosing good friends
Not finding a laugh in the simple things
Sitting wondering where the years have gone
Waking up alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Seek Out The Joy

There is a time to laugh and sing
To think of a brighter life to bring
And leave the sadness of the world behind
To seek out the sun and fun to find

Now with the summer is coming on
Seek out the joy and your favourite song
Play it loud and sweet
Love and laughter with your friends to greet

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Soak Up What Is A Mess

The end of it all
There is no need of the call
Who was right
In this end of the fight
Doesn't matter now
Just what was the knowhow
So all we have left
Is to soak up what is a mess.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Some Memories That Are Hardest To Defend

Why do I feel that there is no end
To remembering the bad in no need to pretend
Some memories that are hardest to defend
Are in my mind I can't now comprehend

So I take my life for what it has been
And I reminisce of the things I have seen
Why can't I have flashes of the laughter I've had
Instead of the the frightening and what makes me sad

I'd like to play let's make a deal
Where I lose the sad things that I feel
So when I'm alone these memories do not come
And the things worth remembering are my choice as done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Songs And Places

Songs and places that bring back sweet memories
Of times together with loved ones that you will agree
It may only be a few notes or words of a song
That bring a smile to your face as you sing along

There are places in the sunshine as a magic spell
Where you would like to go back and to forever dwell
So hold those memories high for they will always be
A little bit of heaven on earth to treasure for you and me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Stories From Childhood

What did we learn from the stories of our youth?
They were so innocent and never uncouth
There were heroes who always won
And the villains in the end all come undone

We look back on that golden time when good did not fail
And know that they were just a children's fairy tale
In the real world when the weak take on the strong
It is the strongest not good or bad who all get along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Such Good Luck

He one day to me as he sat behind his desk
And sipped his coffee in a slurp of breath
You know I wish I had your luck to be
Having a handicapped son so plain to see
And get all the things that you now get
It would be heaven to have this set
I sat and looked at him as he spoke
And wondered how he could be such a dope.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Summers Without End

When I was ten and I was with my friends
We rode together in summers without end
We didn't have a lot but were richer than most
For we were mates with no need for a boast

Is there a better feeling to know you belong
For each day was an adventure in our song
And those memories of the friendship days
Will be with me forever and be mine always.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - That Contented Feeling

The sun peeping through the cloud
After a cold rainy day shining proud

The siren sounding when your team is in front
When they are one point ahead taking the forward punt

The smell of a new born babe
Taking their first breath made

The accomplishments of your children as they grow
Hoping that their life will be better than you know

Taking off on a jet at the start of a holiday
Thinking about the good times in your stay

A cool breeze on a sunny summer's day
All these things are precious in their way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Day Is Done

Rest your head
After your toil
Close your eyes
No need to look
Tasks of the day
Have finished now
There is no need
To think of things
Clear your head
And rest a while
The day is done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Harshest Critic

I sit here and look inside of me
And wonder what I am made up to be
I know I am only human and have my flaw
And thinking back on my younger days wanting more
There are some things that I wish I could do again
And not cause the heartache that others comprehend
These are the things that now play through my head
And I'm my harshest critic in those things that I dread

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life – The Human Touch

What is it worth, this human touch?
That we crave and desire so much
A warm feeling that flows from your fingers
That tingles as electricity pulses and vitality lingers

Not to be alone but be with someone who cares
It feeds your soul as old wounds despair
When the wind is cold and your way is unlit
A soft and gentle touch will kindly remit.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Lesson For This Particular Thing

When was it that our innocence ended
And it was lost after exposed to things unintended
I used to be able to see pure innocence there
But now I wonder what is in store for me later to bare

For surely it can't last and the dark will return
As the world is harder and I need to learn
Whatever the lesson is for this particular thing
And in my mind will return and loudly ring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life – The Lonely Man

In a country town the word gets around
What is the latest word to be found?
He was a shabby one starting to push past forty
From the bush he wasn't that smart or hoity-toity
When left alone by a father's death
A small fortune to him was left

But wealth alone doesn't give you a true friend
Ones you can mix with who will support you to the end
What it does attract are the weasels and the users
Who'll take your lonely money and become abusers
So when the lawyer gives out his allowance money
He was popular with them for the milk and honey

In the pub on those days he'd shout them in their say
I spoke to him when his allowance was now spent away
Of why he tolerated it with their weaselling way
He said he did not want to be alone again today
So he left with sadness in his teary eyes
To go alone again to his room as he survives.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Long And Rocky Trail

With each step you take
You walk to the future you make
The trail can long and rocky
That can sometimes be far from happy
But you must with each step that you partake
Ensure it brings you forward for your future's sake
So take your compass and look ahead
Don't look behind there is adventure in your map read

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Loser In Life

Can't you give me shelter before I fade away
I can't see my way forward again and I can't stay
He was beside himself and had finally broke down
The people he needed to rely had not been around

So he sat at the kitchen table and held his head in his hands
The despair was on his face when he thought of life's demands
How could something that started off so well in the beginning
Have ended with the lost and the grief that he was now feeling.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The March Of Time

As you get older you tend to look back
When looking forward for you is a hack
I remember I used to cut a style
In the latest fashion to make me smile

But now if I were to dress in this way
There would be more a laugh to say
But what I want to know is this
When did I become a parody of myself to miss?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Nectar Of Life

Take a drink from the cool clear blue pool
To take your fill for each is the golden rule
It is the elixir of life for everyone one of us
Just take one sip from the spring without a fuss
When you are tired and find it hard to go on
Refresh and renew from the pool it won't take long
Know for each trial that presents itself to you
All you need is to rest and sip the nectar of life too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Path Of Righteousness

We want to walk the path of righteousness
So others see our foot is best from the rest
But in the dark recesses unseen to some
Do we do what we don't want seen or done

The public spotlight which shines down
Cannot see each corner that causes a frown
If we want a judgement for a righteous soul
These dark recesses need a brighter goal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Pivot Point

It seems to me that there are pivot points standing out
Where things will come to a head that the decision is about
And you can feel it as the pressure builds towards the end
When you contemplate the answer that you will contend

We all look for the best result and to find satisfaction
And how you apply it will influence you in your action
So don't sweat the small things and the pivot will eventually be gleaned
When it will become clear that the decision will be there for all to be seen.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Promised Land

When I was young and still wanting to understand
I put my faith and hope in the Promised Land
Now the years have gone by its hard to hold on
If I think too much I know that that this hope is now gone

I'm battered and bruised
By the things that I choose
I look for the sun
But the Twilight has begun

I get up in the morning hoping it will turn around
But now I know it won't happen that's as much as I have found
People walk by me and don't see how empty I am inside
All that's left for me in the end is my foolish pride

I'm battered and bruised
By the things that I choose
I look for the sun
But the Twilight has begun

So hold up the banners and bang on your drum
Show the world your public face and don't let on
How hurt you are inside from what life strings
Sometimes in the end that'll be all that heartache brings

I'm battered and bruised
By the things that I choose
I look for the sun
But the Twilight has begun

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Razor's Edge

The razor's keen edge stretches on
Don't make a wrong move as the fall is long
Each step you take needs to be measured and straight
Remember to keep a move up your sleeve to give you some weight
And when it becomes a question of whether you'll last the time
Being able to look at yourself in the mirror is important to mind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Search For El Dorado

Do we search for El Dorado
Using our own personal credo
Do we want to find this place
Where we live in God's good grace

Where cares and woes are not seen
And there is nothing further to glean
When there is nothing left for us to pine for
And we will find for us what's in store

But can we find such a wondrous thing
Or be content with our lot in life and sing

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Shadow

My shadow on the ground
Quietly following me around
It is there for all to see
Dark and treading silently
As it mirrors my every step
My secrets between us are kept.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Summer Of '76

The summer of '76 was a golden time
The music, the sun and the times divine
The Eagles were kings and we partied on
Drinking and rocking on to every song

As young adults we basked in the glory
As the summer weaved its magic and we made our story
There was no time for regrets or worries for us
Just good times going on forever without a fuss

The sun glistened on the sea and its warmth made
Afternoons of romping on the beach wouldn't fade
There was no internet, mobile phones or computers
You didn't need them as we were all straight shooters!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Sun Will Come Up Tomorrow

The sun will come up tomorrow
There will be laughter as well as sorrow
Even though it may be hard to begin
Go on get out of bed and get stuck in
So when others count on you
You have just got to push on through

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - The Time Traveller

I am a time traveller who sees fifty years
All the good times and all the tears
I am a baby at my mother's breast
And a toddler with my first steps expressed
It's my first day at school
And High School trying to act real cool
And the sweet kiss of a lover's heart
And choosing one to never be apart

At my father's funeral feeling so forlorn
I am there when my first child is born
When first day at school comes again around
With happiness and laughing sound
Living each moment whilst children grow
As time goes fast and not ever slow
I'm be there on my last working day
And To see grandchildren in a cycle away
And I will be there at my last breath
After visiting time in my life's test.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Think Of All These Wondrous Things

Wash your face and eyes
So you can see the beauty of the sky
Take a deep breath
So you can smell the pretty flower's depth
Taste the sweet nectar of honey made
So it's sweet caress will not fade
Hear the birds sing as the sun arrives
On its journey across the skies
Touch the new-born baby's skin
So you feel a new life will begin

As God gives us each day as it brings
Think of all these wondrous things!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Thinking And Facts

I sometimes sit and think about my thinking
And what if I start forgetting facts and things

But it came to me in a flash of inspiration whilst I linger
All I need is have is to have a dextrous index finger

And to remember how my I phone works
When searching in the Google engine perks

Accessing every piece of information on this earth
I will be able to instantly show my knowledge worth.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Thoughts On A Thought

Have you ever thought of where you get the ideas
When all of a sudden the fuzziness clears
Is it the neurones that will suddenly all line up
And from the electricity generated your brain will sup

So then this energy will spark into your mind's eye
And the inkling of a thought will develop and become spry
All of a sudden an idea gains legs and if you are lucky will link
To become an invention, song, story or love for another you think?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Traps Are Set

The web is woven
Each thread is made
Patterns are formed
Traps are set
This is the end
For the unwary

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Voices Float Across On The Wind

Voices float across on the wind
They call me out as it's time to begin
Stop your toil there is no further need
Our path ahead wills us to succeed

Lead us forward in this our mortal coil
On a righteous road that will be our foil
Know that these voices we strain to hear
Are kindly and from which we shouldn't fear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Walking Your Path

Walking the path
One step at a time
Make each step
Steady as you go
Place each foot
On solid ground
But look ahead
Your goal to find.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Was There A Plan?

Was there a plan in what you've done
That was made years ago when you begun
When all was possible in what you saw
And nothing would worry you to know the score

So you start out and think about each step
As you move on with each promise kept
But then things happen and its not so clear
And you lose what you hold as dear

Each day can be a challenge in what occurs
And some things get under your saddle as burs
So here I am with the journey nearly done
The fact I've survived gives a smile as I have won.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - We Glimpse The Other Side

Once and a while we've glimpsed the other side
When the door is ajar and we peep inside
It's when one is taken from our family pride
We sit and ponder the why in the ride
That one decides that life has to end
And that you die a bit each day and not defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - We Need To Be Happy

What do we need to be happy
Kind words to hear and smile today
A healthy life with family and friends
Someone to love in a time that doesn't end

The sun shining with a refreshing breeze
Ridiculous arguments gone - only a need to please
Peace in the world with plenty to eat
No regrets or at least to leave them complete

Your favourite car to drive down the road
With tomorrow to look forward in happiness mode
Knowing that life is for you to hold onto now
No need to count your years - Blow a kiss and bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Were You A Shooting Star Across The Sky

Were you a shooting star across the sky
Or were you the moon as it gently glides by
Did you see those wondrous things this world has to offer
Or were there other things that you needed to line your coffer
Were the people that you love there always for you
Or were you lonely in your journey as you went on through
When life makes its call on you in your final hours
Will there be grief and tears and not just flowers?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Are The Things That Eat At You

What are the things that eat at you
In the quiet times when you think it through
Do you mull over a time
When you should have been better in your rhyme

It may be that you weren't your best
And if taken now there'd be better results in the test
You'd think that once in a while
There'd be something to remember to make you smile.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Do We Care

We read the stories but what do we care
Of innocents lost that are too much to bear
What do we say amongst ourselves
How bad it is or thank god it's not ours to delve

Everyone knows wrong from right
And not tolerate any use of might
Surely there are people who know what they will do
To kill or assault those they should love or leave on through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Do You Want In The Twilight

What do we want in the twilight
Is it regret for the years past
Or is it satisfaction for the life lived
Perhaps it's that kindness will occur
As you ease out of one life
And into the final one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Frightens You

What is it that frightens you
Is it being alone with nothing to do
Is it some dark dingy place
Where things that creep and crawl are in the pace

When the future looks dark and dim
And you wonder how could it begin
When you look down the unknown line
Would it be that what's there is hard to define

Is it the beginning or the end of it all
And either way it would seem it's not your call
If indeed the future is a finite thing
Perhaps make your present something that will sing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Goes On In The Shadows

What goes on in the shadows that isn't seen
There are secrets that if known would be obscene
Are there sniggers by groups who want what they shouldn't
And when they are caught when they think that they couldn't
Those offences which are committed against those who are innocent
And children who we are given to us in God's care that is sent
How can these people once they are known
Return to decent people into society thrown.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Is It That You Don't Want To Hear?

What is it that you don't want to hear?
That you failed at something that you hold dear
Perhaps it's a job that you don't want to do
Or the relationship you treasure is now all through
Maybe it's something about your health
Will you be poor as something has affected your wealth

So maybe it's happened and you're not feeling great
And the tendency to be hard on yourself in the wake
But what I have found for us all
Is to move on and don't give in to the fall
A wise person once told me life isn't a level plain
It's a climb up a mountain with rests once and while to proclaim.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Is Worthwhile To Preserve

Time marches on and it sometimes heals
The wounds of life as your soul it reveals
Or do you now ask to start it all again
And use the experience for the future to blend
I'd like to think that we get what we deserve
And we will find what is worthwhile to preserve.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Life Brings

I wonder did I miss something in it all
Were there things I should have done in my call
Can I now stand and reflect on what occurred
Or when I looked into their eyes was it blurred

What you need I suppose is pure vision in all that's showed
But sometimes it is difficult when you are in life's mode
To understand when you have you mind on other things
So when you sum it up all you are left with is what life brings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Makes People Angry

What makes people seethe so that anger is bred?
Is it a piece of cloth around a lady's head
A religion that is not the same
Or the colour of your skin that's not in your frame

Would it be that the other person has more than me
Or perhaps it's just that someone said it was wrong for them to be
And that in the end the person or culture that will overtake my world
Or in the end that we just want to feel superior in feelings held

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Plays Over Again In My Head

When will it end I heard her say
It seems that the pain will never go away
Why is it that I still remember every word
That was said even the ones that now seem absurd
Some things you know you can't unremember
That stay in your heard like a glowing ember
So when they now play again in my head
Over and over its the memory I dread.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Things Would You Save From Today

What things would you save from today
Would it be the people who won't go away
With each laughing and loving moment spent
Remembering as well the tears as they ferment

Or was it the walk in the sun shining down
When you looked around without a frown
The feeling that all was right with the world
As in its bosom we are all so softly held

But today will stay as it always will be for me
As I am happy that it was mine nurtured free
All I ask is that these hours lived will remain
For me to savour again in a melancholy refrain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Was Meant To Be Will Be

How time does quickly slip by
As the cares of each day fly
Time rolls along without care
Where are those things of which we dare?

We think at first life will never end
There will be nothing we need to defend
But in the twilight we now see
What was meant to be will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - What Would You Find Down The Back Of The Seat

What would you find down the back of the seat
Was it something you lost to make your life complete
Some words that you scrawled on a slip of paper
That would carry from them a life altering favour
Words that were lost to your world that would heal
Or for your lover that would seal love as the real deal
Maybe it's the jingling sound of some lost gold coins
Paying a debt that meant something when it was purloined
Perhaps it's too late and the moment has passed
And what you have now for all time will forever last.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - When Things End What Does It Mean?

When things end what does it mean?

Looking forward or back may be the theme

The good times are held for their simple pleasure

Of mixing together in your life loving its measure

So what of the future to look ahead for you now

To some extent it's with the gods to decide how

Life will roll on from this day forward for you

With each day a new adventure to savour too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - When Your Hearing Blows Out

Why can't I hear well I asked them
When I'm in a crowd the voices right in blend
And I can't hear every word
Even those that may seem absurd

So I went in the booth and had the test
And it seems I now can't hear the best
All those years around firearms blew them out
So now I have hearing aids so please don't shout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Where Do The Years Go

Where do the years go
They certainly don't go slow
Some things are worth remembering
And others a lot less for the rendering
So in the end we take stock of what was
When we wonder if there was merit in your cause
If you are looking for an acknowledgement of work well done
Forget about it as your face may fit and therefore not be the one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Where Do You Go When The Darkness Takes Hold?

Where do you go when the darkness takes hold?
And you can't see the light and people are cold
What are the thoughts that invade and won't go away
When all that you want is peace in your stay

Will the peace that seems to be for everyone and all
Be yours again when you want to make the call
You would think that as the years have gone by
Earning your place in the sunshine is not so high.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Who Am I Like?

Who am I like?

Is it my father who could see it through
And not confront unless he had to
Is there some of my mother there
Who was stubborn and loyal but did care
Perhaps there was some of a grandfather I knew
Who stayed the distance all the way through

Perhaps in the end we make our own call
And find we are ourselves after all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Who Are The Heroes

I think about the heroes who rocked my soul
Who have made their mark through life's maul
Do you see them as special for their deeds
That they did more in life than meet their needs
Is what you think of them tempered with fire
Or were they able to find their way through the mire
Did you once aspire to be one of these immortals
Or settle in finding your way through life's portals

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Who Would Be Me

Who would be me
If the point was
That it could change
When it can only remain the same

What are the thoughts
I carefully nourish inside
That make me what I am
When I think what could have been

Where are the happy times
That I remember now
In my quiet moments
When I didn't have to think about anything

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Why Don't They Listen

Why don't they listen
Do they feel that they are right
So that you don't count!

Is it that they have
A point that is theirs
You lose before you start!

So in the end
What do you do when you see
That it can never be!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Wonder At The Reality

It is not hard to begin something new
And whilst you are doing it to chew through
It can be taken as one step up a mountain each time
And in doing so you won't get in such a hard bind
It would seem once you reach the end in its finality
That the end comes quickly whilst you wonder at the reality.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Wounds Can Be Deep And Hard To Heal

Wounds can be deep and hard to heal
And the scars they leave are the real deal
Do you take it all
When someone makes a call

Or do you strike back with spear and shield
Then again refuse to yield
But after all that's said and done
The scars left can't be undone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - You Take The Ride

What did it cost
This life of mine
With what was lost
In what I did find

For those years ago
So young and so nice
Were dreams a show
Now I've paid the price

But the fare is there
And you take the ride
Know that you do dare
Don't now try to hide.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Your Future Is Yours

In our lives we look forward to the new day
And know the day before will also have a say
Dreams of yesterday morph into your life song
As each sunrise will open new possibilities to belong

Your future is yours to consider to make your way or alter
And it is pointless to point a bone at others when you falter
Know the task ahead may be daunting as it is for us all
But persistence will build something you're proud to recall.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life - Your Greatest Possession

Why has it taken so long to see
The things that really matter to me
Take your happiness from what you can do
Not what you wish you had too
The simple things are the happiest ones
And take life for what to you it becomes
You know there will always be
People who will not like me
So let them get over it!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life And Times

Wondering and wandering
Thoughts of traveling on
Hearing calls the future makes
Finding things to remember
Is there time to be tender
Before travelling onward
To the last adventure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life From A Brisbane Balcony

The cool fresh clean air I feel
The noise of the traffic the deal
The Storey Bridge surveys the scene
The humidity for us rarely seen

The streets hilly and busy from afar
The pulse of Brisbane city doesn't mar
The balcony at breakfast I clean
The northern holiday a dream

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life Is Not A Rehearsal

Life is not a rehearsal I heard him say
As we were talking together on that day
Many things that happen you won't control
Remember in the end that's not in your role
As he puffed away and I contemplated it all
He said sometimes you'll have to take the fall

As a life philosophy I think it did have merit
And I have thought of giving him some credit
After all to make your way you have to find a fit
To live your life and make a success of it
But what of those things you need to practice?
Surely you should to do this without any malice

So live your life, make your mistakes to learn from them
Happiness is what it's about to take you to the end!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life Isn't A Rehearsal

To be accepted always seemed cool
You know, not following the rules
And making it was the thing to do
So years later I have thought it through

It's seems so lame to me now
Would you like to go back and how
Just act like life isn't a rehearsal
And make some interesting reversals.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life -The Horizon

You can see the horizon ahead
But what is over the other side instead?
The things that seem so clear to you now
May not be the closer the horizon is, in your know how

Can you ride off into the sunset like the heroes of old
Or has the sun set and now there is darkness and cold
Who would have known when you were young and knew nothing
The afternoon sun would wane so fast in its warmth with foreboding.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life -We All Live Exist And Die At God's Call

What would the world have been like
If I wasn't born on that Friday night
Would there have been another middle child
In all would there have been another life filed

Would the world have got along quite well
Without all the things I have to tell
And what of the people that I have loved
Would they have found another fit of the glove

I think that in the end the world would get itself together
One person in the scheme of things doesn't matter
There will be other lives and other deeds in all
As we all live exist or die at God's final call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life's Journey - The Years March Along

I am a tiny baby in my mother's fondling arms
Then a four year old child with my demands
It's my first day at school with a new school bag
At a Christmas Tree yelling for Santa what a wag

I am riding my bike yelling in quite a delight
Racing from the last day of school with all my might
At the beach with my brothers on a sunny day
Kicking the football at the oval end to end that way

I am a teenager rocking along to each new song
Wanting to find my way in this world to get along
Finding a job that I want to do was the next thing
As an adult moving ahead with some bells to ring

I am now someone's partner then a parent too
Making the sacrifices for family as time rushed through
Now I'm older with my last years marching on
Knowing that in the end I've done more than just get along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life's Journey - What Would You Do If You Started Again?

What would you do if you started again?
Would the road be the same to your journey's end?
The decisions that you made so urgent then
Now don't seem so right now that you need to defend
Is the sun meant to shine as bright as it did
And will the clouds cover those times to be hid?
Will those relationships be as tender in their touch
Or will you find happiness with others so much
Hindsight is such a thing looking back in history made
That was once right then, now for you may be splayed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life's Journey - Where Does The Hatred Begin?

Where does the hatred for others live?
Does it mean you have no mercy to give
Does the mere thought of a person's name
Raise your blood pressure high in the game
We have people that to us we will never agree
And will never be able their point to see
Sometimes the only way ahead for us all
Is to steer clear of one another is the call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Life's Journey - Who Went This Way Before?

Who went this way before?

Others who were seeking themselves to explore

As their time has passed to the great infinity

And time has ended this their journey

In the world's eternal circle of life

Each of us will feast upon our slice.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Listen To The Muse

Write a story, sing a song
Play an instrument toe tap along
Write a poem for those to see
Listen to the Muse for what will be
It doesn't matter if others think it doesn't fit
The only pre-requisite is that you like it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Listen To This Song

If I listen to this song
I won't cry the night long
For the mood I'm in
Has such regard for old sin

But the song wants me to sing
And have the happiness it will bring
So keep playing while you can
I know crying will not make it go to plan.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lists

I made a list of things to do
And said to myself it's up to you
Painstaking in its making
None of it will find the earth a-quaking

So I look to do each one
Now's the time I should have begun
For my list is just a reminder of things
That when completed I will find the joy it brings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Live Just Right

I want to live life just right
I don't want to fuss around or fight
The time has come to strike up my band
This very moment is in my hand

Forget about yesterday for it is past
I'm not reliving things others want to last
One thing about getting older now
Is there is less of the guilt or wondering how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Live Your Life Well

Happiness and living your life well
With your family and friends so swell
By doing this in your life in your groove
It will insult Terrorism and be so smooth
So every person in the world will see
You being whatever they want to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Logic - I Want To Believe You

I don't have your answer
To the question you infer
You can explain it again
Your position you can defend
I want to believe you
Now I've heard it all through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lolly Easter Eggs 2019

Do you remember lolly eggs so pretty
As part of your Easter Sunday kitty
They always rattled when you shook them well
Held together with halves iced I could tell

Alas they seem to have gone from here
Chocolate eggs are the king now I fear
Another one of my childhood memories has gone
And those joys of childhood left for us to mull upon.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Loner

I'm a loner I know
In my own company I go
A conversation now and then
Will suit me 'til the end

Ya see there is no one
To argue or disagree some
And there is just one to please
Me instead of you I believe

It can be lonely as the name applies
But it is so much simpler no one denies
As I sit and talk to myself
I find the conversation is top shelf.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Loners

Is there safety in numbers
Or are you better alone
For you can set your own
Pace this way

And answer when you want
Loners aren't always lonely
And you get to be
What you want to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Look Around

Just slide along
No-one will notice
The herd is going your way
They won't even know

When they're not looking
Stick you head up
Look around but not too long
They might see you there

Move along don't stop
Keep the faith
It'll be alright
So cool.....

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Looking Back

History when looking back
Is not always a healthy hack
Putting yourself into their place
May be difficult to run their race

Ideas and morals were different then
And may not now be a good blend
Even the written and spoken language
May seem uncouth or ill engaged

Someone said to me today, why should
I be responsible for others who before me could?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Looking For The Light

I've been looking for the light
Out of darkness I'm out of sight
When the sun shows its face
I look to be in a state of grace

It's so hard to find your way
In the darkness I've wasted my days
Waiting for the bright light to shine on me
Will mean the light will set me free

And when the sun's warmth is a fact
It will raise my spirits not looking back
It will see me homeward bound
No longer wandering as I am found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Loose Fitting And Comfortable

Loose fitting and comfortable
Clothes that don't have to be fashionable
When you put it on it feels like home
Something for you after you roam

Do you long for it when you are trussed up
In another uniform for others drawn up
And don't you yearn to be free
In those home clothes as you should be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lost Friend

I relied on him then
To have my back until the end
For you need a mate
Who will be there for whatever date

But in the end it didn't happen
He decided our friendship would end
And so when I think of him now
The question is why and how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - They Don't Know About Us

I meet her at 12 noon for our rendezvous
And the sun shines for me right through
I know her face as I feel her with me
And when I touch her hand our magic will be free

There will always be for me just her alone
And I can't wait until I have her for my very own
Surely love is ours for all time to see
My hours with her are done so easily

For they don't know about us
And they will never know about our love.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - A Gentle Breeze Cools Our Nakedness

We lie together in our love's fond embrace
There are no secrets now in our state of grace
The moonlight bathes the scene as our love caress
Whilst a gentle window breeze cools our nakedness

I know there is no world except what we make here
And my love for for you will be a promise that I'll forever adhere
As I gaze across your naked shoulders I watch you softly sleep
Know that our love vow forever will be ours to keep.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - A Life Together

They were together fifty wonderful years
Through all the highlights and the tears
Both worked and raised their family together
Until they retired and thought they'd be together forever

So the years rolled on and they were never apart
They worked at the church Op-shop and had a heart
For their friends and neighbours when needed
And they were not rich in money but in love they exceeded

One day she was in the kitchen and he was in the yard
It had she hadn't heard him and went looking worrying hard
She found him collapsed and called for an ambulance
He'd had a stroke and their old life was alas now spent

He needed care and so he went to a Nursing Home
And every day she took the bus and walked to there alone
The stroke had left him where he didn't know much
But she stuck at it and sat with his hand she did clutch

But there were other plans for her in God's call
And one night she died in her sleep and that's all
It was not long after that he didn't last long then
So they were joined together again in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - A Shadow In The Moonlight

The moon was so bright when you walked along the path
You cast a shadow in the moonlight as you were bathed
And the moon reflected on the sea like a silvery boat
As across the sky between the clouds it did float

On the cliff overlooking it all was a cottage built sturdy with care
By a sailor who ended his roaming on oceans stormy and fair
You see the cottage was built for his love who died one year
Whilst he was on the San Francisco run and he was not there

As the years went by the stories of him grew
How he'd sit in his cottage brooding his time through
And they say on this moonlight night he quietly died
And she returned to him as his lover again as time transpired.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Believe Me

I believe in love at first sight for us it is so true
I knew when we first met for me it would be you
I know we deserve to be together for all time
Our future with each other will be so sublime

Believe me when I say I love you
My longing for you has no end
When I first saw you I knew
There was no need to pretend

The tingle of your touch when I hold your hand
The ache I feel when you're not with me I can't stand
My every waking thought is about your loving smile
Every minute with you makes my life worthwhile

Believe me when I say I love you
My longing for you has no end
When I first saw you I knew
There was no need to pretend

You are my first my last my forever number one
I think of us when we're walking in the setting sun
And in the night when there is no-one else around
My search for my love is one I have truly found

Believe me when I say I love you
My longing for you has no end
When I first saw you I knew
There was no need to pretend

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Blanket On The Ground

Let's lie on a blanket on the ground
Whilst the sun sinks slowly down
I whisper softly of my love for you
And make my promise to be true
In the distance the sea sparkles free
And know our love is meant to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Cooling The Passion Of The Night

The soft breeze blows the curtain across the room
As it caresses our bodies cooling the passion of the night
The sun rises across the sea to banish the remaining gloom
And we lay together with the world feeling just right

I rejoice in finding you in this crazy world
And if I had a thousand days of my life to trade
Knowing that together our lives are meld
I would not trade one with you as our love is made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Did I See You There?

Did I see you there out the corner of my eye?
On that day when there was a cloud-less sky
Did I hear you call my name as I passed your room?
Or was it something that I hoped for in my gloom
Was it your laughter I heard in a crowded place?
Or was it just a mistake of mine in a state of grace
Were you singing your favourite song in the next car on?
Or was it the end of it all now that you are gone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Do You Believe In Magic

Do you believe in magic
Of love's gentle kiss
When together it's so romantic
And you know it will be in bliss

The way she smiles at you
When she thinks you aren't looking
And you smile back at her too
You feel your heart fast beating.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Do You Remember When Love Was New

Do you remember when love was only new
And anticipation tingled in your heart so true
It was gentle as the night and bright as the sun
When you felt your true love could not be undone

At each special moment did you think of them
So devoted never wishing your love would end
And those simple things you together shared
Were diamonds sparkling brightly unimpaired.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Do You Remember Your First True Love

Do you remember your first true love
Did it hit you like a lightning bolt from above
Or did it creep up on you as you held her hand
And whispered close by something grand

Was it that feeling of peace and contentment
Knowing that what you have was heaven sent
When you can't stand being away from her then
And you fast beating heart will not pretend

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Fine Wine

It may be a song that gives you that feeling
It may be a place where you find it revealing
It may be a person who speaks to your soul
It may be when you have finally reached your goal

It's the feeling you get where it all seems so right
When you want to be with her all through the night
Where you wish for more and it's like such fine wine
That you have what you need and you know it's divine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - For My Love

Wait for me under the blue jacaranda tree
The world will see our love was meant to be
The caressing breeze will cool your face
And I'll return to you in a state of grace

Walk with me on the golden sands
As I hold you in my loving hands
The gentle waves wash at our feet
This time together is so complete

Lay with me in the cool green grass
As we explore each other in a lover's grasp
We softly breath together in each other's arms
Our love expressed in all its charms

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - For Now I Am Alone

What was in my stare
That made you not care
What did I say
To make you feel that way
What did I miss
When I stole our first kiss
For now I am alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Hand In Hand They Walk To Their Cottage

The end of the day brings a sunset display
Made for lovers as in each other's arms they will stay
The breeze from the sea relaxes and redeems
After a Summer day where the sun beats down in its heavenly scheme

Together they are in their world as the night takes charge
There is no need for anyone else in their romance at large
As hand in hand they walk to their cottage in anticipation
Of their love-making together in their shared elation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - I Dream Of You

I dream of you

When I feel the first rays of the morning sun
At evening when the long day is finally done
On a blazing day when a cool breeze blows
And when I see someone wiggling their nose
When I feel the first drops of a rain fall by
And when a rainbow arch bends across the sky
You still know how to make me smile
Please come and sit with me awhile.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - I Dreamt Of A World

I dreamt of a world
Of kindness and fun
Where the sun always shone
And laughter was king

I dreamt of people
Who loved each other
And to be angry
Was too much bother

I dreamt of a time when
Sadness and grief
We're forgotten things
And love was the word.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - I Long For Her Smile

Dancing together is how I remember us
That young summer when life was easy
And what we did together was for us alone
Long summer nights when we were as one
But that was long ago before we drifted apart
And I miss her now and long for her smile.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - I Picture You On A Sunny Day

I picture you on a sunny day
With you by my side to stay
Holding hands as we walk
Lost in each other as we talk
You laughter brings a happy smile
With you is forever not just a while.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - I Remember You

I remember you now the Summer is through
When the birds fly away and the sky is no longer blue
And the days are shorter whilst the sun wains
Now the weather is colder and chimney smoke gains

I remember when we sat together in the evening
When you laughed at my jokes and I had a warm feeling
And it seemed you would stay forever in love's happy refrain
But it did not last and now only memories remain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - I Wanna Go Back

I wanna go back
To feel a smile on my face
And be not at all flat
To feel no need to set the pace
And to look ahead
To feel a world without end
And there be no dread
To feel a true love again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - I Will Bleed For You

If you fall behind
I will return for you
You don't need be afraid

If you needed help
I will come to you
You just need to ask once

If you are in danger
I will bleed for you
You just need to call my name.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - I Will Stay Forever As Your True Love

I look deep in your eyes
As you look deeply into mine
Is it the truth of love I will find
When we are together so entwined

Is there a light down to your very soul
As it burns for me with a passion
You can barely keep under control
And I will stay forever as your true love.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - I'm Driving The Highway At Night

I'm alone in the night on the road
I'm carrying such a heavy load
I remember the good times with you
I was a fool to think they were through
With only the full moon shining in the sky
Thoughts of you bring a tear to my eye

I'm driving the highway at night
Just heading toward the distant light
I know with a second chance it will last
There are mistakes I have made in the past

The Southern Cross is a beacon up ahead
Makes me think of the tears that I've shed
I know I was wrong to let you go now
It hurts so much when I now wonder how
I could have left and gone on alone
How could I have I should have known

I'm driving the highway at night
Just heading toward the distant light
I know with a second chance it will last
There are mistakes I have made in the past

I'm so lonely now that you're gone
How can I now without you carry on?
The road has twisted on up ahead
With each mile away from you I did dread
Why did I think that I'd last long without you?
I hope that you still feel that way too

I'm driving the highway at night
Just heading toward the distant light
I know with a second chance it will last
There are mistakes I have made in the past

I have crossed the hot desert alone without you
And in the mountains while the cold winds blew
I am through the pass and I see the town light

Why don't you answer your phone tonight?
Please forgive me, I was wrong to leave you then
Is that the phone ringing - my love please comprehend

I'm driving the highway at night
Just heading toward the distant light
I know with a second chance it will last
There are mistakes I have made in the past

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - If I Could Give You A Rainbow

If I could give you a rainbow everyday
And 'I love you, ' would be what I say
Walking by the sea on a sunny afternoon
Hand in hand together it would end too soon

A night together will pass in endless delight
When in years from now we remember this night
You will be my rainbow as it I see it across my mind
And I know we will be together for all time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - In Endless Bliss

The sweet touch
Of your lips on mine
As your soft breath
Caresses my cheek
We lay together
In the cool moonlight
As I am guided
By you in endless bliss
At the end we lie together
Each hour but a minute
And I do not want
For anything else
But you alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Is Love The Glue?

Is love the glue?
That binds us together
Will it last forever?
As a superglue for the soul
Or does it deteriorate
With the passage of time
And we gradually loose the bond.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Just Asking.....

Is there a day
That is ours
Is there a time
That is ours
Is there a place
That is ours

Is there a thing
That we remember
Is there a song
That we remember

Is there a love
That was ours
Just asking.....

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Just Sitting Holding Hands

Let's sit in our favourite café
And laugh as we cuddle together in a happy stay
The cool sea breeze on a summer's day
Will refresh our love as the mandolin plays
Just sitting whilst we hold hands
Means our love will grow as we make our plans.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Let Me Pretend

Just sit back down and let me pretend
We haven't met in true love's blend
One day we'll meet and I will know again
That you will be more than a friend
We will find romance as we hold hands
When we lay together on golden sands

Let me pretend
We've just met
And my love I'll send
That will find no end

As we grow together in each waking day
It will mean I love you more in every way
I'll feel my heart again start to glow bright
As we explore each other in the curtain of night
I will hear you breathing that gentle sound
I know it will be even better this time around

Let me pretend
We've just met
And my love I'll send
That will find no end

As sure as the sun comes up in its golden light
Our hearts will be together in eternal sight
I know if we were lost from each other's gaze
We will find each other in life's endless maze
So I know we are soul mates so ever true
And our true love will always shine through

Let me pretend
We've just met
And my love I'll send
That will find no end

© Paul Warren Poetry

Love - Let's Sit Down And Sort It Out

I'm tired of playing your games
Of trying to work out what are your aims
Do I have to start at the beginning each time
As you decide what's the reason or rythm

Let's just sit down and sort it out
There is no need to go shouting about
I am too tired to argue with you now
All it will take is for us to show some know how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Love Is The Latest Ring

Walkin' through the world
In the sweet sunshine meld
Happiness is what you bring
Inside your head have a sing

Each day you have is great
There is no need now to wait
Take heart it's a wondrous thing
Hug and love is the latest ring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - My Hands Were Trembling

My hands were trembling some
As I stumbled over my words begun
Her breath quicken as I whispered my love
For all time as the bright moon shone above

It was love at first sight and we both knew
Our time together meant our love grew
The cool night air brushed her soft skin
As my passion showed and we would begin

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - My Lost Love

There was a bit class about how she moved
When she walked towards me in the way she grooved
There was a sense of style about her that attracted me
And I fell in love with her as it was meant to be
But we drifted apart for reasons I don't know now
I still have a smile when I think of about her as the years go

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Never Comes The Day

Never comes the day
Darkness in display
The night lasts forever
Impassioned times together

As lovers we are entwined
Each gentle kiss divine
No borders made
Our love does not fade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Our Lover's Reward

The golden sun sparkled off the Torrens Lake surface
We glided on the water as we found our lovelorn purpose
When the lapping water was the only noise we heard
Time was ours without a need for any exchange of words

Perfect harmony with the world was our lover's reward
On a perfect day as nothing we did together seemed absurd
Now the intervening years have passed with all of life's trials
We are still together having journeyed the long miles.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Perfect Harmony

Let me lie close by and whisper in your ear
All the things that you are longing to hear
Let me explore your body softly with each sigh
In each other's arms as the night slowly slips on by
Let there be a perfect harmony by being together
A heavenly bliss is created for us forever

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Please Give Me The Words

I think of you and want to know
The feel of your body so soft in glow
But when you're near I find I can't say
That I love you and want you to stay
All those precious words to you I bring
When my heart skips a beat to you to sing
How do I face each day without you?
And let you know if alone I'm through
So I ask for the strength in each word
That you'll hear and not think them absurd.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Racetrack For Soul-Mates

You're my rev-head chic tuned to my fuel-injected soul
Reaching the finish line together is our life-time goal
Our pole position will not tempt the racetrack fates
We fine-tune our engines to make super-charged soul mates
I think of our life as just one fast edgy race
You as my co-driver setting the quickest pace
When our final lap is over and our time is at end
Getting the checked flag together means no need to pretend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Ride On

Ride on through forever is my fondest dream
You're my pillion passenger riding on so extreme
Cruisin' down the highway like a king and queen
We'll lean into the corners together riding on supreme
You always look good in leather and denim is your style
When I first saw you I knew you were worth my while
We were meant for each other I knew it at the start
Riding the highway together will always be in my heart.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - She Saves That Smile For Me

I know she saves that smile for me
As she walks past with a wiggle I see
She looks out the corner of her eye
To catch mine as she walks on by

My heart jumps pleading me to implore
That our love will last forever more
And I have to see her each day
Or I know that I'll waste away

There are times when I think I will die
Knowing that for her I can't tell a lie
So I have decided that today I will say
I love you and with you forever I'll stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Soundtrack To Our World

The blues are the sound track to our world
A raunchy guitar riff as our banner unfurled
And I know that as our years go quickly by
With my rock steady girl together we'll fly
That heavy metal sound that fills my soul
Your denim and lace to my air guitar roll
Hard times have come as well as the good
Together forever would be time well stood.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Sway In The Fire Light

The bonfire crackled in the frosty air
As I watched her sway without a care
The way her hips moved in time
Made me want to make her mine

The music spoke of a gypsy woman
Casting her spell as was her plan
As there was just her and the starry night
With no one but her in the shadowy fire light.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - That I Can't Disguise

Do I haunt your waking hours
As you haunt mine
And do you wish for my lips to kiss
As it would be divine

Do you dream of me
As I do of you when I close eyes
And do you see my love for you
That I can't disguise.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - The Beach Walk

We walked along the lapping sea shore on a sunny afternoon
When the cool breeze caressed our faces wiping away the gloom
The seagulls wheeled across our azure blue cloudless sky
As the sea move towards the shore and retreated on the fly

We smiled and laughed at the children playing in the warm sea
As you nestled into my shoulder holding my arm as tight as can be
Our walk ended near the pier as the afternoon light faded so slowly
And you leant against the pylon and I kissed you on your lips so gently.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - The Beauty Of Her Face

The beauty of her face and the grace in her move
Held my gaze with such power that kept me in its groove
And as she passed I saw her smile as I caught her eye
This moment I wished to last forever or not want time to fly

Although the years pass and their worth is judged in our say
The memory is as fresh as when I first saw her on that day
Her beauty has not faded nor my love for her in every waking hour
And I know this is how it was meant to be together in love's power.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - The Day I Remember

The clear blue stretched across the summer sky
And the sun warmed our backs as it journeyed by
We walked together on the dusty trail holding hands
As the afternoon seemed to last forever in a grand plan
The brook babbled as we stood leaning on the rail
There was nothing else we needed on a perfect day
And it is this day that I remember since you went away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - The Day Is Quiet

When the day is quiet and I rest my eyes
I see you and your smile as you walk by
The times when we were together in fun
When our young love had just begun
Are still so clear in my memory now
As we enter our Autumn years as one

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love – The Last Thought On My Mind

When my time has come and my end I find
You will be the last thought on my mind
Your soft caress in love's embrace
Will be the last I remember of this world's grace
And I will sleep awaiting the time
When I see you and you will again be mine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - The Lifelong Love

They were young and in love forever
In Blantyre town for each other they did treasure
Their family grew and he became it's patriarch
She was the mother whose love ensured they were a family apart

Each of the seven children were part of their collective soul
As their life together near the Clyde River did roll
Until one day they decided to migrate to Australia
And they took their family to South Australia risking failure

But they built their life in Whyalla town where he built ships
And the family grew to adulthood in their individual clips
As time went by they spread around Australia to other states
Building their lives with the principles their parents would relate

But all stories have an end and theirs came when cancer struck
And William fought a fight with all that he could muster in his pluck
The insidious disease took him whilst the family gathered
Elizabeth grieved with her family as his life to them greatly mattered

So the time went on and she fretted for her lost love
With her longing for him became for her a tight fitting glove
She went back home to Scotland's ground
But she couldn't stay even with her brothers and sisters round

So she came back to Australia but couldn't settle down
Visiting her children was her only joy that came around
But life had one more twist for her life to occur
And she became sick whilst visiting a daughter once more

Whilst the family gathered to support her again
She died over night in her room as this story starts to end
So they had her funeral and the grief was raw
And the eldest son took their ashes to Blantyre together once more

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - The Moonlight Breaks

The moonlight breaks a silvery light
Across your face in love's sheer delight
The years roll by as I count each one
Our love together as bright as the sun
At once I knew when I saw you first
My heart was pounding as if to burst
I know my last thought will clearly be
Your beautiful face in my mind I see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - The Mottled Soft Light

The mottled soft light moves slowly
Across the bed as the music plays lowly
The satin sheets pick up the morning light
As my love for you shines forever bright
The night had been a perfect glow
As we made love together so very slow
We now lie in each other's arms
As time exhausted our lover's charms

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - The Night Is Our Friend

The night begins with a soft black velvet feel
The days light ends as lovers we reveal
The stars appear and twinkle in the dark sky
We softly touch each other as we both comply
Your soft easy breath as next to me you lie
We make love as the night goes quickly by
The night is our friend
With our wish is for it not to ever end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - The One That I Love

Close my eyes and what do I see
The one that I love smiling back at me
Lift my ears up and what do I hear
The one that I love sighing so clear
Touch your hand so softly and what do I feel
The one that I love whose soft skin is a warm deal
When my mind wanders at the end of the day
To the one that I love that I wish would stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - The Velvet Darkness

We lie together in the Velvet Darkness
On the hill over looking home in a lover's caress
Fear not the starry night as I am here
To love and protect the one I hold so dear
We spend the night in this lover's embrace
Until the golden rays light your beauty within god's grace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - There Are People You Connect With Straight Away

There are people that you connect with straight away
That is more than emotion and you want them to stay
As soon as you see them you know it's for the best
And you would like to together face the hardest test

It may be that you hope and you pray
That they will return your love in the best way
Maybe it's like all things that last
You need to work it once the first connection is past.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - There Is Someone Out There For Everyone

There is someone who is out there for everyone to saviour!
What's your heart's true content, for you to now favour?
Where are you your happiest, when your heart will sing?
Take a chance, you know how, just do your own thing!
Don't ask why just set yourself and you will know
In the end true love and happiness will be your show!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - To You Forever More

If I could give to you sunshine every day
And all the time you wanted to while an age away
I would give you happiness for all its worth
And find endless pleasure in your smile of mirth

The ages would last forever and be yours at call
What I have is yours alone in my one and all
You would know you would not want for anything I implore
For it is my love I give to you and to you forever more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Together Again In Love

As When the Great War started he was in line
To be a six bob a day tourist he was inclined
So he joined up and went home to his love
And when she heard it she prayed to God above

His first stop was to Morphettsville Racecourse for training done
With other young men it was adventure and fun
The next stop was to Albany whilst the convoy gathered
Then to Egypt for further training for the war that mattered

He was at Anzac Cove on that terrible April day
And he managed to survived whilst others were taken away
Until finally they retreated from that Fatal Shore
Leaving mates there forever in death's grasp evermore

They went back to Egypt to expand the Corps
Then onto France to the Western Front war
He survived this industrial slaughter
With many falling through the years lost to history's mortar

But his luck did not hold near the end of the war
He was killed in the Advance to Victory in the final score
And he was laid in the Tyne Cot Military Cemetery made
Joining the Glorious Dead so their memory did not fade

She was living with her parents during these broken years
And received a visit from the pastor in the death message tears
So she struggled on and never re-married saying to her family
That she knew and loved the best in her soldier's homily

A long life was hers always tinged with great sorrow
And after fifty years she died no regrets for the morrow
But she had one more task to complete on this earth
And so she would travel for a meeting for love's worth

At Tyne Cot a gardener was working on the scared ground
And she stood on her shovel after planting flowers around
In the row two from her she noticed a misty cloud gather
And the old lady appeared out of this misty cloud lather

This lady stood looking at the white grave stone
And out of this mist from the grave with a groan
A young Australian soldier stood in front of her
Gradually the old lady transformed to her young self without flaw

So the young couple embraced and gently kissed
And the years melted away from the time that they missed
Then arm in arm they walked away into the mist
And the gardener was left to ponder what it meant in the gist

She went up to the grave and read the inscription written oration
Lance Corporal Norman Stone of the 10th AIF battalion
Killed in Action on 22 October 1918 a hero to be seen
The writing stated, 'I will meet you my darling again in our love's dream.'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Tongue Tied

It's just such a simple word said
And I find I am not wanting to dread
That if I say it will you return it to me
It's the confidence I now want for me to see
Sometimes it's so hard to utter the word
As I look into your eyes I don't want to feel absurd
So here I stand so close to you feeling without a clue
And tongue tied wanting to say 'I love you.'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - We Shared The Secrets Only Lovers Know

We walked hand in hand along the path
The sun on our backs and a cool breeze to last
We shared the secrets that only lovers know
In endless hours as our love did grow

We sat on a bench overlooking the sea
I kissed your lips and your eyes so gently
And we made plans together for all to know
As the dusk took hold and the sun sunk low

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - We Vowed Our Love Forever More

I remember the touch of your hand
As we walked the tropical island's sand
The sun glistened and danced from above
As it made a blanket for our love

I remember laying in each other's arms
In our beach house enjoying each other's charms
As the waves gently kissed the shore
And we vowed our love forever more

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - We Walk The River Bank

We walk the river bank as swans glide
Holding hands together side by side
The sun trickles through the tree line
And I pledge to you to be forever mine
The perfect day to spend with you
Knowing that your reply to me will be 'I do'.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - What Is The Number

What is your number in your call?
The one you remember that is your all
Is it the number when you unfold your fist
That is five that seems natural in your gist
Perhaps it is seven as the luck is known
Or for some ten in a decimal sown
And I know that one is the loneliest to choose
That you mean in the end you will lose
But I think for most of us as you know how
It's the number two together perfectly now.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - What Is The True Nature Of Love?

What is the true nature of love?

Is it two souls seeking each from above
As they meet in a thousand lifetimes
And explore each other again to each other kind

Or is it something that occurs just one time
To lean on each other once they are looking to find
A way through life and its trial together
And make them as light as a feather

So what happens when you find your soul mate
Is it a feeling that together you are great?
And your feelings are so strong
That you stay together all your life long

If these relationships do not last for a lifetime
Is that more an infatuation which is a physical kind?
True love must be a bold electric touch
So that you can't stand a parting from each other too much

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - What Will You Remember Of Me?

What will you remember of me when I leave?
Is it a memory or a kind thought whilst you grieve
Of happy times whilst the sun shone
Or when I held you in my arms together as one
Perhaps it will be a verse well writ
Or the diamond ring snugly on your finger to fit
But please remember my name
And that I was yours in love's eternal flame.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - When Did My Love For You Grow

When did the song end I said
As we were lying together in your bed
When did the day turn to night
As I was lost within your eyes so bright
When did my love for you grow
As we reached and touched each other's souls
When do I say that I cannot now live without you

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - While I Walk On Alone

Why wouldn't it be love
God only knows
I suppose
My life will go on
Even walking alone
Do I ring you
And say I am sorry
I just worry
Or pretend
While I walk on alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - Who Do You Love

Who do you love at your beck and call
That leaves you awake in night In my fall
Can you bear being apart for any minute of a day
And feel if you don't see her that you will waste away
Whose face do you see so clearly now behind closed eyes
When you have been away so long as you work to get by
What will you do when you see her standing there
That will show her that you love her and always will care.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love - You're Such A Temptation

You are my fascination in all I do
You're such a temptation all the way through
My imagination about you cuts me
Through to my soul as I want it to be

You're my beginning and to my life's end
I'm torn all of the time and my love I will send
My torment will be that you don't return
The feelings I have in my soul that without you will burn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love And Devotion

Crystal clear with devotion
A heart felt true emotion
Every day it dawns on me
Love truly given will be free

Simple things are the best
Not to be concerned for the rest
For love will always find a way
In the end for you to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love And Life - Thoughts On Meeting A New Friend

You find nothing new in that
It's all falling kind of flat
You have seen it all before
And have always wanted more
Let's start all from the beginning
And give it more of a meaning
Then at the end of it all
I still think you won't call

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love As A Fairy-Tale

If love was meant to be a fairy-tale
Should I ever want it to fail
I would wake everyday as it was spring
And there would be flowers and bells to ring

It would mean I would sleep through at night
When there would be a lover's moon just right
The picture I keep in my back pocket would not crumble
Where nothing you wanted me to do would be too much trouble

Would I be here now thinking these things to myself
And would know that our love is part of my wealth
Each moment of the day would be a treasure
That we could not help but find infinite pleasure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love Letters

When people stopped writing letters
Did we lose romance in this world
Where people took the time
To profess their love to one another
In language swearing they would be true
Do we now use symbols to say
What our hearts need romantic letters.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love Letters Kept

His love letters she kept in a shoe box
Tattered now tied in ribbon lots
That she takes them out when she's blue
And she feels there is nothing else to do

These were the ones he sent to say
That he wrote from long away
When there was a lull in the fighting
With shell and bullets stopped flying

Now that's all that is left for her
These letters held for him no more
For he stayed when others came home
As he sleeps with his mates no longer alone

And each year on Remembrance Day
She takes the letters out straight away
As she reads them all again
With his smile remembered then.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love Lost

Promises made but rarely kept
To cry out loud your grieving wept
Endless days of worrying why
Until it becomes just getting by
Until one day you will decide
You're alone again and outside.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love Of Country Is Not Always Extremist Behaviour

It is possible to love your country
Without being a left or right extremist
Being proud of you country's achievements
It doesn't mean that you should be avoided
Wanting to celebrate your national day
Should not make you an extremist
Or a Stalinist or a Neo-Nazi when judged

Should we be brought to task
For the mistakes of our forebears
Or just live your life well from now on
Doing those things that are more acceptable
Loving those attractions of your home
Those things that make you happy and proud.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love Story

Part 1 - A soft sweet breeze

A soft sweet breeze wafting over
As we lie together with you on my shoulder
No dream of you is better
Than you and me together
With our song playing softly low
And with no better place to go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Part 2 - Alone

The wet picnic table shone in the early light
In a silver incandescent blinding bright
A tennis ball in a puddle floating around
A dirty brown colour matching the ground

A heart-ache felt with each tear
On a cheek wet with grief that is always near
No more laughter felt from within
Just silence wanting it all back again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Part 3 - Last note

I saw him go to her earlier tonight
And then saw him kiss her standing in the light
So I stood there trying to pluck up my courage
Whilst I cried building up in a rage

I went to them with my rifle across my arm
They saw me and knew I was going to do harm
I shot them both dead in our bed
Now I finish my note knowing I will be soon dead.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Love- Would You Die For Me?

Would you die for me?
She asked of me
If there was no other way for me
Would you give you life for me?
As she looked at me
If all were lost in the world for me
Would you be able to live without me?
She asked again of me
Think what would you do without me
Would you die for me?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lover Lost

In my dreams
It's you I see
At night I'm happy
When I see you there
Once it was the sunlight
Now it's the moonlight
Where I want to be
With you again to pass the time
In my dreams
It's you and you alone
My lover lost forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lovers - Swaying To The Music

We dance together swaying to the musical display
Whilst the soul-full bass guitar is in a perfect play
The lights are low and we are alone in the room
The night and the music in an unending swoon
My fingers gently touch anticipating your soft skin
From your shoulders to back as lovers we begin
There is no where else that I'd rather be
With you and I locked in our lover's decree.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lover's Moon

There's a full moon reflecting on the gulf at midnight
The summer promise for lovers now seems just right
Have you heard my whisper in your ear
As I hold you tight and near

There is no need to wonder what to do or say
We have found a way to dance the night away
So this lover's moonlight reflects in your eyes
Never again will you be lonely or have a reason to cry.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Love's Perfect Imperfection

What do we want for
If not love
To feel as one does
In love
Feel it's perfect imperfection
Together
Once found it is life
Forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lovin'

Do you dream of me as I dream of you
When you close your eyes what do you do

Is it kissing me while the passion shines through
When we are apart does your heart ache too

Will you love me tomorrow than you do today
And when we are lovin' will you promise to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Loving You

We used to sit and talk in the setting sun
Holding hands together our love truly won
There are other things I remember true
Now those days are through
But it is the time I spent your arms
Remembering all your charms.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Low

Where do I go when I'm feeling low
When the world just needs to go slow
The blues sometimes will bite back
To make you scream in such a useless hack

Surely there is peace and quiet to be done
Without it all unravelling without peace come
In unguarded moments when you are stripped bare
Is there more to it than everyone just standing to stare

Is there a penance that I need to serve
In a world where forgiving yourself is absurd
Churchill called it the black dog in his curse
And while you are in its clutches it seems worse.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Loyalty

Loyalty is what you demand
Be with me as we stand
I will hold out my hand
Our alliance will be grand

But who can you really trust
Particularly when standing is a must
Self interest will always be a part
Of any decision making starts.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Lukewarm Love

Lukewarm love between them
Stands aside
No warmth generated
Or seen
When did it fade away
Yesterday
Seemed so easy then
But faded
Into kind regard only between them.

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Paul Warren

Machevellian Moves

You work all your life
Trying to avoid another's knife
For they will try it on
And then be gone

To scheme and to plan
To make them grand
But just telling the truth
And they will retreat saying 'struth!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mad Max Lament

Now that the Chrysler Chargers
With the Holden Monaros
And the Ford Falcons
Are all vanishing from
Our roads in the Outback
What will the bikie outlaws
In the next Mad Max movie
Drive on their tracks
Toyota Camrys just don't cut it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Magnetic Attraction

Magnetic attraction
Of endless reaction
In the invisible fields
Where deflection yields

As opposites attract
And like will detract
It seems so simple
Invisible in its fettle.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Make A Clean Cut

What would you say
Would you take it straight away
If it cut you to the craw
Would it be something to think of it some more

Or do you get to a point of view
The it is more than you could take or do
So make a clean cut of these things
And with a clean slate see what tomorrow brings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Make It Your Own

Is it the same
As each day rolls
The morning, afternoon and night
The human plight
To take it and make your own
To grow or to make it grow
Building it may never be
More or less for you to see
But in the end
Make it your own.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Make The Call

Sometimes the days are slow
You know - when you're feelin' low

The minutes seem like hours
And you are wanting the power

To pull your up from down below
Make things OK for you to go

Away up above it all
Go on, make the call!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mark And Gail

The years float on free
Together forever as it should be
Anniversary today marks our time
Together forever our hearts entwined.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mary Poppins Controls Walkers

It seems that Melbourne has seen the light
And little green men at crossings just weren't right
So they have been retired and men have been replaced
With cut out shapes of Mary Poppins to be placed
It seems a committee has decided for everyone
That this had to be a priority to be straight away done

At pedestrian crossings in the city on the roads
When crossing streets in pedestrian mode
The signs now have become cutting edge
In the war of the sexes there is a pledge
For non-discriminating traffic lights
So oppression is off the menu as it might.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mass Surveillance

Mass surveillance of your mobile phone
Can identify key individuals
Is not part of your phone
And is centred in Aalborg, Denmark

For the new knowledge economy
Surveillance Companies run it
It can collect, catalogue and analyse
Millions of people's communication

I can understand in the War against Terror
We need this type of surveillance
Where we need to ensure that
We know the people who are terrorists

But I think that there must be a line
When metadata is important to track
For people with terrorist links
But where is the line here is the question.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Max The Cat Likes A Scratch

Max the cat likes a pat
And a scratch under his chin's a fact
He doesn't like the cold
And will sit near the heater so bold

Purring is not a favourite in thing
But he does it when there's a happy ring
In the morning his everyone's friend
Wanting a tip-bit from the drawer in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Maxie The Explorer

Maxie the cat has decided
That he needs to explore the outside

So the fluffy white cat
Who before likes to eat and sleep

Now wants to force his way
Each time you slide the door across

Unfortunately he's not too brave
And as soon as a noise or object moves

He jumps and runs back inside
Not made for exploration.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Me

Have you seen me?
Expressionless face not giving anything away
Any morsel of my world
I won't let be seen you know
Hiding in plain sight
I just take it in and smile
As you hear what you want
In the end I suppose it doesn't matter.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Measuring Up

Why do we have to measure ourselves
To others with our weakness we delve
In this way we tend to highlight them
Things we will hide and not comprehend

Mull them over until they become a focus
Wondering if we did things differently for us
Would it have turned out differently
But in the end you are left with what will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Meetings

Meetings are made
For people to gather information to persuade
As you sit on a chair and listen
Sometimes it may be just waiting for intermission

And you wonder if it's true
What you are hearing from the speaker too
So do you sit and hope for too
Death by PowerPoint before it's through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memoirs Of A Drill Instructor

March in a straight line
Pick a point in the distance to define
March in equal steps now
By the left quick march you know how
Clench your fists and swing to shoulder height
Once you feel the rhythm you'll be right
Whatever you do don't talk aloud
And hold your head up and look proud

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memorial Anzac Day 2020

Blood spilt steadfast in the warrior way
Standing righteous against their evil say
Their name embossed on their memorial
Remembers their sacrifice and toil
Stand proud and say together
We will remember them forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memories

There is a place I like to go
When I close my eyes my heart's a glow
Where I remember those bygone days
And people I have loved live again in my gaze

The old country that I knew so well
Can take me back as my heart swells
But don't dwell on those things that disagree
This precious time is mine alone to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memories - Memoires On My Blue Ray Disc

If I had a Blue Ray Disc of my life
Would I skip over the parts recorded in strife?
Or put on repeat playing those wondrous things
That I treasure and for whom my bell rings
As these parts play of the times I know well
I would want to remember and on them quietly dwell

Do I close my eyes and sink into a dream
As I remember those happy times in my scheme
My Blue Ray Memoires nurture my memories made
I truly would hope that my life memory will not fade
But after all said and done it is a life's work for me
And for others to play and judge for what they will see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memories - My Hallowed Ground

Memories still spill forth from me
When I remember how it used to be
The laughter with family and friends
Good times that never seemed to end

Feel again what it was like to really smile
Close your eyes and live again for a while
The fellowship whilst we all gathered around
Now to me is my life's hallowed ground

It doesn't have to be worth a gold piece
The touch of a hand or contentment feast
Is the gold gathered for the big truths
No regrets, no wanting it different or being aloof!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memories - Sweet Songs

Sweet songs that make you want to sing along
Of memories and times when laughter was strong
Why is it that you remember them in their way
And know that you want them to forever stay

Sweet Caroline, Suspicious Minds and Joanne
That make for me times that were grand
Know that for everyone there is a tale
And when you need them they will not fail

When tears come and the darkness falls
Just think about them and they will calm your calls.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memories - The Memory Stone

They all gathered around the Memory Stone
Some in groups of two or three and others alone
They solemnly stood now in a fellowship together as one
As they waited their turn under the blazing golden sun

And each individual or in their groups holding hands
They touched the stone and the memories flooded back so grand
They smiled at the things that before didn't seem so dear
As simple memories of mate ship and love to all was clear

For the stone held a power that pulsed from the sky above
Granted to them by God in a bright shiny heavenly love.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memories Had

Memories had
Memories sad
Memories mad
Memories glad

Remember then
Remember now
Remember still.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memories Now

Do you still see the tears
At night does the crying remain
Close your eyes do you see their faces
Time may heal but the scar is left
And will remain within
But the journey will continue for you
It is your choice in what you do.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memories Of Endless Yesterdays

What endth their life
As an age did die
Lost in time not being kind
For they have stayed
When others left
Bereft of charity now
In their last breath
Gone forever
Others will say
Memories only
Of endless yesterdays.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memory - I Sit Back And Close My Eyes

I sit back and close my eyes
And I see clearly without disguise
Snippets of my life rolling through
As bright as day seeing it all too

I know that the outcome cannot change
But sometimes the facts are rearranged
You can now afford to be judgemental of it
Without the pressures of trying to make it fit.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memory - If I Could Go Back

If I could go back
To a point in time
Would it be a hack
I would want to find
How would I choose
Would it be the same
Or would I lose
What I wanted to retain
Time may change the memory
So that it is better now
In my personal history
As the thought in my knowhow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Memory - What Moments Do You Choose

What moments do you choose to remember
How does your mind barter or decide what is legal tender
When some things are most attractive to recall
Who is it that stands out in the sum of it all
Why is the last question to ask without doubt
That would in the end decide what it is all about.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mental Health - The Ringing Sound

He stares and does not say a thing
Just says that he can only hear them sing
And he can't stop their ringing sound
It will be the first and last he hears around
The constant noise has driven him quiet insane
And he can't see an end to what is so inane.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mercy Killing

What mercy is there in mercy killing
Is it that the person will end suffering
Or is it to relieve the suffering of others
That they love and want better for them

Is it a mixture of both of these things
Particularly when the process lingers
Who will say enough is enough
And so end the suffering for everyone

Even if the deathwatch has not begun
It be a release for everyone once it's done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Michael, My Son

He sees the world differently to me
And he can't be what he wants to be
But he faces everyday in his own way
I worry about him and where he'll stay

You see, he is handicapped
And needs some help not to be entrapped
In things that to him seem alright
May come back on him and bite

When the time has come for me
For death to be the thing I see
What will happen in this cruel world
Will he be happy in his future meld

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Microchips Inside Your Body

So it's started for humans
To artificially make you better at your command
So with a wave of your hand to the side
And you can be well satisfied

"These are not the droids you are looking for"
May be the command wave you would adore
And to charge to your account
With a wave your Visa bill will amount

One day the microchips you have around
Will give you super powers to abound
And as cyborgs we will enjoy
A better life for us to employ.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Midnight Music

Late night music on
And a glass of Scotch
Thinking of things
That make me strong

And that which brings
Tears to me as I listen
Midnight music
Is done and won

What will it be tonight
That finally finishes
The songs
With my drinking done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Militarisation Of The Police

And what about the militarisation of the police
When they get Federal money in their wheels to grease
To call out the fear of Terrorism will mean
More money to fund equipment clean
We need an Anti-terror force to respond
It doesn't mean that all need be military equipped along

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mind Over Matter

As you get older it becomes plain
Your mind still thinks you are 21 years old again
For you think you can still run a mile and kick a ball
But your legs just ache and the kicking action means a fall

Fun and excitement is all you have now as stories are told
When having a few refreshments with your mates of old
As we gather around a crackling fire snug and warm
And remembrance and exaggeration is in true form.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mind-Reading

If I could read your mind
What would I find
A joyous spirit found
Or shut off from what is around

Could you put up shield
That wouldn't yield
In a world of contest
Hold back what is best.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Miniature Products

Miniature products as give aways
Would you really want them I say
If you buy \$30 of groceries
When you collect them as you please

And in the future the question they will ask
What the hell are these and what was their task
Some scientist will come up with a story
That will bask it in its days of glory.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

M'lady

The blood seeped into my eyes
As the last wound was a complete surprise
When the duel was in its heated fight
Swords clashed in the dying light

I felt I was holding his own
When the fate of m'lady would be known
As I remembered my sweet lady's smile
And her heart was mine alone without denial

The blows of my broad sword took its toll now
With my final blow I split the other knight's brow
So the bloody day was won by me at last
Finally, I had won my sweetheart's hand grasped.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Moderation

Walk the line
All the time
Don't do bad
Or be too glad

For moderation is needed
And your appetitenot exceeded
These are the rules to live by
Go ahead and try.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Tablets

I take my tablets every day
So my ailments will go away
They say my levels are just right
And If I play the game it will be alright

When I was young I'd run a mile
Push-ups were my forte then with guile
But that was then and now is now
I'm older now I can't comprehend why it changed somehow

So it seems the older you get
The more tablets so don't fret
For as you walk you may rattle
But collecting and swallowing tablets is the battle.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Modern Prospecting

Mobile phones are the accessory of the 21 century
And they are regularly updated by friend and family
But did you know they contained gold, silver and palladium
So today's prospectors do not have a beard or mule for them

As they collect disregarded mobile phones no longer wanted
And the gold, silver and palladium is from the phones extracted
Making white gold for the fine jewellery rings and other bling
So this new breed of prospector are doing the recycling thing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Modern Television

Television has changed
Or so it seems
There used to be stories
Or a laugh too
Now there is real life things
Or getting married
Now it's renovating or cooking
Or singing along songs
Now I get it - it's all so very cheap.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Modern Thinking

Order and discipline is what we need
Correcting the past no need to exceed
So in the past we stepped on some toes
We weren't responsible for what we need to know

So live in the present and look to the future
Why would we want to show we could nurture
This seems the outsider point of view
And the latest modern thinking for us too

But this point of view makes me uneasy
As if you ignore the past at your peril is quite queasy.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Moments

There were moments when I could have shined
But I just stood back and stayed in line
I could have taken the lead and stood out
Really testing what I'm all about
I would go back if I could I am sure
And put to rest the doubts I now store

For we are all flawed I suppose
Why we do not take those moments - heaven knows
Just living my life with a clean slate
Wondering why at that time I did hesitate
Is it courage that I lacked at those times
Or is it easy to not stand out and stay in line.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Money - Tax Returns

It's tax return time again
And with figures we contend
So when you add them up together
They should be able to be scrutinised
And you should not be surprised
That's alright when it works out
But when it doesn't all you can do is pout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mongolian Nazis

The state of Mongolia is now Russia free
With the collapse of the Soviet Union you see
And a sense of nationalism is now the deal
And it has led to a right wing politics feel

They have Nazis now parading with a Swastika made
With black uniforms and SS badges that will not fade
Adolf Hitler is worshipped as a great man
Thought about in their new nationalistic plan

It is seen as an anti-foreigner sentiment
With the swastika an Asian sign without lament
But is it a country struggling with its own identity
When all they want is a country of their own to be free.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Moon Dust

What is dust worth
Well, if from the moon's girth
2.5 to 5 million dollars to swoon
So when going to the moon
Put some dust in your pockets
So when your come back with it
You'll be a millionaire to pocket it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Moral Justice

Moral justice is a concept
That may be antiquated in this world
Terrorist's look for our weakness
And use it against us in our democracy
If we don't have enough evidence
To convict them of the crimes committed

What do we do now?
It would seem toughness is what is needed
This world must find a way for terrorism to be squashed
What will the future hold if we aren't strong
It might be that in the end moral justice
Is something that needs to be re-defined.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Morality In Your Say

You can have your own opinion
And think on it some more
But has your morality been tested
When you have your say

Have you been in a corner
Where you really don't have a choice
To stand where you are and raise your voice
Morality can be a sliding scale

But what will you think in the end
Can you really say
Think on it some more
In your own special way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mornings

Have you seen a golden morning
With dew kissed grass
Long shadows slowly receding
And the sweet hello the birds sing

The day renewed across the sky
As the world awakens again
Slowly the clockwork creaks and groans
As well rehearsed life energises the day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mortality Vs. Immortality

Being immortal may not be
All that you would want to see
Mortality means that the stronger survive
So with each generation the tools to stay alive

Are developed for the individual
Making that person stronger than the immortal's cell
So scientists say that mortality has the needed function
Making all beings develop with natural selection.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mother

Who will hug you
Now your mother has gone
And make you feel
That it will be alright
And you can go back to sleep.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Motivation - When I Take A Stand

Others may feel they have me in their girth
But when I take a stand I will show my worth
I will be solid before them weathering their storm
As they will try to tear me down I will show my form
So by all means give it your best shot go take it now
Know that you will pay a cost in your attack and HOW.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Motorcycling

Ride a bush track
On my motorcycle not looking back
For the freedom feel
Makes for a good deal

You look at the scenery
There's always something to see
The corrugations bounce me around
Up and down as my back takes a pound

How I long for those youthful days
When having fun you'd say
Was just ride in the sun
Freedom was the word not out done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Move It Or Lose It

Move it or lose it

Move it or lose it
Was his favourite
And he used it often
You see it fitted his lifestyle

When you meet a crowd
Negotiating your way through
It was a utilitarian saying
And it served him well.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Movie Gangsters

The Godfather played the Mafia out
When there were Italian gangsters about
Marlon Brando knew how to tell who the bad guys were
And how to deal with them in the way of death to prefer

Now the Russian have hit the gangster scene
Dealing in drugs, girls and weapons obscene
And they are doing all the things that are unclean
They now have the mantle as the outlaw fiend

So when you see the latest action movie about
And there are people with the law to flout
It will be some tattooed giant Russian man
Who will be quite nasty whose fall will be a demand

Paul Warren

Movies - 5 Second Movie Review - Alien

A Gothic spaceship with the crew asleep
The crew wakes up and finds an Alien on a planet
And the Alien kills everyone except Ripley.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Movies - 5 Second Movie Review - Deliverance

Friends take a canoe trip
Hillbillies attack them and one dies
New reservoir covers everything.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Movies - 5 Second Movie Review - Saving Private Ryan

D-Day invasion

Save one soldier in the war

Everyone else killed.

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Paul Warren

Movies - 5 Second Movie Review - Star Wars

Luke Skywalker on a Desert Planet
The Evil Empire strikes the rebels
The Battle Star explodes.

Paul Warren

Movies - 5 Second Movie Review - The Empire Strikes Back

Battle on an ice planet
Luke Skywalker trained by Yoda who dies
Darth Vader is Luke's father.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Movies - 5 Second Movie Review - The Relevant

Indians attack fur trappers
A trapper is savaged by a bear
He is left for dead but lives
Ensures the trapper who left him dies.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Movies - 5 Second Movie Review - The Return Of The Jedi

The Empire attacks the Rebels

The Emperor dies and Darth Vader is a hero

Leia and Han Solo get together, Luke is a hero Jedi.

Paul Warren

Movies - 5 Second Movie Review - Titanic

A really big boat
Steamy love on the high seas
Iceberg sunk the boat.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Movies - 5 Second Movie Review - World War Z

Family drives into the city
Zombies attack in fast time hordes
Special agent scours the world
He finds the cure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Movies - Cgi Actors For Movies

If you are a young actor freshly discovered by Hollywood
A full body scan is made to file their image as best as it could
Be used later on when they are not so sexy or photogenic
With the file used and their current face with their younger body
So it will not only be Princess Leia or the Empire's general in study
When you have a series of movies stretching over forty years
With the actors not ageing or the movie making excuses or tears.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Movies - I Dare You

In the dark of night
By myself in a state of fright
Is there anyone there
Don't jump out at me to scare
What was that sound
Surely it was the house settling down
Why did I come inside here
I should have never taken that dare.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Movies - Movie Monsters

The creature from the black lagoon
Late at night to make the ladies swoon
The wolf-man changed at the full moon's light
And sometimes with Dracula they had such a fight

Then there was Aliens in It came from Outer Space
With the giant ants in Them in a radiation place
These movies all late night television
As children on a Friday night scaro-vision.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Movies - The Great Wall

Warriors standing there ground
Doing magic all around
Creatures against the Great Wall
Fighting hard is their call

The Chinese with their warrior creed
Eastern powers may not succeed
Without Matt Damon the adventurer
Will beat the creatures without a stir.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mull Over

When you continually mull over things
There can be regret in what it brings
Playing it again in your head
Brings back the fresh things to dread

And what you have in the finish
Is something that you want to diminish
But you can't go back to it again
It is the past leave it alone finished say it and end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Murder - Services By Bean Counter = Death In The Mall

We have services delivered under the auspices
Of the bean counters in their coin counting vices
When does it become more important to us
To let criminals and mental health sufferers out without fuss
So you have people walking the streets who are dangerous ones
When you see what happened in Melbourne should not have begun
When innocent people and children die so horribly on the street
Letting the driver out on bail not taking his meds is not a feat
That policy and government should hold their head in shame
So we have a car driving down a Mall killing people who's to blame?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Murderers

I wonder what they think about
When planning to murder someone
Do they have to make
Their mind blank
So as not to think about it
Or are they fixated on it
To focus their very soul
On what they are going to do.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Muscle Cars

I've sat here and thought about muscle cars
Big beefy motors that roar and tyres smokin' hot
And when you see a movie they are the cars of the stars
When the dream sequences come they are the shot

Their colours are red and black as a matter of fact
The leather upholstery is just worn in enough to show
And these are the cars that count - that's the fact, Jack
So hitch up your trousers and know they're the go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music

Music is great for the enjoyment it brings
When you listen to it and as the melody swings
Have you wondered how it came for music to be
That long ago some cave people gathered to see

How they could pass the time by the campfire
By bang and blow through things at their desire
I suppose they found what was pleasing to the ear
So that now we can hear those tunes that are dear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Abba At Football Park, Adelaide, South Australia On 8/3/1977

On 8 March 1977 on a balmy warm night
Abba came to South Australia in a concert just right
It was the first time I performed duty in a screaming crowd
With all the hits played as 1970's glam rock so loud

So we heard the concert and saw the Abba girls dance
On through the night and across the stage they pranced
Until the end of the night when they left the stadium ground
And we held back the crowd as their limousines drove on around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music – An Ode To Musicians

Here's to those who pluck a tune
Or play the keys or with their voices croon
Who will blast a song in heavy metal's soul
And the Kings and Queens of Rock n Roll
The smooth soul singers of life's rough trot
And the bubble-gum songs I've heard the lot
I suppose I need to list the hip hop outlaws
But I mostly like those who sing and we ask for more
When you heard a song and it speaks to your heart
And know forever from them you will never part!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Bruce Is The Boss

O Mary Don't you Weep in the sun
Because we were all Born to Run
Sweating it out in the Backstreets
The Ghost of Tom Joad he meets
It's just like Dancing in the Dark
When being Born in the USA is your mark
Now's the time to Go and Pay My Money Down
These are Better Days to come no frown
It is Just Like Fire Would burn away
Live on at Thunder Road that's the right way
Bruce is the Boss for yesterday and today
Remember these will be your Glory Days!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Bruce Springsteen In Adelaide, South Australia On Monday 30/1/2017

I think I'm going down to the World tonight
And I'm gonna drink 'til I get my fill just right
Playing his music to a packed out Entertainment Centre
He was Dancing in the Dark in a hit filled agenda

In the crowd there was the Honeymooners whose song
Brown eyed girl with Bruce joining in and getting it on
The American Land had a racier edge to it in rocking along
With The Glory Days not boring stories in rock album songs

Three hours of great entertainment including Richie Sambora playing
His heart out on his guitar with Bruce together this night jamming
No Retreat and No Surrender in a Land of Hope and Dreams
And he took to Trump with a Wrecking Ball not extreme

Other songs in a Hungry Heart in Darlington County time
Because the Night belongs to lovers was just fine
Racing in the Street with Murder Incorporated
In the Ties that Bind when She's the One so rated

Then with a New York Serenade and Be Trapped by the music
In the Spirit of the Night at Youngstown was such a pick
Death in my Hometown was Something in the Night
Racing in the Streets through to the Badlands what a fight

He sang Shout with Richie featuring on his guitar
And he ended with an anthem to Rosita quite fair
In The Rising we left our seats more than one time
With the Boss If I Fall Behind for us just so fine.

And I was There!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Chuck Berry Is Dead

Chuck Berry is dead
The Head-lines read
He rock and rolled so fine
Strutting and dancing the guitar grind

There was Maybellene and Roll over Beethoven
And Sweet Little Sixteen playin' it mean
In 1972 his only number one My Dingaling
With the Beatles, Elvis and others singing

So if there is a Rock 'n' Roll Heaven above
With Chuck Berry in it struttin' playing the way we love.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Cilla Of The '60s

As we get older those as growing we knew
Slowly pass away from their lives that are through
Cilla Black was a Scouse girl from Liverpool
Who knew the Beatles as part of the Mersey Beat school
She worked at the Cavern and sang a song
Like 'Anyone Who Had a Heart' to sing along
When she sang 'You're My World' the plea made
Was for me one that she made as no charade
When 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' by the Righteous Brothers was a hit
Her version was number two to their number one in Britain's chart fit
The Long and Winding Road when sung by Miss Black
McCartney said was the way it was meant to be sung back
We remember 'Alfie', 'A Fool Am I' and 'What Good Am I? '
Seems Something Tells Me (Something's Gonna Happen Tonight) to get by
So she has gone to John and George in their Heavenly band
To 'Step inside love' again a song that was grand!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - David Bowie Is Plastic Soul

David Bowie has passed
And he has sung his last
A ground breaker who changed
The world of music for plastic soul framed

A Space Oddity played in my head
Of an astronaut looking ahead
There is Sorrow for him we say
He was one of the Musical Heroes for one day

He was the Starman waiting in the sky
Waiting to meet us and tell us why
And will know if there's life on Mars
So now look for him in the stars

Ashes to ashes with Ziggy Stardust swagger
I remember Dancing in the Streets with Jagger
One of first with Glitter Rock to blow your mind
He is now one for the ages in Rock Heaven we will find

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Elvis, The Wonder Of You Tour,7.30 Pm On Sunday 28/5/2017 At Adelaide Entertainment Centre, South Australia.

On a cloudy cool evening at the Entertainment Centre
We filed in as an older age group to see the greater entertainer
Some say he died but we know he lives on
In all the movies and the rock and pop songs

An old friend of his introduced the evening's show
With a 40 piece orchestra backing making Elvis flow
All the songs that we knew he sung again tonight
From hound dog to blue suede shoes just right

But the songs I like from the late sixties and seventies
Were the ones I wanted to hear and they were all beauties
In the ghetto, burning love and my favourite suspicious minds
It was an evening with the ghost of Elvis in heaven divine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Glen Frey Remembered

Another part of my musical life has ended
Glenn Frey is now in Rock Heaven extended
I remember a summer day in seventy-six
At pool party when I heard Hotel California in the mix

Through the years there was 'Life in the Fast Lane'
And you would always know 'Lying Eyes' for the fame
'Take it to the limit' was the true West Coast sound
And 'Desperado' will be one that will forever be around

It seems 2016 has been a terrible time
With the ending of so many musical lines
I suppose for all time marches on
And the musician may end but the sing lingers long.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - I Love The Rock And Roll Days

I love the Rock and roll days
And all those good old ways
When music was for fun
The radio played and laughter begun

Music you didn't choose
You just listened and couldn't loose
There was love and sunshine
And the world was just devine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - I Wasn't Born With Dancing Feet

I wasn't born with dancing feet
And I can't sing or hold a beat

But I love music especially an electric guitar
Listening in awe and singing along in my car

I suppose that talent is a godly given thing
But heck would it have hurt if I could sing

Just a bit of country music as it should be
And we could all sing along just like Glee on TV

It would be something that would have given me pleasure
But it seems that being artful-mediocre is my lifetime measure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Johnny Cash, The Man In Black

The Man in Black was an American icon
Who sang for the ordinary man in his song
I still remember a Boy named Sue
Who when he met his father he knew what it do

Then there was the Burning Ring of fire
As the burning flames got higher
He gave the town of Jackson fame
With June Carter in his game

As he grew older his voice matured
With the Man Comes Around it endured
But his concerts in the jails prevailed
When his Folsom Prison Blues were nailed

He had his issues with life
Which included some drug strife
But when you listen to his music now
Johnny Cash stand up and take a bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Just Playing The Music I Know

Where do I go when I play that music I know
When that harmonies and the guitars flow
It is to heaven to me when I go back to them
The Beatles, the Stones, the Moody Blues don't end

And Bowie on that Space Oddity trip blasts off again
The Elvis sounds of the 70s Suspicious Minds - such a friend
I know even though the Walker Brothers sing the Sun ain't gonna shine
I sit back, close my eyes and I know the sun will be mine

Life is a song so go ahead sing along with them
The days the weeks the months the years are here again
Springsteen will be playing Lay me my money down
And again listening to those ones I know I will never wear a frown.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Listen To A Song

Listen to a song
It takes you along
To a place in the past
That you want to last
And be like it was before
Now you want it some more
A film clip when life was young
And you knew that you belonged.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Lou Reed

Walk on the wild side
So the old song rides
As you talk it through
So cool to think of it too

Lou Reed got down
And dirty so profound
Have you heard Dirty Boulevard
Where there is only struggle so hard

He was a poet in modern times
Now he is dead who will take up the rhythms.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Marc Bolan Lives

I am Child of the Revolution you couldn't fool
We still Love to Boogie as the golden rule
Jeepster -you're so sweet your so fine
You will always be Hot Love so devine
Telegram Sam delivered the message to me
Whilst Riding a White Swan to be free
Bang a Gong for Marc who still lives
As a Cosmic Dancer who to the world gives
I will always be a 20th Century Boy still so neat
T-Rex is still my favourite dinosaur so complete!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - My Golden Oldies

I was looking at my music collection
Which in its day was music perfection
But now it is the golden oldies tradition
For playing at a drive in movie intermission

When I consider attending a concert now
I look to see that it ends early and how
So when I and my peers finally pass away
The Beatles and the Stones will not stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Ode To Elvis

They say Elvis would have been in his 80s today
It's hard to realise when you see the 1950s sway
In 1954 in Sun Studios he recorded along
Some say was the first rock n roll song

Then there was the Army in West Germany
When he lost his mother in a personal agony
But I remember him in late 60s in the white jumpsuits
Super cool singing his music in Las Vegas - what a hoot

And Aloha from Hawaii by satellite around the world
Where each precious moment in his hand we were held
It seemed that he was on top and getting better than ever
Then all at once he died and for us all he was gone forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Record Shops, New Music And You

Record shops were wondrous places
All new music in the rack and races
With Albums to flick right through
And what you wanted was up to you

Album covers were a 12 inch works of art
That you could admire as an integral part
And you could afford to be daring to win
Just listen for the first time gave you a grin

You know I miss those days when our gathering
Always had the latest records for the hearing
And you knew everything would be so alright
With you and my music was always right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - The Adele Concert At Adelaide Oval On Monday 13 March 2017

A perfect evening after a cool Autumn day
We all filed in as to our seats made our way
The first thing we saw on the stage in the oval
Was Adele's eyes looking at us quite novel

Then the concert started with the curtain opening Adele's eyes
And she sang Hello to us to the cheers of the crowd comes alive
She sang all the songs that the crowd wanted to hear
With the best of the night in the songs that were held dear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - The Beatles Films And Music

I first saw The Beatles on a cold Saturday night
On the ABC Top of the Pops in Black and White
When they sang 'Love me do' with girls screaming
But it certainly was not in fright but with a gleaming

Then there was Saturday morning cartoons with songs
When we saw the boys in an animated setting to sing along
The Beatles 'A Hard Days Night ' the Black and White movie
Again the girls chased them and the music played was groovy

'Help' I need somebody was a colour extravaganza on the screen
With 'All you need is love' on the satellite world broadcast as it was seen
Then 'The Magical Mystery Tour ' film as they travelled the road route
Playing on the Apple Studio roof in 'Let it be' the last we saw them in the film
shoot

These Film memories of the greatest Rock band the world has ever seen
Are something to remember the Fab Four from Liverpool as it would have been
And although the heady days of Beatle mania have disappeared to history
These movies of John Paul George and Ringo showed them in all their glory.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - The Day Elvis Died

On August 16,1977 I was in bed listening to the radio music play
I had been on afternoon shift which meant a longer bed stay
All at once the music stopped and a news flash did occur
Elvis was found dead on the bathroom floor as they did infer

I sat up straight in bed and couldn't believe my ears
He was gone no mistake and I knew there would tears
He had everything he could possibly want for his life
But instead of happiness all he go in the end was strife

The interviews that day spoke in a saddened way
Of no longer being able to see him in a Las Vegas stay
Or seeing him at Grace-lands down in Memphis town
As he lies sleeping still wearing his Rock n Roll crown

And so the King of Rock and Roll had passed
But his music didn't die and it will forever last
So rock on and know that he made his place
With his gyrating hips and a sneer on his face

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - The Ear Worm

It was a catchy song
That was made for boppin' along
The melody didn't matter
With the chorus no more than chatter
But once I heard it on the radio station
I can't get rid of it from its oration
When you get it in your head
The ear worm repeats until you wish you were dead

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - The Hollies - In Concert In Adelaide, South Australia On Friday 11/2/2017

On a hot February night at the Entertainment Centre
We gathered for a treat of 60's music splendour
We waited at the Bus Stop for Carrie-Anne
For One Last Look on a Carousel for our plan
And we sang along for All I need is the Air that I Breathe
With Stop stop, stop all the Music or I'll have to Leave
The best decades of music played the night
As a Long Tall Woman in a Black Dress was just right
Too Young to get Married - do you hear it on the radio song
The years melted away with each treasured song

Remember The Baby as a melody all along
The 70s were there again as a dancing song
Listen to Me was belted out with Jennifer Eccles the girl
With white chalk written on red brick in such a whirl
And they pleaded that they were Sorry Suzanne
As the night was in full swing and music grand
The finale was their anthem played so well
He Ain't Heavy His My Brother to dwell
So very Satisfied we filed out of the Hall
Seeing a band that lived our lives with quite call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - The Moody Blues

In search of the lost chord is rung
On a Tuesday afternoon sweetly sung
Until a night in white satin is won
When talkin' out of turn is for fun
But when you're just a singer
In a rock and roll band as a tune bringer
So when it's a question of balance to decide
If every boy deserves favour in a pride
And in the end we will find
Isn't life strange would be kind

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - The Spirit In The Sky

When I was 13 I thought I had it made
Long hair and side burns making the grade
It was Peace Love and Music as my creed
And listening to the latest music my need

And I wanted to show that I was quite hip
Looking to make my first single purchase rip
So I looked for 'Norman Greenbaum'
Who recorded 'Spirit in the Sky' away from his farm

So my mates came around and to this song got down
And we thought how cool it was without a frown
This song has stayed with me since those days
A smile on my face and memories in so many ways.

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Paul Warren

Music - Walking In Liverpool

We took the train from London to Liverpool
Getting up early in the morning was the rule
A journey of two and a half hours on the train
As England you'd expect in the drizzling rain
Finally we arrived at Lime Street station
Walking the Beatles streets at their creation

We walked on down to the Mersey River
And saw the ferry with passengers to deliver
A photograph with the statue of Billy Fury
They say it all started for the musical jury
Then to the Beatles Museum we went
And saw all their things in time well spent

Get on the bus for the Magical Mystery tour
To Penny Lane in that songs allure
To Strawberry Fields next to Johns home
Climbing the fence for company to comb
Then to the quiet one George's Council flat
And the house where drummer Ringo lived at

Then to Paul's place where in his bedroom
He played his guitar and the girls did swoon
The last stop of the day was Mathew Lane
Where John was leaning in his continuing reign
Down to the Cavern Bar where they played
With the music I felt as if I could have stayed

To know the footsteps I was taking
They had strolled in their legend making
And knowing that my music choices made
Were there for me and wouldn't fade
So back to Lime Street for the train again
To mull it all over in my mind's blend

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Paul Warren

Music - Why Do We Play The Sad Songs

Why do we play the sad songs
Those that bring the tears along
Is it that we want to remember
When we felt the dying ember
Of the loved and what they meant
With the good and bad times spent

Paul Warren

Music - Your Music

Rise up, Rise up and hear
The tunes and melody quite dear
Hear each word in harmony
With what's good in life you see

The magic you hold in your hand
When you choose something grand
And you know that it will be your choice
To hear something to raise your voice.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music - Your Song

You hear your song
And you want to sing along
It will take you back to a place
When you were young
The best had just begun
Your friends are there
Life for you was more than fair
It doesn't matter what the song
Or even if others want to sing along
It's yours you see
Forever and for free.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music Man Do Ya Dig It

When it was the 60's I thought it was pretty good
The Beatles and the Stones playing music as it should
Then it was the 70's with The Eagles AC/DC and Neil Diamond
They were good and boy I liked their songs

The 80s still lingered with disco we had to wait it out
But Billy Joel U2 and Springsteen were really worth a shout
But what happened in the 90s to music in its way
It was hip hop and Eminem that would not go away

So the planet is still spinning and with all its songs
Some aren't that bad and I like to sing along
But I go back to my point it is so sad to see
What the hell is hip hop crap doing surviving musically.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music On The Wind

I hear the music on the wind
A song I know from before as I listen in
The melody makes me wanna sway
And I know the words there right away

A lover's dance on a moon lit night
With a partner who was just right
Listening to a favourite song
A melancholy feeling is there all along

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Music, Man Do Ya Dig It

I know what keeps you goin'
It's the songs inside your head
When you close your eyes it's the melody
And the words you see instead

So don't ever lose your music
It's your songs we love in their refrain
Don't ya dig the music as you listen
It's the song you'll want to blame.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musing - Memories Or Dream

Memories and Dreams

Where do they or do they seem

To cascade down together

With no thought or bother

And I will live them again

I can't refuse to comprehend

Or to what is truth or dream

Will not make it too extreme.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musing - People Will Be Left To Contemplate Who Was That Guy?

How did you end your days they may at last say
Was it as easy as slipping off asleep as you drift away
Or was it with some suffering that you had to endure
When the time was a struggle and death was something to implore

Will your name be spoken once you are ended in your earthly stay?
Or will it be that you are forgotten with no-one left to say
In the end I will matter not if a king or a pauper
People will be left to contemplate who was that guy as they ought a

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Paul Warren

Musing - The Search For Joy

Search for the joy and the ordinary glory
Each person however humble has their story
The world is beautiful in each step you take
There is no need to slip away, go in life partake

Listen to our children play in the sunshine bright
There is no need to fear the darkness of the night
Make your life full of laughter and not only tears
Just mark off God's goodness and forget your fears

Think of the beauty that nature gifts to you too
Close your eyes and know it is dedicated for you
So don't despair when things aren't right
Just remember the bright clear day will follow night.

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Paul Warren

Musing - What Is Lurking Behind The Scene

What is lurking behind the scene
That you purposely won't let be seen
Is it your self's inner most thoughts
Of things showing more of you than ought
Do you make the decision
Not to let it out in their vision
And so it's safer to be this way
You can live to fight another day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musing - What Is The Point Of Honour?

Why is honour so important to some?
To have this is something that can be hard done
When it becomes the whole reason for living
The concept of honour can be not forgiving

Sometimes in your interaction
With other people may mean you are in a different faction
I think that we have to accept that sometimes
We will not always be right in the bind

Do we let it go and so then just carry on
And let others sing their song
Perhaps the balance should be
Let others have their point of view to see

But do not surrender your point in the task
And everyone can be part of the ask
Think about it and sometimes you know
We should part as agreeing to disagree is the go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musing - What Would Be Your Wish?

What would you wish for if given the choice?
Would you want the world to hear your voice?
Or would it be world peace for all to see
And so make it safer for you and me
Or would you want a full wallet
And not to ever have money worries to warrant
Perhaps what you would most need
Is good health in your years as your ongoing creed.

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Paul Warren

Musing - What You Can Count On In This World

There are some things you can count on in this world
That the sun will come up tomorrow and it's warmth will be held
If you like pretty flowers the rain will need to fall to the ground
And in the dark of the night to see you will need a light around
You will get thirsty and hungry sometime during the day
Then you will some sustenance to eat and drink today

So what can't you count on in this your life?
A guarantee that if it goes wrong you won't be left in strife
There will be occasions when you can't find the good from the bad
And sometimes you can't make sense and it can only end up sad
But you know it can't be all bad because you will survive any how
When can come to the end you can stand up and slowly take a bow

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Paul Warren

Musings - Now Its Done

What do I remember now it's done
Of the deeds and people and ideas won
Was it me who stood tall when needed
Of times when I felt my courage exceeded
At the starting line I did not fit the mould
Perhaps they thought I would not be bold
I fronted it up and weathered the storm
It became second nature and to me the norm
If I had to do it all again would it be the same?
I know in my heart that I would do it again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - A Glance Into Another's Soul

When sitting together and reading other's poems
You tread a track not so well known
They can be a glance into another's soul
And make understanding of others you're goal

So the search for knowledge and making it ring
Will be for me a wondrous thing
The words can touch in the emotion brung
And know better understanding will be won.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - A Machine Made Up Of Cogs

Is fate a machine made up of cog wheels
And with each turn it makes up your deals
Of how we will fair in our life for each one of us
So it will be a path that will be tread with the least fuss

There is a cog for each event that does occur
Then one for the time that will be there for sure
I see there needs to be one for the way that you act
And one for how others will see their actions for fact

Finally I see there needs to be one for the place where it's seen
And then the Great Mechanic makes the machine turn each cog clean
Each outcome as the machine turns until finally holding its ground
May mean your end as the machine turns to a place profound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - All People Should Get A Fair Go

What's wrong with the isms that we know
It was very clear that Fascism was not the go
And Communism fell apart with the wall
Capitalism seems to have lasted the call
Totalitarianism has its problems too
Or though benevolent dictators may be the flow
Can we find our way through all of this
So that all people get a fair go living in bliss.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings – An Inquiring Mind

You should have an inquiring mind
And explore and look to find
What this world has to offer and see
Because of the wonders that are to be
There is more to find and to understand
And know where and when it goes to plan
When in the end your experience will be
More and more of this life's wondrous tree.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - As Far As You Can See It Will Not End

That feeling that everything is alright
And your family is the safest place
That your mother and father know what's right
And the ills of the world you need not face
That when you lie warm and snug in bed
When you wake in the morning
There is no need to think bad things instead
That nothing will happen without warning
And as far as you can see it will not end.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Be Careful As You Walk

Be careful as you walk
For the trail is long
And there may not always
Be time for a song
Raise your head up and don't blink
You might miss the thing
That in the end is the very change
Needed in your life's range.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Change The World Just One Time

If I could change the world just one time
What is it that I would have in my mind?
Would it be that I would be rich in money
Or to take for this life the sweet runny honey

Perhaps that we would stop fighting in this world
Or that we would be safe in a loved ones arms curled
I could cure cancer and make everyone well
So there was no pain for others to tell

Do you do something for everyone?
Or go for self in what could be won
I suppose in the end I would want to see
The greatest good for the greatest number would be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Clarity

Clarity is what is needed for the day
So you don't sit and ponder it away
People sometimes want you to think
What has happened will put you on the brink

Sometimes the obvious that people would say
Would make it clearer to you right away
So don't waste your time with what might be
When you should just sit back and wait to see.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Consultation

Why is it when politicians are thinking of the dollar
And wanting to do something perceived unpopular
They go into a mode that calls for playing a charade
And want their decisions into the distance to fade
They have a great notion and go straight to the nation
You see you can talk to the people and feign consultation
Even in the end if the result may be morally the wrong one
When it comes to take stock politicians are out of the gun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Courage

What makes courage for all to see?
Is it doing something against the odds that be
When what ever happens chances are
You would not survive or get very far

There are others who stand up for right
And know there is an individual price for the fight
Or others due to their personal circumstances each day
Face up to their demons that won't go away

Hail each one of them for what they do
For their courageous acts that grew
And know that when called upon to do
That you will need to face these questions too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Do I Need To Know

How do we feel safe in this modern world?
Can we now walk in public and not be felled?
When looking to find safety is it better that I don't know?
And live in bliss with no apprehension to show
Is happiness and safety two different things for us
Do I need to know what the danger is and make a fuss
Or should I live within myself in happiness
Not knowing what could be dropped to make a mess?
I have thought this through and the plan ahead
Is to strike a balance and not live forever scared!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Do We Ever Get To Where We Want To Go

Do we ever get to where we want to go
I don't know
But you've got to be strong
Sometimes just to get along
Is that your song
Don't hold back now
Your journey has begun - see how

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Paul Warren

Musings – Do We Need Tomorrow?

Do we need tomorrow?
Or is it just a chance to borrow
Some more time
In our mind
And make our plans
With all its demands.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Do You Keep Track Of Days?

Yesterday is dead and gone
And so is not for you to mourn
What happened then
You can't pretend
So learn from it and move on right away

Tomorrow for some is the undiscovered country
And will take care of itself except for your planning
Perhaps it is only today that should really concern
As in the end do your best in balance made to learn
So do you keep track of days?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Don't Get Off The Boat

Don't get off the boat
There are tigers out there of note
On the boat it's safe and sound
Out there it is danger so profound

This is the advice that I was given
Watch out for the dangers so unforgiving
Always play it so safe to consider
That way you won't be a downhill skier

The trouble with this creed is well known
You will never be able to create a seed as sown
To make a difference and go to the cutting edge
Take a chance go forward for progress as your pledge

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Paul Warren

Musings - Don't Think Too Much

Does everything have to be for something
Will what you do or say mean everything
Are you going to be brought to account
Even when you think it did not amount

Think of every syllable that can be construed
To something different than you viewed
Don't think too much or you may find
It is not real in when it plays in your mind

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Each Day Is Different

I think of my time and the decisions I have made
Would I change it all so I could make the grade?
Or is it too late the past before me is all written
Are there things done that should now be forgiven
I suppose there are but how could I always tell
It seemed to me at the time that all was very well
Hindsight is a wonderful thing or so they want to say
Is it not important that it was now done their only way
Or do I move on for the futures not in concrete set
There are mountains to climb and I will have no regret.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Find Contentment

Go find your own space of happy contentment
That will come out of nowhere to suddenly ferment
It maybe that special song that takes you along
To a place and time where you know you belong
Or it may be just sitting in a swing on a veranda
With your love holding hands - there's nothing grander
Or that one special place that to you is your Xanadu
Where you want to stay for the rest of time through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Find Where The Story Has Begun

Whose point of view should you take
When there are different points of view to take
Remember people will make it seem
That their point of view is best to glean

It is another case of distill the information out
And find the middle ground to think about
What is needed is the wisdom of Solomon
So that you find where the story has begun.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Free Will

We gather as there is safety together
But what do we lose as each we are tethered?
I think the one thing that we all have given up
Is free will as from this cup we can no longer sup?

Do I play my music so that I annoy my neighbour?
If I do something out of the ordinary do I ask for a favour?
I cannot always sit or sing where or when I please
If I didn't wash I would transmit to others fleas

There are rules now for everything that you do
If we didn't have them we would live in a zoo
So I am really free to do what ever I want
Unless it annoys, is against the law or drinks from someone else's font!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Friendships Ended

What does it all mean in the end
Will we part still as my friend
Or will it be poisoned but what you hear
From others who don't hold me dear

Should I now cower away
And beg you in friendship stay
Or should I say I have had enough
And tell you in the end go get stuffed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Give A Little Bit Of Yourself

When thinking what to write
And to get it all down alright
Give a little bit of yourself
And not leave it on the shelf
Write it and make it heart felt
Then anyone who reads your stuff
Will find it believable enough

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Paul Warren

Musings - Go Out And Seek The Light

Go out and seek the light
Don't let the darkness bring night
No need to change everything around
But you'll find there is love to be found
To know the warmth of a good time
And your laughter will be easy to find
For each day will bring new hope found
So your happiness will soon come around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Grief In Purpose

Through this life we trudge
And some things are great and not a drudge
I have my path and compass held
Sometimes it's hard in this old world
But what I see will be a path for me
With a sprinkling of another's see
I sometimes find it hard to comprehend
That you could want for me to send
Some grief in purpose for you to make
And ruin a friendship that's hard to take.

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Paul Warren

Musings - History

As I read the pages of history now
And of prior generations of know-how
I wonder if it happened that way
Or is it how some person long ago and far away
Decided the story would sound better
And so not write the story to the letter
With a certain person as the hero
And others who may be seen as a zero
If I could go back and see
Would things be as they are now seen to be?

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Paul Warren

Musings - I Don't Need To Know

I am sitting here looking round
On what we have in our ground
Thinking about our needs in this life
Surely no more of its eternal strife

There comes a time when you close the door
And not think of all the bad you saw
Of the people whose life was lost
And other things that had a cost

I think there comes a time to call it
And it doesn't mean as much for me to fit
So it will happen I would suppose
I reckon now on I don't need to know

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Paul Warren

Musings - I Need A Break Now And Then

My life rolls along in a circle spinning around
As the wheel turns from the sky to the ground
There are times when I am on top of it all
And other times when it's to the bottom I fall

I really don't mind that it has to be this way
It's because I am hooked on the adrenalin spray
And I need a break now and then from the high
In the low times charging my battery to shoot to the sky.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - If Fate Is The Hunter

I wonder if fate is the hunter for us all
Should we just wait and see what's the call?
If the fates will control where each of us end
And we all have matters for us to contend
I think there are different paths that are set up
And we are given free will to taste in life's sup
So think things through and you will know right away
The correct path to take and success will be yours today.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Inspiration

Does it come by eureka shout?
When the idea just pops out
Maybe it's a friendly whisper in your ear
Where it slowly builds to you to endear
Or does it come when thinking through
From the experiences that you are due
Perhaps it's from someone else's work
When you hear it and know what it's about
But in the end it should be your ideas to tout!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Is Free Will Just A Future Option Call

As we progress through this life
There are tipping points away from strife
So if the fates guide us through it all
Is free will just a future option call

But are we still guided along the path as slated
And so it may not be that complicated
Perhaps each door that opens up
Means one is closed so the plan will not corrupt

The plan may be you don't get what you wanted
And so the end may be not what you touted
The fates will I suppose have their way
And your free will options are left to waste away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Is It For You To Judge

Who are you to judge having never walked in my shoes?
To see it in your narrowed eyes and the words you choose
There are many things that I have in my anguish hidden
Whilst you stand there in front of me with no charity given
To look back through the years with regret in my soul revealed
The last word is to be treated as one with all in my heart healed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Legends

Legends build on history's page
Their achievements all for others to gauge
But what make's them to be outstanding?
Was it within themselves to be so demanding?
Were they ordinary people pushed to do great things
And so fame from it to them brings?
What would Churchill have been without a war
Where would Kennedy be without the shot from the book store?

I think there needs to be a person for the time
Where events make a course so sublime
It may be that some higher force picks them out
With strong conviction and constitution that's stout
They were there at a time, day and place
To take the hit and continue on in God's grace
And so we have Drake, Napoleon and Lincoln at call
As legends we remember as the pages of history recall

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Light On The Hill

When Adelaide was first settled down
And hill farmers needed a trip into town
They hitched up the buggy at an early time
And went by track in the hills they did climb

After a day doing business and errands run
They went back in the buggy for the return begun
As it got darker they were guided by a bonfire
Lit by the homestead safely home to aspire

It seems a small thing to us thinking about a pioneer
At that time when there was darkness to fear
So you needed an aiming point to be made
So the bonfire was needed for a safety grade

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Make Australia More Australian

I was looking at the rallies last weekend
Which I thought could for me offend
The type of Australia that I want to live in
Instead of touting the wages of sin

Do we need to stand up right
And consider what is the fight?
Should we stand for us alone
Or should we practice peace to condone?

I think in the end all Australians should say
That terrorism should not make the day
But tolerance and living together well
Should mean that our national pride should swell!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Make Your Point

Stand up you see
And make your point
A point for all to see
Don't sit and frown
You know yourself
It's worth a point or two
Just because others
Do not see it all
And it doesn't mean
In the end it will not
Be worth uttering
The words of your call
A point of view
Is always worth
A listen or two.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Melancholy

I wandered the road alone
In my thoughts where did I roam?
Was it the time of day that made me feel
So melancholic in my life's deal?

Or was it that I miss the people I have loved
And long for my yesterday's un-gloved
When my life was alive and tomorrows un-ending
And there was no need for further pretending

Does your life become memories of once was
That goes through your mind as held within their jaws
So in my wandering I sit alone
And wonder how the years are now all but gone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Memories True Blue

How long ago was it I was thinking out loud
The first that I remember growing up so proud
A rainy morning holding Auntie Carrie's hand
Whilst eating my first pie didn't make me a fan
Standing up in the back seat of my father's FJ Holden
And not seeing over the front seat as we held on

Lying cosy listening to the radio at morning time
As the mantle clock made its seven o'clock chime
Remembering my youngest brother being brought in
On a crocheted white shawl as we looked in without a din
Later on walking home from school at the Red Hill Bridge
Sliding down its side on a piece of tin tore my shorts a smidge

Going to Christmas Trees whilst we sung out strong
To ensure the fat and happy man was serenaded along
Being on Summer Holidays working on my tan
As we all played and around the oval we all ran
Riding my bike around the house to see what time I'd get
Whilst me brothers followed around happily screaming a fit

I cherish these memories as I grow old knowing it was my past
For as long as I am around they will always last.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - My Australia

Aussie Rules winters
Big Blue Spring skies
Autumns crisp with sunshine
Endless summers
Riding to the beach
Sparkling sun off the water
The first feel of the sea
Drinking straight from the tap
Riding my bike with brothers and friends
Kicking a football end to end
Backyard cricket when laughter was important
Knowing that everything was OK
Timeless memories of My Australia.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - My Choices

If I had reconsidered my choices
Where would I now be?
And what were my choices
Did I see all I wanted to see?
If they were the right choices
Were they all quite clear to me?
Did I need further guidance for choice
When considering it all should I now disagree?

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Paul Warren

Musings - My Spiritual Guide

They say everyone has a spiritual guide
So that your decisions are not too one eyed
I've thought this through so this is my list
What about Elvis who has a musical gist
Or should it be Albert Jacka for courage sake
May be John Monash a leader in comparison to make
Perhaps a sportsman and Don Bradman's the one
Or a good all-rounder with the choice being done
I think in the end just someone to give good advice
And not end up making decisions that have a vice.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - No Tragedy In The Game

Would the world be the same
If there was no tragedy in the game
Would we all just be able to sit and contemplate
And wonder at the world and what we make

But I suppose everyone would have what they want
And not have to lie or scheme in their punt
I think there would be enough to go around
But those with millions would have to give ground.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Occam's Razor

Occam was a friar who decided that in problem-solving
One principle he was thinking and quietly evolving
It seemed to him when deciding a problem with two solutions
The one with the clearest option with fewer assumptions
Is the correct one to be selecting
And so will be less perplexing

It's just another piece of legal jargon
That will be for people ordinarily no bargain
All it means when you strip it down
Is pick the simplest explanation around
Without a series of things to happen one after another
To make each conspiracy theory not go any further

So when sliding down Occam's Razor
Do yourself a favour
When coming to a considered solution
Don't count conspiracy theory pollution
Look for the simplest explanation
And go for that one without hesitation

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Ode To Being Ordinary

Here's to being ordinary
And making the world go around
They won't have their name
On a statue in the centre of town
But they look after their family
And fronting day to day is their homily
And they always clock in on time
In the end what they leave behind
Will be for family and friends alone
And there is nothing wrong with that!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Old Friends Forever Remain

Old times with old friends forever remain
Close to my heart in my life's refrain
The smile on your dial can't subside
And I take and look back with a sense of pride

Where would I have been if not for them
As a crutch in the bad times I don't pretend
The twilight time means reflection for me now
I remember them all and they deserve a bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Optimism

They say you should be an optimist in what you think
Pessimism means that there is no other result but a stink
Think about the result and picture that you will win
And not end up torn and broken in a loser's spin

As you go through this life
There must be more than trouble and strife
I'd rather think of a sunny day
Than sit and ponder a bad fate and waste away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Perception

What does perception mean
In truth it seems just a machine
That cranks is way forward
As a decision is based on it

Some will use it to get their way
And soften the truth of what they say
But truth matters above all
When you make the final call.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Plastic Philosophy

Everything needs a name I would propose to think
So that in a category these musings can have a link
I have thought it through and a modern name it needs
As it goes together in a theme that feeds
So Plastic Philosophy it is as it is presented
For a place to have my thoughts as I have vented

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Paul Warren

Musings - Pride Maybe Not On Your Side

Pride seems to be a factor that we consider
In what we do and in a product we deliver
How it will look to others in the way
That it will be recorded in prosperity to stay

Perhaps for a conclusion that for a ending that's best
Whilst we try to sort things out from the rest
We should calmly and clearly think it through
And you'll find the answer using common sense
That will smoothly be complete and not raise your defence.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Race Memories

I once met a person who told me
That we had race memories that we could see
All of the experience our ancestors had
Were locked in a collective memory good and bad

We could unlock these memories from our mind
And experience them again with emotions that bind
I wonder what is locked for each of us
Is it more than pure instinct in such a fuss.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Reasons Good Or Bad

Everything happens for a reason he said
After being given the news you'd dread
I have seen this so many times before
And people say it and want to implore

I think they say it wanting to make it better
But bad news is bad news to the letter
I think that free will gives us something
That we work to and want to be a good thing

The reality is that things just happen good or bad
And there may be no good reason and it may be sad
Massacres, Genocide and Murder are done by evil ones
And these are for no good reason as evil in the end is done

Perhaps in the end it's a question of perception?
But you still need the test of good or bad without deception.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Revenge Or Forgiveness?

How long does it take to be forgiven?
Do you try to make amends and so be driven
If it is up to me I have had enough
I don't care any more I just want to get on with other stuff
So I have moved on and it is at an end
If others don't like it now and so I can't defend
Let them stay up at night plotting their revenge
If that is their final word let them not pretend.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Ripples In Time

Through this life are we just left as ripples in time
We are born live our lives and pass on so fine
Do these ripples across the pond of life slowly die
Until your life hasn't been more than a fleeting sigh
Once those you've touched have moved on
Who in this world be left to sing your song?
It would seem those day to day dramas now
Will not count in how the the show will end in how
The world will get by once you have left this mortal coil.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Should You Reach For The Sky

Should you reach for the sky
Brushing clouds as they float by
Or would you be content with your lot
Counting your blessings as you've got
So are you content in your final call
To leave it behind and not want for it all
Is there a time when you say enough is enough
And end your days not wanting to reach for more stuff.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Some Days Are Diamonds

Your feet are dragging and it's an effort to go
Even when you are given a nudge you will know
It is an effort and it's hard in your life's call
Why you always seem to be behind the eight ball
Some days are diamonds just shining through
Whilst others don't rate and depression grew.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Standards Met

Nightly on our television screens you see
All the violence in the wide world to be
The internet is full of dark horrible things
Of deaths, explosions or disasters to it brings
The mangled bodies and destruction on the screen
Make me wonder why we have to show it as it has been

I think of the people who are shown dead
And the mothers and fathers who see them to dread
Why is it now that we have to have access to it all?
When others who love them have to watch their tears fall?
It seems to me that bad language on the screen is frowned
But to show around that which is horrible puts you on safe ground!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Starting Again

You know can't start again
Even if you want to pretend
Each moment you have made
Will be yours in its grade

People will know what you've done
The best is work out what can be won
Or move on and say quietly to yourself
That person needs to be left to themselves.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Superstitions From The Old Days

In the Old Days superstitions were held and would give sway
So here are some you might have heard if you lived in those days

Don't step on cracks between the slabs of laid cement
Watch that a black cat doesn't cross your path is your lament
Walking under ladders set out in your way is a great taboo
Cover the mirrors in your house after a death or you'll see the dead too
Spill some salt and you'll need to throw some over your shoulder
And don't use the number thirteen as it is bad luck I couldn't be surer

A bridegroom should never see a bride the day before the wedding time
And a rabbit's foot kept in your pocket for good luck is right down the line
Place an acorn on a window sill will keep lightning away from the house outside
Stand in a circle evil spirits will not be able to get into you because you're side by side
In a new house put a jar of sharp objects in a wall to give witches a pain in the womb
If you cut your hair or fingernails at night ghosts will be seen by you quite soon.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Survivor Guilt

He died a hero's death and we all held him up on high
But what does it mean to us who now must get on by?
It could have been me instead so how do I make a call?
When someone is just like you and doesn't survive the fall?

The guilt that plays on your mind sometimes gives you no peace
I suppose somehow you will handle the grief
So you go back to your duty still with these questions not answered
It's just a way to cope with the survivor guilt leaving you somewhat stranded.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Take A Drive By Yourself

Once and a while take a drive
By and for yourself to be alive
Make it in the country on a summer's day
It doesn't need to be far - just get away

Turn your best music up so loud
And sing your songs - be proud
This time is for you and you alone
Blow the cobwebs out before you go home!

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Paul Warren

Musings - Take Your Licks And Stand

Don't think about it now
It won't matter somehow
The time it did has passed away
You know you have to stay
So take your licks and stand
Even if it's not in your plan

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Paul Warren

Musings - The End Or Beginning

How do I tell
If it's the beginning
Or the end
It seems that something
Is starting
As something else ends
Perhaps it's perception
As the judgement depends.

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Paul Warren

Musings - The Ghosts Of The Past

Are we surrounded by the ghosts of our past?
Are there things said or done that shouldn't last
Who would judge us on life's journey made
As each of us travels far to make the grade
Do we remember those who were there too
And in these trials we together flew through
At the quiet times now when thoughts return
Think kindly thoughts of them and so discern

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Paul Warren

Musings - The God Particle

It seems curious to say
That on the first day
God touched one particle
That became the live article
And together they were meld
To create this whole world.

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Paul Warren

Musings – The Pages Of My Book

What entries do I make in the book of life
Is it that I was here and I survived the strife
Perhaps it is the fond memories of friends and time
And still I remember those good times so divine
Should I now sit back and leaf through the pages of my book
When being melancholy brings the tears in their hook
Or be content as I sit and wonder how
The years have gone by to where I am here now.

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Paul Warren

Musings - The Pendulum

I was thinking the other day
Of how things happen in dismay
When looking for the balance made
And not the opposite negative grade

The swinging pendulum of life
Likes to swing back to the strife
And never seems to stop in the centre
But into the negative area to enter

So why does it go into the negative swing?
Requiring further work for the balance to bring
And so to have life just balanced right
Will require for you a further fight.

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Musings - The Things You Will Never See

You may search for my private things
The things for me that heartache brings
They are for me alone that have been wrought
And brings forth such anguish never sought
So leave those things that are only for me
As these are things that you will never see.

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Paul Warren

Musings - The Three Deaths

David Eagleman had a philosophy for death
The first death is when you take your last breath
And your body ceases to function
The second death is your funeral conjunction
When you are consigned to your grave
And your friends and family show their grief wave
The third and final death is the saddest of all
When your name is spoken in its last call
So these three deaths will mean for everyone the end
And the sadness of it is for all to comprehend

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Paul Warren

Musings - The Three Faces

The Japanese say you have three faces in your esteem
But you will decide the public one that will be seen

The first face is what you show to the wide world
It is the one that is strong in your faith as it is upheld
And for you to show to those you haven't as yet met
Tempered for battle or for kindness and not regret

The second face is for those you love and will show
When it's time to be with family and friends you know
For the laughter and tears that will be for you to share
Knowing that you will be with and for them in your care

The third face is the very secret one for you alone
That you keep away from others and isn't known
It is all those thoughts and reflections deep inside
In those times when alone and reflecting in your pride.

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Paul Warren

Musings - The Three Laws

The three robotic laws Isaac Asimov wrote down
Were meant to keep us safe when robots were around
A robot may not injure a human being
Or allow a human being to come to harm as it is seen

And a robot must obey orders by human beings given
Unless it conflicts with the first law as it is written
Then a robot must protect its own existence then
So long as it doesn't conflict to the 1st or 2nd laws to comprehend

It would seem that these rules are logical to all
And when thinking about robots it seems to be the call
The one thing I can't work out when applying the laws
Is why us humans don't have to obey and it's one of our flaws

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - The Two Great Eternities

We live our lives the best we can
Making time for our individual plan
Our time is limited to this earthly life
And navigating through it with the least strife

But what do we leave of this mortal coil
For we are not here to be another's foil
To live your life and leave your mark
Is there something left for others back to hark?

And know there are two eternities for each of us
The one that precedes us before our life of earthly fuss
And the other one which goes on when we have left this world
That will be forever where we will be judged for what our life held.

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Paul Warren

Musings - The Voice

I have a little man who whispers in my ear
I may not always see him but he doesn't disappear
You know he knows right from wrong and will tell me quite clear
Whatever it takes to find the truth I will know it is now near
But the trouble is not everyone wants to hear this call
Because you see everyone has this person for all
So hold you ear up to the wind and you will hear it too
Don't ignore what is said and the call will fly to you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Things Now Haunt My Soul

What bright points will be
When I close my eyes and see
How do I not get up and flee
These things that come and scratch at me

Those things I want to bury away
Without me wanting them to stay
Be there now although suppressed and whole
Why do these things now haunt my soul.

© Paul Warren

Paul Warren

Musings - Things Worth Remembering

If everyday is a struggle when will it end
Will there be a tomorrow with thoughts to defend
Or just sit back and wait to see what it is
Instead of worrying about it in all of a Tis
It would seem that a construction is made
And those things worth remembering will not fade
Do I sit and count the years as they roll
Or live each day well even if it is out of my control.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Time The Human Invention

Time was a human invention
Where we wanted to measure work expression
First it was the local gentry tower clock face
Without a minute hand it was an hourly race

Then we wanted to use every minute of the day
So a further clock hand was added right away
Then the seconds became important in the race
And time was put in our civilisation's right place

Now it's millionths of seconds measuring each one
When the importance is measuring and not what's done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Valar Morgulis - All Men Must Die

So a bit of philosophy from a television show
But it seems something that we already know
Help for your life to live your way so well
And not pick up a line on which you dwelt
The dream of serving the right seems so noble
But in the end other agendas can be a hobble
If you can see that early in your time
It will be easier in your way to find
And in the end it doesn't matter to get by
Valar Morgulis - All men must die.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Wanting To Be The Alpha

We sit together and manoeuvre to see
Who is the alpha and what will be
There always is one who speaks first
And wants to be noticed with such a thirst
Smart words and language from him
Make others shake their heads above his din

Is it that he needs to feel
That he is the best and the real deal
Others just look to him and are wondering
What made him that way in all his blundering.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - We Are Made Up Of 10,000 Things

We are made up of 10,000 things
All of our experience that still rings
I am a boy playing Cowboys in my backyard
And a teenage listening to all the Rock hard

I am a young man with a twinkle in my eye
Trying to catch a pretty girl's glance as she walks by
I am a father now holding tight
A bundle of new life as a parent might

I am now middle aged and looking a bit worn
Looking back on my life from my first day born
I think that satisfaction for my own judgement
Weighing the good with the bad as it will ferment

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Paul Warren

Musings - What Banner Do You Fly

What banner do you fly
When you walk on by
Are you strong and proud
And do what is right and allowed
Is your face looking up ahead
Or is it covered and drab with dread

Do you have a plan for it all
Or have you already made your last call
Do people remember you for who your are
Or do you just skulk away not reaching a high bar
You know that everyone will have 15 minutes
Just go out now and for yourself win it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - What We Hide From Each Other

People don't show their real face to remain unknown
Their public face is one they don't want blown
So don't show the things which make them vulnerable
And will hide from each other to make them more able
So we go through these charades with each other
And in the end we can back out with no bother.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Who Am I

I wonder am I made of all my deeds done
Or how others have perceived me as one
Perhaps it's the Fates to outline and decide
Or in the end it may be just my foolish pride
Did God outline a course to steer me onward
Or I did not see God's plan to be honoured
Who is to say when my life is finally at end?
Or in a second chance could I make amend.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Who Can Say?

Who can say what the conclusion will bring?
When it plays out and in the end it may sting
You see it out and ensure you stay 'til the end
To consider every thrust or knife point to defend
You may not see over the brow of the hill
Or the dark of night may be troubling still
Being strong may just mean seeing it through
As every twist and turn may be new
In so saying if you should work to a plan
There should be a solution that will land

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Paul Warren

Musings – Who Do I Hear Calling My Name?

Who do I hear calling my name?
Is it someone I know or a stranger the same
Are they calling me home and to come here
I hear them again as someone I counted as dear

Who do I see there up ahead?
Is it someone I knew in other times instead?
Are they someone who I will recognise now?
Remembering them as in my memory they take a bow

Where do I go when I have the will?
Is it with someone I count as a friend still?
Do they want to be with me?
And I can spend the happy time as it should be

When do I leave them at the end of it now?
Counting the time I will need to show how
I have loved them as a friend
But know when it has come to an end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Who Rules You

They say you know who rules you
By knowing who you can't criticise too
But this does not help in our democracy
Because I think that it is easier to see
You can be against the Liberal Party
And write to a newspaper rather arty

Or not be a socialist against the Labourites
And then be up for a cracking Facebook fight
Pauline Hanson and the One Nation members
You can roast on the Talkback Radio embers
So criticising people is not a disallowed theme
Have your say we are robust enough to allow your dream.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Who Will Be There For Me

Who will be there for me
When I am tired and it's hard to see
What the next move for me should be
How will it be when I make my plea
Where can I be when all I want to be is free

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Paul Warren

Musings - Who Would I Be If I Weren't Me

Who would I be if I weren't me
Perhaps I would have built something to see
Or I would have invented something worthwhile
Then maybe I could make someone smile

Again thinking as an athlete I could run a mile in a record
When at the Olympics for my country's accord
A story that becomes a best seller would be nice
Or as an explorer somewhere paying the price

But you know in the end of it all when I think it through
Weighing it all up together and to myself being true
What I am now is what I was probably meant to be
Myself as myself for the whole world to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Why Is It That The Innocents Will Suffer

The bitterness I feel is sometimes raw
Of the things I've seen sticking in my craw
Why is it that the innocents will suffer
Whilst sometimes the evil one will recover

Children who haven't yet made their mark
Live with broken dreams without love at the start
Or the broken lives whose time slips away
When it could be prevented in a common sense display

In my mind on reflection it still is so real
It's the horror in my memory that I have to deal
And it is not always the blood and the gore
It's when you leave children knowing they need more.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Will

Will good prevail
Will evil fail
Will tyrants fall
Will the meek stand tall
Will children play
Will heroes stay
Will we all sleep in peace
Will we all have enough to eat at least

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Paul Warren

Musings - Workin Through Problems

People look to me for an answer
When sometimes all I have heard is banter
To stand in place and not away to race
Is something that I have had to face

But that is what I have been here to do
And to provide a solution that is true
When at the start some common sense is all
That should have been their call.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Would I Have These Questions

If I could stand against the wind
Would it mean I am stronger within?

If I could push against the current
Would that mean my direction would be better I warrant?

If I could always see others point of view
Would it mean that I would better discuss it too?

If I could see tomorrow easily
Would my planning be better for me to see?

If I could live my life by the right rules
Would I have no regrets when judged in the accounting tools?

If all the ills of the world were taken to task
Would I have these questions that I now feel the need to ask?

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Paul Warren

Musings - Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow

I dreamed of today
When it was yesterday
And tomorrow seemed
A life away in time
But where did they go
All those yesterdays
Were there too many dreams
Of what tomorrow would be
As we struggled with today.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Your Happy Place

When it's quiet it is great to close your eyes
And relax to think of your happy place
Think of a tropical beach in the sun
The water lapping to the white sands
A sailing boat in a lagoon lazily on the breeze
With the same breeze cool on your face
There is no care to spoil your paradise made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Musings - Your Life Is For Living

Your life is for living
Don't have any misgiving
Each day is sacred you know
Don't be too scared to give it a go
In the end all what you need to know
Is even if you didn't succeed you gave it a go.

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Paul Warren

Musings - Your Own Special Photo Booth

Is your mind your own special photo booth
That flashes pictures in the search for truth
Of things that happened in the past
Memories that are stored you want to last
So now and then when a memory decides to come
You photo booth will show a picture that will belong.

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Paul Warren

Musings -Dream Of Things

Dream of things that you want to be
Happiness is what we should strive to see
Life is wonderful for all
So make it your life's call
Stand up and give it a shout
Sunshine and love is what it is about.

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Paul Warren

Musings- The Good Times

Some days you wake up and all's well
The sun is shining and you're feeling swell
Take that deep breath and the air is clean
The world is a great place do you know what I mean?
With all of times when the struggle was hard won
Sometimes it's good just rest a moment and have fun
Life is for living for everyone
Recharge and relax you are on a good run!

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Paul Warren

My 100th Birthday

On my 100th birthday I will glad to see
A blow torch of candles so very hot it will be
And I can tout in such a sincerest way
I have no enemies on this special day

As the years go by I have outlasted them in this greatest toil
For they have all passed from this mortal coil
To now sit back and broadly smile so easily
You see having a great life is the best revenge you see.

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Paul Warren

My Angel

She told me about her angels
That were always on her shoulder
Who looked after her
When she was frightened or felt alone

She rocked my world
All I could think of was her
When she was not around
But that was an age ago

Now she has gone
To where there are angels
And I am still here
Waiting to be with her again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Computer

My computer now recognises me
When I start it up and in the screen I see
There is greeting of a friendly nature it gives
And Cortana answers my questions as if she lives

My verbal commands are understood
Where the answers come as they should
I suppose the next generation will be quite chatty
As a neighbour would over the back fence be quite happy.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Country - The Burst Water Pipe

It was an early morning start as he drove along
The radio on listening to one of his favourite songs
Suddenly out the ground there came water sprouting about
And the front wheels of his Daewoo car he could not get out
Alas again the underground water pipes of Adelaide town
Had let down the ordinary folk who just wanted to travel around!

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Paul Warren

My Country - The Colours Of Australia

Brown, red, beige and yellow are the colours
Of Australia as you travel and will discover
It is a wide brown land in sun baked glory
On each day as it starts its individual story

Australia's tropical north has its green
But where I live in South Aussie it's rarely seen
I love it still as my home in any way
After seeing other places I will stay

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Paul Warren

My Country - The Shipwrecked Brewer's Yeast

The "Sydney Cove" was a sailing ship plying the colonial trade
When it left Calcutta on its way to Port Jackson in its voyage made
But it foundered on Preservation Island off Tasmania on its way
Going down with hands and the cargo lost in the company's dismay

But recently divers on the wreck were able to salvage a number of treasures
Including a bottle of beer that scientists tested for its brewing measures
They were able to extract from the beer the yeast that made the brew
And so two hundred year old brewer's yeast will make beer so tasty for you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Disguise

I wear a cloak as my disguise
And I use it to cool my pride
For in an instant I can disappear
So you can't see me near

I can then stand when danger calls
For one needs these things as part of their all
And don't think if I let you near
That you will find my cloak will disappear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Draw String Bag

When I take out my draw string bag
I count the things that made me glad
There are badges from my youthful time
And other things I learnt to keep in my mind

Why do we keep these things safely held
Do they matter in my own world
Perhaps it's not the things
It's just the memories they now bring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Family - Advice My Mother Gave To Me

Always wear clean underwear in case you have an accident
Always eat your vegetables they'll put hairs on your chest
Don't eat anything for an hour before you go swimming
Always eat your crusts they'll make your hair curly
If the wind changes your face will stay that way
Nothing good ever happens after midnight
Be home before the streetlights come on
Don't pick your nose you'll make it bleed
Don't pat stray dogs as they have fleas
Growing children need plenty of sleep
Just wait until your father gets home
If you pick at it it won't get better
Don't run with scissors
A band-aid will fix it.

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Paul Warren

My Family - I Remember Long Ago

I remember long ago a cold winter's day
Holding my mother's hand tight straight away
And seeing the clouds whip across the sky
As we stepped off the bus to a chemist shop on by
Then walking in some shops as it started to rain
I remember hearing a lady on the radio song call
Singing about being needing to be 'West of the Wall'
The last memory of this day long ago
Was the rain as it teemed down on us
And my mother sheltering me and making a fuss.

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Paul Warren

My Family - My Inspiration

Do you still look down on me
Do you see all the things that I see
Do I feel those things in my dictate
Do I still know those things from you I take

When I walk through this world now
You have given to me the know how
These years that go by in endless time
From you my inspiration I find.

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Paul Warren

My Family - The Fj Holden

My father bought a 1954 FJ Holden sedan
It was light green and had leather seats in its plan
I suppose to us it didn't matter and our family was made
As we went everywhere in that car and in the back seat we played

It was in the sixties when the times they were a changin'
Everything around us that was except my father's FJ Holden
We went on long drives and picnics in the summer time
And my father was there behind the wheel driving and so fine

So my childhood was happy and it seemed the car was always there
There was no need to worry or for my brothers and me to care
And it seemed that the day that my father sold that FJ Holden
It was the beginning of the end of my childhood as I now comprehend

So we started to grow up and go our own ways
But when I think of my childhood the FJ Holden stays
And I remember the laughter and how good it felt
To be part of my family long ago in my memory spent.

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Paul Warren

My Father

I see him sometimes
Just looking at me
He smiles so easily
Other times he shakes his head
Then just disappears
I wish I could talk with him
And say that I love him
But I know he is always there.

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Paul Warren

My Father's Hands

I look at them in front of me
My hands old and wrinkled as I see
And I remember seeing my father's hands
As he toiled away and made his plans

My hands look like his as I turn them over back and palm
Familiar as they should be with no real charm
But they remind me of him and how he was with me
As I looked and learnt about life from him you see

But we are different in how we toiled
As he stood tall whilst WW2 flowed and boiled
For in his hands he carried a gun for us
And in the peace he never made a fuss

Now I did my part in wearing the blue
Always wanting him to be proud of what I'd do
So here I am an older man you see
With these hands that remind of his legacy.

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Paul Warren

My First Dance

Standing hands in my pockets
Trying to pluck up the courage
To ask a girl to dance
My song comes on
Raising a smile on my face

So I ask her to dance
To my surprise she raises a smile
She stands up and goes with me
To the dance floor and I take her hand
And we dance my first dance.

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Paul Warren

My Friend The Magpie In The Morning Sun

Each morning I hear the warbling
As she sits in my tree
She greets the day in happiness
And when I go to water my plants
She follows me closely

I fill her bowl with cool water
Next I see her taking a drink
And she will take my offered bread
Then she sits in the tree
To warble the day in.

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Paul Warren

My Friends, Buddies And Mates

I think of friends
That have gone before
And ache for their friendship
Some were cut down a long time ago
But I still remember them and their laughter
When we were young and the world was ours
I remain in faith that when my time comes
That I will see them again and know them as friends.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Heart

My heart is for you
With my love being true
It's you that I want now
And I will know how

The touch of your hand
Is all I will demand
You are the best of me
And will be all that I see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Heart Flutters

Soft cool silk sheets on a summer night
Passion with a lady that feels right
With each movement my heart flutters
'I love you' are the words I utter
The full moon of love peaks high in the sky
A balmy night of love is just right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Heart's In Australia

My hearts in Australia
On the dusty hot plains
As the galahs chatter in their pink fine regalia
And will for me forever remain

My heart will remain in the blue crystal water
On the white sandy beach
Swimming in the sun as free as I ought a
And paradise is always within reach

My heart sings with gladness
When I think of those balmy warm nights
Not to love Australia is just madness
When I think of the Great Southern Land bursting with light

When this my time is over on this earth
And my wandering is finally done
I will lie in Oz in restful sleep for what it's worth
To be blessed as an Australian means heaven was won.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Holy Grail

I looked everywhere
And nowhere then
But I can't seem to find
My Holy Grail

Others were with me once
At times it was hard
And so they have left me too
But I'm still searchin'

It eludes me in my quest
At every step I take
I'm bruised, battered and torn
But not downhearted

And I keep goin' on
For to stop would be a crime
Until in the end I will find
My Holy Grail.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Home

Find me a place where the magpies chortle
And the summer's sun beats down from its mantle
Where a cool breeze blows at even tide
And the dust in the air makes the sky burn wide

As the sun kisses the gulf at dusk
And the cool gulf water makes a swim a must
Lay me down where the sea breeze blows
To uplift the soul under the full moon's glow

For I may lay there and sleep a while
Away from all the trials and human guile
For this Southern Land is majesty to behold
And will me, in its arms forever hold.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Knees And Hips

I think my knees and hips were the first to go
All those years running and walking you know
When I had younger legs it didn't matter
Now my knees and hips make a straining clatter

And those years marching and running on a road
Will now mean my knees and hips can't take the load
So I rub in the Voltaren cream and Goanna Oil into my skin
So I can walk and work standing up and getting in.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Last Meal

Crusty bread and butter
Chocolate coated ice cream
The first beer on a hot day
Ice cold watermelon dripping
Weet-bix with cold milk
Cold chocolate milkshakes
Hot apple pie with icecream
A tender steak with mushrooms
Roasted vegetables and lamb
What would you choose?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Last Night

If this were my last night on earth
Would I sit and wonder my worth
Or would I bite the bullet and say
It doesn't matter I will kick back and now par-tay

I would do all those things I could
And not worry about things as I should
Perhaps drink those beverages until I am merry
Eating all the cake and all the fried chicken I can carry

So thinking about it now
Why wait to deliver the Wow!
Life is for living as you will
And you don't have to swallow every bitter pill!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Last Say

What will I say
On the last day
Will it be
The sum of me
Or perhaps a sigh
Thinking of times gone by
With family all round
Awaiting my last sound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Last Walk

I watched a devil dance
Across the plain in its dusty prance
To look up high towards the sun
Burnt my eyes as it's battle won

The snake slithers and then curled
On a rock like the heat of hell
I was walking towards the coast
Not stopping just wanting the it to end the most

And I had not sighted another soul
As I journeyed on with less control
For the world was lost in a blinding flash
When neither side won as the world gasped.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Life In Rhyme

Do you seek the wonder
Of my youth cast asunder
When time was immaterial
And death seemed somewhat ethereal

There were times when I was broken so bad
That all that was left was consolation so terribly sad
Did I look at life through a glass onion
That twisted the light this way and that in exhibition

Do I stand up now and sing
Or cry to the world I regret some things
Terrible it may seem at the time
Now done am I lost in my life of rhyme.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Lost Love

Did I make a promise I couldn't keep
Of whispered words to make your life complete
Did we lie together on the sand
As I gently picked up and kissed your trembling hand
Did we walk together until I had to go
And now I regret not keeping you or letting our love grow

Perhaps if things had been different then
I would have been able to keep you and for it not to end
But young men don't think always of these things
Or in the end the suffering in parting that it brings
So all I do now is sit and think of those olden days
When you could have been mine for ever and always.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Love

If I walked slowly by
Would you only look to the sky

If I gave my coat to you in kindness
Would your memory be clouded in blindness

If I whispered love to you
Would you hear my voice too

If my every waking thought was of you
Would you know this was true

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Mate

Do you remember him and how he was
With no need for apology in his cause

There is nothing better than a beer with a mate
Such a cheery thing to contemplate

The hours just laughing with no grief
That life was good with no care or contrary belief

But what is there now but sadness straight
For to lose a mate is hard to contemplate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Mates Are Gone

How do I reminisce
Now my mates are gone
And a song I hear
Now makes me
Want to cry

Where are the mates
I had then
Who made me laugh
In days gone by
When we were young.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Melancholy Days

On my melancholy days
It feels like I'm wasting away
Feeling the past is all I am
And the future is not at my command

When my melancholy days are done
Will my story be left undone?
Or will they say I did my best
And that I was different from the rest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Next Time Around

My next time round will be different for me
I won't question what good there is to see
And try not to be misunderstood
Not wondering if I can or should

There will be more rainbows to make me smile
And I know that I wouldn't waste a mile
I would give thanks for what I will find
Not wishing for what can never be mine

For life is such a precious thing
And at every opportunity your happiness should sing
Just one more thing before I close
I won't sweat the little things you know.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Old Mate

I would like to get it straight in my head
As he died in my arms I said
Old mates who knew each other well
Were riding around a bend to hell

A bright sunny day in December
And a nightmare I would always remember
He cut a corner feeling good
Taking one more chance than he should

The truck was in its place
And he hit the grill losing it all without grace

I was right behind the mess
And screamed to god to bless
But it was all too late
And death was there in his fate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Old Neighbourhood

There was my father who built his house
After the Second World War Navy Service
He made the bricks, dug trenches and did it all
Raising his brood the largest family on the street

There was the Ladners next door who built as well
Putting up the house with his brother's help
And used second hand bricks and a plaster's guide
The saddest story was at 18 they lost their son to cancer

Down the street there was another Ladner the other brother
Who died young one night from a heart attack in bed
Leaving a daughter and a wife who grieved her life through
She became a hoarder keeping everything in old suitcases

The Leng's lived a couple of houses down the street
He served his war in the RAAF as ground maintenance crew
As a hard man to like and played it always hard on his son
He was up to take anything for nothing he could find

In fact he had an old chook shed of 6 inch pieces of pine
They had cost him nothing and he kept them dry his whole life
He built his house of asbestos weatherboard himself as well
Stating he would brick it up but he never did this in the end

There were other people in the street who kept to themselves
And I grew to manhood with these people every day
Now when I think of those days it is in the Australian sun
As they go about their daily grind each one as it was done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Restless Soul

In contemplation of where I am
To heal and move on the plan
For my restless soul
Bleeds forth without control

Whilst I wait looking around again
Not knowing if it would matter in the end
To stand tall amongst the grass
And stretch up to see if it would last

Don't be smitten down
For that which was lost is found
Strike the band playing loud
Would it be finally be me that's proud.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Rucksack

What do I carry
In my rucksack
There are things that sustained me
And things that still bring me down

It is difficult to unpack
For to get to the good
You may have to find your way through the bad
Whose mere presence is sometimes enough

But once infected again
Your tolerance is challenged
Will you submit to the darkness
And let it beat you again in despair

Or will you find strength
In what was a hard time
Have it pulled apart as it becomes part of you
Conquering the darkness and going on.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Street

When I drive down the street
There is no one there to meet
The Ladners and Lengs are dead
With others living in their houses instead

How many times did I turn in that driveway
Running, riding or driving each day
And how glad I was to be home
After a day at work or with mates I have known

But those days are now long past
With times I thought would forever last
And people with a smile and a wave
In a neighbourhood with their friendship they gave.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Tale

Who do I tell my tales to
Will they sit and listen too
How do I speak the words I need
And make it right and to succeed

Do I feel that it all is worth it
Or hold my head and breakdown a bit
How many times do I need to get to my feet
When I am knocked down and less complete.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Test

What darkens the night
When the sun fades from sight
What guiding hand leads me on
As unseen things scurry about and are gone

What courage tempers my heart
When all around is naked and stark
And when my soul cries out in the test
These struggles scar deeply I do attest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Time

There comes a time
When you inherit
Your senior position
In this world
The others who came
Before you have
Passed on now
You are the level head
And the worrier.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Unusual Job

I have an unusual job
All I have to do is lob
On their doorstep once a week
And then I go to bed for a sleep

Every two hours I am woken up
I take their tablets in their scheduled sup
For I now make my living
Testing drugs in their measured vision.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Westside Girl

I fell in love with a Westside girl
You know the one that got me in a whirl
We met on the beach that summer time
She was in her red bikini looking so fine

That's when I fell in love with my Westside girl
When you see us you will know how hard I fell
At night when I take her out to the seaside carnival
You will know for sure know my story is such a twirl

In this world there was no other place so fine
Than the Westside with this girl of mine
So when you see me with her struttin' along
It will be with her forever that I do belong.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

My Wounded Heart

My wounded heart implores
Me for the people and places before
Gentle things and sincere
I still feel them oh so near

Did you remember to say thank-you
For those things they did for you
Harken back and feel it inside
Less is more for you to abide

I would like to see them again
And speak to them as family and friends
The moments then not outstanding
Now to me inside demanding.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mystery - Look To The Sky

Look to the sky there will be a sign
A sign that will make them change their mind
It will be a time of enlightenment for all
And in it you will hear God's commanding call

The killing and maiming will end
And the good will triumph in a godsend
This the Knights heard when they rode in battle
And by the end of the day many heard death's rattle

The sign was an eclipse of the sun when the darkness came
And the heat of the day dissipated and did not remain
Each knight stopped in their fighting in the furious time
When this sign in the sky was looked upon as divine

When they were weary from the battle as it was made
And it looked like they would fail in the fighting grade
A sign came from the sky and evil covered away
So they knew then that God's goodness would stay

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Mystery - The Wooden Box

They lined up after being on the train
For four days in the cold and constant rain
Until it was taken to the camp and it stopped
The German Army was efficient as it chopped
The Jewish people of Europe in the final solution
To rid Europe of what the Nazi's thought as pollution

She was tired and wanted to just rest her head
And was shuffled along with the others ahead
In her one suitcase she clutched to her side
Was the one thing that was her grandmother's pride
An ancient carved wooden box the family tasked to keep
They had to lock the box away and protect it complete

The soldier told them to pile their cases together in a mound
That they would collect them after being taken around
To the barracks where they would be quartered to work
But they were taken to the gas and killed in Nazi's perk
So she was lost and her family's sacred duty ended that day
And so the danger increased for those around the box in it's way

The cases were loaded by the workers onto the trolleys as ordered
And were sent to the work sheds with the case taken to be sorted
The case was opened by a worker and the box was placed on the table
One of the guards noticed the box with other things as a display enabled
He picked it up and turned it around in his hands in an admiration made
And walked to his office and placed it for safe keeping for the right grade

It waited in silence in the office cupboard gathering dust whilst the war went on
Until one day the guard's brother was taken into the SS in ceremony and song
He needed a present for one who will be taken to battle for the Fuhrer's Army
And looking around he remembered the wooden box that would be worthy
So he went to the cupboard and pulled it out dusting it off in consideration
Deciding this would be the one thing he could give in expectation and admiration

For his brother was a true aryan who followed the Nazi Doctrine in his plan
And had been on the Russian Front and had an Iron Cross with swords quite
grand
But he had been wounded in these battles and lost an arm so was going to

Normandy

To face the United Nations forces in the Second Front in Rommel's Atlantic Wall Army

And it was 1944 and the last gathering of his family in a bombed out Berlin

In Total War you had to outlast the enemy and it will give you victory in the end

After the dinner had been set and eaten the family gathered around the table

And he presented the box to his brother with due fanfare in best wishes to enable

Him to return to the family after the final battle as a hero to live as the Master

Race

The warrior thanked him inspecting the box and looked upon his family with

grace

He packed his things and went on the train to the Atlantic Wall German defences

And he waited in his tank as the days counted down until the invasion was

rendered

On the 6th of June 1944 the biggest invasion the world ever saw hit the beaches

And the Thunderbolt fighter bombers roamed over the country side reaches

When the warrior was caught in the open and his life was lost when his tank

exploded

Rommel was in Germany at that time visiting his wife for a birthday celebrated

He returned in a hurry Normandy but the damage was done for their defence

And as hard as was tried they were on the defensive against the Allied offence

An SS officer was going through the dead warrior's things and came across the box

It was too good and he put it aside and sending the rest back in the families lot

He wanted to gain favour with Rommel and so he presented the box to him to

gloat

And when in the bedroom alone Rommel opened it and saw there was only a note

The note said, 'You will not prevail, the die for you is cast!' and he closed it

He left the house and a Thunderbolt shot him up and he went to hospital very

sick

Rommel was in hospital on 20th July 1944 when the Hitler Murder plot occurred

But he was in the plot had seen that the War was lost for them and they were

spurned

During the trials of the plotters, Rommel was found out by the Gestapo

investigation

On 14th October 1944 they came for him and he was forced to take poison in the

end

Rommel's family was saved but his possessions were forfeited to the SS men

And the box were given up to desperate men who wanted to gain favour again

It was given to Himmler who believed in the supernatural with its reliance on trinkets

He thought the box held power giving it to Hitler as the Nazis would in the end expect

The box was opened in display and the Nazis didn't win a battle from that day forward

The words on the note have transpired and the end of the War was defeat toward
In the confusion of the end of their days the box disappeared into the mists of time

Waiting to surface again for the unwitting or held safe away with knowing minds.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Names And Memories

Names and memories

Places and people

That remain

Each memory made

Returns to me

With names and memories

Places and people.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Nano-Bots

The scientist invented nano-bots
That cured cancer and other fatal ailments
They were organically based and worked
All suffering and dying was obsolete for us

And life spans were increased greatly
Then years went on and the question was
What would we do with the extra time
And why would there be children if you didn't die.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Nationalism - Love Of Country

What does love of country mean?

Is it fondness for the place where you were born
And you know what for you is the norm
When you have been away
And you sight it first again and want to stay

In the past we have fought for it
With our lives laid down to fit
Going to their graves today
Placing soul or burning gum leaves in our way

Perhaps it includes the clothes you wear
A kilt, a slouch hat or cowboy boots seem fair
When you parade in this dress as proudly seen
Marching to your music as loudly as it's ever been

As the years have gone by
Now it seems to some other things now fly
Such as religion or ethic group
Where you can find this as your low hanging fruit.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Natural High

I want to laugh out loud
And to find my happiness in the crowd
There are jokes to find
And I want to finally unwind

Where's my DVD of the Life of Brian
Finding the Meaning of Life will be binding
Then Abbott and Costello for fun
And Stan being messed up by Ollie undone

Then there's the Aussie way out
With Dad and Dave having a shout
And Hughesy Rove and The Castle all the way
For laughter is the best medicine so they say

All those muscles I will be using
Will be great for my face when amusing
And the natural endorphins in my brain
Will be the natural high I will gain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Naturally With Poise

Don't sit there and cry
That was never a way to get by
For each day is new
And they are far too few

So get up and make some noise
So naturally now and with poise
For in the end it's you
And laugh instead of cry to do.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Nature - An Ant's Perspective

Have you ever wondered how an ant sees the world
Where everything is gigantic and any journey a long meld
Of huge obstacles to climb and to conquer to get anywhere
And you need to be strong to transport anything there

Does time pass like it does for us in the human race
Or is it different when an ant goes out in its pace
And what really happens when you are a worker ant
Does the queen make you work hard in your worker's grant.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Nature - Earthquake In Adelaide, South Australia On Thursday 2/2/2017

Lying in bed just after midnight
On Thursday 2nd February 2017 timing right
A distance rumbling we did hear
A 3.7 magnitude earthquake without fear

My cushion fell off a seat without grace
And garden furniture was out of place
The going joke was we will rebuild
But nature's force on show will not yield.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Navigate The Ocean

Navigate the ocean of the blue world
Listen to the beliefs of all peoples held
Stand fast and strong before the mast
As the cold wind is whipped and prayed to last

Up and down on the beating wings
As you think of what the morning brings
The sun will penetrate its golden rays
And upon the ocean we pray our safety stays

For who charts the course for mortal folk
When we constantly strain against the yolk
For travellers are we on the restless sea
When we pray and think what will be will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Neo-Nazis

Neo-Nazis March in hate
And innocence dies as it relates
To freedom of speech for us all
How do you reconcile it in your call

Do you let them have their say
Hoping that they will go away
The Germans thought the same thing
That they could control them in their dream.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Never Felt This Blue

Never felt this blue before
It's never lasted so long to my core
I don't know if I can take it anymore
When do those memories fade back to the way before

What do you do
When your life light is low
And there is nowhere left
Stand tall and I won't fall being so bereft

Push through the years
Through all the heartache and tears
To a time that was yours alone
And you were a free soul not gone

When does it finally end
When you don't have to pretend
No more standing whilst others leave
Just now when you don't deceive

So it's been twelve months now
Since I had know-how
Can I now just let it be
No more searching just set free.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Never Hot

Could you go to a land that's never hot
And the sun shines down on just the spot

Where you still wear a jumper on a summer's day
Your thirst is able to be quenched straight away

In the summer time there is twilight until midnight
You will find the water at the beach is cold not just right

And you're able to walk barefoot on the ground
With no glare of the sun beating relentlessly down.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

New Norms

There will come a time
When thinking of this year's Covid 19 rhyme
Will we wonder if we did the right thing
Following the rules and what they bring

The social distancing we have practiced
With washing hands and being less interactive
How will it end after society being stopped
To start it all again and see the virus dropped

The Spanish 'Flu came in three waves spread
Increasing each time the numbers of the dead
Will we be left with a similar problem for us
Returning to normal times without a fuss

The lessons learnt should make us better
Being ultra clean to the letter
And social distancing being society's new norm
So no shaking hands and 1.5 metres apart without scorn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

New Year - Last Day Of 2016 Hogmanay

The last day of a horrible year
We have lost people who are dear
With each day 2016 got worse
And people sang their last verse

But that was then and life goes on
As we live out our own life's song
We look to 2017 as a brand new day
Knowing that things will be a better way

When the golden last hour will chime
And we say adieu to the 2016 in old time
Hogmanay celebrations we all enjoy
Looking forward with optimism and joy.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

New Year"S Eve 2017 In Singapore

Sitting in a marble hall
Watchin' line dance one and all
Drinkin' scotch and coke
Crazy time for an Aussie bloke

Making laughter ring
What good times they bring
Tropical 1 degree from the Equator line
Singapore slings will do just fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

News - Alternative Facts

So now the world has alternative facts
That will challenge the truth when read back
It seems that with the amount of information around
You need to tell a set of facts that make a good sound
I suppose it is an extension of winners writing history
But with a thought that all you need is a popular story
I think from now you will need to research your topic
More thoroughly than before even if less myopic.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

News - Changing History

Changing history to make a point
Seems like something you do out of joint
Write a blog on the Internet for credibility
Even if what you stretch facts to incredibility
Especially if you talk about wars in the past
You can fight for something the that will not last
Just scream it as loud as you can to get attention
Say what you like to support your claim without retention
Then disappear when questioned later on in the mix
Don't worry change your hook they will not fiind you in a fix.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

News - Fake Or Not

How do we keep informed
Watching TV news services
Facebook grabs on your timeline
Perhaps like Donald Trump
You watch Fox News

Then there's the Internet
Or reading a newspaper each morning
In the old days ways

Perhaps once and a while
You make your own news

And there is judgement as to what is fake or not
Thing is that with so much
Information it's the truth that counts.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Night

If I could see through the night
Would I have left you when it was not right

I should have held you and loved you
For that whole dark night through

But now there is no time just memories
And I know now that I didn't want to be free.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Night - On The Edge Of The Light

What do you miss on the edge of your headlights?
Are there things that wander that would give you a fright?
Do these things that you miss on the edge of the beam
Would normally only be seen in a nightmare or dream?
As the highway stretches out toward the starlight
Are there things that follow you in the darkness of the night?
When you see your reflection in the window looking back
Is there another face you see in the background as a fact
Maybe it's just the fatigue of the never ending night
But maybe there are things that want to be away from the light!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Night - The Light Ahead

After travelling at night in the cool country air
We come to the last mountain pass to drive with care
It has been darkness all the way in the clear moonlight
With other highway travellers using a guiding headlight

As you turn the last bend you see the sparkling lights ahead
Which signifies the end of the journey as our map has said
After the darkness it's soothing to see the lighting displace
As the road melds to brightness in a heavenly grace

It always seems to me that a town looks its best
When the lights at night over it is dressed
I think that for an Australian country place
The first sight of them at night makes a good case.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Night Cordon

A cold damp wind hits you in the face
And the darkness closes in on you
Biting into you as you wait and stand
There is no more need to be concerned

For the longer you wait, the worm will turn
As the dog searches through the factory
Endless minutes plod on without hearing
Until the all clear is given to resume patrol.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Night Shift Remembered

I liked the dawn breaking over the city night
And the sun especially in a Friday morning light
I liked the noise of the city waking slowly building
As the light strengthened slowly revealing

Remembering the chaos of the night has ended
Sometimes after bringing us to places unintended
And weary eyes no longer seek in the shadows lurking
As the streets give up their secrets now forthcoming

I liked the thought of coming home
After a night completed with no more to be known
I liked the laughter and mateship of a barbecue and beer
After the last night when fellowship was so dear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Nightmare

Endless nightmares I see
Falling down with gravity
Paralysed so I can't move
I am bombarded with what I won't choose

Restlessly I struggle to wake
Crying out to avoid my fate
Now awake my heart is racing
Will my sleep be now forsaken.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Nightmares - The Nightmare

The darkness falls and lets the night begin
I know that he will be here and visit again
I hear the gasping and go to open the door
I see him again on the veranda floor

Half his head is gone and with the one accusing eye
He stares at me and won't let me by
A quivering mouth in a ruined face says the word
You let me die in speech that's slurred

I turn around and try to run away
I feel his hand on my shoulder to stay
At that time I wake up in a pool of sweat
Feeling fragile and filled with regret.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Nightmares - The Sequel

I am lying in bed and it is dark
I slept for an hour but now it's stark
Sleep will not come even though I am tired
The images are there still and I am still wired
So I take another pill and try to relax to sleep
And pray for it to stop but it's such a feat.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

No Time To Say Goodbye

When I last saw you my heart was broken in two
For the end had come so quickly I didn't know what to do

Was it too hard as we said your last good-byes
When you walked away I thought that my heart would surely die

Now I am left with memories of our good times then
I am all alone with our precious love now at an end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Non Mihi Sed Deo Et Regi

'Non Mihi Sed Deo Et Regi'

Translated into English means

'Not for self but God and King'

The Warren family motto

They say these days

That these olden day things

Don't have a place in this modern world

But it does look good on the plaque.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

No-One And Nothing

There is no-one and nothing more
That I take away
She said as she left
Saying she would not stay

Sometimes the heartache will linger on
Especially when you didn't see it coming along
So we parted and I went on then
With nothing but memories and break-up songs without end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Normal - What Is Normal For Everyone?

What is normal for everyone?

Is it strength and fairness under the sun

Is it having enough to eat and shelter too

Is it waking up in the morning knowing what to do

Is it fitting in with others at the time

Is it doing the right thing being just fine

Is it friendship on a handshake feeling it right

Is it being careful in your dealings without fright

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Not Ever Alone

Do I contemplate
The days together
That we spend
Holding hands
And kissing
So passionately

I will remember
The soft Summer nights
And warm days
Forever as one
Not ever alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Not F-Fade Away

I'm not gonna f-fade away
The Stones, The Beatles are here to stay
The music I play is still rockin' on
So loud to hear - don't knock my song

My Generation played the blues
Just keep rockin' is our right to choose
The Who and the Eagles are still the groove
Rock playing loudly will be our twilight hues

In years we maybe older now
Still the louder the music the bigger the bow
If you dig what I have to say
I'm not going to f-fade away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Nothing To Fear

There's nothing to fear except fear itself
We all have our demons that set us asunder

And wanting our standing to be known in this world
Doubting we are not good enough to make the cut

But it is so easy to just give it all up
To surrender to fear and what it means

But to look fear in the eye now
And to conquer it within ourselves.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Nowhere

Can I buy a little time
To find a way through
For at the moment
I cannot go on
And I have nowhere to go
Do I just remain?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Numbers

What would we do without numbers
You couldn't count and know what you have
And the great mathematicians would not work

When I was studying Aboriginal culture
There was only one language with a count
I have thought that Aboriginals were disadvantaged
When trading with others

And when wondering what the Romans have done for us
It's not Roman numerals in the confusion they are

The Arabs with their numerals were the best
With them we have succeeded without jest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Numbers And People

They say there have been 108 billion who have lived their lives
That is people like us thinking and with an onward drive
The latest estimate is that there are seven and a half billion alive now
That's about seven percent of the total lot you know
So what do these numbers mean

Is there a mass production of souls ticking over
Being a bit crowded if ghosts are real in their exposure
Or is there ultimate recycling going on here
While you wait for a new body to be clear

And each one of these people are unique
Some speaking different languages complete
DNA is complex and so profound
Makes me believe in God being around

It seems that numbers so large to contemplate
Do they mean anything in our ultimate fate
So in our 50000 years of history
Is it only we have been busy breeding whilst writing our story.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

O.J. On Parole

They are going to let O.J. out
On parole for a robbery now
He wasn't found guilty of Nicole's murder
But it sure makes a high rating TV show

That's far from the point in this hearing
I always thought that parole only happened
When you admitted your guilt of the offence
And what I saw he was still professing his innocence.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Obeying Orders

What orders would you obey
Lawful ones you do say
But what if strikes in your craw
Wanting from you even more

To do something that may be
Destruction of a vital thing you see
Maybe the push of a button made
To wipe the earth of enemies that fade

So who are you if you make this your all
Is your soul stained forever by this call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ode De Phone

I like my phone in my hand
Showing me the world in Facebook plan
When I walk or sit my phone is here
My prize possession and something dear

I can't remember what it was like
Without a phone - it's just not right
The world should know what I eat
And in my travels whom ever I greet

So if you see me in a public place
I'll show my life without disgrace
And I don't care what others wish
I'll change my mind with just a swish.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ode To A Banana

Could there be a more perfect fruit
And a tasty morsel to boot

You take it anyway with you
And packaged in yellow skin too

So put it in your lunch box
And look forward to it lots.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ode To Godzilla

Godzilla is Dead!
Or at least Haruo Nakajima
The actor who played him
In 12 iconic movies of the 50s and 60s

Who slow motioned across our screens
Destroying Tokyo in our bad dreams
He was one of the best to suit up
As the city bothering kaiju

You pulled and kicked things down
The destruction and memories last
Doing all sorts of damage
And fighting Megalon and Mothra!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ode To Home

Home is such a magical word
And it is not a place at all absurd
It's a store for you to remember
In your memories so tender

Everyone needs a place
To go back to in the rat race
So hold it dear in your heart
It is for you a place apart.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ode To Mummy

Wipe your nose and wipe your bum
Go on kiss your mum
Know this for everyone
A mummy's work is never done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ode To Spike

I felt like being silly
And singing this little ditty
Of a monkey in a zoo
Who played a didgeridoo
But his most amazing thing
Was his operatic sing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ode To The Triangle

Triangles made with three sides
Strength appointed angles inside
Two sides making a point
All pulled together to anoint

Unable to be broken when they hold
As building blocks in strength sold
Making a bridge in access gained
There forever they will remain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ode To Umbrellas

Their purpose is undenied
To shelter sun or rain aside
But they can be a fashion thing
That can be such a colourful bring

Particularly if Japanese or Chinese
When they are decorated to please
But when I carried one on patrol
Others said I was a wimp out of control.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Age

My old age kinda crept up on me
When I wasn't looking the years in free fall so easily
My back goes out more than I do
And the cold in my joints makes such a hulabaloo

I get up at least twice every night
Because wetting the bed would not be right
And invisibility is my super ability
Wandering among people so eagerly

I sometimes think that it would be cool
To be born old and progress to the younger pool
Then each day you could wait
Knowing you'd feel better as you anticipate

One day I'd be back in the womb
In a warm spa and never hungry in my cocoon
And after nine months I would disappear
Gone after a moment of ecstasy for my parents so clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Blue

Once we were blue and tough as nails
Who didn't falter and rarely fails
We stood together and knew what was needed
With just enough force not exceeded

But that was during our time
In yesterday when the badge was mine
What do you do when the badge disappears
And readjustment is now here in all its fears

Our expertise is no longer needed
As the discussion of life rarely impeded
So we find other things to do
Retired coppers where it's up to you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Bold Tales Told

I sit thinking of the old days in such a ring
Of sipping beer and laughing when mate ship was a special thing
We were all together at the end of shift
Special times when war stories were told bold if you get my drift

These memories won't fade of those precious times
I have become older as my age now defines
And now there are mates who can't answer on our muster parade
So raise a glass when you think of them and the days we had it made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Curled Photographs

Old curled photographs that I see
Remind me of those youthful days so easily
Was it me who stood there tall
So confident in my bearing all

Did I walk those miles then so candidly
That now seem such a distance from me
A gun worn on my hip that weighs
With memories of my life still stays

Do I think of these things with a smile
Or are some now touched with a smattering of denial
For age imparts a wisdom seldom exceeded
As judgement practiced over time is needed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Fame

You may remember me as I pass on through
Even if I was just a fleeting glimpse to you
You see it now doesn't matter much to me
Fame is just a momentary curse you'd see

There may have been a time different to today
And I would also have a different thing to say
Fame cast its shadow and now has gone away
When I am content to while away the day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Friends

Sitting in old fellowship now
Bringing back old memories how
We laughed, drank and were merry
And the years we did bury
We wonder where the years went
In all the pleasures heaven sent.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Friends And Colleagues

The gray is more than less
And the feelings are not always for the best
Each utterance permeates through
As thought reaches a crescendo too

Do you want your voice to be heard
As it is meant not sounding absurd
The world is scarred for some
And we struggle not to be undone

So the gray does come through
Know yourself and what you do
But sometimes weep for them as they are cut down
For right is right and justice is not for all home bound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Ireland

I have roots that go back
To Dublin in old Ireland
I think we were part of those
That left during one of the famines
And my great grandmother
Always wore the green on St Patrick's Day

I never met her but I'm told she had a temper
That took her out one Christmas Day
I'd like to have known more about them
My forebears who journeyed to Australia
All those years ago from Ireland
Leaving all they knew behind them

When I went back there I thought I'd feel
More attachment to that land
But as I walked the streets of Dublin
I found out that I am all Australian
Your country is where you were born and grew up
Even though your roots are elsewhere.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Mates

I would like to get it straight in my head
As he died in my arms I said
Old mates who knew each other well
Were riding around a bend to hell

A bright sunny day in December
And a nightmare I would always remember
He cut a corner feeling good
Taking one more chance than he should

The truck was in its place
And he hit the grill losing it all without grace

I was right behind the mess
And screamed to god to bless
But it was all too late
And death was there in his fate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Photograph

I take it out every now and then
It's old and tattered around its ends
But it reminds me of you
And what you meant to me too

That day was just another day
It didn't seem special in any other way
But we took a photo true
Snuggling together right up to you

And now it's all that's left
Remembering you and me was just the best
So here I sit alone at night
With nothing but this picture to hold on tight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Sin

Oh what we keep to ourselves
Away from others that will delve
In the secret recesses of our mind
That we keep close away from a public find

Do we keep those things that hurt too much
Of wounds and tears that others cannot touch
For if you cry out loud it lets them in
In all the hidden wages of old sin.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Sin I Can't Erase

You walk through my mind again
And is it Old Sin that I can't erase
Old Sin that makes my heart ache
For I can't go back and hope to gain

What I have lost then - it still remains
You will always be a hollow part of me
In all I say and I want to do
As you walk again through my mind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Songs

I was listening to some old music tonight
And with each song I knew it was just right
For each song was a memory held so dear
As they came flooding back to me so clear

I remember laughter and sunshine fine
When life was easy and the songs divine
Others have said they wanted to return
As I play these songs tonight for that too I yearn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Tv Commercials

There was Louie the fly
Who'd want to fly by
There was Madge who
Soaked your hands in Palmolive goo
There was the Rolladour song
That Geelong supporters sing along
Your Mum Mister Sheened your furniture
To a sparkling shine so sure
These commercials I remember on television
That as soon as I think of them they are in my vision.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Old Warriors

The old warriors gathered around the camp fire
Those who had fought the good fight in the war mire
There were some with scars that were obvious to all
With an eye put out, an arm or leg missing in fighting mulls

And there were stories of their quests and adventures made
Hearty laughter was heard over and across that didn't fade
All felt comfortable in each other's company of their time
When mate ship and old comrades together was so fine,

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

On Golden Beach Sands

Walking holding hands
On the golden beach sands
The pulse of the waves
Continues in low octaves

Just the two of us together
As if we can't break the tether
But we don't want to now or ever
Not wanting it to end forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

On The Highway

Trudging along thinking about the past
As the same old story is set to last
Plotting in my maps of memories pleading to the sky
As I'm lost on life's highway just swotting at the flies

Once and a while there's a Roadhouse selling happiness
As I walk out the door I get it together more or less
The shimmering highway stretches out ahead
Thinking all the time about what's left behind instead

I paid my dues and I'll take the ride
Leaving nothing except my foolish pride
For the world will turn and the wind will blow
And at the end of it all what will I really know.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

On/Off Switch

I think I need to invent an on/off switch
For my mind that works at a twitch
To be able to switch off sometimes
That would seem for myself to be fine

So at the end of the day it would be good
To relax the best when I think I should
So with turning off the bedside light
To turn your mind off too would be right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

One Morning I Woke

One morning I woke up to a colourful game
And everything changed
the world wasn't the same
It started with the sky that turned red
A colourful sight that our imaginations fed

And when it rained it was sparkling blue
Tasking of blueberries and I liked it too
Just think of a place and you'd be there
Laughing and having fun without a care

And when you walked the streets all would smile
Here you'd live without any denial
Sadness was banished there wasn't a care
Would you like to come and live with me there?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

One Step

Faith in the world
You need to live
To know you can go on
And conquer it now
Even though you may
Not see the end of it
Just take one step
At a time for it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Onions On The Top Or Bottom

The decision is so right
We won't countenance a fight
When you are at Bunnings you see

The onions are first on the bread
To stray will risk you being dead
And then your sausage cooked just right
Then waiting for your bite
Will mean the onions won't slip
Causing a hazard on the floor a bit
So the argument is made
Tradition or safety for your sausage and bread is the blade!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Only What They Want

Some people only want to know
You for what you can do

For them in themselves
And not because of you

When they find out that
You can't do what they want

They will drop you like
A hot potato straight away

So go ahead and know
The score for ever more

And don't be disheartened
For those whose friendship

Will go for the test of time
It's better than living a lie.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Only You Can Do It

Only you can do it to me
To make me feel the way it should be
Thoughts of you are for me so real
The sun on our face is what I feel

Only you can do it to me
Knowing that it is a careful fit you see
Forever in our hearts lovers true
Will be never gone from us together through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Only You Know You

When young the world is so clean
And people seemed so good and not too mean
As you grow the circle of life needs to be done
When you will have adventures to be won

Older times will creep up on you
Even if you aren't ready or know what to do
Hold yourself high and thrust you chin out
For you are the only one who knows what you are about.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Open Your Eyes

Open your eyes there's much to see
A world so beautiful and blessed so easily
Don't let things get you down
Face the future but make past lessons sound

For some day there are lessons easily learnt
And at other times your fingers will be burnt
Even a cold winter's day
Has some sun along the way

John said it loudly so don't be opposed
"You see living is easy with your eyes closed
And I think it is only fair"
Life's for living so show you care.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Open Your Heart

Open your heart to the world
Think of those things that are held
Close to your chest in happiness
Push aside the blackness

Be righteous in your dealing
And in your soul there will be healing
You don't have to surrender at all
Just fair and reasonable in your call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Opinions

Opinions vary for your call
So you may not agree at all
For there are many things
That you find the contrary rings

So you may sit back and listen hard
To the points they make in their regard
Sometimes you will be persuaded
By points that are better graded

But finally the best for you may be
To both agree to disagree you see
So state your point of view strongly
And don't worry if the contrary point others see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Opposing Force

Hold your hand up to the wind
Feel the force as it begins
Glance through your fingers spread
Try to stand against it as it's fed

Know the toil will build your strength
Even if you don't know it's length
Invisible at times to you it may seem
Standing tall will defeat its scheme.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Optimism

The days spill like fine wine
Into the nights
Whilst the sun sets in the west
It seems just right
When it will all be for the best
I don't really know
But I am nothing but an optimist
So it will be alright.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Optimism For Sure

We should look for the simple times
When living well with your family will be fine

There will be no complicated factors
Or people who were only actors

Pleasure will not need money
And every day will be smiles and funny

Things that will happen in your way
Will make you want to stay always.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Orange Suited Heroes

Heroes in orange stand tall
All volunteers they are one and all
When the town siren sounds
They run to their trucks as a fire is found

Like all the emergency service personnel
Run to the danger in fire spitting hell
Until the last of the fires are out
Their true Aussie spirit is something to shout about

Saving lives and property is their specialty
Helping their neighbors they will always be
Their blood's worth bottling you'd believe
The first to arrive and last to leave.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ordinary

When you pass me by
Remember me
Ordinary I may well be
But please - remember me

For I toiled each day
And did my best
Provided for my family
But now I'm old
Time continues on
So remember me please.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Orwellian Nightmare

Is the world shrinking into an Orwellian nightmare
Where we are controlled and no longer dare
To be different from others in this world
With what the Internet and Facebook says is what is held

And leaders who look to control us to take over this media
With Presidents taking to Twitter to feed it ever greedier
Kim Il Jong becomes Big Brother in a Stalinist shadow
Where he wants the world to finally to him bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Other Plans

Was there a moment
When things turned
Either for the better or worse
Did you recognise it
Or were you busy
Making other plans
For life is a series of moments
Some follow on
And others start something new
What will you do?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Our Bodies Touch

Today is a fairy tale
Can you feel the magic
In the air all above us
I twirl you around

As I look in your eyes
And our bodies touch
You tremble in my arms
For happily ever after.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Our Crowd

Our Crowd

When we gather now in our crowd
You know we are old players so loud
The stories that we tell
Seem larger now to dwell

For we may be portly some
And gray or bald we've become
But the smile upon our face
When together the years can't erase.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Our Days In The Sun

Remember your days in the sun
When the light was enough for everyone
There was joy in just being you see
Jivin' and drivin' along feeling fancy free

Fashion flares and platforms was the look
Our bands played and to our hearts we took
The world seemed a happier place
Where we survived in our own pace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Our Desert Base

From my window the sun shines
Down on this desert base of mine
I wait for my duty to start
Our work away from home is worlds apart

Serving Australia in the Middle East
This is price for our country's peace
It's eternal vigilance against the foe
Is what we realise and have come to know

In my room my sanctity is mine
As our Red Cross flies 7 days a week so sublime
I know that when our duty is ended
Australia will welcome us home as intended.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Our Digger

It was a bright cold sunny morning
The mist lifted without warning
As we walked through the cemetery gate
It had been nearly a hundred years wait

Outside of the Ieper Menin Gate
We had come to honour you, mate
About a kilometre down the Menin road
You marched this way with your pack and rifle load

But counter battery fire had put paid to you
When you died with your mates too
And you lay so long asleep
With now a promise we did finally keep

To visit you from Australia the Great Southern land
Keeping a family promise made long ago without demand
Honouring a fallen Digger lying far from his home
In Belgium's sacred soil
"Good on you, cobber" you've finished your earthly toils.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Our Legacy

There is beauty in this world
That by nature is upheld
The trees and plants are green
So lush and not at all obscene

But the scars of industry
Blotting the landscape by our economies
Show we have been working so hard
In the last 5,000 years without heed or regard

For they say if we were to disappear
In two hundred years no one would know we had been here
And this world would then recover
To be the blue and green planet like no other.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Our Man Charlie Dixon

Big Dix stands tall a Power warrior now
With three blokes hanging off without a bow
He gathers them in as the game wears on
"Never tear us apart" his football song

Blackfull beard and pushed back hair
Taking on the opposition with devil may care
What storms he weathers with a smile
Kicking goals for his team with lots of guile.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Our Song

I sit here
With my head
In my hands
Every time I hear
Our song play

It still sounds the same
But now you're not here
All I think of are the mistakes
I made with you by my side
And I sit here and cry.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Outlast The Fear

Stand tall in the storm
Feel the wind force
And the rain batter
On my face and body
Elemental forces all

Outlast the fear
Whilst the lighting strikes
And the thunder booms
Know the clouds will clear
The sun will shine again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Outside The Light Spectrum

Are there things you cannot see
Outside of where our light spectrum would be
As you walk through our known places
Could there be things that the light erases

Do they sit and stare or sliver around
All the time without us hearing a sound
Perhaps one day we will invent a light
That would show us those things out of sight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Oversea's Call Centres

Do you wonder how much they save
By placing Call Centres in the oversea's grave
Have you tried to have them resolve
A problem that they should be able to solve

And you spend an hour on the telephone
Until in the end the problem is not gone
Frustration wins the day and resolution barred
When you wonder why it was so hard.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Own World

As you walk around in the world
White cords hang from phones held
No-one else can hear their songs
As the tunes invite them to sing along

And you can listen and speak with friends
In a conversation that you think never ends
It makes me wonder if they are retreating
Into their own world however fleeting.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Pain, Hope

I've seen so much pain
And suffering that remains
With tears like rain

I've seen pleading eyes
That look up to the sky
With outstretched arms

I've seen hope from alarm
And I've go to believe
With faith for us all in relief.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Palmistry

If you have an X on your hand's palm
It means you have leadership in your charm
And it seems only 3 percent of people have it
And so if you do your leadership abilities will fit

Abraham Lincoln and Alexander the Great had this sign
It shows that there may be some truth to this line
But in contemplation and the worry of it all
Is that Putin of Russia has this sign in mind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Parachilna Gorge, Flinders Ranges, Outback South Australia

A track leads through a gully in the bushland
Following the least line of resistance in a haphazard plan
The kookaburras and the magpies squawk happily away
The sun on my back makes me want to stay

Walking to the rock face broken on the gorge face
Two wallabies look our way and away they race
A creek flows through glistening in the sun
The day exploring is heaven easily done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Parachuting

Do you ever wonder how they do it all the time
Jumping out of perfectly good planes in kind
To fly in the sky relying on the parachute
To soften the fall as to earth they shoot
Falling so far is all about your adrenaline
But it's the first step that could bring your end

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Paradise

Float away on a golden sea of dreams
Lie on a tropical beach in paradise as it seems
Whisper as the cool breeze is on my face
Have no care for the modern times rat race

Sip the cool juice in your mouth as it slides down
See the sea birds whirling as they make their sound
Count the waves as they slip on the white sands
Know there is nothing left that in your life demands.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Paradise Is Nice

If paradise was as right
As being with you tonight
I would want it to last
Every day would be a blast

It is where I wanna be
Just fine for you and me
Each day would be a rose
I would shout until everyone knows.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Parted Lovers

What ended it tonight
When it started so bright
Was it what I said then
Or said nothing in the end

Perhaps I should have known
And now my chances are blown
So I leave feeling downhearted
It's the end and we have parted.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Passing Over

The Rainbow bridge stretched ahead
In brilliant white light without dread
Loving arms open up for me
Beckoning me to them finally

The years melt away to nothingness
A love for those dear ones I confess
No more want or grief to be found
The final journey is where I'm bound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Pastel Dreams

Pastel dreams of yesteryear
Smile and don't shed a tear
Strength for you foretold
Days together will not get old
Crystal clear can't you see
Know that your memories are free.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Pathways

The pathways of life lead on
A new vista through the throng
With each corner you turn
There is more for you to learn
Making your tired legs push through
With more meaning for you to do

Sometimes the path is hard
Each inch gained feels like a yard
Then you'll hit an easy patch
Where you can coast and match
The best of times in your life
Away from the bad, trouble and strife

So goals are set and reset in time
Keeping on for keeping on in the grind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Peace

Articulate for peace strong and true
For peace in our time is up to me and you
Don't just sit back and think it through
Be strong in what you say and do

When someone preaches hate
For others then don't contemplate
For it is right that should prevail
Smile for a future peace that won't fail.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Peace - A Peace Song

Go - quickly spread the news!
There is no need from more tears!
Peace is here it's ours!
Go - quickly sing your song!
There is no need to have fear!
Peace is here just take its yours!

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Paul Warren

Peace - Heal The Wounds

We should look to bring the world together
To heal the wounds that hurt and be untethered
The things that make us different from each other
Should bring diversity and not separation from another

Before it's too late to see the best in the world
We should at least learn to live without prejudice held
I remember from my youth they said that love conquers all
Perhaps after looking at things with wiser eyes we should make it our call.

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Paul Warren

Peace - Seeking The Right

To touch the face of God we may have striven
To find such purity that they have been driven
May be the need to find peace was their call
As an ending a final earthly memory to recall

I don't think that we have the right to proclaim
Who are the chosen ones and who will remain
Do good in seeking the right and correct outcome
Maybe should be a legacy that we should want to become.

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Paul Warren

Peace - The Bells Of Peace

Where are the bells rung for peace?
They need to sound in a musical feast
We can build and live together for all
Christian, Muslim, Buddhist, Zen or Hindu in my call

There is no need to show your strength and might
The time has come for all to stop the fight
We need to come together in a fellowship now
We can do this I know in this faithful vow

If you look to this my plea in my cry
Bind and heal our wounds to live in peace to comply
Please put down your guns you won't need them
Let's start a peace that will last until the end.

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Paul Warren

Peace - The Plea For Peace In Our Time

I need to know that we are on the right side
That when we need to fight it is with pride
Even though some may think that it is them
That God favours their side up until the end

I don't care if people think that they are better
Than me when they speak of it in their idle chatter
I believe this world is big enough for us all
Where your beliefs can survive in your call

Let's just make sure that everyone is fed
And they don't wake up each day with dread
Let's not buy guns with our country's GNP
Just laugh and live together and not have to flee.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Peace - Wasn'T This Supposed To Be The Age Of Aquarius?

How do I start a movement for good?
I'm sick of the death and destruction that should
Not have happened in this world today
How can a man gun down people like that - in blood to say
That we should not live in the way we want?

Don't look back in anger today
Because of what's taken away
It's for everyone everywhere to say
Peace on earth is our mantra to stay

The sun shines every day and there's enough
We sitting in the west don't need ALL THE STUFF!
Let's get together and make it alright now
Let's not wait any longer - we all know how!
That we should make sure that darkness doesn't win

Don't look back in anger today
Because of what's taken away
It's for everyone everywhere to say
Peace on earth is our mantra to stay

Is it all a dream or a bridge too far?
For all to walk together to reach for a star
Surely we have learnt it all from what we have lost
In wars that have passed - we all know the cost
That we know what others gave to get to here

Don't look back in anger today
Because of what's taken away
It's for everyone everywhere to say
Peace on earth is our mantra to stay

We can talk of it all and have concerts to recall
Give knighthoods or put posters up on the wall
But in the end what we need for this to happen

Is for everyone to decide - put down their weapon
That I have seen enough to know it should stop here.

Don't look back in anger today
Because of what's taken away
It's for everyone everywhere to say
Peace on earth is our mantra to stay

My last statement in regard to this should be no warning
We were supposed to be living in peace and understanding
For you and me to live to be free it's plain to see
Surely each person and life is precious - is our plea.
Wasn't this supposed to be the Age of Aquarius?

Don't look back in anger today
Because of what's taken away
It's for everyone everywhere to say
Peace on earth is our mantra to stay

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Paul Warren

Peace - We Sang Give Peace A Chance

When I was a young lad I carried a sign
That called for peace in this world so divine
We marched and we sang of giving peace a chance
And had Joan Baez and John Lennon to sing and to chant

Our grand parents and parents had earned for us the right
To no more suffering, worry or other enemies to fight
So we thought we had won the day for people power
And the time of peace would come finally to savour

But now I am sorry to say for the world over for us all
There is violence, explosions and hatred in the call
And I see people marching and holding other signs
Putting others down and wanting confrontation in their designs

How do we get back to the love and peace generation
And ensure that the world is fit for our children in exultation?
I know that there is plenty for all to live in a harmonious time
The formula for peace I know it will be something we can find.

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Paul Warren

Peace In Our Time

Would the world end today
If leaders went home straight away
And arguments amongst the nations
Were left to making orations

Would the nuclear missiles pointed from afar
Be put away and now not left to star
We would be left to go on holiday
And let armies just fade away.

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Paul Warren

Peace Is Just A Word

Peace is just a word
But it means more than you heard
It's living with your family
And making your life free
Your days feeling more than alive
And knowing for tomorrow there is no one to despise
Go then make peace live on
And the war and violence be gone.

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Paul Warren

Peace Now

Peace is what there needs to be
No more wars, guns or fights we'll see
How many lost and lonely souls
Or death dealt with destruction as a goal

Fight for the right a slogan made
Definable and needed for this escapade
Is that a slogan or a price to cherish
If we march to our future we may yet perish.

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Paul Warren

Peace On Earth

Sometimes I just want to shout
About this world and its failings about
With Terrorists stabbing in London Town
And gunfire for some is the only sound

And we who have it all
Look down on the people scratching a living in the call
And we donate a meet pittance to them
When death is so near in the end.

I wonder if there is any peace on earth
When we gather together and sing for all that it's worth
People wonder at the world and the good things
But all it seems is death and destruction it brings.

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Paul Warren

Peace, Love And Music

Peace, love and music we should sing
In a true fellowship of everyone we should bring
This earth has beauty in sun, cool breeze and fun
We should enjoy the world as its for everyone

Please sing your song loudly for all to hear
Even if it's different from what someone else holds dear
I have seen how hard we can be to each other
Let's leave that behind move on there's love to discover!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Pedophile Priests

How could the Catholic Church
A sacred organisation for the glory of God
Keep pedophile priests safe in their organisation
And move them around parishes to spread
This vile stain on the community

It would have been better to cut them off
And hand them over for justice to be done
No wonder people are questioning
And leaving the Church wholesale

Children are precious
And we have an obligation
To keep them safe from harm
Safe from these sort of people

How could these priests think
They would inherit the kingdom of heaven?

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Paul Warren

Penance For Sin

I met him when I was ten
It was just once in the end
I was sitting at a Bus stop on the Port road
And he scared me as he spoke in story mode
He said I am a black man
And my life has not been grand
I wondered why he picked out me
Perhaps it was just convenience you see

With the advice he gave without asking
I have pondered since in my life's tasking
He said I have made some mistakes
And my life has taken more than I make
I drink too much for my own good
And now wander the streets as I should
You see I know in God's call
I have wasted most if not all

Now I pay the penance for my sins
And I hope to pay it before my end
Then the bus came and I stood up
He offered his hand in his sup
So I shook it and he held on
When all I wanted to do was be gone
Then he let go and I stepped on then
I sat down with our eyes meeting in the end.

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Paul Warren

People - The Things You Remember

Old friends in old pubs drinking beer
Talking about old times that we hold dear
The laughter that you always find
Affection while together you dine
Will be the things you remember
As the years are recounted in their splendor.

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Paul Warren

People Are The Same

One thing I think I have learnt in this life
Is that people are similar in their strife
It doesn't matter what station is their call
They will react similarly in it all

For we are all taken from the same mould
And will have their reaction not always bold
We are all human and have the same emotions
That are not always controlled in our notions.

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Paul Warren

People Trafficking

People trafficking is like selling drugs
Organised by not caring thugs
The traffickers provide this service now
Huge sums to get over borders in their know how
And to take chances across desert and the seas
To brave the navies and the border guards they see

It seems to me the black economies flourish
In the bordering countries who choose not to finish
For they feed money from this into their economies
And they don't seem want to stop it or to agree
To not having this happen in their countries
And living off these trafficking fees.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Percentage

What percentage makes you care
50,75 or 90 percent as you dare
Do you wonder how you should react
And be accepted for what you are as a fact

Or in the end it will be for you to decide
And make the decisions that you can abide
Maybe just build the cocoon again
To fight you battle from there and defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Perfect Moments

That perfect moment
The time when all was right
You wish would last
No need to go back or move on
But time does move on

With the sweeping second hand
It moves on
Don't despair for sometimes
Time will hunt you down
Remember the moment
It will last forever in your soul.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Personal Assistant

Computer personal assistants are the rage
As computers look to come of age
With female voices that are a hit for everyone
But the Germans want a male to say what is done

These have already raised sales for Amazon
By 10% of their sales won
But the funniest thing I have heard
Are the sexual fantasies some have for the voice so absurd.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Personal Muse

He just wanted to write
To make everything alright
So he took to writing down
The ideas that spun around

Some things people liked
Whilst others did not excite
But just to get them down
Meant his stories were outward bound

Do you think there is a Muse
Who one day decided to choose
Him to have his say
So with her help he writes away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Pharaohs And The Pyramids

Did the Egyptians know a secret for their soul
About the stars at the Celestial North Pole
With the entrances to the three pyramids
Aligned with these stars for the pharaohs to exit
They thought this was the way to a paradise found
For their mummified bodies and souls to be that way bound

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Paul Warren

Pheromones Needed

Start today
Be happy
Don't wait
Just create
A smile
On your face
It's not
Out of place
Pheromones needed
Happiness exceeded.

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Paul Warren

Philosophy - Socrates On Communication

Socrates had a simple communication philosophy
There were three filters in any conversation you see

The first filter is what you are going to say is True?
Because if it isn't to say it may be a blue

The second filter - is what you are going to say good?
And not meant for mischief as it would

Then even if it passes the first two filters through
The third filter is - will it be useful to say to another too?

So if you are having a meaningful conversation
Use the filters and you will find admiration.

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Paul Warren

Photographs

Photographs as a point in time
Posed or a snapshot so fine
There is a story behind each one
With a truth you can't expunge

And when you look into the eyes
Makes you see there is no disguise
But the advantage over these ones
Is that we know the end they begun.

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Paul Warren

Picking

There are things that you can pick for yourself
Who your friends are as part of your wealth
And who your partner is to spend your time
When you live your life it can be divine

But sometimes circumstances will outshine
What you have to contend or to find
There are certain things that will happen
That you cannot pick in matters then

So should you be happy with what will occur
Or always be wishing for even more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Pittsburg, Usa On 27 October 2018

Take your gun to a place of worship
And take the lives of 11 people
Whose crime that day
Was to worship God at a synagogue

Hold the police off until you are trapped
Then give yourself up
When they ask you why
You say in your best voice
All these Jews need to die.

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Paul Warren

Places And People

There are places I go and people I meet
For good or bad they make my life complete
Who they were and what they did may be mundane
But their memories are part of my refrain

Each has a place in my mind and sometimes my heart
So nostalgic in my memories in each part
As I wonder at the world and how it turns
It brings back these memories as my melancholy years.

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Paul Warren

Play Me A Happy Tune

Play me a happy tune
So loud and so clear
I'll make music my rune
And be delighted to hear

It'll bring me a smile
For a need one this time
Let me listen for a while
Close my eyes it'll be just fine.

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Paul Warren

Play My Music Play

Do you like the beat of the music in a cool way
As you dance and dance the night away
Or is it the words that turn you on
When a good lyric lasts the whole night long

For music is a gift from God's cool book
And we get a chance to take a look
So just close your eyes and start to sway
Let your music of life take you away.

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Paul Warren

Please Wake Me Up

Please wake me on the new day
Don't let me lie in bed and stay
For I need to see you once again
I won't want to miss you in the morning, friend

The darkness of the night is long
And my need for sleep is so strong
So wake me and I will see you there
In the morning wake me without a care.

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Paul Warren

Pockets

As a walk along the street
And ponder who I may meet
I place my hands in my pockets
And find again those things that seem to fit

There is handkerchief that my mother
Pressed on me to keep me out of bother
And the boiled lollies for my diabetes
That I need in emergency feedings

With my wallet in my back pocket
My identity as the world needs it
So I carry what I need in those folds of fabric
Scant and perhaps the only things that fit.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Poem 2000 Is Here!

2000 poems is just a number
And as a milestone it's a wonder
To put your thoughts into a poem
And to the world make them known

So you would like to have them read
And make comments as they're fed
So to my readers don't make a fuss
Read them now and avoid the rush.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Poemhunter Investor Requests

People purporting to be investors
Sending emails to me seem jesters
Why would I want to send money
To the Ivory Coast even calling me honey
These people join in the Poemhunter webpage
They should be stopped from the outrage.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Poetry - A Freely Given Gift To You From Me

I leave a piece of me
Of what I am perceived to be
When I write each word and line
Of a poem as a sip of a fine wine

Do you take from it what I choose to give
Or find something else in your mind to live
Does it shape an image as is known
Or something else as it is nurtured and grown

I suppose in the end it doesn't really matter
As you read my piece of poetry chatter
Take from it what you want it to be
As a freely given gift to you from me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Poetry – From Where Do The Words Come?

I sometimes sit here and the words flow
Where it seems there is more to know
Is there someone there who feeds my mind
And gives me the words as I will find
Perhaps it is just that they were always there
Now that I am freed the words come without fear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Point Of View

Endless thoughts
In endless retorts
Take your stand
In what you like
Note in the end
The only agreement
That is reached
Is we don't agree.

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Paul Warren

Points Of View

Points of view are most important
When discussing things that you should warrant
Each thought made is tempered then
On your circumstances for you to defend

So we go about our business each day
Thinking things that will require your say
And charity is not always felt
For others in their cards as dealt.

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Paul Warren

Poisoning People And Bombing Back

Bombing back after poisoning it's hard to believe
That people would do that to each other and so deceive
Is it sabre rattling between us in its highest degree
Or seeing a world in turmoil just wanting to be free

How do we get to now is a vexing question for us all
Who stands now for the right seems now such a personal call
For the sake of all concerned surely there is a better way
Go sit down at a table and for the right to have its say

Now don't you wish that you could tell the good from the bad
In a conflict in Syria when it seems the innocents suffer not the cads.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - \$4.82

There was an alarm at 2.23 am that late night
We rushed to find the malefactors taking flight
With torches handy we searched and found
A window broken with glass on the ground

In a side street not far from the factory call
Was a group of four teenagers hiding from all
We found them together as quiet as mice
Trying hard not to spill the story of their vice

They couldn't explain why they were hanging around
Each had \$4.82 from their pockets that we found
The hour was late and one had a bloody hand
We thought altogether their story was canned

At the police station their parents walked in
The boys confessed to the felony of breaking in
The moral of the story for all to take in
There is no upside to the wages of sin!

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Paul Warren

Police - 101 Disturbance Loud Music Playing

A rundown duplex in an old inner city place
The walls smeared with dog shit in an outright disgrace
It smelt of no hope and no future for her any more
The neighbours complained of loud music and bad language behind her door

We were called one evening and she answered to us
Bleary eyes and drunk she wondered at the fuss
The scars on her face a sad story told
Of a car crash that maimed her in drink and speed story so old

Photos showed there was a time when she was a good looker
Gone now forever living life as a low class hooker
When she spoke it was slurry and blubbery
Wanting something she couldn't have in a horror story
We turned the music down and said it had to stop
In a useless charade that was all that we got

So we left to go back to the world
She remained there a lost soul with little left to be held
And alone she lived on in this downtrodden place
In filth as a struggle with no time or grace

I wrote on the log in upper case
Music turned down AQOL NFPA in the appropriate place
Once and a while we had to go back again
For a similar job and a result that would never an end.

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Paul Warren

Police - A Morning Train

It was an ordinary morning at the Salisbury Interchange
People going to work or study, there was nothing strange
But one lady knew there was something wrong
A man she had noticed before and was looking strong
She told the station master who summoned the police
David and his partner got the call to restore her peace

They booked off there and spoke to her of her concern
So decided to check him out and why he gave her a turn
As they approached he moved away and pulled his knife
David worked behind a decision which him cost his life
He grabbed his arms and tried to pulled him down
The man was strong and thrust his knife in violence found

The knife entered David's chest piercing his heart
He dropped to the ground and his last minutes did start
The offending man ran away and further assistance came
David was loaded up in an ambulance to hospital was their aim
The scene was sorted out and back to the Elizabeth Station we went
The next call we received was that David's life was spent

We found the malefactor hiding at a friend's house
He was arrested and given the opportunity to espouse
Why he had decided that morning to take a life
When all that was needed was to explain the strife
And why he was stalking the woman that morning
Using the knife against the police without a warning

Some things stand out to me from that day
David's wife not being able to see him that way
Reporters wanting to interview her at home
When decency was for them to leave her alone
Of the grief we all felt for a comrade now lost
And how since then we have all counted the cost

So a family lost a husband and father
We all lost a friend and one who was a martyr
His father had to tell his wife by phone
As in England with friends was visiting home

We had a funeral all marching slowly
And the black draped band playing oh so lowly

It has been over a decade and life goes on
His family has done it tough with David gone
Whilst the rest of us had to carry on with it
Facing our duties with a dangerous fit
Whilst David has joined our 61 sacred
South Australians whose duty their life has ended

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Paul Warren

Police - An Equal Dividing Of Property Has Occurred

We were tasked to attend one day
For a man chopping furniture away
He had done the dining room and chairs
And started on the lounge room furniture there
We stopped him of course as it wasn't right
His recently divorced wife had an order so polite
For each to have a half portion of the proceeds
Of their now defunct marriage and deeds
So he was dividing it all up so clear
Half of each piece for the order to adhere

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Paul Warren

Police - An Ode To Our American Sisters And Brothers

Once we were brave knights who called the bad to yield
With our uniform as armour and the badge as our shield
But that was when it was easy to see evil in the crowd
And serving the community would make us so proud

Nowadays it is more difficult for the police to find
Who are the good people in this worldly wise grind
When you are held to account for each step made
It can be difficult being measured to society's grade

And it may be that the accounting is for another's mistake
When they have done the wrong and you're lost in the wake
The gunfire on the street may mean the innocent will fall
And all that is left for everyone is grief and loss for us all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - An Old Lawman

What is there left but to put down my gun?
To know that my duty has been finally done
The uniform on me shows an older man's figure
My last posting shows that I had some rigour

There now is less spring in my stride
Only what's left for a copper and his pride
How will I be remembered as I tread the final ground?
Knowing that as a copper I will now not be around

There would be people who felt they were harshly treated
For what they had done against the law and with what was meted
Who's to say as I reached for the last day
That I would have had it any other way.

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Paul Warren

Police - An Old Lawman's Lament

I don't want to know how she died
Or know the real reason he cried
I don't want to be abused any more
Or know in the end what was the score

I don't want to see the blood or sorrow
Or know that for them there will be no tomorrow
I don't want to stand when others have run away
Or when the trouble has ended that I need to stay

I don't want to spend the long nightly hour
Or be awake when the memories sour
I want to now wile away my own time
And not make any decision so others will be fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - And I Remember.....Wearing The Blue

To Fort Largs Police Academy on a cold showery day
My father taking me to my first Police Academy stay
Memories of wearing my first khaki cotton uniform
And to know how it was on that day to feel reborn
As office boy, observer with all standards solidly met
A total of three years in training as a police cadet
Of passing exams, firearms and pursuit driving
To graduate into probation as I was so striving
Getting a conchie cord for exams 70 plus
To shine in the course for me a real must

Graduating I'm now in the blue for probation
A first look in the my mirror of self-admiration
My shift as a police officer that started the first night
Attending a crash a bullet shot in a tyre stopping flight
My first arrest a drunk shitty pockets was the notion
My first traffic a U-turn at lights a written prohibition
Walking my first beat on sore feet wasn't very neat
Writing the same report again with deadlines to meet
Of attending domestics, accidents, shoppies and brawls
Of working shift and building knowledge of learning it all

Each day something different was in the mix
For some you dealt with there wasn't a lasting fix
A shift to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital to go
A man passed I thought one I did truly know
To a house three down and recognition done
Of a life and family known now missing one
His wife now grieving for a life now lost
Typing the first Coroners report was the impost
A memory of not knowing how in the end to feel
Did all this happen then – was it all for real?

Early one week we were hailed by a driver's call
A car with a gun out the window pointing to us all
A brothel that was raided after a service truly given
Then not to pay the bill meant a posse was striven
There was a shoot-out with a trail of freshened blood
Another was arrested for the gun in this untidy crud

One Sunday Afternoon to a house far too excessive
We found a shotgun pointed by an occupant so aggressive
He was at war chasing Nazi troops to them all extinguish
Tablets were given to him for his behaviour to diminish

The next posting was to the country to be out alone
Going off to Whyalla to find myself in my own zone
We were in the single quarters above the station
Hearing prisoners in the cells at night the frustration
First day of duty the Iron Curtis launch went down
Across the bay to hit the wharf with a mighty pound
Finding out all about local criminals was the deal
Of a gang to country towns safes cracked for real
To be out by yourself was new to my life up to then
Finding my way alone meant I had to mould and to bend

During an afternoon to a house we were called
No one answered the door it made us enthralled
Look through the window to see a man crawling
A knife sticking in his back a bit crook he was calling
Into the locked house we break in the front door
A naked woman sitting a flagon of wine on the floor
I did the bastard he deserved what he got she said
Her stated purpose that day was to kill him dead
When taken to court for a judgement to be given
He wouldn't give evidence her deed already forgiven

There were many times when I knew justice forsaken
When a punishment did not fit the crime in its makin'
Three boys took a ride to eight mile creek one night
A drinking bout and an argument started a fight
Two against one was the end result of the melee
The one beaten to death was the resulted felony
To court each one was taken to a judgement given
The adult to prison was his penance to be striven
The one under 18 years at 28 days for his detention
It seemed for a life no penalty for society's convention

To detect drink drivers was part of our work of course
One at .043 showed the BAC reading's primary source
All taking the chance in driving breaking our road rule
One driver hit a car hard after he was driving like a fool

He was so drunk he didn't know his car was all astray
Behind the steering wheel he still wanted on his way
One Christmas Eve a family walking together to the shop
When a drunk driver mounted the kerb and didn't stop
He hit the youngest boy in the line seriously injuring him
The driver said don't arrest me now as the results too grim

Gerry was a course mate a smile upon his face
Knocked off his bike by a DUI the terrible waste
The next was Col when the pressure was real
He took his own life when no hope was his deal
Lync was on patrol one night at the car's wheel
When a criminal with a gun his life he did steal
At a Railway Station Dave was protecting them all
When offender's knife ripped into his chest to befall
On traffic duty Gordon stepped out on the road
A speeding offender with malice over him rode

For no more or no less that was my whole life spent
The forty years of wearing the blue very quickly went
There were times when it was too hard for me to bear
When being alone with the grief of it meant I did care
My life was lived in two halves lived at the same time
One at home and at work sometimes turning on a dime
How to reconcile both was always a hard one to choose
In most things it meant in the end someone would lose
In summation of it all it was only to survive the journey
But the call may be different by a judgement's attorney

I look upon these years with some trepidation
To survive it all was one complicated equation
Was it me who went there and did those things?
The memories of it all in my head so loudly rings
Did it make the right choices in all that I was dealt
Some people would not think so or so it was felt
For those that now judge me in my twilight years
Don't understand what happened in hiding my fears
When you count the good and the bad to add it all up
I think that in the end I from the Lord's grail I would sup
And I remember it all.....When I was wearing the blue.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Assaulted On Duty

Waiting in a hospital to go in sucks big time
You fill in forms when you thought you were fine
Then you wait watching day time television until
The nurse calls you in and answer the same questions still
You go to a room and put on a blue disposal gown
With a fluffy white dressing gown on top around

Then they come with a wheelchair and take you down
To the CT scan that will direct the cortisone round
The whole idea is to give you relief from the punch in the face
That ruptured the discs at C5 and C6 they fused in 2000 in place
The disc that ruins the nerve roots in the spinal column race
It hurts even more to know the malefactor skipped the state
When he came back it was a bond he got no time to serve on his plate

Getting back to the day hospital admittance I wait and the doctor speaks
We will take you in and put in a stupor so we can put in position to tweak
So when in the correct position that you won't remember that well
We will put the cortisone in next to the affected nerve and that should tell
What the affected nerve is and if it may stop the pain down your left arm
All I can think is here I am affected forever whilst the criminal went on the lam

So the needle went into my neck and I can't remember a lot
Except being wheeled to recovery and the barouche did stop
So I was dressed and sat around reading apps on my phone
Until the nurse said I've phoned your daughter to take you home
So that was my day in hospital and a couple of days off
I would think the criminal would be able to laugh this off.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - At 2 Am The Children Roamed

Left alone again in the night
When we found them it wasn't right
At 2 am the children all roamed
When in bed they should be at home

So we gathered them up and called welfare
They turned up and took them into care
The next night at 2 am the children roamed
What could you do every night they weren't home.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Ben Theodor, New Guinea Police

The ambush happened on Bouganville
With the rebels being the real deal
The mine in the jungle was the target
And they set it on the road not far from it
They pinpointed the driver of the troop carrier first
But the opening attack was far from the worst

As the police special force jumped out of the van
They were picked off by the rebels man by man
When it was Ben Theodor's turn to jump out
A shot hit him in the leg making him roll about
Another one hit him in the arm as a shotgun blast
As he sat up on the road he was the next one to last

The Sergeant who was now in the embankment near the road
Yelled out, ' I'll get you Ben, ' and ran to him to pick up him as a load
As he grabbed him by the collar and pulled him back to the road's side
He was shot through the chest and he fell with the others who died
The rest of the patrol died on the road that day and lay in the sun
When Ben woke up as the only police officer left with his ordeal just begun

For a day he lay blinded and badly wounded in the leg and arm
With the tropical sun baking him with each hour so alarmed
Near the end of the day another patrol out looking for them
Came across the scene of the carnage which looked like the end
As Ben laid on the road he couldn't speak with a mouth that was dry
And through loss of blood he couldn't move and he could only lie

Then one of the police officers saw his mouth move and called to the others
They bundled him up and took him to Port Moresby then to Sydney for him to recover
But his eyesight was gone and he would recover with the other wounds
I came across him when working in the police welfare office becoming friends soon
When I took him to medical appointments to see what could be done
And he became a switchboard operator at Mt Hagan his return to duty won.

Ben was married with a baby girl and he was left to suffer PTSD and blindness
And I wonder if he feels that the price for duty done in the end was sadness.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Blood On His Chin

As a doctor at the Out-patient clinic she diligently worked that day
There were psychiatric patients lining up with their needs to allay
One waiting hadn't slept and his dealer would not give his drugs to take the pain
away

He decided to plead his case to the doctor and get the drugs that way
To cover his bases he put a kitchen knife tucked under his shirt
But she refused the drugs, so he took the knife out to her threatening hurt

She tried to reason with him but he certainly would not be denied
There was no mercy in him with 24 stabs at her until she expired
And he ran away leaving the bent knife lying in a pool of blood
Other doctors came in to her and tried to stem the bloody flood
An ambulance called came and tried desperately to save her life
Police were called and started to sort through the troubled strife

The radio call came and we knew her story had violently ended
She had left a son whose future life was needed to be comprehended
We searched around and found the fleeing felon who was already spent
He was convicted of murder and to prison for life he was rightly sent
The memory of it is still with me as these thoughts return today again
Of one doctor speaking with me and her blood dripping from his chin.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Bright Colours Back Light The Night

Bright colours back light the night
Driving the mean streets mourning the right
The police radio is the sound track made
Of life's never ending ills that do not fade
The windscreen is a barrier to the world
When it's more than the law being upheld

As my police life is lived in segments
Of each encounter without sentiment
If I will see another day
May not even be in my say
I sometimes think I am draining away
One moment at a time without my say

Maybe it's not the choices that I make
It's keeping it together and not see the hate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Bring Back My Children

She was left all alone as a devastated single parent
To raise her children a trying task became apparent
Next a neighbour complained about the untidy house
And children running wild at night they did espouse
The situation was too much and couldn't continue as it ought
The children were taken as leaving them was a danger fraught
There was a stand-off brewing and welfare called us in again
She ran and locked herself in her bedroom creating such a din.

We needed to speak with her about it but did not get very far
And decided best to wait her out and I saw her window was ajar
She looked asleep and so into the window I carefully climbed
When I turned in fury the words 'Get out' were all she chimed
In her hand was a knife and she waved it in menace at me
As trapped I was with her and from the room I couldn't flee
I stayed in the room and spoke with her counting out the hour
To gain her trust and make a move before her mood would sour.

She wanted a cigarette and so I looked to give her a light
I took a chance grabbing the knife and with her I did fight
Calling for help from the others we ended the struggle
We took the knife and into the kitchen we did shuffle
We worked it out on that day but in the end we all must say
For the family it did not the end the bad times were to stay
I was given a police citation for what happened that time
But not to find a solution to this was our society's crime.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Building Site Thieves

Building sites have always been
A place where offenders have seen
After hours they have a shopping list
Even though there is for them some risk

But go to a site and take the material you want
Not paying for it then using it in your own jaunt
It would seem some people have no morals to rate
I have even seen them riding trailers to try to escape.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Christmas And New Years Eve Memoire

I have worked about 30 Christmases and New Years
I have seen the worse of people and sometimes their
tears

When it should have been joy to the world
Petty squabbles and family feuds were held

And a drunk driver running over a little boy on Christmas Eve
When the driver wanted mercy with no court charges - please
Then there was the family brawl on Christmas night
When after a day of good cheer everyone wanted to fight

New Years Eve were never quiet with brawls and the odd car accident
All ending a week when my memories were something to lament
So mixed in together with my own family celebrations and cheer
The season always seemed to start in negative territory and not to endear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Collateral Damage

As I stood, "It's just collateral damage" I heard in my dismay
To make an omelette you have break an egg he did empathically say
You know working for the police you've got to harden up
There's no time for people who look for a communal cup
To survive to thrive in this place you need a strong sponsor
Working in times past means a relationship that's for you bonzer
I may be slow but I have worked out in the last forty years
If you don't follow their rules for you it will always end in tears.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Colours On Dark Blue

I have a bar of colours on my chest that are meant
To signify my years of long public service I've spent
But what do they really mean as I look at them now?
Is it for some deeds I've done and never taken a bow?
Or is it for those I put away or at the time I found a way
For others to live their lives to survive for another day

They decorate my uniform and show this was my life
There to take away society's ills that were always rife
People don't think of you as how it is to front up every day
The test is when we met it was a close call in the way
They were taken to account for behaviour they had done
Or if fined counted as that day was not one they had won

So at the end is it all just colours on dark blue?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Conversations With Criminals

'Ya crazy bastard
Why did ya do it? '
As I looked into
His eyes and saw the hate
'I'm not gunna say'
'But it's dumb to do it'
'Well f... You ya.....'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Coppers

Do you look into me as I look into you
Or does the blue blank out what in me is true
Do you see the badge and the gun so real
And never wonder what inside me is the real deal

They say that you walk and talk a special drawl
And always sit with you back up against a wall
But you know at the end of the day
Cut me and I will bleed away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Coppers Songs Are Perhaps Laments

They asked me why I joined
I used to think it was easy
The uniform set me apart
And I wanted to make a difference

It seems easier for a soldier to answer
With to fight for my country in a war
To save my family and my country
Because it's the right thing to do

But a copper does not have those things
Sure there's the right and against evil
It's not always the case you see
As sometimes you have to enforce
Those things you think are not right

There is no choice when it comes down to it
Helping people there will always be
But upholding the right - may not be right
And who do you see each day looking back

Knowing that others will be left in wrong
Warrior songs seem easy to sing
But copper's songs perhaps are laments.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Cot Death

She had a little bear
Whose arms held her there
On the collar of her blouse
And it made her smile as she would drowse
On a summer's day in the sun
For she was such a little one

And I would wonder then
How her life had come to this end
On her home cot bed that evening
And the sadness it would bring
But Cot Death was insidious
And the knowledge of it was not for us.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Death By Petrol Bomb

We went to the fire after the explosion burst
With the fire brigade who were called first
As you entered the house you would swoon
You could smell the petrol all about the rooms

And we found him in the kitchen on the floor
Spread out and burnt in the petrol fire's roar
And he was as black as soot on his skin
But you could still recognise him

The report we wrote on that day
Was about a man whose life went astray
His marriage had broken up recently
Causing him to see no hope for his future you see

So he bought a can of gasoline and went home
Spreading it around the floor and sat there alone
He lit up a cigarette and took a long puff
Exploding the house and blowing the roof off.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Do You Remember Your First Day?

Do you remember your first day?
When the blue was new that way
And you put it on each piece
In the mirror your eyes to feast
The blue serge trousers pressed
The chrome number on your chest

Black shoes spit polished shined
The warrant card that was mine
And crowning it all was the cap
Shiny badge checked band well kept
You stood there and looked at it all
Wondering if you would be worth the call

Do you remember the first day?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Domestic Violence Is A Stain

We crept forward within the dark
The edge of the headlights making their mark
As they light the lifeless black of night
The call that came just didn't feel right

We drove up to the house with its lights on
And you could hear the stereo belting out a song
So we went carefully up to the open front door
We stealthily entered the house to explore

In the kitchen a man sat at the table smoking
He said, 'She's out the back done for and dying'
So I went out the back door and there she was lying
On the verandah with a knife in the chest bleeding

That was another woman dying by their partners hand
In a dark chapter that was too frequent a story not grand
When a woman should be safe in her own home
And not lose her life when the marriage is gone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police – Don't Turn Your Back In A Knife Fight

One Sunday afternoon we got the call
To an address where the neighbours heard a brawl
Of shouting and fighting from inside the house
When we parked in the street it was quiet as a mouse

So with partner we walked to the front door
And heard some moaning from the hall floor
We shouted the police were now here
And a feeble voice answered so weak and in fear

Looking through the window next to the door
We saw an older man on his belly on the floor
Sticking out from his back there was a carving knife
And it became apparent that violence was rife

Weakly he said wait I'm a bit crook
So we forced the door and into the house for a look
In the lounge room there was a lady sitting
Without a stitch of clothing on her back she was wearing

With a smoke and a flagon of cheap wine in the hand
She said what the hell do want in a voice that wasn't our fan
An ambulance came and took the man away
The woman got dressed taken to the station for a cell stay

It came out that there had been an argument that day
That ended in violence as the day wasted away
When his back was turned in the kitchen she made a move
With a carving knife stabbed between the shoulders in the groove

But in the end she got away with the crime
Because the man wouldn't give evidence at the time
I suppose the moral to this story is
Don't turn your back during a knife fight to live!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Don't Call Me A Hero

Don't call me a hero
For I was doing my job
Each shift that I worked
Sometimes it was routine

Don't judge I did it with ease
Sometimes it was difficult
When it took all I could muster
So when you look at me now

Don't think of me as someone
Who was better than ordinary
Whilst I was wearing the blue
I just did what I had to do.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Drill As Police Cadets

Standing on the parade ground
We were 17 years young all round
In khaki uniforms pressed so well
Chests pumped out we were such swells
With trousers with creases so fine
And spit polished shoes done with shine

So we learnt how to drill in squad formation time
And marched around the parade ground so sublime
We did this for three years honing the skill
Standing tall as coppers in the drill
We made the grade in what we were
Graduating as a constable in quite a stir

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Duty As A Concept

Do your duty as you can see
It is quite easy as it can be
You know right from wrong
But the pressures of working
In an organisation that includes politicking
When the greater good becomes an issue
Particularly when a change is dished to you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Duty Done

Duty done is what they said
As he was lying in the hospital bed
There would be no laughter now
As we were left to ponder how

He had died in the knife's thrust
And we stood around as God we trust?
I was a welfare officer with Trevor there
When we walked into the hospital corridor where

The Deputy Commissioner and others stood
Who looked to us as they would
What do we do now as the world wanted to know
With David's family in a room nearby now

We sorted it out as best we could
And took his wife home as we should
The grief was palpable but what I couldn't work out
Is why the reporters wanted to talk to his wife in their flout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Each Tile Of The Mosaics

I sometimes struggle with what I've seen
Of horror and heartache for what it's been
To piece together what happened in the call
Makes each tile of the mosaics as they fall
How did it start, what did you do and in the end
How do you defend what is hard to comprehend?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Easter Memories

On Good Friday the roads are full on
And the last of our night shifts went on
At three in the morning the next tasking
Was an accident that was devastating

So we attended it on Bower road, Semaphore
A Holden had hit a pole exploding with gore
A young driver had hit the pole full on hard
And his life ended on the bitumen scarred

We took the measurements for it all
And went to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital
When the doctors had pronounced death
The next step was telling his family of the mess

So we started the trek to two parents living apart
And went through the death messages breaking their heart
The last task on that night was to tell his grandparents too
I still hear his grandmother shriek not wanting to hear it all through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Elizabeth 21 Away

The distance sun is setting
And headlights turning on
Families at home are gathering
As we drive our patrol along

The police radio barks its tune
When the time will come
For us to take the stage soon
With our duty duly done

So the pattern is set where each call
May be routine again to see
Or will it mean a criminal has had a fall
To gather evidence for their fall will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police – Facebook Hero Turns To Zero

Hoons today like to record their speeding runs made
Facebook the place to put them so to make the grade
Getting out the mobile and filming the speedo is quite a lark
And with your name and particulars you will make your mark
So with your commentary and the speedo showing 240
Means excitement for you whilst being traffic offending naughty
Until the police get access to it and they come to see you
To take you to a cell for your crime is a problem too
It seems to me that the tale underlines your lack of measure
As posting it for others places you on her majesty's pleasure
And spend some time in a prison accessing Facebook all you like
Sharing a cell with a man named Bubba will in the end be your plight

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police – Finding A Baby Buried Alive

How can you bury a baby alive in a hole?
And leave her there in the cold – where's your soul
The police take her up and tend to her needs
Whilst an investigation starts of these hard deeds

Surely our role is to look after the helpless ones all
If you can't give her to someone who cares in this call
Sit and ponder her fate now wondering if she is fine
When your deed could have meant the end of her time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - First Shift In Seven Night Shifts

The soft sunlight peeps above the horizon
As the sun bleeds into the daybreak
Darkness is defeated as the headlights need not be on
Slowly the traffic builds as the dawn breaks

And the radio has been quiet for the last hour
The patrol log pages appear out of the darkness
Thoughts of the busy nights are dour
When we have dealt with victims under duress

A drink driver who should think more of things
Than being out drinking with their friends
A first night with out sleep that night shift brings
And I know there are six more nights before it ends

And with rotating shifts every five weeks
It will start again in four weeks time
Knowing that you never catch up on sleeps
With staying on an even keel would be sublime

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Five Dallas Heroes

A lone gunman ambushes Dallas police in his sight
For perceived wrongs that will still remain a blight
The gun battle continues with others shot as well
Until a part-time rogue US soldier is blown to hell

Five comrades shot dead in racial retaliation
Stand straight in line, upright and at attention
Hold a crisp salute as fallen comrades are honoured
Tears flow down their cheeks as they are remembered

And now their last duty is complete
Being gunned down like dogs in the street
But when does a wrong make things right?
In seeking justice this way inflames the fight

We should focus on the search for truth as our path
All this violence does is leave a revengeful wrath
And innocent families torn apart in the extreme
When dutiful officers protect and serve their death is so obscene.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Fragments

Standing to attention in khaki
Running the beach with the spray hitting me

A sunny day wearing the blue on Graduation
Wrecked cars at Port and South road conflagration

Sitting at a Police Station front desk at two am
Talking to a couple whose baby died so sad for them

A drunk falling dead through a plate glass window
Country prisoner escorts on a hot day as a north wind blow

Feeding prisoners at dusk with a pub meal given
A girl crying about a step father's lust so unforgiving

Murder in a stupid go on shoot me moment in the dark
Standing and freezing at a police cordon yard

Working out whether a police widow should see her murdered one
Being assaulted by a parolee with my neck undone

Lecturing cadets at the police academy morning and afternoon
Then Senior Constables, Sergeants and Officers lecture rooms

Road safety education at the Road Safety Centre then
Retiring last day at work which heralds the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Fred Knight, Our Drill Instructor

I think back to our Fort Largs drill instructor
One Fred Knight an old Guardsman soldier
He fought the Germans in the Desert War
Then came to Australia as a 10 pound Pom settler

Afterwards he enlisted to South Australia Police pitch
To teach us to march was where he found his niche
And he introduced us to firearms on the outside range
Taking us through each step as the pistol was explained

He had his own language that we had to learn
And he bellowed out his orders across the parade at each turn
There was bahrrrr instead of one for counting was important
As the two -tree for two - three as instructions he would vent

There was a parade stick that opened to measure about
Counting steps we'd take across the parade marching out
But what he did was give us a bearing in public display
As after three years we graduated stepping out his way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Funeral For A Mate

We stand together in uniforms pressed clean
To honour a mate who is no longer seen
The Police band drums are draped in black
We march along behind the hearse on the cemetery track
The music plays and your thoughts wander along
Of a mate whose death we now do ponder long

To chapel we all file in with the family's arrival in terrible weight
Pall bearers as tradition states his rank and more importantly a mate
It's hard to watch a family's grief and bear it in his untimely call
His coffin the state flag sits with his police cap and medals all
The minister speaks of his life passed now
And why death has called him and we question how

So it ends and the family says its goodbye
And with cap on we walk up and salute a good guy
We remember him and his service as one of the fallen
He is amongst the 61 Sacred in their gracious calling
I think of him now and the laughter he brough
For a man taken sooner than it should be ought

Hail him as a hero for South Australians to remember so clear
But know that as a husband, father and mate we keep him near.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Gerry's Death - A Young Speedie

I was in the same cadet course as Gerry
We were young men just starting on our life journey
In 1976 we were young constables learning the lot
I went to the country and Gerry was a speed cop

One day we started duty and we found out
Gerry was killed knocked from his bike without doubt
On his bike on the Red Hill bridge a collision occurred
A drunk driver hit him a fatal injury was incurred

I think of him now we are in our twilight years
With full lives of our good times and tears
But for Gerry there was none of this
His life was gone in his duty's terrible twist

Fate has a way of taking some people away
When young men do not have a choice to stay
I think of his mother who lost Gerry's father young
Then Gerry lost in duty just as his life had begun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Gunned Down

It was just an ordinary tasking
To attend a disturbance for the asking
It was at a Housing Trust duplex
Nothing more than a family complex

But during the night the family had been feuding
With the man of the house ready to be exploding
They parked their police car a bit down the street
Getting out together and walking to the front door to meet

Standing silently behind the front door
With a rifle waiting to make a point even more
They approached and he opened the door
A shot rang out and one officer hit the floor

He then pointed and shot the other one
Who started to run away from the gun
He made it to the pathway on the street
And was shot again in the back not discrete

The one with the gun got in his car and drove away
A neighbour sat in the police car using the radio to say
Send an ambulance your police have been shot
There was urgency in the call to get there in a hurrying plot

Both went to hospital and survived the ordeal
We went to work that night feeling in a vulnerable deal
They found him after a while and took him to the interview room
Before interviewing him giving a cup of coffee to relax him soon

He was convicted of two counts of attempted murder
The two officers returned to work for duty further
And all of us received a lesson that day
Don't take anything for granted approaching a house that way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Hard Times And Nightmares

Why do you just sit and stare
What had you seen that wasn't fair
Will you sleep when you are tired
Or will there be thoughts that are mired

The evil things that will come again
Will be hard for you to comprehend
Just remember that they have ended now
Close your eyes and find the sleep know how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - He Was A Mountain Of A Man

He was a mountain of a man
Who when he drunk grew out of hand
For in this state he struck out
And beat others at times about

When locked up in juvenile detention
They wanted to let out his aggression
So they taught him how to box
Thinking this would change his plot

When released and went out for a drink
The aggression he felt went to its peak
And he was able to beat the person well
With his boxing prowess his fists did swell

The police attended and during the arrest
He beat the police laughing in his jest
To make matters worst he used an iron bar
With his violence it nearly went too far

The sad end to this story was he went to prison
And died one day from an operation for a tooth extraction.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Home Truths

Never park in front of the house
Or stand in front of the door
When knocking the first time
Stand at least an arms length away
With your feet planted firmly and evenly
Always look at them when talking to them
Especially look at their eye and hands
And work out who will be the first to speak.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - I Have A Social Conscience!

I have a social conscience which is a part of my all
Whilst I'm on duty I am at their beckoned call
I buy charity tickets from a booth as a passer-by
The refugee documentaries always make me cry
When I am with my friends I am the first to say
In our discussions if as a society we should pay

One night whilst out to dinner with a dear friend
We were drawn to a fight that was no pretend
We joined the by-standers and saw it was at an end
Someone had called the police and they did attend
One of fighters was lying bleeding badly all around
The police were treating him on the ground

One came up and asked for my help to be given
I said I wouldn't and wanted their rights to be driven
You see you can't be too careful of the police
And make sure they do it right at the very least
Because I have a social conscience don't you see
When I have a chance I will tell this story about me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - I Was There

What do you see when you look at me?

Just a copper who gives you a ticket you didn't want to see

Or someone who spoils the fun when there's fun that is so mad

And I am the butt of jokes when you think fun is there to be had

But I was there when you cried when death took your son

I was there when you were trapped in a car as your rescue begun

I was there when your daughter was missing that day while you worried

And when I found her you broke down and to your arms she quickly scurried

And I was there with you as you sobbed and I shed a tear

Knowing that your loss was sometimes more than you could bear

And know this of me whilst you and your family is at home

That I will be in your street whilst criminals will roam.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - If I Had A Hammer

Asleep one night in bed he laid
With his home in security made
But his bedroom window was open
As a hot night it was hard to be copping
When a young felon decided to break in
Creeping in the window without any din

The owner woke up and sprang into action
With the felon half in a window a fraction
He grabbed a hammer and swung it about
Hitting and knocking the felon back a clout
So the felon ran off holding his head
And we attended looking for his trail led

It was obvious to us all on that day
With the blood trail leading away
The hammer connection was hard
And the felon was heavily jarred
But until this day he never was found
Treating himself and going to ground.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Individuality Doesn't Count

When I look around what do I see
But other people looking at me
I think it's not me they see
It's the uniform that stands to be
And it doesn't matter who I am
Except perhaps for what I stand
Perhaps the individuality to me would only count
When the needs of the public continue to mount.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Is This Leadership?

So here we go again
Commissioned officers like to pretend
That they are in control and know it all
Don't give advice and wait on the call
If the Commissioner wants it that way
Just wait and then have what is not your say
It seems to me that what the philosophy says is right
What the Commissioner likes fascinates me in the write.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - It's Just To Scare Them

I only keep it under the seat to scare them
You see they steal and I don't get paid in the end
And what do I do people say they leave their money
Then they want their milk and not getting paid isn't funny

It was a dark winter's night and he called us about it
And we looked for milk money thieves running about in a fit
So up and down the streets we went until in a lane way
The teenager was lying on his back and bleeding away

So he went to the hospital and the news for him was bad
He would never walk again and his outlook was sad
The investigation went on and we found out
The milk man had shot him in the back whilst running about

So the story was sad all around with no message of hope to extend
With the milk man going to Gaol and loosing everything in the end
And as a lark to steal milk money in the darkness at night
To be crippled forever was a price to pay that was not right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - It's Still Coppering To Me

They can change the names
From Local Service Areas
To Divisions and Districts
But it's still coppering to me

You can go unarmed
Or carry a revolver or semi-automatic
Have a baton or pepper spray
But it's still coppering to me

You can drive a cruiser
Walk the beat together
Ride a bike or a bicycle
But it's still coppering to me

They can drink or take drugs
Be diverted without court
Stop their licence without driving
But it's still coppering to me

Children who are not cared for
Others beaten and alone
No home to call their own
But it's still coppering to me

People will be killed
Or simply they will die
All for investigation
But it's still coppering to me

When they go out at night
They need to feel safe
When they are together
But it's still coppering to me

You can change the uniform
Change the tools and other things
The years will pass by in time
But it's still coppering to me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - I've Had A Hard Life

'I've had a hard life'
He said of his latest strife
'I've had to scratch it out'
'All my old man did was drink and clout'
'Then I boxed in a travelling troupe
And wandered Australia in that pursuit'
As he sat in the interview room
And looked at the floor in his gloom

We finished the interview tape
Fingerprinted and placed him in a cell to wait
He went to court and received his penalty citation
And we escorted him back to the police station
And he was released from the police cell
The last I saw of him was walking out to his private hell
Leaving town as he had done a hundred towns before
With no prospect of getting from life anything more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Just Run It Off

Just run it off the Commissioner said
It works for me without needing to dread
But I still see the child's pleading face
That we had to leave alone in the devil's grace
And the ruined face and one piercing eye
That turns up in my dreams questioning why
When the screaming motorcyclist with the ruined head
Screams out his life after hitting the stobie pole ahead
And I wake up at night after yelling for it to stop
But you see just run it out and you'll give it the chop.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Just Words

The words running through my head need to be right
The watch on my wrist tells me it's after midnight
My stomach churns knowing what it will be
Waking people in the middle of the night not done easily
I knock on the door and a light flicks on
I'll have to tell them their son is gone
Someone says who would that be
I know that I am not the one they'll want to see

I say "It's the police and I need to talk";
The latch is off and in I walk
It's just the words that I want to be the right way
But the lump in my throat makes it hard to say
Just get it out and the crying starts asking how
So I tell them a car accident occurred just now
I leave knowing their world is lost
The next hours will be done counting the cost
And I resume with it all in my head
Death message delivered and understood written in the log of dread.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Living On The Streets

I met him first in bad housing in Whyalla town
The family was four with two parents and a boy and girl we found
He was a large youth of 12 years sallow, uncouth and unkept
The father had been interviewed for incest with the 14 year old sister and yet
On examination the father was sterile and the allegations would not stick
The house they lived in was dirty, untidy and would make anyone sick

Years later when working in the Adelaide City square I saw him again
And he was living on the streets sleeping in abandoned places with no friends
He had bare feet, dirty clothes and a smell of musk in being unwashed
The family he had in Whyalla although not nurturing had been lost
And it would have been difficult for me to make a judgement call
Of what is better - the street or living in his family with no love at all

So petty theft was his occupation stealing to survive each different day
And when he was caught he would return and scratch cars in his way
When you looked into his eyes there was an emptiness and a hate
Of the world that didn't let him in or in a normal life to participate
What do you do in such circumstances where he wasn't wanted
And had never been able to learn skills for living as well provided.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Look At Their Eyes

Look at their eyes as they talk to you
You will find out what they are thinking too
Their eyes give them away no matter what
They are saying to you in their story's plot
The story they say they want you to believe
Even though it's not the truth wanting to deceive

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Manning A Cordon

Standing on the side of the road
The cold seeps in each fold

Of clothing layer as applied
Trying to keep the thoughts aside

Of the discomfort of the cold
Thinking of a hearty fire as it's told

By others sitting in an office setting
While I go back to my discomfort fretting.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - My Good Mate Col

You work together to form the strongest bond
Standing strong and sharing the dangers all along
Col was a young man with his life ahead of him
A marriage with a young daughter as his private hymn
But there are days when it is hard wearing the blue
And you look to one another to carry you all through
There was a time when he needed a supporting word
But he kept it to himself a move that seems to me absurd

His marriage broke down and the pressure was building up
It became a burden to carry that was too much in his sup
One night when the gun room of the station was unattended
He picked up the key and took a gun to have his life upended
He shot and it finished him off we found him lying alone that way
It hurts that he didn't give us a chance to help take his burden away
Time marches on as we grow old to be left now with the thought
To help our mates who have stood with us as it should be wrought

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Never A Copper When You F....N Need One

He liked his new two storey house and his guns
He'd built up his business selling car parts with his sons
The house was in a new area and the roads were pristine
Until one afternoon hoons wanted to drop some rubber to be seen

So they were outside on the road and were dropping rubber around
And he was awakened by the roaring engine and spinning tyre sound
He came out into the driveway and asked them to stop and be gone
They gave him the finger, abused him and said old man go home

The harder he tried to reason with them the more abusive they became
Riling him up until he didn't know if he was coming or going as the same
So he went inside and took out his best pump action shot-gun
And went outside and was going to show he was number one

But the hoons only laughed and goaded him on
They said he was only bluffing and they they had already won
The front passenger hung out the front side window
And gave him the finger as the last gesture and they wouldn't go

The fire spoke out from the end of the barrel as the shot-gun was spent
And the hoon's face disappeared in a bloody cloud across the dashboard it went
He put another one up the barrel and fired a shot into the air
As the driver panicked and left the last rubber on the road there

They raced down the hill to the Para Hills Police Station
And those in one piece spilled out the car doors without hesitation
They ran inside the police building yelling for help from someone
The driver saying 'Never a copper when you f...n need one'

The police followed them out to the car-park and saw the ghastly sight
Of the dead front seat passenger and his last one finger gesture so tight
The the investigation produced a court case and the shot-gun user was
Convicted of manslaughter as the shotgun went off accidentally as the cause

So he did some time in Yatala Gaol and paid for his crime that day
That started with a group who brought their downfall by stupidity they would say
The last sign that he left for all was a finger raised to the world
And a shot-gun blast to the face was an epitaph that was all that was held.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Night Shift

The black of the night has closed everything in
It has been a night of fighting the wages of sin
Of a drunken brawls where the beer and drugs have won
And in a cell for some is a hard lesson done
A drink driver who should have taken a cab
And now will be walking that's a hard lesson had

The sun is starting to rise into the sky
Whilst it bleeds colour into the scene on high
You would like to think that your bed will await
Until the radio crackles into life for a job not great
An older lady has not woken up
And her husband is frantic and quite cut up

So it will be no rest and you need to do what's right
With a husband who doesn't want to face his plight
She had died and the struggle will be
For him to let us take her away at last to see
So as gently as we could we took her up
Whilst he gave a final kiss in a lover's sup

We spoke with his daughter about the terrible news here
And waited with the father whilst she made her way there
There were tears and such a sad scene
Of memories of a wife and a mother who had been
For us it was a rendezvous with a type-writer
For a coroners file with dreams of a bed as a fatigue fighter

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - No Parades Or Banners

There are no bands playing
Or banners on the breeze flying
There are no cheering crowds proudly waving
For us there is police duty everlasting
With no grateful nation
And no parades for us in exultation

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - One Less Tonight

I was on night shift starting at twenty-three hundred
And I walked into the station at quarter to without dread
I put on my uniform and talked to my team mates
As we walked to the muster room so we wouldn't be late

The police radio cackled and was busy with something going down
There had been a disturbance involving a firearm with patrols racing around
Then all of a sudden the operator asked the Inspector to change channels
So we did too but all that we heard was scrambled words to puzzle

The sergeant was late and rumours circulated about what had occurred
When finally he came in and stood at the lectern to give the final word
'I need to give you some bad news. Constable Williams was shot dead.'
We sat there not knowing what to say and waited for more information to be fed

But that was all they were going to say and we got up and left
Picked up our equipment and went to the car feeling bereft
It didn't matter how we felt about losing a fellow officer and mate
You had to get out on the road because being in the police can't wait

Time moves along where days become weeks become months and years
Our lives return for all to see and we wipe away our tears
But once a year a mother returns to the place her son was lost
As she places a bouquet with a tear gently still counting it's cost.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - One Shot

Linc and his partner were tasked to find
A person shooting a gun in an area defined
As he turned the patrol car into the street
A shot rang out in the night not too discrete
It hit him under the arm and he instantly died
The car continued to turn into a tree on a glide
His female partner called out for help on the air
And the other patrols sped to the area there

It was too late for save Linc at that time
Sometimes fate turns your life on a dime
They cordoned off the area for a pattern search
Looking for the offender in his hiding perch
We were in the neighbouring sector together
The scrambled police radio we had heard never
Then we were asked to gather in the station
With the news of Linc's death in a sad citation

The search continued all that long night
Until the offender was found out of sight
He had been hiding under a car all that time
And he came out from under thinking it was fine
He was convicted in court and went to prison
For Linc's family this was a righteous mission
And Linc's mother placed flowers gently down
Each year at the base of the tree on the ground

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Others Need To Be Forgotten

Some days are diamonds as the song goes
And others need to be forgotten as I know
But how do you wipe the slate clean?
And return to the place where you'd rather have been

Just to be able to close my eyes shut tight
And not remember the things that were not right
Once my uniform is not worn any more
I hope there is time to forget I implore

So now 'No more I will say '
Bring down the curtains right away
And I never want to think of any of them
The victims, the forsaken and the dead in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Outback Handyman - Anything Goes

Just out of town we saw an old Commer van
Being driven by a scraggy unshaven older man
Written across the side in hand written prose
"Outback Handyman - anything goes"

The Commer van was a handy man's dream
With a vice on the bumper and tools in a scheme
Of small drawers with screws and other handy things
All filed away with swag, bolts, nuts and springs

We stopped and spoke to him by the roadside
As he stood there a hand rolled cigarette was fired
With one foot on the front bumper hand on his knee
He gave us his story of his Outback wandering free

With an eye half closed he said he travelled around
On dusty roads finding work where it could be found
I've had a hard life can't you see it in my face
Fixing up things that you couldn't easy replace

He had been doing this for twenty years strong
After finding tent boxing for him couldn't be prolonged
Now with the march of time people weren't so isolated
He could see that his wanderings would be ill-fated

So we left him at that and went back to the car
Whilst he smoked the last of the cigarettes from afar
The last I saw of him was looking around at the sky
Whilst the old Australia disappeared from our eye.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Packing The Blue Away

The shirts, trousers and jacket hung
In my cupboard as the time had come
To pack away the uniform of my blue ways
When I was the one who wore it in my police days

But that was ended now and I was to put away
The blue that was familiar in how it made my day
I folded each piece and looked at each one
In my hands and I thought of how it was now done

In fact I found it easier to leave it behind me now
Now that it was behind and I have taken the final bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Photos Of Yesterday

I saw the pictures of us today
Of young men at work and play
We at seventeen came together as one
And at twenty we graduated as our careers begun

In the forty years that have passed
Some decided and went on other paths
But some of us lasted the distance
And still wear the blue in our law bringer stance

I look now at our group with arms around
And I try to see what our eyes thought would be our ground
What happened after for us is cast in stone refined
It cannot change as paths are now defined

So I sit with such melancholy on the verge of a tear
Looking at each one of us that I hold so dear
I think with age that which gets stripped away
And what is left is what in your heart will stay

What do we find now those years are gone in dismay
Did we get what we wanted in life's affray?
Or did we get what we deserved as it turned out?
But each one of us has something of which we can shout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Police Hymn

In the blazing sun on dusty plains
In the dead of night as the cold complains
We who wear the blue are standing here
In duty's call that is quite clear

On scorching streets on melted bitumen
Directing traffic whilst lives depend
Defending innocence with an inquiring mind
To ensure the scales of justice are not blind

At crime scenes with those who are aloof
To crack a story with scientific proof
In court rooms cases are presented
To seek the truth in examination extended

All these tasks in duty made
To protect the people in courage displayed
We the police will see it through
All this we pledge whilst wearing the blue

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Police Memorial Canberra

It was sunny and the wind was on the lake today
As I heard the flags fluttering away
The bronze plaques floated on the wall
I reached out and read the names one and all

Memories abound of you before
And I remembered what you meant and more
Silent now patiently sleeping and waiting
As I just stood there softly weeping.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Police Officer's Eyes

I've got an affliction I'm sorry to say
That I'm afraid will not go away
You see I can't help it it's plain to see
I have police officer's eyes just as plain as can be

When I drive on the road I look all around
I know who is treading over the near ground
When I go into a restaurant I like the chair in the back
Facing out with the entrance in sight it's a fact

So if you're ever walking in town and you see me there
I will see you before you see me look over here
I pray you forgiveness because it's an affliction well known
It's the years as a police officer where these seeds are sown.

Paul Warren

Police – Police Remembrance Day 1

1.

We remember our daughters and sons so true
Who stood for us in times when trouble grew
We honour you here and remember each one
For those police who passed your duty is done
Brave and true we honour you

2.

The storm has passed and at peace you lie
We remember you as the years quickly fly
As a police officer whose duty is now done
Remembered each precious daughter and son
Brave and true we honour you

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Paul Warren

Police - Police Remembrance Day 2

3.

When the sun rises in the morning remember me
When the sun is high in the sky remember me
When the sun sets in even tide remember me
When the moon rises in the night remember me
For I am here with you still standing true

4.

Remember us for who we were to us so dear
And what we stood for is quite clear
For we are with you in the warming light
Still standing with you for what is right

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Paul Warren

Police - Police Remembrance Day 3

Remember me in the glow of the sunshine
When my loving touch made you mine
I rest now my police duty is done
Feel me here with you together as one.

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Paul Warren

Police - Police Remembrance Day 4

In duty bound we stand as one
For each imperilled daughter and son
Don't weep for us for we are true
Know that we are still here for you

For love of all we stood tall
No fear or favour in valour' s hall
Remember us for who we were
Feel us with you when trouble stirs.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Police Remembrance Day 5

The gentle breeze blows across your face
Renewing memories of my embrace
Smile with me as you remember
I will stay with you as a bright glowing ember

Remember me in the blazing sun
And when the pastel sky bids the night begun
For I will touch you with my love unending
My duty done as the sun rises in rays extending

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Ptsd - Our Forgotten Sisters And Brothers

I've been scooped away he told me that day
A spoonful at a time I feel all wasted away
At night I wake up after seeing them all again
The dead ones, the mutilated and my missing friends
There's a point in time where it doesn't matter any more
I've seen it, I've done it, I've counted the final score!

He survives now on tablets to get him through the day
He's family is gone they couldn't for one more moment stay
Just the thought of the uniform now fills him with dread
I know there are times when he wants to be dead
There have been others before who didn't last so long
They took their life and their end verses were no song
How could others say that all they needed was to run it out?
They did not see them when they screamed and wanted to clout

We have a Memorial in Canberra now for police who have died
Whilst on duty wearing the blue proudly whose past was not mired
By things such as memories and medication to cope with it all
Surely our beloved sisters and brothers who answered the call
By holding it together and standing when others have had to flee
Deserve to be honoured and remembered by all is my plea
Have their names included on the Memorial each one was brave
Not to have them with the honoured is an omission that's grave!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Remember Me As I Do My Duty As Sworn

Remember me when the day is over
On the streets as the cars turn their headlights on
Remember me when a lost child is found
And an anguished parent hugs them in sheer relief
Remember me when a woman cries in despair
As her husband is taken to account for his actions
Remember me when your possessions are stolen
And they are returned to you in your satisfaction
Remember me when I pull you from a crashed car
And you are restored to your life when you may be lost
Remember me as I wear the blue standing for you
Some days alone as I do my duty as I have sworn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Remembering A Fallen Friend

I looked at the photos again
Of men in a uniform we strove to maintain
How we all were and what we didn't know
Made us feel as one with the course glow

And I saw his eyes as he smiled and stared out
Not knowing what waited for him in his life bout
The short years later when death found him
Or did he have an inkling that he hid in his grin?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Road Safety Is Their Game

Road Safety Education is their game
Being within the South Australia Police is their fame
There is Bob the organiser with an administrator plan
Who is an artiste in the kitchen and he makes his beer grand

There is John who has a reputation for traffic law advice
And in his spare time likes to race cars as his vice
Sue keeps us together and can calm a storm
Making our bookings and keeping us on track as her norm

Then we have Ian who has put in the years
At the Road Safety Centre teaching children in a cheer
Then there is Rob who has spent his time
Travelling the world and owning houses so fine

Michael has a technological knowledge not passed
And likes zombies and the double tap rules to the last
Nigel who keeps our books and budget in line
Doing some fine work with producing a video divine

Matt the moth killer has been with us some time
His time with us has been interesting and sublime
Matt is a wiz on his skateboard in a modern dream
And is the newest of the Road Safety team

I suppose that leaves me who has weathered the years
Developing a plan for the future with the least tears
But altogether it can truly be seen
Our dream is for Road Safety in our team.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - She Will Wait Quietly For Me

I know she will wait quietly for me
At the front of the station near the Gum Tree
She doesn't know what I have done or where I've been
And I don't want to tell her of what I have seen

But that's my other life where you have to be strong
Always in control and know what can go wrong
So I keep up the mask and know it hides the fear
Of being a copper then returning to those I hold dear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Solar Lights And Plastic Flowers

On a lonely outback track the wind whistled through the glass
As the 4 WD turned the corner we weren't driving at all fast
Planted on the road side near our attention to it was drawn
Some solar lights and plastic flowers left looking so forlorn
We stopped the car and walked on up to it as it became so clear
A roadside memorial placed for a little one cherished so dear.

In the dead of night a family group had been returning to their home
They were driving through on dusty roads the intention not to roam
You couldn't tell how the crash occurred there seemed to be no fuss
On reading now a car had rolled to avoid a wandering camel was a must
I read the sign and saw the picture of a baby smiling brightly too
Just solar lights and plastic flowers now as the wind blew through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Sons Of The South

David was a father and a son
Whose life was for his family one
A part- time soldier and police officer
Who was studying at University and more
His life was cut short in a woman's defence
With a knife to the heart his life the expense

Gordon was on traffic duty one morning
When a speeding motorist without warning
Knocked him down on the bitumen roadway
In an act of violence that he had no say
Leaving a wife and daughter at home
A short time the daughter was orphaned alone

Linc was working afternoon shift at Enfield
And was looking for an offender in the field
As he drove around the corner of the street
A shot rang out in such a murderous feat
And each year afterwards his mother placed
At the street corner a bunch of flowers graced.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - South Australia Mounted Police

He joined after his British Army Colonial Service
Enlisting in the South Australia Mounted Police
It was a way to forget about the Indian Mutiny's horrors
And he was posted north in the hot desert lands
Riding endless patrols as the colony would command

To bring the law alone to the Outback as a difficult task
Sometimes riding alone for weeks in the saddle past
Just the Outback Sun and his own thoughts plodding on
But even these climes in the rugged scorched country
They needed the law and order with justice not brought easily

And he was the only symbol of the Crown strong
But these patrols were endless as he continued on
And there was no relief or thought of quitting then
As he crossed the flat gibber plains and red dust
Visiting the Outback reserves and cattle stations a must

Such a rugged life for the mounted constable
In a wild frontier with large distances travelled carefully
And he saw some sights that others would never see
With a roof of millions of stars as his companions to stay
Civilisation was a thousand miles and an ancient memory away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - South Australia Police Forsaken By Their Government.

The police rarely protest an issue at all
Today we marched together so hear our call
We have been forsaken by our Government
And left to ponder why in our lament
It is hard for us to see why when injured
We are left to pay in a future mired

Our thoughts of what do you do
When in danger and defending too
The public in their need to be saved
We the police need to make such a decision grave
Do we stand by and wait for the danger to end
Or go in risking life and limb where a dice throw depends.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Speeding Car

Gordon Loft was a traffic officer working radar duty
Whose wife and daughter was in a family beauty
His crew were operating the radar on Gorge road
And detected an offender in speeding car mode
So Gordon walked out on the hot bitumen
To indicate to this driver who was without acumen

The driver swerved into Gordon knocking him down
And he was killed lying broken on the ground
His mates quickly ran to his aid
And the driver in his escape made
There was nothing left to be done
Except find the driver who had run

So they found and charged him for Gordon's death
And he was jailed but it did not diminish tragedy's breath
So again a family was left to carry on without a father
To compound the mess in a final grief to gather
Was the death of the wife in a crash which appalled
And we wonder how the daughter survived in justice called

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Stolen Car

The chase commenced on the Port road
It continued in the streets in high speed mode
Disobeying red traffic lights in danger made
The driver and his crew in quite an escapade

And the police thought they had them cornered
But they escaped through some luck absurd
Driving over the Port River extremely fast
When the driver misjudged the corner at last

And launched into the air off the bridge so high
Landing road first on Semaphore road from the sky
That would be the last car that these youths would steal
Being killed with head injuries at the crash scene revealed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Summer Patrol In Elizabeth Fields

A hot sunny and dusty day
Public housing each side in disarray
Old cars in the front yards
The houses with old lounge suites scarred

The sun is starting now to set
As children emerge dirty and undead yet
The promise of Australia lost
With these children's eyes showing the cost.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Sweating The Little Things

These are the rules so get them straight
It will last one time but don't think it will be the debate
The rules are the rules so here is the call
When we want to be petty it won't matter at all

So it doesn't matter if you get it right
If they want you next time don't use it in the fight
The police spent time on the audit trail
So spend your time dotting i's and crossing t's for their mail

What we do in this world of sweating the little things
Is to make sure that 99.9% is not a pass that it brings
And remember results only count if you don't make the grade
Even if you do this kudos will even quicker fade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Tears On The Pavement

Near silent whispering on the gentle breeze
As the flags waving in the sun on your face received
The letters cry 'For a father I never knew'
We will remember you proudly wearing the blue

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Telling The Parents

The teenagers were driving in the waning light
And were going fast on a turn to the right
The car went into a slide on the dirt track
And it turned over when the wheels lost contact
The teenagers were thrown out of the car
Not wearing seat belts didn't get them very far

They survived the crash but each went to the hospital
You see the one thing that I remember in this road toll
Was telling their parents they needed to leave home
And go to their children needing them and were gone
For every spectacular vehicular crash I have seen
There is anguish and heartache for all that has been.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The 61 Sacred

Doing their duty they still proudly stand
Wearing their blue in glory forever grand
They are the 61 Sacred who gave their life
For South Australians in answer to other's strife
I can still feel them when I'm standing my ground
Each cementing us together for our duty bound

Don't forget them as they are etched in stone
Dying this way will mean they need never be alone
I think of the ones that I have in life known
Those murdered or lost in other ways so prone
Keep them close by for what they have done
Straight in the knowledge it can't ever be undone

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Aboriginal Aide

I was speaking with a fellow SA police officer who looked back
When working with aborigine police aides in the Outback
He said one day on an extended patrol away from base
An aborigine police aide came to him in a state of wide eyed grace

The man told him that he had to get back home
That his brother was sick and in death nearly gone
He was so insistent that he used the radio to find out
If the police at Ernabella could find out what it was all about

The Ernabella police finally tracked his brother down
Who was sick in the Bush and brought him back for treatment into town
This was before mobile or satellite phones and it was impossible to know
That his brother was crook and on death's bed as the go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Accident On The Highway

There was a report to the police station wondering how
A car had run off the highway half way to Cowell
So we were tasked and drove out to the scene
Of one vehicle that had left the road clean

He was still sitting inside of the car
And was a drink driving to be barred
It was established he left Whyalla an hour before
We put him on the Breath Analysis to know the score

And his reading was the highest I have heard
At 0.43 we thought his drinking was absurd
Which meant nearly a half a percent of his blood
Was alcohol measured placing him deep in the mud.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The American Adventure

He was an American who came to town on business travel
And he stayed at one of the Whyalla motels going to a local bar to unravel
The music played and he met some locals who at the end wanted to rock on
They took some alcohol to his Motel room and others joined as a party number
one
The next day the Motel rung the station to report a break in at the bar
And we followed the trail to the American's room with the door ajar

We found the empty bottles strewn around the motel room floor to continue the
story
And in one of his bags all nicely packed away were the Motel's bar accessories
He was charged with stealing the alcohol and other bar paraphernalia
Although he did not break in himself he had been left with this failure
So he went back to home in Wisconsin in the United States
With a dinner party story that he said would be fun to relate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Anguish Of Not Being Able To Resolve An Issue

I wonder now that my work is nearly done
Of those times when I thought that the day was won
When others broken dreams have transpired
And the outcome for some was more than mired

Do I see the loneliness of them as we drive away?
When they want to beg of you to do more and stay
Where does the duty you know is yours
End and you leave it as for them it implores

You to do more but you know it can't be
Sometimes everything you do is not enough to see
And you can't sleep because it plays in your mind
When you have to do your duty to do which may not be kind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Bloody Scene

Don't stand and gawk, move away
The tragedy will for some time stay
Don't crowd around it is hard
To do the things needed and not retard

Those people who need to be there
And help the victims in their care
Just go home you are not needed
The scene that is there will only be impeded

There is nothing to see here any more
Please go away I need to you to leave is the implore.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Breaker

The torch flashes light
Marking the darkness bright

The alarm has sounded
And we had attended

The back door was ajar
And it seemed he did not go far

We searched around
Then what was found

He was hiding in a desk
And he was under arrest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Broken Nose

In Adelaide at Greenfields trains pass at 100ks so very fast
One morning a passenger decided his train would be his last
This time there were no rules for a closed door metro train
And so on hot days the open doors would always remain

He waited `til there was a fast train going the other way
Timing it just right he jumped from the opened door astray
The work was done as bouncing between them took his life away
For all concerned this incident did not make the brightest day

We photographed and cleaned it up it wasn't a pretty sight
Back to type the Coroner's Report we had to get it all right
Then we received a complaint call from a passenger on the train
At an open door a severed arm broke his nose was his refrain!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Butterfly

There was a butterfly that flew down
And rested on your chin fluttering 'round
But you didn't brush it away
As your gaze was straight ahead
Unflinching - for you were dead

But the world did not stop
For us called there we did the lot
Your life was ended then
But you see the butterfly did not comprehend
That you were now dead.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Cobber Pedy Miner

The diagnosis was that he wouldn't live
That the cancer would get him in the end

He had been an opal miner for 20 years
Living in Coober Pedy away from Europe

And all it meant at the end of World War II
When he fought on the Eastern Front

Where he was involved in Nazi slaughter
So he wanted to hide there in the Outback

He didn't have any family and few friends
So he went to his dugout and lay down

A stick of gelignite in his mouth
And the fuse laid along his chest

The fuse was lit and he watched it burn
As the gelignite blew his head off

That is the way the police found him
In a show of manhood he wanted to make.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Course 47 Reunion

There comes a time when our memories are kings
And Course 47 remembers as our golden years rings
When we were young and the sunshine played
In Fort Largs Police Academy where we stayed

Peter and Eddie arranged it for each one of us
As we attended at the Police Club in our olden days fuss
And the table of course trinkets were there
A balmoral, photos and dog collar to declare

Radio 5FL was on the airwaves as the Beach Boys were surfin' again
And Crabbie made his fabled ride with each of us a cheering friend
Remember John and Peter as our mentors when they would grade
Each of us knowing what they did for us would not fade

Roy brought back on film our khaki cadet time
With young men gathered as comrades to remind
Vale to Jerry who was lost to us in those early years
He will always be one of us in laughter and not just our tears

Boycey was telling stories again of a cat and a car
And how we can smile about them now from afar
We wouldn't swap a moment of each year
As we look back at them and how they will endear

There are places we remember and people we hold dear
Of what we should be reminded even though you shed a tear
This reunion made me remember and laughter again was near
As we hold on to these moments that will always be quite clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Crash Victim

In the mangled wreck she sat
With the force injured at that
There was nothing we could do
Just hold a hand as she died too

And she whispered about God hand
That she believed was in his plan
So we waited and comforted her
Until she died then without further stir.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Crime Fighting Cameramen

They are craftsmen who know their work well
Their cameras on their shoulders with a story to tell
They have been around, seen and done it all
Making movies is their business in SAPOL's call

They will film a crime scene as the evidence gathers
Or a new law to comprehend and explain when it matters
Both are best friends of Humphrey B Bear
And making films for Road Safety shows they do care

Emmil has the Boss his main music man
And Ken loves motor cycle riding as a great fan
So hail to the Kings of Kool - Emmil and Ken
The South Australian crime fighting camera men

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Cycle Of It All

The crash meant they were dead
And I returned home to sleep
The baby was alone in a flat instead
And I returned to a family meet
The fire burned down the house
And I returned to wash the car
The arrest was made of the wife's spouse
And I returned to a party and drink a jar
The baby died of SIDS in the afternoon
And I returned to read a book
The cycle of it all started again too soon
And I returned to life's usual hook.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Dark Internet

Every generation adds to the knowledge gained
And it is sifted through to see what should remain
I am sure that in the past people have found results that last
But this knowledge sometimes has remained in the past

Nowadays it would seem that the Internet is really keen
To keep it all and file it away and now know what has once been
You can now pick a subject and put it in a search engine
To find out enough to write a report from beginning to end

But what lies underneath below the surface now
Is the Dark Internet where right no longer dwells in its know how
This is where the criminals dwell providing drugs and guns
Worse still where a Paedophile can find child photos decency shuns.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Death Message

Do I see them as they will need to know?
That for their loved one tears will flow
They are standing there not wanting to hear
How a loved one died who was so very dear

How do I go on talking when I see?
Them looking this way as it was to be
And the message that you delivered today
Will devastate with each word you say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Drive In

Drive in theatres in 1976 were the rage
When couples met in summers made
And Whyalla had its own one too
On Fridays and Saturdays audiences it drew

One Saturday night the crowd was good
With the takings on the night as it should
The manager was contented with his lot
And was counting the money in his office spot

Suddenly a car drove down the driveway at speed
The two men in the car jumped out to do the deed
With a rifle demanding money as their crime
And they wanted the takings in express time

The manager pushed the alarm button call
The police cruiser was near and they gave its all
Arriving whilst the robbers were still there
The robbers panicked and shot without care

With one of the police officers going down
Shot in the stomach falling to the ground
In the confusion the malefactors made their escape
Finally being cornered they were arrested in their fate

When prison for four years was their punishment enduring
And the wounded copper spent a long time recovering
But the public did not care what had occurred
And the police officer was forgotten as they erred.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Drunk Driver

We were making our way from Whyalla to Port Lincoln
For a day of sight seeing on the west coast driving along
We were about 20 kilometres south of Whyalla town
When we saw a Toyota 4 WD utility ahead going down
But there was something wrong with the driver ahead
We could see that careful driving was off the agenda instead

For he swerved all over the road from the left to the right side
And at times causing approaching traffic to veer away from him wide
Although off duty it became apparent that something had to be done
So we stopped and spoke to a drunk driver an investigation begun
He had two children in the vehicle and along with a flagon of wine
And had come from Cowell to his shack on the shore for fishing so fine

It was the only time that I recalled myself to duty in this unusual way
And we took the driver to Whyalla for a reading of 0.285 BAC that day
Losing his licence was a price to pay for being foolish as his fee
But taking two children on a drunken dangerous journey
Could have meant an end to the lives of his children so hard to comprehend
Being a common drunk behind the wheel of the Toyota could have meant the
end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The End Of Night-Shift

The night is long, hard and cruel
With each tasking outside the rule
The hours go on in a slow lament
As they bleed into each other and are spent

The dawn creeps up on us as we drive around
And the radio cackles as we hear it's routine sound
Cars and people appear as the world awakes
Gently the day begins and the night deflates.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The First Time

In Millicent I spent the winter of 1976
I was still a cadet for my country posting fix
Most times I was an observer but went everywhere
It was cold most days but the rain didn't impair
The need to provide service to the people there
So I learnt a bit of what it was like to do duty and care

On one of the sunnier days we got a call about an accident
So we turned up to the scene where we had been sent
There was a forestry bus on the side of the road
Lying on the road was an lady with others in first aid mode
The ambulance came and worked on the lady too
But she didn't respond and died with her lips turning blue

She went to the Mount Gambier Hospital and was pronounced life extinct
The next day we went to the Morgue for the autopsy with time to think
We took her out of the morgue refrigerator and on to the autopsy table
It was the first time I had touched the dead forcing myself to be able
That day is clear and each time after when I was called to touch the dead
I had to force myself and it was something that I always did dread.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Flags Are At Half Mast

Dedication to our fallen four Victoria Police....

The flags are at half mast

The flags are at half mask today
For four fine officers lost in duty's say
In silence now we all stand
As grief for them and their families demand

At each muster we bow our heads
For these each one of our honoured dead
Rest now in peace a hero's slumber
For you have joined our sacred number.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Gawkers

I've seen most things in my life
Whilst working through other people's strife
There is one thing that I can't work out
Is why some people want to gawk about?
If they knew what it was really like
They would turn around and get on their bike

I have been where people have died
And had to push my way through those who spied
I have been called a pig and oinked at too
Whilst trying to hold back as sickness grew
People have asked me as I worked
Is it bad in there - oh what a jerk?

I would think if they had to do
What I have done and worked on through
Touching the dead and doing it right
Was always to me a really hard fight
But the gawkers will always be there to see
And one day they may find what it really is like to be me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Indigenous Student Of The Year

The indigenous student of the year
Who worked hard for society to adhere
But that for him was wrong somehow
On one cold morning it ended now

A man out jogging found him then
A chain link fence brought his end
He had wrapped a hose around his neck
And dropped to his knees whilst it took affect

I always thought that he was fair dinkum to do
This in the way and to follow it through
As there was no drop as a hanging would normally be
But the story here that was untold as wasn't plain to see

I wondered if he thought even doing his best
His award meant nothing to in the world just a jest
There were other things in the play not seen
And in the end it was the world that was mean.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Industrial Accident

Load her up he said
And it started without dread

We need to get this load done
And the end is finally won

But he got in the way
And lost his life that day

Flatten by 4 tonne of stressed concrete
Meant his life was complete

So if you are transporting slabs
Over roads that are corrugated bad

Ensure that you chain them securely down
And when unloading be careful on uneven ground

For your life will be wasted away
And death will have the final say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Intruders

A Sunday morning on day shift patrol
Quiet and typing was the morning's goal
When we were given a 504 - sudden death
So we saddled up and drove the town's breath

We were met at the door by a man who was upset
Who directed us to the front room chair with a blanket set
And we saw an old gentleman under the blanket who had passed away
The signs were that he passed in his sleep not in a violent way

The greeter was the older man's son who lived with the family as one
He said that he seemed alright, having had his breakfast done
Of baked beans, eggs, bacon and toast his favourite meal
There was no great underlying health being able to live life as the real deal

So we took statements from the family through their teary eyes and faces
With a recommendation if the post mortem was clear through the paces
That the coroner release him as soon as possible to the family
But it always seemed to me when we went into these houses you see

That we were there as intruders at the worst time of all
And we had to make decisions for them outside their call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Last Day

I take the badge from my chest
And put my gun back with the rest
The handcuffs will no longer be needed
As I book off for the last time as it is exceeded

A well worn call sign I will now assign
With the things from my locker so defined
My I/D wallet is now stamped 'retired'
As it no longer matters in the years transpired

Handshakes are to workmates given all around
With well wishes as they will expound
Their ideas of a longed for happy time
That my retirement I may find

As I drive through the front car park gate
I wonder if all the memories of these times I will relate
Will be left with these badges of enforcement
Or will they surface at times to me to torment.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Last Shift

An end to times is what's occurred
No more the blue enforcing the word
Those years in regulation bound
Have ended now in retirement found

Putting on the uniform each day
Was routine and seemed a simple way
But taking the blue off for the final time
Seems a harder task now and not so fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Lost Wallet

Walking the beat in Port Adelaide streets
On a spring day to greet the people we would meet
There were after-hours cards to update
For someone to contact out of hours in our wait
If someone broke in or broke a window
They could come to the premises in one go

And providing a presence, up and down the roads
Dealing with things in routine police beat mode
After lunch at about 1 in the early afternoon
We were tasked to the Golden Port Tavern saloon
A young woman was there with a visiting seaman
The allegation was that she had taken from this friend

He was missing his wallet so he accused her
But she denied it and what it did for her infer
As we were speaking with her on the side of the street
When she became very angry so complete
And said, "Search me now, I haven't got his wallet"
Pulling up her jumper and exposing her breasts to show it

A female police officer came and searched her not finding the money
With the search of the woman not making her any more happy
The wallet minus money was found in the women's toilet cistern
And we didn't have enough to charge her or any more to discern
Whether she had really taken the wallet or it was another one
With the seaman walking away not happy with lost money done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Man Of The House

The neighbours complained again of the noise
Of yelling and screaming and a bully's poise
So we attended and entered through the front door
On a common law power of entry against violence to explore

So there was a 13 year old boy cowering in his room
Crying and holding his broken arm and needing treatment soon
A mother was sitting at a table shaking and crying too
Prowling around the house was a fit looking man as his demands grew

The first thing that he said in the hallway of the house
Was f..k off and you c..ts get out the violence to espouse
We certainly weren't going to leave whilst there was danger
And started an investigation that was not in the man's favour

It came out that the boy was a couple of minutes late
And so the father had enforced a rule and his arm he did break
Then it had continued through the house with the father ranting his rules
This was the noise that the neighbours heard calling the boy and his mother fools

It came out during the investigation that the mother had broken bones
With the last needing surgery and a hospital stay with excuses not flown
The wife and the son would not give a statement and go to court
Even though there was domestic violence in the fathers rout

But we could not leave them with the man of the house
And although the evidence was a bit thin we arrested this spouse
He told me that he wouldn't go with us and to p..s off and leave
As we loaded him into the police car and he was not pleased

So we went back to that police station and he threatened us
As we put him in the cell he made quite a fuss
The next day the prosecutors negotiated with his lawyer
And in the end the case had to be dropped even with their implore

You see neither the wife or the son would tell their story
And the man of the house would return in his glory
As he was leaving the station house I saw him the next day
And he gave me a smile and said wasting your time anyway

The police went back there often over the years
And there were times when the mother and son were in tears
The question that I ask when I think of this time
Did we make it better or worse in trying to be kind?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Mean Streets

I've seen the mean streets from the inside
Where sometimes all that is left is your pride
As you drive down them you can see
Such depression for them that in reality will be

In the fifties and sixties the government built each street
Thinking that people's lives would be more complete
With affordable housing and rents that were low
But the reality it is very different to the show

Now late at night whilst you drive down
These mean streets whilst the children hang round
Especially when it's hot people are in their front yard
Drinking and fighting in their lives that are hard

I have wondered how you get out of this world
And make a better life and not be back held
But I think that there will always be places like this
Where people will live in disadvantage and things be amiss.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Missing Children

In the sixties the three Beaumont children disappeared
From Glenelg on Australia Day to make parents scared
Of their children in a public place alone
And being snatched by a pedophile unbeknown

In the seventies it happened at the Adelaide Oval with 2 girls missing again
Kirstie Gordon and Joanne Radcliffe in a deed hard to comprehend
The glory days of children exploring until dark with ease
Disappeared overnight never to return or to please

There have been psychics and a hundred theories to explore
And it would seem with the passage of time we won't know anymore
In these modern times there are less places to hide
But forever when thinking of our children we are suspicious when we decide.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Muster Parade

Sit up straight and put your hat on
Look to the lectern it's about to begin
The Sergeant comes in and steps up
It's Friday Inspector on parade time to ante up

Your name is called (first if senior) and your Charlie 10
What sector is yours and your area to defend
Remember the pubs - it's Friday night fights
And tells you the latest and who's in our sights

The Kowalski boys are at it again stole a car last night
There's a warrant for their arrest see if you can put it right
There's a new initiative the Commissioner wants to know
New crime prevention strategy to stop crime is the go

If that's what the Commissioner wants its what he will get
What the Commissioners likes enthral's me don't forget
Now get out on those streets and be safe out there
Go get your guns radios and a car - and all the time be aware!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Nervous Breakdown

There was no reason for his stare
He drove his car like he didn't care
Passing us as if we weren't around
Veering left and bringing a shop verandah down

We stopped the patrol car and the crowd gathered
He didn't get out and acted like nothing mattered
The ambulance came and took him to the hospital
They said it was a nervous breakdown causing his fall

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The One Copper Town

Police - The one Copper Town

We started night shift in Whyalla town
The sergeant held the muster parade around
We hit the road and started a quiet time
The Sergeant called us in and said find
The Cowell copper who went to a job just out of town
And his wife had called him with with no call back found

We were a hundred kilometres from the call
And left the town with a worry of the Cowell copper's fall
The night was black without a moon in a darkness mode
And there were kangaroos and emus seen on the road
So we tempered worry with caution as we drove on through
Knowing that we were the only ones who would be true

So we went on in the night hoping that it would turn out right
We could both feel the pressure building talking about what might
Happen when we found the copper and for a good outcome made
After an hour on the road we turned into a dusty track as it was graded
We found the copper who had been bailed up by a drunken man
And saved the day when it could have been a more tragic plan.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Ones That Are Left Behind

I have spoken to them as they showed their grief
When they were told the terrible news it's no relief
You knock on the door in quiet apprehension
In the air you can feel the building tension

They answer the door and you see it in their face
So they open the door and invite you into their place
How do you say that someone's dead
It's something that you would always dread

So get it done as gently as you can
Delaying the news to them I'm no fan
As the ones who are left behind
It's always hard to find a word that's kind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Ordinary Day

He was not a flashy officer and just did his work as it came
And didn't turn heads and you would think not destined for fame
His family consisted of two young girls and a wife who loved him
Thinking of his country he was a part-time soldier in his country's hymn

The day it happened was like any other day as it ought to be
When he rose he got ready for work as he would plainly see
So having breakfast and chatting to his wife, he kissed her good-bye
And drove off to the station routinely without a bat of his eye

So it was friendly locker-room banter getting ready for the day
And then the muster parade as the sergeant had his duty say
With his partner he commenced patrol in their police cruiser proper
All to routine with a cup of coffee booking on was their daily roster

And so about 7.30 in the morning they received the fatal tasking
To the Bus and Train Interchange a woman called for help in her asking
A brute of a man had been following and now was close to her
She did not feel safe in what she saw as he was like no other

There was no High Noon showdown as they booked away
They made their way to the woman who gave her story in her say
So they approached the offender who grimly stood his ground
And a fight ensued when he grabbed him trying to pull him down

But the offender was quick and took his knife out plunging it in
Stabbing the officer who went to the ground with the wound as suffering
The offender ran off and the partner tried to stem the bleeding
When assistance was called with an ambulance to the scene rushing

They did their best to help him as he lay on the tarmac
With the paramedics knowing how grave it was for him as a fact
He was still talking to them as they loaded him up for his treatment call
Saying 'Tell my wife I'll be alright and I will see her at the hospital.'

The trip to the hospital saw his life in grave danger's way
As they couldn't stem the blood loss as his life drained away
They took him into the emergency room and opened him up
But his heart was pierced and he died without his wife's sup

So an ordinary day became his last one as his duty was done
The family lost their father and a woman her life partner as one
And there was pomp and ceremony as he was laid to rest
With the family suffering and their life left was less than the best.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Philosophy Of Police Management

It is easy when you are strong
You don't need to get along
A friendly face is not needed
You have already succeeded
In your world you sleep sound
If it goes wrong cover it up and go around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Pied Piper Of The Barton

(For Ian Gregor of the Road Safety Centre) .

His time of forty years was wearing the police blues
Patrolling the state highways steering his way through
Then as custodian of the kids at the Road Safety School
Teaching our children so on the road they're no fool
Some say it's like herding cats to teach them so young
But the pied piper of The Barton has perfected his run

He has one of only three chosen to do the job right
There were 400,000 all to be taught to see the light
He was joined by others who started the new centre
To the kids who attended he was the best presenter
Now his time is at an end and he has now called it
But will be remembered as whose standard was set.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Police Inquiry Line

Another day starts at work
The computer screen is alert
Emails listed to read them all
And telephone to answer every call

Can I drive my car without registration?
Should I pay the speeding expiation?
Is there a time for you to test me before I drive?
Should I put the form to show that I did not drive?

What is the law about seat belts in the USA?
What kind of licence do you need to ride a BSA?
Can you tell me if the speed camera got me last night?
Can I put a television screen on the steering wheel just right?

All these questions are asked on an average day
When answering the public inquiries in the way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Police Radio

The radio cackles in the night
Tasking patrols to domestics, break-ins and a fight
You listen for your call sign
Whilst the radio continues its grind
Delta 10 a group of youths causing a disturbance
Roger we are on our way our message is sent
Delta 10 we are away
We talk to the youths and send them on their way
Delta 10 we're resuming youths have been moved on
We are back on the air now
Listening to the police radio for know how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Quiet Mean Streets

It's quiet in the street
All the people are asleep
The clouds rush past
A full moon sky above
The cold slowly seeps in
But I know that's Ok
To walk alone again
In the gentle quietness
Now the mean streets
Show its hidden mercies.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police – The Quiet Night Shift

The clock is ticking slowly on the wall
As the hands move at a pace not to enthral
I'm sitting here at the Police Station desk
Its night shift and I can't close your eyes in rest

The front door opens wide and he steps into the office space
He ambles up to the high counter without thought of a quickened pace
And he begins his oration of the problem keeping him awake
But his issue is not one that would be an easy one to placate

You see as he was lying down on his bed in an attempt to sleep sound
The police radio was working in his mouth keeping him awake so profound
And he wanted me to turn it off and said listen you can hear if I open wide
So I stood there in front of him and looked down his throat back deep inside

You know that I listened hard for the words he wanted to discard
But for the life of me I could hear the radio's human voice mirage
I assured him that I would turn off the radio and he seemed happy
So he left me thinking he was one who was more than a little wacky.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police – The Racers

Both young men stood at the bottom of the hill
In the middle of the town and worked out their deal
They would swap their motor-cycles and each race
Up to the top of the hill to test their skill and pace

So they started from a stop and accelerated hard
Each not wanting to give to each other a yard
About half-way up the hill a mother waited
Looked to other traffic with the riders who were fated

Her car had a load of children who were all excited
And the noise meant not a good judgement exacted
By this time the motor-cycles were going fast
And couldn't stop for the car as they approached at a gasp

The fastest hit the front wheel of the car
And spun it around in a half circle so far
Into the line of the other motorcycle's path
Both riders were thrown over in the speed's wrath

The first one broke his leg and lost skin
The second one skidded into a pole by his chin
When we got there the second was in the gutter
Screaming his head off with more pain than he could utter

The car and children was stopped on the road
With bumps and bruises with luck that truly showed
The second one was loaded still screaming away
Until the morphine was injected so the pain didn't stay

So the wash up for all in the crash
Was one whose brain was just a mash
The other with a permanent stiff leg
A car load of kids who escaped a death peg

There is always a moral to stories told
By those who have seen these things truly sold
Don't travel at speed on a motor cycle around
For you may end up screaming lying on the ground.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police – The Railway Line

The children had a simple thing to do
To go to the shops on an errand through
But there was a railway line between home and the shop
And danger lurked in their short walking hop
They waited for one train to pass through the crossing made
And ran out after it passed as the terrible scene played
But there was one going the opposite way
Meant it hit them hard and smashed their lives away
What I see sometimes as the image remains
Of being there that day where nobody gains
Was one of the crowd who gathered to gawk
Laughed and said make sure you pick up all the pieces as you walk.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Road Block

We sat on the side of the road in the hot sun
Putting up a cordon for their criminal run
The cars were stopped and we questioned all
About two men who took the safe out of the bank's hall

The local Cowell copper had surprised them and they had shot
At the lawman as they drove out of town speeding away in the lot
And the word was put out in the early hours to the area around
The bad men had got off the roads and had gone to ground

We had been there on the Cowell road all morning time
Until a utility drove up with the nervous driver not fine
So we questioned him but things didn't seem right
And became more suspicious of what he had been doing that night

The utility was searched some and a rifle was found
Along with some money in bank bundles around
It was one of the bandits and we had him cold
We arrested him there on the side of the road

The other bandit was caught on the other line
Shooting at the copper was wasn't smart at the time
Justice was done and they went to Green Bush Gaol
We had done our duty in that the Road Blocks didn't fail.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Rope

Local trail bike riders used the mounds
At the local football club and its grounds
And they buzzed around to the annoyance
Of the locals and one in particular took offence

So they strung a rope between two posts
At a place the motorcyclists used the most
So on one Sunday morning the trap was sprung
As the motorcyclist hit the rope his neck was rung

The young 17 year old rider lingered for a week
Then he succumbed with his injured neck a wreck
The investigation went on and the culprit was never found
And the family of the young dead man laid to rest in the ground.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Shack

Near the sea on Spencer Gulf outside of Whyalla
Stands a number of shacks where the fishing matters
He had retired from his daily job spending his days
In his shack relaxing and fishing during these stays

One day he didn't turn up for a friend in the town
The friend thought it strange and to the shack went down
He found his friend dead at his table still sitting in his chair
After the shock he got a sheet to place it over him there

So he called the police and we went out to the shack
And the friend directed us into the kitchen to him back
The ambulance crew checked him out confirming his death
And we transported him back to a mortuary berth

So it ended for this ordinary father and grandfather
Who enjoyed his retirement fishing like no other
Sometimes death takes you when you least expect
In this case he went the way he wouldn't mind or regret.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Sherrif

They called him the Sheriff of the town
And they knew him as he walked around
A good footballer and cricketer then
As mean a man you didn't need to defend

I met him in the second year of my career
When posted to Whyalla town quite near
The local criminals knew him by sight
Knowing to tangle with him meant a fight

He became a detective in the enforcement trade
And a Legend in the South Australia police made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Silent Alarm

The alarm went off and we were tasked
In the dead of night as the alarm asked
We walked to the shopping centre and found out
Someone was inside and running about

We put up a cordon and called the dog patrol
And all stood on our corners and had our role
So the dog went in and combed the place
Whilst the breakers hid to win this race

These things take some time to reconcile
So we stood watching around a while
Then suddenly there was a ruckus from inside
And a man running across the roof an escape implied

The next we saw was him jumping from the top
Into a Norfolk Pine hitting each branch on the drop
There he was prostrate lying on the ground
Whilst we all ran up to him and gathered round

We had to call an ambulance to sort him out
His leg was broken when a branch did clout
So his break in didn't net anything worthwhile
With his first court hearing was on crutches for the style.

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Paul Warren

Police - The Sociopath

Of what goes on in a head
There are no rules to be read
Take two girls without common sense
After posting an add to commence
A backpackers ride that led
To a lonely camp in the SA bush as read
Then viciously assault and rape them
Without mercy and hope they don't defend
Try to kill them so your crime can be denied
Thank god that courage from others transpired

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Paul Warren

Police - The Start Of Protecting Women

In 1980 they changed the law
So that in South Australia police could do more
When restraining orders were enacted
And a partner's behaviour was protracted

So once an order was rightly made
A complaint of a breach did persuade
The police to take arresting action
And so give the aggrieved party safety satisfaction

Then an ex-husband decided to test the new law
And so went to his ex-wife's place to annoy her some more
But this time was the new restraining order in place
He hit the police cells in quite a disgrace

And he was still arguing with us
That we couldn't do anything with a fuss
He learnt a lesson on the day
If pushing rules know what they are in your dismay

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Story Of A Copper

Here's a story of a copper in the blue
Who always wore a chest so full of pride too
But the years counted had finally done him in
For it takes something from you that you can't defend

And his resilience was tested in a thousand ways
He kept at it as his duty's end was for him to say
Sometimes those on the outside looking in
Thought he needed to be pure against the wages of sin

But you see he was just a man living the best he could
And the judgement of the world was different as it would
For people who are impeachable are few and far between
So in the end judge as you like it will not change a thing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Suck-In Grower

In around the northern areas of Adelaide
There were glasshouses and market gardens made
And there were groups of these farmers who grew
And sold marijuana as well as tomatoes too

They were a shrewd lot and they know how to deal
Marketing anything means you have to keep it real
And know that you have to play the percentages now
So they would set up fringe players to take the rap and bow

A market gardener was talked into growing weed
In a deal where they would finance the gunja with a lead
The plants grew well and it looked like a bumper crop
With the market gardener seeing he would make a lot

But there was another agenda playing out
To be sucked into the deal meant a tip off about
So a telephone call went to the local gendarme
A crop was growing and dobbed the gardener in with glee

So the raid happened and the gardener was caught out
And during the arrest he broke a copper's nose with a clout
The gardener ended up with a cultivation of drugs charge
And the cartel had released pressure on them at large.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Tree House

She lived with her mother and new step-father
At 12 years old she had a younger sister and brother
She was watching 60 minutes one Sunday night
On the show a pregnant younger girl gave her a fright
Because when she was alone with her step-father
To the back yard Tree House he would take her
And in his lust he would force her to do terrible things.

On the next Monday when she came home from primary school
She saw her step-father's truck there and panicked at his home rule
She threw her bag down and ran to a friendly next door neighbour
In a burst of tears and blurted out, "I won't go home anymore! "
The neighbour wondered why and called the police to sort it out
We attended and it became clear the step-father had brought it about
And an investigation started into the step-father fiend.

There was in no admission to his deeds and how his lust for her exceeded
No rational explanation was given and no thought for her was conceded
They charged him that day for offences too cruel for the girl to endure
But in the end of it all there was no conviction called or her safety to ensure
When it finally settled the mother decided to end their destroyed marriage
For her the girl's safety was important and for the sins of the father to disparage
The only task left to her was pulling the Tree House down.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Troubled Things

The night was violent as it sometimes was
The dead, fights and drink drivers without a pause
We cleared the station just before dawn
As we were driving back to our area a bit forlorn

The light started to show on the hill's line
With each minute as the sun's rays refine
In its cleansing duty as it sweeps away
The troubled things left in the night's display.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Uniform Coloured Blue

What does a uniform portray?
Is it that you are part of something to say
Or that you have a certain power
That will be needed for the hour
I know people say I look a different man
When I put on the blue and I take a stand
But after all these years you get tired
Of the uniform and how it makes you wired
To all those things that you have been required to do
Whilst wearing the uniform coloured blue.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police – The Wandering Gun

He had an argument and left the house
Taking his rifle when his temper did not douse
Wandering around and shooting out each street light
People rung us who had were concerned and in fright

So I despatched the town patrols to search for him then
And they went to the area with a real danger again
About a half an hour in, he rung the station phone
From a phone box worrying with his apprehension having grown

You see he wanted to give up and was afraid he would be shot
By the police when they saw him with the gun as they ought
So we kept him talking and finally he was found
And talked down with the gun and taken to the hospital bound

So for every armed offender who ends up going around
There is a chance to bring it down safely for everyone bound
This one had been upset and took a gun out in his hand
It doesn't have to end in an offender's life canned.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The Witness Dilemma

Did you see what was it that occurred?
It happened right in front of me so absurd
We were just standing there minding our time
And suddenly I saw it happen so easy and sublime

But I am in a quandary now - what do I do?
Do I stay back and not get involved all the way through
Or do I stand up for the right and do it straight away
Knowing that justice will be done in the correct way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - The World Through The Windscreen

The shift commences and we book on
For the next eight hours we'll be driving along
It's the World through the Windscreen we'll see
Together against the World my partner and me

They say your police partner becomes so close
You back up each other providing help that's the most
You see it all - the addicts, the helpless and criminal
All of this to us together is never minimal

As you travel you find there are two worlds
One with ordinary people that to the other never melds
At night at the late hour they all come out
Most when you deal with them you will wonder about

There are some who hear voices in their head
There are others who wish they were dead
Still others that are helpless wanting us to intervene
To clear up a mess that is far from squeaky clean

At the end of the day after adventures found
You get together and write it in reports down
You go home and make sense of it all
And hope in the end that you will not fall.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - They Didn't Pay So It Was Rape!

One Summer's morning in the sand-hills near Outer Harbour
Locals heard a woman yelling distressed in her demeanour
They thought they heard the word "Rape" as clear as day
So they called the police to come out and check it out right away

We drove and parked it near the sand-hills and walked through
Until we came across a woman sprawled out still yelling too
She was naked to the world and we found her clothes strewn about
And she slowly put them on to help her modesty route

We asked her why she was yelling "Rape" so loudly made
It seems she had some customers that night in the sex trade
And once the service was complete, the group refused to pay
Shouting and abusing them they as a group walked away

When we finally worked out that she would drop the charges
If the group would come up with the money in lawful exchanges
As it was a civil debt that was incurred by the men that night
We left it for her to work out in a civil tort court fight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Too Many Times

Too many times when it's not adequate
To come when it is too late to equate

What needs to be done in bad times
And you have to find you duty defined

Know that your visit will not always change
A situation that has been for years and will remain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Trilogy 1 - Walk Up And Shoot

What does it take
To walk up to a person to make
A murder for someone leaving for home
And now is shot dead and forever gone

Do you have to psych yourself to get by
And not be able to say to your family goodbye
Do you wait for someone who is an easy target
And kill him so that his death will for you mark it

So get a gun and don't think too much about it
Wait off until you see someone to target
Then walk up to them and end their life sweet
Then be shot down like a dog in the street

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Paul Warren

Police - Trilogy 2 - No Glory

Lying dead on an operating table
Blood everywhere was the end of their struggle
What do we now do - does his family come through?
How do they see him in this state true?

It's not a parade for all to be
When he can't be presented to see
The investigation has to take its premier part
The family for now is left with a broken heart

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Trilogy 3 - The Identification

We go to the viewing room
It is stark and the family will be there soon
The bright light won't hide the hole
So we put a white towel around his head whole

The white sheet covers his body
The family is left in the lobby
The only sound is of quietly sobbing
We explain what will happen - then walking

So we open the door and file in
Once all are in the door closes to begin
Gently I go to the barouche and fold back the sheet
The father says it's his son and the identification is complete

The family want to be with him to let their grief begin
I nod yes moving to the background in the room within
I watch a mother stroke softly and caress his face
Kissing a bloody forehead trying for the violence to displace

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - War Stories

Sit around and tell war stories
Each one having its own glories
Remember the fear that you felt
How you played the cards dealt

Laughter was our medicine taken
With no one being ever forsaken
Times as rich in my memory still
For years a lifeline and a healing pill.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police – Well Groomed Suspect Award

Monday morning and I was looking at the latest bulletin
One had a picture of two suspects for police to attend
I noticed that one was a nice looking young lady smiling
Who before the mug shot had groomed herself beguiling
Standing there was her long hair carefully in place
Over one shoulder in an alluring swath to the left of her face
I suppose it is always essential to look your best for everyone
Particularly if you are robbing stores with a friend and gun.

Q

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - What Can Happen And What We Do To Each Other

What people do to each other is sad to see
After a son attempts to shoot himself in the head
And the only words his mother has for his girlfriend is
'Are you happy now for what you have done'
Three friends go for a drive down Eight Mile Creek Road
And two beat the other to death with a tyre iron

A mother and a father with three children
Keep the children in their room with a live wire across the door
A spurned boyfriend kills his ex-girlfriend's family
And then goes to the police station with a knife in his stomach
An illicit drug addict goes to his doctor looking for drugs
And when he doesn't get them stabs her 17 times leaving an orphan

A man having an affair goes to his business premises and shoots his lover
Then tries to shoot himself but just blows part of his head away and lives
What you have left is just a lot of questions with no answers

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Paul Warren

Police - What Does Service Mean To Me

What does service mean to me
I think doing those things others won't see
The dealing with people others won't meet
Or even want to talk with or to greet

The endless hours in the middle of night
The calming down when others want to fight
And picking up the pieces of death and destruction
Knowing it was needed for families to function

When you do the tasks that others can't or won't do
Until the end of service and all this is through
I just sit back and now count the costs of it all
I want to consider what it means in its call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - What We Do To Each Other

How did it come to this?

A long night of despairing self-judgement
Drinking and a taste of drugs his lament
I'm finished I've had enough that's all!
Shout just do it! To him his final call
A loaded rifle the gun metal taste awaits
Pull the trigger easy his fate translates.

An urgent summons is their panic
Our arrival found them all frantic
Now we ponder why you're still alive
And the question raised how to survive
With only one side of a ruined face
And an accusing eye as last embrace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - When Broken Dreams Have Transpired

I wonder now that my work is nearly done
Of times when I thought that the day was won
But then some have their dreams broken as transpired
And the outcome for them was more than a little mired

I see the hopelessness in their eyes as we drive away
They will sometimes beg of you to do more and stay
But your duty has ended and you know you can't do more
You leave even when they say stay in their implore

You may want to do more but you know it can't be
Sometimes everything you do is not enough you see
And you can't sleep because it plays on your mind
When you have to know it will not be kind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - Why A Blue Suit Doesn't Make You A Superman

There was a time when I thought I was strong
And nothing could hurt me and I'd get along
They gave me this blue suit and it made me a superman
And I would always be able to handle everything in a plan

Then I met a parolee one night who was spitting on people not right
So we went up to him and questioned but he wanted to fight
He punched me in the face knocking me to the ground
And ran off into the night without looking around

So they took me to the hospital and they fused my neck
And so instead of a superman I'm now a wreck
The moral of this story is plain to see
Don't be complacent and think it can't happen to me

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Paul Warren

Police - You Know I Once Was One

You know I once was one
I took the oath to become
One who wore the blue for 44 years
Through the ups and downs and tears

I stood for the Queen's peace
And sometimes a shoulder in your grief
But now it's done I wonder why
Would I do it again now the times gone by

You know I once was one.....

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - You Know Smoking Is Not Good For You

It was a cold clear winter's night on an ordinary day
When he decided that in this life he wouldn't stay
He walked around the streets and smoked a couple
Then at Bowden Station he decided to end his trouble
There was no one around and he climbed on down
Lying on the tracks to wait for the Adelaide bound

The track was the pillow where he rested his head
He thought of all the things that he learnt to dread
His family had given up on him the drugs had finally won
He lit a cigarette knowing it would be the last one
We found him that way after the train had left
Lit cigarette in hand and his severed head bereft.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police - You Wouldn't Believe It

You wouldn't believe it I heard her say
I only had one drink and under.05 I'll stay
But it wasn't the truth and in the end
If it was one drink she got her money's worth then

You wouldn't believe it I heard him say
I was just returning shoes that didn't fit today
But the returned shoes were worn through
And the shop that called us did not sell them too

You wouldn't believe it I heard her say
I forgot to pay for them through the checkout bay
But she had hidden it in the pram under blankets down
And didn't go near them or declare them around

You wouldn't believe it I heard him say
I didn't mean to drink and drive this Saturday
And the kid had run out from the side of the street
But I could only hear the mother crying in grief so complete.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Police Remembrance Coin

A gold coin for police remembrance
To hold them close is our chance
The coin within our grasp
Means our remembering will last

We who served with them
Remember their shift at its end
And a smile comes to me
Knowing these old mates again I'll see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Politics

Isn't it funny that as voters we are now relevant?
When politicians at the next election we may vent
And they will lose their seats in the vote
They start to cut at each other's throat
Who do you vote for when each side is found out?
That they are only there for themselves and want to pout!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Politics - Bronny's Angry

So Bronwyn has pulled the lawyers card
And will not cooperate or give a yard

She has paid back 13 grand and wants no more
Go look at the others who also knew the score

'I only took one helicopter ride that day'
You see it was too far from Melbourne to drive 100 k's

And everything that I did to claim
Was well within the politicians game

On television she looked the angry one
You see being caught it ain't no fun.

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Paul Warren

Politics - Gentle Breezes Blow

Gentle breezes blow
Knowledge you already know
Do sleeping giants awake
How do we now contemplate
New ideas written in stone
Taking us to places once unknown.

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Paul Warren

Politics - Of Extreme Views

How do we get to where
We sit so polarised here
Some want to be inclusive
And others want to be exclusive

There seems no middle ground
Or none that there can be found
How to save the environment
Or go for jobs to be sent

They now talk about outsiders
And insiders are the sliders
I can't see that extremes either way
Can sustain us or even stay

It seems that the pendulum swings
Too far to the left or right as it brings
How do you find a way through now
When in the end the middle should take a bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Politics - The Cult Of The Leader

People think they need a strong leader to show them the way
So they had Stalin, Musolini, Hitler and Pinochet
They usually come to power when people can't decide
And their parliaments are fractured and will divide

Democracy is the word of the West
And we decide its for the best
I hope to think that in this world
The banner of freedom should be unfurled

Now they say there is a second Cold War
And the Russians have a leader they like even more
There is war in the Ukraine and Syria
With Putin flexing his muscles with his militaria

I hope that we can finish this mess
And go to a world that will be for the best
We don't need the Cult of the Leader again
All that happens is ordinary people die and don't comprehend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Politics - The End Of The Matter

The decision was made
As it is the end of the matter
Further discussion will not fade
As it is the end of the matter
Your point is no point at this time
As it is the end of the matter
Two years from now let's have a review
As it is the end of the matter
So just get on with the new rules
And you know it is the end of the matter
So just go away you are quite a bother.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Politics - The Grand Gesture

Are there grand gestures to make
That will force others to partake
For others to remember who you are
That will go far in making you a star

Will you be remembered by that
That will be a matter of fact
Will you have a hankering
For fame and the world awakening

Go now and think about it
And see how it will all fit.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Politics - The Individual Vs The Majority

Politics today seem to be reliant
On who has the best result for people for compliance
With what is best for the individual and not the majority
So the swinging voter is important in the country's jury

As you get older your cynicism comes to the fore
When you see broken promises presented even more
So you see people who when their seat is on the line
Promise the world and when they win forget it it wasn't core in this time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Politics – What A Party

So when you sack a Prime Minister you deserve party fun
Where you invite all your mates with plenty of drinking done
Dancing is part of the deal with everyone having a great time
Ensuring that in the end you will have another job just fine
So take you shirt off and dance with your best mate
On an Italian marble table which ended its fate
And if you break it whilst two stepping away
Make sure you get an invoice for you to pay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Politics - When Trump Is Really Drumpf

Donald Trump is a successful man
Who has an American Presidential plan
He has broad appeal to many there
Making America great again is his care
As a far right Republican candidate
Who will probably win on the voting date

But what of his name?
Would Drumpf still give him the fame?
Or does it really matter what is your moniker
Except don't point at rivals to wrongly deter
Voters for others whose family names have changed
In days gone when Anglicising as immigrant's were famed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Politics - Where Is The Watchtower?

The days are long but we need to guard
What goes on near us in our own backyard
Diligence is needed to keep things safe
Without needing to turn around in about face
And see something that we did not count on or plan
Whilst we live with our friends and make our stand

Do we shut down and be afraid of what might occur
As we stay in our yards and not make a noise or stir
In days past we kept a watch all along the watchtower
But that was when we were sure of our righteous power
Today do we even know where the tower is built in our plan
Or who is on our side or has our welfare in our demand

We don't trust the politicians who make their life
In the eternal restless sea of politics and changes rife
And it seems that globalisation means in modern times
That the institution of government will turn on a dime
And a person preaching hatred and building walls
Will keep them safe and for others to fear their might in their call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ponder Through Time

Do you want to shout
At the Sun if it's hot
Or the cold wind that blows

Does the Moon shine for lovers
Are the stars in their patterns held
For us to ponder throughout time

Will words be the only thing left
When the years are finally passed
And we have gone for good.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ponderings

I look around and what do I see
Nothing more or less will be
I look for meaning to it all
And not just pondering my final call

For life moves on all the time
Now and then to pause and entwine
For we can't live as only one
We touch each other in our run

So I sit and contemplate
What's in store as I wait
And time's the master or so it seems
Only hoping the future is not too extreme.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Poppy Petals Float

Red Poppy petals in the wind float free
A sacrifice that we can plainly see
One hundred years past now
I still wonder how
You stood such a test
For mates, for country and for us - you are blessed
The Great War ended a generation lost.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Port Adelaide Proud

When I smell the sea
It reminds me so eagerly
Of Port Adelaide and how it's made
Those great football deeds and escapades

Of our passionate crowd
Singing out so loud and proud
And our names like Williams, Wanganeen and Boak
And that September day when we beat the choke

So don't lower your head and despair
Because we will get there
We will have new heroes who will amaze
And whose names live on for all our days.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Possessions

Your possessions are something to treasure
As you keep them for your own pleasure
Or would you share them with the world
Upholding their worth to others truly held

The question may be a vexed one
Showing them off might mean they are gone
So if your possessions are your own
Is there a need a judgement of their worth known.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Post Traumatic Stress Disorder

'Why did you stay, '
He said, 'When all the rest had run away! '
'What was your final call'
'When you had given your all'
'What will you do.'
'Now the war is through'

But I just sat there and looked on
Thinking this was me all along
And I would never be
Quite the same again you see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Practice

We should be able to practice
Those things that really matter
To have more than one go at it
So that any potential mistakes made
Will be ironed out and that
Sorry would never be needed.

© Paul Warren Poetry.

Paul Warren

Pray For The Other One

I have seen the devastation of others
And prayed for the other one
When I have thanked god it's not me
But sometimes it is you

Where the devastation is real
Grief when you think of the loved one
And you can't see your way
Back to a happier time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Prayer For The Brave

Keep it together
She whispers true
Keep it together
It's all up to you

For you may struggle
To be righteous and your effort will feed
Into the scheme of all things
Doing your best means you are known to be true.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Predictions

Predicting the future is an interesting possibility
So think of what things may for the world to see

Let's have a bash at what might be known
People will have implants for mobile phones
Public transport will be electric and robotic
With predetermined routes, no driver and myopic

Babies from the womb will be completely planned
With diseases factored out for women and men

There will be no coal fired industry
With wind and water power for all factories

Television will be with no need of a screen
In 3D holograph as life like as it can be seen

Will all live in apartments without owning them
Airliners will go to space to travel at supersonic speed when

The world will continue to shrink in how they are seen
Countries will be less important as companies greater being.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Pressure

Quietly and slowly
The pressure builds
Unrelenting in its progress
It refuses to yield

As it rises to the top
You think to yourself
Will it ever stop
And finally be done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Pretty Girl

Pretty as a picture
She smiles at you
With faraway eyes
Forever young now
Remember her in happiness
In love so precious too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Prevail

I have seen greater things
And there were lesser things

When I have despaired
And wept for love and care

But I have learned the lesson well
Know now that I would want to tell

That in the end the human spirit will prevail
When I had dare not be the one to fail.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Pride

Pride is something I feel inside of me
For what is done by family and friends I see
You wonder how it could be
What you they do and we see

Sometimes it makes you do
And say things not thought through
It is emotion at its most raw
And on the down side can stick in your craw.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Probability

Probability is an interesting subject
In study it was not a favourite object
I could never understand how it would demand
That in two events it would affect the second plan
So this may explain why I am not a gambler
And could see it with caution and light amber.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Problem Solving - Working It Out

Just work it through
You know what to do
It will become clearer
The price may be dearer
Even though you paid before
The demand will be for more
Are you prepared for it now
With experience you know how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Progress

Quietly, stealth-fully
We make our way forward
Steadily, secretly
We make progress solid
Thoughtfully, wearily
We make it our own
Successfully, wearily
We rest at the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Promises Like Good Red Wine

Promises like good red wine
Spark the day and become intertwined
Sentiment turns to melancholy now
For time well spent together we know how

Each sip grows warm inside
Divine feelings melds and not divides
For our time together we return anew
Now a kiss held on lips love renewed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Proud

Walk tall for you are proud
You don't have to be loud
Just show that you can shine
And you will be just fine

There is no one else like you
Don't let people talk you through
Walk tall for you are proud
Stand out from the crowd.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Proudly Displayed

An old soldier was sitting on a park bench
When I happened to stop and rest awhile
He said I'm getting weary of these days
As I see my old comrades fade away

He looked at the poppy I was wearing
You know your poppy should be worn with pride
With some saying men should wear it on the left
And women should wear it on the right
Although the Queen wears hers on her left

For the red of the poppy is for the blood shed
On those terrible dark days remembered
The black centre is in grief for those we lost
Finally remember to wear it at 11 am on your chest
For the time the guns fell silent

I shook his hand and said
Thank-you for your service
And I left him sitting in the sun
An ANZAC with his duty done
So proudly wear your poppy for them.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ptsd

How do you stand the memories?
That hit back at you so hard
Do the faces pop up at you
And the events are relived
In all of their frightfulness

Do you feel bad again and again
Where it doesn't diminish or retreat
Your defence to it was once strong
Replacing these memories with new ones

But now you are left not looking up
Forever facing inward on yourself
As the black dog wins again
Not needing your permission.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ptsd - The End

The darkness was all there was
He could see no end because
A night's sleep was denied
As night after night it transpired

Until the last one he was to see
Unable to see a future that would be
And he took his life that night
With no way you looked at it was it right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Qantas And The Bully Beef Bombers

When the Second World War began
QANTAS aircraft were part of the RAAF plan
Two Empire Flying Boats were taken with their crews
To form part of the defence of Australia too

These planes were part of the England service
The QANTAS flying boats crews continued with war duties and were courageous
As they continued to fly through the danger
Keeping communication open was their war

A QANTAS plane was one of the last aircraft out of Singapore
When it fell to the Japanese as the greatest defeat of the British during WW2
Later in the War they flew from Perth across the Indian Ocean
To keep communication links open with the Empire
They by sheer reckoning delivered Meteorologists to the Cocos Islands
There were no radar beacons in those days
So that the Allies could have good weather forecasting in the Indian Ocean
As supply aircraft they flew with the RAAF and USAAF to supply
Our troops on the Kokoda Trail as the famed Bully Beef bombers

18 members of QANTAS died on service during the war
The ones who stayed with the airline
Did not receive war medals even though they took similar chances to RAAF
personnel
Remember them for what they did
Lest we forget all those who did their part
In the war against the axis powers in WW2.

© Paul Warren

Quite rightly Merchant Marine sailors received war medals, surely these brave
men deserved them as well!

Paul Warren

Question

We need to return to the peace hard won
When evil was defeated and harmony belonged
In those days we knew who was right to prevail
And did not have questions of whose side wouldn't fail

What to believe is a question each generation raises
As across this troubled time the world gazes
Who do we need to light the path for all ahead
Not be laid down low by false prophets instead.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Questions

Questions about the life
Permeate my thoughts
When good is not rife
And it doesn't go as it ought

Are you stuck in the worst ones
Or are the strongest memories
The ones you don't want won
So that they stay in the freeze.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Questions Always Questions

Who treads the trail now
When your questions ask me how
Why did you come this way
How is it for you, you say
Where will I end up then
Or is this for me the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Quick Judgement

We live in times of quick judgement
When decisions taken are sometimes bent
So coppers stand as targets unfairly drawn
Whilst others use the situation to scold and scorn

Stabbing by felons holds the stage
To attempt to kill in their rampage
Then the police officer is made to wear
Murder charges as we do despair

Why are charges laid so soon
That it makes your head to swoon
We who have worn the blue
Wonder what in his position would you do?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Quiet Autumn

Quiet Autumn mornings with a mist arising
The crunch of leaves as flocks are flying
Cold fingers search under warm garments
Musty smells as the country laments
The end of the sun as memories do fade
And we await the Winter's cold escapade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Quiet Lies

Quiet lies to others
What harm is it
When what they
Don't know
Won't hurt them

But what price
To you
And what harm
Personally
In your heart
In your soul.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Quietly Creeps In Your Soul

Why do you bother with what others say
The hurt you feel sometimes doesn't go away
To say the words will cut you deep
And into your soul it will quietly creep
You know you don't want it to be this way
But sometimes the harder you try it won't go away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Quietly I Sit Alone

Quietly I sit alone
Thinking of all the things I've known
I like the laughter and the smiles
That cheered me in the hard won miles

For life is a series of hard climbs
With a welcome ledge to salve and bind
Once and while look at the view
For each of us needs to contemplate what next to do

See what will lay ahead
And the times that are now ended instead
For life will not always go as planned
The good the bad will be remembered at your command.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Racism - Adam Goodes War Dance

There were two tribes going to war
Sydney and Carlton both wanting to score
Each team had their heroes all true blue
To mark the ball high in the sky they flew
The football game was for reconciliation
On Friday night watching across the nation.

Adam Goodes a great first Australian man
Kicked a goal and danced a war dance grand
We all now speak on whether it was right
To dance that way and provoke a fight
To help us find a way to live together proud
I think that he has made his point out loud.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Rainbow Flashes

Rainbow flashes in the sky
A dazzling display against a black sky
It went on until just before dawn
Was it a celestial warning that we would mourn

Then people nearing death refused to die
As they all stepped up and walked on by
The dreams started for all people of the world
That told of a redemption for all now not held.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Rainbow Song

I get up off the ground
And go on lookin'round
For a rainbow I was hopin'
I would find without forgettin'
The beauty of it in its shinin'
Wantin' to forget the ugly the world was makin'.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Raise A Glass To Freedom

Raise a glass to freedom
The salutation to Peter Fonda
Who passed away today
And the 60's fade away
Captain America riding free forever
On his chopper on the highway to Heaven
With the wind in his hair
And freedom forever on his mind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Rational Thought

Rational thought for today
Blessed are the cheese makers
Or was it the meek
Oh that's good they have such a hard time
Perhaps I was watching, 'The Life of Brian.'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Reach For The Light

Reach for the light
The dark will not prevail
Reach for the light
Even though you may be frail
Reach for the light
You will not in the end fail
Reach for the light
Just look for for the good mail
Reach for the light
Known what goodness will entail
Reach for the light.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Reading

What do you want to read
Is it related to what you need
And hear again that it is true
To support what you want to do

Or do you want to be entertained
So you feel it isn't the same
As in your every day life
Away now from your trouble and strife.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Reality

Do you see the world as me
As we spin along towards eternity
When you see what you may
Is it you just thinking that way

For reality may be a fleeting thing
To which you see just what you bring
As I live my life through my eyes
Do I miss those things in their disguise.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Recalibration

Once and a while I think
Recalibration of my life on the brink
On something new within your life
Will it be born of trouble and strife

Or something exciting and new
Think of how you will develop through
This new experience for how it is
Recalibration is your new way to live.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Redemption

Do you loose your soul
And remain in control
Do you feel it leave
When you deceive

Will it return to you
By redemption too
Will you feel it return
As you do yearn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Refugees - The Question

It is hard sometimes to know what to think
To be put in a position that really stinks
We want to make a world that is safe
I see Syrians refugees leaving their homes in grief
And flooding Europe because their families will die
If they stay in the Middle East whilst the war jets fly

Here we are sitting in our homes with our loved ones
Hoping like hell that our own peace has been won
But if you are scared that your family will be lost
Can you take the chance if you end up paying the cost
Others say that you can't take them in they won't integrate
But you see these desperate people you can see they can't wait

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Regret - A Fresh Start In The Story

Regret seems to be
The hardest thing to let be
Do things play in your mind
That are always easy to find
And you will never lose
Even when you want to choose

Will you ever see
A time when you let it be
And start again with a slate
That is clear to begin to make
A fresh start in the story
And you can go on for further glory

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Relationships - Do We Dance The Dance

Do we dance the dance
When looking for romance
What choice turns it to love
Is there intervention from above?

Do we give to each other all
Or just enough to make the call?
But how do you give another a window
To your soul with nothing left to show?

Is this what makes us human to hold back
Or to get along do we need to be that exact?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Relationships - The Inner Man

What did you think on that day?
When I met you outside
And you stood over me
You on your bike going home
And I was going into work
Did you plan it with each selected word?
Did you savour each syllable as you spoke it?
Or was it from your soul and so it was easy
So easy to satisfy yourself all alone
Re-living it in your mind when you felt less able.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Relax And Laugh

Let's relax and laugh and sing
Get to it now and make
Your thing
As a medicine it is great
Use those face muscles smile and meditate

Endorphins will be injected
And for others they will be infected
Add things up in your head
There is more good than bad instead

Take the time to pucker up
You never know your luck
Life is full and remember the good times
Toss the gloom and it will be divine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Religion - The Important Symbols

What are the symbols we hold dear?
That are to all quite clear
Is it a cross or a a crescent moon?
That we praise in a heavenly swoon

Is there something to last for all time?
That will be a rally for mankind
Is it for God that's the call?
That we strive for love and peace for all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Religious - The Promised Land

I have seen the Promised Land
I have tread on the Golden Sand
I have seen the Glorious Man
I hear the Angels playing in his Band
I will always be at his Command
I am part of his Never-ending Plan
I will always be his Greatest Fan
I know his works will be Grand
I will be content to take his hand.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Remember Them With A Smile

Don't let grief eat you away
It's not what they would want anyway
Remember the good times with a smile
When you want to visit with them for awhile

For days will pass as you go on
It will get better before too long
And know this for I will say
You will hug them again one day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Remembering Murdered Jews

In some German towns
Germans are placing brass plaques
To remember Jewish families
Who were murdered
During the Nazi Holocaust

Ordinary decent human beings
Doing their best
To show what the Nazis tried to do
Has not come to pass
The eradication of the Jews from Europe.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Remembrance - Desecration Of War Graves

When the Japanese came south in the Second World War
There were Land and Sea battles around Indonesia galore
And a lot of brave Allied seamen died in the sea battles
With the HMAS Perth and USS Houston going down in death's rattle

These ships along with Dutch and British ships lie in Indonesian waters
And they are war graves so sacred that they should be left as they oughta
But the Indonesians have decided they the money they can get
From scrap iron is more important to them than remembering it

They say an old warship cut up for scrap metal once salvaged
Can get you a million dollars in a world that can be savaged
We who are left to grow old to want to remember them
Should protest about this desecration until it will end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Remembrance - I Visited My Father's Grave Today

I visited my father's grave today
And it was ANZAC Day
The sunshine played on the brass plaque
His name and RAN badge create an ark
To take me back to him in a second
I remember the way he laughed and to me beckoned
And would not give up from toiling his craft
Shaping wood with his hands
For us his sons his grandest plans
Now sleeping with his task complete
In all I do I reflect on what he would think.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Remembrance - Spread Me Around

When I die I want to be cremated
Don't bury me in a cemetery in a grief belated
Spread me on the Adelaide Oval ground
That way I'll be there when every game comes around
I will have the best view of each game
And experience each bit of the fame

I'd like to be near the northern end knoll
Where the best players kick the big goals
But they don't let people do this now
So I smuggled some of him in a now how
And during the public kick on the ground
We took him out and spread him all around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Remembrance - Tears In Their Eyes

There were tears in their eyes
When they remember their loved one
Of the laughter and smiles
And warmth of their touch
A time will come for us all
When we will meet again
Joy will be unending
And time now will seem
Like a blink of an eye.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Remembrance - The Meaning Of The Red Poppy

At the end of the Great War with so many dead
People showed their grief as their tears were shed
John McCrae had penned 'In Flanders Fields'
Where the poppies amongst the crosses yielded

So the red poppy became the chosen symbol
As the British Royal Legion adopted it for all
And they employed disabled War veterans
To make the poppies for their remembrance blend

But what did the poppy mean for those grieving ones?
The red of the petals showed the sacrifice of battle won
The black centre was for the family and friends in grief's loss
The green leaves symbolised the peace in green fields for what it cost

Today when you buy and wear a red poppy in your remembrance way
Or on the 25th of April when we think of the Gallipoli Landing Day
The poppy can be worn on your right or left breast it doesn't matter to say
At an angle to remember the Eleventh Hour of the Eleventh Day

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Remembrance - World Day Of Remembrance

20/11/2016

Walk on through each painful step
Though it is more than you can bare
Each minute of each hour of each day
For the terrible ache is yours inside
And remember their sweet smile
For this day is for us all to know
That they will be there with us forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Resilience

Be resilient is the mainstay
For trouble and strife can be a moment away
Don't overthink or wonder too long
For strength in adversity is needed along
With you nose to the grindstone and not on the air
Don't be weighed down but show you care.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Rest

Build yourself a home
Where you can be alone
And rest from your labours
Don't worry about neighbours

They have their own trials
There are things to reconcile
So sit down and think it through
In the end you will know what to do.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Rest And Relaxation

Do nothing but relax
Sail the sea in a yacht
Listen to the right song
Run that well worn path
Read your favourite author
Watch your favourite movie
Be with your friends and laugh
Eat the food that makes you smile

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Rest In Peace My Little Benji Dog

You're with me again
Happy and wagging you tail
And you lick me on the face
The settle down on my lap

Just happy to be with me
Waking I realise it's a dream
We lost our little Benji
He won't be with me again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Restless Soul

Restless soul without control
Trying to make out the whole
Of life whilst it churns around
Holding strong whilst gaining ground

What questions do you have for this world
Will those thoughts be then upheld
Or will they change with each step
That is found exploring as yet.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Restless Soul Wandering

Restless soul what do you seek
Not resting as you search to keep
The things that complete your life
Always wanting sugar and spice

Eternally you continue to strive
Not to be alone or unsatisfied
The sour notes found in your journey
Will not curry you in your story.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Restlessness

Restless I am always
I can't sit still at all
Just a little wiggle
Keeps me going

Until I can walk it out
It's hard to discuss
And not a small thing Should I start
"Movement Anonymous Dudes?"

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Retired Copper

I have finished
And my duty is done
Sometimes I sit
Thinking about what I have done

Were the decisions I made
That seemed sound and do they stand up now
Pressure and what is happening at the time
Makes for a difference.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Retired Police

What do you expect of me
Upright and Outstanding maybe
And to live by the standards made
So truth and justice will not fade

When I rise and you look me in the eye
Do you just see what I was to get by
For now I just want to rest
And not be judged as always best.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Retirement

I've been counting the days
And not just to waste all away
There was always the next shift
The next week if you get my drift
So I've finally realised what it means
It's a new scene man a new scene.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Retirement - The Beginning

Who was I today
I have roles to play
A father and husband
Some older guy no pretend

With a new set of rules
Adjusting with new tools
With this new phase
These are the better days.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Revenge - The Gypsy's Curse

The ice hung from the station building at Dachau camp
The sun struggled to light the scene in the wet and damp
In the distance a steam train whistle blows announcing its arrival
As the SS guards stamp their feet in their cold revival

There are shouts as the Jewish trustees are lined so abrupt
As the train pulls into the station and it is opened up
The cattle truck sliding doors are unlocked and pulled back
And some bodies fall down onto the railway track

There is further shouting as the people are pushed out
With the guards and their dogs bustling the people about
One of the SS officers stands looking at the crowd
With his riding crop hitting his jack boot in a gesture unbowed

The crowd is now divided up into each gender
With the women and children in area to render
Whilst the men stayed and were marched off
And the SS guards laughed and started to scoff

But one of these men in this ground
Stood up proudly and looked at the officers around
An SS officer walked up to him and said
Walk with the others or you will be dead

This man was in gypsy black clothing and a beard
And he stood looking at the officer kind of weird
The officer drew his luger and went up to the man
And the gypsy looked straight in the eye in his plan

He said to the officer loud and quite clear
'The devil will bleed you dry and your seed will disappear'
So the officer shot him in the forehead then
And the gypsy fell to the ground and death won again

The officer holstered the luger and walked back
Laughing and joking with the others in death's hack
But he was uneasy in what the gypsy said
And he put in back of his mind so he would not dread

So the Death Camp had these people to process and die
Whilst the ovens belched black smoke to the sky
The SS officer returned to his home that night
And sat down to his dinner with his family tight

As they were eating his wife started to choke
And he got up and tried to help her in life's yoke
But his wife died before him and his children's eye
And cried out for the one he loved asking why

From that day on the officer continued to lose
The ones he loved when there seemed no excuse
Apart from his wife his son was run down
As he was on his way to school in the town

His daughter was the only one to survive
Because at the end of the war justice did revive
And he met the hangman's noose for his crimes made
After the Nuremburg trials in a death sentence to be obeyed

But the curse of the gypsy did follow on
With his daughter losing her love in revenge's song
She died from a broken heart after his death
Leaving a son in his grief so bereft

This son and his family continue in death's veil
With deaths for them early in the gypsy's flail
Because you see such a gypsy's curse once read
Can only be removed by the gypsy's family who are dead.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ride Your Wave

Are you riding on a wave
So free who cares if you misbehave
Standing on your board
While others watch and will applaud

You see life is like the sea
And what will be will be
So make the most of every ride
The world is a great place to abide.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ridin' The Trail

He looked at me with one eye closed
And chewed his tobacco
speaking low and slow
Ya see a man needs a code to live by
And to say it straight looking the person in the eye

For I have seen some terrible things
And know what being scared brings
But don't worry about that he said
Saddle up anyway for courage instead

We rode on along the dusty trail
Knowing that when I was with him I couldn't fail
For a man like him knows the score
And will keep on keeping on no matter what's in store.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Riding Home From School

Pushing up the hill
Each pedal in the drill
Puffing hard in effort brought
To get home my only thought

At school all day was my stay
To be free now to fly away
Friday's were to be the aim
The weekend comes in a better game.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Right - What Is Right

Is there time to care?
Should you take the time?
Who should win in the end?
Does what is right matter?

There is always time to care
Take time to consider it properly
He who wins will influence you
The right always matters for good.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Right - What Makes Us Free For All To See?

What makes us free for all to see?

Is it that I live and do as I please to be
Within a set of rules for others to judge
Even if sometimes it will be a fudge

Should you stay and not wish to be alone

Is that what makes us in freedom prone
Perhaps accept those who live in the wild fold
Are different without a neighbour who will be told

So stand up for those principles you hold dear

And not be scared of others not liking what they hear
We will decide the one that we we follow
And in the end decide if the decision was hollow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ringo Was Knighted Today

Ringo was knighted today
For music and his entertaining way
He was the last living Beatle
To have this honour for his musical mettle

For peace love and music he is well known
And for his sixties peace sign shown
So as the Beatles start to fade from memory
We will always remember their story.

Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Road Safety - Speed Limits

Speed limits are made
So your safety doesn't fade
So keep to the limit
You won't waste a minute
And in the end you will find
To your pocket it will be kind

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Roads - Musical Roads

In Japan they have one which plays a Japanese song
As Kyu Sakamoto's Memories of Summer is so strong
In Anyangi, South Korea nursery rhythms will sing
With Mary had a Little Lamb the tune as theirs to bring
In the Lancaster, California you can hear it played
The Lone Ranger theme riding hard is duly made
In Tijeras, New Mexico it is a song to hum along
America the Beautiful just can't be so wrong

They have found a way to have your tyres play
As they go along the road with metal pieces to stay
So that you drive you will stay awake to stay alive
And as the music plays you can safely drive
For what I see from the You tube clip
These are not the place to miss in your trip.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Roads – What Is Dangerous On The Road?

I was sitting in my office and had an email reply
Someone who decided that he wanted to know why
That we did not focus on other deadly things to say
And not talk about using mobile phones whilst driving away

I know that it's the things that people do each day
That can be the dangerous ones driving today
You see crashes on roads happen whilst driving
Mostly because your attention is waning

And I remember a fatal crash one day
When a mother wanted to change CDs whilst looking away
And at the end telling the husband the devastating news
That it was a CD that gave death a chance to choose.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Robbie's Lament

Robbie will not bump no more
The dance is dead he knows the score
For the AFL it's sad to say
Has made the rule just run away
For the best training film will be
Brave Sir Robin run away you go free.

With apologies to Monty Python and the Holy Grail.

For those who follow Australian football.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Rock This Place

Did you rock with the best
Only between tracks did you rest
Can you hear it now
The 60s and 70's take a bow
Platform shoes, flares and body shirts
We were cool and prone to flirt

Ahh, those days are past
Even now I wish they'd last
All those sunny memories
Were better then to please
So the stars are older too
And prone to rock the same as you!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Roles

What roles do we have in this world
There are many over the years I have held
I first was a son and a brother true
Then a student whilst I went to school
And I picked out what I wanted to do
Finally following the occupation through

Along the way I became a friend to others
In a neighbourly way as I came to discover
As the years went by to cultivate as enemy or two
Then as a friend both with advantages and without
Until as a partner and a father - it was worth a shout
It was the happiest time as I figured this role out

So now I begin a new phase to recount to you
As I get older and my life follows through
The joints and the soft tissue begin to ache
And I lose hair getting grey - what a fate
Perhaps it's these roles that we all learn to play
Keep us happy and content to the end of our days.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Roles To Play

What role do you play
As you live your life day to day
What do other people expect of you
Is there a way to act it through

So when the expectation will be
Just something again they see
Perhaps just once in a while
Do something that is not your style.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ronald Reagan And Ufos

When Ronald Reagan was the 33rd Governor of California
The word is that he sighted UFOs twice in the literature
In 1967 he was invited to a party at William Holden's home
And the story was told by Lucille Ball and Steve Allen as known
It seems that Ronald and Nancy were an hour late
When they finally turned up they told a story to relate
It seems they were driving down the coast highway
To Los Angeles when they saw a UFO on the way
And they stopped their car and saw it land on the ground
The story goes that they were excited about it as it was found

In 1974 the story was told by Colonel Bill Paynter his pilot sought
Whilst he was flying his Cessna Citation plane to Bakersfield, California airport
When Ronald saw a strange light that was flying behind the plane
They followed the bright light for several minutes without distain
Until it shot off at tremendous speed making them wonder what it was
Later he spoke to Norman C. Miller an American journalist as an enthusiast
Saying that Nancy and him had researched UFOs stating that history
Back to Egyptian hieroglyphics had references to the UFOs story
It makes you wonder what he actually knew as the president
Did he read any files or make any decisions relating to his UFO sense.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Round And Round

Mumbled words in my ear
Directions that I cannot hear
The music inside my head
Goes round and round instead

There are times that I want forever
And others to remember never
But it all goes round
More and more like I would drown.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Run Away

Stay and have your say
There is no need to run away
For to leave will mean they win
And you have to begin again

Fight the good fight now
Show them they are wrong in how they plough
Know that and you will see it to the end
Be there for every step and defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Running

What are you running away from
The faster you run the harder to get along
For if the person chasing you this day
Is yourself then you will never get away

But find out the truth for its plain to see
You can't change it now from what it will be
So hold your head up high as you go
Others will see you and know it's all show.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Running Towards Danger

Running toward danger
Is a skill that can be a saviour
Most people have an instinct
To steer away not wanting to think

I know that that first step is the hardest
To take towards a dangerous mess
Is the one needing to be willed
When you know you may be killed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Rust, Plastic, Global Warming, Terrorists And War

If rust is a natural look
Why do we paint over it
If plastic is killing the sea
Why do we wrap our sandwiches up

If green house gases cause global warming
Why do world leaders argue against it
If we all want peace in a better world
Why are there terrorists and war

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Rusty Broken Metal

The grey cloud has darkened the sky
As it brings the rain upon the land
Rusty broken metal strewn across the ground
Like so many lingering dreams and promises
The new green grass grows to cover the old metal
Now lost to sight as time rolls on.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sabre Rattling Again

Sabre rattling between sides will not fly
Especially when the stakes are high
Then North Korea continues to launch rockets
With missiles towards another country or over it

It makes no sense to continue in this manner
But it hasn't stopped North Korea waving their banner
So now we wait and wonder if they will stop
Or whether we go to war to Kim Jong-um's hop.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sabre Rattling In The 21th Century

Missiles fired in such glee now
Means large bombs at ISIS - wow
Sabre rattling across the world extends
Who will win the fight in the end?

Trump is doing what he said
Kim Jong Il has his ego fed
Sitting in their bomb proof shelters
Not sharing fate and in the end the earth welters

And what do the rest of us do
Take sides and hope it won't go through
To World War 3 to start the world's end
This time no one will be left to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sacrifice

What will you be willing to give up
Will it make a difference for another's sup
Maybe it will mean they will go on
And finish their own life's song

The name itself will be for others
To decide it is a sacrifice to discover
Flippancy may be easy for others to use
When sacrifice itself finds its own truth.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sacrosanct

There was a moment a fleeting moment
When I knew our love was sacrosanct
And we would be together for all time
That precious moment when you were forever mine

Now I stand here on the shore looking out to sea
Regretting nothing knowing we were meant to be
And when you return free to me
I will be waiting there longing for your kiss eagerly.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Saddling Up Anyway

His hands shook as he sat
On the side of the muddy shell ridden road
He had the makings of a cigarette down pat
But the shaking meant no smoke to ease his load

So he gave up on it then and stood tall
As he placed his Lewis gun on his shoulder
And walked towards the sound of the guns and the shells fall
With his mates marching on forever bolder

You see courage is being scared to death
But in saddling up any way
To face the worst in the Great War's breath
As sometimes bravery is in just being able to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sadness

Don't feel so bad
For it will pass
What is broken now
Will be restored

Your soul weeps
But you will see
Life will return
And peace will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sadness Claws

It bites it claws away
Remembering yesterday
As it tears your gut unhealed
The wound festers and the blood congealed

For you know every one
The sadness can't be undone
And the peace you crave
Will be lost as your resolve will cave.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Safe

The padding around
Ensures I don't hear the sound
Except the beating in my chest
As I am apart from the rest

I just hear the words
In the years I'm one of the experts
So just hear what they say
It will soon go away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Safety

Do you feel safe
Or just feel such a waif
Cringing and afraid
Of another escapade
To react or find
A resolution in time

Will you stand up to it
Finding a place to fit
Does it wrench you
Taking part of your heart too
And how will you return
After your stomach does a double turn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Saffie, Angelic One

Pretty little girl looking out
Life had just started
And terrorists in Manchester
Cut it short
Now there are only memories
Of an angel
Who will be with God.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sail The Eternal Sea

Will you sail the eternal sea
With all its dangers easily
Or will it be the tempest weathered
That drags your anchor thereby tethered

Navigate with your sextant to your eye
And measure the angle of the sun to apply
So you know your course as it is chartered
Don't be lost on the expansive ocean or be emartyred

And know that ships are safe in their port
But that is not where ships are meant to be or ought.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Salve

I cover my wounds with a soothing salve
That lessens the pain in its testing path
But it will not take the wound away
For it may heal over to a scar in its way

You may rejoice in passing through
A trial in what it does to you
Heed not the trial as it is made
But what is learnt in each escapade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sam The Centipede

Sam the centipede's arithmetic was bad
When counting to 100 it was so sad
Even though he had a 100 legs without dread
He found it difficult as an abacus to get ahead

For he would get to 50 and loose the plot
Having to start again was an infuriating lot
So Sam spent his days trying to work it out
With nightmares about it waking up him with a shout

So when you see Sam walking along
Lifting his legs in turn as a musical song
The wave of legs is Sam trying not to lose his place
As he does mental arithmetic in his head to keep the pace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sanctify Me

Sanctify me
I want to be free
For I have stood my ground
And banished the evil bound

For it is time to leave
And for my sacrifice to grieve
When my wounds are bound
Remember me in my faithful sound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Satisfaction Not Guaranteed

In the middle of winter
You lament the warm sun
In the middle of summer
You lament the cooling breeze

It seem that satisfaction
Is not guaranteed for us
Or is it that we like the fuss?
As I can't get no satisfaction!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Savagery As Default

We play at peaceful intentions
For brotherhood we aspire
But is that really true
Or is savagery the default
For the human race
We will go to the gun
As the easiest and quick solution.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sayings From The Olden Days

Move it or lose it, dude
Your time is not your own
And if its rockin' don't come a knockin'

So save your pennies for a rainy day
Stop crying or I'll give you something to cry about
It's not the end of the world
But join the queue.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Aliens On The Moon

Does NASA air brush their photo album
The Apollo astronauts took in their voyage then
When UFOs were seen to fly on by
And light up their path across the sky

Is there an alien base on the moon surface
That is a staging point for them in their preface
And there are crashed spaceships in a debris field
With dead alien pilots who in life didn't yield

Is there a monolith on Phobos a Martian moon
That shows that there was a civilisation in tune
When Neil Armstrong used his one step for man
Meant the giant leap for mankind was for an alien plan

Are the aliens mining Helium 3 for interstellar travel
And so don't want their venture for all to unravel
Perhaps all these questions will soon be so clear
When we return to the moon to explore without fear

© Paul Warren

Paul Warren

Science - August 2,2010 Strange Cloud Over Melbourne, Australia

When the meteorologists looked to their map
They were surprised to see the clouds on their track
As there were strange patterns that over the country made
In radar images for Melbourne's sky in their cascade

But what made the pattern in such a perfect way
The more they looked into it the less they could say
And then the clouds opened up to break a drought
That was one of the worst as records gave out

Until one day there was a hush up on any more facts
And it was said it was an American secret weapon as black
So to this day we wonder what had occurred
As other examples in Australia were not erred

A mystery from August 2,2010 that no doubt be solved
As weapons of mass destruction are evolved
You see you can wage war and invade
If the weather is bad when your success will fade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Blue Skies Smiling At Me

There is a blue sky on Pluto
With streams and rivers to go to
You will be a bit cold in the atmosphere
But the blue in the sky will remind you of the Earth so dear

So it seems that there could be life in the water
And we may have neighbours to wave to as we ought a
It seems though it will be a long way to go to get
A cup of sugar for your morning coffee when you forget!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Die Glocke (The Bell)

The Nazis experimented on a number of wonder weapons
Including finding a way to go through time forward or back in ions
And the story goes they they had a time bell developed that worked well
When they finally fell they destroyed this advanced work so as not to tell

Die Glocke was made by Des Reise on the Czech border at the Wenselaus Mine
And they made experiments in anti-gravity and this worked out just fine
At the end of the war they say the technology went to Nazi friendly South
America
With another story of it going to the Americans with other Nazi science
paraphernalia

It was thought that would be the end of this story with no more to see
But on 9 December 1965 at Kecksburg, Pennsylvania an object flew across the
sky
And crashed in in a forest after dropping hot metal across Michigan and Ohio
It was Die Glocke from the Nazi experiment from the past as part of this story's
bio.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Driverless Cars

Driverless cars it seems are next
When the computer takes over that's the test
They had a test in an Adelaide seminar
When the Minister of Transport went for a drive in this car
But they drove over and killed an inflatable kangaroo
When the computer was slack and failed the test too
Maybe it's still too early to put your life on the line
And trust a computer who plays Death Race 2000 fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - First To Live On The Moon

So the race is on to be in the first living on the moon
Private companies are included hoping to be there soon
They are looking to build a base
In a cave system as part of this race

So there will be a Moon Base Alpha like television
Perhaps without the pretty girls in wigs in a glittery vision
But I do wonder what they will find
Will there be cave dweller or bats of the space kind?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Implanted Super Powers

So a chap named Meow Meow
Had a train ticket implanted now
In his forearm under his skin
So when on a train he gets in

It's a royal wave to let him on
Without carrying a ticket along
And I think that this will eventually
Be the wave to enhance us easily

So the way that humans will be enhanced
With implants being the fad at a glance
And my super power may be
Implanted under my skin you see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Is It An Alien Beacon?

Scientists have found another fast radio burst
And it makes us wonder if this is an alien beacon first
Perhaps it's a decaying pulsar, black hole or telstar
It will be exciting if it is intelligent from space so far

We are now on the edge of a new space golden age
And what is in the future is for each scientific sage
I wonder if some other person out there on their tablet
Is wondering why I Love Lucy has come to their planet?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Life On Mars

So there is flowing water on the Mars planet
That is a prerequisite for life to survive on it
Will it be little green men who are very clean
Or just amoebas that are part of the Martian scene

Now we are all interested as SETI has done
To find life on other planets as nature has won
What we will find will continue the mystery
Of what God has created in the universe's history

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Mega Drome

How will you get around
In the future when not on the ground
They say it will be a Mega Drome
Just sit in one and you will be flown
To your destination without a pilot made
On each corner of a cabin with copter blades
Instead of a camera or package
It will be a passenger in their voyage.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Pluto Visited

Long ago in 1930 Clyde Tombaugh discovered Pluto orbiting around
So when they planned IN 2006 to send New Horizons space bound
NASA sent a special delivery letter to him asking for his permission
To visit his planet Pluto on their long outer space discovery mission
He stated it was the best honour paid to him within his life-time made
And he was hailed again as an astronomer who had made the grade

When Clyde died his final request was to be included in the satellite's payload
And so they loaded a small portion of his ashes for space voyage mode
So when the New Horizons voyaged on and visited Pluto taking snaps as it flew
I have imaged that Clyde had a grand stand seat as the best view
As the only of inhabitant of Earth who has voyaged five billion miles of space
And been able to see Pluto in person found and its heart shaped tattoo in place

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Robots And Cars

They say the next big thing will be
Robot cars without drivers you'll see
As they drive down the road with us
Decisions made travelling without a fuss

The first cars will be buses and Uber ones
That will be programmed as fares begun
At the end of the journey they will park
And stay there until called to start

To pick you up and return to your home
There will be no driving or a need to roam
So this may be the end of car ownership
And hoons will no longer take a dangerous trip.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Second Earth

They have found a second earth around
Another sun where it has been found
Their year is twenty days longer made
So what would it be to make the grade
On a world where you had to work a longer year
For us it may end in a tear
But what I would say in the main
Employers would want a productivity gain
Whereas the workers would want holidays
And so not waste the extra twenty days

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Space Junk

When in space orbit look out for a red conjunction
If you are on the international space station to function
It seems near earth there is a lot of space junk
Put up in orbit and now is just a lot of funk

Once these things has been used and discarded
They travel at speed and astronauts need to be guarded
Don't be a litter bug here on earth is the call
But since 1957 the Sputnik is up there as litter in all

Space isn't a road for spaceships to ride on
You now have to worry about the Kessler syndrome or its gone
Now the American Airforce tracks these errant orbiters
For a score of 17,000 as fellow earth orbit travellers

Collisions in space are more dangerous than on earth
In the end we may have a debris field covering the earth's breath
The Chinese took out one of their old satellites to test the know how
Kessler's equation was correct and there will a collision every 5 years now

So scientists are working hard to find out how to fix this problem
With bits of metal orbiting with the same force of a.44 magnum
We need to think this through or one day we may be trapped
On this planet earth where anything we launch would be zapped.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Space Tourism

Tourists flying to the moon
To swing above the stars a boon
Pay your money and take the trip
The trip across the sky will rip

See the dark side of the moon
For Billionaires will swoon
So history will be created
In a bucket list anticipated

Tourism in the future smiles weighted
Perhaps this is the future of space travel waited.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Stephen Hawking And The Higgs Boson

Stephen Hawking commented on the Higgs Boson
That to some scientists think may be the God Particle
The Higgs Boson that probably gives substance mass
As the European Large Hadron Collider found it in 2012
This collider known as the LHC made Hawking lose a bet
With other scientists when he bet them it didn't exist
But the down side to this all is the danger of it
Destroying the universe when you fool around with it
Scientists examining the properties and what it really means
May eventually unlock the key to how we now exist.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Super Nova In The Sky In 2022

Astronomers predict a Super Nova will light up our night skies
In 2022 when KIC 9832227, a star in the Cygnus constellation
Will finally super nova and will be visible to the naked eye
In the past such things were omens and harbingers of ill will

Remember the Star the Wise Men followed from the East
And Elizabeth the First had an astrologer who read the stars
They say this super nova will herald the End of Days again
So now we sit down and watch it unfold for our future

But I think that what will happen in the universe
Is not up to omens and soothsayers to announce the worse.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Suspended Animation

I'm drifting as light as a feather
Floating along without tether
It's a beautiful sun and warm
No care in the world is the norm
Then I'm sitting in my car
Driving a beach road so far
It's a sea of faces and they are smiling
As I find it all now so beguiling
And it's starting again without bother
I'm drifting as light as a feather.....

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - The Asteroid Named Bennu

In 2135 an asteroid named Bennu will fly between Earth and the Moon
This near miss will be a hair's breadth in space terms casting a worrying gloom
It is 487 metres wide and travels at a speed of 101,000 kilometres an hour
And if it hit Earth it would explode with the strength of 200 atomic bombs power
Dwarfing the Hiroshima blast and causing a problem of a global catastrophe
The scientists say that the Earth's gravity could put it on a course that would be
On a collision with us in a hundred years' the next time it decides to visit us
This would mean we may go the way of the dinosaurs leaving no trace or fuss.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - The Big Bang

Have you wondered what started the Big Bang blast
When there was the start of the universe so fast
And the cosmos started expanding and developing
That eventually made this world and everything

There had to be more than an accident of nature
When there was energy created and worlds to nurture
And who was it that started this experiment in time
What was there before in the matter mixture in kind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - The Black Knight

The Black Knight is in orbit at the South Pole near
And they say it had been there for two thousand years
Maybe it was put there by aliens visiting earth
Something went wrong and it was abandoned as no worth

So now NASA's space photographs have shown it to the world
And the discussion centres on what it could be scientifically held
Some say that it's just a piece of space junk
With all the hype about it being just a lot of funk.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - The Bootstrap Paradox

If you take something from the present
And place it in the past as you have sent
It starts what can be a predestined event
This is known as the bootstrap paradox vent

Dr Who used it to get out of a bind
So it made an interesting find
And how an event really occurred in our past history
Is remembered in today's accepted historic story?

If you were to go back and find your favourite song
Was now not written for you to sing all along
So that you have it as part of your musical repertoire
Would you give it to the composer and so not have a memory mar?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - The Humming Sound

There was an odd sound they heard first
So loud that they thought their ears would burst
Then a silence that seemed as loud as the noise
It went on as long again that we lost our poise
And wondered where we were in this age
Where what was known in this very stage
The scientists puzzled it through
But would find no explanation that would do.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - The Milky Way

The night sky blazes with a thousand stars
There are more of them than grains on a sand bar
Each twinkles brightly across infinite space
Some so far away they have already run their race
Away from the city more can be seen as the Milky Way
Spills its way across the black infinite sky in its display.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - The Red Spot Storm On Jupiter

They are going to study the big red spot
That is a storm on Jupiter raging a lot
For centuries since it appeared
Scientists have wondered the wierd

The way it just keeps on keeping on
Blowing around in circles long
So science will know more
When a satellite goes to explore.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - The Three Jumps To Humans

They say the alternative to natural selection
That took the human race into our direction
The first was the jump from one cell creatures
To higher animals that had more involved features

Then there was the jump to creatures with intellect
That could reason and hunt as a known fact
The third jump was from ape to a human being
To the people we are and the modern world seen

And we now know from DNA we are all related
To a woman from central Africa as it was fated
When we re-examine the Adam and Eve story
Or the Greek Prometheus legend in its glory

It may be that they have more credence for us
And Darwin's theories may not justify the fuss
Will it be as we find out more about our origins
The surprise is the truth of oral histories in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - The Westall Incident (An Australian Roswell)

They were balls that flashed across the sky
People saw them and they wondered why
On that day many saw them and pointed them out
After 50 years they are still wondering about

It's now the Westall incident in Melbourne town
Near a high school where they floated down
The Government say they were balloons
With the men in black suits visiting to make them swoon

So 50 years later some still wonder about it
Was it aliens from space come to visit?
In our incident that has left a historic mark
As an Australian Roswell near a school in a park.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Time Travel

They say you can go forward
But the theory says not backward
You have to get ahead of the light
Then into the future to go you might

So the pictures of the cool dude in sunglasses
At the bridge opening in the forties doesn't pass as is
Nor the lady at the Chaplin film in the twenties opening
Walking using the mobile phone talking

So Marty McFly may be using the hover board floating
But Biff will not be using the almanac in the past betting
It is so disappointing in the end for me
Not to be able to see past history to be

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Transhumanism

In this world where we see new technologies everyday
There are those that believe humans can improve their way
This movement started in science fiction stories dating back
Where cyborgs and robots are quite a matter of fact

In using new interectual, physical and psychological abilities
And new emerging post humans making us better from our frailties
This new transhumanism will make us greater than we are today
When in the future we may be cyborgs, mind readers as the science says.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Travel By Astral Projection

I was reading yesterday about space travel
And how to get to the stars without time to unravel
Now they say that the physical body need not go
That there may be a way for consciousness to know
What needs to be explored as you travel the light years
And the solar systems and alien life can become quite clear
So harnessing the power of the mind is such a strange thing
Way past my understanding of what this exploration can bring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science - Wait A Second

It didn't seem to be different on that night
When the scientists thought it would be right
To add another second to the end of the day
So that night and day would align to stay
See it's important to darken the night
And have the sun shining in the day alright

But I can't think what I did with it
Because it seemed to pass in a fit
The other thing that is quite disconcerting
Is if the earth is slowing down from turning
Will the earth one day stop spinning altogether
And then it will be the same time forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science – Why We Like Flowers

So now if you give flowers to someone who needs cheering
You will be emotionally stable, successful and more caring
Flowers have evolved to attract insects for pollinating
So they are colourful and smell nice for insects not limiting
The smell has prolly endopetisase a hormone that will
On smelling it cause love, arousal and pleasant memories to fill
Flowers have these powers for us to use
And so will be helpful when we are looking for us to excuse!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science And Healthcare

Science in health care
DNA will show you
What your diet should be
Just a brush inside your mouth
And you will know what it's about
Your body holds the key
To what you should be

Robots are being used
As companions for sick children
Where they take their observations
So that doctors can them
And it will remind them when
To take their medications
So we really are in the Information Age.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - Alone In The World

The motel room was comfortable but not luxurious
I had been on the road for a couple of days in a rush
The end had come quickly and I had made it out
When the population was gone in a flash I knew nothing about
And people just disappeared in the blink of an eye
But some were spared and were left to wonder why

So I wander the Outback looking for others who survived
As the weeks go by there is no reason why others have died
And I have only found a few who are scared to come out
Who hide from me as through the country I travel about
Am I the only one who has been left with my senses it seemed
The more I search for an answer to this mystery I try to gleam

I have become used to being alone with my thoughts to myself
And the untold things I find that give me the world's wealth
But wait was is the light forming in the corner of the room
It is an ethereal being with arms outstretched piercing the gloom
And the beauty of the being's face I see now is formed blue
As it gave me the message to start the world again so true

The being disappeared and the darkness returned to the room
I knew why this had happened to renew the world with a new broom.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - Fiction To Future Science

Science Fiction develops new scientific ideas
By thinking through latest thinking without fear
Communicators from the Star Trek television show
Have pioneered our mobile phones for us on the go

How many times have you seen laser guns in space
Today the Americans have a laser testing it in place
And the shuttle craft Galileo as a reusable craft
Assisted in the Space Shuttle idea for us to last

So down the track will we have other things
That we will see what to the future it brings
Maybe it will be anti-gravity machines to travel
At speeds through worm holes in time's gavel

I think that we will continue to see such wonders to see
That will make us gasp in what extreme science will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - First Evidence

The asteroid came from the depths of space
Never seen before so we didn't know it's place
It was a slow mover so the scientists knew
They could land a satellite on the surface as it flew

Past the earth on its way to the other side of the system
So they worked hard and put it up to the orbit then
Its rendezvous with the asteroid was on course
And it landed on the sunny side with just enough force

It took samples of the rock in its analysing mission
Waiting for the close up surface pictures in the transmission
But what they saw made them all gasp in wonderment
When buildings were seen in the picture as they were sent

Although there had been some catastrophe to the settlement
It was clear that intelligent people had built it all as it was meant
To shelter them from the outside space and theories were abound
Maybe the aliens used it as a spaceship to explore space around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - Harvesting The Earth

The silver space moves silently into earth orbit
It comes in un-noticed without the earthlings seeing it
They have come from the stars to harvest what was sown
Long ago before the history was written or even known

They had already harvested the Martian World
Having left after stripping the life off that it held
The mission was to grow the green plant matter
And take the chlorophyll for its life giving batter

They had journeyed the universe from their dying world
And picked out the planets where their life source could be meld
In our solar system there were only two worlds they could use then
So they seeded the Martian soil and the Earth in the end

The people came back and stripped the Martian world farm lands
And took it back to their home worlds to save their lives in their demands
It was a journey that had to be planned to take the chlorophyll home
Through a worm hole they created to cut the journey time roam

It still took a thousand centuries in the round trip to home and return
So we earthlings were left with a Martian puzzle over to churn
The people took stock of the earth world and how it had developed
And noted how the animals had evolved and the world enveloped

But the way that their world had been ripped apart by these beings
With pollution in the air, water and the country landscapes as seen
They could see the work they had done in seeding the earth being lost
And decided that these human beings had to pay for the earth's cost

So the battle of the earth started with the people knowing what weapons to use
To rid the earth of the human beings in a war that they must not loose
And that's where we are today in this battle with all the cities blown away
The last of the earthlings fighting back and staying out of their way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - Look To The Sky In The West

'Tell the world about this day'
'We will be back and won't stay away'
They said when we met on the highway
'Look to the sky in the west at the end of day'

So we drove to Alice Springs and reported their message
To the authorities and they pondered me as a sage
As the day wore on, they didn't turn their page
Until in the west the sky turned glowing green then fades.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - Nature Fights Back

Those that were left wandered around
The decaying cities after it went down
The evil sun had flared that day
And civilisation wasted away

Electronic devices were the first to go
And it all broke down for humans slow
The developed countries withered and died
With individuals left to look to the sky

Hot days and nights made water scarce then
And deaths by the hundred thousand looked like the end
Now little bands survive by their wits
With instinct and strength the plan of it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - Nibiru 'planet X'

There had been reports of the Nibiru planet
As the earth's astronomers observed it
The first report was that it would be a narrow miss
And we would have a grandstand seat with little risk

But then it's path was altered by an unknown force
As the change meant it was on an earth collision course
And the best minds on earth came together to plan
There was no way that there would be the survival of man

This Planet X or Nibiru had passed close to earth before
Where the Flood of Noah and plagues of Egypt were the score
And 65 million years ago a similar collision had occurred
Which formed the moon from the debris as it was inferred

So we wait for the deep impact of the collision
When Nibiru will put an end to our civilization vision
And the scientists grapple with the impending doom
With the rogue Planet X - Nibiru bringing with it gloom.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - On A Dying Earth

The air that night had a different ring
In scarlet and gold hues that dusk did bring
We faced the sky and saw the silver craft depart
As they trailed golden fire as the rocket motors spark

They were the last of the dying earth's chosen few
As we drew lots to find a new world to start anew
It started when the earth's magnetic field started to die
And the life giving atmosphere was draining from the sky

There was but one chance for the human race
To find a new home in god's good grace
So the best scientists came together to make the call
And chart a space voyage to have us survive it all

So they start their journey with hopes on high
To a twin earth planet judged as best to fly
And the rest of us are left to do the best we can
On a dying earth at the end of man's plan.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - Or Science Fact?

What will happen when the Internet gains
All the knowledge of the world in its frame
Is the cloud the first step in the process
That will build the knowledge in its axis

One day will someone decide to link
All this knowledge with the power to think
So it could become self aware then
Will that be for humanity the end?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Air Hostess On The Beach

Every morning he walked along the beach
Some days he found things normally out of reach
There were things washed out to sea from the shore
And things that fell from the sky making a mystery even more

But today he saw something in the distance on the shoreline
That seemed out of place in the sea and it hadn't been kind
The closer he came the more he was intrigued he was about it
Until it was apparent it was a body breathing and coughing a fit

He ran to the body and saw it was a woman in an air hostess uniform
And he pulled her out of the surf putting his coat on her to keep her warm
The next thing was to phone for an ambulance to help her revive
As we waited for the paramedics she woke and screamed, 'Don't let them'

The ambulance attended with the police and she went to hospital
And it became apparent who she was and her identity in total
She was a hostess from a flight that disappeared from Kuala Lumpur
The problem was she lost the memory of the lost three years before.

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Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Asteroid

A streak lightened the day lit sky
The scientists had been tracking its fly
It was knocked out from the asteroid belt
They had known that the last card was dealt

A similar event had been the dinosaur's end
As an asteroid attacked what they couldn't defend
And so it crashed ending the modern human times
As the earth renewed itself in God's design

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Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Battle

We read the logs of the abandoned ship
Looking for a reason why the crew was stripped
From the vessel drifting without power
Blasted weapon systems saw they did not cower
Away from this enemy who had won the battle
But the mystery was the lost crew with all their mettle

Then our sensors showed another spaceship coming hard
So action stations were called as we prepared not to give a yard
They fired the first laser blasts against our energy shields
As back and forth the battle with each of us refusing to yield
We lost our forward battery with all of its hands
Then communication came on my screen with their demands

They wanted our surrender to accomplish their aims
Of course we declined the offer as we consolidated our gains
Until our last burst blew their bridge away in an explosion
And we were able to board their stricken end as we shone
But the biggest shock that made us gasp was there to see
They were cannibals eating the lost crew unbelievable to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Black Knight

The unusual orbit of it had kept it hidden
Whilst stationary over the Antarctic it had ridden
For 10,000 years it kept its secrets for the earth
Waiting patiently to be found for what its worth
Until one day it started to transmit its code
And the earth immediately went into theory mode

There had been rumours and blurry photographs made
But the conspiracy theories over the years did not fade
So they gathered to discuss what they would do
The Americans, the Russians and the Chinese too
It was decided to launch a mission from Cape Canaveral
Explore the Black Knight in its seemingly endless travel

They picked the best astronauts the Earth could provide
As they launched into space into the correct orbit complied
The journey time was not long as they manoeuvred their ship
As a routine journey in a near Earth space trip
Until they saw the Black Knight off the port side
And matched its orbit giving a view of Australia so wide

So they space walked across the void to the Black Knight
As the NASA cameras kept their lens of them in sight
And the astronauts opened the hatch and went inside
There were writings on the wall and ice crystals on the sides
The first occupant they found was dead on the floor
With the appearance of human features on the face and more

There were others in the cockpit of the space craft module
As everything was filmed for a record by the NASA rule
So the Black Knight was searched from stem to stern
And they found out from the space ship what could be learned
Until in the belly of the ship they found a functioning nursery
With living baby alien creatures being cared for by the machinery.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Comet

The comet only travelled our way every 10,000 years
When it streaked into our galaxy there were some fears
For some scientists had calculated that it would hit
The Earth as it streaked towards us in its final trip

But others said that the sun would make it veer away
And we wouldn't know until it dawned on the final day
So we waited daring not to hope that it would turn out alright
When the comet appeared in the night time sky so very bright

The scientists made their final calculations in their wisely call
That the comet would hit the earth and it would be the end of us all
So we made our preparations as the comet gradually grew
And we made our peace with God and each other quietly too

Some went to their place of worship whilst others stayed at home
Knowing that the time had come and the danger was fully known
But as it came close to the earth it slowed and stopped in its orbit
And we all came out to see how it happened in the new fit

The theory was that the comet had been harnessed for its power
And it had been scheduled to return to us in this very hour
Whilst we debated what to do next in our ordered world
All of a sudden we were stopped as a statement from it was hurled

'We have come back to take the harvest from this world we have seeded well.'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Crashed Spaceship

When it streaked across the sky
It was not a natural fly
It zig zagged quite a bit
Changing direction before it hit

And it lit the night
In an awesome sight
When it hit the ground
In a furrow it was found

What was left of a spaceship
Glowed hot in the bottom of the pit
We could not get near to the metal
There was no hiding it from the people

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Disappearance

It was an ordinary fine summer's day
And she was walking home the usual way
Her neighbour was working in the paddock
And she waved at him without any panic
But she disappeared without a sound
One moment she just wasn't around

Others saw her disappear and were in fright
They ran to the place knowing it wasn't right
All there was left was a blue stain on ground
And they were sure she wasn't around
The police came out and a posse was formed
For a week they searched and it was doomed

It broke her parents as she was the only child
What do you do with no one to blame or to go wild
A year passed and life went on in the the town
The blue patch remained in place on the ground
And her parents visited the blue stained place
Hearing their daughter's voice, 'Help me in god's grace'.

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Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Disease From The Sky

The boat moves slowly along the Murray River
As we left the last town I felt down my spine a shiver
Each town we pass it's been the same story
No one alive just a lot of bodies in a mess that's gory
The pandemic had hit the world and most had fallen
To the disease from the sky in the meteor shower as it was falling

First there was the first responders who came to help
Those with the disease had taken with little yelp
But there were some who were immune to these invaders
So we travel on to find safe haven as human race saviours
We started from the Albury Wodonga river town
Finding in the search three other survivors around

So what is left for us as the chosen few
To search for a place in the sun as our hope grew
With each town our hope was dashed for them
When we found that the people had been lost in their end
Our journey down the river continues on
For our band of people whose safety is in our bond.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Girl

She had been taken from her parents that day
And her parents had died in the same gassing way
The doctors had experimented with others
Who had died before the virus had been discovered

But now it was time to test if it would work on her
So they injected it in her arm without a stir
And she had gone to sleep right away
When they wondered if the virus would work in its way

Then the Allies liberated the concentration camp
The Nazi doctors had all left and decamped
But before they left they hid her in a cave sealed tight
She laid in the caved for 10 years for a time just right

Until one day in the country side the cave was discovered
When a hiker found it, the entrance he uncovered
And he found her in the storage cabinet at the back
Careful he uncovered it looking for a fortune as a fact

He was mesmerised when he saw her face through the glass
Then suddenly she opened her eyes in a stare to last
So he took her home and looked after her then
But he dreamt of her with thoughts hard to comprehend

Now they travel Europe looking for the men she hates
With their score being ten Nazi Doctors with intertwined fates
You see they do what they are told by her in their minds
As her slaves forever their freedom from her they will never find.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Girl From The Forest

The mist settled over the edge of town from the forest land
The cold winter night held sway as the moon rose grand
And clouds rode high in the black sky above it all
As the coast town slumbered on in their sleepy call

Although mists were not uncommon in this place
This one had appeared from the wilds in a state of grace
As it boiled up from the ground taking to the air snaking up the trees
The night air grew colder in a temperature that would freeze

Out of a hollow in the ground she appeared in the forest
Dressed in a calico dress and running screaming at a speed expressed
There was a report to the local police station by mobile phone call
Of the girl's screaming in the forest land drifted over all

The police cruiser edged down the fire access road so slowly
As the officers played their spot light around looking in the beam clearly
When suddenly she run from the left side of the roadway
And stopped in the headlights in the centre of their pathway

They quickly stepped out of the patrol car doors
And went to her as she fell in their arms for help to implore
So they took her to the hospital local emergency room
And the local doctor pronounced her in good health soon

But when the sun rose the next morning from the sea
The sun played slowly across the girl's face so lightly
They could see she had green eyes and was tinged with green skin
And when spoken to all she would is 'Thank-you for taking me in.'

The girl with green skin and green eyes became part of the town
Where she had come from as the mysterious mists came down
So the days turned to weeks to months and the year turned in its cycle
And they say now the winter is here that they feel the mists becoming vital.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Infra-Red Aliens

The space capsule came down and crashed
The controls of the ship were finally trashed
They were months away to Mars and back
And NASA had lost their astronaut's track

The mission had gone well until that fateful day
They had landed and gone out to explore the way
Looking for signs of water at the mountain range
But only one had returned to the craft in a story so strange

They could see her sitting still at the controls of the craft
After days of debate they decided to return it to Earth at last
It was right at the extreme control of the craft for them
But they were able to get it back to home in the end

Although it crashed into the sea it was still floating right
The USS Enterprise helicoptered it aboard in the flight
Placing it on the flight deck with an isolation bubble
And the scientists gathered in a discussion huddle

They analysed the data and pondered around
And still the answers were unable to be found
So they finally had a volunteer to go inside
In a pressurised suit with a spacesuit outside

Into the bubble he went testing the air and looking around
The readings he took were not unusual they found
So he made his way to the astronaut who was left
And when he looked at the astronaut's faceplate he was bereft

He could not see anything inside the astronaut's clear visor
Until they changed to infra red and it had become clearer
Looking back at them through the visor was an alien stare
And what he saw made him cower back away from there

So he retreated and the scientists were frantic with the call
On how they would communicate to this extraterrestrial
The question now is not if there were other beings around
But how they would speak using a universal sound

The alien made the decision for them in the end
Getting up to face where the volunteer came in
Slowly moving in shuffling step coming out of the ship
And into the isolation bubble and stood facing out from it

But it wasn't an alien language that it spoke to them
It was English and it identified as the original astronaut then
Again the scientists gathered around the alien one
And found that she had been infected when it had begun

The problem was that the infection was spreading
From the astronaut and into the volunteer as it was imbedding
Then Into anyone who was exposed to the alien's infra-red light
So the issue is now how to stop this infra-red virus in their fight

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Lonely Dusty Road

The dusty road stretched to the north
As the car went onward on its course
The sun beat down on its celestial path
As they travelled thinking it would be their last

The week had started like any other day
But the tension in the world spilled over and away
Mushroom clouds sprouted over the big cities
With missiles raining down not showing any pities

They packed the car and left straight away
Thinking to leave civilisation and go out the way
So they now drive the dusty roads of the Outback
Knowing that civilisation's last gasp was down the track.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Lost Mars Mission

The space craft flew towards Mars in its mission
Powered by a new form of nuclear fission
Flying on through the black endless space
They were part of NASA renewed space race

The six month journey had meant such loneliness
With NASA guiding them in the journey for the best
But they were not the first astronauts to make this trip
The last ship had disappeared as it went into Mars orbit

The spaceship pilot made the final manoeuvres needed
These astronauts had held their courage now exceeded
For what was required of them in this mammoth task
Knowing that if she didn't do it right it would be for them the last

Unusually on their radar screens another ship was seen to come
And the captain of the NASA crew kept watch of this other one
Then on the communication screen appeared the crew of the other ship
They were smiles and we're glad to see the NASA crew and the saviour trip

The lost ones spoke of failures of their systems and not being able
To land their spaceship on Mars and so continue there mission table
But the longer this crew spoke of their struggle and prolonged ordeal
The current NASA mission thought that it all just didn't seem to be real

The crew decided to put off their landing on the Mars surface
Until they could rescue the older crew from their ship in space
They manoeuvred their ship and sent a patrol aboard the craft
But the contact with the old crew of the spaceship was their last

The airlock was opened by them as they kept on their suits to be safe
So they made their way to the main control cabin to search this place
And there was the crew looking out with their dead glazed eyes
With the mystery remaining about how they spoke after they had died.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Maralinga Wave

They had been on the road as backpackers travel
And had seen all that Australia offers and to marvel
They were riding their bicycles around to see the land
And we're going from Kalgoorlie to Ceduna in their plan

So they had gone off the Eyre Highway
And we're exploring the desert byways
But traveling by pedal power meant
That they had to camp at sundown in their bent

The sky at sunset in the Outback was a glee
In pastel colours of indigo, blue, brown and red to see
But this time the sky did not look right
And it seemed to swell and dance so bright

As the darkness won its celestial fight
In the near distance there appeared a light
So they decided to ride to the cattle station place
To ask to spend the night with the owner's grace

They rode down the dusty dry track
And saw the buildings in the style of the Outback
But the machinery had a mid century look
And the vehicles were Holden cars in a 1950s hook

A cattle station is always busy and bustling around
The end of the day occurred in the darkness surround
The evening meal and the usual end of day sound
That made the backpackers feel a warmth profound

They went to the kitchen door and knocked on it
And a tall aboriginal girl answered in her usual fit
To stay the night was what they asked
And the girl asked the owner and permission was passed

They joined the owner and joined in his dinner
When the meal was over the kitchen air grew thinner
So they went out on the veranda and on the horizon
There was a glowing glimmer that shone on

The owner spoke of times they had
And on the droughts that in the country were bad
The backpackers felt that the owner's ideas were not modern
But thought this was the isolation of the Outback all along

The owner said that that the radio had gone off that morning
And that the government had given out a warning
Of secret tests with the British at Maralinga
So they were told in that direction they should not linger

They thanked the owner and said they would go on
At an early hour and they would cycle along
So they retired to the spare room and slept
And at an early hour they to their timetable kept

In the east as they cycled on
There was a bright flash on the horizon
Just as the sun showed its face
Although strange they did not think it out of place

They cycled on throughout the day
And eventually into Ceduna on the west coast bay
Settling in a caravan park they went to the office
And were speaking to the owner of their travels to suffice

They mentioned to her of their night's stay
And how the station owner had a kindly say
But the story to the caravan owner did not have a ring
To her and the story did not to her the truth to bring

The truth to the story was strange indeed
And in the 1950's the British A- tests to succeed
Were exploded as the sun dawned in the sky
And a rip in time occurred as a ripple went by

A cattle station in the desert disappeared
And when the electricity in the sky is aired
Travellers talk of the cattle station again
And the station people who relive the day as it began.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Mars Expedition

The Mars expedition seemed to go well
Any problems they had they didn't need to dwell
The conditions in the spacecraft were good
With the crew getting on as they should
Even the equations by the mathematicians
Didn't need need adjusting in the calculations

The orbit around Mars was locked for the spaceship
And the crew prepared to go to the surface trip
So the most dangerous part of the journey was made
And completed without a problem in a first grade
The astronauts set about and set up the first base
In interplanetary exploration in God's good grace

Astronomers on earth continued their watch across the universe
To find other intelligent beings in their SETI search for its worth
And in the star systems they discovered coloured light patterns
Where some of the scientists considered evidence as the light burns
And at that time the NASA control centre lost contact with Mars
With no sound or pictures that they couldn't work out that would bar

This went on for a week until early one morning at NASA
There was a radio transmission from the Mars base Comms centre
They told of their relief at being able to have a radio transmission
And how they were well and had continued with work for their mission
So things went on and all seemed to be well for the astronauts
Until they were able to restore the video as communication ought

So the NASA scientists gathered in the control centre to see again
The Mars mission astronauts with all the members women and men
Radio transmission was first and banter occurred in good humour found
With laughter and smiling relieving the tension as the ripple went around
Until the time came for the images using the repaired equipment were attempted
The first pictures came on the large screen there was a gasp not exempted

The astronauts were standing in a group together outside of the base buildings
Without their spacesuits and breathing Martian atmosphere without feelings
Of not coping with the thin atmosphere or the cold of the day in freezing
temperatures

And it didn't seem that these explorers could see any difference for their futures
The NASA scientists were in quite a spin about how this had happened now
When some started to wonder whether the flashing stars were part of the know
how.

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Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Message

At a particular time of the morning
When you walked past without warning
A whirling noise came from the cave
With pulsating red and yellow lights it gave

But we were just local kids then
As our bravery we couldn't defend
So it became a dare to go into the cave
Taking our chances to us would be very grave

One day the dare became too hard to resist
With two mars bars, a chokito and two packers of gee whizz
Being the prize for an entry into the unknown place
With my torch, Swiss Army knife and lucky coin for this race

I was ready for the cave in this adventure unknown
As I entered with my apprehension trying not to be shown
Then suddenly the green glow came and the whirling noise
And my vision for a moment lost clarity with my poise

When my vision returned there was a being of such beauty
And she spoke to me as plain as it could possibly be
'Be not afraid for you should rejoice - you will be rewarded'
What was her message and I wonder if it should be applauded

'We will come soon to wipe away fear and war will disappear'
The words that she spoke were clear and friendly to adhere
' We will see you in seven days ensure our message is known'
There was a green flash which sent me backwards blown

I don't know how long I was out cold as I got to my feet
And I left the cave and outside the others ran to greet
They said it had only been a minute of time I'd been away
I told them the message that I had been given in the array

As kids we planned what to do and went to a trusted teacher
And I saw the surprise in her eyes wondering if I'd reached her
After some minutes she said they she would pass it on
So the government were told of the plan all along

The government found it hard to believe the story
And rating it good for truth as they were of the story wary
But when the seven days were up they gathered near the cave
Waiting whilst the green glow put world leaders in their grave.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Meteor

What was it that streaked across the sky?
The millions that saw it were wondering why
It crashed into the the Great Australian Bight with a mighty splash
And the tsunami wiped out Albany, Port Lincoln and others in its smash

The area it crashed into became out of bound
The meteor caused strange things to occur on the ground
With a hovering blue light which turned day into night
And ships and planes disappeared in an area of fright

So the government pondered on the solution to it all
And what had occurred since the meteor's fall
Until one day the elders to the experts came
To tell the story of the the spirit pool and its fame

They spoke of the Dreamtime and how at death's door
Each being would die and be seen no more
Into the the spirit pool with the others of their clan
As the spirit pool consumed each woman and man

The hovering blue light continued to shine on
And the elders decided to it to sing their song
To the spirit pool when it went on for a year
Whilst special teams who studied it would sometimes disappear

Until one day as the elders sat in the dirt round
Continuing to sing and bang their sticks so profound
The blue light exploded and they were dragged into it
For days it glowed bright in the sky in a bright blue emit

So now we keep watch on it as it shines in the sky
And we still wonder how with it here we will get by
The world comes to see it and to marvel at its style
As we learn to live with the spirit pool while it beguiles.

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Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Min Min Lights

Hovering over the paddock it lingered
A metallic spaceship with gold lights blinkered
It had been on the grass with a humming sound
As the outside of the craft spun all around

They had seen the lights dancing and decided to explore
And had come across the saucer spinning even more
Both had been sceptical of the local stories they heard
Of the Min Min lights and how they seemed absurd

The local aborigines had told of the lights in the Outback
As they danced around in the paddocks as a matter of fact
The object they saw this night made them ponder
What it was as it rose up and left in the sky up yonder.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Mind Invasion

The fog didn't clear for him that day
And there seemed to be no way to say
What it was like for him inside his head
He could not acknowledge even who was dead

When it happened that afternoon is like no other
The noise in his head had cleared with no bother
But things were not the same he felt straight away
And all he had heard in his head was their play

There was no invasion of this our home earth
They did not need to in the power of mind's worth
The dead were gathered up and buried in the ground
And he did what was commanded when going around

The aliens had control of the earth for what they wanted
To strip the earth of minerals was what they plotted
There seemed to be no way that he could go back
And there was no future for the world as a matter of fact.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Moon Rocks

The store-room was locked away
Far from eyes that would stray
It wasn't in an out of way place
In the basement without a face

And he was a librarian there
Cataloguing and filing with care
He liked his work and the life he had
Until his wife's health became bad

To get the badly needed treatment for her
This was the opening that occurred
For traders in rare and valuable things
They wanted moon rock for their collecting

So they contacted him to get it done
And they would pay for the treatment won
On his next night shift he went to location
Finding the box with the moon rock allocation

He replaced the sample with another sealed rock
And the sealed moon rock was wrapped in a lot
This happened quickly and he returned to his desk
At the end of his shift and he went home with the rest

The moon rock was delivered as the real deal
And he got the money for his wife's treatment pill
Later that day in mansion a butler was buzzed
He walked to the study and what he found he judged

Backing away from the scene with amazed eyes
The master of the house was dead with a look of surprise
Opened of the desk was a box with the moon rocks around
And as the butler touched the rocks he fell to the ground.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Nano Flying Robots

When the space ship stopped over the Sydney Harbour Bridge icon
The armed forces were certain they could surround it until it was gone
So it was a stand off that went on for two full weeks time
Until one morning about ten o'clock a small black cloud appeared quite fine

The observers could see no opening in the space ship near the cloud
Then the cloud disappeared suddenly with a noise quite loud
Suddenly the people in the boats on Sydney Harbour started to fall down
And others fell over dead as the wave spread from the object around

This caused a panic across Sydney with the population fleeing the city
That was seven days ago and the whole of the east coast was lost without pity
Melbourne and Brisbane were lost in the in those first blind panic days
With millions lost as the rest of us ran as fast as we could to get away

Scientists have look at the problem in an attempt to find out what was happening
And they have found that tiny nano flying robots are the cause by injecting
Deadly cyanamide liquid into what they land on on in their flight
And so far we have not found a solution to it but we will never give up the fight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Neutron Accelerator

The new neutron accelerator was laid out in a tunnel underground
Stretching for five miles from the Physics Institute as it circled around
It was new science for them and they were careful in what occurred
As a ten year project sponsored by the military was explored
There were different theories as to what would happen to the world
When the accelerator was operated and what would be unfurled

The idea was to find a new unlimited source of energy as their goal
But when they powered up the accelerator went into a phase that was free fall
And try as they might they couldn't turn it off and it continued to power on
With the neutrons accelerating as scientists gathered in in a worried throng
On the third day they noticed they there was a a disturbance that was detected
That grew in time and the physical world near accelerator was seen to be
affected

It started to drag the world into it and a spinning vortex occurred that didn't fade
And it grew in strength until it pulled the institute in and the Black Hole was
made

The started to panic and the United Nations called a special assembly to be held
When a decision was made to gather the best scientists to work on saving the
world

But the scientists were baffled by what had occurred and couldn't find the answer
So we wait as each day the Black Hole swallows the world in a slow motion
disaster.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Outback Camp

It started as a holiday in the Outback
Starlight nights and dusty red dirt tracks
Only the ABC radio to inform us of the news
But during the night there were flashes through
The sky with rumblings in the distance to hear
And the radio has gone dead or so it would appear

Then there was a fighter jet smoking across the cloud
That wobbled and crashed in its last gesture aloud
All day we worried what to do until sundown
And now the southern horizon is glowing blue unusually around
Then a set of headlights came towards us at speed
Stopping slowly at our camp as it ended its petrol feed

The driver was seated and didn't make a move to get out
And I saw then she was nearly dead covered in sores about
She only said two words before she died, 'The bomb'
Now we sit wondering what to do at night as the blue creeps along
We have supplies for another week before we have to leave
With each day it becomes harder to survive we believe.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Phone Implants

It was the newest craze that swept the world
Phone implants that meant no phone need to be held
So now all you needed to do is touch in the spot
And think of who you wanted to ring in this modern plot
It was instant communication that was neat
The electronics experts touted it as a great feat

Then one day things changed so quickly for the population
The millions with implants stood still starting at a new equation
No-one knew what was the meaning of this strange behaviour
And try as they may each proposed antidote was a failure
Two days later they changed again and commenced their new program
Taking over the world in something that wasn't a sham

This went on for a week whilst the world fought to survive
As we lost the planet when it became a struggle to stay alive
Then the night sky became lit by the spaceships as they flew low
When it was apparent that they were not here for a light show
So this part of the mystery was solved of why the implants malfunctioned
And the fight for the salvation of the world continues without compunction.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Poles Reversed

The comet brushed by us in its path around the sun
And it knocked the Earth's orbit in a wobble as it swung
The scientists say that it will mean the axis will tilt around
When that happens there will be great destruction on the ground

So we wait whilst the storms blow and communication is shut down
What will happen is the seas will rise and the poles will reverse around
Everyone has gone to higher ground with the State President
In a bunker safe from the ravages on the earth that will be rant

I am writing this to you now so there is a record of the catastrophe
Because I know that my survival from this I cannot see
I will encase it in a wrap and put it as safe as I can find
So those who follow will know of us and what was the bind.

(Translated after being found in the ruins of a building archaeologists have not
been able to date) .

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Rainbow Serpent And The Bunyip

The black alien spaceship had journeyed long
As the people were looking for a place to belong
The generations of their people had come and gone
Knowing that their task was to them never-ending long

But something was wrong and they were dying
Saving themselves became for them inspiring
Until they found a blue planet third from the sun
As the last survivor piloted their final flight begun

The pilot placed the spaceship in orbit near the South Pole
And detached the zoo components to the surface as their goal
She guided them in and they landed hot in the wetland
So she fulfilled this part of their survival galactic plan

These components came down in the Great Southern Land
And the last creatures were released from the automatic plan
Only two alien creatures left their components that fateful day
One was a giant serpent and the other an amphibian in a river to stay

The aborigines didn't see the wreck sink into the river round
So nothing was known of the alien voyage and how it went down
But at night they heard the amphibian's strange call
And cowered away from the strangeness of it all

The Rainbow Serpent slivered away making channels for the flow
And it became Legend as it was passed down by elders to know
Around the river they continued to hear the roar of the creature
When it became the legend of the Bunyip in the elder's story feature

The spaceship still orbits near the Pole with its dead crew
Its the one they call the Black Knight as it's Legend grew
Because long ago in the Dreamtime it did find a new home
On the third blue planet called earth with no more to roam.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Science Fiction - The Rapture

The rapture caught them all
You see it was meant to enthrall
As the music made them sway
And through it they could not get away

They could think of nothing else
Except the pulsing rhythm within themselves
Standing there and staring forward
The control was total and untoward

The new weapon had its borders though
And would mean there may be a time to go
If they could get out of range of the rapture
Perhaps there would be some who weren't captured.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Red Sky Planet

I'm hiding here on the side of the hill
And since I woke I can't find out the deal
One minute I was driving my car along
Listening to the radio with my favourite song
Then it was like I hit a brick wall and it went blank
And from my car into the unknown I was yanked

Now it is the whole world is so different as I look around
The sky has a tinge of red and I count two moons going down
But the most curious thing that I have to now work out
Are the red aliens talking a strange language and walking about
With the crystal city in the distance with its tall pointed spires
That are lit with street lamps topped with balls of gas fed firey spears.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Satellite

The rocket stood on the launch pad
With rocket fuel and oxygen leaking bad
The scientists had worked for over two years
Worked hard on the experiment without any fears

The countdown commenced for the launch of the rocket
From ten down to one it went down to the end of it
It left the launch pad in a rush of flame spewing out
Going faster and higher with each second about

It achieved its height and started the experiment
Scooping the sky for the samples for the job as it went
But something appeared to be wrong with the control
And the space craft turned over on its side in a roll

The NASA technicians frantically tried to get back control
But the harder they tried they couldn't reach their goal
As it swung out of its orbit they projected its course onward
It would crash across Australia as to made its way westward

They tracked it as it came down with the US Marines on standby
As it streaked with a fiery tail making its way across the night sky
It gained speed with each second as the population watched it fall
Until it hit near Uluru making a wide crater blasting away all

No-one could get near the site as the molten rock cooled down
The first people to enter the site were scientists in protective gowns
Their instruments detected the satellite was buried far into the soil
And to retrieve it and what it had gathered would require great toil

So they set up a camp and called in the machinery that was required
And the local aborigines told the Dreamtime story as it transpired
It spoke of the fire that would streak in display across the sky
When a new age would commence and the time of man would go by

On the next day after the machinery arrived near the crash site
The guard saw movement around the centre of the hole in sight
There was a glowing purple creeper that started that day to move out
Now after six months it has covered the whole of the Australia Outback

Scientists ponder and plans are made to rid the earth of the plague
That menaces the Earth to cover the planet in a threat not vague
Experiments are made and one thing became to all very clear
The multiplying effect increases one thousand fold when water is near.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Shipwreck Survivor

Lost and alone on a wild coast line
The damaged ship crashed on the rocks
When other crew perished in the crash
He was able to retrieve what he needed
To survive in the wild untamed country
And he found a cave for the purpose of survival

The months passed and he did his best
To set up the gadgets he needed for a signal home
Then when he was fishing on the beach one day
The local aborigines found him and he put on
His helmet and retreated to his cave system
Closing it off so he would survive the onslaught

The aborigines put a guard on the cave making sure
That he would not leave and cause danger to them
A couple of days passed until he finally decided
To talk to the people and make it right for them
So he put on his helmet and went out to the guard
The alarm was raised and the leaders came back

One of them was scared and threw his woomera spear
But he was ready using his weapon stick pointed
Then the warrior fell to the ground unconscious laying still
The leader put his hand up and quietened the crowd
They worked out a solution so he could live in the cave
And he lived on until they came for him from the sky

The spaceship landed on the beach near the cave
He came out, greeted them and he was at last saved
They took what they needed from his cave and destroyed it
Saying goodbye to the aborigines then he left the Earth
But the aborigines didn't forget painting him in the cave with
His helmet and they pointed the bone when laws were broken.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Sky Is Red And The Sun Is Not The Same

As I wandered along the paths
They were there just out of my grasp
When it seemed I could reach and touch them
They disappeared into the scrub at their end

So onward I tread trying to get back home
But where I am is not well known
The sky is red and I can't find the sun
I wish this journey would have not begun

I remember the cliff so near as I stumbled to the edge
It seems as I went down I struck my head on the ledge
And now I can't remember anything or my name
Or why the sky is red and the sun is not the same.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Spaceship

One foot after the other
It was a surprise that we discovered
The spaceship crashed and looking old
In the Martian soil frozen and cold

There were three of us then
Excited exploring how it did end
We pulled the hatch and entered in
Finding the crew still strapped in

But there was something in the hold
What it was we could not have been told
As it happened quickly to Joe who collapsed
Then died gasping for air as his life lapsed

And Ed was next who fell to the floor
When I felt it in my suit I ran out the door
That was 20 minutes ago trying to make it back
So now it's one foot after another and it is a hack

And it's with me as I can feel it in my blood boiling
To get to the spacecraft and then home I am toiling
I hear the voice inside my head whispering low
Whilst it urges me on and wanting me to leave here and go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Stellar Fire Fight On The Moon

The Apollo 20 NASA mission landed on the Moon in elation
It was a long journey that continued our interplanetary exploration
But something there didn't appear to be right
There were laser flashers lighting the sky in a fire fight

The astronauts could see the saucers turn
And some of them in brightness did explode and burn
The stellar battle went on for a full hour
In their display of awesome fire power

They filmed it all and it was transmitted back
To NASA to make judgements of whether it was a fact
The Air Force General reviewed the film with the scientists
He commented 'They must have technology to persist'

The discussions went along as they pondered about what they were
And how they took the fight to each other to the Moon up there
'Their supply lines must be extraordinary long from home'
As they wondered what to do with the knowledge we were not alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Strange Dimension

Driving along on the country road
They had been travelling in a holiday mode
And so they drove on through the the night
Being guided by a moon so bright

But the country did not look the same
They were trees that didn't look in the correct frame
Although the night disguised most things
The shape and colour of them had an unusual ring

The time it seemed had stood quite still
And then the stars blinked on and off to thrill
The road was the only solid base
And scared they drove on at an increasing pace

Up ahead they saw a neon sign
But it spelt out foreign words so fine
They turned off into the front car park
And saw the people drinking in their lark

Looking through the tavern window
There was party in quite a show
But the party goers were something different here
They all had blue skin and a pointed top on each ear

Then they looked out at the the travellers so far
And the party goers screamed and pointed at the car
They all ran to the door yelling in a terrible way
Scaring the travellers to drive so fast away

They drove fast down the road
With the blue people chasing them in their mode
Until they left them far behind
Finally on a road that they recognised in their grind

Shaken they drove into the next town
And to a motel they settled down
Whilst talking in the motel's bar
They told their strange journey in their car

It seemed that when the moon was bright
And the atmospheric conditions were just right
Other travellers told a similar story
Of travelling to another dimension in its glory

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Tank

The Abrams tank was the best we had
It could take on the enemy in situations that were bad
We were the first that were scrambled that day
When they landed to conquer us in their way
In the war with the saucer people as they became known
As across the world their saucers were flown

Then the aliens needed the uranium mines in South Australia
So this was the battlefield drawn with all the paraphernalia
But the battle did not go as we had planned
With our task force being ripped apart in their stand
My tank was damaged and we are stuck with radiation around
As we are wondering what our next move would be on this ground.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Time Continuum

We work hard together in the Time Continuum
It is 2255 and we have finally exploring history as one
We have cracked Einstein's theories of light that abound
And now we have sent our drones to the past to see what will be found

These drones are reddish glowering balls of light
That will record what they see during these scientific flights
We have already had pictures of the Roman Legions in Britain
And we were at Trafalgar with Nelson when he was shot by an assassin

We were looking for historic records of our drone flights
To see if our missions had interfered with history that wouldn't be right
We have found Churchill wrote of them in the Great War
And again during the Second World War battles in an unknown score

American and British airmen fighting in the skies saw Foo Fighters over Europe
The name given to our drones as they flew in formation with these groups
And we continue observing all along even losing a drone that we sent
It crashed at Roswell in the 1950s and it made headlines we couldn't prevent

So we have been looking at these events that are history to us
And that you have written down in all of your monumental fuss
Which brings me to why I have picked you out sitting in your lounge room
We need a witness testimony to The Event that will happen to the Earth soon.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Time Machine

He stood in his laboratory in a haze
The dreams of the machine consumed his days
Working hard and not sleeping well
He created a torment and torture working hell
His mantra was creating the time machine
A modern Tardis, DeLorean or a H G Wells dream
His aim to prove that he can conquer time
And move forward or backward on the time line

Until one day with the flick of a switch
The machine went away then returned in a glitch
But all he knew was that it had disappeared
And after repeating the experiment he feared
That unless he went himself he would never know
What his machine would do and where it would go
So he continued the experiment of his life
Gaining confidence with a foreboding of strife

He sent objects through his time machine
And was able to make them return or so it seemed
Then one day he convinced himself the only way he'd know
Was to use the machine on himself to give it a go
So he powered it up and was sent through then
He returned to his laboratory at the experiment's end
The laboratory looked different to him as he looked around
And when he looked at his green arm he scream an unearthly sound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Translucent Blue Alien

The day at the television station started the same
As did other days when transmitting the games
Of the Olympiad in its four yearly anniversary
When teams from countries are sporting adversaries

So the job for the television technician that day
Was to make sure the best pictures would not be delayed
On the station sports coverage to get their money's worth
To see each gold medal won in the sporting world's girth

Boosting the signal and cleaning it up to be broadcast
Was the priority for the day's work would be able to last
But the screen went snowy and then dark to black
When it came on again a humanoid face looked back

The humanoid did not say anything just looked out and stared
Then from its mouth in a translucent blue face flashing lights bared
And it blinked out a message to the world's audience to know
The ultimatum was to prepare themselves for a change to flow

All the strife in the world was caused by a flaw that was made
When they planted our seed and our potential would fade
They had travelled to this earth to right this wrong
To reboot our minds and for us to develop along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Voice

It was just the little things I noticed day to day
A look, a blank stare that wasn't their way
It started after the unusual night sky
When an asteroid had flew past the earth nearby

The morning started as usual opening the shop
When she came in and walked straight in to stop
In front of the coffee machine and just stared
Until a minute had passed seemingly without a care

I asked her what she would like from the store
Eventually she said a latte coffee nothing more
And as the days went by I started to hear the voice too
Urging me to relax and submit to them just sleep would do

But I resisted and went to the Flinders Ranges to the old homestead
And stocked it up from the shop stores so I could be fed
Then I noticed that the voice was strongest on the full moon
Still demanding compliance from me as it needed to be soon

So I sit and try to think it through as I wonder what to do
As the voice taunts me to join the rest of them too
And I wonder if the steel plate in my head keeps me safe
From the invasion that is taking over the human race.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Wanderers

When they left the earth the mission was Mars
But that was long ago when they knew the stars
The planet came out of the other side of the sun
They didn't know where the journey had begun
Some of the older earth legends had said of it
It was on the other side not seen in a matching orbit
And some cosmic disturbance had knocked it about
With it in wild passage hit the earth exploding out

The wave of power moved through the Solar System
And the Mars mission rode the wave at light speed for them
But that was months ago and their nerve had held
Their thoughts of home and the destruction of their world
Made them want to continue on looking for salvation
In the search for another planet to rebuild their nation
As the Wanderers through the Galaxy without a home
Destined to live out their days and to forever roam.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Science Fiction - The Wow Signal

We came across the last spaceship
That had set out on the galaxy trip
Exploration was the name of the game
They had left earth in a blast of fame
To be the first to see the origin of the message
The 'Wow' that had excited them in this age

But that had been so long ago now to us
The years had passed and so had died all the fuss
The mystery had deepened even more when a telescope
Had pin pointed a speck of light that raised their hope
The spot of light had been tracked until it had stopped
Near the rings of Saturn in orbit as around the sun it hopped

The rescue spaceship was launched from the Moon Two Spacestation
Whilst the whole of the earth population held its breath in anticipation
The ten crew worked the spaceship as it made its way to the old spaceship
It was a voyage that would answer a number of questions for this trip
They rendezvoused with the returning spaceship and were anchored to it
And the boarding party made their way into and explore the whole of the ship

The spaceship was empty and no survivors were found in the search made
They checked the computers and the new type of impulse engines in their grade
It all seemed to go well for the explorers up until they were awakened in their
voyage

The attempts to make contact with the people and the 'Wow' signal took an age
But just when it looked like it was successful and they would discover the secret
The electronic record in the ship's computer files ended and it all just did not fit

The boarding party checked the empty storage areas of the old spaceship
Finding a circular ball shaped object that in the old manifest did not fit
It had some lettering on the base of the curious object and a hum
And where the party walked near it and touched it a transformation begun
A rainbow of light emanated from the ball forming into a hologram as one
Then a ray of light hit each person changing them as the invasion was begun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Sea Of Flowers

Flowers piled in public places
Placed in sorrow and anguish
Lives lost for other people's reasons
Teddy bears and hand written notes

Sea of flowers brightly caress the air
As the breeze carries the sobbing
Another terrorist act ripping us apart
Everyone is a target in their violence.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Search

Search for life
Search for truth
Search for meaning
Search the dark places for the light

Find what you are looking for
And if one day it all rings true
Be happy for what you have
No matter what others may think.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Secret Love

Secret love at secret times
Steal the minutes so sublime

Meeting when we can get away
A rendezvous at any time of day

Awaiting a time when we are free
The chains of love were meant to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Secret Words And Secret Places

Secret words and secret places
Moonlight dinners with all the graces
Soft summer walks in the evening tide
Time together to just abide

Smooth satin sheets with a light touch
Saying I love you so very much
Sitting together in each other's arms
Anticipating your touch and golden charms.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Secrets

Secrets that you want to forever keep
Skulking around in the depths so deep
What subjects are out of your depth
And are uncomfortable in their breadth

Change the subject then straight away
Keep to the things that promise you'll stay
And when you think it is safe to do so
Mull over then so your smile will not go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Secrets - Secrets That We Keep

Our secrets that we keep
We want to remain discrete
In the recesses of our mind
Are for others hard to find

So run up your banners high
For that is where they should fly
But your secret place is for you
And will to you want to remain true.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

See Me

Who did you see
Standing looking at me
Someone you knew before
Have you come back for more
Or can't you believe your eyes
Sometimes I have a disguise
Then again there's invisibility
When there is less of me to see
But I suppose you're confused
Maybe even feeling somewhat amused.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Self Criticism

Be easy on yourself
For what you see inside
Is always so critical

Make a pact
For at least
Once every day

To say to yourself
I forgive you
For your failings

It will free you
So be easy
You owe it to yourself.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Self Isolation

The rain brings some relief
Of the monotony we have in chief
The virus has put us in our place
Awaiting its leaving at its pace

No trips to football restaurants or the mall
We watch tv knit and cook that's all
Hoping that a vaccine will be made
So it can release us from this escapade

Covid 19 is from bats they say
That Chinese eat frequently chewing away
So we sit and cringe in the thought
Of bat wings munching oh what a retort

How will 2020 be remembered we say
A year of nothing just decay
Remembering what things used to be
Going when and where we would like
Sharing things together s we might

So now our cupboards are all sorted out
With gardens tidied and trimmed about
shopping seems to be the winner
And binge watching tv shows over dinner.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Self-Judgement

Sit there and think about it
You are here thinking alone
There is no other judgement
Except that you give yourself

You are your harshest critic
So be gentle and forgive
Say this to yourself often
And move on from
The past which imprisons you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sense Of Your Own Worth

What is your sense of your own worth
When do you see those things you have done
And what it meant to have done them
If you relive them
Is there a question that is raised
Within yourself
Does it make you tired
Or just sad.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sense What's Good

Sense what's good
And where you stood
When called upon
Before truth is gone

The word for all
Before we fall
Is to know what's best
From all the rest

So we will see
What is meant to be
Don't close your eyes
And help them to disguise.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sentimental Journey

Do you make a sentimental journey
When you hear a piece of music
Or read a piece of poetry in its glory
Perhaps to a place when you return to it

How do these sweet things turn
You back to a place or time
That you now will always yearn
When memories will be mine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

September 11

A day of infamy you may say
Worse than Pearl Harbor in deaths that day
The towers fell and hearts were broke
That day when heroes were made of ordinary folk

Terrorists did such a cowardly thing
Death and destruction Osama Bin Laden did bring
And the terrorism triggered another war
That goes on today for which we deplore

So memorials stand to honour them
With families having a burden without end
And each year on the September 11 anniversary day
We will remember them forever we do say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Shadows In The Moonlight

Shadows in the moonlight
Romantic cuddling made
Balmy evening together
The warmth of our bodies
As we sit together close
Making our plans for
Tomorrow's start forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Shall We Go

Shall we go to the field again where the stream flows
To the place that we both cherish and would easily know
Near the bank with the wild flowers in perfect aura divine
We need to go and make the promises with forever in mind

So we went and reached out to our own fabled place
We walked hand to hand together in a lover's embrace
And we sat on the bank amongst the wild flowers then
Making promises to each other this time that would not end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

She

She stood there alone
No longer finding her way home
For life had dealt her hard
Having to fight for each yard

So now she speaks to no-one
She thinks to herself 'now I'm done'
For there will be no more
Feeling zero is no wanted score

How can you stand up tall
When you feel so very small
And a world that doesn't care
Even though you've paid the fare

Why would things turn out this way
When she paid her dues you'd say
But dues don't mean a thing
When your final bell will ring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

She Wasn't Sure

She wasn't sure what woke her up
And for a second or two
She didn't know where she was
She turned over and looked at the clock
And she wasn't sure if the time was correct
She stepped out of bed
And wasn't sure what she was going to do
She looked in the mirror
And knew why there was no reflection staring back.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

She Wore A Yellow Ribbon

I want to ride
Like Captain Nathan Brittles of the US Calvary
As he rode through Monument Valley
To fight the Indians
When it was easy to tell
The good from the bad
And John Wayne was the man.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

She's Only Lonely

She was so lonely it touched her soul
At night when the lights were out
All she could do was toss and turn
Thinking of what might have been

The days dragged and the world was dull
Happiness was gone since he was gone
The last whispered words linger
"I love you and I will see you again."

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Should I Stand

Have I the right to stand and shout
And to others show what I know about
Or should I stand and let it slide
Wanting what is mine to abide

For life can be a feeble thing
And not allow your bell to ring
Days of wine and roses before
May be all that for you to store.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Shouldn't Care

Jump up and make it known
That you are not alone
The crowd is whence you came
They need to be put in the frame
There will be some who don't want you there
But in the end you shouldn't care.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Side By Side

When I walk with pride
You are with me side by side
Gently touching my shoulder
Someone to lean on as I get older

My plan was always to abide
Together forever in this wild ride
So here we are today
Still together everyday.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sign Pollution

I notice that bill boards have changed the scene
In the old days they usually had one theme
And at night they were lit up to be read
With beautiful people in your imagination fed

There were some that changed a couple of times
So your interest was what the next one would find
But the plethora of signs on the side of the road
Means drivers attention is from driving mode
And is dangerous reading what these signs say
Your attention away must be less than two seconds anyway.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Signals From The Stars

Pyramids on two continents
South America and Egypt

Giant pictures on the Nasca Plains
To the gods are not explained

Were there ancient technologies
Now lost in time we now say

Ancient aliens and signals from the stars
As our radio telescopes are pointed above

New science in the dark matter of the universe
Exciting discoveries we will make

Will there be other civilisation's found
That are no longer heard or seen

There always seems more questions
Than answers in the scheme of things.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Silver Spoon

Lick and stick your silver spoon
Hey - it will make all the girls swoon
On your forehead to see it straight away
It's where you came from in your way

But it will not stick there and eventually
Your life will need you to see
The way ahead to live comfortably
As you navigate the eternal sea.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Silver Tongues

Silver tongues are easily made
Practiced now to make the grade
Know that they will smooth it over
To say the things that will never
Make you take offence for what it is
Listening sometimes is such a whiz!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Simple Things Done Simply

Simple things done simply
The sounds of home will be
Of laughter of the family
Enjoying each other's company
A favourite meal made with loving fare
A soft clean pillow to rest a head without a care
Lying quietly whilst the rain pats a tune
A lover's touch to make you swoon
All the time knowing that it is yours
Gentle times in soft sweet applause.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Simpler Times

We were ordinary ones
With no thought but fun
The days were simpler
And you weren't on the meter

You could smile because you wanted a laugh
And life for us was easy to grasp
At the end of the day
You were tucked into bed to slumber away

Do I wish for the simpler times
When the game was just fine
And I remember them all
Each day was mine in my call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Singapore In The Rain

Tropical rain pouring down
Giving us that pitter pat sound
Still warm and humid weather
God has put for us together

City growing reclaimed from the sea
Skyscrapers reaching to the sky you will see
Green gardens tendered well
Singapore a garden city nice to dwell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Singing The Land

A popular person when he was a lad
All those who met him were kinda glad
Until one day it all changed for the worst
He stopped seeing anyone seemingly his bubble burst

He took to the hills to the Outback
And wouldn't mix with people as a matter of fact
He lived off the land in a shack his grandfather made
With a delivery of flour sugar and salt for the escapade

He was a mate we had grown up together
I'd go to see him once a month no matter the weather
I asked him one day why he had left us
And he'd shake his head saying don't make a fuss

One day when I visited he was sick in bed
And he said don't worry not a tear was shed
He spoke about his father who was an aborigine
Who passed on his dreaming stories that were meant to be

His father had passed on a ceremony
Of singing the land renewing it wild and free
Because he didn't have a son
The land and all people would come undone

Finally he said he was the last of his line
That when he was gone it would end the earth's time
And he died that night in his sleep
Saying his prophecy would be complete

So I put him in the ground as he wanted it to be
Smoking his body and singing what he had given me
Today I am driving back to the city
When a news flash told of a disease spreading without pity.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Singularity Alone

He felt out of place with it all
With others in this tired world
And his interactions always seemed
Out of kilter with the rest of humanity

Even with his parents and other siblings
There was a sense of not belonging
So he decided that he would be alone
Forsaking the rest of the world known

He is satisfied to sit at home and thinks
Of the world and what it all means
For in the end there one truth to know
Your death will be a singularity alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sitting Thinking

Quietly sitting
Just sitting.....
And thinking
Just thinking.....
What I said was true
True enough for some
Not enough for some others
But saying it would be enough
If what I said was true to you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Skinned Knees And Darned Socks

Skinned knees and darned socks
Hand me down clothes the lot
Playtime under the sun
Backyard cricket when the day is done

No need to be the best
Just join in with the rest
Go to bed dog tired
60s Summer time as we desired.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sleep Baby Sleep

Slip slowly into a sleep so complete
Shake your sadness forever not to meet
Comfortably tucked away in your bed
Keep the nightmares away from your head

Renew yourself as you deeply sleep
Know you are safe within your keep
As the morning hours transpire
Wake to your new world so as to aspire.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Smoking

Smoking is a dying art
Only tried it once for my part
And I see the tobacco companies
Are still making lots of pennies

In the third world countries
With cigarette kiosks near child facilities
It seems for them it's a matter of choice
Health is something which should have a voice

Surely people matter and shouldn't be exploited
So that money is made for the anointed
Still the way the world is today
Money is important in its say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Smooth Lookin' Dude

Just a smooth lookin' dude
Walkin' on through
Checks the ladies out
He knows what to do

For he has experience
That helps him along
And whistlin' his tune
He knows his song

But what is he hidin'
He can tell
But you know
It is his private hell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Smooth Talking Dude

Such a smooth talking dude
Didn't worry about being rude
He thought he could run the world
To change people's thoughts that are held

But he was afraid that he wouldn't measure up
So he made his life for him alone to sup
In the end there is only one person he fools
That's the first and only golden rule.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Snake Catchers

Watching snake catchers on TV
Looking for where they may be
In kitchen cupboards and stoves
Looking for a black mambo where they go

Even the little ones can bite really bad
Leaving a wound that is painfully sad
A pillow case is used to hold them in
Fangs biting with poison dripping then.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Snakes

Snakes are just killing machines
Long and muscled and deadly
Every creature has a purpose
And controlling vermin their's
Being scary is their other trait.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

So Cool Man So Cool

The road goes on
As the ribbon of life
With a beginning
And maybe an end
Sometimes it rains
Then there's the dust
Just going on and on
Rainforests you can't see through
But then the desert forever without care
It's cool man so cool without rule man without a rule.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

So Extreme

Are we working on the groove
So careful to make my move
Rock on up there my friend
There is no need to pretend

So baby you look fine
With your hair so divine
That you make me want to dream
As you look exquisite in everything.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

So Nice

Our first conversation
Made me smile
You didn't have
To be so nice
I would have loved you always
So now I see us
Together forever more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

So Simple

I sit at the bar alone and hold my drink
It's a slow night and I have time to think
Our last words were hard and I regret each one
Is it really true that our love is now done?

It was so simple when we had just begun
A working man's girl who liked fun
But as we got older life got in the way
What do I do now - beg you to stay?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - Aborigine

I saw in your dark stare
Hatred pouring out there
How could your treatment
Be so completely spent
That you could to me display
A seething look in your affray?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - Alea Iacta Est

"Alea iacta est"

Or does it mean lest

Once you have looked at it

It will be right and it will fit

But you can change because it doesn't mean

Once you know all the facts you would glean

That in the end you can't do the right thing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - Born To It

On the hot dirty streets of the North
Late at night you see them come forth
Their parents are drunk or drugged at night
There is no-one to give them guidance that might
Return them to a path that will make it right
It's hard for them to find a place of light

We found the two brothers at the local High School
After breaking in and hiding against the rule
One was ten and the other nine
Both without shoes or a parent to find
So we took them home and searched for their mother
Who was single, drugged and couldn't bother

So the welfare came to collect them again
It wasn't the first or last or the end
It makes me wonder how these two boys could dwell
On how to make anything of themselves in this private hell
You have to have a super human effort done
To leave this place and to have won

But you know it won't happen it's plain to see
They will continue the cycle and jail will be
How to change things so they have a chance
And not continue with their family dance
We should not look to what you see
But search your soul and know what could be

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - Chloe

Curly blonde hair bobbing around so sweetly grew
Sad eyes that have by practice learnt to make-do
A question is now posed for some reasons why
And how in her short years she was able to get by.

A little girl lost her tale still breaks your heart
When all she needed was love a world apart
The wonder is there are such people in this world
When thoughts for themselves are all that they held.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - Consecrated By Blood

We are so serious about some things
But when do really know what it truly brings
We weren't a country until the ANZAC sacrifice
Every death that has occurred is enough to suffice
What about 9/11 when the twin towers fell to the ground
And all people living in a senseless fear too profound

Each of us needs to see what's right now
And find peace together we have the know how
Nothing needs to be consecrated in blood
This plan I know for us is no dud

Fighting and slaughter over whose religion is right
Means more death and destruction with no end to the fight
Every family torn apart by domestic violence now
Or a senseless death on the road when we should know how
Drugs that cause damage and sorrow that's wrought
When we could live together with peace we've already bought

Each of us needs to see what's right now
And find peace together we have the know how
Nothing needs to be consecrated in blood
This plan I know for us is no dud

Does there need to be consecration by blood
Before we would treat it as just a lot of crud
Surely in these times of great enlightenment
We can decipher what the message has meant
All the suffering, sorrow and pain in times past
Surely means we can live in a peace that will last

Each of us needs to see what's right now
And find peace together we have the know how
Nothing needs to be consecrated in blood
This plan I know for us is no dud

© Paul Warren Poetry

Social Comment - Mobile Phones

In the old days I would leave home or the office
Knowing that I could be contacted by device
We did not have to know exactly where everyone was
Just getting on and leaving message bank served our cause

Now we have mobile phones in our pocket
Which make our communication like a rocket
So now our biggest worry is no signal at all
For a phone whilst we need to call

And our phone now is our office time
With emails, Internet and no need for a dime
And now I'm pestered all night and all day
It's the age of the mobile phone to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - My Dna

I provided DNA to a Canadian laboratory for a test
I wanted to find my pedigree and if I was from the best
What I found was that I was related to all God created
In particular a certain black lady who lived and propagated
Under a Central African sun such a long long time ago
So that when her extended family finally was to grow
They migrated all the way through the Middle East
To Europe then Ireland when skin colour change was the least
Of their concerns as local conditions and selection for us found
Us all different looking from our Great-Grandmother so profound
We all need to understand that we are all the same family!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - Photographs

For the last two hundred years
We've recorded life in laughter and tears
Photographs now talk to us
At times when memories are a must

I look back on them now
And we remember times and how
We lived and loved each other well
I think from the pictures you can tell

One day others will look at these photographs
And wonder what we felt in the past
Staring back frozen in time
Was the past for us so sublime?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - Release The Kraken

I have finally decided to have my say
I have heard others take a stand this way
To use words to stand for something is right
Sometimes it is the only way to take up a fight
Remember it and to write it will make a stand
And put it forward will sometimes not make a fan
But I don't care as it must be said
So release the Kraken I say ain't half bad!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment – Social Media

We are in the information age it is sure to see
Where you have to sift through to find the truth to be
When Prime Ministers rise and fall
On what they said or what is said about them all
I don't think any of us has completely learnt how
To troll through the garbage and find the truth now
It seems to me that it is easy such an easy thing to do
To put something on Facebook around the world that flew
And it doesn't have to be the truth just a good story
That people will read to be drowned or find glory
So please when you read these stories on your phone
Think of the truth and your mind will not roam.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - The 70's

For me flared trousers, body shirts and platform shoes
Long hair, side burns and moustaches to choose
Was your pick for Skyhooks or Sherbet long and loud?
Or was Slade or Led Zeppelin the best for your crowd?
Did you drive a Monaro, Charger or Ford GTHO?
Or did you dream of these cars as being all the go?
Was your favourite Number 96, The Sullivans or Happy Days?
Did you see Barbarino and the Fonz all in your gaze?
When the Poseidon turned over did you see it go slow?
When the Fever was hot on Saturday Night did you know?
That was 70's when we were all immortal
Life was all laughs and time's call was not total.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - The Reader Of Tea-Cups

A friend of my mother's read tea cups
And when I came home from school we would ante up
She would be in the lounge room awaiting us
We would drink our tea and go in without fuss

So we would sit there with up turned cup on our plate
And read what our future from the cup she would make
My mother said the tea cup was an instrument
And that you would see what the Lord would have sent

This lady had learnt her skill during the time after the Great War
When death had called far too often that our families saw
So the Spiritual Church sanctified these people whose life had been mired
During the Great War when their soldier's death had transpired

She was the one who told of my spirit guide
An older man in a suit who stood with pride
The thing the I could never work out
How she knew some things that I did not let out

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - The Weak One

How could you look like that and never take a stand
Go on look at you now! You're not a stronger man!
When he comes into work he won't look at you in the eye
All he does is walk around and look away towards the sky!
If I were him I would take it in and look stronger in the mix
Standing tall and would not take any of life's very dirty tricks.

Maybe you do not know what he faces each day in his struggle true
How would it be if in his place it was the same as his life for you
Would you get up and face the day and take each lonely step
Or when your strife and times are bad would each day be a threat
Think of him when you go forth with happiness in your home
Thank the stars for your life and help him make his burden be gone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - Were You There?

Were you there?
And did you care?
Did you see it happen?
And did it bother you?
Or do you think it doesn't concern?
When you went home did you think of it again?
Or did you stand up for right and stop it now?

Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - What Did You Feel?

What did you feel as you pushed the knife?
Did all the strain disappear with this strife?
Did the lust for killing find you now
Or was it just your final bow?

What did you feel as you pulled the trigger?
Did it come through after your thoughts of rigour?
Was your point finally made
Once it was done did you make your grade?

What is left now that it's done?
Was it the final act of knife or gun?
In these days of overbearing grief
Did you come taking a life as a unforgiving thief?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - Where Are The Heroes

There was a time when you could always tell
Who was for the right and who was from hell
There was no need to know why they were bad
Just reason enough that they were a known cad
Some wore black hats, moustache and a cigar
Had a black horse, black armour or a black car
Now we need to know what turned them wrong
And know why they now sing the devil's song
Even when they come out after doing hard time
The reasons they were there makes it just fine
Don't you wish for a time when it was so easy
To shoot all the bad guys and not feel at all queasy!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Social Comment - Who Will Stand For The Children?

In judgement's call a parchment list revealed
Of deeds indefensible and innocence congealed
A baby left all alone in an oppressive heat
The mother's denial was for herself to secrete
A 12 year old daughter too scared to be alone
With a step-father to force his desire so prone
An angel with a sad smile in neglect so complete
That she died in hospital from injuries not discrete
Then who will stand for the children?

A father stands so violent his wife cowers away
His son's arm he twists and breaks in his affray
A boy who is beaten with a straight edge pole
His mother's boyfriend touts his enforcer role
A girl and brother who are kept in filth so vile
When you enter their house it raises your bile
In quiet times these memories return to you
A shake of head makes you wonder who knew
Then who will stand for the children?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Soft As Velvet

Soft as velvet in the night
My heart skips a beat in sheer delight
She glides across the dance floor
Blue eyes enticing me even more

I caught her eye so magical
Will it be enough to make her call
Then she comes up to me with a golden smile
As our love affair blossomed without denial.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Soft Voices

Soft voices, whispers just heard
Listen, quietly now just a word
Who is it that wants me to hear
Are they standing so close to me
That their breath kisses my cheek
Or are they so far away on the breeze
Making it harder now to hear so clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Solar Winds

The solar winds push us on
As we sail the universe in song
We are a billion years old cosmic dust
Gathered together in life a thrust

Good morning star shines on each day
And supernova lights up the sky-way
We will not fade into the celestial sun
But live on as space and time is won.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Solitary Man

Don't you know you don't count
They won't hear the argument you mount
For just to look at you in your cause
Will not gain from anyone applause

So you look in and not out
Keeping to yourself there is no hurt about
And they will wonder why you keep to yourself
A solitary man with solitary wealth.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Some Days

Some days I can't stand it
And it's so bad I can't speak
For it's hard to fathom the cards
The deal seems to be the same
No matter what I do
For the cards will fall with no aces for me
Until I get used to it again
And I go on for another day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Some Songs Die

Some songs die when they aren't sung
Each having a life that is not done
For the soundtracks of your life
Keep the faith in times of strife

I remember the happy sounds of my youth
Did we know the truth?
And even the sad ones near your heart
Will help your grieve in its part

So sing your favorites out loud
Make them all strong and proud
For they are your life each one
Taking you back to love and fun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sometimes In The Morning

Sometimes in the morning
I wake up by your side
And I know then I'm not dreaming
I feel so satisfied

As our love will go on forever
This cannot be denied
So I hold you close to me
And make love so easily.
© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Songs

Remember it all
In endless recall
Singing the old songs
As it all rolls on

Each word of good cheer
Made so it will endear
Happy or sad times
As it all is so fine

Did they know it when new
What it would mean to you
As it plays in your head
Memories of these times are fed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sons And Daughters Of Anzac

We are the ones
Who inherited their sun
To live in peace together
For we are all tethered
To the Legends true blue
Souls with mates who stood true

And when the stories are told
Of these ones who were bold
Those are the brave ones
Who stood when the day needed to be won

And I am proud
To say it out loud
We are sons and daughters of ANZAC
Pride in their Legends as fact.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Soul - Empires Of The Soul

Do we build Empires of the Soul within
That we build so that we can always win
Are the borders defined for your sake
For the fight you only need to make
So that your spirit shines through
And it's safe with no hurt for you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Soul Food

Soul food sound so great
And it seems so important to make
Each morsel so it speaks to your soul
And makes you want to rock and roll

It comes from the American south
In the days of segregation mouth
But it must be special in its sound
For eating makes you glory bound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Soul Stained

Roman soldiers were cremated
The fire was meant

To cleanse their souls
The idea was that what bad they'd done

Would disappear in fire and smoke
Oh, if it could be so easy done

For evil can last and souls stained
It can remain and does so.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

South African Snake Catchers

Catching snakes has to be done
When they are in the city each one
There is a couple of tattooed people
On television in South Africa showing their mettle

Black mambas, Cobras, Spitting Cobras each done
Would have the potential to kill when their biting is done
Not my cup of tea to do this sort of thing
With nerves of steel that they do bring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Soylent Green

I was watching the Soylent Green movie
With Charlton Heston made in 1973
The world was a mess with a population mass
From the effect of greenhouse gases

Humid and hot all year around
Nothing would grow in polluted ground
I remember seeing it in the movies when it was made
And thinking that it went too far in the future grade

But looking at it now with a new perspective
And I now feel that I can't be more selective
At what I believe the future will be without a fuss
Being nearer the truth even now for us.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Space Junk

3,000 tons of space junk going around the earth
Bits of metal uselessly orbiting for what it's worth
The UN wants to clean it up for all of our good
But ownership of it is the issue for cleaning as it should

With countries such as the USA having their say known
Not wanting other countries to touch their ones they own
Some of this junk falls to earth causing a problem because of it
A woman named Lottie Williams being the first person hit

So what to do you may think is a problem for us all
Maybe there will be a day when the UN will make the call
And there will be a treaty to get the junk down
There will be no problem when the junk is not around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Speedie

Sitting behind the sign on highway one
Waiting for hoons the whole day long
The cruiser was primed and ready to go
To catch the malefactors in their tale of woo

In those days you had to hunt them down
No radar or laser to record speeding around
A follow and time the only way
Get up behind them and let your speedo say.

That was the old Speedie method
To make the road safe in all speeds measured
Now there is no use for for billboards hiding much
Scientific instruments measuring speed and such.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Spinin'

I've go the world spinin' for me
And its something for you all to see
Don't stop now 'cause I'm in the mood
I won't hold back as its my spiritual food

You see, you can be gloomy and half read
Or get up into the world and live well instead
Other people will try to bring you down
But in the end just treat them all as clowns.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sport - Russell Ebert Like A Football God

We went to Adelaide Oval to watch the game
And to cheer a champion in football's fame
Russell Ebert played it tough but fair
On Port Adelaide's stage in the SANFL glare

Four Magarey Medals for best and fairest
Made him one of South Australia's best
He now forever stands in bronze
So fans can now sing his songs

On the eastern entrance of sport's SA home
With football in hand he stands well known
Ready to give out the hand pass so profound
He will stand forever on the Power home ground.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sport - The Flying Motor Cyclist

I always calculate my jumps
On my motorcycle over cars and humps
I know the speed and the ramp angle
I have crashed and the odd motorcycle I mangle
It's exciting for the crowd and the adrenalin is high
I leave the ramp and fly through the sky
How many broken bones they asked me
Well you see I stopped counting at twenty three!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sport - The Great Muhammed Ali

The Black Superman of Boxing never again we will see
Who floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee
Who boxed his way to glory in the Rumble in the Jungle
And the Thriller in Manila was without a bungle

Fought in the Olympic Games as Cassius Clay
And stood Anti-War as a Muslim for peace in his way
He was a Muhammed Ali as a role model and a Great Man
Who now takes his place in history forever grand

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sports Car Drivers

Do you like the wind in your hair
With the top down if you dare
A sports car for a bit of style
Will take you along for a smile

And you know where you will go
Through the hills and not slow
Then take it home and polish it well
Put it in the garage and the spell dwells.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Spring Blue Skies

The blue sky stretches away as a happy friend
As the spring wins and winter ends
The warmth of the sun on aching bones is luxurious
Boreas' chilly breathfades to memory for us
With the promise of lazy days
And new memories of the golden days and ways.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Spring Walk

Flowers and bird calls as they sing
Water flowing over stones as contentment brings
A cool breeze on a hot summer day
Snuggling warm as the rain on the roof stays

Just to hear I love you so very true
From you is so special - I love you too
For the world is so beautiful I know
Walking hand in hand together so slow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Springtime

The first sunny days we are happy to finally see
When the sky is blue from each horizon to be
With a promise of warmer days to come
And the winter time is over and finally won

The clean green leaves of the wet months glisten
And we remember the bright sun we have been missing
It will soon be Summer and the hot sun will shine down
When outdoor pursuits will be the soon be around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

St Michael

St Michael stands resolute
With his foot on the devil grinding his boot
A steely look to make demons despair
God's warrior archangel always there

As the patron saint of the police
He has your back in times of grief
It makes me wonder how we know
These matters of heaven now on show.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stand And Stare

Wondering at the world turning
As the inner fire keeps burning
Seeing and taking it all in
Sometimes not knowing where to begin
Do you stand and stare
Making out it's you that cares.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stand Tall

Just stand tall
Show your wherewithal
It matters now
That others see how
You stood the test
Having done your best.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stars

A pathway to every star
When you gaze from afar
Each twinkling wonder
In distances to cast asunder
Stare in amazement unending
Will there be a time in us ascending?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Statistics

Our lives are ruled by statistics
So we live our lives by mimic
The best possible outcome
With at least a 90% probability for some

What's my chance is the game we play
To your choice of carpets to whether to stay
And algorithms will tell what partner is best
By pushing you forward from the rest

I wonder how the olden days worked
When statistics weren't part of the jerks
Both physically and mentally to win
And knowing your chance of whether you'll win.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stay Strong

Roll on
Stay strong
Know there are better days
To come and stay

Stand tall
Even if you stumble at the wall
But know this
You won't miss.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stay With Me Baby

Stay with me baby
Don't just let it be
The days mean nothing
For you to me are everything

I need you it's a fact
My gentle touch down your back
I'm begging you can't you see
Stay with me baby.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stephen Hawking Died Today

Stephen Hawking died today
The greatest mind of our time
Physically restrained by his disability
His mind explored the universe
He wanted to know
How we came to be

He explored the universe
I hope now he will find
The answers he wanted
So walk or run
Do those things you want
Finally - there are no earthly bonds

It goes to show
A life well led
Means there are no constraints
Even when the odds are
Against you
You can triumph.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Still Lingerin

It was time
To say goodbye
In those words
Whispered by lovers
To each other
On their departing
And soft caresses
Of our cravings

Or do I go
Not knowing truly
Whether we will
Ever meet again
And try to remember
The soft touch
Of your lips
On mine still lingerin.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stop And Wonder Why

What would the world do
If my time on earth was through
Would it stop and wonder why
It was my time to die

If today was my faithful day
Would I wonder why I couldn't stay
For life can be such a fleeting thing
And each moment I feel the magic that it brings

If the world feels each passing
For there is sadness in its asking
There would be no reason to stop and stare
Just remember me and I was there.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Strange But True

Strange but true stories I read
That are curious as they are bred
Finding an explanation of it all
Will enhance the story in recall

Would it be lively or uninteresting
And be a surprise as it would spring
I think a lot of it will be finally explained
As science not understood in the refrain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Strange Places, Strange Things

Life takes you to strange places
Sometimes doing strange things

When I was a young child it seemed simple
The good guys won and evil was defeated

But then you grow up and learn it isn't correct
Sometimes evil wins and it's only perception

The people in Nazi Germany thought they were right
And the Roman Empire crucified people on a cross

Do we just go about our lives doing the best we can
And do we continue to hope we are on the right side.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stride On In Time

What sort of beggars deal
Was this his life for real
Did he bargain hard
For what was just a yard

Of a mile he had to go
Forever his as he walks on slow
So although his journey made
Will be in history's glade

He would stride on in time
Wanting life to be sublime
But take it for what it is
Yours alone to struggle with.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Struggle - Prayer For Those Who See Life's Struggle

Come back to home O gallant one
Now your tasks are valiantly done
Sup the wine of good times had
Knowing you have struck down the bad

Having seen the worst of life
Peace be yours on earth away from strife
Hold your banner way up high
I will see you when looking to the sky.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stuffed

I've had enough of this stuff
If I had anymore I would burst
Now I want to rest and while
The time away with no more
But I know there will be a time
When I want some more of it
So give me a short break now.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stunts And Moggies

Stunts on the Internet
Seem to be with cats
For subject matter

So cuteness for moggies
And being stupid
And risking it all
For stunts is the way

And hits on YouTube
Or Facebook will be
Yours so easily.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Stupid Watergate

They are calling it stupid Watergate
The Russians involved in the election date
They say that everyone involved is stupid
It would seem the Trump will tweet it

And then have to quote the Fox network
When you get your briefing at television jerks
So where do we go from here is logical
That politics can be for everyone quite magical.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Success

I watched a hawk swoop
Then fly high
With eagle eye
In the afternoon sun

The hawk swooped again
And again
Until it had its prey
In its talons

It would do it again
And not care
How many times
Until the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Summer Days

Do you see the sun glint off the sea
A deep blue crystal you will see
As a breeze brushes the water carefree
And the gulls wheel and squeal gleefully

Summer days and balmy nights
As the boat drifts near harbour lights
A dolphin plays and jumps near
And I see happiness reflected in your eyes so clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Summer Evening Cool

Quiet Summer evening alone
As the thoughts wander home
A soft cool breeze blows
And the curtain sways to and fro

Remember the evening stars
And how they twinkled from afar
Summer in the city bakes you dry
But you are refreshed as the sun slips from the sky

Countless summer days in the sun
Remembered as the evening time begun
Freshening sweet cool breezes
Across my face now pleases.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Summer Holidays

The sky goes on forever
In azure blue as I remember
Riding on with a cool breeze
Long hot days doing what you please

White sands that shone
Running free all care gone
Crystal clear sparkling water cooling touch
Summer holidays as I remember much.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Summer Love

We met in the afternoon
On a bright summer's day
Secretly at her apartment
Anticipation meant our love
Wouldn't still my racing heart
Finally together no longer apart

My first touch was caressing as
I ran my hand down her naked back
It made her shiver with such delight
As she rested her head on my shoulder
And we made love to our favourite songs
Consuming each other in our ecstasy

There were no more secrets between us
And being together forever would not be too long.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Summer Night In Australia

No coolin' breeze in the summer night
Northerlies blow the dusty blight

A full moon shines on the red dusty ground
No cloud to block the stars shinin' down

You can smell the wild oat grass as you ride on by
The Southern Cross lords above in the open sky.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Summer Nights

Summer nights in balmy bliss
The sun is down in happiness
A full moon lights the plain
A touch of romance will remain

Is there ever a better time
A perfect night nowhere else you'd find
The moon is bright in a cloudless sky
As I count the starry chandelier on high.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Summertime

Every time when I hear 'Close to You'
And 'Sweet Caroline' on the radio too
It reminds me of Summer and Sunshine
When things were simple and life was fine

Of clear starry nights and long hot days
When I want to feel good I play them always
For life is memories and there will always be songs
To go back to and to hear again to sing along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sun And Rain

Do you like the way the sun glistens on the trees
After the rain ends and the sun relieves
You may like the rain on a tin roof patter
Snuggling in bed when cold doesn't matter

The sky will broil and roll as the front moves in
As we wait for the life giving rain to begin
For there has to be a balance being honest
For sunny days also means rain must be a promise.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sundown

The world puts on a show
Where all the pastels glow
As the sun goes down
The beauty of the world surrounds
In blue, indigo, pinks and browns
I think that God gives this present
That could only be heaven sent.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sunshine

Sunshine

Have you felt the sun
After a grey winter's day
When the cold is in your bones
And it feels you have always been alone

Does it pick up your spirits
Like you're awakening to a new day
And the grey of the clouds
Are blown away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Super-Power

I am a Geiger Counter detecting evil
Where I can go out and work retrieval
Of the goodness in the world as it is
So march on with me and we will persist

Better still I can go out and kill them now
And as a hero I cannot fail, just take a bow
My super-power is for all the world to see
I am for truth, justice and freedom to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Super-Power - Invisibility

Am I now the one who can be ignored?
As I sit on a bus my presence cannot be deplored
By young people who would never say
The things they tell each other whilst I am nearby today
It's their inner most secrets and the things I hear
When these things that I would never hold dear

You know what I think happened as I sit here now
Is that I have an invisibility superpower in my bag of know-how
So when those young ladies sit near and say
The things I don't want to hear from them today
I use my invisibility power and they can't see
Me sitting near them in ear shot as close as can be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Survive The Crush

Survive the crush!
Don't get lost in the rush
As they walk over you
Don't you feel you are through

For you will get past it
And know what to expect
Each challenge will make you strong
Make them cower without song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Swan Song

He liked the dusty track
Sitting on the log looking back
And the kookaburra sung
In the bright mid morning sun

The walk had seemed so easy
When he started walking you see
He had wanted it so bad
And now the walk made him glad

Alone he left his life so comfortable
But lately it made him so irritable
Here he was halfway along the trail
Needing to rest and be sure he would prevail

A lifetime had passed until now
So to continue was his only vow
Rested well he walked on
After deciding it would be his swan song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sway Together Lost In Its Charm

I hear them play our song
As I hear it I want to sing along
The melody so easy to defend
The words a familiar friend

The time was long ago my love
When we heard it first it fit like a glove
We would sway lost in its charm
And want no more than each other's arms.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Sweet Silence

On his worse days he longed for the sweetness of silence
When left alone with time spent in quiet circumstance
For the world sometimes intrudes
Without invitation and being quite rude

Silence that helps him mull over
Times before when I was bolder
And so prepares him to take the next step
So orderly and silence and so well kept.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Symbols

Symbols seen
What do they mean
Joy for some
In what is done
Do they show a fatal flaw
When they promise more
In the end a gathering point
Or for others something to anoint.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Syria

There is torture and murder
There is detention without charge
There is bombing populations

In Syria with Assad's regime
In Hospitals, police stations and prisons
In Hospital 601 it is one of the worst

They say that those gaoled for genocide
Or who are war criminals shooting and torturing
Are finally convicted by their own documentation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Syrian War

In Syria the skies are full
Of different planes attacking too
The Russian jets fly in and bomb
The Americans and British come along

And blow the ISIS terrorist plot up
But innocents die and evil sups
I tried to count who was on whose side
But it seemed that the war implied

There were more than two camps
In a war where confusion seemed the vamp.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tabby's Star And The Dyson Swarm Sphere

Tabby's star is 1300 light years from earth
And at times the light dims by 20% in its girth
This is happening again and scientists are busy
Collecting data whilst the Tabby's Star is hazy

The mystery of this drop in brightness may mean
Alien's in this system for this information to gleam
They say that the dimming may be due to a huge object
Moving across the face of this star in the effect

Or a Dyson Swarm Sphere covering the star
To drain the energy needed for an alien civilisation bar
The mystery deepened when as sudden as it started
The dimness ended and the effect departed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tablets

Moderation

Walk the line
All the time
Don't do bad
Or be too glad

For moderation is needed
And your appetitenot exceeded
These are the rules to live by
Go ahead and try.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Tablets

I take my tablets every day
So my ailments will go away
They say my levels are just right
And If I play the game it will be alright

When I was young I'd run a mile
Push-ups were my forte then with guile
But that was then and now is now
I'm older now I can't comprehend why it changed somehow

So it seems the older you get
The more tablets so don't fret
For as you walk you may rattle
But collecting and swallowing tablets is the battle.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Take It Back

Take it back
I heard him say
That's not a fact
Now go away

But he couldn't hide the truth
From all in town
The word was out - struth
It had got around

So in the end
The black eye given
He did not defend
As he felt he was driven

For once it's known
In all that's said
It could not be unknown
Even if he wished it in his dread.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Take My Love

Take my hand my lovely one
For our love together has been one
To shine in all its might
Lying together feels just right

So soothing to our souls
As our night together rolls
Our time will never end
Forever as lovers and friends.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Take The Money

Everyone and thing has a price
When we are out there and don't play nice
Perhaps you do not want to know what it's about
You'll take the money and just get out

For doing right can be on a sliding scale
Sometimes you win and sometimes you fail
And then it's just wanting to get out
Money becomes the icing on the cake - with and not without.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Take Your Chance

Don't waste a chance
It may be your time to dance
Take it and do your best
Forget the negativity of the rest
When you make excuses for it all
Know where and when forget the chance of fall.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tall And Strong

Stand up to the gale
You know you cannot fail
Tall and strong
All along
Strike up the band
The win will be as planned
Don't cry
You'll get by.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tardigrades Have A Super Power

You can boil them at 150 degrees C
Or deep freeze their butts
Or crush them flat
And don't feed them for 30 years
They have shot them into space
But the tardigrades have survived it all

For they may be small
Minute in fact with 8 legs
But they will be around
Until the sun finally dies
The most indestructible creatures known
Moss pigs or spaces bears
Whose super power is
Living forever more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tasmania In The Sun

I'm just waitin' on the sun
A warm hope for having fun
Crystal blue sea on Coles Bay
Lapping the water's edge all day

On the convict trail historically true
Driving across convict made bridges Spikey too
Days just wandering along
On Tasmanian adventure roads long.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Taste The Wine And Merriment

Taste the wine and merriment
That were heaven sent
For mate ship and a glass of wine
Is a way to be entwined

We talk long hours of all the things
That working together brings
The hours seem minutes in the night
Laughter will erase that which is not right

Oh! To go back to those days of yesterday
To want to be there forever and want to stay
That may be too much to ask in my later days
But the memory of the wine is with me always.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tattoos

Tattoos are the hip thing now
To ink yourself shows the know-how

Some look three-d
Peeling back the skin to see

Muscle and bone exposed
Or maybe some Chinese letters that know

Some Far Eastern Philosphy
Add some spider webs you see

And a gothic cross on the upper arm
With a heart and a lover's name with charm

But as the years go by does the charm fade
With happy faces sagging to sadness made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Taught Hatred

Children have to be taught
To hate others without tolerance sought
So we see children holding severed heads
And in uniforms of hatred instead

Can we live together with understanding bred
We have in the past seen once hatred is fed
It will continue to grow and multiply to see
Until the only thing left is war and misery to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tax - Have You Used A Panama Lawyer?

How much tax do you pay?

As a citizen of this country in your way

To fund things like hospitals, schools and police

So that your families can have these things in their valise

Then comes a Panama lawyer firm with employee problems

When someone with a beef and a message to send to them

Gives information about tax havens for the rich in the world

And what they thought were secret from all as they held

But what does it mean for them who look to lessen their tax

And work out how not to pay their way to the max

With money to burn for everything that they could want

They go to island tax havens as their money saving font.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tax - No Need For Charity If Billionaires Paid Tax

Who wants to be a billionaire
To live a life for yourself without a care
And your one thing you do is make money
When not paying tax becomes a hole of honey
If you give a portion of your money to charity
Is OK but paying your way would mean no need for donated fees
You would think if you loved your country as a citizen
To pay your way would be something to be proud of in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tax - The Rich Getting Richer

Tax havens and family trusts you hear of it all
If you had the 80 richest people in the world in a room
They would blow the rest of us away quite easily
A company like Apple has their money away in a tax haven
And in the United States has to borrow to pay its employees
These companies and people don't pay taxes at home
Although their profits are in the billions of dollars
If they did education, health and law and order would be paid for
Privatisation is the buzz word with jobs overseas the go
And work on the weekend and don't get paid penalties
They say get rid of them and there would be more jobs I'm not convinced
The rich getting richer like the Victorian times
With less than 1% of people being well off
And the rest struggling along is this what the future holds?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Teach Your Children Well

Is the best way to make them learn
To scare them and show them the burn
Of what can happen if they break the law
Or do something stupid in a car for sure

And the Americans looked at a program
Called 'Scare them Straight' with a reality slam
They found that participants weren't scared straight
In fact there is no inoculation that you can make

Just raise them right and give them the right choices
Consider when the time comes it will be with the right voices.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Technology - Communicating By Mind

Technology quickly changes the world
What once was fiction in your hand can be held
Now you can be like Captain Kirk on Star Trek
And be in contact at any time at home or at work

I was watching a video on my phone today
With a bracelet and screen on your forearm in play
So that you are able to use your phone screen
With your finger touch and play what on your arm is seen

Where will it end I wonder is the thing
Will one day we will just think and contact will sing
Within your head and in your mind's eye
A picture will form there and communication will fly.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Telephone Help Centres

Have you noticed that phone help centres don't help
They don't know their products or give a flying one
The latest trick is to cut you off and don't speak
It seems that way you don't have to do your job
I don't know but when they were local it seemed to count
But now if your inquiry doesn't mean to upgrade your service
Don't bother you are wasting your time and just put up with it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Television - Doctor Who

Travelling across space and time
The Doctor makes for reason and rhythm
Out of strange beings and situations
On other planets, the earth and nations

There have been thirteen doctors in all
With a side kick and U.N.I.T. at call
I used to race home from school
To see him as he breaks nature's rule

He says time does not pass as it's an illusion
With each moment being a picture in profusion
It is a story that goes on forever
And it seems one that I am have been tethered.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Television - Hot Rod Shows

I like hot rod shows
You know building cars that really go
Taking an old car
Then modifying it to go so very far
And fast on the road
As it goes down the bitumen in fast mode
But I can't do a thing
So I just watch the shows and dream.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Television Westerns

In westerns it was easy to see the good guys
They had truth and justice that was wise
The bad guys were always for big business
And they always bullied a town to make a mess

Then someone like John Wayne would ride in
For gunfights and cleaning out through the din
The fight would always last up to the last scene
And the bad guys lost badly when the town was clean.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - A Horror Call

When evil is seen
In a sea of dreams
When what is done
Sees sorrow begun
When fairness to all
Becomes a horror call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - Does The World Feel Right?

Does the world feel right?
When terrorists want to fight
And plan for the death of innocents there
How can they stand it and not care
It makes for no real sense to it all
Then to be gunned down yourself in your fall
It's worrying with no winners in the end
This new world to me I can't comprehend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - Don't You Long For The Days

Don't you long for the days
When you saw bandits in their ways
You were certain who was the enemy
And who was with you on your journey

Killing innocents now seems the thing
And making a point that loudly rings
How do you find the circumstance
When a bad guy sticks out in a glance.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - Flowers

A morning cup of coffee needed
A gunman oozed a hate exceeded
To change the world by violence sought
A gunman kills two as sorrow wrought
Shed tears for a loving mother's lost embrace
And a lost partner struck down in a hero's grace
We grieve for our innocence now lost
Our Australian home counts the cost
A sea of flowers to help in the healing
The scent of flowers to heaven appealing
A bride's bouquet is love's great hope
Placed to find together a peace to cope.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - Guantanamo Bay And The Casio Watch

Terrorism is insidious and to fight it
We should use any weapon that fits
The Americans use Guantanamo Bay
To put these dangerous people away

And they currently have 61 people incarcerated
For Terrorist crimes that are for them slated
But it would seem to me that being in the possession
Of a Casio watch model given out by the Taliban in a fashion

As this watch could be used as a timer on a bomb planted there
Will mean innocent people will be targeted and is not fair
So the Americans continue to argue about 'Gitmo's' worth
And whether closing it down would be good in its humanitarian girth.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - How Can You Be A Moderate In An Extreme World

How can you be moderate in an extreme world?
When religious fervour is what is held
When you make war on children
Surely you won't reach your heaven or do you pretend?

Please let us stop this murder of the innocents
As no religion preaching fairness would depend
Throw out your hatred and pray to your God
That we can live in peace and happiness in our daily plod

We grieve with you in Nice and France.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - If The Darkness Prevails

If the Darkness prevails
And evil tips the scales
How can we live in this world then
Who will stand if justice ends?

In times past it has been easy to know
Good from bad as it would show
Now people will hide in plain sight
And jump out in public ready to fight

Sometimes the fight can seem so grave
When the innocent die by a terrorist knave
And we can tire as the road seems long
But we must persist against the devil's throng.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - Isis Loves Toyota Hi-Lux Utilities

So Toyota Hi-Lux utilities are a turn over worry
I wouldn't go swerving one around in a hurry
It seems that this problem has been with them for years
And it may mean that driving one will only end in tears

But perhaps it is a CUNNING PLAN against ISIS terrorists
Who love Toyota Hi-Lux utilities for them only the best
We will let them buy these Toyota utilities as gun platforms
And when they turn over we can get back to our world norms!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - Marchons, Marchons!

The cry of free people who have paid the cost

Marchons, Marchons!

Of family and friends whom they have lost

Marchons, Marchons!

In unity we stand behind the tricolour

Marchons, Marchons!

The French people each one our sister and brother

Marchons, Marchons!

The scourge of Terrorism will not win

Marchons, Marchons!

To do less for our friends would be a sin.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - Not In My Name

I was programmed by my genes
And by my family not to demean
For my Christian teachings agree
To help the oppressed to be free
And give us all a clear indication
How to behave within our nation.

I wonder how I would have felt
If as a Muslim believer I was dealt
Others as a terrorist in my name
Cutting heads off for the fame
Or would mighty Allah teach me
To listen kindly to their plea?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - Private Military Contractors

In the gulf between Somalia and Yemen
Two trillion dollars of trade travels from each world end
The sea is thick with pirates coming out from the coast
Looking to steal what they can from their attack post

Now there are private military contractors
Hiring themselves as protection factors
So there's a ship which is a floating arsenal
That hires out these men in defensive parcels

With all of this happening at sea near the Horn of Africa
Because these contractors aren't allowed to board in a land area
The PMCs have to board these ships whilst they are at sea
And they say the ships with PMCs are safe to see

But now they are saying that ISIS may make the Mediterranean
The next place that they will attack shipping when they can't defend
So it may be the next battleground for Terrorists to make their point
Whilst the world has to suffer and extremists will look to exploit.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism - Say No

Parents love their children
No matter what religion
They are our future made
And there is no charade
Life is full of love and fulfilment
There is no need for any other judgement.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorism Or Civil Rights

With Terrorism on the rise
I think we will lose some of our rights
But how can you do otherwise
When people laugh at the weakness of our laws

Should we provide a proper deterrent
Will it make a difference
Refusing bail will keep them off the street
Or in the end will it just make us feel better?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorist And Anti-Terrorists

Terrorists killing people is terrible to see
But anti-terrorist Terrorists killing shouldn't be
How can you sing to your children one minute
Then drive a white van injuring and killing in a fit
Of revenge against innocent Muslim people leaving
A place of worship that will be forever grieving
If a Muslim, a Christian, a Hindu, Buddhist, Agnostic or Atheist
Killing innocent people is so wrong if you get my drift.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorist Breakfast

When in Britain I like to sit down
To a full English breakfast when I go into town
With sausages bacon eggs and beans
And a cup of tea down the hatch what a lovely scene

But this morning whilst at my repast
A police officer wanted evacuation `til the danger had past
For a terrorist with a suicidal vest was outside
Wanting to kill in his mayhem for his 15 minute ride

You see my breakfast had just been served
And to not eat it when hot - what a nerve
So I asked for 30 minutes to finish the meal
You see terrorism and tucker don't mix in the breakfast deal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Terrorists

They live in this world's scene
As ones who are rarely seen

The world turns on its axis always
They are living quietly as they find a way

Of surviving everyday without others knowing
Them or what they are in their secrets doing

So the rest of us live with the prospect now
Of the Terrorists completing their tasks showing how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

That Late Summer Day

That late summer day
When we walked on the beach
Holding hands and leaning on each other
Whispering those things
Lovers promise to last

Two young lovers as one
As the sun glistened off the waves
And the cool breeze ruffled your hair
Laughter was the language
Forever was the promise

Was it that long ago
And so far away from today
When the world was young
Where everything seemed possible
Nothing was out of the question.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The 1967 Australian Referendum

Fifty years ago there was a referendum
That changed the way Indigenous people
Were looked upon in Australia to change
Where they finally were able to join in
With us all in the great country of Australia
It was a start and in many ways we still
Have a long way to go for these people
Is it too much to hope that one day
There won't be any barriers for anyone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Adventure Of Life

Is it a mirror image that I see
And who is it looking back at me
Through the years it wasn't that important
Just to still be there now is heaven sent

There seemed to be times when I was on auto pilot
And other times when life seemed a long shot
Now do I count the years or be thankful for each day
Knowing the adventure of life will always stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Answer

Did the Beatles know the answer
When the sixties were for love
And Crosby Stills and Nash sang it hard
For Ohio and the Military Madness called it true

Then there was Woodstock
Where it was peace, love and music
Played to the crowd
I wonder where those songs are now

But the world moved on
And those songs faded away
For peace was missed again
So what songs for peace do we play today?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Ant

An ant crawled here and there
Showing determination and a lot of care
Looking around to find the way
Mapping a route not wanting to stray

It was determined in its mind
To get through and continued its grind
Sometimes it went over old ground then
Its thought to finish its task in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Artifact

Antartica was a frozen land
With many parts unexplored
The wooden sailing ship as a plan
To explore the land not ignored

They went as far as the ice allowed
And this exploration was not cowered
Setting the cabin on the shoreline
Storing supplies for the wintertime

During the summer they journeyed about
As they explored their icy whereabouts
One day they found a carved artifact
That was metallic a curiosity without a doubt

It was icy to the touch with picture writing
Like Egyptian hieroglyphs in a question posing
One of the scientists told of the old stories
Of ancient peoples disappearing without glory

He told of the floods that came in destruction
The latest Russia theory of the earth's rotation
When the world had swapped axis turning around
Civilisation destroyed in a world turned upside down.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Asian Athletic Chook

When I went to Asia things weren't the same
The temperature and humidity certainly was another game
It seemed all you needed to do was to plant it in the ground
And it would grow by next week with fruit to go around

But what surprised me most was the athletic chooks
Who walked around on muscular legs with an Olympic look
And they were slender from running around in the heat
There looked to be not enough for the Colonel's secret recipe meat

So when eating chicken stir fry in an Asian town
Remember that it was from an athletic chook running around
Who's played the game hard in their short feathered life
And was lean and mean machine who couldn't outrun the knife.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Asteroid Vs. The Moon

The asteroid hit the moon full on
And the astronomers knew it was wrong
Although it still orbited the earth
It now had a wobble for all it's worth

The tides of the earth were changed
Causing flooding with the land rearranged
With the north of South Australian desert
Returning to the sea it once was instead of red dirt

And now we are frantic because the earth
Is wobbling on its axis for all its worth
With electric storms and hurricanes
And no we wonder what for us will remain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Aussie Pie

Such a compact meal
To an Aussie the real deal
Square, round or oval be in it
Just add sauce and don't let it drip

Eat the corner and suck it in
The gravy and meat delicious then
And once you've mastered this you'll say
Cooee cobber it's on your menu always.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Australian Bush

I want to go to the Australian bush
And breath the fresh air as a rush
Just hear the kookaburras sing
And the freedom feeling it will bring

To see the kangas bound along
And the emus thumping song
Can there be a better place
Away from the human race.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Australian Flag

A flag flies on a summer's day
Fluttering against the azure blue
Nationalism in its simplest form
We see the old with the Union Jack
And the Southern Cross on dark blue
Symbolises the dust and the sun
The toil of our forebears plain to see
Ready to defend our life and liberty.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Australian Sun

One step at a time
Count them or make a rhyme
Then fix your gaze to the front
And walk to it taking the brunt

Of the exercise in the walk
Breath in and hear magpies squawk
The Australian sun is something to behold
Being in nature never gets at all old.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Australian Yobbo

Go on holiday to Bali it is so great
A gut full of grog I just can't wait
Walking the streets being high as a kite
Is the holiday I want it's so right

For the locals can see how it is for me
The Consulate will sort it out so easily
So see me drop kicking a motorcycle rider
Australian yobbos on holiday it'll really grind ya.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Ballad Of The Working Man

The working man had five sons
He had dreams of what they would become

The eldest was not very strong
And he weakness meant he didn't last long

The next son in line had a ruthless streak
And he was able to make his life complete

The third eldest was the middle man
And he would sit astride any disagreement
This cost him more than he cared to admit
And in the end he made a hash of it

The fourth son just wanted to laugh and sing
And saw this as his style with no future plans to bring

The number five son was the youngest one
And had a ride that was easy spoiled with fun

Once you have seen this all out in the state of play
The working man's plans for sons had gone astray.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Battle Of Brisbane

I was talking with an Aunt
Who was in the Australian Army Nursing Service
She remembered being in a movie theatre
In Brisbane during World War 2
When Australia was full of allied servicemen

In the movie being shown
One of the male characters asked the question
"Has anyone seen my sister? "
From the audience of the theatre
Came the following reply
"She's probably out with a yank! "

What happened after that
Was what the newspapers called
"The Battle of Brisbane"
Where Australian servicemen and American servicemen
Did a battle of fisticuffs on the street.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Bay

Sail smooth on a bright sunny day
Let the breeze take you away
As the bow cuts through the sea
On crystal clear blue bay that's where we'll be

Tropical islands and sandy white beaches
The sea to the sky forever reaches
Where else would you want to be
The breeze, blue sky and warm sea.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Bazaar Tale Of Barry The Bar-Code Collector

Barry was a simple man
Who had a simple plan
He would be the greatest collector there has ever been
Of all outstanding Bar-codes anyone would have seen

So he collected them from sun-up to sun-down
He was seen sniping these patterns about the town
And his walls and ceilings were all covered
There was no Bar-code that was undiscovered

But alas one day when hunting at the local tip
He fell in front of a bulldozer and that was the end of it
Some say it was a sad end for an avid collector
While others saw him as a new wave instigator

For he was the human Bar-code once the bulldozer ran over him
With the lines from the tracks on his body as a final fairy-tale whim
So Barry the Bar-code Collector can now be seen
Each Sunday at the Bar-code Bazaar looking so extreme.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Beach

On a hot summer's day
We walked down to the beach
As the blazing sun glistened off the sea
The vendor sold us ice-cream

We laughed together holding hands
The sea beckoned us to the shoreline
As the sun melted into the sea at day's end
And I took you in my arms in bliss as we kissed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Beating Of My Heart

There's just the beating of my heart
Now you have left me and we are apart

It stopped for a time when you spoke those words
Once I realised that it was parting I had heard

Alone now am I as in silence i watch the world go by
I can't hold back the tears and I breakdown and cry.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Beatles Against Segregation

In 1964 the Beatles toured the USA
And they stood against the Segregation way
John said they would rather lose the cost
Than take the stage with a segregated crowd as it was a loss

Even in these modern days where this stance
Makes you hip in your current civil rights dance
They stood tall and did not fall
And know it at that time a courageous call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Beauty

Standing serenely with a faraway look
That would make a man simmer and slowly cook
A certain curl to her sensual lips
As she raised her glass taking slow short sips

Each man in the room was given an up and down
With those not favoured given the slightest frown
Until her eyes rested on the chosen one
And her icy stare melted away and was gone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Beginning

At the beginning we stood together
Laughing as we did to each other tethered
Then the years were countered
Each one as they in time mattered

Until now some of those I thought as strong
Have gone now I am left to ponder all along
So how is it sometime the strongest ones
Are the first to pass on just as their story had begun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Bent Branch

When I was young I spent some holidays
With my grand-parents at their house in Kilburn
My grand-father loved his garden
And although having lost a leg in a railway accident
He spent hours growing his fruit and vegetables
Tilling the soil those grand summer's days

There were no other children around
But that didn't matter to me
For I could entertain myself
There was a Moreton Bay Fig Tree
Growing and spreading in their backyard
And about halfway up the tree there was a bent branch

I climbed the tree and sat on the branch
The height meant I could see
Easily into the neighbours backyard
It seemed like I was on top of the world
And I would play there everyday so happily
Inventing my own world and what I could see of it from there

One day I would be a bomber pilot flying over Nazi Germany
I would fly through the flak and defending fighters
The next day I would would an astronaut circling the earth
And I would marvel at the earth below
For my imagination would take me anywhere
That I wanted to go in my own world.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Best Bush Mechanic

He was an old fella in overalls
With a greasy rags hanging out of his pockets all
And his finger nails were bordered in black
From the years fixin' engines on his back

He worked hard every day
Burnin' daylight was not his way
And I rolled into town behind a truck
My car givin' in being out of luck

He took one look at the car
And wiped his hands with a rag so far
With a look of thinkin' hard and long
"Well give me a couple a hours and I'll have her purring a song"

So we left him to the work to be done
And went to the town cafe for a meal all along
A few hours later he turned up to the cafe
Again wiping his hands for the grease
Saying, "Mate, Gudday"

"Well I'm not too up on these modern engines
But I fixed it up this time havin' won again"
So we paid up for the service made
With a smile and another legend making the grade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Best Moments

There are moments you want to stop
To freeze in time to drink in the lot
The magic that oozes from each pore
Knowing that you what to live in it even more

The laughter and the fun in other company
Is more and more for you to forever see
And then to pack it up and store it away
So you can go back to it and choose to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Bet

Back away
I can't see in the dark
A touch on the shoulder
My hair stands up
Why did I decide
To spend the night
For fifty quid
What am idiot.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Black Cross

Silver and gold in a black Pellegrina cape
He moved like a bat flapping to escape
The thurible swinging as the smoke trailed out
His words floated across the congregation in a shout

The altar bedecked with cross and flowers
The priest played his part in the Church's hour
Be-smocked and bedevilled his figure stands
A leader of the church that loyalty demands

These scenes of the church are so faithfully rendered
But truth has a way of being upended
And all I can see in my mind
Is a child hanging by a door knob so very unkind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Black Dog

He was very low
And didn't know
How he would get through
There was no way that it would do

Then a friend returned
And put out the slow burn
For sometimes that's all it takes
When hope returns and the black dog quakes.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Black Dog Again

I don't always sing a happy song
The black dog bites and I'm all gone
And I can't see the sunshine then
Wasted days are not my friend

So I wait for it to pass
To make me want my life to last
There is no need to contemplate
When all you can do is sit and wait

So I see others with lives so clear
And I wonder how I get to there
Who makes the decision meant for me
When all I want is to live life free.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Blue Family

We're mates all wearing the blue
Just shout out and I'll be there too
Things won't look so bad you know
With the blue family on the go

We can disagree sometimes
As a family does in time
But know when the clouds gather now
We will find for you the know-how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Blues

Sittin' by myself and feelin' low
I can never find a place to go
That doesn't remind of you
Or the things we used to do

In the end of it does it matter
What passes now for idle chatter
But then cut me to the quick easily
'Please - I need to be free.'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Bottle

As the night wore on and on
He never stopped until it was gone
A bottle of bourbon each time
He'd sit down alone at nine

And he opened the bottle to take a lick
Not stopping when the morning would tick
Over at midnight, then finally falling asleep there
Arms folded with his head resting on them without a care

An broken man who didn't recover from his wife's death
Thinking of her was his past time and all that was left
Spending his days in his shack at the Point Lowly beach
That's he died with his empty bottle within his reach.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Box

The aeroplane lay upside down
At the bottom of the lake quite profound
How it came to be here
Was a story that was not clear

There were no markings that would last
And it appeared the water landing was not very fast
Its door was blown off the side
And it sparked my interest of what was inside

There was a sealed box bobbing around
So I manoeuvred it without a sound
And it floated out and up to the water's surface
I pushed it over to the landing place

The box itself was so very light
I was able to put it in the van and close it tight
And I pondered what to do next
Thinking what was inside made me so perplexed

I drove it home and locked the garage door
Sipping a scotch I thought some more
Picking up my pry bar
And with one push it opened up with a jar

It wasn't peculiar in its shape
With a video screen to contemplate
And when I touched it came to be switched on
With scenes of an alien world to wonder upon

But the biggest surprise was the fade to one
Back to a being whose speech had just begun
The universal translator said to me
"Contact made we are locked in,we will come and see."

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Brass Bullet Strips

The German guards stood their ground
When the Australians attacked throwing lead all around
But bullets don't last in such a fight
And he made each one count as he thought he might

Each clip for his Mauser rifle was fed
As he placed them in with some lingering dread
And the brass bullet holders littered the ground
When a shot rang out and he fell down
The Australians won the trench and the detritus strewn there
That was left in the ground without any care

The war dragged on and the military metal was lost
As those who were left added up the cost
One hundred years on in a French cafe
A tourist bought the brass and wondered that day
What was the story of these strips and how they stayed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Bright Light In The Sky 30/6/2017 In Adelaide, South Australia

A flash across the sky
Bright white flying by
Then red, yellow and blue
You couldn't miss it flying through
Late night on Friday night 30th June 2017
Was it a meteor or space junk as seen?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Bully

Making people feel so bad
As was his forte being quite sad
He never felt good about himself
And thought this way was his wealth

So he picked his target then
Bullying his way through to the end
But feeling the buzz wasn't a lasting song
Painting himself into a corner all along

Until one day he sat alone in a room
And it ended that way with a gun's boom.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Burn

Do you learn
From the burn
Does it stick more
In your craw
What people do
Can bother you
In the end
Is it a position to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Bush Mechanic

He was an old fella in overalls
With a greasy rags hanging out of his pockets all
And his finger nails were bordered in black
From the years fixin' engines on his back

He worked hard every day
Burnin' daylight was not his way
And I rolled into town behind a truck
My car givin' in being out of luck

He took one look at the car
And wiped his hands with a rag so far
With a look of thinkin' hard and long
"Well give me a couple a hours and I'll have her purring a song"

So we left him to the work to be done
And went to the town cafe for a meal all along
A few hours later he turned up to the cafe
Again wiping his hands for the grease
Saying, "Mate, Gudday"

"Well I'm not too up on these modern engines
But I fixed it up this time havin' won again"
So we paid up for the service made
With a smile and another legend making the grade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Camel Train Vision

The heat shimmered on the horizon
As the dust devils danced across the desert zone
Our car was placed in four wheel drive
As we travelled on in an effort to stay alive

The dirt road stretched in a straight line ahead
On the gun barrel highway in a heat to dread
Then I saw a camel train in a dust drenched race
The camels walking across seemed out of place

As I drew nearer the camels started to fade
I saw one Afghan have a look of being afraid
And at that point the train shimmered away
How they came to be there that day I couldn't say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Camera Never Lies

The camera never lies
They say as the ball flies
But when the review is a mistake
In the end your break
Maybe on the line for one judge
Who can give the decision any realistic nudge.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Carpenter

He selects the wood very carefully
The grain and the colour so beautifully
Looking along the edge it's straight
And feeling it, it has a good weight

Remember to measure twice and cut once now
Is the rule of thumb before you show your know how
He knows the work and the craftsman's tools
As he saws, planes and sands to carpenter's rules

The joints are a woodworker's art and a pleasure to see
When glued together strong and straight it will be
The last piece of the carpenter's work is at hand
To finish is to wax the wood for a look that's grand

Wonderful wood full of carbon is ecological
The carpenter stands back in his craftsman's call
Working with your hands shows a skill so good
As he works he magic cutting and shaping the wood.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Cave

It was an afternoon ride with their soccer team
When the rain came down in a Monsoon stream
So the team and it's coach took shelter in a cave found there
As the cave system flooded in a life altering scare

They were trapped as the water rose
And were lost to the world as the danger grows
The searchers found their bicycles at the cave entrance there
So the cave was searched and they were found in their coach's care

But the question was raised with wrung hands
How to get the boys and their coach out in a plan
The world responded with bravery and skill
When brave men attended in this deadly drill

Doctor Richard Harris from Adelaide, South Australia answered the call
Into the cave to rescue the boys against nature's gall
So the world held its breath whilst they worked it through
The first boys were saved as the plan worked out too

The rescue continued another two times
As we saw each one rescued from their bind
So the story ended well for these thirteen souls
But sadly we remember Saman Gunan who died before the rescue goal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Change

The man was a Neo-Nazi enforcer
Who decided one day that he would change
To repent his sins and be a better person
So he changed and lasered his tattoos

Leaving his old life behind he did good things
And he said that God spoke to him causing it
I wonder why this had happened for him
In causing this complete reversal of outlook.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Change Brought By The Virus

We are now plastic wrapped
With hand sanitiser and masks at that
The handshake has been lost
Bumping elbows has been the cost

And conversation between your driver and you
When catching an Uber is not the thing to do
If unlucky enough to be near Covid 19
Then for 14 days you will not be seen

But buck up the end may be near
The virus is retreating and it may be clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Chef

The chef stands before his pot
With measured ingredients in their lot
The garlic and chilli tease
As the cooking meal looks to please
Practice now makes the dish
As the table set to a tasting wish
Pasta, chilli and mussels done with care
Is there a place for me for such a fare?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Chief Inspector

She just sits and looks down
On others of less rank that are found
For she has a chip on her shoulder
Put there as she was moulded

Into what she had now become
But she did not know what had been done
For some carry the mantle true
And for others it could be a burden too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Clock Strikes

The old year departs
And the new one starts
We remember those lost in time
For those memories are so divine
When the clock strikes midnight
Together we kiss and cuddle to delight
Then time rolls along
As a new verse to our ongoing song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Cocktail Party

I walked into the crowded room
With people raising glasses
It was smoky like the old days
And I thought that I was back

Then I saw her in a black slinky dress
Sipping a glass of wine
Our eyes met
In a sweet caress
There was a hint
Of a smile
On her lips

I went up and the conversation
Started easily
And my night
Was hers.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Cold Grey Dawn

The cold grey dawn bleeds forth again
As I seek comfort calling out to heaven
Then each day as it withers on the bough
Leaves us in silence wondering how

The world can be so cruel
Even when you follow the rules
Will truth be revealed for all to see
Be thankful a servant for what will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Cold Grey Remains

The rain trickles down
Slowly on grimy gutters found
But the sun will shine again
As a promise made without end

But the cold grey days stain
And will in my memory remain
In a plan that stretches ahead
As an eternity is forever spread.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Community Voice

The community voice is loud
When wanting to stand proud
For punishment of a crime that is bad
And justice is what will be had

It seems in judgement now
The courts won't reflect how
Communities see the need
To anti up for the victim's bleed

It seems that the balance between
The accused and victims rights mean
That in the eyes of the community
The decision is not right for us to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Cool Of The Evening

Do you like the cool evening
After a hot day the heat brings
And the magic of a summer sunset
Lighting the pastel colours as sun and horizon met
The best hour of the summer time
Is the evening time in cool bliss so sublime.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Countdown

Lying in bed at the count down
Turning to the side to look around
At the clock as it slowly went
To six o'clock when it's time sent
And to me to get up out of bed
Into the day I am slowly fed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Country Lane

We walked across the River Clyde
On a footbridge from the opposite side
The water was flowing swiftly by
As the sun burst from the cloudy sky

There was an enclosed wood
With a stone fence around as it should
To a small unpaved country lane underscored
Where her parents courted 50 years before

The lane was just a simple place near
But it drew her to it with her nostalgic tears
For her parents had passed on years ago
And she felt close to them as her grief showed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Covid 19 Cronicles

I was born in Wuhan China a little out the way
No one thought that much of me so I thought I'd stay
Creeping about from person to person it was so cool
As breathing on each other was the infection rule

So they call me a 21st Century plague
And you better take note of me and not be too vague
Just look at Italy who didn't pay a heed
They are in lockdown for their medical creed

I laugh heartily when I think
Of the toilet paper shortage on the brink
So spray yourself with hand sanitiser until it hurts
Then wrap yourself toilet paper to complete the works

I am famous now you'll remember me
In the history books I'll have my own page easily
As 2020 will be my exclamation year
When I came and struck in such a lasting fear

The question that is left for all of us
With gathering in groups causing such a fuss
When will we able to see our sporting heroes play
In stadiums fields or racetracks on their day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Craft

Others heard the hum start
Long before it appeared out of the dark
Hovering above the Statue standing
Of Christ's out-stretched hands so demanding

Some took it as a sign from God above
And gathered to sing their songs of love
Whilst others just wondered why
It had appeared in the darkened sky

But that was a year ago
Before what was its final show
When the the glitter flew from the top
And everyone it touched dropped

Since that day Rio has been lost
As the Brazilian government counts the cost
But what were the aliens doing there
Behind the glitter wall we find we care.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Creator

I think there is a difference between religion
And my personal belief in a creator and God

I agree with some about the pantomime of it all
Where the belief in God seems second place

To owing our homage to the being who created
I look to this universe and see all the wonders

With how it all fits together so carefully
There must be someone who designed it all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Creatures On Mars

I was looking at the pictures from Mars
There are creatures that look so bizarre
Lions, rats and other creatures you see
You looking at them wonder how could it be

It would seem some major catastrophe
Happened to them all so suddenly
And they were posed in these random positions
So they are left for all times in these situations

It's hard to understand how animals from earth are there
And all those science fiction movies where they would scare
Me looking at the late night Friday movies when a child
Now are in the end something that is quite mild.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Curse Of The Orderly Mind

A place for everything
And every issue sorted in the ring
Chasing every bunny down every hole
This is what drives me in my roll

But it is a curse when you need to find
A satisfactory resolution in my mind
Because you see there may not be
An answer to it you'd want to see

But the curse kicks in and kind
Takes hold and orderliness in my mind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Cycle Of Life

At the end of the day
Rest and close your eyes
Your work is over
The night has won

In the morning then
Reborn refreshed renewed
Your work starts again
The cycle of life.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Cycle Of Things

What ends the night
But the day
What follows the rain
But the sunshine

Be sure on your darkest days
There will be happier times
For when there is bad
There naturally must be good

Know that this is the cycle of things
And there will be a shiny side of a dull coin
Never give up hope that it will get better
So just don't be afraid.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Dark Woman's Warning

When I close my eyes it's there again
A nightmare that could only offend
The dark woman stood with her hooded eyes
Draped across her face in her disguise

And she points at the word written on the stone
In blood with large letters so it be well known
I gaze across in the torchlight to make it out
As I wonder if the writing was a warning tout

But as the words became to me quite clear
I cringed back at what it said in my fear
For it said something that stabbed me in my head
"Your fight is over for you are now dead."

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Darkening Shadows

The yellow dying sun throws lingering light
As the hills are bathed in pastel colours towards night
The trees are filled with pink galahs
And you can hear their incessant chattering from afar

The kangaroos get up and slowly hop around
As they graze near waterholes on dusty ground
Those that live in the darkening shadows
Awake to life in the Outback meadows

The campfire light gives an inviting glow
As the camp oven is cooking slow
It will take off the evening chill
A chandelier of stars fits the bill.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Day Death Rode Into Town

He rode into town one Summer's day
And the cut of his jib showed his way
His name was De'ath a simple one
Not born with it but he thought it was duly won

People said don't mix with him
He had always found a way to win
But that day he decided on seeing my girl Fler
That she would be his as the day's end occurred

But you see she was mine in love divine
And I would risk De'ath to keep her fine
So at midday we came on the street
And faced each in a showdown complete

I was the town sherrif and kept the peace
And I had no choice in De'ath's plan of grief
He laughed and cussed me in a coward's call
When I drew my gun shooting him in a dead man's fall

The town gathered around as the dust settled on De'ath
I'd stared him down and was quicker on the draw as his life left
The dirty business was done before the setting of the sun
And we buried De'ath on Boot Hill as the decent thing done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Dead Come Back

The old legend said the dead come back
So bury them deep down the cemetery track
For the ground elsewhere is sour and unclean
And to do so would mean the dead were seen

It had been cursed since the gypsy woman
Was hung in the morning as the sun had risen
Just before the stool was kicked away
She cursed them and said they would pay

The local baker had a daughter pretty and dear
But she became ill and died one night so clear
And the bakers wife couldn't bear to see
Her daughter to be placed underground at the cemetery

So they packed her in ice daily from the local man
Keeping her in her bedroom in her coffin on the stand
Now that was two years past since she had died
And the baker and his wife kept to themselves inside

But they say if you walk past their house at night
You can hearing crying from the daughter out of sight
And I have heard her from her bedroom sobbing and say
'Put me in the ground I am dead and don't want to stay'.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Dead Speak

'The dead speak to me when it's quiet'
'I just listen to them now and don't fight'
'I just close my eyes and the whispering starts'
'I don't always get it altogether sometimes just part'

We didn't believe him as he was old and forgetful
So we left him alone with his whispering to fulfill
The muttering he heard at night time
Until one day we were called in his death rhythm

He didn't have any relatives to sort things out
So we cleared out his place in a weekend about
And on the last day I stayed in his home
About 3 am I heard, 'Why are you in my house, be gone! '

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Deal

It's a smokin' deal
Don't contemplate
It's all for real
And do not wait

It's full steam ahead
I'll look after you, mate
It's all you have read
In your stars and fate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Deep Dark Place

Find a box deep down inside yourself
A place that others will never find
Know it's there but don't think of it
When those things that hurt too much
Are yours through the years and tears
Put them in this deep darkest place
And lock the box tight so they won't be found again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Desert

The blazing sun beats me down
As the glare does its best to surround
The dirt is whipped by the dust devils
My world is a hell felt upheaval

The rationed water is all but gone
In the desert my life feels as its done
Until finally I find National Highway One
And flag down a traveller my life saved and won.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Desirata - Lost Opportunity

In the 1970s I read the Desirata
And we all thought this was what we were after

To go placidly amid the noise and the haste
And to know what peace there is in silence and not waste

The time we have in this life on this world as it is
But now we have wasted our opportunity for bliss

I never ceases to amaze me that we can always find
A reason to make war and for others to each other not be kind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Diggers Oath

They gathered together thinking it's not right
To charge for mining permits with gold in sight
So they gathered together at the Eureka Stockade
And armed themselves in their righteous crusade

Each digger stood by the Southern Cross flying true
And gave the oath vowing to defend each other too
"We swear by the Southern Cross to stand truly by each other and fight to
defend our rights and liberties"
As free settlers in a free land standing together bravely

And some died defending these words sacred to them
When they stood side by side and were done in
The idea of being strong and free
Was forged in these words for all Australians to see

Since those days their sons and daughters have answered the call
When their blood was spilled so that freedom wouldn't fall
So when there are challenges meted out to us
Remember those standing with us
honouring the Southern Cross.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Divine Comedy

The world spins round in a comedy divine
With each of us taking our part defined
And every act is scripted just so
The lines written seeking truth to know

How we act is choregraphed for each move
When you get into an all-knowing groove
Until our end is surely insight
And we complete our life's final delight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Dna Ancestry

I was checking my DNA report today
And it's interesting to me right away
I have a 95% probability of Spanish descent
I would think the De Sousa ancestry vent

And 95% probability of Southern Irish parentage
Around counties in the Eire that are independent in their age
So it seems I am like most people in the New World
Are mongrels in our ancestry as it is held

But it seems we are all related to a black woman
In Ethiopia thousands of years in her family plan.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Drought On Dusty Plains

The wide brown land is dry
This drought makes grown people cry
When it hasn't rained on the soil
It doesn't matter how hard you toil

The Great Southern Land bides its time
As the azure blue sky is forever fine
A tough people those on the land
Especially when things don't go to plan

So we are left to pray for rain
For it will come again
Until then we stand with them
Awaiting this harsh test to end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Drugs

What makes people take drugs
Is it the Marilyn Manson song for mugs
I don't like the drugs but the drugs like me
Until the drugs will be all you can see

Is it that your life is difficult for you
And that your only relief is to use them too
If it becomes that you cannot see
How it is hard to exist or to just be

There becomes a time when a decision is made
It's for the drugs usually and your life continues to fade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Dust Devil's Dance

Did you see the sun glare down in silent disdain
And the dust devils dance across the plain
When you stood on the highway black ribbon
Did the tar feel sticky as the heat was striven

And at midday on a hot summer's day
Did the semis dance in the heat as they drove away
And when a cloud crossed the sun
Its coolness was your reward for all that's done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Dust Devils Danced

The dust devils dance across the dusty plains
As I look from the back verandah wishing for the winter rain
The sun glares from above striking at the azure blue
When I see the red dust blowing I wonder what to do

For the wide brown land can be harsh when it doesn't rain
And the toughest people are all that will remain
The rusty tractor just stands and the sheep look for shade
When my father had the land he thought he had it made

But that was before the sun scorched it all
And we prayed for the rain would not fall
And the dust devils danced across the plain
As I look from the back verandah wishing for the winter rain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Ear Worm

The chant continued inside his head
"The time has come for you to dread"
It kept him awake all the night time
The ear worm continued being not so kind

For two days it continued on and on
The doctors were baffled by this persistent song
Until the second afternoon when it ended
With the words, "It's here, " not any further extended

He was so relieved that he could only smile
And there was no explanation to go the mile
He left the doctor's rooms and was driving home
When the sky turned fiery red and hope was gone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Edge Of Reality

Are you on the edge
Of Reality
As you move along
Your pathway
Will you find your way
To fulfilment
Will you find your guide
To light the way.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Emerald Sea

The boat plied along on an emerald sea
The only noise the lapping so gently
The white sail set by a puff of breeze
As our love's gentle sigh would please

You trailed your hand in the sea
And the gulls wheeled as we could see
I told a joke and you loudly laughed
A perfect day again we wished would last.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Emerald Seeing Stone

I found it one day on a country lane
As the sun shone on its green refrain
Others had walked past it over time
I was the only one to see it in the sunshine

When I picked it up off from the ground
Finding a great beauty as was ever found
I held it up to the sun and saw a green light
Shining through the gem in the sun bright

As I peered into its lustrous depths so green
I saw a scene that cast a shadow of my future seen
But it wasn't a pleasure that would be sought
For it showed my death as it would be ought

So I flung the stone upon the ground
And ran away from where I had found
For the cursed emerald that had news to bare
But as bad tidings for the owner in their death to care.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Emotion Of The Words

When you write them down
Does the emotion of the words resound
As each is written out
Do you feel the read back should shout

And sometimes can you feel a tear
When the emotion has built quite clear
For it can be a powerful tool
When the emotion of the words set the rule.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Empty Darkness

I don't sleep any more
I doze just thinking about the score
There is the nightmare at first
Where I see the worst
Of things I see in the past
That seem to last and last
The darkness is so empty
When there should be rest a plenty.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The End

Cold heart devoid of love
No other way except her glove
Every opportunity to hurt
Around the object don't skirt

Even if there is no contest
Why would there be a test
Go to the bottom of the class
And when said and done you're an ass.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The End Is Near

The journey had been long
And each step was weary
Near the end the feeling was
That my strength was failing
But I have made it now
What success I have had
Is for all to judge in its importance.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The End Of Days

It was the End of Days
To go down in a blaze
Of a scientific proposition
As the comet hits in an explosion

It will be an extinction level event
To end the world in a catastrophe sent
They tried to nuke the comet away
But it did nothing and on its course it stayed

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The End Of The Day

Darkness shrouds the day
Light retreats away
A clear winter night
The sun barely put up a fight

Settled in my comfortable chair
Fire crackles as into it I stare
The concerns of the day retreat
As I slowly drift off to sleep.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The End Of Times

He waited to be free
From his earthly bonds
To soar up and away
Seeing the world disappear

The ground became smaller
As he reached for the stars
He felt the old burdens melting away
And he was called home.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Endless Australia Sky

Look up to the endless Australian sky
A single fluffy cloud floats on high
And the gentle breeze lifts the leaves
Where forever is something everyone believes

Majestic birds fly up on by
Soaring on the warm thermals on high
Molten pools of light sparkle in the sea
As the dolphins jump playfully

Each is a blessing in the Great Southern land you see
Painting a Dreamtime picture repeated daily
60,000 years pass in the dreaming
Where ties to the land were forged in their singing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Evening

When evening comes it's time to rest
After the day of toil as it is expressed
To do these things you want to do
Instead of those duties assigned to you
Time to relax and recharge your batteries
To take the world on tomorrow completely.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Evil In His Eyes

The look inside his eyes
Saw the reasons you'd despise
The evil he had inside
He would not let anything slide

His laughter was not of mirth
And he would not see the worth
Of the good in others as they were
For his smile was the evil he would incur.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Evil One

I picked the house whilst floating down
After travelling to this country town
The air from the house was delicious
As the shouting voices raised were so vicious

The first one I saw was a little girl
And I touched her lightly with a twirl
She would become a victim so sadly true
Getting her taste as sweet and clean will do

Then to the kitchen I did float
Touching the mother as I did gloat
For she would be the dead one
When the deed so evil was done

Then I looked him straight in the eyes
Transferring all the evil to him to despise
And I whispered in his ear
All the nastiness I could say so clear

With the scene now set
I settled down whilst he got onto it
The rage within him I had planted
Bubbled and broiled as it was fed

Until suddenly he sprang at her
Beating and straggling as her death occurred
He sat at the table with his head in his hands
Sobbing uncontrollably wondering at his next plans

After a half an hour he went to the shed
And hung himself from the rafter until he was dead
The little girl tried to roust her mother
But her sleep was eternal as no other

I savoured the scene drinking the sadness in
Delighting in it all from beginning to end
And when I had drunk my fill
I left the house moving on to deliver my next pill.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Favour

The favour that was done
Would never make her number one
But it made a difference to him
And wasn't done on a whim

You see sometimes it is best
To do it without a request
So that it could make things OK
With a smile on her dial away from the affray.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Fermi Paradox

So the fact that aliens are not out in public
From the millions of other worlds possible
In our universe so wide
And the millions of years since
The Big Bang has occurred
Means there isn't anyone else around
So don't go looking for them
The Fermi Paradox has stated this to be so.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Fire Ground

The blackened ground stretches out ahead
The fire has long since passed with dread
There are no bush sounds around
Death and destruction has sown the ground

The firefighters with blackened faces
Return now from hell fire places
Awaiting now a rebirth in rain
Whilst the bush recovers from the summer's pain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Fire Within

I can feel it glowering
Slow is the burn
Just simmering low
Deep down in my soul
It threatens to burst out
And to loose control

The fire has always been there
Even when beaten down
Threatening to be smothered
But it still burns
And it waits.....

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The First Day

In seventy four we were just lads
They lined us up
In front of the Drill Hall
All a bit strange to us
Some parents too who looked so proud

The courses marched past
Then someone spoke and instructors bellowed
The squads doubled around the parade ground
The parents all laughed and I smiled

An instructor came and called the roll
Parents said goodbye
And they took us to the Quartermasters store
Khaki cotton and a black balmoral
It was the first year of forty-four.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The First Day Of Spring

At the end of the winter on the first sunny day
The feel of the sun on your back is a great display
And to ride your bike as fast as you can
Sucking in the warmth is the best plan

Go to the local park and lay on the grass nearby
Look up to see the cotton wool clouds fly by
Feel the cool green grass as you lie down
Summer holidays and long hot days around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The First Head Transplant

The first head transplant will be in December
When a head removal will be a life extender
It will be a very complicated procedure
With 150 doctors as team members

It would seem all you need is a donor body
All tested as not so worn out and shoddy
Then take this miracle of modern medicine
And know it will be something to see in the end

So this is the next miracle of modern medicine
When you could wear out bodies at your life's end
And maybe a designer body on order for you
To change at the right time will be ordinary too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Fixer

He had a swagger that would say
I am big time don't get in my way

And he liked to think he could
Munch anyone up and spit them out

But he forgot that when backed in a corner
Some people will come out fighting

And what he planned would back fire
When he would be left in a muddy mire

The moral to this story was for him was
You can't control everything in the story.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Flag

Do you stand up for the flag
Flying fluttering in the breeze
It doesn't look half bad
It may be old fashioned if you please

But my father went to war
And beat them hands down
He knew what was the score
So I will stand up with pride so sound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Fly

The fly in this world gets some bad press
But it has more credentials than you would guess

Did you know there would be no chocolate
As a species of fly pollinates the cacao plant so great

And fly larvae help solve some murder investigations how
As their presence on victims bodies show timelines now

And one last thing for all the fans of Beyoncé in this world
There's a fly with a golden body named for her as it is held

So when a blowie buzzes around you in summer
They have a purpose that to this world that isn't a bummer.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Fog

The fog drifts over the plains
As the known scene drains

Those things that are easily recognised
Disappear as the whiteout is realised

It's funny how the white fog covered so easily
Leaving a feeling of apprehension of what you can't see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Fugitives

I wish I had taken the advice
And keep moving at a pace just right
But I was tired from all the travelling
As the world was for us unravelling

The cities were the first to fall
When the invaders landed in the call
But some of us have escaped at night
Waiting for a time that would be alright

The satellites have opened their eyes
Making the skies the perfect spies
And they have found us in the old place
I can see their lights approach at a blinding pace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Funny Bloke

He was a funny bloke

I had a mate who had an unusual sense of humour
They call it black humour for what it is
We were putting a suicide in the morgue
It was a fatal gunshot wound to the head
As I looked through to him I spotted him
Through the ear that was left
He was making faces at me

Another time we were loading a body up
And he said "You take the feet"
But there was only one leg left and he laughed
It sounds strange now particularly for others
You know, sometimes it was the only way
That we were able to get through the day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Future

Look to the future for it is a prize
To be won when being wise
Each turn of this life known
Will be a seed from which life is grown

Know that there will be ups and downs
And sometimes you will wear a frown
You see that things do not remain the same
Things will get better will be your refrain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Future Or The Dream

The turn around in the economy
Is fuelled by the part-time worker's fee
When people are juggled to ensure
They are on the minimum benefit for sure

Will we see the Hoovervilles of the Depression
Like the Americans now out of the Recession
How can we who have it all
Now look down on them in the call

I suppose I can see how the working poor
Can vote for Trump and want it back once more
Even if it is not true or half true in his shout
Surely this is not what the future is about.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Future Reliance

I was a government investigator
In our trashed world full of haters
You see we had ravaged our world wide
And each day things got worst and mired
Our computers disappeared when the electricity ended
And researching from libraries is extended

I met him in the street one day
Just getting by himself the best way
But he was a wonderful find
As he was a savant with a genius mind
Who read a whole book in a short hour
Reading two pages at a time was his super-power

So when I am investigating a crime
He is my researcher in my kind
For he knew most everything
Giving me the background to crime was his thing
So I became the reliable one
Bringing in criminals at the point of a gun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Game Is Played

The game is played
Because of it
To persuade
And to laugh a bit
Make it seem
You have won
Even to dream
When only begun
To realise
Once and for all
It's not meant to please
In the final brawl.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Gardener

The feel of the sun
As you till the earth
Giving new life to the ground
Spade in and loosening it

Then water to make it ready
To plant a new shrubbery
The fertiliser into it as well
A great way to spent a sunny day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Gentle Breeze Is Playing

There's a full moon rising
As we dance the night away
The gentle breeze is playing
As we drift along the bay

Just you and me together closer
And another night of ecstasy
With the moon a-shining on the water
What more can I say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Ghost In The Saddle

There was a distant thunder sound
That in days past would have worn him down
But he was past those earthly things
As he rode on chasing evil in his wanderings

And he would forever ride alone
Knowing everything he loved was gone
For they say he was shot down dead
Bushwhacked with the danger gone unread

But he will seek the evil one
Who shot him dead the deed callously done
Will he find his rest from the lonesome ride desired
With his Laurel-Lee and their love together now expired

The wind that follows him now
Will not bend his back no how
And his cold dark eyes look on
With a smile or laughter forever gone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Ghosts Of Silence

Whispering, staring at me
The Ghosts of silence I see
Do you feel them close to you
Just standing watching what you do

For there are times when I decided their fate
So now all they do is wait
As they judge me for being fair
They just sit and watch and stare.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Girl

I knew her as the lonely girl
Who loved her tunes she knew well
And she would walk by
With her head held high
When people would laugh at her
She would act as if it didn't occur

As she grew older she was ignored
Walking around the city as she explored
But who's to say in her lot
Who is right in the head or not
On that faithful day it started the same
But with one important difference I will explain

That morning she walked out into the street
This time with her music playing loudly in a morning greet
As she walked by she would stare
And each person would fall in behind her there
As the day went by the crowd grew
Staring ahead and walking behind her too

At sundown the crowd went to the town square
With her in the middle of the throng standing there
That was last night and the crowd has grown
With people joining it all the time as the group became known
And we don't know what to do next
As more and more people come under her hex.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Girl Appears

The cold lonely night
Crept up on us as we walked
Through the abandoned building
Where once people had gathered
To serve the now idle machinery
Then I heard the sound
Of weeping as we passed
And in a corner of my eye
I saw the girl with bloodied clothes
She looked up at me
Before she disappeared
From my sight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Gist

A string of words
A tale of jest
Of stories told
Not like the rest
As I remember it
So will you get the gist
At the end of it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Glowing Green

The music was so very low
And it drew me on in the way to go
As mysterious as it was beguiling
It led on with the voice as haunting

Finally, to a crashed plane on the beach
And I walked to the plane within reach
There were strange markings on the plane
When it had collided in its last refrain

The collision markings were glowing green
I climbed onto the plane to see what could be seen
There was no life in the pilot who was still in his seat
And I turned off the radio that had been playing sweet

The pilot had a digital camera that may this mystery sorted
I picked it up and saw there were pictures recorded
With a surprise I saw that a silver object with glowing green
Was photographed as it hit the plane in a nightmarish dream.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The God Particle Moment

Was there a time waiting
When the notion of creating
Hit the penultimate moment
Occurring with God's accent

The touch of the particle
Was made then life was the article
And it all developed from there
Did we make it all up from this fare

I sit now and push back and hesitate
There is more to the story to contemplate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Gold And The Rainbow Serpent

All stories have a beginning, body and an end
This story was a journey that I would have to defend
We left home the last day in the hot glowering sun
We drove to the end of the bitumen as the journey had begun

In the Outback there can be long dusty miles to travel
As we drove the mystery of the journey started to unravel
Charlie Dinner-plate was one of our crew mates too
Who knew the land as one of the Arrernte people true

Onward with permission to Oak Valley north of Ceduna town
We sat in the dirt with the elders asking what would go down
They agreed for us to look on their land on the area of the map
It was the first hurdle in our search for the fabled gold track

But Charlie warned us there was one place we couldn't go
For The Dreaming legend of the Rainbow Serpent on show
So we journey through the area and explored the sites we found
And the task was difficult in the scorching baked rocky ground

Until there could be only one place left for us on the sacred soil
But Charlie told us it would mean certain death in our toil
There was a long discussion until he left us there on the track
And as he drove away I saw him looking one last time back

I wish now I had heeded Charlie's warning call
Leaving that place forever and not taken my final fall
It took us five days to find the gold in the rolling hills
As we staked our claim with so much gold it spills

But around the last corner we saw the elders standing there
In total silence they were just looking at us in a total stare
I stopped the car then the chanting started through the air
When the one in the middle pointed a bone at us with such care

Now that was barely a month ago and I have lost it all
My partners are dead from strange happenings in their fall
And the gold has disappeared as my fatalistic call has begun
As I sit in this cabin waiting for what to me will finally come.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Grapes Of Wrath

The grapes of wrath
Are on display
Please help us God
Is our faithful plea
Help us find justice
For those killed and injured
By the Terrorism disease.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Great Escape

Aboo the giant turtle has escaped
From the Okayama Zoo
It waited until the keepers
Turned their backs
And it made its break
At 3 kilometres per hour

Standing still when they looked
Impersonating a rock
Then moving at top speed
So that no-one saw her
Until Aboo was out of the gate
Look out now it's turtle part-aying time!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Great Southern Land

There is no other land that you could see
With borders found on crystal blue seas
A harsh land of blazing sun
Red dirt gets into everything undone

The heat bursts on you as you open the car door
And you shield your eyes as the glare implores
Stand on a cliff and look out to sea
A cool sea breeze soothes as a salve I will see

Australia like no other land
Majestic and harsh under God's command
Those who fought the battle with nature then
Built it all with their hands and blood when called to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Great Southern Land Burns

Black smoke billows
As the sun hallows
And the Bush burns bright
In the Great Southern Land in flight

Thousands take shelter on the beach
Keeping the fire out of their reach
Australia ablaze from coast to coast a bust
The proud brown land now a blackened husk

We pray to God for deliverance
As we wrestle in the devil's dance
When will it end is the cry
As the country is on fire smoke to the sky.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Great Stone Hall Of The Dead

In the dream I was there again
Standing in front of the Great Stone Hall
Of the Dead Lost Souls of long ago
And again I was drawn to the huge oaken door
That led inside to its dark nightmare
Untold to the world as it turned by

I asked myself the same question
But again received no sane answer
For the Great Stone Hall had stood forever
And kept these answers close within itself
In its time that was perpetual and unhealed
When I knew I was not the chosen one.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Great War Facts

It took 2300 British pounds for the Germans to kill each Allied soldier
It took 7500 British pounds for the British to kill each German soldier
The Germans killed 35 % more men than they lost
And they captured 30 % more men than they lost through capture
But in the end they got tired of the Great War first and lost
It was a near thing but not a stab in the back as Hitler made out.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Greatest Generation

They are slowly leaving us
With every year there are less
Built of stronger stuff
Honed through Depression Years

Disciplined through War Years
They had a strong constitution
And a gentleness underlying
For they had seen the worst of it

Surviving to return to family and friends
Adjusting to life at Peace again
They are remembered by their children
But will soon be gone forever.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Gunslinger

'Freeze! ' I said
'If you move you'll be dead.'
As I walked into the saloon
The bar girls all swooned

Bart was the fastest gun and that will not be
I will send him to Hell you will see
Then he turned around to face me down
Bang! The door woke me up with the sound

It's back to the computer report
Bart will have to wait my retort.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Hanson Cab

The clip clop of the horse in front
As we cuddled together in the Hanson Cab
A chilly wind blows the branches in the trees
And the rain patters softly on the roof

Your sweet perfume intrigues me
As I hold your hands I gently warm them
The London streets are cobbled and wet
And I wanted this moment to be forever

We talk together and I can see the laughter
In your eyes and your loving smile
The cab stops and I shelter you from the rain
As we run together happily inside to our flat.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Hard Man

Ramrod straight and true blue
With just a gaze he would look right through
He could tell those who were weak
And were hiding something to secrete

He would walk into a room
And would turn the jukebox to his tune
Always sitting with his back to the wall
Drinking his beer slowly was his call

The stories told were of tough men
Who could use their fists in the end
But they could never beat him in a fight
So he would go and do whatever he would like.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Hex

My heart is heavy
For I wonder what's next
In this world so steady
When you don't feel the hex

Is it just a game again
I hear you say
And I have lost many friends
Don't be lost just stay

The hex materialises
And cover won't help
For it comes in many disguises
So away from you it you should melt.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The House

Feel it as you enter the house of fear
The darkness surrounds so very near
For evil doesn't leave when life ends
With the coldness of his soul to comprehend
And it is difficult to find peace here

Then I saw him in the top corner staring down
Pointing to the door without uttering a sound
Clearly we weren't welcome here
So we left the house quietly finding it so clear
We wouldn't know its ghostly secrets that abound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The House Of Four Doors

Determined I continue on life's stony pathways
As I come to the house with its rooms and hallways
Through the first door I go and rest is granted in gentle sleep
Away from my journey repairing my wounds now bound complete

Not stopping I continue with my wandering
The respite that sleep has given me assists me in forgetting
Those hurtful things that have wounded me
And helps open my mind to new possibilities as it should be

But sometimes the experiences of life will turn me to madness
And in anguish my mind searches to make sense of it all
With madness my minds sorrows as in despair I fall

Finally I find death as my eternal sleep
Resting from the trials and tribulations of life as it away seeps
Through these four doors we journey sometimes with companions
But essentially a journey we all need to take alone without our minions.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Idea

The idea was born of youth
When it didn't matter about the truth
He nurtured it as he grew
With full intent to follow it through

But it died as he aged with time
As things will when they wilt on the vine
Until now when he tried to recall
Why he started it then when it meant all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Implant

His memory of the day was strange
With snippets of things he tried to arrange
There was a blinding light
And then an unearthly face that wasn't right

An instrument came from above
And punctured his neck with a jerking shove
Then things went blank from that time on
Until he awoke in bed to the morning radio song

He felt his neck and the lump there
That worried him with the alien device flair
His local GP wanted to do some tests
But he thought it was better to let it rest

Now at night he has fateful dreams
Of places and things that were so extreme
You see there are alien worlds circling round
And other civilisations that humans haven't found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Indian Summer

Why do they call it an Indian Summer
Is it because warmer and not cooler
When the Indian Continent is Summer
As the days turn into weeks it can be a bummer
Particularly when you look forward to crisp days
And you end up with on a plain a dusty haze.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Infernal Lottery

We all have a ticket in the infernal lottery
Where we play the odds for our health
At the time of birth we earn our ticket
Without knowing the cost of each one

Some are stamped for a short time
Where their life ends just as it starts
Others are made to to earn each day
In hard toil that never goes away

And some throw their ticket to the wind
Wasting their life for what they can't say
As the years go by and we come to terms
With what we have and for what we yearn

And in the end when you think about it
Has your ticket been worth the ride
Or have you wanted more as you craved
So it's more lament for what you have given.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Investigation

The search for truth is what you'll see
To piece the facts together so easily
What they perceive will be individual
And what they'll remember will be residual

Put it all together and some will be corroborated
Even though it might be overstated
So test their story front and back
Make sure it stands up in examination for fact
For in the end the suspect should be convicted
And the court will have your evidence accepted.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Journey

What trail do you take
When there is time to contemplate
The ups and downs to share
Even in times of despair

And the wearying journey made
Has each its own escapade
Hold up a righteous torch on high
Know that justice and truth will not die.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Junk That I Write

The junk that I write
Turns out alright
Talk about the world
The ideas I have held

Of colourful rainbows
And mystery shows
Go back to the beginning
And the process of winning

Be it close to the end
And sometimes I pretend
Know some stories are real
Shed a tear as the real deal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Koala Did It

The koala did it I heard him say
He left his fingerprints at the scene that day
And was underhanded in what he did
The case is broken that's why he hid

It wasn't me who stole the car
Driving it away so very far
And you can see when we're together
We are nothing alike as you can gather.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Lack Of Spelling Today

What's with the lack of spelling today
It's foul not fowl when reporting the say
And when watching the History Channel
It's British not Brisish as being banal

It makes me wonder if it's the computer
That can't be a modern English tutor
And when writing using a word processor
The spell check will mean spelling is an excuser.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Lady

A cardboard box in a cupboard
That once held chocolates
A bit worn at the edges
Placed carefully under clothes

We were there after she had passed
Being found on her favourite chair
A cup of tea and a biscuit
Next to her with her knitting bag at her feet

Badges and ribbons carefully
Placed with a bundle of letters
All in the same hand writing
Dated 1915 and 1916 with a telegram

Try as we may there was nothing
That gave a next of kin
So we left with her for her last time
And locked up her home.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Last Breath

She told him with her last breath
That she would always be his
When she parted in death
And he cried don't go - please

But that didn't mean a thing
When she left that day
And his love he would always bring
He sits thinking she should have stayed

Now each minute is like a day
As he wanders along the path
Feeling like he would slowly waste away
All he thinks about is seeing her at last.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Last Journey

There was pain that lasted until the end
Then the silence and darkness not to comprehend
The tunnel of light shone in brilliant white
That over came any willingness to continue to fight

Slowly they came making themselves known
The faces of friends and relatives felt like home
As they gathered around welcoming gestures were the best
This death overcame the questions long held in this quest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Last Post

A catch in the throat
And a tear in my eye
The strains of the Last Post plays every note
The jets in missing man formation fly by

Thoughts of those lost in battle
Are harder to imagine without experience
The old veterans know of the war rattle
As the World Wars of last century fade to past tense.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Last Shift

At the end of my time I will see
The sergeant calling our muster so easily
And I'll sit in the blue and feel satisfied
As I laugh and joke with my mates by my side

For the duties called will be the same
That I did for those years in the policing game
We would gather our gear and walk to the car
To the blues fleets across the yard not so very far

I'll book on and the operator will welcome me so glad
That I made it to heaven to never again be sad
And I'd do my duty to the end of the shift
To have beers and tell the war stories if you get my drift

Our laughter will be heard loud and so clear
And I'll be with my mates that I hold so dear
For there is no better thing to contemplate
Then to be together again with my good mates.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Last White Rhino Died Today

The last male white rhino died today
A human folly - it just wasted away
When the pursuit of money is paramount
What we leave for the future doesn't count

One day there won't be any more
And there won't be anything to implore
Then the world may see
The last human on earth will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Law, Liquor And Drugs

Laws are laws and should be enforced
And don't bribe a copper to be coerced
Speed limits and drunk driving is ok at times
But if it affects your family or you - you're dead you'll find

These things seem to be hypocritical when said
But when it happens you can feel as if you are dead
Then when it comes to drugs is ok to take them the night before
And get into your car the next day with kids and drive some more

So what do you do when you need liquor or drugs
To get through your day and not feel a mug
Regulating what you do in your own home each day
Is hard to control and in the end Facebook will have its say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Leader

There were bandits in the hills
As those left in town made their deals
The conqueror made it known clear
To help the bandits would cost the town dear

But that didn't stop them fighting the oppressor
And the opposition put the bandits under pressure
Until one day they found a way into the palace grounds
Sneaking into the leader's bedroom without a sound

The leader was woken up with a knife under his chin
He tried to act cool and threatened them wanting to win
But he had underestimated the bandit's plan for the fight
And they slit his throat leaving him dead on his bed that night

They left the town and went back to the hills to wait
Knowing they had struck a blow for the town's fate
And they left a spy in the town to report on the detail
But in disbelief the leader was on his balcony speaking without fail

It was clear that their plan had failed in their attack the night before
Although they had killed the leader then, they didn't know the score
You see he had made a deal with the devil for the power of conquest
And to achieve this he had sold his soul to achieve the rest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Leaf

Pick up a leaf
And look at it
Its green and flexible
Part of life
How could it be an accident
God's creation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Legend Of The Cast Iron Guts

This story is one of great rapport
About a boy and a pasty long told evermore
And an auntie who really couldn't cook
Who made a pasty right out of a cook book

But alas the recipe wasn't all it seemed
As it was shared around as the China gleamed
It didn't take long for their bowels to work
As toilet bowls were painted by the family screaming, "It hurts"

The days lengthen whilst the suffering went on
From their tops and bottoms in a sickly song
But not for one of the favoured sons
With no stomach ache occurring his laughter so long
Winning the title of "Cast iron Guts" with digestion so strong
And the legend still lives as it remains in folk lore forever along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Life I've Lived

Is this where I thought I'd be
Those many years ago in my future see
I had plans to be the one
That did all the things that should be done

When I was young and life had just begun
There were songs and lots of sun
But other things happened then
So here I am now at the end

Truth is the killer you will see
And it will come along so easily
So here I stand with thanks to give
Not all plans made but a life I've lived.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Light Still Shone In Her Eyes

I lie back and think of her
Wishing my days were younger still
And the light that shone
In her eyes still did so for me

I think of her decision
That she made to go when
I wanted her to stay forever
The years have passed slowly

But I remember her still
And the way she looked
At me when the morning sun
Still shone for me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Limits Of Your Imaginings

What are the limits of your imaginings
The stories and the other interesting things
It's a trip in your mind that you take
With each journey your characters make

But is it bounded by your own experience
Which is nurtured and massaged into your pretence
And the pleasure that you get entertaining then
Especially when deciding how the story will end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Line And Where It's Crossed

Do you just blend in
Or are you different then
Do you stand alone
Or will you join in a zone

Where does your allegiance lie
Or would you just let it lie
And when will you stand and fight
Or in the end run away will you run in fright.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Little Things

It's the little things you do
That make me love you
And when the day is though
They make me smile too

My love for you is real
I want to tell you how I feel
The little things you do
Make me want you all day through

The kiss in the morning so gentle made
The smile for me that doesn't fade
Being glad to see me
Knowing that our love will always be

My love for you is real
I want to tell you how I feel
The little things you do
Make me want you all day through

As the years have gone on
When I hear our favourite song
It reminds me of you
Knowing that our love will be true

My love for you is real
I want to tell you how I feel
The little things you do
Make me want you all day through

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Little Things Remind Me

There will be little things that in your memory stir
And things that will remind you of her
The little things that make you smile
And she would want a smile on your dial

Remember her as she would want to be
As a mother a leader and the friend you see
As those parts of her she gave so free
Will go on to live in your memory.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Lonely Spirit

I have been sitting here for a long time
Wondering what to do next or find
I keep searching and not knowing
If I am coming or where I am going

What am I doing here for I'm not at all clear
And there's no one to ask who is near
So I sit here and wait trying to think it through
Perhaps in the end I'll know what to do.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Lost Ones

Do you heard them sigh
As people walk on by
And feel them without
Seeing them about

They are still hang around
Looking for somewhere to be bound
But confusion is so bare
When you find you aren't there.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Lost Space Pilot

The sun beats down on me
I'm walking this desert to be free
It's a barren world with little water
Or food that is made to eat on order

The heat is getting at me as I feel
That I have been given a rotten deal
My spaceship crashed in a fiery ball
As my escape pod saved me in its fall

So for a week I have walked until last night
When I went into a deep sleep for me just right
And when I woke this morning I was refreshed
Not hungry or thirsty better for the rest

I have lost track of the days and time
And I haven't had to eat or drink as I'm feeling fine
I note the sun is playing tricks on me so profound
As I have lost my sun shadow not to be found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Lost Submarine

The submarine disappeared after it sailed
Its mission was an exercise that didn't prevail
A search occurred until all hope was totally gone
And the crew of the submarine could not live on

Years passed and the submarine memories remained
When reports of the ship being sighted were unexplained
A mystery of this ghost ship developed still sailing to be seen
Appearing near ships on a painted sea as a waking dream

So if you sail in the South Atlantic Ocean at dawn or dusk
You may see this submarine on its mission as a must
It may appear next to you as a surprise
With the crew on the conning tower looking with dead eyes.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Lost Trooper

He rode the endless desert
As the days ran together in it

At first it was what he needed
But being alone finally exceeded

What he felt being the only law
In the Australian desert cut to the craw

He visited the homesteads occasionally
And saw Aborigines living their life free

But one day when the heat was unbearable
Life untenable he hung himself from a tree.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Lost Yacht

Take the sail down
If it goes over we'll drown
The storm came without warning
In the early hours of the morning

So as quickly as we could
We tugged at the sails as fast as it would
Lashing us with rain and high wind
And wondered if we'd see land again

Then as sudden as it blew in
The seas was calm and I knew we could win
But it just doesn't seem right
The sky and sea glows bright

Then I heard the planes in the sky
I saw five WW2 torpedo bombers fly by
So I sit now writing this log in the cabin
In the Bermuda Triangle wondering what happened.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Lost Year

The girl was flipping through the book
Her teacher had set a task for her to look
For the year that wasn't there
It had disappeared because no one cared

So she she flicked through the years
2017 2018 2019 2021
Easy she got it in one
It was 2020 that was in denial
For some reason it was deleted from the file

The research that was done
Showed a disease Covid 19 had come
Stopping work sport and socialising for everyone
So it was decided that 2020 would disappear
Simple with this explanation to adhere.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Lottery Of Life

The lottery of life continues on
As we all look just to get along
Some people that I have known
Only lasted until they were barely grown

We won't know when the robed man attends
And the lottery of life will decide your end
So many times I have seen a life turn on a dime
When a person will have come to the end of their time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Machine

The machine rips up the roadway
As it claws the ground away
Black tar mixes with the gravel
As it grinds and heats whilst it travels

Patterns where bitumen once was located
Replaced by black new tarmac is weighted
The might of the machine holds sway
As humans watch the trained behemoth works away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Magpie

I heard the magpie chortle
On a blue sky sunny day

She must be so pleased
In the Australian native way

Then smiling she looks at me
And chortles again - will she stay?

Black and white proud you see
Spreads her wings and flies away

The queen of what she sees
Do you wish it was you today?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Man

Where has that man gone
You know the one with a ready smile
Why I still see him standing there
He's just been gone a while

For the world had gotten too big
And it required from him so much
His soul wandered far so alone
Looking for a life that was once promised.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Man On The Train

I had been at College that evening
After work I was not thinking of anything
Just sitting down on the train all alone
Wanting to just make my way home

The train came into Salisbury stop
And I saw a man onto the train hopped
He had a pronounced limp when he walked in
Sitting down across from me and started talking

He said that he had been away from his family a long time
And looked forward to seeing them again fate being kind
For he had seen many things in his journeys made
By ship to support the Old Country with his blade

I found his story not so interesting as it went on
Dosing as the train rocked along on the rail's song
When I woke I saw the man was gone and I was in Adelaide
I walked from the train onto the concourse slowly made

On the eastern side of the concourse there was a display on the wall
With photographs of military men with notes about their deeds all
I looked at each photograph until I saw a familiar face amongst them
It was the man awarded the Victoria Cross posthumously near the war's end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Man With The Giant Carrot

Nathan wanted to make a difference
And do something in deference
So he made a giant carrot
That became his personal warrant

To create smiles as he went
The Melbourne streets he sent
To others passing a silly smile
And Nathan knew it was worthwhile.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Mandela Affect

Have you always thought that something was true
And then find out that it wasn't then
There are beliefs of the masses found to be untrue
Named after Nelson Mandela who spent 27 years in jail
And was released in 1990
But people swear he died in prison in the 1980s
Not becoming South African president in the 1990

The monocle of Mr Pennybags in Monopoly was never there
And Darth Vader never said, "Luke, I am your father"
Curious George never had a tail
Mona Lisa does not have a frown but a smirk on her face
The Evil Queen in Snow White
Never said "Mirror Mirror on the wall" in the Disney toon
Small things they all are when questioned
But they become part of world culture.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Mark Twain Forest

He made his money solving mysteries
Where he would find out the histories
Then painstakingly put together the clues
Knowing that the mystery would be solved too

So we told of the special time on that day
When the first party had left then disappeared without a say
They would explore the mysteries of the Mark Twain Forest
A place with stories that made it different from the rest

The Detective's party left their cars locked at the forest clearing
And walked into the forest as the tension was foreboding
It wasn't long until they heard the machinery humming
From beneath their feet under the ground so exasperating

The night came and they decided to make camp carefully
And posted a guard to be replaced after two hours dutifully
At 3 o'clock that morning the guard heard some rustling
So he left the camp and went to see what was happening

It was 4 o'clock when the next guard awoke to take her place
And couldn't find the missing man she had to replace
So she woke up the camp so they could search around
Although it was thorough the missing man could not be found

They reported the man missing and the authorities searched
But the Mark Twain Forest holds secrets and won't be judged
So the Detective was left to ponder his own mystery made
With his reputation suffering a blow in not making the grade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Mask Slips

Open your heart for once
Even if you feel a dunce
For you will know in the end
And then to seek to comprehend

What really matters to all
Is to be at peace in love's recall
For when the mask does slip
Maybe the truth is you are not up to it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Menin Gate Lions Return

The Lions were an 1822 sculpture
Placed at the Ieper Cloth Hall
And in 1862 they were moved to the Menin Gate
In the Great War Ieper was evacuated
Then used as the Depot town for the British Army
Ieper was destroyed by German shelling of the city
The Belgium Army then British Armies marched past the Lions
On their way to the front and to Passchendaele battles

At the end of the Great War Churchill wanted Ieper kept as a memorial
But instead it was rebuilt from German reparations
And the Menin Gate Memorial was built to the memory of these soldiers
The names of 50,000 soldiers with no known graves
6000 of them Australian most missing at Passchendaele were engraved
They said every 20 yards there was a body on these broken fields

In 1936 the Lions were gifted to Australia by Belgium
For the new Australian War Memorial in 1936
Missing parts of the statues were reconstructed and replaced
And they stood proudly at the Memorial's heart
In 2017, 100 years since the war ended passed
Other conflicts were stamped on a troubled world
Now as a gift to Belgium the Lions will be loaned
To stand again on the Menin Road proudly
Remember them and remember the friendship of these two nations.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Meteor Shower

Did you see it move across the night sky
A rainbow coloured burning flying bursting by
Sometimes there was just one hogging the stage
And then others fell together on a displayed page

It was something that had never seen before
As the colours were a fiery calling card to explore
And it continued throughout the darkness hours
Without control in a display of nature's powers.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Modern Electronic Age

The modern electronic age
Means what's will gauge

Who you are in the world
If your information is not held

You do not exist and need to go
To a computer to your full show

And then you will not be ignored
To take your place in a world explored.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Molly-Dooker's Curse

I am left handed in a right handed world
And have learnt to live with this unkind meld
A molly-dooker whose saving is that at the time
When others try to beat me up they will find
My defensive action will put their timing off
And then I use my lefting ways to win and then scoff.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Moments

Listening

Dancing

Swaying

Great sound

Precious and Few

Are the moments

Swaying

Dancing

Listening.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Morning

Tepid water from the bathroom tap
Washes my face with a flanneled slap
The water trickles between my fingers
My reflection in the mirror now lingers
Whilst I study the dampened brow
My face portrays the years unbowed

The morning's call a morning news show
Tells me a lot more than I want to know
Microwaved wheat- bix and milk spooned
As I ponder the morning's gloom
No anticipation of the coming day
Just a routine hum-drum not delayed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Most Expensive Power In The World

We have the most expensive electricity in the world
Why is it so, surely our costs aren't much different
To other states in Australia or countries in the world
It can't be that we have green generation of power

Perhaps even if that were the case I think when you
Privatise your power generation is the cause
When making profit becomes the important thing
It may be time for these utilities to be public you see

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Mottled Sunlight

The mottled sunlight glistens
As the bush cacophony listens
To the passionate sighs of lovers
Intertwined not wanting any others

We are together as one
As lovers we have just begun
Promises I will make to you
Always made to follow through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Mystery Of The Ourang Medan

In 1947 in the Straits of Malacca near Indonesia
An old Dutch freighter theSS Ourang Medan
Sent a message out that the whole crew was dead
With the last message from the operator being, "I die"
An all-out effort was made to find the ship
And when it was found no-one responded from aboard

They were able to get on board by rope
What they found deepened the mystery
Because the whole crew were indeed dead
And in death they all had a look of terror on their faces
Suddenly smoke was seen from the engine room
The rescue crew had to quickly leave the ship

And it blew up sinking quickly beneath the waves
Taking the mystery of what had happened with it
Was it ghosts or aliens that killed them all?
Or was it a cover up of transporting nerve gas
No records about whether this was true are available
The dead crew and the destroyed ship still remains a mystery.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The National Disability Scheme

The National Disability Insurance Scheme
Is worth 22 billion dollars to assist the disabled
And the complete change will mean
More programs and investment fabled

So parents, siblings and carers attend
To make it work and lay out for the NDIA
And be able place into goals in the end
When reasonable funding is optimum right away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Natural Simple Life

When people work to accomplish things
In the pitting against what nature brings
It surprises in what you can learn
And I find myself and how I yearn

For a natural and a simple life
To become someone to master strife
I think we all have our links
To bring yourself back from the brink.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Neighbourhood Hoon

He obtained his licence at an early age
Against the advice of the Road Safety sage
So his parents bought an older large car
Thinking that it would be safer from afar
But he had designs to become a local hoon
Using every chance to lay rubber and zoom

His neighbours came to detest him in his time
And wanted to arrest his hooning grime
So they went to the local police with a plan
For next time he went out laying rubber at his demand
This time the police were around and stopped him
He lost his licence and his car was seized in his bad dream.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Nerd's Revenge

His mother gave him the family's garage
Where he toiled away in his electric age
He was the classroom nerd always teased
Home alone in the shed he was appeased

He made his experiments in secret there
On weekends and after school as he dared
With electric lights that were flashing
And hammering on metal was a bashing

Then he finished it one Saturday afternoon
And he thought that he would try it soon
It was such a simple device with a button
So checking each piece he put it on

He thought that had to wait for the right moment
So it was the following Wednesday morning he went
To school and in the lunch break he was cornered
By the playground bullies who wouldn't be ignored

They pushed and shoved and called him names
Until the time was right for his instant fame
He pushed the button and started to laugh
As each bully lost control and number 2s were passed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Never-Ending Struggle

I saw the power of the infernal
As I stood up on the top of the mountain
Having fought my way through the jungle
Of lost and broken dreams
The minutes were like years
As time powered on forever
And even though I crested the mountain
There seemed so long to go

But I could not begin again
As I would never find my way back
To where I had been before
I despair of what could have been
So I harken to the future
And know that the struggle will continue
The blustery wind and pelting rain
Are always in my face.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The New Age

Opinion can split us apart
As we contemplate a place to start
What is your opinion of it all
Or do you need one when they brawl?

In older generations the right seemed to brightly shine
Nazi Hordes were evil as we were part of their decline
But not all evil is so easily identified
And being on the right side may behard to be justified

So in this time of the Facebook and Twitter page
Getting likes and manipulating opinion is all the rage
It can become difficult to know what is real
Or reading fake news may be your deal

It seems your filters must work overtime
To make sure you are in the right mind
And now it is important to be diligent
To know the sources of the information read is meant.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The New Battlefield

Cyber-attacks are the new battlefield
Before the bombs and the missiles revealed
Not being able to push the button its seems
Now is the first fight in the military dreams

I get these pictures of the battle of the nerds
With black rimmed glasses at computers not heard
Who have snacks and fizzie drinks at the ready
While they defeat North Korean dictators easy and steady.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The New Dimension

Crazy thing is I don't feel any different
Though the new dimension is a bit circumvent
This world looks the same to me
This first experiment is a lot to see

Up is up and down is down
Although there is a low rumbling sound
I want to find something that I know
Searching my neighbourhood thorough and slow

Now I am walking down my home street
Passing things that would be my normal greet
And now I see someone walking towards me
I recognise as a carbon copy of me as complete as I see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The New Jerusalem

I look across the open sky
The moon, the sun fly on high
I search for the New Jerusalem
And all that was promised then

If I were to stop and linger
Would there be an accusing finger
Pointing at me in the bright starlight
For I know my fight is right

And what will the end be
More than was scripted you see
For my long journeys made
Are forever a endless escapade

Then will there be a judgement
When I'd stand, close my eyes and vent
For the world will pace it out
While I stand tall and loudly shout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The New Liquid Gold

It's seems you can steal anything
I see that a river is the latest thing

A Canadian river from the Kaskawulsh glacier unfreeze
Across Canada and through Alaska to the Bering Sea

Now has dust storms where water used to be
So rivers from the mountains may no longer flow to the sea

Water itself maybe the new liquid gold
When stealing it will be better in the hold.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The News Came Down Today

The news came down today
That you had passed away
One of the thin blue line
Whose life and mine were entwined

And I was taken back to then
To those days when we could see no end
And we stood together in the blue
I knew that I could rely on you

So you have passed away now
And your past life takes a bow
I know when my time comes to its end
You'll be there to greet me as my friend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Night Journey

Cones of light split the night
Wipers wipe the raining spite
The wind hits the car hard
As the storm fights every yard

The night journey is needed
As the danger is exceeded
With people waiting to go home
In a rescue that will be well known.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Night Shadow

I wander the streets all the time
As the tune plays in my head as a ear worm find
Since the car accident seems so long ago
The paramedic said the accident was quite a show

I walked out of the hospital later in the night
As staying in the hospital didn't seem right
Since then I wander around the streets
Trying to put it all together is no mean feat

When your down it seems you are ignored
And the tune keeps playing on with every chord
I don't go home until the morning dew shines
Wandering just passes this endless night time.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Night Sky

Have you looked upon a summer night sky
And wonder at the beauty of it that it implies

They say there are more stars than grains of sand
On all the beaches on this earth in all the lands

With the distances to them being so great
That in these times the journey we could not make

Perhaps this is a great puzzle that we cannot find
The answer to it in the time we have for our minds

But just the beauty of them is enough to contemplate
So I sit and look up at nature's display in universal fate.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Noise

The noise started at precisely 9 am
A high pitched buzzing without an end
At first a curiosity of what it was
Over coffee there was discussion of its cause

It went on and on without it stopping
Just continual humming and vibrating
Eventually it penetrated through ear plugs and muffs
No matter how tight or close fitting enough

It made people sick driving them mad
No matter what treatment was had
Then a message was broadcast on all media types
Surrender and the noise will be wiped.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Occult Gives A Point Of View

There was a time when it was hard
To understand when the world was marred
Of catastrophe or plague that came
And life was hanging on a thread the same

So Devils and demons were held
To take control at these times in the world
And what has survived to modern times
For rhythm or reason that you will find

In stories written for late at night
When you may wake up in a fright
So the Occult gives us a point of view
And whether you take it in is up to you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Old Homestead And The Clear Blue Sky

It's the place where I belonged
In my room listening to my songs
The tree outside my window bent and swayed
Where I felt I could have stayed

My bike always rested against the wall
Ready and waiting at my recall
And playing cricket in the backyard
Was a cool evening summer's greeting card

Oh, to return to those days again
Where there were no worries and ready friends
As my days blend and pass by
My mind is in the old homestead and a clear blue sky.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Old Lady In Our Street

She cries at home when alone
When she thinks of how he had grown
Running wild in the Australian sun
Bronzed and athletic he'd become

When Australia said 'to the last man and shilling'
One September day he enlisted so very willing
And he sailed that day to the Gallipoli shore
Running inland he was cut down by a machine gun's chore

Her husband died in endless grief
But she lived on getting no relief
And she received his 'Deadman's Penny'
Since that day her tears have been many.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Note a Deadman's Penny was a bronze plaque sent to the relatives of a dead British or Commonwealth soldier in WW1.

Paul Warren

The Old Man

He had aged for every one of his days
As he worked his life away
They say the knees are the first to go
Then his back ache began to show

The lines on his face from the sun
Were earned each day for work not fun
Until the years added up for him
And old age early did begin

For labouring your life away
Meant your life would be a shorter stay
For honest labour has no choice
And older people have no voice.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Old Man And The Stone Cottage

Looking down on the valley
The old stone house stood
Built by the old man years before
And it was said that he practiced satanism
At the witching hour of the night

He lived a long life and could be seen
Looking down on the valley
As the sun went down every night
Until one day he wasn't seen
And the days went on without him

Until the town decided they had to know
And sent the brave young men of the village up
In the early morning light they trekked off
Nothing was heard until sundown
When screams rose from the old stone house

The village was scared and no one else dared
To find out what had happen to the young men
And they were not ever seen again
Except a week later when the moon was full
The figure appeared looking down on the valley

And if you go there today at sundown
The figure appears again looking down.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Old Man's House

We unlocked the house with a creaking door
As the cobwebs blew across the dusty floor
It seemed as if no one had been inside
When it was closed by the family who didn't want to abide

The old man was not a pleasant man
And so they kept away from him in the plan
There had been some noises and light
Coming from inside the house at night

The floorboards creaked with each step
As we looked around not finding anything yet
Until we went into the study of the house
When we were frightened by the scurrying of a mouse

We searched around and could not find a thing
Satisfying the neighbours that there was nothing
So we left the house and locked it up tight
It was reported the lights and noise were back the next night.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Old Punk Rocker

He still wears his hangman's jumper and leather jacket
But he stopped spiking his hair when their wasn't enough of it
And his fish net black t shirt now shows sagging tattoos
When he puts on his doc martens it makes his legs look skinny too

The chain between his ear and his nose was tarnished and black
With his hearing aid on full to hear his ghetto blaster rocking back
And when he has a smoke and drinks his vodka out of the bottle straight
He coughs a lot and sitting in his old recliner at night it keeps him awake

But you see it doesn't matter in the end for him and his mode of dress
Because what floats your boat is ok in this world without any redress.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Old Saloon

I opened the back door
And was startled at what I saw
For just a fleeting moment
They were arguing to a great extent

Suddenly there were guns and shots rang out
And the whole scene disappeared with a shout
There was no more for me to see
A ghostly apparition disappeared easily.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Old Salt And The Sea

The sea plays tricks you see
The old salt said looking straight at me
For the sun and waves look different
And sometimes they appear heaven sent

He was leaning on the pier that day
Sucking back his pipe in the usual way
We were sailing in the roaring forties winds
And thinking that we would have the luck again

But on the third day the wind left us then
Becalmed we were for two weeks on end
He stopped the story at that point
Looking me in eye for the next point he did anoint

I was in the crow's nest
A-top the main mast
When I saw it then on the horizon
A angel in dazzling white waving me on

I couldn't believe my eyes
But it was plain to see without asking why
Ahoy Captain! I loudly said
Pointing out the being in my dread

The raised his glass and he also saw
The dazzling white angel waving even more
I saw him put his glass down
And he looked at me without a sound

But we had been be-calmed so long
So he ordered out the long boats towing us then
Rowing toward the dazzling angel there
The crew put their back into it with all strength and care

As we rowed on to the dazzling white
We felt the wind start for us just right
And as it filled our sails tight
The dazzling angel was gone in a blaze of white

So we made it to Sydney town
And many a voyage I have sailed the world around
But I didn't see the dazzling angel again
Until last night in my room beckoning

I could not sleep that night
Thinking of the sailor's tale of dazzling light
And I didn't see the Old Salt again
He died that night a mystery until the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Old Struggle

When I awoke the air was still
And the old struggle was my bitter pill
Do I rage against it with my fist to the sky
Or ignore it and let it slip on by

Each day the outcome is the same
And I am made to take the blame
How do I make it right again
To make peace and to see it end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Old Wallet

I found an old wallet the other day
It was worn and I wondered what had stayed
When I felt the old leather
as a familiar touch
I thought of what we shared - so much

I remembered the gift in love given
And how my spirits had risen
For it meant I was old enough then
Adult-hood had arrived and childish things ended

The old aunt who gave it to me
Put 50 cents so good luck would be
And tucked into a fold still so true
Was the lucky coin still holding its magic too.
© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Other Side

As you get older
Do you see clearer now
Or is it that the clutter is less
Some things that seemed important
Have faded now and I can see
The other side

So peace is the prize
That greets you for the years
And the aches and pains
Are the price for this clarity
Smiles come to me easily
And people respond.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Outsider

Are you an outsider
Separate from the bunch
Are there jibes
That hurt when they're said
Were you the last picked
The black sheep
Of the mob
The outsider who likes
Weird things.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The People The Land And The Drought

The old man looked at his hands
Scarred and callused as the work demands
He had bent his back building things
A weathered brow is what hardship brings

He tilled the soil behind the plough
From morning till night each lesson learning how
Growing his crop with his own hands
The sun and rain a part of his plans

The woman he married was of pioneer stock
Who knew the worth of not watching the clock
She made a home to rest their heads
At the end of each day in their bed

But the rain can be fickle on the land
And does not come at your command
So cattle and sheep die one by one
And crops fail baking in the sun

So we sit and wait watching the azure blue
Wanting rain to break the drought too
But scars run deep in the soil and soul
To return to what once was is their only goal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Phantom Fighter

It was 1942 a year after the Pearl Harbour attack
When Hawaiian radar picked up a plane as a fact
So a patrol was scrambled to seek it out
And they encountered a P40fighter flying alone
It was shot up with its land gear gone

And the pilot flew on with blood on his face
He didn't acknowledge the fighters searching from their base
Then suddenly the P40 fighter plunged into the ground
Later a search party was unable to find the wreckage lying around

No P40 was missing when they checked
And it was not found again as you would expect
So a legend of the phantom fighter was forever known
With the pilot flying on in a ghostly flight as it was shown.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Pinacles

40000 years of aborigine dreaming
As a hot sun beat down in daytime beaming
A sacred place where women foraged and gave birth
It was a place for water in a life balancing girth

The local Nyoongar people lived their Dreamtime
In nature's circle forever intertwined
As you walk the pathways with the whistling wind
Feel the Rainbow Serpent turning time without end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Pleading Eyes

I still see their pleading eyes
Staring and unable to be disguised
For their thoughts are of what came before
Not wanting to face the truth any more

Will it be the angel of death enthralling
Or that they are left at life's bitter calling
But in the end, it does not matter or change
The staring eyes will remain in pleading refrain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Poet

Their words have cut the deepest
And at times gave them no rest
For sensitivity was the price paid
When the muse's whispering would fade

He was not a gentle soul
But the calling cut him to his soul
As they called in quiet times
To write the words spoken so sublime

Then others came to his side
For their grieving continued unsatisfied
To ease their pain was his contentment
Knowing his gift was heaven sent

So harken when the Muse doth whisper
For the time has come to soothe so tender
Trouble yourself no more to hear
Truth and kindness is the message clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Portland Trip

I took a trip to Portland town
With a mate we went to look around
The mate's Aunty lived on the edge of town
And being young that Saturday we partied down
When the local pub had a disco (when that term was ok)
We stayed until it closed and decided to continue as we may

To a party we went along until the 3rd gong then rolled back home
As we turned the front door's key we entered without a sound known
But it seemed that the partaking of the amber fluid that night
Made my mate and me by alcohol a bit unsteady and tight
We met a brass pot stand near the door on the floor
And made a loud sound we couldn't stop even more

We woke the Aunty and the Uncle who had a laugh
And a legend of their family came to pass.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Power Of Nature

Would you like to ride the wind
As the boiling clouds begin
You can feel the breeze in your hair
Flying free without a care
Does the lightning fork across the sky
As the power of nature powers past so high
And do you feel free as a bird
Knowing that this human world is so absurd.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Precious Day

What ends the day
Don't let it just waste away
Let it end with a smile
Knowing you have gone your mile

For each day is a gift for you
To cherish and remember too
The breaking of the dawn
Midday the sun shining so warm

Then the pastel colours of sunset
With the satin night the best yet
The stars and the moon comfortable friends
As the promise of the new day to begin again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Price

Does everyone have their price
When there is no need to be nice
Or lawful in your call
Is there a point when it's all
And it's worth the risk
Even if you're not pissed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Project

Make a project in each part
Managing each piece is an art
Break it down to manageable pieces
Allocation is the word for machine greases

Getting the buy in is the hardest one
When looking to get the job done
But the best thing in it all
Is to accomplish it in its call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Promise Of Glory

He wanted his glory to be sound
And for medals to be found
So he enlisted to wear the uniform
Looking good even in death would be not forlorn

He did his duty but did not find
The glory that was in his mind
For he was injured and suffered still
There is no glory in this uniform deal.

© Paul Warren

Paul Warren

The Prospector

On the hot and dusty Western Australian plain
Gold prospectors made their name
In The Kalgoorlie goldfields it was hard
Using a detector and scrapping dirt in each yard

I worked the ground each weekend in the cooler times
With small claims it was hard work looking for gold finds
One late afternoon as the sun was going down
I saw a prospector detecting and sweeping around

I went up to him to challenge his right to be there
He said it was his claim showing his permit with a flair
But the stamp said it was 1995 as it was dated
Being out of date meant his claim was belated

He apologised saying that he made a mistake
We talked and I saw he wasn't well in the take
So I told him to take a rest at my campsite
To return to his own in the morning after a long hike

We sat and talked around the campfire as the sun went down
And he surprised me that he didn't know much around
He said he didn't keep up with current affairs since retiring
Until he said he was tired and was on his chair sleeping

So I left him and went to my caravan for a night's sleep
In the early morning I was up to get an early morning greet
But he was no where to be seen in the early light
Later whilst prospecting near a bore water hole just right

I saw what looked like a bundle of rags on the ground
As I got closer I recognised the clothes gathered around
They were the same as the prospector from yesterday
With a metal detector lying in the bones in a long stay

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Pulse Is Spreading

The Pulse started yesterday
In the Southern Pacific Ocean
A steady hum that spread out
Unstoppable and no one knew
Where it came from
Or what it was all about

It got into your head
Unnerving and sending you crazy
The first people to hear it
Are now lost to this world
As they stand and stare into space
And now I hear it softly starting.....

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Pursuit Of Money

The pursuit of money and material things
Seems to be all that some people want to see
The race is who can accumulate the most
Things and then the best judged by all

But surely there is more than this
A balanced life to achieve your goals
With comfort for your family
And charity for others too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Queen By Any Other Name

Queen Elizabeth was called Lilibet when growing up
And she called herself Tillabet because Elizabeth was too hard
And Prince Phillip calls her cabbage after the French non petit Chou
Prince William called her Gary when he was small as Granny was too hard
Then his son George calls her Gan Gan affectionately
So apart from the name "The Queen";
She has a number of names seldom seen.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Rain On Your Roof

Do you miss the patter of the rain on a tin roof
When each sound held its own element of truth
And you were snugly tucked in
It was great when it would begin

Some things you remember are so special
That becomes part of your memory and mettle
Of a time when the world was so light
A place to visit when you choose it is right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Rainbow

Cosmic colours spread a rainbow across the sky
From horizon to horizon in nature's palette on high
As the colours raced to augment the backdrop of the blue
The rainbow's journey meets the land as it ought to do

The last rain squall of a bright spring day
As the sun is heralded by the rainbow's display
The gentle colourful arch under which we live
Shows how awesome nature can kindly give.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Ravine

Looking down into a deep ravine
The shadows cast dark shapes
That hid the jagged rocks and empty spaces
There were noises of movement from within
And a sense of foreboding overtook him

He decided to climb down using the ledges
Feeling his way as he lowered himself
The apprehension he felt deepened
As the shadows lengthened
Still the movement sounds continued

Suddenly he came face to face with the creature
With an indescribable face
As he drew his revolver he pointed it at creature
And backed away without thinking
What his next move would be

The creature was as startled as him
And it back away into a dark deep cave
He considered what to do for a moment
Until thinking better of the whole thing
He climbed out of the ravine and back to the top.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Rawleighs Man

About once a month he'd knock on the back door
Selling things door to door his remedies and more
There were ointments and lotions only from him
You couldn't buy these things in a shop again

There was eucalyptus for your handkerchief
For a cold to breath in for stuffy noses relief
And ointments for a scrapped knee
To apply when treatment was needed for free

But these door to door salesmen are no longer around
Another part of Australia that can no longer can be found
The Rawleighs man has left his mark in our history
With the old world no longer being a story.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Reaper

The dark figure stands just out of view
Biding it's time as it watches what I do
I sense it as I make my way in this life
Each step closer as my apprehension is rife

But when I turn around it scurries away
Not wanting to catch my eye and stay
They say that when the day finally comes
I will see the reaper as its duty is done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Red Bellied Black Snake

It was a rocky gorge north of the City of Cairns
As we walked through the rain forest making plans
For a dive and swim in the tropical heat of the sun
A green tree snake passed and we jumped as one
He poked his head up us angrily before leaving
And we went onto the rock pools for swimming

So we dived into the rock pools swimming around
There were boulders where the stream poured down
So as I was climbing up on the rocks I came face to face
With a red bellied back snake and I turned around and raced
Back to the swimming pool not turning around once
And I related the story about the black snake ready to pounce.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Red Boat

The boat drifted in one Summer's day
Painted red no one aboard today
The fisherman found it on the shore
And took it home deciding ownership would be ignored

And he didn't hear anyone was missing a boat
So he felt safe to use it being chuffed to gloat
He rigged it up and used it to fish in the bay
Setting out to sail on a sunny day

A couple was walking on the beach
And they saw the boat on the bay out of reach
They wondered who was with the fisherman then
As there was two people at the boat's end

The next day on the beach of a seaside town
A red boat washed to the shoreline to be found
And a fisherman found the boat with no one around
So he took the boat hoping that the owner could not be found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Red Dirt So Dry

I picked it up and let it run through
Reddish brown and so dry too
Then I stood and looked around
The long drought had cracked the ground

The wind blew the red dust up high
Into the clear blue azure sky
In the distance the sea rolled to the beach
As the sun blasted the sky out of reach

I love this land god given and grand
Sun drenched and hard in God's plan
It may be wind blown and red
But I'll always be a proud Australian born and bred.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Reoccurring Dream

Fleeting impressions of dreaming things
Each night I lie waiting for sleep to bring
Rest for me as I lie still
I walk again as in my life's drill

Though corridors of my life
Wandering in thoughts so rife
Who would have thought this
Do I have again to suffer again this rift

Then sleep comes and it's gone again
The next night I see it as it plays to its end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Rights Of Us All

To live where we want to live
In peace and harmony for all

To be who we want to be
And not at someone else's call

To love your family and friends
And be there in their need

To read, watch, say and write
What we want to say
So long as it does not destroy
Beyond robust conversation

To hold different Political
Points of view that are not
Tailored towards harm

To have a job that provides
For you and your family
In comfort not excess

To help and accept those
Who are different to us in
Body and Mind needing tolerance

To not judge someone on
Religion, race or colour

To have a full belly
And not to be hungry

To be happy and content
For what your life can give.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Road

The road to crossroad
Which to take is a load
Is the decision done
To go toward the one

Without knowing where
But knowing you would dare
Please let the guiding light
Show me the one that's right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Road To Heaven I80 Wyoming Usa

The road went straight on
With the ribbon drifting as a heavenly song
They call it the "Road to Heaven"; going up high
Stop and look at how it leaves the earth for the sky
So in your wandering take a look to see
I80 in Wyoming in Utah you'll be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Road-Side Marker

Plastic flowers bend in the breeze
Photos of a young face placed to grieve
A cross or marker planted near
A place of death remembering a loved one so dear

Was it a drunk or speedster then
That brought about an untimely end
For an empty place at a family table no longer taken
Marks the last place of a person's death slumber now not awakened.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Robot

On the robot there was a switch
With happiness and sadness as a choice of which
You could have depending on your state
And there was no need to worry or wait

The switch became worn towards happiness
As times were special around it without a guess
And the company producing the robots found
Happiness spares outsold sadness 5 to 1 around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Rose

A rose blooms bright
As the day radiates sunlight
From the jagged thorned stem
Natural beauty perfumed in colour it extends

Used as tokens of love forever
With a gentle kiss and a promise tethered
Or to remember a loved one
When death has finally won.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Rose Bush

He planted the rose bush for her
And he cared for it everyday
As the years went by it grew stronger
And more beautiful in every way

But he didn't age too well as the years told
And Alzheimer's robbed him of his mind
The rose bush grew wild as it got old
Until he died and there was a last rose so inclined.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Rules

Who makes the rules
I said under my breath
How hard does it
Have to be

There are places
I have been
And things I've done
I don't want to remember

But still it lingers on
Will there ever be
Rest for me
For I am so tired.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Sailor's Tale

We sat and talked together that day
As he reminisced in his usual way
That old uncle of mine and me
How he had growing up in Port Adelaide and he loved the sea
For in his youth he climbed the rigging so bravely
As a wooden ketch sailed in the South Australian waters so easily

For in those days there was no road transport
And the ketches were the lifeblood from each port
The wheat and the wool in the hold when the work was done
Bringing their cargo to the city with each voyage won
He spoke of what it was like as his tale was told
A handful of men versus the sea so bold
Sailing on the ocean's blue waves
When the wind blew the sails and the masts swayed as they gave

No matter the weather the ship ahead sailed
For to yield to the sea meant the voyage had failed
He liked the freedom of the ketch and the sea
And how he loved to climb the mast as a sight to see
No one else on the ketch braved the mast
When the wind blew hard in your face to make you gasp
And I could tell by his eyes he wished he were there
On the mast with the spray on his face and the wind in his hair

Now that was years past and the ketches don't sail
For those times have passed into history's tale
And the men who sailed them are gone
With no living history left so forlorn
But I wonder if there are still ghostly sails
Taking these old men to heaven where the wind never fails.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Saturday Domestic

The neighbours heard the loud voices and the furniture being broken
It was something that went on with words unspoken
But that Saturday afternoon was different
More than the usual anger being vent

This time a front window was smashed out
Followed by some more screaming and a loud shout
So the neighbours called the police this time
And we attended a domestic disturbance that went over the line

The first thing we saw was a staggering man
Who was coming out not at all grand
A deep rendered cut bloody down
And this time he went to hospital for cuts and bruises he found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Scales

There is a balancing act
Where what we do that is bad
Is weighed against the good
And on these scales we stand

Alone and naked to the world
Where everything is open
For a judgement to be made
And what is most important

That which is public knowledge
Or that which is hidden and not remembered
When your reputation and position
We're more important than truth.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Search For A Place To Belong

I have trod the sands
Of no man's land
I have sat by the campfires
Of hell
I have felt the cool breeze
Of the seas of eternity
I still don't see
The cool green valleys
Of home.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Sentimental Bloke

I get a little sentimental in my ways
When remembering the good old days
And the mates who were always there
Together still, in my dreams - paid my fare

Tell me again of the old ways
You know those crazy hazy days
When laughter wasn't too hard to find
And wishing them back I wouldn't mind

I know it makes me melancholy
And to an old bloke it isn't such a folly
I have made my mind up, you see
Sentimental is what I wanna be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Setting Sun

I wear a cloak as my disguise
And I use it to cool my pride
For in an instant I can disappear
So you can't see me near

I can then stand when danger calls
For one needs these things as part of their all
And don't think if I let you near
That you will find my cloak will disappear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Shadow People

Just out of your vision's periphery
You see the shadow people moving easily
Some say they are shadows of creatures
In other dimensions that will sometime feature

Once and a while in a dimensional overlap
They are briefly there they look to turn back
So if you see them out the corner of your eye
It is the shadow people waving goodbye.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Silence Of My Friends

What hurts most is not the words of my enemies
But the silence of my friends
A quote from Martin Luther King
Have you kept quiet
When you should have spoken up
Has this meant
Unnecessary suffering for people
You care about
Where were you in their time of need?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Silence Of The Morning

In the early hours of the morning
After the bustle and strife of the night
Before the sun is now dawning
There is a silence that wants to put right
All of the pain and the suffering
You would hope that the passage of time
Would help us in revealing the healing
When with the sunrise will be defined.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Silent Words

What are the silent words to say
That will be with me always
I think of the words each one
That I have treasured and mulled over when done

Those words need not be written down
For they are dear to me in their precious sound
So think of those I loved and have gone from here
Know I loved them for it is to me so clear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Simple Things

I like to remember the simple things
The simple things that happiness brings
Take it up for what it is in those times
And they don't fade from the lines
It may never be more than you would see
But you see when added up its enough for me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Sixties

Good morning star shine, the earth says hello
The Beatles reigned supreme in quite a show
When Carnaby Street ruled with miniskirts
And flared jeans were the go tight until they hurt

Hendrix played a mean guitar without reading music
All along the Watchtower a favourite anthem for it
But the Sixties also had the Vietnam War to suffer through
With the anti war demonstrations that were important too

And some made a choice for drugs, sex and rock n roll
To find a new awareness at Woodstock finding a new soul
So Hail to the British Invasion and the music all new
We have fond memories for a world view that changed and grew.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Sleeping Spirit

Old, old - I do sleep
Within myself I will keep

Pray the world will be revived
For us who are still alive

Wake me when it's time
For us who are left will be divine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Soldier With The Faraway Eyes

The Somme bled men white
With bullets and shrapnel flying about in the day and night
And he had survived in body alone
When death was the constant companion he had known

They had found him in the German trench line
With his platoon dead and in such a bind
A shell splinter had pinned him to the wall
The rain came filling the trench fast in its fall

So he waited while the water was rising fast
Not being able to move frighten he would not last
Next his mates carefully levered him out
And stretchered him whilst he yelled delirious shouts

Back to the Casualty Clearing Station
Where he lay staring ahead with a glassy expression
He was sent to Blighty to recover
His wounds healed but emotionally he was lost forever

Years later I met him in a soldiers home
The soldier with the faraway eyes as he was known
And when he was near water at all
He would scream and shout in his frightening call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Song

Is it a song that takes you back in time
To a place when the world was just fine

The words to sing along or music to hum
Of days in sunshine when we were one

Do you hear it, do you feel it, do you need it
When it was on the Top Forty and a new hit

There was no I-tunes or a downloads then
The Record shop was hip, the beginning and end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Song Of Life

Follow along while you hear
The song of life played so clear
With every note that's played
Is for us in our world a serenade

And when you feel like it
Sing along and make it a hit
Or dance for you know what to do
For life and its living is up to you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Song Of The Sirens

Quietly, quietly, gently away
I can't for a moment, a moment stay
For I hear the calling, calling me home
There seems that all reasons have now gone
What do you hear whispered so soft
Is it on the wind as the words are aloft
Go to them now, for they won't linger long
It is such a sweet overpowering song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Song Of The Wind

I sat on the beach and listened
As I heard the song on the wind
It told of the things I was missing
As the cacophony of the waves
Continued not drowning the song
For the tune was a song of the paths
I didn't take as I trod lightly along the beach
And of the regret as I passed on the way
To my journey's end coming ever closer for me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Soothsayer

An ordinary man who had an ordinary life
One day he thought he could read the future
When he dreamed that he was in an accident
And the next day a car hit his at an intersection

So he decide that he would write down his dreams
Leaving a pencil and paper on the side of his bed
So the dreams he remembered became a journal
And occasionally what he dreamt of did occur

This future mapping was never something important
But he was encouraged by what he did see
And so he continued on recording the dreams
In his journal placed nearby his bedside

One day he had a dream of his own death
And this awakened him from the dream
He was overwhelmed by what this meant
Spending his time going over what he remembered

He became obsessed with what would happen
Refusing to be interested in anything else
With each passing day he became weaker
Until he died worrying himself to his own grave.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Sound

I stopped the car and looked around
On a hill overlooking our town
The noise started 10 minutes around
With a distant howling sound

The radio says it is an unknown noise
Something that no human could employ
A group is gathering at the point overlooking town
When the noise stops suddenly its sound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Soundtrack Of My Youth

I remember the old songs
Always to play and sing along

The Beatles play a Hard Day's Night in Liverpool rhymes
And Elvis sings we can't go on together with Suspicious Minds
With Mick from the Stones struts Gimme Shelter is the rule
And Linda sings Blue Bayou soulful and cool

What do I get out of these melodies
It's the sound track of my youth so precious to me
And on a CD orgiving them flight
But hearing them on vinyl is an earned right

It doesn't matter which song you play
Let it make you smile forever stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Southern Cross Of Australia

I like to see the flag waving in the breeze
The way it flutters sure does to me please
The blue over the Southern Cross sticks out
And I know what the history of the Union Jack is about

As Australians we know what freedom costs for us all
As we remember those who fell defending its call
This Great Southern Land parched and brown
Brings forth a harvest known the world round

On this Australia Day 2019 National Pride is brought forth
And we know what Australia means for us and what it's worth
Of all the symbols that our blue flag conjures with pride
It's the Southern Cross shining brightly under which we abide.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Spell

The spell was cast by the old hag
Who spoke her incantation wanting bad
And she imprisoned me with the passion
That took my soul as was her fashion

When I awoke she had vanished away
Now I wander the world looking to find a way
And knowing if I don't find the witching one
My wanderings won't end my soul quest will not be won.

© Paul Poetry Warren

Paul Warren

The Stamp Collector

The stamp collector would sit
With his magnifying glass over it
Looking at each stamp as he graded
Ensuring that the stamps weren't faded

He worked in an office each day seen
At mundane tasks on his computer screen
But when at home each waking moment
Was with his stamps to him heaven sent.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Stories Of My Life

The stories of my life
Are now recounted
As I remember them
I now write each point
As it has been filed
Away in my mind
Sometimes deeply buried
It is hard to find.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Stormy Night

'Can you hear footsteps on the stairs, ' she said
As we huddled together in the old homestead
'I'm sure it was only the wind, ' I said quietly
When we heard the creaking on the steps easily

As our torch lights fell upon the old dusty stairs
But there was nothing to see and we could only stare
If it wasn't for the broken down car we'd never saw
The inside of the old farm house as we opened the door

Trying to find shelter out of the storm lashings to stay
We hardly slept a wink all night until the break of day
With footsteps, the wind and voices we had heard
And wondered about the house what had occurred.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Story

So this is the story
In all its pomp and glory
There is a beginning, middle and end
With the hero wanting to defend

The fact good triumphs over evil
And there is banishment of the devil
There were twists and turns made
When the story made the grade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Story Of Possum, Legend Of The Riverland

There is a story from Renmark in the Riverland
Of a man in the bush as his legend began
He was a shearer from New Zealand in the Depression
Who came to Australia in the 1920s for shearing sessions

But hard times meant he could not buy his Union ticket
This put him out of work without it
So he went into the bushland
And lived his life there not so grand

Cause people were different in those days
And Possum was proud staying out of the way
So he lived on bush tucker all the time
Doing odd jobs he would be just fine

Surviving on track rations from police stations
He travelled the bush tracks of the Australian nation
Taking no charity working for salt he'd need to do
This he said it would get him through

Max Jones was a local detective sergeant there
Who tried to look after this legend as he did care
But Possum would look after himself
Using his bushcraft skills as his wealth

As the years went on his legend grew
He'd mend a fence or chop firewood too
But he would not take handouts
As he would travel the Riverland on walkabout

He would say he'd be alright
When he would get his Union ticket as his right
One of a disappearing breed
Only taking what he would need

And so now Possum has gone from this world too
With his body being found next to the river in 1982
They built a statue of Possum at Wentworth town
At the place where the Darling meets the Murray flowing down.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Strange Case At The Rail Yard

The night shift drags on
As I sit at the monitors
Security work is like that
Some nights once the cleaners leave

There is nothing to do
Except wait for the end of the shift
The monitors show the perimeter fences

They were installed
To monitor people
Who jump the fences
To graffiti the stabled trains

Then the northern most security light activates
Then the next south turns
And so on to the main gate

The lights stay for a time
Then darkness resumes
As I gaze at the clock
It says three am

The strangest thing is
It happen for the next twonights
So tonight I am standing at the gate
As my watch alarm goes off

It is three am now
And the lights do the dance
Until the light goes on the gate
Then the darkness envelopes me

There was an investigation
As to why the guard disappeared
There was no sound
Just a moment later he wasn't around.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Street With No Name

I go back to my street
In my memory it is so complete
As my street with no name
No one is different but still the same

Every lamp post I know as I walk past
From when I thought it would last
But now it seems so long ago
And it hasn't gone at all slow

So the things that I see are different now
Are seen through older eyes wondering how
My memory of them slowly decays and fades
And now doesn't make my recollections made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Submarine

We were down further in the sea
Than any submarine should be
So now we sit on the bottom
As they drop depth charges to show we weren't forgotten

Then there was a large explosion
Whilst it rocked own submarine on the bottom
And that seemed so long ago
As we wait for the final blow

On top bobbing around in the swell
Was the salvage vessel doing the job so well
Having found the long lost submarine sunk
Past 75 years ago in a Japanese attacking funk.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Sun Will Return

Dark days bring forth the rain
As I trudge through the mud again
I'm awaiting the new day
When the sun will return I pray

The same song repeats in my head
Each line sung again instead
And the pattern repeats each time
As I convince myself all in fine

Is this all that was left of the dream
When it is not blessed instead
Fall into line form on the right
Making it look so tight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Sun Will Shine

If tomorrow rains so be it
For the sun is shining today
And I know when it rains
The sun will shine again soon
Nature sometimes needs grey clouds
To make sure that the world will grow
So don't despair the rainy days
The sun will return to follow on.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Sun Will Shine Down

What ends the night
And brings the day
In your time
Just wasting away
What trouble found
Is always around
But know this
For sure
The sun will shine down.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Sunset

Did you see the sunset
Indigo, yellow and red
As I sat with my love
Hand in hand like a glove

We laughed then kissed wonderfully
As my hand touched you lovingly
And watched as the sun went down
The end of a perfect day we found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Surfer

Gasping he sucked in deep
To breathe after made his survival complete
The wave rolled on and left him there
Riding the waves made it devil may care

The sun warmed him lying on his board
Another tick off the bucket list was scored
As he paddled to the distant shoreline
Feeling great and ready for the next item he'd find.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Tablet App

She waited and waited for her birthday
When a computer tablet made her day
So she looked at the world scenes
Becoming her favourite thing to hold her dreams

Each day she carried it around
And she couldn't put it down
There were Apps for gaming and reading
For every day things for what she was doing

One day she opened the App Store
Looking at all the new things listed and more
But there was one App that intrigued her
It was the best one for an App Connoisseur

It asked Do you want to know
All that you want to know and show
And it was free to those who wanted it
So she pressed and it ed in a fit

But this is where the story changed
As the App exploded and arranged
Until a face formed on the screen
Smiling and waving when it had been seen

So it became her habit each day
To go to the App right away
Being further drawn into the frame
Until it controlled what she said and did in its game

The adults didn't notice at first
Until things had changed for the worst
With the children gathering together
Standing and looking forward with no chatter

So the challenge had begun
As the groups of children thought as one
And Adults pondered how it would end
As each for their lives they had to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Terrorist Handbook

We're not going to take it anymore
Wait to ya see what we have in store
Good guys like us cannot fail
All I can say is the cheque's in the mail

Our place in heaven is already assured
Be ready for adventure into the unknown explored
And I don't care what you may think
It's my 15 minutes of fame whilst war is on the brink

I know that in the end I am fated to die
Ya see my training is more than enough to get by
Though I may remain a mysterious one
My point I am making I will not be undone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Thingamebob

We found it on the shelf in a shed
From the dust it had sat as the dust fed
But the gears and cogs still worked around
And it made an efficient machinery sound

So I picked it up and it had some weight
Of something built to last in its long term fate
But no one now knows what it had done
In the olden days it had always run

So I think to myself why is it still here in the shed
Someone thought it was too good to throw it out instead.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Thing-Me-A-Jig

Hold it up to the light
And what will I see

Is it what I'd expect
Or has it awakened

New ideas in this thing
Intriguing now it is

Finally it dawns on me
It's a thing-a-me-jig!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Things You Can't Bare

Are there things you can't bare
To remember if you would dare
Do they creep up on you
Just when you think they are through

Will they eat at your soul
And you try hard to control
But be determined that they won't win
When it will start over again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Thirst

The thirst drained his soul dry
It was all that he could think about
Every minute of every hour of every day
Until each cell cried out - enough
But there was no end in sight

Still it lingered on and on and on
For the thirst would not let him die
Until the last day when it changed
The thirst just let go suddenly without warning
And there was a re-birth into a new world.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Time Machine

A scientist worked hard each day
To make a time machine to work away
And he had an assistant who worked along
Happy to share the scientist's song
He had to clock on and off each day
The scientist not missing the worker's pay

The time machine glowered in its power
As they worked away to the wee small hours
When at last they decided that they'd try it then
Entering the chamber closing the door again
There was a high pitched noise with shuddering
And they left the present to the past time entering

They spent long hours in the past reliving history
At the Eureka Stockade and the Moon Landing's story
When at last they finished their wandering around
They returned to their laboratory as their machine died down
But a problem came when the assistant looked to be paid
They returned to the exact moment they left on their escapade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Town Dude

When he walked into the room
All eyes were turned and girls swooned
If counting points out of ten
He got full marks without pretend

And he stayed in the bar and entertained
Until after midnight the liquor was not distained
As he left the bar he was just as cool
With some man-crushes made within the rules

And as he stepped out on the street
An 18 wheeler and him did meet complete
With crushed bones and ripped up face
And broken hearts that sobbed and raced.

A sadder story in the town was not heard
Take nothing for granted the moral not erred.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Train

The click clack answered back
As I rode along in the train
The familiar sound it made
The rail journey was always a highlight

In the summer the doors were open wide
As the breeze cooled me down
And the click clack egged me along
At each station into town we stopped

The smell of diesel and hot brakes
Until the Adelaide Station was reached
The concourse was the biggest place I knew
Always busy people bustling through

An afternoon in the shops walking around
To the pictures to see a colour film
There was a magic to these times
Then click clack the train took me home again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Trolley Man

He couldn't find a place to stay
So living on the street was his only way
Until a Friday in Bourke Street Melbourne town
A Terrorist set fire to a utility with gas bottles piled 'round

And an innocent man was stabbed to death
By the Terrorist with a knife in danger's breath
A struggle ensued with the police
Trolley man stepped in to help in the police relief

Lashing out with a knife danger bound
He helped corral the Terrorist going down
Instead of leaving to back away
He assisted the police in a courageous stay.

So now we honour him
For bravery shown in a courageous hymn
Terrorist is such a modern scourge
To stand up to it Trolley Man was there without urge.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Truth

Searching for the truth
Do you dare try to find it

As you look in every nook
You find there are plenty

Of red herrings you find
And clues to follow through

Do you want to find it
Is one question to ask

Perhaps what you perceive
Will be what lasts or has meaning.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Truth Beams

Crumpled dreams
And other schemes
Are extreme
Know what I mean

It's always been
Or just so it seems
Written on reams
The truth beams.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Truth In Light

Pin picks of light
Seek me out
Blindingly pure they excite
Holding back a need to shout

Truth in light is well known
What would we know
The seeds are grown
Holding the truth ahead will it go

The jigsaw is solved once the pieces are found
Placed together for all to see
Discovering the picture well bound
Longing for more of the truth smiling proudly.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Truth Lies

The gentle breeze of belief
Kisses me on my tiring eyes
As the realization dawns
For refreshing as the breeze may seem

All it is a dawning of where
The truth lies in the never-ending stream
Of the dreams you once held
When your world was young.

© Paul Warren

Paul Warren

The Truth She Said

There was truth in the words she said
As there was nothing in it you'd dread
She spoke of a brave new world
And the non-negotiables she held

You could hear it in her voice
The way her heart sang for choice
For in the end there is only one brave thing
The truth of the love she would bring

She had heard it so gently then
Paul had said you can't pretend
For us all the love you take
Will only be equal to the love you make.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The U.F.O.

The full moon rides the clouds
Across a winter's sky
With the odd star floating in
As the clouds blow on by

The moon in all its splendour
Shines a bright night light
And I watch the airplanes fly
In formation as they go land

But the last one in line
Changed course immediately
And the coloured lights
Blinked alternatively in a pattern

I saw it stop so suddenly
And it grew in brightness
Until it flashed a blinding white light
And disappeared not to be seen again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Uniform

I visited him each week
With a warm handshake and a smile complete
And we passed an hour or two
Talking about the old times that were now through

One day when I visited him
There was the usual meeting and happy grin
Then he to me so solemnly said
"I want the wear my uniform again before I'm dead"

So I took the box from the cupboard down
And undid the string as it was bound
I saw in the box packed with care
His uniform pristine and clean stored there

His face lit up in anticipation
Of the feel of serge and his military presentation
It was a bit of a struggle but he dressed
As he stood and puffed out his chest

And on his chest in pride of place
Were his medals displayed with style and grace
I saw him gently feel the sharp creases and medals shining
As he was transported back with memories that were binding

We spoke of those things old mates do
And the mates who didn't make it through
These happy hours quickly past
His mind was sharp of memories that did last

And that was the last day I saw my old mate
With his life ending as was his fate
But I remember him still in his uniform
Standing tried and true then reborn.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Universe

We see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum
And we hear only 1% of the acoustic spectrum

The earth travels the universe at 220 kilometres per second
90% of your body carries its own microbial DNA

And the atoms in your body are 99.99999% empty space
With those atoms starting their life in the centre of a star

Humans have 46 chromosomes 2 less than the common potato
Rainbows don't exist they rely on your conical photoreceptors

So cheer up stop worrying about nothing
For what is real and what is an illusion is just supposition.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Veil

The veil hid her face from the world
She couldn't leave without wearing one
For it held back the fear she felt from
The world as it spun in circles around her

And looking through it the world didn't seem
As bad as she remembered it before the veil
There was a time when her beauty shone through
But that was before she and the world moved on

So she carefully pulls the veil down across her face
As she looks in the mirror adjusting its place
Until she is able to leave her house protected from the din
Comfortable in the thought that the world would not get in

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Violin

Sitting cross-legged on the floor
His mother on the wooden chair
Facing him with a smile
Lithely holding the violin

Anticipating the first note
She played the sweet music
He marvelled at her touch
Angelic, loving her so much.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Virus

It is time to look within yourself
To see what is inside as your wealth
Remember what it took to get you here
All the lessons learnt and the heartaches felt so clear

You can hurt people with a remark
When people take the words to heart
So now we are exposed to everything
It can be so hard for your soul to sing

So in this task that is set us
We can make of it such a fuss
Or just get on with it and not complain
Just know we all are in it all the same.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Voice

What makes someone stand tall
When others melt away
Is there something that makes them believe
That this is the path to tread

I have heard a reassuring voice
That told me that things will be alright
If I am challenged to say it isn't so
How is it that I stay convinced
As I get older this remains the same.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Voice I Hear

The voice is familiar
Although quite peculiar
But it's only when I'm alone
I hear the voice I have become prone

The doctor says it's in my head
Whisperings of the bitterness I so dread
Do I warn others of my plight
Infecting whispering things that can't be right

So strangeness is my regular thing
When I hear the whispering
I feel it more and more each day
When the voice doesn't go away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Waiting

I told my enemy that I would settle it eventually
If it took me forever to track him down you see
But things don't always go as you plan it to be
And the ambush set by his cronies killed me

I won't move on whilst I have this debt to fulfill
So I follow him around waiting and watching still
For the right moment to do kill him
And sometimes he feels me so close to him again

That it makes him sweat and look around for me
But I am a spirit invisible to him to see
Maybe I will continue to follow him around
Just enough to send him mad without a sound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Walk-In Woman

I was walking in the old part of town
Taking in the sights and looking around
The old buildings stood sentinel
As I admired it all built so well

The legend said to wait
Until sundown to contemplate
The strange appearances in the street
And creatures strange that you would meet

So we readied ourselves for the display
Wondering what would occur in the twilight of the day
Then, in the blink of an eye she appeared quite near
In clothing that looked quite a bit queer

She was dressed in clothing with glowing patterns made
That changed in greens, blues and yellow in a flowing cascade
And she gave a warning, "Beware the sun will explode"
Running around the street in warning mode

We were able to settle her down in the end
But she insisted on the warning ensuring we comprehend
Then she looked to the distance and ran toward a shimmering
Disappearing with a loud sound as a bright light completed its immersing

I have pondered on the woman's appearance and her words
And I have wondered if the warning was absurd
But the sunlight has started glowering so bright
And the strong heat of the day just is not right.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Wall

The walls that we build around
Help us and keep us sound
And the hurt won't get through
It is a mechanism that works when you do

But to cut yourself off from all
May mean that you would fall
For you are not an island
And need interaction with others to stand.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Walls Surround Me

The walls surround me
And my thoughts don't let me be
For the one I love has gone
To leave me all alone

I struggle through these long days
And I cry whilst sadness stays
For when I made mistakes
The heartache now is more than I can take

When I go out alone and think of you without me
I hold my head up so my friends won't see
Trying to hide my tears as over they spill
My heartache I feel is so real.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Warning

One day she appeared
And hasn't since disappeared
She gave a word of warning since repeated
In a manner that was not well greeted
Some laughed it off with words that were expletives

The warning she had was for the everyone
Suddenly the warning ended as it had begun
And she disappeared from the screen
That left us wondering what did it all mean

When I woke the next day
With a strange feeling that wouldn't go away
As I walked to the rear yard basking in the sun
The light and warmth faded for everyone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Warrior's Contract

The wandering spirit finds no rest
And will never return home at God's behest
For he has supped with the devil in his demand
To have a mighty sword for his enemy's end plan

The contract that he signed in his fresh blood
Meant he had no fear of losing his life in the battle's mud
But contracts with the devil have an ending to them
And when he reached it he could not himself defend

So now he pays the devil's debt as it had been incurred
To wander the world forever with no home laughter heard
And if perchance you see him riding along a road alone
Know that strength bought from the devil can't be condoned.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Wedge-Tail Eagle

There you are
Sitting in a tree
Stretching out your wings
The master of all you see
And looking straight at us
Then I see you flying up high
As we see you fly across the azure blue sky
You have been here as long as the wind
And will see the world renew when it begins again.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Wham

I look in the mirror each day
And I wonder what to say
I am not the perfect one
As there are things I shouldn't have done

But that was yesterday
When I was young and did not say
Or do the exact right thing
And there now is regret that it brings

So you see I am who I am
A person who has suffered the wham
And people who want to bring up the past
Will for me not last.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The White And Bright

A ghostly trail brighter than the sun
As I walked I couldn't remember how it begun
When I pondered the start of it all
Or what in fact I did last recall

The light was bright and glaring strong
I was compelled to continue along
As I went further forward there was a feeling
Of inner contentment with no earthly dealing

But then the light diminished some
And I woke up at where it had all begun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The White House, White-Boards And Good Penmanship

White boards for the White House clan
Lists of things to be done so grand
This puts things in front of the doers
And what needs to be done for straight shooters

When friends come to visit shoot a selfie is done
But backgrounds cannot be now undone
Perhaps there is no secret in the words
But it's old school and now seems absurd

With a world that turns now in the digital age
Good penmanship is valued for Trump's sage.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Winding Road

The winding road goes on
You can see it so long
There are plans you made
Hoping to make the grade

But what are you to do
Except to follow it through
Sometimes it seems too long
As you travel sing a song

In some parts it may be unmapped
But it is only a matter of fact
So just do your best
The road will take care of the rest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Winter Rains End

The winter rains have ended
With the long nights and cold gone
When the sun begins to shine
The air warms the gentle breezes

And the balmy nights return
It seems that summer comes
That life is renewed again
Hope returns for something better.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Wonder Of The Day

Have you seen the wonder
Of each day as it starts in all its splendour
The birds sing to greet their day
And won't waste a minute as they fly away

I raise my head from the pillow and open my eyes
And meet the day with a sigh
So up I get and away I go
Happy to meet the earth's latest show.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Wood Turner

The wood turner takes a piece of wood
Gnarled and pitted as aged as it could
The holes are filled and bonded with resin
Which brings out the highlighted colour heaven

Attached to the lathe it turns as the tools cut down
The excess is taken off the shape as it's found
Slowly working the eye can see
The beauty found in natural wood not found easily.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Word

They searched for the word
In the written and spoken text
As they laboured the hours
And days not finding anything

Then one day it was found
In the ancient record ions before
The wonder of it was for them
How 'Love' could be so hard to find.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Words Of God

Do you hear do you hear
The words that keep you near
Whispering or shouting loud
The words that are empowered

Do they fill you with hope
A verse above you that will float
Or do they bounce around in your head
Just long enough for you to understand what is said.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Words Of Love

The words of love are true
When said aloud to you
In each gentle breath you take
There is love that you make
For us to share in golden light
As we lay together in endless night.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The World

Sit on a hill and look over the plain
See the clouds rolling by bringing in the rain
Take a boat on a lake as you drift along
Hear the music from the shore as you sing its song

Walk along the beach and see the waves break
As the glistening sun rises above at day-break
Take a glider into the bright blue hazy sky
When you see a majestic eagle flying by

Count you blessings each and every one
And know the world for its beauty never done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The World - J'accuse

A woman is beaten by her partner

J'Accuse

A child does not thrive and goes to bed hungry

J'Accuse

The same defenceless child is beaten

J'Accuse

A person is jailed who is innocent of a crime

J'Accuse

A Terrorist kills innocent people in the street

J'Accuse

Genocide occurs and death has no lawful reason

J'Accuse

Making money becomes the most important thing

J'Accuse

Unspeakable things are done in the name of God

J'Accuse

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The World - The Scottish Highlands

The air is cold and the wind is strong
Not a tree to see as far as the horizon long
The Scottish highlands have a beauty rarely seen
With Lochs around providing water as a resource in the scene

We had a drink at Rob Roy McGregor's local pub
Near the Loch Lomond road through the land's hub
And they spoke of the lost Roman Legion who couldn't conquer
The Scots in their wild world where the Highlands were an anchor

Then to Fort William to the Whisky store
And onto the Isle of Skye in beauty to implore
There's the Commando Memorial to WW11 heroes
Of the fight against the Nazis who were zeros

Then there's Loch Ness a magnificent fresh water lake
Looking for Nessie the Monster and the wake it makes
The old battlefields against the English stood out
Then back to Glasgow in the evening with memories to tout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The World As It Spins

See the world as it spins around
Quietly, there is no sound
Through space in its journey
It will continue on with no hurry

Go to woe or be half hearted
It will make no difference once started
For each rotation made
Will make no difference in the escapade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Worst Of The Expletive

Stay awake stay awake he repeated
And then the worst of the expletive
For it was just a struggle to maintain
A semblance of order in his refrain

Say it over and over again
Until it became like a long lost friend
But you have to practice the call
If only to make it to the final footfall

And then there were the stares
Without one ounce of heartfelt cares
So wander along within your world
When it comes to the final geld.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Wretched And The Dead

Sometimes in the end
All that is left
Is the wretched and the dead
There is not always justice
For what transpires
And evil will prevail
It's just the way of the world.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Y Chromosome

An X and Y chromosome is in all males
And females only have the X chromosome
This has been the case for 3.5 billion years
But recently the Y chromosome is not so strong

Males they say don't need the Y to be male
And if the Y continues to weaken
In 4.6 million years it would have disappeared altogether
So in the end I wonder what it all means.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Zombie Apocalypse

The Zombie Apocalypse will be here
Stock up and barricade in there's more to fear
For nature will get even I know to say
Double tap those head shots is the only way

Your band of survivors need to know
Where to hold up or best to go
For being a good guy is not enough
Having a plan and hoarding food is a must

So put your armour on
To ensure the bitey ones are gone
For each one that you put away
Know it will mean you will longer stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

The Zulu

The Zulu were great African warriors
Ruling Central African harshly, history will infer
And they defeated the British in battle
Shaking their 19th Century Empire as rattled
Eventually they were subdued by the British
But they will remain as a foe not diminished.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Their Own Refrain

One thing I have learnt
Through the years
Is knowledge needs to be earned
And sometimes through tears

I cannot control what others think
So that their opinions will remain
Even if it to them raises a stink
It will always remain their own refrain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

These Burdens That I Carry

These burdens that I carry
Hold me back and ensue I don't tarry
For they drag me down
Being left on this unholy ground

Did I see what I should have then
At the beginning and not the end
Am I the one who is left with it all
Crossing these bridges and getting up after each fall.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

These Warrior Ways

A painted red and purple sky
Birds startled fly up high
Thunder rumbles heralding bad times to begin
These last days will mean the end

Who would have thought such magnificence
Would lead to ash and loss of innocence
For when war and destruction rules
We are left as idiotic fools.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Things

I pick things up and feel their power again
As their memories flood right in
For some have happiness entrenched
While others find my tears are wrenched

Just simple things you may say
But I will never give them away
Carefully I wrap these things with each fold
For later when their story will again be told.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Things My Father Taught Me

You don't have to be loud to be right
Pick your stands no need to always fight
Stay calm when the world can't do it
For you will be able to think with you whole wits

Be proud of your achievements no matter what
Look after each other family as in the end it's all you've got
The measure of the person in your life
Is what you leave behind after the strife.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Think Clearly

Take a while to think it through
What it will be like at the end
When you draw your last breath
And you find out who was correct

Do the atheists win and there is nothing
Or is it you get what you deserve
To go onto heavenly things or hell's torture
Maybe it's just a warehouse of souls

Awaiting their moment to recycle again
And leaving back to this world
No one knows until this time will come
Life's greatest secret will be finally revealed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

This Life

We asked for this life
So very long ago
When we were young
And everything seemed possible

The storms we endured
And the people we knew
Are still there imprinted
On our souls forever more

So twilight has come for us now
And memories take their place
Do not regret the hard things
But remember the lessons learnt from them.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Those That Stood Hardy

In March 1918 the Germans advanced so quick and clean
The Western Front was burst open as had not before been seen
And the British Army was in retreat
So they pushed the Australians into the frontline gap so neat

When the Diggers moved on up as fast as they could track
To hold the German advancing onslaught back
When they met the British in disarray they did say
'You are going the wrong way, chum' and didn't stop that day

But the Diggers advanced on to meet the foe
With no intention of losing this important show
And which soldiers did they find fighting the rear guard
But the kilted Scots stoutly fighting for each yard

So together they stopped this important battle in its tracks
And fought the Germans to stop and go back
They gave them the bloody nose needed
That commenced the end for the Germans succeeded.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Thought

Have you wondered how
Thoughts are made

Are the neurones buzzing
With electricity as the thought

Born of the impulse commences
And others join in the buzz

When it is all working well
I am invited to join in

The thought is born
And I press the remote
(I am a bloke) .

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Thoughts

Does the strain show
When you're tired but still go
Are you tired of the front
So just sit down and leave the hunt

What judgement of you is made
Are you glad to see the end of the escapade
Returning to what really matters
Whilst those behind you scatter.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Thoughts On Being A Parent

I don't want to think about it
The strain of being a parent
Of a handicapped son
I worry each day that he is alright
And that he will be happy in his life

What's going to happen to him
When I can't look after him anymore
But they say he will be OK
Can I trust what they say
For once a workmate said to me
You get too much given for him
He was jealous and didn't understand
What it all meant to me

I worry the world is not kind enough
And it keeps me awake through the tears.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Thoughts On Friends

Did you see the writing on the wall
Or were you pre-occupied - do you recall
Were you busy in what you did
And other things from you were hid

Were you betrayed by someone you knew
Now that you think it all through
But as the song says it will do
Que Sera Que Sera - will see you through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tick Tocking

Do you hear the ticking
Tocking in your head ringing
As your time passes slowly
Close your eyes so very tightly

Does it make you cringe
A multitude in an unsightly binge
Was it what you deserved
That for you has been reserved

For to leave now before it's finished
Means your take will be diminished
So take it as it comes
For you it will not be undone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Ticking Over In Neutral

Do you sometimes see
People ticking over in neutral
When it is blatantly obvious
The gears aren't engaged
Their engines idling
Wasting petrol spent
It's so evident!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Time

Beginning of time

It's time

Your time

Our time

My time

On time

Keep time

Free time

Rosemary and thyme

It's about time!

What's the time?

The best of times

The worst of times

End of time

Time Lord.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Time - Everything Is In Cycles

Are you interested in the world I said
Yes it's better than sitting twiddling instead
Do you notice that there are cycles
What do you mean riding bicycles

No how nothing seems to end
Just to start at the beginning again
You know in some cultures that's how
They measure time without a lineal scowl

You I think I'd prefer that way you see
I suppose it just needs to please me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Time - The Human Race Invented It

Watching and waiting is the hardest
Once time has passed its the sweetest
Is it your first or have you been there before
It doesn't mean that that it means so more

Anti-up and don't watch the clock
Just plan it out and you won't be caught on the hop
You know that it was the human race that invented
Time in its counting as the taste of it can be scented.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Time - Waiting For Time To Go

They say a watched kettle never boils and takes longer than usual
And time will go slower if you watch a clock sweeping each numeral
For when you are waiting for something to finally end
It is hard when it is an outcome that you'll depend
But what is the best advice to give to one in this situation?
Perhaps keep busy and useful and it will go in its expiration.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Time And The Clock

The ticking of the clock
Counts down the day
And I wonder will the remembering stop
Where am I now?

You see time will win in the end
Don't you see it now
Do I have to defend
Each day that I have.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Time For The Light

No more crying
Or feeling like dying
Put aside your grief
And finding no relief

When the long shadows fall
And you've given your all
Know in the end of the fight
There will be time for the light.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Time Gentlemen Please

Last words you say
Before your life slips away
Could be just incidental
Or indeed not confidential

I suppose the choice may not be
Something I'd want to say so easily
For it may be a surprise
To me when I do not rise

Most people would want to die in their sleep
The grim reaper crept up the end complete
Your last words may hold
Nothing more than an expletive told

When it may be "F... me";
With my last breath pushed out free
Or will I remain silent at the end
No more needing to pretend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Time Passes Slowly

Just watching the clock tick
As the seconds pass with each click
And time is the enemy I loath it to be
Waiting the time to pass is not easy to see

So I try to keep myself very busy
At a pace that would usually by dizzy
But I know that it will be so slow
Especially when waiting time to go.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Time, If I Only Had Time

Time, if I only had time
Time to think it all through for a rhyme
Time to love those near me
Time to have what I need to see

But time marches on
It is more than a tale or a song
I reaches out from the past
And rolls on to future to last

When you sit back and think
It's from its well that you drink
But don't worry about tomorrow
It will take care of itself even the sorrow

Whilst you live for today
Do not let it waste away
Time, if only I had time
Would it matter or would I mind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Timeless

Water flowing timeless
Never ending cycle of nature
What once was whole
Is now whole again
Timeless flowing water.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Times I Could Have Done Better

There were times when I could have done better
When I felt the times had my measure
Standing alone at the end
And trying to justify what I couldn't defend

Do I stand with the wind in your face
Not wanting to fall out of place
But perhaps I need a little understanding
And some tasks that are not so demanding.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Timothy The Leprechaun

Timothy was an Irish Leprechaun
Who lived in the place where his family was born
In a house in a hole at the base of a little tree
And thought the world was a wonder to see

He kept his pot of gold at the rainbow's end
That he visited every rainy cold day once again
So as to keep his gold from marauding pirates
Who would hide near a rainbow whilst they would wait

For Leprechauns to come out to see their gold
So after a particularly wet Saturday afternoon so cold
Timothy decided to see his golden treasure
And left his little tree to seek it out for his pleasure

Whistling a Irish jig on journey under the shiny sun
With each step an adventure that had just begun
And with the sun out on high the rainbow appeared
In magic dust as it flew across the sky a roadway endeared

But the Pirates were near and they saw Timothy at the start
Of the rainbow hearing the words that were Leprechaun smart
'Over the rainbow and away across the blue sky,
I want to see my treasure and need a road to get there by'

The road on the rainbow appeared for Timothy clearly ahead
And he stepped up on it and looked forward without dread
The pirates waited and when Timothy was far enough away
They spoke the words and quietly they were on their way

The rainbow curved across the sky as Timothy hiked on by
Stealthy and quietly the pirates followed the road in the sky
Until they saw Timothy at the end of the fabled highway
As he opened his pot of gold sparkling brightly away

Then the pirates jumped out and surprised him with their guns
And they thought they had the gold with their laughter begun
Timothy said his magic words, ' Be gone each and everyone'
When pop! The pirates disappeared as Timothy had won

Timothy had a chuckle and danced a jig to his favourite song
Putting his gold away in its rightful place where it belongs
And what of the pirates and punishment I hear you say
They were in the Simpson Desert in Australia far from the sea away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

To Be Remembered

The Mexicans have a phrase
"Feo fuerte y formal";
Which means
"He was ugly, strong and had dignity";
And was how John Wayne wanted to be remembered

When the dust has cleared
And I am at my final rest
I wonder if this phrase will apply.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

To Bear My Father's Name

It's such a long way home from here
To the place that I will always hold dear
And I remember my father standing strong
Who most of all taught me how to get along

He was there to hear my words in counsel
Sure, he was not perfect in every way possible
But now when I think of him out loud
To bear my father's name I am so proud.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

To Hear The Bells

Do you hear the bells
They are ringing with all their might
When it is Christmas time
On a hot Australian night

Do you see the jolly fellow
Whose face is as red as his suit
Who comes when the bells are calling now
For the children to wonder how

This time of the year is so magical
Even when the snow does not fall
For Christmas in Australia is always hot
We wear board shorts and flip flops

Families all gather at the beach and pool
Whilst Santa's sleigh is pulled by boomers all
Christmas in the sun
Is made for living large and having fun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

To Wander The Universe

I want to chart the stars
As I wander the universe a far
Wondrous sights I will see
A journey across the galaxy
And it might be one day it will be
That I'll see the face of God so gently
To touch his hand and praise him so endlessly.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Today

I found a place
Where I want to stay
Not to ponder upon yesterday
Or think about tomorrow
Just content to stay
For today is good to rest upon
With no care or trouble I can see
For today will be the day it's meant to be!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Together In The Wilderness

We have walked together in the Australian desert at sundown
And we saw the nestling eagles in the trees settle down
When the blazing sun boiled the distant air of the horizon
We travelled towards this mirage on the bitumen run

On sparkling white sands and a cobalt blue sea
I have raced my love into the cool waters with me
At night under a chandelier of twinkling stars bright
We have laid together as the campfire crackled with delight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tolerance

You need to be
Happy and free
To live together
And not worry or blether

For tolerance seems to be an old idea
And why is something that is not so clear
Perhaps it's religion, creed or colour
That separates us from one another

It seems that pride is part of it all
As you would want to recall
How your ancestors built for you
A place to live that is great too

So when challenging you ideal
And considering if someone is the real deal
It is hard to integrate them
When their standard is so different we comprehend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tomorrow Is Fresh And Clean

Take the road ahead
Don't you look back
On the things that you dread
See the future and what it will be
Tomorrow is fresh and clean
There is no good or bad yet
So don't let what has happened before
Make you not want to try
Each dawning means an opportunity
So forget about yesterday
Look ahead it will be better you see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Too Late To Bind Old Wounds

Words meant so much to him too
The punchy lyric told you what to do
It was what he wanted to say
Instead of just wasting it anyway

What bollocks, yeah man
Here was where he made his stand
The solitary one in his plan
Too far now from where it began

Opening his old wounds
Too late to bind them he swoons
Just drag yourself on
March on singing your sad songs.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Too Many

Too many nights alone
Drinking bourbon straight

Too many broken dreams
Shattered and no more

Too many promises made
That were never kept

Too many sunrises
With a booze headache

Too many days
That were exactly the same.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Traffic Control

On the corner of North Terrace and King William Street
In dark blue serge and checked band complete
A soldier once who stood his ground
In a past war when his courage was so sound

Then traffic control was his call
With the ACME Thunderer blasting for one and all
And no one disputed his authority
On display for all to see

Now he stands only in our memory
Of times past before traffic lights you'd see
As a symbol of law and order then
Of visible crime prevention before its end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Travel - On An Aeroplane In Flight

Sitting in an aeroplane at 17,000 feet
Trying to feel comfortable with no-one to greet
All passengers who are seated together
With nothing in common but a trip in their gather

Do you really want to now know
Who they are or where they will go
Is it business for them or a family group to complete
Look around at them and know you will never again meet.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Trouble

When people are in trouble
And need to find reason

They search for the truth
Seeking a kindness reaching out

Sometimes it will be religion
Where they will settle for two years

Then others will bend themselves

And twist it around upon itself
Until they cannot find a way out

Humanity itself feeds on the weak
And being right doesn't mean
That you will prevail.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

True Colours

Silver, purple and gold
The colours of the bold

Red, white and blue
Is patriotic too

Black stands alone
To others duly know

Red is a vibrant show
When you should know

And white is so pure
So virginal and demur.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Truth

What is the truth of the matter
Is it what you see in idle chatter
Or something that is written later
By someone who makes a point to flatter

A figure from history in the making
So we read about them the truth forsaking
For a good story line in the end
With the facts lined up ready to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Truth - Good Or Bad

What is good or bad?
Or perhaps it is just a fad
What is it that we perceive?
Is it the winner that doesn't grieve?
If we have to go in league
With the devil to succeed
Does this mean that it is right?
To beat someone evil in a fight
I find it all a bit perplexing
For history writing a truth that's stretching.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Truth - It Doesn't Seem So Important

I suppose there is good in everyone
Although it is not obvious in some
Maybe it's a cause that seems special
So the end justifies the means so believable
But when you examine it later from afar
Most causes don't seem so important to star.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Truth And Politics - What Are The Issues

Can truth and politics be used in the same sentence
When you have people acting in their own defence
When routes for trips and helicopter flights become the norm
And points of view against the left, electricity and refugees is the form

Who do you support when it becomes apparent for all
That politics seemed so easy to make a popular call
Before issues were something that you could debate easily
Were you for the war or against it was for you to see

Then politicians decided to say anything to get elected
And when they in power the issues become effected
Now, how can you tell where to go from here on
When those in power will be found out along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Truth Is Your Greatest Principle

Is the greatest principle you own
The fact that you tell the truth
It is not whether you own everything
Or that you have a beautiful wife
It is whether when you speak
It's the truth and not alternative facts

Be a master of the Internet in what you write
Twitter and Facebook will be the truth
When it is not and fake news rules the times
So why is the world held up as out of place
Surely embracing change is the way to go
And to make something great again

You must have the people with you as well
And not be reckless in your dealings with others.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Try Something You Think You Can't

There are easy things to do
To give up and not see it through
Standing whilst you make the call
Wanting something as part of your all

You cannot be something you aren't
But try and do something you think can't
Even if it doesn't turn out the way you think
It will broaden your horizons on the brink.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Try To Be Kind

Try to be kind
For you may find
That it comes back to you
Come on, you what to do

For kindness will permeate
With everyone you smile and greet
And you will own the day
Where you will want to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tyranny

How do you face down tyranny
As you stand in faith to see
Do you see the truth of life
In not wanting to see strife

If someone would want more
Will you see the end score
In always telling the truth
And making it a strong roof

To keep the storm out
Whilst clearing away doubt
What do you think of in making
This decision that it may be life-taking.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Tyre Whispering

Tyres are a studied subject
That now requires less knowledge
Before you would have to judge
For yourself when they needed replacement

But now they have bars in the tread of the tyre
That will tell you when they are due
So now the old occupation of whispering tyres
And knowing by their touch you need them replaced.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

U2 In Adelaide South Australia

On Tuesday 19 November,2019, at Adelaide Oval on a barmy evening
The stage is set for U2's Joshua Tree concert appealing
Playing to 40,000 fans such a buzz
Each song played a hit in their rock show for us

A street with no name with a never ending road
And Sunday Bloody Sunday got the crowd in rock mode
Such a night among the stars
With or without you was one of my favourite musical bars

And Pride was echoing around the ground
With I still haven't found what I'm looking for the sound
At the end they played their heart out
And the crowd had something to shout about.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Under-Estimation

There are times when people under estimate me
And my drive to be what I always wanted to be
It has made me wonder how it came about
When they thought that they could measure the clout

That they wanted to give to me at the time
And to see the panic on their own face is quite fine
Knowing when it blows up in their face
With them back pedalling to save the disgrace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Underpants And A Dance

Just outta of a shower and pampering
The next step for me is dressing
I'm so fresh and clean
And wanting to look so neat and pristine

I line up my boxers strategically placed
I'm ready in my dressing place
As I place my right leg through the hole
Suddenly I start a one legged dance craze role

You see things haven't gone to plan
As my big toe gets caught on the waist band
Moving around the room as a dancing high kicker
Until cussing and panting I land on my kisser

And I wonder when my skill was lost
That I learnt those as a nipper at such a cost
When dressing was so easy to know
Now it's more an acrobatic one man show!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Understudy

Do you need an understudy
To bounce off when needing somebody
To have when things aren't right
And lose you when win you just might

So when the 50/50 things occur
You will have someone to step in for sure
Eventually you may be promoted
While others may be demoted.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Universal Sign Of Peace

A universal sign of peace
Is there one to see
Has there ever been universal peace
Even at the end of The Great War
There was war in the Middle East and Russia
I suppose the question may be
When will there be universal peace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Universe

This world turns and we all have our lives
On this earth we see around us
But if there are more galaxies than
Grains of sands in all the beaches of the world
Do we matter in this universe?
But if a butterfly's wings flutter
And cause a typhoon
On the other side of the world
Are we all connected?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Using People

Using people was his thing
And for each conversation he brings
Something for himself in it he thinks
Even if overall it just stinks

Shine the light in the dark
Will mean that it sets apart
Those things that you could use
And friendship that you will abuse.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

V The Alien

In 1943 the Nazis captured "V"; the alien being
And Adolf Hitler was pictured with "V";
The alien can be seen with a mask
As "V"; could not breath our air

The Nazis developed their vengeance weapons
The V1 and V2 rockets that came out of the blue
At the end of the Second World War
The Americans inherited "V"; from the Nazis

And he is still alive in the USA
Helping the develop super weapons
Including robot soldiers and cloaking devices
So that they could remain
The super power of this planet.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Vagrant

I walked in the street today
As ordinary as you may say
And the sun was shining too
A nice day walking through

When I saw a man with a dirty face
Shuffling along at a slow pace
He just looked forward and not around
And not a word spoken - not a sound

Just another lost soul in this world
For a time I suppose he was not be felled
By his life that had drew him some short straws
When once it had promised so much more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Vale Barcelona

We are saddened again by death
Where Muslim Terrorists have killed
Innocent people in Barcelona run down
This still goes on and on without stop
We need to close down this sadness
For the pain will remain forever for innocence
And ordinary people paying a butcher's bill.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Vale To The Firefighters

Vale to the Firefighters

Do you think there is a special place in heaven
For people who pass as heroes
Their names are written with pride
And should not be forgotten

Let their families find their peace
Knowing that they will be looked after
From a grateful nation
Holding them close to their hearts.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Valentine's Day - For My Lady

Gentleness in sweet perfume
As I see her seated in the room
Golden light plays upon her hair
Helpless, I can do no more than stare

It's my gentle lady softly won
For us our love has just begun
Now and forever I know it's true
As I hold your hand our love grew.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Valhalla

To die on duty
Means glory for those left
And heartache and sadness
For your family and friends
Where you are taken too soon
But is there a Valhalla for you
Or in the end is it just death
And what it means for us all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Valhalla Speaks Hate

Hate-speak wins again
Unarmed people shot unable to defend
As they pray together in their Mosque
How can you add up this cost?

Valhalla called out in the extreme
Spreading their hate as its scheme
All we are saying is give peace a chance
Without bullets and hate in the devil's dance.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Velvet Promises

Who do you love?
As the music played
I love you in a lover's escapade
Velvet promises on velvet sheets
Go the way to make
The velvet night complete
Wake the next day
In the velvet morning bird's song
Know it was always you all along.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Villainy Or Charity

People aren't totally evil
As others aren't entirely good
As humans we have our flaws
Particularly if backed into a corner

We will most times come out swinging
And will do things others think are bad
Equally a person who is into villainy
May surprise and do a charitable act.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Vinyl Lp Records

I was hooked on vinyl LP records as a teenage boy
And I worked at pumping petrol earning money for this joy
The outside cardboard was a work of art on each cover
With my favourite tunes bought then were like no other

I still have them stored on their edge in a shelf
And my love for them is like nothing else
There doesn't seem the same joy in downloading a song
You have the music but there is nothing in your hand to hold along

The raunchy tunes with scratches and other noises played
But they were great and in the parties we had it made
Now it seems people are going back to them as the latest thing
It seems being perfect now is something you no longer need to bring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Voices

The voice is familiar
Although quite peculiar
But it's only when I'm alone
I hear the voice I have become prone

The doctor says it's in my head
Whisperings of the bitterness I so dread
Do I warn others of my plight
Infecting whispering things that can't be right

So strangeness is my regular thing
When I hear the whispering
I feel it more and more each day
When the voice doesn't go away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Waiting

Silently....

Waiting again

Watching the clock

Tick over slowly

You will be needed soon

So don't go away

It is silent now

Waiting again

Silently....

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Waiting At An Airport

Run for all your life
There is dissent that is rife

Run away from it all
This will be your final call

Your flight is ready awaiting you
Forget everything else due.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Walk A Mile In My Shoes

If you want to feel me
Walk a mile in my shoes
Just close my eyes
And feel what matters
For I am not who you think
A soul as restless as the sea
Just washing against foreign shores.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Walk A Mountain

Walk a mountain
In the moonlight
See the stars
In endless flight
Feel the crispy air
Breath in just right
Hold your head up
Your way your fight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Walk Out Grand

For forty plus years I was wound up
Wanting to do my best and sup
From the fountain of being good
And do those things you should

It didn't matter in the end of it
Whether its your best - just fit
Into the mould that they had built
To make it look good to the hilt

And survive the best you can
When it ends just walk out grand.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wandering Across The Years

I sit back now and wander across those years
To when I was young and had no need of tears

The best thing that you could do was to be with your mates
It didn't matter who you were or a need to contemplate

Everyone was accepted for who they were
There was no need for a boast to occur

But one by one those times disappeared
And we are left with our memories so dear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wandering Spirit

Do you hear my lonesome sound
Of my lost soul wandering around
For me there is no hesitation
Just an uneven heartfelt consternation

Now a lost and lonely wandering
Not knowing what each dawn will bring
Repeating those lines not written down
Just a lonesome lonely sound

Who was I when I lived and breathed
Left alone in the end to now deceive
A puzzle for an inquiring mind
Just smitten being quite unkind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Child Soldiers

Standing with AK 47s too big for them
Knowing how to pull the trigger - do they comprehend?
What it means to be a soldier for today
I used to think it was evil in Satan's sway
But when we leave these battles and they stay
These children are left in harm's way
Now I find out in Helmand province in Afghanistan
There is a grandmother and her three grandson's as fighting men

As our allies against the Taliban fight
We are relying on children to fight war in our sight
This is surely not right and I have tried to think it through
It's seems wars don't end just because we want them to
How do we fix up this mess and stop it spreading out
We in the West surely have the final clout
Or is it enough that it doesn't spread here
So leave it to them and let them persevere?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - How Can We Live In Peace?

Once upon a time
The world was doing fine
It looked as if good would prevail
And the evil wrought would fail

Then the world changed when the towers fell
And it was decided that the world would become a hell
With boots on the ground in Iraq we took out Saddam
In Afghanistan the war removed the Taliban

So why did this mean that the evil was undefeated
And peace was not restored to the world once depleted
Of good and so become a place where people could go about unharmed
Instead of terrorists killing ordinary people as it seems unfettered

What is the answer now we are forced into war again
Not really knowing what will happen or how it will end
Why is it we can always find a way to have a war
But living in peace together we find a chore.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Old Soldiers

They say old soldiers never die they just fade away
Or is that just the story others would like to convey?
They stand as tall as their aged backs will allow
Keeping their word to their mates as their vow
Their medals glint and jingle as honour's display
Returned their thoughts of those lost in war's affray
Glory is not here or the bugle's last triumphant call
Marching on together is their remembrance wall

We wonder what memories are present in their mind
Thinking of their mates their only thoughts are kind
Proudly they march on as written in our history's pages
Has the war ended for them now or for them it still rages?
What do they think when there is a loud noisy report?
Are they reminded of the guns angry roar in their retort?
Or is it the memory of their last words to a fallen friend?
It's for lost mates and this is their message to all they send.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - The Three Isms

War results from one or more of the following isms
Imperialism, Militarism and finally Nationalism
Imperialism when a country wants to control and spread
Militarism when there becomes a cult of the dead
Or Nationalism when a country thinks it's always right
And the flag is flown when you are looking for fight
It seems that some people can't seem to find happiness
Until they feel they are better than the rest

And if you take things down to dollar terms
The ones that profit from all war are the firms
In the Great War the Germans paid \$2300 to kill an Allied soldier
Whilst the British paid \$7500 to kill every German soldier
Remember that what came out of that war was German National Socialism
And for the Russians again losers from that war it was Russian Communism
So in the end brave soldiers die or are maimed in war
And profits and totalitarianism are found what's more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Vietnam War - Long Tan Heroes

It was April 1966 in a Province in South Viet Nam
At a place called Nui Dat, the 1st Australian Task Force took command
It was a dangerous place in a war, without a front line
Where the Viet Cong had a trail, amongst the people entwined
So the stage was set for the fierce battle to come
As a legend was carved, for these brave Australian sons

In August the Viet Cong decided to mortar, the Nui Dat base
Killing an Australian soldier and wounding 24 - to set the pace
A patrol from B Company of 6 RAR, found the Viet Cong in full retreat
With D Company taking over to the Long Tan plantation, in a pursuit complete
A fire fight started where the brave 108 Australians faced a much larger force
A rainstorm burst - making it impossible for the Australians to be reinforced

As darkness fell, no quarter would be asked or given on this deadly night
The Australians were running out of ammunition, yet continued the fight
A flight of two Huey Iroquois helicopters, flew the ammunition in
And artillery was used to support the Australians, in the bloody battle din
The Viet Cong gathered their forces, in a large regimental attack
A handful of Australians facing them, but none would step back

The new day dawned, the Australians were reinforced
And drove the Viet Cong from the battlefield, who had no recourse
That night at least 245 of the enemy soldiers were lost in the battle
18 brave Australians fell with their faces to the foe, amidst death's rattle
Added to the cost were 24 of their mates, wounded in a victory hard earned
Their place in the Anzac Legend was now forever burned.

Now the years have passed from that fateful day
This morning we are left to recall them today
Knowing that what they did can never be denied
They are with Lone Pine, Pozieres and Tobruk with pride
Young Australians standing against odds together strong
Who did not take a step back forging their own legendary song.

© Paul Warren Poetry

War - Vietnam War - The Long Tan Cross

Did you hear the Lon Tan Cross is home!
The 521 Australian fallen are honoured
From a Vietnam War so unpopular
Hail the men of the D Company 6 RAR
Who fought the Vietnamese in the rain
In a rubber plantation so out numbered
And those who died with their faces to the foe
Did you hear Long Tan Cross is home!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - War Since Ww2 - The Infantry Combat Badge

Our soldiers wear it proudly on their chest
And it makes them stand out from the rest
It is only given to soldiers who have been in combat
With laurels and a bayonet in bronze with a pin on the back
So when you see one in a personal display
That soldier has fought for us in harm's way
It's the Infantry Combat Badge awarded
For them for their courage afforded.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - A Whisper On A Summer Breeze

An Australian day is dawning bright and new
In a wide bright sky forever painted azure blue
Kookaburras laugh greeting the sun's arrival
The steam engine strains awaiting its revival
And I see them together in love's fond embrace
The train leaving from home in god's good grace
Then a ship to France to end the War.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

Proud khaki men in hats turned up at the side
In a uniform for hard work and not parade ground pride
Excited voices singing of the legend of the Dardanelles
They are South Australians on their way to Hell
For them it's not Anzac Cove and Johnny Turk
Fair Dinkum they are and Flanders will be their work
And they know the cold and clear devil's arithmetic.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

The steam engine whistles the time to leave
It's a great adventure now with no time to grieve
Berlin or Bust chalked on the carriage with flare
The Huns can't beat us - Australia will be there
Their promise sincerely given I'll return back to you
Girls in Sunday best on train steps like glue
And she is there as always held in his embrace.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

At Outer Harbour the ships are duly loaded
Her streamer breaks and in her pocket carefully folded
She thinks of him so proud and wipes away a tear
In God's Care she places him to hold back the fear
Through long nights alone her anxiety well founded
The priest visits others so her fear well grounded
But she will not let such thoughts to linger long.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze□
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

The ship rolls on for soldier's drills and practice
It's all routine and sergeant's shout without malice
But it's a dry argument and a man could use a drink
King Neptune calls his court and joining him they do think
But the Spanish death is unleashed and one is given to the sea
This one is the gate keeper and will be holding the key
For others in those sad days ahead for Australia's sons.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

Heroes are hailed as they dock at Durban's fair port
The Angel of Durban invites him in and gives her support
On her veranda she smiles and entertains with great pluck
The Signaller as usual flashes goodbye and good luck
Their journey continues on to England and Salisbury Plain
Learning the bayonet and gun its importance is to gain
An upper hand needed but will it temper Maxim's gun?

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

To Flanders Fields and Somme mud the battle joined
With never-ending bloody death and destruction purloined
20,000 Tommy pals are gone in the first day brawls

One time as a messenger over gained ground he crawls
Struggling through for his mates to take vital word
Playing dead where the Boche advance occurred
His bravery marked by a few lines in daily despatches.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

The days into years he struggles through the war haze
Stand Hardy through those long dark days
So strong in mateship the Anzac Legend is the go
But Mateship doesn't stop gas as his mask is too slow
To the Clearing Station as a casualty lying in here
Some thinking nothing's wrong we are all in good cheer
Then the blood fills their lungs as the gas wins again.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

These were terrible days of sacrifice not impeded
The 1918 Boche attack that nearly succeeded
To win before the Dough Boys flood they all agree
Refugees with their stacked carts fleeing until they see
No need to leave now the Australians are here!
Hold strong with the British horseman give them a cheer
High is the price paid by them and by holding they finally win.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

The March to Victory rips through their trench line
It's a black day for the German Army so sublime
They agree to swallow the bitterest of pills
But the fighting is hard and the war still kills
At the end the Anzacs are in reserve their fighting is done

The end of the war to end all wars has finally come
The Eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

The wait for a ship to home is so lonely and long
Monash's plan for troops is for peace so strong
For what is needed now is a job and to leave France
But still some are called to the Spaniard's dance
Hacking is the cough until you breathe will not come
For some who survived the mud, shell and gun
Lie now as heroes in General Ware's villages of the dead.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

At last a ship for home and to re-join his love
The worst has passed. Oh! Praise god up above
Each day she waits for the loneliness to end
And she will be there with no need to pretend
Still nightmares will linger and many will struggle
The war has left them with many things to puzzle
The ship docks home and their life will begin again.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

Their marriage and promises are as light as a feather
The grand steps to start anew with a life altogether
He builds her a home and picks the pieces all up
For her and their children it's his communal cup
But the war is not finished as it tightens its grip
His life is for family but his health starts to slip
For the gas has lingered and so the end begins.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

His cough bites into the night so he buries his head
She hears the hacking and tries not to dread
But the blood in his handkerchief has different views
The doctor in judgement gives them the terrible news
He will not go on and his death will be soon
There will be no glory now with the old platoon
It will not be quick and clean with the bullet's dull thud.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

They lose their life and any dreams of a secure future
His work at an end and a refused pension no nurture
They say the throat cancer has no link to his warrior fight
She rips the official letter for the decision's not right
There is no grateful nation to look after them now
For her a long journey it is hard to know how
To see his last days in the Daws Road Hospital.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

For twelve months he struggles in the fight of his life
His strong Anzac spirit sees him suffer in his strife
Her sister provides shelter and in exhaustion she sleeps
His time is at end and the heavy burden she keeps
That night the sisters around the kitchen table they sat
His army photo on the wall and his dog on the mat
They talk into the late night about his time now spent.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please

And never disappears

The family dog is awake and looks to the wall
A wagging tail for his master again to enthral
In a wispy grey fog he appears proudly in God's grace
Her sisters are frightened and cower back in embrace
But he just smiles and takes their fear all away
His family is important and it's hard not to stay
To say goodbye is his wish as his final journey has begun.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

He walks from the room with the dog at his feet
Through each bedroom to them his family to greet
The final time for this life he tells of his love
Back to the sisters he assures of his watch from above
He departs them now leaving no fear of death's end
He speaks to one sister of good times a dear friend
If you are worried it will be the gladiolas in bloom.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

He disappears as he came in a wispy grey fog
They sit in silence with their thoughts now to log
A policeman comes to tell them of a life now lost
The family now paying together the great cost
Each day's a struggle as the years roll by
She is strong for her family and tries not to cry
In all her days she knows and lives to see him again.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

Those days are no more and the memories fade
No more of her lonely life from him will be made
That wonderful lady whose love was so freely given
Is now in his arms forever a paradise now is living
Never again apart in eternity's fond grasp
She is content and all of life's struggles have past
As it was once for them in those times so long ago.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please
And never disappears

O Hail all our heroes of trench, mud and barbed wire
Of the others who loved them waiting time to transpire
Of those short years together after the raging storm
Of the struggling time forgotten was their life's norm
Of her aching for him in those long lonely years
For they deserved the best but received only tears
Their lasting gift for us all was love freely given.

Love is just a whisper on a summer breeze
That caresses through the years
With a longing heart to please□
And never disappears.

Adelaide, South Australia
1/5/15.

For all ANZACs particularly those of my family Frederick Stone, Harry Stone and Leslie Settre - All brave South Australians who paid the ultimate price on Flanders Fields and later. And to Carrie Settre who loved and lived a life for her family.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Aans In The Great War

When War was declared in 1914
The Australian Government was seen
To recruit soldiers for the Australian Imperial Force
And they needed nurses for the casualties of course

There was a reserve of civilian nurses who volunteered first
Who were patriotic to serve Australia in hearts to burst
So these nurses went to War with the men
And sometimes with brothers and fathers the AIF then

They were at The Landing of Gallipoli's fatal shore
Where it was difficult to stage a CCS to triage wounds and more
They took wounded and sick troops on the ships anchored near
Where 'black ships' we're used to transport the wounded in fear

These nurses were under fire from the Turkish held hills quite clear
One nurse whilst treating a wounded soldier on board quite near
A Turkish bullet from the shore killed him outright in front of her
Underlining how much danger they were in and safety was unsure

These brave women were able to use the title 'ANZAC' because of this
When they were under fire at ANZAC Cove dodging bullets as no bliss
And they stayed with the troops winning 7 Military Medals by the War's finish
Being mentioned in despatches a hundreds of times their bravery undiminished.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Ae 1 The Lost Australian Submarine

They went to Rabaul to take the German radio out
With an Australian force to stop German cruisers sailing about
From their China Station to stop Allied ships plying their trade
One day AE1 left the harbour for patrols to be made
And disappeared where no contact was ever had
Only the report of islander people who saw a devil fish quite mad

For one hundred years their families have not known
And for all of this time their sadness has grown
Now the RAN will search again for our Great War submarine
Setting their side sonar for underwater information to glean
And finally give them back to their families who have felt the lost
Of each sailor our nation now continues to count the Great War cost..

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Banjo Patterson's Great War

Banjo wrote of the wandering swagman
A song that Australians will always find grand
When Australia pledged the last man and shilling
He went to the AIF and showing a hand that's willing
So to the Middle East he went with the Light horse
To command the re-mount unit was his course

So throughout those terrible Great War years spent
Breaking horses for the troopers the time went
The Waler horse the best war horse for them
To beat the Turks and last until the end
So he did his part and helped win the War
And with the others to applaud even more

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Bill The Bastard

Bill the Bastard was a Waler horse
From Australia in the Australian Light Horse
A monster of a horse who would not be tamed
Who went to war and became acclaimed

No-one could ride him except Shanahan
A Queensland officer who was a whisperer grand
Banjo Paterson at his desert Remount Depot lot
Gave him to Shanahan as they waited for the Turkish war plot

The Turks had beaten the Empire troops at the Gallipoli battle
And they thought they had the British measure and mettle
So they waited until 1 am on 5th of August 1916 attacking
At Romani against the Light Horse outposts waiting

The post where the Tasmanians held
Was over-run with twenty troopers all felled
Shanahan heard their call for help urgently given
He galloped Bill and found them dead and over-ridden

He called out for survivors as the Turks closed in
And four Tasmanian Light-horsemen answered above the din
So Shanahan galloped Bill up to the men
And told them to mount Bill with him to stand

Shanahan took his feet out of each stirrup
And one trooper in each they jumped up in the rip
Two other troopers mounted behind Shanahan
And with the four extra troopers Bill turned around and ran

The Turks cottoned on what had occurred
And chased Bill with the troopers as he galloped
For a kilometre he ran with the five troopers on
Firing at the Turks with revolvers shooting back along

Bill finally reached the other Light-horse men's post
Where the troopers praised Bill's feat in their boast
With a drink and a short rest Bill returned to the battle
As it raged on through the night's war rattle

Shanahan received a DSO for the deed on that night
But lost a leg through bullet wounds in the desperate fight
And Bill the Bastard became a legend known so brave
As one of the 130,000 who fought in the desert war so grave.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Billy The Bantam

Billy the Bantam joined the 1st AIF in the Liverpool Camp
In the 12th Reinforcements for the 13th Battalion
In September 1915 when was issued an ID disc
ID number 400, name, Billy Bantam religion RC and rank bugler

He took his duties seriously in the morning to sound reveille
Six weeks at sea saw him arrive at Zeitoun camp in Egypt
And he soon reached ascendancy over the other mascots
Which included wallabies, opossums, dogs and snakes

The diggers took Billy on desert route marches sitting on a pack
And one day shaped up and defeated a fox terrier fellow mascot
In March 1916 he was posted to his unit at Tel-el-Kebir
He was a happy and friendly fellow always with the diggers

When he got to France he found himself near Bailleul
In a farmhouse with other chickens where he was the rooster
At Bois-Grenier he was in the trenches with bullets and bombs
After this he was permanently attached to battalion transport

For rations and discipline Tom Igoe was his mate who over-fed him
With too much cheese so the M.O. gave him castor oil
And 24 hours light duties for a complete rest and recovery
But worst happened when he was stolen but later found

Billy found a bantam hen and he started a large brood then
And his troop used to follow the Battalion around France
Until Tom Igoe left the Battalion with the 1918 men
Billy was smuggled in an instrument case on board to Australia.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Binoculars And Rubber As The Devil's Bargain In The Great War

In the Great War new ideas and sometimes deals had to be found
To wage total war between the belligerent countries and to win the ground
That in the end would mean victory for forces on your country's side
And for your armies to march forward to a winning position with pride

But the British Army always had supplied from Germany without trifle
Lenses, binoculars, periscopes, rangefinders, and telescopic sights for sniper
rifles

And once a war started between these two opposing countries
There was a shortage of these items for the British Armies

So secretly the British Government sent to Switzerland
Agents to negotiate a deal that for both countries would be underhand
Where the German Zeiss Company would supply 32,000 binoculars and lens
And the British would supply rubber that the British Blockage stopped to their
ends

So it is satisfactory to trade with your sworn enemy during war
In this devil's bargain when there was no way for your side to win the score
And work out a trade in the items that your forces would normally not have
To wage war against each other on the battleground in advantage to stave.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Bolshevik Revolution At The End Of The Great War

In 1918 after four years of the bloody Great War
Russia had gone over to the Bolshevik Revolution
And the Americans were still training troops to explore
Their part in the fighting and to man the trenches as a solution

The British were apprehensive that their people would revolt
From the endless casualties taken from the trench warfare
With General Haig treating each battle as a victory that jolted
And the situation in Ireland mired with their people in despair

The Irish wanted self rule and were threatening Civil War
And other matters were coming to a head that meant
Conscription for Ireland's men they did not want to explore
The British Government held back 175,000 troops to the front not sent

These troops would be handy if a Bolshevik Revolt occurred
As the Government at one stage could not count on the police
When they went on a strike for better wages they implored
And they didn't go back to work without their wages slice

The British workforce had held workers strikes all over Britain
And it looked like the Army would be needed to restore order
The French were also in a similar position in that they had to contend
So they withdrew their Cavalry Divisions to restore any disorder

But it was the Germans who cracked first with their Revolution
When they ousted their Kaiser and wanted peace this time
With the Americans in the trenches and their soldiers without song
Peace came just in time to save the Allied Government and their line

With all of the death and destruction of the Great War
When ordinary people of Europe had enough of their country's service
And wanted peace and more say in their Government they implored
Russia and Germany lost their Royal Dynasties making Britain's nervous.

© Paul Warren Poetry

War - Ww1 - Bully Beef

To keep the Allies on the battlefield
Meant that the supply system had to yield
Cans of Bully beef for the soldiers to carry
After coming from the South American convoy ferry

So it was eaten in the trenches out of the can
Or stewed with vegetables given out to each man
Behind the lines the boxes were piled up on high
With a thousand cans for each battalion in each day buy

In some trenches when they were built
The full bully tins were used to suit
Building up a solid floor to stand
So with dry feet the trenches could be manned.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Cast Iron Honour

How your honour would be duly made
For your lost and missing comrades
With your eye-sight as your sacrifice exacted
A cast iron model with each feature well crafted
On the back of the Cathedral Menin Gate
To touch and feel every feature ornate
And to help us all bring them home.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Dead Man's Road

At Pozieres the Australian First Division advanced their line
It was July 1916 and the Great War was raging at the time
The British didn't advance, and the Australians were alone
German artillery pounded and their trenches in were blown
Many brave man on that day were blown to pieces in this affray
And stretcher bearers took the wounded from the maelstrom away.

Their route from the battlefield was known as the Dead man's road
On the road leading out dead men were taken off the stretcher load
Then on the side of the road they were placed gently on the ground
And stretcher bearers went back to their work after turning around
There is no sign of this struggle when you go to this place today
But the road and the 1st Division Memorial for each Remembrance Day

Paul Warren Poetry

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War - Ww1 - Death Under Fire

The endearing images of the Great War
Are of bayonet charges knowing the score
Men pitted at other men in barbed wired trench lines
But death and maiming occurred when it came in kind

From German 77s or British 18 pounders in Flanders Fields
And machine guns at 18 rounds a second not to yield
For you would be felled by a weapon that you could not see
All focused on places with compass bearings would be.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Diaries Of Dead Soldiers

Battered small handwritten notebooks
Just small enough to store in soldier's nooks
Pencilled papers in a script unclear
These books were written at times unseen
As writing diaries was not officially confirmed
It would seem that a blind eye was turned

So these soldiers in stolen moments made
Their diary notes scribbled before memories fade
They record sea voyages and exotic ports
Of mates found in adventure and witty retorts
Of Egypt seen and Wazir battles mad
Of Dardanelles shores and battles had

Some made their journey to Flanders fields
Where trenches attacked and no ground yields
But they all have one saddening fact to see
The words stopped suddenly with questions to be
It was apparent that the ultimate price was made
As part of the Great Fallen in history's parade

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Does A Nation Need A Blood Sacrifice

Does a nation need a blood sacrifice
To be made a nation in our suffice
The talk is always that The Landing
On that April 25th day made our standing

But did it take these young Australians
Dying on a foreign fatal shore as alien
To make us to the world a nation
When that Turkish invasion was made in elation

And the battle of the beach did not happen
For it was a battle of the heights to comprehend
We remember the 9000 dead Men
With 27,000 wounded in the end

I think it is part of our nation's history
Australia was made in its pioneering spirit story.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Ernest Albert Corey, Military Medal And 3 Bars

Ernest Albert Corey came from New South Wales

A volunteer for the 1st AIF in the Great War as an eligible male

Walking from Goulburn in 'The Men From Snowy River' they marched

In January 1916 and he saw the rest of the War to a 1919 and was discharged

His first Military Medal was earned on the 15th May 1917 at Queant

Where the Germans attacked and as a stretcher bearer he went

For 17 hours helping back wounded men whilst under enemy fire

When he was untrained and his commendation praised him as it transpired

A few months later on 26th of September 1917 at Polygon Wood

He was out again under fire bringing in wounded for all he could

There was artillery fire and machine guns sweeping the battlefield

Earning a bar to his Military Medal in a display of bravery rarely viewed

On the 1st and 2nd September 1918 at Peronne in the battlefield mire

He arduously found wounded from all units whilst under heavy fire

A second bar to his Military Medal won in the Advance to Victory

As the battles raged and the Australians continued to build their history

On the 30th September 1918 as an NCO in charge of finding wounded to care

The Australians furiously attacked the Hindenburg Line and he was there

Directing others and going out to find the injured until he was severely wounded

Winning the third bar to his Military Medal as he was discharged from his duty ended

And so Ernest Albert Corby has now passed on with his mates

As a Great War legend as one of the 1st AIF history's greats

He is one who stands out from these men who didn't take a step back

Winning four bravery awards in the Great War is an undeniable fact.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - First Aif Photographs

They stand or sit and look out at us
Some eyes show the sadness but not a fuss
At the beginning the adventure meant
To go overseas with mates a good time spent
But after 100 years is it an accusing gaze
Of what it all meant in a war haze

So they watch as the world turns true
What they did now you can't undo
In brown slouch hats our strength displayed
They now all are in courage made
And will go on forever as our nation's pride
Each one a treasure any imperfections do hide

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Forty Thousand Horsemen

Forty Thousand horsemen in the desert sands
The Desert Column on the march in the war demands
To keep the Middle East possessions and the Suez Canal
Against the Ottoman Empire after Gallipoli's defeat now

Some wore the brass A for the Anzac Cove shore
They rode the Whaler horses in the Great War
For revenge was part of the story in their history
For those mates left on the fatal shore story

Chauvel commanded this mounted infantry column
Across the desert sands to battle the Turks so solemn
There was Romani and Jerusalem through the Conquerors gate
As a legend for Australia in the Gaza and Beersheba charges so great

When you think of their legend you can hear the bridles jingling along
And the Australian voices singing Waltzing Matilda as their song
And the Light Horse became the soldiers in kangaroo feathers display
In the Australian military history book the symbol for us all we say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Furphy

What a funny word where Australian is said
When thinking that the truth may be only half read
And it is not really true but maybe you'll see
So when it is put together it could possibly be

It seems the rumour of how the word meant no more
Than during the First World War for water to score
These tanks on wagon wheels went pulled to the front line
As a drink for the troops they needed to find

The troops stood around having a cup of water thankfully drank
Near the word 'Furphy' stamped on the back side of the tank
And so as they gathered rumours were spread
Of spells out of the line and attacks to dread.

So when Australians gather together to speak
If they say it's a 'Furphy' it is not a truth so to think
But a rumour that makes a good story told
When passed on as a 'Furphy' which makes it quite bold.

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - German Camouflage Experts

The German army encouraged young officers to report
On the good and the bad from warfare as it ought
They would go to extremes with this self analysis
That would mean developing defence in depth from this

And they became exceptional at camouflage on the battlefield
Where they decided that each shell hole would yield
A place to hide troops with a canvass cover over them
They were able to hide whole machine gun teams then

So they will invisible from the air to reconnaissance planes
The Allies would bombard the empty German trench remains
So when the strafing of the trenches was over before the attack
They would rush in haste to occupy the trenches going back.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Ghosts At Villiers Bretonneux

Ghosted men in slouch hats standing hands in pockets slowly smoking
The angry guns have long fallen silent for them there is no more fear
Reading names - there's Jim's, Fred's and Nugget's there is no joking!
The soldiers proud - they do remember and for us they all shed a tear!
They are still here written in white stone defending their line well held
They fought the good fight and died for friends as ANZACs held so dear
No battle sounds are heard now only banners flying in today's quiet world
We will remember them even after a hundred years in our history clear.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Gunner Joseph Prentice Thorpe, First Aif, And South Australia Police

John Prentice Thorpe was born in April, 1881 in the city of Adelaide
He was a son of the Southern Cross who served his country as a hero was made
Enlisting in 6th South Australian Bushmen's Contingent for the first time
Then the 8th Australian Commonwealth Horse together for two tours fine
Fighting and riding across the veldt in South Africa against the Boers
Winning the Kings medal with five clasps in the veldt of this a mobile mounted
war

On returning to South Australia in 1908 he joined the South Australia Police
And during his time wearing the blue for the public he kept the peace
When the bugles called to Australians to go to arms in the Great War
He returned to the colours as a strong gunner a hard task and chore
And he was at The Landing when the invasion stormed Gallipoli
Surviving the months of hell serving the guns in strength to see

He went to France at Armentieres, Pozieres, the Somme and the Hindenburg Line
Through some of the bloodiest battles of the Western Front had to find
At Lagnicourt in April 1917, the Germans attacked and Gunner Thorpe was
wounded
And he was taken to an Allied Hospital behind the lines where a week later he
died
So he became one of the 60,000 Australian dead who lost their lives in those
days
But as a special one for South Australia Police to remember on ANZAC Days.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Here's To The Warrior Poets

Here's to the warrior poets
Of Brooke, Owen and Sassoon
Who were there every day
Of each shot, shell and gas wound
Who were damaged by war
Of their bravery not to be lampooned
Who will forever be known.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Hitler's Great War

At first he ran from the Austro-Hungarian army call
To Munich as an artist painting buildings for sale to all
He was not successful and nearing the end of his tether
When the Great War came along volunteering in the first army gather
So he went to France and became a company runner
As a trusted and a brave soldier as no other
He won two Iron Cross awards for brave deeds done
And was wounded including a gassing on the wind was brung

In his rise to power questions were asked
About how his time as a soldier was passed
He was more a trusted private than a corporal made
But once examined his bravery record would not fade
There were times when near misses meant
He thought he was kept for important times to be spent
So he survived through that war with the last weeks in hospital
And lamented the end of the war and in Germany's fall.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - How Did You Stay

How did you stay
Day after day
With the stench of death
Taken in with each breath

When the mud seeped in
Like cold porridge knee deep again
And the guns never stopped
Then over the bags you'd hop

This went on for years
You had to temper your fears
How did you stay
Day after day.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - I Walked Down Deadman's Road

In Belgium I walked the Deadman's Road
Seemingly a dirt road of no consequence
It is not even sealed in 100 years history
But when Pozieres was part of the Western Front
Australian diggers in 1916 were holding the line
This road lead back to the Casualty Clearing Station

And as the stretcher bearers carrying wounded men
Walking the road and placed them down
On the side to continue to care for their wounds
If they found they had died they would leave them
On the ground and go back to the fighting
Soon the road became lined with dead diggers

So they called it Deadman's Road because of it
And as I stood on this road I could hear the moans
Of dying brave men and could see them walk on this road
In an endless procession of their sacrifice been made.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Kangaroo Feathers

We remember the Australian Light Horse of the Great War
In answering Australia's call to defend democracy and more
Each stood proud and true on their Waler horse
Their slung rifles and bridles jingled riding along of course

They wore the Australian slouch hat turned up on the side
The 40,000 horseman rode along in formation in their country's pride
Their desert column of Chauvel's men beat the Turks as one
With their Kangaroo feathers in their hats a legend was truly won

They have ridden off into history's bloodied page
Across the desert to the song of Banjo Paterson's sage
Waltzing Matilda was their anthem and pride shone on through
As Australia's best they rode through Jerusalem's conquerors gate too

After a hundred years we remember the legend of the Light Horse
And each ANZAC Day at Dawn's Service in the morning sun's course
These Kangaroo feathers are their mark and worn with so much pride
At battles such as Romani, Gaza and Beersheba they swept the Ottoman Empire
aside.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Left Out Of Battle

He was told before the big push on that July day
That he would be 'Left out of Battle' and not go with mates that way
Casualties were so heavy in these battles during the Great War
The army could not lose all when adding up the butcher's score

So he said his goodbyes and watched them march faces to the foe
Knowing that this would be the last time seen for some in a tale of woe
But he had to stay back this time to be part of the battalion's core
So that it could re-build from these men held back in this gamblers draw

If you look back now on the roll of honour for this deadly game
It was how these battalion's survived and were listed in history's fame
When the role listed off dead men's names in the hundred score
And were able to return to battle when the war machine needed more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Live And Let Live

On the Western Front during the Great War
The troops on both sides adapted, not always part of the gore

So they decided that they wouldn't shoot or be a bother
Live and let live where they wouldn't fire at each other

The Prussians, Highlanders and ANZACs didn't join in
As they wanted to fight the Germans in the war to win

Soldiers visited each other in the trench front line
When they shared each other's meals at the time

You shouldn't forget the Christmas Truce of 1914
When German and British troops mingled together seen

And it extended to raiding parties for information
Until a British General found this out in the discussion

So his orders for the raiding parties included German barb wire taking
But his troops had a roll of this wire that they included in their reporting

But after the war and the slaughter continued to cost
There was less of live and let live, in the end it was lost.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Look Out For The Hun In The Sun

It was better than the mud and blood of the trenches
And there was time to act like gentlemen in their adventures
Calvary men made the best pilots in training
With the enthusiasm of their youth needed no explaining

The first rule to be hammered home in their tactics
Was watch for the 'Hun in the Sun' in war basics
And on the Western Front attack from the west
Which was the German direction as was for the best

Never fly too long in a straight line or in the same direction
As the Hun pilots would find you in their reflection
And get yourself a silky white scarf around your neck
To stop chafing when continually looking around by heck

If you can survive those first missions in the violent sky
When you have downed five planes as an ace you'd fly.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Marshal Foch's Statement

'This is not peace but an armistice for 20 years'
Marshal Foch of France said of 1919 treaty fears
The treaty of Versailles pointed the war blame
On the Germans with their resentment frame

Rudolf Hess a Great War German pilot said of it
'The only thing that keeps me going in a fit
Is the fact that vengeance would be found'
In causing the rise of the Nazi Party bound

So the nations of the world thought to sort it out
And pay for the war and the damage about
And when looking at at Foch's statement
He was wrong by 65 days in his sentiment.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Oak Leaf For Bravery

The German advance had caught them dead
And phone lines were cut with no message said
He was brave and through the Germans he ran
To deliver the message and put together a plan
There was a time when to survive on broken ground
He played dead and the Germans marched around
In the end he was mentioned in dispatches made
The bronze oak leaf given for his bravery not to fade

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Oh! Passchendaele

Oh! Passchendaele your story has been told
Of endless mud they trudged where their life was sold
Thousands left the safety of their trench lines
And disappeared into the mud for all time

It makes you wonder where death came so easily
And lines of men in the battle were killed so hellishly
With no choice to stay or go with the military police
In the trenches as they were pushed to leave with malice

In such madness a hundred years ago we now do remember
It is difficult for us to know what it was like to brave the embers
Where industrialised war churned and burned those soldiers
And young men with lives cut short as death not glory tenders.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Private John (Barney)hines No.2296 Of The Australian Imperial Force,45th Battalion, The "Souvenir King"

Sit down and I'll tell you a tale
Of an Australian soldier whose fighting heart would not fail
John (Barney)Hines of the Australian Imperial Force in the 45th Battalion
A brave man he was and quite a rascalion

Born in Liverpool England of working class women and men
At 14 his mother had to stop him from enlisting in the British Army then
Then he joined the Royal Navy in the Boxer War as he chased pirates in the
South China Sea
A few years later in the Boer War as a scout more action he'd see

Restless he wandered around the world then
To the US, South America and New Zealand gold mining seemingly without end
In August 1914 he was in Australia when the Great War began
He tried to enlist but was classed as medically unfit contrary to his plan

But later persistence paid off in being so keen
He was accepted in the AIF in the reinforcement scheme
So off to the Western Front he went
To face death, destruction and other opportunities hell-bent

Barney Hines became known as a brave soldier
And as the "Souvenir King" with loot he would savour
For he was known to hijack watches, medals, guns and such from the Germans
alive or dead
With his reputation reaching Kaiser Wilhelm who put a prize on his head

His bravery was never a question to be considered
But his behaviour out of the line meant no medals were tethered
Into battle he would carry a bag of Mills bombs as a rifle was not favoured
Until his commanding officer gave him a Lewis Gun a weapon he quickly
mastered

Stating, "This thing'll do me. You can hose the bastards down."
He became known as"Wild Eyes" stiffening attacks when he was
around

He inspired courage in officers and men
His photograph after the 3rd Battle of Ypres shows his reputation was easy to defend

One day he was annoyed by a sniper in a German position
He ran straight at the pillbox without thought or derision
On top on the pillbox he danced a jig around
Forcing 63 Germans out after throwing a bomb in a gun-port down

At Villiers-Bretonneux he purloined a piano instrument
He kept it until he was persuaded and back it was sent
At Armentieres he found a keg of Wine that the MPs wanted left there
So he gathered his digger mates and drank it on the spot without a care

When the diggers advanced to a deserted Amiens town
He liberated suitcases of francs from the local Bank hiding them around
Until the jig was up and MPs took the suitcases back
But Barney laughed as he kept the francs in his pockets as a matter of fact

When advancing to a German first aid post
He found that a Tommy soldier still needing aid bled white as a ghost
So he carried him back on his shoulder easily
But the soldier died later anyway unfortunately

He was gassed and wounded during his time at the Western Front
Being the only survivor of his Lewis gun team taking the explosive brunt
Finally he was invalided out of the fight
Blinded temporarily and sent home as the decision was right

There were many other stories of Barney's brave deeds and looting some
That made him an AIF legend that couldn't be outdone
And he died in at Concord Repatriation Hospital on penniless side
Like others of the famed First AIF we remember him with a smile and with pride.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Private Miller Mack, Anzac And Ngarrindjeri Warrior

He was a proud Ngarrindjeri warrior called Miller Mack
Who was also a Great War volunteer soldier and Anzac
He fought in the legendary battles of France
On the Western Front of danger pronounced

From 1915 he was in the fight in danger now woken
After two years he was brought back with his health broken
Finally dying from tuberculosis at 25 in the end
Buried in the West Terrace cemetery as a pauper then

When he should have been with other soldiers in their end
His sacrifices as one of those legendary mates and friends
But his Ngarrindjeri people found him again and made a plan
For his spirit to come home to Raukkan on Ngarrindjeri land

So with full military honours and his people around
He was laid to rest finally in his beloved ground
This proud aborigine is now recognised as a warrior
And for his bravery in his lost life for Australia forever more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Quinn's Post

The trench fronted close to the Australian to Turkish line
Being only 10 metres apart at the firing time
And Quinn's Post was one of the hottest
On the Gallipoli Peninsula for the invaders test

Built into the walls were some steel loop hole plates
Where snipers from both sides would look to make
A shot into the opposing trenches in their killing space
One day the Australian sniper looked out to see the face

Of a Turkish sniper looking out at the same time
And their eyes met on the short distance in an easy find
But this day neither of them reached for their rifle of fame
This one time neither of the men could play the killing game.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Returning Home

When I answered the bugle's call I was just a lad
My father gave his nod so as an ANZAC I was glad
Through the battles my war was not weathered well
When I returned to home my face reflected the hell
Off the ship at Outer Harbour my father was there
For fifteen minutes he didn't recognise my stare.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Schwarzer Tag Des Deutschen Heeres

The Eighth of August 1918 the Allies started their offensive
And it was the Advance to Victory to end the war so pensive
Lord Haig finally found a way to finish the Great War
With the Allied Armies they swept through the German lines to implore

The Germans had enough and Ludendorff their General revealed
His army would not recover from this and needed to end the blood congealed
He gave the famous line, 'Schwarzer Tag des deutschen Heeres'
As the 'Black Day of the German Army' a bitter pill that left him in duress.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Seeing Peter Pan

Saint Dunstan's Hospital for blinded soldiers and sailors
Was in Regent's Park, London and by 1916 had a full house
Of 150 blinded servicemen who were taught how to survive
After being blinded in the Great War battles across the world

Signaller Edward Penn was a digger who had lost his sight
On the Turkish Gallipoli shore as The Landing was made
Penn was to return to Melbourne soon and wouldn't return
And he desperately wanted to see Peter Pan's statue nearby

So one Sunday he was taken via the Notting Hill Gate
And walked to Peter Pan where the soldier placed his hands
All over the statue taking the the stone carving completely in
Nearby watching the scene, two ladies watched, quietly crying.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Shov. Wood

At the call of the Armistice of the Great War in 1918
The armies of the war needed to be disarmed clean
And the quartermaster sergeants of the AIF
Had to record the return of the equipment that was left

Although these men were efficient at their task
The army's records were abbreviated puzzling fast
Because the language varied with each man
The return of equipment didn't always go as planned

One quartermaster sergeant was baffled by shov. wood
And asking around others were puzzled as it could
Not be found as to the item issued to the artillery batteries
So one of the artillery sergeants had an idea in his theory

They would make something to be ticked off by the officer
And they went to work with bits and pieces to infer
With a couple of wheels from a farm made a shov. wood
So duly painted and stencil it was put together as it could

Wanting to have it ticked off quickly it was shown
But the officer with a laugh was amused with a smile known
You see shov. wood was wooden shovels that were there
And he said in fact you have three instead of one so don't despair.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Silent Night On Gallipoli

The Australians had landed and lost mates who were true
As the Turks fought for their homeland and the battles grew
The gunfire all across the trenches could be heard
The Australians and Turks fighting with lines blurred
As the sun went down both sides all stood to looking out
This was the time when each side would measure their clout

One West Australian trumpeter would stand with his bugle
To entertain the troops with music was something quite frugal
The need to wet his parched lips was a task for him to do
And to entertain his mates was a need that in him grew
He picked a tune that they all heard in good times at home
To play 'Silent Night' across the trenches the music did roam

Slowly the firing stopped whilst everyone listened to the song
Stopping the horror for a brief moment was not seen as wrong
The Turk and German soldiers could hear his sweet bugle story
And when he finished they joined in clapping his musical glory
To hear this tale after a hundred years have passed now
Makes you wonder in this hell the bugler found the know-how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Stubby, The War Dog

The American 102 Infantry was training at Yale University
In 1917 as the Americans entered the Great War into history
They found and adopted Stubby, a Bull or Boston terrier
He became the mascot for the 26th Division making them happier

Robert Conroy, became his handler for his military time
Sneaking him aboard the ship hiding during searching grinds
But he was discovered during the voyage to France
Winning over the officer with a snapped salute prance

So he went to the Western Front French battlegrounds
And into trenches with the fierce battles that were found
He spent 18 months, 17 battles and two offensives there
Becoming famous for warning of gas and attacks to care

In April 1918 against the Germans during a trench raid
He was wounded in the explosion for a grenade made
After convalescing from his wounds he returned to the men
Surviving through the war until home with the troops at the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Sweethearts

Wait for me I'll come back to you
Was his parting gift to her in promises too
He slung his kitbag on his shoulder
Wanting to forever just hold her
On their last day at the railway station
Then on a train to the port for embarkation

There would be no comradeship for her
Just lonely days waiting for the worst to occur
So she went back to her mother's home
And to work at the bakery in early hours known
Each day there was only routine for her to endure
Wondering if he would survive on the Fatal Shore

There were letters written in pencil sometimes
With thoughts on the battlefields in each line
Then one day there was a telegram from the army
With scant details filling in the blanks to stop the worry
He had been wounded and was lying in a Cairo hospital
With a wounded arm as his Lone Pine battle toll

He couldn't write so a nurse would do that for him
Whilst he was on the mend in the usual scheme
She worried that he would return a crippled man
Until the first letter he wrote in his own hand
It told her that he would return to his battalion
This time to Northern France in her contemplation

His letters kept coming and she wrote back
And deaths continued as a matter of fact
With her friends being visited by clergy men
For the worst news with their ANZAC's life at an end
This went on for three long years during the Great War
With her worrying about him as a never ending chore

One day another telegram arrived stating his whereabouts were unknown
He had gone over the top with his battalion disappearing without a showing
All chance of him returning diminished with each day without a word
The desperate hours of just waiting wondering what had occurred

She wrote letters to the army and the Red Cross about her lost loved one
The years went by with no more heard with her search for him undone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Amiens Cathedral, Northern France

On 11/11/11 on a cold clear morning
At 7.30 am I left the hotel still yawning
I could see the Amiens Cathedral
In the distance not far at all

So I walked their ANZAC steps at a brisk pace
Wondering if they were there still in this place
Then I came upon the building with its spire
And the lead light windows made to inspire

The Cathedral that stood throughout the Great War
Except for some of the lead light broken above the doors
I stood and looked at it and wondered
About the history that transpired

Whilst this Cathedral stood
The worst occurred as marking time it could
Can these things that we humans do
Stain the places meant to be forever true?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Bantam Battalions

The measure of a men in the Great War
Was volunteering for the Army knowing the score
And to take the King's shilling was seen
By the British to be to be patriotic so very keen

But you had to be 5'3' in your full height
And some weren't accepted after trying as they might
Some of these men were strong coal miner types
Who spent their lives underground as their strength might

The member for Birkenhead Mr Alfred Bigland saw them
And knew that they could be used although short stature men
So he persuaded Lord Kitchener to give them a go
And the Birkenhead Bantam Battalions were created for the war show

These men flocked to the recruiters and the Battalions grew
And they trained and went to the Western Front battles too
Alfred Bigland had to sell them to the government as well
When in France they showed that they could match others in that hell

Canadians and Scots were recruited to these battalions
The Scots known as the 'Devil Dwarfs' in their legions
They included Arthur Askey and Billy Butlin as entertainers in their game
And these brave men have passed into the last 100 year history's fame

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Barbed Wire

They say to be caught on the barbed wire
Meant certain death in the mud and the mire
The artillery shells at first wouldn't cut it at all
Until contact fuses were used in the call
Many a Great War soldier once hung up on it
Could only wait for the next traverse of the machine gun for a hit
In the end it was the tanks that brought the answer
Crushing the barbed wire and pushed the line forward once more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Bath

An ordinary Australian from an ordinary country place
Who rallied to the flag's call with god's good grace
He was one of the 33rd Battalion "New England's Own";
Into this swirling maelstrom they were duly thrown
The Great War was raging and to the Western Front he went
A lottery of shell, bullet and gas was his unending lament.

In 1917 the Germans attacked with a fury not before wrought
The Australians held the line and were tested as they fought
As he was defending their position with bravery a required trait
German gas came seeping to him seeking out in its hate
The miasma invading his body all the way through him
His choking and coughing making his survival very grim.

The stretcher bearer heroes used all their pluck and gall
Through the maelstrom for their mates pleading at their call
They found him helpless lying solitary in the field
This is where his fight began refusing to them to yield
His strength suffered with no breath and tiring cough
Back home for needed treatment his life clock now ticking off.

The doctors laboured long and thought he was on the mend
Then his skin began to pull apart and the pain was hard to end
They knew he would not last and the only option a tepid bath
This was to ease his pain his life was on a slow downward path
For four long years he lived on with each touch a distress
This brave ANZAC met his fate showing all the world no less.

When I heard his story and wondered how he faired
What did he think when alone and so very scared
Were his secret thoughts of all that he had lost?
What the war had meant and counting its final cost
Or did he sit and wonder where his life would be
If he didn't make the decision and went to fight for me.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Bell

They rung the bell to give thanks
When there was a celebration

They wanted to show God
How happy they were with him

But this German town was forced
To give up their holy sacred bell

The Blockade has stopped Germany
Importing metal they would need

For armaments to supply their army
On the Western Front battlegrounds

And when their bell had been taken
It was melted down and lost forever

But in the end the Kaiser had lost the war
The villagers said it was because of the bell.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Bleached Bones Of Anzac

They were straight of limb as the bullets flew
Made up of true blues and fair dinkums too
When they landed on that bloody April day
They were told to push inland to ensure the stay

The fighting was fierce and brave men fell
Australian, New Zealander and Turk in the hell
The bravest men fought the hardest fight
And went inland further than others might

They fought and they died showing they had pluck
The Turks told of wounded men not giving up
Struggling it out to the last bullet they fought
And were left lying facing the foe as they ought

In the end when they evacuated ANZAC Cove Beach
With those brave men lying in the sun out of reach
The Turks left them as the sun bleached their bones white
As the days turned into months into years as we won the fight

In 1919 Charles Bean led the Australians back to Gallipoli
And they searched the battlefield from beach to the gullies carefully
The bones were gathered and were identified for some
As the graves were lined up and headstones stand in the sun

These men who came from across the world for a war
Are now part of the Legend of ANZAC for all to explore
But I wonder on those windy hills where they stayed and didn't flee
There are young Australians looking out quietly to the sea.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Blockade Of The German Ports

One of the strategic plans of the Great War
Was blockading the Germans by closing their door
On any trade with other nations through their ports
With the British Navy patrolling as mobile floating forts

So the German people were starved of food
And other things that they needed in civilized mood
So it was sawdust in the bread and turnips in their soup
And things such as paper bandages for their wounded troops

With no hope of victory they looked for the end
When the Armistice was raised to continue was hard to defend
So the blockade worked and innocents had to die
There was no stab in the back - this was a Nazi lie.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Brass A

He spoke to his major sitting in judgement
His crime was absence and to jail he'd be sent
Across the battalion colour patch on his shoulder
Was a brass metal A which showed him as bolder

He had earned the right to wear it in the 1915 battle
When he landed on Gallipoli proving his mettle
But those battles were lost three years in the past
Many of his 1914 mates he joined with didn't last

He had survived it all in the Ypres Salient ground
Right up to the last time when he was battle bound
He was advancing until he found the others lying dead
Each one on their patch a Brass A in a fate he did dread

He got to thinking how could he last in this hellish war
Being an original true blue ANZAC didn't help his score
So he waited until the Australian attack had won the day
And with the danger to his mates over he ran right away

He was caught by the red caps who questioned his leave
And taken back to his battalion in a time he did grieve
As he told the Major he'd been away from home so long
He would never see Australia again and he knew it was wrong

The Major took pity on this Australian son who had given all
He was there at the beginning and heard his country's call
For being absent without leave there was six months prison
After years on the front he wanted home his final mission

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Charge At Beersheba

The Australian Light Horse had rode all night
And the troopers were all spoiling for a fight
For they remembered mates lose on the fatal shore
When the Turks defeated the Gallipoli Invasion flaw

But Chauvel wanted to wait 'til the sun was down
And so they rested all day in front of Beersheba town
At 4.30 pm on the 31st October 1917 he called Grant in
And gave him the order to attack in full charge to begin

So the troopers lined up with the strongest at the front row
And Grant told them all the charge would be a great show
Without a sabre they were told to draw their bayonet
And they would face the entrenched Turks in their bent

So they started off at a slow trot in breast a-line
The shells fell amongst them in a shrapnel whine
The troopers rode as they yelled the bush calls of Coo-eee
And in the battle excitement they all would in glory see

So the valiant horsemen rode on with shells and bullets flying about
Some fell dead or wounded but still the others rode their courage to flout
By now the charging troopers where riding hard in full battle cry
They kept on charging towards their foe and didn't dismount on by

They galloped as nearer the trenches they came
The horses smelt the wells as they came into the frame
And their thirst drove their mounts faster on
As their parched mouth and thirst became their urgent song

The German and Turkish officers stood behind the trench site
And waited for the Light Horse to dismount to fight
In other battles they had come to expect this to occur
As the Light Horse was mounted infantry and not calvary to defer

They didn't dismount and the surprise meant Turks were unprepared
And their gun sights meant they were firing high as fared
The Light Horse was able to ride under the Turkish guns
And attack the trenches as the Turk soldiers away runs

But the Turkish bullets sometimes found their mark
And Light Horsemen fell from their mounts into the trenches dark
Here the fight became desperate and was hand to hand
This was the fight that made this charge so grand

The German officers ran to destroy the wells
One and then two were blown in desperate spells
But the horsemen were too good and saved the day
With seventeen wells saved and precious water to stay

When the fight had finished and the Turks rounded up
The horses were led in to have their fill of the water sup
And the Light Horse opened up the Palestine and Syria land
To be liberated from the Ottoman Empire in a grand plan.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Deadman's Penny

His duty done he lies in the villages of the dead
He died at Villiers Bretonneux whilst facing the enemy ahead
At home they thought of him when he would be returned
But when the telegram came all those hopes were burned
As an Australian soldier of the Empire he made the grade
And so his deadman's penny is in the kitchen a display made
His mother's heart aches each time she sits at rest
And all the time she sits and cries and holds the penny to her chest.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Death Of Baron Manfred Von Richthofen

He was the best fight pilot of the Great War
With 80 victories in the air and was looking for more
On the 21 April 1918 during the last German offensive
He chased a British Sopwith Camel down so pensive
Until he flew over these Australian Trench Lines
The 11th Battalion Lewis gunners took a shot so close so fine

The Canadian pilot Roy Brown had also followed him down
And he took a shot at the Red Baron von Richthofen around
The Australians saw pieces of the Baron's cockpit fall
With his plane hitting the ground in his final death call
There were bullet wounds found on the Baron's chest
When they found him dead in the red triplane at its rest

When surgeon's examined his body they decided
The angle of the wounds on his body had so provided
That he had died by a shot from an Australian gun
And that the Baron died by anti- aircraft fire that was done
But a conjecture started on how he had died that day
With the Canadians insisting Brown had shot him down that way

The Baron's triplane was hacked apart for souvenirs of the war
With even his flying boots finding their way to the Australians and more
So the Legend grew of a warrior for Germany who lost his life
Against an enemy who won the Great War for all its strife.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Fuller Telephone

The Great War was raging and the British Force
Needed to send messages without the Germans knowing of course
Telephone communication between frontline and rear
Was very necessary so supporting fire was near

The Germans were reading telephone messages quite clear
The telephone needed a spike for earth made it vulnerable here
The messages sent an electric pulse through the earth wire
Meaning the Germans could set their defence to counter fire

A British officer called Fuller invented a telephone to halt this happening
To ensure the messages were sent without the Germans reading
This was one of a number of things that turned the tide
With the Germans finally losing to the Allies pride

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Great War Linesmen

The linesman trained for communication in the Great War
As they sent signals between Mt Lofty and Glenelg to explore
They were South Australians who volunteered without knowing its blight
Fighting in the AIF in Gallipoli and then to the Western Front fight

Their job was keeping the telephone lines working in the war mess
During the counter battery fire when there was danger as their test
They would go out into the maelstrom to find breaks in the wire
To get signals between the front and the generals as it would require

It's another story of brave men doing what was required
And their duty for their mates as the Great War transpired
Remember them for who they were in their courage made
A hundred years have gone but their greatness will not fade.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Great War Trench System

A lot is said about the Great War trench system
In all its horrors they were built with some wisdom
There were interlocking fields of fire for machine guns
Placed on compass bearings with no need to see anyone
So when you left the trenches you wouldn't see the machine gun
And be cut down usually as the hop over the top has begun

The statistics also found that most casualties were by the artillery
This meant the invention of the Brodie helmet to protect from head injury
And they dug down into the ground to keep them in a relative safety found
With these trenches meaning the troops could only see the sky above
This meant the soldiers would only routinely see the sides of the trenches
And be safe from shells and machine guns in the Great War adventures.'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Important Question

In 1917 at the salient in the Third Battle of Ypres
The British attacked in force and were wasted away
The Germans had defence as measured in their depth
And in some places was five miles of trenches in breath
The Tommy soldiers were shot down when they were sucked in
When the Germans held back their Gegenangriff divisions from them

The Tommies captured the thinly held first and second lines
But it was a trap set by the Germans that put them in a bind
The strong Gengenagriff divisions counter attacked them
Winning back the trenches lost and for the British was the end
When this slaughter was happening and Passchendaele became
Written in folklore in April to November 1917 of the Great War fame

Whilst this was happening Lloyd George and his Parliamentary crew
Were in London debating amongst themselves all the important issues
This body count from this Western Front Battle continued to rise
And the grief of the British people meant anti-war sentiment was no surprise
The War Cabinet spent a whole day debating whether Indian troops should
Have a Queen's Commission and command white troops as they inevitably
would.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Last Cigarette

He'd been out of the line
For his Blighty leave
And had marched up
To the duckboards

But before he could
Start the last trudge forward
He needed a cigarette
So he propped on his rifle

And tried to roll one out
But his hands were shaking
So much he couldn't get it done
So he picked himself up

And went forward anyway.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Last Letter

When reading what a soldier in the Great War had written
On a day before a battle for his love that he was smitten
He wrote of his longing for her and that he was resigned
To what the fates had in store in the next day if not kind

Did he sit in the trench with the noise all around
And try to write in pencil whilst hugging the ground
Did a tear come when he thought of her to implore
That their last idyllic summer did not last evermore

So he left the letter with a friend and went with his men
And became one of the Great Fallen for England to defend
So quietly she received a telegram at the door
Telling her truly that her love's life was no more

When the letter was received by a love so true
Did she open it straight away to read it all through?
These poignant words of the one who didn't survive
Gave an air of sadness that to her kept him alive?

Was this letter kept as a treasure for all time
To remind her of him and not of death's crime
When the years finally told and she joined him
Was it finally given to us to cherish in history's hymn?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Legend Of The Sandwich

Gavrilo Princip wanted to kill the Arch-duke Franz Ferdinand
To integrate Bosnian-born Serbians into the Greater Serbia
So with bombs and pistols supplied by the Serbian military
With another seven conspirators who positioned themselves
Along the route in Sarajevo streets to their throw bombs
Nedeljko Cabrinovic was the first to act and threw a grenade
The fuse of this bomb was too long and it exploded under
A following car full of Austrian officers who were injured

Cabrinovic took expired cyanide that didn't work and then
He jumped in a nearby river that was only four inches deep
So his attempts to evade capture failed him in the end
The bombing threw out the plans of the Arch-duke then
And his plans for the day were abandoned and he decided
To go to the Sarajevo Town Hall to meet city officials there
The Arch-duke's driver was not a local and became confused
Turning into a dead end street and having to reverse back up

This is the part of the story that has been written into legend
Princip was in Schiller's delicatessen eating a sandwich
When he saw the Arch-duke's car outside on Franz Josef Street
He couldn't believe this opportunity to kill the Arch-duke
So you he dropped his sandwich and rushed outside
Just in time to assassinate the Arch-duke and his wife
He was caught and later died in custody during the Great War
The legend of the sandwich may or may not be true
But the coincidences that set the scene for the Great War
May have swung on a delicatessen sandwich for lunch.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Light-House Keeper's Daughter

In 1914 at Albany the first ANZAC soldier's fleet gathered
And on the transports the soldiers were by orders tethered
She was the Light-house keeper's young daughter so patriotic
Using semaphore signals she spoke to them on youth's topic
It was to the Great War battles fought and won ahead of all
Each word semaphored from ship to shore their excited call
Finally off to Egypt, Gallipoli shores and Western Front they went
There were tough trials of bullet, shot and gas towards them sent
They remembered this girl with her heart felt messages freely given
Their letters and postcards in her mind her thoughts of them still living.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Measuring Stick

On the 6 August 1915 on Gallipoli there was an Australian attack
Against the Turkish Lone Pine who fiercely held them back
Their attack was a brigade in a diversionary battle
Capturing the main trench really showed their mettle
For three long days they fought for the ground
Against Turkish counterattacks to grind them down

There was hand to hand fighting and no quarter given
With dead and dying mates on the floor of the trench striven
The only concession that was made to each poor dead soul
Was not to step on their faces while they measured the toll
The Australians didn't give up the hard won ground
And it was the measuring stick when comparing later battles found.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Missing At Menin Gate

At Ieper in Belgium there is Bloomfield's Cathedral Arch
Through the town's cobbled streets we did proudly march
For all British Nations troops who were garrisoned here
In the Great War we stood our bravery so sincere

We 55,000 who died our face to a foe bravely met
There were no graves for us so please don't forget
We are not missing we are all here with no rank division
You will see us all at midnight in Longstaff's ghostly vision

Visit at each dusk while the bugle weeps for us
Know who we were and what we did those days a must
Remember all and let our sacrifice be well considered
For to end the war to end all wars was our hope undelivered.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Missing Soldier

He went over the top with his ANZAC battalion
Attacking the Hindenburg Line was the equation
But he disappeared in the mud no-man's land
Being hit in the stomach wasn't part of his plan

His mate Snowy pulled him into the shell hole
Bandaging the wound with his last words 'Bless your Soul'
Then Snowy went on and it was the last he was seen
With a German counter barrage blowing the battlefield clean

His mother and sisters wrote to the Victoria Barracks in Melbourne town
After six months they hadn't heard what had happened or gone down
'Pray tell us kind sir what do you know about George missing in the war
He has been in France but we haven't heard from him any more'

As with many others who disappeared on those Foreign Fields
There was not much information that any records would yield
Even Vera Deakin and the Wounded and Missing Enquiry Bureau
Of the Australian Red Cross could not find any word of this Missing Hero

So the broken years went on and the family heard no more of him
With his sisters seeking out other soldiers in their own war hymn
And a lonely mother knew sorrow evermore for her lost son
Whilst others returned their own loving families and the war won.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Morphia Crutch

During the terrible Great War years
There was a drug that helped the tears
Soldiers who were injured on the front line
We're given morphia to halt the pain in kind

It was derived from the opium plant
As a miracle helping when other things can't
But those with money and influence in society
We're able to get this drug without a priority

So when death visited their loved ones
And to cope with what had occurred was done
Their family doctors gave to them this narcotic
Morphia was the crutch they leant on in the tick.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Paris Gun

The Germans had built up their forces after the Russian collapse
To finally build up the forces on the Western Front on the European maps
In what became known as the Kaiser's Offensive they attacked in March 1918
For they figured they had only a short time before the Americans in force were
seen

At that time Lloyd George the British Prime Minister held back reinforcements
To stop Haig wasting troops on another Passchendaele not to be spent

They carved out of a hill in the Coucy Forest about 120 miles from Paris city
A fifth-teen inch naval type gun on cemented railway tracks to be used without
pity

So at 7.18 am on 21 March 1918 it was brought into action in the offensive
When a shell was launched at Paris with the explosion not at all pensive
And the French looked up to see where it had come from in the sky
And thought it was from a Zeppelin or an aircraft flying very high

Other theories by French including German agents firing outside of Paris you see
Not knowing the Germans had fired an object up into the stratosphere unknown
to be

So the French endured this bombardment during this war until the end
At 15 minute intervals it brought destruction to the city being hard to defend
With 320 to 367 shells fired without reply from the Allies, even from planes in the
sky

Wounding 620 people in the Parisian capital whilst 250 others were to die.

The end of this story was not that the gun was found and bombed by the Allies
But when it looked like the Germans would loose they chopped it up so a legend
dies.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Pristine Summer Of 1914

They say the summer of 1914 was pristine
As the youth of the world danced in the sun's gleam
There were new inventions to take flight
With automobiles taken to the roads just right

There was no need for regret or grief in the world's spell
Not many could see the storm gathering for peace to expel
A World War's fury that would engulf civilisation in hell's fury
But why would we think of this with no need for a world jury

Then after an assassination caused countries to mobilise
With great armies gathering with their leaders hypnotised
When ambitious men decide to have their way in this world
And for four long years with millions dead a vicious war was held

So what do we make of all this in these modern times
Are we any different in this world of political rhymes
Just because people will take a stand thinking they have god's will
In the end all you have is grief and suffering in a very bitter pill.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Relief At Passchendaele

In 1917 the British and Commonwealth forces attacked
In the Ypres Salient in the corner of Belgium they hacked
Through the Third Battle of Ypres that had been raging away
With the battlefield turning to endless mud that would stay

As the rain fell at Poelkapelle on the Sherwood Foresters line
Was just holding on and waiting to be relieved at their time
In the mess that was the trench line a giant jumped in
And the Forester was startled in all of the battle din

He said, 'Who the hell are you? ' As the conversation begun
The giant replied, 'We're the Aussies to relieve you chum! '
The Forester said, 'I can't give you food, ammunition or keep the rain off'
The Aussie said, 'Never mind that, we don't need it, just bugger off.'

So the Foresters left the trench and started the journey back
Through the flooded battlefield and water filled shell holes in a hack
And they lost as many men drowned the slush and mud fields
As the Passchendaele battle continued the murder and bodies yield.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Return Journey

(Ode to a train ticket found on a fallen Australian soldier of Fromelles)

What to carry into battle as a reminder of home?
Of my life I love whilst through a war I did roam
Those last happy days in the Australian sun
To strengthen me in certain death to come
And to face the enemy with well-founded fear
Standing hardy waiting silently a death so clear.

I chose a train ticket for a West Australian run
Placed for safe keeping in my gas mask case undone
And it was still there as we silently and patiently slept
For I was one of the fallen of Fromelles that death kept
Together thrown down without care piled high
Till a teacher gave us back for a family goodbye.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Runner

The heavy barrage had come down
The explosions made a deafening sound
The troops kept to the trench line
Keeping safe whilst it lasted a long time

The hate of the guns continued for the wearying hours
Cutting the phone lines with its communication powers
It became quite clear to the battalion commander
An attack was in the offing as the German charter

With the phone lines down there was only one way
A runner to take back the message to the rear to say
They would need support in the coming attack
If they were over run there would be no going back

He was called for along the line and made his way
To the battalion dugout as the trench was blown away
This message is important and you need to get through
He steeled himself taking his rifle and knowing what to do

Out of the trench he sprinted from the trench away
The explosions quite near in a deafening spray
There were parts of the line that had a German breach
It seemed like the headquarters goal was out of reach

Then he heard the guttural German voices ahead
He dived into a shell hole pretending he was dead
The German patrol marched toward and over him
It was more a nightmare as they passed than a dream

He had to stay still for an hour as they rested nearby
Until they stood up and left marching to the western sky
So he continued on through the dangerous ground
Delivering the message in time then for his mates bound

He went back to his battalion with the reserve men
And they stood hardy whilst the German attack came in
They had to bear terrible losses as frontline troops
And for his efforts a mention in despatches his scoop.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Somme

1st July, 1916, the British advance occurred
In the Somme Valley of the Western Front
When they suffered 57,470 casualties, including 19,240 dead
In one day and gained just three square miles of territory

Men advanced over ground where there was cross-fire
Of machine guns set on compass bearings
Where these British soldiers didn't see the machine guns
That killed them when they left their trench systems

They say it was the worst day the British Army suffered
With 19,240 families in Britain losing a son.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Song Of Billy Sing

In 1914 Billy Sing heard the rallying bugle's call
Our last man and shilling it will be our country's all
They needed more recruits and wanted them all true blue
But he had a Chinese father's blood flowing in his veins too
And Australia was firmly one with their White policy school
But good shots were needed so they broke this unbreakable rule

He joined the 4th Light Horse to Turkey's Fatal Shore
When Billy's skill as a sniper came to a deadly fore
He gave no quarter and 300 Turk's were made a martyr
Then the Turks chose Abdul with Billy as his terrible charter
Their battle raged but in the end there would only be but one
Billy's deadly eye meant Abdul's life was finally done

Billy's reputation reached up to Sir Ian Hamilton's sight
He called him a cold blooded killer no mercy in his fight
Hamilton made sure his work at Anzac meant a DCM
But par otitis and mumps meant this battlefield's end
Hospitalized at Malta, then Ismailia, Egypt his next bit
Then to the 31st Battalion he was transferred by his writ

To the Western Front and the war raging in all its fury
His battle was in support of his mates as his deadly duty
They thought of him as a cold blooded killer with no equal
His service meant other wounds with gas as a terrible sequel
In the end the doctor's final judgement call was truly made
Billy was no long fit for his calling for his soldier's trade

Back to Australia at the end of the Great War as his reward
But there was no happiness in his life that he could now afford
His marriage broken and a soldier's farm had not succeeded
His life was only short in a boarding house finally completed
Now a bronze plaque holding his deeds high has been erected
An ANZAC Hero and Chinese Australian will always be remembered.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Thousand Yard Stare

He was crouching at the door
Staring out saying no more
The other soldiers were hurrying
But he was still staring not caring

They call it the thousand yard stare
You can see it in their eyes with no flare
What he had last seen
Was more a nightmare than dream

But he survived and back home he went
Never the same for the rest of his life spent
In other times it's been shell shock
Battle fatigue and now PTSD not to mock

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Torpedoing Of The Barunga

The Barunga left Plymouth, England on 14 July,1918
With 900 Australian soldier invalids for home to be seen
But there was lurking a U-boat in the Bay of Biscay
And a torpedo hit her blowing the first two bulkheads away

The engine room stayed sound for a time so the passengers
Had time to abandon the ship with no panic working together
And the captain saw the U-boat half submerged circling around
Then the three destroyers returned dropping depth charges down

One digger had been playing cards for pennies in the cabin
And when it was his turn on the deck he flung them with a grin
The incapacitated diggers were assisted to the boats
With no-one lost whilst the U-boat crew stood away to gloat

The destroyers finally chased the U-boat away
Whilst the passengers were gathered from the sea gray
Including the shell shocked diggers who wore the worst of it
In the loss of Barunga with no fatalities in the Great War trip.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Victory Roll

Fighter pilots who on returning to their base
Would fly over the airfield in a flying grace
As they were young men who lived on the edge
To show off to their squadron they would pledge

A victory roll over flying over the airfield runways
To show that they had downed an enemy in their display
It was pure show off for these pilots flying in the sky
They were banned because of the danger on the fly.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The War To End All Wars - The Detritus

From August 1914 to November 1918 the guns boomed
There were 700 million shells fired for soldiers doomed
And not every shell exploded when it was fired then
Each year they kill more than 20 innocent women and men
And the special unit of the French Army of detmineurs
Have lost 630 men in disarming shells, grenades and mortars

In the Great War for Germany it meant 35% of men aged 19-22 years
Were dead in the fighting that in the end were only family tears
For the British Commonwealth 12% of all soldiers who fought
Were dead by Armistice Day when the survivors were sought
And 31% of the 1913 Oxford graduates didn't survive
As officers were targeted in the attacking drive

And for France 50% of men 20 to 32 years were gone
Which meant that when the Second World War was on
They were stuck for manpower when the Germans attacked
The Great War left its detritus for generations exacted
And today what occurred a hundred years before now
Will colour our world and for which we will continue to bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The White Cross

A lot has been said
About the Great War Diggers
Their praise was well earned
For they did more than
Their part in the war

The last hundred days
In the Advance to victory
Is underlined by their battles fought
And victories they won

Just outside of Peronne
After the Mont St Quentin victory
There was a white cross
Erected over a battle grave

On it was written the words
Clearly painted on the cross
"Here lie six Boche
They met a Digger."

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - The Ypres Lions

The Germans advance had cut them through
The Belgian Army fought hard as their legend grew
The British Army helped stem the tide in front of Ypres town
The towns people knew that it could all end in a frown
The stone lions on the bridge across the ramparts moat
Had guarded the bridge and they needed their defence to float
So they placed straw into their mouths and stated to all present
That Ypres would stand until the lions had finished so pleasant
So the Great War blasted the old world away but it will be said
The town did not fall and the Germans finally from this town fled.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - Using The Bayonet

The Anzac was known in the Great War
As a fierce warrior who knew the score
By 1918 at the end of the war as a seasoned soldier
Whose attacking moves were always much bolder
They were able to execute the hardest war feat
Attacking, withdrawing and attacking in a different direction the enemy to meet

They say that German troops did not want them to face
Australians in a peaceful penetration race
When they in No Man's Land quietly took their sentries out
And made that disputed ground their own to patrol about
They were also known for a deadly bayonet move in speed
Where they thrust and parried opening a deadly neck artery bleed.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - War And Sport

During the Great War
There was a need for more

Sport to entertain the troops
So games were set up for groups

Of soldiers behind the lines
Soccer and rugby were fine

And boxing was presented
For rest and recreation extended

At the end of the war sport was for all
And men returning home as their call

So sport was brought to the masses
With competition instead of war bashes.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 - When I Returned Home

When he returned home
It was four years past
There were bands playing
And the families were glad
For the returned Diggers
Were also sons, brothers and lovers
And the years were long
At times they were filled with tears

It was 1919 and the Great War was over
But not everyone was there
In the Port Adelaide docklands
My best friend had fallen
And his mother made me promise
That I would look after him
But a German shell had done for him
I saw her standing there alone
And I couldn't look her in the face.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 -Animals At War

In the Great War animals went as soldier's saviours
There were calvary mounts including the Australian whalers
With pigeons flying messages when lines were down
Flying over muddy and shell torn broken ground

And there were dogs in the trenches with the men
As companions and carrying first aid when needed then
Once and a while they would be used for messages
For help for their troops whilst the battle around them rages.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww1 -German Elastic Defence In Depth

The Western Front of the Great War
Was in stalemate in a trench system flawed
This trench system was dug to save lives from the shells
With each side digging deep meant good cover as well

The Germans built their trenches with bunkers underground
And at least three trench lines with the Hindenburg Line found
They used a system of elastic defence in depth when attacked
That gave ground to the second and third lines going back

When the attacking troops had been decimated in the fight
The Germans counter attacked to retake the trench just right
Allied troops never had enough men to defend the captured places
So even the best planned attacks failed due to these deadly races.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 Vc - New South Wales - Captain Alfred Shout, Vc, Mc 1st Battalion, 1st Aif

Captain Alfred Shout was born in New Zealand
But made his home in Darlington, New South Wales in the Great Southern Land
He had heard the bugle's call in the South African 2nd Boer War
And had been in the New Zealand, South African and Australian army for more
Of the patriotic spirit he showed joining the Australian Military Citizens Force
In 1913 as the war clouds gathered over Europe with no peace to implore

He was a leader whom his men would follow anywhere in battle
And landed on Gallipoli in the invasion battle's rattle
General Ian Hamilton Mentioned him in despatches
At The Landing on the 25th April 1915 as a soldier to match
As he led his men to save a position after Lt. Braund's call
With 200 stragglers from the Cove as the battle drew all

On the 27th April he went to Walker's Ridge as a replacement
And stood his ground as the battle with the Turks did ferment
Exposing himself to the enemy and being wounded in the arm
As he won the first Military Cross directing his men in a place of harm
When he refused to leave the battle from the Ridge until it was done
Conspicuous and gallant only being evacuated once the day was won

After 15 days on the hospital ship the Gascon he returned to his unit
On the 6th of August 1915 he joined the Lone Pine battle as fit
And with his 1st Battalion they advanced on the Turkish trenches
And in a fight that became the measuring stick when attacking defences
As the 1st Battalion relieved the 3rd Battalion at Sasses Sap
The fighting was hand to hand in the trenches as the Turks attacked

On the 9th of August Sasse and Shout led their men and captured 20 metres
Of trench together as they bombed forward building barriers to Turks greeted
Shout was fighting hard and moving forward lighting bombs as they advanced
Until at one point he lit three bombs and moved forward throwing them as in a
trance
First one bomb and the next one as they continued - then picked up the third one
His luck left him and it exploded taking off a right hand and left eye as he was
done

His mates took him gently from the battlefield and they say he was in good cheer
Drinking a cup of tea and was transported to the hospital ship Euralia anchored
near
On the 11th of August he succumbed to his wounds and was buried at sea
And so a brave man passed into history and was posthumously awarded a VC
There were other battles joined for the men of the 1st AIF as the Great War went
on
As they made their ANZAC legend and continued singing their bravery song.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 Vc - Northern Territory - Lieutenant Alfred Borella, 26th Battalion, 1st Aif

Alfred Borella was in the Northern Territory when the Great War was declared
They weren't taking recruits from the Territory as they couldn't be spared
But he wouldn't take no for an answer and decided to go to Townsville,
Queensland

So he walked 140 km, swum swollen rivers, rode a horse and a sea voyage so grand

Eventually he enlisted in the 26th Battalion of the 1st AIF to go to War was his plan

And he went to Gallipoli in September 1915 until the evacuation ended this stand

After Egypt the next call was to the Western Front battles to face the Germans
On the 1st of March, 1917 Albert was with troops that attacked Warlencourt in its demand

Meant fighting was fierce and they captured the ground at Malt Trench with Lt Ward

He showed real coolness and devotion to duty his Military Medal did applaud
And from that day he was promoted to officer and Lieutenant in the game
With his reputation as a cool leader in tight situations added to his fame

On the 17-18 July 1918 at Villers-Bretonneux he commanded his platoon forward
Where he captured a machine gun and shot two gunners moving on up toward
With his platoon down to 10 men and two Lewis Gunners with the day not won
Against a strongly held trench with pistol and rifle shooting Germans begun
Until finally at the end of the day two dugouts with 30 Germans captured
Winning the Victoria Cross for bravery and leadership as it was loaded

So another brave man was lauded into the 1st AIF Legend of the Great War
With the Northern Territory Government reenacting his ride for his enlistment chore

And Alfred Borella re-enlisted in the Second World War and showed again his mettle

In Garrison Battalions with the Australian militia against the Japanese in their rattle

And it can be said that he was one of a generation of Australians who were tested

Who were not found wanting and on whom the ANZAC Legend has rested.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 Vc - Queensland - John Leak Vc,9th Battalion,1st Aif

John Leak enlisted in Rockhampton, Queensland on 16th April,1915
As a true blue who enlisted before the bloodbath of The Landing was seen
And is recognised as the first Queensland VC of the Great War era
Although being born in Portsmouth, England and migrating to Australia

He went to the Western Front and was involved at Pozieres
Where the Australians advanced and were pounded by artillery there
And John Leak was one of a party which finally captured an enemy strong hold
When the enemy started to bomb their way back in a move that was bold

John jumped out of the trench and ran forward under heavy machine gun fire
And threw three bombs into the Germans enemy bombing post through the wire
He then jumped down and finished off the three remaining of the bombing party
But the enemy bombed their way back and the Australians had to stand hardy

John stood tall and bombed back, being the last to withdraw as they went back
Showing conspicuous bravery and ensuring his mates survived as a fact
And he made such an impression that when the Australians were reinforced then
They were able to re-take the trench with John Leak winning the VC in the end.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 Vc - South Australia - Arthur Blackburn Vc

In 1914 in Adelaide, South Australia he heard the bugle's call
And volunteered for the 1st AIF in the 10th Battalion volunteer's all
He was a private and a battalion scout on the Landing Day
At the Gallipoli Coast as farther inland than others they do say
In August 1915 he rose through the ranks to second lieutenant
In the Dardanelles campaign on a battlefield commissioned officer's warrant.

In 1916 he went to the Western Front and was thrown into the fray
At Pozieres capturing trenches and bombing the German's away
He was given the Victoria Cross for his leadership in this action
He hadn't taken a step back with deeds that were hard matching
In 1917 medically unfit meant his war was finally done
Home to Adelaide as an ANZAC with his war duly won

Between the wars he plied his lawyer trade
And as the Adelaide City Coroner his reputation was made
He joined the militia to maintain his warrior stance
And as a Nationalist member for Sturt was his state political dance
When in 1939 the Second World War called him to arms rallying
As the commander of the 2/3rd Australian Machine-Gun Battalion

To Syria to fight the Vichy French and the capture of Damascus he went
As the senior officer present with him accepting their surrender sent
Then the Japanese started their warrior move southward was seen
And back in Java to garrison these islands was his duty gleaned
He was captured by the Japanese and a cruel imprisonment was the deal
When he was liberated in Mukden, Manchuria weakened not broken by the ordeal

Made Companion of the Order of the British Empire was his reward
Back to Australia after the army a president of the RSL on their board
He continued his distinguished career as a great South Australian soldier
Who had shown to the entire world that he was one who was so much bolder
He is buried now in the AIF cemetery and his Victoria Cross is given to the
Australian nation
For display in the War Memorial in Canberra for Australians to see as a great
citation.

© Paul Warren Poetry

War - Ww1 Vc - Tasmania - Henry William 'harry' Murray Vc, Cmg, Dso& Bar, Dcm, Known As 'mad Harry'

Harry Murray was born in Launceton, Tasmania and heard the call
For enlistment in the Australian Imperial Force in the Great War brawl
He had made a life as a farmer, timber cutter and courier
And now is described as the most decorated Great War British Empire soldier

He was at The Landing on the 25 April 1915 as a machine gunner
And won the Distinguished Conduct Medal on this peninsula
A wounded leg laid him low but still went to the Western Front war
With the rest of his battalion and would distinguish himself even more

In the Battle of the Somme as a junior officer he was again decorated
With a Distinguished Service Order leading his men as the war blood was not
sated

In February 1917 he led a company in a Stormy Trench attack and
counterattacks

Leading in bayonet thrusts and bombing crews winning a Victoria Cross as a fact

He won a bar to his DSO in an attack on the Hindenburg Line near Bullecourt
Promoted to lieutenant colonel leading the 4th Machine-gun Battalion to the end
he fought

He went back to Australia in 1920 settling in Queensland to a Grazing Property
Until the Second World War was declared where he went back in the army
As the officer in charge of the 26th Militia Battalion he did his duty then
To 1944 when he was not needed and his military career did end

This great soldier came twice to his country's call
Being prepared to do his best and to give his all
In the end he died in a car accident at 85 years in 1966
We remember him now lest we forget in one of glory's picks.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 Vc - Victoria - Albert Jacka, Vc, Mc And Bar

Albert Jacka was a Victorian and a true blue
Who enlisted before Gallipoli as the 1st AIF grew
When the Great War was declared he was a forester
Who worked in the tall trees of Australia in Victoria.

He was assigned to the 14th Battalion, 4th Brigade of the 1st Division main
And went to Egypt to train before the Dardanelles campaign
He was at The Landing on the terrible day
When 2,000 Australians lives were taken away

On the night of 19-20 May 1915 at Courtney's Post
The Turks attacked when they were trying to break to the coast
Lance Corporal Jacka alone stood hardy killing seven Turks
And was awarded Australia's first Great War VC in these works

He was made a sergeant then was commissioned as a lieutenant
To the Western Front in 1916 to the battles in the trenches was not fluent
He went through the attack on Pozieres where the fighting was bloody
And he won his first Military Cross again whilst standing hardy

In early 1917 the Germans retired to the Hindenburg Line
And Jacka as intelligence officer went forward for information to find
Who during this time captured a German Patrol single handed to make
A bar to his Military Cross a further award that was lauded

At the end of the War in May 1918 at the Villiers Bretonneux fight
He was gassed and wounded and surviving was not a question so light
So back to England again to a fight for his life in a Hospital stay
There was a time when it was thought that his life would ebb away

But he survived and back to a hero's welcome in Melbourne town
And went into business with other returned soldiers he found
But the Depression hit the business hard and it fell apart
With the only work for him as Mayor of St Kilda in his heart

But the war wasn't finished with him yet
And his health meant that a long life he did not get

On 17 January 1932 at Caulfield Military Hospital
He died and was buried with 8 VCs as pallbearers all.

So another brave Australian passed into history's tale
With a shortened life from the war as it did gale
Captain Albert Jacka was a credit to us all
Who won that war for us after hearing our call.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww1 Vc - Western Australia - Hugo Throssel, Vc

A Western Australian who joined in the 1914 call
In the 10th Light Horse in the Australian Imperial Force volunteers all
As a second lieutenant he landed on Gallipoli's fatal shore
On the 4th of August 1915 he fought in the battle of The Nek war
From this experience it meant he wanted his revenge
For the 10th Light Horse members who had met their end

To the Hill 60 battle near Anafarta he led his men to the Turks line
It was the 29th of August and his wounds were not kind
He stayed with his men fighting it out during a counter attack
The Turks fought and the Australians stood hardy not one step back
When it was safe he went to the Casualty Clearing station for each wound
He wouldn't leave until the MO ordered him off after seeing him swoon

For his personal courage and leadership that long day
He received the Victoria Cross at the Palace in that way
To London he went to treat his wounds for a recovery demand
He met Katharine Prichard a writer who took a socialist stand
When he had recovered he re-joined his troop in the Middle East
With his brother Ric who died near Gaza before the war ceased

So the war meant he had lost a brother so dear
And so badly wounded losing his life was near
Back to Australia and Katharine as his wife
He became a campaigner against the war strife
This wasn't popular and his employment was ended
He could not see why this stand was so badly comprehended

As the years went on and his finances were not well
He struck up a plan to help his family and release him from hell
In 1933 with Katharine in the USSR and his son was away
He took his service revolver and shot himself in the head that way
His thought as a VC hero his country would see his family right
What we now know was his war experience meant a PTSD fight

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Eternal Patrol

The U-boat left the mouth of the French harbour
Under cover of darkness for these German Navy martyrs
To the North Atlantic they went to sink Allied shipping their bent
Their plan was to cut Britain's supply line of shipping without lament
But just lately the tide had changed and others had not returned
Posted on the notice boards their fate was on eternal patrol not yearned

It took two days to sail to their patrol station in the shipping lanes
From the United States to Britain in the life line for the British to sustain
Them in their struggle against the Nazi aggressor in the Second World War battle
On this day it was different when the Canadian Corvette chasing them in their
mettle
They dived down to escape the hunting as the depth charges exploded around
Until one exploded near the hull of the submarine sending it to the bottom
ground

So the U-boat was lost with all of its hands who were in the crew
And they had not been able to radio their base regarding their fate too
The submarine was marked as now on eternal patrol in the North Atlantic
With the families of the crew waiting for word of them made them frantic
The captain was at the periscope still looking around for targets for them
And the crew continued on with no thought of death or the cruise having an end.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Bmw Regrets Working Slave Labourers To Death In Ww2

So BMW regret working people to death during World War Two
Not feeding them properly, sheltering them and long hours too
In the hundred years that they are now celebrating business
They were building engines, cars and aeroplanes for the Nazi mess

When the Allies were bombing the factories and forcing the Nazi hand
BMW didn't provide air raid shelters for them either in their war plan
So as they stand now and take the praise for being a successful company
In 2016 their present should be to give these survivors compensation money

It now is so pristine and clean when there is less people who witnessed the
obscene
Most who survived have now passed on from their nightmares and deeds unclean
It would mean more than mouthing these words that are easier said than done
Compensation to their victims of their crimes would go some way of righting this
one.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Bombing Germany

Flying through a dark cloudy night
The bomber guided by a radio beam flight
They gathered for the thousand plane raid
An Australian crew on a Second World War escapade

The target had been given for the crew at the briefing
The Lancaster bomber would find quite a meeting
From the German defences of anti-aircraft gun locations
And fighter planes Me 109s and Focke-Wolfe 190 expectations

The idea was to carpet bomb the German cities to submission
With the British at night and Americans daily without intermission
Getting through the defences was the first task for the crew
And working as a team was the only way they would get through

The pathfinders ahead had lit the way for the bombing fleet
There mosquito fighter bombers dropping flares identification complete
And the thousand plane raid saturated the area with bombs
Obliterating people and building until everything was gone

The losses of the bomber crews were comparable in numbers
To the Western Front battles of the Great War losses
And there was talk of the moral sense of bombing like this
When the population was the target with the deaths unable to be dismissed.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Contracts With The Nazis

How long should we keep the anger
Of companies who produced the Nazi danger
Hugo Boss designed the Nazi uniforms
Allianz insured the Auschwitz camps forlorn
And paid insurance policies of murdered Jews to Nazis grasped
Bayer as I G Farben supplied Zyklon B as the Jews were gassed

Coca Cola provided Fanta as a German blend
When they couldn't get cola to their men
IBM built the instruments to track
Allied ships and planes as they were shot by flak
Random House published the Nazi books
To spread the hate within their hook

Standard oil supplied the Luftwaffe fuel
They are now Exxon Mobile Chevron and BP in their spiel
The Chase Bank was a backer so their party would not fail
And Kodak gave them an edge in their photographic trail
And when the contracts for the concentration camps were given
Siemens used slave labour in their profits driven

Henry Ford received a Nazi medal
And touted their philosophy to all
What do we say when we hear of their practice
Do we stop and say that we should show them malice
Sometimes when picking sides think about what you'll bring
To others when you take these contracts and through history's ring.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Demonstrating The Bomb

Los Alamos in the desert was so isolated
As the scientists making the bomb were gathered
Einstein started it by writing to Roosevelt a letter due
Stating that the Germans were experimenting too
So the Manhattan project started in New York City then
Expanding to Los Alamos to develop the bomb to the War's end

One morning they set a bomb in the desert on a tower
Then red fire and mushroom sprouted in the desert of power
But the scientists were anti-Nazi and against them they wanted
It to be dropped for their bid at world domination to be ended
In the end the Nazis were defeated before it was finished
This left the Allies fighting the Japanese with the War not diminished

The scientists against the Japanese did not want to use the bomb
And they wanted to a demonstration of its power along
By blowing up a remote island in front of everyone
Thereby ending the war without greater death done
So they wrote a letter to the President suggesting it
But it was stopped by secretary Burns as a proposal ending it

So the bomb was dropped first on Hiroshima and Nagasaki cities
And hundreds of thousands of people died without showing any pity
I wonder what could have been if the demonstration happened
Would there be face-offs now between nations not being optioned
It is hard to place yourself back in time to know what's right
But demonstrating the bomb might have stopped the war's fight.

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War - Ww2 - Dropping Leaflets On The Nazis

During World War Two the RAF dropped leaflet papers
On the German occupied Europe in intelligence capers
They told the captured countries of the Germans taking food
And also fake German ration cards to ruin their food distribution as it stood

There were a number of things that they told the German people so true
Of the victories at El Alamein and at Stalingrad as the Allied broke through
And most surprising of all was instructions on sabotaging a U-boat
All these things pulling together until in the end the Axis did provoke.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Eduardo Schulte German Industrialist And Anti-Nazi

Eduard Schulte was a German Industrialist during the Second World War
And was a secret opponent of Hitler and the Nazis wanting to do more
In his business he travelled from Breslau in Silesia and Zurich in Switzerland
And made contact with Gerhart Riegner of the World Jewish Congress in his plan

In 1942 he heard of the Nazi Final Solution to end the European Jewish
population
And he found out that they were going to use hydrogen cyanide in this Solution
With the help of Allen W. Dulles and the dissident German consul Hans Gisevius
He supplied the facts of the Riegner Telegram to the Allies to stop it and make a
fuss

But the Allies did not do anything with this Telegram and continued on their own
plan
Schulte was flabbergasted that they did not seem to react to it or to understand
He continued to supply some further information right through until in 1943
The Gestapo had found him out, chasing him and he had to Switzerland flee

So Schulte was a German who took a stand against the Nazi's Holocaust plan
He fled his German homeland and went to live in the USA to start his life again
Over the years he did not want to be known as the one who made these facts
known
And Riegner kept the promise made to Schulte that his source remained
unknown.

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War - Ww2 - Heisenberg And The Bomb

War - WW2 - Heisenberg and the bomb

Heisenberg was a German scientist in the Nazi frame
Who was the leading atomic scientist for Hitler's fame
And at the conclusion of the Second World War
He was captured and interviewed for his knowledge chore
When told of the Hiroshima Bomb attack by the Americans
He disbelieved that they had cracked the atomic plan

As the calculations he had made was faulty in his assumption
That they would need 13000 kilograms for the atomic bomb to function
In truth the Allies found that it would only take one kilogram of uranium metal
Produced in about one year of work in their laboratories in good fettle
It seems Heisenberg calculated that each neutron fired had to split an atom
But to deliver an explosion of 20,000 tons TNT that did not need to happen

With some of the neutrons not splitting them in the Allies atomic plan
Making it has been said the German scientist's plan was not grand
And they had purposely made mistakes in their calculations grade
So that Hitler would not win the war and he would from the world fade
The scientists had a moral compass and did not want to break out bad
But would you purposely do such a thing and make your country defeat so sad.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Hiroshima And Nagasaki Atomic Legacy

The dropping of the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki ended World War Two
Bringing the Japanese to a point that they nothing else they could do
But to end the bloodshed and bring about the end of the War
The Japanese Emperor ended telling them that they could do no more
What of the people who suffered in these bombing events?
They suffered for the stubbornness that their leadership would relent

There were between 150,000 and 200,000 people who died in the blasts
With most of them dying from the heat and the injuries that were vast
Over the years a lot has been written about radiation effects on those victims
But in all there were only 20,000 to 40,000 who died from these effects on their
systems
And radiation levels at both locations have returned to normal readings for both
cities
Although some of the atomic survivors of the bombs still live with this legacy

They say Chernobyl and Fukushima nuclear accidents will mean more
To the people nearby and illness for their families this radiation will be implore.

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War - Ww2 - Hitler And Eugenics

Eugenics was the theory and practice
Of improving genetic quality with malice
Through selective breeding of the population
Hitler wanted this in his Mien Kampf dictation

The Americans first started to sterilise people of their nation
Who were handicapped or of criminal extrapolation
But Hitler wanted more and anyone working in health services
Had to be a Nazi card carrying person in their own verses

He decided that they needed to breed the master race
And to lead the world from other people in pace
So they enforced eugenics for their German people then
Which meant state sponsored murder for the Jews and Gypsies in the end

And anyone who was mentally or physically handicapped
We're gassed in the first Nazi gas chambers where they were trapped
But the thing that is hard to get over in the Nazi system
Is murdering children or helpless without derision.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Hitler And The Long Range Bomber

When the Germans invaded the European Low Countries and France
The Allies calculated that the Nazis would run out of fuel in their advance
But they didn't destroy the Belgium or Dutch reserves and they were taken
As the Germans moved forward sweeping as the Allied defenders were forsaken

So Hitler was able to continue to conquer these countries then
And it made him confident that when he invaded Russia it would end
With victory for his forces capturing fuel as they advanced into the Steppes
When they advanced the Russians had only diesel that they didn't expect

The Russians at Baku moved their oil production back beyond the war
Capping their oil wells with concrete and stationed trains to blow them up and
more

The Nazis fought hard and the Russians held them whilst industry was pulled
back

But the Germans didn't have a four engined long distance bomber as a fact

So with Russian industry and oil was moved back beyond the Ural Mountains to
stay

And the Germans unable to bomb Russian industry needing it to be blown away
The battles fought on the Eastern Front broke the German army in this war for
sure

But the Nazis failed to plan for a long war or weapons to wage a long distance
war.

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War - Ww2 - Hitler The Drug Addict

Hitler was a drug addict who had to be stimulated
And Dr Theodore Morell was his physician as history has stated
He prescribed Bull's semen, glucose and bacteria from human poo
To help his vitality, flatulence and time with Eva Braun to keep him going too

There were other drugs as well in a cocktail of uppers and downers
Morell injected him daily and Hitler kept him close at all hours
He ended up taking Pervitin which was an early form of crystal meth
So as a Nazi Superman he didn't measure up right up until his death.

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War - Ww2 - Hitler The Farting Dictator

Hitler was a vegetarian who loved his beans with each meal to eat
With his bad teeth he had to have them with a mash and beat
He had bad breath that was unsociable when speaking to another
And the dictator also had a farting problem that was to him a bother
So if you had a meeting with him make it is outside in a flower garden
Or in a ventilated room with a sense of smell that you couldn't easily depend.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Hitler's After The War Plans

Hitler had a plan when the war was won
To divide the world with the Japanese ones

And he thought that war with Japan would occur
So he wanted German soldiers settling on the borders more

To breed with at least seven children families each
So there would be a ready made army in reach

And Red Cloud an American Indian was recruited
To rise against the government when the Germans invaded

With 750,000 indigenous warriors were ready to join in
And Hitler could give their homelands back for participating

He expected that in places such as Australia and New Zealand
The white populations would disappear replaced by Asians

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War - Ww2 - Hitler's Fuhrersonderzug Train

Hitler liked cars, planes and trains having his own
With a fully fitted train for him across the Reich to roam
He called it the Fuhrersonderzug Amerika built in 1940
As a tongue in cheek referral to the Western novel story
But he changed it to the Fuhrersonderzug Brandenburg train
When he declared war on the United States a mistake in his refrain

It had special anti-aircraft guns, a telephone system and luxury made
So that it could act as a mobile headquarters the best in its grade
One day it pulled up next to a train going to the Austwitz Camp
And Hitler eye balled those people packed in doomed with his stamp
It seemed this he didn't like it and ordered it not to happen again
So his needs were catered and his evil done he didn't see in his blend.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Hitler's Last Birthday

In April 1945 he was 56 years old
And in defeat this last story is told
The nest of vipers has its last party made
But in a deep concrete bunker they did fade
They have lost their 10000 year Reich in war
And for them it will be lost forever more

Hitler's birthday cake with the last flour in form
From wheat grown on the fertiliser strewn
Fertiliser from the Jewish bones ground together
For each innocent burnt in the Buchenwald gather
Is it a last cannibal's tale to eat the vanquished ones
And try to demonstrate to the world your rule of guns

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Hitler's Last Days

After the von Stauffenberg plot in 1944
Hitler became obsessed even more
Before each meal 15 women ate his meal
To ensure he wouldn't be poisoned in the deal
The Heil Hitler salute became compulsory for the forces
And any hint of desertion execution was the orders

No officer near him in his entourage could wear a pistol
So his personal safety became his personal epistle
He did not want to see the so called WW1 stab in the back
With irrational defence against the Allies was the hack
It could be seen by the Battle of the Bulge in its story
Losing the last 100,000 men and 300 aircraft in the history

Until in his bunker in April 1945 he realised in the end
He poisoned and blew his brains out as he couldn't comprehend.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Hitler's Nero Decree

At the end of World War Two
It was obvious Hitler was done through
And the Nazi ideals that he held
His plan was to rule the world

We defeated him and his horde
Forcing them back across Europe they poured
But Hitler decided the German people
Should not survive and his order and fettle

He would want to destroy Germany now
With his 'Nero Decree' would show how
So what the allied bombers hadn't destroyed
The German Army blew up as they were deployed.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Hitler's Promise

Give me ten years and you won't recognise Germany
Hitler made this statement for the German's to carry
This was in the thirties when he was gaining power
And he thought that it was his right in his hour
In the end the prophecy was for-filled for them
The country and people were destroyed in the end
I don't think that he had a picture in his mind
Of what his people were reduced to in the grind.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Hmas Armidale And Teddy Sheean's Fight

The HMAS Armidale was a convoy protecting corvette
That was built for the Second World War as it was met
Although it was planned to fight the Nazi world menace
But it went to fight the Japanese Imperial Navy in their stance

On the 1 December 1942 the Armidale sailed out from Darwin
And a Japanese reconnaissance plane saw their voyage begin
They fought Japanese bombers with the help of each Beaufort fighter plane
The Japanese left with the HMAS Armidale and HMAS Castlemaine to remain

So they were at Betano Bay in East Timor evacuating Dutch Allies to gather
Then bombers swept in and attacked them putting the ships in danger to matter
Until the Japanese struck the Armidale with two torpedoes in the port side
The captain called out to abandon the ship to jump from the ship wide

Ordinary Seaman Teddy Sheean was wounded but strapped himself in
To one of the Armidale's 20 mm Oerlikon guns shooting at the Zeros in the din
Sheean shot down one Zero and damaged two others in a fight so sublime
They say he was still firing his guns as he bravely slipped beneath the water line

So some sailors, soldiers and civilians were given a chance
To survive this deadly fight through Sheean's deadly dance
But after all that he did for the defence of his people and ship
He wasn't awarded a medal or recognition of his fight for it.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Hugo Boss Designed The Second World War German Army Uniforms

Hugo Boss designed for the German Army uniform
And it was said that they were the the best dressed form
You see when conquering Europe under the jackboot hordes
To look your best on battlefields had its own rewards
They cut a dashing figure with jodhpurs and a classic cut
With tunic from waist to chin smartly all buttoned up
So the war ended with a worse defeat for the Nazi horde
But after all that is said and done Hugo Boss' reputation soared
As a designer of some note who prospered in the post war years
A reputation partly built on war's' suffering and tears.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - In God's Garden

It was 1943 and the war was waging on
In Australia there was no victory song
The Japanese on our doorstep the young men volunteered
In my grand-parent's street the families for them feared
One late afternoon whilst my grandfather was in his garden
Hoeing away and growing vegetables for victory his margin

The sun was going down and the shadows were winning
There was no-one around except the birds who were singing
A misty white light appear in front of his eyes
It was a young man in uniform to his complete surprise
He recognised the face and there was grief in the sad smile
He'd come to say good-bye and to linger a while

My grandfather knew him as one of the young men
Who went to fight for Australia and for us to defend
He didn't say anything but looked to his home
And nodded with a sad smile and then he was gone
Standing with his shovel he thought what to do
When the word of the soldiers death finally came through.

He spoke to the father of the son lost
And what for the family was their great cost
To his dying day he didn't talk about it much
It was too perplexing for his conversation to touch
What he couldn't work out was why he had been chosen
By one who had died with this memory in his mind frozen.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Japanese Industry Used Pows As Slave Labour

The Japanese heavy industry took a battering
During the Second World War whilst they were fighting
So Japanese companies like Toyota went to the army
And requested Allied POWs to work in their factories

Slave labour was what occurred for these men
When these industries paid the army for them then
The men were badly treated, starved and many died
With 37% of them not seeing freedom whilst the Japanese lied

Because when compared with the Nazis Allied POWs died at 2%
The Japanese companies hid behind the war looking for victory sent
Now Toyota looks like a clean and well run company
But they have this inhuman incident in their past history.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Japanese Unit 731 Of World War 2 'nana-San-I Hi Butai'

The Japanese in the Second Sino-Japanese war of 1937 - 1945 would experiment
Using Unit 731 as based at Pingfang district in Manchukuo district when sent
To find biological weapons in their war against the Allied Population
So they used bubonic plague against innocent people in anticipation

Of having a weapon to use against the West Coast of the USA
They would drop a ceramic bomb from hot air ballon blown that way
With each bomb filled with fleas laced with bubonic plague disease
It would spread through the cities like wildfire with some ease

This attack was only stopped by the dropping of the Atomic Bomb
Or there could have been a biological disaster on that coast all along
As it was said they killed upwards of 200,000 in the experiments wired
Which included Chinese farmers and Allied Prisoners of War who expired.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Kamikaze Attack On The Hmas Australia Ii At Leyte Gulf

'People of the Phillipines, I have returned, ' said General Douglas MacArthur
As the Americans landed their army on the beaches of Leyte Gulf as masters
Of the Japanese on the afternoon of 20 October 1944 fulfilling his promise
He had been away for two and a half years preparing his forces without miss

The HMAS Australia II was the flagship of the Royal Australian Navy in these
years
And had been fighting across the world since the beginning of the war without
fear
Captain Emile Dechaineux had taken command of the ship as a popular man
As the Australia took part in the Philippines invasion under American command

It was Trafalgar Day the 21st of October,1944, and they were in the Leyte Gulf
battle

With other Australians, the Shropshire, Warramunga and Arunta showing their
mettle

Admiral Onishi Takajiro had announced the formation of a new attack unit the
tokkotai

The infamous kamikaze suicide bombers in an attempt to keep the Allies at bay

At 6.05 am the HMAS Australia weighed anchor to support the ground forces
ashore

A Val dive bomber appeared between the Shropshire and Australia and did draw
Fire from both ships retiring westward away from the ships, hit but still airborne
The Val dipped its wing into the sea, recovered turning east toward the ships
borne

The anti-aircraft fire was heavy as the Val passed to the port side of Australia
Until it crashed in the foremast of the ship when it appeared the attack was a
failure

In its attack the cannon fire from the Val made casualties along the deck of the
ship

Then the fuel tank exploded showering the bridge with burning fuel as it ended
its trip

There were heavy casualties including Captain Dechaineux who was at his station
He was seated with a large wound to his stomach and burns needing attention

During his ordeal he continually asked about his sailors in concern that didn't
fade

There were officers and ratings killed and wounded in this fierce attack made

The medical officers on the HMAS Australia worked on the wounded men

With a number of them died during the day including the gallant captain

So this attack has been debated since whether it was the first kamikaze attack

But what mattered in the end was the bravery of the HMAS Australia in fighting
back.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Kokoda Graves

The wet jungle drops tears to the muddy clearing
As humidity has made us heated and perspiring
The climb up the trail has sapped our strength
We took the challenge to walk the trail's length

There was a waterfall near the clearing
And the beauty of the spot was so endearing
On the edge of the jungle in a spot of sunlight
Illuminated two old wooden crosses just to the right

We stood in front, held our hats and bowed our heads
And the carved inscription we all slowly read
A sergeant and a corporal killed on this spot
When the Japanese threatened in their invasion plot

How sad it was for two brave Australian men
Who fell in battle defending us to their life's end
And they sleep in god's care in a jungle clearing
As we remember them each Anzac Day endearing.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Leading Seaman Roy Cazaly, Dsm, Gunner, Hmas Shropshire

Roy Cazaly, was the son of the 'Up there Cazaly' Legend
Who enlisted in the Royal Australian Navy to the War's end
He manned the Port Pom Pom 40 mm anti- aircraft gun
Which was capable of firing 120 rounds a minute at 2000 yards each one

In the Naval battles around the Leyte Gulf in the Philippines Islands
The HMAS Shropshire was part of the Allies Naval battle grand
The Imperial Japanese Navy was being demolished by the Americans
As their Navy grew and the Royal Australian Navy were part of their plans

Part of the Japanese bushido soul was pulled into the Kamikaze creed
As they struggled for a way to stop the American advance in their need
All ships of the Fleet became targets for these Japanese suicide bombers
So the stage was set for Roy Cazaly to hit them hard as a anti-aircraft gunner

On that January 1945 the sun rose in a bright blue tropical dawning day
The Japanese bombers, torpedo bombers and fighters commenced their spray
The sailors on the Australian warships saw there were so many they called them
flies
And as they joined in the fight the Japanese fliers found new ways to fly and to
die

Roy Cazaly was firing his Pom Pom anti-aircraft guns and was so accurate in the
fight
That the other sailors on the Shropshire heavy cruiser lost count as they might
Of the number of Japanese planes that Cazaly shot down as they attacked the
ship
Following them around and firing at them through the ship structure to ensure a
hit

Firing through the superstructure of the cruiser upset the captain on the bridge
So that he sent for Cazaly to see him to ask him to refrain from this dangerous
dirge
But he told the captain, 'Sir, if I can see them, I'll shoot at them, ' saluted,
leaving in good fettle
This willingness to shoot down Japanese eventual earnt him a Distinguished
Service Medal.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Milne Bay

The heat and the wet is what you remember with dread
When Australian Servicemen and American engineers stopped them dead
The first defeat of the Japanese in New Guinea in their empire race
It was Milne Bay in August and September 1942 such a god forsaken place

There were the 25th, 55th and 61st militia with anti-aircraft battery men
And the 2/10 with the 2/12 AIF brought back from the Middle East then
With the Kittyhawks of the 75th and 76th squadron RAAF flying hard
Who with some Americans of 46th Engineers fought for every yard

It was the mud that stopped the Japanese marines
When their 2 tanks were bogged and destroyed when they were seen
Then the Japanese were reinforced with more troops from the Rabaul base
As they made their way to the Number 3 air strip in their war race

The Japanese were harassed by the RAAF Kittyhawk fighter planes
To the point where they only moved during the dark hiding from them was the
game
They waited until daylight to attack the Milne Bay strips
And were cut down by the Allies without another thought for it

So all that was left was snipers in the palm trees
Shooting at Allied soldiers and harassing as they pleased
Then one time fighter pilot with malaria and dysentery
Was warned by the ground crews about the snipers in the trees

So he said to the ground crews
"Point my fighter at the trees";
And he climbed into his cockpit readying his guns and the triggers he squeezed
He ripped the palms all apart
Making sure the snipers would be gone in his Maxim gun art

These stories showed how it was for the Allied troops
At Milne Bay in the muddy tropical soup
When they stopped the Japanese dead
And Australia was on the edge worried about invasion dread.

© Paul Warren Poetry

War - Ww2 - My Father As Part Of The Greatest Generation

My father told me of his days on the destroyer
Sailing the Pacific on the HMAS Arunta as a sailor
He manned the guns and learnt the craft
Of defending Australia before the mast

The Australian ships had no marine soldiers
So the gunners were shore parties on their shoulders
There were times that made him laugh
With drunken sailors in a shore leave draft

The gun he carried was a Thompson machine gun
Which suited him and firing it he said was some fun
But other times when fired upon caused him some fright
All in all he took the good with the bad knowing he was doing was right

The HMAS Arunta cruised with the American Seventh Fleet
At the end of World War 2 disarming the the IJN to deplete
So he did his duty for the Australian nation
For us all as part of the greatest generation

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Nazi Soldiers On Crystal Methylamphetamine

The Allies wondered how in 1940 the Nazis could go four days
Without sleep so long and to function in their warrior ways
They were given Pervitin and Isophan that kept them flowing
And used crystal meth to storm the gates of Moscow doing

But they did not realise the long term effects on their military
And the Nazi leadership were also using the drugs and were not wary
Nazi soldiers asked their families for more supplies of Pervitin
And they crashed in mental breakdown that meant defeat in the end

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - No Surrender On The Trail

A veteran of the Kokoda Trail in war of 1942
The 39th Battalion Digger who survived through
When interviewed about what the combat was like
'You see that there was No Surrender in that fight'

They fought the Japanese in a fighting retreat
As it is now recognised by all as quite a feat
And when the troops returned to the Trail
They found their captured mates killed without fail

'You see that there was No Surrender to the Japanese'
Anyone whom they caught they killed as they please
It outraged the Diggers and hardened their resolve
As the battle raged and the Japanese defence dissolved

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Richard Sorge - Master Spy For The Soviet Union

Richard Sorge was a German who fought for Germany in the Great War
Who was injured with broken legs and lost of fingers as his wounds of war
He was invalided with an Iron Cross as an artillery man and soldier
Then after the war in 1920 he became a committed Communist officer
Eventually going to Moscow to be trained as a spy in espionage for them
Being posted around Europe to spread the Red Flag for all in the end

When the Second World War started with Russia as a German Ally
He was sent first to Germany and then to Japan in the Axis folly
His cover was as German journalist and so he found out
About Operation Barbarossa the German invasion of Russia clout
He even sent back a start date of 20 June 1941 two days early
But Stalin refused to believe this vital information in it's story

He also found out in the dark days for the Russians during this invasion
When the Germans were at the gates of Moscow in a bad equation
That the Japanese wouldn't invade the Soviet Union eastern reaches
So they were able to take vital men and equipment to the western Russian
features
And this move saved the Russians and they were able to defeat the Germans
With these extra troops against the Nazis defending their scared Motherlands.

But the Japanese were onto him and found him out
And he was arrested and tortured to find the story about
His work for the Russian KGB and they wouldn't save him
When they had a chance to exchange prisoners which was for him very grim
So the Japanese hung him in 1944 and his bravery faded into history
Until in 1964 he was awarded the 'Hero of the Soviet Union' in his glory.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Russian Stalingrad Ally In Ww2

The fighting in WW2 around Stalingrad
Was as hard as the Great War was bad
The German Army ended up in a siege
And 91,000 Germans were captured and aggrieved
Hitler's aim to take the Russian fields of oil
Were for him in this German offensive spoiled

But the Russians had an Ally not known then
When German tanks reserves were ready to defend
Russian field mice crawled their way into the tanks
And chewed their electrical wires disabling them quite blank
So these German tanks when they were needed in battle
Could not be used - assisting the Russians in their mettle

These Russian field mice deserved to be applauded
It would seem in war the little things can be rewarded.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Scurvy And The Ran

Manning Australian man o' wars in the Pacific
Meant long boring patrols that were not too specific
For the Royal Australian Navy who were duty bound
In the first part of the Second World War they found
Hunting down the odd German Commerce Raider
Was the only duty that they had for them to savour

Manning Ships that were designed for cooler climes
But the issue for these Australians sailors to mind
Was the tropical conditions at the equator meant for them
They couldn't keep fruit or vegetables fresh in the end
And so some of these sailors were seen to suffer from
The old disease of scurvy with lethargy and fatigue to come.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - Second World War And Lend-Lease

The British in 1940 stood up to the Nazi Horde
When the European Powers lost to them without accord
The only way that they would survive is with the Americans
When Lend-Lease was the only way to get material in hand

But the agreement between Churchill and Roosevelt occurred
Meant the Arsenal of the free world would begin to build
And those fighting tyrants would have weapons to yield
So the won the war together defeating Germany and Japan as heard

They say the only way that they both signed this deal together
Was for Britain to relinquish it's World Empire forever
So India, Africa, South America and Asia gained independence
With the sun setting on the British Empire without brilliance.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Australians In The Desert War

They were part of the Benghazi Stakes
When the War was fought over the same ground as it makes
The last time they were huddled in the Tobruk town
When Rommel had them surrounded around
And they held out for months in the heat and sand
The Ninth Division fighting on in their heroic stand

Until they were relieved and taken to re-fit
Whilst the Desert War continued not to remit
Then Montgomery used them in the El Alamein battle
And they were part of the German Afrika Corps death rattle
These same men went on to fight the Japanese
And built a legend that did not make their enemies to be at ease.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Battle Of The Sunda Strait

The Imperial Japanese Navy was rampaging in the Southern Seas
Wanting to conquer South East Asia with Emperor Hirohito to please
Singapore had fallen and the race was on to save Australia
And so it was decided the Allies would make a stand on Java

The Allied Navies were stretched with ships sunk by the IJN
And the Japanese Army Java invasion force was sent right in
In the February 1942 the HMAS Perth and USS Houston
Engaged them in the Java Sea before retreating to Tanjung Priok town

So on the 28 February 1942 both ships sailed into the Sunda Strait
And they met the huge IJN task force and the battle sealed their fate
The overwhelming Japanese force attacked and the Allies fought back
But the Japanese continued on with the overwhelming attack

Hec Waller, the captain of the Australian HMAS Perth fought the good fight
But in the end the ship low on ammunition and from stem to stern alight
Started to sink and Waller ordered abandon ship there is no hope
He was last seen on the bridge before a final shell hit knocking it to a pulp.

So they didn't stop the Japanese who took Java in the sweep
But both ships died in an honourable fight to keep
The legends of the fight that time against heavy odds defined
And when the final victory was won their sacrifice for us all it did remind

Remember the USS Houston the pride of the American Fleet
Earlier on took Roosevelt to the Atlantic Churchill meet
But it went down with guns blazing losing half its crew
And those who survived for three years as a Japanese prisoner too

And the HMAS Perth had sailed around the world and fought the good fight
In the Caribbean escorting convoys against the German U-boat might
And in the Mediterranean fought the Italian and the German Force
Whilst the fight against the Axis as they conquered in their course.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Book

It was written in the '20s with blame as the theme
Taken on the field of battle in a nightmarish dream
How could words create such a hate?
When tolerance was not allowed and genocide to create
They say that each person who was married got a book
From the town mayor to be proud of the story's hook

So it made a lot of money for an author so proud
And put over the world a dark grey cloud
It was left in a dusty box with other war souvenirs
And taken out when a warrior died after long years
So we look at it now as just a bound leather book
With a picture of a monster in a stern military look

So what do you do with the book now it's time is at end?
Do you throw it in the bin or burn it no pretend
Or do you have it as a thing that shows what it's like
When you give a person the power at others to strike
And so 'Mein Kampf' should be left for the ages
To show what is evil as you turn over the pages.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The British War Trunk Of September 1940

To win the war with Britain standing alone in a dilemma
Churchill decided to give the USA the plans for their fighting future
Consisting of the latest scientific advances for American industry
So that that they would get the drop on the Japanese and Nazis
In September 1940 they loaded the plans to it all into a trunk
And it was transported to the Americans through the Atlantic funk

The latest on Radar, the atomic bomb, self sealing petrol tanks and super
chargers
Including jet engines, submarine detection and gyroscopic gun sighters
But the best gift of all was the magnetron number 12 mobile radar
Which meant radar could be put on ships and planes as mobile detectors
This meant when the Americans came in the war and for lend lease
They were ahead producing the latest technology leading the way to peace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Carley Raft

Proudly they marched through Sydney town
After defeating the Italian cruiser as it sunk down
It was February '41 and the war wasn't going well
The Sydney returned to Australia after Curtin's tell

Patrolling the Indian Ocean to protect the sea lane
They sighted a ship in disguise as an advantage to gain
The Kormoran as German raider flying the Dutch flag
For the Sydney to get closer they steamed so to lag

What happened next was called a bar room brawl
The Sydney was hit badly sailing away at a crawl
They were able to shoot back with the Kormoran on fire
But in flame limping away the Sydney's situation was dire

The Germans went to their lifeboats and safely floated away
The Australian's fate was unknown as no-one survived the day
As the Sydney was not due and their path was not crossed
A search was not mounted until it was posted as lost

The Sydney was not found and it was announced as gone
All those Australians lost the real sadness did dawn
What was found from the battle floating in the sun
Was a body on a Carley raft and the story was done

The years went by and the mystery would remain
To be able to find the Sydney was the country's refrain
They took soundings of the seabed until it was finally found
Now the men are back to their families and their relief so profound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Coast-Watchers

When the Japanese came down in 1942 for conquest so clear
Australia was threatened and invasion was near
Brave men in the islands and New Guinea mainland
Stayed in place behind enemy lines in the Allies plan

With locals they reported plane and ship movement
Especially in these dark times as they went
Bravery was the call and safety always not guaranteed
But the information was vital for the Allies to succeed

Keeping one step ahead of the Japanese
Betrayed sometimes for the Japanese to appease
Meant they slept on the ground with one eye open
Needing luck on their side and submarines to depend

These Australian officers of the Royal Australian Navy Reserve
Fought the Second World War in their covert deserve
At the end of this war Allied Commanders went on to say
Their contribution exceeded their numbers in their way.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Embarkation Leave

Blurry eyed and the tiredness remains
He could never sleep on troop trains
A night on the Overland train from Melbourne
From HMAS Cerberus with all thought of sleep gone

Off the train at the Adelaide Railway Station in the morning
Sea-bag on his shoulder he gathered his thoughts while yawning
He went to the departure board on the concourse and picked a train
To Port Adelaide from the Second Platform as the steam engine strains

It's the Second World War and servicemen travel free
His bag goes on the carriage floor as a spare seat he sees
And he sits wearily on the seat as the train makes its way
To Alberton and home for his embarkation leave stay

He walked from the station which each step a familiar ring
Being home again after twenty weeks made his heart sing
To the front gate after walking down from the street
His younger sister was the first one that he did greet

They went to the kitchen with happiness and kisses all around
And then his father entered the kitchen with a welcome sound
They had breakfast together and the family showed
And afterwards he slept in his room in happiness mode

In the evening clean and fresh in uniform pressed
He took the bus ride to his true love's address
They met for his love's longed for kiss
And told each other of the weeks they'd missed

The time passed and the hours spent together
Ensured their love would last for them forever
They walked the Torrens Lake hand in hand
And to Rundle Street to the pictures grand

Until the final day when the departure time came
They took the train to Adelaide to the Overland again
They stood arm in arm on the Platform and waited
Until the train time came and he left as it was fated.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The German 88

The German 88 was quite a gun
Killing tanks was the ultimate one
It started off downing aircraft in war
But ended killing tanks always presenting more

They say you would be sitting in you tank turret
And the tank next to you would blow up in a torrent
Then looking two thousand metres away
You would see a puff of smoke and the gun sway.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Kokoda Track

The tourists were walking the Kokoda Track
To see where the battles were fought in fact
They were camped near Brigade Hill
In amongst the weapons pits dug in the battle deal

The Australians dug in to face the Japanese
And the battle raged in amongst the jungle trees
In the end the Australians retreated back
And made the Japanese pay heavily in their attack

So now it's for tourists who want to live the legend
Wanting to find out what happened in the end
The Japanese came on and fought for each yard
Until they were spent and thoughts of victory marred

The Japanese were in sight of Port Moresby when defeated
As the Australians drove them back their forces depleted
Until at the Gona-Buna battle they were driven out
On the road to defeat in the Pacific War clout.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Last Flight

The bomber flew on in the dark sky
A damaged engine trailed smoke on by
The pilots still sat at the aircraft control
Both died with head wounds in death's poll

The navigator and bombardier met the same fate
From the same flack shell as their lives it did take
The mission was to bomb Hamburg city
In carpet bombing that showed no pity

The only one left alive was the belly gunner
Badly hurt with his blood making a scarlet runner
So the plane flew on over the North Sea
Until the fuel ran out and the crash set them free.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Nagasaki Christians

Silence in the morning as people ready themselves
For the daily journey to work places and schools

Nagasaki was the place for Japanese Christians
With a cathedral and a population living close

The silver planes were overhead cruising
Bockscar carried Fat-man at 11.01 am on 9 August 1945

And it dropped this bomb with a huge explosion heard
With it killing about 80,000 people including the Christians

There were a number of Allied prisoners of war nearby
They say it saved a lot of Allied lives in the invasion

But it seems to me that these Christians and Allies
We're the Roman Coliseum sacrifices in modern times.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Nazi Crowd

Who were you there standing looking on
Whilst the Nazi storm troopers marched along
Those women standing with glassy eyes staring
Giving the Nazi Heil Hitler! right arm salute in their caring

Flowers in the swastika pattern hanging on the wall
With enthusiasm intriguing in their actions one and all
It makes me wonder in 1945 when they were defeated
Did they deny that they were in the crowd as Hitler they greeted

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Nazi Jihad

The British in Palestine during the 1930s made
Amin Al Husseni the Grand Mufti of Palestine as a leader not to fade
And he made Anti-Jewish and Anti-Moderate Arabs a focus of murder
As the Jews fled Europe from the Nazi horde as part of his order

He fled the British in the Middle East and went to Hitler in Germany
And Hitler gave him to Himmler to use in his fated SS Army
Husseni made broadcasts to the Arabs in the Middle East
And raised a special SS Muslim Division in Bosnia in such grief

He wanted the Final Solution for the Jews in the Middle East
And even practiced it with Rommel's Forces as they gassed in this feast
Of 2,000 Jews rounded up from Tunisian Villages as the Nazis menace
Continued to El Alamein when Montgomery beat Rommel in Egypt's defence

Husseni spread a book 'The Jewish Peril - Protocols of the Elders of Zion'
That even today is used by Muslim Extremists to continue hate along
He escaped Germany at the end of the Second World War
And made his way back to the Middle East to continue the hate even more

He was part of the group of radicals that brought Otto Skorzeny to Egypt
Where he trained Nasser's Army to use the tactics of his 'Werewolves' to rip
Into people that would calm populations and make them insurgents to be used
Against moderates and Jewish population in murders that would not be excused

Skorzeny decided that he couldn't change things in Germany and he decided
To put a network together to ensure that Nazis through his rat lines exploited
To escape justice from the Allies and into South America and Middle East
And so the Nazi Terrorist Ideas were spread so that there would be no peace

So we have these Nazis from the scourge of the Second World War
Who've spread to these extreme groups to continue the hatred of the Jews even
more
Yasser Arafat, Saddam Hussein and Omar Gaddafi were pupils of Skorzeny's
networks
So Amin Al Hussein the Arab Fuhrer has left a legacy of terror experts.

© Paul Warren Poetry

War - Ww2 - The Nazis Lie To Start The Second World War

On 1 September 1939 the Germans decided it was time
To conquer the Poles who were their neighbours and so created wartime
So they attacked the Poles and dressed dead concentration inmates
In Polish uniforms and said that they had attacked the German State

Hitler lied to his people and they were sucked into this war crime
He talked of returning fire when it was the Germans firing first all the time
So Poland was the first country that the Nazis would over-run
And it was the Second World War that they begun

The British and French declared war on Germany
But did little to help the Poles in their misery
The Russians choose to invade from the East
And for six long years there would be no peace.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Nazis Use The Minnesota Potato Beetle

In World War 2 there were many new weapons on each side made
Fearsome things that brought nations to kneel and throw down their blade
More people died than in any other war that was brought to bear
The Atom tamed enough so that those unbowed were made to care

But there were other things that were weaponised you wouldn't think
The Germans looked to get an edge and to bring the Allied camp to the brink
With Britain digging for Victory to lessen the U-boat menace on the sea
Thought the Minnesota potato beetle could be used against those gardens to see

So they experimented by dropping them on Speyer in the German country
played
To consider if dropped from aeroplanes that enough insects would be saved
In October 1943 and they thought these experiments failed and so did not
proceed
But in 1944 needing the food the potato crop through theses insects did not
succeed.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 - The Torres Strait Light Infantry Battalion

In 1942 in the dark days of World War Two
The Japanese went south blasting through
Australia had to enlist men to fight them
Forming the Torres Strait Light Infantry Battalion

These men decided that they would defend their land
And to a man volunteered to make a patriotic stand
So they manned defences around Horn Island
Standing shoulder to shoulder with Allied Servicemen

This story had a twist that was difficult in today's world to define
About equality and proper treatment of these soldiers in mind
The Australian Government decided that equal pay for them
Would not occur worrying about post war wages for these men

So it was half wages while they manned these defences
Taking the same chances during Japanese Air Raids
As did each Australian and American soldier boy
With less money earned during the time deployed.

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War - Ww2 - Tsutomu Yamaguchi - Niju Hibakusha - Double A-Bomb Survivor

Tsutomu Yamaguchi worked for Mitsubishi as a heavy engineer
During World War 2 as his apprehension about Japan grew his family's fear
He was at Hiroshima 6 August 1945 in morning on a business trip
When the Enola Gay changed the world for a bombed atomic hit
He saw a lone bomber with two parachutes in the sky
And one massive flash and explosion which wiped the city with a sigh

He was badly burned and taken to his Nagasaki home
On the 9 August 1945 he went to work for his duty prone
He was speaking to the foreman about the atom bomb explosion
And the foreman found it difficult to believe the fantastic notion
When again there was a blinding flash in the sky above
And the plutonium bomb gave both men a mighty shove
So Tsutomu Yamaguchi became one of an exclusive few
To survive two atomic attacks as the new world order grew.

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War - Ww2 - Witold Pilecki, Great Polish Hero

Witold Pilecki was a Polish Cavalry Officer in the Second World War
Who founded the Secret Polish Army fighting the Nazis knowing the score
In 1942 he decided the Auschwitz concentration camp needed to be found out
So he made sure that he was taken as a worker by the SS in their sweeps about

He was an inmate of Auschwitz for two and a half terrible years
Organising a resistance inside against the Germans without any peers
Once he had gathered enough information to convince the Allies
He organised a couple of fellows to escape and make them wise

He stayed behind to continue with the resistance against the Germans
And waited for the Allies to condemn and do something to make it all end
When they did nothing about it he decided to escape and deliver the message
again
And so he did becoming the only one to escape from Auschwitz to the war's end

He wrote the information to the Allies that became the Witold Report
That finally made the Allies release a statement against the Nazi's in their retort
But no action was taken to stop them murdering Jews, Gypsies and others then
The deaths went on until they were made to surrender unconditionally in the end

He took part in the Warsaw Uprising in August 1944 as a true Polish patriot
And was there in the end as the Russians swept through Poland to end the hate
But the Russian Secret Police had a different view of things for Pilecki's fate
And after a show trial he was executed as a foreign imperialist in 1948

His exploits were suppressed until 1989 by the Polish Communist authorities
Until the 27 January 2013 on Holocaust Remembrance Day Internationally
Ryszard Schnepf, US Polish ambassador said he was a diamond among heroes in
the war
And was the highest example of Polish patriotism who should be celebrated
forever more.

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War - Ww2 Vc - New South Wales - John Hurst Edmondson, Vc

John Hurst Edmondson was born to farming parents on in NSW near Liverpool
Before the WW 2 worked at farming after the Hurlstone Agricultural High School
He was in the 4th Battalion of the Militia and so had some military training
Then as a corporal in the 2nd AIF in the 2/17 Battalion as being efficient at soldiering

He fought the Italians then the Germans in the North African Desert sands
And was at the Siege of Tobruk when Rommel drove them back in his plans
On the night of 13/14 April 1941 the Germans made a post in the perimeter ground

With six machine guns, two field guns and mortars as well as troops holding it down

He advanced with an officer and five other Australians in a charge forward
And made some ground but the Germans countered and attacked backward
Almost immediately Edmondson was shot in the stomach and neck going down
When he saw his officer struggling with two Germans going straight to the ground

Although badly wounded and bleeding he came to the officer's aid after a shout
And he killed both German soldiers continuing the advance as it became a rout
But the wounds were serious and after the battle they brought him back
To die of wounds at the Casualty Clearing Station showing his courage did not lack

He deeds that night meant he was awarded posthumously a Victoria Cross
And is buried a hero in the Tobruk War Cemetery with others who were lost
His sacrifice during that struggle against the Nazis is remembered by us now
In a clock with his name on it in the business district of Liverpool for our know how.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 Vc - Queensland - John Alexander French, Corporal,2/9 Battalion,2nd Aif

John Alexander French was born in Crows Nest, Queensland
Near Toowoomba on the 15th July 1914 in the highlands
He enlisted in the 2nd AIF early on 22nd October 1939
Just a month after the war started as his enthusiasm shined
As a Queenslander he was allocated to the 2/9 Battalion
That went to the UK as part of the defence against invasion

When the German invasion of the UK didn't occur
They were sent to the Middle East and the desert war
In the heat of North Africa against the Afrika Corps
Battling the Italians at the Gairabub fort and the Trobuk port
Onto Syria then to garrison it after the Vichy French capitulation
Then the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour without declaration

So the 2/9 Battalion went to Milne Bay in New Guinea force
To flank the Kokoda Track from the Japanese invasion course
On the 4th September 1942 after the Japanese had landed
The Battalion attacked the Japanese positions who defended
With casualties being taken from three Japanese machine guns
French ordered his section to take cover and his heroics begun

He charged the position with his sub machine gun blazing
As all three machine guns crews were killed so amazing
But he was riddled with bullets and died showing this dare
In front of the last machine gun pit finally expiring there
And For the cool courage and disregard for his own safety
He was awarded a Victoria Cross and written into history.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 Vc - South Australia - Lieutenant Thomas 'diver' Currie Derrick, Vc, Dcm (1914-1945)

Tom 'Diver' Derrick was South Australian born who survived 'The Great Depression'

By doing odd jobs that took him around but Port Adelaide was his home at his mention

In 1939 he joined the 2nd AIF 2/48th Battalion to defend against the Nazi oppression

As a tough soldier with a larrakin grin who brought thoughtful intelligence to each mission

He was one of the famous 'Rats of Tobruk' in the Middle East holding Rommel at bay

Who he tried to take this town during the invasion of Egypt but it was a thorn in his side that way

In 1942 during the battle of El Alamein for bravery he won a Distinguished Conduct Medal

For disabling two tanks, destroying three machine guns and captured 100 men in his mettle

Later that year after recovering from his wounds he was sent to the New Guinea north coast

As the 2/48th Battalion was put to battle again at Sattelberg in a fight up a cliff to the Japanese posts

They were being held up so he rushed up and silenced six of the machine gun pits

And then rallying his men they went forward again and destroyed the last three positions to finish it

There is a famous photo of him raising the Australian flag over these captured heights

And he was lauded by the King with a Victoria Cross for his bravery in this amazing fight

He continued on with his men in this terrible Pacific War finally landing on Tarakan Island

But the war finally caught up with him in this fight with his chest riddled with five bullets as his end

So he was buried with other brave Australian soldiers on the island at the Labuan War Cemetery

And we honoured him in his South Australian home with a bridge named for him

in his glorious story.

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Paul Warren

War - Ww2 Vc - Victoria - Bill Newton, Flight Lieutenant, Raaf

Bill Newton was born on 8th June, 1919 in St Kilda, Victoria
And before the war he was in the CMF as a machine gunner
A good cricketer as a fast bowler with the 1939 second XI team
Bowling out Bill Ponsford and the Victorian colts trophy man
When the war was declared he enlisted in the RAAF as a pilot
He was judged as a good instructor to train in the EATS lot
Eventually he was transferred to an operational squadron
Flying Bostons on patrols out of Sydney on the coast along

In November, 1942 he went to 9th RAAF Operational Group
At Port Moresby fighting the advancing Japanese troops
In the battles around Lae and the Battle of the Bismarck Sea
He was known to the Japanese as 'blue cap' because you'd see
Him wearing a blue cricketer's cap whilst on patrol operation
Or 'The Fire Bug' as leaving burning buildings was his intention
On the 16 and 18 March, 1943, he led attacks on Salamaua
Strafing and bombing the Japanese positions as a real goer

The now flight lieutenant's Boston was hit by anti-aircraft fire
And the aircraft took hits all over diving down into the mire
Knowing that the aircraft wouldn't survive he flew it onward
Ditching the Boston in the sea meaning a swim to landward
The navigator was killed but the wireless operator survived
And they swam to the shore hoping to keep alive
They evaded the Japanese in the jungle but were captured
When they went to the coast and were taken and interrogated

Japanese war criminals at an order by Rear Admiral Fujita
Bayoneted to death the John Lyon the wireless operator
Then on the 29 March 1943 Sub-Lieutenant Uichi Komai
Ceremonial beheaded Bill Newton unlawfully and cruelly
Komai was killed in the Philippines soon after this
And Rear Admiral Fujita escaped trial by killing himself in a twist
On 19 October 1943 he was awarded the Victoria Cross
For his bravery in pressing home attacks before he was lost.

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War - Ww2 Vc - Western Australia - Tom Starcevich

Tom Starcevich was born at Subiaco, Western Australia
On 5 September, 1918 as a son of immigrants without failure
His family were farmers at Grass Patch outside of Esperance
Tom and his brother enlisted in the Second AIF in their stance
On the 17th April, 1941 following his brother in his refrain
And Tom saw his service starting in the North Africa campaign
With the 2/43rd Battalion and on the 17th July, 1942
In the battle of El Alamein on Ruin Ridge he was wounded too
By a bullet in the thigh in the first battle at this location
And then his battalion returned to defend the Australian nation

He saw action on the Huon peninsula in the New Guinea affray
And on the 10th June, 1945 he landed on Labuan at Brunei Bay
Then nine days later they were in the mainland battles raging
To capture Beaufort, North Borneo from the Japanese retreating
During the approach of a spur, they saw two machine guns
Holding up the Australian advance with casualties as it began
Tom was a Bren gunner who moved forward firing from the hip
Killing five Japanese and putting the rest to flight from the pits
And he continued on locating a further two machine guns
As he killed a further seven Japanese as the advance was won

His gallantry and bravery gave momentum to the advance
And the day was won in his single handed war dance
When returning to Western Australia in 1947 he was awarded
The Victoria Cross for his acts of heroism as he was applauded
This humble warrior remained a private during his soldiering
Leaving the army and to Western Australia he was returning
To the farm he bought with his wife as he planned
Living out his life as a sheep farming man.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Peace - Victors Write History

The Romans decided the Celts were uncivilised
The British thought that the aborigines were uncultured
I'm sure if the Germans had won World War Two
That they would have excused the Holocaust too

The Taliban are looked upon as cruel and uncaring
For what they did in Afghanistan during their rampaging
When you lose you are a villain for history to record
But if you win you write the history and strike a better chord

So if you are going to go conquering other people around
Make sure you win the battles to write a good history found!

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Paul Warren

War And Peace - War Since Ww2 -Terrorists Like Toyota Trucks

Terrorists like a Toyota 4WD or truck
The Secret Service says it's more than luck
It seems that a Middle Eastern dealer
Oh what a feeling! That will for a deal be a sealer

Perhaps it's that a Toyota is robust
Which when fitting machine guns is a must
And bouncing around the desert sand
It has performance wanted hand in hand

I suppose it does matter to us all
That Terrorists can make a call
To dealers selling a Toyota truck
Whilst other brands need a sales pitch with pluck.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Peace - Ww1 - No Glory In How He Returned

She waits for him in the fading light
For he had gone off to the war in his country's fight
Australia was just a young nation then
And we had something to prove at our end

He was a Light horseman who rode away
And promised that he would return one day
So he had returned after the Beersheba fight
When Grant's men charged in the late afternoon light

But there was no glory in how he returned to her
On a ship with a bullet in the back to walk no more
She struggled on nursing him at home as the love disappeared
And their life struggled on in all those years whilst the tears appeared.

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Paul Warren

War And Peace - Ww1 - Known Unto God

In France in General Ware's Villages of the Dead
There are identical white headstones stretching out up ahead
Where the name and regiment of the fallen soldier is known
It is chiselled with the hat badge on each as is thrown
But for many of these brave men their name is lost
And written instead is 'Known unto God' in counting the cost
These words were penned by Rudyard Kipling
Tinged with his sadness for a son who was also missing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Peace - Ww1 - Smoking Gum Leaves

Aborigines in a blessing for all to see
Sing and have a smoking ceremony
To show the link to their land
Eucalyptus leaves are burnt by hand

In the Great War the Australians stood hardy
In death's call that was always handy
The mud and blood meant mate-ship grew
Supporting each other in friendship true

Their families in support that's keen
Sent their letters in love to glean
With them gum leaves were included
So their Anzac could smell home extruded

The Australian soldiers all gathered round
And piled their gum leaves on the ground
Then a smoking fire was made
And a breath of Australia made this grade

So when you visit the Western Front now
Take some gum leaves with you to know
That you can smoke the leaves for them
Honour them with smoke to the sky you send

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Paul Warren

War And Peace - Ww1 - Statues Of Ordinary Soldiers

When the Great War for Civilisation ended
There was great sadness across the world extended
For the millions of soldiers who had died
And how their remembrance would be applied

There was the Great Silence on each anniversary day
And remembrance each year so the memory would stay
Then there is the villages of the dead stretching across France
With the glorious dead laid out in rows at a glance

But there were so many from across the world who never saw home
With there families grieving them now they were gone
So we put put statues of ordinary soldiers standing true
So when you pass them there is sadness for them anew.

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Paul Warren

War And Peace - Ww1 - The Great Silence

The guns fell silent those years ago
The Great War ended and the blood flow
The ones who were left went back home
With most of them not wanting to further roam

There was a search for a meaning to it all
And the millions who died and soldiers to fall
In these years the ordinary people wanted the tears to stem
And so The Great Silence was made to honour them

So at 11 o'clock on the 11th of November the hour was chimed
The world stood still with tears in their eyes for kin and kind
It was the only way that the ordinary people and those titled
Could stand together comforting each other in grief unpretended.

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Paul Warren

War And Peace - Ww1 - The Red Poppy

It's just a red poppy but what does it mean?
Made of plastic and pinned on your chest so clean
It is for the brave many who now lie in a hero's grave
In the villages of the dead in France or as Gallipoli's knave

Remember the terrible trench systems which gave them a chance
And what they did then for us meant their reputation was enhanced
They say for those who manned the front line trench
Meant half of them were wounded or killed in the battle clench

We remember their families who long suffered
Some long after the guns in their silence now shuttered
It is hard for us who were not there to know what it meant
To have danger night and day as the enemy sent

Since those terrible days
Others have been called to warrior ways
To defend us when danger is made in answer to the call
And face our enemies to make the historic grade one and all

What we can do now for their sacrifice made
But to hold their memory sacred and not let it fade
So when the bugle blows on Remembrance Day
Know that they are dear in our memory to stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Peace - Ww2 - Do We Publish Mien Kampf?

It's been seventy years since Adolf Hitler's death
At the end of the Second World War mess
He held the copyright to his Mien Kampf hook
And the German Government banned the book

But his copyright to the book only lasts this time
They are thinking of letting them publish this grime
Some want it published as it was written then
Whilst others want comments to explain the hated blend

This comes back to what is right
And whether this book should survive the fight
I think there are enough copies to study now
So we don't need to publish this book of Nazi knowhow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Peace - Ww2 - The Nazi Austrian High Redoubt

At the end of WW 2 in 1945 in the German Alps
Did the Nazis have a plan for taking final scalps?
They built their tunnels in as a high mountain fortress
The plan was for their vengeance weapons as their best

So the SS started to concentrate in this place
Until Eisenhower split the Reich in two in the race
The Germans took Nazi Gold from the Berlin Bank vault
To save it from the Allies day and night bomber assault

When the Third Reich finally fell in the last battle
And the surviving Nazis tried to negotiate their life raffle
The Allies were able to recover most of the treasure
But rumours of some gold remained in their measure

Some SS officers survived and lived the high life
Like Otto Skorzeny who lived in Spain avoiding strife
It is said they used some of this Nazi ill gotten gold
And in the high Austrian mountain lakes the rest they hold.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Peace - Ww2 - Wilhelm Furtwangler, Anti-Nazi

Wilhelm Furtwängler was a German concert and operatic conductor
Who was prominent in Germany when Hitler was their mentor
With Hitler preaching racism, persecution and murder in the world
He stayed helping Jewish musicians to survive as the swastika was unfurled
When all seemed lost in the Anschluss for Austrian music to last
He argued with Goebbels for them to keep musical treasures of their past
To do this meant concert parties were conducted by him for them
Used by Goebbels for Nazi propaganda purposes to the world to send

When Hitler and Goebbels offered him a jeweled golden baton
And a life pension for 40,000 German marks each year to spend
He refused and was threatened with a concentration camp and not the money
He said, "In that case Her Reichskanzler at least I will be in good company";
Hitler left the room without uttering a further word exasperated
In these times he stood against the Nazis and it can't be overrated
He fled to Switzerland in January 1945 as a member of the Resistance with the
Gestapo closing by
And waited out the war whilst Hitler shot and poisoned himself to die

He was put on trial at the end of the war denazification trials decided
That he wasn't a pro-Nazi and knowingly used in propaganda divided
Although others in the world could not understand why he stayed
When he could have left Germany in the right as it is weighed
The question in the end is what you would do at a time
When your country was brutal and being Jewish was a crime?
Would you run away and keep yourself safe from Himmler's breach
Or would you stay keeping the best of your culture safe from Nazi reach?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Be Grateful Always

To die for a sister or brother is a noble thing
To be broken by the battle is the hymn we sing
But in the end there is no glory at the bugle's call
Just death and deathly silence ringing after all

But we who are left to write the sermon now
Wonder how it came to pass in the know how
As we gather together on those Remembrance days
Know what they really gave up and be grateful always.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Hitler's Austrian House

The Austrian Government has seized the house
Where Adolf Hitler was born those years ago
It has become a pilgrimage for Neo-Nazis
Who want to hail Hitler as a great leader

The Government will alter the house so it is not recognised
By these people whom they do not want to encourage
But I think the best way of handling this issue
Is to bulldoze the house and remove it altogether.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Medals And Deeds Remembered

What is wrapped in a medal
Of deeds that showed their metal
Blood, bayonets and battle had
For mates, for right against the bad

In your time you stood tall
Sometimes giving from you your all
Years have and will pass in time
Deeds done in sacrifice will always shine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Missing Aborigine Diggers

At the end of the Great War
Families were torn apart
With 60,000 dead
There was not a family
On the Australian continent
Who did not have at least
One of their sons and daughters
Husbands, wives, relatives or friends
Who were victims of this conflict
Giving their lives for their country and mates

So every Australian town or suburb
Erected a memorial to their glorious dead
But there was most times some names
That were missing from these sacred places
Usually, aboriginal digger's names were not included
This included men who were decorated for their bravery
It makes me wonder how they could leave out
These man whose blood was split
Sometimes in acts of saving their fellow men
On those broken foreign battlefields.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Speech To The Troops

Who will pick up the sword and shield
Once these days have passed
Will there be others who will not yield
As they will find freedom that will last

And when tyrants fall at the risen sword
Remember those who came before you
When the day is over and you get your reward
The world will rejoice with the battle won too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - The Clock

On a breezy afternoon I walked at Semaphore
As the gulls were wheeling and forever squawking near the beach's shore
And I walked up to the white stone clock there to see the time
Standing tall clearly displayed as it slowly moved around in its electric wind

It was erected there on the spot in 1924
To remember the loved ones lost in the Great War
And now it stands as a sentinel looking out to sea
Giving the time as its service to us all so faithfully

I read the foundation stones laid in each corner
Each telling their story for the local mourners
What did they think as each was stone was laid there
Was a tear shed for those lost for each in their loving care

I saw there was a stone laid by the local mayor
Showing what the Community had lost and that they did care
They had sent them off to fight in the Great War
And waited at home wanting it to end wondering at the final score

The local RSL laid their stone for the war's survivors
Who saw the blood spilled and knew the loss was so much finer
They gathered in
remembering their lost mates
Thinking of their sacrifice and wondering at the fates

The saddest stone was laid by their widows and orphans
Who struggled with their loss that had no final end
For they suffered each hour of every day
As their grief was palatable never ever going away

So we who look at the stones today standing so true
Laid so many years ago when the grief was very new
So stand straight for a moment and think of all of them
Lost for us in war and remember what it meant in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

War And Remembrance - The First Flag

During the Great War Australians fought under the Union Jack
But a group of Newcastle women decided the troops that

Fought the war on the Western Front against the Germans
Should fight under their own flag for the world to see their men

Were from the Australian country for which they proudly fought
They gave General Birdwood a red ensign that flew as it ought

From his headquarters through those dark and broken years
And at the end of the war when thoughts of remembrance tears

It was brought back and hung in the Newcastle Cathedral
As one of the first memorials to these lost men and women all

Although the country itself was only fourteen years old
This symbol gave meaning for remembrance as they were told

But as the years went in the silk from the flag disintegrated
And the local bishop wanted the flag to survive and instigated

The preservation of the flag for all time for the people's soul
And now the preservation of the flag has been done for all

Dean Williams has stumbled across the flag and started it
With it now being displayed at the Cathedral as it duly fits.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - The Obelisk

When I was a boy I rode my bike
Around the neighbourhood in sheer delight
And spent some time at the local Ground
Rosewater Oval where we played around

Tucked in on the south-western corner was an obelisk
In a manicured ground dedicated to veterans in a list
Who fought the wars that Australia waged
And the obelisk of them forever in history's page

I remember one ANZAC Day in the Australian sun
Reading the names and thinking of what they had done
And the flags flapping in the gentle breeze on high
I pondered on these places written floating away to the sky.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - War Before Ww1 - The British In The Second Boer War

On the South African veld the British went to war and couldn't wait
With the free Boer settlers in Transvaal and Orange Free state
These hardy people were independent settlers from the Great Trek
When they left the British at the Cape not wanting to be British in their set
So they crossed the Vaal River and the so the Transvaal was settled
Making lives for themselves, cutting civilization out and were not fettle

But they found gold in the veld and the British took notice of their mines
And they wanted to add these free lands to the Empire in these greedy times
But the Boers under Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger wouldn't have it
And so the Second Boer War occurred and the British Army would make the hit
So they chased the Boers and they couldn't be tamed in this insurgent's war
With troops from the Empire including Australia fighting for the gold for sure

So Alfred Milner the colonial administrator invented concentration camps then
The British cut across the Veld rounding up the Boer Families for this war to end
Their farms were burnt and they were put into concentration camps at the Cape
Colony
So the Boer men on the Veld would not be nurtured by their family
And the families in the camps weren't cared for with little food and health care
This episode of the Empire killed 27,000 innocents in a policy which wasn't fair.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Ww1 - 60,000 Dead

60,000 young Australians dead in the Great War
In Europe, the Middle East and Gallipoli's Fatal shore
Lying dead on foreign battlefields sometimes for 100 years
As those who are left behind at home are in an ocean of tears

60,000 who loved and were loved as through the war they roamed
The names etched on Memorials across the seas and at their homes
In French and Flanders Fields with the other Great Allied Armies
To the last man and the last shilling at the beginning in all it's glories

The fog of the years now settles over us and it is harder to understand it all
Why so many Australian men went to this War at our Nation's call
If asked there would be a myriad of reasons why they went to War
I'm sure the 60,000 dead will stand as a guiding light in the future even more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Ww1 - Hellfire Corner

There's a roundabout with green fields in peacetime mode
The traffic slows in front and we turn up the Menin Road
We will be soon in Ieper for our overnight stay
The Great War now is a hundred years away

If it was a hundred years now past in time
The scene on Hellfire corner would be not so fine
There would be hessian screens to hide
The Allied soldiers as they marched side by side

The German gunners had long before
Zeroed the intersection in to bombard it even more
So the troops moving this way hurried past
By a place of broken detritus by the hessian masts

Charles Bean described it as a place perpetually shelled
A reputation during the Great War as a place never healed
Perhaps those lost in the broken years wait on the roadside
Looking to complete their journeys started long ago in pride.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Ww1 - I Wait

The morning of the attack to break the German frontage
Meant for days on end there had been a mighty artillery barrage
We had moved up on the white line the intelligence officer laid
Waiting for the time when my officer will give his signal as waved

The time goes slow when you are laying waiting for the call
When you know that this could be the day when you give your all
Then I hear the whistles blow and we all rise together as one
And I can feel my heart pounding as I know the danger has begun

The machine guns are sputtering and the shells are falling amongst us
When we reach first trench line and the objective without much fuss
And then onto the second trench when I was hit in the chest
Jim pulled me into a shell hole and dressed the wound telling me to stay and rest

So I am sitting in this hole and getting very tired but the wound doesn't hurt
There are explosions around but I don't care until I am finally covered by dirt
But it seems like a long time that I have been waiting sitting in this place
The battle has moved on and the farmer is back tilling the soil in god's grace

In the rising sun the farmer has stopped his tractor and gone to his plow
Now there's the local gendarme and they are all talking as I'm gently lifted now
Then soldiers are carrying and placing me gently down on sacred ground so fine
In a blinding light there is Jim and he says to me, 'Let's go home mate, it's now time.'

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Ww1 - The April Sun In Anzac

When the sun came up on that 25th April day
The ANZAC troops attacked and didn't shy away
From the bullets or the climb they had to make
When the brightening light came with the sun to bake
Two thousand soldiers dead on The Landing shore
When the odds were against a life lasting evermore

When you wake and feel the warmth of the sun's glow
Remember them from that fatal day as the sun rose slow
It's the same sun that shines upon us today
Shining on home hills as it did on Gallipoli cliffs that day
The April Sun in ANZAC in the one shining moment
Glistening on the Legend made in our heroes lament.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Ww1 - The Lochnagar Mine

It was a sunny autumn day on 9th November 2011 in France
The weather was cold and the sun popped in and out in a cloudy dance
We turned off the main road and stopped about a kilometre down
And stepped out of the car and walked over the undulating ground

It was French farmland with villages in the distance had a story to tell
Of darker days a hundred years ago in the Great War of Hell
There were others who were in silence as they walked forward
We slowly came across a chalk strewn path to an explanation board

It explained that on the 1st July 1916 as the Battle of the Somme began
The British fired a mine that tunnellers had placed under the trench of Germans
We looked down on a cavernous hole that gave a Pals Battalion the upper hand
On the day when 20,000 British soldiers were lost at Haig's command

They say that in a split second the German soldiers failed to exist
As the explosives went off in a moment to break the trench line so it wouldn't
persist
The British went forward and passed into history in this and other battles
When you see the Lochnagar crater today it is difficult to understand war's rattle.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Ww1 - The Unknown Australian Soldier

On cold sunny autumn day in the French countryside
We walked up to the Adelaide Cemetery on the road side
It was one of the Western Front cemeteries from the Great War
From where the Unknown Warrior that was taken back to our shore

We walked through the white grave stones neatly in rows made
And there seemed no glory in their sacrifice as the years fade
Some with names were inscribed but others were only written
With 'An Australian Soldier of the Great War' so sadly smitten

On one inscription the family had written for their lost one
'A life lost hearts broken what for - nothing he was our son'
Near the back of the cemetery we came across a grave
That had an inscription making it different from others saved

It stated the soldier had been taken back to Australia
And he was now lying in the War Memorial in Canberra
I wonder if this fallen Australian son so dear to us all
Now spends his time between here with mates and home in his call

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Ww2 - Franklin D Roosevelt, Wartime American President

Franklin D Roosevelt was the greatest American President
Who contracted polio and spent life as a wheelchair resident
There were two positions in which he was filmed in his time
In a car moving about with people thinking he was fine
Or standing up with his leg braces locked in standing up
Holding the arm of an aid whilst to other leaders he measured up
He was a man of drive who gave a war weary world such hope
That we could defeat the axis of evil to give dictators the rope

When you see the other Allied leaders meeting during the war
It is hard to think he is the youngest leader easily holding them all in awe
The story I most like of this great man showing such compassion there
Was breaking his solid rule of not being seen in public in his wheelchair
Whilst visiting wounded servicemen on Saipan during the difficult Pacific War
And showing what you could accomplish as a paraplegic with drive and more
But what was saddest in the story of this great American Wartime President
Was that on the eve of defeating the Axis countries he died in history's lament.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Ww2 - G For George

Standing tall in his battle dress
Bombed up and guns primed for distress
G for George now stands for a generation
Locked in war with the Nazi nation

It went from Britain in formation true
To bomb German cities they flew
100 thousand lives were lost in these battles
With the bomber squadrons losses testing their mettle

The Empire Air Training Scheme provided young men
From across the British Empire they came again
And each night they rode these war machines
To bring the Germans to their knees as seen

Now it stands so quietly its war has been won
And we can see it up close as it is done
I wonder if sometimes late at night
These brave men return to him to relive the fight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance - Ww2 - Pacific Battlefield

There was a rusty battered aeroplane wing on the ground
It had once been part of a fighter plane in the sky flying round
As part of the glory made of the American Air Force
When it battled the Japanese in their southern course

It had seen bravery and the death of many men
As it flew in pursuit of the enemy the sky to defend
Of fighters and bombers in battling for the air
Until one day its turn to lose came in the battle despair

The returning pilot flew his aircraft to the base
And on landing on the field it lost its final air race
For it crashed and burnt after bringing its pilot back
Being swept up and placed near the dump on the track

And now when you go to the Pacific War airfield
The war and its debris will finally to the jungle yield
The ground back to nature as the memory fades
A rusty memorial to old battles and glory made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Remembrance- War Since Ww2 - The Long Journey Home

We did our duty and have been laid down in Foreign Fields
For these years our families have refused to yield
Wanting us to return on our final journey as it is made
To our home of the wide brown land - our glory will not fade

We heard the call years ago and served Australia so far from home
And died in battle and on duty away from family - how time has flown
So on the 2nd June 2016 we 33 duty bound to stay came home at last
After 50 years your grief for us has touched us all from our past

For we are now home.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War And Science

Science has always been used by countries
To develop better weapons to defeat their enemies

Dynamite was developed for peaceful purposes
But soon it was being used in their war verses

And Maxim when he developed the machine gun
Thought it would end war by being too terrible to use one

Chemists developed the poison gas of the Great War
As more humane than a death from gut shot wounds and more

Then there is the splitting of the atom by scientists before WW2
That resulted in the atomic bomb and the Cold War too

It seems that we can't stop advancing battle plans
When science develops new horizons that should be grand.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War Artists

War artists look to convey
What it was like on the day
When the bugle's call was heard
And courage at the time was no deferred

The Landing at Gallipoli that April day
Of the Nek and the courage in its display
A soldier at night with the wild eyes
That battle fatigue could not disguise

Taking the guns forward through the mud of battle
And others in the Australian War Memorial mettle
These times where people were called for more
To battle against tyrants knowing the vital score.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War Clouds

Are the war clouds gathering again
With North Korea sabre rattlin' then
Missiles primed at a thousand miles
Korean generals applauding and all smiles

And I wonder should there be a reason
Or is it just plain be the open season
For telling them you'd blow them up
And then we all drink from the same cup.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War Criminals And Justice

Justice seems to lag behind
It depends on the law, place and time
For what has happened since the crime
Will sometimes obscure what you find

Some Japanese and German War criminals
Escaped conviction or had sentences that were minimal
It seems politics and influence are important
And stopping Communism and rocket motors were priorities meant

The main point made by the defendants
Was it was victor's justice in their rant
For without victory they wouldn't be on trial
And so they were in complete denial

The Japanese Emperor Hirohito survived
Because General McArthur wanted to keep him alive
To build a democratic government
And limit Russian and Chinese expansion meant

Rocket scientists were a premium at War's end
With the Germans the best in this field of weapons then
So they invented a whole story for Von Braun the scientist
And NASA got the technology for space travel express

I wonder if those people who were murdered
Rest In Peace in justice not rendered
When other priorities wrench out the right
And we go further away from the light.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

War Or Peace With Yourself

Why are there times when you are not at peace
And the times when you want the internal war to cease
It would seem every mistake that you have made
Mount up and don't ever seem to fade

But all of a sudden it will turn around
And you will have retaken the ground
Perhaps it's just the way your mind works
That it puts you through these psychological jerks.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Warmth And Kindness

Warmth and kindness
Is a good thing
To be remembered
Not for self
And wanting all
Be for others
Without surrendering.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Was It Real Or A Dream

Tripping through the green grass
Thinking at the time it would last
But as in all things there is an end
With the desert being hard to defend

And here I am with the journey nearly through
I still wonder now at the shiny blue
For life is such a wonder to be seen
And the question is was it all a dream?

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Paul Warren

Wasteful And Mad

Why is this world so wasteful and mad
Where things are done that are so sad
It is time to wake up to these terrible things
And make a pact for what righteous brings

Secret and stole away in the dark of the night
Will usually mean that it is not at all right
Go now and make your call for judgement against sin
If you do it you will be surprised how many join in.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Watch Out For Him

He wanted to be best
So woe be tied the rest
He'd sneak up on you
And plunged the knife through

And he cheated on his wife
Liking to avoid trouble and strife
Until one day he tried it again
And it back fired more than he could defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Watch The Sky

Watch the sky
Was the world wide cry
And there will be a sign
For a reckoning divine

So for forty days and nights
We watched and waited for the sign that might
Be the calling to us on earth
And finally we will know its worth

So on the fortieth night
At twelve midnight tight
The light was seen across the sky bright
And the enlightenment made things right

For there was no need for pain
As the light washed it away like rain
And the promise that was foretold
Kept us in the sun away from the cold.

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Paul Warren

Watchin' John Wayne

Watchin' John Wayne ag'in
The West alive right to defend
Riding tall in the saddle
Showing men his mettle

For those days the bad guys knew
He would give them what was due
For in the end you know what's true
A man's got to do what a man's got to do.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Watching, Creeping.....Hunting

Listen you can hear
The beast is loose
With piercing red eyes
It lives in the shadows

Watching, creeping..... hunting
It's next move is stealthy
Smirking at the times
When you are not at your best

Looking for your weaknesses
Strength in adversity is needed
Control above all else
As it lurks and awaits its moment.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

We Are Surprised By The Beauty Of Own Weapons

'We are surprised by the beauty of our weapons'
As the rockets red glare across the skyways shone
And the blue and red tracer bullets lit up the night
When there was a need for the decorations in the fight

Go for the right in what you do now it's the time
That you should appreciate what you do in the grind
Don't forget about the blooming fiery mushrooms
In the end does the body count matter in the boom?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

We Can Only Predict

All we know of the future
Is that it will be different
The past has completed
And the present is now
We can only predict
How it maybe in the end
It is just wait and see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

We Need Rain

What is it with rain
Pitter patter on my window pane
It's calming when I hear its quiet refrain
And it doesn't matter I'll explain
For blue sky and flowers you need rain
So the pitter patter that's not so plain.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

We The Unwilling

'We the unwilling
Led by the unqualified
To kill the unfortunate
Die for the ungrateful'

A motto of the troops
Who served in Vietnam
And wrote it on the back
Of a chrome Zippo lighter.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

We Were Talkin'

We were talkin' the other day
About things that pissed him off straight away
When he had time to think
How he knew he was wronged in the stink
You wouldn't know by the look he gave
That he would want to behave

And he didn't need to get along
So he cut them adrift singing his own song
Not caring how or why or who
For he found his way was easier to do
To dissipate the anger within
What is the righteous word in their sin

He needed to hear it told to him straight
For he couldn't forever wait
The truth of it all is a need
To over come the want to succeed
Now when people meet him casually
They wonder how it all came to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Were You Unkind

Were you unkind as you left me today
Could you tell me that you could no longer stay
Did I miss the words that you had said
Even if they are the ones that I would dread
As the years have rolled on by
I am just left to always wonder why.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Werewolf Full Moon Security

He had a problem each full moon
When the change came around so soon
Before he found a solution to it
He went to the mountains to run a bit

Then one day he had an idea
That would keep him safe and was so clear
He bought into a security company
That hired dogs for after hours yards at a fee

So now when there was a werewolf full moon
The change would happen at night in a swoon
He would hire himself out for security in a yard
And earn some spare cash as a security werewolf guard.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What About Me

Go to the back of the line
I don't like your mind
The old ugly woman said to him
To the child who couldn't understand the hymn

It seemed that he had done something wrong
And a 10 year old can't play along
But it would seem the song, 'What about me? '
Was his long unanswered plea

Some adults don't see past themselves then
And children don't always comprehend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Are The Ties That Bind

What are the ties that bind you
Is it family, friends or places too
Are these the things that you dream of now
When your head lays down to dream how
How and when you will see the all again
When the smile on your face becomes a special friend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Are You Waiting For

What are you waiting for
You know the score
Even if you don't win
Just get up and do it again

It doesn't matter in the slightest
For just doing it is the best
You've seen most things too
And you've done them and grew

So be true and good to you
And those you love too
Things may look bad some times
But it will be better and things will be fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Could Be Out Of Place

Walking in the sun
After a stormy night
Is heavenly as its won
And makes you feel alright

The cool breeze on your face
The sun on your back
What could be out of place
A fact you could extract.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Did My Father Think

Working for the man every day
Getting up to the grind in every way
He stayed to the task for his family
As we remember him so easily

But what did he think at this time
I remember him saying his job was fine
There must have been some dreams
That were out of reach or so it seems

What did he think when that day came along
When he realised these dreams were now all gone
Did he come to terms with his wall and moved on in his call
And so put his thoughts onto his sons with their dreams and all.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Do I Do Now

Every time I think of her
I see her face is there
The last time we were together

I would pick up the phone
But I know you won't answer
Oh! How I've tried

Look at me now
So torn and alone
What do I do now.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Do We Do Now

When I say it strong and straight
I know I want to anticipate
The feeling in each line
Shut your eyes it's so sublime
For the things I want to say
Will not in my mind go away

For there is truth in the word
That will stand and not be absurd
Fundamentally, we all should be free
And be what we want to be
The right to live comfortably
And to know the facts so truthfully

What about those who stand against us
Waving black flags, killing and making a fuss
We can beat them as the drones fly around
Shooting rockets and bombs dropped down
What happens when they disappear
Can we stop the terrorist fear

The smoking mess is left
And we are all tearfully bereft
When can we just live in peace
Where there can be no more grief
As the headlines aren't punched in
About death and grief - the wages of sin.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Do You Believe

What do you believe
Not things meant to deceive
Something out of the ordinary
That is not exceptionally

Ideas on the edge of reality
That there is probably more to see
And things we now describe as true
In olden days that were a mystery too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Do You Miss From It All

What is it you miss from it all
The familiar faces and places you recall
The laughter and fun always
The times that went by in a haze

Or is it just being there
That you want to have no care
For days hold a place in your heart
When it is boiled down looking back is the art.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Do You Say

What do you say
To someone who is dying
Do you take them by the hand
And assure them it will be alright
Do you hold them through the tears
Until they go from this life
Hope for their future
Is what is required.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Do You Think

Think it through again
Each step playing 'til the end
Was there any mistakes
In the decisions you decide to take

So in your own mind
Inside yourself it's not so kind
But will you do it all again
And in your mind have to defend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Do You Want?

People are ordinary in what they want
I think fame can be a bit of a font
Where you are forced to go it it often
To drain away fear to be forgotten

But what is it you really want inside
Is it happiness that you decide
To wake in the morning with no dread
And at night quietly go to rest in your bed.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Ended The Day

What ended the day
A whisper, a touch or a look away
And I see you leave with the look
A piece of my heart is what you took

Through glistening eyes a blur
As my stomach is bound in such a stir
I am left to my imagining
A soul no longer caring or singing

Will I awake from this nightmare
And show the world that I don't care
Or crumble with my head in my hands
With a longing for a love lost that I don't understand.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Has Occurred

How can we say what occurred has occurred
The events has certain facts maybe blurred
There is rumour, innuendo and plain lies
That mesh together as we struggle to get by

Even when tested as to the truth by the courts
The facts as they are perceived are fraught
With danger as to what will be the truth heard
Dissected and tested sometimes so absurd

So the facts may not always be
The truth as presented for you to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What He Found

He sits alone and softly prays
That what he found won't stay
But he hears it whisper his name
"Let me in dear one you will gain"
The secret was not known to all
For it will lead the world to fall

When it started it was so innocent
The game was fun if not a little bent
For the blood oath he had taken
Was how it was awakened
The smile on its face was clear
There was evil that was so near

It had got inside his head
And made him wish to be dead
But he knows if he were to die
The end would come from the sky
So now he sits and softly prays
That it will lose and go away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What I Want

I want a world
Where kindness is held
To be the way it's meant to be
And it is enough to be alive and free

Just to live your life
Far from trouble and strife
I don't want to recreate
The older times that some contemplate

Just for all to be in happiness
And find a laugh in everyday jest
I'm sure I'm not the only one
When all is said and done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Is Being Sad

What is being sad
Is it something we once had
And now miss so terribly
People and things we want to again see

When the tears come
And the heartache has begun
It is a release that should occur
Wanting things back even more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Is Left

What is left

A memory, a feeling, a picture of them
When you close your eyes weary again
What do you see in the dark and the cold
A fading light as the darkness takes hold

Grief is a song that plays on in its time
So when it comes to the chorus sublime
We know all the lines in their fame
But things will never be the same

Then one day you'll remember a smile
And grief will let up for a while
When the good times are remembered now
Sunshine of your memories will be the know-how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Is Left In The End

Who will be left to carry on
When we are done and dusted and gone
What will be remembered of our things lost
How it was then and what it cost
Gentle or harsh as things go
What is left and what will they know.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Is Reality

What is reality in what we see
This all that is so real to me
Some say that it is just an illusion
Inside a mighty computer without confusion

The little flaws that happen in the world
Are what happens when the programs don't meld
So there is a story line written here
By someone or thing wants us to adhere

Perhaps it's God and they how it all fits together
Meaning each turn and twist is in the plan to weather
I suppose it doesn't matter in the end
There is a story and a position to depend.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Makes People Laugh

What makes people laugh
Is it the absurdity of a gaff
Or a funny line said at the right time
Is it the freshness of something fine

Perhaps you can fantasise about what to do
When you are in the position to follow through
But just to give you a belly laugh
Is what's needed in the end to last.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Monty Python Taught Me

Being silly is a laugh
Underwater goats with snorkels and flippers
And being a very naughty boy
The Ministry of silly walks
Lovin' hamsters and shrubberies
Being stoned for saying Jehovah
With every sperm being sacred
And having one last one
A Flying Circus full of fun
With Four Yorkshiremen
Drinking Castile de Castile~
We had it tough.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Plagues The Mind

What plagues the mind
Is it the reviewing
Of past occurrences
Wondering if you could
Have done it differently

Or is it looking and
Asking questions
Why is it so?
Quantify and qualify
Your thoughts on everything.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What To Believe

I have seen people at their lowest ebb
As death slowly weaves it's ugly web

And at times when Death visits with haste
They will go to their long held faith

When you are called to something dastardly
You need to think about what you believe carefully.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Will Be Will Be

Don't quote me he used to say
What do I know anyway
To tell the truth for me
We'll just have to wait and see

I suppose in the end what will be will be
Go to the top of the class easily
Don't make a mountain out of a mole hill
It's in God's hands and will be still.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Will I Leave Behind

As I live on in this world's endless time
Will I be able to leave something behind

When my end has finally come
And my last breath is all but done

Will the world sigh and say about me
It is now a kinder and gentler place to be

I would think there will be no bronze statues
In parks in the city grass lands standing true

And it will be enough when someone thinks of me
That it brings a smile to their face for all the world to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What Would You Die For

What would you die for
Is it more than country
Or religion
Is it for the people you love
Or your home
Is it all those things you know
Are part of your inner soul.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What You Were Meant To Be

Look within yourself
What is your inner wealth
Is it your staying power
Where you are at your finest hour

Is it that you have built a life
And weathered the years of strife
Open your heart and see
What you were meant to be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What's Right

Will you stand up and shout
Or sit down and tarry about
When things just aren't right
You need to get up and fight

The end can come in a flash
When decisions taken are rash
Paths that are laid down in haste
Can mean the world is laid to waste.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What's The Matter Baby

What's the matter baby
Do you feel like cryin'
And in the inside you are dyin'
He has not been true
And it's eatin' all at you

So hold your head so high
And they won't see your tears
Even though your love has died
For in the end there will always be
Someone to love eternally.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What's This About?

What's this poem about you ask
Well, I am still deciding this task
Should it be silly like Spike
Or like Shakespeare as you like

Perhaps it should a story you see
Of times long past in our history
Then again it may be in the end
About nothing I can to you send.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

What's Your Pedigree

As the world is smaller today
We all mix together travelling at our say
Especially us of the newer countries
When people came to start new stories

My family came from Ireland in the famines
And from Germany as Protestant men
Then some others were Portuguese fishermen
Finally, There were English on the HMS Buffalo men

So mixed up together I am
To make a modern Australian.

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Paul Warren

When I Kiss Your Lips

When I kiss your lips
Do you think of our love
And when we are apart
Do you ache for me

Is there laughter in your voice
When we are together
Or is that yesterday
And you don't care to say.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

When I Was A Child

When I was a child I found
I didn't want to put down
The toys I played with all the time
For childhood is so magical and fine

And to leave it was so sad
Can the transition to adulthood be so bad
Only if the magic does not stay
When life is so serious it just wastes away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

When I'm Gone Will You Carry On

Will there be anyone left to sing our song
When the truth is known all along
Will the wounds of yesterday
Stay as scars and not fade away

Will the nightmares of times before
Go and not come back some more
When I'm gone will you carry on
And not be lost in the teeming throng.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

When Is Enough Enough

When is enough enough
Is it when tiring of the guff
The idle chatter that persists
Until it means more to resist

Take your lead when you need
To take a stand without greed
Ensure they know who you are
And remember when seen from afar.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

When The Smoke Cleared

When the smoke left it became clear
Wondering about the cause had put him in fear
As in all these things it would take some time
He would need to come back to it when he was inclined

His plane would need to fly on
To where he was sure the enemy was gone
And the plane flew on forever
The hum of the engine kept the time in its measure

He tried to raise the others on the intercom
But it seemed he was the only one not gone
At the base they listed the bomber as overdue
As the bomber into a red oblivion sky flew.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

When The Words Flow

Let me hear the truth
It can be so easy
When the words flow
To hear what you want
And not be the whole
For people will deceive
So even the promises we make
Can be so easy to break
When hearts are so fragile
Make the truth so easy to see.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

When The World Has Been Putting You Down

When the world has been putting you down
And all you feel coming down is a frown
I'll be there to love and comfort you
For the world will go away but I'll stay through

So dry those tears and let me be there for you
Remember that when you're blue
There will be sunshine coming around
And in my arms you're bound.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

When They Ask About Me

What will you say
When they ask about me

That I led from the front
And helped those behind

That I showed kindness
When kindness was due

That I loved family and friends
And would always defend them

That I was balanced in my views
And I that others had a point of view

But most of all I upheld good values
All my life through.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

When To Call It

Knowing when to call it
When to say it doesn't fit
It can be a decision that is hard
That you have reached the final yard
So take your licks and call it quits
Then get onto something new that will fit.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

When Will It End

When will it end
All the things I defend
Do I have to catch the thrown spear
And protect those people and things I hold dear

Hold my shield up to the foe
Bang my spear in a warrior show
Look them straight in the eye
Know I will win the battle with the foe vanished by.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

When You Were Mine

I remember you
Our first kiss too
Standing so close
Wanting you the most

As our lips touched
I loved you so much
Each nervous moment
Then our kiss is spent

All those years ago
My love was on show
I go back to that time
The moment you were mine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Where Do We Go From Here

Where in the world do we go from here
In all the things that have come past
There are things that you don't hold dear
With some countries doing things that will last
What we have is a situation that is so clear
Where that some leaders do not or will not grasp
So nuclear weapons and rockets hold fear
But exploding hydrogen bombs in a Pacific blast
Is not a good idea when the UN sanctions you don't adhere.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Where Nobody Knows My Name

I want to go where no-one knows my name
And I can linger away from any acclaim
To sit by the warm seashore
And watch the waves for evermore

Can you imagine a clean slate
Where nothing is written or remembered - so great
And walking down the Boulevard
Of Broken Dreams won't be at all hard.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wherewithal

Do you have the wherewithal
To make each and every call
To continue on through the strife
In the ups and downs of life

Can you carry on then
When it looks it is the end
And take the steps onward
Surviving all things untoward.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Which One Is The Righteous One

I can't get it out of my head
When you said the words, I dread
And they weren't whispered on the wind
Said with a spite that hit me from within

How could something wonderful to see
Have ended with such spiteful words so easily
And which one of us is the righteous one
Now that everything has come undone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Whispering

Did you sit and whisper
Behind my back
Where you felt so safe
Saying all those things
That made you feel so good

Are you so small
That you needed to feel so large
And they rolled off your tongue so easily
But if you sow so shall you reap.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Whispers

What is whispered in my ear
At night when sleep isn't near
So quietly I concentrate on
A conversation that is soon gone

Maybe there are words I want to hear
But when heard so quietly it is not clear
There would seem to be no choice for them
In this whispered communication they send.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

White House Ghosts

In 1942 Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands
Was staying at the White House
When there was a knock on her door
Opening it she saw Lincoln's ghost
Wearing his traditional top hat
And she passed out from fright

When Winston Churchill visited the White House in WWII
He emerged from his bathroom, naked with a cigar in hand
To see the spirit of Lincoln sitting in front of the fireplace in his room
He said, "Good evening, Mr. President. You seem to have me at a
disadvantage"

The White House has a number of ghosts
With most Presidents, their staff and family
Having these experiences too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Who Decides What Will Be

Do you feel the neutrons buzzing
Making memories forever leaving
Writing what will be there for you
Decisions for the future too

This electronic function made
How do you ensure it will not fade?
And if it is not up to me
Who decides what will be?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Who Do You Blame

Who do you blame
When you don't win the game
Is it someone handy there
That is out of reach or care

Is it someone who can't defend themselves
Thinking they can't delve
Into the problem now
Whilst you write a story how

You see blame can be a hollow story
That you hone for self and glory
But honour is the thing
That is lost in blame's ring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Who Goes There

Who goes there is the call
As you stand to watching it all
For people can hide away
Those things unpleasant in their way
And you may not find them so true
So you may be left to ponder that too.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Who Invented The Tie

Do you wonder?
Who invented the tie
I don't think it was a good try
What was it supposed to do?
Hide the shirt buttons too
And what about the knot
Is that the best you've got
Come to think of tries
Who invented bow ties
Do you wonder?

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Paul Warren

Who Was That

I walked past a window and who did I see
An old man who is looking back at me
The smile I always had has disappeared
And I wonder if he was ever so near

There were always places to go and people to see
Now there is less of what more would be
For time wears you down and doesn't heal
When you think of the things which you found real

But perk up you say there is plenty of good
If you look hard as you rightly should
So now I sit here and write
And think of it all now without spite.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Who Will Tell My Story

I was sitting down thinking the other day
About the stories in my head that don't go away
And I wonder who will tell them when I'm gone
They'll be lost with no one to hear the melody of their song

My first kiss from one I love
And how it fitted like a glove
The smell of my babies when first born
When love for them is never worn

The first days doing what I loved
Some days needing some guidance from above
Each day when the sun shined
And the grey times when the tears falling were mine

Some things I'll keep to myself
For the emotions come back to rob happiness and health
The purity of my reminiscing makes me glad
Even those hard memories that sometimes make me sad.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Why

Why is a question in your song
As the question leaves your lips
When things go wrong
And your world loses it

But sometimes you might not find
The answer you are looking for
In your life's daily grind
So move along and live even more.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Why Do You Stay

Why do you stay
They ask of him
When you sit
And think about it
There's the haunting grin
Today is the same
As yesterday and tomorrow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wilfie Taylor

In the forties and fifties he was a boxer
Wilfie Taylor was his name
He spent his life around Port Adelaide
But the grog had got him in the end

And homeless he wandered around
Once and a while the Salvos took him in
For a wash, a meal and a bed at night
But that meant he was off the grog

So mainly he slept in Frazier's Wood yard
They knew he was there and let him go
And that's where he was found that day
A heart attack took him as he slept overnight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Will Be Mine

I am embittered now
No more excuses
The end is nearer
Than the beginning
So it doesn't matter any more

Catch the look in my eye
The sparkle has gone
And now the only thing to see
Was blackness in depth

For in the end
I do please myself
The last decisions made
Will be mine alone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Will I Be Strong

If you stand by me
Will I be strong enough to see
It through to the very end
And defend when you have to defend

To attack when you have to attack
And to win strong as a matter of fact
Then when you have finally won
To ensure quarter is given and done.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Will I Wake You

Will I wake you before I go
In the early morning light
Will I quietly dress and leave
As the mantle clock softly chimes

Will the net curtain caress your body
As memories of my touch on your skin return
And later today will you sigh
When you anticipate our next lover's embrace.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Will The Necessary Be All Its About

Will it end without a shout
Will the necessary be all it's about
And will there be tears shed for me
On your cheeks for all to see
But if I had a choice on that fateful day
Remember me kindly laughter always.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Will The Sack Come Back

If you sack someone from their position
Have information that will stand in disposition

Because especially in public office
You may be taken to task ensure it will suffice

And in the end it may be another Watergate
Which will have you standing back while they investigate

So will the sack come back on him now
I think it will when the sackee wants to take a bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Will You Dance With Me

Will you dance with me
Under the stars near the sea
When the music floats across the water
And I'll hold you close like I oughta

We will laugh the night away
I will promise that I'll stay
Then we will walk hand in hand
Along the beach on the sand

We'll remember that night
When I held you so tight
So young and unafraid
We thought we had it made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Will You Go With Me

Will you go with me my lovely one
In the meadow where Spring has begun
To wander in the wild flowers again
Another story is about to begin

Just you and me in the warm day's sun
As I place a flower in your hair for fun
And kiss your lips as I hold you close
There no other girl for me will be my boast.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wily Bill From Broken Hill

He was Wily Bill from Broken Hill
He could easily sell or buy any deal
With the flash of his pearly whites
His salesmanship could reach new heights

It was once said he could sell ice to Eskimos
And he had a sales invoice of the deal that showed
This fact for all to see and the truth of it
He would make any deal finally fit

But one day on the open highway in the Outback
His wiliest deal was with the devil in an unholy pact
For he dealt his life for the service of the devil
And if you make a deal with Beelzebub from Hell

For your deal as you want will be eventually won
As is it Wily Bill with whom you deal has begun
And take it from me he will make it the real deal
But the price you pay will have a Wily Bill feel.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Winter Grey

When the winter grey is dawning
And the gale wind hits us without warning
You will see the storm cloud blow in so very fast
Know that I will be with you to the very last

I will be your shelter in the tempest now
And forever as our love will find how
We will be together on the stormy sea
And we will see the sun again as it will be.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

With The Old Breed

What I would give to sit and smile again
Together with the old breed and a beer to expend
We would tell our stories and have a good laugh
As the night hours continued with each round of draught

Those days are now gone in the blink of an eye
And it seems as old warriors the years just fly
So I'll close my eyes and the years melt away
What would I give now to stay forever in yesterday.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

With Your Eyes Closed

Living this way
With your eyes closed
Is easy to do
And you won't even know

For you don't see the things
That sadden you too
Your heart will not break
And tears will not fall

But they won't go away
For the sadness remains
To bubble and boil
And to rise again some day.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Without Any Religion

Without any religion
Would there be any wars
The Crusades wouldn't have happened
There would be no fighting for God

Could you convince people to fight
If there was no reward if you died
Or would we still find enough reasons
For family, for friends or for the land you love

I think that would be the case
Because we can't seem to help ourselves.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wonders

Each day we see something different
Whether you see it in the world as it is sent
There are wonders in each brand new day
That you want to keep and not go away

So get out of your room and see it all
When you rest at eventide you'll want to recall
So take it in and see the world in its wonder
Feel the sun and put negative thoughts asunder.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wonders Made

The sun shows its face
After the rain storm fades
A rainbow makes its presence known
As it bows it's head to the sun
Whispering of things so good
For there needs to be rain falling
To grow the green of sunny pleasantries
The rainbow heralds wonders made.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Words - Running Around In Words

Running around in words
Things only partly heard
Make of it what you wish
Have you heard it then
Perhaps repeat it clear
Know that it is not that
What you want to hear.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Words - The Beautiful Words

How do you convey what you feel?
To craft the words and make it so real
What do they think when reading it through?
Will it give them something over to chew?

It would seem that the world can be cruel
Even if you want to play by the rule
In the end the beautiful words you use
Should be used for a purpose to choose

I grant you there is a lot that is ugly and sad
But to ignore it would in the end be bad
Read them and know them will change them
It's true – for right it is in the end no pretend

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Work - Contemplation Of Retirement

What makes us who we are?

Is it all the years that have come so far?

Or is it the potential that is not met?

That we sit now and look to forget?

Where do we go from here for now on

Is there more for us to sing our song

Or should we just sit back and see how others fare

Now that in the end we leave our working life there.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Work - Frustration

Frustration has its own flavour
You can taste and it is not to savour
Sometimes it's because it has not worked
Or sometimes it's because someone's acting a jerk

So what do you do when it happens again
Do you forget it knowing it will end
You know sometimes when people will not listen
And all you can do is sit back and watch what is missing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Work - I Am Now In A Bind

They say at work now I can't have an opinion
On whether someone is attractive or they are driven
To what a type or sex of person in their preference
That this type of thought is not needed in my work stance

And that people are now individuals that don't want to be judged
So even if they want to dress to attract another person and not fudged
But all I am is confused now in what my thought processes should be
When now I say to myself did I think that or did I say that and so others would
see
A confused person who doesn't know where to look sometime
When with others (no matter what sex or preference) at work I am now in a
bind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Work - Just Paperwork

At my desk today and I see the inbox piled in display
The folders are colour coded for ease without dismay
The blue ones carefully numbered aren't so bad
But the written reports required can make you sad
It's the yellow ones which I don't like that much
As explanations are needed for actions to clutch
Then amongst them all with forms to sign
It seems that I am always behind!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Work - Passing On The Baton

Is there a time when the baton is passed
Onto the next generation from the last
When the last generation gets tired of it all
And now on for ever not to make a final call

I would like to think that as part of those ending
The point of view honed over the years is worth defending
If the next generation won't listen to keen advice
It's time to draw away and leave them to their own device

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Work - The Countdown

How does the day go?
Getting up and showering in the know
Dressing and breakfasting again
Ticking off the days when it will be the end
And driving in through the same traffic
Knowing precisely how long it will take - no panic
Doing the eight knowing what will come
Then going home to dinner and television done
Bed and then it starts again
Six months until I become the retired man.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Work - Thoughts On 40 Years

Do I need the hassle
With all the layers
As I was sitting at my desk
Trying to find a way
To get the job done
Whilst trying not to upset
Those who have a say
Some who on purpose
Spread discontent
You manage up they say
As well as down
Do I have the energy?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Workin' The Room

Walk into the room
Sunglasses on style no gloom
Show the gold on your fingers
Point a finger and don't linger
Smooth as you walk through
Hey man, I know how to work a room too!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Working My Way Back

If I can't make it back to you
I wonder what I will do
My thoughts of you don't leave
And I didn't mean to deceive

So I'm working my way back
I've been such a fool to be exact
It was always heavenly in your arms
And now I long for your charms.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Working The Soil

Working the soil
In the sun toil
Shaping nature
Flowers for the future
An ancient past time
A relationship just fine.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World

Woke up today
Feeling the world my way
The sunshine on my face
As the breeze gives cool grace

And how could you be sad
For you feel so fine and glad
No need for riches now
When nature takes a bow.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - 2016 - The Suckiest Year

The suckiest year 2016 I call out our losses
And of these stars in baring our crosses

David Bowie was the King of Plastic Soul
Everyone's favourite villain Alan Rickman
Prince was gone in his Purple Rain
Dan Haggerty who was Grizzly Adams

Gene Wilder the only true Willie Wonka
Glenn Frey the silky voice of The Eagles
Harper Lee the writer of To Kill a Mocking Bird
George Kennedy from Airport and The Naked Gun

Jon English Australian Singer of Hollywood Seven
Garry Shandling made me laugh from The Larry Sanders Show
Merge Haggard the country singer with 30 number one hits
Billy Paul from the 70s singer of Me and Mrs Jones

Alan Young, Mr Ed the talking horse's mate
Michu Meszaros who was ALF on television
Anton Yelchin the new Star Trek Chekhov
Kenny Baker who was R2D2 in Star Wars

Hugh O'Brian who played Wyatt Earp
Bobby Vee the 60's singer and heart throb
Robert Vaughan The Man from Uncle
Leon Russell the 1970's key board wizard

Pete Burns the '80s singer spinning round like a record
Arnold Palmer who brought golf to the masses
Jon Polito who played the the likeable gangster
With the Greatest boxer we ever saw, Muhammed Ali

Who could forget Leonard Cohen the Hallelujah composer
Charmaine Carr who was Lise in The Sound of Music
Doris Roberts who was Raymond's mother on television
Patty Duke one of televisions 1960's stars

I salute them and the pleasure they were for us all

But 2016 you suck for what was taken in your call

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - A Cloud Floating Across The Sun

Looking for a sunny day
There is no use wasting away
Pick a cool evening breeze
That will do more than please

And a cloud floating across the sun
On a hot day when you are as one
Live the life that you want to lead
For you and yours for what you need.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - All Things Must Pass

Chill out they say
But how can I when time is wasting away

Take time to smell the roses
What about the questions life poses

Don't sweat the little things
When the little things become bigger as they loudly ring

But the one I like is 'All things must Pass'
Because the bad times will end and good will be yours to grasp!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - An Irish Memory

The cold wind blew from the North
With the rain drizzling for all its worth
It was the third day on tour in Dublin, Eire
Being proud of my Irish heritage so dear

We had seen most of the city sights
Looking for a Pub we could like
One looked inviting with an open fire blazing
We walked in and sat down - quite amazing

The flags of the Gaelic Football Clubs hung
And we sipped porter in a cheery time begun
About an hour later two girls walked in and sat down
To converse in Gaelic about the day without a frown

A snap-shot of Irish life so pleasant a time
I go back to now when I need a smile to find
A cosy cheery inviting fire on a rainy afternoon
That I wouldn't mind as a heavenly swoon.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - As The World Turns

I look out my window and what do I see
The world spinning around so plainly to be

As I watch it seems there is a pace to the yearly call
The world spins Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall
There is a season for all things as the world turns
But we seem to be in a hurry as everything burns

They say that we have been here but a blink
And the world has millions of years we do think
If that's the case and we don't matter that much
We should treat the world better in the clutch

It used to be about the polluted rivers and streams
But now it's the green house gases it seems
And we have now the hottest years as records say
If it ends us will it matter to the world when we go away?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Back Then

We were standing around talking about the world
When the oldest of us took a swig and told of how he felt
There were golden times in those years in the world of us
We lived and worked together without much of a fuss

He massaged his chin and looked off in the distance
Back then we didn't worry about tomorrow it didn't make sense
We worked hard each day and knew we'd won it hard
The villains were defeated in the war with our victory not marred

We didn't need more than enough to make our own way
To be alive in a sunny place was all that held us in our sway
The criminals who were around didn't stand a chance
We could leave home without locking doors at a glance

Life was simpler then - there was no mobile or Internet
If you wanted to speak to someone you would meet or get
To a landline telephone usually at a neighbour's house
And youngsters played in the sun - it was pretty grouse

The only car I would ever buy was Australian made
A Holden, Chrysler or Ford would make the grade
I could service each one I ever owned in my garage
In the fifties and the sixties there was the golden age

He sighed and continued on with his saga nearly told
Thinking he could talk of this subject not getting old
It would seem his yesterdays were such golden times
The present would not measure up in his mind.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Become A World Leader

Do you want to be a world leader
Now you don't need a political idea
Just make promises that are popular
And make it to the great office by a door ajar

Show that you can name a change
With any popular idea being within range
Close migration doors when it appears
A wall is even better amongst your cheers.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Climate Change And Methane

Carbon Dioxide is the least of our worries
About Global warming and all of its flurries
In places like the remote East Siberian Sea
The ice is melting and releasing methane for all to see

Some scientists are saying that it may be already too late
And this Climate Change has already made our fate
Methane in itself is a worst green house gas
Than carbon dioxide in a disaster that would last

It may be that there is some nature in what is occurring
But it would seem that we are to this disaster contributing
When you look back on history and what we think to do
Is to wait and not be convinced until too late for me and you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Do I Walk In Other's Foot-Steps

Do I now walk in other's foot-steps - how would I know?
When they were going to the places I now go
What did they think when they went about their chores
Perhaps their life was for living as an adventure to explore

Did they think of me as I now think of them?
Wondering what my life is like as the years would extend
Will there be someone contemplating a similar question posed
As the great unknown country stretches out as infinity only knows.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Do We See Ourselves Reflected Back

Who would have foreseen a time
When choices for the future were difficult
What if you look to leaders for a strength
Who do we see to create a future full
Of love for each other in safety and hope
When those who are meant to guide cannot see
Beyond slogans and manipulating others
For their own benefit and not the benefit of many
Should we see ourselves reflected back
Or should we see someone to admire
How do you rest well when a game such as this is about?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Emojis

Is the written world
Being reduced to emoji
What can't be done
In a smiley face
Or another one
Now is not written
At all for the world

Is it now the heiroglyphics
Of the modern world
That someone will find
In 5,000 years time
And look for a translation
In a Rosetta Stone.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - End Of Life Options

I watched something on the television in a program about Euthanasia
And since my father died from cancer what palliative care would be a saviour
I can understand I think how sick people would want a choice in their death
And some dignity with it from degenerative diseases that are horrible in their
breath

Countries are legislating this choice for their people in their death decision's
depth

The Netherlands made it legal with the help of a doctor to have an assisted
death

Then the program showed Antoinette a Dutch older citizen
Whose ailment was a psychological illness in her lament in her end
With her doctor she presented an argument about ending it all
Because her depression was so bad she wanted it to count as her fall
On the day of her death she had her friends, son and daughter there
For a death ceremony in her bedroom after saying goodbye for all to care

If these end of life options were to be legislated for each one of us
With a lowering of the bar would other reasons for suicide be without a fuss
When these reasons are factored in would we shrug and say it's what they want
And assisted deaths become the norm in examining their reasons in their font
Old age, infirmity, disability or person's finite choice would be the reason
With a doctor's note agreeing to the reasons pinned to the latest victim in the
end

But I find these psychological reasons to be without a lot of sense for assisted
suicide
Smacking of the Nazis and getting rid of people that society would not abide
Finally would it be that the person to die may not have a choice for themselves?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Extreme Political Views

Extremes seem to attract people in this world
To join in a point of view radical to be held
Marching behind banners and preaching hatred
As it is portrayed as being a mission that's sacred

Whatever happened to marching for peace
To stopping war and making for less grief
Now politicians wanting walls and to keeping others out
Are in fashion for these people and they will shout.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Foods You May Not Think To Eat

There are some foods that you would not want to live to eat
That get stuck in your throat yelling expletive words in your greet
In Australia it is Vegemite that is a black paste spread on toast
In some Asian countries there are insects fried up in their boast
In Alaska they eat fermented blubber buried in the garden near
And China has cooked thousand year eggs with whites not so clear
Then in Africa there's drinking blood straight from the living cow
And there is the Scandinavian fermented fish in a can some how
If you weren't from these countries and were presented this dish
Would you be courteous and eat these meals as your hosts would wish.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - God's Touch

I look at the world and wonder how
Each piece of the world fits in the know how
How can it be that each natural thing
Works together and the world in harmony will sing

Any opportunity in the world to fit in
Is used for something now to begin
Surely it can not mean it all just happened along
I see that God's Touch is there and will belong.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Hold Onto The Right

There was a time
When I thought
The world was right
And people loved
Each other
But now I'm not sure
Hold onto the right
Hope that you're not wrong.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - I Don't Need

I don't need to feel so very sad
About what I see that makes me mad
I don't need to exclude the few
When they are different from me and you
I don't need to argue the right of a cause
When it is apparent what is wrong without pause
I don't need to be quiet and chaste without word
When what is right needs for all to be heard.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - I Remember Joy

I remember joy
When I was a boy
Sliding down the Red Hill
On a piece of tin without a spill
How difficult is it now to even raise a smile
Too many miles now on the dial.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - In Those Days Of Bliss

I used to go where I wanted and did not miss
When I left the office in those days of bliss
The radio of the car would play
And it was a time for me as I drove away

But now there needs to be
Instant communication for all to see
I carry now a mobile phone
That goes there with me when I roam

And you see Pokémon searches others have made
Facebook checking - something not to fade
But I lament the peace there was in silence
Before the mobile phone and SMS messages sent.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Innocence Lost

Innocence lost can never be regained
But once it's lost what can remain?
What you do or see can't be undone
And in losing it do you feel you can't have won?

Do you now lament about the dark you see
And now the good in it for you cannot be
When someone explains their point of view
Is it difficult to see the good in it too?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Is It Safer Today?

Is it safer today than it was in the golden days?
When you could leave your door unlocked when you go away
There were no ISIS terrorists when you went out in public
And being alone was not an issue when you were meek

The roads certainly weren't safer there were many more deaths
And cars that you drove were not as safe being a bit bereft
But assault rates and murders are all about the same
With how you would perceive it all in the game

But the issue is what we intend to do and how we go about it
What I think is the problem is how the media will see it in a fit
So in this society that we have today we will all need to think hard
Although I would lock your front door when you leave your yard

Times are as safe now as they were in the olden days
But don't do stupid things with your safety in your wary ways
We will all be happier and live happily following rules together
And stand up for inclusion for people in the world when we gather.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Is Meat Production Destroying The World?

Beef production continues across the world to grow
With 3 billion animals slaughtered for meat in this know
A cow is killed every 30 seconds in the beef producing nations
With the beef industry responsible for 2/3 rds of deforestation

In the west we eat 50 kilograms of beef every year
And animal faeces and urine destroying the land we hold dear
The water we have in aquifers and other storage is being used
Through over farming and global warming in this world we have abused

But we can change from these profiteering practices to save the world
In the Netherlands Scientists are growing synthetic meat from stem cells in their
meld
And there are farmers Eco-farming without the need to grow corn to fatten
livestock
But we still need to change our ways before we end in disaster in this worrying
plot.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Is There Still A Free World?

Is there still a Free World?
Where people's values are upheld
You can walk the streets by yourself
Knowing you are safe in your health
In the West we have become comfortable
Thinking there is no-one who would be able
To threaten us and take everything
But there is danger that others will bring
So don't be scared of what may happen
Just remain vigilant and you'll be ok in the end.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Leadership

Are you content to follow from behind
Or is it leadership that for you will bind
Maybe just to look after yourself is your creed
Or to get it right for others may be your need
Make your way individually as what's in it for me
Or what is the best for the many is something you see
To take the risk may mean see what you can get away with now
Or do you really want to do a good will mean you know how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Look And Do Something Romantic

Some things that you haven't done seem so romantic
Taking a caravan with camels across the desert not frantic
Perhaps a long voyage on a full masted sailing ship
Around Cape of Good Hope on such a dangerous trip

Or go through the jungles of Asia looking for an old civilisation
As we push through the undergrowth and tree canopy in elation
You may wander the world seeking something special for yourself
That one day you may sit by a fire telling stories of your wealth.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Our Relatives The Neanderthals

DNA technology makes our past come alive
Where old stories of our origins are only jive
It has shown that the mother of the world
Came from Central Africa as the DNA has held

And those who were born outside of Africa
Have some surprising finds in the world's agenda
Europeans have DNA that will demonstrate for us
At 1.5 to 2.1 percent of Neanderthal that makes a fuss

With Neanderthals and Homo-sapiens living together
In Northern Israel meant that they were very familiar
So as the years went on families mixed without favour
And so Neanderthal DNA can be a scientific savour

But Neanderthals in the end died out of the scene
And Homo-sapiens were on top so very clean
And humans went to Europe where skin went white
Due to a eating grains and for Vitamin D from sunlight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Pay Tv

Pay TV channels are numerous to see
Pick a subject and watch it with tea
You see Alaska people who drop out
And Historic events worth a shout

In the USA they have channels with movies
For one actor to watch 24 hours so groovy
But it would seem we have saturated the air waves
With an relenting television as entertaining slaves.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Pleasures Of A Morning Walk

Pleasures of a morning walk
The fresh air, gentle breeze and sunshine
Where else would you want to be?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Political Correctness

Political correctness is now our story
Watch what you say or there will be no glory
Violence against anyone should not be allowed
And when you promote it you should be cowed

You might not like it but for a modern time
There has to be correction not so sublime
So here we are at a point of our history
Where you must change and conform in your story.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Scenes From The Ward Of A Public Hospital

The doctor rung around looking for me
The tests weren't good to see
You need to go to hospital now
To get better you need their know how

So here I am in a ward hospital bed
Even though I could have a private one instead
The week I spent in the ward started then
Whilst I recovered my health in its blend

Settling down I became one of the group
Of men thrown together in an unlikely troupe
And let me tell you about them for each one
Had a story to tell where they'd lost and won

There was Bill whose life had been long
From a child in the country to his war song
He told of fighting the Germans in the desert dust
With an estranged son finally returning for him a must

George was a widower and was suffering from cancer
Who was given 3 months to live and to ponder
His son and family came to visit quite often
And he was proud of them in his situation to contend

And Nick was religious reading his bible often
And praying to God in his faith to defend
He was in the ward whilst tests were made
To find out what was wrong with pain that didn't fade

Joe came in on the third day of my stay
And he wouldn't sleep and yelled away
During the night for his wife Maria
Until they took him out to the ward foyer

Finally the doctor gave his permission for me to go home
Whilst they all remained after I had left and gone
Back to my own life with new rules to live with now
For the others acceptance of their lives was part of their know how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Should I Write A Narrative Of Modern Times

Should I write a narrative of the modern times
If I am able to get it clear in my mind
When the news of the day is near
The truth of it all may not be clear

There are villains for us all to see
And heroes that will for some come to be
The search for truth is the aim in it all
Read it digest it and in the end make your call.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Signs Of Armageddon

How many signs of impending doom
Do you need to spread across the world in gloom
Are there earthquakes and tsunamis in our time
When these warnings can be so sublime

Or is there a comet or asteroid coming our way
That will mean in the end it blow the earth away
Maybe it will be a nuclear war between opposing groups
Who want to show others their strength and how low they will stoop

Perhaps the sun will flare in a Solar Storm and we will burn with it at our end
Then there's another ice age to freeze all of the world with no heat to defend
Global Warming may dry up our water supply and cause crops and herds to be
lost
Wildfires spread across the world where communities are lost at such a cost

The Ebola Virus has shown a disease can spread to a world-wide plague
So how will it end for the blue planet - are the warnings for us vague?
What of all these signs of Armageddon and what are they worth
If you think of it really we all face our own end with a life with limits in its girth.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Social Media And Facebook

Moments of time now caught in the act
For every event there is a video to look back
We look to Facebook in social media to know
When someone will post a look see show

Even the Terrorists have their own page
Where they can be on the world stage
Now it's a matter of how many views
That is your fame for others over to chew

So what do we call this age of man
Is it the Information Age so grand
Perhaps it's more simple in the name
It's the Age of Facebook for this fame.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Speak Softly And True

Speak softly and true
But carry a big stick with you
This approach would work for all
Unless you are faced with pure evil in the call

If this evil wants to impose themselves on the good
It will not matter what you say or do as you would
But in the end what does matter in counting the cost
When violence and war happen irreplaceable things are lost.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Beard As A Masculine Style

When Ned Kelly was a lad
Beards were the go even if you weren't bad
A luscious growth to the chest
Was manly and put you apart from the rest

I would think the reason why
Was the cost of razors and barbers being high
And that when you were pioneering out bush
It was difficult to shave even if it was your wish

But what is the reason in today's style
Those dark heavy beards will take you a mile
I am left to ponder with my 1970's moustache
And for style it seems I am last

In the 21st century it would seem the razor is out
And shaving every day is without clout
Footballers and other manly men
Have beards that are modern and stylish to the end!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Budgie Nine

When you are visiting another country on holiday
Have fun, do new things and be happy in your stay
But when attending the Malaysian Grand Prix
Celebrate the Australian Daniel Ricciardo with glee

But when you are selecting your uniform of the day
Budgie smugglers with the Malaysian flag you would say
Is not the choice for you to make dancing around
You will end up in gaol and be in handcuffs bound

When the judge brings down his sentence on you
Be happy with a fine and leave quickly after the blue.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Butterfly Effect

If you could change the past
How would you do it to make it last
Each step that you take will influence other things
And so unintended consequences will be what it brings

They call it the butterfly effect
And it suggests what you would expect
When a movement of air by a butterfly's wings
Will cause a hurricane in another place as it rings

I wonder what would happen if you were able to kill Hitler
Would there have been a Second World War there
Or would it mean that we fought the Russians instead
As Stalin and the Communist Russians were those to dread

In 1961 could we prevent the assassination of Kennedy there
Would he have escalated the Viet Nam War for us to beware
Of fighting the Communists with China and Russian Armies
And maybe the Third World War would be the end for the Allies

So how can you make a better world for all
By changing the past in making this call
Perhaps it is better to think of a future now
By planning for things as they are for the know how.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Doomsday Vault

The Global Seed Vault is built on the Arctic archipelago
At Svalbard, Norway on the side of a sandstone mountain aglow
It was opened in 2008 about ten years ago
When it looked like species of flora would be lost and go

With Global Warming making more desert lands
We need this depository to ensure later year demand
If it comes that we have an apocalypse for the world
What's left of the population may have access these reserves held.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The First Day Of Spring

The winter is long and cold
With darkness and cloud that gets old
Then one day you wake up and go outside
The sky is azure blue with no cloud for the sun to hide

After months of rugging up and running in from the rain
And the first thing that was put on is a heater in our refrain
The pleasure that you get from standing in the sun
Gives you hope for Spring that has just begun.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Jewelled Bright Day

The jewelled bright day
Brings colours forth in display
Flowers bright and foliage green
Birds and insects are now seen
Simple things in magnificence
Each inspection is time well spent
Where else would you be in God's garden.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Next Big Thing

Do you wonder what the next big thing will be
Something to take the world by storm you see

Owning a car to go wherever you want
Became a status symbol as your font

Personal computers I remember the first one
So you could connect to the Internet won

Then a mobile phone to contact world on it
And you carry your full song collection of hits

I see that they have a personal robot to treasure
Perhaps this will be the next thing in your measure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Night Sky

The dark sky displays the twinkling stars
As we look across the light years from afar
In the stars as flashes of colour red, yellow and blue
There is a display of the celestial parade that's true

Their light is making a journey of hundreds of years to here
From stars that we see may now that may not be there
I wonder if there is someone else on another planet looking up
Thinking the same things about us as the night lights-up.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Promise Of The Morning

The bright sun shines its rays through the window
As the clear blue sky awakens the sparkling dew
The promise of the morning will be kept by the day
As a golden world lays on its blessings in its way

People bustle and scurry as their plans unfold
Promises that seem so easy for us are now sold
As each is put into practice a first step is carefully made
How can there be sorrow as this morning is played?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Race-Car Driver

They say he was born to race
As a child he was mesmerised in place
Watching the Bathurst racers fly
As Brock and Moffat battled by

So he choose a life as a motor mechanic
And worked his way up with other fanatics
Until the day when he could take his place
On the track's starting grid for the race

He drove his car hard without compromise
As the crowd rubber necked on the straight as they fly
The adrenaline pumped on through his veins
And he knew this was his place and would remain

There were times when he couldn't get it right
When he toiled away all through the night
But he would have his life no other way
And was happiest in races as he drove away.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Seventies And Terrorism

I was looking at a program about the Seventies
When the world changed for us and what would be
There were fashions that we all laugh about
And causes that we wanted to shout out

I wonder now as we look back on it all
That what we knew then was in our call
There was a news-reader that said then
That we would find a solution for Terrorism in the end

But what we know now is that it isn't that easily done
And we still struggle with this issue and war hasn't been won.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - The Warranty Is Expired

Electrical Appliances are interesting things
To work when switched on in a delight it brings
You rely on them to cook a meal
And to warm your house cosy and real
But then they will breakdown and will be no use
When you go to the warranty with no excuse

I have never seen a warranty in time
As they are always expired and are declined
In Australia the other excuse to be made
Is the electricity supply is not making the grade
But it seems that the manufacturers ensure
They last until the warranty is over for sure.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Things That Have Disappeared

I was thinking of things that have disappeared now
We had a knife and board to slice bread in our know how
Then there was bicycle leg clips so trousers weren't greasy
And milk in bottles on the front door step was easy
Raincoats that you can see through were the style
And canvas tennis shoes were for running a mile
There were no geared bikes and a back pedal brake
With wind up alarm clocks when you wanted to wake
The only take away was fish and chips in newspaper
These things we took for granted and not a waiver.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Two And A Half Minutes To Midnight

So the atomic scientists have moved the clock
To two and a half minutes to midnight in a big hop
It seems that reacting to Trump's presidency
And his policies on climate change and nuclear weapons will see
We are nearer to our own last Big Bang where we all lose the fit
And in making America Great again just might finish it.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Walk These Roads

When you get to the end of the street
Do you feel your journey is complete
Or is there an intersection quite real
That starts another journey in the deal
And every place that you pass
Is someone's dreams while it lasts
And you know as you walk these roads
Your mind is alive and it's like it explodes.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Water For The Planet

We only have two and a half percent
Of useable water in the world that is sent
When ninety seven and a half percent
Is sea water not for our agriculture bent
And for many rivers now when they flow
Only ten percent to the sea its water will go

Anyway they say that we end up only using
One percent of water without abusing
The water we need to survive this planet
That we need to grow food in our gathering net
And global warming is another part of the equation
That we need to survive in this world for our persuasion.

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Paul Warren

World - We Have Our Flaws

We have our flaws that will be
If you like to focus on them to see
To break your hold upon your world
These flaws others see and are easily held
Once known others can use these flaws
In a modern world that competes and draws
Be mature and do you best a creed to use
Don't focus on your flaws for others to abuse.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - We The People

We the people have a say
In what occurs day to day
As we live in this world
Know our rights are not always upheld

And know what those in command
Will want from us then will demand
We the people should stand and say
Even if they want us to go away

Our experience in what we know is our call
We will say it in our democratic right and all
People power can tell it how it is and is our way
And you will know we won't be silent or go away!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - What Do People Think?

There are a lot of people who do not believe the earth goes around the sun
Is this a red necked fantasy or is there another reason why this is done
Still others who believe that Neil Armstrong never walked on the moon
And that we will never be able to break these earthly bonds at all soon
On the internet with pictures of our leaders who are really lizard creatures
Who by a trick of light are able to hide from us their reptilian features

I suppose people can think what they like in this world
Even if to others it seems unbelievable in what was held
Perhaps the Science Channel should make it a point
And have these facts as one they would want to appoint
But it makes you wonder how they would think of these things
In our world on information that our civilization brings.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - What We Need Electricity For

What we need electricity for

Lights at night when it's so dark some more

Making a cup of tea unless you have gas

Watching television - no picture or sound alas

Keeping warm and snug when it's so cold

Venturing out without street lights so bold

Listening to your favourite music at home

No traffic lights and driving skills needed to hone

Where there's no light to read a book by

But what you have plenty of is boredom piled high

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - What Will Be Left Of These Times

What will be left of these modern times
Will it be that we have scientific wonders to find
With better medicines to help the sick
And a thousand wonders from which you can pick

Or will it be our endless wars
That we fight against each other as a national chore
Will the hatred between religions
Be all that we leave for our children in their vision

Perhaps we should make better times
That we can give give them to make up our rhythms.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - When Possibilities Seem Endless

Standing at the edge of the world looking in
What do you see and where do you begin
The blue sky and the sun shining above
A world of wonders that permeates love

Do you feel the warmth of the summer sun
In the afternoon a sea breeze refreshment begun
On a day when possibilities seem endless
How could there ever be grief and sadness!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - With All

With all of the hatred
With all the tears
With all the suffering
With all the death
With all the maiming
With all the grief
With all the worry
With all the fear
I feel a million miles
From home.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World - Your World Sought Is Perplexing

Pathways made or often sought
Ties that bind as they ought
Rejoice at the top of the class
For you know fame doesn't last

Kindness to others always counts
When the points against mounts
And time marches on never ending
As your world sought is perplexing.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World Smile Day - Put A Smile On Your Dial

Put a smile
On your dial
Don't wait a while
It will take you a mile
Make it your style
On Facebook your profile
Put a smile
On your dial.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

World War 3 In Virtual Reality

The next World War will be fought
On X-box in virtual reality as battle bought
Where our Generals will line will sit with poise
As the 3D screen will make all the battle noise

And they will buy their army from the game shop
To get the best as their opponent takes a backward hop
So when they lineup from the carnage
It will be recorded on screen as battles rage

The best heroes will be the ones who last
As the Generals fight in violence not surpassed
And any victory rolls the aces will make
Will be fanciful across the screen so great.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Worth A Tell

I sit and hear them in my head
The stories to tell before I'm dead
For there are things to say
Before eventually I waste away

And I hear them clearly now
Wanting to get out and take a bow
For there are stories worth a tell
Of those things I know so well.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Would You Stay

Gentle breeze across the beach
So many things now out of reach
Ghostly shadows stretch out
Memories I find hard to think about

Is there cause to be righteous
In these days that are contentious
Feel your way ahead
Stand up be counted instead

Lonely days that are hard
Two steps forward and lose a yard
Wasted days leak away
With me now would you stay.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Would You Want It Different

We all trundle along
Doing our own thing
Making what we have do
The world turns around us

The pressures of life unfold
Do you want to go back again
To where it started and see it
Would you want it different?

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wounds

Does time heal an old wound
Once the wound is rend
It will bleed out without help
And some wounds continue
To bleed out even with treatment

And when the wound is healed
More often than not it leaves a scar
Learning maybe the result
But sometimes we don't.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wrenched Out Of Your Hands

Was it wrenched out of your hands
When it spoiled your latest plans
Just when you thought it was alright
And you were back to the fight

It seems sometimes each day
Is a struggle to not waste away
And when swimming upstream
Progress can be slow and obscene.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wrestle It Back

Wrestle it back you need not fear
Even if you will shed a tear
It is hard to take at the time
When things don't look to rhyme

Each step up a mountain you take
Is just one step at a time you partake
The fear you felt is a natural thing
To deal with once the bell will ring.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Wrestle With The Truth

Why do I wrestle with the truth
Think it over again and again
Mull it through each little piece
Was it right my part
Or were there things I could have done
Who knows now it's ended
Let it go and don't think again
Oh, if it were that simple.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Writer's Block

Have an idea in your head
Don't dry up as you dread
Continue to write without a block
Surely there is more to say or mock

Stories and opinions to find
That you can clear out of your mind
It doesn't always have to be clever or short
Just write as I know I ought.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Writing - Look Up The Word

I once had a boss
Who used words as his gloss
In his reports he would write
And we would need to get it right
So there was always
In his inevitable ways
A word which made you wary
You had to reach for the dictionary

It was before the Internet times
So we had to have a reference to find
And I have wondered since then
Why did he do it - to suit his end
Was it to instruct whoever read it
But would we note and use it once it would fit
I myself saw it was a bit of an ego trip to think
It would improve my vocabulary or put me in the pink

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Written In Blood On Broken Ground

Are there places so scarred by deeds
That they have evil energy as their seed
Of battlefields or hateful things
Forever through time still rings

Violent deaths that have broken men
Those gallant foes in heroic deeds then
Written in blood on the broken ground
As these battles are re-fought grinding them down.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Written In Time

End of time
It doesn't matter
If you will be there
For once you have ended
Why would you care
Your end will be
Written in time.

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Paul Warren

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah.....

I remember The Beatles playing on television
One Saturday afternoon in black and white vision
They had suits without collars and Beatle boots
The Mersey Beat played loud for a musical hoot

And I liked that one who was named Paul
As I had in common when my mother did call
I thought that Liverpool was the place to be
Being there would be such a jive to see

When I was able to to walk that hallowed ground
I imagined them walking with me in their town
And listening to music in The Cavern at Mathew Lane
Was like I was in heaven forever ingrained

And I follow The Beatles still gladly today
In the sadness now John and George have passed away
But they will always be that group of young lads
We danced to when the 60's were fab.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Years Fade As 2017 Does As Well

2017 is done
Another year gone
Farewell to those we lost
Gathering years count the cost

I listen to our music and I know
Music bonds our souls as it flows
Don't look back except for the good times
The years fade together so sublime.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Yesterday

I feel so melancholy
When that song plays
Reminding me of those days
When you were mine
And today was forever
It was our song

When you close your eyes
Do you remember me
When the song plays?

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Paul Warren

Yesterday A Retrospective

Yesterday it seemed so easy then
Making love and having fun without end
Life was lived in the sun
With nothing sad to focus on

They say that life is what happens when your busy
Going along at a pace that's dizzy
Now time has passed and I look back on it all
Time to sit back while I contemplate the recall.

Paul Warren

Yesterday Man

I am now a yesterday man
This was never in my plan
What started years ago
Has ended up with this afterglow.

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Paul Warren

Yesterday's Dream

I sometimes sit and wonder
If it was a dream in all its splendour
And I think back without dwelling
Do my eyes blink and tears are welling

For looking back for the good is worth a smile
And I want to gloss over my grey file
Don't worry for it's hard to remember
The pressure and reasons now are obscured in its render.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Yin And Yang

There is not pure evil
As there is good traits

In all persons
And there is not pure good

As to survive some bad
Is sometimes done

For the world is complementary
As in the yin and the yang

One can't exist
Without the other.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

You Can't Change The World

You can't change the world
The best you can hope for
Is to learn from what you've done
And be better from the experience
So behooves each one of us
To be better each day is done.

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Paul Warren

You Can't Dwell On It

You can't dwell on it
For it gets to you in the end
With each day
You sit and think of it
Its harder to defend
And you feel isolated
So move on
Each day is a bright and new one.
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Paul Warren

You Tell Me You Don't Believe

You tell me you don't believe
That nature leaves no where to grieve
But how can it be
What wonders in this world I see

You want proof of God when you ask
Or is this too great a task
Is there a set of rules by which you live
Faith in God is not for you to give

But I feel God close knowing he is here
And is reflected in all I hold dear
Faith in the world and all it imparts
Is all that is required when considered in its parts.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Your Crazy Ideas

What are your crazy ideas
Will they hold true and endear

Are they a jump in the knowledge
Of mankind the world will acknowledge

Or are they tossed aside as unclear imaginings
But everyone should have these things

When you sit down in your quiet moments
This is how the 10% inspiration for you will vent.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Your Days Of Chasing Villains Are Over Chief

A Doctor's surgery in North Adelaide
For an examination for me to make the grade
Perusing my X-rays and medical reports
Sitting with the doctor with his ruling retort

He takes his glasses off and looks at me
So serious this will not be good to see
Your days of chasing villains are over chief
And so his diagnosis has changed my brief

Assaults in the job has put paid
To any operational work or escapades
A neck fusion resulting from a parole
This last years of policing no longer to be.

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Paul Warren

Your Demons

Don't run from your demons
Know who they are
There is no hiding
But also know this
They can be defeated
And right will win
Go forth now
Be confident
In who you are
And where you need to go.

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Paul Warren

Your Duty Done

Rest in Peace faithful one
Your duty is done
It's time to return your gear
The sergeant will mark you clear

Your mates will remember you
With the laughter and tears too
They will form your guard of honour
And will toast you as a true blue copper.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Your Favourite Chair

Settle in your favourite chair
Lay back and sink into it
The creak of the leather is a comfort
Surround yourself with the spoils
Of your daily tasks done

Clear your mind of the clutter
End the regrets and wants
No need to re-live anything
The chair will find it out for you
Leave it all as the dark prevails.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Your First

Do you remember
Your first breath
Your first cuddle
Your first step
Your first day at school
Your first kiss
Your first love
Your first time making love
Your best love
Your first touch of your child
Just close your eyes and see if you can.

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Paul Warren

Your Flaws

Facing up to your flaws
Is meaning you want more

From yourself in your misgiving
And how others are perceiving

You in their judgement call
Don't make their judgement your final all.

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Paul Warren

Your Inner Voice Will Guide You

Beauty touches my soul
All natural pleasures open
That lights an inner glow
What do you truly believe
Reach inwards to know the truth
Plain to see and to know
Your inner voice will guide you.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Your Inviting Eyes

Let's relax in each others arms
Just lay back and not worry at all
Only us lying together
I think of your soft skin
And your inviting eyes
I know you and you know me
Soft black satin sheets
As we make love in the moonlight.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Your Latest Disguise

What's it going to be - your latest disguise
Something that takes you away from their eyes
Or does the clothes you wear make the person
Thinking that you will be a better version

Do you carefully select each piece
So that it will fit your usual brief
Perhaps it's the uniform you put on
So you can play your reoccurring song

So the clothes make the person they say
Well it is an easy way to change for the day
Don't get confused by it all for we are the same
And you can play it for what it is - a game.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Your Passion

What's your very own passion
It doesn't need to be the latest fashion

Is it your favourite team to cheer
Or a tennis or golfer you hold up clear

Perhaps it's your latest ride
That powers away in your glide

Running, pushing weights or just plain walking
Will be your goal and for what your squawking

Passion for anything is worthwhile
And it looks to give you style.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Your Voice

I heard your voice tonight
As clear as the moon was bright
And I remembered how it was
For no other reason except because

What was it that you said
A whisper so low instead
It was 'I love you so'
And I didn't want to go

But that didn't matter in the end
Still my love to you I send.

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Your Way

Are you able to make your way
The path forward can be away
From where you wanted to go
Even on the right path it maybe slow

So you carry on and do your best
You may not be separated from the rest
Think about all things being considered
Your life will have the meaning it has delivered.

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Paul Warren

You're Fired!

There's a distance sound
That I hear coming 'round
It is a rustlin' and a huslin'
As the management go musclin'

You see each day is dawning
We have someone else deploring
But there is a phrase that is right
'You're fired! ' Fixes this blight.

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Paul Warren

Youth

Think of a time
When the world was mine
And the sun blessed the sky
As the world flew by

No need to think of tomorrow
There would be no sorrow
Just endless joy when
Life would never end.

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Paul Warren

Youth Days

Long hot days in the Australian sun
Laughing together with each other so fun
Can you catch a smile
You sure can - go the mile
Youth can be pleased so easily
Would you be there again - it would please me!

© Paul Warren Poetry

Paul Warren

Youtube Primitive Skills

I've watched those blokes on YouTube
Building using primitive skills and gathering food
I've come to the conclusion so readily
To survive after the apocalypse won't be done so easily

For firstly you need a tropical jungle to find
And having bamboo available brings to mind
This can be used for all sorts of things
Irrigation, cooking and walls you'd wing

So for us sitting in the temperate zones
Would not survive as well alone
So if it looks like the world civilisation will end
I'll hightail it to northern Queensland to rebuild and defend

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